

Chapter 701 - Strike Back

Translator:

Transn

Editor:

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From his point of view, this seemingly simple attack was just like the sky collapsing. As the palms fell down on him, he was unable to move.

“Is this the power of a Half-Saint?”

Zhang Ruochen’s Holy Qi was being suppressed by Qi Hong’s Holy Aura, so he was not able to run it in his meridians.

Even if he were to use spells by mobilizing his Spiritual Power, he definitely would be unable to run away from a Half-Saint. Instead, he was better off hiding his Spiritual Power cultivation and seeking opportunities to escape.

Qi Hong’s hand fell on Zhang Ruochen’s left shoulder and tore off his Shooting Star Invisible Cloak.

As his Divine Body Shield was broken through, Zhang Ruochen was swatted away more than 30 meters.

With a bang, Zhang Ruochen crashed through an ancient tree trunk and fell into its withered leaves.

Qi Hong mainly wanted to take away his Shooting Star Invisible Cloak, he did not want to kill Zhang Ruochen. Even so, Zhang Ruochen was seriously injured by his martial technique.

With a layer of heavy white frost on his skin, Zhang Ruochen was freezing cold as he trembled on the ground.

His left shoulder had become badly mutilated.

A violent streak of pain ripped through most of his body. He could clearly sense that a current of icing air flowed from the

wound in his left shoulder to his meridians, freezing his Genuine Qi inside.

Qi Hong held the Shooting Star Invisible Cloak, looking greedy. He constantly stroked it and highly praised it.

“Splendid! It’s really splendid! No wonder you could run away from that altar with your cultivation, for you have such a precious treasure.”

The Shooting Star Invisible Cloak was very helpful to a Half-Saint. As long as he wore it, Qi Hong would be confident that he could run away from a Saint.

“Who on earth... are you? Why did you... break into the... altar?” Zhang Ruochen asked.

Qi Hong glanced at Lin Yue on the ground, put on a sarcastic smile, and said insidiously, “Actually, I didn’t know there was such a large altar in the Ancient Gods Mountain. I entered the altar by following you.”

“You... you followed me?” Zhang Ruochen was a little surprised.

However, he felt relieved soon after.

It was indeed easy for a Half-Saint to follow him.

But few Half-Saints would follow a monk in the Fish-Dragon Realm.

With a murderous look in his eyes, Qi Hong grinned cruelly and said, “I did not want to follow you, I wanted to kill you. You should understand why I wanted to kill you.”

“Because I defeated Qi Feiyu and enraged the Qis, so the Qis wanted to kill me, right?” Zhang Ruochen asked tentatively.

“The Qis? Hmm, funny! No, it’s because your existence affected my plan.”

“What’s your plan?” Zhang Ruochen continued asking.

“It is certainly...”

Qi Hong was aware that he had spilled the beans, so he stopped and said with a smile, “Are you trying to trap me?”

With that petty trick, you dare to fool a Half-Saint! You'll certainly come to a bad end.

"Honestly speaking, you really are capable. I had planned to send a man to kill you, but I rejected that in the end. Can you guess why?"

Zhang Ruochen said, "Because they would not be able to kill me."

Qi Hong nodded and said, "That's correct. You're really powerful. A Half-Saint can deal with you, but any others would not be guaranteed to kill you."

"Grr!"

Zhang Ruochen gritted his teeth, endured the severe pain, and stood up with difficulty.

Qi Hong put the Shooting Star Invisible Cloak on and looked surprised when he saw Zhang Ruochen stand up. "How can you stand up after suffering the 'Lethal Icebound Claw'? Are you really at the Fifth Change in the Fish-dragon Realm?"

Zhang Ruochen was covered with a heavy white frost. His bones and muscles became extremely rigid. He tried his best to straighten his back, then said with a smile, "If I remember correctly... the Lethal Icebound Claw is... a martial technique from the Demonic Sect. You're... the Sword Holder of the Sword Pavilion. Where did you get... this martial technique?"

Qi Hong laughed grimly and spread his hands out. "What does it matter that you recognize me? Anyway, you'll die soon."

"Swoosh!"

Qi Hong stepped forward and displayed the martial technique, "A Thousand Miles in One Step". All of a sudden, he appeared in front of Zhang Ruochen and hit him on top of the head.

Blackie, who had been hiding in Zhang Ruochen's sleeves, snatched up the Yin Yang Wooden Graph, wanting to open the door of the space to the Scroll World.

However, Zhang Ruochen pushed it aside.

Qi Hong was quite outstanding among the Half-Saints. Perhaps he would have taken away the Yin Yang Wooden Graph before Zhang Ruochen and Blackie entered the Scroll World.

Furthermore, even if they ran into the Yin Yang Wooden Graph, they would be doomed to die.

If Qi Hong could not refine it, he would be probably present the Yin Yang Wooden Graph to the leader of the Qis.

With the background of the Qis being like an Aristocratic Family in the Middle Ages, it would be easy for them to refine the Yin Yang Wooden Graph.

And once they did that, Zhang Ruochen would still do nothing but die.

“Do you want to know the secret of the altar? To be honest, I came to the Yin and Yang Sect to investigate it,” Zhang Ruochen said.

Qi Hong suddenly stopped his palm and said in an overbearing manner, “Go ahead then, tell me! What on earth is the altar? Where do you come from?”

“Is this the way you negotiate?” Zhang Ruochen laughed.

While he was trying to teach him a lesson, Qi Hong glanced behind him because he sensed that somebody was coming.

“For the moment, you can live a little longer. But I’ll deal with you later.”

Taking Zhang Ruochen with him, Qi Hong activated the Shooting Star Invisible Cloak and disappeared from the site. He rushed out of Legsmist Forest at full speed and flew to the mountain gate of the Yin and Yang Sect.

About an hour later, Qi Hong and Zhang Ruochen were far away from the domain that was under the Yin and Yang Sect. They arrived at a bleak hill and stopped temporarily.

A Half-Saint was able to cross a distant territory within an hour.

“It’s really a treasured cloak and it has doubled my speed. With its help, the Saints can do nothing to me.” Qi Hong tenderly stroked the Shooting Star Invisible Cloak, loving it even more now.

Then, he threw Zhang Ruochen to the ground. He ceased his laughter and said, “Go on! What’s the secret of that altar?”

Zhang Ruochen just smiled and remained silent.

Qi Hong smiled as well and then said gloomily, “Man, will you say it voluntarily? Or else, I’ll play extreme tricks to unravel the secret in your mind.”

For an hour, Zhang Ruochen had been running the Scripture of Emperor Ming’s Empyrean

, which had dissolved more than half of the icing air inside his body.

However, Zhang Ruochen still pretended that he could not move. He delayed by saying weakly, “Well, I can tell you. But why are you staying so far away from me? Don’t you want to know the secret of the altar?”

“You’d better not be playing tricks. It will be useless,” Qi Hong said grimly.

No matter how mischievous he was, a monk who was only in the Fish-Dragon Realm could not cause much of a disturbance.

Qi Hong did not think that Zhang Ruochen could threaten him, so he went over to him with a relaxed mind. He stopped just three steps away from Zhang Ruochen.

“Why are you so scared? Don’t you dare to come a little closer?” Zhang Ruochen asked.

Qi Hong condensed a three-foot-long ice sword and said, “If I come a little closer, I’ll cut your head off and use my Soul-searching Occult to search your past memory from your Martial Soul. You’ll be overwhelmed with sorrow. Are you sure that I can come closer?”

Zhang Ruochen snorted and stood up. He came closer to Qi Hong and said, “I can tell you that the altar in the Ancient

Gods Mountain was ordered to be built by Empress Chi Yao. The altars were not only built in the Yin and Yang Sect, but also in the other regions of Kunlun's Field and all major Primitive Worlds.”

Obviously, he was attracted by Zhang Ruochen's words and looked startled. He could not help moving forward, then asked hurriedly, “Why did Empress Chi Yao build these altars?”

Zhang Ruochen looked at Qi Hong's feet and gave him a flickering smile. “That's because...”

Before he finished his words, he took out some black elixir from his sleeves and threw it at Qi Hong.

“Bang!”

The black elixir exploded and formed a mass of black evil Qi, enveloping Qi Hong.

Even though he used the holy light, Qi Hong was not at all able to withstand it. His skin had been tainted with black evil Qi and was immediately corroded.

“What's this?” Qi Hong was a little terrified.

The black evil Qi contained the terrifying power of death. It easily penetrated his skin, entered his Blood Meridian and Meridians, and began to devour his life force.

The black evil Qi was the Death Qi from inside Cyan Fire Xuanwu.

Cyan Fire Xuanwu had been suppressed under the sea by the Pillar of the Vicious Sea for 100,000 years. Therefore, its Holy Blood was naturally tainted with the Death Qi of the Pillar of the Vicious Sea.

While extracting the Xuanwu Sacred Blood, Zhang Ruochen separated the Death Qi from the Holy Blood. And then, he gave it to Blackie to refine elixirs, which were used for handling powerful Half-Saint Class enemies.

Certainly, the Half-Saints would react rapidly. Once they discovered any danger, they would immediately escape.

If he had not deliberately shown weakness and tempted Qi Hong to approach him, Zhang Ruochen would not have been able to hurt him, even though he had elixirs refined with Death Qi.

Chapter 702 - The Half-Saint Avatar

Translator:

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Qi Hong immediately sat cross-legged, clasped his hands, and put them to his chest. Then, a Sacred Mark appeared between his eyebrows.

As the Sacred Mark constantly rotated, a mass of white sacred brilliance emitted out and enveloped his body to dispel the Death Qi.

The Death Qi contained in the elixir was limited, so Qi Hong gradually suppressed it inside his body as he mobilized the Half-Saint's Light.

“How powerful a Half-Saint is!”

Zhang Ruochen changed his expression.

The Death Qi in the elixir was powerful enough to bring a violent death to 10 monks at the Ninth Change in the Fish-dragon Realm in an instant. However, Qi Hong was so incredibly powerful that he could force out the current of evil Qi.

Before Qi Hong completely forced out the Death Qi, Zhang Ruochen had to kill him.

“Sword One.”

Zhang Ruochen held the Golden Snake Divine Rapier and integrated with the sword. He changed into a golden light shuttle and thrust at Qi Hong.

“Lin Yue, you might underestimate a Half-Saint too much. Given your feeble cultivation, I can kill you with a single

hair.” Qi Hong let out a sonorous sound using Spiritual Power instead of his mouth.

“Abyss Spirits, kill that man.”

Just then, a white Holy Sword flew at Zhang Ruochen from the Sacred Mark between Qi Hong’s eyebrows.

The white Holy Sword was called “Abyss Spirits”. It was Qi Hong’s natal sword and had been following him for 160 years.

Qi Hong injected an abundance of Holy Qi into the Abyss Spirits Holy Sword. As long as the Holy Qi had not been exhausted, the sword spirit of the Holy Sword could voluntarily launch attacks against enemies.

“Bang!”

The Abyss Spirits Holy Sword sent forth a dazzling sword radiance. With a brandish of the sword, a 10-meter-long Sword Qi was formed and sent Zhang Ruochen flying through the air.

As for the attacking force, a Holy Sword was far superior to a monk at the Ninth Change in the Fish-dragon Realm. It had the power to kill Zhang Ruochen.

The sword spirit let out a sound again. “Junior, take another one of my strikes.”

“Swish, swish!”

More than 300 currents of Sword Qi rushed out from the Abyss Spirits Holy Sword and formed a howling Sword Qi storm that rushed at Zhang Ruochen. The chaotic Sword Qi left thickly dotted sword marks on the ground as if the entire hill would be razed to the ground.

At the center of the Sword Qi storm, the Abyss Spirits Holy Sword became more than 30 meters long and as wide as a door plank, and it contained cataclysmic power.

This was a very formidable power, which was comparable to that of Ouyang Huan’s Blue-sky Demon Handprint.

Zhang Ruochen immediately opened the Yin Yang Wooden Graph, which turned into a huge scroll, to try to take away the Abyss Spirits Holy Sword.

The Abyss Spirits Holy Sword was highly intelligent and could feel the force of the Yin Yang Wooden Graph. It immediately shot up into the sky and escaped, instead of confronting the Yin Yang Wooden Graph head-on.

Soon afterward, a deep voice rang out. A man laughed while saying, "Good boy, you have such an important treasure. Since that's the case, I'll kindly accept it!"

Qi Hong still sat cross-legged on the ground. Then, a translucent shadow came out of him, stood up directly, and took a step forward. It condensed into a man that was the same as Qi Hong.

It looked like a spirit was freeing itself from his body.

"The Half-Saint Avatar."

As his face fell, Zhang Ruochen unfolded the dragon wings on his back without hesitation and escaped into the distance at top speed.

The Half-Saint Avatar had a part of the Half-Saint's power, so Zhang Ruochen was unable to defeat it now.

Although the Shooting Star Invisible Cloak was taken away by Qi Hong, Zhang Ruochen would still have a chance to take it back in the future as long as he remained alive.

"Is the man from the Divine Dragon-Human Clan?"

Seeing the pair of dragon wings on Zhang Ruochen's back, Qi Hong's avatar looked confused.

Subsequently, it reached out an arm to retrieve the Abyss Spirits Holy Sword and then hastily pursued Zhang Ruochen.

Zhang Ruochen looked back and discovered Qi Hong's avatar getting closer and closer.

The two of them flew with one chasing and the other escaping.

Along the way, they had fought four times. And Zhang Ruochen narrowly escaped every time.

"Zhang Ruochen, things are bad. We've had nowhere to go while facing just an avatar. If Qi Hong completely forces out

the Death Qi and catches up to us, we'll have no way to survive," Blackie said.

Blackie had already come out of Zhang Ruochen's sleeves and stood on his shoulder. He constantly rendered Inscriptions of Array and struck out backward to hinder the speed of Qi Hong's avatar.

"The time is not yet ripe. Until the time is correct, I'll send the avatar off to the void by using the Power of Space." Zhang Ruochen gritted his teeth with a cold expression in his eyes.

He had no alternatives. With his current cultivation, he was able to kill the Half-Saint avatar by using the power of time and space.

In order to avoid having his identity exposed, Zhang Ruochen only had one chance to attack, so he had to be very cautious.

He escaped roughly 2,000 miles.

Zhang Ruochen broke into a strange area that had black soil on the barren ground. Furthermore, there was no Heaven and Earth Spiritual Qi around, neither in the sky nor underground.

That meant that once a monk burst in, the Genuine Qi inside would be exhausted. He could not absorb any Heaven and Earth Spiritual Qi to make up for the physical depletion, so he would become weaker and weaker.

It was the first time that Zhang Ruochen had seen such a weird place.

In the Fallen-gods Mountain Range, there were many ancient relics and forbidden areas. In some regions, even if one was a Saint, it would be dangerous.

Right now, the area that Zhang Ruochen broke into was probably a relic.

Blackie jumped down from Zhang Ruochen's shoulder, fell to the ground, and smelled using his nose.

He smelled blood in the soil and said, "How ancient this aura is! Is this place a medieval relic?"

Zhang Ruochen slowed down, not daring to run on. He used his Sky Eye to look into the distance.

Beyond 300 meters, a black cloud rose up from the earth. The cloud was in the form of a group of ferocious-looking devils. It contained strong Yin Qi and blocked the light of the Sky Eye.

“I feel that there is a murderous breath there. Once I break into this place, I will probably die without a burial place.”

Zhang Ruochen looked solemn as he perceived considerable danger.

When he was about to retreat, he turned back and discovered that Qi Hong’s avatar had caught up to him and was suspended more than 30 meters above the ground.

Qi Hong’s avatar sneered and said in a condescending tone, “Lin Yue, if you give me the scroll, I will consider sparing your life.”

Zhang Ruochen pretended to be calm as he said with a smile, “Really? Shall I thank you for your kindness to spare my life?”

“Don’t refuse a toast only to drink to a forfeit.”

The avatar turned somber, raised its palm, mobilized a current of Holy Qi, and struck out quickly.

“Cloud-tearing Palm Strike.”

It was a really amazing Ghost Level martial technique. The power displayed by a Half-Saint avatar would naturally be stronger than that displayed by a monk in the Fish-Dragon Realm.

Zhang Ruochen performed Sword Two and soared up into the sky and fiercely collided with the Cloud-tearing Palm Strike.

Even with Sword Two, it was difficult for him to break through the strong palm power.

In the end, Zhang Ruochen was struck 300 meters away and fell into the depths of a medieval relic.

Zhang Ruochen supported himself on the ground with one hand and held the hilt with his other hand. Blood was pouring

out of his mouth but he was tough-minded.

He secretly released the Space Domain, covering an area with a five-kilometer radius.

Qi Hong's avatar did not want to kill Zhang Ruochen immediately, rather it wanted to capture him alive. It planned to search for something from his memory by using Soul-searching Occult.

Just because it had this attitude, Zhang Ruochen had a chance to survive.

“Junior, do you still want to struggle desperately? To be honest, I've forced out the evil Qi and I'm on my way right now. Do you think that it's necessary to keep fighting?”

Qi Hong's avatar descended to the ground, walked over to Zhang Ruochen, and sneered. Like a judge, it held the Abyss Spirits Holy Sword and stabbed at Zhang Ruochen's Qi Sea between his eyebrows.

Zhang Ruochen had a weird smile on his face as he moved his finger forward.

“Swoosh!”

Just then, the space in front of him warped violently.

The Abyss Spirits Holy Sword had originally been going against Zhang Ruochen. Suddenly, that became reversed and it went against Qi Hong's avatar.

Qi Hong's avatar was a little surprised because it had never seen that before. Without any thought, it immediately retreated.

After Zhang Ruochen performed “Space Collapse”, the space behind Qi Hong's avatar fractured and changed into a giant hole, 33 meters in diameter.

“Boom!”

A strong devouring force came out of the fractured space, which was like the eye of a storm. It formed a huge energy vortex to take away Qi Hong's avatar and Abyss Spirits Holy Sword.

“This is ... the Power of... Space...”

At the last moment, Qi Hong’s avatar came to its senses. It widened its eyes and stared at Zhang Ruochen as if it were seeing a ghost.

“Huff!”

A moment later, Qi Hong’s avatar and Abyss Spirits Holy Sword were both torn to pieces by the fractured space.

The Power of Space was able to destroy everything.

When Qi Hong’s avatar and Abyss Spirits Holy Sword shattered, Qi Hong, 800 miles away, bled from the corner of his mouth while a stream of blood rose up in his throat as if he had been punched.

“How can this be? Lin Yue is able to destroy my avatar and my natal sword? What on earth happened?”

Normally, a man could perceive everything that his avatar experienced.

Perhaps the avatar had been killed in a flash, so he was unable to send messages back to the actual man in time.

Whether it was an avatar or the natal sword, once they were destroyed, Qi Hong would suffer enormous trauma. Even if he took panaceas, he would spend at least one year to fully recover.

Qi Hong was very irritated and flew forward even faster.

Chapter 703 - The Reaction of the Void Sword

Translator:

Transn

Editor:

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After killing Qi Hong's avatar, Zhang Ruochen immediately dashed into the medieval relic behind him. Now, he had no alternative but to escape from Qi Hong, who was chasing him down to kill him.

If he burst in the medieval relic, he would probably survive all the perils inside.

However, if he confronted Qi Hong, he would certainly die.

When he entered further into the medieval relic, Zhang Ruochen discovered that the place was quite strange. There was no Spiritual Qi fluctuation, but there was an invisible power covering him. As a result, his hearing and sight sensitivity declined quickly. His body gradually became numb.

Apparently, Blackie was quite nervous, as he picked up his tail and ears.

“What happened?”

Suddenly, Zhang Ruochen slowed down, took out the Void Sword from the Spatial Ring, and pinched it in his hands.

“Clang!”

Unexpectedly, the Void Sword began to slightly vibrate, and a light was shining on the surface of the blade.

Zhang Ruochen felt that something seemed to be waking up inside the Void Sword. Every time the sword radiance flickered, it seemed like the single beat of a heart.

“Is the sword spirit of the Void Sword going to awaken?”

Zhang Ruochen was astonished.

“Why does it come to life at this time?”

The Void Sword was not only the Thousand-bone Empress’s saber, but also a supreme Holy Weapon. If its sword spirit was fully awakened, the sword power would also recover.

“How powerful supreme Holy Weapons are!”

Blackie was more excited than Zhang Ruochen with all his hair bristling up. “It’s strange! The Void Sword did not have any reaction anywhere else. Why does it send out a sword radiance in the medieval relic? Is its master here?”

“The master of the Void Sword, the Thousand-bone Empress?”

Zhang Ruochen shook his head. “Even a supreme Great Saint can only live 3,000 years. The Thousand-bone Empress was a superior in the Middle Ancient Times. Even if her cultivation was profound, she can’t be alive today.”

In Kunlun’s Field, if a person practiced to the Great Saint Realm, he or she could get the title of emperor or empress.

800 years ago, the Nine Emperors and the Three Empresses all reached the Great Saint Realm.

After Empress Chi Yao ascended the throne, even if an unparalleled talent practiced to the Great Saint Realm, he or she could not get the title of emperor or empress. In the entire Kunlun’s Field, there could only be one empress.

Blackie was so excited that he forgot that someone was chasing after them. “The Great Saints can’t live up until now, but the Thousand-bone Empress can because she killed the gods before. Can Empress Chi Yao, who is the top person of Kunlun’s Field, kill the gods?”

“If the Thousand-bone Empress is still alive, how could she have lost her saber?” Zhang Ruochen shook his head and walked more cautiously.

Blackie sighed and was speechless.

Zhang Ruochen said, “Half-saint Yuanlong said that he found the Void Sword in a medieval relic. Perhaps the medieval relic he mentioned is here.”

Blackie’s eyes lit up and he immediately looked around. “If the Void Sword was found here, then the Thousand-bone Empress must have been here. Perhaps... she hasn’t left yet.”

Blackie turned into a black shadow and quickly rushed forward.

“Why is this cat so excited upon hearing the name ‘Thousand-bone Empress’?”

Zhang Ruochen discovered that something Blackie did was abnormal.

For example, he was quite close to Han Xue, who also had the Thousand-bones Physical Quality, and always followed her advice. Furthermore, he had personally taken her to complete the sacrificial ceremony and helped her get the

Scripture of the Dead Gods

, which was an exercise practiced by the Thousand-bone Empress.

“Blackie was sealed by Saint Monk Xumi 100,000 years ago. He may have lived at the same time as the Thousand-bone Empress. Perhaps he is really related to the Thousand-bone Empress.”

Zhang Ruochen gently stroked his chin, appearing to be in deep thought.

“Swoosh!”

Suddenly, a sharp sound of the wind came from behind him.

Zhang Ruochen thought that Qi Hong had caught up to him, so he immediately rushed forward without thinking.

But after 300 meters, he slowed down. When he turned around, he discovered nothing.

“Isn’t it Qi Hong?”

“If it was Qi Hong, he might have caught up to me.”

“But now that it’s not Qi Hong, there might be some other living creatures in this medieval relic.”

Feeling a sudden chill on his back, he took a deep breath and released all his Spiritual Power. He chased after Blackie and caught his tail. He murmured, “Don’t run around everywhere. I’ve found some unknown creatures in this relic. If we encounter them, it will be far more dangerous.”

Blackie was also aware of that and he asked, “What can we do?”

Zhang Ruochen carefully observed their surroundings and saw a stone forest directly up ahead. He squinted his eyes as he said, “We’d better hide in that stone forest.”

In the distance, there was indeed a boundless stone forest.

As he got closer, Zhang Ruochen saw clearly that it was a grave rather than a stone forest. High tombstones were built on the ground.

Those tombstones were more than 30 meters high. Since they had been there for so long, they were severely weathered and the characters on the tombstones had blurred.

There was a tombstone tainted with blood and there were three human skeletons under it. Those skeletons were crystal clear and emitted a colored glaze glow. They seemed to be carved out of colored glaze gems.

Obviously, when those three people were alive, they had practiced to the Glazed Treasured Body. They had reached the Ninth Change in the Fish-dragon Realm, or possibly even the Half-Saint Realm.

“How could they have died here?”

Zhang Ruochen checked the three skeletons on the ground but he did not find any scars.

Blackie licked his lips and said, “This place is gloomy. Perhaps it’s a land of death. We should leave as soon as possible.”

“The more dangerous the place is, the more Qi Hong fears it.” Zhang Ruochen looked at the tomb forest as he said, “You’re

good at arrays. Why don't you arrange an array?"

"Right! Before Qi Hong catches up to us, I need to set up an array. Then, I can deal with him using one," Blackie said with a smile.

Zhang Ruochen took out three Holy Stones and many Spiritual Crystals. Then he put them into a Spatial Ring, which he gave to Blackie.

Blackie took the Spatial Ring, rubbed his paws, and rushed into the tomb forest. After going more than 600 meters into the tomb forest, he stopped and prepared to set up an array to deal with the Half-Saint's Sixth Level array.

Zhang Ruochen began to study the Void Sword.

When he arrived at the tomb forest, the Void Sword flashed more frequently.

"It must be sensing something, so it reacts like this. Is the Thousand-bone Empress... buried in a tomb here?"

Zhang Ruochen furrowed his eyebrows and looked at the surrounding tombs. Unimaginably, a legendary big shot was buried nearby.

If the news of the Thousand-bone Empress's tomb were to be spread out, it would create an incredible commotion.

All of a sudden, he noticed danger and immediately turned around.

Two tombstones weighing hundreds of thousands of kilograms flew from the ground behind him and rapidly hit him.

"Bang!"

He snatched up the Void Sword and brandished it in front of him. The Sword Qi that erupted out of it disintegrated the two tombs.

Qi Hong walked out step by step and snorted as he said, "You reacted so quickly, but still it's useless. Even though you escaped into this medieval relic, you still can do nothing except die."

“Now, you only need to answer my question and I’ll make sure that you die quickly.”

Zhang Ruochen held the Void Sword and retreated. He said with a smile, “Aren’t you skillful at Soul-searching Occult? Why do you bother yourself to waste any more words? Wouldn’t it be easier to seize me and search through my memory?”

Qi Hong just answered him with grim laughter.

“I guess that you don’t understand Soul-searching Occult at all,” Zhang Ruochen said calmly.

“Since you’re provoking me, I’ll fulfill your wish.”

With an evil look in his eyes, Qi Hong pinched his five fingers into a claw. He leaned forward and immediately condensed them into an evil claw that was more than 10 meters long, hoping to capture Zhang Ruochen.

When he was condensing the Sword Qi and preparing for a desperate fight, a “Tao” character flew from the distance.

The character “Tao” was as large as a millstone and had strong Holy Qi. Under its influence, the evil claw that was displayed by Qi Hong vanished into smoke.

The “Tao” spun in the air and sent forth a strong Holy Aura at Qi Hong.

“This is...”

Seeing the character, Qi Hong abruptly changed his expression and immediately displayed the Cloud-tearing Palm Strike, a Ghost Level martial technique.

He condensed all his Holy Qi and struck forward with his palms. Centered on his palms, a round palm-power wave formed. As a result, the surrounding dozens of tombstones were flung out.

The character “Tao” was so powerful that the handprint was broken through in an instant and it pressed down on Qi Hong’s body.

“Pfft!”

Qi Hong spat out a mouthful of blood and half-knelt on the ground.

“What an incredible martial technique! With just a character, a Half-Saint has been injured!”

Zhang Ruochen was astonished and looked into the distance. A holy white light broke through the black cloud in the medieval relic. It flew from the distance and fell on the top of a tombstone, forming a gentle, graceful figure.

Just about every inch of Saint Lady’s skin emitted holy white light. She wore a spotless white robe and was dressed as a man.

Even so, it was hard to cover up her exceedingly beautiful appearance. Every curve of her body was quite perfect. She had a narrow waist and straight, slim legs.

“Swoosh!”

When she unfolded her fan, the character “Tao” flew up again. It turned into a black character as small as the head of a fly and fell on the fan.

Qi Hong climbed up from the ground and covered his bleeding chest. He pretended to be confused as he said, “Your Excellency, Lin Yue is suspicious. He is a spy that has been sent by other forces to the Yin and Yang Sect. I’ll kill him to clean house. Why are you holding me back?”

Saint Lady licked her lips and blinked her eyelashes gently. “Half-Saint Qi Hong, I followed you here from the Heaven and Earth Altar of Ancient Gods Mountain along with your aura. Don’t tell me that you haven’t broken into the Heaven and Earth Altar.”

Qi Hong looked somber because he did not expect that Saint Lady’s Spiritual Power was so powerful. When he left Ancient Gods Mountain, he had deliberately erased his aura. However, she still had detected a trace.

“What should I do now?”

Saint Lady was a Spiritual Power Saint. Even if his cultivation were to be enhanced 10 times over, he could not ward off even

one of her fingers.

“Can I do nothing but await my doom?”

Qi Hong was certainly not reconciled. Suddenly, he thought of the Death Qi that he had forced out of his body. An idea came into his mind. He looked at Saint Lady once again and a vicious laugh appeared on his lips.

Chapter 704 - Saint Lady in the Mortal World

Translator:

Transn

Editor:

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Qi Hong's legs became limp. He knelt on the ground with his whole body shivering as he begged. "Your Excellency, Saint Lady, spare my life! I went into the altar because I was tailing Lin Yue. I know nothing about the altar's secrets."

Qi Hong looked really scared. He kept kowtowing, knocking his forehead on the ground and making loud noises.

"A

Half-Saint kneeling and kowtowing. Does he really fear Saint Lady that much?

" Behind him, Zhang Ruochen looked baffled.

Saint Lady turned her eyes to Lin Yue.

She had indeed discovered his aura within the Heaven and Earth Altar.

A Monk of the Fish-Dragon Realm barging into the Heaven and Earth Altar... and he escaped!

Qi Hong suddenly raised his head and snickered. He stood on his toes and then leaped into the air.

With a whoosh, he soared upward.

The Shooting Star Invisible Cloak and his Half-Saint realm allowed Qi Hong to whiz through space. He was in front of Saint Lady in a flash.

Saint Lady was a Spiritual Power Saint. Her cultivation was very powerful, but she had an obvious weakness—because she

did not practice Martial Arts, her physical quality was just a little stronger than an ordinary person's.

If he could approach her without her knowing it, Qi Hong could kill her with a finger.

Although the word "Tao" had hit Qi Hong's body, most of its force had been absorbed by the Shooting Star Invisible Cloak. As a result, Qi Hong was not badly injured.

He had pretended to be badly hurt so that Saint Lady would lower her guard and his attack could succeed.

"Damned Saint Lady... go to your death!"

Qi Hong condensed a Finger Sword and executed Sword Two, attempting to stab between her eyebrows.

The sword tip was about to penetrate her skull, but Saint Lady remained very calm. With an unflustered air, she shook her wrist and unfolded her fan. She then flapped it forward.

"Swoosh!"

Hundreds of words soared out from the folding fan.

Every word contained a powerful energy and hit Qi Hong's body with force. His chest immediately caved in—many of his ribs were fractured.

His back started bulging as columns of blood gushed out.

BAM! Qi Hong fell onto the ground, creating a 30-meter-diameter crater. His Half-Saint body was mangled, and only a few of his bones remained intact.

The hundreds of words soared back into the folding fan.

"A Half-Saint dares to mount a sneak attack on a Saint. You deserve death... cough... "

A black coat of Death Qi had tainted Saint Lady's folding fan.

The Death Qi gushed up her arm from the folding fan. In the blink of an eye, her snowy-white arm had been contaminated and turned gruesomely black.

Saint Lady was only flesh and blood. Her Spiritual Blood was not as strong as a Half-Saint's. It was very difficult for her to

shake off the Death Qi that was invading her body.

Moments later, the Death Qi had spread to other parts, wrapping her completely within.

“Pfft!”

The Death Qi began devouring Saint Lady’s Spiritual Power. It took the form of countless black tentacles seeping into her skin and her bloodstream. They coursed through her entire body.

In the crater, Qi Hong got up. His body was dripping with blood but he still managed a sinister laugh. “This cloak I’m wearing is a treasure! I’ve been struck by a Psychic Sage, yet I survived.”

Qi Hong then soared into the sky. Midway up, he aimed a palm at Saint Lady’s head and managed to make her fall on a tombstone.

“Pow!”

Qi Hong’s face looked grotesque. He landed on the tombstone and kicked Saint Lady’s abdomen, sending her flying away.

Saint Lady flew from the tombstone and landed on the ground heavily, stirring up a huge cloud of dust.

Saint Lady vomited a mouthful of blood and pressed her hand on her abdomen. She curled on the ground as if in great pain.

“Aren’t you very noble and powerful? What happened to you today? Even if you are a goddess from above the Nine Heavens, I will make you fall to the mortal world!”

Grimacing, Qi Hong snickered hideously. He dragged Saint Lady by her hair and threw her headlong at a nearby tombstone. Blood gushed out incessantly from her head.

The fierce collision snapped Saint Lady’s belt. Her white robe became loose and disheveled. The collar had come undone, revealing an expanse of snowy-white skin. Her shapely bosoms with their enticing cleavage were partly visible, half-covered by a light blue undergarment.

Saint Lady was not simply beautiful and alluring. Her gracious air was not found in many women, making her a great object

of temptation even to Saints.

A ravishing beauty whom many Saints admired was now lying on the ground. She was like a tender lamb awaiting slaughter.

The sight aroused Qi Hong's innermost desires. He smiled lasciviously and sneered aloud. "What a peerless beauty. It's a pity to kill you. Much better for me to see your tender body before you die. Then I'll know whether it's as lovely as your pretty face, hee hee."

Saint Lady's Spiritual Power was indeed very strong, but she was still a woman. As the lustful Qi Hong edged closer and closer to her, she felt deep terror inside.

She tried mobilizing her Spiritual Power to create a spell that could kill Qi Hong.

The more anxious she was, the harder it became to condense her Spiritual Power. The force of the Death Qi struck back and she vomited another mouthful of blood.

Qi Hong grabbed hold of Saint Lady's chin and tilted her startlingly beautiful face upward. Her eyelashes were curled, her eyes dewy bright. Her nose was perfectly shaped. Even the most skilled artist could not have sculpted such lovely, divine features.

Qi Hong laughed. "To sleep with Saint Lady must be a dream for every man in Kunlun's Field. Let me treat myself to it first."

Qi Hong's hand strayed downward and ripped Saint Lady's outer garment apart. Her fair, voluptuous body was laid bare for all to see. Her smooth shoulders, breasts, and buttocks were very full, yet her waist was slender and supple.

Perhaps it was because Saint Lady did not practice Martial Arts or because she had been nurtured by poetry that her skin was very fine-pored—so delicate that it might tear if someone blew on it.

Qi Hong was not in a hurry to bed Saint Lady. One must play with such a noblewoman slowly, wrecking her self-confidence. It was no fun to simply crush her from the top.

“Qi Hong, if you dare to lay a finger on me, I guarantee your family will be exterminated.”

Saint Lady placed a hand on her chest, clutching her undergarment for cover. She clenched her white teeth and edged backward.

She had never suffered any setback ever since she began cultivation. She had always been surrounded by applause and praise.

After becoming one of the Nine Goddesses of the Empyrean under the Empress, her status had soared. She was adulated wherever she went. Even Saints had to bow before her.

She had never imagined she would end up in such a situation.

Qi Hong saw the body of the partially unclothed Saint Lady and his evil thoughts blazed more intensely. He snickered. “Are you threatening me? You have to escape from me first.”

Qi Hong sneered lewdly and stretched out his arm, trying to grab Saint Lady’s breasts.

“Swoosh!”

Zhang Ruochen dashed out from behind the tombstone. His Void Sword pierced through the other man’s fingers. He slashed and successfully repelled Qi Hong.

Zhang Ruochen crossed his sword horizontally in front of Saint Lady. He snickered. “Senior Qi Hong, I didn’t know you were such an old lecher. How can you be a Sword Holder of the Sword Pavilion if you practice immoral behavior? If what happens today spreads, your reputation will be utterly ruined.”

Saint Lady heaved a sigh of relief when she saw Qi Hong get repelled.

She was well aware that Lin Yue was no match for Qi Hong, so she took advantage of this brief respite to start condensing her Spiritual Power.

The Void Sword was extremely sharp. It broke through Qi Hong’s physical defense, leaving a bloody hole in his palm.

Saint Lady had already badly injured Qi Hong, allowing Zhang Ruochen to injure and repel him with one strike even though his cultivation was far inferior.

Qi Hong looked at the traces of blood on his hand and guffawed. “Such a wicked boy to have messed things up. I have no choice but to kill you first.”

Qi Hong lifted his two hands and started condensing his Holy Qi.

Zhang Ruochen would certainly not fight him directly. He could not really match even a badly-injured Half-Saint.

“Come with me.”

Zhang Ruochen grabbed Saint Lady’s wrist and dragged her as he dashed out into the tomb forest.

“Boom!”

Qi Hong pushed both palms out and created a massive Qi billow. Everything around the tombstones whirled into the air and hurtled toward the two.

Zhang Ruochen glanced back and saw the powerful Qi gushing toward him like a torrential tide.

It was the all-out strike of a Half-Saint. There was probably no chance he could survive the blast.

“I’m sorry!”

Zhang Ruochen extended his arm and grabbed hold of Saint Lady’s waist. He bent his knees slightly and threw himself forward on his toes.

Only a thin undergarment covered the upper half of Saint Lady’s body. Her waist was completely naked. Zhang Ruochen’s hand was pressed on her supple waist and their skin were glued together.

Her full bosoms pressed against Zhang Ruochen’s chest. His chest felt broad and muscular, giving her a very strange sensation.

The face of the perpetually reserved Saint Lady became slightly flushed.

As the situation was critical, she did not resist. She only stretched out her arms and weakly pushed Zhang Ruochen's chest away, trying to alleviate the pressure.

Zhang Ruochen dashed into the array that Blackie had already set up.

Blackie pressed both paws down on the ground. He released his Genuine Qi and activated the Inscription of Array.

Chapter 705 - Planting the Seeds of Love

Translator:

Transn

Editor:

Transn

“Qi Hong, you old dog, face the power of my Spiral Dragon Array!” Blackie was laughing boisterously.

“SWOOSH!”

A circular array had formed within a 100-meter radius. The inscriptions of the array resembled cyan iron chains that were intertwined, rippling on the surface. An illusory image of a lofty cyan mountain appeared.

A huge dragon was circling the mountaintop. Its claws were extended and its fangs were out, glaring ferociously.

Dozens of tombstones flew in, assaulting the array. However, they were immediately met by a cyan light which disintegrated them into dust.

When Zhang Ruochen saw that Blackie’s array could block off Qi Hong’s attacks, he sighed with relief.

At that exact moment, he lowered his gaze to look at Saint Lady and realized that she was struggling. He also realized that he was still holding on to her and immediately let go of her.

“I’m sorry. Just now...”

Zhang Ruochen felt quite embarrassed. He did not know how to explain himself.

Saint Lady felt awkward as well. She was blushing bashfully. Turning around, she calmed herself down. “You didn’t have to apologize. I should be the one thanking you. I will never forget

your name, Lin Yue! If you ever need help, don't hesitate to find me.”

Zhang Ruochen glanced at Saint Lady's naked back. He wondered if this ethereal and favored lady had ever been through such humiliation.

Zhang Ruochen took off his bloodstained Taoist robe and cloaked it over the shoulders of Saint Lady.

Saint Lady suddenly turned her head. Her bright, lovely eyes met Zhang Ruochen's. For a brief moment, her emotions stirred inside her.

Her heart started to beat faster.

Despite her being a Psychic Sage, she lowered her head to avoid Zhang Ruochen's gaze. A strange feeling overcame her.

What happened?

Her Saint Heart was almost entirely crushed. She wondered if the person standing before her right now, Lin Yue, was really a powerful Saint in disguise.

Why else would a Psychic Sage like her avoid the gaze of a Monk of the Fish-Dragon Realm? The thought brought her to the brink of despair.

To conceal her emotions, Saint Lady quickly gathered the fronts of her robe and wrapped herself with it. Her tender heart was still beating frantically. She said in a low voice, “Thank you very much.”

Zhang Ruochen glanced at Saint Lady and was baffled. He could not understand how an exalted Psychic Sage like her could be so dainty and self-conscious.

Zhang Ruochen thought that Saint Lady was frightened, but didn't think much of it. He sighed inwardly. A Saint's mind was not so different from a normal person's after all.

Zhang Ruochen did not guess right. It was actually Saint Lady's heart which was throbbing with emotions.

Saint Lady had seen a lot of men more handsome than Lin Yue. There were plenty of better men who had professed their

feelings for her.

However, at the time, her Spiritual Power was very powerful, all she could think of was the Holy Road—she wasn't capable of handling a romantic relationship.

As soon as Qi Hong struck her with the Death Qi, her Spiritual Power was suppressed and she was instantly turned into an ordinary woman.

Furthermore, Lin Yue saved her life while she was at her lowest point. The look in his eyes was so genuine and clear. He even took off his robe and put it on her.

So many men in this world wanted to take her clothes off. Lin Yue was the first man to put it on for her.

She felt like she was being taken care of. For her, it was an extremely strange feeling. It made her feel warm and cozy inside.

Sometimes, even the tiniest gestures could capture a woman's heart.

As a result, Zhang Ruochen left a faint mark in her Saint Heart.

It was as if the Saint Lady, who possessed Spiritual Power at the 53rd level, had a heart like tung oil enclosed in a thick steel casing.

When the Death Qi entered her body and suppressed her Spiritual Power, the steel casing suddenly disappeared.

Her Saint Heart was now completely defenseless.

When Zhang Ruochen appeared, he was like a spark falling on the tung oil. Her heart started to catch fire and her cold, apathetic Saint Heart started to blaze with fervor.

Although she had not fallen for him at first sight, Saint Lady, like a young girl in the first throes of love, started to grow feelings.

Of course, Zhang Ruochen did not know about her feelings. Even she could not understand this strange emotion herself.

Qi Hong flew in from a distance and landed just outside the array. He mobilized his Holy Qi and struck against the array.

For a brief moment, the light surrounding the array flickered. An illusionary image of a huge dragon dashed out from the array. It roared and struck out its claws at Qi Hong, forcing him to retreat.

“BOOM!”

Qi Hong’s eyes glittered fiercely. He continued to hurl himself forward and attack, disregarding his injuries. He kept striking at the array to try to break it as quickly as possible.

He knew very well that if Saint Lady had a respite, her Death Qi would quickly be suppressed.

At the time, he was a dead man.

In the array, Saint Lady’s beautiful eyes stared at Blackie’s Spiral Dragon Array. She shook her head gently. “Your Spiral Dragon Array isn’t set up properly. It’s missing an Array Eye, and will only give off at most 30 percent of its power. This incomplete array would not be able to ward off Qi Hong’s attacks.”

“Young girl, it seems like you can tell that it’s the Spiral Dragon Array... not bad at all!”

Blackie, of course, knew that Saint Lady was a Psychic Sage. However, at the time, she couldn’t mobilize her Spiritual Power, so she was no different from an ordinary person.

Blackie did not fear her and even wanted to make her build a city for him inside the Scroll World.

Saint Lady was not bothered by Blackie’s words. She smiled and said, “The Spiral Dragon Array is an ancient array. It needs a dragon soul of the Half-Saint realm to act as an Array Eye. That’s the only way to gather its full power.”

“The Battle Formation of the Spiral Dragon Array has always been kept at Phoenix Cry of Sky Scroll Sect. Even the disciples of Scroll Sect may not know its presence. I’m curious to know how you’ve managed to learn it.”

“What business is it of yours?” Blackie snorted coldly. He continued, “And what’s the point of mentioning that now? How can I, the Emperor of Cats, find you a dragon soul of the Half-Saint realm? Just make do with this incomplete array!”

Saint Lady’s eyes stared coldly at Blackie who called himself “the Emperor of Cats.” “You’re just a cat. How dare you call yourself an Emperor?”

“I’m the Emperor of Cats... an Emperor... an Emperor...” Blackie declared on fearlessly.

Saint Lady was infuriated. She wanted to teach Blackie a lesson.

Zhang Ruochen hastily stepped in between them and said in a quiet voice, “Why are you two fighting right now? If Qi Hong breaks the array, all of us will die!”

Saint Lady waved her robe sleeve and remarked coldly, “I’m warning you. You better control that cat of yours. You two are fortunate enough to have met me and not anyone else. If it was someone else, the word ‘Emperor’ would be enough to send both of you to the gallows.”

“What are you saying? Don’t you know I can trap you inside the...” Blackie sounded very arrogant and took out the Yin Yang Wooden Graph.

Zhang Ruochen frowned slightly, quickly snatching the Yin Yang Wooden Graph from Blackie. He knocked Blackie’s head with it and reprimanded him. “Why are you so disrespectful toward a Saint?”

Blackie might not care about anything, but Zhang Ruochen couldn’t do that.

Qi Hong was just outside the array and could break in any time. The only way Zhang Ruochen could keep himself alive was to make use of Saint Lady’s power.

Besides, even if there was no threat from Qi Hong, how could Blackie trap Saint Lady inside the Yin Yang Wooden Graph? Saint Lady was under Empress Chi Yao; she held a very high status. The Empress would feel a premonition if her subordinate was endangered.

Had Zhang Ruochen dared to trap her inside, Chi Yao might come after him in person within a day. Qi Hong might be imprudent, but Zhang Ruochen certainly was not. He did not want to die in Chi Yao's hands again!

This cat was really looking for a fight. He knew very well Saint Lady was under Chi Yao and yet spoke such nonsense to her. Was Blackie looking to die?

Calling himself "Emperor" was extremely disrespectful to the Empress. Your entire clan might be exterminated.

If a savage beast was disrespectful toward the Empress, its owner would also be executed.

In other words, Saint Lady was actually quite easy-going. She had pardoned such a grave crime, which made Zhang Ruochen admire her greatly. Indeed, her Saintly qualities could not be matched by an ordinary person.

Zhang Ruochen bowed his head hastily to Saint Lady and explained, "He's just a wildcat and doesn't know the rules very well. He's talking nonsense. Please don't take his words to heart, Your Excellency."

Saint Lady replied, "Let's not talk about this anymore. We have to find a way to get rid of Qi Hong first."

Zhang Ruochen felt unsure of himself. "How long would it take to recover your cultivation?"

Saint Lady's face was sometimes pale, and other times it was dark. Pressing a hand against her abdomen, she was bearing pain. She said quietly, "I don't know what heretic skills Qi Hong have mastered. He drove some evil Qi into my body."

"The evil Qi will attack my Saint Heart every time I try to execute a spell. If my Saint Heart is completely eaten up by the evil force, I will not be able to control my Spiritual Power. I'll lose my consciousness and turn into demon. For the time being, I can only use my Spiritual Power to ward off the evil Qi. I cannot make any mistakes here."

Qi Hong had previously kicked her in the abdomen and caused her a serious injury.

Seeing her in pain, Zhang Ruochen took out an injury-healing pill. He pinched it between his fingers and offered it to her.

“Take this first!”

Saint Lady took the pill and examined it carefully. She said to herself, ”

A Pill concocted from the Blood of Wood Spirit. It’s a mild pill. I can take it.

”

After ingesting the pill, the surface of her body started emitting a faint, blood-red glow.

Soon, her physical injuries were recovered completely and the pain in her head and abdomen subsided.

Of course, this pill could not treat the Death Qi. Saint Lady would have to mobilize her entire Spiritual Power to suppress the Death Qi and fight its contamination.

The weakness of a Spiritual Power Monk could be seen at once. If their bodies were to be invaded by any toxic fume or evil Qi, they would not be able to get rid of them with their own power.

Zhang Ruochen chose to practice Martial Arts simply because the power of a Spiritual Power Monk was too flawed.

Chapter 706 - A Chess Piece

Translator:

Transn

Editor:

Transn

If Zhang Ruochen wanted to, he could have used the Buddha spirit in the Dragon Pearl to get rid of the Death Qi inside Saint Lady's body.

However, doing so would've exposed his true identity.

If Saint Lady finds out his true identity, there was no way out for him.

What else could he do to get out of danger?

“BOOM!”

“BOOM!”

...

Qi Hong's attacks became more and more ferocious. The ground started cracking and the lights from the Spiral Dragon Array started dimming. The array looked like it could disintegrate any time soon.

Saint Lady glanced at Zhang Ruochen, her eyelashes curling upward. She pondered and asked, “What level is your Spiritual Power at?”

“Level 44,” Zhang Ruochen replied.

There was really nothing to hide. Once Saint Lady recovered her true cultivation, she could easily probe and find out his true Spiritual Power level.

If he concealed the truth now, she would be even more suspicious when she learned the truth later.

Saint Lady was quite amazed. She had not expected his Spiritual Power cultivation to be that powerful.

Of course, from her point of view, a Spiritual Power of the 44th level was not that amazing.

She continued, “Not too bad. You are only one step away from becoming a Spiritual Half-Saint. You are just as gifted in your Spiritual Power as in your Martial Arts. That should make things easier!”

“What are your plans, Your Excellency?” Zhang Ruochen asked.

Saint Lady stretched out her snowy white hand. A faint aureole appeared at the center of her palm.

A black chess piece emerged from the center of the aureole.

It looked like a tiny chess piece but it was full of light spots.

If you observed it closely with your Spiritual Power, you would discover that these light spots were like stars amidst the universe—there were countless.

She handed the chess piece over to Zhang Ruochen. “This chess piece was sculpted out of a Holy Jade and contains 10 percent of my Spiritual Power. Use it properly and you can slay Qi Hong with this.”

“Remember, once its Spiritual Power is used up, the chess piece will be no different from an ordinary one. To survive, we must kill Qi Hong before this happens.”

Zhang Ruochen took the chess piece and felt ice-like power pouring out from it. It crept into his palm, almost converging with his Spiritual Power.

At that moment, a strong feeling overtook Zhang Ruochen. He felt as if he had broken into a safe containing a vast Spiritual Power storage.

The Spiritual Power stored inside was several dozens, even hundreds of times, more powerful than his own.

Now, he could mobilize that Spiritual Power as his own.

Saint Lady handed him her folding fan and said, “This is a Spiritual Power Holy Weapon. Just inject your Spiritual Power into the fan and you can mobilize it to attack.”

“No, I shouldn’t have this. It’s your Spiritual Power Holy Weapon. Others may not control it as well as you do. I have a weapon that is just as handy and uses a little less Spiritual Power.”

Zhang Ruochen took out the Thunder Pearl and gripped it tightly in his hand.

Now that he had a Psychic Device, Saint Lady stopped talking. She took back her folding fan and retreated to a far-off tombstone, sitting cross-legged behind it. She used all her power and tried suppressing the Death Qi.

“BOOM!”

Qi Hong’s final strike finally breached the Spiral Dragon Array.

Qi Hong’s body was now bloody and his hair was dishevelled. He had a grotesque look as he walked over to Zhang Ruochen, panting. He laughed dryly, “I have broken through your array. Why aren’t you running away?”

Zhang Ruochen said nonchalantly, “Why should I? Not only are you badly injured, but your Holy Qi is also almost depleted. How much power can you even exert now?”

Qi Hong laughed even louder, glaring at Zhang Ruochen as if he was an idiot. He said disdainfully, “Even if I am left with only one breath left, it’ll still be easy to kill you.”

“SWOOSH!”

Qi Hong dashed over with great speed. As swift as a streak of lightning, he struck out a fist toward Zhang Ruochen’s chest.

His powerful fist strength took the shape of a gourd. It rotated constantly and would have disintegrated Zhang Ruochen’s body had it been a successful hit.

“Perfect!”

Zhang Ruochen pinched the chess piece in one hand and the Thunder Pearl in the other. 99 thunderbolts, each the thickness of a bowl, now converged before him, surrounding him like 99 lightning dragons.

Qi Hong caught sight of this and his face fell. He cried, “How is this possible?”

The 99 thunderbolts had converged into a lightning ball, striking out at Qi Hong. It dispelled the strength of the gourd fistaway.

Chaotic power from the lightning ball started devouring Qi Hong’s body like a raging tide.

“Sword Two!”

Qi Hong clapped his hands together and raised them to the top of his head.

All of a sudden, the power of the Yin and the Yang gushed out, swirling rapidly around his body. It formed a gigantic Tai Chi mark.

“Swoosh!”

Qi Hong soon soared into the air. Turning into a light column, he broke through the thunderbolt formation and escaped.

“He’s indeed a sword practitioner. He still managed to escape, even after suffering such bad injuries.”

Zhang Ruochen condensed his Spiritual Power once more. He mumbled to himself, ”

Lightning of Great Destruction.

”

This Second-Level thunderbolt spell was cast with the help of the Spiritual Power stored within the chess piece. It was capable of emitting terrifying power.

The entire sky was transformed into a sea of thunderbolts, making incessant crackling noises. It forced Qi Hong to the ground rapidly.

“POW!”

The great power from the thunderbolts engulfed the entire graveyard. Lightning wriggled like fire snakes on the ground. Several thunderbolts even crept into the graves.

Strangely, there seemed to be some power hidden within the graves, absorbing all the power from the thunderbolts.

Zhang Ruochen had his entire attention to Qi Hong. He could not spare being distracted, even for a second. As such, he did not notice these changes within these ancient graves.

Qi Hong's whole body was charred as he lay vulnerably on the ground.

Even though he was protected by the Shooting Star Invisible Cloak, he received an unprecedentedly heavy injury. His skin and flesh were charred like charcoal. Streaks of lightning wriggled on his skin.

His face was bloody and completely mangled. He crawled on the ground, his body shivering. "I've already sent a message to... the Saint... of the Qis. He will be here... very soon. Lin... Yue... if you dare kill me, our Saint will grind your bones to dust."

"Is that so?"

Zhang Ruochen shook his head and smiled. He struck his palm against Qi Hong's forehead.

"BAM!"

A bloody crack appeared on his head and the Qi Sea between his eyebrows exploded.

A ball of white light soared out from his Qi Sea. It emitted brilliant holy light, escaping into the horizon.

It was Qi Hong's Half-Saint's Light that contained his Half-Saint Divine Soul as well as all of his Saint Power.

"Do you think you can escape this easily?"

Zhang Ruochen took out his Auspicious Vase and threw it into the air, sending it above the Half-Saint's Light.

The Half-Saint's Light shrieked horrendously and started to shake violently. It could not resist the power of the Auspicious Vase and was absorbed inside.

Zhang Ruochen retrieved the Auspicious Vase back to his hand. The voice of Saint Lady was behind him. "Is that a

Space Treasure?”

Zhang Ruochen covered its lid and remained very calm. He turned around, gazed at her and nodded, “Yes.”

Saint Lady was not suspicious of him and said coolly, “You must be rather lucky to have possessed treasures like this.”

Zhang Ruochen took out the black chess piece and returned it to her. “Here’s the piece. I’ve only used about one-fifth of the Spiritual Power inside.”

Saint Lady stared at the chess piece and a brilliant glow flashed across her beautiful eyes. “I’ll leave it with you first. I’m afraid there might be another battle that we have to fight.”

Zhang Ruochen kept the chess piece quietly. He asked, “Have you managed to remove the evil Qi?”

Saint Lady pursed her lips lightly and shook her head. “The evil Qi is very peculiar. There’s no way I can get rid of it using my Spiritual Power alone. Once I return to the Yin and Yang Sect, I will get help from Martial Arts Saints to get rid of it.”

“Let’s return to the Yin and Yang Sect before it’s too late,” Zhang Ruochen replied.

“There’s no hurry.”

Saint Lady pondered for a while and her eyes stared at Zhang Ruochen. “I have a question I need to ask you.”

“Please do,” Zhang Ruochen said.

“Why did Qi Hong want to kill you?”

Even with her loss of cultivation, Saint Lady’s eyes were still gleaming with wisdom. They stared intently into Zhang Ruochen’s eyes.

Actually, Saint Lady was still somewhat suspicious of Zhang Ruochen.

The only reason why she did not interrogate him, was simply because he had saved her and her cultivation was now wholly lost. Hence, she tried a gentler method, probing Zhang Ruochen indirectly.

Zhang Ruochen's face did not change color. "I discovered a conspiracy involving Qi Hong and the Qis. He wanted to kill me because he wanted to silence me."

"What did you discover?" Saint Lady asked.

Zhang Ruochen paused for a moment. "The Qis may be secretly colluding with the Demonic Sect."

Saint Lady's eyes brightened. "Do you have any evidence?"

Zhang Ruochen shook his head, "If I did, I would have reported it to the Sect. Why would I investigate it alone? I tailed Qi Hong because I needed evidence. He discovered me after I tailed him into the Ancient Gods Mountain altar, so he tried to kill me. You wouldn't doubt me, would you, Your Excellency?"

"Of course not."

Saint Lady gave a faint smile. "Actually, I know a few secrets of the Qi family myself. I may know even more than you. The whole matter is more complicated than you think. I didn't want to alert them before the upcoming Sword Technique Conference, so I chose not to investigate for the moment."

"I was planning to take my time to gather evidence after the Conference. Then, I will mobilize my people and set up a trap to get rid of them all. I never expected them to make a move first."

Chapter 707 - Fiendish Demon Wraiths

Translator:

Transn

Editor:

Transn

Murderous intent flashed across Saint Lady's deep, glittering eyes. She continued, "You don't need to get yourself involved with the Qis. The imperial court and the Yin and Yang Sect will take care of them. With your current cultivation, they would crush you like an ant."

Blackie was disdainful. He muttered, "So you think you are that great? Pretending to be the big bad wolf? If he hadn't saved you, you would have been crushed by Qi Hong yourself! You might die an even more horrendous death."

Dark furrows appeared on Saint Lady's forehead. Had her cultivation not been lost, she would certainly have taught the cat a painful lesson.

"Shut up."

Zhang Ruochen scolded Blackie. He glanced over at Saint Lady, smiling apologetically. "I'm sorry, Your Excellency. This cat deserves a slap across the face. He's always so rude. Don't take it to heart."

With her cultivation wholly lost, she would need to rely on Zhang Ruochen's protection to escape. Saint Lady would certainly not hold them responsible for Blackie's impudence.

She said, "If we go back to the Yin and Yang Sect, we will be waylaid. It would be suicide."

Zhang Ruochen's expression was solemn. "Your Excellency, don't tell me you believe what Qi Hong said before his death?"

He continued. “These medieval ruins are very peculiar. They can seal off your aura. You can’t even send a Signal Flare anywhere. I don’t think it likely Qi Hong could have sent a message back to the Sect.”

Saint Lady shot a glance at Zhang Ruochen. “You haven’t reached the Half-Saint realm, so you wouldn’t know their means of communication. When a Signal Flare is impossible, Half-Saints can communicate with Sacred Thought.

“Our only way out is to hide in the ruins and wait for people from the imperial court and the Yin and Yang Sect to rescue us.

“You’re right, these ruins are certainly very peculiar. They can seal your aura in. That could be detrimental to us

“But, let’s look at this from another angle. Thanks to the strange environment, the Saint from the Qis won’t be able to locate us very easily.”

Zhang Ruochen nodded. He thought that her analysis made sense.

Zhang Ruochen removed the Shooting Star Invisible Cloak from Qi Hong’s body and put it on again. He did not find anything else of value.

Saint Lady stood beside him, looking very cultured and elegant. After Zhang Ruochen finished searching the body, she said indifferently, “You must be out of your mind! Are you so poor that you need things from the dead?”

Zhang Ruochen glanced at her. “Why not? You think no Monk lacks cultivation resources? Not everyone is like you!

“Take Qi Hong’s Half-Saint’s Light, for example. If I can refine it, I will break into a new realm within a short period of time. Otherwise, it will take me a very long time.

“For you, all you need to do is to ask, and someone will purchase it from the Auction House for you.

“You may not need anything from the dead. But many people in Kunlun’s Field would queue up for this stuff.”

Saint Lady stopped smiling as she suddenly understood. She had been so pampered. Perhaps, that was why she suffered this ordeal.

“You’re right. I owe you an apology! If we manage to escape, I’ll give you a lucky break and pay back the debt I owe you.”

Lin Yue’s capabilities had earned Saint Lady’s affirmation.

She had now secretly designated him as one of the nine Kunlun Heirs.

Zhang Ruochen simply shook his head. He was not interested in the big break that she was promising. Now that he had confirmed the presence of the Heaven and Earth Altar, he had no further reason to stay in the Yin and Yang Sect.

Whether “Lin Yue” would exist in the future remained to be seen.

Of course, if his identity remained secret, he would only leave after the Sword Technique Conference. After all, he had learned so many things from the Yin and Yang Sect and profited much. He ought to give something back in return.

Zhang Ruochen suddenly detected a strange movement underground. He stopped walking and quickly grabbed Saint Lady’s wrist, pulling her behind him.

“What are you... doing?”

She glared at him, trying to twist out of his grip.

Zhang Ruochen gripped her wrist even tighter. His guard was up. “Don’t move. Something strange is happening.”

She realized that he was not deliberately trying to be disrespectful, so she stopped struggling. She started observing the surroundings, trying to detect what Zhang Ruochen had.

Although her cultivation was gone and her sensory abilities were quite ordinary, her eyes were still very sharp. She soon detected something odd.

“Are those wraiths?”

Saint Lady’s face turned pale. “Lin Yue, open your Sky Eye. You may find something interesting.”

A white speck of light emerged from between Zhang Ruochen's brows. It turned into a vertical eye. He glanced around and soon discovered a terrifying sight.

All around the tombstones, illusory human images were materializing. They stood on the tombstones, grotesque and sinister.

The closest was 30 meters to Zhang Ruochen's left. It was a hunchbacked, white-haired old woman. She looked very eerie.

Zhang Ruochen had long known that a Sky Eye could detect ghosts. He was mentally prepared, but he still had shivers up his spine.

A Martial Soul was quite obviously different from a ghost.

Martial Souls were "living souls." They helped a Monk mobilize Heaven and Earth Spiritual Qi and attack someone.

Ghosts were "dead souls." They could not mobilize Heaven and Earth Spiritual Qi, but they could devour other ghosts, or even a human or martial soul. It enhanced their power.

After a ghost had grown strong enough, not only could it devour a Martial Soul, but it could also make practical strikes.

With his Genuine Qi, a warrior of the Black Realm could dispel ordinary ghosts.

However, if he encountered ghost soldiers, he would be in big trouble.

Quite obviously, the ghosts soaring out from these tombstones were no ordinary ghosts. Each of them emanated a very powerful Yin Qi. Their presence made the young warriors feel like they were in Asura Hell.

"Why are there suddenly so many wraiths?" Blackie's eyeballs shifted quickly around as he caught sight of them.

The white-hair old woman nearest to Zhang Ruochen suddenly raised her head. She had a black void where her face should have been. All they could see were two blinking ghost flames in place of her eyes.

"Rustle!"

The white-haired old woman cackled and streaked toward Zhang Ruochen like a black shadow.

A Monk standing beside Zhang Ruochen without a Sky Eye would not be able to see her. All he could see would be a gushing wind coming straight at Zhang Ruochen.

Zhang Ruochen mobilized his Genuine Qi and struck out with his palms.

A vortex gathered on his abdomen. Swirling rapidly, it emanated a powerful, masculine Qi. It then coursed out from his palms, forming a crimson fire cloud.

When his attack hit her, the white-haired old woman gave an ear-piercing scream. Her wraith form dissipated into plumes of ghostly air.

A masculine Qi could suppress a ghost very effectively, but the white-haired woman was no ordinary ghost. Her wraith body had not dissipated entirely.

Her dark Ghost Qi penetrated his palm power. Soon, a wraith converged again before Zhang Ruochen.

Her form had turned wan, but it was still very ferocious.

“She wasn’t destroyed.” Zhang Ruochen was quite surprised.

He made a swift decision. He injected Holy Qi into his Shooting Star Invisible Cloak. It glowed with a white brilliance.

“Ch-ch!”

The white-haired old woman clawed at Zhang Ruochen’s chest. She grazed the light on the Shooting Star Invisible Cloak. Tiny energy rippled out at once.

At the same time, Zhang Ruochen stuck out both hands. His arms closed, catching the woman in between.

BAM! The woman’s wraith form exploded once more.

This time, even her Ghost Qi was utterly shattered. She had completely disintegrated.

Zhang Ruochen gave a muffled grunt and retreated a step. His chest was hurting dully. Her claws had injured him a little.

“Are you alright?” Saint Lady asked.

“I’m fine.”

Zhang Ruochen shook his head. “I was too careless. I didn’t know the wraith was powerful enough to reconverge after her form had been dispelled. So, she caught me off guard.”

Saint Lady was highly intelligent. Although Lin Yue did not say it, she knew that he could easily have dodged the wraith’s strike, even under those circumstances.

He did not, though, because she was standing behind him.

She could tell that this fellow was not that bad after all. He had some backbone. He was not someone who feared death.

She analyzed the situation. “The wraith who fought you was only a ghost soldier.

“Ghosts can be divided into three levels: Demon Sly, Demon Fierce, and Death Messenger.

“A Demon Sly has the strength of a Monk from the First to the Seventh Change of the Fish-Dragon Realm.

“A Demon Fierce is at least as powerful as a Monk of the Seventh Change in the Fish-Dragon Realm. The strongest Demon Fierce could rival a first-level Half-Saint.

“Death Messengers have the power of the Half-Saint Class. They can also take a physical body, making them almost impossible to detect among humans.

“I think wraith you destroyed was a Demon Fierce.”

Zhang Ruochen’s eyes glanced coldly at the gathering ghosts.

“Looks like they are all Demons Fierce. Let’s hope a Death Messenger doesn’t turn up.”

“If I recovered 10% of my cultivation, I could disintegrate them all with my awe-inspiring, righteous Qi,” Saint Lady said.

Zhang Ruochen held the Void Sword in his hand, and his aura became fierce and keen. "Let's go. Blackie, take care of Her Excellency. I'll lead the way and try to break out."

Zhang Ruochen needed the Saint Lady's power to deal with the Qis. If she died, he would not have an easy time outside, even if he escaped the ruins.

Therefore, he could not cast her aside, no matter what.

Zhang Ruochen strode forward, releasing all the masculine Qi in his body. It merged with the Holy Qi within him, surrounding him in a crimson fire cloud.

After mastering the seventh palm of the Dragon and Elephant Prajna Palm, the masculine Qi within Zhang Ruochen's body was now ten times greater than an ordinary person's.

A convergence of his masculine Qi and Holy Qi would prove lethal to ghosts.

Chapter 708 - The Chimes of the Bell

Translator:

Transn

Editor:

Transn

Zhang Ruochen kept striking with his palms. He forced the Demons Fierce pouncing on him to back away, one after another.

The Qi of the Demons Sly and his masculine Qi were diametrically opposite. In the tomb forest, the two Qis clashed with a loud boom.

There were at least 300 odd Demons Fierce. Each one was more powerful than a Monk of the Seventh Change in the Fish-Dragon Realm. If all of them gathered and struck together, they might even destroy a weak Half-Saint.

They were not, however, very intelligent. They could not use combined attacks or strike an enemy together. Their attacks were highly disorganized. This gave Zhang Ruochen a chance to break out from their encirclement.

After about a quarter of an hour, Zhang Ruochen had forced his way into the depths of the tomb forest.

After moving forward 2,000 meters, he finally edged to the last of the crowd of Demons Fierce.

“Ding!”

A sinister wind blew and a bell chimed.

At first, the chimes sounded pleasant, but soon, they became frantic and jarring. They became louder and louder, spreading dozens of kilometers around.

The sound of the bells pierced painfully into Zhang Ruochen's head. His eyes swam with dizziness.

"The chimes come from the ghosts. They assault a Monk's Martial Soul," warned Saint Lady.

Saint Lady's soul, purified by her Spiritual Power, had long ago turned into a Divine Soul. She was unaffected by the chimes.

Fortunately, Zhang Ruochen's Martial Soul was not weak. Had he been another Monk of the Ninth Change in the Fish-Dragon Realm, his soul would have departed his body, leaving him a zombie.

Zhang Ruochen mobilized the Qi of Saint Dragon and the Buddha spirit within his Dragon Pearl. They streamed to his Qi Sea, centered between his brows. The Buddha's light protected his Martial Soul and warded off the power of the chimes.

A green ring glowed faintly on Saint Lady's left pinkie.

"Hmmm."

When she saw her green ring glow, Saint Lady grew solemn. "The Exorcism Ring is warning us of the close presence of a very powerful Demon Fierce. It might even be a Death Messenger."

Blackie, who had always been brave, now looked quite frightened. "Some of the more powerful Demons Fierce can rival a Half-Saint. We can't even deal with one of them, let alone a Death Messenger. If we meet one, we're going to die here."

Zhang Ruochen now vividly recalled the Demons Fierce in the tombs. They were likely to have been resuscitated, thanks to the power of the thunderbolts.

So, he preferred not to use the chess piece with the powerful Spiritual Power. Doing that might draw even more Demons Fierce to them.

"Blackie, leave with Her Excellency first."

Zhang Ruochen gazed around, trying to locate the source of the chimes.

Saint Lady started and asked, "Aren't you leaving with us?"

"I'll keep them from coming after us," Zhang Ruochen replied.

Blackie understood that Zhang Ruochen had a trump card that he could not use in Saint Lady's presence. So he urged her to come. He said, "Women are nothing but trouble. Why fuss over something so trivial? Better leave at once with me, or you'll be a burden to him."

Saint Lady's gorgeous eyes glared at Blackie, but she knew very well that the fat cat was right. She could not help him in her present condition, even if she stayed.

She thought for a while before removing the Exorcism Ring on her finger. She handed it over to Zhang Ruochen and said, "Take this ring. It should help you."

Soon, she dashed off with Blackie and disappeared into the tomb forest.

Zhang Ruochen ran his fingers over the Exorcism Ring. A faint scent still lingered on it.

When he put the ring on, an invisible barrier immediately appeared around his body. It warded off the evil chimes of the bell.

"Saint Lady has so many amulet treasures. If it weren't for the Death Qi, even Saints would not succeed in attacking her, let alone Qi Hong."

The Death Qi was very peculiar. No amulet treasure could ward it off.

Even a Xuanwu, whose defense was supreme, could not resist its power. Even the Cyan Fire Xuanwu was subdued, and finally killed, by the Death Qi.

"DING! DING!"

The chimes became louder and louder. After a period of three breaths, Zhang Ruochen finally located their source.

In the distance, seven meter tall Cerberus emerged from the crowd of Demons Fierce.

A purplish black bell as large as a fist was strung around its throat.

It had the imprint of a skull, and strange inscriptions were floating on its glittering surface.

“Quite a different kind of Demon Fierce.”

Zhang Ruochen could tell that the Cerberus was a hybrid of three very powerful Demons Fierce. The Yin Qi it emanated was horrific and shiver-inducing.

“ROAR!”

Completely wrapped in his Yin Qi, the Cerberus lunged at Zhang Ruochen.

The powerful Yin Qi from the Cerberus threw the other Demons Fierce to the sides. The strength erupting from the beast was truly terrifying.

“Dragon and Elephant Furnace, the seventh movement of Dragon and Elephant Palm.”

Zhang Ruochen sank his feet into the ground, like a statue. He raised his arms and started mobilizing the Holy Qi and masculine Qi in his body

“Ch-ch!”

His body turned crimson, like a glowing piece of human-shaped steel.

He pushed both palms out and hit the Cerberus.

BOOM! Zhang Ruochen was thrown 100 meters away. He staggered backward, making 17 deep footprints on the ground before steadying himself.

The demonic Qi on the Cerberus crackled. It had been partially damaged by Zhang Ruochen’s palm strike. The Cerberus staggered back three steps as well.

The Cerberus was quite powerful and brutal. Without the help of his martial technique or a Holy Weapon, a Half-Saint would

just about draw even with it.

Although he was at a disadvantage, Zhang Ruochen had managed to force the Cerberus back. It gave his confidence a huge boost.

“I’m now of the Sixth Change in the Fish-Dragon Realm. With the help of the Shooting Star Invisible Cloak and my other trump cards, I should be able to take on the Cerberus.”

Zhang Ruochen smiled faintly and took out his Void Sword. He stood with it held horizontally across his chest and said, “Come! Let’s see how powerful you really are.”

The Cerberus’s three pairs of eyes widened in fright when it saw the Void Sword. It backed away slowly.

Zhang Ruochen frowned. Surprised by the Cerberus’s cowardice, he took the initiative and attacked.

“Sword One!”

Using the speed of the Shooting Star Invisible Cloak, Zhang Ruochen turned into a streak of light, soaring across to the Cerberus. He lifted his sword and hacked at its throat.

“SWOOSH!”

The Void Sword cut off the middle head of the Cerberus. It turned into a plume of Ghost Qi before hitting the ground.

The Cerberus did not retaliate. It escaped quickly into the crowd of Demons Fierce.

The Demons Fierce all started to retreat when they saw Zhang Ruochen brandishing the Void Sword, shrieking horrifically.

“So, they’re afraid of the Void Sword.”

Zhang Ruochen lifted the Void Sword after discovering their fear of it. He examined the sword carefully and found that the lights on its blade were glittering more rapidly than normal.

Were the wraiths in this tomb forest connected with the Thousand-Bone Empress in some way?

Successive battles had depleted most of Zhang Ruochen’s Genuine Qi and Holy Qi. There was no Heaven and Earth

Spiritual Qi in these medieval ruins he could use to replenish himself.

A feeling of weakness came over him.

Zhang Ruochen did not pursue and exterminate the demons. Since the Void Sword could hold them back, he was prepared to leave as well.

He suddenly saw the purplish black bell on the ground, the one formerly hanging from the Cerberus' throat. The bell had fallen to the ground after Zhang Ruochen cut off one of its heads.

Zhang Ruochen picked up the bell and grasped it tightly in his hand.

“BOOM!”

A chilling evil Qi crept into his body. He heard countless ghastly wails in his ears. His chest felt tight and he felt dizzy.

Suddenly, a green light poured out of the Exorcism Ring and dissipated the evil Qi.

Zhang Ruochen's eyes became clear once more. He mobilized the Buddha spirit within the Dragon Pearl to surround the bell. The evil Qi melted away like a flame doused by water.

“How evil this ghost equipment is! How was it even forged? And which human forged it? Was it forged by a ghost?”

Zhang Ruochen did not understand ghosts well. Saint Lady and Blackie, however, knew much more than he did. He would bring the bell back for them to explain.

After keeping the bell, Zhang Ruochen took out two Spiritual Crystals and gripped them. He absorbed their Spiritual Qi and replenished his depleted Genuine Qi. Then, he dashed into the depths of the tomb forest.

Soon, three figures entered the medieval ruins and quickly arrived at the boundary of the forest.

They were three Patriarchs of the Qi family—Qi Qiankun, Qi Dao and Qi Yun.

Already a Saint, Qi Qiankun was the headmaster of Demon Seal Compound, one of the 72 institutions of the Yin and Yang Sect. Qi Dao and Qi Yun were Half-Saint Patriarchs of the Sect. They all occupied important positions and were extraordinarily powerful.

Looking around forty years of age, Qi Yun was rather youthful. He led the other two into the tomb forest, and they soon discovered Qi Hong's body at the edge.

“Qi Hong is dead!”

Qi Dao's face changed color slightly. “When he sent us the message using his Sacred Thought, didn't he say Saint Lady was badly injured? Who killed him?”

Qi Qiankun's hair was parted into black and white sections. Grasping a wooden staff in his hand, he said hoarsely, “Qi Hong was too conceited. He dared to attack Saint Lady alone. The gap between a Saint and a Half-Saint is far beyond what he could imagine.

“Even though Saint Lady was careless enough to be injured in a sneak attack, she needed to lift just a finger to kill him.”

Chapter 709 - The River Dividing Yin and Yang Realm

Translator:

Transn

Editor:

Transn

No one thought that Qi Hong, a Sword Holder, was killed by a Monk of the Fish-Dragon Realm. Everyone thought he had been killed by the seriously injured Saint Lady.

“Saint Lady is currently severely wounded. Let’s take this opportunity to get rid of her,” Qi Yun said coldly.

As Qi Dao lifted his head to glance at the mob of Demons Fierce in the tomb forest, his aged eyes betrayed an astonished look. He said, “This is very strange. How did so many wraiths in the Deceased God Cemetery resurrect at the same time?”

Qi Qiankun cleared his throat and said, “It’s not surprising. They must have been awakened by the battle between Qi Hong and Saint Lady.

“Go finish them, Qi Dao.

“Qi Yun, follow me to pursue Saint Lady. We cannot let her escape from this medieval relic alive. Otherwise, the Qis will be in great trouble.”

Qi Qiankun and Qi Yun seemed to deem the Deceased God Cemetery a taboo, not daring to fly over it. They landed and then dashed into the tomb forest in different directions.

Qi Dao, who had stayed behind, flew onto a tombstone and glanced over all of the Demons Fierce. He gave out a cold laugh.

“Disperse!”

He stretched out an arm and punched his palm forward to create a wave of Holy Qi that surged forward. Every Demon Fierce that came into contact with his Holy Qi exploded immediately.

Moments later, hundreds of Demons Fierce had been wiped out, leaving behind evil smog that rose into the sky. As a result, the sky was overcast and there appeared to be gaseous ink flowing all around.

Qi Dao opened his mouth, sucked in all of the evil smog, and swallowed it into his stomach.

He then sat crossed-legged on the tombstone and began refining the evil smog by running exercises.

Zhang Ruochen ran all the way into the tomb forest. The deeper he went into the forest, the more uncomfortable he felt.

For hundreds of miles, the ground was covered with tombs and tombstones. He wondered how many people were actually buried here.

The evil smog in the air intensified and there was a continuous stream of Demons Sly emerging from the evil smog to attack Zhang Ruochen.

Fortunately, Zhang Ruochen was carrying a few treasures that could resist the Demon Sly's Qi so that he did not meet much danger on the way.

Finally, Zhang Ruochen caught up with Blackie and Saint Lady by a big river. He asked, “How come you only came up to here?”

“See for yourself!”

Blackie stretched out its paw and pointed at the big river.

Only then did Zhang Ruochen realize that the river before his eyes was a Corpse River. The river banks on either side of the river were heaped with skeletons and bones, and they were giving off a foul smell.

The water in the river was very filthy, dark and cold.

Corpses and skeletons were continuously flowing down from upstream. Some got stuck at the river banks, while others were corroded by the water to become corpse water, and they became part of the river.

“Why is there a Corpse River and where did all these corpses and skeletons come from?” As Zhang Ruochen glanced upstream, he felt a chill going up his spine.

Saint Lady said, “According to the ‘Eastern Region Anecdotes’, there is indeed a Corpse River within the Deceased God Cemetery. It is said to be the border between the Yin and the Yang realms. If you cross it, you will arrive at the Netherworld.

As Zhang Ruochen looked across the Corpse River. Through the evil smog, he saw that there were rows of tombstones on the other side of the river as well.

However, these tombstones were much taller and larger, and each of them was like a vertical mountain cliff.

“The Netherworld?”

Zhang Ruochen looked at Saint Lady and asked, “Do you even believe this?”

“I don’t really believe in the existence of the Netherworld.”

Saint Lady said, “However, according to the book, everyone who crossed the river never came back.”

Zhang Ruochen said, “I am afraid we don’t have any other choice but to cross the river. I have a feeling the superiors of the Qis have almost caught up to us.

“Let me see if this river is as dangerous as it is rumored to be.”

Zhang Ruochen ran Holy Qi so that it flowed out to form a faint dragon shadow around his body. He leaped forward and then wielded bodily movement to transform into a flood dragon that flew across the Corpse River.

However, after rushing forward for around ten meters he suddenly felt a weight come upon him from the sky. He was forced to descend quickly.

Zhang Ruochen reacted very quickly, transferring the Holy Qi to the soles of his feet. Riding on this force, he pushed with his feet to leap up and return to the river bank.

“There’s a strange force on the river so that even savage birds wouldn’t be able to cross, let alone man,” said Zhang Ruochen.

Pain shot up Zhang Ruochen’s left leg. He looked down and realized that a layer of skin on the leg that had touched the water had corroded.

He immediately ran Genuine Qi and injected it into the Yangyu Holy Meridian to refine the Yin Qi that had entered his foot.

Saint Lady stretched out a snow-white arm and a small, exquisite boat took shape in the center of her palm.

“Interesting, little lass. How many things can you keep in your palm?” Blackie asked as he looked intently at Saint Lady’s palm.

“With great ambition in my heart, I could have the world in my palm.”

Saint Lady said, “I could draw a hundred, or even a thousand boats with my hand.”

“What’s the use of drawings?” Blackie said with contempt.

“If I am willing, whatever I draw will come alive.”

Saint Lady stopped talking to Blackie and handed Zhang Ruochen the small boat. She said, “This is a Spiritual Power Holy Weapon called Skyrocketing Boat. You can use it once you inject Spiritual Power into it.”

All of her Spiritual Power was being used to suppress the Qi of death. She could only rely on Zhang Ruochen to make the Skyrocketing Boat usable.

Zhang Ruochen mobilized his Spiritual Power and tossed the little boat into the air.

When the little boat landed on the Corpse River, it instantly turned into a ten-meter-long blue boat.

By the time Qi Qiankun and Qi Yun arrived at the river, Zhang Ruochen and Saint Lady had already left on the Skyrocketing Boat.

Qi Yun stood by the Corpse River and her face was somber as she said, “We can’t go forward from here because this is the border between the realms of Yin and Yang, otherwise we might barge into the Netherworld.”

“We don’t dare go into the Netherworld, neither does Saint Lady.”

Qi Qiankun pondered for a while and then said, “Let’s split up and look for them. I will go upstream, while you go downstream. Do bear in mind not to fight Saint Lady even if you find her. You are not her match. Send me a message and I will come to you as soon as I can and finish her.”

Qi Qiankun and Qi Yun went in different directions, one upstream and the other downstream of the Corpse River.

Qi Qiankun was correct to think that Zhang Ruochen and Saint Lady did not cross the Corpse River. They had merely hidden in the middle of the Corpse River in the Skyrocketing Boat and had their aura covered by Corpse Qi from the river water. They drifted downstream along the river.

Zhang Ruochen took off the Shooting Star Invisible Cloak and injected Holy Qi into it. The cloak gradually grew to cover the Skyrocketing Boat and eventually wrapped around it.

“We are camouflaged by the invisible cloak and our aura is covered by the Corpse Qi. I am sure the Qis will not be able to find us even if they catch up with us.”

Zhang Ruochen breathed a sigh of relief as he returned to the little boat.

“There’s nothing to be happy about.”

Sitting in the boat together, the elegant Saint Lady lifted her beautiful face and said, “The Qis are unable to detect our whereabouts, but in the same way, the people sent by the Imperial court and Yin and Yang Sect to rescue us won’t be able to find us. Are we then going to keep floating down the Corpse River?”

“Who knows, we might meet greater danger on the Corpse River.”

Zhang Ruochen said, “It’s impossible to send out messages through Signal Flare from this medieval relic. The Suzerain and the imperial court may not even know that we are in danger.”

Saint Lady shook her head and said, “You have underestimated your value. I am pretty sure once they realize that you are missing, the Yin and Yang Sect will engage a Psychic Sage to determine your whereabouts. It’s only a matter of time before they trace your steps all the way here.”

“You are definitely more valuable than I am. If they find you missing, there will be a great commotion throughout the entire Yin and Yang Sect,” said Zhang Ruochen. “How long do you think they will take to trace our steps all the way to this medieval relic?”

Saint Lady frowned slightly and said, “It’s hard to say. It depends on how long they take to even realize that we are missing. It is common for monks to seclude themselves for refining and cultivation for several months at a time. On some occasions, they may even take a year to confirm that a monk has gone missing.

“However, the Sword Technique Conference is imminent and both of us are important figures in this conference. I suppose they will be anxious if we do not appear within ten days.”

“This could be a good thing. It’s a great opportunity for us to toughen our Heart State. If I survive this ordeal, my Spiritual Power will be elevated to the next level.”

Zhang Ruochen gave the Exorcism Ring back to Saint Lady.

He then took out the purplish-black bell and placed it in front of Saint Lady.

Taking special interest in the bell, Saint Lady took it into her hands and studied it.

Zhang Ruochen retreated to the tail end of the boat and took out the Auspicious Vase. With determination in his eyes, he put the vase in his palm and then went into deep thought.

“Chi!”

A ball of flames broke out in his palm and encircled the Auspicious Vase as he began to refine Qi Hong’s Half-Saint’s Light.

They could not just wait for the superiors from the Yin and Yang Sect to come to save them. They needed to think of ways to save themselves.

To save oneself, one ought to strengthen one’s cultivation.

Not only did the Half-Saint’s Light contain the Divine Soul of Qi Hong, but it also contained all the Holy Qi from Qi Hong’s body. If Zhang Ruochen managed to refine the Half-Saint’s Light, he would have absorbed half of the Half-Saint’s level of cultivation.

Zhang Ruochen was confident that he could break through to the Seventh Change in the Fish-dragon Realm, or even the Eighth Change in the Fish-dragon Realm.

Zhang Ruochen would then have the confidence to come face to face with some of the weaker Half-Saints.

The Half-Saint’s Light in the Auspicious Vase gushed out in the form of thin light rays. They were quickly absorbed by Zhang Ruochen’s palms and immediately transported to the meridians in his arms and into his entire body.

Gradually, a layer of white holy light appeared around Zhang Ruochen’s body.

Chapter 710 - The Seventh Change in the Fish-dragon Realm

Translator:

Transn

Editor:

Transn

A Half-Saint's Light was pure energy. If absorbed into the Meridians, it would automatically turn into Holy Qi.

By running exercises, Zhang Ruochen's blood, bones, and internal organs absorbed the Half-Saint's Light simultaneously, which in turn continually condensed and strengthened his physical power.

“Roar!”

Suddenly, a special light surged into Zhang Ruochen's brain and turned into a large amount of memory and knowledge. Like a huge tidal wave, Zhang Ruochen felt his brain get flooded and almost swallowed by the surge of knowledge and memory.

“This is... Qi Hong's memory and knowledge.”

Zhang Ruochen's face brightened.

Whenever a Half-Saint dies, the memory in his Divine Soul would usually dissipate within an extremely short period of time.

The reason Qi Hong's memory appeared in Zhang Ruochen's mind was that Zhang Ruochen had taken away Qi Hong's Half-Saint's Light as soon as he passed away. He was thus able to retain Qi Hong's memory and knowledge.

It was impossible for other monks to gain the knowledge and memory of Half-Saints even if they were to refine their Half-Saint's Light.

However, this was not the case for Zhang Ruochen because he had practiced the "Scripture of Emperor Ming's Empyrean" and managed to open "Vessel of Spirit," which was one of the thirty-six Meridians.

It was precisely because Zhang Ruochen had the Vessel of Spirit that Qi Hong's knowledge and memory could pass through to the Vessel of Spirit and enter his mind when he refined the Half-Saint's Light.

There were very few warriors who could open the Vessel of Spirit. Even Zhang Ruochen in his previous life had not succeeded in doing that.

Having lived for over a hundred years, Qi Hong had many valuable memories. His knowledge was very precious. Among them, there were his perceptions regarding his practices and cultivation as well as his understanding of the Holy Road and the Tao of the sword.

A large part of this memory was not very useful. Not only would it not do Zhang Ruochen any good if he absorbed all of it, but it may even be harmful.

With strong Spiritual Power, Zhang Ruochen temporarily sealed the light containing the memory and knowledge.

He was set on taking some time to digest Qi Hong's knowledge once he managed to leave this medieval relic so he could search the messages in Qi Hong's memory.

In the seven days that followed, Zhang Ruochen absorbed most of the Half-Saint's Light. This enabled him to open the "Holy Meridian of the Yang," which was the fourth holy meridian. This, in turn, helped him to break through to the Seventh Change in the Fish-dragon Realm.

He had by now successfully opened the four holy meridians leading to all four of his limbs.

The level of his cultivation increased by leaps and bounds.

As Zhang Ruochen sat cross-legged, he clearly felt the four holy meridians coming together and rushing toward the Qi Sea between his brows, propping up the Qi Sea like four pillars.

“Swoosh!”

The four holy meridians started running simultaneously and forming a powerful suction force.

Within three breaths, the four holy meridians successfully absorbed the remnant of the Half-Saint’s Light in the Auspicious Vase. The energy took an entire day running in Zhang Ruochen’s body before it completely turned into his own Holy Qi.

“The Seventh Change in the Fish-dragon Realm is like a threshold. Once it has been broken through, the Holy Qi in the body will increase exponentially to more than ten times that of the Sixth Change in the Fish-dragon Realm.”

Based on the strength of the Holy Qi in Zhang Ruochen’s body, he could change and maintain his appearance for up to six months without exhausting his Holy Qi.

In other words, he did not have to worry about having his identity exposed due to shortage of Holy Qi. Furthermore, with the level of his cultivation elevated and with sufficient Holy Qi, Zhang Ruochen was able to control the Change of 36 Forms accurately and perfectly.

The Seventh, Eighth, and Ninth Change in the Fish-dragon Realm were thresholds for all Holy Road Monks.

The Seventh Change in the Fish-dragon Realm enabled the holy meridian to flow through the four limbs. Once Holy Qi flowed through to both arms and both legs, the monk’s speed would increase greatly and he would be able to deploy Holy Qi with much more ease.

Moreover, the Holy Qi would increase greatly upon breaking through to this realm. He would be able to deploy Holy Qi and fully utilize the power within his Holy Weapon.

The Holy Qi in a monk who had reached the Sixth Change of the Fish-dragon Realm was sparse in comparison. It would be impossible to unleash the full power of his Holy Weapon.

The Eighth Change in the Fish-dragon Realm was yet another threshold for a monk. The last holy meridian called “Spirit Boosting Saint Being” would open, and by then, all of the monk’s Holy Qi would be gathered together to make a complete form. The monk’s capability will once again increase by leaps and bounds.

The Ninth Change in the Fish-dragon Realm would enable one to practice and attain the “Glazed Treasured Body.” Once the treasured body was attained, it would greatly benefit a regular monk. His life expectancy alone would be extended by fifty years.

For Saintly Beings and monks with special physical qualities, the Glazed Treasured Body was not significantly beneficial.

“Based on my current level of cultivation, I can now counter an attack from a first level Half-Saint.” A faint smile broke on Zhang Ruochen’s face.

The Half-Saint realm was exceedingly mystifying. It was filled with boundless mysteries.

Even among Half-Saints, there was a distinction between stronger and weaker Half-Saints. The gaps between them could be significant as well. Some accomplished first level Half-Saints were much more powerful than the novices who had just broken through to the level.

It was common knowledge that even Saintly Beings who had reached the Half-Saint realm could only transcend one or two realms to fight other Half-Saints. This showed that there was a significant difference in power between the strong and the weak.

Zhang Ruochen, with his current level of cultivation, would be able to fight a weaker first level Half-Saint, however, he would have to run for his life if he came across an accomplished first level Half-Saint.

By refining Qi Hong’s Half-Saint’s Light, Zhang Ruochen was able to break through to the Mid Stage of the Seventh Change in the Fish-dragon Realm. At the same time, Zhang Ruochen’s

Spiritual Power was elevated, reaching the peak of the 44th level.

Before Zhang Ruochen could rejoice over his achievement, a deafening sound came from the bank of the Corpse River. Belligerent sound waves traveled into his ears. “We have finally found you, Saint Lady. Do you intend to continue hiding?”

Qi Yun stood by the river and began mobilizing Holy Qi from all over his body, focusing it on the tips of his fingers. He pointed his fingers toward the center of the river where the Skyrocketing Boat was.

“Whiz!”

Ripples of Holy Qi diffused outward from his fingers into an area with a diameter of about 333 meters. A beam of Sword Qi as thick as a bowl shot out from the center of the Holy Qi.

What Qi Yun performed was the Sword Ripple of Ten Channels.

Although it was merely a martial technique in the Superior class of the Spiritual Stage, it was still terribly formidable coming from a Half-Saint.

The Sword Wave formed an air column that pushed the waters in the Corpse River left and right.

Qi Yun was uncertain whether Saint Lady was actually hiding in the middle of the Corpse River. He had merely felt the fluctuation of Holy Qi close to that area.

This attack was really a test to pinpoint her whereabouts.

Zhang Ruochen was certain that the Holy Qi fluctuation from his breakthrough to the Seventh Change in the Fish-dragon Realm had given them away. Their enemies had discovered their hiding place.

“Medium Pulse Breaking Sword Wave.”

Zhang Ruochen stretched out his left arm to concentrate all the Holy Qi in his body onto his middle finger before he struck out with it.

“Roar!”

The two Sword Waves collided and the resulting power caused the water in the Corpse River to form waves over ten meters high.

“Sword Ripple of Ten Channels as well.”

Qi Yun frowned, clueless about how Saint Lady had managed to get a master to stay by her side.

Just that one move had shown Qi Yun that Zhang Ruochen could be on par with him.

Could it be that the masters from the imperial court had arrived to rescue Saint Lady?

There was no need to keep hiding since he had been discovered. Zhang Ruochen stood up. With a wave of his arm, he put away the Shooting Star Invisible Cloak.

Immediately, the blue Skyrocketing Boat in the middle of the Corpse River was revealed.

Saint Lady walked toward the boat's bow. Still carrying a fan in her hands, she appeared nonchalant. Stealing a glance at the river bank, she said, “How dare you try to fight me, Qi Yun. It looks like the Qis are attempting to revolt. When I get out of the Deceased God Cemetery, I will surely annihilate the entire Qi family.”

Qi Yun smiled coldly and said, “The Qis have been an Aristocratic Family since the Middle Age, and its disciples are spread out over the Eastern Region. Even the Empress doesn't dare to touch us. Do you think you can destroy our clan with your word? You sure have guts.”

A smile crept onto Saint Lady's face as she said, “The Qis are not that important in Her Majesty's eyes. Don't think too highly of yourselves.”

“You... ”

Qi Yun's eyes blazed with anger as he clenched his fists. Immediately, a Holy Qi light column shot out from the top of his head and condensed to form a Holy Qi cloud that dispersed the Demon Sly's Qi that surrounded them.

“Are you thinking of fighting me? I’m afraid you are not up to it yet,” said Saint Lady.

Blackie laughed and sent a sound transmission to Zhang Ruochen, “This Saint Lady has lost all her efforts in cultivation yet she is still so assertive. I can see that Qi Yun has been taken in by her words.”

Zhang Ruochen replied using sound transmission. “Qi Yun is a Half-Saint. If he is deterred by what Saint Lady said, that would be good. Otherwise, a fierce battle may ensue.”

Right at this moment, a gigantic light ball came rolling toward them.

The light ball, as big as a hill, was half white and half black. It emitted an overpowering aura. Wherever the light ball rolled, the tombstones fell, forming a huge gully where it passed.

The hoarse voice of an old man was heard from the dual-colored light ball saying, “Your Excellency, Qi Yun is not fit to cross swords with you since he is still young. I wonder if I may have that honor instead?”

The dual-colored light ball cracked open from its middle. It opened up and transformed into a ten-mile-diameter Tai Chi mark that rotated slowly.

An elder stood in the center of the Tai Chi mark. His hair and body were divided into half black and half white sections.

“Qi Qiankun.”

Saint Lady spoke the elder’s name out loud.

Qi Yun’s face lit up upon Qi Qiankun’s arrival. He breathed a sigh of relief.

Zhang Ruochen’s face became somber.

Qi Qiankun’s name was well-known throughout the Eastern Region. He was the headmaster of the Demon Seal Yard within the Yin and Yang Sect and had lived for over 300 years, reaching the Sacred Realm.

Saint Lady would probably have been able to resist this big shot in her prime. However, Saint Lady had lost her

cultivation.

Her identity as a Psychic Sage may scare Qi Yun off but not Qi Qiankun.

Chapter 711 - The Gamble

Translator:

Transn

Editor:

Transn

Zhang Ruochen stole a glance at the Saint Lady and realized she was unfazed. She did not have the slightest hint of panic, so much so that Zhang Ruochen started to wonder if she still had a trump card?

Qi Qiankun took a good look at the Saint Lady and realized that her robe was dotted with blood. He said, laughing, “Your excellency, talented woman, aren’t you tired of acting strong when you are already seriously wounded?”

Saint Lady batted her eyes, looking like she was about to laugh. “Do you really think I am merely acting strong?”

With a hoarse voice, Qi Qiankun said confidently, “If you were at your prime, you wouldn’t need to hide in the Corpse River. You would’ve returned to Yin and Yang Sect about mobilizing more resources to deal with the Qis, instead of chatting here with me.”

The Saint Lady nodded her head and said, “I can see from how you’ve analyzed the situation, that you are indeed very intelligent. Unfortunately, you’ve been blindsided by your intelligence, just like me. If I had not been complacent to think that I’m always in control, I wouldn’t have been ambushed by Qi Hong.”

Qi Qiankun narrowed his eyes, and grinned. “You should know that in the Deceased God Cemetery some rules get overlooked. If I were to kill you, the Empress might not find out about it.”

“Are you that anxious to lay your hands on me? You’re not very patient,” said the Saint Lady.

“Are you trying to delay time? I’m not going to let you have a chance to escape.”

Qi Qiankun was increasingly imposing in his manner. He lifted his wooden wand and struck it against the ground. Immediately the Tai Chi mark started to spin faster and faster. Seven to eight thousand streaks of sword Qi shot out from it.

“Sword Three!”

Each streak of sword Qi condensed into a meter-long sword, which in turn transformed into a torrential river of sword Qi that rushed to the top of the Corpse River with a sound like running water.

The people standing in the boat looked up.

Nearly eight thousand streaks of sword Qi darted across the sky and began falling down like a meteor shower. It seemed that they had lost all hope in escaping.

“Zhang Ruochen!”

Blackie transmitted sound to Zhang Ruochen, indicating for him to open the Yin Yang Wooden Graph so they could flee into it.

This attack was not something they could withstand.

Zhang Ruochen looked towards the Saint Lady. He saw that there was no fear in her expression, rather she was smiling faintly. It did not look like she was ready to die.

Unless...

Zhang Ruochen thought maybe there was a possibility of some other escape. He decided to observe first instead of using the Yin Yang Wooden Graph.

All of a sudden, the Saint Lady jerked her arm and the fan in her hands opened up as she waved it in front of her.

“Swoosh!”

Out of the folds of the fan flew over ten thousand characters of inscription that came to collide with the eight thousand streaks of sword Qi.

A series of explosions sounded as all the sword Qi shattered.

Saint Lady pressed her fan to her red lips and uttered one simple word, "Suppress."

The Holy Qi characters came together and lined themselves into a passage of sutra that came down on Qi Qiankun.

"Sword Four!"

Qi Qiankun pointed his finger towards the sky.

The black and white Tai Chi mark on the ground emitted brilliant light. It divided the heaven and earth into half night and half day.

A Holy Sword emerged at the boundary between night and day, and shot upwards. It exploded with a sharp force, tearing the sutra into a slit.

Qi Qiankun dodged and escaped through the tear. He was suspended in midair.

The Holy Sword did a full circle and then returned to Qi Qiankun's hand and condensed into a wooden stick.

It was completely flat. Its lower face was extremely sharp. It would be very difficult to discern that it was a sword if one did not look carefully. It was actually a Holy Sword.

Qi Qiankun was taken aback. "You're not injured?"

Zhang Ruochen and Blackie were also stunned. They did not realize the Saint Lady had regained her cultivation.

"I wasn't injured in the first place. I was avoiding you because my Spiritual Power was suppressed by an evil Qi. But now I've gotten rid of the evil Qi."

When she looked at Zhang Ruochen she saw the doubt in his eyes. He gave a shallow smile and said, "I have to thank you. If you hadn't given me the bell so I could study it, I wouldn't have regained my level of cultivation and would have fallen into their hands."

The Saint Lady took out the purplish black bell and shook it gently in her hands.

A ball of Death Qi was coursing through the inside of the bell. Not only could this bell absorb a monk's soul, it had absorbed his death Qi as well. No one had any idea where Cerberus had gotten it from.

The bell ought to be rare, given that it could absorb Death Qi. Perhaps it was somehow related to Death Qi.

She put the characters back into the folding fan and turned to Qi Qiankun. "Qi Qiankun, it is possible for you to kill me today. The day I get out of Deceased God Cemetery will be the Qi's dooms day. Do you want to make a bet?"

"How do you intend to bet, Your Excellency, the talented woman?" Qi Qiankun asked.

The Saint Lady replied, "We would create a great commotion if we battled against each other. It would attract the attention of the Deceased God Cemetery's ghost king. I don't think this is something we want to do."

There were countless taboos in the Deceased God Cemetery. If a Saint were to violate them, he would be bringing about his own downfall.

Naturally, Qi Qiankun did not want to stir up any fuss. However, he knew there was no way to put off the battle between them today.

So how was she going to work this bet?

The Saint Lady pointed to Qi Yun and Lin Yue, saying, "While we ourselves can't fight, they can fight on our behalf."

Qi Qiankun had taken a certain interest in Lin Yue. His eyes came to rest on Lin Yue as he a reminiscent smile broke out on his face. "Your Excellency, talented woman. Why, would you send a monk of the Fish-Dragon Realm to cross swords with a Half-Saint from the Qis. What is your bet?"

Qi Qiankun could tell that Lin Yue had only reached the Seventh Change in the Fish-dragon Realm just by looking at him.

A Half-Saint did not even need to strike a move to kill a monk at the Seventh Change of the Fish-dragon Realm. They only

needed to suppress the monk with Holy Aura to crush all five of his internal organs. The monk would be bleeding through his eyes, ears, nose and mouth.

Of course Qi Qiankun had no problem with the Saint Lady sacrificing a Fish-Dragon Realm Monk's life.

She seemed to have a lot of confidence in Lin Yue. "If Lin Yue wins, you have to surrender yourself and follow me back to the Yin and Yang Sect to face judgement."

Qi Qiankun laughed coldly and gave a scornful look. "It is impossible to make a saint surrender himself."

"Please listen to what I have to say first, before you make a decision."

The Saint Lady continued, "If Qi Yun wins, I will let you go. At least I won't be targeting you prior to the Sword Technique Conference. When the time comes for the Qis to be sanctioned, I will show mercy to the innocent among the Qis instead of annihilating everyone. How is that? I am only giving you this one chance to decide."

Qi Qiankun grew silent.

He was keenly aware that once she walked out of the Deceased God Cemetery, the Qis would have to face up to judgment regardless.

The crucial thing was the severity of the punishment.

Would it be to implicate nine generations of a family?

Or would they just kill the High-level family members who were in the know?

Qi Qiankun let out a dry laugh. "Looks like I have no other choice. Let it be then, I will gamble with Your Excellency, Saint Lady just this once."

Qi Qiankun immediately sent sound transmission to Qi Yun, saying, "Get Lin Yue under our control as quickly as possible. Only by seizing him can we fully escape. Moreover, we could make negotiations with his life and minimize our loss."

Qi Yun understood the importance of this battle. He nodded gently towards Qi Qiankun.

At the same time, the Saint Lady sent a sound transmission to Zhang Ruochen, saying, “Lin Yue, use the Spiritual Power in the chess piece to defeat Qi Yun. Kill him if you can.”

He only needed to use one-fifth of the Spiritual Power in the chess piece to take Qi Hong’s life.

The remaining Spiritual Power would be more than sufficient to strike down Qi Yun, who was a first level Half-Saint.

The Skyrocketing Boat moored alongside the river bank. The Saint Lady, Zhang Ruochen and Blackie disembarked and came onto shore.

“Wow, you reached the Seventh Change of the Fish-dragon Realm so quickly? You are indeed a Tao of the sword,” said Qi Yun. “Unfortunately, for you to cross swords with a Half-Saint with your level of cultivation would be a far cry.”

Naturally, Qi Yun despised Lin Yue. It was an embarrassment for a Half-Saint to battle with a Fish-Dragon Realm Monk.

Instead of using the Void Sword, Zhang Ruochen took out two Golden Snake Divine Rapiers, holding one in each hand. “It is said you spent a mere 82 years practicing and cultivating yourself to successfully reach the Half-Saint realm. You are a great talent too. It is an honor for me to cross swords with you.”

Both the Saint Lady and Qi Qiankun had extraordinary sight given that they were Saints. Zhang Ruochen was afraid he would give himself away if he were to battle Qi Yun using the Void Sword.

Moreover, the sword spirit of the Void Sword had not been fully awakened. It would be more convenient for Zhang Ruochen to use Golden Snake Divine Rapiers instead.

Seeing that Zhang Ruochen was intent on using the two Holy Swords instead of the chess piece, the Saint Lady thought that perhaps he was not going to use Spiritual Power.

“Is this guy being too confident?”

Saint Lady began to worry. She was well-versed with the information on the geniuses within Kunlun's Field. There was indeed one incredible talent, who at the Fish-Dragon Realm, could resist a first level Half-Saint.

However, no one at the Seventh Change of the Fish-Dragon Realm had ever defeated a first level Half-Saint.

Saint Lady, unable to hold, cried out, "Lin Yue."

Zhang Ruochen turned towards her. "What is it, Your Excellency?"

"Are you confident?" she asked.

Zhang Ruochen shook his head and answered honestly. "I'm not so sure."

This was the first time he would confront a Half-Saint relying solely on his abilities. It was hard to say for sure if he would be able to triumph.

The Saint Lady glared at Zhang Ruochen with her almond eyes, unable to grasp his mentality. He could clearly make use of her strength to strike down his opponent. Why was he adamant about relying on his cultivation to battle a Half-Saint?

Qi Qiankun let out a hoarse laugh. "Your Excellency, it's too late to change your mind now."

She smiled and stepped back.

However, she released her Spiritual Power in preparation to assist Lin Yue if the need arose.

She was not certain why she esteemed this Fish-Dragon Realm Monk so highly as she tried to convince herself saying, "Lin Yue is after all a Tao of the sword genius hand-picked by the Yin and Yang Sect. We can't allow him to die in the hands of Qi Yun because of a gamble."

Chapter 712 - Battle Against Half-Saint

Translator:

Transn

Editor:

Transn

Qi Yun was under 100, hence considered relatively young among other saints.

Half-Saints lived to be at least 200. Accomplished Half-Saints could even live up to 270 years.

A white holy cloud was floating above Qi Yun. A long river of Holy Qi merged from the cloud and condensed into a fist mark.

The fist strength flew across the sky, stirring up a powerful Qi force that shook up the surrounding air for a dozen kilometers.

Qi Qiankun nodded and showed a look of approval. He muttered under his breath, “Qi Yun do not treat this battle lightly just because of your opponent’s cultivation. He is wielding a hundred percent of his strength. Looks like he has a rather steady disposition.”

It was good practice not to treat one’s opponent with contempt.

Qi Yun wielded a Ghost Level mid-class martial technique, condensing a hundred percent of his fist strength. It swept up several tombstones, weighing over a hundred thousand kilograms each, into the air in a whirl.

“A Half-Saint’s power is indeed terrifying.”

Zhang Ruochen wore a severe expression on his face. He took a deep breath and started injecting Holy Qi into the two Golden Snake Divine Rapiers. Immediately, the inscriptions in

the swords appeared and began emitting two beams of glaring sword Qi light.

The two Holy Swords broke out all their power.

Before his breakthrough into the Seventh Change of the Fish-dragon Realm, there was no way Zhang Rouchen could have stimulated all of the Golden Snake Divine Rapiers' power. He was truly excited and looking forward to the outcome of this battle.

“Break!”

A 30-meter illusory image of a Golden Snake appeared on the surface of each of the two Golden Snake Divine Rapiers. Swirls of sword Qi circled around the two Golden Snakes.

Zhang Ruochen performed the Sword Defending Technique. The two swords flew up toward Qi Yun and the fist mark.

A “boom” went off.

The power from the Golden Snake Divine Rapiers was so strong that it broke the fist strength.

Everyone watching was taken aback.

Who would have thought a monk at the Seventh Change of the Fish-dragon Realm could emit such powerful strength?

Qi Yun looked astonished. “Now I get it! You were the one who blocked my Sword Wave.”

Although he was taken aback, there was no time to dwell on this matter. The other golden Holy Sword was about to hit him.

“Sky-sealing Mark.”

Qi Yun extended one hand to strike out.

A chilling force rose from below the ground like fog. At the same time, a lightning column descended from heaven and surrounded Qi Yun.

A scarlet Flame Pillar shot forward from his palm.

The three great forces—icing cold, burning flame and thunderbolt—overlapped to form a 3 meter wide circular mark

in front of his palm.

Now only did the Sky-sealing Mark, a Ghost Level Superior class martial technique, possess great defensive power, it also possessed great destructive power in its attack.

“Boom!”

Zhang Rouchen’s Golden Snake Divine Rapier struck the center of the Sky-sealing Mark. The powerful defensive layer of Icing air shook violently and tore.

Qi Yun’s expression changed. He had not expected Lin Yue to be powerful enough to penetrate the Icing cold defensive layer.

As Zhang Ruochen punched forward, the Sword Comprehension power struck the hilt of the Golden Snake Divine Rapiers, propelling them forward with a wham.

With a loud boom, the second layer of the Sky-sealing Mark’s flaming defense, was broken instantly.

Fist-sized fire balls flew out in all directions. They left a giant gaping hole when they hit the ground.

The Saint Lady’s eyes were sparkling and she could not help but smile as she thought to herself,

“This guy is surprisingly powerful. He’s only reached the Seventh Change of the Fish-dragon Realm and already he can cross swords with a Half-Saint. I supposed he must have broken through to the Ultimate Realm at least twice, perhaps three times.”

Even if Lin Yue did not defeat Qi Yun in this battle, it would still appear on the front page of the Eastern Region Report. If he could take three to five moves from Qi Yun, he would become one of the most talked about characters at the Sword Technique Conference.

The Saint Lady ran her fingers through her hair. She was looking forward to this battle. What other surprises would Lin Yue bring?

“You are quite capable.”

Qi Yun's eyes appeared to be burning with rage. He struck out both palms. All his Holy Qi gushed out from his Yin and Yang Holy Meridians.

The Sky-sealing Mark rotated once very quickly. It gave out a powerful force that shocked the Golden Snake Divine Rapiers and sent them flying.

“Rise!”

Qi Yun leaped upwards, lifting the Sky-sealing Mark 30 meters off the ground.

Then he pushed the Sky-sealing Mark down on Zhang Ruochen in an attempt to suppress him.

The three sources of power from the Sky-sealing Mark were like three gigantic rotating wheels. They surrounded Zhang Ruochen completely. It looked like they were crushing him to death.

Zhang Ruochen could feel extreme pressure pressing down as well as the blackflow of his Holy Qi and Qi Pool. Even his breathing became laborious.

“Such great power! If it was directed at my body, it would have killed me,” Zhang Ruochen muttered to himself.

Zhang Ruochen clenched his teeth. The Heart of the Sword between his brows spun at a high speed and began to emit a strong Sword Comprehension.

Several swords flew out from his glabella, making swishing sounds. They gathered towards the Golden Snake Divine Rapiers and overlapped with them.

“Sword One.”

As the sword thrust forward, powerful sword Qi penetrated the Qi field of the Sky-sealing Mark. Zhang Ruochen and the Golden Snake Divine Rapiers transformed into a stream of sword Qi and charged towards Qi Yun.

“Perfect timing!”

Unshaken by the attack, Qi Yun calmly put his palms together.

A 27 meter high Fire Titan stood behind him. The Fire Titan was wearing armor and chains coiled around him. His arm was thicker than a pillar and his body exuded an aura of great power.

The Fire Titan put his palms together and struck out towards Zhang Ruochen's head.

“Holy Blood Booster.”

Zhang Ruochen was out of breath. He did not expect Qi Yun to go all out.

He did not dare to take the Fire Titan on head on. He stepped to the left and transported himself 99 meters away to dodge the Fire Titan's attack.

“Rumble!”

The Fire Titan's fists struck the ground, crushing thousands of skeletons and bones along the river bank to pieces. A huge gap was torn in the Corpse River.

A billow of flaming Qi shot out from both his fists towards Zhang Ruochen. His Spiritual Blood was shaken up. He flew backwards and landed a few kilometers away.

Zhang Ruochen quickly ran exercises through the Meridians in different parts of his body, trying to calm his aura.

Only a Half-Saint could perform the Holy Blood Booster. He would burn one drop of his Holy Blood, then his Spiritual Blood and Divine Soul would be united to perform the twelve-fold attack.

One drop of Holy Blood enabled him to display one attack.

He needed to burn a second drop of Holy Blood in order to wield a second attack.

A Half-Saint would exhaust his principal Qi if he burned too much Divine Blood. Therefore a Half-Saint would not perform such a move unless he was left with no other choice.

However, the situation now was a little different.

Qi Yun wanted a quick battle. This was why he wielded the Holy Blood Booster.

It would not do him much harm to burn a few drops of Holy Blood.

The Saint Lady gave out a cold laugh. “Why would you need to wield the Holy Blood Booster in a duel between a Half-Saint and a Fish-Dragon Realm Monk? Have the capabilities of a Half-Saint of the Qis come to this?”

“Your Excellency Saint Lady, your statement is flawed. What difference does it make what method I use. It doesn’t make any difference, as long as I win the battle,” Qi Qiankun laughed and touched his beard.

In fact, Qi Qiankun was stunned by Lin Yue’s capabilities. It had far surpassed his expectations.

However, it was a good thing that Lin Yue had such high capabilities.

Once he seized Lin Yue, he could use him to negotiate with the Yin and Yang Sect. The Yin and Yang Sect would not abandon an outstanding talent like Lin Yue.

How many more moves could Lin Yue avoid if Qi Yun continued to wield the Holy Blood Booster?

“Boom!”

“Boom!”

...

Qi Yun controlled the Holy Blood Booster and attacked Zhang Ruochen again and again.

The deeper Qi Yun got into the battle, the more he was stunned.

The force emitted by the Holy Blood Booster was indeed very powerful. Lin Yue could only dodge the attacks, he couldn’t fight back.

Yet, the speed he displayed was amazing. Somehow, he was able to escape every attack. Qi Yun estimated Lin Yue was just slightly faster than himself, a Half-Saint.

No one would believe that a Monk at the Seventh Change of the Fish-dragon Realm could surpass a Half-Saint in speed.

Qi Yun wielded a total of 19 attacks in a row by burning 19 drops of Holy Blood.

Although having exhausted this much Holy Blood would not really harm his principal Qi, he was uncertain as to how much more he needed to bring Lin Yue down.

By the time he finally retrieved the Holy Blood Booster back into his body, he was panting profusely.

He had exhausted a fair amount of Holy Qi.

Qi Yun began to be more vigilant.

“There is no Heaven and Earth Spiritual Qi here to recover my Holy Qi. I will be at a great disadvantage if I continue to use it up. I have to change my tactic.”

Qi Yun finally realized that this Monk at the Seventh Change of the Fish-dragon Realm was fully capable of crossing swords with him.

Zhang Ruochen brushed the dust off his body and looked at Qi Yun. “The so-called legendary Half-Saint is just so-so.”

Qi Yun let out a cold laugh. “The greatest advantage of being a Half-Saint is that we can mobilize huge amounts of Heaven and Earth Spiritual Qi to our advantage. If we were outside of the Deceased God Cemetery, I could break you into pieces with one strike.”

Zhang Ruochen retorted, “Are you making excuses for your failure, Half-Saint? Honestly, you have disappointed me in your capabilities.”

In actuality, Zhang Ruochen had exhausted all his strength. There were even two occasions when he had almost not escaped Qi Yun’s attacks.

His intention in making such a statement was not because he despised Qi Yun, but rather, he wanted to provoke his anger.

Qi Yun’s state of mind had been calm in the beginning.

However, he was now infuriated because he could not take down his opponent fast enough.

How could a great and mighty Half-Saint let a Fish-Dragon Realm Monk scoff at him? Even if Qi Yun had started off with a calm state of mind, at this moment, he was completely enraged.

“It’s time for you to experience my real power, Junior.”

The Sacred Mark appeared between Qi Yun’s brows.

A flaming Sacred Falchion emerged from his Qi Pool and flew towards Zhang Ruochen.

The burning Qi it emitted turned the entire heaven and earth scarlet. The corpses on the river banks started burning.

Zhang Ruochen’s expression turned solemn. He mobilized all his Holy Qi and struck out his two Golden Snake Divine Rapiers to receive Qi Yun’s Holy Sword attack.

Chapter 713 - Confucian Patriarch Holy Book

Translator:

Transn

Editor:

Transn

“Bang!Bang!”

Powerful knife energy knocked the two Golden Snake Divine Rapiers and sent them flying into the air. The Sacred Falchion then descended toward Zhang Ruochen’s crown.

Seeing what was happening, Saint Lady’s countenance changed instantly. She held on tightly to her folding fan, ready to rescue Zhang Ruochen. She thought it was alright for Zhang Ruochen to be defeated. He had, after all, managed to cross swords with a Half-Saint, and that in itself was already a considerable feat.

However, Zhang Ruochen did not seem ready to admit defeat. He activated the speed and defense mechanism of the Shooting Star Invisible Cloak and then leaped forward in a flash.

The Sacred Falchion fell right where Zhang Ruochen had been standing.

“Roar!”

The ground split open to form a 10-meter-wide gully. Powerful knife energy extended toward the Corpse River and interrupted its flow for a split second.

However, the Deceased God Cemetery possessed a mysterious power that quickly closed all the breaches and cracks on the ground.

While Zhang Ruochen managed to dodge the Sacred Falchion, he was unable to completely steer clear of the knife energy.

The knife energy hit his chest. Although his Shooting Star Invisible Cloak had absorbed most of the energy, he was still seriously injured.

A bloodstain appeared under the Shooting Star Invisible Cloak, extending in a line from his neck all the way down to his bellybutton. It was only because the Dragon Pearl in his body had protected him that he was able to block parts of the knife energy.

“Without using the power of time and space, it is really challenging to combat a Half-Saint at my level of cultivation.” Zhang Ruochen mumbled.

This battle was a humbling experience for both Qi Yun and Zhang Ruochen.

Zhang Ruochen was unable to utilize many of his trump cards because Saint Lady and Qi Qiankun were watching. Otherwise, he was 70 percent sure that he could defeat Qi Yun using those trump cards.

Qi Yun drew back his Sacred Falchion. When he saw Zhang Ruochen crawling out from the breach in the knife energy, his heart sank.

“He... he is not dead yet?”

Saint Lady breathed a sigh of relief and said, “Lin Yue, there is no need for you to put up such a desperate fight with a Half-Saint. It would be better to use your trump cards and cut the battle short.”

She was trying to remind Zhang Ruochen to use the Spiritual Power of the chess piece.

Zhang Ruochen would certainly not put his life on the line for the sake of Saint Lady’s gamble. He put away both of his Golden Snake Divine Rapiers and said, “My confrontation with predecessor Qi Yun was just to test my own capabilities. It has been proven that I am still not capable of fighting with a Half-Saint with my current level of cultivation.”

The power manifested by Qi Yun when he used Holy Weapons was far beyond Zhang Ruochen’s capabilities. Only if Zhang

Ruochen were to use the Power of Space could he be on par with Qi Yun.

One should never underestimate the fighting strength of a Half-Saint.

Qi Yun felt humiliated by the words spoken by this Fish-Dragon Realm Monk. He replied coldly. "What trump card do you have, junior? Use it already."

"Very well."

Zhang Ruochen nodded his head.

Zhang Ruochen had a better understanding of his capabilities, and there was no need for him to risk his life battling Qi Yun.

Zhang Ruochen took out the black chess piece and placed it in the center of his palm.

Sparks of light emerged from the chess piece and diffused outward. Soon, they covered a 10-mile circular area.

"This is a very powerful fluctuation of Spiritual Power. Don't tell me he is able to cast some sort of spell?"

Qi Yun had an idea of Lin Yue's capabilities based on their confrontation. He now knew to be vigilant and not underestimate his opponent.

"Creation of Heaven and Earth."

Qi Yun was ready to attack. Holding the hilt of his sword with both his hands, he leaped into the air.

Five burning Holy Qi gushed out from his hands, feet, and back. They started rotating around him, forming an enormous flaming vortex.

The five Holy Qi swirled upward to gather around the Sacred Falchion.

"Wow!"

The Sacred Falchion shone with a bright light as if it were a blood-red crescent moon hanging in the sky. It was about to strike down on Zhang Ruochen.

"Wrath of the Thunder God!"

Zhang Ruochen mobilized the Spiritual Power in the chess piece and injected it into the Thunder Pearl continuously. He then lifted his arms above his head.

“Hehe!”

Hundreds of thunderbolts gushed out from the Thunder Pearl and condensed into a terrifying statue of a thunderbolt giant. The thunderbolt giant held a thunder hammer that it then smashed onto the Sacred Falchion.

Light rays instantly emitted from the thunderbolts and the flames to form a powerful energy storm that charged toward Zhang Ruochen and Qi Yun.

Zhang Ruochen condensed a layer of lightning screen to block the energy storm coming toward them.

“Pfft!”

Qi Yun was penetrated by three thunderbolts and his body was burnt soot-black. His five internal organs and six hollow organs were severely damaged and he spat out a mouthful of fresh blood.

With a “swish,” the Sacred Falchion fell from the air and landed on the ground next to him.

“You... you are even a Master of Spiritual Power...” Qi Yun glared with widened eyes. Shaking uncontrollably, he could hardly believe that he had been defeated by a Fish-Dragon Realm Monk.

The holy light from Qi Yun’s body dimmed as he had exhausted much of his Holy Qi and was severely injured.

Zhang Ruochen walked out from the black smoke. Still holding on to the chess piece and Thunder Pearl, he calmly said, “You’ve lost, predecessor Qi Yun!”

Saint Lady lifted her chin high to expose her snow-white neck as if she were a swan and looked at Qi Qiankun, she said, “Qi Qiankun, you lost!”

A cold, bitter look appeared in his eyes, and he coldly said, “The Spiritual Power of the chess piece does not belong to Lin Yue. It was not a fair battle.”

Saint Lady said, “Speaking of fairness, how is it fair for a Half-Saint to be fighting a Monk of the Seventh Change in the Fish-dragon Realm? Lin Yue had, after all, used his own methods to defeat Qi Yun. Don’t tell me you, the prominent Saint Qiankun, are going to play foul?”

“Ha ha!”

Qi Qiankun cackled and his eyes turned ferocious as he bellowed. “You must be dreaming if you think that I would admit defeat.”

Qi Qiankun snatched up Qi Yun with his large hand, transformed into a beam of divine light, and then flew out of the Deceased God Cemetery.

“I gave you a chance but you refused to take it.”

Saint Lady seemed to have expected that Qi Qiankun would repudiate their agreement. She shook her head gently and opened her palm. A jade book appeared on her palm instantly.

She tossed the book into the air and it became suspended in the vault of heaven.

The holy book emitted a blanket of holy light and all of the Demon Sly in the entire Deceased God Cemetery was cleansed in an instant.

As the book opened, countless characters started pouring out to form an ocean of characters. Some of the characters were just a foot away while others were floating above the Nine Heavens. They were as numerous as the stars in the sky—it was impossible to count them.

“Confucian Patriarch Holy Book.”

Qi Qiankun looked up and the characters filled his vision. At the same time, it sounded like there were a million scholars reading and chanting poems in his ear. Immediately, his face showed fear, and he began mobilizing all the Holy Qi in his body as he attempted to escape to the horizon.

Zhang Ruochen was stunned when he saw the holy book that was suspended in the vault of heaven.

Every Confucian Sect Monk would author a holy book archiving his lifelong learnings once he reached the Sacred Realm.

Every holy book possessed mighty Saint Power.

The Confucian Patriarch Holy Book was the most powerful of all holy books.

Since the ancient times, the entire Kunlun's field had only produced four Confucian Patriarch Holy Books authored by four Patriarchs of the Confucian Sect. Within them was vast and profound knowledge as well as inexhaustible sacred power.

Who would have expected Saint Lady to be in possession of one of the four Confucian Patriarch Holy Books?

“Nooooo!”

Unable to defend, Qi Qiankun and Qi Yun shrunk to the size of flies and fell into the sea of characters. Eventually, they were drawn into the Confucian Patriarch Holy Book.

The Confucian Patriarch Holy Book flew back and fell into Saint Lady's hands.

“Amazing. If you could eat that holy book whole, I am sure you will become the most knowledgeable person in the entire Kunlun's field.” Blackie transmitted sound to Zhang Ruochen.

Blackie licked its lips and its round cat eyes radiated a brilliant spark. It was ready to dash forward and snatch the Confucian Patriarch Holy Book.

“The Confucian Patriarch Holy Book is the Confucian Sect's most precious treasure. Whoever swallows it would have all the Confucian Sect Monks hunting him. Moreover, the knowledge and Holy Aura contained in the Confucian Patriarch Holy Book is so vast that any Saint who swallows it would die of a burst stomach,” said Zhang Ruochen.

Saint Lady possessed exceedingly strong Spiritual Power. She faintly heard the conversation between Zhang Ruochen and Blackie through sound transmissions, and she more or less got the gist of it. She turned to give them a look.

Zhang Ruochen was taken aback. Could she have heard his conversation with Blackie?

Saint Lady's eyes came to rest on Blackie as she said, "The person who harbors covetous thoughts about the Confucian Patriarch Holy Book will be banished to the Battlefield of Primitive World and never allowed to return to Kunlun's Field.

Seeing that Saint Lady had recovered her cultivation, Blackie did not dare to offend her. It quickly acted innocent and kept shaking its head.

Saint Lady smiled. She could not be bothered with Blackie.

All of a sudden, her eyes shifted to the Netherworld on the other side of the Corpse River. Her pretty face was drained of color as she exclaimed. "Oh no, the aura of the Confucian Patriarch Holy Book has aroused a powerful creature in the Netherworld."

How terrifying could the creature be if even Saint Lady was fearful of it?

Zhang Ruochen looked toward the Corpse River and true enough, he saw a dark cloud in the sky rolling toward them.

Saint Lady took Zhang Ruochen and Blackie and escaped from the Deceased God Cemetery as fast as she could.

They were able to escape from the Deceased God Cemetery before the dark clouds caught up with them.

The dark cloud in the sky seemed to be under the control of some invisible power, unable to break out of the Deceased God Cemetery. It went back to where it had come from.

"What is the secret hidden in the Deceased God Cemetery?" Zhang Ruochen's robe was completely soaked with sweat.

He panted for breath and was unable to calm his heart.

Since it was a medieval relic, what exactly happened here during the Middle Ancient Times?

Zhang Ruochen had all these unanswered questions in his mind. He really wished he could enter to find the answers to these questions, however, he also knew that with his current

level of cultivation, entering it at this time was tantamount to committing suicide.

Saint Lady stood on the mountain peak and looked toward the patch of dark clouds on the horizon.

Although she knew many secrets regarding the Deceased God Cemetery, venturing into it had opened her eyes to even more shocking things.

Even with her high level of cultivation, she did not dare to trespass into such a forbidden area.

Once back in the Yin and Yang Sect, Zhang Ruochen quickly separated himself from Saint Lady.

Zhang Ruochen did not go to the Sword Pavilion but went straight to Zixia Sacred Mountain instead.

With the Sword Technique Conference quickly approaching, he had to rely on the Scroll World to rise to the next level of the Tao of the sword realm within the shortest time.

The moment he arrived at the foot of Zixia Sacred Mountain, he met a white-robed female outer disciple.

The female outer disciple was standing on top of the flight of stone stairs. She had a fantastic figure with a slender waist. Her charming eyes were on Zhang Ruochen the whole time as she demurely said, “Elder Brother Lin Yue, I have been waiting for you in Zixia Sacred Mountain for three days. Where have you been?”

Once Zhang Ruochen recognized her, he did not know whether to laugh or cry. “Senior sister apprentice Duanmu, when did you become an outer disciple of the Yin and Yang Sect?”

This white-robed outer disciple was none other than Mu Lingxi.

“It is not difficult for me to become an outer disciple of the Yin and Yang Sect.”

Mu Lingxi gently touched her chin and smiled as she said, “I rushed to the Yin and Yang Sect the moment I received your letter. Did Qi Feiyu, the vixen, try to seduce you?”

Chapter 714 - A Siren

Translator:

Transn

Editor:

Transn

Purple bamboo grew all over Zixia Sacred Mountain. The leaves swayed and rustled in the breeze, with some drifting down like purple butterflies.

Mu Lingxi stood in the purple bamboo forest, her hair blowing in the wind. She stared at Zhang Ruochen with a lovely smile.

Zhang Ruochen gazed at her for a good while, and then he smiled and shook his head. “No,” he said.

Mu Lingxi rolled her eyes. Obviously, she did not believe Zhang Ruochen’s answer. She groaned petulantly.

“Elderbrother Lin Yue, though I’ve only been here for three days, I’ve heard a lot.

“They say that Senior Sister Apprentice Qi is intimate with you, and you’re called “the perfect couple” in the Yin and Yang Sect. You know, numerous disciples envy you secretly.”

Mu Lingxi cupped her chin and looked at the clouds in the distance. Sarcastically, she said, “Senior Sister Apprentice Qi is a fairy-like beauty, while elderbrother Lin Yue a fine-looking man. Both of you have outstanding talent in the Tao of the sword. Even I, your little junior sister apprentice, also think you’re a perfect match. Only two words, PERFECT MATCH.”

Mu Lingxi seemed very irritated, although she was not normally petty.

But when he looked at her pout, Zhang Ruochen could not tell if she was really angry.

Zhang Ruochen walked up on the step stones and said, “Senior sister apprentice Duanmu, is there another meaning in your words?”

“Yes.”

Mu Lingxi latched on to Zhang Ruochen’s arm, raised her pointed chin, and glared at him. She said, “You said you came to the Yin and Yang Sect to investigate. So, why did you grow close to Qi Feiyu, that seductress?”

Zhang Ruochen smiled slightly and said, “This is not a suitable place to talk. Let’s go to my small practice yard.”

Zhang Ruochen brought Mu Lingxi to his practice yard, and then he released Spiritual Power to protect the whole yard against eavesdroppers.

“Senior sister apprentice Duanmu, how dare you sneak into the Yin and Yang Sect? It’s too dangerous! The Lord of Zixia Sacred Mountain is a Half-Saint. If he finds you, the consequences will be inconceivable,” Zhang Ruochen said seriously.

Mu Lingxi had returned to her true body, but Zhang Ruochen was still accustomed to calling her, “senior sister apprentice Duanmu.”

Mu Lingxi’s face was girlish, but her smile was coquettish.

She came up step by step and backed Zhang Ruochen into the corner. She almost rested her soft, tender body on Zhang Ruochen and said, “The Half-Saints in the Yin and Yang Sect don’t pay much attention to outer disciples.

“Besides, the High Priest helped me conceal my cultivation and aura before I came here. If no one recognizes me, my true identity as a Saintess of the Moon Worship Sect will remain unknown.”

Although Mu Lingxi had not seen Zhang Ruochen for only a few months, she had counted the days bitterly.

She managed to meet with Zhang Ruochen again. The emotions inside her erupted like a volcano. She wanted to do nothing but hug Zhang Ruochen tightly, to melt into him.

Zhang Ruochen could feel clearly the warmth and the softness of her chest pressing against him, and he could smell her faint fragrance. He said, "Senior sister apprentice, you're acting... quite unseemly."

"Unseemly? Qi Feiyu can lure you. Why can't I?"

Mu Lingxi raised her charming face, looked at Zhang Ruochen, and lifted her slim arm to tear off the hair band on her head. Her black hair fell to her waist and fluttered around her face.

And then, her beautiful hand drew the collar of her robe down, exposing her white camisole, sexy ribs, and smooth jade shoulders.

Undeniably, Mu Lingxi was extremely beautiful. She had black eyebrows, bright eyes, glittering red lips, and silky white skin.

Her beauty was breath-taking.

Zhang Ruochen could feel the blood pulsing through his veins in the presence of such seductive charms, especially below the waist. It felt like there was a fire burning, driving him to lose his head.

However, he noticed that Mu Lingxi's tender body trembled slightly. Obviously, she was nervous, too.

At that moment, Mu Lingxi compressed her red lips as if she had made a big decision. She stretched her hands down to loosen Zhang Ruochen's waist band.

"Senior sister apprentice, you..."

With a grave look in his eyes, Zhang Ruochen reached out a hand to clutch her wrist. He said slowly, "Don't take this joke too far!"

Mu Lingxi found her wrist clenched tightly by Zhang Ruochen's pincher-like hand. He was clearly determined.

It suddenly occurred to Mu Lingxi that she had not yet entered Zhang Ruochen's heart.

So what secret was hidden in his heart that could cut him off from the outside world? Any girl who got close to him was like an insect flying towards the fire.

“What? Who wants to take a joke too far with you?”

Mu Lingxi groaned playfully, withdrew her hands quickly, and pulled her white robe up again. She turned around elegantly and got herself dressed decently again. “I just wanted to test if you’d be lured. Not bad. You passed the test.”

She turned back as if she had forgotten what had just happened. She stared at Zhang Ruochen with a bright smile and said, “Before coming to the Yin and Yang Sect, I sussed Qi Feiyu out. Do you want to know her real story?”

Zhang Ruochen asked, “Is she from the Moon Worship Demonic Sect?”

Mu Lingxi rolled her starry eyes, resentful of the words “Moon Worship Demonic Sect.” But she did not take Zhang Ruochen personally. She continued, “Qi Feiyu is not only from the Moon Worship Sect, but she also enjoys high status in the Sect.”

“Every three years, the Demonic Sect will pick a girl with the best physical quality in all of Kunlun’s Field, and canonize her as ‘Saintess.’ The Sect will provide the resources necessary to train her to be the strongest among her peers.

“Qi Feiyu is one of them. She must be nine years older than me.”

The Moon Worship Demonic Sect set a high standard for each canonized Saintess. If one of them failed to reach the required cultivation at the certain age, she would be deprived of her identity as a Saintess.

Besides, some Saintesses had been assassinated or died during the experience before they fully developed.

Therefore, even though the Moon Worship Sect selected a Saintess every three years, there were only twelve Saintess in the Sect. Some of them even concealed their true identity and lurked in the top forces of Kunlun’s Field.

Publicly, the demonic sect had only four Saintesses.

Zhang Ruochen was quite surprised. He had not expected Qi Feiyu to rank so high in the demonic sect.

“Do the Qis belong to the Moon Worship Demonic Sect?” Zhang Ruochen asked.

The Qis were an aristocratic family. They could trace their nobility back to the Middle Ages. They were on good terms with the Yin and Yang Sect. If it was a force of the demonic sect, the Eastern Region would be thrown into violent turbulence.

“Not really.”

Mu Lingxi shook her hand and said, “The Demonic Sect has always been scheming to gain thorough control over the Qis. But the Qis’ foundation is too strong to shake overnight. The Sect has spent two hundred years on it, but they have not succeeded completely yet.

“Presently, the Demonic Sect has only controlled four of the the Qis’ eight main veins. That is, half of the Qis’ total power.”

Zhang Ruochen was more confused, and he asked, “Since the Moon Worship Demonic Sect hasn’t taken full control of the Qis, why did it still select Qi Feiyu as a Saintess?”

“Because Qi Feiyu is the daughter of Lin Suxian,” answered Mu Lingxi.

Zhang Ruochen furrowed his brow. He asked, “Who is Lin Suxian?”

Mu Lingxi sighed and said, “In fact, Lin Suxian is also a legendary female. She was a Saintess of the Demonic Sect, and she was even the first beauty in Kunlun’s Field two hundred years ago.

“In her time, everywhere she went she was followed by numerous Young Geniuses. It’s hard to count how many heroic figures threw themselves at her feet.

“Someone even killed thousands of creatures of a Primitive World just for her smile. Someone else chopped seven Half-

Saints in half in a day just to see her.

“The people who have died for her are too numerous to mention, let alone the people who were heartbroken.”

Although Zhang Ruochen had not born in that age, he sighed ruefully after Mu Lingxi’s description, and he commented, “What a siren!”

Mu Lingxi said, “Lin Suxian loved only one man in her life.”

Zhang Ruochen said with a smile, “I think he must have been envied by all the men.”

“So what? At that time, he could defeat those of his age with a single move,” Mu Lingxi said proudly.

“Who?”

Zhang Ruochen was curious who the man was. Such a formidable figure would not merely be a nothing.

“Luo Xu,” said Mu Lingxi.

Surprised by her words, Zhang Ruochen said, “Predecessor Luo Xu!”

Zhang Ruochen was quite familiar with the name “Luo Xu.”

He was the leader of the Saint Luo Gentry, as well as Luo Shuihan’s great grandfather.

Like Zhang Ruochen, Luo Xu had been born in the Omen Ridge. All the Omen Ridge warriors considered him the best.

Luo Xu possessed mediocre talent, but with great effort, he had managed to fight his way to the Peak and, incredibly, turn into a Saint. He was a legend indeed.

One hundred years ago was the era of the five talents listed in the “Five Heroes.”

The era two hundred years ago belonged to Luo Xu alone. As Mu Lingxi said, Luo Xu could defeat anyone with only a single move.

Zhang Ruochen nodded repeatedly and said, “It’s a romantic legend indeed between a hero and a beauty. Wait, since

predecessor Luo Xu and Lin Suxian were lovers, is Qi Feiyu the daughter of Lin Suxian?”

“Who says a beauty and a hero must have a happy ending?”

Mu Lingxi looked downcast and sighed. “In this world, there’s a power that is too incomparable to fight against.”

Chapter 715 - The Great Cleanup

Translator:

Transn

Editor:

Transn

Zhang Ruochen asked, “Two hundred years ago, what happened anyway?”

Mu Lingxi answered. “At that time, the Sect Master made a decision to expand into the Eastern Region and scramble for its profits, competing against the Black Market, the Martial Market Bank, and the imperial court.

“However, every force there was deeply rooted in the Eastern Region. If the Demonic Sect wanted to do something, it needed its own foundation. They selected an aristocratic family, the Qis.

“Only by controlling the Qis could the demonic sect enter the Eastern Region with no difficulty. They could even penetrate the Yin and Yang Sect by taking advantage of the Qis.

“The plot was bloodless, but one person had to be sacrificed—Lin Suxian.

“The Sect Master gave the order, and Lin Suxian was secretly married to Qi Xiangtian, the eldest son of the Qis’ leader.

“For the next century, the Demonic Sect was assisting Qi Xiangtian behind the scenes. Eventually, 50 years ago, Qi Xiangtian took over the Qis. In order to enhance their control over the Qis, Qi Feiyu was developed as a Saintess.

After he heard the whole story, Zhang Ruochen sighed and said, “Did predecessor Luo Xu just sit by and watch helplessly while Lin Suxian married Qi Xiangtian?”

“Of course not!”

She added, “Although I don’t know what happened between Lin Suxian and predecessor Luo Xu, I know from the High Priest that the predecessor had once went on his own to Topless Mountain, the headquarter of the Demonic Sect. On the path, he crushed seven Half-Saints. He even risked his life to kill a Saint.

“You know, predecessor Luo Xu had only reached the Half-Saint realm at that time.

“Unfortunately, his power was so weak that he was defeated by the Saints in the Sect. They say that his body was badly mutilated. Even when he was at the gate of death, with his blood spilled along the path, he refused to submit.

“The Sect Master had intended to put Luo Xu to death, but Lin Suxian pleaded for him, and she finally compromised by agreeing to marry Qi Xiangtian. Luo Xu was saved.

“Since then, this matter has remained unknown, except for the leaders in the Demonic Sect. Besides, the Sect Master has imposed a sealing order, so nobody would dare to reveal it.”

Zhang Ruochen was visibly moved, and he said, “Since it’s a demonic sect secret, why did you tell me?”

Mu Lingxi had been weeping silently. She stared at Zhang Ruochen in tears. She said, “I just want you to know that if someday, the Master asks me to marry someone else, I hope deeply that this man would be willing to fight his way up Topless Mountain for me without hesitation. With that man, I would fear nothing, not even death.

“Zhang Ruochen, did you know that the Saintess of the Demonic Sect is only a tool for the Sect Master to win popular support? The so-called Saintess can be awarded to any Saint who has made great contributions to the Demonic Sect.”

Zhang Ruochen could sympathize with Mu Lingxi’s sorrow and fear, and he fully understood why she had thrown herself at him.

As a matter of fact, she was worried that she would follow in Lin Suxian’s steps.

Why not give her first night to someone she loved?

With a serious look on his face, Zhang Ruochen took a deep breath and put his arm around Mu Lingxi's waist and the other on her head. Gently, he said, "Don't be afraid. If that day is destined to come, please believe that I will push my way to Topless Mountain to pick you up in person, even if there are hordes of demonic sect's armies in the way."

Mu Lingxi rested softly in his arms, her tears falling faster.

Meanwhile, in the Tai Qing Palace of the Yin and Yang Sect, the heads of 3 palaces and 72 institutions had gathered to interrogate Qi Qiankun and Qi Yun.

An hour later, the leaders commanded immediately that the Lords of all the sacred mountains needed to clean up the Qis' descendants.

Master Ning Xuandao, seated on his throne, was dignified but sullen.

Everyone could tell that he was in a great fury.

Qi Qiankun and Qi Yun did not utter a word from beginning to end. But with the expulsion of the Qis' descendants, it was not long before messages were sent back consecutively.

The relationship between the Qis and the demonic sect grew apparent.

Although the Yin and Yang Sect remained neutral, never fighting the demonic sect directly, it could not tolerate any collusion with the demonic sect, which would be against the Suzerain's interest.

Saint Lady just sat beside him without saying anything, but she believed that the saints of the Ning Xuandao and the Yin and Yang Sect would not ignore her.

Saint Lady stood for both the imperial court and the Empress.

It was in the Yin and Yang Sect that she had encountered the mishap. How could the Yin and Yang Sect not give an explanation?

Moreover, the imperial court had hostile relations with the demonic sect. If the Yin and Yang Sect dared to be partial to the Qis, how would the imperial court interpret it?

Therefore, the cleanup in the Yin and Yang Sect, no matter for the whole or for individual, was bound to be terribly bloody. Any member of the Qis who had a relationship to the demonic sect was doomed to die.

Saint Lady mopped up the Qis before the Sword Technique Conference mainly because of the Heaven and Earth Altar.

Since Qi Hong was able to discover the Heaven and Earth Altar, then other Monks from the Qis might know, too.

In any case, Saint Lady would not allow anyone to disclose the secret of the Heaven and Earth Altar. Therefore, she had no choice but to give Qi Qiankun and Qi Yun to the Yin and Yang Sect and let the Saints in the Sect clean up the house.

For the next three days, the cleanup proceeded.

Overnight, all the descendants of the Qis disappeared completely. It shocked the Yin and Yang Sect like a storm.

Although no word spread, everyone could guess that something terrible had happened to the Qis.

The Tai Qing Palace had an elegant courtyard.

Saint Lady was sitting directly on top of the main room. And in front of her sat a long bronze table, on which brush, ink, paper and inkstone had been neatly placed.

In the center of the table stood a purple bell and a small jade bottle.

“Tap, tap!”

An robed elder walked in, bowed to Saint Lady respectfully, and said, “Report, Saint. The list of this cleanup has been worked out. Only two Half-Saints, Qi Shang and Qi Xuyi, were caught. The rest of the top masters of the Qis had already escaped from the Yin and Yang Sect.”

Saint Lady remained impassive because she expected such an outcome.

The elder added, “The relation between the Qis and the demonic sect has come to light. The Qis’ leader is Qi Xiangtian, while his wife is the past Saintess of the demonic sect, Lin Suxian.”

After she heard that, Saint Lady changed her countenance slightly, raised her head, and said, “Lin Suxian... No wonder the demonic sect could take control of the best part of the Qis. She is the key factor.”

The elder asked, “Your Excellency, will we maneuver the armed forces of the imperial court and join hands with the Yin and Yang Sect to impose sanctions on the Qis?”

Saint Lady considered, then she shook her head and said, “No. Just leave it to the Yin and Yang Sect, and the imperial court should stay out of it. Elder Liu, I have a weird gadget here. Please send it to Mr. Mei to check what it is.”

Saint Lady put the jade bottle from the table into a dark steel chest, locked it with a layer of inscription of Array, and then handed it to the elder.

In the jade bottle was Death Qi.

The elder took the dark steel chest and went straight out of the room.

Saint Lady was seated alone beside the table. Her eyes fixed on the purple bell again, and Lin Yue’s figure came to her mind once more.

“How could it be?”

Saint Lady closed her eyes instantly, but the figure became clearer and lingered in her mind.

Some pictures appeared again and again before her, Li Yue helping her to defeat Qi Hong, or Li Yue putting a coat over her, or even Li Yue sitting cross-legged and practicing on the ship’s bow.

For the last three days, Saint Lady had kept catching herself in such a state, which made her suspect that there was something wrong during her practice.

“Would a mere Monk of the Fish-Dragon Realm become my inner devil?”

Saint Lady opened her eyes with holy light glimmering in her pupils. Next, she took out a piece of Holy Blood sandalwood ink and ground it with two white fingers.

She picked up a brush, dipped it in the ink, and began transcribing

The Calming Mantras

on the paper.

She came to a halt after copying half of them, only to find that she had written the name “Lin Yue” three times.

“Why do I run away from him? Is he so scary?”

Saint Lady put down the brush, along with the resistance in her heart. She clenched the purple black bell in her hand and walked out of the gate.

“Swoosh!”

A beam of white holy light flew out of Tai Qing Palace and stopped on top of a cloud over Zixia Sacred Mountain. It condensed into Saint Lady’s body.

She felt strangely nervous. Her heart was racing.

Saint Lady hesitated. She did not land immediately. But suddenly, her Spiritual Power sensed Lin Yue’s aura, so she cast her eyes down.

At that moment, Zhang Ruochen and Mu Lingxi were sitting beside the stone table in the practice yard, talking about the Qis’ cleanup. They were totally unconscious that a pair of eyes were staring at them.

Mu Lingxi held her chin and said, “How elusive is Saint Lady. In your opinion, what’s her attitude toward our Moon Worship Sect?”

“On one hand, she invited the top geniuses of the Moon Worship Sect to take part in the Sword Technique Conference. It’s obviously due to the selection of nine Heirs of Kunlun’s Field.

“On the other hand, she spared none of the Qis who were related to the Demonic Sect. I can’t figure out why she did it.”

Zhang Ruochen smiled and said, “You’re involved closely, so you can’t see it clearly. You should calm down to think carefully. In fact, there is a huge difference between the two.”

Chapter 716 - A Contradictory Talented Woman

Translator:

Transn

Editor:

Transn

“What’s the difference?” Mu Lingxi asked.

Even Saint Lady, who was standing on the cloud, arched her eyebrows in curiosity, eager to know what Lin Yue thought of it.

Zhang Ruochen replied calmly. “First, she invited you and the top geniuses in the demonic sect to participate in the Sword Technique Conference. So the initiative is in her hands.

“Second, the Qis made secret deals with the demonic sect to seek interests in the Eastern Region. Obviously, she has no control over this matter, so she felt resentful.

“As for her, in such a high position, there is no friend or foe anymore. In her eyes, everyone is classified into two groups: one group is composed of people under her control and the other is composed of people she cannot control.

“As long as one is under her control, even an enemy can be a friend. If she cannot control someone, she might kill them, even if they are friends.”

Mu Lingxi nodded slightly, understanding Zhang Ruochen’s meaning.

“Swoosh!”

A white light column fell straight from the vault of heaven to the earth not far from Zhang Ruochen and Mu Lingxi.

The white light swiftly shrank and revealed Saint Lady's graceful figure.

With a cold look on her face, Saint Lady walked toward them and said, "Lin Yue, am I so vicious in your eyes?"

Zhang Ruochen and Mu Lingxi were both astounded upon Saint Lady's appearance.

Zhang Ruochen had emitted his Spiritual Power to cover the entire Zixia Sacred Mountain so that when a Half-Saint approached, he would be aware of it. This was why he had spoken freely with Mu Lingxi.

He had never expected, however, that the superior Saint Lady would pay attention to him and would even eavesdrop on his conversation with Mu Lingxi.

If she had any concern, all Saint Lady needed to do was send someone to call him. Why did her true body have to emerge here?

”

Has she discovered my identity?

” said Zhang Ruochen to himself.

A current of icy air began to rise from below his feet. He took out an elixir refined with Death Qi and clenched it in one hand, ready to fight.

If his real identity had already been discovered, he had no choice but to use Space Moving and use the Death Qi to attack her by surprise. This was the only way he would have a chance to escape.

However, Saint Lady had already suffered a setback in Qi Hong's hands, so she was definitely more cautious. The possibility that Zhang Ruochen could successfully attack using Death Qi again was very small.

Zhang Ruochen had to give it a shot anyway, no matter what.

Mu Lingxi was nervous as well.

She had already met Saint Lady before, so she would definitely be recognized.

With a complex expression on her face, Saint Lady fixed her eyes on Mu Lingxi and said, “Demonic Saintess, Mu Lingxi.”

Nervous as she felt, Mu Lingxi appeared quite calm outwardly as she bowed to Saint Lady, “My respects to Her Excellency, Saint Lady.”

Zhang Ruochen knew that there was great hostility between the imperial court and the demonic sect, and now Mu Lingxi, disguised as an outer disciple to sneak into the Yin and Yang Sect, had been discovered by Saint Lady.

He wondered what Saint Lady would do to her.

Zhang Ruochen was worried about Mu Lingxi, remembering the consequence for the Qis’ descendants.

He stood up immediately, walked in front of Mu Lingxi to protect her, and said, “Miss Mu came to the Yin and Yang Sect upon my invitation. I’d like to assume all responsibility. Your Excellency, considering that we have faced life and death together, please let Miss Mu go.”

Actually, Saint Lady had not taken Mu Lingxi’s presence seriously. After all, she had promulgated an imperial edict to invite Mu Lingxi to the Yin and Yang Sect to participate in the Sword Technique Conference.

When she saw Lin Yue stand up for Mu Lingxi, however, Saint Lady felt a sudden irritation in her originally calm heart. She said, “The Genius of the Tao of the sword in the Yin and Yang Sect is dating the Demonic Saintess. If I report this to the Master of the Yin and Yang Sect, I’m afraid both of you will die.”

Zhang Ruochen frowned and said with humility, “Miss Mu and I are just friends, and we haven’t done anything detrimental to the Suzerain. If you distort facts, I will think that you don’t have the decency that a Saint should have.”

Lin Yue had changed his manner of address from “Your Excellency” to “You,” indicating that he had lost respect for her and that he had become hostile.

“What just happened?”

Saint Lady thought to herself with some frustration. A casual word had actually gotten her into such an awkward situation.

Saint Lady tried to eliminate negative emotions in her mind and said with a smile, "Lin Yue, it seems that in your eyes, I am really spiteful. To tell you the truth, I did not order the cleanup of the Qis' descendants. It was an internal rectification inside the Yin and Yang Sect."

Saint Lady immediately regretted saying this.

She was a Saint. Why did she have to give such a detailed explanation to a Monk in the Fish-Dragon Realm?

Zhang Ruochen felt relieved inwardly. Since Saint Lady could still converse with him calmly, it meant his real identity had not been exposed.

As long as his real identity remained hidden, he still had chances to turn things around.

Zhang Ruochen stared at Saint Lady and said, "In the Deceased God Cemetery, you once said that if I encounter any difficulty, I could turn to you for help."

"You saved my life. I owe you one." Saint Lady nodded in agreement.

Zhang Ruochen said, "If so, I wish to ask that you spare Miss Mu's life. Please let her go."

Saint Lady looked at him deeply, while her left hand behind her clenched the black bell. She said, "Lin Yue, do you know that the favor I owe could be very useful to you? Even if you were to ask to be one of the Nine Kunlun Heirs, I could promise you that. Will you consider it again?"

"No. If you can keep your word, please let Miss Mu leave the Yin and Yang Sect." Zhang Ruochen said resolutely.

Mu Lingxi stood up as well. She stretched out a hand and held Zhang Ruochen's wrist tightly as she stood beside him. Even when faced with Saint, she remained calm.

Seeing that they were so intimate, Saint Lady frowned. Then she said with a smile, "Mu Lingxi is a guest I have invited to the Yin and Yang Sect. Even if you wanted to use the favor I

owe, I won't agree. I'm afraid you'll think I have taken advantage. It'll ruin my reputation."

Mu Lingxi understood the Saint Lady's words fully, and she shone with delight and said, "Thank you, Your Excellency."

Saint Lady glanced at Lin Yue and said, "I came to the Zixia Sacred Mountain to inform you that I will hold a Kunlun Heir's banquet in Shentai City next month. I hope you'll turn up on time."

After saying this, Saint Lady turned to leave. After several steps, she stopped, looked back at Zhang Ruochen and Mu Lingxi, and said, "You can never be too careful in your dates in the future. "This time, you were lucky I was the one you encountered. If any other Saint in the Yin and Yang Sect finds out that the Demonic Saintess hides among the outer disciples, I'm afraid they won't let you go like I did."

Saint Lady had wanted to return the bell to Lin Yue, but a strange idea held her back. Eventually, she left with the bell.

Even with a soft smile on her face, her heart was bitter.

Mu Lingxi opened her red lips and heaved a long sigh. "I didn't think Saint Lady would be so sensible. No wonder they say she is the perfect girl. I've begun to admire her."

Zhang Ruochen asked, "Don't you think she was too sensible?"

Mu Lingxi thought about it carefully and began to feel that something was wrong.

Saint Lady had transcended into a saint and was a female official around the Empress. What a big shot!

However sensible she was, she should still keep her dignity. Otherwise, how would she intimidate recalcitrant Saints in the imperial court?

Mu Lingxi said, "Perhaps because you saved her life, she is grateful to you or even treats you as a friend. If so, it's not surprising."

"Because of Chi Yao, I am instinctively guarded against Saint Lady." Zhang Ruochen said as he shook his head slightly. He

decided not to give it any more thought.

Zhang Ruochen had no ill feeling toward Saint Lady.

After all, his animosity toward Chi Yao had nothing to do with Saint Lady.

Mu Lingxi remembered something. She quietly cast her eyes at Zhang Ruochen and said, “There is one thing I have to tell you.”

“What?” Zhang Ruochen asked.

Mu Lingxi pursed her lips and said in a low voice, “Sister Chen has come to the Yin and Yang Sect and is now in Shentai City. Do you... want to meet her?”

As the Sword Technique Conference approached, the monks of the Tao of the sword from different places had begun arriving in the Yin and Yang Sect.

They were accommodated in the border trade zones of the five cities outside and were not allowed to enter the mountain gate of the Yin and Yang Sect until the day of the Sword Technique Conference.

Huang Yanchen was one of the Heiresses of the East Region Saint Mansions, and she was obviously qualified to participate in the Sword Technique Conference.

“Yanchen.”

Zhang Ruochen smiled bitterly as he nodded and said, “Since I have come to the Yin and Yang Sect, I should meet her.”

Zhang Ruochen, together with Mu Lingxi, left Zixia Sacred Mountain for the mountain gate.

Chapter 717 - The Descendent of Sword Emperor, Xue Wuye

Translator:

Transn

Editor:

Transn

On the way, Mu Lingxi told Zhang Ruochen that Sword Saint Xuanji had adopted Huang Yanchen as a disciple after he feigned his death.

Zhang Ruochen knows very well that the Master had intended to protect Huang Yanchen in the name of Zhang Ruochen.

As the protege of a sword saint, even if the members of the East Region Saint Mansions were disgruntled at her Heiress identity, no one would dare offend her.

Zhang Ruochen would always be grateful for the Master's kindness.

"Yanchen has come to the Yin and Yang Sect, and so has the Master." Zhang Ruochen thought to himself.

Zhang Ruochen would like to meet the Master. Since the Master helped him a lot, as a disciple, how could Zhang Ruochen not pay him a visit?

The outer gate area of the Yin and Yang Sect was not only a place for outer disciples to practice but was also a place for tens of cities.

A city meant a border trade zone.

Among them, five cities had a long history and covered a vast area filled with abundant Spiritual Qi. The prosperity of these cities was equal to that of a commandery's Yunwu City. As a

result, the Yin and Yang Sect dispatched a large number of warriors to empty these five cities for receiving guests.

The Sword Technique Conference was two months away. The five cities had become rather bustling. The busy streets were full of Monks from every powerful force.

Although it was a Sword Technique Conference, aside from the monks of Tao of the sword, there were also a number of other kinds of monks who came to join.

All monks from were placed in Shentai City.

All the sword practitioners were invited to the Sword Technique Conference, including the Martial Market Bank, the Black Market, the demonic sect, the imperial court, and others. Many disputes and hatred had been hovering among these forces. So the Yin and Yang Sect had to send a Saint to manage the five cities, in case a fight would break out.

“Sister Chen and Young Geniuses from the East Region Saint Mansions live in the Lanyu Courier Station.”

Suddenly, Mu Lingxi stopped and said, “I...I won’t go with you...”

“SWOOSH!”

Mu Lingxi’s figure changed into an illusory image, darted into an alley, and disappeared.

“The Lanyu Courier Station.”

Zhang Ruochen came forward to the center of the street and cast a glance at the Courier Station on the left. He paused for a moment but decided not to walk in.

“Elderbrother, elderbrother, would you like to have a bowl of tea? I just picked up the Fogged Mountain-peak Tea from the mountains. How about a bowl?”

An inner disciple in blue robe set a tea stall alongside the street and stared at Zhang Ruochen with a smile.

Zhang Ruochen walked over and sat beside a table. He said, “Has an inner disciple set up a stall?”

The inner disciple looked about 27 years old and had ebony skin. His cultivation was at the Mid Stage of the Heaven Realm.

He brought a bottle of tea to Zhang Ruochen and said with a smile, "Elderbrother, you're a Saint's disciple. For you, the Sword Technique Conference is just a gathering of influential figures. But for me, a common inner disciple who can't participate in it, the Conference is a great opportunity to earn some Spiritual Crystals."

Zhang Ruochen was dressed in a green robe. It was obvious that he was a Saint's disciple from the Yin and Yang Sect.

The inner disciple paid respect to Zhang Ruochen and did not dare neglect any of him.

"It's said that the Fogged Mountain-peak Tea can enhance a monk's Spiritual Power. It is a very rare tea. How many pieces of Spiritual Crystal?" Zhang Ruochen asked.

"I can't accept elder brother's money," answered the inner disciple with a laugh.

Zhang Ruochen smiled and handed a piece of top Spiritual Crystal to him.

Zhang Ruochen continued to drink the tea as he observed the Lanyu Post across the street.

Lanyu Post was magnificent and broad. It had Monks streaming in and out all the time. Among them were many disciples from Saints' powerful families.

"Rumble!"

Slabs on the street shook slightly.

After a moment, a ball of flames rushed from the end of the street bringing a heat wave emitted to all directions.

"GAAA!"

In the flame was an over ten-meter-long Blood-gold Crow, which dragged a gorgeous carriage about the size of a palace. The carriage stopped outside the Lanyu Post.

Blood-gold Crow was a sixth-level junior savage bird that could erupt a fighting strength equal to that of a first-level Half-Saint Class. When it fell outside the Lanyu Post, its aura frightened all surrounding monks in the area.

Zhang Ruochen felt shocked too. He cast his eyes on the carriage, and asked, “Using Blood-gold Crow as a mount? Who is the carriage carrying?”

In the tea shed, the inner disciple was trembling. He held his breath, and said in a low voice, “Elderbrother, let me tell you. The person in that carriage is a big shot.”

“Is he going to participate in the Sword Technique Conference?” Zhang Ruochen asked.

“Yes.”

The inner disciple nodded vigorously and added, “Besides, he is bound to be number one in the Sword Technique Conference. No one can compete against him.”

Zhang Ruochen smiled and said, “Not really. There are some undiscovered talents and geniuses in the Kunlun’s Field. How can you tell that he is going to be number one?”

“I wouldn’t dare call anyone else number one, except about him. He is the Young City Governor of the Fragrance City and the descendant of Sword Emperor, Xue Wuye.” The inner disciple said.

“So it was him.” Zhang Ruochen murmured.

The Fragrance City was one of the four Holy Lands for Tao of the sword in the Kunlun’s Field.

Eight hundred years ago, the governor of Fragrance City was Xue Hongchen, and he was known as “Sword Emperor” for his incomparable sword technique.

Eight hundred years later, its Young City Governor, Xue Wuye, came on stage with splendid talents nearly equal to Sword Emperor. Xue Wuye was dubbed the first Genius of Tao of the sword in the Kunlun’s Field after five hundred years.

Zhang Ruochen had not expected that he would encounter the man before the Sword Technique Conference.

Zhang Ruochen had some expectations for Xue Wuye, wondering whether he would be stronger than the young Sword Emperor or not.

Suddenly, Zhang Ruochen's eyes shifted to the gate of the Lanyu Post.

Huang Yanchen stepped out of the Post. Dressed in a light yellow robe, she had a slim, white neck and long straight royal blue hair. She also had Icing air oozing all over as cold as an iceberg.

Zhang Ruochen's eyes shone brightly at the sight of Huang Yanchen. Clearly, she has become thinner only after a few months.

"Yanchen..." Zhang Ruochen called softly with bitterness in his heart.

Had it not been for an imperial edict from Empress Chi Yao, he may have been married with Huang Yanchen. How could there be so many twists and turns?

A lovely girl dressed in white got off from the carriage driven by Blood-gold Crow.

With a bun on her head and a sword on her back, she looked beautiful, about sixteen years old or so.

The girl in white stepped before Huang Yanchen, bowed to her, and said, "Yanchen, my Young City Governor would like to invite you to visit Shentai City."

Huang Yanchen glanced at the girl and said, "I'm not interested."

She then walked to the street with her hands clasped behind and remained indifferent and impersonal to others.

"SWOSH!"

The girl in white had a high cultivation that she only needed to take a step sideways, before flashing in front of Huang Yanchen again. The girl said, "Our Young City Governor

invites you with sincerity. If you continue to refuse, I'm afraid Young City Governor will be heartbroken.”

Coldness washed over Huang Yanchen's blue eyes. She answered, “Go and tell him. If he dares provoke me once more, don't blame me for my behavior.”

In the tea shed.

The inner disciple said, “Elderbrother, how charming Young City Governor of the Fragrance City is! With his talent, background, and good looks, even the proudest and arrogant girl in the world would be unable to resist his charm.”

“However, he has suffered setbacks from the same girl three times. I don't know why that Yanchen girl is so unkind.”

“Besides, there are so many good-looking girls around Xue Wuye. Why does he even care about her? Strange, it is quite strange.”

Not far away, a cold look appeared on the girl's face, and she said, “No girl has turned Young City Governor down three times. Huang Yanchen, please don't embarrass yourself.”

“SWOOSH!”

The girl pinched her two fingers into a sword skill. The sword on her back flew out of the sheath, flashed an arc of sword radiance, and struck towards Huang Yanchen.

It was indisputable that Xue Wuye was powerful. Even one of his maids was a top master and had practiced to the realm of the Heart Integrated into Sword.

“I really didn't expect that someone from the Fragrance City could be so unreasonable.”

Huang Yanchen did not change her countenance, but her eyes were cold. She pinched two fingers to incant the sword skill, and a Holy Sword was conjured out.

At the same time, dense Holy Qi poured out between her eyebrows and flowed around her tender body, forming a domain of Holy Qi.

“Stop.”

A young man's magnetic voice rose in the carriage, "Ningxin, who told you that you could be rude to Yanchen? Apologize to her immediately."

"Young City Governor..."

The girl in white stared at Huang Yanchen coldly, unwilling to make an apology.

"If you refuse to be obedient, you don't need to follow me anymore." The icy voice arose again.

The girl in white had a look of uncertainty after she realized that Young City Governor got angry. She hurriedly came up and bowed to Huang Yanchen, saying, "I'm sorry. I shouldn't have offended you just now. Please forgive me."

"Hum!"

Huang Yanchen snorted and retracted the sword. She turned around and left, vanishing to the crowds on the street.

In the carriage, a handsome young man was sitting on the white fox-fur carpet, holding a colored glazed wineglass to taste the wine.

On his left and right sides stood four beauties. All of them had a cultivation of the Fish-Dragon Realm. Moreover, two of them even possessed the cultivation of the Ninth Change in the Fish-dragon Realm.

The girl in white was named Ningxin. She was only qualified to stand at the end of the left side.

On the left, a swordsman maidservant standing closest to Xue Wuye with a jade Xiao in hand grinned and said, "Young City Governor, why do you even bother courting a rebuff, is it to invite the disciple of the Sword Saint Xuanji?"

Xue Wuye replied with a faint smile, "Not only is she the disciple of predecessor Xuan Ji, but she also has other identities. Anyway, I have a plan... Are you jealous of her?"

"You should bear in mind that I don't like jealous girls. If any of you can't stand my gallantry to other girls, you better leave so you won't be heartbroken."

Xue Wuye looked at the eight swordsman maidservants, only to find that they were still standing there, unwilling to leave.

He heaved a sigh of disappointment.

Later, Blood-gold Crow pulled the carriage and left the Lanyu Post.

“Junior fellow apprentice, the tea was good.”

Zhang Ruochen stood up, walked out of the tea shed and ran after Huang Yanchen.

Chapter 718 - The Master

Translator:

Transn

Editor:

Transn

Huang Yanchen threaded her way through the crowd and stopped at a mansion in the center of Shentai City. She walked to the front gate.

The mansion was rather imposing.

Its front gate was flanked by savage beasts. They were heavily built up Thunderbolt Lions with glaringly bright golden fur.

The two Thunderbolt Lions were accompanied by six armored guards who stood in a line to keep watch. Judging from their overwhelming aura, they were top masters.

“Greetings, Lord Yanchen.”

The guards obviously knew who she was as they all bowed to her in deference.

Two of them went to open the gate for her.

“Anyone who can live in the center of Shentai City must be a super big shot.”

Zhang Ruochen carefully observed the six guards from a far distance, only to find that their armors were all tenth level Genuine Martial Arms that belonged to the Law Enforcement Hall of the Martial Market School.

Moreover, they were all Monks in the Fish-Dragon Realm, top masters cherry-picked from the Law Enforcement Hall.

“With Monks in the Fish-Dragon Realm as his guards, the one living in the mansion has to be a Half-Saint or even a Saint.”

Zhang Ruochen’s mouth twitched a bit as he considered who might live in the mansion.

He came out from his concealment and walked to the front gate.

“ROAR!”

The Thunderbolt Lions opened their eyes and glared at Zhang Ruochen in open hostility.

Golden Qi seethed from their bodies in waves.

The six guards also saw Zhang Ruochen walking toward them. They recognized that he was a Saint’s disciple from the Yin and Yang Sect based on his robes and quickly shouted at the Thunderbolt Lions to calm them down.

After all, they were in the Yin and Yang Sect’s sphere of influence and should be polite to their Saint’s disciples.

Of the six guards, the strongest Monk looked to be around 40 years old; his ears were as big as a leaf fan. With a long spear in hand, he took two steps forward and cupped his hands.

“May I know who you are?”

Zhang Ruochen smiled faintly and showed them the Suzerain token to tell them who he was. “I’m Lin Yue, from the Yin and Yang Sect. I have come here to visit Predecessor Sword Saint Xuanji.”

The six guards were a bit shocked at the name.

After all, Lin Yue was the Yin and Yang Sect’s conqueror and one of the most influential figures at the Sword Technique Conference. He was not someone to be trifled with.

“Oh! You are the sword genius from the Yin and Yang Sect.”

Deference was written all over their faces.

The strongest Monk was caught in a dilemma. “Although Sword Saint Xuanji lives in the mansion, he is often away from home. Even we rarely see him. We don’t know whether he is at home now or not.”

Obviously, they thought Lin Yue was still too young to be qualified for Sword Saint Xuanji’s reception, even though he was celebrated among the younger generation of Monks.

“Master actually lives in the mansion.”

Zhang Ruochen was elated. “You can just report that I’m here. If the Sword Saint refuses to see me, I will take my leave.”

The six guards were at a loss when Feng Han walked out the front gate.

Feng Han was Sword Saint Xuanji’s fourth disciple. He was tall and slim with the look of a 25-year-old, but his complexion was sickly and ashen.

“Swoosh!”

At the sight of Feng Han, the six guards went down on their knees to salute him. Together they said, “Greetings, Half-Saint Feng Han.”

Zhang Ruochen had heard the name “Feng Han” before, but this was his first time seeing him in person. He said to himself,

“He is the Fourth Elder Brother, Feng Han. The Third Elder Brother once told me that he is highly gifted in the Tao of the sword, even the best among all the Elder Brothers.”

Somehow, Zhang Ruochen felt vaguely that Feng Han came across as dangerous, so familiar and yet so strange at the same time.

Compared to the other three Elder brothers—Saint Qing Xiao, Zhu Hongtao and Wan Ke, the Fourth Elder Brother was imbued with a hidden aura of gloom and evil.

Wearing a sick look, Feng Han raised a hand, beckoning them to stand up.

“Cough.”

He gave a small cough and said in a hoarse voice, “Lin Yue, Master knows you have arrived at the front gate to visit him and has asked me to accompany you in, please!”

Zhang Ruochen gave Feng Han a salute and followed him into the mansion.

The mansion covered a land of about 10 hectares, neither large nor small.

The mansion was quiet and tranquil and there were only a few people around.

In the center of the mansion was a lotus pond veiled in thick mist. Sword Saint Xuanji was sitting by the pool fishing with a cyan bamboo pole in hand.

“I have brought Lin Yue. Master, is there anything else I need to do?” Feng Han asked bending over.

Sword Saint Xuanji smiled and waved his hand. “Feng Han, you may take your leave. I want to talk to Lin Yue in private.”

Feng Han was slightly surprised. He turned to look at Lin Yue in bewilderment.

He was curious about why the Master would receive a Monk in the Fish-Dragon Realm in person.

Feng Han shook his head and left.

Zhang Ruochen could barely hold back his inner excitement. As soon as Feng Han was out of sight, he immediately saluted to his Master.

In an attempt to probe into his cultivation, Sword Saint Xuanji lifted the bamboo pole. The fishing line was drawn swiftly from the water’s surface. It turned into a silver light and landed at Zhang Ruochen’s neck.

Zhang Ruochen was jolted into releasing his Divine Body Shield and running the holy Qi all throughout his body to strike a palm back.

“Swish, swish!”

The fishing line was soft, but wrapped in a layer of holy Qi, it became sharp and turned into sword Qi in nine waves, one after another.

It went through the palm power and began to wind around Zhang Ruochen’s legs, hands, waist and other parts of his body seamlessly.

For a sword saint, anything, even grass or wood could become his weapon and play out immeasurable power.

With his cultivation, Sword Saint Xuanji could split a city in half with a leaf. If he employed all his force.

He was using the fishing line as a sword. His sword technique was so superb that Zhang Ruochen was caught off guard.

Zhang Ruochen tried to step back, only to find his body entangled and his way of escape blocked.

Sword Saint Xuanji saw that Zhang Ruochen was bound and smiled faintly. “The sword can be hard or soft. Only a sword that is both hard and soft is an invincible sword.”

Sword Saint Xuanji interpreted the essence of Sword Two as a combination of “hardness” and “softness” and therefore paid more attention to sword movement.

Zhang Ruochen smiled. He reached his hand out and a meter long sword appeared in each hand. He shouted, “Sword Two.”

The two swords moved in the air to form a domain of sword Qi that extended outwards. Hundreds of spinning streaks of sword Qi turned into a black-and-white vortex that circled around the fishing line.

“Break!”

Zhang Ruochen flew up high and struck the line. It gave off a ding sound.

The fishing line missed its target and became a jumble.

Zhang Ruochen lunged forward to break away from the fishing line and appeared behind Sword Saint Xuanji.

The swords in Zhang Ruochen’s hands instantly turned into holy Qi and dispersed.

He went down on his one knee and said, “Greetings, Master.”

Sword Saint Xuanji squinted his eyes and nodded his approval. “Good. Pretty good. You have already reached the second level of Sword Two. Ruochen, you have really lived up to my expectations.”

A Monk in the Fish-Dragon Realm had the potential to become a sword saint only if he could cultivate to the tenth realm—the Completion of Sword One.

It was apparent that Zhang Ruochen was more brilliant than anyone else. How could Sword Saint Xuanji not be delighted

when his disciple was improving by leaps and bounds?

Sword Saint Xuanji gave a loud chuckle of delight and reached his hands out in the air. Zhang Ruochen's body was suddenly straightened by an invisible force.

Zhang Ruochen asked, "I have a question. Master, how do you recognize me?"

Sword Saint Xuanji stared at him. "You need to practice the Change of 36 Forms further. You can deceive everyone else, except me."

Zhang Ruochen smiled. He was displaying his little trick before an expert.

After all, the martial technique had been taught by his Master. No one else could see the flaws, but his Master could.

The Sword Saint rose and began to pace back and forth with his hands behind back. "With your current prowess, you might be recognized by the seasoned Monks at the Sword Technique Conference. For the next few days, stay here, and I will help you refine your Change of 36 Forms to perfection."

"You know I'm going to participate in the Sword Technique Conference?" Zhang Ruochen asked.

Sword Saint Xuanji replied with his eyes wide-open, "With your current cultivation in Tao of the sword, it will be easy for you to enter the top ten even if you can't make it into the top three. If you missed this amazing opportunity to compete with the world's best sword masters and geniuses, I would die of anger."

"I am a Sword Saint and of course, I don't want to lose face. If you can rise to prominence at the conference, it will be a great comfort for me. It will improve my mental outlook, which will increase my chances of defeating the Nine Serenity Sword Saint by at least ten percent."

Sword Saint Xuanji and the Nine Serenity Sword Saint were neck and neck in terms of cultivation. It was hard to tell who was stronger.

Their mental state on the day of the battle would have a great impact on their performance.

The better mental the state, the greater the chances of winning.

At the thought of the upcoming life or death battle, Zhang Ruochen grew worried. “Master, you have already done enough for me. You don’t have to risk fighting the Nine Serenity Sword Saint. What if something happens...?”

Sword Saint Xuanji stopped him with a wave of the hand. He appeared very calm. “Actually, when I issued the letter challenging the Nine Serenity Sword Saint it was not exactly for you.”

“My cultivation has reached a tipping point and cultivation alone can not help me to break past this point.”

“Only a battle of life or death with an equal rival can spur my full potential so that I can break through to the realm I want.”

“Nine Serenity might be in the same situation as me. He is also using this battle to get over the bottleneck. It explains why he accepted the letter of challenge even though he didn’t kill you.”

“For him, it’s a rare opportunity.”

Chapter 719 - Peak Gathering

Translator:

Transn

Editor:

Transn

Zhang Ruochen frowned. "I'm still worried. A battle of life and death is

too risky."

"Ruochen, you must remember that when you embark on the road to practice, a journey of adventure also starts. Each superior must have experienced untold ordeals and withstood the tribulations of life and death. Those who fear death will only meet their ends quicker if they practice the Tao of the sword."

Sword Saint Xuanji smiled. "I regret nothing in this life except for one thing."

Zhang Ruochen asked, "What is it?"

Sword Saint Xuanji sighed. "I'm most regretful that I cannot foster someone who can pass down the legacy of sword saints."

"My Master was a sword saint, and so were my great grand-master and grand-master. The faction has been well established by the inheritance of 16 sword saints. I don't want to see it fail in my hands."

Zhang Ruochen sensed that his Master was unperturbed by the upcoming battle and had long made light of life and death. He was even ready for death.

"Can't the Senior Elder Brother inherit your legacy?" Zhang Ruochen asked.

Sword Saint Xuanji shook his head. “Qing Xiao is highly talented, but he is not cut out for practicing the Tao of the sword. He can be a Saint, but not a sword saint.”

“How about the Second and Third Elder Brothers?” Zhang Ruochen asked.

Sword Saint Xuanji said, “Your Second Elder Brother pursues only absolute power without paying attention to the subtlety and changes of sword technique. The realm of sword saint is definitely elusive to him. As for your Third Elder Brother, he is less talented and has set his mind on something else, so he can’t become a sword saint.”

“The Fourth Elder Brother and the Fifth Senior Sister Apprentice are geniuses too.” Zhang Ruochen said.

Sword Saint Xuanji shook his head again while looking Zhang Ruochen in the eye. “In fact, you are the one who I think is eligible to inherit my legacy.”

“Me?”

Sword Saint Xuanji nodded and said, “This is why you must deliver a good performance at the Sword Technique Conference. If you can make it to the top ten, I shall have nothing to worry about by the time I fight Nine Serenity Sword Saint, and my chances of winning will be greater.”

Zhang Ruochen knew that his Master had great expectations for him. He became determined not to let his Master down no matter what happened. He would go to any lengths to enter the top ten or even higher ranks.

Zhang Ruochen decided to stay with Sword Saint Xuanji and seclude himself for refining for the next month.

Here, he could concentrate all his efforts on practice and refining in the Scroll World without having to worry about Saint Lady spying on him.

Zhang Ruochen felt that Saint Lady’s behavior was weird and that she may have begun to suspect his true identity. That was why she did things Zhang Ruochen could not comprehend.

In the future, he had to be more careful around Saint Lady.

Sword Saint Xuanji asked, "Have you met your fiancée?"

Zhang Ruochen nodded silently. "I saw her, but she did not see me."

Sword Saint Xuanji raised his brows. "Are you going to withhold the truth from her forever?"

"Master, if she knew I am still alive, she would be happy for a while, but she would live in pain for the rest of her life. Do you still think I should tell her the truth?"

Zhang Ruochen pulled a wry face and looked at Sword Saint Xuanji.

Sword Saint Xuanji gave a long sigh. "The choice is between the pain of lovers being separated by life and death or by unspoken reasons. In the first case, she will be in pain for a while, but in the second case, she will be in pain for life. I remain a lifelong stranger to love, but I agree with your choice."

As long as Empress Chi Yao was alive, Zhang Ruochen could only live in the dark with his true identity buried.

He could not have Huang Yanchen betray her parents and her family just for him and live the life of a fugitive with him. Only the gods would know when she and Zhang Ruochen would die a grim death with their bones nowhere to be found.

Perhaps, Huang Yanchen would be willing to do that.

Zhang Ruochen did not want to give her such a dilemma, however. Otherwise, more innocent people would be entangled in his feud with Chi Yao.

Zhang Ruochen knew that his death had rent her heart with grief.

However, the pain would fade away little by little over time until it became a bitter memory.

"If you want to speak to her, I can help you."

Sword Saint Xuanji twitched his mouth a bit to send a sound transmission to Huang Yanchen.

Soon, Huang Yanchen came rushing to the lotus pool and then bowed to Sword Saint Xuanji in salute. “Master, what did you call me for?”

Sword Saint Xuanji pointed to Zhang Ruochen and smiled. “Yanchen, let me introduce an elite youth to you. This is Lin Yue, a sword genius from the Yin and Yang Sect.”

Huang Yanchen gave Zhang Ruochen a cold look while saluting with her hands folded. “Greetings, Elder Brother Lin Yue.”

Zhang Ruochen scrutinized Huang Yanchen closely and smiled faintly, “Junior Sister Apprentice Yanchen, you can come to me if you run into any trouble in the Yin and Yang Sect.”

Huang Yanchen smiled ironically. “I’m afraid you can’t help me with my trouble.”

Obviously, Huang Yanchen was referring to Xue Wuye.

She did not believe that the so-called sword genius standing across her was a match for Xue Wuye. She assumed that he would be so frightened by the name that he’d flee in disgrace.

She had seen many a genius like him before, so, of course, she dismissed him.

Zhang Ruochen figured out what she was thinking. “How do you know that I can’t lend you a hand if you don’t ask?”

Huang Yanchen turned her head to ignore him.

Lin Yue sounded flippant and his eyes were glued on her in a manner that made her feel uncomfortable.

Had it not been for her Master who had invited her here to meet Lin Yue, she probably would have left already.

Whenever a stranger played up to her for no reason, she would be fully alert and even become resistant to the stranger.

If she knew that the man across her was Zhang Ruochen, however, she would have reacted differently.

Sword Saint Xuanji said, “Yanchen, Zhang Ruochen has been dead for so long, and you should put it behind you. There are

many scenic spots and historic sites in the Yin and Yang Sect including relics left by ancient saints. I have decided myself to have Lin Yue take you for a walk. When you sweep away the bitter past, only then can you see something different.”

Huang Yanchen was hardened. “Master, I don’t want to take a walk. I just need to practice the Tao of the sword in seclusion.”

Sword Saint Xuanji looked at Zhang Ruochen helplessly.

Zhang Ruochen knew Huang Yanchen quite well. He said sternly, “Sword practitioners should have the courage to march forward despite setbacks. Secluding yourself in sword practice would only make your sword dull. If you ignore reality, you will get bogged down in the Tao of the sword.”

He further said, “People like you only deserve to be a sword slave rather than a sword practitioner. I see that the disciples of the sword saint are nothing more than this. I’m really disappointed.”

Then, Zhang Ruochen turned to leave.

When he walked past her, Zhang Ruochen looked at Huang Yanchen and pointedly showed a sardonic expression.

“Wait.” Huang Yanshen looked up and a chill flickered in her eyes.

Zhang Ruochen’s mouth twitched a bit as he stopped.

Huang Yanchen snorted. “You are so proud. Come with me and I will see what you’ve got.”

Huang Yanchen left immediately after speaking.

Zhang Ruochen caught up and asked, “Where are we going?”

“All-empty Cliff.” Huang Yanchen said.

All-empty Cliff was located at the north end of Shentai City. It was a steep cliff about 3,000 meters above a ravine.

It was divided into the East Cliff and West Cliff. Flowing in between was a crimson river of lava, boiling and surging. The glaring fiery light reflected from the river left streaks of red light on the black stone walls.

Stone ladders had been carved into the cliff walls, connecting the rock caves together.

Each rock cave had a bazaar where war weapons, pills or savage beasts were sold. Monks from different influential sects in the Eastern Region thronged the stalls to buy rare and precious objects for their practice.

Down the East Cliff was a central rock cave that was propped up by 172 stone pillars. It was so empty and broad inside that it could accommodate thousands of people.

The disciples of Saints and powerful families in the Eastern Region, as well as the God's favored sons and daughters of Suzerains, were gathered here at this time. Lots of young Monks had already been milling around when Zhang Ruochen and Huang Yanchen arrived.

Zhang Ruochen saw many familiar figures, including genius students from the Martial Market Bank, such as Nie Honglou, Si Xingkong, Chang Qiqi, Ao Xinyan, and Luo Shuihan, and young elites from the Black Market, such as Purple Wind Emissary, Red Wish Emissary, and Orange Star Emissary.

Geniuses from the Demonic Sect all donned long robes with a silver, crescent-shaped mark embroidered at the back.

Mu Lingxi, who was also clad in the black Silver-moon robe, looked stunning. She was with other young geniuses from the Demonic Sect, and they seemed to be discussing something important.

Disciples of Saints and powerful families were gathered in threes and fives, talking about recent major events, top geniuses and talents of all fields, and about their experiences in the Tao of the sword.

Upon entering the rock caves, Zhang Ruochen released his spiritual power to carefully observe these young Monks. Zhang Ruochen was surprised to find that there were eight Saintly Beings, each full of overwhelming aura, and there were even several people Zhang Ruochen could not see through.

It was a gathering of the top geniuses and talents of the younger generation.

Chapter 720 - A Gathering

Translator:

Transn

Editor:

Transn

Mu Lingxi was the first to notice when Zhang Ruochen and Huang Yanchen entered the central rock cave.

Mu Lingxi wore a loose black robe and looked different from her usual self. She was like a dark siren, pure and seductive, evil and cold.

She glanced at them and then looked away and kept on conversing with other Monks from the Demonic Sect.

“Senior Sister Apprentice Huang, over here.”

Chang Qiqi rose up and smilingly beckoned to Huang Yanchen.

Huang Yanchen gave a knowing nod and then said to Zhang Ruochen indifferently, “They are all geniuses and Saints from the Eastern Region Saint Academy. Do you want to make their acquaintance?”

“Of course.” Zhang Ruochen said.

Led by Huang Yanchen, Zhang Ruochen walked over to join the Saints of the Saint Academy.

There were over 20 geniuses and Saints in total. Half of them were male and half were female. They looked fairly young and ageless.

Zhang Ruochen’s eyes swept over everyone and saw through their cultivation.

Apart from the new generation of Saints like Ao Xinyan, Luo Shuihan, Chang Qiqi, and Si Xingkong, there were eight or so elder Saints.

Although they looked like they were in their twenties, they were actually over 50.

They were all Monks with a cultivation of the Ninth Change in the Fish-Dragon Realm, aglow with colored glaze and overwhelming aura. Obviously, they were the top sword masters chosen by the Saint Academy to attend the Sword Technique Conference.

After seeing Zhang Ruochen behind Huang Yanchen, Chang Qiqi became nasty. He rolled up his sleeves, bared his two strong arms, and coldly asked, “Senior Sister Apprentice Huang, who is the lad?”

Chang Qiqi had always regarded Huang Yanchen as Zhang Ruochen’s fiancée, so anyone who had designs on Huang Yanchen was his enemy.

As long as Zhang Ruochen’s body was not found, he was convinced that he was not dead and would come back someday.

Si Xingkong looked up from drinking his wine and narrowed his ferocious eyes at Zhang Ruochen.

Zhang Ruochen could do nothing but bitterly smile away the hostility of his former buddies.

He looked at Chang Qiqi and Si Xingkong and nodded in recognition of the significant improvement that they had made in breaking through to the Fish-Dragon Realm.

Obviously, the cultivation resources that Zhang Ruochen had given them had served their purpose.

These two people were not highly talented, but they had great potential. Therefore, they were the quickest among the Saints to have broken through to the Fish-Dragon Realm.

When Zhang Ruochen supposedly died, Chang Qiqi and Si Xingkong turned to Huang Yanchen and became followers of the East Region Saint Mansion. They gained lots of practice resources that improved their cultivation by leaps and bounds.

Chang Qiqi and Si Xingkong had offered to submit themselves to Huang Yanchen because they had felt that they owed Zhang

Ruochen a big favor.

Since Zhang Ruochen was gone, the favor naturally transferred to Huang Yanchen, so they had come to the East Region Saint Mansion to assist her.

Seeing Zhang Ruochen greeted with animosity, Huang Yanchen remained expressionless with no intention to explain for him.

She had brought Zhang Ruochen here for this very purpose—to make him shrink from difficulties.

Zhang Ruochen cupped his hands casually. “I’m Lin Yue from the Yin and Yang Sect. I’m happy to meet you all.”

Hearing the name “Lin Yue,” all the Saints who had reached the Ninth Change in the Fish-Dragon Realm cast piercing glances at Zhang Ruochen.

“Are you the sword genius from the Yin and Yang Sect?” One of them asked.

He was Xu Yunling—a top master from the Saint Academy. He was clad in a luxurious purple robe and looked around 20 years. He had sharp eyes under his straight eyebrows and looked exceptionally dashing.

Zhang Ruochen smiled. “Sword geniuses in the East Region are numerous. Who dares to claim to be a Genius?”

The fact that these Saints in the Ninth Change in the Fish-dragon Realm could attend the Sword Technique Conference on behalf of the East Region Saint Academy showed that they were all geniuses—not easy to tame.

As soon as they heard the name “Lin Yue,” they showed intense hostility and wanted to challenge this so-called Sword Genius.

However, when they saw that Lin Yue lowered himself, they changed their attitudes and thought to themselves that Lin Yue knew what was good for him.

“This guy is so spineless. How does he deserve the reputation of a Sword Genius from the Yin and Yang Sect?”

Huang Yanchen shook her head, thinking that she had overestimated him.

Huang Yanchen chose a seat beside Luo Shuihan.

Zhang Ruochen wanted to sit next to Huang Yanchen, but he was blocked by Chang Qiqi.

“Hey, man. I don’t care whether you are the Sword Genius or not. I am telling you that if you dare to piss off Senior Sister Apprentice, you will be dead meat.”

Chang Qiqi glowered sharply at Zhang Ruochen as if he was ready to fight to the death if Zhang Ruochen as much as took a step forward.

Zhang Ruochen smiled faintly and backed off, sitting beside Ao Xinyan instead.

Huang Yanchen watched all of this quietly and grew more contemptuous of Zhang Ruochen. She never thought that the Master could be so wrong in judging a person. Lin Yue was nothing but a silver-waxed spearhead.

The saints with a cultivation of the Ninth Change in the Fish-Dragon Realm from the East Region Saint Academy all sneered, thinking that the Sword Genius from the Yin and Yang Sect had not lived up to his reputation.

Or maybe he just shared the same name.

This Lin Yue was not the one they had heard of at all.

Zhang Ruochen did not care about what they were thinking, he was just happy to be able to sit with his former elder brothers, junior sister apprentices, and his fiancée.

Ao Xinyan rolled her eyes at Zhang Ruochen and said coldly, “People like you dare to woo Huang Yanchen? I’ll give you a word of advice. You better stifle your desires as early as possible.”

“Why?” Zhang Ruochen asked.

Ao Xinyan could not conceal her inner contempt.”Huang Yanchen is not only a disciple of Sword Saint Xuanji but the heiress of the East Region Saint Mansion. Her suitors are

numerous, including descendants of the Sword Emperor. Do you think you still stand a chance?”

“If you say so. I feel like she is out of my league.” Zhang Ruochen smiled self-deprecatingly.

“But you still have merit,” Ao Xinyan said.

“What?”

Ao Xinyan stared at him for a while and then blinked her eyes and said, “At least, you know yourself well, and you are a smart guy. Smart guys always outlive those who are not.”

Even a fool could feel that Ao Xinyan was mocking him.

When she finished speaking, the saints around them laughed loudly, thinking that the God’s favored daughter from the Divine Dragon and Half-Human clan was really embarrassing Lin Yue. After all, he was at least a sword genius.

Zhang Ruochen knew that Ao Xinyan had her own way of mocking people and therefore did not take her words to heart. His eyes glided from the two crystal-clear dragon horns on her forehead and the two light cyan eyebrows down to her red lip.

Recalling things, Zhang Ruochen reached out his hands flat and smiled vaguely. ” You are right! I know myself very well.”

Ao Xinyan rolled her eyes at him again, not understanding how this guy still had the nerve to sit here.

If she knew that the man sitting next to her was the Group Leader she had worshiped so badly, how would Ao Xinyan have reacted?

At this point, a short Saint around 1.2 meters tall widened his red eyes and asked in a low voice, “Have you heard that the Yin and Yang Sect has undergone a major change lately.”

All Monks who had come to attend the Sword Technique Conference had heard about this.

However, few knew what had actually happened.

“It is said that disciples from the Qis, an Aristocratic Family in the Middle Age, were wiped off the face of the earth

overnight. Even those at Half-Saint or Saint level are nowhere to be found.”

Another Saint pondered for a while and said, “Such an event happened right before the Sword Technique Conference is taking place. What really happened?”

The Qi family was an Aristocratic Family from the Middle Age and had a heavy presence in the entire Eastern Region. The disciples in the Yin and Yang Sect were only a small part of it.

If the Qis and the Yin and Yang Sect had a fight, it would affect the Sword Technique Conference.

Ao Xinyan stared at Zhang Ruochen with her beautiful eyes and coldly said, “Aren’t you a Sword Genius from the Yin and Yang Sect? You must have some inside information.”

The other Saints all looked at Zhang Ruochen curiously.

Zhang Ruochen smiled. “Something did happen, but I am not at liberty to say. You can rest assured that the Sword Technique Conference will not be affected.”

They were disappointed with Zhang Ruochen’s answer and felt that the so-called sword genius was unreliable.

Ao Xinyan turned to look at Luo Shuihan and asked, “Senior Sister Apprentice Luo, I heard that Predecessor Luo Xu went to the Yin and Yang Sect this morning to visit Master Ning himself regarding this matter.”

“That is correct.”

Luo Shuihan remained composed and calmly said, “Two hundred years ago, our ancestor owed the Qis a favor. Not long ago, our ancestor received a letter, and then he headed to the Yin and Yang Sect himself to plead for the Qis.”

Upon hearing this, Zhang Ruochen figured out who had written the letter. It had to be Lin Suxian, the No. 1 beauty 200 years ago.

Not knowing exactly what was in the letter, he still had a general idea.

After all, Qi Feiyu—Lin Suxian's daughter—was being held by the Yin and Yang Sect. Lin Suxian must have asked Luo Xu for help to save Qi Feiyu.

Other Saints apparently did not know how Luo Xu owed the Qis a favor.

Zhang Ruochen was the only one among them who knew the inside story.

Chapter 721 - Demon Son

Weighing The East Region

Translator:

Transn

Editor:

Transn

Luo Xu had a close relationship with Ning Xuandao, the Master of the Yin and Yang Sect. As long as Qi Feiyu's identity as Demonic Saintess was not exposed, she would likely be released if Luo Xu spoke for her.

The Luo Xu today and the Luo Xu 200 years ago were worlds apart in cultivation and in status.

If Luo Xu had really gone to the Yin and Yang Sect to rescue Qi Feiyu as Zhang Ruochen thought, it spoke volumes of the depth of his love for Lin Suxian.

If that was the case, Predecessor Luo Xu had definitely been locked in pain for the past 200 years.

Zhang Ruochen sighed in sympathy as he saw his own shadow in Luo Xu.

Why couldn't two people be together if they were truly in love?

The enemy that stood in the way of Luo Xu was the Master of the Demonic Sect.

The enemy that stood in his way was the monstrous Empress Chi Yao.

Zhang Ruochen swore to himself that he would practice harder and make himself stronger so that he would not end up like Luo Xu.

Only by defeating Chi Yao could he dispel darkness and win light.

“Boom!”

A loud sound from the gate caught his attention back from his wandering thoughts.

“What happened?”

“CLANG!”

The gate was smashed into pieces by an eight-armed, eight-legged man’s fist.

Strong air surged inward in waves.

With a single motion of her sleeve, Ao Xinyan struck the seething air back with her holy Qi.

“Who is it? Who dares to make trouble in All-empty Cliff?” A disciple of Saint Xi Gentry rose up and roared.

The geniuses and talents in the rock cave were all irked by the sudden attack.

Who dared to make a commotion here?

“Tap, tap!”

Four human shadows entered and stood in a row.

While wrapped in human shape, they radiated the strong aura of savage beasts, and their bodies were strikingly different from those of normal people.

All of the Monks could see that they were savage beasts disguised in human shape rather than real humans.

Looking in the direction of the gate, Zhang Ruochen stared at the man with eight arms and legs and recognized him as Thunderous Centipede—one of the 36 Palace-keeping Beast Guardians of the Demonic Sect.

Centipede Eight.

It was obvious that the other three were also Palace-keeping Beast Guardians.

“Demon Son, Ouyang Huan.” A man in the crowd exclaimed in shock.

Sure enough, Ouyang Huan stepped forward from behind them wearing a cyan robe. He looked urbane with his gentle expression.

His aura, however, left the audience rooted in place with fear. He simply stood there but already hogged the limelight.

“Why is he here?”

“Aren’t people from the Central Region supposed to be in Beilong City? Why did he come here?”

...

The name “Ouyang Huan” was well-known, and any geniuses or talents would pale beside with him.

The audience retreated to the depths of the rock cave, leaving a broad gap in between.

The four Palace-keeping beast guardians sneered.

Centipede Eight chuckled.”His Excellency, Divine Son, heard that the top masters of the younger generation in the Eastern Region would be gathered here, and he has come here to check if they are eligible for the Sword Technique Conference.”

The geniuses and talents were all infuriated and disgruntled at his words.

“How daring! Do you think you have no rivals in the world?”

“You want to challenge the entire cultivation circle by yourself? You should have a good look at yourself first.”

Before each Sword Technique Conference took place, Monks from the Five Domains would compete with each other.

It was a good opportunity to know who was the best among the Monks and be prepared to avoid taking a beating during the contest.

Ouyang Huan walked to a table and sat down. He swept his eyes around the audience and then closed his eyes.

A pterosaur the size of a palm peeped out from his sleeve and looked around. It clawed at a wine glass on the table and began to gulp down its contents.

“Ouyang Huan! You are so conceited. Do you really think you can overpower the entire cultivation circle?”

Purple Wind Emissary of the Black Market Excellence Hall snorted in contempt and walked toward Ouyang Huan with a Dragonhead Long Spear in hand.

Even within the Black Market, geniuses from different regions competed against each other both openly and secretly.

They could not accept the fact that the Demon Son of the Demonic Sect dared to challenge the entire Eastern Region cultivation circle alone. Any Monk would not bear being humiliated in this way.

Ouyang Huan’s eyes remained closed and casually asked, “Who are you?”

“I’m Purple Wind Emissary from the Black Market Excellence Hall in the Eastern Region,” Purple Wind Emissary said coldly.

Ouyang Huan said, “If the young master Di Yi were alive, even he would still need to practice for another 10 years before he could engage me. As for you, you are nowhere near worthy to challenge me. You can only fight Dragon Three.”

The veins in the Purple Wind Emissary’s temple started to pulse as he went berserk.

Who, below the level of Half-Saints, would dare to look down on him in the Eastern Region?

“Swoosh!”

The long spear in his hands suddenly emitted a blast of purplish icy air that engulfed the rock cave. A dragon was roaring inside the top of the long spear.

An illusory image of a 10-meter-long purple dragon appeared and wound around the long spear.

Everyone immediately released vigorous Qi in shock to fend off the purplish icy air. Those Monks who were slower to respond were quickly wrapped by a layer of biting frost and fainted.

“What a profound cultivation! It is said that Purple Wind Emissary’s cultivation is very close to that of a Half-Saint.”

“Although Purple Wind Emissary is not a Saintly Being, he is not too inferior to a Saint. If he reaches the realm of Half-Saint, he could skip realms to challenge his rival.”

“Anyone who can become an Emissary of the Black Market Excellence Hall in the Eastern Region is not mediocre.”

...

“Swoosh!”

Purple Wind Emissary swung his arms, and the long spear spun around quickly to form an immense whirlpool trained at the center of Ouyang Huan’s forehead.

Ouyang Huan remained composed and stayed safe and stable on his seat while this was happening.

Just as the long spear was about to pierce Ouyang Huan’s head, a human shadow flashed before him and reached out, catching the long spear.

Just how quick was Purple Wind Emissary? How strong was his power?

Yet the human figure caught the long spear just in time.

“How is it possible?”

Most of the people in the rock cave gasped in astonishment. They could not believe what they had just seen.

The one who was holding the spear in hand was a man of about 30, with a pair of three-inch-long dragon horns on his head. He was wearing a black robe embroidered with a silver crescent-shaped mark on its back.

His arms were completely covered with black dragon scales that gave off an ink black sheen. The icy air prevailed over Purple Wind Emissary’s own icy air.

This man was Dragon Three, who was ranked third among the 36 Palace-keeping Beast Guardians and had a cultivation at the peak of the Ninth Change in the Fish-Dragon Realm. The blood of Divine Dragon flowed within his body.

If he exposed his true body, it would be more than 1,000 meters long and he would be a world-beating monster.

“It is said that almost all of the Emissaries and the young master of the Black Market Excellence Hall have been killed off. I didn’t believe it. Today, though, I find it likely to be true, seeing that you are this weak.”

Centipede Eight giggled from a distance. “There is a huge gap between the Black Market Excellence Hall of the Central Region and of the Eastern Region.” Dragon Three sneered.

At this moment, the top of the long spear was only 17 centimeters away from the center of Ouyang Huan’s forehead.

“CLANG!”

Purple Wind Emissary immediately ran his holy Qi and condensed it into a palm. He pushed it against the rear of the long spear, pushing it forward.

Dragon Three’s eyes darkened and he began to run his dragon Qi. He loosened his grip on the long spear and leaped to his feet. As his body moved forward, his palm struck Purple Wind Emissary’s chest.

Before the long spear stuck the center of Ouyang Huan’s forehead, Dragon Three’s palm already hit Purple Wind Emissary.

“Rumble!”

As a result, Purple Wind Emissary’s chest was crushed and a rib was broken. He was thrown backward until his body hit a stone pillar. He fell down with a thump.

Defensive arrays had been deployed in the rock cave. Even an attack from Half-Saints would hardly be able to destroy it.

The stone pillar just quivered a bit before stabilizing.

Dragon Three’s overlapping shadows were clear again. He looked at his hands and smiled faintly. “Are you qualified to challenge the Divine Son?”

The geniuses and talents of the Eastern Region were dumbfounded as they looked at Dragon Three in fear.

Purple Wind Emissary's talent was really not outstanding among the Seven Star Emissaries, but he did reach the peak of the Ninth Change in the Fish-Dragon Realm and had multiple awe-inspiring exploits. How could he be reduced to this with just one move?

How formidable Dragon Three's strength was!

Chang Qiqi and Si Xingkong gasped in fear. They had previously witnessed the profundity of Purple Wind Emissary's fighting strength. They could not believe that such a terrible figure was defeated with a single move.

The faces of the Saints from the Saint Academy who were of the Ninth Change in the Fish-Dragon Realm all turned nasty. Dragon Three's power was beyond their imagination.

If one of Ouyang Huan's subordinates was that strong, then how strong would he be?

Zhang Ruochen narrowed his eyes and figured out something.

It was true that Purple Wind Emissary was weaker than Dragon Three, but he should not have been defeated that quickly.

The reason was that the spirit of Purple Wind Emissary's weapon was a dragon soul, and when Dragon Three held the long spear tight, a blast of black dragon Qi had rushed into the long spear and subdued the dragon spirit inside.

Purple Wind Emissary was unaware of it and so he was caught off guard and became badly hurt.

Only three people in the rock cave understood this.

Dragon Three smiled."I have come here today to tell you a truth. That is, the Eastern Region is merely the size of three states of the Central Region combined. The geniuses and talents from the Eastern Region could easily be finished off if they were in the Central Region."

"Well, as far as I know, for the last few decades, only Zhang Ruochen and Di Yi from the Eastern Region have reached the Ultimate Realm of the Heaven Realm. None of the young

elites from the Central Region have achieved this.” A cold voice echoed in the rock cave.

Zhang Ruochen looked in the direction of the voice and his eyes focused on Huang Yanchen.

It turned out the voice was hers.

Chapter 722 - Roc Saintly Being

Translator:

Transn

Editor:

Transn

Dragon Three glanced at Huang Yanchen and found her appearance fascinating. However, her icy demeanor made him feel uncomfortable.

“Zhang Ruochen and Di Yi were indeed top-notch talents. They proved their strength by accumulating 30 million military merits in the Battlefield of Primitive World.”

Dragon Three then rudely said, “Unfortunately, they both died unnatural deaths before they were fully developed. They’re just short-lived guys.”

“Bang!”

Huang Yanchen pounded the desk and suddenly stood up.

Ice power emanated from her and permeated the entire rock cave.

Everybody could see that she was furious. Her royal blue eyes were somewhat red. Obviously, Dragon Three’s words had hurt her deeply.

Dragon Three did not care at all. He wore a spurious smile as he said, “So? Do you want to fight me?”

Huang Yanchen grasped the Holy Sword tightly with five fingers and was about to fight Dragon Three to the end.

Even though she knew that she was no match for him, she would stick it out.

Luo Shuihan, who was sitting next to her, reached out, grabbed Huang Yanchen's wrists, and then shook her head.

Everybody could see that all the superiors from the demonic sect did not have friendly intentions. At this point, anybody who rushed forward would have bad luck. Among her peers, Huang Yanchen had first-rate strength.

However, who was Dragon Three?

He ranked third among 36 Palace-keeping Beast Guardians of the demonic sect. He had been famous for many years. Even Purple Wind Emissary could not withstand a single strike from him. If Huang Yanchen rushed forward to fight him, there was no question what the result would be.

Finally, Luo Shuihan and several other Saints were able to dissuade Huang Yanchen.

Seeing this, Dragon Three sneered and said, "Right! The weak must learn to endure. Those who don't know how to endure must suffer."

All of the Saints from the Saint Academy in the Eastern Region looked angry. They were obviously displeased with Dragon Three, but no one dared to fight him.

After all, Dragon Three had terrifying power. Even Purple Wind Emissary was seriously injured by his single strike. For other people to attack him would be like eggs striking a rock.

Zhang Ruochen turned around and glared at Dragon Three. He touched his Spatial Ring as he considered whether or not he should strike Dragon Three and teach him how to be humble.

Zhang Ruochen thought for a while and then finally decided to hold back.

A lot of people who were familiar with the Zhang Ruochen of old were present. Ordinarily, they might not be able to discover that Lin Yue was Zhang Ruochen.

However, if he spared no effort in fighting, he would not have enough energy to disguise himself and he would expose weaknesses. Those who knew him would probably recognize him.

The person who knew him best was, of course, Huang Yanchen. If she recognized him, all of his previous efforts would have gone to waste.

He would get the chance to teach Dragon Three a lesson sooner or later.

Zhang Ruochen looked at Huang Yanchen, clenched his fist, and sighed secretly.

“After Zhang Ruochen and Di Yi died, I haven’t been able to find a suitable genius in the cultivation circle in the Eastern Region to contend with.”

Dragon Three’s humiliating words enraged everyone. Several people wanted to contend with him but were pulled back by others.

A sonorous voice resounded in the rock cave. “A Palace-keeping Beast Guardian is so wild and arrogant. Do you really think that nobody in the Eastern Region can overpower you?”

Xu Yunling suddenly stood up, flicked the ash off his skirts, walked out from the crowd, and stood across Dragon Three.

Xu Yunling was a Saint from the Saint Academy in the Eastern Region. He had reached the Ninth Change in the Fish-dragon Realm. Every inch of his skin shone with the glow of colored glaze. He stood straight with his hands behind his back.

The Saints from the Saint Academy as well as the disciples from every powerful Saint family were delighted when they saw Xu Yunling boldly come forward.

With his strength, Xu Yunling would certainly be able to vindicate the cultivation circle in the Eastern Region.

“Unexpectedly, Xu Yunling will launch an attack. This is interesting! He is powerful enough to teach a lesson to the braggarts from the demonic sect.” Red Wish Emissary turned her tender body, stared at Xu Yunling, and wore a charming smile.

Red Wish Emissary was from the Black Market Excellence Hall and was always fighting against the Saint Academy.

However, she was very happy when she saw Xu Yunling stand up.

After all, Xu Yunling stood up on behalf of the cultivation circle.

All the top talented girls from every powerful Saint family in the Eastern Region fixed their beautiful eyes on Xu Yunling with a look of admiration.

Given circumstances, anyone who went out to fight on behalf of the cultivation circle of the Eastern Region was a heroic figure who was worthy of admiration.

“As a Saintly Being trained by the Saint Academy in the Eastern Region, Xu Yunling is indeed a man of courage. No ordinary man can compare to him.” A top talented girl from a powerful Saint family licked her lips gently and fixed her beautiful eyes at Xu Yunling. Obviously, she was attracted to Xu Yunling’s temperament.

“Xu Yunling’s roc Saintly Being is unique in the world. If Zhang Ruochen and Di Yi were still alive, they may not be able to defeat him.” A talented man from a top-class sect exclaimed.

“Who says nobody can fight a battle on behalf of the Eastern Region? Xu Yunling is here.”

Dragon Three glanced at Xu Yunling and nodded as he said, “Finally, a decent figure steps forward. Since you’re a roc Saintly Being, I’ll contend with you for several strikes.”

Dragon Three moved his legs slightly and quickly ran the Holy Qi inside.

He kept a smile on his face, but he was quite cautious. He did not dare to look down upon Xu Yunling.

Confronting a Saintly Being of the Ninth Change in the Fish-dragon Realm, nobody dared to be perfunctory. Any carelessness could result in a disastrous defeat.

A short and thin man came out from behind Dragon Three. He smilingly said, “Third Junior Brother, you’ve already fought once. Can you let me fight this time?”

The man's mouth stuck out and he had a chin like an ape's. Two big, yellowing teeth stuck out of his mouth. His eyes were tiny like mung beans. He looked very obscene.

Dragon Three looked at the short and thin man, withdrew his Holy Qi, and took two steps backward. "I will let you handle him, then."

Seeing this short and thin man, many people looked scornful.

"How can the demonic sect send such an inferior man to contend with the Saintly Being of the Eastern Region? Are they deliberately insulting the monks from the Eastern Region?"

Even if Xu Yunling defeated him, he would not be able to earn respect for the monks from the Eastern Region.

Xu Yunling frowned and snorted. "Is there nobody else in the demonic sect? Ouyang Huan, will you not strike personally?"

"You can't contend with the Divine Son unless you defeat me."

The short and thin man giggled and suddenly widened his eyes.

His pupils instantly shrank and became as small as a needle. His eyes sent out two black light columns that emanated extremely cold evil energy.

Due to the black light, the entire rock cave instantly became cold and dark.

The short and thin man was surprisingly fast. He turned into a black light and immediately appeared above Xu Yunling. He raised a short arm and hit Xu Yunling's head.

It was so fast.

Even with his cultivation, Xu Yunling was dazzled and could not see the opponent's figure.

He became serious as he realized that he had underestimated the enemy. The short and thin man was a quite formidable superior.

As the old saying goes, do not judge a book by its cover.

“Cloud Sea Roc.”

Xu Yunling shouted and released his Saintly Being Dharma Laksana.

Suddenly, an intense Holy Qi flowed out from his body, radiating bright golden light to dispel the surrounding black light.

“Boom!”

A golden roc’s illusory image appeared in the rock cave. It was about 30 meters long, with a fish body and a pair of giant wings.

The roc’s illusory image looked like it was roaming in the sea of clouds, exuding an ancient and strong aura.

“Heh-heh! How did you display the Saintly Being Dharma Laksana so fast?”

The short and thin man laughed strangely and then struck his hand on the Saintly Being Dharma Laksana, shattering the golden light. The roc’s illusory image sank down, uttering sad calls.

“Rumble!”

An intense Holy Qi fluctuation rushed out between Xu Yunling and the man. It swept over the entire rock cave like tidal waves.

There were many masters among the talented monks in the Eastern Region. They struck out one after another with defensive Holy Weapons before the powerful impact was finally warded off.

Even so, three Holy Weapons and more than 10 talented monks who were not able to withstand this power and were sent flying backward.

This showed how terrifying the power that had erupted from the duel was.

“Bang! Bang...”

Xu Yunling took seven steps backward before he was able to steady himself and stop. He covered his chest with his hands

and glared at the short, thin man in surprise. He asked, “Who are you?”

“Haha! You don’t even know your Uncle Rat. You deserve a good beating.”

The short and thin man rushed forward, appeared in front of Xu Yunling, and struck nine times consecutively. Every time he struck, Xu Yunling took a step backward.

When he struck for the ninth time, Xu Yunling was sent flying.

Xu Yunling’s body hit a stone pillar with a bang.

“Damn...”

He slid to the ground. With a look of strong indignation, Xu Yunling reached out his hand to wipe off the blood at the corners of his mouth. He endured pain from the five internal organs and six hollow organs and ran the Holy Qi once again to control the Saintly Being Dharma Laksana, hoping to strike back.

“Swallow!”

The short and thin man gradually opened his mouth and it became a meter long, like a huge black cave. He inhaled hard and his stomach slowly ballooned.

With a swoosh, the roc Dharma Laksana displayed by Xu Yunling flew into the man’s mouth and was swallowed into his belly.

The man then closed his mouth, clasped his hands, and rapidly performed exercises. A moment later, he had completely assimilated the Saintly Being Dharma Laksana.

“How can he... eat the Saintly Being Dharma Laksana?”

Chapter 723 - Captain Rat

Translator:

Transn

Editor:

Transn

After swallowing the Saintly Being Dharma Laksana, the short and thin man emerged unscathed and became more invigorated. He hooked his finger to beckon Xu Yunling and said with a smile, "Come again."

All the monks from the Eastern Region were afraid. They never thought that a monk that the demonic sect sent so casually could be so powerful.

"The man is too freakish! Elder Brother Xu has been top-class under the Half-Saint, but the man can take him down."

Huang Yanchen was also astonished as she said, "The man can defeat the Saintly Being within the same realm, so he is definitely not a nobody. Who is he?"

Everybody was shocked by the power he exposed.

Zhang Ruochen, however, acted calmly. "He must be the head of 36 Palace-keeping Beast Guardians of the demonic sect, Devil Rat, and he is also known as 'Captain Rat.'"

"Captain Rat, Snake Two, and Dragon Three are rather ferocious. They may even be stronger than the Saintly Being. Among them, Captain Rat is the most amazing. Compared to the Demon Son Ouyang Huan, he is not much weaker."

Luo Shuihan said, "Right! This man must be Captain Rat. Perhaps he could confront the first level Half-Saint."

Devil Rat was from the ancient times, so he was very rare and his strength was fairly powerful.

Devil Rat's progenitors were capable of eating gods and devouring devils. They were known as one of the scariest

monsters during the Archean Times, that even the Dragon tribe also tried to avoid them.

However, Devil Rat could not breed well. According to the legend, they had become extinct in the Middle Ancient Times. Until a few decades ago, a Saint from the demonic sect dug out a devil rat from a medieval relic.

Captain Rat quickly rushed forward and struck out his palms to hit the left and right sides of Xu Yunling's head.

“Bang!”

Xu Yunling's scalp exploded, exposing white bones and seven holes bleeding. He fell backward and lay helplessly on the ground.

Seeing this, the monks from the Eastern Region felt suffocated as if they were struck by lightning.

Without making any counterattacks, a Saintly Being was sprawled on the floor from a heavy blow.

Captain Rat fell on the ground, moved toward Xu Yunling, and stepped on Xu Yunling's face. With a crack, Xu Yunling's nose broke.

Captain Rat gave a dim-witted smile and ruthlessly said, “If we weren't in the Yin and Yang Sect, I would eat you up. The Saintly Being must be delicious.”

“You... Ah...”

Xu Yunling reached out with his hands and tried to stand up.

Captain Rat stepped again on Xu Yunling who was sprawled on the ground. Captain Rat looked at the monks from the Eastern Region and showed a defiant look. “Saintly Being of the Eastern Region can't even withstand a single blow. I haven't enjoyed myself to the fullest. Is there anyone else who wants to fight?”

Everytime Captain Rat fixed his gaze on a man, the man would immediately lower his head, quickly retreat, and did not even dare make eye contact with him.

Even a powerful person like Xu Yunling could not strike back while confronting Captain Rat.

Who would dare contend him?

Among the talented people of the Eastern Region, there were several men who were stronger than Xu Yunling's Saintly Being. They were all very well-known. However, when they saw Xu Yunling sprawled out under Captain Rat's feet, they immediately closed their eyes and pretended not to hear his provocation.

They thought as long as they endured on a little longer and feigned ignorance, they might be able to escape unharmed.

If they snuck out, they would probably be beaten into a jelly. Then, they would be thoroughly discredited.

Watching everybody avoid his gaze, Captain Rat suddenly felt bored. "It appears that I won't find a worthy match from the cultivation circle of the Eastern Region. All of you are either mediocre or a coward."

The other three Palace-keeping Beast Guardians, including Snake Two, Dragon Three, and Centipede Eight looked at those monks and laughed scornfully.

"The Divine Son has planned to test the Eastern Region heroes personally. But now it seems that there're no heroes, only a group of bears. Hah-hah!"

The four Palace-keeping Beast Guardians maliciously scolded, but nobody stood out and everyone stayed silence.

Ouyang Huan opened his eyes and stood up. He held the pterosaur in his hands and faintly smiled. "Let's go! Even though the Eastern Region is vulnerable, we may get be surprised when we go to other regions."

Ouyang Huan walked away first. The four guardians followed him closely and were also ready to leave.

Ao Xinyan was sitting nearby when Zhang Ruochen suddenly stood up. She gave a cold look at Ouyang Huan before saying, "Hold on!"

The two words echoed loudly in the quiet rock cave.

Zhang Ruochen raised his head and stared at her.

He realized that Ao Xinyan was not in a good mood. When she looked at Dragon Three, her eyes were full of anger and resentment.

Ouyang Huan and the four guardians stopped, turned around and looked behind.

They stared at Ao Xinyan.

Centipede Eight said with a smile, “What’s up? In the Eastern Region, men are cowards. Is a woman like you going to fight? Girl, you have a beautiful face and an excellent figure. In that case, I’ll kindly accept you.”

As Centipede Eight was about to rush forward, Dragon Three reached his hand out and put it on his shoulder.

Dragon Three’s hand was as heavy as a mountain which prevented Centipede Eight from moving.

“Third Brother, what are you doing?” Centipede Eight said.

Dragon Three did not say a word and moved forward. He stood opposite to Ao Xinyan with an evil smile. “I have yet to discover that Your Highness is here. I, Ao Bing, have come to pay my respects to you.”

Ao Bing was Dragon Three’s real name.

Ao Xinyan was trembling all over and said, “Ao Bing, you traitor. Hand over the divine dragon bone and go back with me to the Divine Dragon Half-human Clan to plead guilty.”

“Your Highness, is that an order?”

Dragon Three spread his hands out and said with a smile, “Unfortunately, I’ve refined the divine dragon bone and integrated it with my left hand. I can’t hand it over. Furthermore, I’m not a member of the Divine Dragon Half-human Clan, I am a Palace-keeping Beast Guardian of the Moon Worship Sect. Even if the patriarch comes here personally, not to mention a royalty, there is nothing that they can do to me.”

The patriarch had planned to hand over the divine dragon bone to Ao Xinyan in her coming-of-age ceremony to let her refine and absorb, so she could activate the Divine Dragon Blood Meridian in her body.

However, the day before the ceremony, Ao Bing, who was guarding the divine dragon bone, stole it. Since then, it had disappeared from the Kunlun's Field.

Until today, when Ao Xinyan saw Dragon Three and identified him as the traitor, Ao Bing.

Dragon Three's words were beyond Ao Xinyan's endurance.

She immediately drew her Bluewater Dragon Patterned Sword and stabbed Dragon Three.

In an instant, steam gathered from the surroundings, condensing to a dozen Sword Qi, passing through in the rock cave. In the end, they condensed to a point and struck at Dragon Three's heart.

Dragon Three shook his head and laughed. He reached out with two fingers and tightly clamped the Bluewater Dragon Patterned Sword. He said, "Your Highness, you practice at a very high speed. I am surprised that you have reached this realm. You deserve to be the top genius of the Divine Dragon Half-human clan after a few hundred years. Once you've refined the divine dragon bone, your cultivation would be even more profound."

Ao Xinyan was angry and wanted to draw her Bluewater Dragon Patterned Sword. However, no matter how hard she tried, she could not overcome Dragon Three's two fingers.

She loosened her grip, gathered Holy Qi to her snow-white hand, and hit his chest with her palm.

Dragon Three's eyes flashed with a murderous look.

If he lets Ao Xinyan go, the masters of the Divine Dragon Half-human Clan would find hunt him down until they've killed him.

He knew clearly how profound the background of the Divine Dragon Half-human Clan was. Despite hiding in the Moon

Worship Sect, he might not be safe.

“So, why can’t I kill Ao Xinyan first?”

Black dragon Qi surged out from him and flew to his arms. He attacked Ao Xinyan with one palm.

“Bang!”

All of a sudden, her amulet treasures broke. With a scream, she spat out a mouthful of blood and fell backward like a broken kite.

“He wants to kill her.”

Zhang Ruochen could tell that Dragon Three had a strong murderous intent.

“He was daring enough to kill people in the territory of the Yin and Yang Sect.”

Anyhow, there was no way Zhang Ruochen was only going to sit quietly and do nothing. Otherwise, Ao Xinyan would probably die here.

Zhang Ruochen who had been sitting on a chair shook his body and disappeared. The next moment, he had stood at the center of the rock cave and reached out his hands to hold Ao Xinyan.

He supported her legs with one hand and held her back with the other hand. He soon realized that she was heavily injured. She looked pale, her breathing was weak, and she had a bleeding mouth, nose, eyes, and ears.

“Swoosh!”

He activated the Holy Qi inside, ran it on his palms, and slowly injected the Qi into her body to help her heal.

Her slender body was enveloped with holy light.

Moments later, Ao Xinyan coughed and gradually regained her consciousness. She opened her eyes and saw that she was laying in a stranger’s arms.

This man was Lin Yue from the Yin and Yang Sect.

“Don’t move. You’re badly injured,” Zhang Ruochen said.

Ao Xinyan was reluctant and tried to wiggle free from Zhang Ruochen's arms.

However, she soon discovered something very shocking. The Holy Qi that Lin Yue injected into her body matched hers.

She was a member of the Divine Dragon Half-human Clan, so her Holy Qi contained both human Qi and dragon Qi.

“Does that mean Lin Yue's Holy Qi also contains both human Qi and dragon Qi?”

Even so, it was unlikely that their Holy Qi was a perfect match.

In the entire Kunlun's Field, only the deceased Zhang Ruochen's Holy Qi could completely match with her dragon Qi inside. Zhang Ruochen had saved her with the Dragon Pearl, so their Holy Qi had combined once and formed an internal circulation.

The situation back then was very similar to what was happening at this moment.

Ao Xinyan gently opened her red lips and widened her beautiful eyes to look at Lin Yue. She was completely dumbfounded.

Dragon Three squinted his eyes and stared at Zhang Ruochen. He coldly said, “Guy, if you're sensible, you better mind your own business and give Her Highness to me to avoid trouble.”

Zhang Ruochen tilted his face and glanced at Dragon Three as he said, “What if I'm not sensible?”

Chapter 724 - Defeating Dragon Three with One Attack

Translator:

Transn

Editor:

Transn

“What if I’m not sensible?” Zhang Ruochen tilted his face and glanced at Dragon Three.

In the rock cave, many people were startled by his words. Everybody had witnessed Dragon Three’s strength. Dragon Three had even defeated Purple Wind Emissary with one strike, so nobody dared to challenge Dragon Three.

“Even though he wants to save a beauty, he has to see the current situation clearly. How can he screw around with Dragon Three?” A descendant from a Saint’s powerful family shook his head gently.

It was very admirable that a man among the monks from the Eastern Region would dare to challenge Dragon Three.

After the failure of Purple Wind Emissary and Xu Yunling, everybody was already afraid of the four major Palace-keeping Beast Guardians.

But at this time, a reckless fool trying to be a hero to save a beauty popped up. Everybody would certainly think that he was a fool who did not know how to correctly appraise the situation.

Everybody could see that Dragon Three had intended to kill Ao Xinyan, and the Saintly Beings had not dared to lend a hand. Under these circumstances, he rushed out to court his own death. Therefore, he had to be a fool.

A Saintly Being from the Eastern Region opened his eyes and glanced at Zhang Ruochen. With a smirk, he thought,

“Young people are always too impulsive.”

Then, he closed his eyes.

Perhaps there were a few Saints from the Eastern Region Saint Academy that looked at Zhang Ruochen with new eyes. They did not expect that this “sensible” guy would suddenly become so irrational.

Chang Qiqi had often frightened him off before, but now he dared to directly face Dragon Three.

“What kind of person this guy is?”

Dragon Three carefully looked at Zhang Ruochen with dense icing air in his eyes. Then, he immediately laughed and said, “If you want to die, I’ll make it happen.”

“Huff, huff!”

As Dragon Three shrugged his shoulders, a powerful black Dragon Qi rushed out from his body, flew into his arms, quickly gathered together, and became black Demonic Dragon Fire.

All the monks present felt a scorching current of Qi emanating from Dragon Three as if the entire rock cave would be melted.

Under the attack of the Demonic Dragon Fire, the Inscriptions of Array in the rock cave gradually emerged and turned into halos, which covered the ground, top, and stone pillar.

It was not until this moment that everybody realized how freakish Dragon Three’s strength was.

“Howl!”

With a dragon’s roar, Dragon Three stretched his arms forward.

Suddenly, a dragon shadow was condensed by the Demonic Dragon Fire. The shadow opened its mouth, showed its claws, and rushed at Zhang Ruochen.

Zhang Ruochen put Ao Xinyan on the ground, supported her back with his left hand, and extended the fingers of his right hand toward the void space.

About 10 meters away, the Bluewater Dragon Patterned Sword fell to the ground, then vibrated and uttered a loud sword sound. With a swoosh, it flew over and landed in Zhang Ruochen's hands.

When he held the hilt, he had an overwhelming momentum like an undefeatable young sword saint.

Throughout the entire rock cave, all the monks' swords violently vibrated as if they would fly out.

“Swish, swish!”

An abundance of sword-like Sword Qi naturally condensed and rotated around Zhang Ruochen that turned into a Sword Qi domain about 33 meters across.

When the dragon shadow collided with the Sword Qi domain, an earsplitting sound immediately burst out and the two powerful forces shot out in all directions.

All the monks nearby were struck far away.

Dragon Three looked somewhat solemn and could tell that the man opposite him seemed to be someone that was not to be trifled with. “You really do have some ability. Break for me!”

Dragon Three spared no effort in his attack. His arms shaped into dragon claws and integrated with the huge dragon shadow, which rushed out from the dragon's head and hit the Sword Qi domain with its claws.

With a bang, the Sword Qi domain was split into two pieces. The chaotic Sword Qi then spilled out from both sides.

The black claws got closer and closer to Zhang Ruochen and gradually became enlarged in his pupils.

If the dragon claws hit them, the bodies of Zhang Ruochen and Ao Xinyan would perhaps be penetrated and turned into two masses of bloody pulp.

The monks nearby held their breath, and some female monks even closed their eyes, afraid that they would see the next bloody scene.

Ao Xinyan could not keep herself from clutching her clothes as she felt very nervous. But she calmed down when she looked up and saw that he was well-composed.

“Swoosh!”

Zhang Ruochen lifted the Bluewater Dragon Patterned Sword and injected all his Holy Qi into it. He thrust the sword at lightning speed and collided with Dragon Three’s claws.

These dragon claws had formidable power.

And the dragon scales were so tough that the Holy Sword could not pierce through.

When Zhang Ruochen quickly shook his wrist, the Bluewater Dragon Patterned Sword rotated, formed sword shadow circles, let out a swoosh, and collided with the dragon claws.

Suddenly, Zhang Ruochen pulled his wrist back and then stabbed forward once again, precisely hitting the center of Dragon Three’s claws.

“Bang!”

A loud noise echoed all around.

A circle of black energy ripples surged out from between the sword and claws.

Dragon Three’s robe was shattered by the Sword Qi. With a muffled cry, he flew backward 33 meters, fell on the ground, and moved backward destructively to the gate of the rock cave before finally standing firm.

His upper body was naked and he had six bloody wounds on his chest and abdomen due to the Sword Qi.

His arms were badly mutilated as large dragon scales kept falling off. And with the Holy Sword penetrating his right hand, blood was dripping from his palm to the ground.

Lin Yue, who supported Ao Xinyan, stood still, looking calm and serene.

All the talented boys and girls from the Eastern Region in the rock cave were dumbfounded and felt suffocated.

Some people could not believe what they were seeing and they rubbed their eyelids firmly.

“Surprisingly, he easily defeated Dragon Three with one attack. Obviously, he had not given full play to his strengths.”

Huang Yanchen thought it quite incredible.

She felt that Master had misjudged and thought that Lin Yue was a Silver-waxed Spearhead. Beyond her expectations, he was very powerful.

“This man is extremely low-profile. If Ao Xinyan had not encountered mortal danger, he would not have acted rashly.”

Chang Qiqi’s chin dropped to the ground. He felt cold in his back at the thought that he ever wanted to teach Lin Yue a lesson. Zhang Ruochen could probably knock him down with one finger.

Si Xingkong said, “He is a goodman. Although Ao Xinyan irritated him before, he did not hold that in mind and lent her a hand. He lives a low-key life and handles things attentively.”

Lin Yue had pursued Huang Yanchen, so Si Xingkong disliked Lin Yue. However, he admired Lin Yue’s personality and sword technique.

Besides Si Xingkong, a lot of people present thought the same way.

“Since when has the Eastern Region given birth to such a peerless talent?” asked a talented girl from a Saint’s powerful family with her beautiful eyes sparkling.

“You’re so ignorant. Don’t you know Lin Yue, our Elderbrother Lin, who is a genius in the Tao of the Sword from our Yin and Yang Sect?” replied a Saint’s disciple from the Yin and Yang Sect proudly.

Lin Yue had risen to fame in recent months. Although he was well-known in the Yin and Yang Sect, he was less well-known throughout the Eastern Region than those talents who had been famous for years or even dozens of years.

Only the Tao of the Sword monks who participated in the Sword Technique Conference knew something about him. Actually, the other monks were just hearing his name for the first time.

“He’s the one who climbed to the Third-level Mountain of Ancient Gods Mountain, right?”

“It’s said that Dark Blue Emissary from the Black Market Excellence Hall was also killed by him.”

...

The monks from the Eastern Region became extremely excited because of Lin Yue’s appearance.

A genius in the Tao of the Sword, handsome and unrestrained, becoming famous at an early age... All the talented girls present admired him and could hardly resist his charm.

Lin Yue became the Prince Charming of many talented girls.

Previously, the Eastern Region monks had been defeated by the Palace-keeping Beast Guardians from the Demonic Sect. But Lin Yue had just defeated Dragon Three with an amazing strike, so he was fairly extraordinary.

Ouyang Huan stared at Zhang Ruochen and squinted his eyes. He never thought that there would appear such an amazing figure.

When he saw Lin Yue’s eyes, he felt something familiar.

Ouyang Huan seemed to think of something. He gave a faint smile and said not too hastily nor too slowly, “I think we’ve met before. If I remember correctly, Bird Nine was killed by you.”

It had to be said that Ouyang Huan had really good eyesight.

Zhang Ruochen had worn a mask and hidden his aura deliberately by using Spiritual Power. But he still recognized Zhang Ruochen immediately.

“What? Your Excellency, he is the mystery man who is extremely powerful in the Tao of the Sword and Spiritual Power.” There was a fierce look in Centipede Eight’s eyes.

Not long ago, Bird Nine had fallen in battle and Centipede Eight had suffered a lot. They did not know whom the opponent was.

To some extent, one could not avoid one's enemy. Now that they had met in the Yin and Yang Sect, Centipede Eight would naturally make Zhang Ruochen pay with his life.

Since he had been recognized, Zhang Ruochen did not deny it anymore. "Right, I indeed killed Bird Nine. So what?"

He mentioned it lightly but the monks in the rock cave were shocked once again.

Lin Yue was so brave that he killed a Palace-keeping Beast Guardian of the Demonic Sect. The people from the Demonic Sect would seek revenge for even the smallest grievance. How could they let him go?

Upon hearing this news, Mu Lingxi was nervous and worried about Zhang Ruochen.

She quietly knew how powerful Ouyang Huan and the three major Palace-keeping Beast Guardians were. None of them were weaker than Zhang Ruochen.

Chapter 725 - The Power of the Divine Dragon Bone

Translator:

Transn

Editor:

Transn

Captain Rat looked at Zhang Ruochen with a grim smile. He moved forward while showing two sharp teeth. “Quack, quack! You’re really something. Our Moon Worship Sect has always killed people. We never thought anyone would dare to kill our Palace-keeping Beast Guardian. Since you have, you won’t be coming out of the rock cave alive today.”

“Eldest Brother, you don’t need to personally fight such a small potato. Let me deal with him.” After regulating his breathing for a while, Dragon Three’s injury had healed.

Dragon Three’s physical quality was originally strong. As he refined the Divine Dragon Bone into his body, his body became tougher. It only took a moment for his common injuries to spontaneously cure.

Captain Rat took a quick glance at Dragon Three then said with a smile, “Third Brother, this guy is not weak. Are you sure you can beat him?”

Dragon Three laughed. “Eldest Brother, don’t you believe in my ability? Just now, I was slightly injured simply due to my carelessness. If we fight seriously, I will not lose to him.”

Captain Rat looked at Ouyang Huan with questioning eyes.

Ouyang Huan contemplated for a moment and then nodded as he said, “Third Brother, since you want to fight, I shall grant your request. However, you must remember that if you’re defeated once again, you’ll be punished.”

“Yes, I get it.”

Having gained the Divine Son's acceptance, Dragon Three was suddenly relieved. By relying on his own strength, he could finally win back his face.

Anyway, he had to defeat Lin Yue this time, or even kill him.

“Are you really trying to kill people from the Yin and Yang Sect?”

Dragon Three laughed while he replied, “Lin Yue, are you afraid?”

Zhang Ruochen shook his head as he said, “I'm not afraid at all. I just want to remind you that anyone who dares to kill people from the Yin and Yang Sect will definitely die. After killing people, do you think you can escape by using the power of the imperial edict? Are you daydreaming?”

Dragon Three planned to open the imperial edict immediately to escape the Yin and Yang Sect after killing Ao Xinyan. At worst, he would not participate in the Sword Technique Conference.

But now, he was a little nervous after Lin Yue had seen through his plan.

“The Yin and Yang Sect might have made some arrangements. Even though I have the imperial edict, I can't escape.”

Dragon Three shifted his gaze as he said, “What do you mean exactly?”

Zhang Ruochen put the heavily injured Ao Xinyan back on a chair. He unhurriedly said, “Do you want to sign a Life and Death Contract? I won't take the responsibility if I kill you, and vice versa.”

Upon hearing this, Dragon Three suddenly laughed and said, “Do you think you can scare me away with these words? Since you want to die, I'll make it happen.”

Dragon Three cut his finger and, using his Dragon Blood, wrote a Life and Death Contract on a stone pillar.

Without hesitation, Zhang Ruochen also wrote a Life and Death Contract on the other stone pillar using his blood.

Zhang Ruochen had his own reason for doing this.

Dragon Three's life had no value.

However, Zhang Ruochen had to get the Divine Dragon Bone.

"It's too narrow here. Let's go fight in the Coliseum of Shentai City. I'll regain face personally."

A pair of black dragon wings unfolded from Dragon Three's back. As he fluttered his wings, he turned into a black light and rushed out ahead.

Zhang Ruochen turned around and looked at Ao Xinyan as he said, "Can I use the Bluewater Dragon Patterned Sword?"

"How do you know it's called the Bluewater Dragon Patterned Sword?" There was a faint smile on her pale face.

"Hah-hah!"

Zhang Ruochen knew that Ao Xinyan had certainly suspected him. Therefore, he did not offer up any explanation. He held the Bluewater Dragon Patterned Sword, displayed his bodily movement, ran out of the rock cave gate, and flew toward the Coliseum in the center of Shentai City.

In the rock cave, Huang Yanchen went over to Ao Xinyan and lifted her up. Huang Yanchen asked in doubt, "Why do I feel that you and Lin Yue are familiar with each other? Did you know him before?"

Ao Xinyan had a strange look on her face and pursed her lips lightly. "Perhaps he really is an acquaintance of mine. I'm not sure yet. When he finishes the battle with Dragon Three, I'll ask him personally."

Actually, Ao Xinyan thought it was 50/50 whether or not Lin Yue was Zhang Ruochen.

However, she could hardly believe that a dead man could live well in the world. And if he were Zhang Ruochen, why didn't Huang Yanchen recognize him?

All the talents present gradually left and hurried to Shentai City.

Everybody was expecting Lin Yue to teach Dragon Three a bitter lesson. And if he were to do so, the monks from the Central Region would know that there were talents in the cultivation circle of the Eastern Region.

In the Coliseum, Dragon Three and Zhang Ruochen stood opposite each other, 33 meters apart.

Their momentum became stronger and stronger.

“I couldn’t go all out in the rock cave. Now, I’ll show you my real strength.”

Bulges came out of his skin and turned into fingernail-sized scales, covering up his whole body. He put his claws together and condensed into a ball of Demonic Dragon Fire that hit the ground.

“Boom!”

The ball of Demonic Dragon Fire suddenly cracked open and surged out in all directions. The battlefield within a 100-meter radius became a sea of flames.

The fire was extremely hot. If a monk at the First Change in the Fish-Dragon Realm touched it, he would probably begin to burn. Dragon Three clearly knew that he could not hurt Lin Yue with the fire, but he could suppress him to a certain degree.

Zhang Ruochen looked calm as he brandished the sword quickly to form a Sword Qi vortex that kept the fire away.

Inside the vortex, he flew to a height of 33 meters and then stopped. He held the hilt with both hands and swooped down. As the sword turned into a sword column, he hastily thrust it at Dragon Three.

The monks below the Coliseum could not see Zhang Ruochen’s body. They could only see a Sword Qi vortex sweep through like a tornado.

In the center of the vortex, a light column rushed at Dragon Three.

“How powerful his Sword Comprehension is. If I don’t use the Divine Dragon Bone, I can’t match him.”

Dragon Three changed his facial expression, finally realizing that his opponent was extremely powerful.

He immediately ran the Holy Qi into his left arm to activate the power of the Divine Dragon Bone.

“Howl!”

Like an ancient Divine Dragon’s cry, a sonorous dragon roar came out from his left arm and spread throughout all of Shentai City.

Centered on the Coliseum, the whole city slightly shook.

The closer to the Coliseum the monks were, the stronger they could feel it. A fairly ancient and holy dragon aura emanated from Dragon Three.

Some monks with relatively low cultivation almost knelt on the ground with trembling legs.

“The power of the Divine Dragon Bone is really extraordinary. It deserves to be the treasure of the Divine Dragon and Half-human Clan.” On the scene, a lot of talents from the Eastern Region had greed written on their faces.

Many people secretly thought they would probably become a top master like Dragon Three if they could get the Divine Dragon Bone.

“Who less than a Half-Saint can withstand one strike from his claws with his cultivation and the power of the Divine Dragon Bone?” A Saintly Being in the Ninth Change in the Fish-dragon Realm gasped.

Dragon Three’s left hand formed into a claw and attacked forward.

“Boom!”

The dragon claw collided with the Holy Sword to form two opposing forces.

After retreating 23 meters, Dragon Threedug in with his legs and regained his footing.

Zhang Ruochen took three steps backward.

Obviously, this battle was startling and incredible.

“Even though Dragon Three activated the power of the Divine Dragon Bone, he is still at a disadvantage. How freakish Lin Yue’s strength is!” Right now, the supercilious Huang Yanchen had to admit that Lin Yue was indeed a genius in the Tao of the Sword.

But in her mind, Lin Yue still could not compare with Zhang Ruochen.

The monks from the Eastern Region was both excited and surprised.

The Yin and Yang Sect disciples in Shentai City were thrilled to bits as they shouted, “Elder Brother Lin is mighty and powerful. He is wiping out the masters of the Demonic Sect and improving the prestige of our Yin and Yang Sect.”

“Elder Brother Lin’s sword technique is invincible. He can kill demons and cut down dragons.”

In the end, all the talents from the major Saint’s powerful families and major Sects shouted out.

Ouyang Huan was very startled. It had not taken long for that man to become so strong.

Besides that, he could see that Lin Yue had just recently reached the Seventh Change in the Fish-dragon Realm.

If he kept on developing, Lin Yue might become a formidable enemy. At the thought of this, Ouyang Huan’s eyes turned cold.

In the Coliseum, Zhang Ruochen was quite calm. He moved his body, rushed to up above Dragon Three, and brandished his sword.

This seemingly casual strike was full of the mystery of the Tao of the Sword. Even if he wanted to dodge it, Dragon Three was unable to, so he had to just accept it.

“Bang!”

Another movement!

Dragon Three retreated. The Bluewater Dragon Patterned Sword had cut his arm, where a deep bloody wound appeared.

As the Divine Dragon Bone sent out its power, his bloody wound was instantly healed.

“Damn...”

There was a fireball of rage burning in his heart. He stood up and clenched his hands. With a crackle, his muscles began expanding. Then, he strode forward.

With every step he took, he became one meter taller.

By the time he got to the front of Zhang Ruochen, he had become a 30-meter-tall, half-human half-dragon creature. The evil energy poured out from his body and changed into a black demonic cloud.

Dragon Three was originally a Black-scaled Flood Dragon. If he showed his true body, it would probably cover all of Shentai City. A coliseum could certainly not contain his body.

At the moment, he merely presented the first level form.

Dragon Three lifted up a claw as huge as a millstone and struck out with it. It penetrated through the demonic clouds and hit the top of Zhang Ruochen’s head.

“The power of the Divine Dragon Bone is so strong that even a Saintly Being can be seriously wounded.”

Zhang Ruochen was inferior to him in terms of power.

However, Zhang Ruochen was superior at sword techniques, so he would not compete in brute force with Dragon Three.

Zhang Ruochen turned around and disappeared. And when he reappeared, he was above the back of Dragon Three.

“Swoosh!”

He lifted up his arms to hold the sword even with his shoulder. He released the power of the Completion of Sword One and thrust the sword into Dragon Three’s back.

“Pfft!”

The Bluewater Dragon Patterned Sword pierced through Dragon Three's body. Under the strong force of impact, the huge body of this half-dragon half-human crashed to the ground.

Blood gushed out from Dragon Three's back and abdomen like spring water, dying the whole coliseum red.

Chapter 726 - White Snake with Saint Heart

Translator:

Transn

Editor:

Transn

Black Dragon Qi gushed out from the wounds on Dragon Three's back and abdomen. Urged by the Dragon Qi, his wounds quickly healed. A furious dragon roar came out from his mouth and turned into sound waves, oscillating in circles.

His left arm containing the Divine Dragon Bone gradually grew thick and solid. The bones and scales on his arms rapidly expanded and emanated a heart-shaking Divine Dragon aura.

“Howl!”

Dragon Three's eyes were bloodshot. He lifted up his left arm and struck backward, trying to send Zhang Ruochen flying.

“A death struggle?”

Zhang Ruochen's eyes turned cold. He injected more Holy Qi into the Bluewater Dragon Patterned Sword.

The blade glowed with dazzling light. Then, he withdrew his sword rapidly and cut obliquely upward, breaking through Dragon Three's Divine Body Shield.

“Pop!”

Suddenly, Dragon Three's left arm broke off from his shoulder and was sent flying.

After being separated from Dragon Three's body, the arm of this half-human half-dragon changed into a huge black dragon claw weighing over 50 tons.

A common warrior would probably be crushed to death by that heavy dragon claw.

Zhang Ruochen reached out a hand and caught the tens-of-meters-long dragon claw. Then, he broke open the scales and flesh of the dragon claw with the Bluewater Dragon Patterned Sword and took out a washbasin-sized dragon bone.

The Divine Dragon Bone!

Dragon Three had refined the Divine Dragon Bone into his left arm, but it did not integrate with his bones because of his physical quality.

That was why Zhang Ruochen could take out the Divine Dragon Bone so easily.

If the Divine Dragon Bone had integrated with his bones, Zhang Ruochen might not be able to defeat him based on his Seventh Change in the Fish-dragon Realm cultivation.

The Divine Dragon Bone looked crystal clear like divine jade. It emitted cold light, which irritated many monks' eyes.

It was said that the Divine Dragon Bones were bones of Divine Dragons and supreme treasures of the Dragon Tribe. They were sealed in the Holy Land of the Dragon Tribe. Only major Dragon tribesmen, Divine Dragons, and Half-human clansmen could enter that place. Even so, they were not necessarily able to take out a Divine Dragon Bone from the Holy Land every hundred years.

These bones contained a mysterious power and a lot of Divine Dragon Qi, so even the Saints also coveted it.

Seeing the Divine Dragon Bone in Zhang Ruochen's hands, countless monks present had faces full of greed. If they were not in the territory of the Yin and Yang Sect, some people would probably try to snatch it.

“Return my... Divine Dragon Bone...”

With a loud roar, Dragon Three rolled over to pick himself up and his body crackled. As he shook his head, it immediately turned into a ferocious black dragon head.

Then, his body rapidly transformed. He was going to show his true body and retrieve the Divine Dragon Bone.

“Swoosh!”

As he swerved his body, Zhang Ruochen suddenly appeared in front of Dragon Three and struck out his palm.

The handprint hit Dragon Three’s chest and shattered his dragon bones into pieces. He let out a plaintive wail again and flew backward. With a bang, he fell to the ground, unable to stand up again.

Zhang Ruochen had not killed Dragon Three, but he had bashed him up.

Standing in the Coliseum, Zhang Ruochen held the Divine Dragon Bone as he said lightly, “Where are the Law Enforcement Palace disciples? Hurry to bind him down and put him into the prison.”

As one of the 72 Palaces, the Law Enforcement Palace was responsible for maintaining the order of the Sword Technique Conference. And Shentai City was currently full of Law Enforcement Palace disciples.

Upon hearing Zhang Ruochen’s words, two groups of Law Enforcement Palace disciples immediately rushed at Dragon Three.

Lin Yue was now on par with the common Half-Saint forefathers in the Yin and Yang Sect. Therefore, they would naturally obey his order.

Dragon Three had been too arrogant and dared to claim that nobody in the Eastern Region could fight him. Therefore, the Law Enforcement Palace disciples could not stand him anymore.

Since Elder Brother Lin Yue had knocked him down, they only needed to put him into the prison.

“How could he be so arrogant?”

“Who dares to deal with him without my permission?”

Captain Rat’s eyes lit up as he bellowed.

His voice contained a strong soundwave power that was like water waves, which surged up to the two groups of Law Enforcement Palace disciples.

Conceivably, if they were hit by the sound wave, their bodies would definitely explode and turn into bloody mist.

“Swoosh!”

Zhang Ruochen swung his sword and hurled out a 33-meter-long Sword Qi, which cut off the powerful sound wave.

Subsequently, he looked at Captain Rat as he said, “Since Dragon Three has signed the Life and Death Contract with me and lost to me, he should naturally be at my disposal. What? Do you want to disturb the order?”

Captain Rat pinched his hands into claws and looked very angry. However, he said with a chuckle, “Little boy, even so, do you think you can catch me?”

Captain Rat’s cultivation was unfathomable.

By only using some of his strength, he had beaten up a Saintly Being from the Eastern Region until he could not move.

Most of the monks from the Eastern Region present had incurred psychological trauma and were afraid of Captain Rat.

Lin Yue’s cultivation was profound, but everybody was still worried about him because if he fought Captain Rat, they thought he could not win.

Blackie’s voice came out from the Yin Yang Wooden Graph and rang in Zhang Ruochen’s ears. He looked pretty excited as he said, “I really didn’t expect that I could meet a Devil Rat after 100,000 years. Zhang Ruochen, I will come out of the Scroll World and catch it by myself.”

Blackie was a cat, but he was not reliable. Zhang Ruochen did not think he was able to catch Captain Rat.

Furthermore, many people knew that Blackie was Zhang Ruochen’s cat. If he ran out at this time, more people would be suspicious of “Lin Yue”.

Zhang Ruochen suppressed the Yin Yang Wooden Graph and stared at Captain Rat. He calmly said, "If you dare to strike out at me, I'll surely put you down."

All the monks from the Eastern Region started to get really excited.

Lin Yue was so confident. Perhaps he was sure that he could defeat Captain Rat, the head of the 36 Palace-keeping Beast Guardians.

If he could really do that, he would immediately be well-known in the world. He would be as famous as Demon Son "Ouyang Huan", Young City Governor of Fragrance City "Xue Wuye", and so on.

Captain Rat grinned and ground his teeth as he said, "Since you want to die, I'll fulfill your wish."

Snake Two chuckled and went past Ouyang Huan. She reached out a snow-white and delicate hand to press on Captain Rat's wrist. She said in a sweet and girlish voice, "Eldest Brother, you don't need to deal with him personally. Since he is a master in the Tao of the Sword, it's more appropriate for me to battle him."

Snake Two was "White Snake with Saint Heart" and also an Archean survivor.

Archean survivors had Archean Mythical Beast Blood, so they were comparable to the monks who could create the Chord of the Gods.

Some weaker Archean survivors could only contend with the monks who had created the Chord of the Gods one time.

However, some freakish Archean survivors could battle with the human monks who had created the Chord of the Gods three or four times.

The physical quality of Archean survivors was really strong.

Even the weakest Archean survivors were comparable to Saintly Beings.

In the Archean Times, the Archean race was the dominator of Kunlun's Field.

However, the Archean race's fertility was very poor, so they became rarer and rarer. Meanwhile, their development was quite difficult. Therefore, they gradually stepped off of the stage of history. Humans who had strong fertility became the dominators of Kunlun's Field.

Now, it was very difficult to find an Archean survivor.

Snake Two transformed into a human. She looked 18 or 19 years old, with a pointed chin and snow-white skin. She was very graceful and had great posture, especially her waist beneath the white clothes, which was slender and smooth. A man could feel its amazing toughness just by looking at it.

She could rank second among the 36 Palace-keeping Beast Guardians. This indicated that she was stronger than Dragon Three. She was absolutely ferocious.

Captain Rat looked at Snake Two and laughed lewdly. He blinked his eyes and said with a smile, "Since Second Sister wants to fight, I won't object. However, this little boy is not weak, so you must be careful."

As he was speaking, Captain Rat became restless. He reached out his hand to touch Snake Two's wrist.

"Swoosh!"

With a grin, Snake Two displayed some unknown technique that made her arms appear to be boneless. As a series of phantoms appeared, she withdrew her arms.

Captain Rat had not touched her wrist using his cultivation.

"Swoosh!"

She moved at light speed.

Before many monks could even react, Snake Two appeared in the Coliseum.

Her palm sent out a bright light. As the light became stronger, a white Snake-shaped Sword appeared.

"Swoosh!"

The Snake-shaped Sword was obviously an amazing Hundred Inscriptions Weapon. From the surface of its blade, 884

inscriptions rushed out. Being merely held in her hand, they emanated powerful Sword Qi.

Centered on the Snake-shaped Sword, a Sword Qi domain covering more than half of the Coliseum gradually emerged. Hundreds of Sword Qi streaks were suspended in the domain and flew around Snake Two.

Captain Rat stood beside Ouyang Huan and stared at the two people in the Coliseum. He ceased his evil laughter and became solemn. "Lin Yue has profound cultivation. Even if I fight him, I'm not sure I can win. I doubt that Snake Two is able to defeat him."

Ouyang Huan gently touched the pterosaur in his arms and said faintly, "Snake Two's Tao of the Sword and Spiritual Power have hit a plateau. Confronting an evenly matched master like Lin Yue, she will gain a lot of benefits. Perhaps she will have a breakthrough before the Sword Technique Conference."

Obviously, Zhang Ruochen had proved his strength after defeating Dragon Three. So, Ouyang Huan and Captain Rat started to attach importance to him.

Chapter 727 - The Battle with Snake Two

Translator:

Transn

Editor:

Transn

The Saint guarding Shentai City was Saint Lingding from the Law Enforcement Palace. His real name was Luo Lingding.

Saint Lingding stood on the balcony of the Array Tower, in the center of Shentai City. Dressed in a Taoist robe, he emanated a holy white light. His hands were behind his back and his eyes were fixed on Zhang Ruochen and Snake Two on top of the Coliseum.

Behind him were three other Half-Saints from the Law Enforcement Palace: Kongyu, Kongling and Kongche.

“The Demonic Sect is too impudent. How dare they be so presumptuous on the Yin and Yang Sect’s territory.” The slightly stout Half-saint Kongyu snorted angrily.

Half-saint Kongling looked quite worried. “Snake Two is an archaean survivor, a White Snake with a Saint Heart. The blood of a Mythical Beast courses through her body. She’s very strong in both her Tao of the sword and Spiritual Power.

“We heard that Snake Two fought a first-level Half-Saint from the imperial court on her way here. They exchanged several hundred moves and she wasn’t defeated.”

Half-saint Kongling continued, “Lin Yue is going to represent the Yin and Yang Sect in the upcoming Sword Technique Conference. If something untoward happens to him, how are we going to answer to the sword saint or our Master?”

Saint Lingding nodded. “Lin Yue’s cultivation is still at the Seventh Change of the Fish-Dragon Realm. But Snake Two is

almost a Half-Saint. He has a long way to go before he can match her. Kongling, stop their fight and tell the people from the Demonic Sect we'll kill them if they try anything rash."

"Yes, Sir."

Kongling stood up and was about to go over to the Coliseum.

"Hold on a minute."

A sweet female voice rang out in the distance. It crept expansively into the ears of Saint Lingding and the other three Half-Saints.

A beam of white light hovered in the sky from afar, stopping just above the Array Tower. It condensed into the Saint Lady's form.

"Our respects to Your Excellency the Saint Lady."

Standing in a row, the three Half-Saints bowed together and paid their respects to the Saint Lady, looking most reverent.

Saint Lingding wrinkled his brows and asked, "What do you mean, Your Excellency?"

The Saint Lady was in a white Confucian scholar costume, dressed like a man. She looked dashing. She was smiling sunnily. "Saint Lingding, I'm sorry but this is what I meant: I'm quite confident in Lin Yue's abilities. He can certainly rival Snake Two."

The Saint Lady spoke to him as a junior. Saint Lingding uncreased his brows, feeling quite satisfied. After all, her cultivation and status were above his. To address him as her senior was showing him the greatest respect.

Half-Saint Lingding said, "Lin Yue is certainly very powerful. But his cultivation is only at the Seventh Change of the Fish-Dragon Realm. I'm worried he will meet with mishap. Your Excellency must be quite aware of his importance to our Sect."

The Saint Lady smiled faintly and glanced at Lin Yue. "If Lin Yue can defeat Snake Two while still at the Seventh Change of the Fish-Dragon Realm, his potential must be immense!"

The fact that the Saint Lady predicted a bright future for Lin Yue was good news for the Yin and Yang Sect.

Saint Lingding's heart skipped a beat. He suddenly realized how highly the Saint Lady thought of Lin Yue, coming in person to watch him fight.

“Is the Saint Lady... choosing Lin Yue as an Heir to Kunlun's Field? Is this showdown with Snake Two his final test?”

Saint Lingding wondered to himself.

An Heir of Kunlun's Field implied much for the Sect. It meant that the Yin and Yang Sect would stand in the Field without harassment for the next 1,000 years.

“Lin Yue, bring credit to our Sect! Even if you can't beat Snake Two, you must not lose.”

Saint Lingding inhaled a deep breath and his eyes turned solemn.

He had to make Saint Lady value Lin Yue even more no matter what.

Snake Two and Zhang Ruochen faced each other in the Coliseum. Although they had not started fighting, they were already pitting their Sword Qi domains against each other.

Their Sword Qis were streaking out, clashing and dissipating at the same time. Minute distortions could be felt in the air.

“You're only an archaean survivor, yet you've mastered all ten realms of Sword One to the Completion. You are indeed a remarkable White Snake with a Saint Heart,” Zhang Ruochen said.

Although they had yet to fight, Zhang Ruochen could feel her powerful Tao of the sword. She had definitely mastered all ten levels of Sword One to the Completion. She might have even mastered several levels of Sword Two.

In the last 1,000 years, only a few dozen people had mastered all ten levels of Sword One while still in the Fish-Dragon realm. They had all become sword heroes.

A sword hero in the Fish-Dragon Realm could easily be called a genius in the Tao of the sword.

Snake Two flashed her gleaming white teeth. “That being the case, let’s pit our Tao of the sword and see who is better.”

As she said the first word, she was still standing in the distance.

As she uttered the last word, she had already appeared behind Zhang Ruochen. Raising her serpent-shaped Holy Sword noiselessly, she aimed a slash at his throat.

Snake Two was as quick as a first-level Half-Saint.

Had her opponent been a Saintly Being at the Ninth Change of the Fish-Dragon Realm, she could have chopped his head off before he even noticed anything.

Zhang Ruochen stood where he was without flinching. He raised his sword and stabbed toward her chest.

It was a well calculated move!

If Snake Two chopped Zhang Ruochen’s head off, his sword would pierce through her body.

“SWOOSH!”

Snake Two naturally did not want to die with Zhang Ruochen. She frowned slightly and ducked to her right. She drew a long sword arc and struck at his abdomen.

Zhang Ruochen reacted with lightning speed, almost as fast as Snake Two.

He flicked his sword upward. Its tip nearly struck her in the neck, forcing her back.

“Swish swish!”

Zhang Ruochen and Snake Two were fighting briskly. Within a period of three breaths, they had exchanged over a hundred moves. Yet their swords never clashed. They looked like they were merely displaying their sword techniques in an exhibition.

As a matter of fact, every killer move Snake Two made was repelled by Zhang Ruochen. She was forced to change.

Only a few of the Monks below could make out their forms. Many Monks, including superiors at the Ninth Change of the Fish-Dragon Realm, could see only streaking shadows. They could not discern their sword moves.

There was still a large gap between different practitioners at the Ninth Change of the Fish-Dragon Realm.

Captain Rat rubbed his chin with his hand and watched intently. “Lin Yue’s Tao of the sword has reached a far higher level than Snake Two’s. If they keep pitting their skills in the sword, she’ll lose.”

Ouyang Huan replied, “I’m sure she realizes this. She probably won’t fight him using sword techniques, she’ll try to crush him with her superior cultivation instead.”

Snake Two had already stepped into the Half-Saint realm. Her cultivation certainly exceeded Lin Yue’s.

Ouyang Huan’s eyes were solemn. Even Snake Two needed to use her powerful cultivation to suppress Lin Yue, a Monk at the Seventh Change of the Fish-Dragon Realm.

If Lin Yue were to attain the Ninth Change, how powerful would he be?

As predicted, Snake Two decided not to contend against Zhang Ruochen in the Tao of the sword. Instead, she mobilized all the Holy Qi within her body. An ancient Saint Power, peculiar to an archaean survivor, surged out from her.

“SWOOSH!”

Her ancient Saint Power condensed into a Dharma Laksana. A white snake as thick as a water bucket was coiling in the middle of the Coliseum. Its immense power was overbearing.

The Dharma Laksana of an archaean survival was even more powerful than a Saintly Being’s.

Zhang Ruochen felt as if a dozen mountains were weighing on his shoulders. They suppressed his power and speed, making it difficult for him to mobilize his Holy Qi.

Snake Two giggled coquettishly. “I agree that your Tao of the sword is very strong. But your cultivation is still a bit lacking.”

“Oh, is that so?” Zhang Ruochen said, not wanting to admit defeat.

“SWOOSH!”

The Snake-shaped Sword in her hand glittered with brilliance. 884 inscriptions hovered on its surface and enveloped the 100-meter Coliseum in a white spherical light. The power of the Holy Weapon blazed out and started to consume Zhang Ruochen, as if trying to destroy everything under the sun.

Even Ao Xinyan’s Bluewater Dragon Patterned Sword only had 650 inscriptions. Snake Two’s Snake-shaped Sword was of a higher class. Consequently, its power was even more terrifying.

“Oh no! Snake Two has such a powerful Holy Sword. Her cultivation is also very strong. I’m afraid Lin Yue will lose.”

Ao Xinyan pursed her lips tightly. Standing below the Coliseum, she could feel the immense power emanating from Snake Two’s Holy Sword. Yet if Lin Yue was really the Group Leader, he would never lose, no matter who his enemy was.

“An archaean survivor with a Dharma Laksana! She’s even more powerful than a Saintly Being. Will Lin Yue be able to ward off her attack?”

“He has no advantage in his weapon or his cultivation. How can he fight her?”

...

If he could make use of the Space Domain, Zhang Ruochen would not be affected by Snake Two’s Dharma Laksana.

However, there were Saints everywhere in Shentai City. Many Saints were likely watching this match in secret. If he utilized the Space Domain, his identity would be exposed.

“If I could cultivate a Four-spirit Treasured Body, I would be able to mobilize the five elements and display an incomplete Five Elements Laksana. Even an incomplete Five Elements

Laksana would be more powerful than hers. Then I would be able to suppress her.”

Zhang Ruochen had already reached the Seventh Change of the Fish-Dragon Realm. It was very likely that he could cultivate a Four-spirit Treasured Body in time for the upcoming Sword Technique Conference.

Once he had cultivated a Four-spirit Treasured Body, his overall strength would improve a great deal.

Of course, he could still strike back, even though he had not cultivated a Four-spirit Treasured Body.

He mobilized his Holy Qi and injected it into the Shooting Star Invisible Cloak, releasing its dormant power. The burden on his shoulders immediately lightened.

Then he activated the inscriptions on the Bluewater Dragon Patterned Sword. He took the initiative and attacked Snake Two. The speed he displayed was even faster than before.

“Impossible!”

A look of disbelief shone in Snake Two’s eyes. She found it incredible that Lin Yue could move about so easily even when weighed down by her Dharma Laksana.

“Sword One!”

Zhang Ruochen’s body almost completely merged with his sword. He transformed into a beam of light. He tore away at Snake Two’s Dharma Laksana and aimed a direct stab between her brows.

Chapter 728 - Shape of Dragon and Snake

Translator:

Transn

Editor:

Transn

“Swoosh!”

Snake Two’s body, like a white snake shadow, seemed quite unreal. The Bluewater Dragon Patterned Sword didn’t pierce her head. Instead, she wrapped her slim and tender body around the sword and quickly approached Zhang Ruochen.

Even though the sword continuously ejected strong Sword Qi, it didn’t hurt her at all.

“Snake Phantom Move.”

This was a superior class Ghost Level martial technique, suitable for melee. It allowed fighters to move like a dragon and sneak and change their combat techniques like a ghost, making them omnipresent and invincible.

Monks of the Fish-Dragon Realm, who could practice one set of superior class Ghost Level martial techniques and reach Big Success were considered outstanding talents.

This was true even for first level Half-Saints—if their martial techniques could reach the superior class of the Ghost Level, they would become superiors among their peers.

Saintly Beings in the Ninth Change in the Fish-dragon Realm who could practice superior class Ghost level martial techniques would be able to compete with some inferior first level Half-Saints.

Moreover, the Snake Phantom Move practiced by Snake Two was a type of superior class Ghost Level martial technique that

was more difficult to practice compared to other ordinary techniques. Furthermore, in combat, the smart bodily movements and martial techniques gave fighters overwhelming advantages.

In other words, the Snake Phantom Move enabled Snake Two to stand among the top masters in the Ninth Change in the Fish-dragon Realm.

Snake Two giggled before condensing Holy Qi into a Snake-shaped Sword. She thrust at Zhang Ruochen with her sword, aiming for his heart.

Confronted with such a smart and weird bodily movement, even Zhang Ruochen couldn't dodge. As her holy sword got closer and closer, Zhang Ruochen injected all of his Holy Qi into the Shooting Star Invisible Cloak.

“BOOM!”

The Snake-shaped Sword hit Zhang Ruochen on the left side of his chest and collided with the holy lights flowing above the Shooting Star Invisible Cloak, immediately creating Holy Qi ripples.

Though the Shooting Star Invisible Cloak blocked 90 percent of the sword power, the remaining 10 percent broke through the cloak and hit Zhang Ruochen.

Zhang Ruochen instantly felt pain in his heart. His whole body became numb as if his body was going to shatter. He slid about 30 meters backward before he managed to lower his body to keep himself steady.

Suddenly, everyone in the Coliseum became extremely silent. Many of them saw Snake Two's sword stab Lin Yue on the left side of his chest.

The heart was the most vulnerable part of a monk.

Lin Yue's heart had been hit by the powerful strike of a master like Snake Two. How could he survive?

“Im...possible...”

Mu Lingxi's eyes became watery. She gripped her hands, worried about Zhang Ruochen's safety. She rushed toward the

Coliseum, ignoring her identity as a Demonic Saintess.

“Swoosh!”

Captain Rat saw Mu Lingxi approaching the Coliseum. He muttered before performing his bodily movement and rushing toward her like a flash of light to block her way.

He grinned wickedly. “Lady Saint from the Mu family, where are you going?”

As his lustful eyes stared at Mu Lingxi’s gorgeous, heavenly face, Captain Rat touched the beard on his chin.

Mu Lingxi was extremely beautiful. It was not an exaggeration to call her the most beautiful woman in the Eastern Region. As an amorous man, Captain Rat longed for her.

“None of your business.”

Mu Lingxi snorted, with her eyes full of disdain.

Although Mu Lingxi was not afraid of Captain Rat, she had to admit that her cultivation was not high enough to compete with him.

With Captain Rat standing in her way, Mu Lingxi couldn’t get close to the Coliseum

Nearby, Ouyang Huan had noticed Mu Lingxi’s abnormal behavior. He looked at Lin Yue who was standing on the Coliseum, and his sharp eyes suggested that he was pondering.

The relationship between the Lady Saint of Mu family and Lin Yue seemed quite unusual.

On the Coliseum.

“Swoosh!”

Snake Two’s blurry shadows overlapped with each other and condensed into her true body. She stared at Zhang Ruochen and smiled. “You actually forced me to use the Snake Phantom Move. Even if you die, it will be an honorable death for you.”

Then, she walked toward Zhang Ruocheng to retrieve the divine dragon bone.

“I’m afraid, it’s not that easy to kill me.”

Zhang Ruochen, who was crouching on the ground, suddenly raised his head. He slowly stood up while rubbing the left side of his chest with his palm.

Then, he stared at Snake Two again. His Holy Qi gushed out like a fountain, indicating his unprecedented war intent.

Snake Two was stunned, she immediately took two steps backward and said, “How are you still able to stand up after my strike?”

Any other person would have died after being struck in the heart by Snake Two’s sword.

However, the Golden Dragon’s Golden Pearl that was inside Zhang Ruochen’s heart had blocked her sword Qi. He sustained no injury aside from the impeded circulation of blood and Holy Qi.

After a few moments of breath control, he was fully recovered.

Fortunately, Snake Two had thrust at Zhang Ruochen’s heart where there was the strongest protection. If she had aimed at other parts, he would have been seriously injured.

Seeing Zhang Ruochen stand up, everyone was relieved.

“Snake Two is powerful, but it seems that Lin Yue has techniques that he had not displayed until now. It’s impressive.”

“This fight is getting more and more interesting!”

...

“Phew!”

Zhang Ruochen raised his arm, threw out the Bluewater Dragon Patterned Sword and gave it back to Ao Xinyan.

Though the Bluewater Dragon Patterned Sword was powerful, it couldn’t compete with the one owned by Snake Two. Besides, the sword didn’t belong to Zhang Ruochen, so it didn’t give him the feeling of kinship. When he used it to perform sword techniques, it wasn’t handy.

It could be used to fight with average masters but not with a superior like Snake Two. Zhang Ruochen would definitely be

defeated if he used this sword.

Snake Two blinked her eyes and pouted her red lips before laughing. “Are you going to admit that you have lost this fight?”

“No, I won’t. I just couldn’t fully display my strength while using another person’s sword.” Zhang Ruochen said flatly.

Snake Two asked, “Does that mean you have a trump card that you haven’t used yet?”

Zhang Ruochen’s eyes became cold and sharp. His blood was running fast because of his war intent. He said in a low voice, “If you can execute a superior class Ghost Level martial technique, I can as well.”

Everyone’s eyes shone with surprise. It was hard to imagine that Lin Yue, who had only been famous for a few months, could practice a superior class Ghost Level martial technique.

“Is it even possible?”

Under public scrutiny, Zhang Ruochen released the invisible power of the Shooting Star Invisible Cloak. All of a sudden, he vanished.

Snake Two’s eyes narrowed. She released her powerful Spiritual Power and soon detected fluctuations of Holy Qi in the air.

The corner of her mouth curled up and she sneered. “What’s the use of being invisible? As long as you have qi waves on you, I can instantly pinpoint your location— Er— That’s—”

Suddenly, Snake Two’s face became sullen.

Surprisingly, a strong force was being emitted from Zhang Ruochen’s position, making her feel that some invisible power was pressing against her.

Chapter 729 - The Divine Dragon Transformation

Translator:

Transn

Editor:

Transn

“The Divine Dragon Transformation!”

Zhang Ruochen murmured to himself.

“HOWL!”

A dragon roar bellowed from the Coliseum. It reverberated throughout the entire Shentai City.

Zhang Ruochen tried his best to mobilize the power of the Dragon Pearl. His body kept expanding as dragon scales and claws emerged from his body, turning him into a golden dragon. He raised his golden claw to smack Snake Two in the head.

The Divine Dragon Transformation was a martial technique of the Ghost Level Superior class. By utilizing the power of the Dragon and Elephant Prajna Palm as well as the dragon Qi from his Golden Dragon Pearl, Zhang Ruochen could display this powerful technique.

He activated the Shooting Star Invisible Cloak. He was not trying to disguise his whereabouts but hiding the aura of his Golden Dragon Pearl. It was imperative that the Saints within Shentai City not detect its presence.

Snake Two could not see Zhang Ruochen’s body but she could feel a strong brutal energy crushing her, denting her Celestial Bodyshield.

“Sword One!”

She held her sword hilt in both hands. Mobilizing the full power of Sword One's Completion, she lunged out with a stab.

Her sword was like a white bow surging up into the horizon.

The power of Sword One was indeed very impressive. It was one of the most lethal moves in the Fish-Dragon Realm.

The Divine Dragon Transformation, however, was one of the supreme techniques of the Ghost Level Superior class, almost matching a King's Stage technique. It was not a move she could counter.

With a loud crash, Zhang Ruochen's dragon claw broke through and shattered her Celestial Bodyshield and the Dharma Laksana. It clashed with her Snake-shaped Sword, sending her flying back.

Zhang Ruochen had suppressed her power. Even though she had executed the extraordinarily powerful Sword One, she could not counter his Divine Dragon Transformation attack.

Zhang Ruochen kept striking with his claws, hitting out 27 times in a row.

BOOM!

BOOM!

...

Each claw contained boundless power, comparable to a first-level Half-Saint's all-out strike. Snake Two kept backing away, coughing out blood.

Even though Snake Two was displaying the Snake Phantom Move, she found it impossible to dodge his strikes.

"How terrible is Lin Yue's power! Snake Two has no way to counter his moves! What made him so strong all of a sudden?"

"Why do I smell a faint dragon Qi? Did Lin Yue mobilize the power of the Divine Dragon Bone?"

"How could that be? Lin Yue isn't from the Dragon tribe. It's impossible for someone outside the tribe to refine a Divine Dragon Bone! Besides, even if he was, there hasn't been enough time to do that."

At the top of the Array Tower, the Saint Lady looked perplexed as well.

She too could feel his dragon Qi emanating from the Coliseum. Yet the aura was disguised by his Shooting Star Invisible Cloak. It left her trying to figure out what it was.

“So Lin Yue has a trump card. No wonder he dares to fight one of the top four masters from the Demonic Sect alone

.” Her lips curved into a faint smile.

She suddenly felt that Lin Yue had taken on an even more mysterious air.

Saint Lingding was afraid that the Saint Lady would misunderstand Lin Yue. He quickly explained. “Lin Yue must be displaying a martial technique of the Ghost Level Superior class. He has undergone some miraculous encounters. I suppose he must have imbibed a Dragon Pearl and mastered this remarkable skill.”

The Divine Dragon Transformation was a martial technique that could nearly rival a King’s Stage technique. Even Half-Saints found it difficult to counter. It was really quite an achievement for a Monk in the Fish-Dragon Realm to master this skill.

Of course, the Saint Lady could tell that Lin Yue was executing the Divine Dragon Transformation technique. Hearing Saint Lingding’s words, she kept quiet, smiling faintly. No one could guess what was going through her mind.

Ao Xinyan could also sense the dragon Qi. She instantly recognized it as the aura of a Divine Dragon Transformation practitioner.

How could such a coincidence occur?

She could now confirm with a 90% certainty that Lin Yue was actually Zhang Ruochen.

Everyone in the world thought he was dead. No one had expected him to hide within the Yin and Yang Sect under a new guise. He mastered everything with so much poise that it was almost unbelievable.

Ao Xinyan assumed that it must be difficult for Zhang Rouchen to keep his identity a secret.

Yet if he was still alive, how could he not have let her know?

Ao Xinyan had given her first kiss to Zhang Rouchen. She certainly harbored feelings for this man who had saved her life many times. Yet she was not entirely aware of her true feelings herself.

Because of this, she looked quite upset. Now that she knew he wasn't dead, she bit her lip and stared at him resentfully. She was more than a little annoyed.

Inside the Coliseum, Zhang Rouchen was forcing Snake Two back with a series of strikes. She could not counter him at all.

“Brother Lin Yue is unbeatable in combat. The top fighter from the Demonic Sect can't even withstand a single strike!”

“An archaean survivor is only so-so. She can't beat the human talents from the Eastern Region.”

Countless voices were cheering. The Monks from the Eastern Region were eager and enthusiastic. If Lin Yue could defeat Snake Two, he would crush the conceit and morale of the Monks from the Central Region, now that he had beaten two in a row.

Snake Two snorted coldly and steadied herself. “Your true abilities are certainly quite strong. Looks like I need to go all out to beat you.”

“Swoosh!”

She mobilized all of her Spiritual Power. A dazzling white light emerged and hovered in front of her chest. Her body seemed to contain a cold, scintillating star. Its power swept across the entire Coliseum.

It was her Saint Heart.

Snake Two's Saint Heart had been in her White Snake body from birth. It was very different from a Saint Heart cultivated by a Psychic Sage.

One can be sure about one thing: a White Snake with a Saint Heart could reach the realm of a Psychic Sage more easily than most Spiritual Power “geniuses”.

Snake Two’s Spiritual Power had reached the Peak of level 44. After mobilizing her Saint Heart, her Spiritual Power immediately soared to level 45.

A Spiritual Power at level 45—the equivalent of a Spiritual Half-Saint.

As her Spiritual Power soared, she began manipulating her water-nature power.

Thick, dull-gray clouds began to condense in the sky for an area covering 500 kilometers. The air surrounding Shentai City became dreary and oppressive.

“Rumble!”

She flicked her fingers slightly and a downpour began at once. Heavy rain pelted the streets and alleys within Shentai City.

“Snake Two is a master in the Tao of the Sword, but her Spiritual Power is even more terrifying. Has she reached the realm of a Spiritual Half-Saint?” Half-saint Kongling was quite astonished.

Saint Lingding answered him. “It’s not easy to become a Spiritual Half-Saint. Snake Two is an archaic survivor, a White Snake with a Saint Heart. She must have used her Saint Heart to elevate her Spiritual Power to a Half-Saint realm for a short period of time. But even a temporal Half-Saint can amass terrifying powers.”

Then he sighed. “Now it seems certain Lin Yue will be defeated.”

Even a first-level Half-Saint would be in deep trouble coming face to face with a Spiritual Half-Saint.

Let alone Lin Yue at the Seventh Change of the Fish-Dragon Realm.

The Saint Lady nodded quietly as well. “Actually, Lin Yue has great Spiritual Power too. But he doesn’t have Snake Two’s innate advantages. It will be quite natural for him to taste

defeat. As a Monk at the Seventh Change of the Fish-Dragon Realm, it is already quite an achievement to force her to use her Saint Heart. If he breaks into the Eighth Change, he will certainly be able to defeat her.”

Even the Saint Lady with her unwavering confidence in Lin Yue had to admit that he was still no match for Snake Two.

The innate advantage of an archaean survivor could not be matched by a human being.

However, she knew that Lin Yue had a secret trump card. If he made use of it, he might turn the tables and beat Snake Two. Just like Snake Two was using her Saint Heart, Lin Yue could draw on power from an external source as well.

Chapter 730 - The Chess Game

Translator:

Transn

Editor:

Transn

Manipulated by Snake Two's Spiritual Power, the Heaven and Earth Spiritual Qi shook violently for 500 meters. There was a torrential downpour.

“Thousand Kilometers Flooding.”

Snake Two was casting a very powerful, fourth-level water-nature spell. She had also integrated her Sword Comprehension into her Spiritual Power. These two powers now merged into one.

The raindrops unleashed by the heavens suddenly stopped falling. They had frozen into ice swords and were now whizzing loudly in the direction of the Coliseum.

“Break!”

She pushed her palms out. Thousands of ice swords condensed into a 100-meter long sword river. Like a dense swarm of locusts, the swords soared toward Zhang Ruochen.

All the Monks in Shentai City felt a sense of suffocation.

They knew that what she projected exceeded what a Monk in the Fish-Dragon Realm could do. It had the mighty aggression of a Half-Saint's strike.

It was impossible to withstand her crushing power, even as a Monk who had cultivated the Divine Dragon Transformation.

Everyone was certain that Lin Yue would lose the fight.

He stopped executing the Divine Dragon Transformation and instead revealed his original form. He stood in the northeast corner of the Coliseum, one hand gripping the Thunder Pearl, the other holding the black chess piece bestowed to him by the Saint Lady. He started to mobilize the vast Spiritual Power inside.

Snake Two could make use of her Spiritual Power to attack. So could Zhang Ruochen.

In fact, he could have easily broken Snake Two's spell with the Void Sword, without having to recourse to the Saint Lady's Spiritual Power at all.

The Vessel Spirit in the Void Sword had been partially awakened in the Deceased God Cemetery.

Although the sword was not fully revived, it could release the power of a Thousand Inscriptions Weapon if he mobilized it to the max. It was now even stronger than the Bluewater Dragon Patterned Sword or Snake Two's Snake-shaped Sword.

However, the Void Sword was too famous. It would cause endless trouble for him if he displayed it.

He decided to keep it as a trump card. He could make use of it during the Sword Technique Conference. It was not wise to reveal all his trump cards now.

He had already revealed too much in this battle. He was certain that all the Saints would soon be investigating him.

Making use of the Saint Lady's Spiritual Power was a means of showing off his backing. He needed to deliver a message to the older Saints who were watching him in secret.

The Saint Lady's influence would certainly suppress many who were against him.

“Ch-ch!”

He continued to draw Spiritual Power out from the chess piece and inject it into his Thunder Pearl. 99 lightning dragons, each the thickness of a bowl, soared directly out toward the heavens.

“Lightning Fire Vortex!”

The power of flaming thunderbolts poured out from the 99 lightning dragons. They formed a gigantic vortex with a 300-meter diameter that swirled incessantly and shattered all the ice swords that were soaring toward it.

Zhang Ruochen let out a low roar and pushed his palms forward. The Lightning Fire Vortex immediately repressed Snake Two's power.

The power of the Lightning Fire Vortex made all the Monks present shiver with fear. They felt like leaves that could be ripped apart at any time by the vortex.

Within Shentai City, a red-skinned elder was standing far away from the Coliseum and casting his somber eyes on Zhang Ruochen.

His eyes finally settled on the chess piece in Zhang Ruochen's hand. He looked truly surprised.

The red-skinned elder gave a laugh like a crow's caw. In his raspy voice, he said, "So he is making use of the Saint Lady's Spiritual Power. Looks like Lin Yue enjoys a close relationship with her. Is he one of her nine designated Kunlun Heirs?"

If Lin Yue became one of the Nine Kunlun Heirs, no one would dare to offend him from now onward.

All the Saints within Kunlun's Field knew that Empress Chi Yao had selected her Nine Heirs to develop them into the Nine Emperors of a new era. She would employ every resource within the Field to achieve that goal.

Who had the courage to offend a future Emperor of Kunlun's Field?

Even Saint Lingding and the three Half-Saints from the Law Enforcement Palace standing on the top story of the Array Tower looked astonished. All of them turned to look at the Saint Lady.

Only now did they realize that Lin Yue was acquainted with her. Their relationship must be quite close.

Otherwise, how could Lin Yue have gotten hold of her chess piece and be manipulating her Spiritual Power with it?

It was said that the Saint Lady was very accomplished in the game of chess. She had had the Prime Minister of the First Central Empire, Wang Shiqi, as her teacher. She had spent seven years under him and easily attained the Saint realm in the art after that.

There were even rumors that the Saint Lady was engaged in an unfinished “Chess Game”, planned by Wang Shiqi.

This so-called Chess Game was actually a ploy by Wang Shiqi to manage the state.

He saw the entire Kunlun’s Field as a massive chessboard, and the various forces and Saints throughout its Five Regions as chess pieces. He used this Game to manage the state affairs of the First Central Empire.

Wang Shiqi used the Chess Game to help the Empress control Kunlun’s Field, keeping the balance of power within the realm intact. They made use of all the resources available, turning Kunlun’s Field into an even more prosperous and peaceful place than before. Martial Arts thrived everywhere, and the world was as one.

His influence and power made him the Empress’s preeminent subordinate.

The Saint Lady was now engaged in the Game on Wang Shiqi’s behalf. It was quite clear to everyone that she was primed to succeed him as the next Prime Minister of the Empire.

Therefore, anyone who earned a chess piece from the Saint Lady would hold much significance. That person was a chess piece in the Game.

Kunlun’s Field was a massive realm, but a chessboard was very small.

Each piece on the board contained an enormous amount of energy. A small positional change of one piece would send half of Kunlun’s Field into great turmoil.

All the previous holders were at least ninth-level Half-Saints.

Lin Yue had received a chess piece while he was still in the Fish-Dragon Realm. It made many people wonder if he possessed that much energy.

Unless she had already designated him as one of the nine Kunlun Heirs.

That was the only possibility.

Of course, this so-called Chess Game was a mere rumor. No one could ascertain its veracity. After all, to set up a game where all the Saints were chess pieces would be beyond the power of humanity.

Even if Wang Shiqi's cultivation was otherworldly, it would be near impossible for him to set up such a game.

Saint Lingding was elated. He quickly sent news back to Tai Qing Palace, to report the matter to the Master of the Yin and Yang Sect at the earliest opportunity. If Lin Yue became an Heir, the Sect would enjoy boundless advantages.

The Saint Lady however, remained very calm, smiling faintly. She had given him the chess piece merely to counter the Qi Family Half-Saint who was after their lives.

Only later had Zhang Ruochen revealed his extraordinary talents. She had thus given him the chess piece.

“After its last use, the Spiritual Power must be almost depleted by now,”

she said to herself.

“He really is my Great Guardian.”

The Red Wish Emissary's bewitching eyes were glaring at Lin Yue from across the Coliseum. She had a grudging look upon her face.

When she had been vying with Di Yi for the position of the young master, a mysterious man had secretly helped her. She had made him her Great Guardian.

Unfortunately, after the last battle when the Great Guardian killed Di Yi, he seemed to have vanished from the face of the earth.

The Red Wish Emissary had sent many evil cultivators to search him out. They'd spent almost a year but failed to trace his whereabouts. Everyone believed that he had met with mishap.

It was only after coming to the Yin and Yang Sect that the Red Wish Emissary heard of Lin Yue and his deeds. She began to suspect that he must be her erstwhile Great Guardian.

The Dark Blue Emissary had been killed by the joint efforts of the Red Wish Emissary and her Great Guardian.

After her Great Guardian took away the body, rumors started circulating that the Dark Blue Emissary had been killed by Lin Yue, a Yin and Yang Sect disciple.

After seeing Lin Yue take out his Thunder Pearl and strike with his Spiritual Power, the Red Wish Emissary was now certain that the Great Guardian she was trying to trace was this favored son from the Yin and Yang Sect.

“What a hateful man. If you hadn't gone away, if you had remained as my Great Guardian, I'd be able to take care of that slut, Murong Yue, easily.”

The Red Wish Emissary bared her white teeth. She bit her lip lightly, looking very aggrieved.

Although Di Yi had died, the Orange Star Emissary, Murong Yue, had stepped forward instead. She was now vying for the position of young master with her.

The Black Market Excellence Hall had turned into a battlefield with two Emissaries vying for one position. Their cultivations and the forces supporting them were almost on a par. Neither person could beat the other.

It was because of this that the Red Wish Emissary missed her Great Guardian greatly. She missed his strategies and careful planning, the reason she'd defeated the more powerful Di Yi.

The Great Guardian could have enjoyed great wealth and prestige with her. The man, however, was a disciple of the Yin and Yang Sect. The Red Wish Emissary was most disappointed.

Such a favored son like Lin Yue would not be controlled by her, even had she wanted to.

The future was uncertain. She did not know if Lin Yue would become a friend or a foe.

The Red Wish Emissary had immense power. She had many top fighters under her. Even though she did not have as many as Di Yi before her, she still controlled half of the Black Market's superiors.

The Red Wish Emissary enjoyed such esteem that every day, countless talents would seek refuge under her.

Lin Yue was neither one too many, nor one too few.

Even without his help, the Red Wish Emissary was confident that she would be able to defeat the Orange Star Emissary soon. She would soon occupy the eminent position—the Black Market Excellence Hall's young master.

At this moment, the Orange Star Emissary also identified Zhang Ruochen.

“So His Royal Highness has taken the guise of Lin Yue and is hiding within the Yin and Yin Sect.”

A brilliant light glimmered in her eyes.

One had to admit that Zhang Ruochen and Snake One's battle had stretched his limit to the maximum. He had revealed so many secrets; the only thing he didn't reveal was his power to manipulate time and space. A few who knew him well could now identify him.

Even Huang Yanchen pursed her lips tightly. A look of suspicion shone in her eyes. She seemed to find this Lin Yue quite familiar.

Chapter 731 - Holy Aura

Translator:

Transn

Editor:

Transn

Zhang Ruochen was able to bring the Lightning Fire Vortex under control by using the wealth of Spiritual Power in the chess piece to utterly defeat all the ice swords.

Snake Two was swept into the heart of the Lightning Fire Vortex. Ninety-nine thunderbolts as thick as the rim of a bowl came down upon her.

“Rumble!”

Even though Snake Two had a powerful physical quality and was carrying an amulet treasure for protection, it was eventually penetrated by a thunderbolt. She shrieked in agony as her entire body was burned black.

It was almost impossible to imagine the power of the Lightning Fire Vortex. If not for the array surrounding the Coliseum, everyone in Shentai City would have been killed and the entire city would have turned to ruins.

The power of the thunderbolt struck Snake Two and turned her back to her original form. Back to being an enormous White Snake with Saint Heart, it was attacked continuously while suspended within the vortex.

“Lad, are you not going to stop now?”

Captain Rat wore a hideous expression as he leaped up onto the Coliseum. Stretching out razor-sharp claws, he attacked Zhang Ruochen with lightning speed.

Zhang Ruochen controlled the Shooting Star Invisible Cloak and quickly moved to the right, barely dodging Captain Rat’s attack.

“He’s lost almost all his strength to fight.”

Zhang Ruochen glanced at Snake Two, who was in the middle of the Lightning Fire Vortex. He immediately withdrew his Spiritual Power.

The Lightning Fire Vortex tore at once and broke into streaks of tiny electric sparks before eventually disappearing into the air.

With a boom, the three-hundred-odd-meter White Snake with Saint Heart fell from the sky and landed on the ground, causing the ground to shake for a moment.

Its body emitted black smoke, a lot of its scales had fallen off, and its flesh was burnt black.

Ouyang Huan went over and ascended the Coliseum. He stood next to the White Snake with Saint Heart and popped a high-class healing pill into its mouth.

Then, he stretched out a palm and injected his Genuine Qi into it continuously.

Before long, the body transformed back to its human shape. Lying in Ouyang Huan’s arms, it appeared pale and about to die.

On the other side, Captain Rat confronted Zhang Ruochen.

Chilling evil energy emitted from Captain Rat. “Lin Yue, first you killed Bird Nine, and then you robbed Dragon Three of his divine dragon bone. Now, you have seriously injured Snake Two. You have provoked me. How will I be fit to be the leader of the 36 Palace-keeping Beast Guardians if I do not destroy you today?”

Looking nonchalant, Zhang Ruochen said, “I have been merciful by not killing Dragon three and Snake Two. However, if you still choose to go ahead and fight, I will oblige.”

Fuming, Captain Rat was about to strike when Ouyang Huan walked up to Zhang Ruochen first. He stood before Zhang Ruochen and stared at him as he said, “I truly admire your

courage. After all, few people have the audacity to become enemies with the Moon Worship Sect.”

Ouyang Huan had only intended to assess the strength of the Eastern Region cultivation circle but he unexpectedly lost two generals to Lin Yue instead.

Even if he had a calm Heart State and disposition, he was getting furious.

It was apparent to everyone that the Demon Son of the demonic sect was going to be personally involved in this battle.

The Spiritual Power displayed by Lin Yue was so powerful that even a first level Half-Saint would be apprehensive. That Ouyang Huan was ready to fight under such circumstances showed how confident he was in his capabilities.

Ouyang Huan continued. “Honestly, your capabilities are not necessarily superior to Snake Two’s. If you had not relied on the Spiritual Power of others, you probably would have lost this battle.”

Zhang Ruochen glanced at the chess piece in his palm and said nonchalantly, “Do you really think this chess piece is my only trump card?”

Only 10 percent of the Spiritual Power in the chess piece remained—it was practically useless.

Despite this, Zhang Ruochen did not show any fear while facing Ouyang Huan, the absolutely formidable opponent.

Ouyang Huan smiled gently and said, “Really? In that case, I will fight you myself and see what other trump cards you have.”

Standing at the foot of the Coliseum, Ao Xinyan said coldly, “I believe Lin Yue has exhausted most of his Holy Qi after fighting two battles consecutively. Are you taking advantage by fighting him now?”

Immediately, the Young Geniuses of the Eastern Region and the disciples of the Yin and Yang Sect began criticizing him.

“I did not expect Ouyang Huan, the Demon Son of the demonic sect, would be such a shameless person.”

“The demonic sect is only capable of using Attrition Warfare to confront our Eastern Region talents.”

“Go back to the Central Region. Don’t embarrass yourself here at the Yin and Yang Sect.”

...

Ouyang Yuan frowned as he took out a fist-sized Glaze Jade Box and tossed it to Zhang Ruochen. “Since you have exhausted much of your Holy Qi, I will not take advantage of you.

“This is a Holy Qi Pill that our sect refined from Holy Stones into liquid for over a period of 10 years. Thereafter, seven thousand-year-old Spiritual Doses were added to it before it was further refined into this pill.

“Once ingested, you will be able to regain your peak form within 15 minutes and reach the state of full and mellow Holy Qi.”

Zhang Ruochen took the Glaze Jade Box without hesitation and opened it.

A fragrant Pill Spirit diffused out of the box to form a cloud of Holy Qi. On the surface of the Pill were little white lights spots sparkling like stars in the sky.

It was truly a high-class Pill worth 500 thousand Spiritual Crystals. Even a first level Half-Saint who had exhausted a huge amount of Holy Qi could recover his heyday strength if he were to ingest this Pill.

If the Pill was ingested by a Fish-Dragon Realm Monk, not only would he recover his Holy Qi, but his level of cultivation would be enhanced as well.

Ouyang Huan’s generosity was clearly demonstrated.

However, Ouyang Huan was, after all, from the demonic sect, and he might not be completely honest. To be safe, Zhang Ruochen studied the Holy Qi Pill carefully to make sure that Ouyang Huan did not do anything to it before he ingested it.

Before Zhang Ruochen was able to fully digest the Holy Qi Pill, a white light column approached from afar and descended upon the center of the Coliseum before revealing the silhouette of a beautiful, slender lady.

A powerful current of Holy Qi welled out of the beautiful silhouette, causing Ouyang Huan and Zhang Ruochen to drift down the Coliseum as if they were falling leaves.

Ouyang Huan and Zhang Ruochen steadied themselves and retreated immediately when they realized that the beautiful lady at the center of the Coliseum was none other than Saint Lady.

The holy light emitted by Saint Lady radiated far and wide outward. The surrounding air currents became turbulent and streaks of holy lights descended from heaven, gathering to form a powerful Holy Aura that then surged outward to eventually cover the entire Shentai City.

“Greetings, Saint!”

“Greetings, Saint!”

...

Almost everyone in Shentai City, including Monks of the Half-Saint Class, knelt down in salute to Saint Lady.

This was to pay homage and show respect for a Saint.

The status of a Saint far exceeded that of a Half-Saint. A Saint would have attained the holy source to communicate the law of Heaven and Earth and would also have secured a saint position.

The moment someone became a saint, there would be subtle changes in the laws of heavens and earth in the surrounding 10 thousand square miles. These changes, centered around the saint, would affect the human beings and other creatures within this area.

Becoming a Saint was halfway down the Holy Road.

Every cultivator on the Holy Road would treat a Saint with fear. Whenever they met a Saint, they would have to kneel down and pay respect without ill feelings.

Under normal circumstances, a Saint would not alter the rule of the Holy Road on purpose to oppress common people with Holy Aura.

At this moment though, Saint Lady was bursting with Holy Aura because she was furious. She intended to give a warning or a judgment as a Saint.

Saint Lady said coldly, “I invited the talents of the Moon Worship Demonic Sect to participate in the Sword Technique Conference, not to come here and stir up trouble. If the same thing happens again, I will personally chase you out.”

Ouyang Huan was not deterred by Saint Lady’s Holy Aura. He remained standing. He bowed to her and calmly said, “Since Her Excellency, Saintess, has expressed her sentiments, nothing like this will happen again henceforth. However, I have a grudge against Lin Yue. Your Excellence, please allow me to have a fair duel with him.”

It was apparent that Ouyang Huan had reached the Ultimate Realm given that he had a God’s Mark that protected him against Saint Lady’s Holy Aura.

Of course, it was also because the Holy Aura of Saint Lady was directed at all Monks in Shentai City, not just Ouyang Huan, that he was able to defend himself against the pressure of the rule of Holy Road.

The Holy Aura of a Saint was precisely the rule of the Holy Road.

Saint Lady said, “Please set your grudge aside for now. Next month, I will hold a Kunlun Heir’s banquet in Shentai City. It wouldn’t be too late for you two to settle it then.

Ouyang Huan was keenly aware that Saint Lady was trying to help Lin Yue out by postponing the fight for another month.

However, no matter how Lin Yue practiced, he was unlikely to be able to match him within a month. Did Lin Yue intend to rely on Saint Lady’s Spiritual Power again when the time came?

If Lin Yue were to defeat Ouyang Huan using such means, everyone would laugh at him.

What kind of man would defeat his opponent by relying on the power of a woman?

“Lin Yue and Saint Lady must have a very special relationship,”

This thought secretly ran through the minds of the powerful and influential Saints.

The talents of the younger generation were attracted by the mention of the “Kunlun Heir’s banquet.” Many of them became excited and agitated in their hearts.

Sixty years ago, Mr. Mei held a Hero’s banquet, inviting outstanding talents far and wide, gathering different scroll sects together. The “Five Heroes” were its product. It was at that time that Wan Zhaoyi, Chen Wutian, and some others became well-known throughout the world and became the benchmark for everyone.

Saint Lady was now following Mr. Mei’s example by Holding a Kunlun Heir’s banquet, obviously for the purpose of selecting the Nine Kunlun Heirs.

Those who became Heirs of Kunlun’s Field would also be the benchmark for the next era, just like Wan Zhaoyi and Chen Wutian, whose names were so well-known.

Who would not want to become famous overnight?

Moreover, the status of an Heir of Kunlun’s Field was very important. Who would not want to fight for it?

Even those who did not stand a chance to become an Heir of Kunlun’s Field would love to have the chance to attend the Kunlun Heir’s banquet. To be able to gather together with all the outstanding talents in Kunlun’s field was an honorable thing in itself.

Chapter 732 - Seeing Through

Translator:

Transn

Editor:

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Ouyang Huan looked at Zhang Ruochen for a moment and then said, "Till we meet next month at the Kunlun Heir's banquet. I will then personally confront you to retrieve what you have taken from me. That will include Dragon Three's divine dragon bone and the life of Bird Nine."

Although his voice sounded calm and monotonous, it had an invisible oppressive power about it.

"Many thanks for your Holy Qi Pill." Zhang Ruochen responded nonchalantly.

Although their conversation sounded calm, it exuded animosity and hostility. They would have started fighting if Saint Lady had not stopped them.

"Go."

Ouyang Huan put his arms behind him, turned, and then headed out of Shentai City.

Captain Rat, Centipede Eight and the severely wounded Snake Two and Dragon Three followed suit. They rode on the pterosaur and flew out of the ancient city.

Thunderous cheers broke out in Shentai City almost immediately.

"Lin Yue!"

"Elder Brother Lin Yue!"

...

Lin Yue had avenged the Eastern Region cultivation circle by consecutively defeating the two masters of the demonic sect. He was truly remarkable to have defeated even the archaic survivor, White Snake with Saint Heart.

Today, Lin Yue was not only a Genius of the Tao of the sword in the Yin and Yang Sect, but he had also become one of the generals of the younger generation in the Eastern Region.

In the center of a broad street in Shentai City stood Xue Wuyue. With his well-defined brows, sparkly eyes, snow white complexion, and sharp features, he could be the most handsome man in the world.

As he looked toward the Coliseum, he smiled and said, “Ouyang Huan has never been this greatly disadvantaged even in the Central Region. The Yin and Yang Sect is indeed the leader of all sects. There is even such a formidable character aside from Gai Tianjiao.”

A beautiful swordsman maidservant, who was standing to the left of Xue Wuyue holding a jade flute, said with a gentle voice, “Young City Governor, do you think Lin Yue could match Ouyang Huan?”

Xue Wuyue curled his lips and said, “Ouyang Huan managed to become the Demon Son of the demonic sect for a reason. The power and influence of the Moon Worship Demonic Sect has spread throughout the world. It definitely has other undiscovered talents and many other geniuses. There will be at least three other masters like Lin Yue aside from Captain Rat and Snake Two.”

He continued, “Captain Rat and Snake Two are two of the best superiors in Beasts Valley, which is one of the demonic sect’s nine palaces. There are also some formidable characters in the eight other palaces.”

Xue Wuyue was actually saying that Lin Yue, with his current cultivation, was no match for Ouyang Huan. However, Lin Yue had a lot of room for improvement, given that he had only reached the Seventh Change in the Fish-dragon Realm. It was hard to imagine how capable he would be when he reached the

Eighth Change in the Fish-dragon Realm or the Ninth Change in the Fish-dragon Realm.

“Lin Yue seems to have a close relationship with Miss Yanchen. Would you like me to give him a warning?” the swordsman maidservant had sharp eyes.

“It is not necessary.”

Xue Wuye said with a laugh, “To pursue a beautiful woman doesn’t mean to possess her. It is more challenging to pursue the same beautiful woman together with someone else. Hehe, I wonder who would be more charming?”

Then, Xue Wuye gracefully ascended the carriage pulled by a Blood-gold Crow. Along with eight other swordsman maidservants, the carriage left Shentai City.

Naturally, Zhang Ruochen caused quite a stir by defeating Snake Two and Dragon Three. A number of Great Saints and disciples of powerful families began to invite him in order to befriend them.

Zhang Ruochen, however, rejected their offers. He simply accompanied Huang Yanchen in returning to the mansion where Sword Saint Xuanji resided.

Huang Yanchen was silent and nonchalant.

However, her lips moved from time to time as if she was about to say something as she glanced at Zhang Ruchen.

Zhang Ruochen crossed his arms on his chest, keeping a safe distance from her. He asked with a smile, “Miss Yanchen, do you believe my strength now?”

“I was indeed surprised. You are a Genius of the Tao of the sword given your capabilities.”

Huang Yanchen fixed her eyes forward. Her two blue eyes betrayed a look of puzzlement as she finally said, “I am really curious. If the Yin and Yang Sect is one of the four Holy Lands for the Tao of the sword within Kunlun’s Field, and that is so well-known throughout the world, there must be countless sword technique Mysteries in the Sword Pavilion. There is also the prestige of the Moon-burier Sword Saint.

With such a wealth of resources, why do you still want to learn the Tao of the sword from Sword Saint Xuanji?”

As expected, even she had become suspicious.

Zhang Ruochen kept a straight face, nodded his head and stopped in his tracks. He stared at her and said, “There is no limit in the practice of the Tao of the sword. As a sword practitioner, I have put together what I’ve gathered from the heads of different families, learning the Tao of the sword from every predecessor and deceased sage, and getting the whole picture by combining all the knowledge I gathered from them. Only by so doing could I become a sword saint.

“I have a lot to learn from Predecessor Sword Saint Xuan Ji. As a junior, it is only right for me to learn with a sincere attitude.”

Huang Yanchen didn’t buy Zhang Ruochen’s explanation, but she knew that Sword Saint Xuanji had never met Lin Yue before they came to the Yin and Yang Sect.

It was unlikely that a sword saint would agree to meet with a young sword practitioner of the Fish-Dragon Realm. It was even more unlikely that he would impart knowledge on the Tao of the sword without setting conditions.

Furthermore, when Xue Wuye, a Tao of the sword successor, requested to meet Sword Saint Xuanji, Sword Saint Xuanji did not arrange for Huang Yanchen to meet Xue Wuye in private. Why did he do that for Lin Yue?

Huang Yanchen did not think that Lin Yue was more outstanding than Xue Wuye in any way.

Huang Yanchen had the feeling that her Master was hiding something from her. This Lin Yue might be someone with an extraordinary background.

Since Lin Yue refused to tell the truth, Huang Yanchen could not be bothered to continue her conversation with him. She snorted and went ahead to enter the mansion.

Zhang Ruochen stood outside the gates and stared at Huang Yanchen’s back. He shook his head and sighed.

“Why don’t you just tell her the truth? Senior sister apprentice Yanchen is pathetic to have a fiance like you,” Ao Xinyan quietly came up to Zhang Ruochen from behind wearing a subtle smile on her pretty face.

Zhang Ruochen had long known that Ao Xinyan was following them. He sniffed the fragrance in the air, turned around and calmly said to her, “There are some things you would never understand.”

Ao Xinyan had merely been testing Lin Yue. She was not sure if he really was Zhang Ruochen.

However, Zhang Ruochen did not seem to want to keep her in the dark. He admitted his identity readily, stunning Ao Xinyan.

He really was Zhang Ruochen.

Ao Xinyan’s chest heaved faster, causing her full breasts to quiver. She was apparently exhilarated and her eyes narrowed into a crescent shape.

Ao Xinyan walked forward, intending to verify Zhang Ruochen’s identity. “Group Leader...”

Zhang Ruochen gestured for her to be quiet, saying, “This is not a good place to talk about this, let’s go inside first.”

He was now a well-known character throughout the world. There could be many people watching him from anywhere. His identity would be exposed if he was careless. It was wise to be more cautious.

Zhang Ruochen took Ao Xinyan’s hand and pulled her into the mansion.

Sword Saint Xuanji had already prepared a seclusion stonehouse in the center of the mansion for Zhang Ruochen. It was covered with layers of arrays. It would be difficult even for a saint to look into the stonehouse through void space.

Obviously, Sword Saint Xuanji had taken Zhang Ruochen’s situation into consideration. He did not want any saint to spy on him and expose his identity.

Once they entered the seclusion stonehouse, Zhang Ruochen let go of Ao Xinyan’s hand. Using Holy Qi, he transformed

back to his original form and then said, “Your level of cultivation has improved so fast that you have reached the Seventh Change in the Fish-dragon Realm. This is beyond my expectation. Err.... What’s happening to you?”

Zhang Ruochen lit the Buddhist oil lamp in the seclusion stonehouse. The moment the house was lit up, Zhang Ruochen saw the expression on Ao Xinyan’s face. She was blushing tremendously and looking very demure.

“I only took her hand to lead her into the mansion and now she’s so shy. This princess of the Divine Dragon half-human clan is rather sensitive. I better be more cautious from now on,”

thought Zhang Ruochen.

The light from the Buddhist oil lamp was mild and gentle.

The burning Buddhist oil gave off a scent. The moment Zhang Ruochen inhaled it, he was invigorated. As his mind cleared, all distracting thoughts were driven out.

Ao Xinyan was relieved to see Zhang Ruochen’s real form. “When Blackie, Orange Star Emissary and I returned from Battlefield of Primitive World, I returned once to the Divine Dragon Half-human Clan. There I refined a drop of Dragon King’s Blood. That is why the level of my cultivation has elevated by leaps and bounds.”

The Divine Dragon Half-human Clan was a clan from far back in time. It was comparable to the various Dragon tribes in terms of its history.

The so-called “Dragon King’s Blood” was the dragon blood passed down from the emperor of the dragon tribe. It was a precious treasure belonging to the Divine Dragon Half-human Clan. The Dragon King’s Blood contained divine power that was many times more formidable than the Xuanwu Sacred Blood refined by Zhang Ruochen.

Refining a drop of Dragon King’s Blood had endless benefits. Not only could it help elevate the level of cultivation, but it could also train the physical body, link up to the Holy Road and enable a Monk to perceive the “Divine” realm more easily.

Ao Xinyan, who possessed a half-dragon body, would benefit greatly from refining Dragon King's Blood.

“Zhang Ruochen said, “You truly belong to the Divine Dragon Half-human Clan. Everyone will be envious of such a profound foundation.”

“Although the Dragon King's Blood is so great, one needs to have reached the Fish-Dragon Realm to withstand its power. I could have died abruptly from absorbing the Dragon King's Blood if I were just at the Heaven Realm.”

Ao Xinyan continued speaking. “Actually, refining the Dragon King's Blood was my preparation for refining the Divine Dragon's Blood. Only by making use of Dragon King's Blood to strengthen my body would I be able to withstand the baptism of the Divine Dragon's Blood.”

Surprised, Zhang Ruochen asked, “Does the Divine Dragon Half-human Clan really possess the Divine Dragon's Blood?”

Divine Dragon's Blood was, in fact, divine blood.

At the end of the Medieval Ancient Times, all the gods of Kunlun's Field vanished. If there were remnants of divine blood it was because it was preserved and passed down from a hundred thousand years ago to the present.

In his previous lifetime, Zhang Ruochen, as the Crown Prince of the Sacred Central Empire, had heard that some powerful Aristocratic Family in the Middle Age had an extremely small amount of divine blood in their possession.

However, he was very young at that time and did not have the opportunity to come into contact with any information regarding the secret divine blood. He had only heard hearsay and was not certain if the divine blood truly existed.

Ao Xinyan said, “I only know that the Divine Dragon Half-human Clan does possess some Divine Dragon's Blood. However, very little is left of it after one hundred thousand years.

“I only need to refine one drop of Divine Dragon's Blood while in the Fish-Dragon Realm. Then I can condense the

Divine Dragon mark inside my body. This would be as good as experiencing the Chord of the Gods.

“If I get to refine two drops of Divine Dragon’s Blood, I could condense them to form two Divine Dragon marks, which would be as good as experiencing two Chords of the Gods.”

...

“However, it would be extremely difficult for a monk in the Fish-Dragon Realm to refine the Divine Dragon’s Blood.”

Chapter 733 - Divine Dragon's Blood

Translator:

Transn

Editor:

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Ao Xinyan continued speaking. “As far as I know, the person with the strongest physical quality in the entire history of the Divine Dragon Half-human Clan only managed to refine two drops of Divine Dragon's Blood while in the Fish-Dragon Realm. When he tried to refine a third drop, he died suddenly—he could not withstand the power of the Divine Dragon's blood.”

While practicing the Four Realms of Martial Arts, one would induce the Chord of the Gods everytime one reached the Ultimate Realm, leaving a subtle Gods' Mark in the body. This was as good as having reached one level higher compared to other Monks.

After breaking through the Four Realms of Martial Arts, one would arrive at the Fish-Dragon Realm.

More miracles could happen in the Fish-Dragon Realm. Some could transform into dragons and dash into the heavens. Some remained fish that sank to the bottom, never to make it in life.

For example, a Fish-Dragon Realm Monk could refine divine blood and condense the divine mark within his body.

However, the divine mark condensed by the divine power in the divine blood would be richer and purer, and was comparable to the Gods' Mark.

Apparently, Ouyang Huan, Xue Wuye and Gai Tianjiao had managed to refine divine blood to condense divine marks in

their bodies. Otherwise, they would not have been so powerful.

Zhang Ruochen smiled and said, “The power passed down from the Medieval Ancient Times does have its many advantages. If only you could refine just one drop of the Divine Dragon’s Blood, your physical quality would increase beyond that of the Four-spirit Treasured Body.”

Ao Xinyan’s physical quality had long been comparable to that of a Saintly Being. Her physical quality must have improved tremendously now that she had finished refining a drop of Dragon King’s Blood.

If she were to refine another drop of Divine Dragon’s Blood, it would not be a difficult thing for her physical quality to reach the level of the Four-spirit Treasured Body.

However, Ao Xinyan appeared a little shy as she looked down and used her fingers to comb through her hair. “The Divine Dragon’s Blood comprises mighty divine power. With my physical quality and willpower, I may not be able to refine it. I might even be killed by the divine power of the Divine Dragon’s Blood and be completely disintergrated.”

Divine blood, being an extremely precious treasure, could be extremely dangerous.

A Monk whose strength was lacking but wished to refine the Divine Blood would die a tragic death.

A sudden thought occurred to Ao Xinyan and she said, “Group Leader, are you going to have a duel with Ouyang Huan at the Kunlun Heir’s banquet next month?”

A subtle smile appeared on Zhang Ruochen’s calm face. He seemed to be looking forward to the duel. “I have utterly offended the demonic sect. Even if I do not set a duel with Ouyang Huan, he will definitely try to have a fight with me anyway. Why not just go along with it since there is no way to avoid it?”

Looking worried, Ao Xinyan said, “You must know the terrifying things the demonic sect is capable of doing. The first

generation demonic sect produced numerous talents, and at least four of them successfully refined a drop of divine blood.

“It is said that Ouyang Yuan, the Demon Son is the most formidable. He managed to refine three drops of divine blood in his body and had thereby condensed three God’s marks. He has also reached the peak of the Ninth Change in the Fish-dragon Realm.

“The reason he has not broken through to the Half-Saint Realm is that he wants to accumulate and refine the fourth drop of divine blood. In addition, it is rumored that Ouyang Huan reached the Ultimate Realm when he was practicing the Four Realms of Martial Arts.”

Zhang Ruochen started to feel some form of pressure upon hearing these words.

He would definitely not draw back because of this. On the other hand, his determination to fight this battle became even more firm.

Although successfully refining a drop of divine blood would induce the Chord of the Gods, there was still a difference between these two.

Zhang Ruochen, for instance, had induced the Chord of Gods on four occasions relying solely on his own abilities. This had benefitted him greatly. Refining four drops of divine blood and condensing four God’s marks would not reap the exact same benefits.

Zhang Ruochen asked Ao Xinyan once again, “Did you say that there are at least four youngsters from the demonic sect who have successfully refined a drop of divine blood? Who are these four?”

It was not a bad thing to know more given that there were many demonic sect masters who wished to kill Zhang Ruochen at this moment.

Not only was Ao Xinyan God’s favored daughter in the Eastern Region Saint Academy, but she was also the princess of the Divine Dragon Half-human Clan. She had access to some secret information that were kept from commoners.

It was good to ask her for information.

Ao Xinyan did not intend to keep anything from Zhang Ruochen. “The demonic sect is divided into nine palaces. Captain Rat, Snake Two, and Dragon Three are the top masters of Beasts Valley, which is one of the nine palaces.

“There are three other powerful characters whose capabilities are on par with these three beasts.

“The first one is Chu He, the array Genius of the Divine Array Palace.

“Being a Saintly Being, he is extremely strong and capable. However, he is even more accomplished in the area of arrays.

“It is said that once he displays a certain array, he could cross swords with Captain Rat. However, he was so engrossed in researching arrays that he didn’t come to the Sword Technique Conference in the Eastern Region this time around.

“The second master is Le, the deadly swordsman of the Five Kill Palace.

“This Le is an odd character. He is extremely fast, and the method by which he cultivates himself is rather odd. The closer he is to the death realm, the faster he breaks through in his cultivation.

“On this occasion, Le has followed Ouyang Huan all the way to the Yin and Yang Sect to attend the Sword Technique Conference. He is a very dangerous man. Group Leader, you have to be wary of him.”

Zhang Ruochen had an uncanny look in his eyes while murmuring the name. “Le.”

Memories rushed back at the mention of the name.

Unaware of the change of expression on Zhang Ruochen’s face, she continued speaking. “The third master who managed to refine divine blood is said to be a Saintess from the Saintess Palace. However, her identity is a secret. This is all that we, from the Divine Dragon Half-human Clan, know. We do not know specifically which Saintess it is.”

Zhang Ruochen had an idea who it was.

A person who could refine divine blood must be someone great. She was definitely not a commoner.

The Saintess who had refined a drop of divine blood, could it be Qi Feiyu?

Although Zhang Ruochen had fought Qi Feiyu, he had not experienced Qi Feiyu's full potential. There was no way Zhang Ruochen could gauge Qi Feiyu's true capabilities.

Ao Xinyan only talked about top superiors. There were bound to be many others whose capabilities were just below their level.

Regardless of what happened, there would be at least one fierce battle during the Kunlun Heir's banquet.

It would be impossible for Zhang Ruochen alone to stand up to the various masters of the demonic sect. He was going to need help from one or two allies.

The only person Zhang Ruochen could think of at present was Gai Tianjiao.

Zhang Ruochen and Gai Tianjiao could be the only two people in the Yin and Yang Sect who could compete with the top masters of the demonic sect in battle. Even the other Monks with Saintly Beings, were helpless when they were confronted by Captain Rat and Snake Two.

Zhang Ruochen turned to look at Ao Xinyan. That was when he realized that she was also staring at him.

The moment their eyes locked, Ao Xinyan's pale face began blushing all the way down to her neck and she quickly looked away.

Zhang Ruochen asked, "Don't you wish you could retrieve your divine dragon bone?"

"That's for sure..." Ao Xinyan replied without any hesitation.

Then she looked down almost immediately as her voice trailed off into a whisper. "Group Leader, the divine dragon bone is of no use to you. There is no way you could refine it. If you give the divine dragon bone to me, I can give you whatever you want in exchange."

Zhang Ruochen went into deep thought for a moment. He tried to size Ao Xinyan up, considering her attempt to negotiate with him.

Ao Xinyan, being the princess of Divine Dragon Half-human Clan, had a huge amount of resources at her disposal. She was a wealthy lady. It would be a fine deal if he could exchange the divine dragon bone for practice resources that could not be found in the markets.

Seeing that Zhang was trying to size her up without replying, her heart started beating faster. Beads of perspiration appeared on her forehead. She chewed her lips and warned him. “Group Leader, you already have a fiancée.”

Zhang Ruochen did not know whether to laugh or to cry, seeing that Ao Xinyan had totally misunderstood him. She must have thought that he wanted to take advantage of her using the dragon bone.

“A dragon bone in exchange for five drops of Divine Dragon’s Blood. Is this a reasonable deal?” Zhang Ruochen immediately stated the price to prevent her from misunderstanding further.

Hearing the price Zhang Ruochen asked for, disappointment flashed in her beautiful eyes. She regretted the words she had meant as a reminder.

If Zhang Ruochen were to offer the Divine Dragon Half-human Clan the divine dragon bone as a dowry, Ao Xinyan would readily agree to his marriage proposal. She was sure that the elders of the Divine Dragon Half-human Clan would not object to it.

It was normal for a man as excellent as Zhang Ruochen to have more than one wife and concubines.

Just like Xue Wuye who was surrounded by many beauties. These beauties were God’s favored daughters who were merely swordsman maidservants. They were not even rightful wives and concubines.

Yet there were still many outstanding women who were willing to follow him.

In Ao Xinyan's opinion, Zhang Ruochen was in no way less accomplished than Xue Wuye.

Although she was a little regretful, Ao Xinyan quickly adjusted her mood and said in a serious tone, "Five drops of Divine Dragon's Blood is too much for the Divine Dragon Half-human Clan to bear. Group Leader, can you lower the price given our relationship?"

Zhang Ruochen shook his head and said, "The value of a divine dragon bone is 10 times more than that of the Divine Dragon's Blood. Five drops of it in exchange is already a bargain."

"This is a serious matter. I have to discuss with the elders before making a decision," said Ao Xinyan.

Once she had spoken, Ao Xinyan turned to leave.

The next day, an elder from the Divine Dragon Half-human Clan accompanied Ao Xinyan to meet Zhang Ruochen and discuss the matter. More accurately, they were discussing this matter with Lin Yue.

This was because Ao Xinyan had not exposed Zhang Ruochen's identity to other people.

Eventually, the Divine Dragon Half-human Clan offered three drops of Divine Dragon's Blood and twenty drops of Dragon King's Blood in exchange for the divine dragon bone.

Although the price was much lower than what Zhang Ruochen had wanted, he finally agreed since it was still within an acceptable range.

After all, he had taken the divine dragon bone from Dragon Three by force intending to return it to Ao Xinyan to help her practice the Divine Dragon's form. To gain three drops of Divine Dragon's Blood and twenty drops of Dragon King's Blood was just a bonus.

Chapter 734 - The Half-Saint's Knowledge

Translator:

Transn

Editor:

Transn

It was profitable for the Divine Dragon half-human Clan. The value of a Divine Dragon Bone was absolutely far greater than this.

Elder Yin Hai and Ao Xinyan from the Divine Dragon half-human Clan had not brought so much Divine Dragon's Blood and Dragon King's Blood.

On that day, Elder Yin Hai immediately left Shentai City and returned to the Divine Dragon Half-human Clan to personally take Divine Dragon's Blood and Dragon King's Blood in order to exchange for the Divine Dragon Bone as soon as possible.

Ao Xinyan stayed and entered the Inner World of the Yin Yang Wooden Graph with Zhang Ruochen.

The Sacred Prime Tree grew in the center of the Inner World. With luxuriant foliage, it reached straight into the clouds. Like a green sea inlaid in the clouds, its leaves imbibed and exuded Heaven and Earth Spiritual Qi all the time. As a result, the Spiritual Qi in the Scroll World became richer and richer.

Zhang Ruochen took out the Divine Dragon Bone and gave it to Ao Xinyan. "We still have one month before the Kunlun Heir's banquet. That is almost one year inside the Scroll World. With your ability, you should be able to refine the Divine Dragon Bone within a year."

Ao Xinyan bit her lips gently and said in surprise, "Are you going to give the Divine Dragon Bone to me now? Elder

Yinhai hasn't brought over the Divine Dragon's Blood and the Dragon King's Blood yet."

"You're under my control, so I'm not worried that the Divine Dragon and Half-human Clan will default on their debt," Zhang Ruochen playfully said.

Ao Xinyan knew that Zhang Ruochen was kidding, so she took the Divine Dragon Bone calmly.

"Howl!"

As she touched the Divine Dragon Bone, a deep dragon's roar rang from the bone. Like a waking ancient Divine Dragon, it sent forth earthshaking power.

Soon, wisps of strong dragon Qi flew out from the bone to form a giant dragon Qi vortex, enveloping Ao Xinyan in the center.

Tens of thousands of dragon Qi flew in the air and continuously entered her body.

Fortunately, Zhang Ruochen had great control in the Scroll World, so he could withstand the dragging force of the dragon Qi vortex. Otherwise, he would have been caught up in the vortex and his body would have been torn into pieces by the dragon Qi.

Blackie put its claws behind its back, strutted with its cat walk, and stared at the huge dragon Qi vortex sweeping across an area of a dozen miles. "I haven't misjudged her. Ao Xinyan's physical quality is terrific. If she can refine the Divine Dragon Bone, she will go further on to the Divine Dragon Body."

Zhang Ruochen nodded. The energy contained in the Divine Dragon Bone was indeed terrifying. The aura it emitted was daunting, like the Divine Dragon's presence.

Dragon Three's physical quality was inferior to Ao Xinyan's. He had not completely refined the Divine Dragon Bone, yet he could have overtaken Saintly Beings.

If Ao Xinyan could completely refine the Divine Dragon Bone, she could refine the Qi of Divine Dragon, with her

Divine Dragon Half-human Clan exercises. Then, she might reach a surprising realm.

At the very least, Dragon Three would be no match for her.

Blackie said, “Ao Xinyan and Orange Star Emissary are key talents to be nurtured. Since Ao Xinyan has gone ahead in cultivation, I should bring Orange Star Emissary to the Scroll World and urge her to speed up practicing.”

Zhang Ruochen shook his head as he said, “Orange Star Emissary now has a special status. There must be Half-Saints from the Black Market beside her to secretly protect her. We’d better not contact her so as to avoid exposing her identity.

“Moreover, the Murong family is an Aristocratic Family in the Middle Age with a profound background. Since Orange Star Emissary has planned to fight for the position of young master of the Black Market Excellence Hall, how can the Murong family not take out some precious resources to nurture her?”

Monks must have experienced an earthshaking change to reach the Fish-Dragon Realm.

Some transformed into a dragon.

Some transformed into fish.

Aristocratic Families in the Middle Age would never be mean in nurturing outstanding descendants. They would spend a lot of resources on the descendants. Even if the Murong family was not as prosperous as it was 800 years ago, it should not be difficult for them to take out one or two drops of divine blood.

The key was to see if Orange Star Emissary could refine divine blood.

“The Ming Emperor Palace must have stored divine blood and countless precious treasures in those years. Have those treasures been taken away by Chi Yao or collected by Ming Hall?”

Zhang Ruochen sighed gently.

The prosperous Sacred Central Empire had perished, after all. Mountains and rivers had changed hands. The things were still there, but the people were no longer the same.

Somehow, Zhang Ruochen suddenly missed the emperor palace he used to live in and those people. He secretly decided that he would go to the Central Region once the Sword Technique Conference ended.

He really wanted to know what the Ming Emperor Palace looked like now.

He wondered who lived in the palace.

It seemed that Blackie wanted to get away from the Scroll World. It rolled its eyes as it said, "Let's bring Mu Lingxi to the Scroll World to practice, shall we?"

Zhang Ruochen glanced at Blackie and shook his head. "Do you think only I have a space-time treasure? When Saint Monk Xumi was alive, he refined a lot of space-time treasures. As far as I know, the demonic sect has a space-time treasure called the Primordial Universe Bead.

"It is said that there is a Primordial World inside the Primordial Universe Bead. If a monk practices there for seven days, only one day passes in the external world.

"Now that the demonic sect has operated for tens of thousands of years, there are abundant resources in the Primordial World that have become a Holy Land for practice. Even if it can't hold a candle to the Scroll World containing the Sacred Prime Tree, it is quite similar.

"Given her status, Senior Sister Apprentice Duanmu must have opportunities to enter the Primordial Universe Bead to practice.

"Furthermore, there must be Half-Saints from the Demonic Sect beside her to secretly protect her. If she wants to see us, she will definitely contact us. If we take the initiative to contact her, it will cause harm to her."

Zhang Ruochen saw Blackie's eyes keep rolling, so he could guess what it was thinking. He said with a smile, "I know that you want to catch the Devil Rat. I guarantee that you will have a chance."

He thought again before he continued speaking. "If you really want to find Senior Sister Apprentice Duanmu, I won't stop

you, but you must promise me that you'll protect her and follow her word.”

When he fought Snake Two at the Coliseum the previous day, Zhang Ruochen had discovered that Captain Rat was always focused on Mu Lingxi. The people in the Demonic Sect relied on their strength in order to be heard. With her current cultivation, Mu Lingxi was surely inferior to Captain Rat.

Mu Lingxi had always been close to Blackie. If it could stay beside her, Blackie might be able to help her at a critical time.

Blackie was very willing, immediately agreeing to his request.

After sending Blackie out of the Scroll World, Zhang Ruochen went back to the Sacred Prime Tree and began to practice.

There was going to be a fierce battle at the Kunlun Heir's banquet. He had to do his best to improve his cultivation beforehand.

Before anything else, Zhang Ruochen planned to digest Qi Hong's knowledge and memory.

He had refined Qi Hong's Half-Saint's Light in the Deceased God Cemetery. Due to limited time, he had merely absorbed the Holy Qi but had not digested the Half-Saint's knowledge and memory.

Relatively speaking, a Half-Saint's hundred years of knowledge and memories were more precious.

At this moment, Qi Hong's knowledge and memories were sealed in the Qi Sea.

“Swoosh!”

When Zhang Ruochen released the seal, lots of memories surged up his Martial Soul through the Vessel of Spirit, ready to integrate with his own memories.

Qi Hong's memory was enormous like a huge flood.

Zhang Ruochen's memory was relatively weak like a lake.

If Qi Hong's “memory flood” wantonly flew into Zhang Ruochen's “memory lake,” it would have a terrible impact on

Zhang Ruochen's memory. In this case, it would create a great disturbance for his practice in the Holy Road.

Therefore, Zhang Ruochen only selected some valuable things from Qi Hong's memories and erased all insignificant memories.

In the end, only 1% of Qi Hong's memories were preserved.

Even so, Zhang Ruochen spent a month going over Qi Hong's memories in his mind and remembering them.

Meanwhile, Zhang Ruochen came to know many secrets through Qi Hong's memories.

These were the secrets of the Qis, the Demonic Sect, and Qi Hong himself.

“Unexpectedly, the Demonic Sect is cooperating with the Four Symbols Sect to seize the Sword Pavilion.”

Based on Qi Hong's memories, Zhang Ruochen learned that a treasure of the Demonic Sect appeared to be sealed in the Sword Pavilion.

Just because of this, the Demonic Sect agreed to cooperate with the Four Symbols Sect, trying to secretly help the Four Symbols Sect win in the Sword Technique Conference. If the Four Symbols Sect got the Sword Pavilion, the Demonic Sect could get the treasure back.

It was a serious matter involving the interests of the Yin and Yang Sect, the Demonic Sect, and the Four Symbols Sect.

Zhang Ruochen was indebted to the Yin and Yang Sect because he was educated there.

He could not stand by and watch the Demonic Sect and the Four Symbols Sect seize the Sword Pavilion. During the Sword Technique Conference, he resolved to defeat all the sword practitioners of the Four Symbols Sect and protect the Sword Pavilion.

Zhang Ruochen then began to digest the knowledge in Qi Hong's memories.

Knowledge and memories were inseparable. There were parts that overlapped and there were parts that were separate.

A Half-Saint naturally had a large amount of knowledge.

If he could completely refine a Half-Saint's knowledge and turn it into his own knowledge, Zhang Ruochen's cognition of the Martial Arts, Tao of the sword, Holy Road, and the universe would reach a whole new level.

In addition, his fighting experience, understanding of human nature, and awareness of the entire Kunlun's Field would also ascend to a Half-Saint's level.

This was very dangerous.

If his will was not strong, he might be affected by Qi Hong's knowledge. This would affect his practice, and he would be doomed eternally. His achievements in the future would only reach Qi Hong's level at most.

Zhang Ruochen's goal was higher than the Half-Saint realm, so he had to be careful.

Chapter 735 - Ao Xinyan's Strength

Translator:

Transn

Editor:

Transn

Zhang Ruochen did not immediately refine Qi Hong's knowledge but stopped for a while. He let out a long breath of relief and stood up. He took a walk around the Sacred Prime Tree to improved his Heart State.

He walked for three days and three nights.

Zhang Ruochen circled the Sacred Prime Tree 300 times.

Finally, he felt that he had achieved his best state. At that moment, he really started to digest Qi Hong's knowledge.

He divided Qi Hong's knowledge into three parts for easier absorption.

Part one was Qi Hong's Tao of the Sword knowledge.

Part two was Qi Hong's Holy Road knowledge.

And part three was other knowledge.

His focus was on Qi Hong's understanding of the Tao of the Sword and Holy Road.

As Moon-Burier Sword Saint's disciple, Qi Hong had a naturally in-depth understanding of the Tao of the Sword. He not only practiced more than 30 sword techniques but also refined to the Yin-Yang Blend, the fourth level of Sword Two.

First, Zhang Ruochen was going to completely absorb Qi Hong's Tao of the Sword knowledge.

Sitting cross-legged on the ground, he put his hands together and began to mobilize the Three Patriarch's Sword

Comprehensions in the Qi Sea, suppressing Qi Hong's knowledge of the Tao of the sword.

Then, Zhang Ruochen started to refine with all his strength.

He not only absorbed Qi Hong's knowledge of the Tao of the Sword but also the Three Patriarch's Sword Comprehensions. As a result, his understanding of the Tao of the Sword improved rapidly.

Meanwhile, he was also doing something else. With the Heart of the Sword, he repeatedly practiced sword techniques in the Qi Sea.

“Swish, swish!”

His Heart of the Sword turned into a small silvery human, who performed sword movements to form sword shadows.

As he absorbed more and more knowledge of the Tao of the Sword, the sword techniques that the small silvery man displayed became more and more subtle, which were simply unpredictable.

He spent a month completely absorbing Qi Hong's Tao of the Sword knowledge.

Although he had absorbed it, he had not completely understood it. Therefore, he only refined to the Separation of Yin and Yang, the third level of Sword Two.

He had to spend time developing a thorough understanding of it. Through analysis, learning, and practicing, he could completely turn it into his own knowledge. At that time, he could reach the fourth level of Sword Two.

A man could not refine another's knowledge only through simple plundering. He also needed to learn and understand.

“Since this is so, I must break through to the fourth level of Sword Two in one go.”

He put the casket containing the Swordsoul Hailstone on the ground.

As he opened it, a cold icing air came out of it. A milky-white hailstone as big as a pigeon egg was at the bottom of the

casket.

Inside the hailstone, there was a sword-like light spot.

Only the fifth level of the Sword Pavilion could conceive one Swordsoul Hailstone every 20 years. So, it was extremely precious.

Zhang Ruochen devoured it and controlled the Heart of the Sword. He repeatedly practiced the sword techniques in the Qi Sea. He constantly absorbed the Three Patriarch's Sword Comprehension and understood Qi Hong's knowledge of the Tao of the Sword.

After another month, he had finally practiced to the Ying-Yang Blend, the fourth level of Sword Two, with the Swordsoul Hailstone and Patriarch's Sword Comprehension.

“The fifth level of Sword Two is called ‘Yin-Yang Infiniton’. As long as I can reach this realm, I will be able to achieve the Completion of Sword Two.”

It seemed that he was only one step away from the Completion of Sword Two.

However, it was very difficult to reach the last realm. So many gifted Tao of the Sword geniuses had failed to reach this realm.

Since he could not practice to the Completion of Sword Two in a short time, Zhang Ruochen started to absorb Qi Hong's Holy Road knowledge.

The knowledge of the Holy Road was actually Qi Hong's understanding of the Holy Road.

Now that he could become a Half-Saint, Qi Hong must have reached a rather remarkable height in his understanding of the Holy Road. Now, Zhang Ruochen was far inferior to him, to say the least.

But soon afterward, he discovered that he could not refine the knowledge of the Holy Road at all.

Even though he had a Half-Saint's knowledge of the Holy Road, he could only comprehend the knowledge but could not directly absorb it.

He was not disappointed. Since he had Qi Hong's Holy Road knowledge, it meant that a Half-Saint was repeatedly practicing the Holy Road in his mind.

Thus, his understanding of the Holy Road incessantly improved. He could comprehend faster than other monks in the Fish-Dragon Realm.

It was an advantage that no one else could have.

After two months, Zhang Ruochen had completely absorbed Qi Hong's other knowledge, including his understanding of humanities, history, weapon refining, pill refining, array arrangement, and so on.

After almost half a year, he had gotten broad and profound knowledge. He was far superior to his peers.

He became more reserved. His deep eyes impressed people with an unfathomable feeling.

“There are both advantages and disadvantages in absorbing Qi Hong's knowledge and memory. In general, the advantages outweigh the disadvantages.”

Even though he had improved his Heart State to perfection, it would definitely do great harm to him because he was so young and had experienced so little.

Luckily, Qi Hong was a Half-Saint who had merely lived for over a hundred years. If it were a Saint who had lived for several hundred years, Zhang Ruochen might have suffered a nervous breakdown.

“Uh!”

He suddenly felt a splitting headache. Holding his hands on his head, he directly fell to the ground.

He promptly mobilized his strong Spiritual Power to expel some disordered memories from his mind.

Two days later, he recovered and said in great fear, “I definitely can't absorb another Half-Saint's knowledge and memory within 10 years. Otherwise, I'll certainly suffer a great disaster.”

Over time, the influence of Qi Hong's memory and knowledge on him would get weak and completely disappear.

Zhang Ruochen calculated that the time would be 10 years.

After absorption, Zhang Ruochen certainly got a lot of benefits. At the least, he had practiced to the fourth level of Sword Two.

With Qi Hong's knowledge of the Holy Road, it would be much easier for Zhang Ruochen to break through to the Half-Saint Realm.

After all, many top talents had been stuck in the Ninth Change in the Fish-dragon Realm due to their lack of understanding of the Holy Road.

Zhang Ruochen did not continue practicing but went to the place that Ao Xinyan practiced.

The Dragon Qi vortex, which swept across for dozens of miles around, quickly shrank and finally integrated with Ao Xinyan's body.

Like a human-shaped jade, Ao Xinyan's body was crystal clear and flawless, sending out a dazzling light.

The Spiritual Qi between heaven and earth continuously flew into the spot between Ao Xinyan's eyebrows and she completely absorbed it.

“Howl!”

A purple dragon shadow flew out of Ao Xinyan's body, quickly rotated around her, and let out an earsplitting dragon roar.

Ao Xinyan suddenly opened her eyes. A powerful dragon aura immediately erupted from her body and rushed at Zhang Ruochen.

“Rustle!”

On the ground, the turf, trees, and stones were swept away. As a sandstorm whirled through, the sky became pitch black.

Zhang Ruochen stood on the ground and looked up. He saw a giant purple dragon fly out from the sandstorm and reach out a

huge claw to hit his head.

The whole vault of heaven seemed to be sweeping down toward him.

Compared to the giant purple dragon, Zhang Ruochen's body was extremely small. It looked like an ant standing in front of an elephant.

“Unexpectedly, her strength is so amazing.”

Obviously, Zhang Ruochen was surprised. However, he looked calm and began to run the Holy Qi inside him.

“Dragon and Elephant Furnace!”

A scarlet handprint flew out from Zhang Ruochen's palm and turned into a huge mark that was dozens of meters long, which collided with the giant purple dragon's claws.

“Boom!”

As the two forces collided with each other, the ground suddenly collapsed and formed cracks, which extended for dozens of miles.

Ao Xinyan retreated more than 300 meters before she steadied herself. She looked at Zhang Ruochen with amazement and said, “I've broken through to the Eighth Change in the Fish-dragon Realm, why can't I defeat you? Group Leader, how on earth are you so powerful?”

Zhang Ruochen took dozens of steps backward, looked at his aching right hand, nodded, and said, “You've surpassed Dragon Three. If you can break through to the Ninth Change of the Fish-dragon Realm, I may lose to you in this duel.”

Over the last six months, his cultivation had greatly improved. He had reached the Advanced Stage of the Seventh Change in the Fish-dragon Realm. There was a greater increase in his strength than he had while fighting Dragon Three.

Ao Xinyan was still discouraged. After all, she had completely refined the Divine Dragon Bone. Her physique had reached an unprecedented height. She was called the top talented woman of the Divine-Dragon and Half-Human Clan over the past 10,000 years.

Even so, she could not defeat Zhang Ruochen.

Zhang Ruochen comforted her and said, “You don’t have to be so disappointed. In the Four Realms of Martial Arts, I’ve reached the Ultimate Realm four times and created the Chord of the Gods four times. If you defeated me, I would have died in shame.”

Zhang Ruochen trusted Ao Xinyan very much, so he did not hide many things from her.

“The Ultimate Realm four times?”

Ao Xinyan was suddenly stunned. She attentively looked at Zhang Ruochen and could not express her admiration.

She regained her composure and let out a long sigh. “Group Leader, you’re so amazing. It’s no wonder that you’re so powerful at only the Seventh Change in the Fish-dragon Realm. But, I won’t admit defeat.

“From now on, you are what I’ll strive for. I’ll refine divine blood and condense a divine mark inside to beat you.”

Zhang Ruochen said with a smile, “I feel more stressed after hearing your words.”

Ao Xinyan puckered up her lips and smiled gently. Regardless of if what he said was true or false, she was very happy because she had put great pressure on him.

“Let me calculate. Elder Yin Hai should have returned to Shentai City with the Divine Dragon’s Blood and the Dragon King’s Blood. I need to get in touch with him in a hurry. “Before Kunlun Heir’s banquet, I want to refine a drop of Divine Dragon’s Blood to enhance my strength. Then, I must battle with the demonic sect masters.” Ao Xinyan fluttered her eyelashes, put her hands behind her back, and straightened up her soft breasts to form an amazing curve.

Then, she left the Yin Yang Wooden Graph and went to contact Elder Yin Hai.

Chapter 736 - The Patriarch of the Divine Dragon and Half-human Clan

Translator:

Transn

Editor:

Transn

The value of the Divine Dragon's Blood was not little, so the Divine Dragon and Half-human Clan naturally attached considerable importance to it. A total of six Half-Saints and one Saint escorted it.

The Saint was Ao Yi, who was Ao Xinyan's grandfather and the present patriarch of the Divine Dragon and Half-human Clan. He was a well-known person throughout the entire Eastern Region and was on par with the Master of the Yin and Yang Sect.

Ao Xinyan stood beneath Ao Yi and bowed. "Honorable grandfather."

Ao Yi sat above her wearing a golden dragon robe and had a few white hairs. He looked to be about 50 years old and was in high spirits.

"Yan Er, don't need to bother. Quickly stand up!"

Ao Yi could not be more satisfied with his granddaughter Ao Xinyan. She was so highly talented that she was called the top talented woman of the Divine Dragon and Half-human Clan in the past hundreds of years.

"Oh!"

Ao Yi stared at Ao Xinyan for a while and let out a cry of surprise. Then, he opened his eyes and said, "Yan Er, have you refined the Divine Dragon Bone?"

Ao Xinyan knew that she could not fool her grandfather, so she admitted it. “I indeed have refined the Divine Dragon Bone.”

Upon hearing this, the six Half-Saints, sitting on the left and right sides, were startled.

Ao Jing, Ao Xinyan’s father, suddenly stood up and ecstatically said, “Yan Er, you’ve refined the Divine Dragon Bone?! But, we haven’t given the Divine Dragon’s Blood and Dragon King’s Blood to Lin Yue. How could he give you the Divine Dragon Bone?”

Sitting above, Ao Yi looked unhappy as he admonished him. “Ao Jing, you’re a Half-Saint now. Can’t you remain calm? In comparison to Yan Er, you’re inferior.”

“I’m so excited because she has made such a big achievement. Hehe!” Ao Jing awkwardly laughed and immediately returned to his seat, not daring to speak much.

Ao Yi snorted and shook his head. He stared at Ao Xinyan with soft eyes and said with a smile, “Yan Er, tell us!”

Ao Xinyan answered, “Grandfather, Lin Yue is broad-minded and aboveboard. He does things sincerely. He said that he believed in the Divine Dragon and Half-human Clan, so he gave me the Divine Dragon Bone in advance.”

Ever since her childhood, Ao Yi knew that Ao Xinyan was the top talented woman in the clan. She was extremely lofty-minded and disdained everyone. This was the first time that she had highly praised a young man.

With a bright flash in his eyes, Ao Yi said with a forced smile, “I heard Elder Yin Hai mention that Lin Yue had defeated two masters of the demonic sect, Snake Two and Dragon Three. Besides that, he saved your life.

“Such a young talent is rarely seen. If he is as good as you say, he might have a chance to become Prince Consort of the Divine Dragon and Half-human Clan.”

Ao Xinyan was confused but she quickly reacted. As her heart beat faster, she coyly said, “Grandfather, don’t talk nonsense.

Lin Yue and I are just simple friends, so it's not what you think."

How could Ao Xinyan hide her thoughts from Ao Yi, an old-school man who had lived for many years?

Ao Yi thrust out his chest and said, "I'm on friendly terms with Master Ning. If you're too thin-skinned and find it difficult to bring up the matter, I can talk with Master Ning personally."

As Zhang Ruochen's figure flashed in her mind, this idea stirred her up.

However, Ao Xinyan was quite familiar with Zhang Ruochen. She knew that his fiancée was Huang Yanchen. Even if the Master of the Yin and Yang Sect appeared personally, he could not marry her.

And if she really did so, their friendship would be ruined.

With a stern look, Ao Xinyan pursed her lips and said, "Grandfather, if you mention this again, I'll get hostile!"

Ao Yi thought Ao Xinyan had said that due to shyness. He laughed and said, "Well, well, well... I won't mention it..."

Ao Yi looked serious as he continued. "The Divine Dragon Bone contains a lot of energy. A man can refine it with the power of the Divine Dragon through the sacrifice of the Dragon tribe. Without a sacrifice, how could you refine it within half a month?"

In order to help her refine the Divine Dragon's Body, Blackie imparted onto her some ancient occult arts, including the method of refining the Divine Dragon Bone.

She would not reveal the identities of Blackie and Zhang Ruochen.

She was a little angry while saying, "Grandfather, haven't you asked enough already? Can't I have some secrets?"

"Haha! I know that you have an unusual fate and you must have some fortuitous encounters. Since you're unwilling to speak about it, I won't ask you. My granddaughter has grown

up. It seems that I can't control you. I need to find a man to do it.”

Even though Ao Yi said this, he was very pleasant.

Not everyone could refine the Divine Dragon Bone. Throughout the history of the Divine Dragon and Half-human Clan, examples of failure could be found everywhere.

Since she could refine it, there was no one who could compare to her in the Divine Dragon and Half-human Clan in the past hundred years. Even in the last 10,000 years, nobody could catch up to her.

Ao Yi considered himself inferior to his granddaughter.

Once Ao Xinyan had left, Ao Jing finally understood. He tapped his thighs and laughed. “It looks like Yan Er must take a fancy to Lin Yue from the Yin and Yang Sect.”

Ao Jing reacted so slowly.

Ao Yi shook his head and let out a long gasp. He was disappointed by this son. Fortunately, he had an outstanding granddaughter, who would be capable of taking over for him.

When she returned again, Ao Xinyan brought back three drops of Divine Dragon's Blood and 20 drops of Dragon King's Blood.

The Divine Dragon's Blood contained a lot of energy and invincible might. If it fell to the ground, a mountain would fall apart. If it dropped on a Hundred Inscriptions Weapon, the Holy Weapon would be penetrated and become scrap iron.

Therefore, a common vessel could not bear the Divine Dragon's Blood.

Three drops of Divine Dragon's Blood were sealed in three fist-sized beads. Inside them, there were inscriptions arranged by the saints of the Divine Dragon and Half-human Clan.

Even though they were sealed, Zhang Ruochen could feel that the Divine Dragon's Blood contained a lot of energy.

“It's hard to imagine how the monks of the Fish-Dragon Realm could refine the Divine Dragon's Blood with their

cultivation.”

“The Fish-Dragon Realm monks can refine the Divine Dragon’s Blood through a large-scale sacrificial ceremony and the divine power granted by the gods. No Half-Saint can refine it alone with his strength,” Ao Xinyan said.

She had not known that the power of the Divine Dragon’s Blood was so formidable and that it could not be refined through human power.

At this time, Ao Yi told her the refining method while giving her the Divine Dragon’s Blood.

Chapter 737 - Gift Box

Translator:

Transn

Editor:

Transn

I see. Refining the Dragon King's Blood isn't so simple after all. It finally dawned on Zhang Ruochen.

Every force had a god they believed in.

The Moon Worship Demonic Sect believed in the "moon god," while the Divine Dragon and Half-Human clan worshipped the "dragon god." The Zhang family that had ruled the Sacred Central Empire had worshipped the "sacred god." Each force used sacrifice rituals to communicate with their god.

They could only produce divine blood with a god's power and, from there, create a Deity Print.

Ao Xinyan told Zhang Ruochen the secret to opening the Dragon King Blood's seal. Then he took out a translucent divine bone and handed it to Zhang Ruochen. The divine bone was uneven and looked like a coral made of jade. A ball of red light shone from the inside. It was more blinding than the sun.

One could vaguely make out that it was a ball of liquid.

More accurately, it was 12 drops of the dragon god's blood.

The energy that the Dragon King's blood contained was as terrifying as ever. By saving it in the divine bone, the blood's aura wouldn't be lost, but it would be covered.

"Group Leader, I'll enter the Scroll World first to cultivate in isolation and try for the Ninth Change of the Fish-Dragon Realm." Ao Xinyan clearly had a Pill, which was why he wanted to improve his cultivation so impatiently.

Zhang Ruochen sent Ao Xinyan to the Scroll World but stayed outside himself. He seemed to be deep in thought.

Afterward, he prepared a gift box and placed 1000 drops of Xuanwu Sacred Blood and five drops of the Dragon King's blood in. Then he used an inscription to seal the box.

Zhang Ruochen carried the box with one hand and kept the other hand behind his back. He walked towards the closed door to Huang Yanchen's room. Standing outside the stone door, he stood up straight and announced, "Lin Yue has prepared a gift and would like to see Miss Yanchen. Are you free right now?"

No response came from inside the room, but Zhang Ruochen was very patient. He stood outside calmly, expressing sufficient genuine feelings.

Scratch, scratch.

Around 15 minutes later, the heavy stone door opened slowly. Huang Yanchen walked out and stood before the door.

Her figure was tall and slender and she stared straight at Zhang Ruochen with her blue eyes. Then she glanced at Zhang Ruochen's box and said skeptically, "As far as I know, you're close with Junior Sister Apprentice Ao these days. How come you're giving me a gift now? I didn't think you'd be such a player."

Zhang Ruochen's smile remained. "Actually, I did business with Miss Ao recently and received many treasures from it. This is why I've brought some for Miss Yanchen. I hope you can accept it." Then he added, "I only want to be friends with you, nothing more."

Huang Yanchen did like Lin Yue's character and thought it would be worth it to be friends. Otherwise, she wouldn't meet him alone and say so much to him.

"It seems that the divine dragon bone really did help you get many treasures from the Divine Dragon and Half-Human clan."

Huang Yanchen's goal was take revenge on the Nine Serenity Sword Saint and this required a large amount of cultivation resources. Thus, she accepted the gift without embarrassment.

“What did you give me?” Evidently, Huang Yanchen didn’t think that Lin Yue could give her anything valuable, so she seemed not to care too much.

“Five drops of the Dragon King’s blood and 1000 drops of Xuanwu Sacred Blood,” Zhang Ruochen answered.

Huang Yanchen’s hands froze immediately. Her head shot up and shock was written across her beautiful face. She thought she’d heard incorrectly.

Dragon King’s blood?

Xuanwu Sacred Blood?

The value of Xuanwu Sacred Blood by itself was unmatched, and a single drop was worth a city. Dragon King’s blood was even more so.

Back then, Zhang Ruochen had only refined a drop of Xuanwu Sacred Blood and went from the First Change of the Fish-Dragon Realm to the Second Change. One could see Xuanwu Sacred Blood’s significance just from that. One thousand drops was much more than a Half-Saint family’s entire treasury.

As for the Dragon King’s blood, it was too valuable to even be bought with money.

One thousand drops of Xuanwu Sacred Blood and five drops of Dragon King’s blood were equal to the entire wealth of a slightly weaker Saint. Even the wealthy Xue Wuye didn’t have this.

Was Lin Yue wealthier than Xue Wuye? Thus, Huang Yanchen didn’t believe that the gift box really contained the blood.

When she opened the box, she froze.

“You’re really...giving me 1000 drops of Xuanwu Sacred Blood and five drops of Dragon King’s blood?”

Clearly, she didn’t believe it at all.

Seeing the changes in her expression, Zhang Ruochen was happy inside. But he just said calmly, “Of course.”

He gave such an immense amount of cultivation resources to Huang Yanchen because he understood her situation clearly. She was one of the heirs to the East Region Saint Mansion. She needed a lot of wealth and many resources to make connections and grow her own force and followers.

Huang Yanchen's parents were Half-Saints, but they couldn't afford these expenses at all.

Zhang Ruochen was obviously willing to help her so her situation in the East Region Saint Mansion wouldn't be so awkward.

Suddenly, Huang Yanchen trembled and her head shot up. "Where did you get the Xuanwu Sacred Blood?" she asked coldly as if interrogating him.

Huang Yanchen had refined the Blue Fire Xuanwu's Holy Source, so she was extremely familiar with that kind of sacred blood. The Xuanwu Sacred Blood that Lin Yue had given her was from the Blue Fire Xuanwu.

Zhang Ruochen had prepared for this so he remained calm. "Xuanwu Sacred Blood? The Holy Book's genius girl gave it to me. Apparently, the imperial court received the body of a Blue Fire Xuanwu and refined 10,000 drops of sacred blood."

Huang Yanchen clenched her fists tightly, her nails digging into her flesh. Two drops of crystal tears rolled from her frigid eyes. She knew that the imperial court must have found the Blue Fire Xuanwu's body among Zhang Ruochen's possessions. It must have been like that.

Seeing Huang Yanchen's sadness, Zhang Ruochen sighed inwardly. He didn't worry about Huang Yanchen seeing through his lie. After all, everyone knew that Lin Yue's relationship with the Holy Book's genius was unique. Huang Yanchen also wouldn't go verify it with her.

"If there's nothing else, I'll take my leave now." Seeing that Huang Yanchen was emotional, Zhang Ruochen clasped his hands together and left quickly.

He didn't turn around until he was far away. He saw Huang Yanchen kneeling, her arms outstretched before her, not caring

about her image at all. She seemed heartbroken and her tears kept falling onto the floor.

Zhang Ruochen sighed again. He felt bitter inside, but this was life. Loving someone didn't mean receiving. One sometimes had to give as well.

Returning to the closed stone room, Zhang Ruochen worked to compose himself and then he entered the Scroll World.

There was some time before the Kunlun Heir's banquet. Zhang Ruochen prepared to work towards the Four Spirit Treasured Body. Only then could he have the ability to fight against Ouyang Huan.

Chapter 738 - Four-spirit Treasured Body, Dharma Laksana

Translator:

Transn

Editor:

Transn

Zhang Ruochen entered the Scroll World. First he looked at Ao Xinyan who was struggling to reach the Ninth Change of the Fish-dragon Realm. The surface of her skin shone with a faint colored-glaze light. Apparently, she was in the crucial stage.

Later, he came to the edge of an enormous lake, sat down with his legs crossed, and took out the Source of Spiritual Fire, one of the Five Elements Spirit Treasures.

Zhang Ruochen had refined the Black Glazed Spinel, the Purple Agarwood and Bloody Saint-cultivating Soil and practiced the Treasured Body of Three Spirits.

He had also already refined a number of Sources of Spiritual Fire. If he could succeed in practicing the Treasured Body of Fire Spirit, he would be able to achieve a Four-spirit Treasured Body.

The power of five elements was the most balanced power in the universe. But to practice the Five Elements Chaotic Body meant to break the balance between heaven and earth, as if going in the opposite direction. It was a most difficult thing to practice.

The conflicts of the five-elements power grew fiercer inside the monk as he advanced his practice.

Zhang Ruochen was very close to practicing the Treasured Body of Fire Spirit successfully. But just this little bit left hindered him like a moat. The difficulty in crossing was unthinkable.

..

He placed his hands on his abdomen, left hand above and right hand below.

A sparkling cloud of Source of Spiritual Fire began to float between his palms. It was glowing.

“Devil-taming Mysterious Fetus Heaven.”

Using the fifth level method from the Scripture of Emperor Ming’s Empyrean, he gathered all his Genuine Qi and Holy Qi. He ran them quickly through his 36 Meridians and 4 holy meridians.

All of a sudden, a suction power emerged in his hands, changing the Source of Spiritual Fire into two small vortexes that fused into his palms.

“Boom!”

All the Source of Spiritual Fire rushed into his body like a fiery river was rushing into an icy sea. An intense conflict formed between the Source of Spiritual Fire and Zhang Ruochen’s body.

The two opposite powers, water and fire, were incompatible.

With his great will power, Zhang Ruochen had to suppress the incompatibility and try every means to merge them into one.

An hour later, his clothes were sodden with sweat. His skin alternated between being swollen like a giant and shrunken as thin as a lath.

Zhang Ruochen was on the edge of the Four-spirit Treasured Body but he was also in great danger.

His body could burst into smoke at any time.

Or his Spiritual Blood could be devoured by the power of five elements, and then he would become a lifeless skeleton.

“Ruochen, you must remember that when you embark on the road to practice, a journey of adventure also begins. Every superior must experience untold ordeals and withstand the tribulation of life and death.” Sword Saint Xuanji’s words echoed in his mind.

“I will succeed. I can pull through no matter what the difficulties may be.

“Those who fear death will only meet their end sooner.”

...

Zhang Ruochen persevered. He adjusted his mental state to achieve peace of mind.

Three days later, blood was coming out of all his pores. He endured unbearable pain every second, and even his will began to blur.

He did not stop until it was impossible to continue.

“At last... I still failed...”

With a deep breath out, Zhang Ruochen checked his inner body, only to find that his Meridians were almost broken, his internal organs were on the verge of being crushed, and even his bones had thick cracks.

His body was tattered and torn.

It was conceivable how dangerous it had been just now. If Zhang Ruochen had stuck on for one more moment, he might have exploded and died.

Although he’d been unable to achieve a Four-spirit Treasured Body, he had gained abundant practice experience and deepened his understanding of the Four-spirit Treasured Body.

“With this failure, it will be easier to reach the Four-spirit Treasured Body next time.”

Zhang Ruochen did not take healing pills immediately, but instead laid flat on the ground.

The remnant Saint Power of the Half-Saint’s Light, together with the power of water, wood, earth, and fire nature, slowly accumulated and healed his broken body.

Zhang Ruochen perceived the process carefully, helping him to better understand the Four-spirit Treasured Body.

It took half a month before Zhang Ruochen was back on his feet.

“Bang! Bang!”

He practiced palm techniques for half a day to circulate his Genuine Qi and Holy Qi.

“My failed practice actually strengthened my physical power. If I practice the Four-spirit Treasured Body successfully, how strong will I become?”

Now that he was stronger, Zhang Ruochen increased his expectation to practice the Four-spirit Treasured Body successfully.

He took out the Source of Spiritual Fire to make a second attempt at the Four-spirit Treasured Body.

Again, he failed.

This time, he became scrawny and dry as wood. You could see his bones beneath his black skin.

The power of the five elements had absorbed nearly all his Spiritual Blood. He was almost a skeleton.

It took him another half a month to recover.

He was scared but felicitated that he could survive twice after being so close to death.

Other monks would stop and give up on practicing the Four-spirit Treasured Body.

But Zhang Ruochen was clearly aware that he could not give up.

Chi Yao had practiced eight hundred more years than he. If he was unable to practice the Five Elements Chaotic Body, how could he surpass her in the future?

His hatred and rage toward her burst out constantly.

Zhang Ruochen took a deep breath and said firmly, “If I can’t defeat Chi Yao, why should I bother living? Should I live in

silence and disgrace?”

So he made his third attempt at the Four-spirit Treasured Body.

But he failed again.

Zhang Ruochen made his fourth attempt.

His fifth.

...

On his seventh attempt, Zhang Ruochen finally felt the realm of the Four-spirit Treasured Body, ripped through the final barrier, and balanced the four powers of water, fire, wood, and fire perfectly.

“Boom!”

The moment he succeeded in practicing the Four-spirit Treasured Body, an enormous power fluctuation poured out from his body and swept thousands of kilometers away.

“Five elements Dharma Laksana.”

He opened his eyes and said the words lightly.

If he could practice the Four-spirit Treasured Body, he could demonstrate the incomplete five-elements Dharma Laksana.

A Saintly Being’s Dharma Laksana and an archaean survivor’s Dharma Laksana both originated from their personal Dharma Laksana. A monk had to rely on his own power to demonstrate the Dharma Laksana.

However, the five-elements Dharma Laksana was formed by condensing universal power, so it embraced the power of heaven and earth. The five-elements Dharma Laksana was actually the heaven-and-earth Dharma Laksana.

A human’s power was finite, but heaven-and-earth power was infinite.

Even the incomplete five-elements Dharma Laksana could erupt a horrifying power.

“Rumble!”

The five-elements power revolved around Zhang Ruochen. It grew stronger and stronger, even chaotic.

The nearby plants on the ground sprang up so rapidly that their new buds were visible to the naked eye.

Heavy rain poured down mixed with thunder.

The earth surrounding Zhang Rouchen rose to take the shape of a hill, and finally a huge mountain.

The mountain erupted with a terrible noise and spouted red lava. The lava flowed down and merged into a river that ran to where Zhang Ruo Chen had been sitting with his legs crossed.

Drastic changes also took place thousands of kilometers away.

Remove

Chapter 739 - Kunlun Heir's Banquet, Scroll Mountain

Translator:

Transn

Editor:

Transn

The incomplete Five Element Dharma Laksana seemed to divide the world into five sections, giving out five different colors: black, green, red, yellow, and white.

Among them, the white area, representing the power of metal, appeared rather dim.

Apparently, the Five Element Dharma Laksana was incomplete.

Ao Xinyan sat cross-legged on top of a sacred mountain, looked at the Dharma Laksana surprisedly, and said to herself, "Has the Group Leader practiced the Four Spirit Treasured Body successfully?"

Ao Xinyan generated a conjuration with her hands. And then, a purple dragon shadow flew from the middle of her eyebrows and swirled around her graceful, tender body in a circle, causing severe air turbulence.

"Ascending Dragon Finger!"

As her finger pointed out, a light column of dragon Qi measuring 3 feet in diameter flew out from her white finger, passed through thin air, and dashed toward the incomplete Five Elements Laksana.

She aimed the dragon Qi at the metal area, the weakest part of the Five Elements Laksana.

Ao Xinyan had practiced to the Ninth Change in the Fish-Dragon Realm, and her cultivation had increased remarkably.

Therefore, she wanted to test Zhang Ruochen's strength again.

Zhang Ruochen floated in the air and cast a glance at the dragon Qi flying towards him. A smile appeared on his lips, and he opened his hands to run Five Elements Laksana with all his strength.

“CLANG!”

The dragon Qi clashed with the Dharma Laksana and was shattered in a flash. The column was vaporized into a purple cloud of Qi and dissipated in all directions.

“What a terrific Laksana. It is incomplete, but it is still hard to penetrate.”

Ao Xinyan was eager to use the Divine Dragon Dharma Laksana to combat the Five Elements Dharma Laksana. But she held back, because victory meant nothing to her, not to mention that she did not know whether her Divine Dragon Dharma Laksana could defeat the Five Elements.

She knew clearly that the power over time and space was an ace up Zhang Ruochen's sleeve. If he demonstrated his power over either, Ao Xinyan would have no chance to win at all.

Zhang Ruochen retracted the Five Elements Laksana and landed on the ground. Looking at his powerful hands, he said to himself, “My cultivation has come to the peak of the Seventh Change in the Fish-Dragon Realm. If I can open up the Blunt Holy Meridian, I can break through to the Eighth Change in the Fish-Dragon Realm.”

The Blunt Holy Meridian was the last meridian of the five holy meridians, and it was also the most important one. It ran through a monk's body, linking all the holy meridians.

As soon as a monk was able to open up the Blunt Holy Meridian, he could integrate Qi with his body and run it as freely as he wanted.

Generally speaking, if a monk could open up the Blunt Holy Meridian, his power would be doubled instantly.

Therefore, a significant gap lay between the Seventh Change and the Eighth Change in the Fish-Dragon Realm.

Zhang Ruochen did not want to make a hurried attempt at the Eighth Change. Opening up the Blunt Holy Meridian required a monk to condense his overall power quickly to open the holy meridian in one fling. A gradual approach would not succeed.

Sometimes with the help of the powerful external force, it would be much easier to break through the taboo of the Blunt Holy Meridian.

For example, the reason why Ao Xinyan could open the Blunt Holy Meridian in a flash and reach the realm of the Eighth Change in the Fish-Dragon Realm was that she drew support from a divine dragon bone.

Zhang Ruochen continued to practice sword techniques, demonstrate Sword Two, and study “Seperation of Yin and Yang,” the level four realm.

Gathering strength was quite the process!

Meanwhile, he also practiced the 37 sword techniques of Qi Hong’s Tao of the sword, and he made great efforts to transform them into his own sword techniques and integrate all that he had learned.

Qi Hong was a true sword saint’s disciple. He had practiced successfully two Ghost Level Superior Class sword techniques, four Ghost Level Middle Class sword techniques, and five Ghost Level Inferior Class sword techniques.

The two Ghost Level Superior class sword techniques were “Mountains and Rivers Swordship” and “Nine-Star Moon Sword.” They were both extremely mysterious and powerful.

If Zhang Ruochen spent a month absorbing Qi Hong’s understanding of Tao of the sword, he could practice the Nine-Star Moon Sword to mastery.

As to the Mountains and Rivers Swordship, Zhang Ruochen had practiced it proficiently, but the power he displayed was still limited to a small success.

Zhang Ruochen analyzed that the Mountains and Rivers Swordship was more of a power of Holy Road than a kind of sword technique.

In the universe, every bush, tree, mountain, and river was there for a good reason.

And the reason was to embrace the Holy Road.

To demonstrate Mountains and Rivers Swordship, a monk was supposed to perceive the mountains and rivers, have a deep insight into their Holy Road, and then arrive at the required realm.

Most monks did not begin perceiving the Holy Road and fighting for the Half-Saint realm until they had reached the Ninth Change in the Fish-Dragon Realm.

“SWOSH!”

A dragon shadow leapt from the distance and condensed into a slender and graceful figure ahead of Zhang Ruochen.

Ao Xinyan crossed her arms and said, “Group Leader, the Kunlun Heir’s Banquet is about to begin. We should go now. If we go there too late, people from the demonic sect may think we are afraid of them.”

Zhang Ruochen stopped practicing sword moves and held the Ancient Abyss Sword flat in his hands. He looked at the sword and said with a self-deprecating laugh, “If I had not promised Ouyang Huan, I would not want to attend the banquet.”

Zhang Ruochen showed no interest in being an Heir of Kunlun’s Field, as well as taking part in the Kunlun Heir’s Banquet. But, he had agreed to duel Ouyang Huan, and thus he had to go there to keep his word.

He attributed it to his immaturity. He was too young and impetuous.

But ardor and impetuosity were the soul of youth.

Faced with Ouyang Huan, another outstanding young man, Zhang Ruochen’s pride would not allow him to cower.

Since he had agreed, so what if he went to the Kunlun Heir’s Banquet?

Zhang Ruochen and Ao Xinyan stepped out of the secluded stone chamber and set foot on the journey together.

Huang Yanchen had already gone to the banquet.

“There are countless geniuses and talents in Kunlun’s Field. I wonder how Saint Lady will organize this banquet,” Ao Xinyan said with corners of her mouth upward, showing her anticipation.

Suddenly, Zhang Ruochen stopped to gaze in the distance. He said in surprise, “What magnificent work! Is it a truly holy site?”

Ao Xinyan followed his gaze, her pupils dilated in shock.

A gigantic Scroll Mountain towered outside Shentai City.

Yes.

It was a lofty mountain made from numerous piled-up scrolls.

The mountain was over 3,000 meters high. Halfway up the mountain, a white cloud bridge floated in the air, swirling around the mountain of scrolls like a fairyland.

How many scrolls did it take to make such an enormous mountain?

Everyone around the marvelous scene was shocked with admiration.

From afar Zhang Ruochen and Ao Xinyan could see many monks trekking up the Scroll Mountain.

A sea of people packed the mountain’s foot. Monks wearing various clothes were everywhere, and there were some strange-looking people from the half-human clans.

The clanmen from the Elephant-Human clan were tall, standing about seven or eight meters, their legs as sturdy as pillars and their ears as large as palm-leaf fans.

The Fox-Human Clan’s members were mainly women. They wore little, which was quite seductive. Merely a glance could bewitch a man thoroughly.

...

Zhang Ruochen and Ao Xinyan stood at the edge of the Scroll Mountain, unable to get close. So, they pushed their way

through.

At that moment, an inner disciple from the Yin and Yang Sect caught sight of Zhang Ruochen and shouted, “Look, that’s elderbrother Lin Yue. He is coming.”

All the people fixed their eyes on Zhang Ruochen with excitement, as if they saw their heart’s idol.

In the last month, Lin Yue’s name had got around. Everyone knew that he was a big shot who had defeated two masters from the demonic sect, and that he even dared to challenge Ouyang Huan.

Therefore, the crowds drew back one after another to make way for Zhang Ruochen.

At the foot of the Scroll Mountain, Zhang Ruochen could feel a mighty Holy Aura emanating from inside the mountain, which dwarfed everyone nearby.

On the mountaintop, Saint Lady’s figure appeared vaguely.

A familiar voice rose from Zhang Ruochen’s right side, “Scroll Mountain was piled up by Saint Lady, who used 397.8 million scrolls. And each scroll was inscribed with Inscription of Array. So, the whole Scroll Mountain is like a huge array.”

Zhang Ruochen turned around and found Huang Yanchen in a tight martial robe standing on his right side. Her long, royal blue hair fell down to her waist.

She was the one who had just spoken.

“How capable Saint Lady is. No wonder the Empress sent her to select nine Heirs for Kunlun’s Field,” said Ao Xinyan.

Huang Yanchen said, “Not only is the Kunlun Heir’s Banquet to select the Nine Kunlun Heirs, but also to investigate how many geniuses and talents of the young generation are hidden in Kunlun’s Field. Let’s wait and see. A number of formidable monks will appear tonight. And, some unknown monks will make themselves known at the banquet.

“There are four classes of seats on Scroll Mountain.

“At the bottom of the mountain are 18,000 seats, called ‘Talent Seats.’ If a monk can hold on to the seat without being defeated by other challengers, he will be considered a talent and have the right to be a distinguished guest for the banquet.”

Zhang Ruochen gazed at the Scroll Mountain and found closely-packed seats at the bottom. Some were situated hundreds of meters high, while others were only ten or twenty.

Each seat was numbered differently.

Obviously, the 18,000 Talent Seats were arranged in sequential order. The higher the seat was, the greater the qualification.

From afar, Zhang Ruochen noticed Si Xingkong and Chang Qiqi contending against many monks for two Talent Seats. Even with their current talent and cultivation, they were fighting arduously, unable to hold on to the seat tightly.

Just for the Talent Seats, the competition was so fierce, let alone for the upper seats.

Huang Yanchen continued. “Above the Talent Seats, halfway up the mountain, are 3,000 ‘Conquer Seats.’ Obviously, Saint Lady plans to take advantage of the banquet to select the 3,000 top conquerors of Kunlun’s Field.

“I think, after the banquet, they will be the only 3,000 monks in Kunlun’s Field who can declare themselves to be conquerors. If other monks do so, they will undoubtedly be mocked.

“But, it’s not an easy job to gain one of the 3,000 seats. A monk must clear 18,000 barriers and blaze his way up, step by step.”

3,000 seats looked like a lot. But compared to all the monks in Kunlun’s Field, very few seats were available.

Even a powerful Saint’s family was not sure to make it to a Conquer Seat.

Huang Yanchen went on speaking. “Above the Conquer Seats, there are 108 ‘King Seats,’ which are close to the peak.

Anyone who can hold on to a seat there will be granted the title ‘Young King.’”

Chapter 740 - The Heir/Heiress of the East Region Saint Mansions

Translator:

Transn

Editor:

Transn

In all of Kunlun's Field, only 108 monks were qualified to sit in the King Seats. How fierce the competition was!

Even a Saintly Being had to weigh whether his cultivation and realm were powerful enough to sit in the Kings Seats.

Above the King Seats was the mountaintop, where there were nine "Heir Seats".

Only those eligible to be the "Heirs of Kunlun's Field" could sit here with the Saint Lady on equal terms.

The Nine Heir Seats were more than just seats; they represented supreme glory and status. Thus, numerous people flocked to them.

Beneath Scroll Mountain, countless young monks were staring eagerly at the nine seats. They were willing to pay with their lives just to sit on the seats, even if only for a while.

"The Kunlun Heir's banquet is bound to be a grand contest among young talents," said Ao Xinyan. "I'm afraid it will be the limelight of the Sword Technique Conference."

The Sword Technique Conference would be held in a month, and only swordsmen were allowed to participate. It could not compare to tonight's Kunlun Heir's banquet in terms of scale or quantity of young masters.

The Kunlun Heir's banquet cast the Sword Technique Conference into the shade.

"They're different."

Zhang Ruochen shook his head. "The Kunlun Heir's banquet is aimed at young monks. The Sword Technique Conference is mainly for senior sword practitioners to perceive the Wordless Sword Manual and exchange their understanding of the Tao of the sword.

"For sword practitioners in the Fish-Dragon Realm, it is a rare opportunity to compete in the Sword Technique Conference. The elder sword practitioners are spectators of the younger's performances of Tao of the sword. It adds more fun to the conference.

"It's possible that the Taiji Sect, the Yin and Yang Sect, the Four Symbols Sect and the Bagua Sect are the only ones who take the performances of the sword practitioners in the Fish-Dragon Realm seriously.

"After all, the battle among the four forces' younger generation will decide who will own the Sword Pavilion. It is a remarkable event."

Ao Xinyan understood everything at once. "Since the Kunlun Heir's banquet is about to be held, isn't it absurd for sword practitioners in the Fish-Dragon Realm to perform in the Sword Technique Conference?"

Zhang Ruochen nodded and spoke cautiously. "For you, it is. But for disciples from the Yin and Yang Sect, the Sword Technique Conference results are more important than the Kunlun Heir's banquet.

"But there have always been troublemakers at the Sword Technique Conference. Eight hundred years ago, the young Sword Emperor defeated all the young sword practitioners from the Taiji Sect and the other three Sects. He humiliated them with his forceful ability."

"I doubt there will be any troublemakers in this year's Sword Technique Conference," Ao Xinyan replied. "Tonight, all the powerful monks will turn up for sure. To become an Heir of

Kunlun's Field is more pragmatic than making fame at the Sword Technique Conference.”

“Yes, you're right.”

Zhang Ruochen's eyes lit up with excitement. Staring at the Scroll Mountain, he said to himself, ”

The Kunlun Heir's banquet tonight is sure to go down in history. It will usher in an unprecedented heyday of Martial Arts

.”

At the foot of Scroll Mountain, a ten-meter-wide road was piled up with scrolls, leading to the mountaintop.

The gate at the foot of the mountain was a scene of chaos. Hundreds of thousands of warriors were competing, and various Genuine Martial Arms were crashing with each other. The occasional Holy Weapon flew out to knock down a group of monks.

The spectacle looked like a massive war.

In the scuffle, a number of monks had been knocked down before they even got to the entrance.

Every fifteen minutes, a few monks were able to fight their way out and begin climbing the mountain. There were no weak, only masters who had long enjoyed good reputations.

Even on the way up Scroll Mountain, climbers were continuously knocked down. It was rare for monks to be able to hold on to their seats for a long time.

With two screams, Si Xingkong and Chang Qiqi dropped from Scroll Mountain, both bathed in blood and injured badly.

Huang Yanchen immediately sent the royal guards from the East Region Saint Mansions to carry them down.

Clearly enough, with their current ability, Si Xingkong and Chang Qiqi were unable to take part in the Kunlun Heir's banquet. They were not qualified even for “Talent Seats”, the fourth-class seats.

“Your cultivation isn’t good enough.” Zhang Ruochen said as he took out two sixth-level healing Pills and handed them to Chang Qiqi and Si Xingkong.

“Thank you.”

Si Xingkong lay on the stretcher coughing up blood. He took the Pill and closed his eyes to heal his injury.

Lying on another stretcher with a pale look, Chang Qiqi took the healing pill from Zhang Ruochen. He fixed his eyes on him, and then shifted to Huang Yanchen, saying “Junior sister apprentice Huang, you have to ally with others to climb up Scroll Mountain. If you go by yourself, you’ll easily be beaten down.”

Chang Qiqi hinted that Huang Yanchen should form an alliance with Lin Yue. After all, Lin Yue’s powerful ability was visible to everyone.

Huang Yanchen nodded and beckoned for the royal guards of the East Region Saint Mansions to carry them down.

Huang Yanchen cast her eyes at Scroll Mountain and sighed. “The Saint Academy in the Eastern Region has many powerful geniuses, but lacks a master soul who can rally and unite these geniuses. They rush up like soldiers without a commander. Very few monks can sit tight on the seat.”

She paused and added, “If Zhang Ruochen were still alive, the Eastern Region Saint Academy’s Saints would not be so competitive about tonight’s Kunlun Heir’s banquet.”

Her eyes blurred, as if she was recalling something.

Hearing his name, Zhang Ruochen could not help but change his expression slightly. “If you can’t rely on the Eastern Region Saint Academy, why not turn to the East Region Saint Mansions for help. As far as I know, aren’t there several talents and geniuses in the mansions?”

Huang Yanchen shook her head with a slight frown. “Four Heirs in the East Region Saint Mansions are fighting among themselves, because each of them desires to go higher.

“Whoever can win honor for the East Region Saint Mansions at the Kunlun Heir’s banquet will have a greater voice in the Saint Prince’s Mansion.

“I do have a few trusted followers in the Saint Prince’s Mansion. But unfortunately, their cultivations haven’t fully developed. They are of little use to me for now.”

Huang Yanchen was both one of the Saints of the East Region Saint Mansions and an Heiress of the East Region Saint Mansions.

But Huang Yanchen had just become an heiress; she had a rather weak foundation in the Saint Prince’s Mansion. She could not compare to the other heirs yet at all.

Besides, she was the youngest among them, and correspondingly, her cultivation was weaker. Even the weakest of the three heirs was a realm higher than her.

“Rumble!”

A Kylin chariot charged from the distance. Its ten-meter-high shafts crushed out two deep tracks and made the ground shake slightly.

An Ice of Profound Kylin pulled the carriage. It was a sixth-level superior class savage beast. It could emit chilly Icing air that froze the ground for hundreds of kilometers.

A young man in his twenties stepped out of the Kylin chariot. He was dressed in a golden armor and he held a Holy Weapon Bronze Dagger-axe in his hand.

It was Chen Tianpeng, an heir of the East Region Saint Mansions. His strength was so powerful that his cultivation had reached the Ninth Change of the Fish-dragon Realm.

Chen Tianpeng stood beside the chariot, looking down at Huang Yanchen, with a sneer. “The Kunlun Heir’s banquet is very important. Why are there so few warlords around cousin Yanchen?”

His eyes smoldered with exultation as he looked back at the Kylin chariot.

Zhang Ruochen cast his eyes in that direction and noticed eight warlords at the Ninth Change of the Fish-dragon Realm following the chariot.

The eight warlords were dressed in golden armor. Their skin shone brightly.

Eight mighty clouds of Holy Qi burst out from them, forcing any nearby monks to recede. No one dared to step closer.

Obviously, the eight warlords had been carefully selected by Chen Tianpeng and would follow him to participate in the Kunlun Heir's banquet.

Huang Yanchen remained calm and showed no sign of weakness. "Every guest is permitted to bring two royal guards to the banquet. Cousin Tianpeng, what's the use of bringing so many people?"

Chen Tianpeng laughed, as he walked down from the Kylin chariot. "I'm only bringing two royal guards. The other six are just accompanying me to climb Scroll Mountain. They aren't my royal guards."

The Saint Lady had made it a rule that every guest was only allowed to bring two royal guards. This was to prevent great forces' disciples from possessing all the seats.

But Chen Tianpeng had found a flaw in the rule. Outwardly, only two royal guards were coming with him. In fact, the other six royal guards assisted him in cleaning up the road ahead and going higher.

As soon as he sat on the seat, the six royal guards stopped helping him.

If Chen Tianpeng hoped to sit tight, he had to rely on himself and the two royal guards.

As an heir of the East Region Saint Mansions, Chen Tianpeng's power was not weak. He was fully confident that as long as he could make it to the seat, he could sit for a long time.

Chapter 741 - To Be the Green Leaf

Translator:

Transn

Editor:

Transn

Soon enough, another two heirs of the Eastern Region Saint Mansion also arrived at the foot of Scroll Mountain by chariot.

One of them was named Chen Kai, who had been the only Saintly Being from the Eastern Region Saint Mansion for the last hundred years. He was known as the top master among its four heirs.

His cultivation had reached the Ninth Change in the Fish-Dragon Realm. At 68, he did not look his age, rather, he looked like a young man of 27 or 28.

While staring at Chen Kai, Ao Xinyan twitched her lips a bit to whisper to Zhang Ruochen. She told him, “This man is Chen Kai, a Holy River Saint Being. He is widely celebrated in Eastern Region.”

“According to messengers of our Divine Dragon-Half Human Clan, Chen Kai could possibly have refined a drop of divine blood, and he is a formidable figure as well as the most important heir of the Eastern Region Saint Mansion.”

Zhang Ruochen nodded slightly to Chen Kai with his eyes on him.

Another heir of the Eastern Region Saint Mansion was a young woman named Chen Laner whose delicate features resembled Huang Yanchen. She had a plump figure and fair skin. Her eyebrows were drawn on in vermilion, imparting an air of elegance and nobility.

Chen Laner wore a silver gauze blouse with a myriad of inscriptions floating on it, so that she was glimmering with a silver sheen. Obviously, the blouse was a superior defensive holy weapon.

Chen Kai and Chen Laner each had eight warlords in the Ninth Change in the Fish-Dragon Realm standing behind them.

Ao Xinyan whispered again to Zhang Ruochen. “This woman is Chen Laner, the granddaughter of the Prince of the Eastern Region. Though her cultivation is the Eighth Change in the Fish-Dragon Realm, she has outstanding prowess in array, and she reached the 44th level of spiritual power. With her defensive arrays deployed, Chen Laner can equal Chen Kai.”

When Zhang Ruochen sized up the three heirs of the Eastern Region Saint Mansion, he perceived strange reactions to Huang Yanchen, hostility and disdain.

They looked down on her.

Zhang Ruochen frowned in displeasure, but he soon figured out the reason.

Huang Yanchen was, after all, just a distant relative of the Chens, and she was the weakest among them, too. What if she became one of the heirs? How could a direct descendent of the Eastern Region Saint Mansion respect her?

Chen Kai got off his chariot. His combat boots thumped into the ground as he walked. He looked august and overwhelming. “We are the heirs of the Eastern Region Saint Mansion, and we represent Saint Prince’s Mansion. We can’t lose face today, no matter what.”

When he finished his words, Chen Kai looked pointedly at Huan Yanchen. Obviously, he was alluding to her.

Chen Laner walked out of her chariot with elegant steps and a siren smile. “If somebody can’t even make her way to the fourth rank, Talent Seats, she should be removed from her position as the heir of Saint Prince’s Mansion. We can’t afford to lose face.”

Things were getting awkward. Even the warlords cast mocking glances at Huang Yanchen behind her back.

Huang Yanchen remained silent the whole time, as if she had not heard the meaning behind their words. But, under her sleeves, her hands clenched into fists so tightly that her knuckles cracked.

In fact, Huang Yanchen did not care about the position as the heir. When direct Chen descendents rained ridicule on her, she just wanted to give up on the position.

But when she recalled that Zhang Ruochen had paid a huge price to earn her the position before he died, she was caught with a pang of anger, and she told herself to keep on going.

Even if she was not as talented, she could practice harder and spend much more time than others to make herself stronger.

Her efforts eventually paid off. Within less than a year, her cultivation reached the Seventh Change in the Fish-Dragon Realm.

However, there was still a huge gap between her and the other three heirs.

“No matter how much mocking and ridicule is waiting for me, I must not give up. If I lose the position, how can I take vengeance on Nine Serenity Sword Saint for killing Zhang Ruochen?”

Huang Yanchen gritted her white teeth and bit her lip until it was bleeding, filling her mouth with the taste of blood.

Zhuang Ruochen shifted his eyes from Huang Yanchen, who grinned and bore it, to the other three heirs. He was seized with mixed feelings.

He whispered to Ao Xinyan. “Senior Sister Apprentice Yanchen is given the upper hand, as she owns the Xuanwu holy source, but she is not comparable to Chen Tianpeng, Chen Kai and Chen Laner in terms of talent.”

“Originally, I earned the position for Senior Sister Apprentice Yanchen, and I only thought that in this way, she could have more practice resources from the Eastern Region Saint Mansion and improve her cultivation.”

“I never expected that it would put her in trouble. It’s all my fault.”

Ao Xinyan jolted slightly, feeling something off about Zhang Ruochen. “Group Leader, what are you going to do?”

“Tonight, I want to play a supporting role for her.”

Zhang Ruochen smiled faintly and looked up at the top of the Scroll Mountain. “I have to help her win at least one of the 108 King Seats.”

He was willing to be her ‘green leaf,’ the supporting actor, the foil.

Ao Xinyan was startled by Zhang Ruochen’s decision. She never expected her group leader to make such a choice.

With his power, he would stand a chance even if he was going to compete for one of the seats himself. But from his tone of voice, she could tell that he had no intention of taking one of the seats on Scroll Mountain. Instead, he chose to be the ‘green leaf’ to set off Huang Yanchen’s flower.

Ao Xinyan secretly looked at Huang Yanchen and found herself burning with jealousy.

Huang Yanchen had such a brilliant fiancée who loved her with all his heart and was willing to make a secret sacrifice for her. He would even give up his own opportunity to be one of the heirs of Kunlun’s Field.

“If a man like him loved me like this, I could die happy.” Ao Xinyan bit her lips tightly as her inner jealousy faded away and was replaced by a wave of admiring envy.

Chen Kai looked at Huang Yanchen and asked her, “Cousin Yanchen, you are one of the heirs of the Eastern Region Saint Mansion, so why don’t you have royal guards behind you? Your cultivation is only the Seventh Change in the Fish-Dragon Realm. Do you think you can take one of the ‘Talent Seats?’”

Chen Tianpeng sneered. “If the heir of the Eastern Region Saint Mansion can’t even take one of the ‘Talent Seats’ at the Kunlun Heir’s Banquet, it would be so embarrassing!”

Chen Laner giggled, with her slim fingers touching her chin. "If Cousin Yanchen can't afford royal guards, I can lend you two to help you take one of the seats."

Huang Yanchen gasped deeply and tried to suppress her anger. Her chest heaved up and down, and then her eyes became sharp. She had to scale Scroll Mountain alone.

She had to make her way up, even if she had to sacrifice her body.

At this point, Zhang Ruochen took a step forward and appeared at her side. He looked the three heirs in the eye and said calmly, "Who says Commandery Princess Yanchen has no royal guard? I am her royal guard."

"You...are her royal guard?"

Chen Kai, Chen Tianpeng, Chen Laner, and the warlords behind them all looked surprised. Obviously, they never expected that Huang Yanchen really had a royal guard.

But he was just one man, how much could he really help her?

Perhaps, this guy was just fawning over her because she was beautiful and the heir of Eastern Region Saint Mansion.

After all, they recognized that a woman like Huang Yanchen had lots of suitors. It was normal for a geek to be dazzled by her beauty.

At the sight of Lin Yue, Huang Yanchen's resolve stiffened. She could not believe her eyes.

Chen Kai, Chen Tianpeng, and Chen Laner did not know his identity. But Huang Yanchen knew that the man in sight was the sword genius from the Yin and Yang Sect, and that he had also defeated two masters of the Demonic Sect.

With his power, it would not be difficult for him to take one of King Seats, even if he could not become one of the heirs of Kunlun's Field.

How could such a young king deign to be her royal guard? Even though Huang Yanchen knew Lin Yue was wooing her, she still could not bring herself to believe that he would be so crazy.

“What...what do you want from me?” Huang Yanchen asked.

Zhang Ruochen said, “I’m willing to be your royal guard. I await your bidding.”

Huang Yanchen was slightly moved, but she refused to believe it. “Don’t you know that bodyguards are not permitted to take a seat for themselves? Guards cannot become guests. Mr. Lin, you are making a big joke.”

“SWOSH!”

Zhang Ruochen drew out his Golden Snake Divine Rapier and held it before his chest, with his head slightly bowed. He smiled and said, “Your majesty, your royal guard is ready to climb Scroll Mountain with you for the Kunlun Heir’s Banquet.”

Eventually, Huang Yanchen was convinced that Lin Yue meant to be her royal guard.

But why?

Only because Lin Yue meant to woo her?

She could not believe that was the only reason.

After all, she had only met Lin Yue less than three times, so he could not be obsessed with her. Even if Lin Yue was determined to woo her, he would probably have just sent her some treasure. It was next to impossible for Lin Yue to give up the good opportunity to become one of the heirs of Kunlun’s Field and become her royal guard instead.

He must have had some other reasons.

Huang Yanchen began to put everything together, like the unusual reaction of Sword Saint Xuanji, the Xuanwu Sacred Blood and Dragon King’s blood sent by Lin Yue, and what was happening now.

Everything was unusual, but there seemed to be a logical link between them.

Suddenly, she thought she figured out a possible explanation, but she rejected it as impossible at once.

“Lin Yue...so familiar. I think I have heard this name before....”

Chen Laner was murmuring to herself, and suddenly something crossed her mind. She swiftly raised her head, eyes shining, and looked at Lin Yue beside Huang Yanchen. She blurted out, “Are you the sword genius of the Yin and Yang Sect?”

Chapter 742 - Flood-Dragon Four, Roc Six and Centipede Eight

Translator:

Transn

Editor:

Transn

“Is he the sword genius from the Yin and Yang Sect?”

Chen Kai and Chen Tianpeng immediately set their eyes on the young man beside Huang Yanchen in astonishment.

Could it be possible?

Chen Kai, the strongest, was just sure that he could triumph over Dragon Three. But as for Snake Two, a species left over from the primitive time, he had just a 50-50 shot at defeating it.

So, Chen Kai did not believe that this was the Lin Yue who had defeated Snake Two and Dragon Three.

Zhang Ruochen swept his eyes around the three heirs and warlords behind them and remained composed and calm.

“Your Highness, let’s go to the banquet!”

For some reason, Huang Yanchen felt something familiar about Lin Yue, and it gave her confidence in him.

How could a stranger give her such feelings?

Huang Yanchen was befuddled, but she still followed Zhang Ruochen step by step on her way to the pathway at the foot of Scroll Mountain.

“Is he really the Lin Yue from the Yin and Yang Sect? Could they just share the same name?” Chen Tianpeng swallowed in

disbelief that a superior like Lin Yue would be willing to be Huang Yanchen's royal guard.

Walking by his side, Huang Yanchen's dark blue eyes were contemplative. After a moment of silence, she finally sent a sound to Zhuang Ruochen. "Who are you? Why are you helping me?"

Zhang Ruochen's Change of 36 Forms was at an advanced stage. It could change not only his appearance but also his demeanor.

Unless he gave himself away on purpose, even a Psychic Sage like the Saint Lady could not recognize him.

As long as he was careful, Zhang Ruochen was sure that he could hide himself from Huang Yanchen.

With his left hand behind his back, Zhang Ruochen held the Golden Snake Divine Sword in his right hand. He looked unruffled and twitched his lips. "Don't ask or say anything. I will tell you when the time comes. To be frank, I do have a history with you."

Lin Yue's words made Huang Yanchen feel relieved somehow. She thought inwardly.

"He finally admitted he has a history with me. What's the history? When the Kunlun Heir's Banquet is over, I must ask Master to get to the bottom of the matter."

On Scroll Mountain, all was chaos.

In the vicinity, Monks were all fighting through the melee to take the staircase.

Upon seeing Zhang Ruochen and Huang Yanchen, a Monk in the Fifth Change in Fish-Dragon Realm even took a black Scaled Pike and thrust it at Zhang Ruochen.

"Boom!"

As the power was too strong, the tip of the long spear met strong resistance against the air and formed an arc.

Zhang Ruochen shook his head and mouthed two words, "Step aside."

Out of his mouth ran a strong wave of sound that was visible.
There was a loud roar.

The Monk with the pike, and dozens of other Monks in front of Zhang Ruochen, were swept high up into air by the sound wave like fallen leaves, leaving a clearing.

“Bang! Bang!”

A number of Monks fell down on the ground one after another, their robes in rags and their bodies covered with bloody streaks. While they were not badly hurt, they certainly looked dishevelled.

Such a strong strike left everyone dumbfounded, and many Monks stopped fighting and turned to look at Zhang Ruochen.

“Who is this man? How can he be so powerful?”

“A wave of sound can quash dozens of superiors in the Fish-Dragon Realm. The profound holy Qi is comparable to that of first-level Half-Saints.”

“He must be versed in controlling his power. He just sent them flying away, rather than hurting them badly.”

...

The three heirs of the Eastern Region Saint Mansion and the warlords behind them were all rendered astounded.

Until now, they had been sure that Huang Yanchen’s bodyguard was Lin Yue—the sword genius from the Yin and Yang Sect.

“How could...it be possible?”

Chen Laner gnashed her teeth, unable to accept the fact.

What about Huang Yanchen was superior to her?

In the past, Zhang Ruochen, the Time and Space Descendent, had lavished his love on her and saw her as a pearl in his palm. He gave her lots of treasure, and he even helped her become the heir of the Eastern Region Saint Mansion.

After Zhang Ruochen died, Lin Yue emerged, humbling himself to be just one of her royal guards.

Zhang Ruochen and Lin Yue, which one was not an elite among a galaxy of elites? And which one was not a rare breed under heaven?

Chen Laner considered herself superior to Huang Yanchen in every aspect, and she wondered why she was not as lucky as Huang Yanchen to meet a man like Zhang Ruochen or Lin Yue.

“A crowd of idiots. Don’t you know that he is Lin Yue—the sword genius of the Yin and Yang Sect? Even Snake Two and Dragon Three of the Demonic Sect were not his matches. You dare to block his way.” Qin Yufan shouted.

Qin Yufan was a genius of the Yin and Yang Sect, too. He was ranked second at the Sword Technique Conference for Monks in the Eighth Change in the Fish-Dragon Realm, behind only Qi Feiyu.

Of course, after refining a Glaze Pellet, Qin Yufan had improved his cultivation to the Ninth Change in the Fish-Dragon Realm.

Qin Yufan did not know that Zhang Ruochen would not attend the Kunlun Heir’s Banquet. He stared at Lin Yue and smiled. “Junior Fellow Apprentice Lin Yue, I will go to Scroll Mountain first. I must take at least one of the King Seats and flex our muscles.”

“In that case, you go ahead.”

Zhang Ruochen smiled faintly and gestured him forward.

Qin Yufan turned around and headed to Scroll Mountain. His smile turned to scorn, and with his Purple Sword, a holy weapon, in hand, he bellowed, “Back off!”

He swung his sword forward and a current of purplish sword Qi unfolded like a long river.

“Rumble!”

The sword Qi extended all the way to the staircase. A path was hacked out through the crowd, and nobody could do anything to stop it. Everyone moved to the side.

The strong power proved that he was qualified to compete for one of King Seats.

With a swoosh, Qin Yufan appeared at the entrance of the staircase in a moment.

Qin Yufan climbed hundreds of meters at a stretch. He arrived at the second level of Scroll Mountain, where he could see the Conquer Seats placed halfway up.

There were 3000 Conquer Seats, and they were obviously more respected than Talent Seats.

On the way, Qin Yufan also met some superiors on Talent Seats. Their efforts to block him were in vain when faced with his strong power.

Qin Yufan looked up, and the Conquer Seats were just right there. As long as he would like, he could easily take one. But he wanted to move up to the higher level of King Seats.

In a flash, three large shadows loomed above his head like three mountains blocking his way.

It was Flood-Dragon Four, Roc Six, and Centipede Eight—three of the 36 Palace-Keeping Beast Guardians of the Demonic Sect.

Centipede Eight had eight arms and legs, and poisonous air wafted from his huge body. He looked down on Qin Yufan from high above and snorted. “The Divine Son issued an order that all disciples of the Yin and Yang Sect must stop here.”

Then, Centipede Eight looked down further and said arrogantly, “If you want to take part in the banquet, go and take one of the Talent Seats.”

Flood-Dragon Four and Roc Six laughed coldly, casting hostile glances at Qin Yufan.

“You are so conceited in the sphere of influence of the Yin and Yang Sect. Are you going to humiliate them?”

As Qin Yufan mobilized holy Qi inside his body, colored glaze surged out of his body and ran into the Purple Sword.

The inscriptions on the sword immediately emerged, one after another, and they covered the blade all over like a cobweb.

“Swoosh!”

The Purple Sword shot out a purplish light spindle which struck against Centipede Eight.

“He is so strong...”

Centipede Eight never expected that Qi Yufan could be that powerful, so he set his eight arms and legs in motion to step back quickly.

Meanwhile, he spat up a bolt of lightning that was trained on Qin Yufan.

With a bang, the purple sword went through the lightning and cut off one the centipede’s arms.

“How dare you!”

Flood-Dragon Four and Roc Six charged at Qin Yunfan from both sides, and they were about to strike him with their own powerful martial techniques.

Flood-Dragon Four and Roc Six were descendants of Mythical Beasts.

The ancestor of Flood-Dragon Four was the mythical beast “Six-Clawed Ghost Dragon.”

Roc Six was descended from the mythical beast “Giant Bird.”

Though they had little blood of mythical beasts, they were far superior to other savage beasts, and they could challenge human Saintly Beings.

“Flood Dragon Hollow Claw.”

“Golden Roc Strength.”

The two Palace-Keeping Beast Guardians were using skills unique to their ancestry. A sea of holy Qi was gathered behind them, and in the middle of it raised up an illusory shadow of a giant black Six-Clawed Ghost Dragon and a Giant Golden Bird.

“CLANG!”

“CLANG!”

The man and the two beasts exchanged a number of movements to attack each other.

At last, Flood-Dragon Four and Roc Six broke Qin Yufan's defenses, and they struck Qin Yufan miles away. Eventually, he dropped to the ground with a thump and spit out a mouthful of blood.

Qi Yufan hit the ground at the foot of Scroll Mountain, making a large crater on the ground and splashing dust up in the air.

His robe had been dyed red with his blood and dozens of bones were broken. He failed to get to his feet after several abortive attempts.

An indomitable God's favored son was laid down like this.

Flood-Dragon Four stood in the middle of Scroll Mountain and wiped at the blood stains on his body, snorting. “The Divine Son ordered that this is the sphere of influence of the Yin and Yang Sect, and that we should give them some respect. So today, I might as well spare your life. You will not be so lucky if I meet you somewhere else.”

Scroll Mountain echoed with the provocative voice of Flood-Dragon Four.

“SWOOSH!”

Zhang Ruochen appeared by the side of the crater in a flash. He helped Qin Yufan to his feet and gave him a pill to heal his wounds.

In a moment, Qin Yufan gradually opened his eyes, but his face remained white. Seeing Lin Yue, he clutched his wrists tightly, with a greater force than he thought he could muster from his weak body. He gritted his teeth and said, “The Demonic Sect is going too far. Junior Fellow Apprentice Lin Yue, you must give them a lesson on behalf of the Yin and Yang Sect.”

Then, he went lethargic again.

Chapter 743 - The Dance of the Demonic Sect

Translator:

Transn

Editor:

Transn

After all, they had congregated around the Scroll Mountain and within the Yin and Yang Sect's sphere of influence. Many inner and outer disciples of the Sect were in a large open field outside.

All these disciples were enraged by the Demonic Sect.

“How abominable! How dare the Demonic Sect act so arrogantly at God Falling Ridge! Obviously, they don't respect the Yin and Yang Sect at all.”

“If our young representatives are all defeated by the Demonic Sect and can't reach the summit today, we can never hold our heads up high again!”

“I'm so angry at my weak cultivation. I could have fought the Demonic Sect to the death if I was a bit stronger.”

A commotion broke out among the Yin and Yang Sect disciples. Nearly ten thousand of them swarmed to the Scroll Mountain like a rising tide.

However, the cultivations of these disciples were relatively weak. They were largely made up of Earth and Heaven Realms disciples. About 15 kilometers away from the Scroll Mountain, the imperial army who was maintaining order intercepted them and kept them away, barring their entry into the banquet.

Not only were the Yin and Yang disciples enraged, even their Half-Saint Patriarchs were incensed. They did not drive these evil Monks off their turf only because of Saint Lady. She was

holding an edict from the Empress which represented the latter's supreme will.

CRASH!

A Yin and Yang Sect Half-Saint Patriarch on a red sandalwood Holy Seat had crushed its armrest to pieces. He snorted. "I can't understand why the Empress has allowed these evil Monks from the Demonic Sect and the Black Market to attend!"

Every other Half-Saint Patriarch was clenching his fists. They were all infuriated.

The Master of the Yin and Yang Sect, Ning Xuandao, remained quite calm. He smiled quietly. "The Empress's cultivation is peerless under the heavens. No one can match her supremacy after the Middle Ancient Times. As such, she must be also a magnanimous person."

Except for a few more composed Saints, the other Half-Saint Patriarchs all sighed.

After all, Qin Yufan was a young Yin and Yang Sect disciple, one of their top 10. Yet, he was still badly injured by Flood-dragon Four and Roc Six.

They could no longer succeed at the Kunlun Heir's banquet, could they?

Must they watch the Demonic Sect maim their younger disciples?

In a manor within Shentai City.

The Patriarch of the Divine Dragon half-human clan, Ao Yi, kept his hands behind his back, frowning as he stared at the Scroll Mountain. "The Yin and Yin Sect must be terribly embarrassed tonight."

A Half-Saint from the clan stood behind Ao Yi. "Only half the young fighters of the Demonic Sect are here. They might not be able to crush the youngsters from the Yin and Yang Sect."

Ao Yi shook his head. "Although the Yin and Yang Sect is huge—they claim to be the largest sect of the Eastern Region—they are still far from rivaling the Moon Worship Demonic

Sect's power. Especially this generation. So many superiors have emerged from the Demonic Sect that even the Black Market and the Ming Hall cannot match them.

“And the Demonic Sect isn't the Yin and Yang Sect's only enemy.

“Young geniuses from the Taiji Sect, the Four Symbols Sect, and the Bagua Sect will all be here tonight. They might attack the Yin and Yang Sect to gain an unfair advantage in the upcoming Sword Technique Conference.”

Many Half-Saints and Saints from different quarters had gathered in Shentai City, all staring at the Scroll Mountain and paying close attention to the banquet tonight.

Those with discerning eyes could see how embarrassed the Yin and Yang Sect was. They were the hosts, yet they had been badly beaten by an outside force. They could not be more embarrassed by the turn of events.

This had come about because of their neutral stance. The Yin and Yang Sect did not want to offend anyone. They had always refused to associate with other forces, standing aloof and preferring not to be showy, biding their time.

When they were faced with such a crisis now, they naturally could not find an ally to support them.

Many were wondering whether the Empress had issued the edict and held the banquet at the Yin and Yang Sect because she had expected this outcome. Did she want to force the Sect to submit completely to the court?

The young fighters from the Yin and Yang Sect were obviously not the match of the Demonic Sect. Would they choose to eat humble pie, or ask the imperial court to help?

At the foot of the mountain, Zhang Ruochen was giving instructions to two Yin and Yang Sect disciples. He was getting them to carry Qin Yufan away.

His eyes glanced at the summit of the Scroll Mountain. He inhaled a deep breath and clenched his fists involuntarily.

Under the tireless gaze of the crowd, Zhang Ruochen stepped confidently on the bottom stair of the stairway leading up to the summit.

Scrolls stacked the stairway.

“WHIZZ!”

His left foot stepped on the bottom stair and the scroll under his foot emanated a faint glow. Countless characters soared out and swirled around him.

Each character was a single Inscription of Array. Together, they were suppressing the space domain of the entire mountain.

Although Huang Yanchen knew she would be the target of the Demonic Monks if she continued to follow Lin Yue, she still went on without hesitating.

She was desperate to know how they were related.

Over half the 18,000 Talent Seats were occupied. The talents fixed their eyes on Zhang Ruochen, many itching to fight a challenger.

Yet, they did not dare to fight Lin Yue as his reputation was so awesome.

They glanced at Huang Yanchen behind him instead and realized that her cultivation was only of the Seventh Change in the Fish-Dragon Realm.

The vast majority of these Monks were of the Ninth Change in the Fish-Dragon Realm. They obviously would not allow Huang Yanchen to proceed.

How could a girl of the Seventh Change in the Fish-Dragon Realm sit above them?

“If you want to continue up, you’ll have to get past me first!”

A woman dressed all in black rose from her Talent Seat. She was of the Ninth Change in the Fish-Dragon Realm. Clenching a blood-red sword in her hand, she slashed at Huang Yanchen.

The sword emitted an overpowering bloody stench and turned into a blood fog, enveloping Huang Yanchen.

A twelfth-level Genuine Martial Arm, her Bloodsucking Sword was forged by the Blood Sea Sect.

When it had absorbed enough blood, its blade would reach the Holy Weapon class and produce a Blood Spirit.

Her Bloodsucking Sword was very nearly in the Holy Weapon class. It meant that she had obviously killed many people and her hands were stained with blood.

Zhang Ruochen's eyes turned cold. He turned around suddenly and raised his arm, slashing the Golden Snake Divine Rapier at her with a natural, flowing strike.

“WHAM!”

A crescent-shaped Sword Qi soared out from the Golden Snake Divine Rapier, striking the woman's body.

The woman in black hurled out a dozen amulet treasures and tried to counter the Sword Qi, but failed. She was thrown backward. Screaming hideously, she fell down the mountain.

The scene made many people gasp.

“I've long heard of Lin Yue's strength, but I didn't know a strike from him could throw Cai Yunji from the Blood Sea Sect down the Scroll Mountain!”

The Yin and Yang Sect disciples were originally nursing a grievance, but when they saw Lin Yue climb the Scroll Mountain, they became excited again.

“Senior Brother Lin Yue has finally attacked! The Monks of the Demonic Sect are in trouble!”

A chuckle sounded from their side. “Lin Yue is indeed powerful but he is just a single person. There are many top fighters from the Demonic Sect who will force him to crawl down with one strike each.

“All you disciples of the Yin and Yang Sect, sober up! Don't hope for too much, or you'll be sorely disappointed.”

Although the Yin and Yang Sect disciples had confidence in Lin Yue, many preferred to retain their rationality. They did

not believe that he could defeat the superiors from the Demonic Sect alone.

By now, Zhang Ruochen and Huang Yanchen had climbed several hundred meters and had reached Qin Yufan's former spot. From where they stood, they could see the 3,000 Conquer Seats in the near distance.

“Lin Yue, I've been waiting a long time for you.”

Dragon Three bellowed loudly and rushed down to about 30 meters above Zhang Ruochen. He mobilized the dragon Qi inside his body, revealing a 50-meter half-human, half-dragon form which loomed over Zhang Ruochen like a hill.

No one knew what pill he had taken which made his severed arm grow back again.

“Swish, swish!”

Shadows streaked out, positioning themselves behind Dragon Three.

They were all masters of the Demonic Sect, nearly 30 of them.

Each emanated a powerful aura. They were all of the Ninth Change in the Fish-Dragon Realm.

The strong aura emanating from their bodies was not characteristic of a Monk of the Ninth Change in the Fish-Dragon Realm. Each had nearly cultivated a Saintly Being in the Ninth Change.

They fixed their eyes at Lin Yue, with a cold, hostile and cruel stare. They looked as if they were going to crush him to pieces.

Evil energies from their bodies condensed into a dark cloud.

So many evil superiors were here that even a first-level Half-Saint could only run.

Zhang Ruochen stood below the thick demonic cloud, looking composed and fearless. He smiled sarcastically. “The rules of the banquet stipulate that every guest can only bring along two guards. Why are there so many with you, Dragon Three? Are you trying to outnumber us?”

Following that, Zhang Ruochen glanced at the Yin and Yang Sect disciples at the foot of the mountain. He had made his point clear with his glance.

If the Demonic Sect did not abide by the rules and tried to outnumber him, more than ten thousand disciples from the Yin and Yang Sect would storm in and fight them on the mountain.

Saint Lady transmitted her voice from the summit of the mountain. “If the Monks from the Moon Worship Demonic Sect won’t abide by the rules, I shall have to throw you down the Scroll Mountain!”

Her voice sounded ethereal but had an inviolable aura, reverberating throughout the mountain.

Dragon Three obviously did not want to offend Saint Lady. He just smirked coldly. “Who said we will fight him together? Flood-dragon Four, Roc Six, step aside!”

The two stepped out and stood like royal guards at his sides.

“So, am I abiding to the rules?” Dragon Three grinned hideously.

The other superiors of the Demonic Sect all retreated.

“HOWL!”

Dragon Three, Flood-dragon Four and Roc Six all levitated into the air at the same time.

They ran Holy Qi around their bodies and their bones and muscles cracked loudly. Their bodies kept expanding until each took on the form of a descendant of a Mythical Beast.

Chapter 744 - Star-moon Knack

Translator:

Transn

Editor:

Transn

“Whizz!”

Energy fluctuations emanating from the three beasts broke through the barriers of the Scroll Mountain. All of a sudden, the scroll under Zhang Ruochen’s foot started to expand in every direction, becoming bigger and bigger.

The scroll extended to 50 kilometers and became a miniature world, absorbing Zhang Ruochen and the three beasts into it.

Above the scroll, thousands of characters hovered in the air, shining brilliantly like glittering stars in the sky.

The original form of Dragon Three was a Black Dragon with a Demon’s Heart, spanning 3,000 meters like a black mountain ridge in the sky. A scale from his body was as large as a dustpan. His sharp claws were like keen swords piercing out from his flesh.

The original form of Flood-dragon Four was a Six-clawed Ghostdom Flood-dragon. He was as large as Dragon Three and his icy-cold aura caused snow to fall like goose feathers over the entire Scroll Mountain.

The origin form of Roc Six was a Golden-winged Roc.

His wings expanded and covered almost the whole sky. Even from several kilometers away, one could see the golden light emanating from his body.

All three were descended from Mythical Beasts. Although their individual strength could not match a young Mythical

Beast's, they remained overwhelmingly powerful.

The Monks at the foot of the mountain gazed upward. They felt that Zhang Ruochen and three Palace-keeping Beast Guardians of the Demonic Sect were inhabiting another world.

However, the miniature world of the scroll still hovered above the Scroll Mountain. The Monks could all see what was happening.

They saw Zhang Ruochen stand below the three beasts, his body as puny as a single grain of sand.

After seeing the three Palace-keeping Beast Guardians' true forms, even the disciples who had such confidence in Lin Yue now drew in a cold breath. They shivered involuntarily.

“The original form of the Black Dragon with a Demon's Heart is huge! If he slaps with his claws, he can level a tall mountain. Dragon Three is showing off his power and looking to avenge himself on Lin Yue!”

“They say that the Six-clawed Ghostdom Flood-dragon once devoured an entire city, together with its fortifications, dwellings, and human inhabitants. He wasn't satisfied with what he had eaten. Is this tale apocryphal?”

“Golden-winged Roc is the fastest being under the Half-Saint realm. Even the Demon Son, Ouyang Huan, can't match his speed.”

The Heir to the Eastern Region Holy Prince Mansion, Chen Tianpeng, snorted coldly. “None of these three beasts can beat Lin Yue one to one. But their combined power isn't much weaker than Lin Yue's. Combinin their forces and in their original forms, they can defeat him easily.”

“So, the Yin and Yang Sect has openly opposed the Demonic Sect! Ha ha, it looks like Lin Yue isn't a great bodyguard for Huang Yanchen after all. He might even have caused her serious trouble.”

Chen Lan'er's lips curved into a smile. She had restored some of her psychological superiority.

After the three masters from the Demonic Sect had defeated Lin Yue, they would surely take care of Huang Yanchen as well.

She was happy to see them maim Huang Yanchen.

“Shameless! Three top masters from the Demonic Sect joining forces to fight Senior Brother Lin Yue! He can’t win, even if he sprouts three heads and six arms!”

“How despicable! The Demonic Sect is so despicable.”

All the disciples of the Yin and Yang Sect were indignant.

Flood-dragon Four and Roc Six had already joined forces and maimed Qin Yufan. Would they do the same to Lin Yue?

“We can’t let them succeed. Let’s go and give Senior Brother Lin Yue a hand!”

Led by Zhao Wuyan and Cang Dong, more than 20 young fighters from the Yin and Yang Sect, including Xun Hualiu, Mu Jiji, Gao Hao and Han Qiu, dashed up the mountain. They were preparing to meet Lin Yue and fight the Demonic Sect together.

However, while they were dashing up the mountain, several young talents stood up from their Talent Seats and barred them.

The vast majority were from the Four Symbols Sect and the Bagua Sect.

“Friends from the Yin and Yang Sect, you can’t just overwhelm the Scroll Mountain with your numbers.” A Four Symbols Sect Monk of the Ninth Change in the Fish-Dragon Realm now attacked the Yin and Yang Sect’s most powerful fighter, Can Dong.

Han Qiu’s eyes were cold. “We are both former branches of the Taiji Sect. You cannot side with the Demonic Sect and oppose us.”

“The Monks from the Bagua Sect have never sided with the Demonic Sect. We just want to test your strengths. We’d like to see if you are qualified to reach the top.”

The Saint's disciples from the Yin and Yang Sect poured into the Scroll Mountain like an unending stream. However, the Monks from the Four Symbols Sect and the Bagua Sect formed a barrier, keeping them from helping Zhang Ruochen.

A Half-Saint Patriarch from the Yin and Yang Sect ground his teeth and caused the entire Shentai City to quake with a stamp of his foot. He cried, "How obnoxious! Where has Gao Tianjiao gone? Why isn't she helping Lin Yue? Does she want the Demonic Sect to cripple our young fighters?"

A Golden Lotus Sacred Pool, enveloped in swirling mists, stood at the summit of the Scroll Mountain. One could make out the indistinct shapes of nine gigantic seats, all cast out of purple gold.

The nine Heir Seats.

At this moment, Gao Tianjiao was sitting on one of them.

She clenched her fists tightly. Crimson flames raged from her every finger. She stood up suddenly and was about to descend the mountain.

However, just after Gao Tianjiao had got up, Ouyang Huan, who was sitting on another Heir Seat, got up as well. He stared at her, smiling faintly.

Before the Kunlun Heir's banquet, the Master of the Yin and Yang Sect had asked to see Gao Tianjiao in person. At that meeting, he analyzed to her all the possible situations that could arise tonight.

If they fought the others headlong, the Yin and Yang Sect would not match either the Demonic Sect, the Four Symbols Sect, Bagua Sect, or the Taiji Sect. They would be thoroughly defeated.

Therefore, they must change their stratagem. So long as Gai Tianjiao secured an Heir Seat, the Yin and Yang Sect could still save some face even if they were defeated.

Gai Tianjiao had not considered the situation carefully. She had thought that they just needed an Heir Seat to contain Ouyang Huan. Since it was not necessarily a bad move, she complied to her Master's request.

However, the situation had escalated. It was now much worse than she had expected.

She did not manage to contain Ouyang Huan—Ouyang Huan had contained her instead.

If she was dealing with Ouyang Huan alone, Gai Tianjiao could still break free from the siege. She would then be able to offer Lin Yue a helping hand. Now, however, someone else was standing beside Ouyang Heng—a man in linen clothes.

A thin man in linen clothes, carrying a very rusty iron sword. He emanated a lethal, icy-cold air.

Gai Tianjiao could sense the dangerous aura emanating from his body.

She would be easily defeated if she choose to fight them together. The Yin and Yang Sect would then be completely annihilated.

Gai Tianjiao stepped backward and sat on her Heir Seat again. She shut her eyes, but her muscles everywhere were tense. She kept shivering.

Ouyang Huan smiled faintly. He, too, retired to his seat. He cast his eyes at the man in linen clothes. “Le, find yourself an Heir Seat as well. If you can keep your seat, your future will be limitless.”

The man in linen clothes did not seem disrupted in his mood. He held on to his sword and remained where he was, gazing at Huang Yanchen below.

No one knew what his thoughts were.

Zhang Ruochen stood in the center of the scroll. He was neither frightened nor looking at the three beasts themselves. Instead, he was observing his surroundings very carefully. Then, he nodded gently and said to himself, “

Scroll Mountain must be a very powerful time treasure. Every scroll here contains a miniature world...

”

A loud roar disrupted Zhang Ruochen’s thoughts.

“HOWL!”

A deafening bellow sounded from the Black Dragon with a Demon’s Heart. “Lin Yue, you severed my arm. I will sever both of yours.”

A Qi billow formed in his mouth, turning into a roaring hurricane. Dozens of wind blades soared in its midst, making loud whizzing noises. They gushed toward Zhang Ruochen.

Although he had lost the divine dragon bone, the Black Dragon with a Demon’s Heart was still very powerful.

“I’m sorry, but you can’t,” Zhang Ruochen responded nonchalantly.

Zhang Ruochen raised his Golden Snake Divine Rapier and formed a huge Sword Qi field with a 15-kilometer radius. All the winds hurtling at him disintegrated.

His words made the Black Dragon with a Demon’s Heart burned with rage. He soared out downward, mobilizing the dragon Qi in his body to congregate at his claws.

Soon, his 100-meter dragon claws turned into a black demonic cloud and hurtled toward Zhang Ruochen’s head with torrential force.

Although the Black Dragon with a Demon’s Heart was massive, he struck his claws out with alarming speed. They reached Zhang Ruochen’s head within the blink of an eye.

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Zhang Ruochen was even faster. His body streaked away and he disappeared under the dragon claws.

The next moment, he appeared at the top of Black Dragon’s head. Grasping his sword hilt, he lunged a stab forward.

“Star-moon Knack!”

A superior-class Ghost Level sword technique—the first move of Nine-star Moon Sword.

After displaying his sword technique, a huge bright moon appeared above Zhang Ruochen. Its moonlight enveloped him completely.

At the same time, a scintillating star fell swiftly beside the bright moon.

No...

It was not a star, but Zhang Ruochen's sword.

"Be careful!"

Golden-winged Roc roared loudly. He extended his wings and turned into a golden light shuttle, surging at top speed to just above the Black Dragon with a Demon's Heart.

"Golden Roc Plume!"

The Giant Roc spat out a golden light ball which soared into the sky.

A Hundred Inscriptions Weapon was inside the golden light ball. Feathers could be seen from the outside.

Zhang Ruochen had displayed a Superior class Ghost Level sword technique. It was too powerful to be defended by Golden-winged Roc, who desperately threw out his Golden Roc Plume to counter it.

BOOM!

Golden Roc Plume was hit and its lights dimmed. It spun away at once.

Both the Golden-winged Roc and the Black Dragon with a Demon's Heart released their Divine Body Shields at the same time. Yet they were unable to counter his sword move.

"Pfft-pfft."

Zhang Ruochen and the Golden Snake Divine Rapier penetrated the bodies of Golden-winged Roc and the Black Dragon with a Demon's Heart, leaving a huge blood hole in their bodies.

Zhang Ruochen landed. Not a speck of blood could be seen on his clothes. Holding his sword hilt in one hand, he looked up

nonchalantly.

“HUA!”

Blood from the Golden-winged Roc and the Black Dragon with Demon’s Heart gushed out, cascading down like two blood-red waterfalls.

Following that, two loud thuds sounded.

The two gigantic savage beasts fell to the ground, one after the other. They caused the scroll’s miniature world to tremble violently twice.

Chapter 745 - Three

Mountains Over the Sea

Translator:

Transn

Editor:

Transn

Zhang Ruochen glanced at the Golden Roc and Black Dragon with a Demon's Heart sprawled on the ground. "Can't even take a hit," he said indifferently.

His voice was calm, but when it spread, it caused a huge commotion.

The Monks who'd been gleeful over his misfortune now saw that Lin Yue had only used one strike to injure the two Palace-keeping Beast Guardians of the Demonic Sect. Their eyes widened in shock and they found it hard to breathe.

"He just...stabbed both the dragon and roc with one strike?"

"How strong must that strike be?"

Lin Yue's battle with the three Palace-keeping Beast Guardians took place in the micro-world transformed by the scroll. Thus, people outside couldn't determine the power of that one move.

However, the Black Dragon with the Demon's Heart and Golden Roc were both extremely strong beasts. If Lin Yue could injure them greatly with one move, it was enough to prove how powerful he was.

"Senior Brother Apprentice Lin Yue is a crazy man who taught the Demonic Sect a lesson."

"Senior Brother Apprentice Lin Yue is undefeatable."

...

The disciples of the Yin and Yang Sect who'd been worried for Lin Yue were all excited by this scene. They cheered Lin Yue's name loudly. Some of the girls even bravely professed their love. They stared at Lin Yue with admiration, their hearts beating quickly.

The Half-Saint grand-masters of the Yin and Yang Sect all felt a bit relieved. They looked pleased.

"This Lin Yue...not bad..." a Saint with a fiery personality praised. "As expected of the man that Patriarch Taiyi favors. I like disciples like this."

"If Lin Yue defeats the three beasts of the Demonic Sect by himself, I'll gift him a saint weapon," another Saint said.

"I want to accept him as a disciple and teach him everything I know," a grand-master in the Saint realm said. "No one fight with me."

Clearly, Zhang Ruochen's move had shown his abilities and raised the self-esteem of the entire Yin and Yang Sect. This was the glory he'd earned with his skills.

"He's gotten stronger again!"

Ouyang Huan furrowed his brow slightly. He could feel clearly that Lin Yue's power had grown much more than he'd expected. How could someone cultivate so quickly?

The Six-clawed Ghostdom Flood-dragon curled up on the ground and roared, "Prepare the Battle Formation, the Three Mountains Over the Sea Array."

The injured Black Dragon with the Demon's Heart and the Golden Roc were both furious. Aggressive light shone from their eyes as they shrunk their bodies to decrease their blood loss. Then they flew up again and landed to the northeast and southwest of Zhang Ruochen.

The three huge beasts stood in three sides of Zhang Ruochen, surrounding him in the center.

Whoosh.

Thick demonic Qi surged from them, connecting them all. They enveloped this space with demonic Qi, turning it into a

black sea.

Both the Black Dragon and Golden Roc spat out stone tablets. As demonic Qi rushed in, the stone tablets were activated. The array's veins shot out like black thread, converging on the stone tablet above the Six-clawed Ghostdom Flood-dragon.

Of the three beasts, only the Flood-dragon wasn't injured. Thus, it became the heart of the array.

“Not only is it three against one, they're also using the Three Mountains Over the Sea Array, combining the three beasts' powers completely. Even if the Demonic Sect wins this, it won't be honorable.”

“The Demonic Sect only cares about the results, not the process.”

“With this array, the beasts' powers are comparable to a first level Half-Saint. Lin Yue is only in the Seventh Change of the Fish-Dragon realm. How can he fight against a Half-Saint?”

The stone tablets above the Black Dragon, Golden Roc, and Ghostdom Flood-dragon were the “mountain-anchoring tablets.” They were as heavy as a mountain and could release power equivalent to a saint weapon.

With the help of this array, the Ghostdom Flood-dragon's power could reach a first level Half-Saint.

“Repress him!”

The Ghostdom Flood-dragon extended a claw and pinched the air. Controlling a stone tablet, he made it fall towards Zhang Ruochen.

Zhang Ruochen kept adding holy Qi into the Golden Snake Divine Rapier, activating all the inscriptions there. The sword became 13 meters long as it cut down toward the stone tablet.

Boom!

The sword and tablet crashed. A wave of energy rippled in all directions. This hard hit only forced Zhang Ruochen back three steps. He steadied himself and said, “The Three Mountains Over the Sea Array is powerful, as expected.”

But Zhang Ruochen didn't know that the clash was even more impressive to the audience than before!

He was only in the Seventh Change of the Fish-Dragon realm. How could he go head-on against a Half-Saint existence?

One month ago, Lin Yue had displayed Half-Saint power against Snake Two, but he'd used the Spiritual Power of the Saint Lady instead of his own.

Now, he was using his own power to release another power equivalent to that of a first level Half-Saint. Had he really improved this much in one short month?

"I've really underestimated you."

The Ghostdom Flood-dragon controlled the three stone tablets at once and hurled them towards Zhang Ruochen.

Faced with these three tablets, even Zhang Ruochen didn't dare to be careless. He once again cast the Nine-star Moon Sword, a superior-class Ghost Level sword technique.

"Two stars await the moon."

"Three stars guard the moon."

"Four stars approach the moon."

...

Zhang Ruochen's sword technique kept sending the three stone tablets flying. After almost 100 moves, Zhang Ruochen still wasn't at a disadvantage. Instead, he became better at the Nine-star Moon Sword, making this superior-class Ghost Level sword technique even more powerful.

The longer the battle dragged on, the worse the Black Dragon and Golden Roc's injuries. Their bodies were dyed red with blood. Their power going to the Ghostdom Flood-dragon weakened too.

"If this continues, the Black Dragon and Golden Roc won't be able to withstand it. We must gather all the strength and make the strongest attack."

The Ghostdom Flood-dragon sent the message to the Black Dragon and Golden Roc. Shortly after, the three beasts raised

their heads and spat out a pillar of holy Qi, stabilizing the stone tablets.

Purple lightning shot from the stone tablets. They spun quickly in the air, growing bigger and heavier. In the end, they pressed down like three mountainous cliffs.

Zhang Ruochen felt the huge pressure weighing down on him. His body hunched slightly and all of his veins bulged. It was as if his body was about to burst.

“Powerful indeed. This attack...is very strong.”

Zhang Ruochen didn't hold back anymore. He opened his arms wide. Staring at the three falling stone tablets, he cried softly, “Five Elements Laksana.”

Whoosh!

Lights of five different colors—blue, black, white, red, and yellow—shot out from Zhang Ruochen's body. The micro-world was divided into five regions.

The power of the five elements flowed wildly through the space, disintegrating the Three Mountains Over the Sea Array. The array started shaking as if it was about to break apart.

It was powerful, but it was still part of the five elements. Anything within the five elements would be affected by the Laksana.

“Lin Yue can actually cast the Five Elements Laksana. Has he...has he cultivated the Five Elements Chaotic Body?”

Both the Monks below the Scroll Mountain as well as those already sitting on it gasped, feeling extremely shocked. The power from the Five Elements Laksana swept away the three beasts and stone tablets.

Even Ouyang Huan was shocked. He stared hard at Zhang Ruochen and his tense expression didn't fade until a beat later. “Lin Yue's Five Elements Laksana isn't complete,” he said. “Otherwise, Dragon Three, Flood-dragon Four, and Roc Six wouldn't still be able to control the stone tablets.”

The older generation of Half-Saints sensed this too. Lin Yue's Five Elements Laksana was still missing one thing.

Evidently, Lin Yue was still a Four Spirit Treasured Body. Of course, that was still powerful. It far surpassed the saint body. However, it was still acceptable. It wasn't as shocking as the Five Elements Chaotic Body.

“Lin Yue is the only one to have successfully cultivated the Four Spirit Treasured Body in the past 300 years. He is already a great talent,” Ao Yi, the clan leader of the Divine Dragon and Half-Human clan, praised.

Beside him, a Half-Saint said, “From what I know, a talented woman of the Demonic Sect also cultivated it in the Fish-Dragon realm 300 years ago. She was undefeated throughout the world. In that time, no one of her age could defeat her.”

Ao Yi nodded. “Three hundred years ago, she was the Saintess of the Demonic Sect. She was also the only supreme Monk to reach the Heavenly Realm. Now, she's the head of one of the Demonic Sect's nine pavilions. I wonder what level she's at now.”

One had to mention Ling Feiyu, the Saintess of the Demonic Sect, when speaking of the Four Spirit Treasure Body.

Seeing Zhang Ruochen release the Five Elements Laksana, many of the older generation would think of Ling Feiyu. She was definitely a legendary figure of Kunlun's Field.

In the past, Ling Feiyu had given the Demonic Sect a glorious reputation. All the young Monks of Kunlun's Field had been repressed by her. Any talent would lose its shine before her.

Who would have thought that another Four Spirit Treasure Body would appear 300 years later and become the enemy of the Demonic Sect?

“Nine stars around the moon.”

Zhang Ruochen cast the most powerful technique of the Nine-star Moon Sword and attacked with the Five Elements Laksana's power.

Countless sword Qi formed nine pillars and rushed up from the ground. The three beasts were blasted out of the micro-world. Outside of the scroll, they were repressed by Scroll Mountain. They shrunk and quickly turned into human form.

Thud, thud!

Dragon Three, Flood-dragon Four, and Roc Six were all bloodied. They fell onto the steps of Scroll Mountain. Crying out in pain, they rolled down.

Dragon Three and Roc Six were the most heavily wounded. There were bloody slash marks all over their bodies. They couldn't even get up, and they rolled to the foot of the mountain.

Flood-dragon Four was a bit better off. He slammed a hand against the ground and spun in the air. He flipped up and then attacked Zhang Ruochen's abdomen, trying to turn the tides.

"What's the point?" Zhang Ruochen's eyes turned cold. Like lightning, he sent a palm flying into Flood-dragon Four's abdomen.

Crack!

His body caved in and his internal organs shattered. He spat out blood. Spinning twice in the air, he flew down the mountain again.

Zhang Ruochen wiped the blood from his hand and gazed at Huang Yanchen. "Your Highness, welcome."

Chapter 746 - Dispute

Translator:

Transn

Editor:

Transn

Huang Yanchen's eyes were filled with curiosity. She stared deeply at Lin Yue. It was hard to imagine that this young man was willing to be her guard.

Even the three Palace-keeping Beast Guardians working together were no match for him. With his abilities, he could compete for the Kunlun Heir's spot. Was there really someone in this world that didn't want to be the prestigious Kunlun Heir?

It wasn't that Zhang Ruochen didn't care about that spot. However, he was clear that he couldn't take the position, no matter what. The nine Kunlun Heirs would be sent to the Central imperial city after being chosen. They would meet Princess Chi Yao and become her disciple in the end.

Even if Zhang Ruochen completely changed his looks and reached an even higher cultivation plane, he probably still couldn't fool her. Once she recognized him, he would be dead.

The others could fight to the death for that spot, but Zhang Ruochen didn't need it. In that case, he would use this chance to help Huang Yanchen. Who could bear to see his fiancée be humiliated and ridiculed by outsiders?

Zhang Ruochen and Huang Yanchen walked up the steps to the top of Scroll Mountain.

The three beasts had been defeated. Naturally, the Monks of the Demonic Sect were all angered. Everyone was furious.

"Kid, you're looking for death."

When Zhang Ruochen had climbed only 30 steps, a thin and pale figure flew up from the seats for the Conquers. He transformed into eerie wind and charged towards Zhang Ruochen.

This man was Gu Sha from the Five Sha Pavilion, one of the Demonic Sect's nine pavilions. The eerie wind had an abnormal coldness to it, making the man's white robes flutter, revealing a white skeleton.

The skeleton's hands reached out at the same time. They pressed forward and a gust of aura seemed to make the sky cave in.

“White Bone Sky Print.”

Only two skeletal palms had pushed out, but countless handprints appeared.

Whoosh, whoosh. Chilling Qi came out of the dozens of handprints and they flew around the sky with piercing whistles.

The centermost handprint was the biggest. The skeletal finger alone was three meters long. It reached Zhang Ruochen's body.

The White Bone Sky Print was a supreme Ghost level martial arts technique. It turned 99,999 bones into dead Qi and combined it with one's arms to be cultivated successfully.

The 99,999 bones were the bones of nine Ninth Change Fish-dragon Realm Monks, 90 bones of Monks who'd completed the Heavenly Realm, 900 bones of Monks who'd completed the Earth Realm, 9,000 bones of Monks who'd completed the Xuan Realm, and 90,000 bones of those who'd completed the Huang Realm.

A Monk who wanted to cultivate it successfully needed at least seven or eight years.

If Gu Sha could complete this kind of supreme Ghost level technique in the Dragon-Fish Realm, it meant that he was definitely one of the top figures of the Five Sha Pavilion.

“You think you can stop me?” Zhang Ruochen took out Sword One and stabbed forward. Wind whistled and 81 sword Qi images shattered the skeletal handprints.

Gu Sha was extremely shocked. He didn't think that the technique he'd practiced so hard for would be shattered so easily.

Whoosh!

A gust of strong wind rushed towards him.

“Oh no!” Gu Sha cried inwardly. He hurriedly moved to action. He pushed his feet forward and ducked back into the eerie wind to escape.

“Too late!” Zhang Ruochen's voice sounded in Gu Sha's ears. He was already so close.

Zhang Ruochen combined his mental and physical powers. His right hand was enveloped in purple lightning as it slammed against Gu Sha's head. There was a crack and Zhang Ruochen snapped Gu Sha's neck. The huge skull sank halfway into his neck.

Because of the cultivation's uniqueness, Gu Sha's vitality was strong. He was only injured and didn't die.

Zhang Ruochen kicked Gu Sha down the mountain.

Thud, thud.

At the foot of the mountain, all the talents sitting in the Talent Seats were terrified at seeing Gu Sha roll down the mountain from meters high.

An inheritor of the Saintly Clan sitting in the seats exhaled deeply. “The fourth one!”

“That Lin Yue...is really crazy. He disabled four powerful figures of the Demonic Sect in a row. Is he going to give each one a strike until he reaches the top?”

“Who can stop him?”

...

A moment later, a commotion sounded atop Scroll Mountain again. Then two fighters of the Demonic Sect rolled down the steps to the foot of the mountain. Someone recognized these two. They were Centipede Eight of the Beast Palace and Mo Sha of the Five Sha Palace.

Lin Yue's battle achievements were extremely shocking. Even when the Demonic Sect kept sending powerful people after him, no one could stop him. Right now, he was walking towards the Kings.

Of course, people found something strange. Why was Lin Yue taking Huang Yanchen of the East Sacred Mansion to such a high position?

When they'd first started up Scroll Mountain, people thought that they were allies or that Lin Yue was helping Huang Yanchen because he wanted to pursue her. Thus, no one thought it strange.

Huang Yanchen was a disciple of Sword Saint Xuanji and had the Xuanwu source. She was only in the Seventh Change of the Fish-dragon Realm, but her abilities were quite powerful. As long as no one targeted her, she could sit easy in Talent Seat.

It was different now. Lin Yue had brought Huang Yanchen past 18,000 Talent Seats and 3,000 Conquer Seats. They were now going for the 108 King Seats.

What did this mean?

Lin Yue had the abilities to sit in the King Seat. This was undeniable. At the same time, Huang Yanchen in the Seventh Change of the Fish-dragon Realm definitely couldn't sit there.

"Who's that blue-haired beauty beside Lin Yue? She's only in the Seventh Change of the Fish-dragon Realm. How does she dare to reach this position?"

"She's an heir to the East Sacred Mansion called Huang Yanchen. Apparently, Lin Yue is close to her. He might be pursuing her."

...

Red Wish Emissary narrowed her pretty eyes. “Lin Yue can bring her up the mountain, but he can’t help her keep the seat,” she said, either out of jealousy or mockery. “With her abilities, it’ll be an honor just to get a Talent Seat. Why does she want to go for the King Seat? Can she even keep it?”

Even with Red Wish Emissary’s abilities and the help of two Black Market Excellence Hall helpers, she could only get a lower Conquer Seat.

But Huang Yanchen dared to go for the King Seat. Red Wish Emissary obviously didn’t think highly of her.

Clearly, she’d misunderstood Huang Yanchen, thinking that she wanted to go there. She didn’t know that both Zhang Ruochen and Huang Yanchen had been forced by the situation.

Since Zhang Ruochen had already said those big words to the three heirs of the East Region Saint Mansion, he obviously had to bring Huang Yanchen to a higher position. Otherwise, he would be humiliating himself.

“You’re all wrong. You think that Lin Yue and Cousin Yanchen are only allies? You think that Lin Yue will leave her after bringing her to a higher position?” Chen Laner said.

A Monk in monastery clothing stood not far from Chen Laner and asked in return, “Lady, is that not so?”

The surrounding people all turned to stare at Chen Laner curiously.

She felt quite proud to get everyone’s attention. Shaking her head, she smiled. “Don’t you know that Lin Yue is only my cousin Yanchen’s guard? He’s only here to protect her and get a King Seat.”

Boom!

Chen Laner’s words caused a huge commotion. Everyone knew that, with Chen Laner’s status, she definitely wouldn’t insult Lin Yue. Thus, she must be speaking the truth.

A disciple of the Yin and Yang Sect who idolized Lin Yue couldn’t accept this truth. “Senior Brother Apprentice Lin Yue is so powerful. He has a chance even if he goes for the Heir’s

seat. How can he be willing to be a woman's guard? I can't accept it."

A talented girl from the East Region Saint Mansion said enviously, "Senior Sister Apprentice Yanchen is so lucky. Before, she had the legendary Zhang Ruochen protecting her. Now, she has the powerful Lin Yue who is willing to be her guard and help her to the King Seat. Why can't I meet someone like that?"

Many people couldn't understand Lin Yue's actions. After all, he could get any girl he wanted with his talent.

If he said the word, there would be countless Saints and sects going up to him and giving him their most beautiful and talented girls. Why was he restricting himself to this one girl?

Of course, many of the girls present were envious of Huang Yanchen and supported Lin Yue's actions. Every girl wished to have a talented man like Lin Yue who would give everything up just to protect her.

"That guy...is actually willing to be Huang Yanchen's guard..."

Red Wish Emissary's eyes were filled with jealousy. She gritted her silver teeth and murderous intent flared. It just felt like Huang Yanchen had stolen her protection.

If they weren't on Scroll Mountain, she really would have wanted to kill Huang Yanchen and steal back Lin Yue.

There were nine Heir Seats at the top of Scroll Mountain. Only three were empty. The other six had been taken already.

Gai Tianjiao laughed from one of the seats. Staring at Xue Wuye, she said, "Xue Wuye, aren't you pursuing Huang Yanchen, too? You think you can get a girl like that? You're nothing compared to Junior Brother Apprentice Lin Yue. If I'm Huang Yanchen, I'd choose Lin Yue who does everything for me, not you."

Xue Wuye wore his pure white robe and sat in another Kunlun Heir seat.

He touched his chin with a finger while gazing at Zhang Ruochen and Huang Yanchen midway up the mountain. His lips curled into a smile. "I don't believe that Lin Yue will sacrifice so much for a girl he's only known for one month."

"You can't do it, but it doesn't mean that others can't," Gai Tianjiao said. "At least Junior Brother Apprentice Lin Yue is doing what you think he can't do."

"I don't want to argue with you," Xue Wuye said.

"Heh, even if you don't want to argue, people will find you a joke if you try to approach Huang Yanchen after this."

Xue Wuye seemed not to hear Gai Tianjiao's mocking voice. He was still as calm as ever. His eyes, brighter than the stars, were trained on Zhang Ruochen. He stared for a long while as if searching for something.

A moment later, a strange smile appeared on Xue Wuye's face. "Has my opponent appeared?" he mumbled to himself.

His voice was very quiet. No one else could hear his words.

(Author's note: there's a lot of discussion over Huang Yanchen being the female lead. Let me say something! The female lead that I want to write isn't the most beautiful with a perfect personality. This is more realistic.

Mu Lingxi, Yao Chi, Saint Lady...these female characters are all beautiful, have high statuses, are intelligent, and basically have no flaws. But in reality...you can't find someone like that.

Of course, I haven't chosen the female lead yet. After all, Mu Lingxi might be it. There's also another character that can be the female lead. Please anticipate the rest of the story!)

Chapter 747 - Little Saintess of the Demonic Sect

Translator:

Transn

Editor:

Transn

The sky gradually darkened as the clouds turned black. Only the moon hung in the sky, radiating light like layers of thin silver veils.

Under the moon.

No matter how many people made comments, Zhang Ruochen still stayed beside Huang Yanchen. They moved towards the top of Scroll Mountain together, slowly but steadily.

“Seems like an infatuated man.”

Ouyang Huan tapped the arm of his chair with his right hand. His lips moved and his voice transformed into three sound waves that moved to the three Demonic Sect members below.

No matter how infatuated he was, he was still the enemy. As long as he was the enemy, he must be defeated.

Hearing Ouyang Huan's voice, three figures from the Conquer Seats near the front stood up. They walked towards the steps to block Zhang Ruochen and Huang Yanchen.

Amongst them, the one at the front was the Demonic Saintess, Mu Lingxi.

She wore a loose black robe with a silver moon print on the back. Her white skin stood in stark contrast to the black robe.

Her face was extremely beautiful and her features were delicate. She looked cute and pure, like a teenage girl, but also cold and evil.

A man and a woman stood behind Mu Lingxi to the left and right.

The man on the left was the First Night Emissary of the Demonic Night Palace—Ling Ji. Ten years ago, his cultivation had already reached the pinnacle of the Fish-dragon Realm's Ninth Change.

His understanding of the Saintly Way had already reached the highest level. He could enter the Half-Saint Realm at any time.

The woman on the right was Luo Sha, the most powerful figure under the Half-Saint Realm of the Five Sha Palace. She was also in the Ninth Change of the Fish-dragon Realm.

The three of them represented the Saintess Palace, the Night Palace, and the Five Sha Palace's strongest force. Their bodies were also of the Saint level and so they were known as the Holy Trinity.

Zhang Ruochen stopped and raised his head. He looked up at these three powerful figures of the Demonic Sect.

In the end, his gaze landed on Mu Lingxi. They stared at each other and smiled at the same time.

Mu Lingxi seductively licked her lips. Her long lashes trembled as she said coldly, "Lin Yue, go down with Huang Yanchen. Since you're so in love, I can make the decision on my own as the Saintess, and give you a Conqueror Seat."

"What if I insist on taking her to a higher level?" Zhang Ruochen said calmly. "Such as the first of the 108 King Seats?"

Mu Lingxi's eyes stared unblinkingly at Zhang Ruochen. No one knew what she was thinking at this moment.

After a pause, Mu Lingxi's face turned cold. "Must we fight?"

Zhang Ruochen glanced at Huang Yanchen and then turned back to Mu Lingxi. "I promised Prince Yanchen that I would at least escort her to a King Seat," he said.

Mu Lingxi didn't reply, but behind her, Ling Ji huffed coldly. "Lin Yue, you disabled six fighters of my sect in a row. Tonight, it's uncertain if you can even descend the mountain in

one piece, let alone get a spot amongst the King Seats. Saintess, stop wasting time with him. Let's work together to disable him first, and then Huang Yanchen."

Zhang Ruochen met eyes with Mu Lingxi. They seemed able to understand each other just by a look. They were both clear that this battle was imminent.

At the top of the mountain, even the intelligent Holy Book's genius furrowed her brow slightly. She couldn't really understand the relationship between Lin Yue, Mu Lingxi and Huang Yanchen either.

After all, she'd seen Lin Yue and Mu Lingxi meet secretly with her own eyes. They definitely didn't have an average relationship. However, Lin Yue seemed to like Huang Yanchen more.

Otherwise, why was he willing to be her guard?

"Lin Yue and Mu Lingxi are actually going against each other..." The genius girl fanned herself with her delicate hand. Her eyes shone brightly. "This battle is becoming more interesting."

For some reason, she actually felt gleeful when she saw Mu Lingxi block Lin Yue and Huang Yanchen.

Down the mountain, the disciples of the Yin and Yang Sect all started worrying for Lin Yue after seeing Mu Lingxi, Ling Ji, and Luo Sha appear.

"Ling Ji is the First Night Emissary of the Night Palace. He has the Dark Saint Body and became famous decades ago. How can he team up with others against Senior Brother Apprentice Lin Yue? Isn't he afraid of tarnishing his reputation?"

"Luo Sha has the Three Spirit Treasured Body, which is as powerful as the Saint Body. Even the other four Sha's of the Five Sha Palace together can't defeat her."

"You're all wrong! The most powerful one is actually Mu Lingxi, the little Saintess of the Demonic Sect. Don't think that she's just young and nameless. She actually has the legendary Ice Phoenix Saint Body. This is more powerful than

Ling Ji's Dark Saint Body and Luo Sha's Three Spirit Treasured Body. It should be comparable to Lin Yue's Four Spirit Treasured Body."

"Apparently, the High Priest of the Demonic Sect really likes Mu Lingxi. He personally performed a huge ritual in the Eastern Region demonic land to help her refine a drop of divine blood."

"Divine blood? Do you know how powerful that is? How can that little girl refine it?"

Someone from the Black Market said, "This is true. That ritual's scale was so large that an entire mountainous region outside Gold Night City was burned, turning into a red desert. It's because of this drop of divine blood that the Saintess can reach the Seventh Change of the Fish-dragon Realm at her young age."

"In my opinion, she's already reached the Eighth Change."

...

Many people discussed Mu Lingxi, talking about her legends.

This was actually normal. After all, this was Mu Lingxi's first time revealing herself in public. Whether it was her Ice Phoenix Saint Body or her beautiful looks, everything about her attracted attention.

Boom!

Ling Ji raised his left leg and stomped. A scroll underfoot immediately unfurled and spread out, creating a micro-world.

On the scroll, Ling Ji and Luo Sha used their fastest speed to rush out from either side of Mu Lingxi. They both performed a martial arts technique, respectively aiming at Zhang Ruo Chen's head and heart.

"Traceless Solo Dragon."

Ling Ji wielded a 12-foot-long black lance and stabbed forward. Because he was so fast, he seemed to disappear from the spot.

Nine beams of black light emerged from the lance. They wrapped around the weapon, forming scales that extended to the tip.

“Luo Sha’s Nine Changes.”

Of the five elements, Luo Sha manipulated water, wood, and metal elemental power at the same time. She created three 100-foot-long rivers of Spiritual Qi.

Her body split into nine and spread out in all directions. When they neared Zhang Ruochen, the nine figures grouped together. They pushed forward at once, attacking Zhang Ruochen’s head from nine directions.

Ling Ji and Luo Sha both knew that Zhang Ruochen was extremely powerful. Thus, they’d just used their strongest attacks.

“Nine-star Moon Sword.”

Zhang Ruochen raised his Golden Snake Divine Rapier and released his sword technique. Nine beams of sword light shot out at once, hitting Luo Sha’s nine shadows.

There was a muffled grunt from the sky. Then Luo Sha flew backwards quickly. There was a bloody hole in her abdomen. Blood had dyed a big patch on her black robe.

Zhang Ruochen wanted to pursue her and disable her completely. If he could disable one person, the other two would be much easier to deal with.

But after taking a step, Zhang Ruochen realized that Ling Ji’s long lance was already close to him. It was only three feet away from his heart.

As expected of the Dark Saint Body. He’s quite fast.

Zhang Ruochen was forced to give up on Luo Sha. He steadied himself and then stabbed the Golden Snake Divine Rapier into the ground, piercing the scroll.

Boom!

A territory of Sword Qi was formed. It spread in all directions. Within it, a dozen beams of Sword Qi fell upon Ling Ji,

forcing him hundreds of feet backward.

“The Eight Barren states, I am the sovereign of all.”

At some point, Mu Lingxi appeared above the territory of Sword Qi. Heavy saintly Qi radiated from her, converging on her right hand.

She pressed down her snow-white hand, creating a huge handprint that reached thousands of feet wide.

Countless people watched the battle on the scroll. Seeing Mu Lingxi’s handprint, someone immediately exclaimed, “The Eight Barren Print!”

“That’s right. This is the Eight Barren Print, the legendary Consummate Skill of the Demonic Sect. Could the Saintess be cultivating the Eight Barren Exercise?”

The print technique that Mu Lingxi had used shocked many people.

Martial arts techniques had four levels: Human, Spiritual, Ghost, and King.

Amongst this, techniques of the King Level were also known as “divine spells.” Instead of being mere techniques, they were powerful enough to cut a river with a sword, crush a mountain with one’s feet, or destroy a city. Their power was unimaginable for mortal beings.

Even a Half-Saint might not be able to fully cultivate a King Level technique. Thus, supreme Ghost Level techniques were the highest someone in the Fish-dragon Realm or Half-Saint Realm could cultivate.

At the same time, the powers of different supreme Ghost Level techniques were different as well. Some stronger ones could release pre-divine power. These were known as Consummate Skills.

The Demonic Sect had ten Consummate Skills. The Eight Barren Print that Mu Lingxi had used was one of them.

The handprint pressed down. Zhang Ruochen’s Sword Qi territory caved in like a flattening balloon.

Boom!

The Sword Qi territory shattered. Countless beams of Sword Qi flew out, uncontrolled.

Zhang Ruochen glanced at it, unfazed. He reached out his left hand and opened his fingers wide. He manipulated the power of the five elements. Immediately after, water, fire, wood, metal, and earth elemental powers formed a flood of Spiritual Qi. They converged on his palm without stopping. This gave his hand five different colors, too.

Chapter 748 - Gathering of Heroes

Translator:

Transn

Editor:

Transn

With the power of the five elements, Zhang Ruochen pressed upward. The five powers instantly turned into a band of Spiritual Qi. It spun around his arm quickly, forming a huge vortex.

Boom.

The next moment, the two handprints crashed, creating huge shockwaves. A string of pops burst from the scroll world instantly. Hundreds of words hovered in the sky. They quickly shattered into balls of spiritual fog.

As the words broke, the micro-world formed by the scroll turned unstable. It started shaking.

Had Lin Yue really been repressed? Countless eyes stared at the micro-world on Scroll Mountain. They could only see the fog shrouding Lin Yue's body. They couldn't see the battle clearly at all.

The Demonic Saintess wasn't any weaker than Lin Yue and her cultivation was a level higher too. She'd used the Eight Barren Print Consummate Skill. She might disable Lin Yue.

Whoosh!

Suddenly, five rings of energy waves surged out of the scroll. They turned into tidal waves of five colors and crashed towards Mu Lingxi.

Zhang Ruochen stood upright in the center of the rings. He was like an undefeatable mountain.

The Eight Barren Print was one of the Demonic Sect's top ten Consummate Skills. Naturally, it was extremely powerful and couldn't be destroyed so easily.

Mu Lingxi quickly withdrew her arm. Then she slapped down even faster.

Boom! Her palm enlarged greatly and was filled with icy Qi.

Eight beastly prints emerged from her palm. They glowed faintly with icy light. As divine Qi filled them, the beastly prints flew from her palm. They transformed into eight huge beastly shadows that pressed towards Zhang Ruochen.

The eight beasts were the Ice Python, Ice Winged Dragon, Ice Sky Spider, Ice Silver Wolf, Ice Tortoise, Ice Whale, Ice Snow Tiger, and Ice Phoenix. The eight beastly shadows were beast souls. Each beast soul was at the Half-Saint level.

It was practically impossible for other Fish-dragon Realm Monks to cultivate a Half-Saint beast soul into their palms. Mu Lingxi had her Ice Phoenix Saint Body. Thus, she could use her Ice Phoenix lineage to repress these eight aggressive beast souls and release something as powerful as the Eight Barren Print.

"If you don't use your sword, you'll be defeated!" Mu Lingxi said.

She understood that Zhang Ruochen was only fighting with his handprint because he couldn't bear to use his sword on her.

In the past month, Mu Lingxi had reached the Eighth Change of the Fish-dragon Realm and completed the Eight Barren Print. Her abilities had increased greatly. She wasn't much weaker than Zhang Ruochen.

If Zhang Ruochen used his sword, Mu Lingxi might not be able to block him at the critical moment. If she couldn't and something happened...the consequences would be unimaginable.

Zhang Ruochen looked at the eight beastly shadows pressing down. He was still unfazed and just furrowed his brow. Finally, he tightened his grip on the Golden Snake Divine Rapier.

Waving his arm, a beam of golden Sword Qi burst forth. It drew a huge circle on the ground.

“Sword Two.”

Zhang Ruochen had released the first realm of Sword Two: Alternating Yin and Yang. The sword techniques in this realm were mostly for defense rather than attacks.

As the sword techniques unfurled, a huge disc, dozens of miles wide, formed with Zhang Ruochen as the center. Night and day kept alternating within it. Beams of Sword Qi shot towards the eight beastly images.

Chen Tianpeng, one of the three heirs of the East Region Saint Mansion, complimented, “Lin Yue is indeed a genius of the Tao of the sword. He’s already cultivated Sword Two to the first realm. Few have done this in the past millennium.”

Chen Kai shook his head. “I heard that Lin Yue has already cultivated Sword Two to the second realm.”

“The Demonic Saintess’ Eight Barren Print is powerful, but anyone can see that Lin Yue is stronger than she is. If he activates Sword Two’s second realm and attacks, he can defeat her.”

“It’s strange, indeed. Why is he only defending instead of attacking actively?”

“Maybe he wants to, but he doesn’t have enough Holy Qi anymore and he can’t activate the second realm. After all, he’s already defeated a dozen strong fighters along the way.”

“Right! Even the strongest can be exhausted. Furthermore, Lin Yue is only in the Seventh Change of the Fish-dragon Realm. He can’t have as much Holy Qi as a Monk in the Eighth or Ninth Change.”

“Lin Yue must have depleted himself in the earlier battles. This time, he’s against three members of the Demonic Sect with powerful Saint Bodies. I’m afraid he’ll be defeated.”

...

Captain Rat and Snake Two stood beside the 108 King Seats. They looked down, focusing on the battle between Zhang

Ruochen and the three from the Demonic Sect.

Captain Rat's eyes shone with demonic light as he stared at Mu Lingxi. "The little Saintess' cultivation speed is shocking. She's actually on Lin Yue's level now."

Snake Two crossed her arms before his chest. Her small red tongue poked out from her lips. "The Saintess has only recently entered the Eighth Change. There's still a gap between her and Lin Yue. But for some reason, Lin Yue seems unwilling to go hard on her. He keeps letting her off easy. There must be something between them."

"It doesn't matter. As long as the Saintess can defeat Lin Yue, she'll preserve our sect's reputation. She can also make a name for herself with this battle."

Captain Rat moved his eyes from the battlefield to Huang Yanchen. He sniggered. "No matter how strong Lin Yue is, he's only a guard. If we take care of his client, it'll be the most effective and drastic move."

Immediately afterward, Captain Rat flashed. Transforming into a beam of black light, he charged towards Huang Yanchen.

Huang Yanchen felt the dangerous aura above her. She immediately unsheathed her holy sword and stabbed upward as fast as lightning.

Whoosh, whoosh! Immediately, dozens of Sword Qi attacks surged outward. They converged at one point and hit the black shadow.

Boom!

Captain Rat reached a hand out and grabbed the holy sword. Looking at Huang Yanchen from the close proximity, he leered, showing his yellow teeth. "Pretty girl, you react quite quickly, but unfortunately, your cultivation is too low. Your sword is only a scratch for me."

Captain Rat was perverted so he obviously wanted to tease such an ice beauty like Huang Yanchen. But just as he reached towards Huang Yanchen, a cold voice sounded behind him.

“Her sword can’t hurt you, but what about mine?”

Captain Rat’s neck stiffened. He could clearly feel a metal sword propped against his neck. The coldness coming from the blade practically froze half of his blood.

His hand immediately stopped as his eyes grew cold. “Le! What are you doing?”

Le stood behind Captain Rat, pressing his rusted sword against the other’s neck. “Move your dirty hands.”

“You...”

Captain Rat’s expression changed, twisting in extreme anger. He didn’t fear Le. He just didn’t want to anger the man. After all, it was rumored within the Demonic Sect that no one could kill Le, but everyone who he’d had his eyes on was dead.

Who would voluntarily fight with someone like that?

Captain Rat muttered, “You should at least give me a reason to let go of her, right?”

“No reason,” Le said.

Whoosh! The metal sword was extremely sharp. It had already gone through Captain Rat’s defenses and left a cut on his neck. One could imagine that if Le’s hands moved at all, Captain Rat’s head would fly off.

“Captain Rat, let go of her,” Ouyang Huan ordered personally.

He didn’t know why Le wanted to help Huang Yanchen, but he understood Le. He had a reason for everything he did.

Captain Rat was unwilling, but in the end, he still loosened his grip on the holy sword. Huang Yanchen retracted her sword and glanced at Le. Her eyes were filled with confusion.

Finally, she cupped her hands. “Thank you,” she said.

Le moved his sword away from Captain Rat’s neck. He stabbed it into the book page and rested his hands on the hilt. With unfocused eyes, he said coldly, “Don’t thank me. I won’t hurt you, but I won’t let you and Lin Yue take another step up.”

He continued, “And let me warn you. Lin Yue killed someone from the Divine Sect. They’ll definitely punish him. It’s best not to travel with him. If you want to go to the King Seat, I can protect you and help you keep your spot.”

Le’s words were monotone but shocked everyone present.

“What the heck? Who exactly is Huang Yanchen?”

“It’s fine if Lin Yue is willing to be her guard, but how come a swordsman from the Demonic Sect is willing, too?”

“That swordsman apparently doesn’t listen to anyone. Even Ouyang Huan can’t make him his guard.”

“What does Huang Yanchen have that can make these two sword geniuses want to protect her?”

...

While everyone present was shocked, Huang Yanchen was shocked, too. She would have never expected that such a powerful and young swordsman would say something like that.

Does he have a past with me, too? she thought.

While everyone was discussing animatedly, another young figure started climbing up from the foot of the mountain. He yelled something that multiplied everyone’s shock.

“No need to bother the Demonic Sect. I can be Princess Yanchen’s guard and help her get a King Seat!”

On the steps was Bu Qianfan in golden armor. He carried a 28-foot-long lance and his long hair spilled down his shoulders. His aura was extremely domineering. He seemed to fly as he charged up Scroll Mountain.

Chapter 749 - New Star of the Ministry of War

Translator:

Transn

Editor:

Transn

“Who is it?”

Two members of the Four Symbols Sect in the Ninth Change of the Fish-dragon Realm rushed out from the Conquer Seats to block Bu Qianfan.

They both had twelfth-level battle swords of the True Treasure Class. Ice and fire auras came from them respectively and attacked from top and bottom.

The Four Symbols Sect and Demonic Sect had already agreed secretly that anyone who dared to help the Yin and Yang Sect would be attacked.

“Anyone in my way will die.”

Bu Qianfan stepped on the steps and flew upwards. He shot up 30 feet and wielded his lance. He brandished it and it struck one of the Monks in the stomach.

Boom! The Monk in the Ninth Change of the Fish-dragon Realm cried out in pain. He spat out blood and flew off Scroll Mountain.

The other Monk’s expression changed drastically. He didn’t expect this man to be so strong.

However, since he could keep his Conquer Seat, he wasn’t just average. Instead of being frightened, he added more Divine Qi into his sword and hacked at Bu Qianfan’s neck.

Bu Qianfan put back his lance and punched forward. As if swatting a fly, he forced the Monk into the air with his sword.

Without looking back, he forged onward towards the top of the Scroll Mountain.

Boom!

Behind him, the Monk of the Four Symbols Sect fell onto the ground. He started rolling down the mountain like a ball.

In the span of a breath, two strong fighters had been forced down the mountain. Bu Qianfan's abilities naturally shocked many people.

“Who is this? Dao Qing and Dao Hai of the Four Symbols Sect couldn't even block one hit.”

“How come another strong figure came out of nowhere? He even said that he wants to be Huang Yanchen's guard and help her to the King Seat.”

“Huang Yanchen's charisma is scary.”

Some younger Monks of the East Region recognized Bu Qianfan.

A Monk in an officer's robe and a feathered fan squinted towards Scroll Mountain. “That man is Bu Qianfan. He's from the Bu Saint Clan. He's also a new star that the Ministry of War is training.”

“What? He's from the Ministry of War?”

Hearing those words, many Monks gasped.

After all, the Ministry of War destroyed countless sects and clans. Thus, the Monks of all the major families and sects all feared them. No matter how powerful or rich a group was, they would all turn to dust if the Ministry of War's army came.

The Ministry of War had the highest number of strong fighters in Kunlun's Field—more than the Demonic Sect, the Martial Market Bank, and the Black Market. Otherwise, they wouldn't be able to rule Kunlun's Field and Thousand Void World.

They'd naturally trained a big batch of young fighters. These fighters spent their days fighting with water beasts out at sea or with spirits native to the Void Battleground.

All of them were fierce figures with blood on their hands. They had rich battle experience and killed simply. Even if the Conquerors of the Demonic Sect went against the Talents of the Ministry of War, it would be hard to say who was stronger.

The most well-known amongst the younger generation of the Ministry of War was Chi Wansui. He was also known as King Taisui. He was the royal disciple of the First Central Empire's Chi family.

Apparently, Empress Chi Yao had personally given him the name "Wansui." It was evident how much hope she'd invested in him.

"Other than Chi Wansui, the young figure who's risen the fastest is Bu Qianfan," the man in the officer's robe said.

"Apparently, a year ago, Bu Qianfan had a battle with young lord Diyi of the East Region Black Market that few knew about. In the end, Bu Qianfan won and stole Diyi's Immortal Saint Body."

"Bu Qianfan stole Diyi's Immortal Saint Body?" a Monk exclaimed from the side. "Does that mean he's immortal now?"

"A Monk with the Immortal Saint Body won't necessarily be impossible to kill. However, if you add the Huang Realm and Heavenly Realm, and have various divine marks, Bu Qianfan's abilities would be much stronger than before."

The man in the officer's robe continued, "Apparently, the Ministry of War paid a lot to train Bu Qianfan. They performed a ritual to use divine power and open the world within the Tianlun Mark. They sent him in to train for three months."

"The Tianlun Mark from the Chaotic World Mountain? I heard that it's a time-space treasure created by Saint Monk Xumi. The time ratio between the inner and outer world is 30 to one."

"If three months passed outside, it's seven or eight years inside the Tianlun Mark. No wonder Bu Qianfan could reach such levels in this short time period."

Hearing how amazing the Tianlun Mark was, a younger Monk exclaimed, “He could improve so much in three short months. How come he didn’t stay for a decade? He would be undefeatable when he came out.”

Another Monk gave him look of disdain. “Ten years? That’s for the outside world. Inside the mark, it’s 300 years. Unless Bu Qianfan could reach the Saint Realm, he would die in there. Have you ever heard of anyone who could become a Saint by secluding themselves? No.”

The man in the officer’s robe nodded. “That’s right. If the Ministry of War kept Bu Qianfan in the Tianlun Mark for ten years, it would be like killing him. Actually, cultivating there for three months is already a great opportunity. I just wonder if he’s refined divine blood yet.”

If Bu Qianfan had, he would be even more terrifying.

No one on Scroll Mountain dared to stop Bu Qianfan. They could only watch as he charged, not stopping until he reached Huang Yanchen’s side.

There was no joy on the girl’s face though. Instead, she furrowed her brow. Things were out of control now. She had no interest in the King Seat at all.

With her stubborn personality, if Chen Kai, Chen Tianpeng, and Chen Laner hadn’t humiliated her and wanted to know what was between her and Lin Yue, she wouldn’t have agreed to ascend the mountain with Lin Yue.

At that time, Huang Yanchen only wanted a Talent Seat. She didn’t want to be in the spotlight. But the fight between the Demonic Sect and Yin and Yang Sect made things go out of control.

Lin Yue had already said that he would be her guard. If she didn’t climb Scroll Mountain, he wouldn’t either.

For the glory of the Yin and Yang Sect, Lin Yue had to. He had to fight with the Demonic Sect and open up a path for the young Monks of the Yin and Yang Sect.

At this time, Huang Yanchen obviously couldn’t hold him back. No matter how dangerous things were, she had to follow

him up the mountain. Otherwise, people would say that she was ungrateful.

Everyone thought that Huang Yanchen wanted to use Lin Yue to get a King Seat. They didn't know that both Huang Yanchen and Lin Yue were pushed forward by the situation. They couldn't even take a step back.

Lin Yue was powerful. Thus, he was fearless and charged forward bravely, throwing everything into chaos. Huang Yanchen wasn't so powerful though. When she decided to climb Scroll Mountain with Lin Yue, she was prepared to die here.

She needed extreme courage to make the decision to risk things with Lin Yue.

Actually, she subconsciously felt that the past Lin Yue spoke of was deeply connected to Zhang Ruochen. When Bu Qianfan appeared, she was even surer. She knew that Bu Qianfan owed Zhang Ruochen.

Huang Yanchen knew that the men weren't fighting for her.

Many of the women present were envious or jealous of her. Only Huang Yanchen, herself, remained clear-headed. She knew that Lin Yue's relationship with Bu Qianfan wasn't that deep.

Perhaps Lin Yue and Bu Qianfan were both fighting for Zhang Ruochen.

Huang Yanchen stood to the side. She didn't try to persuade Bu Qianfan because her words would only weaken the dominance Bu Qianfan had accumulated along the way.

In this case, she would just keep silent.

Strong Battle Qi radiated from Bu Qianfan, forming a black cloud above his head. It kept surging.

He glanced at Captain Rat and Le. His eyes shone sharply as if two balls of fire were burning in his pupils. Like a beast just released from his cage, he said coldly, "Who will fight me?"

Captain Rat had just been threatened by Le and was forced to give Huang Yanchen up. He was looking for a place to vent

out his anger.

Bu Qianfan's appearance obviously excited him. He couldn't wait to fight.

Chapter 750 - Rich Battle

Intent

Translator:

Transn

Editor:

Transn

“There’s a way to heaven, but you ignore it. There’s no entrance to hell, but you force your way in. Shouldn’t you consider your own strength before coming to help her?”

As Captain Rat spoke, he pushed with his legs. He transformed into a beam of black light that shot into the sky. The next moment, he swooped down with an even faster speed.

“God-Destroying Claw.”

Captain Rat’s hands looked extremely withered and frail, but they contained powerful Demonic Qi. He slapped down a piece of cloud from the sky as he clawed at Bu Qianfan’s head.

The God-Destroying Claw was a Consummate Skill of the demonic rats. By manipulating the Demonic Qi within one’s body, the power created can kill a god.

Bu Qianfan spread his feet apart and anchored himself. Divine Qi from his body poured into his lance as he stabbed upward.

With the stab, the air shook. A huge pillar of shockwaves formed, sweeping miles wide in the sky.

The power from the God-Destroying Claw caused the lance to crack loudly. Many small fissures snaked throughout.

Boom!

The lance shattered into dozens of metal scraps. They flew out in all directions like beams of light.

“Kid, you’re nothing, actually.” Captain Rat cackled. He waved his claw and continued attacking.

“Really?”

Bu Qianfan didn’t budge, standing like an iron tower. He clenched his fist and poured all his Divine Qi into the golden boxing glove on his hand. He punched Captain Rat.

The claw and fist collided.

Captain Rat let out a muffled grunt and flew backwards. He crashed against the steps and Scroll Mountain trembled.

“Ack...so...strong...”

Captain Rat coughed and stood up again. He massaged his painful claws. His pea-sized eyes stared at Bu Qianfan’s glove and sneered. “Again,” he said.

A scroll under Bu Qianfan and Captain Rat’s feet opened quickly. It transformed into a micro-world 100 miles in diameter and enveloped them.

Captain Rat was from ancient times. Both divine and demonic blood flowed through him. His physical body was extremely strong.

Bu Qianfan had the Immortal Saint Body and had reached the Peak Realm twice. If he had the divine mark too, his physical body would be extremely powerful as well.

Bu Qianfan and Captain Rat were fighting physically head-on. Each crash was like two iron mountains colliding. They set off rings of energy waves that could almost shatter the micro-world.

On the other hand, Zhang Ruochen was also fighting an intense battle with the three from the Demonic Sect.

Zhang Ruochen had reached the Peak Realm four times. He had four more realms than the others. The real Qi in his Sea of Qi was many times more than Monks of his same level. He didn’t have to worry about using it up at all.

“Dark Spirit World.”

Ling Ji released his Laksana. Immediately afterward, black Divine Qi poured out of his body. He shrouded the scroll world in darkness so that the people wouldn't see anything.

Once a Monk fell into the Dark Spirit World Laksana, they wouldn't only go blind. Their hearing, smell, and touch sensitivity would decrease drastically as well. Even their mind power would be restricted.

In contrast, Ling Ji could use his Laksana to make his vision sharper and his senses more sensitive. He would be faster, too, and could use 120% of his power.

At the same time, Luo Sha used the power of the Three Spirit Treasure Body. She manipulated the powers of three of the Five Elements into three rivers of Spiritual Qi. Zhang Ruochen was swept into them.

Mu Lingxi put her hands together in a prayer position and started the Eight Barren Exercise. Immediately after, a speck of red light lit up between her brows. It formed the mark of a phoenix.

The phoenix mark wildly absorbed the Spiritual Qi in the world. An ancient and powerful aura radiated from it.

The next moment, the mark seemed to come to life. It transformed into the apparition of a huge ice phoenix. It wrapped around Mu Lingxi's delicate body. The huge wings seemed to sprout from her back as they flapped softly.

Right now, Mu Lingxi seemed like a phoenix spirit that had come to the mortal world. She was beautiful and all the Monks on Scroll Mountain were mesmerized.

“The Demonic Sect's little Saintess is said to be Kunlun's Field's top beauty, similar to Lin Suxian from before.”

“She has a very unique temperament, like a pure fairy but also like an alluring demon. She's honestly too beautiful.”

“Even if Mu Lingxi didn't have the Ice Phoenix Saint Body and is only an average girl, she could still become famous with her beautiful looks.”

...

Many young talents glanced at Mu Lingxi and couldn't move their eyes away anymore. With her as the leader, the three from the Demonic Sect entered their strongest state and attacked Zhang Ruochen.

“Go die!”

Ling Ji's long lance passed through the Dark Spirit World. Transforming into a beam of purple light, it stabbed towards Zhang Ruochen's chest.

“In this case, I'll have to take care of you first.”

Zhang Ruochen didn't want to keep at this anymore. He prepared to finish the battle quickly. His eyes sharpened. Instead of dodging, he charged towards Ling Ji.

He stabbed his sword forward. Transforming into golden light, the sword passed through the distance. It reached the point between Ling Ji's eyes first.

Ling Ji's expression changed drastically. He quickly shattered the jade pendant at his neck.

Whoosh!

Saintly white light flooded from the broken jade pendant, blocking Zhang Ruochen's Golden Snake Divine Rapier.

The white light quickly disappeared.

Zhang Ruochen threw his sword back and attacked Ling Ji's body. With a squelch, the sharp Sword Qi snapped Ling Ji's legs in the thigh area. Blood kept streaming out.

Ling Ji's face twisted in pain. He yelled out and fell into the puddle of blood. He couldn't keep fighting.

Then Zhang Ruochen activated the second realm of Sword Two: Chaotic Yin and Yang. He stabbed Luo Sha's abdomen, piercing right through and leaving a fist-sized bloody hole.

“Ugh...”

Luo Sha retreated 300 feet and knelt down on one knee. Blood trickled from her lips. She could feel that many organs in her abdomen had been ruptured. Her vitality was draining quickly. Thus, she took out a recovery pill and swallowed it. She used

all her might to manipulate her Divine Qi and control the wound to her abdomen.

Anyone could see that Luo Sha was also unable to keep fighting.

Chen Kai gasped. “He gravely injured two powerful fighters of the Demonic Sect,” he said in shock. “Lin Yue’s Tao of the Sword is honestly frightening. I’ll probably lose if I go against him.”

Chen Tianpeng and Chen Laner heard his words. They also inhaled sharply, their expressions turning heavy.

After all, Chen Kai was known as the top fighter of the East Saint Mansion’s younger generation. If even he said this, Chen Yue’s abilities were evidently far beyond theirs.

Mu Jiji stood amongst the Yin and Yang Sect disciples and laughed heartily. “Who said that Lin Yue’s Divine Qi is all used up and that he can’t continue fighting? I think he’s at his peak state now. He can kill whoever he meets and stands in his way.”

Xun Hualiu also felt excited. She raised her fist and cheered like a little kid, “Lin Yue, undefeatable!”

The disciples of the Yin and Yang Sect were influenced by them. “Undefeatable!” they echoed.

“Undefeatable!”

“Senior Brother Apprentice Lin Yue is undefeatable!”

...

There were tsunami-like sounds on Scroll Mountain. Inside the scroll world, Zhang Ruochen and Mu Lingxi looked calm as they studied each other.

“You’re quite talented,” Zhang Ruochen said.

It was his first time seeing Mu Lingxi fight with full force. He was surprised inside. He hadn’t expected she would be so strong.

Mu Lingxi puffed her well-endowed chest up and smiled cutely. “Really? It’s so hard to get praised by you.”

It was the first time Mu Lingxi had heard Zhang Ruochen praise her. Naturally, she became happy, like a little squirrel who'd secretly eaten some honey.

Sadly, there were too many people there. Otherwise, she would definitely rush into Zhang Ruochen's arms and ask for a hug.

"But I must defeat you," Zhang Ruochen said.

Mu Lingxi immediately returned to reality. "If you wish to defeat me, you must show your true abilities," she said seriously.

Then Zhang Ruochen heard Mu Lingxi's voice in his mind, "You can make the entire Demonic Sect your enemy for Sister Chen and the Yin and Yang Sect. For me, can you lose once?"

Hearing these telepathic words, Zhang Ruochen's heart trembled. For the first time, he felt lost. He didn't know how to reply.

Mu Lingxi's expression turned playful and she sent another message. "Just kidding, don't take it seriously. How can I bear to let the man I like lose purposely before so many heroes? I will try my best and let you win honorably."

Actually, Zhang Ruochen would rather fight with Ouyang Huan than with Mu Lingxi. It wasn't because of the faint feelings they had between them.

Instead, it was because he was clear that Mu Lingxi would be pained while fighting him. She was only pretending she didn't care.

Zhang Ruochen sighed softly. "Let's fight!"

Chapter 751 - Only Wish...

You Won't Abandon Me

Translator:

Transn

Editor:

Transn

Mu Lingxi operated the Eight Barren Exercise to its limit. Her clasped hands were completely wrapped in Divine Qi. Prints formed continuously, dozens coming out of each finger.

Whoosh!

A huge gear formed behind her. The eight Half-Saint beast spirits—the python, winged dragon, sky spider, silver wolf, tortoise, whale, snow tiger, and phoenix—appeared on the edges of the gear.

The eight beasts absorbed Spiritual Qi at the same time and poured it into Mu Lingxi's delicate body. Her aura grew stronger and stronger.

Then a gust of frigid Qi radiated from under Mu Lingxi's feet. It froze the entire scroll world, turning it into a world of ice and snow.

“Is the Demonic Saintess going to use the strongest attack of the Eight Barren Print?”

“The last of the Eight Barren Print—the Divine Barren Sky-Sealing Print?”

“The power of the Divine Barren Sky-Sealing Print is infinitely close to a saintly spell. Can she withstand the power of the attack with her cultivation?”

“This Demonic Saintess' abilities are honestly terrifying. If she really uses the Divine Barren Sky-Sealing Print, she can

hurt a first level Half-Saint. Lin Yue wouldn't be able to take it.”

Fighting against a first level Half-Saint and injuring one were two completely different things.

As Mu Lingxi's energy grew stronger, everyone held their breath. They stared unblinkingly at the scroll world. They wanted to know just how scary the Divine Barren Sky-Sealing Print was.

The six in the Heir Seats on the mountaintop were affected too. Even they weren't completely confident in withstanding the Divine Barren Sky-Sealing Print.

After all, Mu Lingxi had only recently reached the Eight Change of the Fish-Dragon Realm. What would happen if she reached the Ninth Change?

Whoosh!

Cold wind blew through the scroll world. It swept up a flurry of snowflakes that flooded towards Zhang Ruochen.

Zhang Ruochen slid backwards. The cold wind actually forced him back around 200 feet.

“Sword Two!”

Zhang Ruochen gripped his Golden Snake Divine Rapier. Instantly, 3000 beams of Sword Qi gathered with the sword as the center. They spun quickly, forming a huge Taichi print.

“Eight barren force, seal the sky!”

Mu Lingxi reached out a slender hand and slapped in Zhang Ruochen's direction. The Divine Barren Sky-Sealing Print was unleashed. The huge burst of saintly power crushed towards him.

Zhang Ruochen disappeared from the spot. He transformed into light and rushed forward, stabbing at Mu Lingxi. He charged as if nothing could stop him, combining with the 3000 beams of Sword Qi and Taichi print.

Boom, boom.

As soon as they hit the Divine Barren Sky-Sealing Print, the 3000 beams of Sword Qi exploded one after another, turning into strands of smoke. Then the huge print collided with the Golden Snake Divine Rapier.

There was a huge smack and the sword—a saint weapon—actually exploded. It broke into seven sections and flew backward. Three fragments hit Zhang Ruochen on the shoulder, chest, and thigh. They left three bloody marks.

Though the sword was broken, the power that had burst from the sword's explosion helped Zhang Ruochen break apart the Divine Barren Sky-Sealing Print.

By the time Zhang Ruochen had stopped, his finger was already between Mu Lingxi's eyebrows.

His finger had a golden glint. A tiny Taichi print spun around his finger, radiating with sharp Sword Qi. If he moved an inch more, he could stab through Mu Lingxi's skull.

However, Mu Lingxi had no look of fear on her face. She stood in place without moving as if she knew that Zhang Ruochen would rather injure himself than hurt her.

"I lost!" Mu Lingxi batted her lashes as if she'd been freed.

Zhang Ruochen retracted his finger and clutched his chest. He coughed and blood dribbled from his lips.

The sword fragment had pierced his lung, causing serious internal injuries. The previous battle had happened in a flash and ended before many people could see what had happened.

On the mountaintop, Xue Hongchen chuckled. "Seeing how Lin Yue protects the Demonic Saintess, there must be something between them. It seems that we're quite similar. Neither of us can bear to hurt beauties, but we're both men with many lovers. If there's a chance, I should chat with him."

Lin Yue was able to defeat Mu Lingxi because he'd used his own power and the Divine Barren Sky-Sealing Print's power to shatter the Golden Snake Divine Rapier. The power of the explosion had pierced the print.

However, the more powerful people could see that Lin Yue was more powerful than Mu Lingxi. With his Tao of Sword, there was a 70% chance that he could stab through the print. It was also possible to kill Mu Lingxi with that strike.

In that case, he didn't have to break his sword and get hurt. Why didn't he then?

The only explanation was that he didn't want to hurt or kill Mu Lingxi. He could only choose the worst option. Not only had he destroyed his saint weapon, but he'd also hurt himself.

Xue Wuye chuckled. "Ouyang Huan, you sent the little Saintess against Lin Yue. Did you already know that they have some unspeakable relationship?"

Ouyang Huan was abnormally calm. "Their relationship is their private matter," he said indifferently. "What does it have to do with me? Grudges, love, jealousy, and hatred are part of human nature. I'm just an observer."

Xue Wuye smiled and shook his head. He didn't speak any further.

As the saying went, the experts focused on the techniques while outsiders just watched for fun. The people at the peak chatted calmly, while the Monks at the foot of the mountain didn't know what had happened. They were in an uproar again.

"Lin Yue actually destroyed the Demonic Saintess' Divine Barren Sky-Sealing Print. He's so powerful. But he's hurt and he lost a saint weapon. I'm afraid he can't keep fighting."

"Didn't you notice that Link had used the third realm of Sword Two, Yin and Yang Split?"

"What?"

"The third realm of Sword Two?"

All the monks present who used swords were completely shocked. Many of the people in the Fish-Dragon Realm who called themselves sword geniuses could barely reach the first realm of Sword One.

In the last millennium, only around 20 or 30 people in the Fish-Dragon Realm could cultivate Sword One to the tenth realm completely. The majority of those people had all become sword saints and were worshipped by many swordsmen.

Lin Yue was only in the Seventh Change and he'd already cultivated Sword Two to the third realm. This was naturally shocking. Didn't this mean that he would have the chance to cultivate Sword Two fully while still in the Fish-Dragon Realm?

"If this youth doesn't die, he will definitely become another sword saint," an old Saint said inside the city. "He might even surpass Sword Saint Zangyue of the Yin and Yang Sect."

Monks of the Four Symbols Sect, the Eight Trigram Sect, and the Taichi Sect were even more shocked. Regardless of whether they were younger Monks or older Half-Saints and Saints, everyone was shocked.

A young man in a Tao robe stood beside Saint Xuanyi. He was tall and thin and had two dark mustaches above his lips.

His eyes were sharp, making him look handsome. "If Lin Yue is only at this level, he'll be dead if he goes against me."

This man was Shao Lin. He was the strongest member of the Four Symbols Sect below the Half-Saint level.

Shao Lin had once been a sword genius from the Yin and Yang Sect. He had been chosen with Qi Feiyu and Gai Tianjiao and was sent to train in the Sword Pavilion. If one only considered their sword talent, then Shao Lin was more excellent than Qi Feiyu and Gai Tianjiao.

The Yin and Yang Sect had placed great hopes in him too. They'd used all sorts of resources on him. They wanted him to represent the sect at the Sword Technique Conference.

Unfortunately, Shao Lin was from the Four Symbols Sect. He'd entered the Yin and Yang Sect just to use their resources and strengthen himself. He'd never thought of working for the Yin and Yang Sect.

Perhaps, in his eyes, the Yin and Yang Sect were just a bunch of fools.

After Shao Lin improved greatly in his cultivation, he betrayed the Yin and Yang Sect, returning to the Four Symbols Sect.

A few years had passed. Under the full effort of the Four Symbols Sect, Shao Lin's cultivation had reached an impossibly high level. He would represent the Four Symbols Sect at the Sword Technique Conference and steal the Sword Pavilion.

Shao Lin's eyes contained cold arrogance. "Lin Yue's Tao of Sword is quite good. Sadly, he was born a few years too late. Our Sword Two's are both in the third realm, but there's still a big difference. I'm already before him. My Sword Two is only a step away from the fourth realm."

"In the end, Lin Yue is only in the Seventh Change, while I'm already at the pinnacle of the Ninth Change. There's a big gap in both cultivation and Tao of Sword. If I lose to him, I would have wasted all the years the sect has used to train me."

Saint Xuanyi nodded. "The effort the Four Symbols Sect has put into you is unprecedented. The resources spent are enough to produce ten Half-Saints. It's unjustifiable if you still lose. But even though Lin Yue has overflowing talent, he still isn't at your level. He shouldn't have the chance to win against you."

Evidently, Saint Xuanyi was also confident in Shao Lin.

...

After the battle between Zhang Ruochen and Mu Lingxi, the scroll world under their feet was completely shattered. It transformed into smoke and melded into Scroll Mountain. The two of them reappeared on the steps of the mountain, along with the heavily injured Ling Ji and Luo Sha.

Huang Yanchen walked towards Lin Yue. "You seem to be hurt badly," she said. "Will you continue fighting?"

Zhang Ruochen's face was pale, but he still smiled. "Actually, I'm sorry. I shouldn't have involved you in the fight between the Demonic Sect and the Yin and Yang Sect. However, I must

continue climbing. After all, I owe the Yin and Yang Sect for teaching me their ways. I must fight today.”

Pausing, he added, “Do you have the courage to continue climbing with me?”

Huang Yanchen stared hard at Zhang Ruochen. Her eyes were extremely troubled. There was doubt, friendship, and deep suspicion.

Her left hand was behind her back. She gripped a fragment of the Golden Snake Divine Rapier so tightly that it cut her hand. Blood dripped down.

She had the Xuanwu Source and had cultivated the Sacred Book of Xuanwu. Even though the Golden Snake Divine Rapier had been re-forged, changing its aura and shape, there was still a shred of Xuanwu aura that she’d noticed.

“If you go, I will follow, no matter how dangerous it is,” she said. “I just wish...you won’t abandon me.”

Tears filled Huang Yanchen’s eyes, but she worked hard to control herself. She couldn’t let her emotions spill out. She couldn’t let the outsiders see.

Chapter 752 - Nothing Between Life and Death

Translator:

Transn

Editor:

Transn

Hearing Huang Yanchen's words, Zhang Ruochen froze momentarily. Had...the previous battle revealed something that made her start suspecting things?

Zhang Ruochen didn't dare to continue looking at Huang Yanchen's eyes. He turned immediately and gazed toward the scroll world as if he was indifferent.

Inside the scroll world, Bu Qianfan and Captain Rat's battle was very intense. They couldn't separate from each other.

"How come Bu Qianfan's cultivation speed is so fast? He's already at the Ninth Change of the Fish-Dragon Realm?"

This surprised Zhang Ruochen. He hadn't expected that Bu Qianfan would cultivate faster than him.

Zhang Ruochen had focused most of his time on the Tao of Sword after coming to the Yin and Yang Sect, but he had the Qiankun Divine Map. Typical Monks couldn't compare with his cultivation speed.

Mu Lingxi's cultivation had surpassed him because she'd always been above him. She also had the Saint Source and had refined a drop of saintly blood. Even so, she was only in the Eighth Change. She was a level lower than Bu Qianfan.

Other than Bu Qianfan, it also surprised Zhang Ruochen that Huang Yanchen could reach the Seventh Change. He wondered how many hardships she'd gone through to accomplish this.

Boom!

Bu Qianfan's aura was sharp. He grew more powerful as he fought. Soul apparitions flew from his every punch, making it seem like an army was fighting with him. The words in the scroll world were all pulverized.

It was no wonder that Captain Rat was an ancient thing either. He'd released his Laksana, which was as large as a mountain. Strands of demonic Qi flowed through it, clashing with Bu Qianfan's fists.

They were equally powerful. It would be difficult to find a winner in a short time.

Finally, Zhang Ruochen's eyes fell on Le in the near distance. A faint smile appeared on his face.

If Zhang Ruochen was only surprised that Bu Qianfan could reach the Ninth Change, then he was astonished that Le could reach the Ninth Change and stand before him.

Who would've thought that the practically-disabled youth from before would reach such great heights?

Zhang Ruochen really wanted to drink with him and hear about what he'd gone through. They could chat about swords and blood.

Earlier, Le had helped Huang Yanchen. This showed that the cold-blooded swordsman wasn't so emotionless. His current cultivation didn't make him forget how Zhang Ruochen had helped him before.

Back then, Le had entered Hades Department and became the most successful killer. Later, Hades Department had offended a young lord of the Black Market Excellence Hall. He'd been forced to turn to Duan Muya, the leader of the Sky Demon Mountain's Demonic Sect and Mu Lingxi's aunt.

If Zhang Ruochen guessed correctly, either Duan Muya or Mu Lingxi had recommended Le for the main sect of the Demonic Sect.

Le's sword was known to "steal lives." Even Ouyang Huan wouldn't be fully confident in blocking his most powerful

strike. And if one couldn't block it, only death was an option.

Ouyang Huan had never fought with Le. Even if he was 99% sure, he still wouldn't risk it.

Because he would be gambling with his life.

"If you wish to reach the peak, you must pass through me," Le said emotionlessly.

"Okay!" Zhang Ruochen said.

"But your sword is already broken," Le said.

Zhang Ruochen didn't mind. "My sword has never been broken. The most important thing is that you need to have the ability to force me to use my sword."

Le's expression didn't change. He was still as cold as ever. However, a sharp aura flared from his body.

A smile still remained on Zhang Ruochen's face, though a powerful aura also gathered about him. It kept rising, battling Le's aura.

Mu Lingxi knew that Zhang Ruochen was heavily injured. She also knew how terrifying Le's sword was, so she was worried.

Wanting to prevent this battle, she quickly turned towards Le, saying, "Le—"

Zhang Ruochen and Le were very close together. One could behead the other as soon as he struck out with his sword. Thus, both were in their most sensitive states.

Mu Lingxi's voice shattered the balance between them instantly.

Whoosh!

In an instant, Le flicked his wrist. He stabbed his sword so quickly that the sword had no shadow. The next moment, when the shadow appeared, the blade had already gone through Zhang Ruochen's heart.

But then Zhang Ruochen's body faded, transforming into white smoke.

In reality, when Le had moved his sword, Zhang Ruochen had already teleported away with extreme speed. Le's sword had only pierced his shadow.

Le flicked his wrist and backhandedly stabbed behind him, piercing Zhang Ruochen's heart again. This seemingly-average move was actually filled with mystery.

Only a Half-Saint could see clearly that Le's sword had produced ten shadows that had formed a string and then overlapped. He was just too fast and regular people couldn't catch this at all.

However, Le had missed again. He didn't touch Zhang Ruochen's body.

"He could dodge two of Le's strikes in a row. How can Lin Yue be so fast?" Snake Two's eyes widened in shock.

She knew that those who could dodge Le's sword were all very powerful figures.

Ouyang Huan's eyes were trained on Zhang Ruochen. "He's not just fast," he said. "More importantly, his judgement is shocking. He can always predict where Le will strike from and move beforehand."

"Prophecy?" Snake Two asked. "But Lin Yue didn't have this ability the last time we fought."

Ouyang Huan shook his head. "It's not Prophecy. It's just that Lin Yue has rich battle experience, sight, and judgement, allowing him to accomplish this. It's impossible without hundreds of years of experience, readings, and Tao of Sword knowledge. What kind of secret is Lin Yue keeping?"

Ouyang Huan obviously wouldn't know that Zhang Ruochen had absorbed the knowledge and memory of a Half-Saint. Otherwise, he wouldn't have such precise judgement.

"Does this mean Le can't beat Lin Yue?" Snake Two asked. "Should I go and help him?"

Ouyang Huan smiled thinly. "Lin Yue seems calm and hasn't revealed any flaws, but Le has his ways to force Lin Yue to

show a weakness. Don't be impatient and wait. I'd like to see what other trump cards Lin Yue has."

"Your sword hasn't even touched the corner of my shirt," Zhang Ruochen said.

Le stopped abruptly. He looked at Zhang Ruochen from the corner of his eye and then placed his sword horizontally. Closing his eyes, he started operating the Nine-Turn Life and Death Chant.

Life-Death Qi arose from his body instantly; there was the white Life Qi and black Death Qi. The two energies entangled with each other and rushed into the sword. The blade shook violently.

"Nothing Between Life and Death."

A territory of deadly Sword Qi unfurled itself. Thousands of Sword Qi flew out of the territory, stabbing endlessly towards Zhang Ruochen.

Zhang Ruochen retreated, shock filling his eyes. He's actually cultivated Life-Death Qi, he thought. Doesn't this mean that he's cultivated the Nine-Turn Life and Death Chant to the fifth turn?

The Nine-Turn Life and Death Chant that Le cultivated had been given to him by Zhang Ruochen. Naturally, Zhang Ruochen was clear about this technique's characteristics.

Since he'd completed the fourth turn, Le hadn't only gone through five lives and deaths. He might have gone through more than 50.

Whoosh, whoosh.

Sword Qi seemed to be a huge flood. It carried the strong Death Qi and flooded in all directions, wrapping around Zhang Ruochen. No matter how fast he was, he couldn't dodge the Sword Qi.

At the same time, Le transformed into a beam of light. His sword stabbed forward, aiming at Zhang Ruochen's heart for the third time.

Seeing this, both Mu Lingxi and Huang Yanchen clenched their fists, their hearts skipping a beat. They were both ready to rush up and stop Le.

Only Zhang Ruochen was still calm. “You are indeed strong,” he said. “You deserve my sword.”

Then he took his Void Sword. Gripping it, he cut downward. A powerful arc of Sword Qi flew out, shattering all the Sword Qis.

With a boom, the deadly Sword Qi territory shattered too.

Le’s eyes were filled with shock. He immediately parried with his sword. Colliding with that powerful Sword Qi, he flew backwards, not stopping until he fell down the mountain.

Dressed in the Shooting Star Invisibility Cloak and holding his Void Sword, Zhang Ruochen hovered above the steep steps. He looked down at Le. “Evidently, you can’t stop me.”

Chapter 753 - The Heir to the Thousand-bone Empress

Translator:

Transn

Editor:

Transn

“What a powerful sword move. It could almost penetrate anything!”

The sword move which Lin Yue displayed just now exhibited tremendous power. Within an instant, thousands of Sword Qi shattered. He almost made the deadly swordsman fall to the foot of the mountain.

His powerful sword move was supreme and invincible. All the favored talents on Scroll Mountain looked in great astonishment.

Many were wondering what would ensue had they faced the strike themselves in a fight.

The result of their conjecture made them break out in cold sweat.

It was a sword strike that could not be countered by any Monk in the Fish-Dragon Realm. If it had been them, their bodies would have been ripped apart by Lin Yue’s Sword Qi.

Of course, it also meant that the deadly swordsman from the Demonic Sect was very powerful. He was struck by Lin Yue’s blow and yet had remained unhurt.

“How could he be so powerful?”

“Hasn’t Lin Yue exhausted all his Holy Qi? Wasn’t he heavily injured?”

“Wasn’t his sword broken? Why do I feel a more terrifying power emanating from this blade? No, this sword...”

Finally, they realized something. They all fixed their glances at the ancient white sword in Lin Yue's hand.

Xue Wuye narrowed his eyes. He opened them again, his pupils radiating keen brilliance. His eyes looked incredibly bright. "It's a Holy Sword in the Thousand Inscriptions Weapon class. Wait, things don't look so simple..."

The power the sword had emitted was certainly of a Thousand Inscriptions Weapon class. Every Monk who had seen such a weapon could attest to that.

Yet no one here could tell the provenance of Lin Yue's sword.

A Hundred Inscriptions Weapon could become the family treasure of a Half-Saint family.

A Thousand Inscriptions Weapon could become the family treasure of a Saint family.

A Thousand Inscriptions Weapon was extraordinarily powerful. Used by a Saint, its strike could completely destroy a city 1,000 kilometers away.

As long as a Saint family could hold on to such a Thousand Inscriptions Weapon, they could protect their lineage and prevent other forces from attacking them rashly.

After all, no one could withstand the vengeful power of a Thousand Inscriptions Weapon.

When the First Central Empire was founded, Confucians scholars were made to gather information on these arms and review them endlessly. The result: the compilation of two manuals documenting these Thousand Inscriptions Weapons and Ten-thousand Inscription Weapons.

At last, the imperial court released

The Thousand Inscriptions Weapons Manual

and

The Ten-thousand Inscription Weapons Manual

to the public.

Information on every Thousand Incriptions Weapon and Ten-thousand Inscription Weapon could be found within these manuals. So everyone knew about these powerful existing Holy Weapons. Very rarely would a new Thousand Incriptions Weapon surface.

It was not quite possible for a Monk in the Fish-Dragon Realm to possess a Thousand Incriptions Weapon.

Even the Demonic Sect would not entrust such a weapon to a Monk in the Fish-Dragon Realm. The loss of a Thousand Incriptions Weapon would be even more painful to bear than the death of a Saint.

However, the impossible was happening right before their eyes.

Lin Yue had actually possessed an ancient sword in the Thousand Incriptions Weapon class! You can imagine the astonishment of the people.

”

It can't be a Thousand Incriptions Weapon...

”

Saint Lady shook her head gently. Her mind was trying to uncover its latent information about the sword.

Suddenly, she seemed to remember something and her handsome eyes shone like glittering stars. She said, quite astonished, “It can't be that sword, can it... ?”

Saint Lady was not the only one who made this guess. All the Saint Patriarchs within Shentai City, no matter where they had hailed from, had discovered the same thing.

However, the aura emanating from the Void Sword was quite weak. They could not be sure.

Dressed in a purple Taoist robe, Moon-burier Sword Saint stood up, looking imposing in his posture. His deep-set eyes stared in the direction of the Scroll Mountain. “Sect Master, Lin Yue's ancient white sword is... I think, quite extraordinary. It could well be that sword from the Middle Ancient Times.”

The Master of the Yin and Yang Sect, Ning Xuandao, stood up beside Moon-burier Sword Saint. He nodded as well. “You mean that sword which killed the deity?”

Moon-burier Sword Saint replied, “We can’t be sure. But Lin Yue’s cultivation has improved by leaps and bounds over the last year. His improvement is almost frightening. He must have received some help from that presence.”

Ning Xuandao started slightly. He inhaled a deep breath and said, “If that is true, our Sect must do everything in its power to protect Lin Yue. Some people must be harboring malicious thoughts about that sword and him... We can’t allow any accidents to happen.”

“No wonder he had refused to take me as his teacher.”

Moon-burier Sword Saint smiled faintly. All his past bewilderments had been swept aside and he suddenly understood.

Ning Xuandao continued. “I now quite understand why Patriarch Taiyi value Lin Yue so much. Perhaps he has discovered something before the rest of us.”

After Zhang Ruochen took out the Void Sword, he was prepared to be recognized.

However, he still believed that the Yin and Yang Sect would spend more resources to protect him. Certainly, an heir to the Thousand-bone Empress was not of a lower class than a disciple of Empress Chi Yao.

As a result, Zhang Ruochen remained calm despite the agitations of the other elders. All sorts of thoughts were creeping into their minds.

“You won because your sword is in the Thousand Inscriptions Weapon class. Your abilities certainly aren’t exceptional.” Dressed in a loose black robe, Snake Two stood on the uppermost step, just above Zhang Ruochen.

On the Scroll Mountain, a cool breeze was fluttering her black robe. It revealed her fair and slender legs.

From where Zhang Ruochen stood, he could see her thighs and a large expanse of her snowy-white skin. He could even see the amazing curvature of her rearing butt.

Zhang Ruochen smiled faintly and said, “Do you mean that I must fight you empty-handed? Must I use no weapon and defeat everyone from the Demonic Sect before I can be considered great?”

Time for another confrontation between Zhang Ruochen and Snake Two.

By now, Le had clambered up from mid-mountain. The iron sword was still in his hand. He now appeared beside Zhang Ruochen. “Although his sword is a Thousand Inscriptions Weapon, my sword isn’t ordinary too. I was indeed defeated in our last fight.”

Only now did the crowd realize Le’s rusty iron sword had remained intact.

After clashing with the Void Sword, it did not break. Le’s sword must be at least a Thousand Inscriptions Weapon.

More and more peculiar things were happening in tonight’s banquet. Even Patriarchs in the Half-Saint realm were thoroughly stunned.

Le’s eyes were keen and piercing. “I will definitely defeat him in our next fight.”

Mu Lingxi walked over and interposed herself between Zhang Ruochen and Le. She stared at Le and shook her head, trying to dissuade him. “But Le, the fight is over.”

“Why?” Le asked.

If it had been someone else, Le would have ignored him. Mu Lingxi, on the other hand, was his benefactor. If she had not recommended him to the headquarters of the Demonic Sect, he would never have achieved so much.

Mu Lingxi said, “If you two fought it out, neither of you could hold back your power. One of you would definitely die.”

Mu Lingxi knew very well that the Monks from the Demonic Sect would suspect her relationship with Lin Yue after this.

They might even trial and punish her.

Still, she must step forward.

If Le and Zhang Ruochen were to fight, Zhang Ruochen would definitely hesitate at the crucial moment. Le, however, would not.

The person who hesitated would die.

Mu Lingxi could not allow such a thing to happen. She must pre-empt it.

“I’m not afraid of death,” Le replied nonchalantly.

There was a strong belief in Le’s heart—he must stop Lin Yue from reaching the summit. After all, Lin Yue was an enemy of the Demonic Sect.

Zhang Ruochen, clenching the hilt of the Void Sword, turned around and stared at Le. “Since we must fight, I can only give my all.”

Mu Lingxi bit her lip and was very angry. She could not understand Zhang Ruochen’s stubbornness at all.

Le was stubborn because it was in his innate nature. Furthermore, he did not know Zhang Ruochen’s true identity. He must uphold the Demonic Sect’s dignity and fight its enemies.

Yet... Zhang Ruochen must know the situation better than anyone else. So why should he confront Le? Why are you so stubborn? Why must you go all out after getting yourself so badly injured?

Mu Lingxi had looked at the problem from the perspective of her private emotions. Zhang Ruochen, however, must consider things from another angle—the Yin and Yang Sect’s. He had no room to retreat.

If he retreated now, all his previous efforts would be pointless.

Yet to fight Le in a death match would be wonderful for Zhang Ruochen, even if it involved massive risks. He believed that after today, they would never have another chance to fight without scruples.

It was like the death match between Sword Saint Xuanji and Nine Serenity Sword Saint—they were trying to break into a higher realm in their Tao of the sword. The death match might cause one party to die, but it would still be a unique experience.

Only a top sword practitioner could understand the excitement and joy behind an evenly-matched death duel.

So a death match could not be avoided, it seemed. The aura emanating from both Lin Yue and Le's bodies became stronger and stronger.

Chapter 754 - The Third Prince of the Immortal Vampires

Translator:

Transn

Editor:

Transn

“SWOOSH!”

SWOOSH!

Another fight was about to break out.

However, something unexpected was about to happen...

After hesitating for a long time, Mu Lingxi finally made her move. Her body flashed and she reappeared by Le's side like a specter. She hit out a palm at his right shoulder.

Le did not expect Mu Lingxi to attack him. He did not guard against her.

“BAM!”

CRUNCH! Le's right shoulder blade was crushed. The iron sword in his hand fell to the ground with a clang, and he flew out to 50 meters away.

Mu Lingxi's palm strike was neither heavy nor light. She had merely injured Le so that he could not fight anyone in the next three days.

Le felt an intense pain in his arm. The right side of his body had turned numb and a strong evil energy invaded his Meridians. He could not recover from the injury in a short time.

He stared, completely bewildered, at Mu Lingxi.

Not only was Le baffled, everyone around was left flabbergasted by Mu Lingxi's strike. No one had expected Lady Saint of the Demonic Sect to injure her fellow swordsman.

“What... has happened? What on earth has happened? Why is the Demonic Sect fighting among themselves?”

Numerous people were stunned. No one reacted for some time.

“Ha ha!”

At the summit of Scroll Mountain, Gai Tianjiao started guffawing loudly. “Ouyang Huan, you tried to make your Lady Saint deal with my Junior Brother Lin Yue. Are you surprised that your plan backfired?”

Ouyang Huan ignored Gai Tianjiao, his face clouding over with anger. Despite his good breeding, he was enraged by Mu Lingxi's treacherous act.

Mu Lingxi had damaged the Demonic Sect's reputation. The next day, all the Monks in the world would mock them for having a traitor as their Saintess.

Ouyang Huan tried hard to control his emotions. He got up and strolled over to the side of the mountain, stopping at the uppermost step of the stairway. He looked down and said, “Snake Two, see Your Highness the Saintess back. Make her rest and leave everything else to me.”

Snake Two's eyes were cold and piercing. She stood on her tiptoes and propelled herself downward, re-appearing at Mu Lingxi's side. Snorting contemptuously, she said, “Let's go, Saintess!”

Zhang Ruochen focused his eyes and raised his arm. He pressed his sword against Snake Two's back and said, “Where do you think you are taking her?”

After all, Mu Lingxi had injured Le as a desperate attempt to prevent their upcoming fight.

Snake Two did not fear Zhang Ruochen. She gave a winsome smile and said gently, “Is your heart aching? Kill me then... kill me, and she can stay.”

Zhang Ruochen's eyes were cold. He raised his sword and was about to slash at Snake Two's neck.

“Don't!”

Mu Lingxi shook her head vigorously at Zhang Ruochen. She said, “Don't worry. They can't do anything to me.”

Zhang Ruochen instantly withheld his strike and gradually returned to his senses. He clenched his teeth and finally put the Void Sword away.

Mu Lingxi injuring Le had indeed affected Ouyang Huan's plans. Her act had serious repercussions on the Demonic Sect.

Yet Mu Lingxi was, after all, still a Saintess. Many big shots within the Sect were protecting her. They would not allow her to be punished too severely.

If Zhang Ruochen had killed Snake Two to keep her with him, he might be able to protect her. The issue, however, would escalate. Even Mu Lingxi's family would be implicated and punished by the Demonic Sect.

After considering the matter from another angle, Zhang Ruochen could only withdraw.

How helpless he felt at times!

Snake Two turned back and smiled. “Don't worry, I will dote on her for your sake—ha ha!”

Snake Two escorted Mu Lingxi down the Scroll Mountain.

Zhang Ruochen stared at their departing silhouettes. His five fingers gripped his sword hilt tightly. He only hoped for Blackie to do his duty and take care of Mu Lingxi.

“Ha ha! A splendid show, a truly splendid show! My trip to the Yin and Yang Sect hasn't disappointed me at all. To come here and be instantly treated to such a splendid show!”

A blood-red cloud appeared in the dark horizon. Like an ocean condensed from blood, it billowed toward the Scroll Mountain.

Even at 50 kilometers away, there was a nauseating stench of blood in the air.

SWOOSH!

The blood-red cloud soon came to rest at the foot of the Scroll Mountain.

The Blood Qi kept contracting, becoming denser and denser. It turned into a humanoid-shaped pool of blood.

The pool of blood thickened and finally turned into a blood armor. It revealed its true form at last—a heretical-looking young man.

His face was very pale, as though covered with a white face mask. His lips, however, were crimson. His nose was aquiline and his eyes deep-set. Dressed in a scarlet dragon robe, his long hair was secured behind him by a jade handband. Surprisingly, he was dressed in female attire.

A man dressed in female attire, with feminine make-up. He looked rather bizarre.

Zhang Ruochen frowned slightly and mumbled to himself, ”

What a bloody stench!... Could he be... an Immortal Vampire ?”

The man’s ears were very sharp. He seemed to have heard Zhang Ruochen’s mumblings and shrieked out a laugh.

“Young man, you are quite knowledgeable. I am indeed a prince of the Immortal Vampires.”

At the foot of the mountain, all the Monks close to him were stunned. They retreated backward, trying to keep a good distance away.

Even after 800 years, the notorious Immortal Vampires could still terrify Monks in Kunlun’s Field.

All the major factions had learned of the Immortal Vampires breaking their seal and escaping from Manji Island.

Everyone thought that the Vampires would hide in the dark and live as recluses. They were not eager to deal with them. They would only discuss the matter at the upcoming Sword Technique Conference and think of a way to eliminate them.

No one had expected a Prince of the Immortal Vampires to appear at the Kunlun Heir's banquet. And he had appeared so blatantly!

How could the Immortal Vampires be so confident?

Had they recovered enough, after 800 years, to avenge themselves on the world's Monks again?

“Amitabha!”

The voice of a man chanting Buddha's name reverberated throughout the Scroll Mountain and Shentai City.

Soon, a Buddhist monk in a blood-red cassock emerged from the soil, ten meters to the Prince's right.

Every inch of the monk's body shimmered with a golden sheen. Buddhist scripts could be seen swirling rapidly, merging with the sheen.

The Prince of the Vampires smiled and said, “Jialuo Gu, you are too slow!”

The Buddhist monk in the blood-red cassock put his palms together and chanted Buddha's name. “I am surely not as fast as the Third Prince.”

Quite obviously, the two of them were associates.

Both of them had rushed over to attend the banquet.

Ouyang Huan swept a gaze over the two men standing at the foot of the mountain. His gaze fell on the monk in the blood-red cassock. He started slightly and said in a deep voice, “I thought the Death Zen Sect is only preaching on the islands outside this terrain? How dare you come over to the Eastern Region!”

Ouyang Huan had correctly identified Jialuo Gu, causing a huge shock.

“What? Is that monk from the Death Zen Sect? How dare they! The Yin and Yang Sect isn't a place they can just turn up like that!”

“Don't you know the Death Zen Sect? It's a cult founded by a Buddhist traitor. He and his followers once preached within

Kunlun's Field throughout its Five Domains. But their teachings were too heretical—they distorted values and disseminated evil principles. The Ministry of War once sent troops to put them down and eliminate them.

“But ultimately, the Death Zen Sect was just too powerful. The Ministry of War could only inflict casualties on the Sect and drive its members to the islands. It couldn't completely destroy them.

“The battle against the Death Zen Sect was the only time the Ministry of War failed in its mission. It couldn't eliminate the Sect entirely. You can see how insidious and terrifying its power was.”

The Third Prince of the Immortal Vampires and Jialuo Gu were like two claps of Heaven-shaking Thunder. Even the Half-Saint Patriarchs present trembled in their bodies.

An Immortal Vampire and a monk from the Death Zen Sect appearing in public within Kunlun's Field? What had made them so brave?

The Third Prince glanced at the summit of the Scroll Mountain. His gaze rested on Saint Lady and he narrowed his eyes. He said with a smile, “I know that the Empress has issued an edict, saying that anyone can stake their claim as an Heir of Kunlun's Field. I'm here to do just that. I hope no one's objecting—ha ha!”

Chapter 755 - Immortal Vampire from 800 Years Ago

Translator:

Transn

Editor:

Transn

“How dare you?”

Faced with the Vampire’s Third Royal Prince’s provocation, the Saint Lady clasped her fan shut and stood up.

In an instant, powerful might burst from her body. “Only the Empress can be referred to as royalty. Calling yourself royal prince is the greatest blasphemy.”

Clearly, the Saint Lady couldn’t stand this Vampire royal prince. Now that they were at the Heir Banquet, she had to find an excuse to get rid of him.

She couldn’t let a Vampire become one of the nine Kunlun Heirs.

The Black Market and Demonic Sect committed many sins, but they still had rules and morals. The imperial court could still tolerate them.

Take the Black Market for example. They united most of the evil forces in the world and created a rule. They basically restricted the evil Monks in the world. Without them, Kunlun’s Field would lose a powerful evil force. However, the thousands of evil Monks would also become uncontrolled and make Kunlun’s Field even more chaotic.

There was also the Demonic Sect. The members called themselves a divine sect. They believed firmly that they were doing just and holy things ordered by the gods.

They were aggressive and did things to the extreme, but they were still a group constrained by their religion. Their territories were quite wealthy and populous. Sometimes bloodshed occurred, but there was still a chance to guide them onto the right path.

It wasn't that the Black Market and Demonic Sect weren't evil. It was just that their existences were significant. If they were destroyed, things could get worse.

Furthermore, the Black Market and Demonic Sect restricted the Martial Market Bank and other saintly sects. To the imperial court, it was a type of balance.

If the Black Market and Demonic Sect were completely destroyed, all the saintly sects and clans may start to rebel against the imperial court. At that time, war would start and they'd return to the situation of 800 years ago. Heroes would slay each other and the world would be in chaos.

This was why Empress Chi Yao ordered that all talents in the world could compete for the Heir's position, including the Black Market and Demonic Sect.

The Vampire race and Death Zen Sects were different though. Instead of evil or demonic Tao, they were the Tao of Death. If they were allowed to run free in Kunlun's Field, they would make the human race go extinct. No force could allow this.

The Saint Lady extended a finger without hesitation, pointing below Scroll Mountain. Horrible spiritual power rushed out, forming a huge "destroy" in the sky. She was going to kill the Third Royal Prince of the Vampires and Jialuo Gu.

Right now, she seemed to have turned into someone else. She killed decisively, not giving the enemy any chances.

"What, the famous Saint Lady has such low tolerance?" an ancient voice sounded, coming down from the heavens. It was louder than thunder, as if the sky had said this.

Whoosh!

A waterfall of blood-red mist poured down from the sky. It transformed into a bloody hand and shattered the "destroy" character.

The two powers crashed against each other, forming destructive shockwaves that surged in all directions. If the shockwaves were allowed to flood out uncontrolled, the entire Shentai City would be pulverized. So many Monks would die meaninglessly.

Master Ning of the Yin and Yang Sect furrowed his brow. He moved his right arm, shaking out his sleeve. Immediately afterward, 36 yellow chess pieces flew out from his sleeve. They stuck into Scroll Mountain, forming a huge circle.

Whoosh.

Beams of matrix runes rushed out of each piece. They connected and formed a huge matrix. The powerful shockwave was pushed down and it soon dissipated.

On Scroll Mountain, Saint Lady took a step back. Blood dribbled from the corner of her lip as she looked up into the sky, slightly shocked.

At the last moment, Saint Lady had used the power of the Confucian Sect's book and Scroll Mountain to fight against that power. And yet, she was still gravely injured.

The other's power was practically a boundless and endless sea. It frightened her.

"He's actually beaten Saint Lady? Who can he be?"

Zhang Ruochen looked up and saw that the entire sky had turned blood-red. The redness stretched into the horizon. The ground seemed to be covered in the color, too. The air filled with the disgusting stench of blood.

An elder stood on a cloud in the sky. He had a pair of blood-colored flesh wings and a white robe. His entire body was covered in warts. He looked more like a beast than a person.

He was the one who'd attacked and injured Saint Lady.

The white-robed elder's aura practically filled the earth and sky. Monks of the Fish-Dragon Realm would be like ants before a demonic god when standing before him.

His voice was piercing. "The Empress' heart can embrace the entire world and all races in Kunlun's Field. Even the evil and

demonic Taos can compete for the Heir's position. Compared to the Empress, the Saint Lady's heart is too narrow and cannot even tolerate my Vampire race. I am so disappointed.”

The elder's appearance made everyone feel danger.

“Indeed, the Vampires' old creature is protecting that Third Royal Prince.”

“That old creature's cultivation is so powerful. I can't see through it.”

...

In Shentai City, elders of all the forces released their might at once. Strands of Holy Qi flowed through the air, wrapping around all the Monks present.

Looking down from the sky, one could see the powers of all the elders grouping together. A huge holy picture seemed to appear on the ground. Each strand of Holy Qi was a line in the picture.

The white-robed elder was still calm. Even facing all the Saints, he only smiled faintly.

“What? You want to fight? Unfortunately, you're all too young. You're not qualified to fight with me, unless old Taiyi of the Yin and Yang Sect is still alive. He can fight with me.”

“Judging from your tone, you seem to know Patriarch Taiyi?” the leader of the Yin and Yang Sect asked.

The elder smiled. “We met once, 800 years ago.”

The hearts of countless Monks present shook violently. It was hard to imagine that the white-robed elderly Vampire was actually an old creature who'd lived for so long.

The expression of the Yin and Yang Sect's leader changed slightly. “Who are you?” he asked.

“Eight hundred years ago, there were ten Blood Generals below the Blood Empress,” the elder said. “I was a small soldier under General Qingtian. I was insignificant, so there's no need to say my name.”

Eight hundred years ago, Kunlun's Field had three empresses in addition to the nine emperors. The Blood Empress was the strongest of the three.

The battle back then was when Emperor Ming had forced the Blood Empress into the endless abyss. Then he'd led all the heroes in the world to defeat the Vampires and seal them in Manji Island.

The elder continued, "This time, I bring the Third Royal Prince and Jialuo Gu of the Death Zen Sect to the Yin and Yang Sect. I am merely responding to the Empress' call to participate in the Heir Banquet and compete for the Heir's spot. I don't wish to cause any trouble. If the Saint Lady can't tolerate the title 'royal prince,' we can lower ourselves and use 'prince.'

"If we still cannot attend the banquet, then I will have to suspect whether the Empress' decree holds any meaning to the Saint Lady. Is the Empress the ruler of the world, or is it the Saint Lady?"

Indeed, Empress Chi Yao's decree hadn't specified that the Vampires and Monks of the Death Zen Sect couldn't attend. The white-robed elder's words were horribly critical and turned the Saint Lady into the target.

First, he said she was close-minded. Then he said she didn't respect the Empress. At the same time, he voluntarily changed "royal prince" to "prince." This showed that the Vampires respected the Empress.

His every word was forcing the Saint Lady to let the Vampire race's Third Royal Prince and Jialuo Gu attend the Heir Banquet.

The Third Royal Prince sneered. "I, the prince, greatly respect the Empress. If I'd disrespected her earlier, please forgive me, oh Saint Lady."

Jialuo Gu put his hands together in prayer position and intoned, "Amitabha! If the imperial court cannot treat the Death Zen Sect fairly, our believers may become very angry.

Our respect for the Empress may fall apart, too. I cannot imagine what the consequences would be like.”

Until now, the Vampires and Death Zen Sect had still been in foreign lands and hadn't done anything horrible in the mainland of Kunlun's Field for the past centuries.

Once they found an excuse, they could logically come to Kunlun's Field as missionaries and brainwash people. They could make people think they were the victims.

If the Saint Lady kept refusing them, the Vampires and Death Zen Sect would most likely blame all of their future sinful acts on Saint Lady. They would insist that they'd been forced to fight against the Saint Lady's repression and animosity.

No one could bear this responsibility.

“So what if these two attend? This is where all the heroes in the world are gathered. I doubt they can get the Heir's Seat.”

“Just let them attend the banquet. It would show how benevolent the Empress is. I'll go and defeat them.”

...

Just then, some of the young talents in the Talent and Conquer Seats actually started rallying for the Third Royal Prince of the Vampires and Jialuo Gu to attend the Heir Banquet.

One must admit that their words were influential. The young and ignorant Monks below Scroll Mountain all started yelling.

“Let them attend. Senior Sister Apprentice Beigong of the Central Region Saint Academy can fight one against two. She can make that stupid vampire prince and donkey from the Death Zen Sect crawl on the ground!”

“They're just two evil people. The saintly disciples of my religion can crush them with just one hand.”

“Saint Lady, let them attend. If we don't teach them a lesson, they'll grow bolder.”

...

The young Monks didn't understand the true abilities of the Vampires and Death Zen Sect. Due to the provocation, they

grew hot-blooded and actually supported them.

They didn't know that the Third Royal Prince and Jialuo Gu were obviously prepared if they came in such a high-key way. They were obviously confident in their ability to win.

Chapter 756 - A Cruel Method

Translator:

Transn

Editor:

Transn

If the people couldn't defeat the Third Royal Prince and Jialuo Gu, allowing them to sit in the Heir Seat, the clans and forces would be embarrassed. But that was only a small matter.

More importantly, the Heir's position was nothing insignificant. If the Vampires or Death Zen Sect took a spot each and received the great resources only an Heir could have, it would practically be supporting their enemies.

The resources used to cultivate an Heir were unimaginable for the common man.

Provoked purposely by them, most of the young Monks became furious and hot-blooded. They wanted to personally teach the Third Royal Prince and Jialuo Gu a lesson.

This included Ouyang Huan, Gai Tianjiao, Xue Wuye and the others. They were the cream of the crop already sitting in the Heir Seats, but they also had these thoughts. They were confident in their abilities. They believed that they could easily take care of these two.

Only Zhang Ruochen had a furrowed brow. Things weren't so positive. He looked over to the Talents and Conquerors who had started inciting everyone first, and noted who they were.

These people were from different forces, but they could be Vampires who'd modified their appearances. Others might not know how powerful the Vampires were, but Zhang Ruochen was very clear.

Back then, Emperor Ming and Emperor Qing had teamed up against the Blood Empress and were still horribly defeated. As for how Emperor Ming had defeated the Blood Empress later, throwing her into the abyss, Zhang Ruochen wasn't quite sure.

Anyhow, the Vampires were much stronger than people thought. Otherwise, Emperor Ming wouldn't have united all the Monks in Kunlun's Field against them.

Even the Saints present had probably learned about the Vampires from books. They hadn't experienced that battle 800 years ago, so they weren't clear about the Vampires' true abilities.

Zhang Ruochen hated Chi Yao and wanted to take revenge on her and, sometimes, even on the country. However, deep down, he didn't wish for the world to be in chaos and for disaster to fall again.

The current prosperity had rarely been seen throughout the long history of Kunlun's Field.

Once war erupted, so many people would lose their homes and become refugees. It would take so many years for the world to redevelop to this point.

At the very least, Zhang Ruochen hated the Vampires and Death Zen Sect more. He wouldn't allow them to bring disaster back to Kunlun's Field.

Zhang Ruochen seemed very calm as he looked at Huang Yanchen. "Princess, let's go sit somewhere and watch the situation quietly."

Huang Yanchen studied Zhang Ruochen with misty eyes. Half a beat later, she finally asked, "Where do you want me to sit?"

Zhang Ruochen avoided Huang Yanchen's gaze. He looked up at the mountaintop and pointed. "The first seat of the King Seats."

He didn't plan for Huang Yanchen to get in the Heir Seat. That would only push her back into danger. There were no benefits.

The first King Seat didn't have any tangible benefits either. It was only an honor and would have less competition in

comparison.

Plus, people were feeling more animosity towards the Third Royal Prince and Jialuo Gu now. They all wanted to stop them from climbing up Scroll Mountain. No one should jump out to stop Zhang Ruochen and Huang Yanchen.

Captain Rat and Bu Qianfan's battle stopped, too. The man and beast separated immediately without producing a winner.

Captain Rat returned to the 12th King Seat and sat down. He started using a technique to recover the Holy Qi he'd used up.

Bu Qianfan came to Huang Yanchen's side. His Battle Qi was still heavy. "Princess Yanchen, do you need me to help you to the Heir Seat?"

Huang Yanchen shook her head. "I can't sit in an Heir Seat with my skills. I only wish to keep a King Seat. Thus, Junior Brother Apprentice Lin Yue's protection is enough. General Bu, your cultivation is unparalleled. You should compete for the Heir Seat so the Vampire and Death Zen Sect can't succeed."

Bu Qianfan could see the situation clearly, so he didn't insist. "In that case, I'll take up an Heir Seat first. I hope the Vampire and Death Zen Sect reach the mountaintop so I can fight them to the ends of the earth."

In the end, Bu Qianfan was from the Ministry of War and Bu Saint Sect. They must have ordered him to compete for the Heir Seat.

Earlier, he'd only helped Huang Yanchen because he owed Zhang Ruochen. Since Huang Yanchen didn't need his help anymore, he would obviously go for the Heir Seat.

Bu Qianfan used a technique, kicked off from the step, and soared to the top of Scroll Mountain. No one stopped him along the way and he got an Heir Seat successfully.

The young talents sitting in the King Seat were all waiting for the Third Royal Prince and Jialuo Gu to climb up. They would defeat them first and then try for an Heir Seat.

"Let's go!"

Zhang Ruochen and Huang Yanchen walked side by side. They passed by the King Seats, not stopping until they reached the first one near the peak of the mountain.

The Monk who'd been in the first seat had just climbed to the top and sat down in an Heir Seat. This position was still empty.

Huang Yanchen didn't sit down immediately. Her blue eyes turned towards Zhang Ruochen. "You sit down. I'll be your guard."

Zhang Ruochen smiled and shook his head. "You aren't powerful enough. You can't be my guard."

Huang Yanchen nibbled on her lips. She knew that her words would be useless, so she stepped forward to the scroll that the first King Seat was on. She sat down.

Zhang Ruochen also stepped forward onto the scroll. Strands of white light rose up from the scroll. The light expanded to ten times their size and formed a square platform.

Zhang Ruochen realized that if anyone wanted to challenge the first King Seat, the seat's scroll would transform into a micro-world instantly. If the original person was forced out of the micro-world, the challenge would be successful.

Huang Yanchen was now in the King Seat, waiting for the other Monks to challenge her. She stared hard at Zhang Ruochen. Seeing that his face was slightly pale, she realized that the injury from before was very serious.

"Your injury..." Huang Yanchen was worried. Her eyes were filled with concern.

Zhang Ruochen pretended that everything was alright and smiled. "It's okay. I took a pill earlier and I'm fine now."

He coughed twice and then horrible pain ripped through his lungs. With a pff, he spat out a mouthful of blood.

Zhang Ruochen's lung had been pierced during the battle with Mu Lingxi. Then he'd fought with Le, missing the best time for recovery. This worsened his injury.

Huang Yanchen was shocked. She shot up from her seat to steady Zhang Ruochen. However, he was already sitting on the ground, eyes closed. He used a technique to activate the medicinal power of the pill and treat himself.

Body-Protecting Holy Kang radiated from him, blocking him from Huang Yanchen. She didn't dare to disturb Zhang Ruochen either. She stayed outside the Kang Qi, staring hard at Zhang Ruochen. She was extremely worried.

After considering everything, the Saint Lady finally decided to let the Vampire and Death Zen Sect attend the Heir Banquet.

“Thank you, Saint Lady. I will not disappoint you.”

The Third Royal Prince and Jialuo Gu smiled at each other and started for the top at once. Their goal was the Heir Seat. The Talent Seat, Conquer Seat, and King Seat were meaningless.

They'd just set foot on the steps when a youth in the Ninth Change of the Fish-Dragon Realm stood up from a Talent Seat. He pushed off from the ground and charged.

“Daqian Sect, Li Hongyi, here to challenge the Death Zen Sect.”

Li Hongyi attacked with both hands, using a mid-level Ghost Level palm technique: Tianyuan Palm. Mighty Holy Qi surged into his palms, forming a huge circular print more than 100 feet wide.

“Amitabha.”

Emotionless, Jialuo Gu reached out a golden Buddha hand. He slapped in the air like slapping a fly and sent Li Hongyi flying back.

When Li Hongyi landed below the mountain, he was a bloody mess. His Sea of Qi was completely shattered and his meridians were all broken. He hadn't died, but he was completely disabled.

“Yan Saint Sect, Yan Wuji, here to kill the Vampire.”

“If you want to climb to the top, get past me first. Donkey from the Death Zen Sect, die!”

...

Thirty-seven young talents attacked consecutively to stop the Third Royal Prince and Jialuo Gu. However, they were all disabled. None of them could withstand one strike.

The Third Royal Prince and Jialuo Gu's methods were cruel. Each strike shattered the opponent's Sea of Qi or damaged their meridians. They followed the rules and didn't purposefully kill anyone, but this was crueler than murder.

Now, some people finally became clear-headed and realized that the Third Royal Prince and Jialuo Gu had come prepared. Their abilities were frightening.

"He's so powerful. The Third Royal Prince used a finger to pierce through Yan Wuji's Sea of Qi and send him to the foot of the mountain."

"Jialuo Gu's cultivation is terrifying too. Nineteen famous top fighters all had their meridians destroyed by him. I wonder how much power is contained in his palm."

"I think a Tier-12 True Martial Weapon will shatter when touching Jialuo Gu's palm. You can't touch him."

Others discovered that the Monks who'd encouraged everyone to teach the Third Royal Prince and Jialuo Gu a lesson were all sitting in their seats. They hadn't attacked at all. It seemed strange.

The cruel methods used frightened all the Talents and Conquerors on Scroll Mountain. No one dared to continue fighting.

At the top of the mountain, Xue Wuye, Ouyang Huan, Gai Tianjiao, and the others discovered something was off. They finally realized that they'd truly underestimated the Vampires and Death Zen Sect.

The Third Royal Prince licked the blood on his fist. He gazed at the Monks on Scroll Mountain with mockery in his eyes and chuckled. "Didn't you all say you wanted to teach me a lesson? How come you don't dare to fight anymore? We've just started. My goal is to disable all you so-called geniuses. Come on, give me the chance."

A Conquer in the Ninth Change of the Fish-Dragon Realm couldn't stand the Third Royal Prince's provocation and rushed out. But before he could even reach the prince, his spine was snapped by a palm print. He sprawled onto the ground, completely disabled.

"Don't know your own strength," the Third Royal Prince sneered. He stepped on the Conquer's body, ignoring the pained cries, and continued climbing upward.

Chapter 757 - Thousand Treasure Cassock

Translator:

Transn

Editor:

Transn

The Third Royal Prince and Jialuo Gu's abilities were honestly terrifying. Their Blood Qi and Buddhist Qi seeped out, forming two patches of clouds.

One must know that the people who could keep their Talent Seats on the Scroll Mountain were all right under the Half-Saint level. However, they couldn't even fight back against these two. None could take even one hit.

Their cruel methods seemed to plant a seed of fear in everyone's hearts that kept spreading. The Monks who'd declared war earlier were now all trembling.

It was extremely difficult to cultivate to the Ninth Change of the Fish-Dragon Realm. No one wished to destroy decades of hard work with one hit. In that case, they would have to bear it no matter how humiliating it was.

If they could bear it now, all would be peaceful.

Next, the Third Royal Prince and Jialuo Gu passed through the 18,000 Talent Seats and 3,000 Conquer Seats. The Talents and Conquers all trembled and let them to the middle of the mountain without any obstacles.

The Third Royal Prince looked scornfully at the young Monks in the 108 King Seats. He smiled ambiguously. "The so-called young Kings don't dare to fight either?"

His attitude of looking down on the world's heroes was infuriating.

Perhaps the Third Royal Prince and Jialuo Gu's abilities had shocked them. Or perhaps the elders of their sects had told them through telepathy to bear it and not attack, lest something happen to them.

Thus, the young Kings all kept silent before the Third Royal Prince's arrogance. Some even closed their eyes as if they didn't care.

"Haha!" The Third Royal Prince laughed heartily. His laugh spread, resounding throughout Scroll Mountain.

On the 53rd King Seat, Ao Xinyan shot up. Her pretty eyes were sharp. "You really think that you're undefeatable with your cultivation? Ao Xinyan of the Eastern Region Saint Academy challenges you officially."

A young man in a purple mind power robe also stood up from the 36th King Seat. Holding a dark wooden wand, he stared at Jialuo Gu. He was very handsome. "Feng Chengyu of the World God Temple."

Whoosh!

Ao Xinyan and Feng Chengyu cast their spells at once. They transformed into blurs that charged from two different directions. They appeared above the steps, staring down at the two evil figures.

Since they were able to be in the King Seats, it meant that they were extremely powerful. The Monks below Scroll Mountain were in an uproar. The cowardice from before was gone.

"In the end, Feng Chengyu still attacked. I wonder what shocking level his control of mind power has reached."

"Apparently, Ao Xinyan has refined the Divine Dragon Bone and instantly reached the Ninth Change of the Fish-Dragon Realm, becoming a top figure of the Eastern Region Saint Academy. She's a beginner in the Ninth Change, but she can already battle with those with decades of experience to ensure her King Seat."

Everyone discussed animatedly, describing all the legendary feats of Feng Chengyu and Ao Xinyan.

Both of them had extraordinary pasts. Respectively, they represented top forces of the World God Temple and Eastern Region Saint Academy.

Ao Xinyan activated her Body-Protecting Holy Kang. A ball of purple Qi surged from her chest. It transformed into a purple dragon that wrapped tightly around her delicate figure.

Powerful purple Qi radiated endlessly from the dragon, shrouding half of the mountain in purple Qi.

“Rising Dragon Finger.”

Ao Xinyan squeezed her forefinger and middle finger together. The powerful dragon Qi rushed to her fingertips, transforming into a beam of light. It shot downward.

“Great.”

The Third Royal Prince sent a palm attack. He formed a handprint that crashed against the meter-thick beam of light.

Kaboom!

Paired with a dragon roar, a ring of energy waves rippled out like water. It passed through Scroll Mountain and extended for dozens of miles.

The next moment, Ao Xinyan and the Third Royal Prince retreated at the same time.

The Third Royal Prince quickly steadied himself. Smiling coldly, he rubbed his hands. “Interesting. There’s finally a good opponent, and you’re so beautiful with such a good figure too. I like you quite a lot. If you agree to become my princess, I would consider forgiving you.”

“Are you dreaming?” Ao Xinyan asked.

“No one can reject me.”

The Third Royal Prince’s eyes turned cold. He charged with even faster speed. Blood Qi in his entire body was activated, turning into a mass of bloody clouds. The clouds’ power kept devouring Ao Xinyan’s purple Qi and pressing towards her.

Due to the earlier attack, Ao Xinyan felt her Qi and blood boil. Her arms were numb and she hadn’t recovered completely, but

the Third Royal Prince's attack was already here.

How can he recover so quickly? Or did that attack not do anything to him? Ao Xinyan's expression changed slightly.

The situation was extremely dangerous. Ao Xinyan had to divert the Divine Dragon Bones power into her Bluewater Dragon Patterned Sword. She went to meet the Third Royal Prince's attack.

Boom!

The Third Royal Prince only used his palm against the Bluewater Dragon Patterned Sword, but not only was he unhurt, he also forced Ao Xinyan backwards.

He had been able to repress a saint weapon with the power of his hand.

On the other hand, Feng Chengyu and Jialuo Gu had entered a scroll's micro-world and an intense fight ensued.

Feng Chengyu was the pride of the World God Temple. Known as a prodigy, he'd cultivated his mental power to the pinnacle of the 44th level. In addition, he could also control the power of wind and water.

He also had high attainments in matrices, pills, weaponry, beast control, and runes. He'd surpassed many Half-Saints and was a well-rounded talent.

He wielded a 13-foot-long wand and slammed it down on the ground. Holy Qi instantly surged out of the nine saintly stones embedded in the wand. They spiraled outwards.

“Nine-Turn Blood Dragon Matrix.”

Inscriptions streamed out of the Holy Qi like spider webs. They formed a huge matrix disc that spanned nine miles in diameter. Nine huge flood dragons emerged from the disc. They coiled in nine directions, emanating beastly aura.

There were some mental power Half-Saints in Shentai City—most were white-haired elders. They were obviously knowledgeable and immediately recognized what Feng Chengyu had done.

“Sixth level matrix, Nine-Turn Blood Dragon Matrix. It’s enough to kill a weaker first level Half-Saint. Even someone at the pinnacle of the first level will feel threatened.”

“A young man only in the 44th level of mind power can create a sixth level matrix in such a short time. He really makes us old men feel bad.”

“Feng Chengyu can compete for an Heir Seat with just this Nine-Turn Blood Dragon Matrix.”

...

The mind power Half-Saints and matrix masters of Shentai City all thought highly of Feng Chengyu. They hoped he could represent all mind power Monks and get an Heir Seat.

Scroll World

Jialuo Gu stood in place like a boulder. He seemed unmoved while light radiated from him. It grew brighter as if he was the blazing sun.

“Amitabha!”

Jialuo Gu took a step and actually entered the Nine-Turn Blood Dragon Matrix. His golden Buddha hand smacked towards one direction. With a boom, one of the blood dragons split into pieces and dissipated into a ball of Blood Qi.

Everyone was shocked at this scene. They never imagined that Jialuo Gu could be so powerful. Not only had he broken into the matrix, but he’d also used one strike to destroy it.

Ouyang Huan’s expression changed. “He can’t be this strong. This isn’t the power a Monk of the Fish-Dragon Realm can have.”

With Ouyang Huan’s power, he could also destroy the Nine-Turn Blood Dragon Matrix with some time. However, he didn’t dare to walk into it. Once he did, his cultivation could get stuck in the matrix, which would certainly make him unable to destroy it.

But Jialuo Gu had done what Ouyang Huan didn’t dare to do. Did this mean that Jialuo Gu was even stronger than Ouyang Huan?

The Saint Lady's expression was ugly, but she still tried hard to control her emotions. "Jialuo Gu is this powerful because he's wearing the Thousand Treasure Cassock."

"What? The legendary Thousand Treasure Cassock?"

The nine in the Heir Seats immediately stared at the blood-red cassock Jialuo Gu was wearing.

The cassock seemed loose and big. It had strands of golden embroidery, making the robe seem like a net. A tiny pendant hung from the intersection points of every golden strand. Some were shaped like pagodas, some like Buddhist beads, some like golden iron prints... Every pendant shone like a star.

Every monk who wore a Thousand Treasure Cassock would have a Buddhist weapon nailed onto the fabric, interwoven as one. Up 'till now, there were close to 10,000 Buddhist weapons on the cassock. Each one was equal to a Hundred-Pattern Saint Weapon.

This cassock had 10,000 saint weapons. Thinking about this made one's scalp go numb.

If Jialuo Gu could release the full potential of this cassock, he could stuff a low-level Void World of thousands of miles wide into his cassock and pulverize it in an instant.

Of course, even a Monk of the Buddhist Tao was unable to unleash the Thousand Treasure Cassock's full power. Only the Buddha could accomplish that.

Right now, Jialuo Gu could only release a tiny, tiny portion of the Thousand Treasure Cassock's power. But even so, he was extremely powerful with this cassock. No one below the Half-Saint level was his match. Even amongst the first level Half-Saints, he would be one of the strongest.

Chapter 758 - Beigong Lan, Disciple of the Martial Honorable

Translator:

Transn

Editor:

Transn

“The Death Zen Sect has really given their all for an Heir Seat,” Gai Tianjiao said coldly. “Aren’t they scared about losing their Thousand Treasure Cassock?”

“The Thousand Treasure Cassock is the robe of the Death Zen Sect’s elder,” Xue Wuye said, chuckling. “They’re only giving it to Jialuo Gu for one night so he can compete for the Heir Seat. As long as the Death Zen Sect elder wants to, he can take it back.

“Who can compete with the Death Zen Sect’s elder other than Patriarch Taiyi of the Yin and Yang Sect? Plus, with Patriarch Taiyi’s status, he won’t attack a junior just because of the Thousand Treasure Cassock. If he succeeded, it would be great and the Yin and Yang Sect would have another ultimate treasure. If not...wouldn’t he and the Yin and Yang Sect be completely humiliated?”

Gai Tianjiao clenched her fists tightly. Fire seemed to spill from her eyes. “He’s indeed prepared. If I knew this, I would have done everything to stop them from attending the Sword Technique Conference.”

With her Innate Extreme Yang Body, Gai Tianjiao was confident in defeating everyone below the Half-Saint level if they didn’t have outside help.

The Innate Extreme Yang Body represented the extremes of the same plane. It was known to be physically undefeatable.

However, Jialuo Gu's power when he wore the Thousand Treasure Cassock was beyond that of the Fish-Dragon Realm. Even Gai Tianjiao wouldn't be able to defeat him.

Gai Tianjiao, Ouyang Huan, Xue Wuye, Chi Wansui... They all had fatal trump cards, but their levels were all quite close to each other. If Gai Tianjiao had no chance against Jialuo Gu, the others wouldn't either.

At the moment, the ones in the Heir Seats all kept silent. They started thinking about whether they should attack proactively or not.

One must admit that Jialuo Gu's Thousand Treasure Cassock was quite intimidating.

In the scroll world, Jialuo Gu rushed towards the Nine-Turn Blood Dragon Matrix with destructive force. He slammed his palm towards Feng Chengyu.

Feng Chengyu waved his wand and instantly created three more matrices.

Boom!

Faced with Jialuo Gu's palm, the three matrices were penetrated instantly, as if they were three sheets of paper. Blood spurted out of Feng Chengyu's mouth and he flew off of Scroll Mountain.

Fortunately, Feng Chengyu had protective charms that dissolved most of Jialuo Gu's power. Otherwise, he may have been turned into a puff of bloody mist.

“Amitabha!”

Jialuo Gu put his hands together in prayer. He bowed slightly towards the foot of Scroll Mountain and smiled benevolently. Then he continued climbing up.

“Donkey, come fight with your Rat Lord.”

Captain Rat charged over. He threw out a demonic claw and started battling with Jialuo Gu. But even Captain Rat could

only take 17 of Jialuo Gu's attacks before a palm print hit his body, injuring him gravely.

However, Captain Rat was physically strong. He immediately escaped from Scroll Mountain and avoided most of it. If he'd been a step behind, he may have been disabled.

"You run pretty fast, huh." Jialuo Gu sneered in disdain.

Seeing this scene, Bu Qianfan's expression hardened. "Even Captain Rat could only block 17 hits. If I go against him, I'll definitely lose within 20 attacks, even if I use all my trump cards. Jialuo Gu's own power can't be much stronger than mine, but with the Thousand Treasure Cassock, he's completely undefeatable below the Half-Saint level."

The young Monks who'd rallied for Jialuo Gu and the Third Royal Prince to attend the Heir Banquet earlier were all dazed now. They regretted it so badly.

Jialuo Gu alone had gravely injured two top fighters who qualified to compete for an Heir Seat. He'd won easily, as if he hadn't used his full power.

If he did use his full power, who could still be his match?

From the other direction, the Third Royal Prince laughed loudly. "It should end now!"

Boom, boom.

He attacked five consecutive times. Ao Xinyan coughed out a mouthful of blood with each palm attack.

At the fifth attack, Ao Xinyan's delicate body flew back. With a blow to her head, she lost consciousness and fell heavily backward to the 73rd King Seat.

"Third Prince, you're too slow!" Jialuo Gu said, chuckling.

The Third Royal Prince walked out of the scroll world with his hands behind his back. He smiled. "I don't like to go hard on beauties. After all, it's only fun if you play with them slowly!"

Then his eyes hardened. He sensed danger.

Whoosh!

Blue Sword Qi abruptly shot towards the point between the Third Royal Prince's brows. It was like a blue rainbow.

The prince shot to the left, but his cheek was still scraped by the Sword Qi, leaving a bloody mark. He extended a finger and touched the blood. He licked it and his gaze turned even colder. He looked up with blood-red eyes.

Beigong Lan stood up from the second King Seat. She walked to the steps, holding her ancient blue sword. She looked beautiful and otherworldly. "Beigong Lan from the Central Region Saint Academy."

"You're the first one who could get past my defenses and make me bleed."

The Third Royal Prince sneered and charged, an outstretched hand going for Beigong Lan's neck.

Snick.

His five fingers were shrouded in Blood Qi and a three-foot-long nail grew out of each one. The nails had a metallic shine as if they were five sharp blades embedded in his hands.

Beigong Lan kept calm before the danger. Seeming extremely composed, she brandished her ancient blue sword. Activating a sword technique, she cast dozens of Sword Qi consecutively, forcing the Third Royal Prince back.

Slash, slash, slash.

Three slashes appeared on the prince's body—the neck, wrist, and chest. These were places that weren't covered with armor.

Beigong Lan put her sword away. She straightened her body, forming beautiful curves. "Your abilities aren't much. What is there to be arrogant about?"

After seeing Beigong Lan force the Third Royal Prince back again, all the Monks were excited.

"Senior Sister Apprentice Beigong finally attacked. I'd like to see if that Vampire and evil man from the Death Zen Sect can still be so arrogant," a Monk from the Central Region Saint Academy said excitedly.

“Beigong Lan is the Martial Honorable’s disciple, and the top fighter of the Saint Academy. She cultivates the Qiankun Martial Secrets, which is one of the Kunlun Field’s top six legendary books. She’s already the Young Honorable of Martial Market Academy.”

“The Martial Honorable’s disciple is indeed powerful. With her skills, she can definitely get an Heir Seat. As expected from the pride of the Beigong family.”

She seemed to have just stabbed her sword casually, but the power it contained stole their breath. It was enough to overturn the world and force the Third Royal Prince back.

“This is a true talent.”

Huang Yanchen’s eyebrows suddenly arched. Sensing something, she glanced at Zhang Ruochen, who was healing himself. She realized that Zhang Ruochen’s aura was abnormal. It seemed to be...getting stronger.

Wasn’t he hurt? How could his aura become stronger?

Now, all his meridians were completely opened. He’d reached a fully open state and his Holy Qi could flow smoothly. His cultivation had doubled.

Zhang Ruochen reinforced his new cultivation plane while healing himself, enjoying the giddiness after breaking into a new level. He was completely excited now.

Right now, everyone was focused on Beigong Lan and the Third Royal Prince. Thus, other than Huang Yanchen, who cared about Zhang Ruochen, no one else noticed this change.

The Third Royal Prince leered. Staring hard at Beigong Lan, he said, “I didn’t expect for someone under the Half-Saint level to be as powerful as you. Your sword must be the Blue Cutthroat Sword, seventh on the Hundred-Pattern Saint Weapon List, correct?”

The Thousand-Pattern Saint Weapon List and Ten Thousand-Pattern Saint Weapon List were compiled by the imperial court.

However, the Hundred-Pattern Saint Weapon List was compiled by the Scroll Sect. Instead of including all the Hundred-Pattern Saint Weapons in the world, it only included 168 weapons.

Each one on the list was like a war machine. Any one of them could release power equal to that of a Thousand-Pattern Saint Weapon. The higher the ranking, the more powerful it was.

Beigong Lan's Blue Cutthroat Sword was seventh in the Hundred-Pattern Saint Weapon List. It was even more powerful than some Thousand-Pattern Saint Weapons.

"You think it's interesting to say meaningless things?" Beigong Lan asked.

"Feisty. I like you. Since you're so powerful, I should use some of my true skills."

The Third Royal Prince opened his arms wide. Shreds of red Blood Qi instantly surged out of his blood armor, covering his body. There were countless shadows within the Blood Qi.

Powerful auras radiated from each shadow. Chilling cries spread throughout the space, turning the sacred Scroll Mountain into the bloody hell of the demonic Asuras.

"No!"

Saint Lady's expression darkened. She recognized the Third Royal Prince's blood armor and realized the situation was off.

The prince's aura grew stronger and stronger. It soon reached a level that a Fish-Dragon Monk could only dream of achieving. He was even stronger than Jialuo Gu with his Thousand Treasure Cassock.

Beigong Lan's pupils expanded in extreme shock. She immediately activated the Qiankun Martial Secret, filling the Blue Cutthroat Sword with Holy Qi.

"Sword Two."

Beigong Lan activated Sword Two's fourth plane. Her slender body became one with the Blue Cutthroat Sword. She attacked first, transforming into a beam of blue light and shooting towards the cloud of Blood Qi.

Inside the Blood Qi, the Third Royal Prince was completely covered by the blood armor. He let out a battle cry and punched with destructive force. He sent Beigong Lan flying back.

Boom!

Beigong Lan's body crashed on Scroll Mountain's steps, shaking the entire mountain. Everyone's hearts trembled as well.

Looking over, they only saw Beigong Lan's face, as white as paper. Her white robe was completely dyed red and blood streamed out from her lips. She was on her last breath.

Chapter 759 - At Critical Times, You Still Have to Rely on Lin Yue

Translator:

Transn

Editor:

Transn

Seeing this, everyone was floored. It felt as if their hearts had stopped beating. They couldn't accept this at all.

The Monks who'd cheered for Beigong Lan were now all frozen. Their mouths were open, their eyes were widened; their expressions were all of terrified shock.

Beigong Lan had actually...been defeated...

In the Central Region, Beigong Lan was equal to Ouyang Huan and Chi Wansui. She'd defeated countless famous figures with her Blue Cutthroat Sword.

However, this powerful legendary woman couldn't withstand the Third Royal Prince's one punch.

"This can't be real. How can Senior Sister Apprentice Beigong lose?"

None of the Monks from the Central Region Saint Academy could accept this. How could their goddess be defeated by the Vampire prince?

Many Half-Saint elders in Shentai City sighed. Since Beigong Lan had lost, this meant that no one could stop the Third Royal Prince and Jialuo Gu in their ascent to the Heir Seat.

If they became Heirs, it would be a catastrophe to the entire Kunlun's Field.

"I am a sinner."

Saint Lady gripped the arms of her chair tightly. She'd never felt so repressed before. Even though she had an extremely high cultivation and had entered the Saint level, she still had to make decisions that she didn't want to.

Actually, she'd guessed that the Third Royal Prince and Jialuo Gu had come prepared. She just didn't think that they would bring the Thousand Treasure Cassock and Hundred Saint Blood Armor. These extremely powerful weapons would definitely catch these young talents by surprise.

The Third Royal Prince was able to defeat Beigong Lan because he was wearing the Hundred Saint Blood Armor.

This armor was made by combining blood from 100 Saints, divine bones, holy sources, and holy jade with the Vampires' secret method. Not only did it contain the power of the 100 Saints, it also contained their knowledge and minds.

The armor even had a consciousness. Once it was activated by Holy Qi, it could perform advanced martial arts techniques like a Saint, using the principles of the Holy Road.

Having this armor was like having 100 teachers of the Saint level who continuously taught you knowledge about the Holy Road and martial arts.

If the Hundred Saint Blood Armor power was released fully, it would be equal to that of 100 Saints in one person. The person would fight with that power as well. He would be able to kill anyone he met.

Of course, with his current cultivation, the Third Royal Prince could only release a tiny bit of the armor's power. He was worlds away from the power of 100 Saints.

Beigong Lan hadn't lost to the Third Royal Prince's punch due to being weaker. Instead, it was because the Hundred Saint Blood Armor was too powerful.

The armor wasn't easy to make. There was only a handful in the entire Vampire race. The Third Royal Prince would definitely have to return it to the race after the Heir Banquet.

"No wonder that old Vampire could face all the Saints in Shentai so calmly despite being alone. It's because of the

Hundred Saint Blood Armor.”

Saint Lady peered upward at the sky. She stared at the white-haired Vampire and saw that he was smiling proudly now. He seemed to be laughing at her stupidity.

It was hard to imagine how destructive the power released from the Hundred Saint Blood Armor would be if worn by this 800-year-old creature.

Clearly, tonight’s Heir Banquet was a failure.

Since the situation was set, Saint Lady felt helpless too. There was no need for her to continue and attend the Sword Technique Conference after the Heir Banquet. She would return straight to the Central Region and beg forgiveness from the Empress.

Beigong Lan had fallen near the first King Seat. She was very close to Huang Yanchen.

Seeing that she was badly hurt, Huang Yanchen stood up immediately. She walked over, helped Beigong Lan into a sitting position, and fed her a pill.

Color gradually returned to Beigong Lan’s face. For the moment, she wasn’t in danger anymore.

Glancing at Huang Yanchen, she smiled bitterly. “Th... thanks...”

“We’re both disciples of the Saint Academy,” Huang Yanchen said. “No need to thank me.”

At this time, a huge shadow came from below, covering Huang Yanchen and Beigong Lan. A bloody and evil odor flooded over them as well.

Huang Yanchen raised her head. She looked over, only to see the Third Royal Prince covered in his blood-red armor. He stood in a cloud of Blood Qi and was extremely menacing.

Bright light shone from the eyeholes of the armor. They were like two blood lamps embedded in the metal.

The Third Royal Prince sneered. “What? The first King would like to fight with me too?”

Strands of Blood Qi streamed out of the armor like rivers of blood. They repressed Huang Yanchen, immobilizing her.

Huang Yanchen was obviously clear about her own cultivation. She couldn't defeat the Third Royal Prince even without the Hundred Saint Blood Armor. Thus, she'd only come to help Beigong Lan. She had never thought about challenging the Vampire prince.

After putting on the Hundred Saint Blood Armor, the Third Royal Prince became even more bloodthirsty. A ghastly smile appeared. "It doesn't matter if you're ready to fight with me. Since you walked out, you'll be punished."

The Third Royal Prince started activating his Blood Qi and threw his palm forward. The horrible power shot toward Huang Yanchen's chest.

How could Huang Yanchen block the Third Royal Prince's palm with her cultivation?

Many Monks sighed inwardly, thinking that Huang Yanchen should've minded her own business. Since she was already in the first King Seat, she should've just stayed there.

Wasn't saving someone the Third Royal Prince had injured equal to suicide?

Subtly, most of the Talents and Conquerors on Scroll Mountain had all become terrified of the Third Royal Prince and Jialuo Gu. They could only keep silent. They didn't dare do anything that defied the two.

In Shentai City, many Half-Saint elders furrowed their brows. Things didn't seem good.

If this terror spread, it would make everyone think that the Vampires and Immortal Sect were undefeatable. Later, if they really did appear in large numbers in Kunlun's Field, many Monks would probably surrender out of fear without even fighting.

Someone had to step out now and defeat the Third Royal Prince and Jialuo Gu to dispel this fear.

Could Xue Wuye do it?

Could Chi Wansui do it?

Could Ouyang Huan do it?

The elders all shook their heads. After all, Beigong Lan's tragic defeat was still fresh in their minds. She had extinguished all their hope.

Seeing that the Third Royal Prince's palm was about to hit Huang Yanchen and Beigong Lan, everyone closed their eyes. They knew that the Third Royal Prince didn't dare to kill anyone purposely, but he would disable these two talented girls.

Kaboom!

A resounding boom came from the peak of Scroll Mountain. All the Monks were shocked and they looked up.

What had happened? How could two such powerful gusts of energy collide?

Then they saw a burst of Blood Qi crash against a burst of Sword Qi. They formed two hedging arcs. Enormous power surged to the left and right.

Boom!

With another explosion, the Blood Qi and Sword Qi quickly separated.

The Blood Qi flew backwards. It re-solidified into the Third Royal Prince, who landed 40 steps below where he'd been. He yelped in shock. Clearly, he hadn't expected anyone to be able to force him back.

The Sword Qi retreated like a tide. After all the sword images faded, Zhang Ruochen was revealed.

Zhang Ruochen stood at the top of the mountain. His robe fluttered lightly. He grasped the Void Sword with one hand; his other hand was behind his back, making him seem poised. "Even if she stood before you, blocking you, you still can't punish her," he said. "Do you believe me?"

Sweat beaded on Huang Yanchen's forehead. She exhaled deeply.

Then she looked over at Zhang Ruochen. Her gaze was both grateful and extremely moved. “You’re still heavily injured. Why do you still like to force yourself?”

Zhang Ruochen’s face was slightly pale, but he still smiled and shook his head. “It’s okay,” he uttered calmly.

Beigong Lan stared hard at Zhang Ruochen. No one knew better than her how powerful the Third Royal Prince was with the Hundred Saint Blood Armor.

And yet this heavily injured man had forced the Vampire prince back. It was unbelievable. She hadn’t noticed just how powerful he was before.

“You two go back. Leave this to me,” Zhang Ruochen said extremely calmly.

Huang Yanchen and Beigong Lan retreated to the first and second King Seats.

Lin Yue had forced the Third Royal Prince back. Not only had his abilities floored the young Monks below the mountain, he’d also shocked the young talents in the Talent, Conquer, King, and Heir Seats.

No one had imagined that the monstrous Third Royal Prince could be driven back.

“Is Lin Yue really this powerful?”

The three heirs of the Eastern Region Saint Mansion completely went slack. Earlier, they’d all thought that Huang Yanchen would be disabled. They’d been secretly happy because they’d finally lose a competitor.

But the one-sided situation had suddenly been overturned.

On the other hand, the disciples of the Yin and Yang Sect were all ecstatic.

“At critical times, you still have to rely on Senior Brother Apprentice Lin Yue to drive back strong enemies.”

“Senior Brother Apprentice Lin Yue is undefeatable. He can destroy everything with his sword.”

The junior sister apprentices all worshipped Lin Yue, imagining him as their husband. All their eyes shone brilliantly.

Chapter 760 - Defeat the Blood Armor in One Strike

Translator:

Transn

Editor:

Transn

Of course, some people were still worried. After all, Lin Yue had already been injured gravely and he'd just driven the Vampire prince back. This might have worsened his injury.

Could he continue fighting?

The Third Royal Prince's mask dissipated into shreds of Blood Qi and scattered away. His red eyes stared at Zhang Ruochen as he huffed. "I didn't think you could unleash such a powerful attack while you're so heavily injured."

"What, are you scared?" Zhang Ruochen asked.

"Haha!" The Third Royal Prince threw his head back, laughing. Then he said in a shrill voice, "I only used 30% of my power in that attack. Even if you could block it, it doesn't mean anything."

Zhang Ruochen could tell that the Third Royal Prince's Blood Armor was extraordinary, so he took another glance.

"That is..."

His eyes squinted suddenly. He recognized the Hundred Saint Blood Armor.

Long ago, the Sacred Central Empire had received a lot of war booty after defeating the Vampires. The Hundred Saint Blood Armor was among this loot. Thus, Zhang Ruochen had seen it with his own eyes before. He was also very clear about its power.

All the war booty from the Vampires had been locked in the empire's treasury. Emperor Ming had ordered that no one could use the Vampires' weapons, lest they be affected by the Blood Qi and become bloodthirsty demons.

"Oh, it's the Hundred Saint Blood Armor. No wonder you're so strong." Zhang Ruochen shook his head and smiled. Even though he recognized it, he still didn't seem to care.

"However, relying on outside help leads you away from yourself. It's no help for cultivation. Cultivating either martial arts or the Holy Road is, in the end, cultivating your own body."

The Third Royal Prince clearly didn't agree with this. He looked at Zhang Ruochen mockingly and sneered. "Really? What can you do about it if I insist on using outside help? At least I'm undefeatable tonight. I will definitely become an Heir."

"You really think no one can defeat the Hundred Saint Blood Armor?" Zhang Ruochen asked. "Don't be so ignorant, alright?"

The Third Royal Prince scoffed. He didn't take Zhang Ruochen seriously. "You?"

"I am enough."

Zhang Ruochen's eyes sharpened gradually. He slowly lifted the Void Sword above his head. He gripped the hilt and closed his eyes.

At the same time, the Heart of Sword between his eyebrows spun quickly. It flashed with blinding silver light. Passing through the Qi Sea, it shot out from between his brows and became one with the Void Sword.

A white beam of Sword Qi transformed into a pillar of light. It flooded out of the Void Sword and shot into the sky, crashing against the clouds with a boom.

With the Sword Qi pillar as the heart, a vortex formed. The bloody clouds in the sky started spinning quickly.

At that moment, the swords of all the Monks within a hundred-mile radius of Scroll Mountain all began trembling.

They flew towards Scroll Mountain, breaking free from the monks' control.

“My...sword...”

“How can this be...How did my sword fly away...”

...

...

Other than the swords owned by those in the Half-Saint Realm who could control their weapons with their powerful cultivation, all other swords flew out.

Whoosh, whoosh!

More than 10,000 swords appeared above Zhang Ruochen. They whizzed around the Sword Qi, filling the space with wind.

“Something's off with his sword.”

The Third Royal Prince stared hard at Zhang Ruochen's Void Sword. He felt extreme danger and finally, his expression turned serious.

“Hundred Saint Contention.”

The Third Royal Prince spread out his feet. He clenched his hands into tight fists and poured his Holy Qi into the Hundred Saint Blood Armor. The next moment, 100 blood-red saint apparitions surged from the armor, standing behind him. There were human Saints, as well as beastly Saints. They all had different appearances.

Each apparition uttered different saintly words. The power bursting from them was shocking. It was as if 100 true Saints were standing behind the Third Royal Prince.

He'd completely become one with their aura. This was only an aura, but it could send a Monk of the Fish-Dragon Realm to his knees in terror.

The Third Royal Prince attacked first. He punched and the 100 saint apparitions flew with the fist, creating a gust of fierce wind.

Whoosh!

The Void Sword whistled and flew out of Zhang Ruochen's hand. He formed a sword gesture with his hand and pointed forward, controlling the Void Sword.

A long beam of Sword Qi trailed behind the Void Sword like a white chain. At the same time, the thousands of swords also flew out, enveloping the Void Sword.

Boom, boom.

The swords crashed violently against the 100 blood-red saint apparitions. Finally, the Void Sword and the thousands of swords passed through, hitting the Third Royal Prince.

The Third Royal Prince roared and spat out a mouthful of blood. It splashed against the Hundred Saint Blood Armor, making it shine even more blindingly. He crossed his arms and blocked his chest.

Zhang Ruochen also gritted his teeth. Blood trickled out from his lips. Holy Qi continued to pour out of him, pushing his finger to stab forward again.

The swords continued to fall down on the Third Royal Prince. After thousands of hits, it finally broke through the Hundred Saint Blood Armor's defense and made a tear.

Squelch! The Void Sword passed through the Third Royal Prince's arms, stabbed into the armor, and pierced his chest. Blood surged out, completely dyeing the stairs red.

The Third Royal Prince flew backwards and landed on the steps halfway down the mountain. Then he kept rolling until he was at the foot of the mountain.

“Finish.”

Zhang Ruochen put his Void Sword away. One hand clutched his chest, while the other gripped the sword hilt as he steadied his swaying body. In the end, he didn't fall down. His back was still as straight as ever as he looked down.

All the Monks below the mountain felt their souls shake when they saw Lin Yue's handsome figure.

“He was too powerful!”

That one strike had left an inextinguishable image of Zhang Ruo Chen in everyone present. He seemed to be a young sword saint; he was the definition of “undefeatable.”

An elder from the Yin and Yang Sect laughed heartily. “Not bad, not bad. As expected of our sword genius from the Yin and Yang Sect. He finally showed our power. Even the Vampire couldn’t take a single hit.”

His bright voice spread throughout Shentai City. It passed into the ears of the elders of all forces. It sounded like he was bragging.

An elder from the Moon Worship Demonic Sect sneered. “Lin Yue is indeed powerful, but I don’t think it has much to do with the Yin and Yang Sect. I think the Thousand-bone Empress is the actual powerful one.”

This voice spread throughout Shentai City without any repressions as well.

“That’s right. Lin Yue is the heir of the Thousand-bone Empress. It’s only logical that he defeated the Vampire clown with the Void Sword. The Xuanyi Saint of the Four Symbols Sect transformed his powerful voice into sound waves and sent them out.

He did this to announce to everyone that Lin Yue was the heir of the Thousand-bone Empress.

Judging from the current situation, there was no point for the Four Symbols Sect, the Eight Trigram Sect, and the Tai Chi Sect to attend the Sword Technique Conference as long as the Yin and Yang Sect had Lin Yue.

Would they go to embarrass themselves?

If he made everyone aware that Lin Yue was the Thousand-bone Empress’ heir, the Xuanyi Saint was sure that Lin Yue wouldn’t be able to attend the Sword Technique Conference anymore. Even if he did, Lin Yue couldn’t help the Yin and Yang Sect fight for the Sword Pavilion.

The Xuanyi Saint's words were like a stone causing thousands of ripples and waves. The Yin and Yang Sect was in an uproar.

“Senior Brother Apprentice Lin Yue is the heir of the Thousand-bone Empress? Did I hear correctly?”

“So, Senior Brother Apprentice Lin Yue has the Void Sword. No wonder he could summon the 10,000 swords and destroy the Vampire's Hundred Saint Blood Armor.”

“Only the Void Sword can do that.”

“No wonder his cultivation improved so quickly this past year. It's because he received the Thousand-bone Empress' inheritance.”

...

At this moment, a young Monk actually knelt down and started kowtowing towards Scroll Mountain. He couldn't help it. The Thousand-bone Empress was honestly too famous. She was practically a legend. The people were extremely excited just to see her heir.

In the clouds, the Vampire elder huffed in anger. “Failure.”

Even he hadn't thought that the Third Royal Prince would lose with the Hundred Saint Blood Armor.

He reached out and grabbed the Third Royal Prince from his puddle of blood, bringing him into the clouds. Instead of checking the prince's injuries, he started checking the state of the armor.

The Hundred Saint Blood Armor's defensive powers depended on the user's cultivation. If a Half-Saint wore it, the defensive power would be on another level. Even if he just stood there, Zhang Ruochen's Void Sword still wouldn't be able to pierce it.

The higher the user's cultivation, the stronger the Blood Armor's defensive power.

Now, the Hundred Saint Blood Armor had been completely pierced through by the Void Sword. It was horribly damaged and would need the holy blood of a Saint and a decade of repairs to be completely mended.

The white-haired elder's features twisted. "Jialuo Gu," he said in a low voice. "Disable him."

Jialuo Gu, in his Thousand Treasure Cassock, stood at the top of Scroll Mountain. He put his hands together in prayer and bowed at the elder.

Then he looked towards Zhang Ruochen with his golden Buddha eyes. "Master Lin Yue, please give me some tips."

Anyone could see that Zhang Ruochen had worsened his injuries in the previous battle. Now, he couldn't even stand completely steadily. How could he keep fighting?

But Zhang Ruochen remained composed. He smiled faintly. "I'm tired today and don't wish to fight anymore. How about I introduce an opponent to you?"

With that, Zhang Ruochen pointed down the mountain. Jialuo Gu's eyes followed his finger and his eyebrow arched involuntarily.

His eyes were met with a nine-foot-tall monk in coarse clothing on the bottom of the steps. He was practically a giant and had a huge broadsword to match. He walked towards the top menacingly.

Compared to Jialuo Gu, this man looked more like a butcher than a monk. Muscles bulged on his face and his eyes flashed harshly. "How dare a traitor from the Death Zen Sect appear in Kunlun's Field?"

Hearing this familiar voice, Huang Yanchen arched an eyebrow and gazed down the mountain as well.

When she saw the monk, it dawned on her. "It really is Monk Lidi."

She knew that Monk Lidi had always followed Zhang Ruochen while in the Thousand Void World. He had been impossible to get rid of, like gum stuck to one's shoe.

Even more annoying was that Monk Lidi had always jinxed things. Anyone that he said would die would end up dying. Many people had wanted to sew his lips shut.

“Jialuo Gu, I see that your glabella is dark and the corners of your lips have turned blue. You might bleed disastrously today.” Monk Lidi’s booming voice spread in all directions.

Chapter 761 - Thousand- Hand Dragons and Elephants

Translator:

Transn

Editor:

Transn

Hearing Monk Lidi's roar, the corners of many people's lips twitched. They all looked towards the source of the voice.

“Such a confident tone. Where's this monk from?”

“Jialuo Gu is wearing the Thousand Cassock Robe. His combat ability is comparable to a Half-Saint. Who dares to say he's going to bleed?”

“Judging from his looks, he's not some good guy either. Have you ever seen a monk with a broadsword?”

The young Monks in the Talent and Conquer Seats all discussed Monk Lidi. They thought he looked too menacing to be a good guy.

He looked more like an evil monk from the Death Zen Sect. On the other hand, Jialuo Gu looked kind and gentle. He radiated with Buddha light. This was what a monk should look like.

If Jialuo Gu's methods from before hadn't been so cruel and hateful, the people would probably have an even worse impression of Monk Lidi.

Monk Lidi rolled up his pant legs, revealing calves covered in black hair. His shirt was open wide, revealing his chest and stomach as he walked to the peak of Scroll Mountain.

Monk Lidi's voice was loud and he looked powerful, but he walked really slowly. After 15 minutes had passed, he still hadn't reached the middle of the mountain.

Even a beginner who'd just started cultivating martial arts could reach the top in that time.

Chen Tianpeng, one of the three heirs of the Eastern Region Saint Mansion, was sitting in a Conquer Seat. He said telepathically to Chen Laner, "Is this monk scared? How come he's taking so long?"

Monk Lidi's two large ears twitched as if he'd heard something. Stopping, his bell-sized eyes glared at Chen Tianpeng. "Scared?" he boomed like thunder. "I am dedicated to the Buddha. I have no fear, no terror, and no obsessions. How will I fear a traitor of the Buddha Way?"

Chen Tianpeng was shocked. He didn't think that Monk Lidi's hearing would be sensitive enough to hear his telepathic message. Then Monk Lidi rolled up his sleeves and stalked over to him menacingly.

Chen Tianpeng thought that Monk Lidi was furious and that he wanted to beat him up. He stood up in panic and put his hands together to apologize. "I'm sorry, I spoke incorrectly. Please forgive me."

Actually, Monk Lidi only wanted to go debate with Chen Tianpeng. He wasn't angry at all. It was just that he looked too scary and his voice was too rough. This made Chen Tianpeng think that he was angry already.

Seeing that Chen Tianpeng's apology seemed genuine, Monk Lidi nodded. He huffed and turned to leave. He continued climbing up at a snail's pace.

Chen Tianpeng returned to his seat. Staring at Monk Lidi's backside, he let out a long sigh.

Behind him, Chen Laner didn't understand. "This monk looks scary, but you don't have to apologize voluntarily."

But Chen Tianpeng was still feeling afraid. He wiped away his sweat, saying, "Didn't you see that sinister expression? If I

didn't apologize immediately, I probably would have gotten killed with one punch. This monk can't be anyone good."

Actually, Chen Tianpeng didn't know how to explain what he'd felt. It was just that, when Monk Lidi's eyes stared at him, it felt like there was a god standing before him. He felt reverent and had to submit to him.

After that small interruption, no one dared to look down on Monk Lidi.

Even Lin Yue had said he could fight against Jialuo Gu. How could he be an average man?

Monk Lidi could hear the telepathic messages of a Monk in the Ninth Change of the Fish-Dragon Realm. This meant that his cultivation was definitely powerful. Thus, everyone started waiting patiently. They wanted to see if this monk really could defeat Jialuo Gu.

Huang Yanchen walked to Zhang Ruochen's side and reached out a slender hand to hold his arm. "The traitor of the Buddha Way should be taken care of by a Buddhist monk. Shall we go back first?"

Zhang Ruochen glanced over. Staring into her blue eyes, he caught a clear fragrant scent. His face didn't betray any emotions, but he sighed softly inward.

Huang Yanchen was like an ice mountain, rejecting any man before they even got close. But now, she'd come to hold onto him voluntarily. His identity must have been exposed.

How had Huang Yanchen figured it out? Zhang Ruochen had been very careful. He couldn't think of any mistake he'd made.

"Yes." Zhang Ruochen nodded and returned to the first King Seat with Huang Yanchen.

After one hour, Monk Lidi finally approached the mountaintop. He stopped and exhaled loudly. He looked up, meeting Jialuo Gu's eyes.

Jialuo Gu stood at the top of Scroll Mountain. He put his hands together in prayer and every inch of his skin glowed

with golden Buddha light. His voice was graceful as he said, “Are you a monk of the Ten Thousand Buddha Way?”

“I cultivate the Nirvana Way. My clerical name is Lidi,” Monk Lidi said.

The Nirvana Way was a branch of the Ten Thousand Buddha Way. “Lidi” meant to “stand firmly on the ground.”

Eight hundred years ago, when the Buddha had appeared out of nowhere, he became the leader of the Buddha Way. The Nirvana Way developed quickly and became the strongest branch of the Ten Thousand Buddha Way in the end.

Jialuo Gu nodded. “Since you’re not from the Ten Thousand Buddha Way, why don’t you mind your own business?”

“The Death Zen Sect completely betrays the Buddha Way. It is a cult. Any disciple of the Buddha Way will try to destroy it.” Monk Lidi’s voice was strong and powerful. Each word seemed to shake one’s eardrums.

Jialuo Gu smiled thinly. “Aren’t you betraying the Buddha Way’s beliefs by saying the word ‘destroy’?”

“I do not like to kill,” Monk Lidi said evenly. “However, I can still have periods where I kill, or even kill many.”

Jialuo Gu had wanted to use his words to destroy Monk Lidi’s internal composure. He didn’t think that this monk was completely different from the Buddhist Sect’s monks. He kept saying the word “kill,” clearly not caring about the rules.

Continuing to fight verbally would be useless.

In that case, they would have to fight physically. Jialuo Gu refused to believe that he would lose with his cultivation and the Thousand Treasure Cassock.

“I’d like to see what kind of people the Nirvana Way has produced this generation.”

Jialuo Gu’s eyes darkened. He put his hands together before his chest. His Buddha Light flared ten times brighter, becoming extremely dazzling.

“Mainstay Buddhist Mark.”

Jialuo Gu's feet left the ground automatically and he shot into the air. Spreading his hands apart, he created two Buddhist Marks.

Golden Sanskrit words flew out of his palms, gathering in the center. They formed a huge golden hand that pressed down at Monk Lidi.

Jialuo Gu didn't underestimate Monk Lidi at all. When he attacked using the Mainstay Buddhist Mark, he also activated the Thousand Treasure Cassock. It would be best if he could use this one strike to defeat the other.

“Thousand Dragons and Elephants.”

Monk Lidi wasn't intimidated. Powerful Yang Qi rushed out of him, transforming into flames that gathered into a golden cloud of fire.

Handprints formed in the fire cloud and lined up behind Monk Lidi. There were actually 1,000 handprints. Each one had the mark of a dragon and elephant in the palm. All lined up, it was as if there were 1,000 dragons and 1,000 elephants.

Zhang Ruochen's eyes lit up. “The eighth movement of the Dragon and Elephant Palm,” he said.

The eighth movement of the Dragon and Elephant Palm was a set of palm martial arts techniques. Once one cultivated it, one would reach the middle class of the Ghost Level. The power released could compare with the martial arts techniques of the Ghost Level Superior class, too.

It was called the Thousand-Hand Dragons and Elephants because once one cultivated it fully, a single palm could unleash the power of 1,000 aggressive elephants.

One palm could wipe out an entire army.

Even if the Monk stood miles away, he could still collapse a city's walls with one strike. It would be as if 1000 angry elephants crashed against the walls.

Once a Monk could successfully cultivate the eighth movement, the Yang Qi within him would be 100 times more

than the average man. He could easily lose control and light himself on fire.

Even Zhang Ruochen was only on the seventh movement of the Dragon and Elephant Palm. Of course, that was because Zhang Ruochen was preparing for the Sword Technique Conference and was putting all his efforts into cultivating his Tao of Sword. He had no time to practice his palm.

Kaboom!

Two palms filled with Yang Qi clashed against each other. It sounded as if two steel mountains had collided. Beams of Buddhist light shot out in all directions.

The next moment, Jialuo Gu flew backwards. When he landed at the peak of Scroll Mountain, he stumbled backwards further. He couldn't digest the power and steady himself until dozens of steps later.

On the other hand, Monk Lidi was like a boulder. He stood firmly on the ground without moving the slightest bit.

Jialuo Gu's eyes almost fell out of their sockets. He couldn't accept this reality. "How can it be possible? I have the Thousand Treasure Cassock's help. Even a second level Half-Saint would be affected by my Mainstay Buddha Mark."

The Half-Saint Realm was divided into nine levels. Each level was far apart from the others. It was practically impossible to challenge someone of a higher level.

Only someone with a Saint Body could surpass one level in the Half-Saint Realm and fight. This meant that even a Saint Body in the first level could only fight against a second level Half-Saint. He would still be defeated by a third level Half-Saint without any question.

Jialuo Gu was very clear about his own abilities. With the Thousand Treasure Cassock, even if he couldn't defeat a second level Half-Saint with the Mainstay Buddha Mark, he could still force the other back a few steps.

However, Monk Lidi's feet seemed rooted in the ground. He hadn't even budged. Thinking of this, huge beads of sweat appeared on Jialuo Gu's forehead. He felt great pressure.

Chapter 762 - Buddhist Butcher Sword

Translator:

Transn

Editor:

Transn

On the mountaintop, Gai Tianjiao opened her eyes wide as she stared at Monk Lidi. “This monk is so powerful. I don’t think he’d be at a disadvantage even if he fought with a second level Half-Saint. How can a physical body of the Fish-Dragon Realm be cultivated to this level?”

Even if she had the Innate Extreme Yang Body, she was still far from his level. It was hard to imagine what kind of body could be even stronger than the Innate Extreme Yang Body.

On Scroll Mountain, all the young talents gasped. They were extremely impressed.

Tonight, they fully understood the saying, “There are people more talented than oneself in the wider world.” Even the top talent of a sect or clan had to lower his proud head at the Heir Banquet.

Monk Lidi glanced at Jialuo Gu, slightly shocked. “You took my palm head-on, but you didn’t get hurt. You are quite skilled.”

These words didn’t sound good to Jialuo Gu’s ears. It felt as if Monk Lidi was mocking him. Everyone knew that he was wearing the Thousand Treasure Cassock. If he was still defeated, it would be very embarrassing.

“Don’t get too cocky. Take this!”

Jialuo Gu took a deep breath. He released all his Holy Qi and poured it into the Thousand Treasure Cassock.

The designs on the Thousand Treasure Cassock instantly started glowing. Close to 10,000 Buddhist weapons started shaking, singing like wind chimes.

A shocking scene was formed. The blood-red cassock expanded continuously. It became huge and kept rising up.

At the same time, Jialuo Gu's body popped and cracked. It enlarged with the cassock. In the end, he'd grown more than 100 times his original size. He was now close to 200 meters tall.

Standing below the mountain and looking up, one could only see a giant in a blood-red cassock standing at the peak. He was like a true Buddha that came to the mortal world.

"Die." Jialuo Gu raised his hand and brought it down.

The golden hand was like a huge mountain with five peaks. It fell upon Monk Lidi's head. His expression hardened as well. He immediately raised his arms and attacked, pushing Jialuo Gu's huge hand upward.

"As expected of the Thousand Treasure Cassock. Even a tiny bit of its power is still so strong. No wonder the ancestor of the Death Zen Sect could survive Empress Chi Yao's hit by wearing the cassock."

"Monk Lidi's cultivation is strong, but he might not be able to resist the Thousand Treasure Cassock. I'm afraid he will lose."

"Monk Lidi can't lose. Otherwise, who can fight against Jialuo Gu?"

...

...

Jialuo Gu took a deep breath of Spiritual Qi. He raised a huge arm and thrust it forward. The golden palm landed squarely on Monk Lidi, sending him flying miles back.

"Lidi, your abilities aren't much either," Jialuo Gu laughed.

Monk Lidi landed steadily on the ground. He looked up at Jialuo Gu and said, "I didn't expect you could use the Thousand Treasure Cassock's power to this extent. It's quite

beyond my imagination. It seems that I'll have to use my full abilities to defeat you."

Under everyone's scrutiny, Monk Lidi removed the large broadsword from his back and grasped the hilt.

"Is this monk finally going to use his broadsword?"

Many people had noticed Monk Lidi's broadsword earlier. It was at least two meters long and was very wide. There were various menacing demonic runes carved on the blade. Instead of a Buddhist weapon, it looked more like a demonic one.

Monk Lidi glanced in Chen Tianpeng's direction and smiled. "You asked me earlier why I walk so slowly, correct?"

Chen Tianpeng was confused.

"It isn't that I purposefully walk slowly. It's because I recently opened the Buddhist Butcher Sword's sixth seal, making it ten times heavier. Carrying it is like carrying ten mountains. That is why I walk so slowly."

Hearing this, it finally dawned on all the Monks present. It was because his broadsword was too heavy.

Wait...Buddhist Butcher Sword?

A young Monk in a King Seat was extremely shocked. He shot up and asked, "Monk, what did you just say? Buddhist Butcher Sword?"

The other Monks finally processed this. Countless pairs of eyes turned towards Monk Lidi.

"The legendary Buddhist Butcher Sword?"

"Tonight's Heir Banquet is honestly eye-opening. The Hundred Saint Blood Armor, the Thousand Treasure Cassock, the Void Sword, the Buddhist Butcher Sword...all these saint weapons that belong in the legends are appearing one after another."

There were countless myths about the Buddhist Butcher Sword in the Buddha Way. It was comparable to the Thousand Treasure Cassock.

It was said that the owner had been a horrible demon. In the middle ages, he was an earth-shaking figure. So many holy monks had died under his sword.

But somehow, Saint Monk Xumi had persuaded him to put down his butcher sword and give up on the evil way. In the end, he'd become a disciple of the Buddha Way and spent his life doing kind deeds to atone for his sins.

After countless years, only the big Buddhist Butcher Sword was passed down. However, the demonic Qi on it was too heavy. Even a Saint Monk in the Buddha Way didn't dare use it. No one expected that Monk Lidi would be carrying it on his back.

“This monk actually dares to carry the Buddhist Butcher Sword. Isn't he afraid that the demonic Qi will affect him?” Bu Qianfan asked.

Saint Lady was happier now. She smiled faintly. “This monk is the top disciple of the Nirvana Way. He has fused with the Buddha's golden body and should be able to resist the demonic Qi. Furthermore, the Buddhist Butcher Sword has seals left by various Saint Monks. Otherwise, the demonic Qi it radiates wouldn't be as simple as what we now see. The Nirvana Way must have given the sword to Monk Lidi to challenge him with the demonic Qi. This can make him fuse faster with the Buddha's body and reach the state of complete control.”

The Saint Lady had only been a bit relieved after Lin Yue had defeated the Third Royal Prince. She didn't become completely relieved until Monk Lidi appeared. Now, she felt light, because she was sure that Jialuo Gu would definitely lose.

Tonight's Heir Banquet shouldn't be destroyed by the Vampires and Death Zen Sect. She would be able to report to the empress. However, she had another worry. Her pretty eyes involuntarily moved in Zhang Ruo Chen's direction.

A jealous voice sounded from an Heir Seat. “So he's become this strong because he fused with the Buddha's golden body?”

If I do the same, who below the Half-Saint level could fight with me?”

The speaker was the royal prince of the First Central Empire, Chi Wansui.

Gai Tianjiao snickered. “You think anyone can cultivate the Buddha’s golden body? If you want to do it, you must fulfil many strict requirements. Otherwise, the Nirvana Way wouldn’t have searched for 800 years before finding Monk Lidi to do it successfully.”

The other Monks in the Heir Seats agreed with Gai Tianjiao and nodded at the same time.

Since Monk Lidi could fuse with the Buddha’s golden body, he must have extraordinary points. No matter how talented the others were, they probably couldn’t do it either.

Anyway, everyone had different experiences. There was no need to envy others. They should just be themselves.

When Jialuo Gu heard “Buddhist Butcher Sword,” he was also shocked. He re-gathered his power and smashed a palm down towards Monk Lidi with all his power.

Monk Lidi saw the palm descending from the sky, but he was still very calm. He just raised his Buddhist Butcher Sword and said, “There are no Buddhist or demonic weapons in the world. It only depends on the user. If a Buddhist weapon falls in the hands of a demon, it will also become a demonic weapon.”

Then he filled the Buddhist Butcher Sword with Holy Qi. Shreds of demonic Qi surged wildly from the sword, transforming into a huge vortex of demonic Qi.

Whoosh!

Monk Lidi stood in the heart of the vortex. He brought his sword down with destructive force, hacking Jialuo Gu’s palm into two. Fresh red blood poured out of the palm.

Jialuo Gu cried out when his palm was split open. Like a leaking balloon, his body shrunk and quickly turned back to its original size.

Whoosh!

Monk Lidi brought his sword down again, going for Jialuo Gu's neck now. With a crack, Jialuo Gu's neck snapped. His head flew off and rolled down the steps like a bloody leather ball.

“Amitabha!”

Monk Lidi tied the Buddhist Butcher Sword back onto his back. Then he put his hands together and prayed towards Jialuo Gu's corpse. Gasps sounded across Scroll Mountain. Many felt numb at this scene before their eyes.

He was a monk, but he'd killed without even blinking.

Chen Tianpeng was especially relieved. It was fortunate that he'd apologized voluntarily and didn't anger this monk. Otherwise, he would've died like Jialuo Gu.

Seeing how shocked everyone was, Monk Lidi was worried he'd give the Nirvana Fire a bad image. He quickly explained, “To be honest, it's my first time killing someone.”

Everyone shook their heads, not believing him at all. They'd be stupid to believe him.

Monk Lidi sighed. “I must kill if I take out the Buddhist Butcher Sword. I had no other choice. Since I've violated a religious precept, I will punish myself and not drink wine for at least three days.”

But didn't drinking also violate the religious precept? The people trusted Monk Lidi even less now. They just felt that this monk wasn't anything good. They definitely couldn't anger him in the future.

The Thousand Treasure Cassock fell off of Jialuo Gu's body. It rushed into the clouds in the sky. The older figures knew clearly that the Death Zen Sect's ancestor must have taken the cassock back. Thus, no one tried to fight for it.

The Death Zen Sect's ancestor was the most powerful of the Buddha Way, second only to the Buddha. When he was young, he was a prodigy that had shaken the world. If he hadn't fallen into the evil way, he would've become a second Buddha.

Who dared to fight with someone like that?

The white-haired elder of the Vampires also slipped away with the Third Royal Prince. One must admit that Zhang Ruochen and Monk Lidi had finally foiled the Vampires' and Death Zen Sect's conspiracy, making them lose greatly instead. It was honestly satisfying.

Chapter 763 - Hidden Danger

Translator:

Transn

Editor:

Transn

After Jialuo Gu and the Third Royal Prince left, dead and injured respectively, things calmed down. The Heir Banquet was finally back on the right path.

Monk Lidi had purposefully killed someone, breaking the rules of the Heir Banquet, but the Saint Lady didn't drive him away from Scroll Mountain.

"It is logical in the Buddha Way to kill traitors. It doesn't count as breaking the rules," the Saint Lady said.

Clearly, she'd met Monk Lidi long ago and was sure that he would be one of the nine Heirs. Thus, no matter if Monk Lidi's actions were understandable or not, he would definitely be able to sit in an Heir Seat.

After that, Monks began to stream up Scroll Mountain again, fighting for seats in the Talent, Conquer, King, and Heir sections.

Beigong Lan abruptly stood up from the second King Seat. She began climbing up to the Heir Seats.

Her injuries were actually completely healed.

She'd brought the holy medicine Withered Pill from the Saint Academy. This pill was made from a withered ten thousand-year-old tree. It contained extremely strong medicinal powers.

As long as a Monk was still breathing, no matter how badly injured they were, they would recover within two hours of taking the Withered Pill.

Beigong Lan's abilities were actually powerful enough to be the top fighter of the Saint Academy. If the Third Royal Prince hadn't been wearing the Hundred Saint Blood Armor, he wouldn't have been a match for her at all.

At the same time, other young Monks who'd been sitting in the King Seats and were relatively confident in themselves left their seats as well. They went up to fight for the Heir Seats.

The intense banquet had only just begun. It was still uncertain who exactly would keep their Heir Seat.

However, Zhang Ruochen looked extremely calm. He sat cross-legged on the ground and put all his strength into healing himself.

“What's going on?”

Zhang Ruochen abruptly felt the world spin. He felt something in his heart, so he opened his eyes slowly. The scene before him really was upended. He couldn't see the Scroll Mountain at all or any people. It was as if he was inside an inky scroll.

At first, Zhang Ruochen was confused, but he quickly understood what had happened. He recovered his composure and continued sitting cross-legged on the ground. “As expected from a mental power Saint,” he said. “You can change the entire world with just a thought. I have to be impressed.”

Whoosh!

In the near distance, a ball of black smoke flowed quickly. It regrouped and formed a gentle and beautiful girl. She wore plain clothing with a silver belt, making her waist and figure look slim and slender.

It was the Saint Lady.

Her eyes were extremely bright and each eyelash was clear. However, her eyes were troubled. “With your talent and abilities, you can definitely get an Heir Seat. Why are you willing to only be a guard?”

“My Saint, did you bring me here just to ask me this?” Zhang Ruochen laughed self-deprecatingly. “As the saying goes,

heroes have difficulties going past beauties. I, Lin Yue, may not be a hero, but I still can't get past this challenge. Princess Yanchen was discriminated against by the three heirs of the Eastern Region Saint Mansion. As her pursuer, how can I just stand by?"

The blacks and whites of the Saint Lady's eyes were clear. She stared unblinkingly at Zhang Ruochen as if trying to see through him. "Can you really give up everything for someone you love?" she asked. "Is it worth it? Do you know what the Heir represents? Do you know why the empress sent the order to choose nine Heirs?"

Zhang Ruochen shook his head as if he didn't care. The Saint Lady sighed, but she didn't give up. She wanted to continue persuading Lin Yue because she'd decided long ago that he must be one of the three Heirs.

"With your cultivation realm, you must not know some of the secrets," she said. "For the past centuries, the imperial court has dispatched soldiers many times. After countless huge battles, they finally drove the beasts of the five territories out. The human territory has never been so vast before."

"On the surface, Kunlun's Field has entered a golden age. All the Saints are in harmony, many talents have been produced, Martial Arts is growing, and the human race's power has never been so strong before.

"In reality, there are many dangers hidden behind this vibrant scene. Take the netherworld of the tomb forest, for example. It is recorded that the territory there is boundless with countless dead spirits and evils. Even a Saint might never return after entering it.

"Can you imagine how horrible the consequences may be if the spirits or evils escape from the netherworld?"

Zhang Ruochen nodded. He obviously knew how dangerous the tomb forest was. Thankfully, there was a mysterious force there that repressed all the spirits and evils. Otherwise, the consequences would be unimaginable.

“Or take for example the Savage Barren Territory. The beasts of the five territories may have been driven out, but the beasts within the Savage Barren Territory are innumerable. If the empress hadn’t charged into it 300 years ago and killed the eight beast emperors, intimidating the beast race, the five territories wouldn’t have been so peaceful either.”

Actually, Kunlun’s Field had been a savage land in ancient times. Even after the human race was born, it was made up only of small tribes. Later, some tribes grew stronger and cut out a small territory in the savage land, which developed into cities and countries.

Even now, the five territories of the human race put together was still only a small piece of land. More of Kunlun’s Field was still controlled by savage beasts. Thus, it was known as the Savage Barren Territory.

Eight hundred years ago, the five territories of humanity were only half of their current size. Internal conflicts were endless, while people also had to worry about beast attacks.

In recent centuries, the human race had been developing fairly quickly.

Zhang Ruochen knew how terrifying the Savage Barren Territory was. A slight mishap could destroy the human civilization.

Eight hundred years ago, the human race had three emperors and three empresses. However, there were dozens of beast emperors in the Savage Barren Territory.

Thankfully, the various beast races were also caught up in internal conflicts and weren’t united. This was why humans could become the rulers of Kunlun’s Field.

If the beast races united, it would be a nightmare for the humans. The flourishing five territories would instantly turn into a living hell.

Three hundred years ago, Empress Chi Yao discovered that a dark force was uniting the beast races of the Savage Barren Territory. They wanted to invade the human race’s territory.

Thus, she decided to charge into the Savage Barren Territory. She killed eight beast emperors in a row and finally foiled their conspiracy before it began. The beast races could only submit to her.

“With Empress Chi Yao ruling Kunlun’s Field, we naturally don’t have to worry about threats from the Savage Barren Territory,” Saint Lady said. “But what if something happened to her?”

Zhang Ruochen chuckled. “Who can threaten her with her current cultivation?”

“Heaven’s laws,” Saint Lady answered.

Zhang Ruochen’s eyes narrowed. He quickly understood what Saint Lady meant.

“In the middle ages, the Divine Sky-Connecting Tree was snapped. Kunlun’s Field no longer had any humans or beasts who could become gods. Some say that that’s because something changed in heaven’s laws. Anyone close to becoming a god would be killed.”

“Now, the Empress’ cultivation is infinitely close to that of a god...”

The Saint Lady didn’t dare utter the second half.

Zhang Ruochen’s eyes hardened. Clenching his hand into a fist, he said, “Is the Empress choosing nine Heirs because she believes the danger from heaven’s laws is coming?”

All this time, Zhang Ruochen’s biggest motivation for becoming stronger had been to take revenge on Chi Yao. If she was killed by heaven’s laws, who could he take revenge on?

Saint Lady didn’t answer Zhang Ruochen’s words. After a long silence, she finally said, “It isn’t only because of the tomb forest and the Savage Barren Territory. There’s also the boundless abyss. There are also many uncertainties overseas, such as the Death Zen Sect and the Vampires. There are unknown dangers in the Void World battleground, too, which may even threaten the fate of the entire Kunlun’s Field.”

Saint Lady looked to Zhang Ruochen again. “Lin Yue, do you know how important the nine Heirs are now? Don’t you want to receive the cultivation resources that every Saint dreams about?”

“For example, the chance to cultivate in the Tianlun Print, or the Thousand-Pattern Weapons, the Ten Thousand-Pattern Weapons, divine pills, divine medicine... If you had these resources, your cultivation would definitely skyrocket, leaving everyone else in your dust. If you miss this chance, the gap between you and the nine Heirs will stretch wider and wider until they are in the sky and you are on the ground.”

“Plus, even without these resources, don’t you wish to do something for humanity?”

The Saint Lady reached out a slender snowy-white hand. With a whoosh, white holy light emerged. The next moment, a bean-sized pill was in her palm.

“This is a Withered Pill. If you promise me you’ll fight for an Heir Seat, I’ll give you this pill to heal your injuries.”

Her pretty and divine eyes carried anticipation. She stretched her hand to Zhang Ruochen, waiting for him to make a choice. After all, with her status, she’d never done something like this to a Monk in the Fish-Dragon Realm.

She thirsted for true talent, but there was also something else.

Zhang Ruochen shook his head and looked away from the Withered Pill. “I’m sorry for having you waste your affections on me. Since I’m already Princess Yanchen’s guard, I will not fight for an Heir Seat. I have already decided. Please do not try to persuade me anymore.”

The Saint Lady was both extremely disappointed and confused. She’d already said so much, but she still couldn’t move him? Why?

However, she could see that Zhang Ruochen truly was repulsed by the Heir status, so she didn’t continue.

The Saint Lady sighed gently and pursed her lips. “You’re badly injured. Please take the Withered Pill.”

Even if Zhang Ruochen wouldn't compete for the Heir Seat, the Saint Lady had already prepared to give him the Withered Pill.

Chapter 764 - Blood Print Saint Decree, Six Saints to the Sky Wine

Translator:

Transn

Editor:

Transn

“Thank you.”

Zhang Ruochen accepted the Withered Pill. Using Holy Qi, he covered the pill so the Qi wouldn't be lost after being exposed to the air.

Saint Lady studied Zhang Ruochen and shook her head softly. “In the tomb forest, I told you that I would give you an opportunity. At that time, I'd already decided to send you to the Heir Seat and help you become one of the nine Heirs, no matter what. Since you don't wish to be an Heir, I'll give you Saint Decree.”

Saint Lady waved her sleeve. A golden scroll flew out and hovered in the air. She cut her slender right forefinger and wrote quickly in the air with it. Drops of saintly blood instantly flew out. They fell on the scroll and transformed into a block of text.

When the words appeared, the scroll shone blindingly. Powerful saintly might poured out of the scroll.

Zhang Ruochen was surprised. “The Blood Print Saint Decree.”

The Blood Print Saint Decree was obviously very different from a typical Saint Decree. Those were created when a Saint wrote with ink. It would still contain saintly might, but it only stored a little bit of the Saint's power.

The Blood Print Saint Decree was different. It was written with the Saint's blood and could store a great amount of their power. Furthermore, if anyone held the Saint Decree, it would be the same as if the Saint had arrived personally. It held great significance.

The Saint Lady rolled up the scroll and handed it to Zhang Ruochen. "From now on, you can use this when you run into trouble and, to some extent, utilize the imperial court's power. The Ministry of War, World God Temple, the major public offices, and even the four Confucian sects should listen to me. Of course, if you use my Saint Decree to do illegal things, I will immediately take it back."

She handed the Blood Print Saint Decree to Zhang Ruochen to repay him. Zhang Ruochen would have a clear conscience even if he took it.

Thus, he accepted it without hesitation. Then he looked at Saint Lady's flawlessly beautiful features and smiled. "No wonder you're one of the Nine Heavenly Maidens by the empress' side. You want to take me in so quickly."

If Zhang Ruochen used the Blood Print Saint Decree, those in the imperial court would naturally think that he was under the Saint Lady now. That was why he suspected the Saint Lady was using this to bribe him.

"More than that, I wish to become your friend. Actually...if you become an Heir, your path of cultivation will be hundreds or even thousands of times easier now... Whatever."

The Saint Lady smiled and continued, "If you return to the Central Region in the future, remember to come see me. Remember, we're friends. Don't call me 'Your Excellence' or 'Saint Lady' anymore. My name is Nalan Danqing."

Before her words even registered fully, she stepped forward. Her willowy figure transformed into a puff of inky smoke. When it dissipated, she was gone.

Whoosh!

Then the inky world scattered, revealing the true world. Zhang Ruochen was still sitting cross-legged on the ground and he

was still on Scroll Mountain. There was still a mass of people around him; the sounds of battles still rang in his ears.

Everything that had happened was like a dream.

But there truly was a Withered Pill and a Saint Decree in Zhang Ruochen's hands. It proved that he and the Saint Lady had truly met alone just then.

Nalan Danqing.

Zhang Ruochen glanced at the mountaintop. He smiled, shaking his head, and put the Saint Decree away in his sleeve. Then he glanced at the Withered Pill in his hands. "So generous," he muttered to himself. "She actually just gives away Withered Pills."

The Withered Pill, a grade nine pill, was known to be a treasure that could revive the dead. As long as a Monk was still breathing, they could be saved after taking this pill.

One could only buy the Withered Pill at large auctions. Even then, it would be extremely expensive—at least two or three thousand spirit crystals.

Even a Half-Saint would give up everything for a Withered Pill. It was evidently very precious.

Zhang Ruochen's state was critical, but he could still endure it, so he didn't really want to use the Withered Pill.

I'll save it for the future. It might save my life.

He put the Withered Pill away and took out a grade six treatment pill. Swallowing it, he continued healing himself.

The Heir Banquet battles dragged on to the later half of midnight before finally dying down.

The nine Heir Seats, 108 King Seats, 3,000 Conquer Seats, and 18,000 Talent Seats were filled completely. The talents of Kunlun's Field were all together here. It was a once-in-a-millennium occasion.

After several rounds of battles, the nine Heir Seats were confirmed too. They sat firmly in their seats by displaying

abilities that far surpassed the others. They'd earned their spots.

Zhang Ruochen was curious too. He looked up, wanting to know who the nine Heirs were.

They were six men and three women.

He knew five of them: Ouyang Huan of the Demonic Sect, Xue Wuye of the Wanxiang City, Gai Tianjiao of the Yin and Yang Sect, Beigong Lan of the Central Region Saint Academy, and Monk Lidi of the Nirvana Sect.

He didn't know the other four at all.

They must be extraordinary if they could pull through from the various rounds of battle. Each one is a brilliant talent. Zhang Ruochen nodded subtly.

He'd personally seen Ouyang Huan and Gai Tianjiao fight. They were both crazy fighters. With Zhang Ruochen's current cultivation state, he wouldn't be able to get the upper hand against them, unless he used the Void Sword and power of time and space.

Beigong Lan was amazing too. She had already cultivated Sword Two to the fourth level at her young age. Countless people would only dream of her talent and level.

However, Zhang Ruochen didn't fully understand Monk Lidi and Xue Wuye's abilities.

Monk Lidi had specially melded with the Buddha's golden body. Even if he didn't do anything, those below the seventh level Half-Saint wouldn't be able to hurt him. He was something entirely different.

As for Xue Wuye, his abilities should be equal to Ouyang Huan. However, Zhang Ruochen had a fuzzy feeling that Xue Wuye possessed powerful sword intent. It was possible he'd cultivated Sword Two to the fifth level, which was the complete state.

If this was the case, he would actually be stronger than Ouyang Huan.

The nine Heir Seats were obviously extremely valuable. Those who represented the Heirs far surpassed the others.

Those in the 108 King Seats shouldn't be overlooked either. As kings of the younger generation, they had all had the potential to try for an Heir Seat, but failed due to some personal reasons.

For example, Bu Qianfan in the fifth King Seat had the Immortal Saint Body and was very strong. However, he'd only recently entered the Ninth Change of the Fish-Dragon Realm, so he was at quite a disadvantage.

If he had two more years, he could be at the pinnacle of the Ninth Change or have refined a drop of sacred blood. Then he would definitely be able to compete with Ouyang Huan and Gai Tianjiao for an Heir Seat.

One could only lament that he'd been born two years too late.

Then there was Ao Xinyan and the Orange Moon Star Emissary. They both had great potential. If they had the time to cultivate their Dragon Body or Extreme Yin Body successfully, they could compete with the nine Heirs too.

After the battles, the seats were all filled. However, the Heir Banquet was just starting.

Saint Lady rose from her seat. Manipulating all the Holy Qi in her, she announced, "Wine to the Talent Seats."

Many pretty girls from the bottom of Scroll Mountain carried jade platters and climbed up the mountain. They handed a flagon of wine to each Talent. Soon, every single one of the 18,000 Talents had received a flagon.

It was all the same type of wine, but the amount differed. Those in higher positions had more wine.

The genius at the 18,000th Talent seat was a dark-skinned man with bushy facial hair. He lifted the flagon and poured out a cup. There wasn't a single drop left in the flagon.

"Only one cup? Saint Lady, that's too stingy! This tiny cup isn't even enough to pick my teeth with," the man complained with a bitter expression.

The other Talents all lifted their flagons and shook them. Then they set them down with knowing smiles.

The Talent in the first seat was overjoyed because his flagon was filled completely. Who knew how many cups it contained?

Saint Lady smiled sweetly. “You’re complaining? You must know that this tiny cup of wine is worth five million spirit crystals and is not sold anywhere. Even a Half-Saint might not be able to drink it.”

Five million spirit crystals for a tiny cup? The Saint Lady obviously wouldn’t lie about this.

Everyone was in disbelief. Some of them picked up their cups and tried the wine.

“This is...the legendary Six Saints to the Sky Wine...” A Talent in the Ninth Change of the Fish-Dragon Realm held his cup. His face was entirely red and he shook excitedly. He could barely speak coherently and he’d completely forgotten about his image. “The Martial Market Bank auctioned it once before. Just a drop was worth 50,000 spirit crystals.”

“What? Six Saints to the Sky Wine?”

The other Talents were all shocked too. The Sky Wine had been created by six Saints in the middle ages who’d studied it for their entire lives.

Drinking one cup would give them the power to reach the sky. The Monks’ bodies would improve greatly. If an average man drank a whole flagon, his body would reach the state of a Saint Body. It was practically like shooting to the sky.

At first, the six Saints had created this wine to strengthen human bodies and train humanity against the savage beasts. Unfortunately, just as they made the first batch, they were attacked by powerful beasts.

To prevent the formula from being taken by the beasts, the six Saints had destroyed it at once. Afterward, the six Saints had been killed by the beasts. No one knew the formula of the Sky Wine.

This was why people called it the “Six Saints to the Sky Wine.”

The young Monks in the first ten Talent Seats were ecstatic. They all had a full flagon of the wine. With this, they could turn their bodies to the level of a Saint Body. They could truly reach the sky with one step.

As expected, the Saint Lady gave extraordinary gifts. This was the true Heir Banquet.

With the 18,000 Talent Seats receiving such a precious wine, the higher Conquer Seats, King Seats, and Heir Seats must have the opportunity to taste even more extraordinary things.

Chapter 765 - Three

Thousand Saint Bodies

Translator:

Transn

Editor:

Transn

The 18,000 Monks in the Talent Seats weren't the only ones excited. Even the 3,000 Monks in Conquer Seats were jealous, too.

Everyone wished they could become stronger. Everyone wished they could reach the level of a Saint Body.

Even some of the Half-Saint elders licked their lips as they eyed the flagons. Unfortunately, they weren't the guests of the Heir Banquet and they didn't have the right to taste the Six Saints to the Sky Wine. They could only look on."

"Probably only the imperial court can take out so much Six Saints to the Sky Wine at once."

"I heard that the empress killed a beast emperor and found seven large vats of the wine in his lair. In the past 300 years, she's rewarded many accomplished officials with the wine. There wasn't that much left in the first place. She's probably using all the remaining wine for the Heir Banquet. It'll be near impossible to taste it in the future."

"With the Six Saints to the Sky Wine refining their bodies, the 18,000 Talents will definitely improve greatly. This will strengthen the Kunlun's Field as a whole."

"The Heir Banquet is an event that will vigorously develop the human race. One hundred years from now, the Talents of the Heir Banquet will mature fully. They'll definitely become rulers, and the core of Kunlun's Field."

All the Talents drank the Six Saints to the Sky Wine impatiently and started cultivating. The Saint Lady nodded in satisfaction. Then she announced, “Meat to the Conquer Seats.”

It was finally time for the Conquer Seats. Everyone grew excited and curious. What treasure would the 3,000 Conquerors get? It would definitely be even more precious than the Six Saints to the Sky Wine.

Below Scroll Mountain, armored men of the Elephant-Human Clan picked up bronze three-legged platters more than 40 inches tall. They started climbing the mountain and placed the platters before the 3,000 Conquerors.

One of the Conquerors couldn't resist his curiosity. He immediately lifted the lid. A nine-colored flame shot out of the platter, radiating with shocking heat.

Whoosh—

At the same time, the scent of meat spread out and covered the entire Scroll Mountain. There was a fist-sized hunk of meat on the bottom of the bronze platter. It looked translucent. The fire and odor came from the meat.

Even with just the whiff, everyone started salivating already. Their stomachs grumbled.

One must realize that once a Monk reaches the First Change of the Fish-Dragon Realm—the Rest of the Instincts—the Monk is able to use the Qi within him as food. He would no longer need human food, and would be able to fast and achieve immortality.

But the meat before them right now had such a tantalizing smell. The urge to eat rose up from within them.

“What kind of meat can smell so delicious?”

“I can feel immense power within the meat. Might it be meat from a Saint Beast?”

...

Hearing the words “meat from a Saint Beast,” everyone trembled. Their eyes glowed hotly.

When a savage beast cultivated to the Saint Realm, they would practically become a body of medicine. Every part of them was a treasure. If one could get a bite of a Saint Beast, not only would they increase their longevity, they could also temper their bodies and raise their cultivations. There were endless benefits.

The Saint Lady just smiled. “How can I bring a mere Saint Beast’s meat to the Heir Banquet? The meat before you all is from the Holy Fire Kirin Emperor of the Savage Barren Territory.”

A beast emperor’s meat? The 3,000 Conquerors weren’t the only ones completely dazed and in shock. Everyone, including the Saints in Shentai City, gasped.

In human territory, a beast emperor was like a god. Even Saints would fight over a single drop of a beast emperor’s blood.

However, it wasn’t just a drop of blood before their eyes right now. It was a platter of meat. Even a piece of meat would contain at least a dozen drops of blood, and a platter much more.

Zhang Ruochen inhaled sharply, too, feeling surprised. After all, he’d only entered the Second Change of the Fish-Dragon Realm by refining a drop of Blue Fire Xuanwu blood. A beast emperor’s blood was so many times more powerful than Blue Fire Xuanwu blood.

Thus, it was evident how precious a piece of a beast emperor’s meat was.

The 3,000 Conquerors trembled excitedly, but they quickly thought of another problem. With their cultivation, it would be hard to refine even one drop of blood. If they ate an entire piece or platter at once, wouldn’t they be stuffing themselves to death?

Saint Lady seemed to sense their concerns. “The Holy Fire Kirin Emperor’s blood was cooked by the royal chef with 18 special ancient and top-secret methods. You can try it without worry. The Holy Fire Kirin Emperor cultivated the Nine-

colored Divine Fire. This in itself is a treasure for cultivating one's body. It creates the same effect as the Six Saint to the Sky Wine, albeit through a different process.

“If you are strong enough and eat enough kirin meat, you can raise your body to the Saint Body level. There's also a big chance you can cultivate some of the Holy Fire Kirin's special powers, such as the kirin eye, the kirin ear, the kirin arm, the kirin bone, the kirin divine soul... Anyway, how many benefits you receive depends on your own destiny.”

Before the Saint Lady finished, the 3,000 Conquerors began wolfing down the food. Their lips smacked as if they were about to swallow their own tongues.

The meat banquet was similar to the wine banquet. Those in higher spots received more of the Holy Fire Kirin meat. Those in the top ten seats had an entire platter of it.

Only a few minutes passed when the eyes of the purple-clothed girl in the third Conquer Seat turned into nine colors. Light shot out from her eyes and streaked across the night sky, stretching hundreds of miles into the distance. By eating the meat, she'd actually cultivated the Nine-Colored Kirin Eye.

At the same time, muffled sounds came from her body. Then holy light shot out of her, wrapping around her like a cocoon. Every inch of her skin became translucent and flawless.

Using the power within the kirin meat, the purple-clothed girl had instantly reached the Half-Saint Realm. She'd gone from a fish to dragon. From now on, she was a Half-Saint instead of a mortal. She would now be revered and worshipped by countless people.

In fact, she'd only absorbed 1/1000th of Kirin Blood Qi. The rest was stored within her body. It would be released gradually.

One could imagine how shocking her cultivation speed would be when she absorbed the rest of the Blood Qi. She would shoot forward in the Half-Saint Realm.

Of course, it wasn't possible for everyone to instantly reach the Half-Saint Realm by eating the Holy Fire Kirin Meat. It

was only extra help. In reality, the purple-clothed girl had reached the pinnacle of the Ninth Change more than ten years ago. She had a deep understanding of the Saint Way too.

Basically, eating the Holy Fire Kirin Meat was just the push to activate her decade of accumulation and reach the Half-Saint Realm instantly. Those who could keep their seats in the Conqueror Seat were all geniuses. In fact, 80 or 90 percent of them were in the pinnacle of the Ninth Change. They were only a step away from the Half-Saint Realm.

The requirements for the Half-Saint Realm were too high, thus blocking them and stopping their cultivation process. Some of them had reached the Ninth Change more than 30 years ago and were still walking in place.

Eating the Holy Fire Kirin Meat was like taking a steroid. Many people broke into the Half-Saint Realm one after another.

“I’m finally in the Half-Saint Realm! From now on, I can travel throughout the world. Are there any places in Kunlun’s Field that I can’t reach now?”

“Haha! I also reached the Half-Saint Realm. My longevity has increased. I can live to at least 240 years old. I feel so much younger already. When I return to Hongliang Manor, I will order people to build a temple and worship my statue. I will use my saintly soul to absorb the thousands of incenses.”

“I’ve been stuck in the Ninth Change of the Fish-Dragon Realm for 20 years. I’ve already given up. I can’t believe I actually broke through tonight. I’ve finally turned a new page for my cultivation journey.”

...

Only an hour had passed and more than 300 of the 3,000 Conquerors had formed their saint souls, reaching the Half-Saint Realm.

One moment, they were still mortals. The next, they’d become Half-Saints.

One could imagine that, as time passed, at least 1,000 Conquerors would reach the Half-Saint Realm within half a

year. Just the thought of it was shocking. A Half-Saint was in a completely different league from a Monk in the Ninth Change of the Fish-Dragon Realm, both in status and ability.

In addition, 3,000 Conquerors had all physically reached the Saint Body's level after eating the kirin meat.

Of course, they were still a bit different from a true Saint Body. A true Saint Body contained the Saint Body Laksana. The 3,000 Conquerors didn't have this great advantage. Only the Conquerors who'd cultivated the special abilities of the Holy Fire Kirin could truly be comparable to a Saint Body.

Even so, the 3,000 Conquerors had reached the first level of the Half-Saint Realm. They were still able to become the best of the first level and compete with those in the second level.

With Zhang Ruochen's current level in the Eighth Change of the Fish-Dragon Realm, he probably wouldn't be a match for them. After all, the Ninth Change of the Fish-Dragon Realm and the Half-Saint Realm didn't only have a realm's difference between them. They were basically worlds away from each other.

Huang Yanchen stared downward. She watched as people from the 3,000 Conqueror Seats broke into the Half-Saint Realm and shone with blinding light.

She had a surprised expression. "The Holy Fire Kirin Meat is so powerful. It can actually create 3,000 Conquerors of the Saint Body level. If they mature, how powerful will the human race's strength become?"

Zhang Ruochen had long since composed himself. He looked to be deep in thought. "It's not the Holy Fire Kirin Meat that's truly powerful."

Chapter 766 - Half-Saint of Spiritual Power

Translator:

Transn

Editor:

Transn

Huang Yanchen was a bit surprised. She looked toward Zhang Ruochen and asked, “Is the meat of the Holy Fire Kirin not powerful enough?”

Zhang Ruochen smiled and said, “It is indeed valuable and known as a priceless treasure. Even Saints will flock towards it. However, in the history of humanity, there have been emperors who killed Beast Emperors. Why weren’t they able to produce 3,000 Conquers with physiques similar to Saint Bodies?”

Huang Yanchen furrowed her brow. After a pause, she said, “Is it because only the Nine-colored Divine Fire that the Holy Fire Kirin Emperor cultivated can transform a Monk’s essence? A Monk who eats other Beast Emperors’ meat won’t be able to reach that effect?”

Zhang Ruochen shook his head. “Do you know how much power is contained in a drop of a Beast Emperor’s blood?” he asked in return. “A regular Fish-Dragon Monk won’t be able to digest the drop of blood. In fact, their bodies won’t be able to withstand that power. They’ll burst and die. Of the 3,000 Conquers, some ate an entire platter of the Holy Fire Kirin meat. They’d ingested thousands of drops of blood, but they were able to withstand it. Don’t you find it incredible?”

Huang Yanchen’s eyes brightened. She kind of understood Zhang Ruochen. “So you’re saying that it’s not the Holy Fire Kirin meat that’s powerful. It’s the 18 ancient and secret

techniques of the imperial chef that created this incredible miracle of the Heir Banquet.”

“That’s right.” Zhang Ruochen nodded. “Empress Chi Yao’s imperial kitchen must have a powerful figure. Only a true expert can cook the meat of a Beast Emperor. A regular Monk probably can’t cut the meat, even with a saint weapon.”

“Can it be made personally by Goddess Natty, one of the Nine Heavenly Maidens?” Huang Yanchen asked. “It’s said that she received the heritage of the God of Food from ancient times. She has the world’s most miraculous hands. Tasting a dish that she cooked is more effective than taking a sacred pill.”

In the ancient times, “gods” had existed in Kunlun’s Field. If Goddess Natty had really received the heritage of this “god,” then she definitely wasn’t limited to cooking. She must be a very powerful character.

“None of the Nine Heavenly Maidens are simple.” Zhang Ruochen glanced at the Saint Lady with a heavy expression. With his current cultivation, he was much weaker than the Nine Heavenly Maidens. When could he catch up to Chi Yao’s realm?

The Saint Lady announced now, “Tea for the King Seat.”

One hundred and eight girls dressed in white palace uniforms came in, dancing. As they danced beautifully, they carried crystal platters and placed tea sets before the 108 young Kings.

The teapots were green and translucent. There were mysterious engravings on the surfaces. Each line seemed to contain power of the Saintly Way.

The three teacups in each set were also green. They were made with the same material and also radiated with pure Holy Qi. They made people feel refreshed.

“The teapots and cups are all made of saintly jade. Each set is worth a whole city. I wonder what kind of tea can be qualified for this tea set.”

Most of the young Monks who could keep their King seats had Saint Bodies. The others had unique physiques that were even stronger than Saint Bodies. Thus, they were more composed.

Even though they anticipated the tea inside, they could control their emotions.

Bu Qianfan seemed nonchalant. He picked up the teapot and poured into one of the cups.

Splash!

The tea was cool and emerald green. It looked like jade nectar and had a fresh fragrance. But other than that, there was nothing special about it. However, how could regular tea be brought to the Heir Banquet?

Everyone looked over at the Saint Lady. She just smiled and said, “This tea is called the Supreme Saint Heavenly Tea. These are the only 108 servings that have ever existed from the middle ages ’till now.”

Her words were quite bizarre. It had been at least 100,000 years since the middle ages. How could these 108 servings be the only ones? Was she not qualified to taste it either?

“There is no need to doubt my words,” Saint Lady said. “The wine, meat, and tea here have all been personally prepared by the empress for all the talents present. The 108 servings of Supreme Saint Heavenly Tea use the saintly sources of eight Beast Emperors as tea leaves. Thirty-seven millennium-old saintly medicines are added as well. It took 300 years to refine.

“This is why I said that these are the only 108 servings to have existed since the middle ages. It is not an exaggeration at all. Who else can create the Supreme Saint Heavenly Tea in the next 100,000 years?”

No one could keep calm after hearing Saint Lady’s explanation of the tea. Even the Saints of the large forces in Shentai City flushed red with excitement. Their blood started bubbling within.

Martial arts had four realms: Huang Realm, Xuan Realm, Earth Realm, and Heavenly Realm.

The Saintly Way also had four realms: Half-Saint, Saint, Saint King, and Supreme Saint.

Only savage beasts that reached the Supreme Saint realm could become Beast Emperors and become the strongest existence in Kunlun's Field. Monks who refined a Saint's saintly source would have a bigger chance of becoming a Saint and reaching the Saint realm.

In 100,000 years, only Empress Chi Yao could use the saintly sources of eight Beast Emperors and create this Supreme Saint Heavenly Tea. One mouthful of the tea would be comparable to ingesting at least ten saintly sources.

"Is the empress really that enlightened and willing to take out something so precious for the young Kings to drink?"

"Probably even the ancient Saints would go crazy with envy."

"If the past human emperors had possessed such treasures, they wouldn't have shared them with everyone. The current empress is truly unparalleled through the ages."

...

Even the Monks of the Demonic Sect and other cults were incredibly impressed by Empress Chi Yao's actions. If they were in her spot and had the Supreme Saint Heavenly Tea, they would definitely drink it themselves. They wouldn't bring it out for a bunch of juniors that they didn't even know.

It was evident that the empress was truly a saint, working to revitalize the human race. She put many people to shame.

A young King from the Black Market raised his cup and announced, "Today, I, Shang Jia, vow that if I become the leader of the Black Market, we will never become enemies of the imperial court as long as the empress is ruling."

Zhang Ruochen inhaled sharply. He felt heavy. It was getting harder and harder to understand Chi Yao. He was curious about what exactly she was doing.

If Chi Yao really was so selfless and noble, why would she secretly attack and kill him back then? Why did she fool everyone and secretly construct the Heaven and Earth Altar?

Was tonight's Heir Banquet a bigger conspiracy? Or was it because Kunlun's Field was facing a great threat, as the Saint

Lady had said?

Chi Yao had been preparing for the Heir Banquet 300 years ago, or even earlier. Why is she cultivating so many Talents, Conquers, Kings, and Heirs?

Eight hundred years had passed. Chi Yao was no longer that innocent and naïve girl. She was no longer the cynical woman who'd killed Zhang Ruochen either. She'd become calculative and impossible to understand.

Drinking the Supreme Saint Heavenly Tea couldn't immediately make a Monk reach the almighty state. It could only aid the Monks in comprehending the Saintly Way. This meant that the 108 young Kings would definitely reach the Saint Realm, or an even higher state.

In addition, they would cultivate martial arts techniques and comprehend the Saintly Way very quickly. They would definitely become Saints within 100 years without reaching any bottlenecks.

The Talents who'd drank the Six Saints to the Sky Wine and the Conquers who'd eaten the Holy Fire Kirin meat would benefit too. However, it was still uncertain if they could reach the Saint Realm.

The first King Seat was the highest spot and also received the most tea. It was a full pot.

Huang Yanchen took out two teacups and filled them. Then she extended two slender fingers and gave one cup to Zhang Ruochen. Her eyes were extremely bright. "This pot of Supreme Saint Heavenly Tea belongs to you. Try it."

Zhang Ruochen didn't object. He accepted the cup and brought it to his lips, drinking it all. When the tea reached his stomach, it immediately turned into a puff of green Qi. It scattered, forming strands of holy Qi. They reached every crevice of his body like a spider web.

At this moment, Zhang Ruochen seemed to be covered in green saintly light. His head felt empty while the problems that had stumped him before all became extremely easy. His

understanding of the Saintly Way seemed to shoot up more each second.

Of course, the Supreme Saint Heavenly Tea could only help him understand the Saintly Way more easily. It couldn't make him go from the beginning of the Fish-Dragon Realm's Eighth Change to the middle stage.

For a Monk in the Ninth Change, it was completely different. They were already at the peak of their realm. The reason why they couldn't enter the Half-Saint Realm was because their understanding of the Saintly Way wasn't enough yet.

After drinking the Supreme Saint Heavenly Tea today, they could enter the next realm instantly.

More than 90 of the 108 young Kings became Half-Saints within 15 minutes. Only a few remained in the Fish-Dragon Realm because they didn't have high enough cultivation realms or purposefully repressed their cultivation.

Boom!

Suddenly, a saint soul formed above Zhang Ruochen's head. He'd reached the Half-Saint Realm.

How could someone in the beginning of the Fish-Dragon Realm's Eighth Change suddenly become a Half-Saint?

The Saint Lady had been observing Lin Yue. Seeing him form a saint soul, she wasn't surprised at all. She knew that Lin Yue cultivated Spiritual Power along with martial arts. The Supreme Saint Heavenly Tea must have strengthened his Spiritual Power, breaking through 45 levels and instantly becoming a Half-Saint of Spiritual Power.

Chapter 767 - Tenth Change of Fish-Dragon Realm

Translator:

Transn

Editor:

Transn

The divine soul that was cultivated by the Half Saint of Spiritual Power and the one by Half Saint of Martial Arts were very different.

When a monk of Martial Arts achieved the status of Heavenly Realm, he would be able to control the True Qi in his body and purify his soul. His soul would grow stronger and eventually evolve into a martial soul.

When the martial soul had grown stronger to a certain level, a divine soul could be formed by combining it with rules of Holy Road.

That said, the soul of a Martial Art monk was the soul of his own self.

Soul of a Half Saint of Spiritual Power was created out of nothing. When one's Spiritual Power had achieved a certain level, his spirit, energy and soul would be separated from his body and formed into his own unique divine soul.

That was the reason why, when the saint heart of the Saint Lady was repressed by the evil spirit of death, she became an ordinary mortal who couldn't defend herself.

The divine soul of a Half Saint of Spiritual Power had nothing much to do with the rules of the Holy Road. As your spiritual power strengthened, your divine soul would grow along with it.

Therefore, cultivation of Spiritual Power and Martial Arts were two completely different paths.

A whole pot of Supreme Saint Heavenly Tea was equally distributed between Zhan Ruochen and Huang Yanchen.

Despite the fact that they shared, the portion they had had was more than the other young kings of their peers.

Wine was served to the Talent Seats.

Meat was served to the Conquer Seats.

Tea was served to the King Seats.

As for the Heir Seats, who had the highest and most honorable title, what kind of precious food would they be able to taste here?

Was there anything that could possibly be more precious than Supreme Saint Heavenly Tea?

Without anyone realizing, there were already nine jade bowls being placed across a long table that was right in front of the Saint Lady.

The jade bowls were small, exquisite and remarkably delicate.

The bowls were filled with sparkly spring water. It was amber in colour and the sparkles were similar to the glistening stars in the galaxy.

“Spring water to the Heir Seats.”

The Saint Lady gave a flick to her fan, and the nine jade bowls flocked over to the side of each heir, forming nine arched bridges of light.

Xue Wuye gently touched the side of his jade bowl with his slender finger and ripples of light were promptly propelled through the water surface.

He frowned, both hands tightened into fists, and asked, “Your honor Saint Lady, if I may ask, what type of spring water is this? Why is there a slight smell of blood?”

The Saint Lady looked towards Xue Wuye. “It’s no wonder that you are the descendent of the Sword Emperor. Your five senses are indeed very sensitive, so much so that it’s comparable to a saint. That’s correct, this spring water being served is very special, and it is called “Holy Spring.”

“Holy Spring?”

Everyone was excited and couldn't sit still. Anything that was “holy” or related to “God” must be extraordinary.

“Holy Spring is formed with the combination of millions of fresh blood animals together with the power of God,” the Saint Lady claimed.

“Ever since the Queen ascended the throne, a total of nine Heaven Worship Festivals have been held and, each time, only a small bowl of Holy Spring is produced.”

The Heaven Worship Ceremony was not merely a worshipping ceremony. It was considered the grandest worshipping ceremony ever in Kunlun's Field. Led by the Queen herself, all Officers of the Imperial Court and Saints from all realms would gather and perform prayers solemnly for peace and prosperity.

On the altar, there were at least billions of beasts being killed as sacrifice and the amount of blood flowing could have formed a huge lake.

Such grandeur, and yet only a bowl of Holy Spring could be produced. One could imagine the power it contained — it would be terrific!

The Saint Lady continued, “No doubt the Holy Spring will bring endless benefits, but there are certain things that you might not understand for now. In short, it contains three drops of divine blood.”

“Three drops of divine blood?”

“Does that mean consuming a bowl of Holy Spring would be equivalent to refining three drops of divine blood?” Gai Tianjiao asked.

“That's correct.”

The Saint Lady nodded in response, then said, “Of course, the power it holds is more than this.”

All nine heirs were stunned and stood in disbelief.

Others monks on the Scroll Mountain were even more surprised.

To the monks of Fish-Dragon Realm, even refining a drop of divine blood was extremely difficult – one could easily die in the process of refining it.

If someone was able to refine two drops of divine blood, he could be considered a legend.

For instance, throughout the history of the most powerful clan in Fish-Dragon Realm — Divine Dragon and Half Human Clan — refining two drops of the divine blood is the highest record ever.

Anybody who could refine three drops of the Divine blood in the Fish-Dragon Realm would definitely be a prominent figure. There might even be chances of him rising into the state of Supreme Saint and becoming the strongest creature of all realms.

Ouyang Huan from Demonic Sect was the one who had the potential.

Whoever could make it to becoming one of the Kunlun's heirs must have had refined divine blood before, and their power must be comparable to Ouyang Huan.

If these people were to obtain another three drops of divine blood today, how much stronger would they become?

Ouyang Huan stared at the Holy Spring, excitement flickered briefly in his warm subtle eyes. He thought, "I have already refined three drops of divine blood. To refine the fourth drop is extremely challenging and dangerous. I risk losing my life even with the tiniest mistake."

"But this Holy Spring is different. It is the essence created out of the sacrifices and blood of all beasts, along with the faith of all people in the First Central Empire. Mixing the divine blood with spring water will help with the consumption and power absorption, making it easy for monks to digest and further refine into three deity prints."

If he drank it, he would be having six drops of divine blood already.

“Six drops of divine blood...with that, could he advance to the Tenth Change of Fish-Dragon Realm, 'God's Destiny,' immediately?”

Even with his current abilities, he was so excited that his fingers were shaking as he reached for the jade bowl. He lifted the bowl to his lips then gulped it all down.

All four realms in Martial Arts had unlimited advancement levels. If the cultivation was a success, a new level that was unique to the monk would be created.

The Tenth Change of Fish-Dragon Realm would probably be the highest level thus far in Fish Dragon Realm.

It was called the “God's Destiny,” because in ancient times, those who made it to this level had all cultivated into actual Gods.

Nevertheless, there were not many who managed to advance to this level, not even during the golden age. The Tenth Change was simply too challenging.

After the golden age, hardly anyone could refine three drops of divine blood, not to mention those who progressed to the Tenth Change.

Prior to this, the nine sitting members of the Heir Seats had never thought of advancing to the Tenth Change. Now, with the help of the Holy Spring, all of them were willing to give this a try.

The one who succeeded would be the first to achieve this ever since the golden age period of ancient times.

The remaining eight heirs also knew about the legend of The Tenth Change and drank the Holy Spring. They too wanted to be at a higher level.

Glancing across the nine heirs, the Saint Lady was hoping one of them would succeed.

As for the Queen, she must have been having the same expectations, as she was willing to treat them to the Holy Spring.

Who would be the destined God?

An hour later, nine of the Kunlun's Heirs were done absorbing the divine blood and gained three deity prints. Their power increased immensely and their bodies started emitting Holy Qi.

Should the Third Royal Prince of Immortal Vampire prince come threatening again with the heirloom valuable, Hundred Saint Blood Armor, he would suffer a crushing defeat without a doubt.

“With my current cultivation level, I am confident that I could take out a Half Saint of Tier Two. I bet I could take out four Half Saints of Tier Four if I managed to advance to the level equivalent to a Half Saint of Tier One. If they were the weaker ones, I bet I could go on for a few more rounds,” Gai Tianjiao sneered.

“I really wonder how much divine blood we need to achieve the Tenth Change level,” sighed Ouyang Huan.

While his power had increased significantly, he couldn't get to the Tenth Change. He was a little disappointed.

None of them had succeeded...not even close.

The Saint Lady acknowledged the disappointing result, sighing silently. No one made it to the Tenth Change even with the help of the Holy Spring. Would this continue to be a legend?

Suddenly, the Saint Lady took a glance at Lin Yue.

She believed that Lin Yue's talent was higher than the nine heirs.

If there could only be one swordsman of Kunlun's field who could master the Tenth Change, he would be the one.

It's a pity that he chose love over power. He would rather be a servant and not an heir, losing the only chance, as there were only nine bowls of Holy Spring.

Without the Holy Spring, no one would be able to achieve the Tenth Change solely with their cultivations. The Saint Lady sighed again.

Little did she know that Zhang Ruochen and the Queen were lovers that turned into sworn enemies.

The truth was that Zhang Ruochen could not be the heir, and he was afraid to be one. She had no idea about this at all.

The grand banquet ended with mixed feelings. The young monks who hadn't been invited were envious and jealous of those who went.

Six Saints to the Sky Wine, Holy Fire Kirin, Supreme Saint Heavenly Tea and Holy Spring were extremely rare treasures which every saint or half saint had wanted.

“The banquet tonight will definitely be written into history, as it symbolizes greatness being brought by the coming generation.”

“I could imagine when the news spreads by sunrise tomorrow, the world will be shocked by everything that happened today. The nine Kunlun's heirs will become the icons of new born leaders that every young person goes after.”

“Other than the nine Kunlun's heirs, the story of Lin Yue giving up his opportunity to be the heir despite his eligibility might be told as a legend, too, for he chose to be a servant.”

“What is the point though? The nine Kunlun's heirs are much stronger than him now after consuming the Holy Spring. From today onwards, the heirs will be getting more resources and the distance between him and the heirs will only grow,” said someone in an arrogant tone.

Chapter 768 - The Traitor

Translator:

Transn

Editor:

Transn

Many people felt sympathy for Zhang Ruochen and thought that he had missed the best opportunity. From now on, he would no longer be able to match any of the Nine Kunlun Heirs.

Huang Yanchen blamed herself for dragging Zhang Ruochen down.

If not for her, he would have drunk the Holy Spring Water.

“I’m sorry, if it weren’t for me, you would have been able to sit on Heir Seats and become one of the Nine Heirs of Kunlun’s Field with a promising future.”

Huang Yanchen bit her lips. Her blue eyes, which were fixed on Zhang Ruochen across the table, became watery.

If Huang Yanchen had known in advance that Lin Yue might be Zhang Ruochen, she would never have let him serve as a royal bodyguard.

What kind of woman wouldn’t want her fiancé to become a big shot with great power and courage?

“It’s my fault, I’m too stupid. If I had known sooner...”

Huang Yanchen looked around and saw that there were young monks nearby, therefore, she had to bite her tongue.

On the other hand, Zhang Ruochen was quite composed. He smiled. “Being an Heir of Kunlun’s Field isn’t something worth bragging about. No matter how many practice resources you have, they’re only assistance. Finding the way to reach the end of Holy Road depends on yourself.”

After the Kunlun Heir's banquet, everyone went down the Scroll Mountain.

“Junior Fellow Apprentice Lin Yue.”

Gai Tianjiao's voice came from behind.

Zhang Ruochen stopped and turned around. He gave her a salute with hands folded. “Senior Sister Apprentice.”

After drinking the Holy Spring Water, the Holy Qi flowing around Gai Tianjiao was abundant. It looked like a fountain of light, continuously gushing out from her as if her cultivation would break the bottleneck any minute and reach the Half-Saint Realm.

However, Gai Tianjiao wanted to attend Sword Technique Conference, so she suppressed her realm.

Gai Tianjiao approached Zhang Ruochen with a distressed look on her face and she asked, “Why? Your cultivation is high enough to secure one of the Heir Seats, why didn't you fight for it?”

Zhang Ruochen knew that after this Kunlun Heir's banquet, many people would come to blame him, so he had already prepared for it.

Zhang Ruochen grinned as if there was nothing to worry about, and he said, “It is already great news for the Yin and Yang Sect that you secured one of the Heir Seats. As for me, I am satisfied to have been able to drink Great Saint Tongtian Tea.”

Gai Tianjiao knew that nothing could change after the Nine Heirs of Kunlun's Field were selected, so she sighed and stopped talking.

“Haha!”

Suddenly, someone on the stairs of Scroll Mountain sneered. “Please don't sigh, my Senior Sister Apprentice. Actually, it's a good thing for Lin Yue not to fight for an Heir Seat. At least for me, it's the best thing ever.”

A handsome but arrogant young man slowly walked down the stairs with his hands behind his back. He stared at Gai Tianjiao

with a wry smile on his face, his eyes full of evil.

“Traitor, how dare you show yourself in front of me. I will cripple you right now.”

Gai Tianjiao became furious upon seeing this man. She subconsciously clenched her fists and flames gushed out of her pores.

This young man was the traitor to the Yin and Yang Sect, also known as Shao Lin, a disciple of the Four Symbols Sect.

Shao Lin shook his head and smiled. “Why is Senior Sister Apprentice angry with me? After all, yesterday is history, why can’t we let it go? From now on, we are both Heirs of Kunlun’s Field and will become the Empress’s disciples in the future. In this respect, we are disciples of the same family.”

Gai Tianjiao didn’t want to argue with him. She stomped her feet, turned into a flash of flaming red light, and punched him.

Shao Lin’s cultivation was not as powerful as the eight other Heirs of Kunlun’s Field, so he couldn’t face off against Gai Tianjiao.

As a result, he immediately executed a superior class Ghost Level bodily movement and turned himself into a ghostly shadow. Gai Tianjiao’s fist landed on his transparent shadow and went through it. Then, he appeared again behind her.

When Gai Tianjiao’s punch landed in the air, her face became sullen. “Four Symbols Sect’s unique skill, Seven Star Diversion.”

“You’re right, it’s the Seven Star Diversion.”

Shao Lin smiled and glanced at Zhang Ruochen. “I’m not here to fight with you. I want to thank Lin Yue. If he didn’t beat the Third Prince of the Vampires, and if he didn’t give up the Heir Seat, I wouldn’t be an Heir of Kunlun’s Field, and I wouldn’t have the great opportunity to drink the Holy Spring Water.”

Shao Lin folded his hands and saluted Zhang Ruochen.

However, there was a smirk on his face.

Everyone knew that he wasn't sincerely showing his gratitude to Zhang Ruochen—he was flaunting his success to Zhang Ruochen, as a winner to a loser.

Zhang Ruochen frowned, he felt that Shao Lin was a pompous person, every time he had some achievements, he would become supercilious.

A man like him would never achieve much even if he became an Heir of Kunlun's Field.

Zhang Ruochen was indifferent as he said, "I never thought of fighting to be an Heir of Kunlun's Field. Besides, I fought with the Third Prince of the Immortal Vampires simply because I didn't like him acting so haughtily. You don't need to thank me. From this moment on, I will fight each and every conceited man I meet without hesitation."

Of course, Shao Lin was aware of the implicit meaning of Zhang Ruolin's words. He sneered silently

."I have drunk the Holy Spring Water and my cultivation has surpassed

yours. Even if I act conceitedly, what could you do to me?

"As an Heir of Kunlun's Field

, I will not only learn from the Empress, but I will also get access to countless practice resources, I will sleep with the most beautiful woman and will wield the greatest power. From now on, even the Saints won't look down on me.

"Can you do that?"

As he thought of this, Shao Lin despised Zhang Ruochen even more. He smiled. "I really appreciate your tolerance, but we need to face reality. You were possibly more powerful than me before, but from now on, you're no longer a match for me."

"Is that so?"

Zhang Ruochen licked his lips and smiled faintly.

Shao Lin arrogantly stood up straight and tall, he looked at the horizon and said, “We’ll find out at the Sword Technique Conference.”

Zhang Ruochen glanced at Shao Lin and shook his head, feeling a little dull.

“What an arrogant man,”

he thought.

Were Heirs of Kunlun’s Field invincible?

Zhang Ruochen firmly believed that no matter how good you thought you were, there was always someone out there who was better than you. Anyone who thought himself invincible would eventually be defeated miserably.

“Senior Sister Apprentice, who is this guy? Is he going to attend the Sword Technique Conference on September 9?” asked Zhang Ruochen.

Gai Tianjiao’s flames gradually receded and she replied. “This man is Shao Lin. I first met him when I went down the mountain for practice. Back then, he was almost starved to death, so I saved him and took him back to the Yin and Yang Sect to teach him cultivation.

“He didn’t let me down. He progressed as quickly as you did, and soon, he became the most excellent genius in the Yin and Yang Sect. He surpassed me and Qi Feiyu in terms of talent in the Tao of the sword. At that time, the three of us were selected to enter the Sword Pavilion for cultivation and we consumed a large number of practice resources of the Yin and Yang Sect.

“Unfortunately, Shao Lin never respected these. After he reached the succeed level, he betrayed the Yin and Yang Sect.”

Gai Tianjiao looked at her sinewy arms and touched the rough skin on her face before smiling bitterly. “Shao Lin attacked me by surprise when I was at the most critical moment during practice. As a result, I lost the balance of Yin and Yang. Though I survived, I ended up looking like this.

“Frankly, even though he did this to me, I only blame myself for bringing him into the Yin and Yang Sect. I hurt not only myself but also my Suzerain.

“What I hate most is that he practiced martial art skills in the Yin and Yang Sect, was trained by the best Masters, and gained the access to the best resources he could ever have, but in the end, he represents the Four Symbols Sect and fights against us. This is the thing I cannot tolerate.”

Zhang Ruochen could feel the hatred in Gai Tianjiao’s heart. He thought that she was indeed unlucky.

She saved a man out of the goodness of her heart, but he betrayed her and she ended up looking like a man.

Gai Tianjiao was once called the head of the four beauties of the Yin and Yang Sect. She must have been extremely beautiful before.

However, it was she who caused damage to the Yin and Yang Sect.

The Yin and Yang Sect spent a huge amount of practice resources on Shao Lin, but in the end, they brought up an enemy. They must have felt quite humiliated.

Zhang Ruochen said, “Since he is a traitor, I will seek revenge for the Suzerain during the Sword Technique Conference.”

Gai Tianjiao stared at Zhang Ruochen with red eyes for a minute before shaking her head. She sighed. “You may have been able to defeat him before the Kunlun Heir’s banquet, but now, after drinking Holy Spring Water, his cultivation must have reached a much higher level since he could again condense the Three Sects of Deity Print. You won’t be able to compete with him now. I think I’d better do it myself.”

Zhang Ruochen said, “If you two fight alone or have a battle of life and death, Shao Lin is no match for you. However, you will fight with swords at the Sword Technique Conference.

“Senior Sister Apprentice, your sword skill is not as sophisticated as his. You are no match for him with a sword. I think you should have faith and leave him to me.”

Gai Tianjiao thought that Lin Yue was underestimating Shao Lin.

She was keenly aware of the Holy Spring Water's power, which was far beyond his imagination.

Gai Tianjiao didn't pay much attention to Zhang Ruochen's words and left the Scroll Mountain. She needed to return to the Sword Pavilion in order to prepare for the Sword Technique Conference.

Huang Yanchen stared at Zhang Ruochen and asked, "Shao Lin was able to secure the Heir Seat because of his powerful cultivation, and it has become unfathomable after he drank the Holy Spring Water. Do you really want to attend the Sword Technique Conference and fight him?"

Zhang Ruochen said firmly, "The thing I hate most in my life is betrayal."

Zhang Ruochen then turned his back and left the Scroll Mountain.

Huang Yanchen paused for a minute before running over to catch up with him. There was something she needed to know, but she couldn't talk to him just now because there were too many people around them.

Whether he was Lin Yue or Zhang Ruochen, he had to give her an explanation.

Chapter 769 - The Pain in Love

Translator:

Transn

Editor:

Transn

It appeared to be a very long night. When this lavish Kunlun Heir's banquet was over, a swirl of pink transfigured the night sky as the sun was about to rise above the horizon. There was a chill in the air, condensing droplets on the grass on both sides of the road.

Zhang Ruochen walked towards Shentai City with Huang Yanchen following behind him.

Both of them stayed silent, worrying about different things.

For Zhang Ruochen, he felt guilty and stressed each time when he lied to another person, especially when this person was his fiancée.

Before that, Zhang Ruochen thought it was better for her not to know the fact that he was still alive because he didn't want to put her in a dilemma.

Besides, Zhang Ruochen didn't have enough confidence to love another woman before he could solve his problem with Chi Yao. He was afraid that he would hurt her and fail to give her a future.

However, what happened during the Kunlun Heir's banquet had changed his mind.

Perhaps he was so selfish that he imposed his will on Huang Yanchen.

Was this really good for her?

For example, he helped her to become the Heiress of East Region Saint Mansions, which was indeed a good thing for Huang Yanchen. However, on the other hand, she had to undergo a great amount of stress and was rejected by other direct descendants of the Chen Family.

If she were not strong enough, she would probably have an emotional breakdown by now.

However, wouldn't the Zhang Ruochen's death be another negative impact on her mind?

You couldn't expect her to be perfect and strong. After all, she was only a woman who needed love and care.

Sometimes, you should think about what she needs from her perspective.

Because even the strongest man occasionally failed to escape from his own predicament.

In front of them, Han Xue used her bodily movement and walked very fast as if she was flying above the ground.

“Swoosh!”

Her petite body turned into a white shadow and quickly approached Zhang Ruochen. She said joyfully with her beautiful eyes wide open. “Master, you're so cool. Your sword techniques must have reached the highest level. All the Young Genius in Kunlun's Field combined won't compete with you!”

The little girl looked excited. She stared at Zhang Ruochen with admiration. Her slender arms wrapped around Zhang Ruochen's waist, desperately showing her identity to the world that she was the only disciple of Zhang Ruochen.

Han Xue waited at the foot of Scroll Mountain and paid close attention to the fights between Zhang Ruochen and masters from the Demonic Sect. His aura of invincibility had deeply attracted her.

The fight between Zhang Ruochen and the Third Prince of the Immortal Vampires, in particular, impressed her tremendously.

Neither the nine Heirs of Kunlun's Field nor 108 young kings were not able to compete with her Master.

Han Xue was a beautiful young girl with a height of 130 centimeters. Although she grew bigger, Huang Yanchen recognized her at once.

When Huang Yanchen heard that Han Xue addressed Lin Yue as her 'Master', even though she was mentally prepared, she still felt heartbroken and was unable to breathe as if she was struck by lightning.

Han Xue noticed something, but when she saw Huang Yanchen who stood behind Zhang Ruochen, she was startled because she knew she had made a big mistake.

She knew, Master kept his secret from Sister Yanchen, because he didn't want her to know he was still alive.

But now, she called him 'Master' in front of Sister Yanchen, did she reveal Master's identity?

"Master...I...didn't see..." Han Xue lowered her head, feeling deep remorse.

Zhang Ruochen didn't panic. He didn't want to conceal it or blame Han Xue.

The secret would eventually be uncovered, and he needed to face it.

Zhang Ruochen didn't turn around to see Huang Yanchen. Instead, he smiled, held Han Xue's hand and walked towards Shentai City. He asked, "Why didn't you go to Kunlun Heir's banquet since you have finished your training? Your cultivation has reached the Third Change in the Fish-Dragon Realm, and you will have a chance to win a Talent Seat."

Han Xue secretly glanced at Huang Yanchen before shaking her head. She replied, "I'm still young, if I could secure a Talent Seat, I would certainly attract too much attention. In this case, someone will probe into my past, and I can't take the risk of exposing you."

Zhang Ruochen was slightly surprised and said, "You are such a little girl with deep thoughts. You aren't acting like a girl of ten years old. I can't imagine your wisdom and calculation when you grow up. I think the experience do have some effects on you."

Hearing Master's praise, Han Xue was happy.

She quietly looked back at Sister Yanchen who following behind. Sister Yanchen was still as beautiful and cold as usual, however, she looked like a walking dead, with no expression on her face, only tears kept running down her cheeks.

"I indeed made a mistake..."

Han Xue looked at Sister Yanchen's crying face and bit her lips. She felt sorry for her.

Monster Ape and Greedy Rabbit came back along with Han Xue, and they followed closely behind.

These two insensitive animals didn't notice the unusual atmosphere at all. Instead, they kept talking about the Holy Flame Kirin meat at Kunlun Heir's banquet while drooling.

After a short while, they arrived at the mansion of Sword Saint Xuanji.

Zhang Ruochen, with his hands behind his back, ordered, "Han Xue, you can play with Monster Ape and Greedy Rabbit. I'll examine the results of your cultivation and experience later."

After they left, Zhang Ruochen and Huang Yanchen walked towards the lotus pond located at the center of the mansion.

The sun was about to rise. Steam mist rose from the lotus pond, looking fummy and filmy.

Zhang Ruochen stopped. He looked at the pond, trying to calm himself down, and then he whispered. "Did you already knew? As you might guess, Zhang Ruochen didn't die."

Because of arrays that were allocated in the mansion, Zhang Ruochen didn't need to worry if other Saints were spying at them.

Huang Yanchen stood next to the pond. Her body looked slim and long, and her waist-length blue hair danced with the breeze, emitting light fragrance.

Her eyes were watery. She unblinkingly looked at this young man, feeling he was strange and familiar at the same time.

With the Holy Qi flowing above Zhang Ruochen's body, his shape, face and temperament kept changing.

Finally, he turned into Zhang Ruoche, with exactly the same warm temperament and handsome face.

Huang Yanchen still stood up straight, but her body kept shivering. Tears kept streaming down her cheeks and wetted the ground in front of her.

"Why...why..." Huang Yanchen's voice quivered.

Zhang Ruochen said, "When I was captured, Master saved me and helped me fake death to escape."

"Why,,I don't know why..."

Huang Yanchen got emotional. She began to feel a sharp pain in her chest, and this pain got more and more severe until she couldn't bear it anymore and collapsed on the ground. She muttered, "You didn't die...but why didn't you tell me? Why did you lie to me, why did you pretend you...never knew me. You never loved me, didn't you?"

Even though Zhang Ruochen was a strong and tough man, his eyes became watery when he saw her pain.

He knew her pain had accumulated in her heart for a long time, and she didn't release them until now.

Zhang Ruochen held Huang Yanchen up. He tightly held her with one arm around her tiny waist and one arm tied behind her upper back to give her enough security.

After a while, Huang Yanchen calmed down.

Zhang Ruochen said, "I didn't mean to lie to you. It was just, after a lot of thinking, I wasn't sure if I should tell you."

Huang Yanchen sipped her lips, her beautiful blue eyes fixed on him, and she said, "Was that hard to tell me? I'm your fiancée, we almost got married. Whatever the difficulties you faced, I could understand you."

"You just need to tell me that you're alive and I can give up everything I have to be with you, even if that means to conceal our identity or be exiled. However, you never did."

Zhang Ruochen took a deep breath and closed his eyes.

Huang Yanchen's eyes were filled with pain. She struggled for a while before asking. "It's because Xing Ling, isn't it? She is Lady Saint of Demonic Sect, right?"

"She knew you didn't die and knew you're Zhang Ruochen. That's why, on Scroll Mountain, you'd rather hurt yourself than hurt her. She injured deadly swordsman from Demonic Sect for you. The relationship between you two must be close, at least...closer than us..."

When saying those words, Huang Yanchen gripped her hands, staring blankly.

Of course, it was happy to meet her fiancé again. However, she felt bitter as if she was already abandoned by her lover.

Women were indeed sensitive creatures.

Before Zhang Ruochen could explain, Huang Yanchen added, "After the news of your death was brought back to East Region Saint City, she disappeared and never showed up in Saint Academy. Did you inform her in the first moment?"

Zhang Ruochen didn't know he should cry or laugh, he replied, "Do you think the reason why I didn't tell you was because I wanted to stay with Senior Sister Apprentice Duanmu? If that is the case, instead of staying in Yin and Yang Sect, I should join Demonic Sect and become the son-in-law of the Mu Family."

Chapter 770 - Affairs Arrangement

Translator:

Transn

Editor:

Transn

No matter whether Zhang Ruochen was telling the truth or not, Huang Yanchen just felt a little better. She said tentatively, “Actually, I can feel that Xingling loves you very much, but because of me, she deliberately keeps distance from you. Can you tell me what the two of you have gone through in the past year?”

Without any reason, Zhang Ruochen suddenly remembered that night when he and Mu Lingxi kissed each other deeply.

Although many factors beyond rational control had led to that kiss, there was still deep guilt in Zhang Ruochen’s heart.

Zhang Ruochen glanced at Huang Yanchen and reason told him that he should not speak of the matter. It would be futile to explain otherwise.

Zhang Ruochen avoided the important and dwelled on the trivial. He told Huang Yanchen about his experience in the past year, including how he came across Mu Lingxi, how he killed Di Yi, how he came to the Yin and Yang Sect, and so on.

Huang Yanchen listened carefully. Unconsciously, she had nestled in Zhang Ruochen’s arms, leaning her glittering and translucent face against Zhang Ruochen’s chest. Her eyes were closed, revealing only two rows of fine eyelashes.

She had delicate facial features and moist skin. Her long royal blue hair was scattered on the ground as if she had fallen asleep. However, her ruddy lip gently opened as she said,

“Zhang Ruochen, Xingling is a good girl. You mustn’t let her down.”

“Hmmm!”

Zhang Ruochen nodded and said, “She is indeed a girl who dares to love and hate. She is an extremely affectionate woman.”

Huang Yanchen immediately opened her closed eyes and asked, “So, something must have happened between you and her, right?”

Zhang Ruochen looked dignified and serious with his hands tightly clasped together. He didn’t have the heart to lie to her any longer.

Since some things had already happened, there was no need to conceal them.

Huang Yanchen stared at Zhang Ruochen and the expression in her eyes showed that she had correctly guessed that Zhang Ruochen and Duanmu Xingling were more than just friends.

Before Zhang Ruochen could say it, she said, ” Forget it. Pretend I never asked. ”

In this way, they fell into silence.

Early in the morning, a ray of warm sunshine fell on both of them.

Han Xue came up from the distance and appeared behind Zhang Ruochen with a sword on her back. She said in an immature voice, ” Master, grand-master told me to tell you that he wants to meet you alone. He needs to talk to you about some things.”

Zhang Ruochen stood up to leave.

Behind him came Huang Yanchen’s voice. “Zhang Ruochen, tonight... come to my room. I will be waiting for you.”

Zhang Ruochen’s steps faltered slightly. He understood her meaning. With an “hmm” sound, he continued walking and left with Han Xue.

Zhang Ruochen saw Sword Saint Xuanji again and found that the old guy had become even more unpretentious. He was sitting on a wooden bench and weaving a bamboo basket like a simple bamboo maker from the countryside—he had no trace of the elan that an unprecedented sword saint should have.

It was as if he was going back to basics!

Sword Saint Xuanji's hands were full of wrinkles. Each of his movements was smooth, weaving every piece of bamboo extremely evenly. When he finished, the woven bamboo basket was quite delicate.

“Xiaoxue, take it!”

Sword Saint Xuanji handed the bamboo basket to Han Xue with a smile on his face.

“Thank you very much, Grand-master.”

Han Xue took the bamboo basket and left.

Sword Saint Xuanji stared at Han Xue's back with his old eyes that narrowed as he smiled. “Thousand-bones Physical Quality, a Genius in the Tao of the sword. Ruochen, the female disciple you've taken has practiced Sword One to the seventh level. She is more talented than you. Her future achievements are unimaginable.”

Zhang Ruochen stood beside Sword Saint Xuanji and said, “Xue Er's qualification is indeed the only one I have ever seen in my life. She can master any sword technique as soon as she learns it. It was not long ago that I gave her the tips on

Sword One

. I didn't expect that she would practice to the seventh level so soon.”

After a while, Sword Saint Xuanji asked, “Have you told Yanchen the truth?”

Zhang Ruochen nodded his head and said, “Since she had already guessed, I didn't want to keep hiding it from her. Let it all just go with the flow. Who can tell whether it is a blessing or a curse.”

Sword Saint Xuanji very calmly said, “You and she indeed live a hard life with so many ups and downs. It’s not necessarily a bad thing for you.”

Zhang Ruochen shook his head with a wry smile and said, “I find that your realm seems to have gone one step further, returning to the truth. Could it be that Master has broken through to that realm?”

Sword Saint Xuanji shook his head with a smile and said, “It’s not easy to break through to that realm. However, during the recent period of adjustment, some changes have taken place in my mentality. I now take winning or losing, life or death lightly.

“Maybe you can also realize that when you reach this realm. When you are faced with things that should happen, you can accept them with pleasure. When faced with what shouldn’t happen, you can also accept them with pleasure.

“This is not what I meant to say. I asked you to come here this time mainly to talk to you about three things.”

Having said that, Sword Saint Xuanji sat down on the floor. Zhang Ruochen adjusted his robe and then sat respectfully across him, listening carefully.

Sword Saint Xuanji sat squarely and his imposing manner suddenly became a bit more fierce as he asked, “The sword you used on Scroll Mountain is Thousand-bone Empress’ Void Sword, isn’t it?”

“Yes.” Zhang Ruochen replied.

Sword Saint Xuanji said, “Did you know that there is a legend about the Void Sword? During the Middle Ancient Times, Thousand-bone Empress fought with a god and killed him with the Void Sword.

“After the fight, however, Thousand-bone Empress disappeared as well.

“Later, a mysterious Deceased God Cemetery appeared in God Falling Ridge. It is said that Thousand-bone Empress was seen entering the Deceased God Cemetery and never came out again.”

“Netherworld?” Zhang Ruochen asked.

Deep in the Deceased God Cemetery was the legendary Netherworld.

It was a place no one could leave after entering.

“It is indeed the Netherworld.”

Sword Saint Xuanji nodded and said, “Someone speculated that Thousand-bone Empress must have discovered something that time, so she entered the Netherworld alone with her sword to prevent unknown hidden danger.

“It is also said that the god that was killed by Thousand-bone Empress escaped from the Netherworld.

“There were different opinions. No one knew what was true and what was false. However, one thing was sure: the wraiths and Demon Fierce couldn’t escape from Deceased God Cemetery. It must be related to Thousand-bone Empress.”

Zhang Ruochen frowned, and then nodded his head and said, “I’m afraid that only Thousand-bone Empress could overwhelm the wraiths in the Netherworld.”

Sword Saint Xuanji seriously said, “However, the Void Sword appeared in your hand. Thousand-bone Empress is likely to have fallen. As a result, Deceased God Cemetery is now an uncertain factor, and those wraiths and Demon Fierce can escape at any time. If so, I’m afraid that the prosperous Eastern Region will become hell overnight.”

Zhang Ruochen took a cold breath and finally realized that something was wrong.

“Of course, these are all just my conjecture. No one can say for certain what the current situation is in the depths of the Deceased God Cemetery.”

Sword Saint Xuanji smiled, making the solemn atmosphere a little lighter as he said, “The reason I told you this is just to give you a wake-up call. The Vanity Sword is a supreme Holy Weapon full of spirituality. It didn’t appear in your hands by accident. It is more likely that it came to you on its own initiative.

“If the wraiths in the Netherworld successfully escape someday, the only solution would be to bring the Void Sword back to the Deceased God Cemetery and find Thousand-bone Empress. If you can find her, you may be able to end the disaster.”

Zhang Ruochen said, “I will certainly remember your words, Master.”

Sword Saint Xuanji changed the topic. “The second thing—since there will be a life-or-death fight between Nine Serenity Sword Saint and me on the ninth day of the ninth month in the lunar calendar, it is necessary to make final arrangements in advance.”

” Master...” Zhang Ruochen interrupted.

Sword Saint Xuanji raised his hand and stopped Zhang Ruochen from saying what he wanted to say. Then, he lifted his hands and converged them on his eyebrows.

A silver light spot appeared between his eyebrows.

A Holy Sword flew out from his eyebrows and became suspended in the air between them.

The sword was four feet long and three inches wide, but its blade was irregular like a carpenter’s square.

The sword body was very smooth as if it was made of pure silver, with printed white lines slowly flowing on it.

“This sword is called ‘Taotian.’ From the generation of the Patriarch, it has been passed down for 16 generations. In each generation, a sword saint guards it and keeps a huge secret at the same time.”

Zhang Ruochen asked, “What secret?”

Sword Saint Xuanji shook his head with a smile and said, “I don’t know what the secret is. There are six similar swords in Kunlun’s Field, divided into six veins and headed by six people. It’s not the right time to know it. Even the six Sword Holders don’t know the role of the Six-hilt Divine Sword either.”

“If I am defeated and killed in the fight with Nine Serenity Sword Saint, you will be the next Sword Holder of Sword Taotian. Take my body and Sword Taotian to Mingwang Sword Burial Site in the Central Region and bury me with the former patriarchs. When you get there, someone will tell you everything naturally.”

“Mingwang Sword Burial Site.”

Zhang Ruochen repeated and remembered it. He said, “Master will not lose and will surely defeat Nine Serenity Sword Saint in the Sword Technique Conference.”

“My Heart State is far beyond his, and there is a 70% chance of winning. We are only making arrangements in advance just in case I don’t win. The disciple of the Sword Taotian mustn’t be interrupted.”

With a confident smile on his old face, Sword Saint Xuanji seemed to have great confidence in his Tao of the sword.

Zhang Ruochen said, “So, what is the third thing?”

Sword Saint Xuanji smiled faintly and took away the Holy Sword Taotian, saying, “The third thing is to help you practice Change of 36 Forms so that you do not expose your identity when encountering some old monsters in the future.”

Zhang Ruochen then followed Sword Saint Xuanji to practice Change of 36 Forms. They didn’t stop until night fell.

Zhang Ruochen returned to the seclusion stonehouse and planned to continue practicing Change of 36 Forms alone.

All of a sudden, he stopped and remembered what Huang Yanchen had said.

After a moment’s hesitation, Zhang Ruochen finally stood up and left the seclusion stonehouse. Stepping on the soft moonlight, he made his way to Huang Yanchen’s room.

Chapter 771 - The Overdue Wedding Night

Translator:

Transn

Editor:

Transn

“Creak!”

The door was unlocked, and with a gentle push, it opened.

The room was filled with a faint fragrance.

The door automatically closed when he entered the room, which didn't surprise him at all. He looked inside. There were two red candles in the shape of a dragon and a phoenix on the other side of the room, emitting a dim light.

Inside the bedroom, everything was red—red carpet, red curtain, as well as a wide red bed.

Zhang Ruochen suddenly had an illusion that he was at their wedding day and that what happened in the past year was just a dream. He and Huang Yanchen completed the whole wedding ceremony and were now celebrating their wedding night.

Behind the curtain was a pool about ten feet long, with white steam vapors flowing above and pink flowers on the surface of the water.

Huang Yanchen was bathing in the pool. Her lower body was completely in the water and covered by the flowers. The skin on her naked upper body was silk-white and glittering, her dripping wet blue hair was loose on her shoulder.

The candles illuminated her breathtaking curvy body. Water droplets kept rolling down her body, making it look even more beautiful.

Huang Yanchen's thin and soft hands gently rubbed her neck and shoulders as she softly said, "I thought you wouldn't come tonight."

Zhang Ruochen stood on the edge of the pool, looking at this heavenly, beautiful woman with mixed feelings of admiration, guilt, and primitive human desire.

He said, "If I hadn't come tonight, would you hate me?"

"Splash!"

Huang Yanchen crossed her slim and silky arms to cover her naked chest, she slightly curled herself up and said, "No, I wouldn't."

After thinking for a moment, she added, "Because, if you didn't come, I would know that you never loved me. I would call off the engagement so that you would be free to seek your true love."

Zhang Ruochen said, "But I came, so is this our first date?"

"Yes!"

A heartfelt smile appeared on her cold face. Her fingers slid in the water, and the corner of her lips curled up. "I still remember, when you first entered the Western Campus. You peeked at me while I was bathing, just like tonight."

Zhang Ruochen coughed. "That was Senior Sister Apprentice Duanmu's prank. Otherwise, I wouldn't have accidentally entered the room. But tonight, I'm standing in front of you with righteousness. It can't be regarded as peeping, right?"

Huang Yanchen bit her lips gently, apparently unconvinced. However, she managed to keep her voice as soft as possible to avoid ruining the atmosphere. She said, "I need to wear clothes, can you turn around?"

Zhang Ruochen did as she asked and closed his eyes.

He heard a series of sounds—first the water, and then the footsteps, followed by the sound of her putting on clothes.

After a while, he heard Huang Yanchen's voice again. "You can turn around now."

When he turned, he saw Huang Yanchen in a red gown embroidered with a mandarin duck pattern, sitting on the edge of the bed. Her skirt, which was almost 3 meters long, was spread on the ground with feathers decorating the hem.

A red bridal veil covered her face, hiding her beauty.

The flame of two red candles placed on each side of the bed kept flickering, making the scene in front of him even more spectacular.

Huang Yanchen said with a tremble in her voice, “I want to be your bride tonight. What about you?”

Faced with this, Zhang Ruochen held his breath and he felt his heart beat faster. He walked over, picked up the golden wedding steelyard on the bed and prepared to remove the red bridal veil.

However, he suddenly stopped and asked, “Have you made your decision? I can’t promise you a future, and I can’t even give you a proper wedding.”

Huang Yanchen said, “I know.”

Zhang Ruochen nodded. Without further hesitation, he removed the red bridal veil and a heavenly, delicate face appeared in front of him.

Huang Yanchen had meticulously done her makeup in advance—perfectly defined eyebrows, cherry red lips and faint flushes on her cheeks.

Zhang Ruochen sat down, held her hand and stared at her face. “You’re so beautiful tonight.”

They lay down on the bed—one slept on the right side, and the other slept on the left side. They stared idly at the ceiling.

Huang Yanchen sucked on her lips before asking, “Zhang Ruochen, is this the correct thing to do at the wedding night?”

“Sort of.” Zhang Ruochen replied.

“Oh!”

Huang Yanchen didn’t ask further, but the light in her eyes suddenly dimmed. She felt a little disappointed and sad.

Even though Huang Yanchen had never experienced a wedding night before, she knew that it was not supposed to be like this. She thought Zhang Ruochen treated her more like a sister apprentice rather than a lover.

The light of the red candle kept dancing, making everything in the room look like they were hidden in shadows.

At this moment, images of Chi Yao flashed through Zhang Ruochen's mind. He kept thinking about her smile and her face when she killed him.

Zhang Ruochen's facial expression kept changing, varying from happy to distressed and then to struggling.

Chi Yao, like a nightmare, was something he couldn't get rid of.

Especially during this wedding night, his feelings about her grew stronger. The blue veins all over his body became more visible and sweat formed beads on his forehead. He gripped Huang Yanchen's hand tighter.

“Zhang Ruochen, what's wrong?”

After Huang Yanchen saw Zhang Ruochen's face, she sat up immediately and leaned over to see him. She felt his body burning, and inside his body, a stream of hot flash kept running toward his head.

Obviously, Zhang Ruochen was in a dangerous state now. He might lose control of the Qi inside his body, and, if it was treated carelessly, he would lose his cultivation forever.

Huang Yanchen didn't know what was happening. She immediately got up to find the Master.

Maybe the Master knew how to save him.

However, a big and strong hand grabbed her left shoulder the minute she got out of bed.

“Chi Yao... why do you want to kill me?”

Zhang Ruochen's eyes were bloodshot and his pupils turned red. With a sudden strong pull, he dragged Huang Yanchen back and pressed his body onto hers.

“Zhang Ruochen... you’re scaring me... let me go... I need to find the Master to help you.”

Huang Yanchen thought Zhang Ruochen must have an inner devil in his heart, but he had suppressed it at the bottom of his heart. However, for some reason, it was released tonight.

Chi Yao?

How could it be Chi Yao?

If his inner devil was indeed Empress Chi Yao, he must have been under enormous pressure that was far beyond normal people’s imagination.

After mastering the seventh palm of the Dragon and Elephant Prajna Palm, the masculine Qi within Zhang Ruochen’s body was now ten times stronger than any ordinary man’s.

He was able to control this masculine Qi with his powerful cultivation and stay sane at the same time.

However, tonight was different. As Huang Yanchen guessed, Chi Yao, like an inner devil, haunted Zhang Ruochen. Whether his feeling toward her was love or hatred, it was fierce.

With the release of the inner devil, Zhang Ruochen completely lost his mind.

As a result, the masculine Qi, which was ten times stronger, was out of control as well. It gathered at his head and lower abdomen.

“Hiss!”

Zhang Ruochen tore Huang Yanchen’s red gown apart, uncovering a tender, silky white body.

Her red wedding dress was in stark contrast with her silky, white skin.

“Zhang Ruochen, you... what are you doing... stop it...”

Huang Yanchen panicked. She punched him but was afraid of hurting him, so she withdrew her palm power. As a result, her fists softly landed on Zhang Ruochen’s chest and couldn’t stop his violation.

Zhang Ruochen couldn't think properly and was not able to tell whether the woman under him was Chi Yao or Huang Yanchen. He was driven by a primitive human desire.

At first, Huang Yanchen struggled to push him away, but after a short while, she gave up. She bit her lips and wrapped her arms around his neck. Tears kept running down her cheeks.

Because Huang Yanchen knew the bride in Zhang Ruochen's heart was probably not her.

It was probably going to be a long and sleepless night for her.

No one knew what was happening inside the room because of the arrays they had arranged.

The next morning, Zhang Ruochen woke up, feeling exhausted. There was a warmth on his chest. He lowered his head to find that it was Huang Yanchen.

Huang Yanchen quietly slept in his arms without any clothes on. Her arched eyebrows were slightly raised, making her look quite sexually attractive.

“What happened?”

Zhang Ruochen rubbed his temples, trying very hard to recall the previous night's events, however, he couldn't remember a thing and instead had a severe headache.

When he saw the blood on Huang Yanchen's long slim legs, he suddenly realized what had happened.

Zhang Ruochen closed his eyes and let out a long sigh.

“Master, someone wants to see you now. He introduced himself as Half-saint Zixia.”

Han Xue's voice came from outside.

Zhang Ruochen replied to her before putting on a robe. He got off the bed as quietly as he could so as not to wake Huang Yanchen.

Huang Yanchen opened her eyes. She lazily lay on the bed as if she was as soft as the spring mud. “Are you leaving now?”

Zhang Ruochen turned to look at her. He said with a smile, “Half-saint Zixia is here. I think it is because high-level supervisors of the Yin and Yang Sect want to see me. After all, a lot of things happened during the Kunlun Heir’s banquet, and they probably want to ask about it. Have a good rest and please stop overthinking.”

Then, Zhang Ruochen left the room to meet Half-saint Zixia.

Chapter 772 - The Meeting with the Master

Translator:

Transn

Editor:

Transn

Half-Saint Zixia, lord of the Longevity Institution on Zixia Sacred Mountain, was also Lin Yue's nominal master.

After the Kunlun Heir's Banquet, Lin Yue became as famous as Gai Tianjiao in the Yin and Yang Sect. Both of them were now Yin and Yang Sect superstars, with quite promising futures.

Although Half-Saint Zixia was only a nominal master to Lin Yue, he also shared benefites with Lin Yue, which made many other Half-Saints in the Yin and Yang Sect feel jealous.

Zixia was so happy to see Zhang Ruochen that he did not hide his admiration at all. He said, "Lin Yue, you did really well during the banquet. You defeated the Demonic Sect masters and earned respect for the Yin and Yang Sect. Your contribution will be rewarded. Now, please follow me to Tai Qing Palace. The master wants to see you."

Though Zhang Ruochen's cultivation was only at the Eighth Change in the Fish-Dragon Realm, his spiritual power had reached the Half-Saint Realm, which put him on equal footing with Half-Saint Zixia.

For this reason, insteading of acting like his master, Zixia treated Zhang Ruochen as an equal.

"The master wants to see me?" Zhang Ruochen was a little surprised.

"Yes, he does."

Zixia smiled. "As far as I know, Patriarch Taiyi thinks you have great potential. He will be present as well, but you don't need to be nervous. Just answer the master's questions honestly."

Zhang Ruochen thanked Zixia and returned to the Yin and Yang Sect with him.

They went to the the Tai Qing Palace.

Ning Xuandao, master of the Yin and Yang Sect, stood side-by-side with the Moon-Burier Sword Saint in the center of the palace, discussing something secret.

The Moon-Burier Sword Saint frowned, and his face became sullen. He said his worries aloud. "My lord, Patriarch Taiyi brought news from the Seven Ancient Gods Mountains, saying that the Heaven Sword has behaved abnormally again. The tip was pointing towards the Deceased God Cemetery. This is the third change this month."

"Since ancient times, the Heaven Sword and the Earth Sword have been suppressing the destiny of the Yin and Yang Sect. If these two swords do not move, it means we will enjoy a prosperous time and have no threats from our enemies."

"If the Earth Sword moves, it signifies that a disaster will come and some important man in the Sect will fall."

"If the Heaven Sword moves, it means that the disaster will be quite severe and it will have a negative impact on the whole Sect."

"The Heaven Sword has moved three times in a month, indicating that we will have a catastrophe soon."

Ning Xuandao, who wore a Taoist robe and held a bronze hossu, looked quite sullen. He looked in the direction of the Deceased God Cemetery and said, "The appearance of the Void Sword illustrates that something unusual occurred in the Deceased God Cemetery."

Moon-Burier Sword Saint said, "I've sent disciples, Xiao Yun and Situ Xiao, to the cemetery. If something has happened, they will inform the authorities at once."

“Whew!”

A bright dot quickly came towards them from afar. It rushed into Tai Qing Palace and fell on the Moon-Burier Sword Saint’s palm.

It was a Signal Flare.

Words showed themselves on it one-by-one.

After reading them, the Moon-Burier Sword Saint’s face became gloomy.

“What’s wrong?” asked Ning Xuandao.

The Moon-Burier Sword Saint put away the Signal Flare and said, “Xiao Yun and Situ Xiao found Monks from the Immortal Vampires at the Deceased God Cemetery.”

“I can’t believe they went to the Deceased God Cemetery.”

Ning Xuandao snorted before saying, “During the fight with the Immortal Vampires, our Yin and Yang Sect contributed a lot. They must have been holding a grudge towards us since then. They have evil intentions against us.”

“This is quite serious. The Yin and Yang Sect should be placed on full alert from now on.”

Then, Ning Xuandao sent his order by using the power of Divine Soul, which transmitted sound waves to the Three Palaces and 72 Compounds.

A moment later, a disciple came in. He saluted Ning Xuandao and then said, “Master, Lin Yue and Half-Saint Zixia are waiting outside the palace.”

“Let them in.”

With a slight movement, Ning Xuandao appeared at the highest place in the palace, sitting on a chair carved out of a Holy Stone.

The Moon-Burier Sword Saint did not leave. Instead, he sat down at Ning Xuandao’s left hand.

Zhang Ruochen, following Half-Saint Zixia, entered the palace. They did not stop until they were in the center of the

main hall.

Half-Saint Zixia then waited on the right side of the main hall.

Zhang Ruochen bowed. He said, “Your disciple, Lin Yue, has come to pay his respects to the master and the sword saint.”

“Lin Yue, you’re now the Spiritual Half-Saint. You do not need to bow to us.”

The expression on Ning Xuandao’s face seemed soft. He carefully scanned Zhang Ruochen and nodded. “No wonder you’re a genius in Tao of the sword, you have an extraordinary temperament. I see why the patriarch of the Divine Dragon and Half-Human Clan came to see me a few days ago. He wanted to match you with a girl.”

After thinking quickly, Zhang Ruochen knew the reason, but he felt bitter in his heart.

After the Kunlun Heir’s Banquet, everyone knew Lin Yue was fond of Commandery Princess Yanchen from East Region Saint Mansions. Therefore, Ning Xuandao changed the topic. He then said, “Your actions at the banquet were quite excellent. The sword saint and I have been watching you for a long time.”

“Over the years, the Demonic Sect won all the battles with other Suzerains except for the one with the Ministry of War. However, this time, you defeated them, and they must be quite embarrassed.”

“However, there is something I don’t understand. Why did you give up, when your cultivation was high enough to win you a seat as an Heir?”

Zhang Ruochen had already expected that Ning Xuandao would ask this question, therefore, he replied with the same answer which he had told Saint Lady.

Since the banquet was over and nothing could be changed, Ning Xuandao did not ask further. But he became more serious and said, “So, how about inheritance of the Void Sword and the Thousand-Bone Empress?”

Even though Zhang Ruochen was standing in front of the Master of the Yin and Yang Sect and the Moon-Burier Sword Saint, he stayed calm and relaxed.

Zhang Ruochen smiled and said, “Actually, this sword was a gift from Half-Saint Yuanlong.”

Ning Xuandao and the Moon-Burier Sword Saint both went momentarily blank. They were obviously stunned.

They knew who Half-Saint Yuanlong was, but what they did not understand was why he had given the Void Sword, an extremely precious treasure, to Lin Yue?

In fact, Half-Saint Zixia was the most surprised, because he did know why Half-Saint Yuanlong had given this sword to Lin Yue.

Still in shock, Zixia asked again, “Do you mean that the broken sword Half-Saint Yuanlong gave to you is actually the legendary ‘Void Sword’ that once belonged to the Thousand-Bone Empress?”

Zhang Ruochen replied, “At first, I thought it was a broken sword as well, but I later found out that it was the Void Sword.”

Half-Saint Zixia began laughing so hard that he started to cry.

He wanted to tell Yuanlong the news right away. He wondered if the old man would get frustrated after he learned the truth about the sword.

After Ning Xuandao and Moon-Burier Sword Saint learned the whole story from Zixia, they looked at each other with an odd expression.

Half-Saint Yuanlong had given the Void Sword to a junior. If he found out the truth, he would be frustrated for several days, even though he was in the Heart State of Half-Sainthood right now.

After that, Ning Xuandao asked Zhang Ruochen some more questions, and he answered them fluently and flawlessly.

“Only less than a month is left until Sep 9th, on which day you will represent the Yin and Yang Sect in the Sword Technique

Conference. No one will be your match, except for one person,” Ning Xuandao said seriously.

Zhang Ruochen asked, “Is it Shao Lin from the Four Symbols Sect?”

Ning Xuandao nodded and said, “His talent in Tao of the sword is as excellent as yours. Now that he has become an Heir of Kunlun’s Field and drunk the Holy Spring Water, his cultivation is probably more powerful than a second level Half-Saint. You have no chance of winning if you compete with him.”

Zhang Ruochen asked, “I will do whatever I must to never let the Four Symbols Sect take control of the Sword Pavilion.”

According to Qi Hong’s memory, Zhang Ruochen knew that there was a secret agreement between the Four Symbols Sect and the Demonic Sect. They were setting a trap at the Sword Technique Conference to seize control of the Sword Pavilion.

Ning Xuandao felt assured and said, “It’s so good for you to have such determination. The Suzerain will fully support you. If you need anything, just tell me straightaway, and I will make it happen as long as it’s reasonable.”

Zhang Ruochen replied immediately, “I want to see the wordless sword manual.”

The wordless sword manual was the number one holy book of Tao of the sword. Who would not want to see it?

But the Moon-Burier Sword Saint frowned. He said, “Lin Yue, you have great talent in Tao of the sword, however, your cultivation is not high enough. The wordless sword manual is extremely hard to understand. You know, even many Saints are unable to perceive anything valuable from it.

“Since you don’t have much time, you should focus on how to improve your cultivation properly.

“To be frank, you couldn’t compete with Shao Lin with the cultivation of the Eighth Change in the Fish-Dragon Realm even if your Sword Two had reached the Completion.”

“However, if you could reach the Ninth Change in the Fish-Dragon Realm before the Sword Technique Conference, and at the same time, refine a drop of divine blood by the power of gods during the sacrificial ceremony, then you might have a chance to defeat Shao Lin.”

Obviously, the Moon-Burier Sword Saint provided the best suggestion, according to his understanding and calculation.

As long as everything went well, Lin Yue would have a chance to defeat Shao Lin.

However, Zhang Ruochen had his own thoughts. He must achieve the Completion of Sword Two before the Sword Technique Conference.

This was what Sword Saint Xuanjin expected of him.

If he could do it, Sword Saint Xuanji would be relieved and in a good mood before his final battle with Nine Serenity Sword Saint.

As a result, Sword Saint Xuanji would have a better chance of winning.

He had less than a month. His only chance was to study the wordless sword manual and reach the Completion of Sword Two.

Zhang Ruochen said firmly, “This is my only request. I hope that the master and the sword saint will give me this opportunity.”

Chapter 773 - Grandma Begonia

Translator:

Transn

Editor:

Transn

Ning Xuandao and the Moon-Burier Sword Saint were quite confused and reluctant about Lin Yue's insistence.

Ning Xuandao found it inappropriate to refuse Lin Yue. After all, he had expounded definitively and fully at the very beginning. If he continued declining for other reasons, it would be undignified for a master.

"Since you're so determined, it will be good. I hope you can comprehend something useful from the wordless sword manual."

Ning Xuandao looked at the Moon-Burier Sword Saint and nodded slightly.

"Lin Yue, follow me to the Sword Pavilion to read the wordless sword manual."

Since the master had spoken, the Moon-Burier Sword Saint would not reprimand Lin Yue any more.

He stood up and led Zhang Ruochen out of the Tai Qing Palace without saying a word.

Meanwhile, a banquet was being held in a grand mansion in Shentai City.

This was where the monks from the Four Symbols Sect had been temporarily accommodated.

Because Shao Lin had been selected as one of the nine Heirs of Kunlun's Field, the whole Four Symbols Sect was a scene

of jubilation. They invited monks to celebrate this exhilarating event.

The banquet had lasted for a day and a night.

The Xuanyi Saint saw off all the guests, and then he got down to a one-on-one discussion with Shao Lin about the Sword Technique Conference.

“Shao Lin, have you decided to fight Lin Yue from the Yin and Yang Sect in the Sword Technique Conference?” said the Xuanyi Saint with a disagreeable frown.

Lin Yue had two identities; he was both a disciple of the Thousand-Bone Empress and a Spiritual Half-Saint. Although these two identities meant little to the Sword Technique Conference, some fuss could be created out of them.

It was possible that Lin Yue would not be allowed to participate in the Sword Technique Conference on behalf of the Yin and Yang Sect.

In this way, everything would be sure to run smoothly.

“Is the Xuanyi Saint worried that I can’t defeat Lin Yue?”

His identity as an Heir of Kunlun’s Field made Shao Lin more arrogant than normal.

Even with the Xuanyi Saint in front of him, Shao Lin was still haughty.

The Xuanyi Saint was merely a saint, while he, Shao Lin, was about to become a disciple of the Empress. How dignified his status would become!

If he was granted a position as the Empress’ disciple, even Saints would fawn on him as well.

And, equipped with his talent and his resources from being an Heir, he believed firmly that he would certainly become a Saint in the near future. Therefore, why should he always follow the Xuanyi Saint’s instructions?

The Xuanyi Saint could feel that Shao Lin’s tone was different than before.

But he did not mind it. After all, Shao Lin owned a new, different identity. He was qualified to be on equal footing with a Saint.

“I’m just worried that something unexpected will happen. The Void Sword was actually the Thousand-Bone Empress’ sabre. You can’t underestimate its mighty power,” the Xuanyi Saint said seriously.

With an arrogant sneer, Shao Lin clenched his fist and said, “Although the Void Sword is quite formidable, Lin Yue’s cultivation is just in the Eighth Change of the Fish-Dragon Realm. Even though he could reach the Ninth Change before the Sword Technique Conference, how well will he be able to use the Void Sword?”

“With my current ability, I would not lose when competing with a second level Half-Saint, let alone him.

“Besides, to make extra certain, the Four Symbols Sect has brought the ‘Rosefinch Sword,’ the third best Holy Sword in our Sect. As soon as I can use it, why should I fear the Void Sword?”

The Xuanyi Saint realized clearly that Shao Lin was thinking a lot about the Rosefinch Sword.

Once he was allowed to use the Rosefinch Sword in the Sword Technique Conference, he would never return it.

Shao Lin was fully confident of his ability and added, “Lin Yue stole the limelight at the Kunlun Heir’s Banquet. To outsiders, he seems to be more powerful than us, the nine Heirs of Kunlun’s Field.

“Only when I have defeated him head-on with my absolute strength can I prove to all the monks that the nine Heirs of Kunlun’s Field are the most powerful talents in Kunlun’s Field. And this is what Saint Lady wants.”

Not long ago, Saint Lady had met him alone. She told Shao Lin to fight righteously with Lin Yue in the Sword Technique Conference and to win the battle to defend the honor of the nine Heirs of Kunlun’s Field.

Shao Lin still remembered the expectation sparkling in Saint Lady's eyes. He would not let her down, no matter what.

If he could turn into a Saint one day, he would go all out to have Saint Lady. How could such a beauty bestowed with talent, cultivation, and wisdom belong to someone else?

And beside Saint Lady was the Confucian Sect. In other words, having her meant having the Confucian Sect's support, which would bring limitless benefit in the realization of his great ambition.

Therefore, he could not let down Saint Lady in the battle with Lin Yue, no matter what happened.

"Since this is what Saint Lady wants, I can say nothing more."

The Xuanyi Saint frowned slightly and wondered why Saint Lady asked Shao Lin to defeat Lin Yue in the Conference, since Lin Yue was one of Saint Lady's followers.

Did she merely hope to defend the honor of the Nine Kunlun Heirs? Or was she displeased because Lin Yue did not compete for a spot as Heir?

The Xuanyi Saint could not figure out why she would encourage Shao Lin.

The Moon-Burier Sword Saint led Zhang Ruochen to the Sword Pavilion. As he stepped forward, he said, "The Sword Pavilion is a time-and-space treasure. It has been here since the founding of the Taiji Sect. And the wordless sword manual is stored in the seventh level of the Sword Pavilion."

At Zhang Ruochen's level of appreciation of Tao of the sword and his current ability, he could only enter the second level of the Sword Pavilion.

To get to the seven level, the Moon-Burier Sword Saint would have to guide him personally.

The Sword Pavilion's internal space would magnify several times as the level increased. And its seven level was considerably vast, with no end in sight. It looked like a Primitive World, complete with green mountains, clear streams, singing birds, and fragrant flowers.

“The seventh level of the Sword Pavilion is a small world. It is about 1,850 kilometers in vertical and horizontal diameter.”

The Moon-Burier Sword Saint cast a glance at Lin Yue and noticed that he appeared rather calm. His eyes sized up the surrounding area deeply.

Other monks would be shocked if they learned that an enormous world existed inside a tower. Seldom did monks remain as calm as Lin Yue.

The Moon-Burier Sword Saint nodded his head to show his appreciation of Lin Yue’s mood. He started to believe that Lin Yue, with his cultivation in the Fish-Dragon Realm, would be able to learn something about the Tao of the sword from the wordless sword manual.

There was abundant Spiritual Qi in this level. And it had a large amount of rare Spiritual Doses, each of great value. Some of them gave off a strong, exotic fragrance.

Not far away, a seven-color spiritual flower sent forth powerful Holy Qi, and it transformed into a human shape, an old woman with gray hair.

Dressed in a red robe, the old woman was a gaunt, stooping figure. Her skin was creased like withered bark, as if she had already had one foot in the grave.

“Transform the Spiritual Dose.”

Zhang Ruochen stared at the old woman in red, a little shocked.

When a savage beast attained the Half-Saint realm, it could transform into human-beast shape. And only by reaching the Saint realm could it transform into human shape completely.

Unlike the generations of remote antiquity and mythical beasts, common savage beasts practiced very slowly. After practicing for hundreds of years, they still might not be able to reach the Half-Saint realm, not to mention transforming into a human shape. It was extremely arduous for them.

Compared to common savage beasts, it was even more difficult for a Spiritual Dose to gain a human shape.

Generally speaking, the Spiritual Dose had to develop for 10,000 years before it could begin evolving consciousness. Unless it received correct guidance and approaches to practice, it could never evolve into a human shape and it could not attack, even if it was highly intelligent.

And if a Spiritual Dose was taught to how to practice, it still took a long time to practice, let alone to take on human shape. It might take tens of thousands of years.

But Spiritual Doses could live a very long time, one hundred thousand years or even more. This was incomparable to mankind and savage beasts. Therefore, they did not worry that their lifetime would be consumed.

Among the long-established sects, the oldest was not the senior Saints. It was the Holy Beasts and holy medicines that safeguarded the Suzerain.

A savage beast's life expectancy was usually longer than a human being's.

The heavenly way was always fair; it bestowed human beings with powerful fertility and practicing speed that could outpace other species, but it did not provide them with an overly long life.

The old woman in red was a kind of holy medicine, named Seven-Colored Begonia.

She was responsible for the Sword Pavilion, not the Yin and Yang Sect. If the Sword Pavilion was captured by the Four Symbols Sect, she would follow the Sword Pavilion into the Four Symbols Sect.

No one knew how long the Seven-Colored Begonia had lived. Based on the earliest records, she had been in the Sword Pavilion since the remote Middle Ages, and she had never left.

In all of Kunlun's Field, she was one of the holy medicines having the longest life expectancy.

The Moon-Burier Sword Saint bowed to the old woman and said respectfully, "My respects, Grandma Begonia."

With a displeased look, the old woman threw an indifferent glance at the Moon-Burier Sword Saint. She asked hoarsely, “Moon-Burier, how could you bring a human in the Fish-Dragon Realm to the seventh level of the Sword Pavilion? Haven’t you broken the Pavilion’s rules?”

The Moon-Burier Sword Saint answered, “It was the Master who asked him to come here. He has allowed him to read the wordless sword manual, as well as study the Tao of the sword. I will pick him up within half a year. Grandma Begonia, would you make an exception for him?”

“To read the wordless sword manual? I’m afraid a monk in the Fish-Dragon Realm won’t be able see the words on it. It wouldn’t make sense.”

The old woman in red fixed her deep eyes on Zhang Ruochen, and suddenly she let out a murmur with her eyes gleaming strangely.

Recently, Zhang Ruochen had practiced the Change of 36 Forms to a more ingenious level. But, he felt that the old woman had seen him through, leaving him nowhere to hide.

Chapter 774 - Intergrating the Three Patriarch's Sword Comprehensions

Translator:

Transn

Editor:

Transn

The guardian's cultivation was unfathomable, posing great pressure on Zhang Ruochen. Beads of sweat welled up on his skin, soaking his back entirely.

If his identity was discovered, with his current cultivation, it would be impossible for him to escape from the Sword Pavilion alive.

Who had expected that there was a dread person in the Sword Pavilion?

The old woman in red stared at Zhang Ruochen as she nodded and spoke meaningfully, "There are many secrets in you."

The Moon-Burier Sword Saint thought that the old woman was referring to the identity of the Thousand-Bone Empress' disciple, so he did not take her seriously. He said, "Lin Yue is rated the first Genius of Tao of the sword in the Yin and Yang Sect since the Middle Ages. His destiny is extraordinary. He has experienced some adventures."

"Well, since the Yin and Yang Sect has made the decision, let him have a try. Until now, no one in the the Fish-Dragon Realm has seen the words on the wordless sword manual yet."

The old woman turned around and walked into the distance.

Her footwork seemed sluggish, but only with four or five steps, she was completely out of sight.

The Moon-Burier Sword Saint bowed to the old woman and said to Zhang Ruochen, “Lin Yue, Grandma Begonia is the guardian of the Sword Pavilion, and her achievement in the Tao of the sword exceeds mine remarkably.” “With her help, I was able to practice Sword Seven successfully, and I was conferred the title of “sword saint.” From now on, you should pay your respects to her whenever you meet her.”

“Thanks for reminding me, sword saint.” Zhang Ruochen said.

The seventh level of the Sword Pavilion was very flat and vast with some low hills. But in the center of this level towered a reddish-brown stone mountain.

Steep, surrounded by cliffs, the mountain stretched 20,000 metres into the clouds, like a tremendous stone sword standing in the middle of the universe.

Beneath the mountain, the Moon-Burier Sword Saint looked up in awe and said, “This is the wordless sword manual, also named ‘Inscriptionless Sword Mountain.’ A monk without adequate training can only feel its mighty Sword Comprehension, but he can’t read any words and pictures on it.”

Zhang Ruochen had sensed a huge aura of Tao of the sword. Looking up, he could observe Sword Qi condensed into a river, which swooshed and flew around the Inscriptionless Sword Mountain.

He had never imagined that the legendary wordless sword manual was not a scroll but a stone mountain.

The Moon-Burier Sword Saint said, “Time passes differently in the Sword Pavilion’s seventh level than in the external world. If you practice here for 8 days, only one day has passed outside. You have to rely on yourself to learn in the following days. I’ll pick you up after half a year.”

In the Sword Pavilion, the time varied in the different levels. Going up, the time ratio between the pavilion and the outside world became larger.

Because the time in this level elapsed too fast, the Moon-Burier Sword Saint dared not to stay here except when

secluding himself for refining. Every moment cost a moment of his life, which was equal to suicide.

After the Moon-Burier Sword Saint left, Zhang Ruochen walked up to the Inscriptionless Sword Mountain and stretched a hand to carefully touch the hard stone wall.

He released his mighty Spiritual Power, and particles of light came from his palms, ready to probe the Inscriptionless Sword Mountain.

“Swoosh!”

The moment his Spiritual Power touched the Inscriptionless Sword Mountain, the Power was smashed by the huge strength of the Tao of the sword. It dissipated completely.

With a choked cry, Zhang Ruochen withdrew his palms immediately and staggered dozens of steps backwards.

“How formidable! Compared with it, my level forty-five Spiritual Power is as tiny as an ant!”

Zhang Ruochen was in awe of the Inscriptionless Sword Mountain.

Everyone knew that the origin of all sword techniques and skills in Kunlun’s Field eventually traced back to the Inscriptionless Sword Mountain.

But it remained a mystery how this sword mountain, with limitless Tao of the sword, had appeared in Kunlun’s Field.

Who had created it?

“It’s said that a monk cannot read the words and pictures on the Inscriptionless Sword Mountain until he reaches the Saint’s realm. Is this true?”

Zhang Ruochen did not accept it. So, sitting cross-legged below the Mountain, he adjusted his mood and motivated the Heart of the Sword, concentrating on observation and perception.

A monk’s comprehension of Tao of the sword relied on his realm of Tao of the sword.

Although Zhang Ruochen's cultivation was just in the Fish-
Dragon Realm, his realm of Tao of the sword had arrived at
the Advanced Stage of the Heart Integrated into Sword, higher
than some Saints.

Moreover, he had just reached the 45th level in his Spiritual
Power, also outpacing many Saints.

Even though his cultivation was relatively low, he still had a
chance to read the words on the Inscriptionless Sword
Mountain.

Time flew. One month passed without him noticing.

In the past month, Zhang Ruochen had changed his position
seven times in a row, but he still gained nothing.

He could only see the stone mountain, stone wall, and some
strange lines. The sword skill words remained invisible.

“Is it due to my low cultivation?”

Zhang Ruochen was unwilling to give up. Instead, he made
efforts to repress the restlessness in his mind, ignoring the
Sword Technique Conference and the desire to practice to the
Completion of Sword Two.

He even closed his eyes and stopped his observation of the
Inscriptionless Sword Mountain.

Gradually, Zhang Ruochen's mood became more and more
pure. He cleaned up his mind, retaining only his pursuit for
Tao of the sword.

He maintained this meditation for three months.

When Zhang Ruochen opened his eyes again, he found
himself in a dark, empty universe with no boundary in sight.

“Where...am I?”

He looked in the distance, only to find a colorful nebula
appearing ahead. It took the shape of a sword, beautiful and
magnificent.

The starry cloud was the convergence of millions upon
millions of stars.

With some bodily movements, Zhang Ruochen dashed into the sky. But he was too distant from the nebula to get close to it. No matter how fast he flew, he never gained on it.

Then, three huge starry rivers rushed out from between Zhang Ruochen's eyebrows, entangling and swirling together. They stormed out swiftly to connect with the sword-shaped nebula.

On the seventh level of the Sword Pavilion, Zhang Ruochen was still sitting cross-legged below the Inscriptionless Sword Mountain when the Three Patriarchs' Sword Comprehension flew from the center of his eyebrows and transformed into three long rivers of Sword Comprehension. They completely surrounded the entire Inscriptionless Sword Mountain.

“Swoosh!”

Something unusual took place on the mountain. Many gold characters emerged on its surface, covering the whole mountain and glowing splendidly.

Each character was transformed into a palm-sized, golden person. They each held the hilt of a sword, ready to wield it swiftly.

When each golden person had completed one sword skill, he would turn into a golden light spot which rushed along the Sword Comprehension rivers into the center of Zhang Ruochen's eyebrows.

Each light spot represented a mysterious sword technique.

Thousands of light spots, like stars in the universe, were rushing into Zhang Ruochen's mind.

The old woman could naturally sense the tremendous changes on the Inscriptionless Sword Mountain.

She fixed her aged eyes on Zhang Ruochen and said to herself, “The Sword Comprehension was left behind by three of them, and yet they all condensed on the same person. Interesting.”

In a flash, the Three Patriarch's Sword Comprehensions returned from the Inscriptionless Sword Mountain and circled around Zhang Ruochen. They poured back into his body, forming a huge vortex.

Not until the vortex had disappeared completely did Zhang Ruochen open his eyes slowly and let out a long breath.

He scanned the surroundings and found everything was quite unfamiliar to him. It took him 15 minutes to recognize that he was still in the seventh level of the Sword Pavilion.

“Why do I feel like I have been practicing in space for 20 years and have learned 3,000 sword techniques?”

No wonder Zhang Ruochen responded slowly. Influenced by the Three Patriarch’s Sword Comprehensions and the Inscriptionless Sword Mountain, he thought that he had been practicing sword techniques in space for 20 years.

Besides, he had practiced all 3,000 sword techniques successfully, including the Human Stage, Spiritual Stage, and Ghost Level sword techniques.

If a monk practiced for 20 years without a rest, it would take him a long time to adapt to the world again.

“What?”

Zhang Ruochen was surprised to discover that the Three Patriarch’s Sword Comprehensions had disappeared completely in his Qi Sea.

Furthermore, the Heart of the Sword disappeared as well.

“How could it be?” Zhang Ruochen wondered.

Footsteps rang out.

The old woman lurched from the distance and said hoarsely, “Young man, don’t panic. Your Tao of the sword has reached the realm of ‘Human Sword.’ And the Heart of the Sword didn’t disappear. It just integrated with your body, Spiritual Power, and Martial Soul.”

“The Human Sword? In the legends, only a sword saint could reach it.”

Zhang Ruochen remembered clearly that he had just been in the Advanced Stage of the Heart Integrated into Sword, still far from the peak. How could he have leapt to the Human Sword so quickly?

Zhang Ruochen could not keep calm.

How could a monk in the Fish-Dragon Realm practice to the level that only a saint could reach? Perhaps...had he really been practicing in the Sword Pavilion for 20 years?

Zhang Ruochen stood up quickly and bowed to the old woman. He said, "Grandma Begonia, how long have I practiced in the Sword Pavilion?"

"Are you confused?" the old woman asked.

"Yes, I am," Zhang Ruochen answered frankly.

The old woman said, "As the Time and Space Descendant, if you are unable to have a clear understanding of time, you can never master it. You will end up losing yourself."

"Well...Grandma has seen right through me," Zhang Ruochen said. He took a deep breath, feeling lightheaded and dizzy.

The old woman responded indifferently. She said, "Who you are means little to me. But since you could get the Three Patriarch's Sword Comprehensions of the Yin and Yang Sect, you and I have some connection. I can give you a hand, anyway."

"First of all, you have been practicing in the Sword Pavilion for less than half a year. The reason why you had the illusion of practicing for decades is that you were influenced by the Inscriptionless Sword Mountain while you were integrating the Three Patriarch's Sword Comprehensions. Let's take a seat and talk."

The old woman coughed and sat on the ground first.

Chapter 775 - Three Thousand Great Ways, One Hundred Thousand Small Ways

Translator:

Transn

Editor:

Transn

Zhang Ruochen sat cross-legged, facing the old woman two meters away. With his hands on his knees, looking like a student in search of knowledge, he seemed very serious and earnest.

Upon seeing Zhang Ruochen's refined courteousness and his outstandingly elegant temperament, the old woman nodded and said, "Your cultivation has already reached the Eighth Change in the Fish-dragon Realm. It wouldn't take long for you to start perceiving the Holy Road. Now then, what exactly is the nature of the Holy Road?"

"Some people say that the Holy Road is the process of continuous questioning, learning, and searching, all to broaden your knowledge, and, eventually, help you understand fully everything in this world, making your Spiritual Power reach transcended realms. Just like the Monks of Spiritual Power and the Monks of the Confucian Sect have done.

"Others say that the Holy Road is a set of rules written in the stars. For instance, as the sun shines on leaves, it leaves shadows on the ground. This is one rule. The flow of water from a high place to a low place is also a rule.

"When humans have perceived the first rule, they know that if you hide under a tree, you can relax in its cooling shade. When

humans have perceived the second rule, they know that if you ride the currents down a stream, you can sail enormous distances in a day.

“However, these are only the most basic rules in nature. Any intelligent creature can easily perceive and learn these rules, use them to increase their ability to adapt to different environments, and ultimately accomplish incredible things.

“The rule of the Holy Road is more enigmatic and abstract. Normal people can never detect its existence. Only through constant learning and perceiving can monks understand it and use it to become Half-Saints and Saints.

“The Tao of the sword is one of the many kinds of the Holy Road, it represents the most acuminous side of the Holy Road.

“Of course, the Great Way of Nature, the Holy Road, and the Tao of the sword, even the mysterious Way of Time and Way of Space, are all actually just Heavenly Ways.”

The old woman’s lecture continued for nine days and nine nights. Not only did she cover the Tao of the sword and the Great Way of Nature, but she also gave insights on the Ways of Time and Space.

At her cultivation and age, her knowledge was naturally very broad and profound. She explained from the depths of the universe, down to the daily lives of mortal beings.

The old woman was like the embodiment of heaven and earth, worthy of being called omniscient.

Even though she was not a descendant of Time and Space, her understanding of time and space far exceeded that of Zhang Ruochen, up to levels he could only dream of attaining.

Listening to her explanations was like opening a completely new door to Zhang Ruochen. It was as if wisdom and enlightenment had suddenly filled his body, making his heart and vision much more clear and translucent.

When Zhang Ruochen absorbed Qi Hong’s knowledge of the Tao of the sword and the Holy Road at first, he was a bit confused, and could not understand a lot of things. Now, he

felt as if he could go as far as to fully master and apply his learnings.

“SWOOSH!”

A light column rushed out from the top of Zhang Ruochen’s head.

In the next instant, his Martial Soul came out of the light column and assembled a human form that looked exactly like him.

At the same time, the first rule of Holy Road was continuously cohering, and finally formed a thin string of light that came together with the Martial Soul.

The second rule of Holy Road followed immediately, and then the third, all fusing non-stop, like the threads of a spider.

After countless hours, Zhang Ruochen’s Martial Soul was finally stable and formed a surprising total of 13 rules.

The old woman nodded and said, “Forming 13 rules of Holy Road at only the cultivation of the Eighth Change in the Fish-dragon Realm is pretty good.”

Getting a “pretty good” from the old woman was already a very impressive appraisal.

Monks who have reached the Ninth Change in the Fish-dragon Realm can already push for the Half-Saint realm if they can form 12 rules of Holy Road.

The true God’s favored sons, however, would not choose to breach the gap rashly even after forming 12 rules, but instead would go on with their studies and continue trying to form more.

Why do they do so?

The 12 rules of Holy Road are already one with the monk’s Divine Soul. They become the monk’s 12 ways of the Holy Road. Even if the Half-Saint perceives the 13th rule, it cannot merge with his Divine Soul.

This is due to the fixedness of the monk’s Divine Soul once it reaches the Half-Saint realm. The Divine Soul becomes stable

as it gains a complete form, but it also becomes firm and hard to change. Once this happens, any newly perceived rules can only be used as subsidiaries.

To become a Saint, the Half-Saint can now only try to improve the 12 rules he perceived before he reached his current realm, or choose one rule out of the 12 to practice and perfect.

The more rules a Divine Soul holds, the more powerful and well-rounded it becomes. Thus, going forward, it is very beneficial for a monk's practice to form as many rules as possible.

The old woman continued. "In this world, there are nine kinds of the 'Way of Ancient Times,' 72 kinds of 'Supreme Holy Road,' 3,000 kinds of 'Great Ways,' and 100,000 'Small Ways.'

"In the Fish-Dragon Realm, the stronger and more abundant the rules of the Holy Road in the Divine Soul, the higher the monk can achieve in the future.

"The 13 rules of Holy Road you just formed are all merely Small Ways. If you attempt to make a breakthrough to the Half-Saint realm right now, all your potential would be wasted."

It was clear that the old woman was warning Zhang Ruochen to avoid trying too hard and destroying himself.

Zhang Ruochen asked, "May I ask how to practice and form Great Ways, Supreme Holy Roads, and Ways of Ancient Times?"

The old woman appeared very patient. She said, "Small Ways are easy to form, but Great Ways are difficult to construct. If a Supreme Holy Road is completed, you will be matchless in this world.

"All of the 3,000 Great Ways are very abstruse. Only geniuses with extremely high comprehension can get a chance to practice and form a Great Way of the rule of the Holy Road in the Fish-Dragon Realm.

"The 72 Supreme Holy Roads are even more powerful. You will be well off your whole life just by perceiving one

Supreme Holy Road.

“For example, the Tao of the sword is one of the 72 Supreme Holy Roads.

“Monks in the Fish-Dragon Realm can only have the chance to form the rule of the Tao of the sword when they complete the tenth level of Sword One.

Zhang Ruochen suddenly understood, and said, “So that’s why monks who complete the tenth level of Sword One in the Fish-Dragon Realm can usually become sword saints. It’s because they forged the Tao of the sword into their Martial Souls. This single condition is not anything that other sword practitioners can achieve.”

The Tao of the sword is one of the 72 Supreme Holy Roads. Anyone who can merge it with their Martial Souls is extraordinary. Their achievements in the future would undoubtedly be astonishing.

The old woman said, “In the Fish-Dragon Realm, perceiving the rule of the Tao of the sword and merging it with your Martial Soul is only the beginning. You have to continue to practice constantly, perfect the rule, and use some help from the subsidiary Small Ways and Great Ways to have a shot at becoming a sword saint. From the Way of Keeness, the Way of Swiftiness, to the Way of Speed, none of the Small Ways can be overlooked.

“Although the Way of Keeness is just a Small Way, if you practice it to its fullest, there is nothing saying you cannot become a sword saint. However, no matter how in-depth your understanding of the Tao of the sword is when you are at the Half-Saint realm, it would still be extremely hard for you to become a sword saint using the Way of Keeness as a basis.

“In essence, all Great Ways need the Small Ways’ assistance. Therefore, the more rules of the Holy Road the monks at the Fish-Dragon Realm perceives, the more benefits they will get in the future.”

Zhang Ruochen nodded, finally gaining a decent understanding of Small Ways, Great Ways, and Supreme Holy

Roads. He asked again, “Then do Time and Space belong to the Supreme Holy Roads as well?”

The old woman shook her head and said, “Time and Space are two of the nine Ways of Ancient Times. There are seven other Ways of Ancient Times: Truth, Morality, Origin, Light, Darkness, Fate, and Nihilicity.

“Time and Space form the world we live in.

“Truth and Morality give birth to a myriad of knowledge and spread it around the world.

“Light and Darkness create life and death, good and evil.

“Of course, out of the nine great ‘Ways of Ancient Times,’ ‘Fate’ and ‘Nihilicity’ are the strongest. Fate can determine everything, while Nihilicity can destroy everything.”

The old woman’s words were very abstruse and perplexing—they went beyond Martial Arts, and perhaps even the Holy Road. Even with Zhang Ruochen’s current realm, it was still difficult to understand.

The old woman seemed to have perceived his thoughts. She said, “Actually, it is normal not to understand what I am saying at your current level. I am only informing you of the nine great Ways of Ancient Times because you possess the Sacred Mark of Time and Space and have a good chance to form the rule of time and space.

“In case you do succeed, there is a chance that you could become the third master of time and space that Kunlun’s Field has ever had. However, it will be a very difficult path for you to take.”

With a solemn expression on his face and determined eyes, Zhang Ruochen said, “No matter how hard it is, I will do my best in pursuit of the Way of Ancient Times.”

Yet, the old woman shook her head and said, “Since the ancient past, only a few have perceived any of the Ways of Ancient Times while in the Fish-Dragon Realm. Every single one of them was an extraordinary genius.

“I am not telling you that perceiving the Time and Space Way of Ancient Times is the only way to prove your talent, but I am informing you that you need to learn when to give up. If you practice the Tao of the sword to its fullest, you can still become a very successful monk.

“Time and space can, in turn, can be two subsidiary ways to support you. It will not be too late to perceive them slowly when you reach the Saint realm. By doing that, your Tao of the sword will get even more powerful.”

Clearly, the old woman did not believe that Zhang Ruochen can perceive the rules of time and space in the Fish-Dragon Realm.

That was why she was worried that he could get stuck in the Fish-Dragon Realm and never reach the Half-Saint realm if he insisted on perceiving the two rules.

Although Zhang Ruochen had different views, he did not counter her ideas. He took the old woman’s advice carefully and said, “I will remember what you have told me. If in the future I cannot perceive the rules of time and space, then I will not force myself.”

Chapter 776 - Xue Wuye's Invitation

Translator:

Larbre Studio

Editor:

Larbre Studio

The old woman clad in red nodded. She stood up, though her back was still bent, and rasped out, "You are very talented. I hope that you will become accomplished in the future. Now, you have fused three Sword Intents. As long as you continue working hard, you'll definitely make great achievements."

Zhang Ruochen's expression changed a bit. "Granny, do you know the source of my three Sword Intents?"

"I know a bit, but it's not very significant. In the future, if you help the Yin and Yang Sect past challenges, you'll repay the three."

With that, the old woman walked away from the place. Zhang Ruochen stood up. He bowed to her, eyes filled with respect.

For nine days and nights, Zhang Ruochen had absorbed so much knowledge about the Saintly Way. Thus, he closed his eyes and settled down to start organizing his thoughts. This lasted for half a month. Finally, Zhang Ruochen's mind became clear again. He didn't worry about how long he'd been cultivating in the Sword Pavilion. Everything felt so natural.

Fusing the Sword Intents of the three grand-masters indeed brings endless benefits. I've cultivated 3,000 sword techniques, completed Sword Two's cultivation and even cultivated Sword Three to the second level.

I wonder how much power I can release if I can complete Sword Three while in the Fish-Dragon Realm.

This thought flashed past Zhang Ruochen's mind for a second before he gave up on it. Sword Three had six levels, while he'd only reached the second level. It was possible to complete Sword Three with his current Human Sword state. However, it would take a lot of time and cost more than what he'd receive.

The Sword Emperor from 800 years ago had been so magnificent. He could have completed Sword Three in the Fish-Dragon Realm. It wasn't very meaningful though and would waste a lot of time. After all, it would be comparably easier to cultivate Sword Three after reaching the Half-Saint Realm.

Right now, my most important task is to determine a rule for the Tao of the Sword. If possible, I must try my hardest and determine a rule for space and time as well.

Zhang Ruochen was very clear about what he wanted. Thus, he wouldn't become lost.

In the time following that, he began putting his all into creating a rule of the Tao of the Sword. With his current cultivation state and his knowledge of the Tao of the Sword, Zhang Ruochen was confident that it wouldn't take long before he could create a rule.

Around half a month later, the Moon-Burier Sword Saint returned to the seventh level of the Sword Pavilion. His vision was amazing and he noticed Zhang Ruochen's huge change instantly. He was very surprised. "Lin Yue!" he said. "Your Tao of the Sword has improved again?"

"Reading the Wordless Sword Manual is indeed beneficial," Zhang Ruochen said. "My Tao of the Sword has already reached the pinnacle of the Heart Integrated into Sword."

The Human Sword state was too shocking. Zhang Ruochen didn't dare to reveal it so casually.

"Amazing. Truly amazing," the Moon-Burier Sword Saint exclaimed. "You're so young, but you've already reached a level that even some Saints can't reach. You really are a genius in the Tao of Sword. Perhaps only the Sword Emperor from the past can be compared to you."

At first, he hadn't had much hope for Zhang Ruochen. The Moon-Burier Sword Saint thought that reading the Wordless Sword Manual was a complete waste of time. However, when he learned that Zhang Ruochen had reached the pinnacle of the Heart Integrated into Sword, all his previous incomprehension and doubt vanished. All that remained was fascination and praise.

How could he judge a sword genius the way he looked at a common man?

Zhang Ruochen and the Moon-Burier Sword Saint walked out of the Sword Pavilion. On the white stone square outside the Sword Pavilion, many disciples were transporting Spiritual Crystals and beasts to the top of the altar.

"The stronger the beast, the higher it goes."

"Remember to check every crystal so the matrix will be activated successfully on the day of the Sword Technique Conference."

...

The Sword Technique Conference was a once-in-a-century event. The first step was the sacrifice ceremony. Beasts would be killed, their blood sacrificed to the gods.

It was a very somber and sacred event. There could be no mishaps.

"Today is September seventh," the Moon-Burier Sword Saint said. "The Sword Technique Conference is two days from now, on the ninth. Come to the Sword Pavilion again tomorrow night. There's something very important that I must tell you beforehand."

Zhang Ruochen bowed to the Moon-Burier Sword Saint. Then he left the Sword Pavilion and walked down Ancient Gods Mountain.

Returning to Shentai City, he walked down the street. All the conversations he heard were about the nine Heirs. People discussed them, describing their legendary stories. Of course, many were also discussing who was the strongest.

“Monk Lidi has the Buddhist Butcher Sword. He killed Jialuo Gu in the Thousand Treasure Cassock with two strikes. He’s definitely powerful enough to be ranked first.”

“I don’t think so. Monk Lidi could kill Jialuo Gu, mostly because he’d borrowed the power of the Buddhist Butcher Sword. If we talk about true abilities, Xue Wuye is definitely undefeatable. After all, he’s the top sword genius in the past 500 years. Apparently, he completed Sword Two.”

“If Xue Wuye could learn the Sword Emperor’s saintly Flying Fairy Sword, he might really be able to defeat Monk Lidi.”

“Psh, by that logic, if Ouyang Huan could learn the Demonic Sect’s saint weapon Life-Death Furnace, wouldn’t he have no competition in his realm?”

“In my opinion, you shouldn’t consider their weapons when ranking the nine Heirs. Otherwise, Lin Yue, who’s only powerful with the Void Sword, would be comparable to the nine Heirs, wouldn’t he?”

“Saint weapons are part of one’s power. You’re just jealous.”

“You dare to say that Senior Brother Apprentice Lin Yue is only powerful because of his Void Sword? I’ll fight you to the death.”

...

Zhang Ruochen seemed calm. He passed through the crowded streets with a unique step. Hearing all the different comments, he just smiled.

All these people were discussing the nine Heirs and 108 young Kings. It was clear how influential the Heir Banquet was.

It had already ended and some people had left. However, some people stayed. After all, the Sword Technique Conference was another lively event.

Arriving at Sword Saint Xuanji’s residence, Zhang Ruochen finally stopped. He saw a very elegant carriage outside in the near distance. The beast pulling the carriage was a Blood Gold Raven, more than ten meters tall. It radiated with hot flames. If

not for the matrix around it, the stone ground would have probably melted under it.

The Blood Gold Raven was a Sixth Class lower beast. Its combat abilities were comparable to a Grade One Half-Saint. Nowadays, only one person in Shentai City could control a Blood Gold Raven.

It was Xue Wuye, descendant of the Sword Emperor.

Two girls dressed in white stood by the carriage, one on either side. They were pretty and had both reached the Seventh Change of the Fish-Dragon Realm. Zhang Ruochen obviously knew that Xue Wuye was pursuing Huang Yanchen. Thus, he didn't find it strange that Xue Wuye's carriage would be here.

With his hands behind his back, Zhang Ruochen walked towards the Blood Gold Raven's carriage. He didn't stop until he was 30 feet from the carriage.

The flow of Holy Qi in the two sword servants sped up. They'd instantly entered the defensive state.

In the past, these two would have attacked without hesitation. But after the Heir Banquet, they recognized this man called Lin Yue. They knew he was very powerful and able to compete with the Heirs. They couldn't fight him.

"Is Xue Wuye of the Fragrance City in the carriage?" Zhang Ruochen asked.

The carriage was the size of a small pavilion. It was constructed with luxurious materials and a faint fragrance wafted out. The servant on the left said, "It is indeed our young city governor."

Zhang Ruochen nodded. "In that case, please tell Xue Wuye that he'd better stay away from Princess Yanchen. Otherwise, I won't mind seeing if my sword is faster than his."

After the battle at the Heir Banquet, everyone in the world knew that Lin Yue was pursuing Huang Yanchen. Thus, he wasn't afraid of speaking more directly.

Rich baritone laughter sounded in the carriage. "What if I said that I'm waiting for you instead of Princess Yanchen?"

“Xue Wuye would wait for a man?” Zhang Ruochen asked in return.

“To be honest, I’m not interested in men. I don’t have much patience either,” Xue Wuye said. “You’re the first man I’ve ever waited for. So, what do you think? I’m so earnest. Won’t you come up for a drink?”

“Sure.”

Zhang Ruochen wasn’t scared. He walked to the Gold Blood Raven’s carriage and climbed the steps one by one.

Whoosh.

A beautiful girl reached out her snowy white hand and lifted the curtains, welcoming Zhang Ruochen in.

Xue Wuye sat on white fox hide. There was a small exquisite jade table beside him. Two glass cups sat on the table, one before another. Even from the distance, Zhang Ruochen could still smell the fragrant wine in the cups.

There were four young girls on either side of Xue Wuye. They were all complete beauties that could win over a city’s heart. The carriage’s inside was also glamorous. Each small decoration was worth a city.

No wonder this man was the Fragrance City’s young city governor. He knew how to enjoy himself.

Xue Wuye looked up. Staring at Zhang Ruochen, the corner of his lips turned up. While drinking wine, he smiled and said, “You must be struggling over whether your fiancée or your Demonic Sect lover is more important, right?”

Zhang Ruochen’s eyes narrowed at Xue Wuye. “Fiancée?” he asked.

“If Princess Yanchen isn’t your fiancée, might she be mine?” Xue Wuye had an ambiguous expression. “The Time and Space Descendant is dead, but Lin Yue is still alive, isn’t he?”

“You think that you’ve seen through me?” Zhang Ruochen sat across from Xue Wuye. He lifted a glass cup and took a sip.

Xue Wuye chuckled. Lifting a cup, he said, “Brother Ruochen, no offense, but you’re too emotive, just like me. You’re more suitable for being a player in the game of life.”

Chapter 777 - The Seals of Time and Space

Translator:

Larbre Studio

Editor:

Larbre Studio

Since he had called out Zhang Ruochen by name, he must have known Zhang Ruochen's identity without a shred of doubt. There was no need to use a disguise anymore. He asked, "How did you recognize me?"

Xue Wuye's face was absurdly handsome – fair complexion, delicate features better-looking than a woman's, and long black hair tied neatly into a sleek ponytail, which exuded a nonchalant and carefree demeanour.

"You are the Time and Space Descendent. I suppose you've heard of Maitreya?" said Xue Wuye.

Zhang Ruochen's heart skipped a beat. "Legend has it that Saint Monk Xumi was the Maitreya. Though he died a long time ago, he controlled the Power of Time and therefore made many imprints on the future. Tens or hundreds of thousands of years from now, we might be able to bump into one of his imprints."

Zhang Ruochen's gaze grew intense, and a sudden thought hit him. He then darted his gaze to Xue Wuye, looking dazed, and asked, "Could it be that you've met Saint Monk Xumi before?"

Xue Wuye laughed and nodded gently. "I got to meet Saint Monk once when I was twelve, and I was his apprentice for a month."

Indeed he had met Saint Monk Xumi before.

"His moves were instantaneous yet seamless."

Xue Wuye's smile faded and his eyes pierced through Zhang Ruochen's, two of his fingers extending into a sword sign and thrusting towards Zhang Ruochen at a lightning speed. In a split second, his right hand was already pointing at the middle of Zhang Ruochen's forehead, giving the opponent no sign of his next move.

The aura energy of his sword surged through his fingertips and formed into the shape of his blade in a white beam.

It was the basic move of Sword of Time – the Instantaneous Sword Technique.

However, Xue Wuye's sword-like fingers halted immediately when they were only three inches away from Zhang Ruochen's brow, unable to advance any further.

Zhang Ruochen calmly sat where he was, placed the wine glass on the jade table, raised his arm, then motioned downward with his palm. BANG! Xue Wuye was knocked back a step or two.

Xue Wuye looked at his own palm, then at Zhang Ruochen's. Astonished, he asked, "Was that 'Spatial Freezing' from the Power of Space?"

"You're right."

Zhang Ruochen answered, "You have not perfected the Sword of Time. Otherwise, even with the Power of Space, I wouldn't have been able to defend myself."

Xue Wuye did not seem particularly concerned. He said while laughing, "My Sacred Mark of Time and Space is not opened, nor does the Sword of Time serve as my primary sword technique, so of course the move would not be perfect."

"When Saint Monk was imparting the techniques of Sword of Time to me," he continued, "he meant to have me experience different sword fighting styles. That's about it. Had I performed Sword Three, would you have been able to take that? I suppose Spatial Freezing has its limit too?"

"You have mastered Sword Three, haven't you?" Zhang Rouchen lifted his eyes to meet Xue Wuye's for a moment.

With a tone of pride, Xue Wuye answered, “Though not mastery yet, I have achieved a desirable level.”

Of course, Xue Wuye intentionally concealed his true strength, just as Zhang Ruochen expected he would.

Others thought that he had not even mastered Sword Two. Who would have guessed he had in fact reached a desirable level of Sword Three?

Comparatively, Xue Wuye’s talent had surpassed the Sword Emperor’s when the emperor was his age.

If Xue Wuye truly was Saint Monk Xumi’s apprentice, everything would make sense now.

Xue Wuye understood the Power of Time and Space well, and had never fallen into everyone’s belief that the Time and Space Descendent was dead since the beginning.

His pursuance of Huang Yanchen could be bait meant to get Zhang Ruochen to reveal his true identity and meet him in person, because Huang Yanchen was Zhang Ruochen’s fiancée.

Anyone who claimed to be Zhang Ruochen’s adversary, or intentionally approached Huang Yanchen, could be the assumed identity of Zhang Ruochen.

Recently, Zhang Ruochen’s action had made it even more obvious. Not only was he covering up for Huang Yanchen everywhere, he had been appearing at the mansion of Sword Saint Xuanji several times. How could people not be suspicious?

Of course, the most important thing was that Xue Wuye knew Zhang Ruochen would not die so easily, while others firmly believed in the news of his death.

This was the main difference that made Xue Wuye the only one who could identify Zhang Ruochen, while others could not.

Like how Kong Lanyou believed that Zhang Ruochen had died eight hundred years ago, she wouldn’t have given up her doubt even if Zhang Ruochen were to reveal himself now.

Conversely, Orange Star Emissary knew that Zhang Ruochen was not dead. Therefore any blunder would blow his cover, as Lin Yue and she would be able to identify him immediately.

Perhaps the Orange Star Emissary was smarter than Kong Lanyou?

Zhang Ruochen glanced at Xue Wuye and said, "I'm more curious on knowing how you captured the Time Mark to perform the Instantaneous Sword Technique?"

Fiddling with his nose gently, Xue Wuye laughed. "I've told you so many secrets, shouldn't it be your turn to answer my question?"

"What is it?" Zhang Ruochen replied.

Xue Wuye asked, "Why did the Queen order your arrest and have Wan Zhaoyi execute it?"

Zhang Ruochen seemed calm and responded with a slight nod. "Hasn't this been announced by the Imperial Court already? I am guilty of committing the unpardonable crime of slaughtering warriors from the Ministry of War at the battleground of Thousand Void World."

"Sigh!"

Xue Wuye heaved a deep sigh and said, "I trusted you, so why couldn't you? Can't we be truthful between the two of us? Honestly speaking, your situation at that moment was an insignificant matter to the Queen. The Ministry of War could have sent anyone to arrest you, why would the Queen give this order herself?"

Zhang Ruochen replied, "If that's the case, what other reason do you think it could be?"

Xue Wuye stroked his chin gently, "When news of the Time and Space Descendent 'Zhang Ruochen' spread to the Fragrance City, I got suspicious. Thereafter, I purposefully went through all of the old documents to find out the relationship between the Time and Space Descendent and the Queen, and I actually got some useful information out of this. If this were to fall into the hands of others, the Imperial Court

would have had it destroyed. Yet the City of Wanxiang chose to keep it.

Zhang Ruochen's facial expression remained unchanged – his gentle smile was still playing on his lips.

Xue Wuye continued to stare at Zhang Ruochen, hoping to get some clues from him and thus probing further. "I managed to find out that the name 'Zhang Ruochen' was the exact name of the Crown Prince of Sacred Central Empire eight hundred years ago. In addition, the Queen had an unusual relationship with the then Crown Prince at that time."

"Was that a coincidence?"

"But other than this relation, I could hardly think of other reasons that could make the high-status Queen give the order personally to seize an ordinary warrior from Heavenly Realm."

Zhang Ruochen lifted his wine glass to his lips and answered, "Perhaps the Queen had the same thought as you? She felt that the name 'Zhang Ruochen' had offended her, and therefore decided to sentence me to death."

Xue Wuye frowned for not being able to pick up on anything despite his long stare at Zhang Ruochen's expression. He nodded. "If that's the case, the name 'Zhang Ruochen' must have meant a lot to the Queen."

"I guess it's your turn to answer my question now?" Zhang Ruochen asked in return.

"It was actually very easy to perform the Instantaneous Sword Technique."

Xue Wuye held his right hand out wide, palm up, and rested it on the jade table.

His Holy Qi flowed rapidly atop his palm and formed into a white seal.

"The Time Seal," said Zhang Ruochen.

In the middle of the white seal, there were thousands of time seals overlapping each other gleaming faintly from the Power of Time they collectively produced.

Thereafter, Xue Wuye drew out his left hand. Surprisingly, there was another seal on his left palm.

“The Space Seal,” said Zhang Ruochen.

Xue Wuye withdrew his hands from the table and nodded, “The Time and Space Seals were gifted to me by Saint Monk Xumi. He said that sword masters could only unleash their strongest power with the help of the Power of Time and Space.”

“But it requires immeasurable Holy Qi to activate the Time and Space Seals. That’s why I am envious that you have opened the Time and Space Mark, which allows you to have full control over the Power of Space and Time.”

Having the Time and Space Seals put Xue Wuye at an advantage compared to the others, because the power they contained were equivalent to two drops of divine blood, which were condensed and purified into the two unique sacred seals that would only bring endless benefits.

Zhang Ruochen nodded in reply. “I see. So, what is your intention in meeting up with me?”

“Didn’t I mention this at the beginning? What other intention would I have other than having a drink with you?” Xue Wuye pointed to the wine on the table.

Zhang Ruochen glanced at him and stood up. “I’m leaving now.”

“Farewell,” Xue Wuye replied.

Zhang Ruochen headed straight to the exit of the carriage, then paused and said, “Thank you for the drink.”

He then left quickly.

In the carriage, a graceful and gentle lady walked towards Xue Wuye and helped him fill his glass with wine. She asked softly, “Sir, is he the Time and Space Descendent Zhang Ruochen, as rumor has it?”

Xue Wuye laughed and said, “Oh beautiful, and the rest of you, listen. As you have heard, not only does this matter involve Saint Monk Xumi, but the Queen is involved too. It is

for the best for you to forget everything you have heard. If word spreads, no one can save you from that.”

Terrified by his words, all sword servants in the carriage knelt before him.

One of the them asked, “So, is he an enemy or a friend?”

Xue Wuye took a deep breath followed by a nod. “A strong rival.”

Rival?

Whether he was an enemy or a friend, Xue Wuye did not provide a clear answer.

Chapter 778 - September Ninth, the Swordsmen are Gathered

Translator:

Larbre Studio

Editor:

Larbre Studio

The conversation with Xue Wuye had clearly affected Zhang Ruochen. Since Xue Wuye could guess that he had an uncommon relationship with Chi Yao, then other people must be able to guess it too. It was just believed that Zhang Ruochen had died, so they didn't look too deeply into it.

But once news spread that Zhang Ruochen hadn't died, people would definitely start digging for the secrets. In the end, they would start investigating the Crown Prince of the Sacred Central Empire from 800 years ago.

Xue Wuye was smart. He wouldn't do things that would hurt himself. If he wanted to spread the news, he would've done so long ago instead of waiting until now. It was possible that he still wasn't sure if Zhang Ruochen was friend or foe.

Thus, Zhang Ruochen wasn't very worried. He would just go with the flow and there would be a result in the end.

Zhang Ruochen had come to Sword Saint Xuanji's residence to see Huang Yanchen. After all, they wouldn't have many chances to meet after the Sword Technique Conference.

However, he knew that Huang Yanchen had isolated herself to refine a drop of Dragon King's blood to try for the Eighth Change of the Fish-Dragon Realm. Thus, he didn't disturb her.

That day, Zhang Ruochen used all his time to give Han Xue pointers on sword techniques. He didn't return to the Sword

Pavilion until the next day—the eighth of September.

First level of the Sword Pavilion, Qingzi Room 18

This was a huge room, hundreds of feet in either direction. It looked dazzling and vast. The top ten sword geniuses of every realm, determined by the sword challenges, were gathered here at the moment.

Gai Tianjiao, Chan Dong, Zhao Wuyan, Han Qiu, Gai Hao, Mu Jiji, Xun Hualiu... These ten were the top sword geniuses of the Yin and Yang Sect.

Everyone stood on the ground and bowed to the Moon-Burier Sword Saint. “Greetings, Sword Saint,” they said in unison.

The Moon-Burier Sword Saint sat cross-legged on the tall podium in the heart of the room. He wore a purple robe and a violet gold crown. He looked very majestic. “Tomorrow is the Sword Technique Conference,” he said. “You are the wings of the Holy Sect disciples. You will attend this grand event, representing the Yin and Yang Sect. After the recent training, everyone has improved greatly. I’m sure you’ve all prepared well.”

Next, the Moon-Burier Sword Saint gave them more advice before telling them to leave. Only Gai Tianjiao and Zhang Ruochen remained.

The Moon-Burier Sword Saint’s expression was very somber. “The Tao of Sword competition has indeed chosen the elites. Unfortunately, they’re still too young. The battle tomorrow will still depend on you two.”

“I will do my best and protect the honor of the Yin and Yang Sect with my life,” Gai Tianjiao said.

“I will do everything I can to keep the Sword Pavilion,” Zhang Ruochen said.

The Moon-Burier Sword Saint nodded. He looked over at Gai Tianjiao and asked, “Tianjiao, how many drops of divine blood have you refined?”

“Including the three from the Holy Spring, I’ve refined five drops,” Gai Tianjiao said.

“Would you try for the sixth after the sacrificial ceremony tomorrow?” the Moon-Burier Sword Saint asked.

Gai Tianjiao smiled. “If I don’t drink from the Holy Spring, I can try to refine another drop of blood. However, I’ve already reached the extent of the Fish-Dragon Realm. Once I start refining sacred blood, I won’t be able to repress my cultivation realm. I’ll quickly reach the Half-Saint Realm. Once I do so, refining divine blood would be less significant. It’ll be more of a waste.”

The more divine blood a Monk in the Fish-Dragon Realm refined, the better. This was because the Saint Soul wasn’t formed yet. This way, they could cultivate a Deity Print and meld it into the Saint Soul.

The more Deity Prints a Monk’s Saint Soul had, the stronger the Monk was. They would be more sensitive to knowledge of the Saintly Way as well. If they controlled their Saint Soul and released the Deity Prints’ power, they could crush Half-Saints of the same class.

But once a Monk reached the Half-Saint realm, their Saint Souls would already be formed. Even if they refined divine blood and cultivated Deity Prints, they couldn’t meld them into their Saint Souls.

Of course, if a Half-Saint had refined enough divine blood, they could turn their physical body into a Saint. However, even powerful families from the middle ages had very little sacred blood. They could only bring out a few drops every generation to create a Saintly Way foundation for the most excellent Fish-Dragon Realm Monks. This was already a lot.

No one had the divine blood to develop a physical Saint.

As the saying went, good metal should be used on the blade. However, there wasn’t enough good metal. Who wouldn’t want to forge the best sword in the world if there was enough?

The Moon-Burier Sword Saint looked towards Zhang Ruochen. “Lin Yue, you haven’t started refining divine blood, right?”

Zhang Ruochen nodded. “That’s right.”

The Moon-Burier Sword Saint pulled out a three-inch metal box from his sleeve. Pushing his palm lightly, he created a breeze that sent the box flying to Zhang Ruochen. “This is a drop of divine blood. Take advantage of the sacrificial ritual before the Sword Technique Conference starts tomorrow and use the power of the gods to refine it.”

Zhang Ruochen accepted the box. His lips quivered as if he wanted to speak but stopped himself.

The Moon-Burier Sword Saint naturally sensed something wrong with Zhang Ruochen’s expression. “What’s wrong?” he asked. “Do you have any questions?”

“I only need one drop?” Zhang Ruochen asked.

The Moon-Burier Sword Saint was taken aback. He quickly smiled and said, “Try it this time. If you can refine it, it’s naturally good news. If you can’t, you won’t feel guilty for wasting a drop of divine blood. When you reach the Ninth Change, the sect will naturally give you another drop. The sect is never stingy towards geniuses.”

“Can’t I refine two drops at once?” Zhang Ruochen asked.

Hearing this, Gai Tianjiao burst into laughter from the side. “Junior Brother Apprentice Lin Yue, I know you’re a genius. However, you might not know how powerful a drop of divine blood is. If you can refine a drop in the Eighth Change, it’s already a huge feat, but you want to refine two at once?”

“Has no one ever done so?” Zhang Ruochen asked.

Gai Tianjiao shook her head. “The Monks who could refine two drops of divine blood in the Fish-Dragon Realm in the entire Kunlun’s Field can be counted on two hands. After refining one drop, it will take one or two years to get used to the Deity Print’s power. They won’t try to refine a second drop until they temper their bodies. No one has refined two drops of divine blood since the middle ages.”

The Moon-Burier Sword Saint also said, “Lin Yue, don’t get too cocky. Talent in the Tao of the Sword doesn’t mean you can withstand the divine blood’s power. A drop of divine blood can burn through a Hundred-Pattern Saint Weapon. Can

you imagine how much power is contained in it? Is your body stronger than a Hundred-Pattern Saint Weapon?”

Zhang Ruochen looked at the metal box and asked, “If divine blood is so powerful, how can a Monk refine it?”

Hearing Zhang Ruochen’s unconfident question, the Moon-Burier Sword Saint nodded in satisfaction. “Tonight, I will teach you how to refine divine blood.”

After that, the Moon-Burier Sword Saint told Zhang Ruochen the method of refining divine blood and some things to be careful of. It took until dawn of the next day for Zhang Ruochen to learn everything.

Next, the Moon-Burier Sword Saint led Zhang Ruochen to the square outside the Sword Pavilion. They walked up, step by step, to the top of the altar.

There were thousands upon thousands of beasts chained up on the altar. Later, when the ritual started, they would all be butchered. Their blood would be used to activate the holy bridge to communicate with the various gods.

According to the Moon-Burier Sword Saint’s instructions, Zhang Ruochen sat cross-legged in a 70-foot-long pool in the center of the altar.

“Remember, refining divine blood is very dangerous,” the Moon-Burier Sword Saint warned again. “If you aren’t careful, you may die. If you sense that you can’t withstand the divine blood’s power, you must cut off connection immediately.”

“I understand.”

Zhang Ruochen closed his eyes and started adjusting his mindset.

The Moon-Burier Sword Saint studied Zhang Ruochen at the bottom of the pool and sighed deeply. He really hoped that Zhang Ruochen could refine the divine blood. That way, he’d be able to compete with Shao Lin. Otherwise, he would be defeated without a doubt.

Of course, he kept these words inside him and didn’t say them aloud. He was afraid that giving Zhang Ruochen too much

pressure would make things worse.

Then he walked down the altar. He went out the square's main entrance to welcome the guests of the Sword Technique Conference.

The sky gradually brightened. A five-colored divine ship, more than hundreds of feet long, flew over from the distance. It was blanketed in multicolored sunlight. It passed through the ancient mountains and landed on the peak of the third mountain.

The swordsmen that would attend the Sword Technique Conference all walked down from the five-colored divine ship. They entered the square outside the Sword Pavilion and gathered around the altar.

The Martial Market Bank, the Imperial Court, the Ministry of War, the Four Symbols Sect, the Demonic Sect, the Eight Trigram Sect ... All the top forces of the Kunlun's Field had Saints leading their groups.

Other than them, there were also some individual swordsmen of high cultivation realms. They'd been invited by the Yin and Yang Sect to be guests at the Sword Technique Conference.

Without a doubt, the swordsmen who could come to the Sword Pavilion were either extraordinary geniuses or big names in the Half-Saint or Saint Realm. There were even some ancient swordsmen who had also appeared here.

After all, swordsmen of the Saint Realm could enter the seventh level of the Sword Pavilion during the Conference and read the Wordless Sword Manual together. Even the ancient figures couldn't help but be tempted by this.

“Look, the Nine Serenity Sword Saint has arrived. Apparently, he wants a final battle with Sword Saint Xuanji. I wonder who'll be the one that lives to the end.”

The young swordsmen were all excited after seeing the Nine Serenity Sword Saint. If not for the Conference, they probably wouldn't be able to see a Sword Saint in their entire lives. But today, many Sword Saints had already appeared. They were all renowned figures.

The Nine Serenity Sword Saint wore a blue-gray cloth robe and simple grass-woven slippers. He seemed common and completely unlike a powerful figure.

Other than him, his five major disciples, Saints and Half-Saints of the eastern Black Market, and some talents of the Fish-Dragon Realm—close to 100 people in total—appeared behind the Nine Serenity Sword Saint.

Soon after, Sword Saint Xuanji brought the swordsmen of the Eastern Region Saint Academy to the Sword Pavilion.

More and more swordsmen were brought over by the five-colored divine ship. The Sword Pavilion became more and more lively too. Legendary figures appeared every now and then, creating a commotion.

Everyone gathered below the altar. Tritons, horns, bells, chimes...all the ritual instruments were played. The Sword Technique Conference's sacrificial ritual had finally begun.

Chapter 779 - Refining Divine Blood

Translator:

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Editor:

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Most of the important people from Yin and Yang Sect had gathered at the Sword Pavilion. They were reciting prayers of the sacrificial ritual led by Ning Xuandao.

“The sacrificial ritual has now begun.”

An old man’s voice rang from the peak of the third mountain. The echo of his voice stretched for miles into the horizon just like waves in the ocean, spreading out to every part of Yin and Yang Sect.

All the members of Yin and Yang Sect turned over to the direction of Ancient Gods Mountain, kowtowed and bowed respectfully in prayer.

The altar had been built at the center of a white marble platform. There, rows of complicated inscriptions engraved on the stones came alive and flowed to form an array, spiraling.

A collective bestial roar was heard followed by a sharp gust of wind, a ‘swoosh’.

In the next instant, all the beasts on the altar were killed. Fresh blood came gushing from their necks like spring water gushing from a wounded Earth, into the pool at the end of the altar.

Zhang Ruochen wore a plain white robe and sat cross legged in the middle of the pool.

Soon, blood covered his knees and reached his chest. A few minutes later, the pool had turned into a large blood pool, filling the air with the pungent scent of blood.

The array of inscriptions flowed into the blood pool and conjured a glowing wheel. A rod made of blood ruptured through the wheel, and went bursting up into the air.

Suddenly, an ancient, sacred and hazy voice was heard above the Ancient Gods Mountain. A powerful force sprung from within and formed a spiraling cloud surrounded by a gold sheen, shaking the ground with the force of the impact.

Zhang Ruochen sat in the pool, and took one drop of the blood and held it in his hand. He used a secret technique to unleash the power of the divine blood.

Divine blood, such a small drop yet the energy it contained was immense, as though a scorching sun was about to scald his body.

Divine blood did not only contain the strength of the gods, but it also imparted their knowledge and unique power.

Therefore, the deity print formed using divine blood would possess unique abilities that would be useful.

Xue Wuye's Time and Space Seals were two deity prints of different abilities and thus he had partial control over the Power of Time and Space.

Zhang Ruochen didn't dare to touch the divine blood.

Something strange happened to his Yin and Yang Saintly Meridian that had caused two tiny swirls to form between his palms.

He used his Holy Qi to coat the divine blood, then continuously extracted prints out of it for him to consume the energy.

“Consume the energy, then condense it into a seal within your body.”

According to Moon-Barrier Sword Saint, this divine blood was from one of the Gods of Sword in the Medieval times. Once refined, it could be condensed into a sword-shaped deity print in his body.

However, he noticed something wasn't right after having started to consume the energy.

The blood strength and divine energy that he had consumed couldn't be absorbed and condensed into a deity print. Rather, it passed through both his Saintly Meridians, gushed into the center of his forehead, and then into his lower abdomen.

Zhang Ruochen had drawn the Chord of Gods for four times across the four realms, which left a Mark of Gods on the wall of his lower abdomen.

There were plenty of Mark of Gods, but one mark by itself was too vague and could never be comparable to any deity print. However, the power of divine blood flowed into his lower abdomen and fused with the Mark of Gods as one.

Zhang Ruochen's lower abdomen was radiating with golden light, as if something divine. All of his deity prints were now visible and virtually hanging across on his lower abdomen.

When he had finished absorbing the divine blood, he noticed his Mark of Gods became deeper and more noticeable, as if he had drawn yet another Chord of Gods.

"The power and strength of divine blood has been absorbed by the Mark of Gods. This is weird. Why would this happen?" Zhang Ruochen thought to himself with a feeling of disbelief.

Although he didn't gain another deity print, his Mark of Gods deepened. This should be good news.

"If the visibility of all my marks could be scaled up and made equivalent to a deity print, does that mean I would have plenty of deity prints in my body?"

Zhang Ruochen didn't feel uncomfortable after absorbing the divine blood.

To confirm his thought, he took a drop of Dragon King's blood out and continued to refine it.

The three drops of Dragon King's blood finally had a use now.

After the Medieval times, there was no one who could ever process two drops of divine blood at the same time. Zhang Ruochen didn't buy it. He thought that he was different from the others, as he had drawn four Chords of Gods, when no one else had done it.

Things that others couldn't make work might work differently for him.

What Zhang Ruochen did not realize was that the ceremony had actually ended when he was refining the first drop of divine blood.

When he was about to refine the second drop of divine blood, all the sects were already in the middle of the sword technique match.

In the past Sword Technique Conference, all saint level swordsmen would head over to the 7th floor of Sword Pavilion to study the Wordless Sword Manual after the sacrificial ritual. They would discuss and examine, and together the new techniques and ideas generated would be passed on to Kunlun's field.

This was the main objective of organizing such a ceremony. It was meant to contribute to the development of swordsmanship and its art.

However, this year was different.

It was because two of the sword saints from the Eastern Region were going to have a battle to the death in Sword Pavilion. No one wanted to miss the intense match between the two great sword saints.

All the saint level sword warriors stayed back to witness the match. They thought the discussion could be delayed further.

Prior to the match, it was a match between Taichi Sect and a monk from Fish-Dragon Realm.

Such a kind of match had another distinctive objective. It was to determine which sect would be the successor of Sword Pavilion, which might change the structure of the sect drastically.

Some of the popular candidates were Gai Tianjiao and Lin Yue from Yin and Yang sect, Shao Lin from Four Symbols Sect, Piao Chen from Eight Trigram Sect and Shang Guan Linglong and Shang Guan Nihong from Taohi Sect.

The strength and ability of Gai Tianjiao, Lin Yue and Shao Lin did not need further explanation. They had shown their great power at the Kunlun Heir's banquet, whereby two of them became the heirs.

Piao Chen was at the banquet too and he was placed at the 29th position. Without a doubt, he had the potential to defeat the heirs.

Shang Guan Linglong and Shang Guan Nihong from Taichi Sect were twin sisters and they were only about 20 years old. Born in the elite family of Shang Guan, which had long traditions in swordsmanship, their cultivations had reached the peak of Ninth Change of the Fish-Dragon Realm, and each had refined a drop of divine blood.

They were placed at the 96th and 97th position in the banquet respectively.

It was said that if both of them worked together, their power level would increase by multiples, and that they could defeat the Descendent of Sword Emperor Xue Wuye before the banquet began. Of course, they were less of a threat if they were alone.

“Why isn't Lin Yue out from the altar yet? Did something happen?”

Moon-Burrier Sword Saint turned to the altar and started wondering.

Monks of Fish-Dragon Realm relied on the power of God whenever they were in the process of refining divine blood. Once the ritual was over, Lin Yue would not be able to rely on the holy power anymore. He should be out of the altar already no matter if it was a success or not.

“Could it be...”

Moon-Burrier Sword Saint thought of a terrible consequence, which was also the worst possible scenario:

“„Lin Yue died of his failure to refine divine blood?”

In the past, there were so many geniuses who died from being unable to retain the energy of divine blood. Even so, it was

hard to accept that this had happened to Lin Yue.

“He was such a talent, how could this accident happen when he had just started to refine his first divine blood? Was it really me who overestimated him? He was only at the Eighth Change of Fish-Dragon Realm anyway,” whispered Moon-Burrier Sword Saint in his heart.

He turned his gaze to Ning Xuandao, only to find out that he, too, was looking heavy-hearted. Clearly, he had thought of the same pessimistic result.

Moon-Burrier Sword Saint wanted to check out the altar but Ning Xuandao stopped him. “Wait a little longer,” he said.

The sacrificial ritual had just ended, the spirits of Heaven and Earth had not completely vanished. Any presence of a mortal at the altar at this point would be perceived as disrespect and could be punished.

No matter how worried Moon-Burrier Sword Saint was, he could only wait and be patient.

Saint Lady had been looking around for Zhang Ruochen the moment she arrived Sword Pavilion, but to no avail.

She was rather smart, for she had been observing Moon-Burrier Sword Saint’s expression all this while and managed to guess that Lin Yue could be at the altar refining divine blood.

It was only after the ritual, when she couldn’t see Lin Yue walking out from the altar, that she began realizing something was not right. She thought to herself: “Is it true that he failed?”

Just then, Saint Lady sensed that someone was looking at her and she turned towards that direction.

She looked over at the seating of Four Symbols Sect. There were six monks from Fish-Dragon Realm carrying a cushion made of dragon scales. On top of it there was a silk veil attached to it to block the sunlight.

Shao Lin was sitting on the cushion in his yellow dragon robe with red cloak around his shoulder. He was holding a bronze glass and his eyes fixed on hers with an alluring smile.

The saints and half saints from Four Symbols Sect didn't even have the treatment like Shao Lin. It could be seen that some of the well-known saints were envious of this.

If it was not for them needing his help to take over Sword Pavilion for their sect on their behalves, they would have argued with him.

His title as the Heir of Kunlun was part of the reason. Although they were upset, they didn't dare to speak out to avoid trouble in the future.

His simper made the Saint Lady uncomfortable. He was not even a half saint and yet he dared to do this to a saint?

To be honest, the Saint Lady had never expected him to be one of the Kunlun's heirs.

Before the banquet started, she thought it would be good enough if he got into the top 10.

Four Symbols Sect must have done a lot for him to improve his chance of taking over Sword Pavilion for them. That could be the reason why he had been improving greatly these days.

In addition to that, some unexpected incidents happened at the banquet. Firstly it was Lin Yue who defeated some of the best swordsmen from the demonic sect. Then the Third Prince of Immortal Vampire and Jialuo Gu eliminated more of the swordsmen from entering the final round.

All of the above made it a bargain for Shaolin to become one of the heirs of the nine realms.

Chapter 780 - Rosefinch Sword

Translator:

Larbre Studio

Editor:

Larbre Studio

Saint Lady had obviously researched Shao Lin before and was very familiar with him. She knew he had poor character. If he became an Heir, there was the risk that he could turn around and bite them.

In Saint Lady's opinion, Lin Yue was the best candidate. He was gentle, just, intelligent, extraordinarily talented, and loyal. He would step out when needed and charge bravely. He also lay low and didn't want to compete with the outside world.

Shao Lin was nothing compared to Lin Yue.

If he's already so disrespectful to me, wouldn't he be even more uncontrollable if he's allowed to become a Saint?

Saint Lady worked to push down her anger and remain calm.

After all, Shao Lin was now an Heir and would become the empress's disciple. Even though Saint Lady wanted to teach him a lesson, she couldn't do it so obviously. She couldn't leave any traces either.

Right now, she only hoped that Lin Yue would appear and take care of Shao Lin. That way, she could use it as a chance to push Lin Yue into the Heir position, replacing Shao Lin.

Lin Yue didn't want to become an Heir, but the Saint Lady insisted on pushing him up from behind.

Shao Lin tossed down the copper wine cup and flew up from the cot. He used the Seven Star Diversion technique and

appeared in the center of the white stone square. His red cape fluttered loudly behind him.

He scanned the swordsmen in all directions as if he was proudly observing the world. “The Sword Technique Conference this year doesn’t have to be as troublesome as before,” he announced. “I will open up the challenge. Those from the Yin and Yang Sect, Taichi Sect, and Eight Trigram Sect can challenge me at will.”

Then he continued, “But let me first make it clear that injuries and deaths are inevitable in a sword challenge. If you can’t take even one strike from me and die here, don’t complain that I’m too cruel.”

Shao Lin’s voice traveled into everyone’s ears. Hearing his words, no one thought he was being too arrogant. After all, he was one of the nine Heirs. He was obviously powerful and qualified to be so proud.

The past Sword Emperor had been extremely proud too. He’d humiliated the prides from the Tai Chi Sect and the other three major sects. No one thought he’d been arrogant. Instead, they were even more impressed.

A Saint swordsman from the Moon Worship Demonic Sect chuckled and said, “Shao Lin does have some characteristics of the past Sword Emperor. After the Sword Technique Conference, his reputation will be greater than before.”

But a swordsman from the Ministry of War scoffed. “The Sword Emperor’s name is passed down through the ages because he’s truly powerful and has never been defeated. Even though he’s proud, he still knows the limit. Many people lost to him, but they all respect him. Shao Lin is still too far from the Sword Emperor when he was young. He’s just this arrogant because he drank from the Holy Spring. He’s only a conceited junior. How can he be compared to the Sword Emperor?”

...

While everyone was discussing animatedly, Bu Chen of the Eight Trigram Sect stepped out. He entered the battle ring of

the Conference.

“Eight Trigram Sect, Bu Chen, here to experience Junior Brother Apprentice Shao Lin’s techniques.” Bu Chen carried an ancient sword on his back. He smiled and brought his hands up in greeting.

Bu Chen and Shao Lin had trained together in the Void World Battleground. They had a good relationship and were comparable in skills. They’d duelled three times before.

Bu Chen had lost once and won twice.

Seeing Bu Chen’s greeting, Shao Lin kept his hands behind his back, looking arrogant. He smiled and said, “Bu Chen, I’m an Heir now. It’s not very suitable for you to still call me ‘junior brother apprentice,’ is it?”

Bu Chen frowned slightly. He immediately retracted his hands and shook his sleeves. “Why?” he asked.

“Soon, I will become the empress’s disciple. Are you purposefully trying to be connected to her by calling me ‘junior brother apprentice?’ To be honest, we aren’t that close,” Shao Lin said, sneering.

The young swordsmen in the square all laughed mockingly. After hearing Shao Lin’s words, everyone guessed that they weren’t actually that close. They felt that Bu Chen thought too highly of himself to call an Heir his junior brother apprentice.

Of course, others thought that there was nothing wrong with this title. After all, the Four Symbols and Eight Trigram Sect were all branches of the Taichi Sect.

Most of the swordsmen of Kunlun’s Field were gathered in the Sword Pavilion. Any small thing that happened today would become the topic of discussion of all Monks in the world later.

How would Bu Chen live after being humiliated by Shao Lin like this? Veins bulged on his forehead as he uttered, “You’ve just become an Heir and you’re already so arrogant. If I knew this, I wouldn’t have taken that hit for you on the Void World Battleground.”

Whoosh!

The ancient sword on Bu Chen's back flew out of its sheath by itself. With light trailing after it, it flew towards Shao Lin. A burst of sword Qi spread out, forming a 90-foot-wide Eight Trigram Print. It spun quickly with the sword, shaking the air violently.

Shao Lin had long disliked Bu Chen. Huffing, he muttered to himself, "He thinks he can call me a junior just because he's older. He doesn't even take his own abilities into consideration."

Activating a technique, he disappeared from the spot with a whoosh. The next moment, he actually passed through the Eight Trigram Print to appear before Bu Chen.

Bu Chen's expression changed. He'd never imagined that Shao Lin's cultivation would be so terrifyingly high. He was so fast that Bu Chen couldn't even see his moves clearly.

Boom!

Shao Lin punched Bu Chen's chest squarely.

With the sound of bones cracking, Bu Chen's body arched and he flew back. He landed hundreds of feet away, blood pouring out of his lips. Many of his ribs had shattered and his lungs were greatly injured. This might leave an untreatable ailment.

Shao Lin massaged his fists and looked at Bu Chen with disdain. "With your abilities, I can kill you without even taking out my sword. However, seeing as you've taken a hit for me before, I'll spare your life. The next time you offend me, it won't be like this."

"You—" With a cough, Bu Chen spat out blood again. Then his vision went black. He'd lost consciousness.

Seeing this, everyone exchanged glances awkwardly. The younger Monks inhaled sharply. Bu Chen was already a top King, but he couldn't even take one of Shao Lin's punches. The thought of this huge difference made everyone feel reverence.

"After drinking the Holy Spring, the nine Heirs have become undefeatable in their own realm. No one can compete with them anymore. From now on, only Heirs can defeat Heirs."

“Shao Lin used the Seven Star Diversion skill from the Four Symbols Sect. His speed has surpassed some Half-Saints. Even most of the nine Heirs are probably unable to match his speed.”

All the young Monks of the Taichi Sect, the Yin and Yang Sect, and the Eight Trigram Sect were floored.

A young Monk of the Eight Trigram Monk was angered by Shao Lin. He wanted to walk out, but a senior stopped him. The older swordsmen naturally could see that Shao Lin’s ego had inflated greatly after becoming an Heir.

Challenging him now was the same as suicide.

Shangguan Nihong of the Taichi Sect stared at Shao Lin in the center of the square. Chewing her lip, she said, “Sister, shall we use the Taichi Starry Sword Formation together and fight him?”

Shangguan Linglong shook her head. “Shao Lin’s abilities can’t be compared to the past. Even if we used the formation, we probably wouldn’t be able to take many of his attacks. Let’s not act now. Let Gai Tianjiao of the Yin and Yang Sect fight with him. We will only have a chance if both sides are hurt from the fight.”

Everyone knew about Gai Tianjiao and Shao Lin’s rivalry. They would definitely have a bloody fight at the Sword Technique Conference today.

As expected, a brutish roar sounded at this time. It was like thunder.

“Traitor, let me fight you!”

Gai Tianjiao strode forward, leaving a trail of afterimages behind her. She appeared before Shao Lin.

Sizzle, sizzle.

Hot flames rolled out of her like a red flood. The flames quickly piled up, forming a fire giant that was hundreds of feet tall.

Seeing the fire giant, Shao Lin felt extreme pressure. His entire body was red from the heat and his expression was

serious.

“Senior Sister Apprentice,” he said coldly. “Today is the Sword Technique Conference. The subject is the sword, but you release your Extreme Yang Body. Isn’t this against the rules?”

“Why should I follow the rules with a traitor like you?”

Gai Tianjiao extended her right arm and clenched her hand. Strands of fire poured out of her pores. She punched towards Shao Lin quickly. At the same time, the fire giant also made a fist and punched down at Shao Lin’s head.

Before the fiery fist arrived, Shao Lin’s skin already started popping. Bloody lines appeared as if he was about to crack.

“Gai Tianjiao, you really think that I’m scared of you?”

Shao Lin’s eyes were dark. He brought his hands before his chest and Holy Qi spun quickly within him. The bloody lines that had formed on him healed at a speed visible to the naked eye.

“Rosefinch Sword!”

A martial print emerged between his brows. A blood-red sword flew out of the print and stabbed towards Gai Tianjiao and the fire giant.

The sword sang sharply.

Various inscriptions appeared on the sword’s body. It caused sword Qi to gather quickly, transforming into a huge rosefinch, hundreds of feet long. It emanated with a grand aura.

“This is the legendary Rosefinch Sword, ranked third of the Four Symbols Divine Swords.”

“The Four Symbols Sect actually gave Shao Lin the Rosefinch Sword. It seems that Gai Tianjiao will definitely lose now.”

“Gai Tianjiao is more skilled than Shao Lin, but her Tao of the Sword is far from him. Even if she had the Sky Sword or Earth Sword from the Yin and Yang Sect, she probably still wouldn’t be able to turn the tides.”

Seeing the rosefinch apparition on the surface of the sword, the countless swordsmen outside the Sword Pavilion were also shocked. The Four Symbols Divine Swords were the top treasures of the Four Symbols Sect. Each one contained boundless power.

Shao Lin's Rosefinch Sword could redouble someone's power. Even a Half-Saint would want to avoid fighting directly with him.

Boom!

Gai Tianjiao's Extreme Yang Body was broken by the Rosefinch Sword instantly. It transformed into strands of flames that scattered in all directions.

Cold murderous desire shone in Shao Lin's eyes. He charged forward and hit the Rosefinch Sword's hilt. The sword flew towards Gai Tianjiao's chest with renewed speed.

Chapter 781 - Birth of Heaven and Earth

Translator:

Larbre Studio

Editor:

Larbre Studio

The power of the Rosefinch Sword was extraordinary, as it was the heirloom treasure of Four Symbols Sect.

A rosefinch was conjured on the edge of the sword as Shao Lin wielded it, a deadly power everyone was afraid of. Yet that was only a fraction of its power.

“Extreme Yang Nine Overlapping Mountains!”

Gai Tianjiao stood firmly like a tower with no fear in her. Flows of Yang Qi were channeled from her body and projected into the image of an Innate Extreme Yang Body.

Thunder struck and the earth shook.

Tongues of fire rose from the surface of the ground and formed into nine mountains, layering upon each other in front of Gai Tianjiao. Her body was radiating a powerful aura.

The flaming mountains were made of flares and neither one of them was an actual mountain.

Yet the defense power was comparable to an actual mountain. The forces the nine mountains exerted could destroy a city with hundreds of thousands of inhabitants, trapping everyone underneath.

“These are but illusions. Do you really think this can stop the Rosefinch Sword?”

Shao Lin gave a cold laugh and extended his fingers into a sword sign. Rosefinch Sword moved along with his sign and greater power was unleashed.

Bang!

The sound of a series of blasts was heard. The power of Rosefinch Sword was so strong that it penetrated through six layers of the flaming mountains, getting closer and closer to Gai Tianjiao.

Gai Tianjiao's face turned serious. She held up her hand into the air and snapped – a deep purple divine sword flew to her hand.

“The Cloud Breaking Sword.”

Both her hands on the hilt, she swung the sword in a circular motion, creating a whirling vortex from the edge of the blade. Magical energy spiraled along with the vortex, unleashing a storm of swords.

Bang!

The deep purple divine sword transformed into beams of light and ripped through the center of the vortex.

Cloud Breaking Sword is a technique originating from Superior-class Ghost Level. Gai Tianjiao spent a year learning to finally master this technique.

The combined strength of Cloud Breaking Sword and Extreme Yang Nine Overlapping Mountains left all present half saints in awe.

“I'm surprised that you have mastered this technique to such a skillful level despite your failure in mastering Sword Two. I have indeed underestimated you.”

Shao Lin squinted his eyes, and his face darkened as he swung the sword into the moves of Seven Star Diversion. Gripping firmly on the hilt, he yelled, “Sword Two!”

The conjured rosefinch split in half and darted in two different directions, forming a huge circle which then engulfed Gai Tianjiao and the rest of the flaming mountains.

The Sword Two technique that he performed was at its third level – Division of Yin and Yang.

The two swords met. A deafening explosion immediately erupted.

The deep purple divine sword Gai Tianjiao used was powerless against Rosefinch Sword. A crack was seen on the surface of the deep purple divine sword, and soon enough it expanded to the entire surface.

The next second, the divine sword was shattered into pieces.

Shao Lin got excited and gave out hysterical laugh. He drew his Rosefinch Sword and darted towards Gai Tianjiao. The sword pierced through Gai Tianjiao's chest and out her back.

At the last moment, Gai Tianjiao used her remaining strength to channel her Holy Qi and pushed her palms forward. Pieces of the shattered sword dashed toward Shao Lin, cutting him slightly as pieces slashed through his flesh.

Standing straight up against her chest, Gai Tianjiao moaned slightly in pain, blood welling out from her mouth.

Following that, the projection of Extreme Yang Nine Overlapping Mountains vanished into thin air.

Shao Lin had never thought that he'd defeat Gai Tianjiao someday. He started laughing, a brittle sound edged with hysteria. "Hah! Gai Tianjiao! You did not expect your defeat, did you?" He sneered.

Soon after, Shao Lin waved his sword swiftly and the energy surrounding the sword threw Gai Tianjiao even further.

Bump!

Gai Tianjiao was hurled a short distance away and fell onto the ground. She covered the wound in her chest with one hand, and raised herself up from the ground with the other. Blood was dripping from the side of her mouth onto the rock on the ground.

While her defeat was unexpected, it was not impossible.

Ordinary divine swords were no match for Rosefinch Sword. It was rather remarkable for Gai Tianjiao to harm Shao Lin, although she was at a disadvantage.

“The Rosefinch Sword is impressive...even Extreme Yang Nine Overlapping Mountains was no match for it,” Ouyang Huan commented.

Xue Wuye, who was standing close to Ouyang Huan smiled in reply. “Shao Lin is equipped with Rosefinch Sword and this has increased his combat power. Similarly, Gai Tianjiao must have a trump card. It is too early to judge who the winner is now.”

“Is it?”

Ouyang Huan shifted his attention back to the square.

“Big Sister, are you alright?”

Gai Hao rushed over to Gai Tianjiao’s side, gazing upon her with eyes drawn in worry.

Gai Tianjiao pushed him away. Bearing the pain, she stood back up and this time her fighting spirit was even stronger than before. “Traitor, you are not qualified to kill me. Not yet.”

She crossed her arms. Blood started flowing rapidly throughout her body healing the puncture wound in her chest and, within a short while, new skin was regenerated, leaving a mere scar.

Innate Extreme Yang Body was one of the best body mechanisms. It was ten times greater than saint body in terms of defense, attack and recovery.

Shao Lin asked, with a cold laugh, “Gai Tianjiao, you are severely injured...are you sure you want to continue to fight? The result is going to be the same anyways.”

“Even if I die, I will take you to hell with me.”

Gai Tianjiao channeled her Holy Qi once again. A luminous ball of energy was blazing between her palms, shining brightly in all direction. Its ray was more piercing than a sword.

In that instant, the glare from that energy ball hurt everyone’s eyes.

“That technique ... is that the ultimate sword technique called Birth of Heaven and Earth from the Medieval times?” asked

one of the saints from Yin and Yang Sect, looking surprised.

The Birth of Heaven and Earth was a saint spell which could turn Holy Qi into sword energy and explode in an instant, thus ending the lives of the opponent or anyone in front of the practitioner.

The catch was that this technique was too powerful to control and might kill its practitioner.

No one expected her to have learned this lost technique of ancient times. Was she really going to die together with Shao Lin?

“Crazy woman, she’s gone too far!”

Although Shao Lin had the Rosefinch Sword, he could sense the imminent threat of death as his face turned pale. He was really afraid and stepped backward, wanting to run away far and fast.

“Tianjiao! Stop!”

Moon-Burier Sword Saint appeared at the back of Gai Tianjiao. He held out his hand to grab the luminous ball and overlay it with a huge coat of Holy Qi.

With a loud bang, the ball exploded in his hand and flowed through the gaps between his fingers as air current.

Gai Tianjiao had drained her Holy Qi, and her body was so weak that she fell to her knees. She looked extremely pale and kept panting, “Master...why did you stop me? I should have ... killed the traitor.”

Moon-Burier Sword Saint let out a sigh and shook his head. “We may lose our succession right over Sword Pavilion, but we can always fight for it again in a century. Why bother for a traitor?”

Then, Moon-Burier Sword Saint handed a recovery pill over to Gai Tianjiao and brought her out of the square.

This incident had truly surprised many. Had Moon-Burier Sword Saint not stopped it, the two heirs could have been dead by now.

Of course, the public knew one thing for sure – not to go against Gai Tianjiao. She might use the secret technique, The Birth of Heaven and Earth, to end one’s life. No matter how strong you were or how powerful your weapon was, no one could defeat that.

Shao Lin took a deep breath. The fear had slowly faded away and he laughed. “Is that it for Innate Extreme Yang Body? I am so disappointed.”

After hearing his words, all the monks from Yin and Yang Sect were very angry.

Xun Hualiu gave him a cold snort and said in criticism, “Without your sword, you wouldn’t be able to defeat her.”

Mu Jiji burst out laughing, “Who was the one running off like a coward? Did you really think you are that great, Kunlun’s Heir?”

Xun Huali and Mu Jiji both had reputations for being blunt people.

Shao Lin’s face darkened. He stared right back at them and asked, “Since you both have a lot of opinions, would you care to have a sword fight?”

Shao Lin’s cultivation was very deep and strong. He widened his gaze at them, and the next second, the gaze turned into sword energy, dashing to the forehead of Xun Huali and Mu Jiji.

After going through a series of mentorship and guidance from Blackie in Sword Pavilion, Xun Hualiu and Mu Jiji both had improved tremendously, and they were already at the Fourth Change of Fish-Dragon Realm..

They pushed their palms forward to release Body-Protecting Holy Kang, defending themselves against Shao Lin’s sword energy.

Xun Hualiu was quite surprised that he had to take nine steps backwards to defuse his sword energy completely. Shao Lin’s cultivation was really powerful. He could have killed monks of the First or Second Change with mere eye contact.

Of course, there wasn't any fear on Xun Hualiu's face. Instead, he straightened his back and said, "What's so great about you? If Lin Yue was here, you wouldn't have the guts to challenge him."

Shao Lin wasn't angry at his sneering and replied with a laugh, "Lin Yue? Yes! Where did the genius go? This is such a grand event. Did he pull out because of fear?"

The next moment, everyone looked over to the altar.

Shao Lin turned his head to find the object of attention. A handsome guy wearing a robe in a blood-red color was standing beside the altar.

Chapter 782 - Half-Saint Xuanlong

Translator:

Larbre Studio

Editor:

Larbre Studio

The man in the bloody clothes was surrounded by many apparitions. The scene was like countless gods in harmony, radiating with blinding light.

“Leader Lin Yue,” Mu Jiji said excitedly.

“Senior Brother Apprentice Lin Yue actually walked out of the sacrificial altar. Had he been refining divine blood?” The young Monks of the Yin and Yang Sect were all excited when they saw Lin Yue.

The Moon-Burier Sword Saint and Ning Xuandao exchanged glances, feeling relieved.

Whoosh!

Lin Yue suddenly flew up from the altar. He transformed into a blood-red pillar of light and shot into the sky. He quickly disappeared in the clouds. The next moment, the blood-red light rushed to the ground at an even faster speed.

Only the Half-Saint elders could see clearly that Lin Yue was at the top of the beam of light. Holding the Void Sword, he stabbed downward.

Sword Qi radiated from the Void Sword, forming a windstorm. The swordsmen near it were all blown away.

“Such strong Sword Intent.”

Shao Lin’s expression turned ugly. He formed a sword gesture and used an imperial sword technique to thrust out the

Rosefinch Sword. He exclaimed in a low voice, “Fourth level of Sword Two, Alternating Yin and Yang.”

Hot flames poured from the Rosefinch Sword. It formed a 300-foot-wide Taichi print. Two huge rosefinches circled the print. Thousands upon thousands of red sword-shaped Qi rushed out of the Taichi print like rain. They flew up with the Rosefinch Sword.

Kaboom!

An ear-splitting boom came from the square. Chaotic sword Qi formed a huge tidal wave. It flooded out in all directions.

After the sword Qi subsided, everyone looked towards the center of the square. All they saw was that the Void Sword had passed through Shao Lin’s heart. He was nailed to the ground. Bright red blood gushed out of his heart.

Lin Yue stood to the side. He grasped the Void Sword’s hilt gracefully and pulled it out of Shao Lin’s body. The snowy white blade was now bright red.

The entire place was silent. One could barely even hear breathing. Even the Saints were extremely shocked.

“Lin Yue...actually killed Shao Lin with one strike... Is this a hallucination?” A young Monk rubbed his eyes and looked back at the square center.

“Shao Lin is one of the nine Heirs and he’d drank the Holy Spring, but he couldn’t even take one of Lin Yue’s hits?”

“Lin Yue is only in the Eighth Change of the Fish-Dragon Realm. How can he be so strong? Did he use some weapon or outside force to kill Shao Lin?”

No matter what, no one could accept the fact that someone in the Eighth Change of the Fish-Dragon Realm could kill an Heir.

The nine Heirs had drank the Holy Spring. They far surpassed any Monks in their generation. How could they still not be invincible?

Many people suspected that Lin Yue had borrowed the power of some Saint. After all, Lin Yue had once borrowed Saint

Lady's Spiritual Power to defeat Snake Two of the Moon
Worship Demonic Sect.

Of course, all the Saints present could see that Lin Yue had used his own power to kill Shao Lin with one strike. He hadn't used outside help at all. This was the fact that had shocked the Saints.

If he became a Saint, the other Saints in the world would be pushed into the background. He would be the bright moon in the sky while the others were only stars orbiting around him.

Gai Tianjiao began laughing. "He deserved it. He really did. This is what should happen to traitors."

So many Monks of the Yin and Yang Sect had wanted to kill of Shao Lin, ridding the sect of impurities, but he was too strong. The Monks who'd gone against him all ended up dying.

Lin Yue's attack was honestly too domineering. He killed Shao Lin cleanly, boosting the morale of the Yin and Yang Sect.

Sword Saint Xuanji's eyes narrowed. He also seemed impressed. With his vision, he could obviously see that Zhang Ruo Chen's cultivation had improved greatly again.

This guy must have completed Sword Two and even added in some conceptions of Sword Three. This isn't easy, Sword Saint Xuanji thought.

His disciples were behind him—first disciple Saint Qingxiao, second disciple Zhu Hongtao, third disciple Wan Ke, fourth disciple Feng Han, fifth disciple Half-Saint Ling Shu, and seventh disciple Huang Yanchen.

Half-Saint Ling Shu had gotten taller again. She was now 12 inches but was still dressed in red clothing. She sat on Zhu Hongtao's right shoulder and widened her pretty eyes. "This Fish-Dragon Monk is actually more advanced in the Tao of the Sword than I am. He is truly a genius."

"Sixth Brother is still alive," Zhu Hongtao said roughly. "He can compete with this man."

Fourth disciple Feng Han's face was pale. Seemingly sick, he coughed and laughed darkly. "Even if Sixth Brother is still alive, he can't be Lin Yue's match. Lin Yue is a once-in-a-millennium genius. Didn't you see how the Heir couldn't even take one hit? There are many talents in the world now. Even the nine Heirs aren't without enemies."

Feng Han's attitude had become ambiguous and sarcastic after returning. Hearing his words, Zhu Hongtao felt uncomfortable. However, Feng Han was the most talented of the group. He'd also been injured greatly from his recent adventure.

Zhu Hongtao just felt that his attitude was because he hadn't healed completely and didn't mind it too much.

The most important thing now was his master's final battle with the Nine Serenity Sword Saint. He could investigate everything else after the Sword Technique Conference.

The disciples of the Yin and Yang Sect were obviously excited, but the Monks of the Four Symbols Sect were enraged.

An elder with a red dot between his brows walked out from the Four Symbols Sect camp. "You Yin and Yang Sect are so shameless," he denounced. "Lin Yue must have borrowed outside help to defeat Shao Lin."

This elder was Half-Saint Xuanlong. He was already 106 years old and had reached the Half-Saint Realm 50 years ago. He was one of Shao Lin's senior brother apprentices.

"How dare you?" Ning Xuandao's expression was serious. Powerful Holy Qi surged out of him as he said, "All the Saints present have eyes and can decide whether Lin Yue used his own power or outside help. You are only a Half-Saint. How dare you slander the Yin and Yang Sect?"

Hit by Ning Xuandao's Qi, Half-Saint Xuanlong actually felt a hallucination. It was as if the sky had fallen down. Enormous might pressed down on him, making it hard to breathe.

He immediately took three steps back to dissolve the pressure. Then he said, "Ning Xuandao, don't think that I'll fear you just because your cultivation is higher. I'm sure no Saint

present can believe that a Monk in the Eighth Change of the Fish-Dragon Realm can use his own power to kill an Heir, correct?”

Low murmurs immediately sounded outside the Sword Pavilion.

The Moon-Burier Sword Saint’s eyes were cold. “Half-Saint Xuanlong, I advise you to speak with evidence. Do not take a shot in the dark. If you cannot produce evidence today to prove that Lin Yue borrowed outside force, I will not let you go for slandering the Yin and Yang Sect.”

“Are you threatening me?” Half-Saint Xuanlong didn’t show any fear against the Moon-Burier Sword Saint. He scoffed. “Lin Yue’s Void Sword is a top saint weapon. It must be extremely profound. If a Saint from the Yin and Yang Sect put his power inside beforehand and then Lin Yue used that power during the Conference, we might not be able to tell.”

Half-Saint Xuanlong’s words really caused a commotion. After all, most of the Monks present hadn’t seen a true top saint weapon before. Naturally, they weren’t clear how powerful a saint weapon could be either.

It might really be how he said. The Void Sword indeed could store a Saint’s power.

For a super-sect like the Yin and Yang Sect, reputation was very important. The Saints present were clear that Lin Yue had used his own power, but if a group of Monks purposely spread the rumor, the sect’s reputation would be destroyed. It would be mocked and doubted by all the Monks in the world.

There wasn’t a lack of that type of people here. After all, Zhang Ruochen was too powerful and had stolen the Heirs’ spotlight. So many people were jealous of him.

Zhang Ruochen looked over to Half-Saint Xuanlong. “Senior,” he said calmly, “if you doubt my abilities, how about a duel?”

Half-Saint Xuanlong sneered fiercely. “You dare to duel with me?”

No one present expected that Lin Yue would actually challenge Half-Saint Xuanlong. He was too confident in

himself!

Zhang Ruochen put his Void Sword away and nodded. “Senior, didn’t you claim that I’d defeated Shao Lin by borrowing some Saint’s power inside the Void Sword? In that case, I will officially challenge you and not use the Void Sword.”

Not use the Void Sword?

The Monks present instantly fell into an uproar. Many people thought that Lin Yue was practically more arrogant than Shao Lin. Half-Saint Xuanlong was already a second level Half-Saint and had undetectable abilities. A Monk in the Eighth Change of the Fish-Dragon Realm couldn’t compete with him.

The Moon-Burier Sword Saint felt that Lin Yue had crossed the line and quickly tried to stop him. “Lin Yue, go back now. The sect will take care of this.”

Zhang Ruochen glanced at him and said, “Sword Saint, if I don’t use my own abilities to defeat this man, the Yin and Yang Sect will be defamed by more people in the future.”

Zhang Ruochen wanted to fight with Half-Saint Xuanlong because he wanted to see just how powerful he was without using the Void Sword. After all, he’d refined four drops of divine blood in the altar. He wanted to use this fight to get his body accustomed to the new power.

Half-Saint Xuanlong was afraid Lin Yue would renege, so he quickly agreed to it. Chuckling, he said, “Great! You are indeed a young hero. Lin Yue, if you can take ten of my attacks without using the Void Sword, I’ll believe that you had the ability to defeat Shao Lin. I will also apologize to you and the Yin and Yang Sect for what I said earlier.”

Now, there was no way to stop this battle. The Moon-Burier Sword Saint sent a telepathic message to Zhang Ruochen. You must be careful. Something is off with Half-Saint Xuanlong. It’s highly possible he will try to kill you.

Zhang Ruochen glanced in the Moon-Burier Sword Saint’s direction and nodded subtly.

Chapter 783 - Saint Soul Territory

Translator:

Larbre Studio

Editor:

Larbre Studio

Half-Saint Xuanlong entered the square with a staid stride. Each step released streams of Holy Qi to the surroundings.

His momentum and confidence increased as he strode down to the center of the square.

Suddenly, the sword at his back flew out of its sheath. The 169 inscriptions floated around the blade making it illuminate in green.

Lightning strikes flashed from the sword as if dragons were rambling around the divine sword.

The combat hadn't started but Half-Saint Xuanlong had already proven his prowess, inspiring fear in the other young sword warriors around him.

The cultivation level of a half saint was incredibly high, and even more so for a reputable half-saint. An ordinary monk of the Ninth Change would never dare to challenge him.

“Xuanlong is a veteran swordsman, yet he respects his opponent to the extent of summoning Thunder Sword even though the opponent is only a monk of Eighth Change.”

Every half-saint of their respective sects was confused at his action and thought he was being excessive.

He was already a second level half-saint and also a sword warrior.

The attacking power of a sword warrior was the most powerful among peers of the same level. Furthermore, he was one of the

few finest level two half-saints. He could defeat any monks of Fish-Dragon Realm easily, including the nine Kunlun's heirs that weren't half-saints yet.

No matter how skillful Lin Yue was, he had only mastered the Eighth Change. Without his Void Sword, could he be Half-Saint Xuanlong's rival?

When Zhang Ruochen gave Shao Lin a deadly attack, everyone thought that it was the power given to him by wielding the Void Sword. He would never be able to defeat a level two half-saint on his own.

Half-Saint Xuanlong looked at Zhang Ruochen who was opposite him and asked with a laugh, "Junior, are you not going to unsheathe your sword?"

"I have no other sword than Void Sword," Zhang Ruochen replied in a laid back and carefree tone.

Beneath Spatial Ring, there were two other swords, namely Golden Snake Divine Rapier and Abyss Ancient Sword. But there were too many veterans around for him to activate the Spatial Ring.

At the camp of Central Region Saint Academy, Beigong Lan stood up from his seat, holding his green sword with both hands. "My Blue Cutthroat Sword is ranked seventh in the Hundred-Pattern Saint Weapon Guide. If you need it, I can lend it to you for this fight," he offered to Lin Yue.

The truth was that Zhang Ruochen had saved Beigong Lan once. Lending his weapon to him would mean paying his kindness back, but more importantly, Beigong Lan was taking this opportunity to make friends with Lin Yue, the talented swordsman.

Zhang Ruochen thanked Beigong Lan with a grateful look, then turned to Half-Saint Xuanlong. "As a sword warrior, having a fine sword is important, but a true sword warrior relies on his understanding of sword techniques. As long as I have mastered the technique, anything could be my sword."

Zhang Ruochen tugged out a strand of his hair and pinched it between his index finger and thumb.

Beep!

Clouds of Holy Qi came floating out of his fingertips and formed an energy bubble around the strand.

In the next instance, the thin strand of hair turned into a fine metal sword pointing at Half-Saint Xuanlong.

Zhang Ruochen emanated a powerful brooding aura. His sword intent was ever increasing and filled the air with sword energy.

No doubt all the sword warriors could comprehend what Lin Yue had just said.

Yes, anything could be used as a sword. A powerful divine sword would nonetheless increase the strength of a sword warrior in folds.

Had their positions been exchanged, a level two half-saint fighting against a monk of Eighth Change with a strand of hair, the crowd would not have been surprised. In fact, Half-Saint Xuanlong would earn his reputation as skillful and respectable.

Everyone found Lin Yue laughable when things were the other way around.

“Kid, you are digging your own grave.”

Half-Saint Xuanlong’s pupils dilated, his Green Divine Sword and his Holy Qi were in perfect synchronization. Then, a massive lightning bolt struck at where Zhang Ruochen was at.

A full force strike from a half-saint was incredibly powerful and terrifying.

With rolling and cascading slopes, his sword energy was pouring at Zhang Ruochen, drowning him like a forceful waterfall.

Without any fear, he responded with a move.

“Sword Two!”

Twiddling his fingers in fast circular motion, his hair-sword motioned along with his fingers releasing waves of sword

energy. Each wave released weakened Half-Saint Xuanlong's attacking power bit by bit.

In the end, the cascade of sword energy disappeared as all had been resolved by Lin Yue's counterattack.

This had left those who thought Lin Yue laughable in the first place in shock. No one had ever thought that the move could be performed in such a brilliant way.

Ning Xuandao stroked his beard and grinned while his eyes disappeared into squints. "His Sword Two technique must have achieved mastery level. Indeed, this young man never fails to bring us surprise."

Moon-Burier Sword Saint was better than Ning Xuandao in terms of understanding sword technique mastery. Thus he commented, "Softness triumphs over hardness, feebleness over strength. A sword could be as hard as a fine metal, but wielded differently with a touch of gentleness, it could overcome its hardness. I am surprised and amazed that Lin Yue's sword technique has achieved such an advanced level. Bet he is close to achieving Human Sword already."

On top of Moon-Burier Sword Saint's comment, other sword saints gave similar compliments.

It was obvious that Lin Yue's sword mastery impressed them and they admitted that someday the youngsters would surpass them.

"No wonder Lin Yue is called the 'Junior Sword Saint.' He might have a small chance of defeating Half-Saint Xuanlong." Half-Saint Lingshu commented.

At the center of the square, Half-Saint Xuanlong channeled more of his Holy Qi to increase his attacking speed and strength.

To everyone's surprise, Zhang Ruochen could keep up with Half-Saint Xuanlong. The hair-sword kept changing its shape between a sword and a whip, avoiding direct attack from Half-Saint Xuanglong while defending himself.

"Wind Chaser."

Half-Saint Xuanlong switched his move to superior-class Ghost Level technique, his Green Divine Sword was separated from his hand and flew towards Zhang Ruochen's chest at lightning speed.

Zhang Ruochen quickly reacted by using Sword Two of Mastery Level.

“Yin-Yang Infinition.”

In just a moment, with his body as the pivot point, his Taichi sword energy grew and formed a big round circle, covering the whole square.

Half of the square became dark and the other part was brightly lit.

Even monks that were standing below the Ancient Gods Mountain could see a black and white Taichi symbol rotating at the peak of the mountain.

“Break it.”

Half-Saint Xuanlong roared, pushed his palm against his chest and broke a large piece of the Taichi symbol.

When he was about to propel his second blast of attack, he was already above Zhang Ruochen. His fingers turned blood red, thrusting all the way down towards Zhang Ruochen who was on the ground.

Zhang Ruochen reacted by extending his left palm to reach Half-Saint Xuanlong's, and the two clashed in mid-air.

BOOM!

A massive blast of energy was fired off from the palm of Half-Saint Xuanlong, pushing Zhang Ruochen miles away. His left arm went numb, while his Holy Qi vibrated inconsistently.

His Yangwei Saintly Meridian, which connected to his left limb, was burning in pain, as if it was torn into pieces.

Indeed, the attacking power of a Level Two Half-Saint was terrifying.

In terms of attacking power, Zhang Ruochen was far behind Half-Saint Xuanlong.

Half-Saint Xuanlong gave a loud victory cry, and channeled his Holy Qi yet again. His arms grew stronger, bigger and much longer, as if he had transformed into a gibbon.

Two large handprints were scorched on the ground as both his palms fired off.

Zhang Ruochen responded quickly by positioning his hair-sword, targeting the center of Half-Saint Xuanlong's brows. The moment the hair-sword was released, it escaped through the gap between the two palms and went all the way towards its targeted bullseye – the center of Half-Saint Xuanlong's brows.

The center of the brows was where the lower abdomen acupuncture spot was located. One might suffer severe injuries if it was disrupted, or even lose all of his cultivation.

“Damn you!”

Half-Saint Xuanlong had to withdraw his attack and retracted his arms, shrinking himself to a size ten times smaller, which was about the size of a watermelon, to dodge the attack of the hair-sword. He retreated backwards.

“Saint Soul Territory.”

Half-Saint Xuanlong opened his palms and released the power of saint soul, then shaped the flow of energy into a territory.

An unseen wave of energy expanded rapidly and covered a large area.

Once one attains the half-saint level, the monk's martial soul will transform into the stronger saint soul, allowing control of energy from the heaven and earth.

A Level One Half-Saint controlled the energy around himself and absorbed it.

Due to the absorption of the energy, any sect would want a half-saint to be their leader, in order to transform their location into a sacred place via the sacred energy absorbed.

With the sheer amount of energy absorbed, the half-saint would be able to create Saint Soul Territory.

The stronger the cultivation, the stronger the territory.

In the territory, not only can the half-saint control all physical matter and forms of energy, but the enemy's power would also be weakened.

The simplest example would be gravity pull on the enemy.

A Fish-Dragon Realm monk who stood in the territory of a Level 1 half-saint will feel the gravity pull of a hundredfold, amplified to a thousandfold in the Level 2 territory.

This will continue to amplify with each higher level. If a monk stepped into a Level 4 territory, the monk would feel the gravity pull a hundred thousand times higher than normal.

As long as a Level 4 half-saint releases his Saint Soul Territory, you will be incapacitated, with your face pressed to the ground. No matter how strong your cultivation is, you will be helpless.

If a half-saint's saint soul has a Deity Print, then the Saint Soul Territory will be even stronger.

Chapter 784 - Reappearance of the Vampires

Chapter 784: Reappearance of the Vampires

Translator: Larbre Studio Editor: Larbre Studio

It was because of the Saint Soul Territory that even a Saint Body at the pinnacle of the Fish-Dragon Realm's Ninth Change couldn't compete with a first level Half-Saint.

It wasn't just the gap between the Fish-Dragon Realm and the Half-Saint Realm. The Saint Soul Territory also had an absolute restrictive effect. It was the same when two Half-Saints fought. If they were in different levels, the Saint Soul Territory would completely restrict the one in the lower level.

At this moment, Zhang Ruochen had to bear 1,000 times normal gravity. That was not all. The Saint Soul Territory also affected his hearing, vision, Spiritual Power...

It was as if he'd sunk into quicksand. His limbs couldn't move freely; even breathing had become difficult.

Half-Saint Xuanlong's body popped and cracked. He inflated rapidly and returned to his original height. "Junior," he said coldly. "You actually forced me to use my Saint Soul Territory. You are quite skilled."

Zhang Ruochen still seemed composed. "Really? Then do you believe that I defeated Shao Lin with my own abilities?"

"Hmph! You can ask that after you win against me," Half-Saint Xuanlong said.

Zhang Ruochen straightened the hair at his fingertips again. "It seems that I can only prove myself by defeating you today."

Half-Saint Xuanlong laughed loudly. "You've already entered my Saint Soul Territory and you still dream about defeating me. Being under gravity that's 1,000 times heavier must not feel good, right?"

Zhang Ruochen stared at Half-Saint Xuanlong as if he was an idiot. “Don’t you know that the laksanas of some unique physiques can absolutely counter a Half-Saint’s Saint Soul Territory?”

Regular Saint Bodies could only save themselves with the laksana when fighting with a first level Half-Saint. However, some more powerful physiques could actually fight back against a Saint Soul Territory with their laksanas.

“Five Elements Laksana.”

Zhang Ruochen activated the laksana. At once, five types of power rushed out in all directions, transforming into a patch of colorless clouds. The incomplete Five Elements Laksana was much stronger than a first level Half-Saint’s Saint Soul Territory. It was still a bit weaker than a second level Half-Saint’s, but the pressure on Zhang Ruochen lightened quite a bit.

“Demolish!”

Zhang Ruochen activated his attack. He pushed all his Sword Intent into the hair at his fingertip. A strong gust of Sword Qi flooded out of the hair.

The powerful Sword Qi clashed with Half-Saint Xuanlong’s Saint Soul Territory. It tore through and reached towards Half-Saint Xuanlong’s heart.

“Good.” Half-Saint Xuanlong raised his blue-green saint sword again. Grasping its hilt, he lifted it over his head, Sword Qi trailing behind it. Then he brought it down.

This moment would determine the victor and loser.

Just as the blue-green sword was about to hack Zhang Ruochen’s neck, Zhang Ruochen sank down quickly. Then he pushed off from his right leg and rushed to the left.

He poured all his Holy Qi into the hair and cut down on Half-Saint Xuanlong’s back.

Poof!

Squelch!

Two sounds arose at the same time. One of the Sword Qi rays from the blue-green sword landed on Zhang Ruochen's right leg. It left behind a two-inch-deep wound. Blood gushed out of it like a fountain.

Zhang Ruochen's right leg had been so close to being cut off entirely.

On the other hand, the hair had left a bloody line on Half-Saint Xuanlong's back and flew out from his chest.

With a thud, Half-Saint Xuanlong fell to the ground. His body had been halved at his chest. The sound of him falling shocked many of the people present.

It hadn't been this shocking even when Lin Yue had used the Void Sword to kill Shao Lin. How could a Half-Saint be this weak? Or was Lin Yue really this horrifying?

"A strand of hair slayed a Half-Saint... I must be dreaming..."

All the young Monks there were dazed. They couldn't accept this.

Looking at Half-Saint Xuanlong in the puddle of blood, Saint Xuanyi of the Four Symbols Sect shook with anger. Pointing at Zhang Ruochen, he gritted out, "Lin Yue, Half-Saint Xuanlong only wanted to have a friendly fight with you. How could you do something so extreme? I think you're just a bloodthirsty demon."

Zhang Ruochen didn't feel like replying. Enduring the huge pain from his right leg, he trained his eyes on the two halves of Half-Saint Xuanlong's corpse. His expression was heavy.

Seeing that Zhang Ruochen didn't even glance at him, Saint Xuanyi's eyes turned cold. "You first killed Shao Lin and then slayed Half-Saint Xuanlong. You are purposefully killing people. The Sword Technique Conference's decree is to exchange sword techniques, not to train murderous devils. The Yin and Yang Sect must hand over the criminal!"

The Monks of the Yin and Yang Sect were all snickering.

"Senior Brother Apprentice Lin Yue used a strand of hair to kill a second level Half-Saint of the Four Symbols Sect. How

can you blame him? It's Half-Saint Xuanlong's fault for being so weak."

"In my opinion, Half-Saint Xuanlong died because of himself. What kind of person is Senior Brother Apprentice Lin Yue? He's not someone you can slander casually."

...

Zhang Ruochen ignored the arguing between the young Monks of both sects. He continued to stare at Half-Saint Xuanlong's corpse and put his guard up.

The blood quickly flowed back into the two halves. Then blinding blood-red light enveloped Half-Saint Xuanlong's body and Shao Lin's body as well. There were smacking sounds, like some creature was drinking fresh blood.

The next moment, a strange winged creature flew out of the bloody light. There were fangs in its mouth and its eyes were blood-red. Its body and appearance had changed greatly, but one could make out similarities between its aura and Half-Saint Xuanlong.

Everyone was stunned by this scene. Even the Monks of the Four Symbols Sect widened their eyes. This was incredible.

"Didn't Half-Saint Xuanlong die? How come he came back to life? And he's become this strange creature..."

"Guys, look. Shao Lin's corpse has turned into a mummy. Can it be that...Half-Saint Xuanlong is an Immortal Vampire and he sucked Shao Lin's blood?"

Indeed, Shao Lin's corpse had dried up. All that remained was his skeleton and a layer of brown skin. He was like a dried corpse of someone that had died centuries ago.

"Half-Saint Xuanlong must be an Immortal Vampire. Otherwise, he wouldn't still be alive after being cut in half. He sucked Shao Lin's fresh blood and healed himself."

Half-Saint Xuanlong picked up the Rosefinch Sword and charged at Zhang Ruochen. "Die!" he yelled in a hoarse, raspy voice.

Then he brought the Rosefinch Sword down at Zhang Ruochen.

Zhang Ruochen was already grasping the Void Sword. He was about to meet the enemy halfway.

“Monster, you won’t dare!” a deafening roar sounded at that time.

The Moon-Burier Sword Saint was instantly in front of Zhang Ruochen. Without moving, a gust of potent Sword Qi burst from his body and sent Half-Saint Xuanlong flying backwards.

Poof.

The countless beams of Sword Qi hit Half-Saint Xuanlong, leaving behind dozens of bloody holes. His body practically turned into a dice. If the Moon-Burier Sword Saint didn’t want to leave him alive, Half-Saint Xuanlong would have no chance of surviving.

The Moon-Burier Sword Saint walked over. Appearing beside Half-Saint Xuanlong, he unleashed his powerful saintly might on the Vampire. “Speak!” he said coldly. “Why did you want to kill Lin Yue? Who sent you to disturb the Sword Technique Conference?”

Half-Saint Xuanlong’s entire body was covered in blood, but he still laughed loudly. “Haha! All of you will die. Die...”

Countless thin bloody fissures opened up on his body abruptly. He inflated quickly. Powerful Holy Qi escaped from every fissure. He was like a leather ball that was about to burst.

The Moon-Burier Sword Saint’s eyes narrowed. He could obviously see that Half-Saint Xuanlong wanted to explode his body in a suicide attack.

“Overconfident.”

The Moon-Burier Sword Saint released his Saint Soul Territory and pressed Half-Saint Xuanlong back instead. He turned Half-Saint Xuanlong into a cloud of bloody mist before he could attack.

All that remained was the bloody cloud and the acrid smell. Other than that, not even a bone from Half-Saint Xuanlong

was left.

Everything that had happened had been full of twists and turns. Who would've thought that Half-Saint Xuanlong of the Four Symbols Sect was a Vampire?

The Immortal Vampire Race was the public enemy of humanity. Everyone would try to kill them. At that moment, everyone turned towards Saint Xuanyi of the Four Symbols Sect.

Some more radical swordsmen had already summoned their saint swords. They were ready to take care of this Monk.

The Moon-Burier Sword Saint's eyes were sharp. "Xuanyi," he said coldly. "You actually brought a Vampire to the Yin and Yang Sect. What is your goal? Does the Four Symbols Sect want to destroy the Sword Technique Conference or something else?"

Saint Kuxin of the Eight Trigram Sect scoffed. "Perhaps the Four Symbols Sect has a special relationship with the Immortal Vampire race. Otherwise, how could a Vampire Half-Saint just pop up out of nowhere?"

Saint Xuanyi huffed. "Saint Kuxin, that's slander. The Four Symbols Sect is clean and innocent. How can we be connected to the Immortal Vampire race? You should know that they can control the blood within them and change their bodies to seem completely human. Even a Saint has difficulty seeing through their disguise.

"The Vampires used this method in the battle 800 years ago to infiltrate the top forces of Kunlun's Field. They killed countless Saints and Half-Saints. Many of the Saints of the Eight Trigram Sect and Yin and Yang Sect must have been killed too, correct?"

"I am curious how Lin Yue, a mere Fish-Dragon Eighth Change Monk, could tell that Half-Saint Xuanlong is a Vampire."

It was undeniable that Saint Xuanyi was speaking the truth. The Vampires' disguises were indeed very sophisticated. After all, none of the Saints present had seen through Half-Saint

Xuanlong's cover. Thus, it wasn't hard for Half-Saint Xuanlong to fool the Saints of the Four Symbols Sect.

Everyone looked back at Zhang Ruochen, suspicion in their eyes.

Chapter 785 - Immortal Vampire Secrets

Translator:

Larbre Studio

Editor:

Larbre Studio

Having evolved into Four Spirit Treasured Body, Zhang Ruochen now possessed a healing ability. Although less powerful than Innate Extreme Yang Body and Immortal Saint Body, its recovery rate was faster than the others.

At this point, the wound on his leg was already healed and formed into a scar. He stood up slowly and turned towards Saint Xuanyi. He said, "The human disguise of an immortal vampire is almost impeccable. Almost. It has its flaws too. Since everyone is eager to know, I shall discuss this."

"First, there are wings on their backs. Even in their human form, their bone structures are very different from humans'."

"Second, the human shell takes its form mainly from blood. That immortal vampire managed to deceive all the saints from his disguise as Half-Saint Xuanlong by draining him completely, feeding on his body essence. It is hardly noticeable, no matter how deep your cultivation is."

"However, it was difficult to control the blood flow in his body on the battlefield, which gave off the scent of an immortal vampire, revealing his disguise."

What Zhang Ruochen pointed out was very important. Everyone present had taken down a reference in their mind.

They would be prepared if they ever came across an immortal vampire again.

Saint Xuanyi grinned and asked, "Lin Yue, how do you know so much about immortal vampire?"

Zhang Ruochen answered with a smile. “I don’t. I came across an ancient book coincidentally. The two points that I mentioned are what I read from the book.”

“Eight hundred years ago, the victory war that expelled the immortal vampires to Manji Island led by Emperor Ming actually came at a high price.”

“After the war, Emperor Ming gave out a royal decree ordering Shangguan Que and those involved in the war to document all things about immortal vampires. It is called “Immortal Vampire Secrets,” documenting everything about their weaknesses and ways to fight against them, as well as secrets no one knows about.”

“Eight hundred years have gone by and there is no sight of immortal vampires in Kunlun’s field. People have forgotten about this ancient book, hence why none of you have read it before.”

When Shangguan Que had been documenting it, Zhang Ruochen got to read a few of the pages. The two points were on those pages.

He had no idea what the rest of the book said.

Yet his speech made everyone there remember the name of the book and inspired them to read it carefully once they returned to their respective sects.

Should the immortal vampires come back eight hundred years after the defeat, the realm would be in danger again.

Understanding the immortal vampires would make everyone more prepared to fight against the vampires if they ever made a comeback.

Little did Zhang Ruochen know that the book had not been distributed to all the sects after its completion, because the plot against Sacred Central Empire occurred. Emperor Ming went missing and his son, the Crown Prince, was assassinated. Everything changed within a single night.

Since then, the book had gotten lost and no one had ever seen it.

One could imagine the suspicious thoughts about Lin Yue's identity that would arise when they discovered that this book does not exist.

There, Shang Guan Linglong and Shang Guan Nihong from Shang Guan Family were the most confused.

“Our ancestor edited ‘Immortal Vampire Secrets’?”

Shang Guan Linglong frowned, looking puzzled.

Shang Guan Nihong did the same. She pursed her lips and turned towards Lin Yue, looking ashamed.

As the descendant of Shangguan Que, she felt shameful for not knowing better of what her ancestor did, compared to an outsider.

Saint Lady laid her eyes on Lin Yue. The sparkle in her eyes showed that she was impressed. Not only did his talent in the mastery of sword exceeded many, but he was also well-read.

Saint Lady had read countless books, herself, and became a saint by means of reading. Even as a saint, she had to continue reading every now and then to gain more knowledge.

The books she had come across varied in all fields – arts and sciences of ancient and modern times, even the study of humanity, you name it. Of all the books she'd read, she had never once seen the book “Immortal Vampire Secrets.”

After the two duels, no one was doubtful of Lin Yue's capabilities anymore.

Nailed Shao Lin to death with a sword, slayed a half saint with a mere strand of hair, such glorious victory... Who'd dare fight him?

There was no doubt that Yin and Yang Sect won the Sword Technique Conference this time again.

A hundred years from now they would be the ruling sect of Sword Pavilion.

Saint Lady crossed her arms. Dressed in a white scholar robe like any young gentleman, she stepped forward and looked at Zhang Ruochen. “As a bureaucrat, I am in no position to

interfere in the dispute among the sects. I can ignore the personal animosity between Shao Lin and Yin and Yang Sect, but an heir has been killed. How should I bring this message to the Queen?”

The nobility of an heir was indeed very high.

When an heir was murdered, regardless of the reason, it would be considered as a serious offence and action would be taken by the imperial court.

Fortunately, the nine heirs had not met the Queen yet. This meant their titles as “Heirs” had yet to be confirmed.

Otherwise, the murder of Shao Lin would be considered as disrespectful to the Queen, and the murderer and his entire family could be killed.

Ning Xuandao and Moon-Burier Sword Saint could tell that Saint Lady did not want to find fault with Lin Yue. In fact, she was helping him to escape the offence and punishments.

They understood her intention immediately.

Saint Lady wanted Lin Yue to replace Shao Lin and become the new heir. After getting to know her intention, the two saints looked at each other and smiled.

If Lin Yue and Gai Tianjiao both became the heirs, Yin and Yang Sect would only grow stronger for the coming years. Not only would they be the leading sect in the Eastern Region, but the alpha of the realm.

“Thank you, my Saint Lady, for the fair judgement. Since Shao Lin has fallen, may I suggest that the first King Seat in Kunlun Heir’s banquet be promoted to become the new heir?” Zhang Ruochen rejected with his fists cupped.

Saint Lady had expected his rejection. She replied, “The nine designates are not yet installed. I think the one who kills the designate earns the title.”

“Lin Yue, you do have the capability. If you don’t become one, I’d be quite disappointed. Tomorrow, I will bring the rest of the heirs back to Central City. This leaves you one more day to

make the decision. Come to me anytime when you have made up your mind.”

Saint Lady looked at Zhang Ruochen again before leaving.

When Zhang Ruochen was back to Yin and Yang Sect’s camp, Moon-Burier Sword Saint asked, “Is your injury alright?”

Zhang Ruochen smiled and shook his head. “I’m good. It’s just that the injury on my veins may take a few days to recover.”

Moon-Burier Sword Saint wanted to say something but hesitated. It seemed like he wanted to ask Zhang Ruochen why he had rejected Saint Lady’s offer.

But he did not ask in the end. He trusted that Lin Yue would know what was good for him and said, “Your contribution to our success this time is the greatest. When the conference ends, the sect will reward you with precious gifts. But for now, rest well.”

Zhang Ruochen went back to his seat and soon enough he was surrounded by the young sword warriors of Yin and Yang Sect. He was received by their warm welcome like a hero.

No matter what happened, Zhang Ruochen would never be the heir. So he didn’t give this much thought. His gaze however, was focused in the direction of the Eastern Region Saint Academy.

Sword Saint Xuanji stepped forward in the public eye with slow and heavy footsteps. He looked at Nine Serenity Sword Saint and said, “Nine Serenity, it is time to put our old grudges to an end today.”

Nine Serenity Sword Saint morphed to the opposite side of Xuanji Sword Saint. His gaze turned sharp and said, “We have been rivals for the whole of our lives. It is time to put this to an end.”

“Since one of us will die today, I must clarify one thing – I did not kill your apprentice, Zhang Ruochen. There must be a catch to his death.”

Sword Saint Xuanji gradually opened his eyes. The deep wrinkles in his face were accentuated, and creased as he went into deep thought.

After the death of Time and Space Descendant Zhang Ruochen, Nine Serenity had never said anything about it. Why would he clarify it to the public now?

Obviously, his words caused an uproar among the crowds.

If Nine Serenity Sword Saint was telling truth, the one who lied must have been Wan Zhaoyi. The one who killed Zhang Ruochen could be Wan Zhaoyi too.

But why would he do that?

Rather, why would the imperial court do that?

Among the crowd, some thought of the other situation: If Nine Serenity had not killed Zhang Ruochen, and his body was never found, could it be that he had not died and was still alive?

Everyone knew this was going to be a life or death battle between Nine Serenity and Xuanji Sword Saint. There was no reason for him to lie at this moment, when his death was uncertain.

Saint Lady knew the imperial court never gave the order to take Zhang Ruochen's life. Furthermore, Wan Zhaoyi was blamed by the Queen for this.

“Could it be an immortal vampire took the appearance of Nine Serenity Sword Saint and fooled Wan Zhaoyi?”

Saint Lady shook her head when she thought of it.

The immortal vampire could have killed Zhang Ruochen without using any deception. Why would he have posed as a Nine Serenity Sword Saint?

On top of that, none of the immortal vampires had consumed the blood of a Nine Serenity Sword Saint. Wan Zhaoyi would not have been fooled easily.

“There must be some unknown stories behind the truth of Zhang Ruochen's death.”

Saint Lady had a feeling that the Time and Space Descendant, Zhang Ruochen, was still alive, transformed into someone else and hiding at one corner of Kunlun's field.

Of course, for her to make such a conclusion, she had to meet Wan Zhaoyi personally when she went back to the City, in order to understand the situation that day in detail.

If the Time and Space Descendant, Zhang Ruochen, was still alive, where would he go?

Everyone thought the same thing as Saint Lady.

Chapter 786 - Final Battle of Sword Saints

Translator:

Larbre Studio

Editor:

Larbre Studio

Right now, all the hair on the back of Zhang Ruochen's neck was standing up. He kept sweating and he felt extreme danger. His identity could be exposed at any time.

No matter what, I can't stay in the Yin and Yang Sect anymore, he thought. The people haven't processed it now, but it won't take long before people think of me.

Sword Saint Xuanji evidently sensed that Zhang Ruochen was in danger as well. He huffed coldly and said, "Nine Serenity, according to what you said, you're the innocent one?"

The Nine Serenity Sword Saint chuckled. "Xuanji, we've been opponents for our entire lives. Don't you know how I am? Am I the type that doesn't dare take responsibility for what I do?"

After a pause, Sword Saint Xuanji said, "I'd rather believe that you're saying things like this before the final duel to disrupt my mindset."

By saying this, he was also protecting Zhang Ruochen. He wanted to lead everyone present to doubt the validity of what the Nine Serenity Sword Saint said.

The other Sword Saint was still smiling. He admitted it calmly. "Indeed, I just want to disrupt your mindset. How about you guess if I really killed that disciple of yours?"

People in the crowd started yelling.

Second disciple Zhu Hongtao clenched his fists and gritted his teeth. "Despicable. He's so lowly. At this critical moment, the

Nine Serenity Sword Saint is actually using Junior Brother's death to disturb Master's mindset."

"Master loves Junior Brother the most and had such high hopes for him," first disciple Saint Qingxiao said with a serious expression. "I hope he can compose himself and not be affected by Nine Serenity Sword Saint's words."

Other than Huang Yanchen, none of the other disciples knew that Zhang Ruochen was still alive.

Sword Saint Xuanji challenging the Nine Serenity Sword Saint was, in a way, also to protect Zhang Ruochen. He didn't want anyone to suspect that he was still alive. Just like now, even when the Nine Serenity Sword Saint said that he hadn't killed Zhang Ruochen, people would still doubt him.

The Nine Serenity Sword Saint had to be charged for this crime.

Afterward, the two Sword Saints fell silent and started confronting each other. The Qi radiating from them grew stronger.

Whether the Nine Serenity Sword Saint had killed Zhang Ruochen or not, this battle was inevitable. Both Sword Saints wanted to use this battle to reach the cultivation realm that they dreamed of.

If they couldn't reach it, they would have used up their vitality 100 years ago and died completely.

Whoosh!

Whoosh!

The Nine Serenity Sword Saint and Saint Xuanji transformed into beams of Sword Qi almost simultaneously. They shot into the clouds. Then they stepped in the air and levitated.

Powerful Holy Qi flooded out of them without holding back at all.

The young Monks on the ground all felt extreme pressure. Their legs shook uncontrollably as if the saintly might coming from these two Sword Saints was going to force them to their knees.

A duel between two Sword Saints would definitely be destructive. Even Saints could be at risk of dying if they were within a 100-mile radius.

“Activate the Ancient Taichi Formation,” Ning Xuandao ordered.

The next moment, 72 ancient formation platforms in the Ancient Gods Mountain started operating. Seventy-two beams of white light shot out. They flew into the sky and interlocked, forming a huge Taichi print.

With the Ancient Gods Mountain as the center, all land within 1,000 miles was covered completely.

At the moment, Zhang Ruochen was very nervous too. He clenched his fists and looked up, training his eyes on the two Sword Saints.

Master must win.

He'd never placed such importance on winning or losing. But the loser of this battle would die.

If not for Sword Saint Xuanji, Zhang Ruochen wouldn't have reached the Peak Realm in the Void World Battleground. It was highly possible he would have been killed by an expert from the Black Market.

If not for Sword Saint Xuanji, Zhang Ruochen would have been captured by Wan Zhaoyi and brought to Chi Yao. He would be forced to kneel before Empress Chi Yao as a loser, a failure, a piece of scum.

Perhaps, he might even be killed by her for a second time.

To Zhang Ruochen, Sword Saint Xuanji wasn't just a master who taught him cultivation and answered his questions. He was more like a caring and protective elder.

As the saying went, a teacher for one day was a father for a lifetime. It could be said that other than his parents, Zhang Ruochen respected Sword Saint Xuanji the most.

It wasn't just Zhang Ruochen. The other disciples—Saint Qingxiao, Zhu Hongtao, Wan Ke...they were all very nervous and worried for their master's safety.

In the sky, the two Sword Saints stood in the north and south, respectively. There were 20 miles between them. The Sword Intent, Qi, and saintly might radiating from them had reached the extremes.

They kept standing there without attacking. However, the sky they stood in kept thundering. Invisible Sword Qi clashed against each other.

In reality, they'd already started the intense fight, but they fought with Sword Intent. Thus, one couldn't see their attacks with the naked eye.

Boom.

Suddenly, there was a huge explosion. A ring of white Qi rippled like water from Sword Saint Xuanji's body. It forced the Nine Serenity Sword Saint hundreds of feet back.

Clearly, Sword Saint Xuanji was more skilled in Sword Intent and had the upper hand.

“Taotian!”

Using this chance, Sword Saint Xuanji pursued closely. He summoned his Taotian Sword and extended a finger, pointing at the Nine Serenity Sword Saint.

The Taotian Sword flew across the sky, leaving behind a 100-meter-long trail of light like a shooting star.

In a battle between swordsmen, one must attack in a spurt of energy to succeed. One must believe that one can win. When Sword Saint Xuanji forced the Nine Serenity Sword Saint back with his Sword Intent, he'd boosted his ego while repressing the Nine Serenity Sword Saint's.

With this, the scale quickly tipped towards Sword Saint Xuanji.

The Moon-Burier Sword Saint stared into the sky and nodded. “Sword Saint Xuanji has a 70% chance of winning today.”

“For the past 100 years, Sword Saint Xuanji has put all his efforts into the Tao of the Sword,” Ning Xuandao. “However, the Nine Serenity Sword Saint was involved with the Black Market and naturally has started falling.”

“Of the top three Sword Saints in the eastern region, Xuanji is number one,” the Moon-Burier Sword Saint continued. “Even without this duel, he can probably break through this realm in his lifetime.”

Thinking of that realm, both the Moon-Burier Sword Saint and Ning Xuandao’s expressions became dreamy. If they didn’t have an important chance, they would probably never reach that realm. But if they risked their lives like Sword Saint Xuanji and the Nine Serenity Sword Saint, they might have a chance.

Whoosh—

The sky in the south darkened completely. Plumes of black smoke gathered under the Nine Serenity Sword Saint like dragons. Eerie coldness radiated from them.

Nine ancient black swords flew out of the spot between his eyebrows and stood around him. The nine swords circled him quickly and grouped together. As one sword, they shot forward, clashing with Sword Saint Xuanji’s Taotian Sword.

Kaboom.

Dense Sword Qi was created at the spot of the collision and spread in all directions like tidal waves.

Some of the bits of Sword Qi flew thousands of miles away. When they landed, they still unleashed extreme power, leaving huge craters on the ground.

The martial artists in the Yin and Yang Sect and Shentai City also saw the Sword Qi flying in the sky. Each one was like a meteorite cutting across the sky with ear-splitting sounds.

Those who didn’t know what was happening thought that stars were falling from the sky. They knelt down and started praying in fear.

Gradually, the two Sword Saints disappeared completely, shrouded by the Sword Qi. One could only hear the sounds of fighting.

Only people in the Moon-Burier Sword Saint and Ning Xuandao’s level could continue watching.

This battle took the entire day. It still hadn't ended when night fell.

Suddenly, the Moon-Burier Sword Saint's expression changed. "This isn't right, this isn't right," he said in confusion. "Sword Saint Xuanji clearly has the advantage, so how come his power is rapidly weakening? Did something happen?"

Zhang Ruochen's heart clenched. He had a bad feeling. Immediately walking to the Moon-Burier Sword Saint, he asked, "Sword Saint, what happened to Sword Saint Xuanji?"

Kaboom.

Before the Moon-Burier Sword Saint could reply, Sword Saint Xuanji fell from the sky. He crashed onto the ground, creating a big crater. The crater was at least 100 miles wide and the ground around it shattered, sticking up.

Sword Saint Xuanji was in the center of the crater. A huge black sword stuck out of his chest. His ancient eyes stared straight up into the sky. He uttered one last word, "Fourth..."

And then he stopped breathing.

However, his voice was too weak. No one other than himself could hear him.

In the sky, the black clouds scattered gradually, revealing the bright moon. Slivers of moonlight fell upon Sword Saint Xuanji's body, making the scene even more tragic.

Time seemed to freeze at this moment.

The Nine Serenity Sword Saint was covered in blood. He descended from the sky and stood beside the crater. Looking at Sword Saint Xuanji's body, confusion clouded his eyes. Even he couldn't figure out how Sword Saint Xuanji's abilities had suddenly weakened so much or how he'd lost to his sword.

But no matter what, he'd finally won this battle.

Whoosh!

He shook his arm and put his saint sword away.

"Master!"

Saint Qingxiao, Zhu Hongtao, Wan Ke, Feng Han, Half-Saint Ling Shu, and Huang Yanchen all rushed into the crater. They stood around Sword Saint Xuanji. Some of them had already become Saints, but they all fell to their knees and sobbed painfully.

“Master...”

In the Yin and Yang Sect’s camp, Zhang Ruochen felt as if he’d been struck by lightning. His heart panged and he couldn’t control the tears in his eyes. His legs bent and he knelt in the direction of Sword Saint Xuanji.

(Author’s note: The Nine Serenity Sword Saint will obviously have to take responsibility for Xuanji’s death, but what’s the truth? Will Zhang Ruochen find the truth? Please anticipate the next chapter of God Emperor.)

Chapter 787 - The Successor

Translator:

Larbre Studio

Editor:

Larbre Studio

Many were already questioning the validity of Zhang Ruochen's death, and some even questioned Lin Yue's identity.

Zhang Ruochen was on thin ice at the moment, and with the slightest mistake, he would be gone forever.

For this reason, he could only kneel from afar, even though his mentor had collapsed in front of him. He wouldn't dare to step closer to his mentor's fallen body.

If his identity was exposed, he would either die at the Sword Pavilion, or be taken to the Central City.

He managed to keep his sanity and rationality at this crucial moment, suppressing his emotion by telling himself constantly not to be emotionally driven when things fell apart.

If he was being impulsive, he would disappoint his mentor's lifelong protection, and all of his effort would have been in vain.

“What's the matter, Lin Yue?”

Mu Jiji and Xun Hualiu, who were at the back, rushed to his sides, helping him to get back on his feet.

Meanwhile, Moon-Burier Sword Saint took a sideways glance at Zhang Ruochen with a strangely intent look on his face.

Zhang Ruochen kept his gaze on the ground, so the others would not notice his dilated blood vessels and the tearstains in his eyes. He placed his right palm on his wound, which now had a scab freshly forming, which he tore off. “Nothing. The

sword injury caused by the Immortal Vampire was hurting again,” he explained further.

Mu Jiji got more worried when he saw blood oozing out from Zhang Ruochen’s thigh. “Elder brother, you shouldn’t be standing when you have such a deep wound. Instead, you should focus on your recovery.”

Moon-Burier Sword Saint did not notice that Zhang Ruochen actually knelt on his own, but since he was distracted by the sudden death of Sword Saint Xuanji, he thought it was the injury that had caused him to fall on his knees.

“Lin Yue, the conference should be ending soon. Since you are badly wounded, you may head back to rest,” ordered Moon-Burier Sword Saint.

“Hm.”

Zhang Ruochen nodded, and continued looking down.

Xun Hualiu and Mu Jiji helped support Zhang Ruochen to leave the camp.

When they were at the edge of the Square, Zhang Ruochen stopped and turned around to look toward the direction of Sword Saint Xuanji’s body.

“Mentor, I vow to be a sword saint. When the day comes, I will head to Nine Serenity Sword Saint City and take down Nine Serenity Sword Saint as the apprentice of Sword Saint Xuanji,” Zhang Ruochen vowed to himself.

Although he knew, the duel between Sword Saint Xuanji and Nine Serenity Sword Saint was a fair fight, the death of Sword Saint Xuanji was no one’s fault.

Yet this battle had affected the reputation of Sword Saint Xuanji unfavorably, while Nine Serenity Sword Saint received the praises and compliments. This led everyone to believe that Nine Serenity Sword Saint was more powerful than Sword Saint Xuanji.

In Sword Saint Xuanji’s lifetime, he upheld pride and honor the most. It would be absurd if none of his apprentices helped to claim his title back.

“Nine Serenity Sword Saint, I will hunt you down and kill you.”

Second apprentice of Sword Saint Xuanji, Zhu Hongtao, held both fists tightly, his eyes turned red and he let out a loud roar. There was a beastly aura that emanated around him, causing a howling wind to form in the Square.

The saints that were present seemed to have expected this, as they cast Saint Soul Territory immediately to defend their apprentices standing behind them.

Zhu Hongtao was the descendant of Taigu – tall, strong and of fine physique. His cultivation level was equivalent to a saint, and his combat power was close to his eldest brother, Saint Qingxiao.

Zhu Hongtao was already 4.75 meters tall as his natural self. When his rage set in, his body expanded multiple times larger, and the sound of his bones cracking could be heard.

There was only anger in his eyes. He stomped his foot on the ground and dove towards Nine Serenity Sword Saint with his fist against the saint’s chest, exposing a large hole in the ground.

The power the fist delivered was so powerful that six of the Half-Saints were knocked out before it impacted Nine Serenity Sword Saint.

Nine Serenity Sword Saint stood still, and without using his sword to defend himself, he lifted his finger to point at the incoming fist.

It was only a finger, yet it penetrated through Zhu Hongtao’s chest as if poking through a thin layer of paper, leaving a wound the size of a wine glass in his chest.

Zhu Hongtao bounced back and fell back to the hole he created with a loud bang.

“Even your mentor couldn’t survive my sword, what makes you think that you can win? How dare you lay a finger on me?” Nine Serenity Sword Saint smirked and mocked him.

“You are but an old man.”

Zhu Hongtao roared, flipping himself up, preparing to challenge Nine Serenity Sword Saint again.

“You are forgiven for your impulsiveness because of Sword Saint Xuanji’s unanticipated death. I understand your feelings, therefore you are still alive. But you dare continue to assault me? Do you really think I won’t kill you?”

Nine Serenity Sword Saint’s gaze turned cold, his two fingers extended into a sword sign, and a strong whirl of energy formed around it.

The energy was giving out a strong intent to kill, and Saint Qingxiao figured it was unwise to challenge Nine Serenity Sword Saint. Within split second, he teleported to the front of Zhu Hongtao and gave him a palm strike, stopping him from moving forward.

“Eldest brother, why are you stopping me?” yelled Zhu Hongtao.

Saint Qingxiao gritted his teeth and shouted, “Can you calm down? Our master’s death was minutes ago, and I do not wish to deal with yours minutes later.”

Zhu Hongtao glared at Saint Qingxiao for a moment, then knelt by the side of his master’s body. He roared as he pounded his chest continuously, as if this could numb his pain.

The pain of rage and sorrow, of helplessness – watching your much respected master lay motionless in front of you, yet there was nothing you can do, not even take revenge.

Nine Serenity Sword Saint withdrew his sword sign and turned to Saint Qingxiao. He said, “I welcome you to seek revenge at Nine Serenity City. Anytime. But please bear in mind, there will be no mercy next time. I will give each of you the revenge you wanted – death. I doubt Xuanji had that many apprentices, and when I’m done killing all of you...that’s when I’ll get my peace.”

“Don’t you worry about it. One day, I will defeat you with my own strength at Nine Serenity City,” replied Saint Qingxiao.

“Not in this life. Among the apprentices of Sword Saint Xuanji, only Zhang Ruochen, the Time and Space Descendant

was exceptional. The achievements of the rest are nothing but mediocre. If he was alive, I would only consider him as a rival after a hundred years more of cultivation, even with his talents. The others? It would be their suicide mission to challenge me.”

Nine Serenity Sword Saint laughed and shook his head, then turned around to walk away.

“What a jerk!”

The truth was, Wan Ke, Half-Saint Lingshu and Huang Yanchen would love to have a duel with Nine Serenity Sword Saint.

However, with their current levels of cultivation, fighting against a Sword Saint was like an ant wanting to challenge a well-equipped military man – not a single chance.

The aura emanating from Nine Serenity Sword Saint was enough to hold them static on the ground.

The fourth brother, Feng Han, picked up Taotian Sword laid next to Sword Saint Xuanji’s body, his eyes flicked bright and fanatic at the precious sword behind everyone’s view.

With a faked sneer, he said, “How arrogant! Does he really think none of us will be his enemy even in the time of another hundred years? I, Feng Han, solemnly swear to take off Nine Serenity Sword Saint’s head in the time of a century to honor our master. May the lightning strike me to death if I fail.”

The remaining few apprentices were moved by his action.

Zhu Hongtao patted Feng Han’s on the shoulder and said, “Fourth brother, excluding the late sixth brother, you are the most talented amongst us. You stand the highest chance to get our revenge.”

Feng Han nodded in reply. “To be honest, before the duel, master had gotten everything sorted out. If something did happen to him, he wanted me to take up his mantle, and head over to the Central City along with his Taotian Sword and his body.”

As he finished his sentence, Feng Han broke down in tears. He exclaimed in grief, "Since I have now assumed our master's mantle, I must defeat Nine Serenity Sword Saint in this lifetime, to live up to our master's high hope."

It was a life and death duel, who would have known the ending? It was understandable that Sword Saint Xuanji would have his matters after death taken care of. Therefore, none of the brothers question Feng Han's words.

Moreover, Sword Saint Xuanji had spent his time alone with Feng Han a few days before the conference started.

Being thoughtful, Saint Qingxiao stared at Feng Han with a hint of doubtfulness. "Why would mentor ask you to bring him and his Taotian Sword to the City?" he asked.

Feng Han looked into the eyes of Saint Qingxiao and replied calmly, "There is a secret that lies beneath the Sword, and to find out what it is about I will have to go to the City."

"Fourth brother, let's go to the City together," offered Zhu Hongtao.

"I want to tag along," said Wan Ke.

Feng Han shook his head and said, "This is a serious matter. Master insisted that I go alone, to avoid unnecessary troubles and disasters."

After finishing the line, he kept the Sword, and knelt down to lift up his master's body, looking sincere with teary eyes. "Farewell brothers, the day I return from the City shall be the day of vengeance."

He then disappeared into the darkness with Sword Saint Xuanji's body in his arms, leaving Sword Pavilion behind.

Third brother Wan Ke let out a long sigh, "I really do hope fourth brother will succeed, and not disappoint master's high hopes."

Huang Yanchen was the only one that kept her gaze on Feng Han's disappearing silhouette. There was a flicker of doubt.

She knew very well that if Sword Saint Xuanji was to choose his successor, it would have been Zhang Ruochen.

How could it be Feng Han?

There must be something fishy behind all this.

Huang Yanchen turned her gaze toward the eldest brother, Saint Qingxiao, biting her lips, hesitating to spit out her thoughts.

Before she could verify this with Zhang Ruochen, she would not say anything without evidence. Feng Han did look true to himself just now, and it was possible that master might have picked him as the successor.

All of her elder brothers were either Half-Saint, or Saint, and she was a nobody. How could she defame any of them without solid proof?

Her eyes started looking frantically at all four corners, searching for Zhang Ruochen's silhouette.

Chapter 788 - Blood Poison of Pluto

Translator:

Larbre Studio

Editor:

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At this moment, Zhang Ruochen was at the edge of the square. He stared in the direction that fourth disciple Feng Han had left in. Confused, he thought, That's strange. Why did Fourth Senior Brother Apprentice take Master's body away alone? Why didn't First, Second, and Third Senior Brother Apprentice go with him?

Earlier, Saint Qingxiao had set up his Saint Soul Territory around Sword Saint Xuanji's body, blocking all sound. Thus, Zhang Ruochen couldn't hear what they'd said and didn't know what had happened.

At that moment, Zhang Ruochen felt something. He turned around and saw Huang Yanchen who was walking over. Their eyes met.

Huang Yanchen's eyes were slightly red and swollen. There were still tears on her cheeks. Evidently, her teacher's death had affected her greatly.

Then Zhang Ruochen glanced at Mu Jiji and Xun Hualiu. What are you two still here for? Can't you see that I want to talk to Princess Yanchen alone?

Mu Jiji and Xun Hualiu were both experts at love. They immediately showed that they understood and cleverly walked away.

Straightaway, Huang Yanchen used telepathy to tell Zhang Ruochen about Feng Han. However, Zhang Ruochen extended a hand and gestured for her to stop. He looked outside the

Sword Pavilion. As expected, many pairs of eyes kept glancing at him and Huang Yanchen. This included the Saint Lady's eyes.

Zhang Ruochen and Huang Yanchen weren't Saints and couldn't use Saint Soul Territories. Even if they used telepathy, people with higher cultivation realms could still hear their conversation.

Even though Huang Yanchen felt it was urgent, she didn't dare speak now either. She didn't want to expose Zhang Ruochen's identity.

The two kept silent and left the Ancient Gods Mountain.

Zhang Ruochen didn't release his Body-Protecting Holy Kang until they reached Zixia Sacred Mountain. After enveloping both he and Huang Yanchen, he spoke first. "Don't be too sad," he comforted. "Master is a swordsman. It was a brilliant end to die in a final duel witnessed by thousands. Even in death, there are no regrets."

Huang Yanchen leaned in Zhang Ruochen's arms. Biting her lips, tears spilled from her eyes again. She nodded and suddenly thought of her question from before, so she asked, "Zhang Ruochen, Master had the highest hopes for you. Did he tell you who he wanted to be his heir?"

Zhang Ruochen nodded. "He'd talked to me about this before. He said that his biggest regret is that he couldn't find the one who could inherit his position."

Huang Yanchen's features twitched. "Is Fourth Senior Brother Apprentice not able to either?"

"I'd asked him before, but he just shook his head. In the end, he wanted me to be his heir instead. He told me that if he died in a final battle, I should take the Taotian Sword and his body to the Pluto Sword Tomb in the Central Region."

Zhang Ruochen felt bitter. Clearly, he didn't want to talk about the heir so soon after his teacher passed away.

But Huang Yanchen was shocked at Zhang Ruochen's words. He and Fourth Senior Brother's words were so similar. Without a doubt, one of them was lying. Huang Yanchen

obviously believed in Zhang Ruochen, so she told him everything that Feng Han had said without missing a single word.

“How can this be?” Zhang Ruochen’s expression changed.

“Master can’t choose two heirs at once,” Huang Yanchen said. “Zhang Ruochen, why do I feel like something’s wrong with Fourth Senior Brother?”

“There must be something wrong.” Zhang Ruochen’s expression hardened. “Tell me, did Master meet with Fourth Senior Brother privately before the Sword Technique Conference?”

Huang Yanchen nodded.

Zhang Ruochen inhaled sharply. His eyes narrowed and his hands clenched involuntarily. “Master clearly had the upper hand in the fight against the Nine Serenity Sword Saint. How could he suddenly die? I have a feeling that Fourth Senior Brother must have something to do with Master’s death.”

“How is that possible?” Huang Yanchen asked. “Why would he harm Master?”

“Don’t ask so many questions. I’ll pursue him now. I can’t let him take away Master’s body and the Taotian Sword,” Zhang Ruochen said coldly.

Huang Yanchen knew how high Feng Han’s cultivation was, so she was worried for Zhang Ruochen’s safety. “I’ll go with you.”

Zhang Ruochen shook his head. “No, go find First Senior Brother in the Sword Pavilion and tell him this privately. If necessary, you can tell him that I’m still alive. Remember, you can only tell First Senior Brother. Do not reveal it to anyone else.”

It wasn’t that Zhang Ruochen didn’t trust the others, but amongst them, First Senior Brother Apprentice was the most reliable. He wouldn’t leak the secret. It was best if the others didn’t know the truth. (Boxno vel. co m)

Feng Han had just left. He'd hidden his Qi and hadn't left behind any traces, but Zhang Ruochen could still detect a remnant of his Qi in the air by releasing his Spiritual Power.

Zhang Ruochen immediately put on the Shooting Star Invisible Cloak and activated his techniques to the extreme. He disappeared from the spot and started chasing at top speed under the night sky.

If his teacher really had been killed by someone's trap, Zhang Ruochen would kill him with his bare hands, no matter who it was.

Huang Yanchen was also extremely anxious. She immediately hurried back to the Ancient Gods Mountain.

Because of the Shooting Star Invisible Cloak, Zhang Ruochen was impossibly fast. Average Monks couldn't see him clearly at all. He soon left the Yin and Yang Sect and entered the vast Fallen-gods Mountain Range.

Feng Han's remnant of Qi in the air grew more obvious. Clearly, Zhang Ruochen wasn't far away from him now.

How does Feng Han know about the Taotian Sword's secret? This question remained in Zhang Ruochen's mind.

Sword Saint Xuanji definitely wouldn't tell him, so there must be a third party. Thinking of this, Zhang Ruochen became more careful. He slowed down and activated the Shooting Star Invisible Cloak's invisibility feature. He hid his Qi inside the cloak.

After a while, Feng Han came into his vision.

Zhang Ruochen immediately stopped. He landed on the ground and stood a few hundred feet away, quietly observing Feng Han. He really wanted to know what Feng Han was planning.

Feng Han looked very cautious. He looked around in all directions. Seeing that no one had followed over, he placed Sword Saint Xuanji's body on the ground.

Then he took out a black ocarina. Placing it by his lips, he made a strange noise.

Whoosh, whoosh!

A moment later, five huge black bats flew out of the forest. They landed before him and transformed into human-shape.

No, more accurately, these weren't bats. They were five humans with wings. They were just covered in black robes, so when they flew, they looked like huge bats.

Immortal Vampires.

Zhang Ruochen's eyes darkened. Now, he was sure that his teacher's death must have had something to do with Feng Han.

Slowly, Zhang Ruochen took out the Abyss Ancient Sword and grasped it tightly.

"Greetings, Sixth Prince." The five Half-Saint Vampires all bowed to Feng Han in unison.

The Vampire at the front was a red-haired elder named Half-Saint Taixi. He was more than eight feet tall and was very muscular. He was also much more powerful than the other four Half-Saints. Clearly, he had a high status.

Half-Saint Taixi chuckled. "The results are indeed extraordinary when the Sixth Prince acts personally. Sword Saint Xuanji is indeed powerful, but he still had no option but to die."

"Everyone has their weaknesses," Feng Han said. "Sword Saint Xuanji is no exception. That old man's biggest weakness was that he trusted his disciples too much. Otherwise, I wouldn't have had the chance to make him drink Blood Poison of Pluto."

Half-Saint Taixi sneered. "The Blood Poison of Pluto is a toxic poison created by Lord Pluto with his own blood. It's tasteless and colorless. It's no different from water. I doubt even that Empress could detect it, let alone Sword Saint Xuanji."

Feng Han glanced at Half-Saint Taixi. He pulled out the Taotian Sword and tossed it to him. "Take the Taotian Sword back and personally hand it to my father. This is now the second saint sword we've received. If we can take the other four, we can go to the Pluto Sword Tomb, kill the guards, and

open the Gate of Bloody Hell. At that time, Lord Pluto will be able to return.

“As long as Lord Pluto returns to Kunlun’s Field, even that Empress Chi Yao will have to die. The entire Kunlun’s Field will be ruled by us, the Immortal Vampires. Those lowly humans will be nothing more than prey.”

Half-Saint Taixi held the Taotian Sword. Hearing Feng Han’s words, he also grew excited. “Sixth Prince, you’ve accomplished something so great and showed down the other princes. I’m sure His Majesty will reward you heavily.”

Expression serious, Feng Han said, “There’s something else. When you return, tell Father to send people to investigate the book Vampire Secrets. This book may pose a huge threat to our race.”

“Understood.” Half-Saint Taixi nodded, but then said, “Will you not return together to see His Majesty?”

Feng Han shook his head. Looking at Sword Saint Xuanji’s body, his expression turned ambiguous. “I need to cultivate in isolation and won’t return for now. Sword Saint Xuanji’s blood is very precious. If I drink all his blood and refine it, my cultivation should raise at least three levels...”

A cold voice filled with hatred rang out from the darkness, “I’m afraid you won’t be able to enjoy that.”

Feng Han’s face darkened. He activated his Saint Soul Territory instantly, going on guard. At the same time, his eyes turned blood-red. This was his Blood Sky Eye. He looked around and asked coldly, “Who are you?”

Whoosh.

Wind started blowing.

Feng Han discovered with shock that someone had run into his Saint Soul Territory and appeared behind him. Thus, Feng Han formed a handprint and slammed his palm back. He’d acted so quickly, but he’d still missed.

Boom. The strong wind from his palm flattened the forest nearby. The thick and ancient trees all cracked in half. Leaves

and splinters flew everywhere. Even a thick layer of dirt was scraped clean.

No.

Feng Han felt something was amiss. He immediately looked down and discovered that Sword Saint Xuanji's body had vanished.

Wind started blowing again. A ghostly apparition appeared 300 feet away. All the shadows overlapped, forming a young man. He held Sword Saint Xuanji's body in his arms. Cold murderous intent radiated from him.

Chapter 789 - The Anger

Translator:

Larbre Studio

Editor:

Larbre Studio

“Who are you?”

Feng Han squinted into the darkness, facing the direction where the young man stood. Cold air radiated from his body and grew unceasingly intense, followed by the aura exuding from him.

This time, Zhang Ruochen revealed his true self, whose face Feng Han never knew, lest he should recognize him as Lin Yue.

Zhang Ruochen gently laid Sword Saint Xuanji’s body on the ground, untied his Taoist cloak and covered his master’s remains. Only then did he tighten his grip on the Abyss Ancient Sword.

With a cold murderous stare, he asked Feng Han, “Are you the fourth disciple of Sword Saint Xuanji Feng Han, or are you the Sixth Royal Prince of Immortal Vampires?”

Feng Han scrutinized his opponent carefully. While he couldn’t tell Zhang Ruochen’s exact level of cultivation, he was certain it wasn’t a half-saint’s.

An ordinary monk of a Fish-Dragon realm, what’s there to be afraid of?

Feng Han let down his guard completely, licked his lips and then curved them into a sneer. “Does my identity matter to you?”

“Of course.”

Zhang Ruochen replied through gritted teeth, “Because your answer determines the way you are going to die. Relative to

the vampires, my hatred towards a traitor is far greater.”

Had Sword Saints Xuanji died in a fair duel with Nine Serenity Sword Saint, Zhang Ruochen would not have felt such anger about his master’s unjust death. At most he would challenge Nine Serenity Sword Saint in another duel in the name of Sword Saint Xuanji’s apprentice, and bring back the honor by taking him down.

All men must die.

For a swordsman, to die in combat was seen as honorable.

But to be defeated because the opponent fought dirty was unforgivable. He must avenge his master.

The corner of Feng Han’s lip twisted into a sneer again. He said, “I can already tell your identity, because of your hatred towards me.”

“Really?” Zhang Ruochen responded.

“Who would hold enmity towards me if not the apprentices of Sword Saint Xuanji? The Shooting Star Invisible Cloak you are wearing belongs to third senior brother. Otherwise, it would have been impossible for you to have followed me this far without me realizing.”

Zhang Ruochen stared coldly at Feng Han. Sword Saint Xuanji was gone; there was no need to continue hiding his identity anymore.

Though this did not seem to bother Feng Han. He said, “It doesn’t matter if I am the sixth royal prince of the immortal vampires, or the fourth apprentice of Sword Saint Xuanji. Your current strength can never defeat me. In fact, you are digging your own grave for tailing me.”

Feng Han pointed at Zhang Ruochen.

The next moment, the four half-saints of immortal vampires transformed to dark, human-shaped silhouettes and surrounded Zhang Ruochen’s periphery.

Other than Half-Saint Taixi, the remaining four half-saints of immortal vampires were level 1 half-saints. They were called Xin Feng, Xin Lei, Xin Yu and Xin Yun.

Amongst them, Half-Saint Xin Feng and Half-Saint Xin Lei's strength were the highest.

Zhang Ruochen glanced at the four half-saints, somehow remained calm and expressionless, then said, "We shall find out who is digging whose grave."

"You insolent mortal monk! How dare you be so arrogant in front of all the half-saints? I can defeat you with one hand."

Half-Saint Xin Yun felt insulted and stepped forward.

Blood red veins became visible beneath his skin and massive holy Qi burst out of his body, ripping his black robe into pieces.

A pair of wings grew out of his back and revealed his true form as an immortal vampire.

This caused a strong gust of wind in the surrounding air, and filled it with a strong scent of blood. The wind rolled through the treetops, rippling the grass and shaking the underbrush.

Feng Han crossed his arms over his chest, looking as if he was waiting for the fight to happen and said, "Half-Saint Xin Yun, be careful. Even though he is not as strong as a half-saint, his speed was surprisingly fast. Don't underestimate him and lose the battle."

"Rest assured, my Prince. He is only a mortal monk. I can take him down."

Half-Saint Xin Yun clearly did not consider him to be a rival at all. There were six half-saints of immortal vampires in total, Zhang Ruochen's speed would not matter. In fact, it made him the target.

Half-Saint Xin Yun flapped his wings hard, propelling his body forward at the top speed of a half-saint.

Within a split second, he was already in front of Zhang Ruochen, swinging his claw at his right shoulder.

Zhang Ruochen stayed calm as he leaned backwards to dodge the attack.

The half-saint immortal vampire's great claws came within inches of Zhang Ruochen's chest, leaving streaks of glow marks as the claws brushed against his chest.

"This boy is fast."

For a moment, Half-Saint Xin Yun stared at Zhang Ruochen with a surprised expression. He had never expected the young man to dodge his sudden surprise attack.

Just as his thoughts strayed away, Zhang Ruochen swung the sword at his chest at an even faster speed. The strike transformed into multiple energy swords, raining down upon his chest.

"Saint Soul Territory."

Half-Saint Xin Yun was an experienced warrior, and his reaction was equally fast. His instinct told him something was not right and he parried the move by conjuring his saint soul territory.

At the same time, he raised both his hands to strengthen the defense.

He was wearing a pair of black ancient-looking arm guards, sizzling as they were infused with holy Qi. Then, a web-like shields was formed, glowing in red and helping to withstand the incoming force.

"Bang!"

The force of Abyss Ancient Sword outweighed the glowing shield and penetrated through it, knocking against the arm guards and throwing up a shower of fiery sparks.

The vigorous collision threw Half-Saint Xin Yun miles away, and his feet sank into the ground where he landed.

Cracks started projecting from his feet and formed into a starburst crack.

Half-Saint Xin Yun felt excruciating pain in both his arms, which were trembling uncontrollably and dripping blood.

His eyes widened in shock and he said, "How is it possible for a mortal monk to have such strength?"

Feng Han, who was standing afar, looked surprised too. Clearly he had not expected this mortal young man to stall off a half-saint.

Only the heirs of Kunlun's Field had the capability of hurting a level one half-saint.

Zhang Ruochen withdrew his sword and placed it upright at his back, standing still at his initial position that was next to Sword Saint Xuanji's body. He then said, "Is that all from a half-saint of immortal vampires?"

There was hint of fear in Feng Han's gaze as he turned towards the remaining four half-saints. He commanded, "Half-Saints Xin Feng, Xin Lei, Xin Yun and Xin Yu, form Combined Heaven and Earth battle formation and take him down. The one who manages to take him alive will be rewarded with Sword Saint Xuanji's saintly source."

The saintly source was the relic of a saint.

It was the catalyst for anyone to become a saint.

Hence, the saintly source was extremely lucrative to all the half-saints, even if it meant fighting against each other.

Greed for the treasured saintly source prompted their eyes to turn red, making them look more monstrous in the dark.

Feng Han reminded them again, "This area is close to Yin and Yang Sect, you must finish him off quickly."

The eldest of the four, Half-Saint Xin Feng said, "Do not worry, my Prince. With the power of the four of us combined, he will be dead for sure."

The four half-saints of immortal vampires surrounded Zhang Ruochen from four directions, while releasing their respective Saint Soul Territory.

Four beams of red light emanated from four directions and hovered on Zhang Ruochen. From afar, the beams looked like a huge sphere of blood Qi.

Soon, the four territories combined into one with a loud groan. Its gravitational force increased 10 times stronger, a strength standard found only in a Level 2 half-saint's territory.

The four half-saints continued to channel their power to the combined Saint Soul Territory, spreading blood fog to the surroundings. Trees and bushes that were exposed to the blood fog wilted immediately.

Half-saint Xin Yun stared at Zhang Ruochen viciously, and he was trapped in the combined Saint Soul Territory. He said, “With the gravity pull of a thousandfold, can you move as fast?”

Zhang Ruochen glanced at the Combined Heaven and Earth Battle Formation, and gave a mocking smile as he replied, “We shall find out!”

Half-Saint Xin Yun scoffed, “Stop pretending as if you are on the winning side, you are now trapped in the formation. Eldest and second brother, let’s cripple his limbs. Youngest sister, stay in control of the formation.”

The three half-saint siblings, Xin Feng, Xin Lei and Xin Yun attacked Zhang Ruochen at the same time.

Prior to this, Zhang Ruochen had managed to hurt Half-Saint Xin Yun. All of them combined to attack him in full force with the hope of finishing him off in one attack.

Half-Saint Xin Feng was wielding White Bone Broadsword, a rare fine sword made of bones of a seventh grade beast — Dragon Eagle. It was engraved with 276 inscriptions, and had been used in sacrificial ritual for the past 10 years before being listed as a Hundred-pattern Saint Weapon.

Chapter 790 - Kill Three Saints in a Row

Translator:

Larbre Studio

Editor:

Larbre Studio

As the Dragon Eagle Bone Broadsword cut down, sharp wind was created in the sky. It followed the broadsword, sweeping horizontally to Zhang Ruochen's waist.

Staring at the incoming bone broadsword, Zhang Ruochen remained expressionless. He stomped on the ground and the space shook. The ground seemed to cave in.

Space Domain, Zhang Ruochen thought.

He activated the Space Domain. It spread out quickly and destroyed the Saint Soul Territory of the four Half-Saints. The weight pressing down on him, thousand times what was normal, vanished.

The Space Domain's power pressed down on the four Half-Saints instead.

Xin Feng, at the very front, definitely didn't expect such a change. He swore in his mind and retracted the white bone broadsword to retreat. He was stepping on the ground, but somehow, he stepped on air. He plummeted and naturally lost balance as well.

The ground was still the ground from before. However, the spatial structure had changed.

Zhang Ruochen obviously wouldn't miss this great chance. Manipulating the Holy Qi within him, he quickly stabbed forward, piercing Xin Feng's physical defense.

Spleuch.

A huge bloody hole opened up on Half-Saint Xin Feng's chest. One could clearly see that his bones and organs were gravely injured. But Vampires had strong vitalities. Even this kind of injury was not fatal.

"Brother!" Xin Lei and Xin Yun yelled.

Zhang Ruochen was preparing a second attack to completely kill Half-Saint Xin Feng, but he realized that Half-Saint Xin Lei and Xin Yun were charging from two directions.

He was forced to give up on Half-Saint Xin Feng for now. He put away the Abyss Ancient Sword and went to meet Xin Lei and Xin Yun.

"Thundersword Skill!" Half-Saint Xin Lei activated a superior-class Ghost Level martial technique. His hands were covered in lightning. Raising them over his head, he gathered the lightning and punched down powerfully.

The lightning in his hands flooded out, transforming into a huge seven-meter-long sword. It came down upon Zhang Ruochen's head. The might from a Half-Saint's full-force attack couldn't be overlooked.

"Sword Two."

But instead of dodging, Zhang Ruochen brandished the Abyss Ancient Sword and drew a ring of Sword Qi. One could vaguely see that the ring was black and white. It spun rapidly.

Kaboom.

The huge lightning sword hit the center of the Sword Qi ring. An earth-shaking boom resulted. The entire ground trembled violently.

A burst of wild power spread out quickly, flattening the forest. The trees turned into splinters, boulders turned into dust, and even the 200-meter-tall mountains shattered.

Poof.

Half-Saint Xin Lei spat out blood and flew backwards.

Half-Saint Xin Yun was shocked. His two brothers were all at the peak of the first level, but they'd all been defeated

instantly. Just how horribly powerful was this young man before his eyes?

He couldn't fight this man. Thinking of this, Xin Yun immediately used a technique to retreat rapidly.

“Spatial Move.”

Manipulating the power of space, Zhang Ruochen stepped forward. As if crashing into a waterfall, he disappeared from the spot. Only thin ripples of energy waves remained in the air.

The next moment, Zhang Ruochen appeared 30 feet in the sky behind Half-Saint Xin Yun.

“Die!”

Grasping the sword with both hands, Zhang Ruochen activated all the inscriptions on the Abyss Ancient Sword. Leaving behind a long trail of light, he hacked at Half-Saint Xin Yun's head.

Half-Saint Xin Yun felt strong power immobilizing him. It was difficult to even take a step. His face paled.

“I don't believe my cultivation as a Half-Saint can't even take a hit from a Monk in the Fish-Dragon Realm.”

Half-Saint Xin Yun spread his legs and crossed his arms. Using his powerful Saint Soul, he gathered all the Spiritual Qi in the world into his black arm shields. He pushed his arms up. A flood-dragon rushed out of the shield on his left arm. The apparition of a lion rushed out of the right.

The two beastly shadows displayed powers of ice and fire. These two vastly different powers spun together, creating a pagoda-shaped shield.

Boom!

The Abyss Ancient Sword cut down, splitting the pagoda-shaped shield and landing on Half-Saint Xin Yun's arms. He couldn't take the sword's extreme power. The bones in his legs cracked and he knelt onto the ground.

Zhang Ruochen's eyes were sharp. He'd firmly restricted Half-Saint Xin Yun. He'd really made a Half-Saint kneel on the

ground, unable to fight back at all.

Sizzle, sizzle.

The Abyss Ancient Sword started refining the two black arm shields. The shields quickly melted into liquid and fused into the sword. This way, Half-Saint Xin Yun completely lost the ability to protect himself.

Boom.

The sword fell mercilessly on Half-Saint Xin Yun's head. He was split into two. Shreds of Blood Qi rushed out of the broken body. They flooded wildly into Sword Saint Xuanji's body. They wanted to dig into his pores and drink his blood.

A Half-Saint Vampire had very strong vitality. As long as his Saint Soul wasn't destroyed, he could still reform his body after being split into two and heal if he drank enough fresh blood.

He would only die directly if his physical body was horribly damaged.

“How dare you?”

Zhang Ruochen obviously wouldn't give Half-Saint Xin Yun the chance to come back to life. He took out the Ruyi Treasure Bottle. Holding it in his hand, he collected all the Blood Qi in the air, as well as Half-Saint Xin Yun's Saint Soul.

Only the broken corpse was left on the ground.

Everything had happened so quickly. Half-Saint Xin Yun had been killed by Zhang Ruochen before the other Half-Saint Vampires could even help.

It was silent. The remaining Half-Saint Vampires all had heavy expressions. They didn't dare underestimate this man anymore.

Four Half-Saints had attacked at once, but he'd gravely injured two and killed one. If news of this brilliant record spread, it would definitely cause a big commotion.

“Spatial power. He can manipulate the power of space,” Half-Saint Xin Feng said.

Half-Saints were extremely perceptive. He could naturally detect the ripples of spatial power. If not for that, the four Half-Saints wouldn't lose so quickly.

Feng Han had guessed beforehand. Seeing Zhang Ruochen use the Space Domain, he laughed instead of being shocked.

“Sixth Junior Brother, you didn't die. It seems that the Nine Serenity Sword Saint had told the truth. He didn't kill you.”

Zhang Ruochen didn't deny it. “Do you still qualify to call me Sixth Junior Brother?”

“Why not?” Feng Han asked in return. Then he smiled and said, “It doesn't matter if I tell you, but Sword Saint Xuanji already knew I'm a Vampire when he accepted me as a disciple.”

“Why would Master accept a Vampire as a disciple?” Zhang Ruochen asked coldly.

“This is the truth. Even if you don't believe it, it's still the truth.”

“You're speaking nonsense.”

Feng Han laughed. “If Sword Saint Xuanji could accept a savage beast as a disciple, why can't he accept a Vampire? Zhang Ruochen, you're still too far from that old man's cultivation realm. In his eyes, not all Vampires represent evil. Not all humans are kind.”

Everyone knew that wolves would eat humans, but only those who were confident would dare to raise wolves. If not for those people, dogs wouldn't exist.

Feng Han scoffed. “The old man thought that Vampires weren't naturally evil. As long as we don't drink blood or commit sins, we can be changed for the better. We can be accepted as disciples. You can say he's benevolent, but in reality, he's overconfident in himself.

“The Vampires saw this weakness of his, so they arranged for me to become his disciple. At that time, he didn't know that Manji Island's seal was already open or that I'm the sixth prince. He just thought that I'm a pitiful Vampire child. At that

time, I was being chased by a group of humans. My mother and father had been killed.

“The old man thought himself the incarnation of justice, a Buddha that helped the poor. He actually saved me and accepted me as his disciple. Humans all have weaknesses. Once this weakness is found, even a Saint can be defeated with one hit. Zhang Ruochen, do you agree?”

“You took advantage of humanity’s pity to accomplish your despicable and evil goal,” Zhang Ruochen said. “Thank you for this lesson. From now on, I won’t have any pity for the Vampires I meet.”

“You think you’ll live after today?” Feng Han asked, laughing.

“I want to say the same to you,” Zhang Ruochen shot back.

Whoosh.

Zhang Ruochen used the Spatial Move again and disappeared.

Feng Han’s expression changed. “Be careful,” he said immediately.

Before he could finish speaking, Zhang Ruochen was already behind Half-Saint Xin Feng. His eyes were murderous. He brought his sword down with the fastest speed.

Half-Saint Xin Feng had already been injured, so he reacted much more slowly. By the time he processed everything, he’d already been slashed 36 times. He flew out in hunks of meat.

Right now, Zhang Ruochen was in total rage. He just wanted to wipe out all the Vampires before him. By the time Feng Han rushed to Half-Saint Xin Feng, Zhang Ruochen had already used the Spatial Move and charged at Xin Lei.

“Dammit.” Feng Han stomped on the ground and rushed towards Half-Saint Xin Lei. “Zhang Ruochen, do you dare fight me face to face?” he roared.

“Don’t worry, you won’t live for long.”

Zhang Ruochen appeared above Half-Saint Xin Lei. He activated all the spatial power and created a spatial tear, dozens of meters long. Inside the tear was a pitch black and

icy void. The powerful force of phagocytosis emanated from it.

“No...”

Earlier, Half-Saint Xin Lei had already been badly hurt and his cultivation was damaged. He wanted to escape, but he couldn't fight against the spatial tear. He only resisted for a moment before the spatial tear devoured him.

Standing outside the spatial tear, one could see clearly that Half-Saint Xin Lei had exploded into a cloud of bloody mist.

Two more Half-Saints had died in the blink of an eye.

Even a fourth level Half-Saint couldn't kill so cruelly and horribly. Perhaps only the mysterious spatial power could let Zhang Ruochen come and go without a trace and become a Half-Saint killer.

Of the other three Half-Saint Vampires, only Feng Han was still composed. Half-Saint Tai Xi and Xin Lei were all terrified. They activated all their defense mechanisms, afraid that they would get killed if they weren't careful.

It was quite humiliating for a Half-Saint to be so scared of a Monk in the Fish-Dragon Realm.

Chapter 791 - Everything Becomes Sword

Translator:

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Editor:

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Zhang Ruochen came to Sword Saint Xuanji's dead body and took out the Ruyi Treasure Bottle. He then absorbed Half-Saint Xin Feng's saint soul and blood Qi into the bottle.

Half saint's saint soul and blood could be used to form Half-Saint Light. It was considered the relic of a deceased Half-Saint and was definitely an important treasure.

It could be absorbed and definitely should not be wasted.

However, Half-Saint Xin Lei had been engulfed by a spatial crack and entered the Void Space, not leaving any saint's soul behind.

Zhang Ruochen held back the bottle and turned towards Feng Han.

Abyss Ancient Sword was a sensitive sword and could sense Zhang Ruochen's anger. It shivered lightly and the sound could be heard. (Boxno vel. co m)

Half-Saint Taixi and Half-Saint Xin Yu gathered behind Feng Han. Three of them stayed 100 metres away from each other in a triangular formation.

They emitted Holy Qi and it combined perfectly to form a strong defense. If Zhang Ruochen wanted to attack any of them, the other two could counter-attack immediately.

Half-Saint Taixi was worried and said, "My Prince, the battle just now caused an uproar amongst the crowd and it might

trigger the people in Yin and Yang Sect. I think we should bring Taotian Sword back first to avoid any accidents.”

Feng Han analyzed the situation carefully. His strength should be able to outmatch Zhang Ruochen, but if he wanted to kill him or take him back alive, it would still be very difficult.

If he got trapped by Zhang Ruochen and couldn't leave, it would be bad for him when people of Yin and Yang Sect came.

After hearing Half-Saint Taixi's words, Feng Han thought for a while and nodded. He said, “Give me the Taotian sword, I will bring it back and pass it to Father myself.”

Half-Saint Taixi gave it to him and glanced at Half-Saint Xin Yu, “Xin Yu, cover the Prince, I will take care of this guy.”

“Be careful, the power of space that he uses is strangely powerful.” Half-Saint Xin Yu said.

Half-Saint Taixi laughed and said, “I have reached Half-Saint Level 2. Even if I can't beat him, I will still be able to retreat safely.”

The difference between a Level 1 and Level 2 Half-Saint was like the difference between a monk of Ninth Change and Level 1 Half-Saint; it was worlds apart. Half-Saints Xin Feng, Xin Lei, Xin Yun and Xin Yu would have to work together in order to fight against Half-Saint Taixi.

Of course, the strength of a Half-Saint might differ a lot but there were many ways to retreat. The speed of every Half-Saint wasn't very different. So, even if a Half-Saint's strength was weaker than another Half-Saint, he might still be able to run away as long as he didn't get trapped in the opponent's Saint Soul Territory.

It was not easy to kill a half-saint.

But Zhang Ruochen was a Half-Saint killer. He could manipulate time and space within a certain distance. It was hard for even a half-saint to run away.

“Feng Han, you are a Half-Saint. You don't even dare to fight and you're ready to run away?”

Zhang Ruochen wanted to stop them before they ran away with the Taotian Sword.

“World Locking Formation!”

Half-Saint Taixi stood behind Feng Han and took out a crimson ancient jade disc that was one meter in diameter. He blasted it upwards into the sky. It stopped right above Zhang Ruochen.

Battle formation inscriptions appeared on the disc and spread quickly.

Eighteen long flame pillars flew out from the disc and formed a chain connecting to the ground, locking Zhang Ruochen in the battle formation.

Zhang Ruochen used his spatial manipulation skill and tried to do another spatial move. He wanted to use the skill to escape from the battle formation.

However, he appeared at the edge of the formation and was nearly hit by the flaming pillars.

Waves of intense heat could be felt.

Even in this dire situation, Zhang Ruochen reacted very quickly and used his sword to hold the pillar. The fire pillar clashed with the sword.

Zhang Ruochen was thrown back to the middle of the formation.

The power of the battle formation was too strong and scary. The heat the fire pillar created even caused the Abyss Ancient Sword to turn red, with hot sparks flying off.

You can imagine that, if the chains hit him, even if he was a Half-Saint, he would definitely be severely hurt.

Half-Saint Taixi stood outside the formation and laughed.

“Zhang Ruochen, what’s the point of having the power of space? The power of the formation can outmatch it in certain circumstances.”

“World locking formation is a Sixth Grade Battle Formation, it is very complicated. Even a level 3 half-saint needs to take at

least one day to get out of it. It seems like your power over spatial manipulation is very basic; how could you ever overcome this?”

In order to use a Sixth Grade Battle Formation, the difficulty was almost like building a city, a large and difficult process.

Even a master of a Sixth Grade Battle Formation, together with more than 10 assistants working together, needed at least a month to complete one Sixth Grade Battle Formation.

If you wanted to transform the formation into a saint weapon, it would be even harder.

You not only had to find suitable precious materials, but also needed a lot of time to engrave the inscriptions onto it.

A master also required at least 3 years to build one saint weapon.

However, the power of the formation created would also largely decrease and wasn't comparable to a Sixth Grade Defender Formation and a Sixth Grade Guardian Formation.

The only benefit of it was that one could easily use the formation at any time.

A sacred weapon as such was a hundred times more precious than a normal engraved weapon.

Zhang Ruochen didn't change his expression and said, “World locking formation is very strong, but if you intend to trap me inside, it might not be so easy.”

“Oh yeah? I want to see how you could overcome it,” Half-Saint Taixi sneered, looking relaxed.

If a fish-dragon monk could easily break the formation, then would it be still considered a Sixth Grade Battle Formation?

“It is very difficult to break the formation from the inside, but how about from the outside?” Zhang Ruochen said.

Half-Saint Taixi said, “Good idea, but how do you come out first?”

“If I can, do I still need to break the formation?”

Zhang Ruochen closed his eyes and extended his fingers to form a sword sign. A strong sword intent emitted from his body and blasted into the sky. The blast effect detonated the formation, creating shockwaves to the surroundings.

World locking formation could lock the monks inside but not sword intent that had no form.

Zhang Ruochen had already achieved Human Sword level – the sword and him as one. Thus, the sword intent he conjured was extremely powerful.

All the trees and flowers that had been casted with his sword intent were lit up, shaking. The pointy part of the leaves pointed at the battle formation, all as sharp as the blade of a sword.

Half-Saint Taixi looked around, his expression changed, “Once sword intent is conjured, everything will become sword. This human sword level, how... How is this possible? That should be a sword saint’s level already.”

If it wasn’t, Half-Saint Taixi should be able to sense clearly where the spirit intent had come from, but it was from him.

During the Sword Technique Conference, he used a single hair to kill Half-Saint Xuanlong. This proved that his sword skill was really at a very high level.

Half-Saint Taixi strength was even lower than Half-Saint Xuanlong.

Even if Taixi had the world locking formation skill, Zhang Ruochen wasn’t afraid of him.

Taixi felt something wasn’t right and didn’t wait any longer. He controlled the battle formation and started attacking at the fastest speed to kill Zhang Ruochen.

He pushed his hands forward.

Holy Qi came from his palms and flew towards the ancient jade disc.

The disc turned immediately and a fire pillar formed and attacked Zhang Ruochen.

“Bomb!”

It was just a single attack and a large hole formed in middle of the battle formation, melting the surrounding soil and rocks into volcano larvae.

Luckily, Zhang Ruochen managed to dodge the attack. If not he wouldn't have been able to defend himself from the attack with his own strength.

The ancient jade disc turned again and was ready for a second attack.

Zhang Ruochen squinted his eyes sternly and said, “Imperial sword!”

All the leaves of the trees and flowers flew upwards into the sky and formed black dots all around. All the dots combined and formed a large grey cloud that covered even the moon.

The next moment, a deafening groan could be heard from the sky.

The leaves then poured on Half-Saint Taixi and his battle formation. The speed was extremely fast and, with the help of sword intent, it is very deadly.

A single leaf could cut more than a meter into the ground.

Half-Saint Taixi's strength was strong enough and the battle formation's defense wasn't weak either. All the leaves were disintegrated into powder before they even got close to him.

“Your sword intent is strong but you can't kill a Half-Saint with just leaves!” Half-Saint Taixi shouted.

Zhang Ruochen continued to emit the sword intent and said, “You might not be as strong as you think, and the strength of a leaf might not be as weak as you think.”

As time passed, Half-Saint Taixi defenses were getting more pressurized. The leaves finally broke his defense and fell onto him. They cut through his skin and blood vessels.

A moment later, world locking formation created a loud explosion and it was destroyed by the leaves from the outside.

With a loud bang, the ancient jade disc fell onto the ground.

Chapter 792 - Fighting Feng Han

Translator:

Larbre Studio

Editor:

Larbre Studio

Huff!

Zhang Ruochen exhaled deeply, scattering the Sword Intent on him. The leaves that were flying quickly instantly lost their power. They floated down from the sky, scattering on the ground.

Whoosh!

Zhang Ruochen waved his sleeve, raising a gust of wind. The thick leaves were blown away, revealing Half-Saint Tai Xi below.

Half-Saint Tai Xi lay on the ground with countless slashes on his body. He'd become a bloody mess and was completely unrecognizable. The bone was visible under the bloody flesh in some places.

“Now do you believe that leaves can kill?” Zhang Ruochen asked.

Half-Saint Tai Xi's entire body trembled as he rasped out, “I... won't...surrender...”

“Even if you don't want to, you have to.”

Zhang Ruochen's eyes were frigid. Dragons and elephants roared from his right arm. He slammed down with a gust of strong wind and crushed Half-Saint Tai Xi's head into mush.

When he lifted his hand, his palm had a ball of blood-red Half-Saint Light. It was blinding, lighting the entire night sky with eerie redness.

“The third Half-Saint Light.” Zhang Ruochen put it into the Ruyi Treasure Bottle.

The three Half-Saints all had a lot of powerful weapons and treasures. However, Zhang Ruochen didn't have the time to look through them, so he put the three bodies directly into his Spatial Ring.

Half-Saint Tai Xi's Ancient Jade Disc was the only one Zhang Ruochen held and studied. Then he poured his Holy Qi into it.

Poof, poof!

Wisps of blood-red inscriptions surged out of the center of the Ancient Jade Disc and stretched into the air.

The World Locking Formation is indeed a powerful battle formation. Thankfully, I've cultivated my Tao of Sword to the Human Sword state and first injured Half-Saint Tai Xi, causing the Ancient Jade Disc to lose control. Otherwise, I wouldn't be able to break open the battle formation. It's highly possible I would be trapped here until death.

The Ancient Jade Disc was a very powerful battle formation saint weapon. Zhang Ruochen stored it in his arms. Then he looked in the direction that Feng Han had left in.

“You can't escape so easily.”

Putting Sword Saint Xuanji's body into the Universe Spiritual Map, Zhang Ruochen took out the decree that Sword Saint Xuanji had given him. Gripping it, he poured his Holy Qi into the saint decree.

Powerful saintly power surged from it, wrapping around Zhang Ruochen.

Whoosh!

He transformed into a ray of white light. With speed that only a Saint could have, he rushed into the sky and chased after Feng Han.

A while later, Zhang Ruochen had flown thousands of miles. He caught up with Feng Han and Half-Saint Xin Yu.

The Fallen-gods Mountain Rage was very vast. A miasma covered the sky above the forest. It gave off a boundless feeling. Looking about, one couldn't see any signs of life.

This was a massive primitive forest. Feng Han stopped and opened his blood-red eyes. Turning around, he looked to the sky, surprised. "He caught up this quickly? Even Half-Saint Tai Xi couldn't stop him?"

Half-Saint Xin Yu looked back too. She pulled a long blood sword from the bone of her left arm. Spreading her wings, she flew 300 feet into the sky. "Sixth Prince, go on. I'll stop him."

Thick bloody fog emanated from the long blood sword. It spread, covering the entire primitive forest. All the savage beasts in the forest sensed the dangerous aura and sprawled on the ground, trembling in fear. Some more powerful beasts turned and ran immediately.

Whoosh!

A beam of white light hit Half-Saint Xin Yu's body like a shooting star. A spot of white light grew brighter and brighter in her eyes. Finally, it covered her entire vision. Just as she raised the blood sword, she was already thrown back. She dropped to the ground.

Kaboom.

A huge crater opened up on the ground. Dozens of big cracks appeared in the surrounding dirt. It was as if a meteorite had fallen.

At the bottom of the crater, Zhang Ruochen stood with the Abyss Ancient Sword stabbed through Half-Saint Xin Yu's chest. She was nailed onto the ground. The strong power contained in the sword had shattered Half-Saint Xin Yu's Saint Soul. It was reduced to specks of light that scattered in the air.

This one strike had scattered a Half-Saint's soul.

Whoosh.

His expression cold, Zhang Ruochen pulled out the bloody sword without even looking at Half-Saint Xin Yu's body. He

walked out of the crater. Standing elevated, he looked down at Feng Han in the near distance.

“You’re the only one left!” he called.

Feng Han stared at Zhang Ruochen across from him. “Did Half-Saint Tai Xi die by your hands?” he asked, his expression not changing.

“Did you think he could still be alive?” Zhang Ruochen asked.

“You killed five Half-Saint Vampires in one night,” Feng Han said. “Merely this is an unforgivable sin. Even a human Saint can only pay for this crime with death.”

“You poisoning Master is an even more unforgivable sin,” Zhang Ruochen said firmly. “Even if you become a Saint, you won’t be able to escape.”

Feng Han grasped the Taotian Sword. He raised it and studied the blade. Then shaking his head, he smiled. “Actually, you’re the one that killed Master, not I. If not for you, he probably wouldn’t have gone to fight with the Nine Serenity Sword Saint. If not for your appearance, I would be his best disciple. He would have given me the Taotian Sword long ago.

“My goal is only the Taotian Sword. If I had it, I wouldn’t have had to kill him. To be honest, he’s not a bad guy. At least, I never hated him.”

Zhang Ruochen’s anger gradually cooled. Instead, he felt depressed. He felt that injustice had befallen his teacher. Everyone said that kindness would be repaid, but sometimes, people take advantage of your kindness and hurt you instead. And instead of feeling any guilt after hurting you, they put all the blame on someone else.

His teacher must have been incomparably sad when he died.

Feng Han glanced back at Zhang Ruochen and wiped his smile away. “But, I truly hate you,” he said coldly. “Since you’ve followed me, I’ll send you on your way. This way, that old guy won’t be lonely on his way to the afterlife.”

Whoosh!

He instantly activated his Saint Soul Territory. At the same time, he brought the Taotian Sword down toward Zhang Ruochen. Both his own speed and the sword's speed were impossibly fast. He didn't give Zhang Ruochen any chance to dodge.

Expressionless, Zhang Ruochen gripped his Abyss Ancient Sword. Using all his might, he swept it horizontally.

Boom!

A tidal wave of power flooded out of the Taotian Sword. In that instant, the web between Zhang Ruochen's thumb and forefinger split open. The skin on his arms couldn't withstand this power. It cracked and turned into a bloody mess.

The Abyss Ancient Sword flew out of his hand. It landed hundreds of feet away, burying into the side of a cliff. At the same time, Zhang Ruochen also flew back. He crashed through dozens of ancient trees, leaving a deep trench on the ground.

His headpiece cracked and his hair came loose. Half-kneeling on the ground, he pressed against it. Blood flowed endlessly out of his lips.

The earth was dyed red.

Holding the Taotian Sword, Feng Han walked towards Zhang Ruochen. Laughing, he said, "Sixth Junior Brother, you think that I'd retreated because I fear you? You are talented, but unfortunately, you're too young. Your cultivation is still too far from mine."

Zhang Ruochen chuckled dryly. "You think that...I'll pursue you...alone..."

"What?" Feng Han's eyes darkened.

Zhang Ruochen stood up slowly. His bloodshot eyes stared at Feng Han. "You're smart. You should understand what I mean."

"You told First Senior Brother?" Feng Han clenched his jaw. His eyes shone with murderous desire.

“You killed our Master and bit the hand that fed you. Any senior brother would kill you, not only First Senior Brother,” Zhang Ruochen said.

“You’re looking for death.”

Feng Han grasped his sword and gathered all his power. Raising the Taotian Sword above his hand, he created a 100-foot-long beam of white light and brought the sword down.

The powerful Sword Qi brought great pressure to Zhang Ruochen. He closed his eyes and used his fastest speed to manipulate spatial power. He cast the Spatial Move and disappeared.

Kaboom.

Powerful Sword Qi cut down on where Zhang Ruochen had been standing, gouging a two-foot-wide trench in the ground. The huge slash was like a fissure in the earth. It stretched miles long, cutting the primitive forest in half.

The attack was powerful, but Feng Han could feel that he hadn’t killed Zhang Ruochen. Gradually, the Sword Qi dissipated.

Only a soft breeze remained in the air. Feng Han activated his Blood Sky Eye. He couldn’t find Zhang Ruochen at all, but he was sure that Zhang Ruochen was close. However, he was wearing the Shooting Star Invisible Cloak and was aided by spatial power, so he could be traceless.

Feng Han had worried about this, so he didn’t attack Zhang Ruochen. He was afraid Zhang Ruochen would latch onto him, making it hard to escape. He wasn’t actually afraid of Zhang Ruochen’s combat ability.

Feng Han stood in place, not daring to move. He didn’t want to provoke Zhang Ruochen’s sneak attack. “If you’re so powerful, come out and fight me face to face,” he roared.

His words didn’t result in Zhang Ruochen’s response. The sound waves just shook some yellow leaves loose.

Right now, Feng Han had gotten himself into a situation that he couldn’t extract himself from.

If Zhang Ruochen continued stalling, the other senior brother apprentices could catch up. At that time, Feng Han wouldn't have the chance to escape anymore. If he retreated now, he would reveal a flaw and suffer Zhang Ruochen's secret attack. Even with his cultivation, Feng Han wasn't completely sure that he could block Zhang Ruochen's spatial attacks.

If he couldn't block it, he would die.

Chapter 793 - Four Silver Wings

Translator:

Larbre Studio

Editor:

Larbre Studio

Couldn't just wait to die.

Finally, Feng Han lost his patience and held his Saint Soul Territory. He focused on defense and tried to take six steps backwards.

“Since you're not attacking me, I will take my leave now.”

Feng Han took out a saint decree and held it in his hand.

His holy Qi was added to the saint decree and blood Qi emitted out, surrounding his body.

With the assistance of the holy strength from the saint decree, Feng Han immediately became stronger and his speed was comparable to a saint. He was glowing in brilliant light and was about to fly away.

However, he had just flown to mid sky when a large crack opened up in the space above him.

The crack was like a gaping black mouth that appeared from nowhere.

Feng Han was prepared for it and remained very calm. He controlled the size of his body and immediately changed his direction. He managed to evade to the left before getting engulfed by the crack.

In front of him, a translucent shadow appeared from nowhere and blocked his path. The shadow was Zhang Ruochen, wearing the Shooting Star Invisibility Cloak.

Feng Han's body emitted an immense strength and he mumbled, "Sword Two!"

With the assistance of the saint decree, his speed was already reaching the maximum limit.

When he performed Sword Two, he appeared in front of Zhang Ruochen within a split second. The Taotian Sword emitted a light blade which stabbed towards Zhang Ruochen's heart.

Facing this attack, Zhang Ruochen was steady and calm. He didn't even manipulate the space to dodge it.

If he had dodged it, Feng Han would most definitely have gotten away. Zhang Ruochen would have never been able to trap him. He could envision Feng Han bringing the sword back to the Immortal Vampire.

If his master knew that the sword had been snatched away by the Immortal Vampire, he would never be able to accept it.

The speed of a saint was fast but Feng Han wasn't a real saint anyway and couldn't control himself at such high speeds. The Sword Two that he performed could be ended with a single forceful hit and he wouldn't be able to defend himself anymore.

That said, Zhang Ruochen still stood a chance at this very last moment.

"In between time, Instant Traceless."

Zhang Ruochen timed it perfectly along with his Void Sword.

All of a sudden, Void Sword disappeared.

Feng Han stabbed into Zhang Ruochen's chest with Taotian Sword. An immense energy flowed from the tip of the sword.

At the same time, Void Sword materialized above Feng Han's shoulder and lopped off his arm. Blood flowed freely onto the ground.

The bloody arm and Taotian Sword fell from the sky into the forest.

The Taotian Sword hitting Zhang Ruochen made him feel like he had been knocked against a metal mountain. A strong pain spread all over his body and he couldn't see anything. He felt like his soul was leaving his body and he couldn't control it.

His organs were badly hurt. With one cough, a mouthful of fresh blood was spat.

He leapt backwards and fell to the ground heavily, several meters away. The sand was scattered in all directions.

The birds in the forest were shocked and flew away in a frenzy.

When the sandy dust cleared, only then could he see himself lying in an area with several large cracks. There was a lot of blood flowing from the wound in his chest.

Luckily, he had placed the ancient jade disc on his chest to defend against the Taotian Sword attack. The cloak also reduced a lot of the damage that would have been delivered

The dragon marble in his heart formed the last defense against the attack.

With these defenses, Zhang Ruochen had managed to survive the full attack from Feng Han.

“Just a little more...wasted.”

He coughed blood out of his mouth.

His body was already covered with wounds. It was his sheer mental fortitude that kept him moving forward. He got up from the ground slowly.

The attack just now had been aimed at Feng Han's head.

But he was too strong and he reacted by dodging quickly. So the attack only managed to cut off his arm.

But there was no use.

“ARHHHH.”

Feng Han shouted angrily and flew to the ground and stood in front of Zhang Ruochen. The ground shook from the power emitting from his body as he landed.

“When I was at the Ninth Change, I already could kill a level 1 half-saint. I never expected that now, when I am level 2 half-saint, my arm would get cut by a mere fish-dragon monk.”

Two long beams of blood-like lasers shot out from Feng Han’s eyes as he stared at Zhang Ruochen.

At the same time, the strong blood Qi emitted from his body and gathered at his arm. This caused his amputated arm to regrow.

In just a moment, the arm had regrown completely.

Both were level 2 half-saints but the difference in Taixi and Feng Han’s strengths was significant.

Feng Han was at the top form of level 2 half-saint level. Even if he met a level 3 half-saint, he could still win the fight easily. If Feng Han met Taixi, he would hardly need to lift a finger to beat him.

However, he was in this mess when facing Zhang Ruochen. He must have been very unhappy about this.

Zhang Ruochen could definitely feel his anger.

But he stayed calm and wasn’t nervous at all.

Despite the immense pain Zhang Ruochen felt from talking, he said, “You will have to pay for your sins one day.”

Feng Han took a deep breath and laughed, “Tell me! How do you want to die?”

Zhang Ruochen’s face was getting paler yet he forced a smile: “It is not that easy to kill me.”

“I don’t believe that you still have energy to fight me.” Feng Han gave out a cold laugh.

Zhang Ruochen used his last holy Qi with the highest speed and transferred it to the ancient jade disc.

The disc flew above Feng Han and turned. The world locking formation was activated and eighteen pillars of fire shot out and connected to the ground.

The formation worked quickly.

Feng Han was standing right in the middle of the formation. His face turned red due to the high heat from the pillars and he uttered in disbelief, “World Locking Formation?”

He had thought that Zhang Ruochen wasn't able to fight anymore, and had been distracted. If not, Zhang Ruochen would not have been able to perform the world locking formation in time, even with the disc. He would not have been trapped in this formation again.

Only then did Feng Han start to feel nervous.

Very soon, a smile appeared on his face, “You must already have had the disc when you killed Taixi. I wasn't prepared, but this formation won't work on me.”

After finishing the last holy Qi, Zhang Ruochen lost all his energy and sat on the ground. He stared at Feng Han and said, “Feng Han, this formation could trap a Level 3 half-saint for a day. How long do you think you will be trapped inside?”

“Hahaha, junior! You must have underestimated your senior! Do you think my strength is weaker than a Level 3 half-saint? You can kill a Level 2 half-saint when you are but a mere fish-dragon monk. But your senior isn't a normal half-saint.”

Feng Han's body emitted a strong blood Qi and his back cracked as it grew.

Two pairs of ten-meter long wings burst through the cloth and expanded outwards. The silver wings shined brightly.

At the same time, a strong blood Qi emitted out from his body like waves and filled the formation completely.

“Four Silver Wings.”

Zhang Ruochen's face showed an expression of disbelief.

A normal immortal vampire would only have a single pair of wings made of flesh.

An immortal vampire that had four silver wings must have a stronger body than human saints. He would definitely be the king of immortal vampires in the future so long he lived.

One could even see that Feng Han's wings were absorbing the power from the surroundings and the light of the moon.

The silver shiny wings became even more dazzling.

Feng Han shouted and the wings on his back spun and attacked the world locking formation.

"The power of Feng Han in his current state might be even stronger than a Level 3 half-saint. It won't take long for him to break the formation," Zhang Ruochen thought.

He couldn't place all his hope in waiting for his eldest senior brother, he had to find a way to survive on his own.

He took out the Withered Pill given to him by Saint Lady and placed it in his hand.

The Withered Pill was a potent medicine and was very precious. It could cure any wound, with the consumer recovering immediately after eating it.

"I didn't expect that I would need to use it so soon."

Zhang Ruochen smiled and swallowed the pill. Then, using the fifth level of Emperor Ming Nine-Sky Scripture, he absorbed the power of the pill.

A strong medicinal smell was emitted from his body, dispersing everywhere.

Zhang Ruochen's surroundings were full of withered flowers and trees that had been attacked by blood Qi, but now, with the medicinal smell, all the trees and flowers absorbed it and came back to life.

Feng Han sensed that something wasn't right in the formation.

If Zhang Ruochen recovered, then he would definitely take the Taotian Sword and run away. If this happened, he would lose all the hard work that he'd done over the past few years.

So he renewed his attacks at a quicker and stronger pace.

In just a short while, with the constant attacks, Feng Han managed to break and escape from the formation. He stepped upwards and flew into the sky above Zhang Ruochen.

“Go and die.”

Feng Han’s fingers extended into sharp claws and he raked them towards Zhang Ruochen’s head.

Chapter 794 - Earth Blood Saint, Sky Blood Saint

Translator:

Larbre Studio

Editor:

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Five silver claws, all three feet long, sent out five beams of sharp power waves. Zhang Ruochen was about to be ripped into shreds.

Boom.

Zhang Ruochen was still sitting cross-legged on the ground while Feng Han flew out instead. Even the five silver claws had broken. His palm was bloody.

Without him realizing, a burly man had appeared before Zhang Ruochen. Dressed in black armor, he stood firmly on the ground, radiating murderous desire.

He was the one who'd broken Feng Han's claws and sent him flying.

Feng Han landed hundreds of feet away. Blood trickled from his lips. When he glanced at the man standing before Zhang Ruochen, his face paled. "First Senior Brother..." (Boxno vel. co m)

The soldierly man clad in black was indeed Sword Saint Xuanji's first disciple, Saint Qingxiao.

After Huang Yanchen told him the truth, he'd followed the traces Zhang Ruochen had left behind and hurried over. Thankfully, he'd arrived just in time. Otherwise, the consequences would have been unimaginable.

Saint Qingxiao's eyes were like two bolts of lightning. Staring at Feng Han's four silver wings, extreme fury burned in him.

“Seventh Junior Sister told me that Master’s death is connected to you. I didn’t want to believe this at first. If I hadn’t seen with my own eyes, how would I know that you’re a Vampire? Bastard, where is Master’s body?”

Feng Han retreated continuously while smiling. “If you want to know where Master’s body is, you can ask Sixth Junior Brother. He should know.”

Saint Qingxiao grew doubtful. He glanced at Zhang Ruochen in the distance from the corner of his vision.

Now was the time.

Feng Han used this chance to spread his four silver wings. He transformed into a beam of silver light and shot into the sky.

“You dare escape?”

Saint Qingxiao didn’t attack. He’d just used his thoughts and all the Spiritual Qi within a 500-mile radius was sucked away. They gathered together, forming a huge 100-meter-long handprint in the sky.

Boom!

The hand slapped down on Feng Han’s body, making him fall from the sky to the ground. Feng Han crashed onto the ground. His skin exploded and he grunted in pain.

Saint Qingxiao rushed over. He pulled Feng Han up and slapped his face, breaking his left cheek. “Who are you?” he roared. “Did you kill Master?”

Feng Han supported himself on the ground with his arms. Blood flowed out of his mouth and he laughed maniacally, his hair a mess. “What are you angry about? Everyone dies. It’s just a question of dying sooner or later.”

“The reason you’re still alive is because we were fellow apprentices and I still dare to dream for you,” Saint Qingxiao said. “If Second Junior Brother was here, he’d probably have ripped you apart long ago.”

Feng Han seemed nonchalant. He chuckled and said, “Yes, I indeed killed Sword Saint Xuanji. Haha, I killed a Sword Saint with my cultivation realm. With such a great accomplishment,

I'll be a hero to the Immortal Vampire race, even if I die today...oof..."

Saint Qingxiao slapped him again. It was much stronger now and sent Feng Han flying. Like a dead dog, he landed hundreds of feet away.

Feng Han's face was now bloody and mangled. His neck was bent at an impossible angle, too, almost turned to the back.

Zhang Ruochen's wounds had mostly healed. He stood up slowly and released his mental power. He quickly found where the Taotian Sword had fallen. Reaching out, powerful Sword Intent rushed out from his fingertips.

Whoosh!

Pulled by the Sword Intent, the Taotian Sword flew across the night sky with white light trailing behind it. It dropped into Zhang Ruochen's hands.

Carrying the Taotian Sword, Zhang Ruochen walked to Saint Qingxiao's side. Staring at Feng Han on the ground, he said, "He is the sixth prince of the Vampires. He'd been hiding by Master's side since he was young. Master drank the Pluto Blood Poison he gave him before the battle with the Nine Serenity Sword Saint. That is why he died."

"He is a traitor who lied and killed our Master." The last bit of hope Saint Qingxiao had for Feng Han was extinguished. Hands trembling uncontrollably, he walked over to Feng Han. He was ready to take care of him.

Suddenly, powerful Blood Qi rose from the ground.

Various bloody lines emerged on the ground. It was as if the earth had grown veins. They surged wildly and wrapped around Feng Han's body.

These blood-red inscriptions covered the ground within a 100-mile-radius. One could even hear thunderous sounds from the ground. It was as if the earth had grown a heart that was thudding and beating.

Has a Vampire Saint arrived? Zhang Ruochen had a bad feeling.

Saint Qingxiao's eyes darkened and he stopped walking. He didn't charge over brashly to kill Feng Han because he could feel clearly that a Vampire Saint was hiding under the surface.

Kaboom.

Thousands of blood-red inscriptions piled together on the ground, forming a huge fist that punched towards Saint Qingxiao.

He pushed his arms forward and shattered the blood-red fist. It broke into pieces of rock and fell to the ground.

"Who is it?" Saint Qingxiao asked coldly.

"Immortal Vampire, the Earth Blood Saint."

A raspy laugh sounded from deep underground. The voice was extremely eerie. It gave off a chilling feeling, like a demonic voice coming from Hell.

Saint Qingxiao's eyes turned cold. He sent out a gust of Holy Qi to sweep Zhang Ruochen into the air. Then he shot up. Manipulating the Holy Qi within him, he formed a foot and stomped down.

Kaboom!

With his foot as the center, incomparable force spread out in all directions. The blood-red inscriptions cracked inch by inch. They exploded, turning into blood. All the ground in the area turned into bloody mud.

A muffled sound came from deep underground.

The next moment, the Earth Blood Saint charged out of the ground and stopped hundreds of feet in the air with Feng Han. He had a huge pair of blood wings. They were like two bloody clouds hovering in the air, flapping softly.

Each flap created a gust of acrid wind.

Because of Saint Qingxiao's stomp, all the grass within 100 miles had died. The forests, mountains, and rivers had all cracked apart. The scene was shocking. Only a Saint had the aggressive power to destroy mountains and rivers with one stomp.

“No wonder you can counter the talents on the Five Heroes List. Saint Qingxiao’s abilities are quite beyond my expectations.”

The Earth Blood Saint’s voice was raspy but contained extreme saintly power. Every utterance shook the Spiritual Qi in the world.

After fighting in the Void World Battleground so often, Saint Qingxiao had naturally developed a heavy murderous aura.

“Are you here to rescue Feng Han or to give yourself up?”

“Tonight, the entire Eastern Region will be upended,” the Earth Blood Saint said. “No matter how powerful you are, you can’t counter the big picture.”

“I don’t understand what you’re saying,” Saint Qingxiao said.

“Haha! You’ll understand soon.”

Clad in a black robe, the Earth Blood Saint stood in the air on a cloud of blood-red Qi. Thick Blood Qi turned the majority of the sky red.

The current scene was extremely eerie. It was as if they’d returned to the ancient times of gods and demons—a god of war was facing off against a demon king and a destructive war could erupt at any time to destroy the world.

Zhang Ruochen felt something. He looked up to somewhere even higher up. He saw the moon suddenly turn scarlet.

A figure stood, a silhouette before the moon. He also had wings. However, the man was flying too high up and was too far from the ground. Thus, Zhang Ruochen could only see a tiny black speck from his position.

Saint Qingxiao also noticed the man in the moon. Glancing up, he huffed coldly. “Bring out however many strong figures you Vampires have. If you want to fight, then do it to the extreme.”

“Immortal Vampire, the Heaven Blood Saint,” a wispy voice came from the direction of the moon.

Zhang Ruochen looked at the moon again, but realized that the figure had vanished.

The next moment, the Heaven Blood Saint was above Saint Qingxiao's head. After unfurling his wings, they were at least 100 meters wide and were covered in palm-sized scales.

"Thunder Sky Bell." Thick Blood Qi emerged on the Heaven Blood Saint's hand. A three-inch-tall purple bell hovered inside the Qi. Electricity snaked around the small bell.

"The Thunder Sky Bell is the top treasure of the Thunderbolt Sect," Saint Qingxiao uttered. "It's possessed by their Saint. How did it end up in your hands?"

The Heaven Blood Saint laughed loudly. "The Thunderbolt Sect has already been wiped out by yours truly, and I've sucked the Thunderbolt Saint dry of saintly blood. The Thunder Sky Bell from the Thousand-Pattern Saint Weapon List is naturally in my hands as well."

Without speaking further, the Heaven Blood Saint activated the Thunder Sky Bell at full force.

The purple bell started spinning rapidly and growing larger. Ten feet, one hundred feet... Finally, it became a huge 720-foot bell. It covered most of the sky. The Qi radiating from the bell was asphyxiating.

If it rotated fully, it would cause a deafening ring and shake the entire world. The powerful sound waves formed a fist that punched down at Saint Qingxiao. At the same time, dense lightning grouped together and poured down at Saint Qingxiao like a waterfall.

He remained composed like a confident war god. Forming a print with his hands, he roared, "Spiraling Print!"

His hands struck the sky. A ring of blue-green energy waves rushed out abruptly. Two huge palms appeared in the center. They forced the Thunder Sky Bell and the Heaven Blood Saint to fly backward. The Heaven Blood Saint suffered a grave injury and spat out blood.

"The Thunder Sky Bell is powerful, but you're too weak. You can't even take a single hit."

Saint Qingxiao's long hair was all standing up. The surging battle intent formed a black battle cloud. He attacked the

Heaven Blood Saint again with a Saint-level print technique.

Chapter 795 - Legend of Pluto

Translator:

Larbre Studio

Editor:

Larbre Studio

A shocked expression flashed across Heaven Blood Saint's eyes. Then, he quickly thrust his palm to the Thunder Sky Bell to control it. The bell flew and clashed against Saint Qingxiao's print rule.

Boom!

The print rule was strong just like a burning mountain and knocked the bell away again. This caused Heaven Blood Saint to step backwards.

Thunder Sky Bell was in the Thousand-pattern saint weapon list and was the heirloom treasure of Thunderbolt Sect. It definitely had great power.

However, the print rule that Saint Qingxiao conjured was a very strong saint spell named "Breaking Nine Prints." It was very famous among the troops. It had been used to defeat many challengers.

Whoosh!

Two shadows flashed through. Heaven Blood Saint and Earth Blood Saint gathered and casted Holy Qi into the Thunder Sky Bell. They wanted to have Saint Qingxiao killed by combining their power.

When they controlled the bell together, this weapon became even more dangerous and terrifying.

The bell size multiplied and words in red appeared on its surface.

“Eldest senior brother, use the Taotian Sword!”

Zhang Ruochen lifted the sword and threw it towards Saint Qingxiao.

The Thousand-pattern saint weapon’s power was undeniably strong. Even a saint could easily die by challenging it. Today, the immortal vampires Heaven Blood Saint and Earth Blood Saint worked together to maximize the power of the bell. You could imagine the strength it contained.

Saint Qingxiao glanced towards Zhang Ruochen and said, ” I don’t even need to use the Taotian Sword to fight them. I was only using half of my strength. Stay back, my brother. I will use my full power now and won’t be able to take care of you.”

Saint Qingxiao waved his arm and unleashed his Holy Qi onto Zhang Ruochen.

Then suddenly, a strong force came and carried Zhang Ruochen miles away from the scene.

The fight between the saints would cause tremendous damage to everything surrounding the fight. Even with Zhang Ruochen’s current strength, he might still be killed from the aftershock of the battle.”

Before this, Saint Qingxiao had only used half of his strength and thus, he could spare some of the energy to protect Zhang Ruochen from the attacks. However, the Vampires were applying a lot of pressure by controlling the bell together and thus, he was forced to unleash his full power.

Zhang Ruochen could still clearly see the purple giant bell hanging in the sky, even from where he stood, hundreds of miles away. Lightning was striking all around the bell and the sky was filled with the sound of thunder.

The previous area on the ground was completely covered with blood Qi, transforming it into a blood Qi ocean.

“Giant dragon print!”

A thick roar rang from below the surface of the blood Qi ocean.

Saint Qingxiao, who was wearing the black armor, grew ten times taller and became an eighty-meter-tall giant. He lifted his arm and emerged from the surface of the blood Qi ocean.

A giant print slammed towards the giant bell. One could clearly see four giant dragons on the arm of the magnified Saint Qingxiao.

BOOM.

Thunder Sky Bell was flung from the sky and plummeted into the river. It smashed into the river and formed a massive hole with a diameter of a few hundred meters.

Water flowed into the hole and a pond slowly formed as the water completely filled up the hole.

“His attack was really scary.”

“Get back.”

Heaven Blood Saint and Earth Blood Saint realized that the situation wasn't right and recalled the Thunder Sky Bell. Then, they disappeared in two streams of light.

Saint Qingxiao didn't chase them. He was afraid that he might be falling into a trap. No one knew how many immortal vampire saints were in the Fallen-gods Mountain Range.

“Phew.”

Saint Qingxiao exhaled the air from his body and his giant body quickly shrunk to his normal size.

As long as your body evolved to Liuli Treasure Body during the ninth change of Fish-Dragon Realm, you would be able to control your body size at will, growing larger or smaller by a scale of ten times. Not to mention Saint Qingxiao's strength was much stronger and he could definitely control his body with higher flexibility.

Saint Qingxiao came to Zhang Ruochen and asked with concern, “How's your condition?”

He knew that Zhang Ruochen was seriously hurt earlier from fighting with Feng Han, but he hadn't managed to ask in detail.

Zhang Ruochen laughed while shaking his head, “I have already swallowed the Withered Pill and will soon recover.”

Saint Qingxiao knew of the Withered Pill well and felt relieved. He then sighed, “I was so close to killing that traitor. If I knew they would run, I would have killed them earlier to pay respect to our master.”

Zhang Ruochen comforted him, “You are someone who takes friendship seriously. You would not have killed him anyway, not before you could confirm that he was the culprit. Although Feng Han was saved by the immortal vampires today, we will still have many chances to kill him in the future. We will avenge the murder of our master.”

Saint Qingxiao nodded and suddenly he seemed doubtful. “Why are you still alive? Wan Zhaoyi said that you were killed by Nine Serenity Sword Saint.”

“Master saved me,” Zhang Ruochen answered.

He then explained everything that had happened to Saint Qingxiao.

After coming to understand the situation, Saint Qingxiao sighed and patted Zhang Ruochen on his back. “Master always loved you and treated you like his only successor. You must not disappoint him. Train hard to become a sword saint and beat Nine Serenity Sword Saint.”

Zhang Ruochen nodded.

Then, Zhang Ruochen took out Saint Sword Xuanji’s body from the Universe Spiritual Map and laid it on the ground.

Zhang Ruochen stared at the dead body and bowed low. “Master met with me once before the fight. He told me that if he accidentally died in the fight, I must bring his dead body and the Taotian Sword to Pluto Sword Tomb in the central region.”

Zhang Ruochen believed Saint Qingxiao and didn’t keep any secrets from him.

Saint Qingxiao’s brow wrinkled as if he was thinking of something. He said, “This is weird. Master never told me

about the Taotian Sword, and you should be the only one who knows the secret of the sword. How could Feng Han have known of it?”

“I am wondering that too. But the whole case seems to be connected to Lord Pluto.”

“Lord Pluto...”

Even Saint Qingxiao was shocked when he heard the name, as though it was forbidden to mention the name.

Zhang Ruochen nodded, “I overheard the conversation between Feng Han and several immortal vampire half-saints. According to them, Taotian Sword should be connected to Lord Pluto. But I was wondering how this legendary lord, who was a character from thousands of years ago, is still alive on Earth.”

Saint Qingxiao looked serious and shook his head, “I don’t think so. Lord Pluto is a legendary character among immortal vampires. Even though it was a very long time ago, all the realms would still have his records. It’s been said that his strength was on a completely different level. He was the character in the past who was closest to becoming a God. Even Empress Chi Yao might not have been stronger than him. You have to know that when one reaches supreme saint level, the monk will have at least 3,000 years of life. It isn’t impossible for people of Lord Pluto and Empress Chi Yao’s level to stay alive for up to 6,000 years.”

Normal people could only stay alive till they were seventy years old, but supreme saints could stay alive for up to 3,000 years. So, even when they are 1,000 years old, they are akin to normal people at the age of 20.

So, when monks transformed into saints, they live a totally different form of life. They cannot be treated as normal people.

Saint Qingxiao continued. “Immortal vampires’ life spans are much longer than humans. Even a normal immortal vampire, as long as he can absorb enough fresh blood, could stay alive for up to 200 years. So, the life span of immortal vampires is three to five times longer than humans. It isn’t impossible for

Lord Pluto, a legendary character, to still be alive. This is very important, I have to report to the Ministry of War. Whether Lord Pluto is still alive or not, we still have to stop the immortal vampires. If Lord Pluto comes again, then the great world that has been built by Empress Chi Yao over hundreds of years might be destroyed.”

Saint Qingxiao quickly took out a Signal Flare and wrote a message on it. Then, he threw the message upwards.

The Signal Flare transformed into a stream of light and disappeared into the night sky.

Saint Qingxiao turned his eyes towards Saint Sword Xuanji’s body and sighed. “When do you plan to bring master’s dead body to Central region?”

“I still have something to settle in East region. Once I finish settling it, I will depart toward central region and bury master in the sanctuary.”

Zhang Ruochen sighed too and prepared to re-pack his master’s dead body.

Suddenly, light sprang from the ground and shined brightly. Zhang Ruochen’s eyes felt pain and he stepped backwards.

Whoosh...

A white ball of light came out from Sword Saint Xuanji’s dead body and floated three feet above it, releasing a strong Holy Qi.

The Holy Qi in the air was extremely concentrated and condensed to droplets of Holy water that rained onto the ground.

The surrounding flowers and trees sprang up extremely quickly after absorbing the Holy water. Even the normal grass transformed into panacea herbs.

Chapter 796 - The World Upended

Translator:

Larbre Studio

Editor:

Larbre Studio

One must know that when Zhang Ruochen was still in the fourth level of Martial Arts, he had to pay a costly price for a drop of saintly liquid. It was extremely valuable to a martial artist.

But now, it was raining saintly liquid. The scene was extremely impressive, of course.

“Master’s Saintly Source.”

Zhang Ruochen stared at the ball of light. He could see a fist-sized crystal hovering in the center. It looked smooth, bright, and spiritual.

“Master’s Saintly Source contains all the knowledge and Saintly Way from his life,” Saint Qingxiao said. “It is the crystallization of all his saintly power and represents his heritage. Junior, this is what he left for you. Take it.”

Saint Qingxiao had already become a Saint, so he’d cultivated his own Saintly Source and Saintly Way. He didn’t need to steal their teacher’s at all.

Zhang Ruochen hurriedly accepted the Saintly Source. Cupping it in his hands, he took out a jade box and put it inside carefully. When he closed the jade box, the surrounding Holy Qi dissipated. The saintly rain stopped as well.

Sword Saint Xuanji’s Saintly Source was indeed precious. However, it wasn’t too meaningful to Zhang Ruochen.

If he refined his teacher's Saintly Source, then he would have to continue down the Tao of the Sword. From now on, he wouldn't be able to become accomplished in the power of time and space. They could only be auxiliary powers to the Tao of the Sword.

Zhang Ruochen obviously couldn't be satisfied with this. He still yearned for the Ways of Time and Space.

In the Fish-Dragon Realm, Zhang Ruochen mainly focused on the sword because the Ways of Time and Space were too complicated and obscure. He needed extreme willpower and intelligence to remain clear-headed the entire time.

Even before, Zhang Ruochen had only studied the surface of the powers of time and space. If his cultivation wasn't enough and he forcefully delved deep into the knowledge, he could get lost in time and space. At that time, he would be like a dreamer who couldn't distinguish dreamscape from reality.

If he dared to research time and space deeply in the Fish-Dragon Realm, he would definitely be unable to distinguish the true space from the imaginary one. He also wouldn't know what was real time and which was manipulated time.

Thus, Zhang Ruochen had to reach the Saint Realm and strengthen his Spiritual Power and cultivation. He had to read many books and possess great intelligence before he could comprehend the true mysteries of time and space.

Of course, Zhang Ruochen's Spiritual Power was now at the 45th level, also known as a Spiritual Power Half-Saint. He could already study some relatively easier time and space principles. This formed a good foundation for cultivation of the Ways of Space and Time in the future.

Zhang Ruochen put his teacher's Saintly Source away first. In the future, he could find a suitable candidate to pass down his teacher's heritage.

“Something's wrong.”

Saint Qingxiao seemed to sense something. He flashed and charged out. The next moment, he landed on the peak of the

closest mountain. His eyes shone with saintly celestial light and looked southeast.

What had happened?

Zhang Ruochen immediately put his teacher's body away. Also using a technique, he flew to the mountaintop, standing beside Saint Qingxiao. Activating his Sky Eye, he followed Saint Qingxiao's gaze.

Whoosh!

In the distance, black clouds filled the sky. The mass surged powerfully towards the Yin and Yang Sect. The cloud's shape was abnormal and radiated with an evil aura. A part of the cloud even flew past Zhang Ruochen and Saint Qingxiao's heads.

An average man might just see that the sky was covered in black clouds and think that a rainstorm was coming. They wouldn't think too deeply about it.

However, Zhang Ruochen's Sky Eye saw clearly that what passed by him wasn't a dark cloud at all. It was a dense mass of dead souls and ghosts.

The army of dead souls passed over Zhang Ruochen and Saint Qingxiao. They reached the horizon and seemed boundless. It felt as if Hell's gates had opened.

Zhang Ruochen gasped. "Why does it feel like the end of the world is here?"

Saint Qingxiao's expression was extremely dark. "Something must have happened to the Tomb Forest, allowing all the dead souls to escape. I finally understand what the Earth Blood Saint said. The entire Eastern Region might turn into hell tonight."

Zhang Ruochen's eyes were cold. "This must have something to do with the Vampires."

"Oh no, the dead souls of the netherworld are all flying to the Yin and Yang Sect."

Saint Qingxiao's expression changed. He soared into the air to hurry towards the Yin and Yang Sect. Suddenly, he stopped.

Hovering in the air, he glanced at Zhang Ruochen.

“Junior, the Yin and Yang Sect will be in chaos tonight. Your cultivation is too low. Do not go there. If possible, escape to the Central Region. You might have a chance of survival.”

The Tomb Forest was the closest to the Yin and Yang Sect. After the dead souls escaped, they would definitely go there first. Then the Yin and Yang Sect would experience a horribly evil battle. If they lost, the entire Eastern Region would be turned upside down.

Saint Qingxiao obviously didn't want Zhang Ruochen to return to the Yin and Yang Sect, lest something happen.

Zhang Ruochen fell into deep thought. He suddenly remembered something his teacher had said before. If the dead souls of the netherworld really do escape one day, the only solution is to take the Void Sword back to the Tomb Forest and find the Thousand-bone Empress. If you can find her, you may be able to resolve the catastrophe.

Sword Saint Xuanji was one of the Eastern Region's top three Sword Saints. He must have known some secrets. There must have been a reason why he said those things.

Thinking of this, Zhang Ruochen immediately raised his head. Looking at Saint Qingxiao, he said, “First Senior Brother, please help me save Princess Yanchen. She can't die.”

With that, Zhang Ruochen used the Shooting Star Invisibility Cloak without waiting for Saint Qingxiao's reply. He transformed into a streak of light and flew into the horizon.

Saint Qingxiao stared in the direction that Zhang Ruochen left in. Seeing him escape, he felt strong disappointment for some reason. How could his junior be such a coward?

No, that's the direction of the Tomb Forest. Why is he going there? Saint Qingxiao realized that he'd misunderstood Zhang Ruochen. He immediately turned, wanting to chase after Zhang Ruochen and stop him.

However, Zhang Ruochen wore the Shooting Star Invisibility Cloak. He'd already flown into the distance and disappeared. Even Saint Qingxiao couldn't trace him.

He sighed and finally flew towards the Yin and Yang Sect. No matter how dangerous it was, as the First Senior Brother, he had to save his junior brothers and sisters.

There were dozens of cities and ancient clans in the vast space between the Tomb Forest and Yin and Yang Sect.

“Haha! I finally escaped from the netherworld. I’d love to taste some fresh souls. I wonder how delicious they are.”

A Wuchang, a messenger of death, was dressed in a black robe. He led a group of dead souls and demons. They transformed into a black cloud and rushed down, appearing in the sky above a city.

The Monks in the city sensed danger.

“What kind of demon dares to come to the Silversnow City? Do you not know that the Silversnow City is an outside force of the Yin and Yang Sect?” Inside the city, an elder in the Ninth Change of the Fish-Dragon Realm flew up. He landed above the city gates.

The Wuchang materialized out of the rolling black clouds. He had a human form but was 30 feet tall. Reaching out a demonic hand, he grabbed the elder as if he was crushing an ant and tossed him into his mouth.

“Delicious, such a delicacy. Living spirits are so delicious.”

All the Monks within Silversnow City looked on, terrified. A strong fighter in the Ninth Change of the Fish-Dragon Realm had been eaten just like that.

A more cowardly one prostrated himself on the ground. His entire body trembled.

Kaboom.

Then the Wuchang struck with a fist print and smashed the battle formation protecting the city into smithereens. Thousands upon thousands of dead souls and ghosts flooded into Silversnow City and started devouring the souls of the human Monks.

A while later, the Wuchang let out a long laugh. He led the dead souls out of Silversnow City and caught up with the main

army hurrying towards the Yin and Yang Sect.

Whoosh!

Saint Qingxiao transformed into a blue-green beam of saintly light and arrived at Silversnow City. The scene before him was tragic. The ground was littered with corpses. He couldn't find a single living being.

The city that had a population of more than 100,000 was now a ghost town. Everything was deathly silent. He could only hear the whistling wind.

“Disgusting.”

Even though Saint Qingxiao spent his days in the Void World Battleground and had become desensitized to death, he still grew furious at this scene.

It wasn't just Silversnow City. The cities around the Yin and Yang Sect had all become ghost towns. Even some smaller clans had been destroyed. All that remained were mountains of corpses.

The dead souls and ghosts mostly absorbed human souls to strengthen their cultivations and bodies. If they could upgrade to Wuchangs, they could solidify their bodies into human form. A Wuchang's combat ability was equal to that of a human Half-Saint. If they could cultivate into a Ghost King, they could counter a human Saint.

Soon after the dead soul army left, the Vampire Monks followed in. Seeing the cities that had been wiped out, they started collecting the fresh blood from the corpses.

The dead souls only needed human souls, while the Vampires needed blood. Their interests didn't clash, so they could work together perfectly.

Inside one of the cities, a Vampire elder dragged a six-inch-tall red tripod in his withered hands. He stood in the center of the street and poured blood from 100,000 bodies into the tripod.

The ancient red tripod shone radiantly. It grew brighter and brighter. Like creeks, trickles of blood flowed around it and gurgled.

After the blood was taken away, the bodies on the ground turned into dried mummified corpses.

The elder put the tripod away. Looking in the distance, he leered evilly. “The dead souls of the netherworld should be attacking the Yin and Yang Sect now. I wonder how long the Yin and Yang Sect can hold up for.”

The third prince of the Immortal Vampires stood behind the elder and huffed coldly. “Master, I believe that the Yin and Yang Sect won’t exist after tonight. It’s time to hurry over and collect the blood of some of the Saints. If we arrive too late, the good stuff might be taken by First and Second Brother. The Death Zen Sect will probably take advantage of it too.”

The elder nodded. He smiled, eyes twinkling. “The Yin and Yang Sect has a long heritage. There are countless precious treasures in the sect. We definitely should go get our share.”

Chapter 797 - Void Sword Recognized Its Master

Translator:

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Editor:

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Zhang Ruochen used his fastest speed and rushed to Tomb Forest's outer area. He didn't simply enter blindly, but opened Heavenly Eyes and checked the surroundings of the cemetery from where he stood, hundreds of miles away.

He saw numerous dead souls around the cemetery.

Most of the dead souls were in human form. They were wearing torn clothes and their hair was messy. They looked poor and their eyes emitted red light.

There were also several dead souls of huge beasts, with murderous expressions on their faces.

The beasts had beast souls and, when they died, they became dead souls.

These dead souls were coming out from the Tomb Forest non-stop. Most of them were rushing towards Yin and Yang Sect. Some were also heading in other directions like thirty-six mansions in East Divine Region and twelve mansions of East Satanic Region.

“How many dead souls are there in Tomb Forest? Was it really uncountable?”

Zhang Ruochen's eyes expressed his worry.

When dead souls entered mansions of East Region, the first to suffer would be the normal villagers. Even a small shadow soldier could swallow the souls of all the villagers.

There were two dead souls with real physical bodies standing outside the cemetery.

Their bodies were filled with strong Ghostly Qi. One was wearing a red robe with long black hair. It was a pretty young lady. She was pale and tall, and her eyes were filled with coldness.

The other one was an armored giant with strong arms. He looked like a tall tower, standing guard over the left region of the cemetery.

There were two types of dead souls. Ghost generals and shadow soldiers.

Shadow soldiers could be differentiated into four levels, the fourth class to the first class of shadow soldier, with respect to the four levels of human warriors: warriors of Huang Realm, Xuan Realm, Earth Realm and Heavenly Realm.

Ghost generals had three types, which were evil spirits, demonic spirits and Wuchang.

Only Wuchang, which were the strongest among the ghost general types, could condense to form real physical bodies.

This meant that the girl and the warrior outside the Tomb Forest were at least of the Wuchang level.

A Wuchang was very strong and was comparable to a half-saint. They might even champion over half-saints and swallow their saint souls.

Besides Wuchang, there were still ghost kings, who could also form real physical bodies.

Ghost kings were even stronger and could fight against saints.

Zhang Ruochen didn't know whether these were ghost kings or Wuchangs and didn't enter blindly without a plan.

If both of them were ghost kings, Zhang Ruochen knew he might be defeated easily.

Furthermore, he was still in recovery now. He knew he should be more careful.

Zhang Ruochen took out the Void Sword and held it in his hand. The white sword shined brightly. Although the Void Sword reacted to him, the sword spirit still didn't seem to have recovered.

After hesitating for a while, Zhang Ruochen took out the Universe Spiritual Map and activated the spatial door. Then, he went into the Scroll World.

Under the Divine Sky-connecting tree, Han Xue knelt down in front of Sword Saint Xuanji's dead body. She put her hands on her legs and her eyes were filled with tears, but she didn't cry out and tried her best to keep calm.

Zhang Ruochen came from afar and appeared in front of Han Xue.

Han Xue lifted her head and looked at Zhang Ruochen. She bit her lips and said, "Master, who killed grandmaster?"

Han Xue had been staying with Sword Saint Xuanji saint for quite some time. He liked her very much and had taught her many different sword techniques.

And thus, their relationship grew quickly.

Han Xue had already treated him as her own grandfather. So, when she saw Xuanji's dead body, she couldn't accept what had happened.

With mixed feelings, Zhang Ruochen said, "Don't ask too much about the cause. I will take care of it. But I have to put aside these things for now. There is something serious about to happen in East Region. Thousands of people might die."

Although Han Xue was just a ten year old girl, she was mentally more mature than people her age.

She kept the sadness in her heart and stood up. She looked at Zhang Ruochen, "Master, what has happened?"

"I will tell you in detail later."

Zhang Ruochen drew out his Void Sword, and passed it to Han Xue with both hands, "From now on, I hand the Void Sword over to you."

Han Xue knelt on the ground, lifting her tiny face up and facing her master. “Void Sword was specially designed and used by Thousand-bone Empress. It was considered to be one of the strongest swords in Kunlun’s field. I couldn’t accept such a treasure.”

Zhang Ruochen turned his arm and threw the Void Sword onto the ground. He turned around and looked at the Divine Sky-Connecting Tree and said, “You have the Thousand-bone Body type and are closely connected to the Void Sword. Furthermore, the case that happened in East Region is closely related to this sword, which makes this hand-over necessary.”

Han Xue blinked once, her eyelashes fluttering open, and said, “Even if I have the Void Sword, what can I do to solve the issue in East Region?”

Zhang Ruochen shook his head and said, “Maybe nothing. But even if the chance is very slim, we still have to try. Stand up now, and hold the sword in your hand.”

Han Xue stood up again and looked at the sword. She hesitated for a while. In the end, she touched the hilt of Void Sword.

Suddenly, the Void Sword emitted shiny light from its blade.

Hundreds of bits of white sword Qi exploded out towards Zhang Ruochen and produced a vibrating beeping sound.

Luckily Zhang Ruochen was prepared and quickly defended himself with his Abyss Ancient Sword.

Wham!

He dodged the attack of the Void Sword and flew away, retreating for forty miles.

However, Han Xue was standing still next to the Void Sword.

The striking sword light shined onto Han Xue and made her look extremely fair, except for her hair and eyes that were still black. She was just like an angel.

The sword Qi from the Void Sword automatically avoided attacking her and surrounded her as if it was protecting her. This was a strange yet impressive phenomenon.

After seeing it, Zhang Ruochen smiled and thought, “Han Xue is really the one that Void Sword is waiting for. I am just a passerby.”

Witnessing the huge change, Han Xue was a little shocked and her eyes widened. She tried to remain calm and didn't get frightened.

Zhang Ruochen said, “Han Xue, place a drop of your blood onto the sword's surface.”

“Okay.”

Han Xue held the hilt of the sword tightly and lifted it up. Then, she used the sword to cut her palm lightly. A deep cut formed on her palm quickly due to the sharpness of the blade.

The Void Sword absorbed her blood and shined even more brightly.

At the same time, lines of meticulous inscriptions emerged like a spiderweb and sped towards Han Xue's palm, forming a connection to her meridian system.

Zhang Ruochen asked, “Did you feel its sword spirit?”

Han Xue looked at Zhang Ruochen and nodded. Then, she took the Void Sword and went before Zhang Ruochen. She bowed low and said, “Thank you, master, for giving me this sword.”

“This sword has been yours since the beginning.”

Zhang Ruochen looked at her, feeling proud of her deep inside his heart. At this moment he understood the happiness of witnessing his own disciple growing up.

This was the selfless contribution and love given to her. It was also a type of learning and growth for himself.

Han Xue's body type and comprehension were excellent. Her mental strength was also far better than others. With the addition of this Void Sword, she would become even better.

One can imagine her future would be very successful.

Zhang Ruochen took out Sword Saint Xuanji's saintly source and held it in his hand. He looked at Han Xue and said, “Take

this. You will get lots of benefits from refining this.”

Han Xue took the saintly source and held it in her hands. She asked curiously, “Master, what is this?”

“This is what Grandmaster Xuanji left for you. Once you absorb it, your sword mastery will reach another level.” Zhang Ruochen touched her head and smiled, “Consume it. Three days later we will head out to perform the big task.”

“Okay.”

Han Xue trusted her master and didn’t hesitate. She swallowed it immediately and sat with crossed legs on the ground. Immediately, she started refining it.

The sacred power of the saintly source was too powerful and caused Han Xue’s surroundings to start raining divine liquid. The divine liquid dripped onto her and was quickly absorbed by her body. It caused her body to be even more fairy-like.

In the next hour, Zhang Ruochen fully absorbed the pill spirit of the Withered Pill and recovered. He was back to his top form.

Furthermore, he also improved and reached the top limit of the Eighth Change of the Fish-Dragon Realm.

Chapter 798 - Ninth Change of the Fish-Dragon Realm

Translator:

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Editor:

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Seeing that Han Xue was still refining the Saintly Source, Zhang Ruochen decided not to disturb her. He walked out of the scroll world and continued observing the Tomb Forest, investigating the dead souls' actions.

This time, he made a new discovery.

On the border of the Tomb Forest, he discovered new powerful auras. There were human Monks and high-level beasts. They were hidden nearby but didn't charge the Tomb Forest. Clearly, they were waiting for something.

There is unrest in the Tomb Forest, Zhang Ruochen thought. As expected, all the powerful creatures in the Fallen-gods Mountain Range have been startled. I wonder why they've appeared here.

The Tomb Forest was now extremely dangerous. Average Monks would stay as far away as possible. Any creature that dared to come now, whether they were humans or beasts, all had a special goal.

If Zhang Ruochen tried to charge into the Tomb Forest, he would face extreme danger. There was only one-tenth of a chance he would survive. This was why he had to be even more careful. He couldn't be brash.

Let's wait longer. Maybe there'll be new changes.

Zhang Ruochen called out the Elephant-swallowing Rabbit and ordered it to observe the Tomb Forest from the outside. Once anything happened, he should be notified immediately.

The Elephant-swallowing Rabbit had already reached the Ninth Change of the Fish-Dragon Realm. It was very clever. Zhang Ruochen didn't have to worry about leaving it here.

Returning to the scroll world, Zhang Ruochen look out the Liuli Treasure Pill and grasped it tightly. This Liuli Treasure Pill was very precious. It was the prize he'd won when he ended top ten in the Yin and Yang Sect's sword competition.

If a Monk in the peak of the Fish-Dragon Realm's Eighth Change refined it and became the Liuli Treasure Body, he would immediately reach the Ninth Change.

Now that huge changes have happened in the Eastern Region, I can only have a chance at survival if I'm strong enough. Once I reach the Ninth Change, my cultivation will rise again.

Zhang Ruochen put the Liuli Treasure Pill in his mouth and swallowed it.

The fifth layer of the Emperor Ming Nine-sky Scripture emerged in his mind. Soon after, beams of Holy Qi shot out of his sea of Qi. They quickly flowed along his thirty-six meridians and five saintly meridians.

The Liuli Treasure Pill contained Liuli Treasure Qi. It flowed out consistently, melting into his blood and bones, rushing into his organs.

Whoosh!

Half a day later, multicolored Liuli Treasure Light emerged on Zhang Ruochen's skin, enveloping him.

One day later, Zhang Ruochen cultivated the Liuli Treasure Body in one spurt of energy and reached the Ninth Change. Everything had been successful. He didn't reach a bottleneck at all.

After entering the Ninth Change of the Fish-Dragon Realm, Zhang Ruochen discovered that his physique had improved quite a bit. If he had divine blood, he was confident he could refine two drops.

However, he'd already completely absorbed the four drops he had. If he wanted to receive more divine blood, he had to

figure it out himself.

With my current abilities, I can fight with a top second level Half-Saint fighter without being at a disadvantage, Zhang Ruochen thought.

Next, he spent another day reinforcing his cultivation state.

The three days passed quickly. Finally, Han Xue completed the first step of refining the Saintly Source. The saintly power had already fused perfectly with her Holy Qi. At the same time, she'd also reached the Sixth Change of the Fish-Dragon Realm. Strong power quickly burst from her.

Zhang Ruochen hadn't been this strong when he was in the Sixth Change.

The Thousand-bone Body was too powerful. Back then, Zhang Ruochen only had the Three-spirit Treasure Body and naturally couldn't compete with her. Now, Zhang Ruochen had cultivated the Four-spirit Treasure Body. Physically, he was closer to her Thousand-bone Body.

Zhang Ruochen took out two balls of Half-Saint Light from the Ruyi Treasure Bottle. He gave one to the Elephant-swallowing Rabbit and one to the Monster Ape.

These were both mutants of the savage beasts. Not only were they physically strong, they'd also cultivated two powerful techniques that Blackie had taught them: Ten Days of Demons and the Sky-swallowing Skill.

These two techniques were incredible. Even a Saint could only dream about them. Once cultivated fully, they would transform greatly.

This was why Zhang Ruochen worked hard to train them. He invested a great amount of resources into them.

Leaving them in the scroll world to refine the Half-Saint Light, Zhang Ruochen and Han Xue exited the scroll. They came to the edge of the Tomb Forest. Three days had passed in the scroll world, but only around six hours had passed in the outside world.

More and more strong cultivators gathered outside the Tomb Forest. Zhang Ruochen extended his Spiritual Power and quickly discovered that there were more than ten groups of Monks hidden here. There were also some powerful beastly auras.

How can this be? The number of people at the Tomb Forest is actually rising. Zhang Ruochen felt that this was very strange. He was even more afraid of acting brashly.

Han Xue stood beside Zhang Ruochen, carrying the Void Sword. She stared in the direction of the Tomb Forest. Her body was very unique. Even without using the Sky Eye, she could see all the menacing dead souls.

Her heart beat quickly. Biting her red lips, she wanted to ask Zhang Ruochen what kind of place this was. But then, Zhang Ruochen signaled for her to be quiet. He discovered that someone could no longer resist the urge and had charged towards the Tomb Forest.

Three hundred meters from the Tomb Forest, a patch of red Qi rose up behind a black mountain. It shot up and rushed to the entrance of the Tomb Forest.

A Vampire was flying inside the cloud of red Qi. He was thin like a bag of bones. Flapping his wings, he was impossibly fast and was about to get in.

“Those who break into the Tomb Forest shall die.”

A man in black armor standing outside the Tomb Forest huffed coldly. He took a shield-shaped ghost weapon from his back and hurled it at the bloody cloud. The black shield was carved with ancient corpses, white bones, shadow soldiers ... The various carvings radiated with chilling Qi after it flew out.

The Vampire was quite skilled too. Using a long spear, he knocked the black shield down onto the ground.

Kaboom!

The clash between the shield and spear created a ring of energy waves. Many shadow soldiers and ghost generals were shaken apart, reduced to shreds of ghostly Qi.

The black-armored man grunted. He grabbed his black shield and brought a group of shadow soldiers into the sky. They charged towards the strong Vampire.

This is a fight between a Ghost King and a Saint.

Zhang Ruochen was secretly happy that he hadn't charged rashly into the Tomb Forest. Otherwise, he would be too close and wouldn't be able to fool the Ghost King's eyes and ears even with his Shooting Star Invisibility Cloak. If he was discovered, the consequences would be unimaginable.

Black ghostly Qi filled the air. Moans could be heard.

The Ghost King was frighteningly powerful. He and the Vampire Saint tumbled in the sky. Any burst of power that fell down also caused considerable damage to the earth.

So strange, Zhang Ruochen thought. Aren't the Ghost Kings of the Tomb Forest working together with the Vampires?

He was very curious. It didn't make sense. Technically, the Vampires had something to do with the dead souls escaping from the Tomb Forest. So why had they started fighting first?

Were the Vampires taking advantage of the dead spirits instead of working with them?

Just as Zhang Ruochen was pondering, deafening beastly cries sounded in his ears.

Boom!

Boom!

...

The earth shook without stopping. A golden pangolin more than 300 meters long sped forward like a golden mountain. It charged towards the Tomb Forest. It easily crushed the hills under its feet.

Its huge foot stepped down beside Zhang Ruochen and Han Xue. A giant footprint appeared on the ground.

Goldscale Lion.

Zhang Ruochen gasped. He never imagined that he could see such a powerful creature here.

The Goldscale Lion was a level eight beast. It was as powerful as the Blue Fire Xuanwu. It had the body of a pangolin but the head of a lion. Its body shone brilliantly as if made of gold.

According to rumors, Goldscale Lions fed on Saints. After eating a Saint, they didn't have to eat for the next decade. Instead, they would hibernate.

However, the Goldscale Lion here evidently wasn't mature yet. It was just a cub and its power hadn't reached that terrifying level yet. If it was mature, its roar could shatter Zhang Ruochen and Han Xue's bodies.

The Goldscale Lion naturally discovered them, but they were like two ants on the ground to it. It was too lazy to mind them.

Roar!

The Goldscale Lion rushed to the edges of the Tomb Forest. Extending a golden claw, it slapped the ground. A gust of golden Qi waves spread in all directions.

A large mass of dead souls dissipated into strands of ghostly Qi that scattered in the air.

At the same time, the gold Qi waves spread outward, pulverizing all the trees in the mountains. Huge cracks opened up on the ground, extending for hundreds of miles.

Seeing the golden Qi waves flooding over, Zhang Ruochen grabbed Han Xue's hand. He activated a technique and hurriedly escaped. They didn't stop until they were miles away.

"Master, that lion's power is so scary," Han Xue said with fright. She patted her chest with her small hands.

Zhang Ruochen activated the Sky Eye and looked toward the Tomb Forest. He saw a beautiful woman in a blood-red robe. Riding a ball of ghostly fog, she soared into the air and slapped her crystal-like hand forward.

Whoosh!

She vanished from the spot.

The next moment, her handprint already hit the Goldscale Lion between its brows. It radiated with horrible chilling Qi. There were cracking sounds and the lion was sealed in ice.

“Another powerful Ghost King,” Zhang Ruochen said.

The woman in the blood-red robe was a Ghost King, but she didn't look monstrous at all. Instead, she was extraordinarily beautiful.

Her ghost form was graceful, with a curvaceous chest and behind. Her waist was delicate while her legs, revealed outside the long robe, were slender and translucent. She seemed to be a divine statue carved from white jade.

There weren't many humans more beautiful than her, let alone ghosts.

Boom!

The Goldscale Lion abruptly broke through the ice. Its gold radiance was even more blinding now. It charged forward and crashed into the beautiful Ghost King, sending her flying.

Two Ghost Kings were held up now. Taking advantage of this chance, dozens more figures around the Tomb Forest charged towards the entrance.

“Let's go!”

Zhang Ruochen grabbed Han Xue with one hand, wrapping the Shooting Star Invisibility Cloak around her.

Both of them became semi-transparent and then vanished. They charged soundlessly towards the entrance of the Tomb Forest.

Chapter 799 - Wuchang Haochuan

Translator:

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An old man who wore a long green robe was riding a goat that was almost equivalent to an elephant in size. He came from afar and rushed to the Tomb Forest's entrance.

He had a very impressive winning streak in sword fighting duels. He was a lord of influential families of saints and was now 400 years old. He was very famous throughout East Region.

However, the old man was attacked by a peculiar force at the entrance and was pushed backwards. He did not manage to get past into the Tomb Forest.

Seeing this happen, those who planned to go in immediately stopped.

“What happened?”

The power of Tomb Forest was supposed to prevent the dead souls from getting out but why was it different now? In fact, the force was stopping the mortals from getting in.

...

Zhang Ruochen and Han Xue also stopped and hid somewhere near the entrance of the Tomb Forest without anyone else knowing.

Zhang Ruochen stared at the old man on the goat and recognized him immediately. He said softly, “This person must be the clan lord of the Tao Saint Clan.”

“Tao Saint Clan was one of the saint clans in the Fallen-Gods Mountain Range and had thousands of years of history. This incident alerted them and it is not surprising for the clan lord to be here.”

Han Xue asked, “Master, what is the clan lord doing here?”

“This place was named Tomb Forest and was a relic area. It was a dangerous place in the past where no one could escape from once they entered.”

“But now,” he continued, “the dead souls that were here all went out to attack Yin and Yang Sect. Therefore, it is less dangerous compared to before. There must be some treasures hidden in this Tomb Forest and that’s why they are here. The clan lord has only a few years of life left and thus, this might be the reason why he is here; to find a chance to live longer.”

The clan lord emitted a strong Holy Qi and his gray hair was blowing in it, as if thousands of knives and swords floated around him. The sword-like hairs hit each other, resonating a high pitched sound.

“I have been living for four hundred and eleven years. As a super saint, I don’t believe I can’t break the layer of Ghost King’s shield. The ghost kings inside the Tomb Forest never wanted the outsiders to enter. This means that there must be holy medicine that can allow people to be resurrected from the dead.”

The clan lord opened his Holy Eyes wide and used rules of saintly way to strike his palm into empty air.

In front of the clan lord, a layer of black light showed up, creating a barrier connecting the sky and the ground and preventing the clan lord from entering.

Where the force of his palm hit, the black light sank in and formed a fast moving swirl.

“Holy medicine that can resurrect dead people?”

Zhang Ruochen was totally surprised when he heard the clan lord’s words.

In Kunlun's field, there were always rumours about a "Resurrection Potion" and "Elixir of Life." However, even when the Gods were still around, these medicines were very limited and only found on rare occasions. Every single time when it was said to be found, no one actually saw it. It was just a rumour.

How did the clan lord know that these medicines were in the Tomb Forest?

At this moment, a shadow rushed in front of the black light, taking advantage of the chaos created. It walked forward and managed to enter it. It then disappeared.

Then, seeing the first shadow go through the black light, a few other shadows followed suit, entering the Tomb Forest in the same manner.

One of them passed on the message, "The shield of the ghost king is now weak after the attack. Even those below the level of saints can enter."

After hearing the message, all the half-saints and fish-dragon monks used their skills and rushed towards the black light.

Zhang Ruochen and Han Xue also passed through the black light at the very first moment and entered the Tomb Forest.

A scream came from the back and echoed throughout the whole area.

The next second, the black soil turned blood red. Zhang Ruochen glanced back at the ground and saw the clan lord left lying there. He was dead, killed by the forceful hurl the beautiful ghost king in red robe had motioned with her palm.

Her eyes were icy cold and merciless. Her long fingers slipped into the clan lord's skull and pulled out his saint soul.

The Lord of Tao Saint Clan lay there still and silent.

The ghost king lady clapped her hands together and started conjuring ghost fire. The saint soul was refined into a pearly white pill, which she then picked up with her slender fingers and swallowed.

Each of her movements was elegant and airy, so beautiful that it masked her cruelty.

“A clan lord was killed in seconds just like that. Even his saint soul was sucked out,” muttered Zhang Ruochen.

His scalp tightened and his heart beat faster against his ribs.

The clan lord was a saint who had lived for hundreds of years. His strength was much greater than Zhang Ruochen's. However, even he had died brutally before even entering the Tomb Forest. How could others not feel afraid?

Suddenly, the beautiful ghost king turned and looked into the Tomb Forest. Two light beams like sharp knives shot from her eyes towards Zhang Ruochen and another direction.

At this moment, Zhang Ruochen could sense the danger and was drenched in sweat. Quickly, he grabbed Han Xue and dodged the attack with his Spatial Move technique.

Bam!

The other light beam shot towards an immortal vampire half-saint and killed him. He evaporated into a mist of blood.

Zhang Ruochen quickly rushed towards the mist of blood and collected the Half-Saint Light into his Ruyi Treasure Bottle. He then quickly continued moving forward deep into the forest.

Because of the presence of Ghost King's shield, she didn't notice the spatial move.

She sighed. She must have not expected that a young human could dodge her attack.

“Wuchang Haochuan,” she said.

Then, a black ghost Qi rushed out from the ghost spirits and formed a human body. He wore a black robe and rode on a beast that looked like a crocodile. He stopped in front of the beautiful ghost king.

“Ghost king.”

Wuchang Haochuan got down from the beast and knelt on one knee in front of the beautiful ghost king.

The beautiful ghost king ordered, “Bring ten wuchangs with you and head over to the netherworld. You must kill all the intruders who broke in earlier, be they humans or beasts.”

“Yes, Your Highness.”

Wuchang Haochuan got back onto the beast and chose ten wuchangs to go with him. They entered the Tomb Forest and started to pursue Zhang Ruochen and the others.

Goldscale Lion continued attacking the ghost king lady. Their battle caused much destruction to the surroundings area.

At the same time, several monks took advantage of their battle and entered the Tomb Forest too.

It was not safe to be in the Tomb Forest. Many dead soul armies came and attacked the living once they found them.

A group of the dead souls found and attacked Zhang Ruochen and Han Xue.

“Disaster for Divine Dragons.”

Zhang Ruochen condensed the power onto his palm. Lightning streaked from his arm and blasted the sixth attack of the Dragon and Elephant Prajna Palm. The enemies in front of him were shattered into pieces.

Han Xue also used the Void Sword. The sword Qi that was released as she wielded the sword destroyed the rest of the remaining enemies.

Somewhere nearby, there was a group of dead souls attacking a young man who stood beside a tombstone.

This young man was thin and tall, his complexion rather sallow. He was wearing a yellow robe and cloak covering his head. He remained calm while facing the attack from hundreds of dead souls.

“Hell Fire.”

There was a yellow rune scroll in between his fingers. When it fell onto the ground, the scroll exploded and fire burned all around the area.

The dead souls were all burned and disintegrated into fog.

“That was a powerful paper,” said Han Xue while staring at the young man.

“That was not paper, it was a rune scroll.”

Zhang Ruochen also said, “In East Region, monks that practice runes are very rare. However, some families in Central Region practice rune techniques. The people who master these skills are called rune masters.”

The young man moved his ears slightly as if he heard the conversation between Zhang Ruochen and Han Xue. He glanced at them and adopted a defensive posture.

Then, he quickly moved and remained a distance away from them.

From behind, a cold wind blew quickly and caused a sandstorm in the Tomb Forest.

“Whoever breaks into the Tomb Forest shall be killed with no mercy!” a gloomy voice shrieked from the cold wind.

Zhang Ruochen glanced backwards and saw a real physical man in a black robe riding on a large beast, chasing after them.

The beast’s length was around 10 meters and it looked like a large black lizard with two glowing red eyes. Its speed was even faster than most of the half-saints.

The black robed guy was the Wuchang Haochuan summoned by the beautiful ghost king.

Behind him, there were ten other wuchangs who were running in other directions to hunt down the other intruders.

“Run!”

Zhang Ruochen felt something wasn’t right and quickly grabbed Han Xue’s arm. He used the power of Shooting Star Invisible Cloak as he ran forward.

At this moment, Zhang Ruochen’s strength was comparable to a level two half-saint. He already moved with very impressive speed.

With the power of the cloak, his speed was multiplied and even a level seven half-saint couldn’t match him.

Wuchang Haochuan also chased the young man that they had seen earlier.

He quickly took out two green runes and stuck them on his legs.

“Wind and Fire Infinition!”

Then, his legs released a strong wind fire Qi and the Qi condensed into a fiery swirl. It was as if his legs were riding on a green fire wheel.

His speed wasn't any slower than Zhang Ruochen's.

Chapter 800 - Cat Lord

Translator:

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Editor:

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Wuchang Haochuan was shocked. The two human Monks before him didn't have high cultivations, but their speed was twice as fast as him.

He wasn't very slow though and he was close behind them. Shaking his arm, a black chain flew out of his sleeve. It passed through the dozens of miles and hit the center of Zhang Ruochen's back.

Chillingly cold ghost inscriptions emerged on the metal chain. It froze the air into rings of ice that extended to Zhang Ruochen's back.

Clenching his jaw, Zhang Ruochen used the Spatial Move and dodged it with Han Xue.

Kaboom!

The sickle at the end of the chain hit a 100-foot-long tombstone and sliced it in half as if it was made of tofu.

“Spatial ripples.”

Wuchang Haochuan's eyes were frigid. Ghost Qi flooded out of his body. The murderous desire grew heavier. He finally understood why the Ghost King had sent him to kill these people.

Some of these people were indeed special. If they were allowed into the netherworld, they might run into some secret places and cause great damage.

Splash!

There was the sound of flowing water.

After a while, Zhang Ruochen, Han Xue, and the man who specialized in runes arrived one after another at the bank of the Corpse River.

The riverbank of the Corpse River was built completely by piled up bodies and skeletons. It smelled disgusting. The water was very polluted. It was pure black and bodies from upstream floated on the surface.

The Corpse River was known as the boundary between the living world and netherworld. Once one crossed the river, they would enter the netherworld.

According to legends, no living being that entered the netherworld could ever come back alive. Even Saints went without returning. Coming here was like reaching the gates to hell. One had to make a decision.

Zhang Ruochen naturally had no other choice. No matter what, he had to enter the netherworld and find the Thousand-bone Empress. He could only suppress the dead souls of the Tomb Forest if he found her.

The young man's expression was indifferent. Riding two rune scrolls, he controlled the wind and flew across the river.

"Be careful," Zhang Ruochen warned. "There's a strange force in the air above Corpse River. Any Monk who tries to cross the river will be suppressed by it. Once you fall into the river, the water will corrode your body."

The young man had already flown a few hundred feet when he felt weight press down on him. It felt like a mountain weighing him down.

But hearing Zhang Ruochen's warning, he immediately flew back and returned to the riverbank under the extreme danger. However, his feet stood on the edge of Corpse River. He touched the water and a layer of his skin was eaten away immediately.

The black evil Qi kept snaking up until it reached his knee.

The young man had very high cultivation. He was a first level Half-Saint. When he reached land, he immediately guided his Holy Qi to refine the evil Qi in his legs.

He exhaled deeply, feeling belated fear. At the same time, his impression of Zhang Ruochen improved. He quickly walked over and greeted him. "I am Shi Ren. Thank you for your warning. Otherwise, I probably would have died in Corpse River. How did you know that there is a strange force above the river?"

"I came here before."

Zhang Ruochen stared at the Corpse River, his expression heavy. Last time, he and Saint Lady had escaped using a Levitation Boat to float on the river's surface. This time, he didn't have the boat. How should he cross?

Han Xue grasped the Void Sword. Looking back, she saw a cloud of black ghostly Qi rushing over. She hurriedly said, "Master, that Wuchang is catching up. What do we do?"

Zhang Ruochen was staring at the corpses floating on the surface. Suddenly, his eyes brightened. "Since those bodies can float, why don't we use the bodies on the surface to make a boat? Perhaps we can cross the river."

"That's right." The man named Shi Ren nodded. He pulled out a chain and hook. Throwing it over the river, the sharp hook grabbed onto a ten-meter-long black ape corpse and dragged it to the bank.

Then the three walked onto the ape's corpse. They activated their Holy Qi and started crossing the river.

"You can cross like this? Why didn't I think of this?"

"Let's go to the netherworld too. No matter what, we have to find the legendary pill that can bring the dead back to life."

Seeing the idea Zhang Ruochen's group used to cross the river, the other Monks all rushed out from the Tomb Forest. They searched for corpses to use to cross the river.

When Zhang Ruochen's trio was at the middle of Corpse River, Wuchang Haochuan arrived at the bank. The soul beast under him reared up and let out a deafening roar.

Argh!

Waves dozens of meters tall instantly rose up from the calm river.

If it was a regular river, even waves hundreds of meters tall wouldn't be trouble for the Monks. However, the water of Corpse River was unusual. Death was imminent if one was swept into it.

Plop.

A pained cry sounded in the distance.

Affected by the double attack of the roar and waves, an elder in the Ninth Change lost his balance. He fell into the river and let out an ear-piercing cry of pain.

When the Monk beside him fished him out, the elder had already become a black corpse. His flesh had dissolved into mud and smelled disgusting.

Han Xue had never seen something so horrifying. Her delicate little face paled. However, she still clenched her teeth, working to compose herself. She kept telling herself to be strong. She couldn't be deadweight for her teacher; she couldn't be scared.

Zhang Ruochen glanced at Han Xue. He suddenly regretted taking her into the Tomb Forest. After all, she was only a child.

On the bank, Wuchang Haochuan huffed coldly. Riding the shark-like soul beast, he charged into the Corpse River and attacked the Monks who were crossing the river.

The soul beast walked on the water without sinking. It was shockingly fast.

“Die!”

Wuchang Haochuan waved his hand and hurled the metal chain. It swept over the Corpse River, knocking five human Monks into the water.

“Save me...save me...”

“Ah...”

Many pained cries sounded from Corpse River. However, the cries died away soon after. They stopped breathing and floated

up as corpses.

Wuchang Haochuan stared in the direction of Zhang Ruochen's trio and huffed coldly. He sent out the metal chain again. It tore through the air with sharp wind. The chain contained a very powerful force that sent the river rolling. A wide path opened up, reaching right behind the trio.

"Han Xue, the sword," Zhang Ruochen said.

"Yes."

Han Xue formed the sword gesture and the Void Sword immediately shone brilliantly. Transforming into a beam of white light, it flew out to attack the chain.

At the same time, Zhang Ruochen also activated all his Sword Intent and pointed forward.

A beam of light flew out of his fingertip. It hit the Void Sword, multiplying the sword's power.

After the Void Sword's sword spirit had been awakened, it returned to a top saint weapon. It was one of the strongest swords in the entire Kunlun's Field.

Right now, Zhang Ruochen and Han Xue were controlling it at once. The power it unleashed was naturally horrifying.

Whoosh!

The sword cut down, easily cutting Wuchang Haochuan's chain into two.

Sword Qi hit the surface of the river, leaving behind a trail that reached the bottom of the river. It broke up the river's flow temporarily.

Wuchang Haochuan and the soul beast hurriedly retreated. He pulled his arm back but only retrieved half of the chain. The other half fell into the Corpse River.

"That is..."

Wuchang Haochuan's demonic eyes stared at the white Void Sword. His expression was one of shock. Then he uttered the second half of his sentence, "...the Thousand-bone Empress' Void Sword."

Expression heavy, Wuchang Haochuan yelled, “Wuchang Xunjin, report to the Ghost King that the Void Sword has reappeared. Someone wants to bring it into the netherworld.”

One of the ten Wuchangs turned quickly and ran out of Tomb Forest. On the other side, Wuchang Haochuan rode his soul beast, continuing to chase after Zhang Ruochen’s trio. No matter what, he had to stop them from entering the netherworld.

...

Around an hour later, a round and furry black head popped out from a huge tombstone on the bank of Corpse River.

It immediately retracted after popping out.

It peaked out three times in a row before a fat black cat walked out. It looked around with its round eyes. When it didn’t discover any danger, it beckoned backwards with its claws. Chuckling, it said, “After careful observation by me, the king, there is no danger for now.”

Mu Lingxi walked out from the tombstone. She wore a pure white robe with a belt, making her bosom seem extraordinarily full. Her black hair reached her waist while her long legs were hidden by her dress. She looked unusually elegant.

However, there was blood all over her white robe. Clearly, she’d also gotten hurt while charging into the Tomb Forest.

Mu Lingxi looked at the rotting corpses piled on the riverbank and furrowed her slender brow. “This is such a miserable place. No wonder so many dead souls are born here. Did Zhang Ruochen really come here?”

“Since something so big happened in the Tomb Forest, Zhang Ruochen will definitely bring the Void World to the netherworld to find the Thousand-bone Empress. Hehe! How can I be missing when people go looking for the empress?”

Blackie glanced at the netherworld on the other side of the river and his eyes hardened. “Demon rat!” he yelled coldly. “Get out of there!”

Hearing Blackie's cry, Captain Rat, who'd been hiding behind a tombstone, trembled. He scrambled out and smiled ingratiatingly. "Cat Lord, what can I do for you?"

Blackie glanced across Corpse River and said, "Carry us across the river."

Captain Rat's expression changed. Taking a step back, he said, "I can't! The water of Corpse River is terrifying. It can erode all flesh on a living organism. If I touch it, I'll die without a doubt."

White steam puffed out of Blackie's nostrils. Waving a paw, he slammed down on Captain Rat's head. "F*ck, you're a demon rat and you're afraid of corpse water? You gonna go? You f*cking gonna go? You f*cking wanna die?"

Blackie's paw pounded and thudded against Captain Rat's head, making the rat sink halfway into the ground.

Plop!

Blackie kicked Captain Rat cleanly into the Corpse River.

It was quite strange. After Captain Rat fell into Corpse River, he choked on some mouthfuls of water, but was actually fine. He still floated on the surface.