

Chapter 901 - Stupid Actions

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Next, Zhang Ruochen pointed forward. He used a beam of Sword Intent to make the Abyss Ancient Sword fly out.

Squelch.

The Abyss Ancient Sword stabbed through Tong Dong's forehead. It forced a mass of blood from the back of his head.

With a thud, Tong Dong's body fell down. He'd just gotten to the platform, but now, he was a dead person.

Everyone present was dumbfounded. Their jaws almost fell to the ground. They'd all thought that Tong Dong would definitely be able to kill Zhang Ruochen. Who would've thought that Zhang Ruochen still had the strength to kill a Half-Saint?

"That is... a Spiritual Power attack. So Zhang Ruochen is also a powerful Spiritual Power Half-Saint? No wonder he dared to use the Destruction of Thousand-patterns. He still has a hidden card."

"Zhang Ruochen is so hard to deal with."

All the Half-Saints of the Ministry of War exchanged glances. No one dared to act impulsively anymore.

After all, who knew how strong Zhang Ruochen's Spiritual Power was? Wan Zhaoyi's gaze turned to the Saint Lady.

"Saint Lady, you are a Spiritual Power Saint. You should know the extent of Zhang Ruochen's power, right?"

Without changing her expression, Saint Lady replied indirectly, "Not only has the Ministry of War ruined your

reputation to defeat a first level Half-Saint, you've also lost three powerful figures. Is this the Little Saint God's method against Zhang Ruochen?"

Wan Zhaoyi could feel Saint Lady's upset emotions. He couldn't help but furrow his brow. To be honest, he didn't think there was anything wrong with his method. The only mistake was that he'd underestimated Zhang Ruochen.

Of course, Saint Lady's attitude gave him some pressure. After all, she was the Empress' most favored person. In addition, she had an unusual influence over the entire Confucius Way.

If the Saint Lady complained about him to the Empress, it would be quite troublesome.

Behind Wan Zhaoyi, Jian Kongzi immediately said, "Lord, let me go. I'll definitely take Zhang Ruochen's head."

Wan Zhaoyi glanced at Jian Kongzi. Then he took a Rudraksha from his sleeve and handed it over. "If you err, I will take the lives of your tribe," Wan Zhaoyi said.

Jian Kongzi accepted the walnut-sized bead. It was abnormally heavy, like he was holding a mountain. Even his Half-Saint arm had trouble lifting it.

It's the Rudraksha, 347th on the Thousand-pattern Saint Weapon List. Jian Kongzi was shocked.

If Wan Zhaoyi gave this to him, it was clear that he had no room for error. He could not fail again.

The Saint Lady's brow furrowed. She was worried for Zhang Ruochen. After all, she could see clearly that Zhang Ruochen's Spiritual Power was only in the 46th level. He couldn't counter Jian Kongzi, a seventh level Half-Saint, at all.

The Saint Lady felt even more self-contradicting, but she was helpless. She could only suppress her saint heart so Wan Zhaoyi wouldn't notice.

When Zhang Ruochen saw Jian Kongzi arrive on the battle platform, he didn't panic. He was still composed, because he had another hidden card. It was the sarira.

Under current circumstances, he could only resolve the crisis by undoing the sarira's third seal. If he did so, Zhang Ruochen would temporarily have a Saint's combat ability. It was more than enough to handle the Rudraksha.

It was just a bit of a waste. If he faced a dead end again, he wouldn't have any more outside forces to rely on. He'd have to use his own strength.

Jian Kongzi stared at Zhang Ruochen and shook his head. For a top swordsman like him, he wouldn't feel accomplished to kill an injured first level Half-Saint. However, he would definitely be rewarded and given a higher title if he killed Zhang Ruochen. He did anticipate this.

Right before Jian Kongzi attacked, a beam of white sword light flew in from the horizon.

Whoosh—

The Sword Qi was like a blinding laser. It cut through the sky, splitting the formation around the battle platform.

A figure flashed and a tall lady dressed in a purple dress was in the center of the platform, separating Zhang Ruochen from Jian Kongzi. Powerful saint light radiated from the woman, so very few people could see her clearly.

Even the various Half-Saints present could only see a graceful figure, a beautiful silhouette, porcelain skin, and the light purple veil over her face.

Wan Zhaoyi and the Saint Lady both flinched. After all, the defense formation around the platform was connected to the central altar. Even they had difficulty splitting it. However, the woman clad in purple easily tore through the formation with one strike. Her cultivation level was honestly terrifying.

The Saint Lady was familiar about every strong cultivator in the world. She quickly guessed the woman's identity.

However, she was more curious about why this top level and otherworldly woman would come and save Zhang Ruochen.

She was Ling Feiyu, Imperial Empress of the Demonic Sect's Saintess Palace. Her starry eyes were cold as she said, "You people from the Ministry of War are getting more and more

powerful, huh. You dare to break into the Guardians of the Prison to kill someone. Do you really think Emperor Qing's decree is just scrap paper?"

Each word Ling Feiyu spoke hit Jian Kongzi's chest like a punch, forcing him back continuously. When Jian Kongzi reached the edge of the platform, he couldn't handle it anymore. He half-knelt onto the ground and spat out a mouthful of blood.

Wan Zhaoyi naturally guessed the woman's identity as well. He stood up and announced, "Senior Ling, Emperor Qing's decree is engraved in my mind. How can I go against it? This isn't a conflict between the Ministry of War and Zhang Ruo Chen. It's a private conflict. They've gone onto the platform for a duel after both sides agreed to it."

Ling Feiyu glanced at Wan Zhaoyi in annoyance. "Is it your place to speak in the Guardians of the Prison?"

Wan Zhaoyi and Ling Feiyu were both top figures of an era, dominating a whole generation. One had become known as the King and was undefeatable. The other had swept across the world 300 years ago and met no match.

Of course, Wan Zhaoyi hadn't only cultivated for 100 years. He'd entered the Tianlun Mark to cultivate four times before. Adding up the four times, he'd cultivated in the Tianlun Mark for 100 years as well.

They indeed had a big gap between them. However, Wan Zhaoyi was a proud man. He wouldn't submit to Ling Feiyu.

Wan Zhaoyi put his hands behind his back. His Blue Dragon Armor shone with eye-catching light. It rushed into the sky, forming a huge blue dragon that coiled on him.

"Senior Ling, you are mistaken," he said. "The Guardians of the Prison are working with the imperial court to defeat the Immortal Vampires. I naturally have a place in the Guardians of the Prison."

Ling Feiyu met Wan Zhaoyi's eyes. "Since you know that the Vampires have taken over the Yuan Mansion, then you should be uniting all possible forces against the mutual enemy. Why

are you allowing the Ministry of War to sacrifice so many strong figures for private conflicts? You are a junior that doesn't care about the big picture. Was the Empress blind when she allowed you to take the title of Heavenly King?"

Wan Zhaoyi's eyes twitched when he heard these words. His eyes flashed, but he was unable to refute Ling Feiyu.

Zhang Ruochen stood to the side and peered at Ling Feiyu. He was impressed inwardly. He hadn't expected that this saintess was both skilled in swordsmanship and talking.

None of the saintesses of the Demonic Sect were easy to deal with.

"Senior Sword Saint, Zhang Ruochen is a spy from the Vampires. Everyone wishes to kill him. If you are biased towards him, not only will you anger the Ministry of War, the Guardians of the Prison will also misunderstand you."

This came from Wang Jie. He'd already hated Ling Feiyu. Now that he had the Ministry of War's support, he naturally jumped out to verbally attack Ling Feiyu.

However, he didn't see the situation clearly. He thought the Ministry of War could suppress Ling Feiyu. He didn't know that even Wan Zhaoyi was trying to suppress his anger and try not to anger Ling Feiyu.

Now, he'd jumped out voluntarily, thinking that the Ministry of War and Guardians of the Prison could threaten Ling Feiyu. This was basically suicide.

As expected, the bad-tempered Ling Feiyu turned cold at Wang Jie's words. "You Guardians of the Prison didn't protect the still-developing Swordsman, but that's okay. I don't care. Sword Saint Xuanji will teach you a lesson when he returns. But who are you to threaten me?"

Kaboom.

Thousands of beams of light surged out of Ling Feiyu. With the platform as the center, hundreds of miles in radius turned into a sea of lightning and thunder. Right now, she was furious. Angry saintly might flooded to Wang Jie.

Pow!

A large group of the Guardians of the Prison couldn't take the might in that moment. They all knelt onto the ground, including Wang Jie. Sweat poured out of each of his pores.

Now, he finally understood how terrifying Ling Feiyu's cultivation was. He really regretted not listening to his father's warning. He shouldn't have angered Ling Feiyu.

"Sword Saint Feiyu, please do not be angry." Wang Beilie, leader of the Guardians of the Prison, hurried over and landed beside Wang Jie. He wore a black ritual robe.

Seeing his father, Wang Jie was overjoyed. "Fa—"

But before he could say anything, Wang Beilie's hand had slapped Wang Jie's face. He tumbled in the air twice before falling onto the ground with a thud.

Wang Beilie's slap had been harsh. It shattered Wang Jie's left cheekbone, turning half of his face into bloody mush.

Sprawled on the ground, Wang Jie trembled, saying, "Father, you..."

"Shut up, you disobedient fool. How dare you disrespect Sword Saint Feiyu? I will kill you today!"

Saintly fire rose up on Wang Beilie's hand. A gust of powerful Holy Qi spread in all directions. If he slapped Wang Jie with his palm, Wang Jie might really die.

But before Wang Beilie attacked, a group of elders from the Guardians of the Prison hurried over and stopped him.

Chapter 902 - Both Sword Saint and Demoness

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“Clan Leader, please reconsider,” someone said. “He might have made a mistake, but he doesn’t deserve death.”

“Clan Leader, please let him go this once. He only went against Sword Saint Feiyu because he was thinking for the Guardians of the Prison.”

Under everyone’s insistence, Wang Beilie didn’t strike. He pulled his Holy Qi back. At the same time, some of the elders even knelt before Ling Feiyu to beg forgiveness for Wang Jie.

Ling Feiyu glared murderously at Wang Jie. Finally, she turned to Wang Beilie. “Clan Leader Wang, this is the last time. If it happens again, don’t blame me for being merciless.”

With that, Ling Feiyu used a beam of Holy Qi to sweep up the injured Zhang Ruochen. She flew out of the platform and left.

The thunder and lightning in the sky scattered quickly. The repressive saintly might shrouding the area dissipated as well. The people present finally let out a sigh. Many of them had damp clothes and wobbly legs. The fear they’d felt was unforgettable.

The Half-Saint regional kings of the Ministry of War all kept quiet. They didn’t dare to stop Ling Feiyu. They could only watch her take Zhang Ruochen away.

It wasn’t that they were cowards. They were just too far from Ling Feiyu’s level. Only a Heavenly King had the qualifications to speak to her, but how many Heavenly Kings were in the Ministry of War?

Wan Zhaoyi was a Heavenly King, but he was the youngest one. His cultivation was also the lowest amongst them all. He wasn't at Ling Feiyu's level either and couldn't dominate her at all.

Jian Kongzi retreated from the battle platform. His face was pale. Looking exhausted, he returned the Rudraksha to Wan Zhaoyi.

Lowering onto one knee, he said, "I failed to complete the mission. Please punish me."

Wan Zhaoyi grasped the Rudraksha bead, toying with it. "It's not your fault. Rise."

Jian Kongzi was relieved. Standing up slowly, he asked, "Will you really let Zhang Ruochen go like this?"

"Ling Feiyu is clearly protecting Zhang Ruochen. As long as she's still in the Guardians of the Prison's territory, we won't be able to take Zhang Ruochen away. Let's put this to the side for now. Our biggest enemy right now is the Immortal Vampires."

Wan Zhaoyi focused on the Saint Lady. "The Immortal Vampires infiltrated the Guardians of the Prison years ago to rescue Pluto. There must be many spies. If we don't find them, we'll be at a disadvantage in our battle against the Vampires. Saint Lady, you have all the information about the world. Do you know how we can distinguish a Vampire's true form?"

The Saint Lady was like a white orchid. She sat quietly on the side, pondering seriously. A moment later, she said, "Apparently, Emperor Ming of the Sacred Central Empire 800 years ago had led the various top saint clans and sect leaders in a tireless battle against the Vampires before defeating them and sealing them in Manji Island.

"After that, Emperor Ming ordered the crown prince, other top officials, and the Saints who'd fought together to unite and write a book describing the Vampires. It is called The Vampire Secrets.

"After returning to the Royal Capital, I searched the main libraries of the Confucius Way but couldn't find the book. I

did find some related books though. They proved that Emperor Ming had indeed ordered the compilation of The Vampire Secrets. It's evident that this is not just a mere rumor.”

Zhang Ruochen had shown the swordsmen of the Yin and Yang two ways to distinguish Vampires, but those only worked on regular Vampires. Those who had special bloodlines, had gone through special training, or were modified in special ways could hide from even a Saint's eyes.

This was why The Vampire Secrets was especially important.

Wan Zhaoyi nodded. “I'd also heard some information about The Vampire Secrets. It is said that the imperial court isn't the only one looking for it. The Vampires have also sent many strong figures to search for it.”

Jian Kongzi's eyes darted around. “The one who mentioned The Vampire Secrets first was Lin Yue, the genius swordsman from the Yin and Yang Sect. But according to our contacts, Lin Yue may be Zhang Ruochen. Unfortunately, Zhang Ruochen has possibly allied with the Immortal Vampires. It's almost impossible to get information about the Vampire Secrets from him.”

“According to the newest information from the Eastern Region, Zhang Ruochen killed countless Vampire Half-Saints in the netherworld,” the Saint Lady said. “This includes a royal heir. Thus, it's practically impossible for Zhang Ruochen to ally with them.”

Wan Zhaoyi's eyes hardened. “If he didn't, then the other Swordsman, Xiang Zhengfeng, is also suspicious. Perhaps we can find the spies through him.”

The Ministry of War and Guardians of the Prison had countless relationships. There was more than one regional king stationed in the Guardians of the Prison. Thus, Wan Zhaoyi knew everything regarding Zhang Ruochen and Xiang Zhengfeng's conflict.

One of them must be allied with the Immortal Vampires.

Ling Feiyu took Zhang Ruochen to her cave residence and tossed him onto the ground. Then she tossed a delicate jade

box with her snowy-white hands.

“This is a Withered Pill,” she said emotionlessly. “Take it.”

Zhang Ruochen clutched the box. Bearing the pain, he bowed to Ling Feiyu. “Sword Saint, thank you for your help. If not for you—”

Before he could finish, Ling Feiyu cut him off. “No need to thank me. For the two Withered Pills, each pill is a drop of divine blood. One hundred drops of divine blood for saving our life. Altogether, it’s 102 drops. You can choose to give it to me or I’ll take it myself.”

Zhang Ruochen’s lips quivered. Sword Saint Feiyu had an ulterior motive. However, the payment she wanted was too exaggerated.

“So my life is equal to 100 drops of divine blood,” Zhang Ruochen said. “Sword Saint, you value me quite highly.”

One hundred drops of divine blood was enough to sell a ninth level Half-Saint’s life. To Ling Feiyu, Zhang Ruochen’s life was worth that much. It was quite expensive.

Zhang Ruochen didn’t show that he was upset though. He took out 102 drops of divine blood from his spatial ring and gave them to Ling Feiyu.

Even if he was upset, so what?

With his current cultivation, it was unrealistic to bargain with Ling Feiyu. It was better to be straightforward and show a good attitude.

Ling Feiyu accepted the divine blood. She held it and hovered in the air. A gust of Holy Qi instantly appeared, transforming into a purple cloud of Qi that shrouded the entire cave residence.

The 102 drops of blood spun around her like red stars. At the same time, the Lightning Goddess Lilac Blouse slipped from her body. It flew into the purple cloud of Holy Qi.

Without the blouse, Ling Feiyu only had a thin shift on her. Her goddess-like figure slipped in and out of sight. Her slender

frame, sexy collarbone, plump bosoms and behind, and willowy waist formed powerful curves.

Continuing down, there was a pair of slender legs. Her thighs were round and porcelain-like. Her calves were slender and thin. They were extremely tempting.

Zhang Ruochen only glanced at her once and he already felt all the Masculine Qi tumbling in him. It was like a ball of fire in his gut. One could imagine that this First Saintess of the Demonic Sect must have been mesmerizing and a Casanova when she was young. She couldn't have been a cold Sword Saint.

In her era, any man of her generation probably would've felt ashamed and unable to raise their heads to appreciate her beauty. She was such a moving demoness.

Just then, a drop of blood under her control flew toward the hovering Lightning Goddess Lilac Blouse. With a soft sound, the blouse absorbed the divine blood.

Various mysterious rune patterns appeared on the Lightning Goddess Lilac Blouse. They were even more complicated than the advanced runes. As the blouse absorbed more blood, the patterns grew denser.

Zhang Ruochen, standing on the side, forcefully looked away. Studying the Lightning Goddess Lilac Blouse, he thought, So she wants to use the divine blood to upgrade the blouse.

The Lightning Goddess Lilac Blouse was definitely a godly item. The more divine blood it absorbed, the more powerful it was. The Lightning Goddess Lilac Blouse was probably stronger than the Heaven-Burier Sword.

A moment later, the Lightning Goddess Lilac Blouse absorbed all 102 drops of divine blood. Then it flew back onto Ling Feiyu, covering the gorgeous body.

She turned around and glanced at Zhang Ruochen. "Now, you should know why I bought the divine blood from you. What do you think? Have you decided?"

Zhang Ruochen stared at her eyes. He could see each of her beautiful lashes. He nodded. "Yes, I've decided."

Chapter 903 - Saint Sword

Wujian

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Ling Feiyu was a little surprised by his words. She didn't expect that Zhang Ruochen would agree to sell divine blood in such a short time.

But naturally, it would be a good thing for her.

“What do you want for trade? Saint rock? Saint decree? Saint pill? Or a saint guardian?”

As one of the nine Imperial Empresses of the Demonic Sect who had practiced for 300 years, Ling Feiyu had accumulated a large amount of fortune and resources, incomparable to any other saint.

And in her eyes, Zhang Ruochen now had made enemies everywhere, was under attack from all sides, and was in desperate need of a saint guardian to protect him secretly. So she made the suggestion.

As long as Zhang Ruochen could sell her divine blood, it wouldn't cost Ling Feiyu much to introduce a saint to be his guardian with her influence.

“Why should I trade divine blood with the things that I could buy or trade from others?”

Zhang Ruochen shook his head, and said, “I'd like Sword Saint to practice sword with me. How about ten drops of divine blood for one fight?”

It was clear to Ling Feiyu that the purpose of Zhang Ruochen asking her to practice sword with him was to secretly study

Way of Sword from her.

It's the best way for one to comprehend Way of Sword.

Zhang Ruochen could secretly acquire Ling Feiyu's Way of Sword during their fights, as long as he was wise enough.

It had to be known that even Sword Saint's own disciples could only have few chances to fight with her, which showed clearly that the chance to fight with a Sword Saint was rarely granted.

“Ten drops of divine blood for one fight. That's a fair deal.”

Ling Feiyu nodded slightly, and added, “But you have to be clear about this: I will not teach you anything during our fights. In fact, I will have real fights with you, with no holding back.”

It was a great honor for the lower rank Half-Saint that a Sword Saint should agree to practice sword with him.

Zhang Ruochen was rather excited, and said, “Yes, yes. Only in fighting with full strength could you display your true power.”

Ling Feiyu was annoyed by the confidence of Zhang Ruochen, and said, “Even though I suppressed my cultivation to your level, how many strikes of mine could you defend?”

“To be honest with you, I didn't display half of my power in the Sword Tomb last time. If I fight with full power, I'm afraid that you can't resist even one single strike.”

Zhang Ruochen knew clearly the gap between him and the Sword Saint, so he said frankly, “Just one strike of a Sword Saint is enough for some Sword Monks to learn for their entire life.”

The Way of Time and the Way of Space were so unfathomable that Zhang Ruochen could get lost in the distorted and unreal time and space.

Therefore, he decided that he would focus on Way of Sword at the state of Half-Saint.

After he became a saint and had stronger spiritual power, it would still be enough time for him to comprehend the Way of Time and Space.

Of course, the Space Domain and the Sword Technique of Time practiced by him were also preparations for the future.

There were reasons that Ling Feiyu agreed to practice sword with Zhang Ruochen.

First, she surely wanted divine blood.

The value of divine blood was so great that it couldn't be purchased randomly from the market. A drop of divine blood would be invaluable to her.

Second, Ling Feiyu still remembered the Sword Technique of Time played by Zhang Ruochen in the Sword Tomb.

Zhang Ruochen wanted to secretly learn from her, and so did she.

If she could comprehend something from the Sword Technique of Time, her Way of Sword would be greatly improved.

So the two agreed upon mutual benefits.

Zhang Ruochen naturally didn't want to fight Ling Feiyu right away. After all, they had fought not long ago. And little things would have been changed now.

That's why Zhang Ruochen planned to go to the Sword Tomb first and improve his cultivation and Way of Sword.

After certain progress was achieved, he would come to her.

Ling Feiyu saw that Zhang Ruochen planned to go to the Sword Tomb, and said, "In the past, I had brought Xiang Zhengfeng to the Sword Tomb and let the Patriarch Spirit of Zhutian Sword identify him. The sword spirit of Zhutian Sword didn't detect his connection with the Immortal Vampires."

Zhang Ruochen was confused. "How's that possible? Could it be that Xiang Zhengfeng had been in touch with Immortal Vampire before he was granted Zhutian Sword?"

The fourth disciple of Sword Saint Xuanji, Feng Han, came to Zhang Ruochen's mind.

Wasn't he a spy planted beside Sword Saint Xuanji by the Immortal Vampires? If the Taotian Sword had been given to Feng Han, its sword spirit wouldn't know his connection with the Immortal Vampires either.

"I trust you more, comparatively. Therefore, I've used my right as a Keeper of the Sword and have thrown Xiang Zhengfeng into the Underground Spirit Prison."

Zhang Ruochen didn't ask why Ling Feiyu trusted him, but stared at her with thoughts. Then he left the cave for the Sword Tomb.

It was always in a strong-minded way that Ling Feiyu would deal with matters, which was not unfamiliar to Zhang Ruochen.

Therefore, her putting Xiang Zhengfeng into the Underground Spirit Prison didn't surprise him at all.

Ling Feiyu didn't enter the Sword Tomb to keep an eye on Zhang Ruochen. She only took the Taotian Sword away and kept it for the moment.

After entering the Sword Tomb, Zhang Ruochen didn't walk straight to meet all the previous Spirits of Patriarchs of the Taotian Sword, but went to the top of a volcano.

He let Blackie out to construct a sophisticated Invisibility Formation at the crater.

Only after the Formation was completed did Zhang Ruochen enter Universe Spiritual Map. He went to Divine Sky-Connecting Tree and picked up the Abyss Ancient Sword from its base.

"Abyss."

Zhang Ruochen called a name.

An about 4-inch-tall human shadow with a pair of black wings appeared from the black sword. He was good-looking, and about 70% like Zhang Ruochen.

The sword spirit said, “I know you have many questions and concerns, but I’m sorry that I can’t give you the answers.”

“Why?” asked Zhang Ruochen.

The sword spirit said, “Not long after you died, the body of the Abyss Ancient Sword was cut in two. Then I fell into a deep sleep until today when you woke me up.”

Zhang Ruochen frowned hard, “Did Chi Yao use the Dripping Blood Sword to chop you?”

The sword spirit shook his head and said sadly, “My love with Dripping Blood was no less than yours with Chi Yao. Love of swords is more sincere than that of humans. Chi Yao can kill you, but Dripping Blood will never hurt me.”

Zhang Ruochen shook his head. “But is there any other battle weapon that can chop you?”

“Of course. Saint Sword Wujian surely can.”

“The legendary Saint Sword Wujian showed up in Kunlun’s Field?” Zhang Ruochen couldn’t suppress his shock even with such a high state of mind.

The sword spirit said, “Yes, it did.”

Saint Sword Wujian was one of the Ten Ancient Divine Weapons, which was said to be a sword casted from original materials of space.

Even if an ordinary person gave a slight wave of the Saint Sword Wujian with no assistance of Holy Qi, he could cut the space.

The so-called “Wujian” meant that there would be no Spatial Boundary.

The legend of the Ten Divine Weapons was so old that it was rarely heard in the middle ages. How could Saint Sword Wujian suddenly show up 800 years ago and chop the Abyss Ancient Sword?

Zhang Ruochen asked, “Who’s the master of Saint Sword Wujian?”

Sword Spirit shook his head. “It just flew from beyond the horizon. I wanted to run away but failed. After the sword body was chopped, I was put in a deep sleep and remained unconscious for the past 800 years.”

Zhang Ruochen put the Abyss Ancient Sword away, feeling disappointed. Instead of getting some useful information, he became even more confused than before.

Zhang Ruochen took a Withered Pill and prepared to nurture himself.

Only after a night, Zhang Ruochen became fully recovered.

Zhang Ruochen didn't start to practice the second level of the Sword Technique of Time immediately, but refined divine blood first. He was going to elevate his cultivation to the peak of a First Level Half-Saint.

It became clear to Zhang Ruochen during his fight with Feng Qin that fighting a powerful figure whose cultivation was way above his was truly stressful.

If Zhang Ruochen had the power of a First Level Half-Saint at the peak, he could be more at ease and wouldn't be hurt so badly.

For the last month, Zhang Ruochen had been practicing Dragon and Elephant Prajna Palm and Sword Three while refining the divine blood.

By practicing the Palm and Sword Three, he could absorb the divine blood more quickly.

One month passed.

Zhang Ruochen sat under the Divine Sky-Connecting Tree with his legs crossed. He was surrounded by clouds of Holy Qi, as if he was sitting in the middle of Chaos. Rays of sword Qi shaped in sword forms circulated through him.

His cultivation had reached the peak of a First Level Half-Saint, improving at least 70% from the primary time of a First Level Half-Saint.

And his Way of Sword had also been improved as he reached the fourth level of Sword Three.

Now that Zhang Ruochen's power had been greatly improved, he had complete confidence that he could defeat Feng Qin without Destruction of the Thousand-patterns.

It would be hard for him to make another breakthrough, now that he had reached the peak of a First Level Half-Saint.

So Zhang Ruochen made a stop and left the Scroll World. He reappeared at the crater of the volcano in the Sword Tomb.

One month in the Scroll World was only three days in the outside.

Blackie had been guarding for the past three days.

Of course it had been busy arranging all kinds of battle formations around the volcano: Defence Battle Formation, Attack Battle Formation, Fantasy Formation, Invisibility Formation and so on. If counted carefully, one could see that there were already nine powerful battle formations built.

Zhang Ruochen asked, "Blackie, what's your plan?"

"It grew more and more unpeaceful in the Pluto Sword Tomb, I have to prepare in advance to build a fortress to protect us and to choose whether to attack or take defense. If Immortal Vampires did come through, we could retreat and hide here."

Blackie didn't stop his claws arranging the formations, and asked, "What about you? Prepared to greet all the Patriarchs of the Taotian Sword?"

Zhang Ruochen thought for a while, and said, "No rush. I have some progress in my cultivation and Way of Sword, I should go and try a fight with Ling Feiyu. I wonder...how powerful could she be if she gave full strength?"

Chapter 904 - Nine-Life Sword Technique, Splitting Light in Great Void

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Ling Feiyu met Zhang Ruochen again only three days after the last time. But Zhang Ruochen now was changed and his cultivation had reached the peak of First Level Half-Saint.

Even though Ling Feiyu had experienced much, she was still surprised by him.

“What speed! Even the help of refining divine blood couldn’t enable you to break through from the primary to the peak of First Level Half-Saint in three days. Did the Patriarchs of the Taotian Sword use some mysterious ways to force your cultivation to go up?” Ling Feiyu asked with doubts.

All Half-Saints must have extraordinary bodies and talents, no one was common.

But why did it take all others one year, and even up to ten years, and only three days for Zhang Ruochen to get there?

Zhang Ruochen carried the Abyss Ancient Sword in his hand, and laughed. “Be it primary or peak of First Level Half-Saint, it was the same to you, Sword Saint Feiyu. I came to you this time, wanting to see the real power of your sword arts displayed at your full strength.”

Ling Feiyu knew his aim, and said, “Only after three days, you’ve grown so much pride. Give ten drops of divine blood to me, then I could teach you one time.”

Zhang Ruochen had prepared ten drops of divine blood in advance, and gave them to her immediately.

Ling Feiyu took the ten drops of divine blood, and walked out of the cave with steady steps. She guided Zhang Ruochen to a bamboo forest.

Vast forest of Green Bamboos could be seen on Bamboo Mountain. Uncountable thousands of hectares of bamboo grew according to the ups and downs of the mountain features and looked like the waves of a bamboo sea.

The bamboo swayed as light wind blew. Leaves hit one another and made a whistling sound.

Ling Feiyu flew above the bamboo forest, stepping on the green bamboo sea, then landed on a relatively flat area.

A whistling sound was heard.

She threw a rune token made of white jade about the size of a palm with a wave of her sleeve, and it hovered in midair.

Right after, dense inscriptions rushed out from the White Jade Rune Token, and spread around to cover all six directions above the bamboo sea.

A scarlet red giant fireball raced from afar and stopped above the bamboo sea to condense into a handsome human shadow, who was exactly like Zhang Ruochen.

Ling Feiyu stood about 100 meters away, opposite Zhang Ruochen. Before fighting, Sword Intents from both of them had crashed into each other.

Both of the Sword Intents were extremely powerful.

All leaves of the bamboos stood up from their stems, and pointed to the two people like swords, as they were affected by the Sword Intents.

Ling Feiyu said, "I'll keep my cultivation down at the peak of First Level Half-Saint. Are you ready?"

"Let's do it!"

Zhang Ruochen was very serious, and he released spiritual power and Space Domain completely to cover the area.

Even the slightest change of Ling Feiyu's Qi wouldn't run away from Zhang Ruochen's perception.

Zhang Ruochen was well aware that although Ling Feiyu would be at the same state as him, her understanding of Saintly Way and Way of Sword had reached the utmost.

If Ling Feiyu hit him with full strength, Zhang Ruochen could hardly take it.

But he had to fight.

Shush, shush.

999 bamboo leaves underneath flew rapidly and gathered in front of Ling Feiyu to condense into a sword about 2 meters long made of bamboo leaves.

Zhang Ruochen activated his Eye of the Deity Print and saw that every bamboo leaf of the sword was arranged by Rule of Sword Way in a wonderful way.

In this way, the long sword made of ordinary bamboo leaves could give a Qi that was comparable to that of the Abyss Ancient Sword, a Thousand-pattern Saint Weapon.

Ling Feiyu stared at Zhang Ruochen. "You've seen the Nine-Death Sword Technique in the Sword Tomb. Today I'll show you the Nine-Life Sword Technique. There are nine moves of the Nine-Life Sword Technique, and the first move is called Splitting Light in Great Void."

Both the Nine-Death Sword Technique and the Nine-Life Sword Technique were sword techniques at the lower King level, which was also called Lower-class Saint Spell.

Each Saint Spell had about the same power as the Destruction of the Thousand-patterns to destroy the earth and the heaven, which couldn't be acquired by any ordinary Half-Saint.

Of course, if a Half-Saint succeeded in exercising one Saint Spell, he would definitely benefit from it his whole life by stepping beyond his state to kill the enemy.

Ling Feiyu had restrained her strength at the peak of First Level Half-Saint, and yet she played a sword technique at the

level of Saint Spell to deal with Zhang Ruochen, which showed that she did use her full power.

As the finger of Ling Feiyu turned, the bamboo sword turned as well. And 81 shadows were shown and connected together to be a giant circle.

“Splitting Light in Great Void.”

Bamboo-Leaf Sword rushed to its front with a long tail.

The closer it got to Zhang Ruochen, the more blinding the brilliance was that was given off by the Bamboo-Leaf Sword, growing even brighter than the sunlight.

Zhang Ruochen wielded the Abyss Ancient Sword and played Sword Three at once, attempting to crash into the Bamboo-Leaf Sword.

But the minute the Abyss Ancient Sword was wielded, the Bamboo-Leaf Sword dissolved into 999 little Bamboo-Leaf Swords, and rushed to Zhang Ruochen at a speed ten times faster than before.

As they accelerated ten times in such a short distance, neither Zhang Ruochen, nor a Ninth Level Half-Saint could dodge aside.

Bang bang.

Dozens of little Bamboo-Leaf Swords hit Zhang Ruochen.

Even though Zhang Ruochen had put Shooting Star Invisible Cloak on to resist their attack, he was heavily crushed.

He flew back and fell hard on the ground in the bamboo forest. He blacked out and almost passed out.

Zhang Ruochen slowly recovered after a while.

He bit his lips and crawled out from the thick fallen leaves. He raised his head and saw Ling Feiyu standing underneath a nearby Green Bamboo which was as thick as a barrel.

“You can’t resist even one move of mine at the same level as you.”

Zhang Ruochen could perceive her arrogance through her veil. She looked at Zhang Ruochen like a swan looking at the ugly duck.

Zhang Ruochen's eyes gave sharp lights, and said, "Give me three more days, I will surely comprehend the Rule of Sword Way in this move of the Nine-Life Sword Technique and crack it."

Ling Feiyu glanced at him. "You are really confident in yourself. You want to comprehend the Rule of Sword Way in the first move of the Nine-Life Sword Technique, in just three days?"

"Why not?" asked Zhang Ruochen.

"Do you know that, when I exercised the Nine-Life Sword Technique, I spent three months to comprehend the Rule of Sword Way of its first move, half a year to operate it, and three more years to have a full command of it."

"After I exercised the Nine-Life Sword Technique together with the Nine-Death Sword Technique to their utmost, no other Half-Saint could resist one single strike from me. And I was No.1 on the Half-Saint Rank then."

Ling Feiyu was extremely confident in her Way of Sword. She added, "Alright. Three days from now, if you can really defend yourself from my move, I will sell a Divine Origin Pill to you. It can help you reach the Second Level of Half-Saint soon."

Hearing the name "Divine Origin Pill," Zhang Ruochen put on a determined face.

He silently made up his mind to succeed at all costs in three days.

It wouldn't be easy for him to reach the next level once he had become a Half-Saint.

The only shortcut was to take the Divine Origin Pill.

The Divine Origin Pill was one of the medicines that were strictly controlled by all powerful families from the middle ages. It could never be sold to the public. Even in the Black Market, one had to rely on internal connections, and pay large

amounts of saint rocks to possibly purchase one, undertaking a huge risk.

But for Ling Feiyu, it wasn't that hard to get one. Buying from her could save a lot of trouble for Zhang Ruochen.

After Ling Feiyu left him, Zhang Ruochen memorized every scene of her giving the play.

Then he went back to the Sword Tomb, planning to first comprehend the Rule of Sword Way in the first move of Nine-Life Sword Technique and then work out a way to crack it.

But just four steps away, he sensed a slight wave of spiritual power.

Hundreds of meters to Zhang Ruochen's right, beautifully written characters appeared in the crystal void beside a stream.

Saint Lady walked out of the characters and stopped at the top of a green stone. Her pretty eyes with black pupils looked at Zhang Ruochen.

Zhang Ruochen stopped but didn't turn his body.

It was tranquil in the bamboo forest, only whistling wind could be heard. Bamboo leaves were seen falling on the soft head of the Saint Lady, sticking to her black hair.

After a long time, Zhang Ruochen broke the silence. "Has the Saint Lady come here to capture me?"

The Saint Lady was in light blue female clothing this day. She had her hair down, a feminine dancing butterfly hairpin on her headtop, and a crab-apple flower belt around her fine waist, looking like a beautiful talented girl who had read thousands of books instead of a powerful saint.

Saint Lady gave a look which was of mixed feelings. She said softly, "I just passed by, and saw you practicing sword technique with Imperial Empress of the Saintess Palace of the Demonic Sect, Ling Feiyu."

She paused and added, "I never expected that the so-called arrogant, haughty, snooty Ling Feiyu would personally practice sword with a Half-Saint. Even though I've seen it with my own eyes, I still find it hard to believe."

“Whatever you are trying to say, please say it straightly, my lady.”

Zhang Ruochen understood that Saint Lady had discovered his identity as Lin Yue.

So what?

Saint Lady would surely be loyal to Chi Yao as one of the representative figures of the imperial government. Even though she had admired Lin Yue’s talent and characteristics, she couldn’t change the opposing position between them.

He didn’t have to guess, as he knew that Saint Lady was here to persuade him to turn himself in, not to confront the imperial government, and she would go to the Empress to plead for him.

How could Zhang Ruochen compromise with Chi Yao?

Chapter 905 - The Affectionate Saint Lady

Translator:

Larbre Studio

Editor:

Larbre Studio

Saint Lady saw the indifference of Zhang Ruochen and felt unspoken pain. She bit her lip hard.

And she tried to suppress her upset and walked to Zhang Ruochen. She said lightly, "I don't mean anything. I just wanted to see you in person. After all, we used to be good friends, didn't we?"

"In the past...maybe we were!" said Zhang Ruochen.

Saint Lady saw the guard Zhang Ruochen had put up against her, and felt even more pained. So she added, "Not long ago, Saint Elder of the Sacred Central Crypt, Kong Youlan, went to the Central Emperor City and tried to kill the Empress. I was at the side of the Empress. Both Saint Elder of the Sacred Central Crypt and the Empress mentioned the name 'Zhang Ruochen.'"

"You don't have to try me. Their Zhang Ruochen surely didn't mean me." Zhang Ruochen closed his eyes and tried to remain calm.

Saint Lady was clever enough to detect even the slightest weakness of Zhang Ruochen.

She walked to the back of Zhang Ruochen and frowned. "I have served the Empress for many years and knew her enough. She is a generous saint, and her achievements have surpassed all Emperors in the history. She would never kill you out of jealousy."

“On the contrary, after the Empress came to the throne, she supported the young geniuses, and spared no efforts to supply them with limitless resources to help them progress.”

“Zhang Ruochen, go back to Central Emperor City with me. Perhaps the Empress doesn’t really want to kill you, she just wants to see you. You should trust me that I will never hurt you.”

In fact, wouldn’t Zhang Ruochen want to meet Chi Yao in person and ask why she had killed him 800 years ago?

But every time Zhang Ruochen recalled the scene of Chi Yao stabbing him, he felt too pained to face the brutal truth.

And Chi Yao today was no longer the teenage girl, but the Empress and Master of Kunlun’s Field.

Zhang Ruochen to her now was nothing more than an ant. What’s the meaning for him to know the truth?

Can the ant kill the Empress?

Before he gained enough strength, seeing Chi Yao in person would only be a suicide and a shame for him.

Zhang Ruochen opened his eyes, which were bloodshot, and said coldly with fury, “I will not go to Central Emperor City, not now. If my lady wants to capture me, please do it. Don’t pity me.”

Saint Lady had never seen Zhang Ruochen with such an angry look. She half worried that his state would affect his exercise, and half wondered what had happened between the Empress and him in the past.

Saint Lady was going to persuade him in a much gentler way, “Zhang Ruochen, you should know that if men from the Ministry of War are going to hunt you down, you would never arrive in Central Emperor City. Only I could protect you. And, don’t you want to see Huang Yanchen?”

Zhang Ruochen was relieved from anger. He turned around and looked at the Saint Lady. He asked softly, “Is she alright?”

Saint Lady nodded. “The Empress knew that she was your fiance, but she didn’t make it difficult for her and grant her the

same treatment of other Kunlun Heirs. But she is currently practicing with the other eight Kunlun Heirs in a secret place, and could not go out until some time.”

“The Empress could tolerate Huang Yanchen, surely she could tolerate you.”

“I’ve heard that you brought back the stone rune left by the Thousand-bone Empress and re-concealed the entrance from the netherworld. It is a great contribution, and as long as the Empress knows that you did this, she would surely pardon your faults.”

Zhang Ruochen smirked to himself. “Pardon me? I’ve never done anything bad to her, anything against my conscience. Why should I pray for her pardon?”

“Then what are you worrying about?” Saint Lady asked him instead.

Zhang Ruochen stared into her eyes, and became cold and sharp again. “There are things that you wouldn’t understand. If my lady doesn’t have other orders, I should leave now!”

“Wait.”

Saint Lady looked at Zhang Ruochen with unhappy eyes. She knew that she couldn’t convince Zhang Ruochen, so she saved her words.

She said, “There’s another important thing that I have to discuss with you.”

“I see.”

Zhang Ruochen nodded, then took Bloodprint Saint Decree, which was given to him by Saint Lady, out of the Spatial Ring. He passed it to her, and said, “Here you are.”

Saint Lady felt extremely bitter. She just gave a glance to the saint decree and didn’t take it.

She shook her head. “I was talking about the Immortal Vampires, not the Bloodprint Saint Decree. You take this scroll of Bloodprint Saint Decree. In the future, if you encountered with danger, you could use it to escape.”

Zhang Ruochen looked at her with wonder. “You’ve done everything you can to help me as a friend. But you must take this Bloodprint Saint Decree back. If the Ministry of War found that I have your Bloodprint Saint Decree, it would be hard for you.”

“But I’m more worried about you being stabbed by powerful figures of the Ministry of War.”

The words just came off from Saint Lady’s lips.

Even Zhang Ruochen was shocked by them.

Saint Lady realized that it was improper and instantly suppressed her emotion, which showed up unexpectedly.

The bamboo forest was tranquil again.

But this time, there was something strange in this silence.

After a while, Saint Lady said, “Zhang Ruochen, you should know the goal that has brought the Immortal Vampires to Yuan Mansion. Now the Ancient Race of Prison Guardians and the Ministry of War are working together to vanquish the Immortal Vampires. The first thing to do is to find all Immortal Vampires hidden in the Ancient Race of Prison Guardians and the Ministry of War. My coming to you was also to ask for your help. You don’t like Immortal Vampires, do you?”

Zhang Ruochen said, “I’m the Keeper of the Taotian Sword and have a duty to protect the Pluto Sword Tomb. If there’s anything I could help with, just go ahead and ask. But there were countless powerful figures in the Ancient Race of Prison Guardians and the Ministry of War, I couldn’t really help with my low cultivation.”

“No.” Saint Lady said, “The book of Vampire Secrets must be used to find the spies of the Immortal Vampires. You are the only person in this world who has read it. So we’ll need your help to find the spies.”

“Only I have read Vampire Secrets?” Zhang Ruochen asked, puzzled.

Saint Lady said, “You are the first to have mentioned Vampire Secrets, and told of its contents. The majority don’t even know of its existence.”

Zhang Ruochen frowned and said to himself, “How’s that possible?”

He remembered clearly that it was Crown Prince Tutor Shangguan Que and other saints who had edited Vampire Secrets together. Such an important book should have circulated the world already. Why should nobody know of it? Unless it was never allowed to circulate after it had been completed.

Saint Lady stood aside, stared at Zhang Ruochen with her clear eyes, and waited for his answer.

But Zhang Ruochen shook his head, and said, “I’m sorry. I never read Vampire Secrets and can’t help you.”

“But you introduced two ways to tell an Immortal Vampire from the rest in Yin and Yang Sect. How could you never have read it?” asked Saint Lady.

If Saint Lady didn’t know him well, she might have doubted that he hadn’t turned to an Immortal Vampire.

Zhang Ruochen said, “I’ve just read two pages of it, not the whole book.”

After a pause, he said, “If my lady really wants to find Vampire Secrets, perhaps you should try at the house of Shangguan. It was Shangguan Que, the head of Shangguan Family, who took charge of editing Vampire Secrets. If Vampire Secrets didn’t circulate, it should still be in Shangguan Que’s hands.”

Saint Lady chose to believe Zhang Ruochen, and then shook her head. “Shangguan Que used to be the teacher of Emperors and the Empress herself. He has a supreme state that few people could approach.”

“And after the Empress came to the throne, he retired and was rarely seen by people. For the past several hundreds years, no words about him were heard. Maybe he has already passed away, thinking of his age.”

The picture of him, Chi Yao, Kong Lanyou, Murong Yefeng... all royal descendents going to school together 800 years ago occurred to Zhang Ruochen.

Their teacher at that time was Shangguan Que.

Some of the things felt like they had happened just yesterday and his memory was still fresh. But 800 years had passed by, and everything had changed.

At last, Saint Lady had to leave Pluto Sword Tomb, and prepare to visit the Shangguan Family herself. She had to go there even if she couldn't be permitted to meet Shangguan Que.

Now that signs of unrest had appeared in Kunlun's Field. Immortal Vampires must be suppressed first to cope with the coming catastrophe.

Therefore finding Vampire Secrets would mean a lot.

"What happened before to prevent teachers from circulating Vampire Secrets?" Zhang Ruochen fell into deep thought.

Were things not so delicate with the Ancient Race of Prison Guardians here, Zhang Ruochen would have liked to join Saint Lady in going to see the Shangguan Family.

But as a sword keeper, Zhang Ruochen would only display his biggest influence here in Pluto Sword Tomb, so he didn't leave for the moment.

Zhang Ruochen stared at Saint Lady's receding figure, and his eyelids skipped a little [a bad sign in Chinese tradition].

Out of nowhere, a feeling of inauspiciousness occurred in his mind.

It was a super weird and strange feeling, as if his spiritual power had gone through the time to see the future event.

But the feeling was rather blurry and flashed like a hallucination.

"She is a Saint of Spiritual Power with tremendous saint treasures. How could she get into trouble? And if she did, who else could save her?"

Zhang Ruochen shook his head with a smile and put his concern aside for the moment.

Then Zhang Ruochen left Bamboo Mountain and walked to the Sword Tomb.

The next three days would mean a great deal for him. He had to clear out all his thoughts and concentrate on exercising.

Chapter 906 - Cemetery of the Patriarch

Translator:

Larbre Studio

Editor:

Larbre Studio

Returning to the high volcano in Sword Tomb, Zhang Ruochen stepped into Battle Formation and entered the Scroll World of the Universe Spiritual Map.

Divine Sky-Connecting Tree was at the center of the whole world, lifting the sky from the earth and spreading Spiritual Qi with no stop.

Zhang Ruochen sat at the base of Divine Sky-Connecting Tree with his legs crossed, and began to comprehend the Rule of Sword Way contained in the first move of Nine-Life Sword Technique, Splitting Light in Great Void.

To crack a sword move, one must understand it first.

The exercise of Way of Sword was in its essence, defense and attack, comprehension and practice, accumulating constantly, understanding constantly, and finally being able to become an incomparable Sword Saint who could be free of everything.

“There are nine moves in Nine-Life Sword Technique, and each move could be divided into nine plays, each play nine changes. Each change is arranged by nine lines of Rule of Sword Way. It looks like only nine moves, but thousands of changes are contained within it.”

The first move, “Splitting Light in Great Void,” had 81 types of changes, and was arranged by 729 Lines of Rule of Sword Way.

Zoom!

A strand of white Holy Qi flew out from Zhang Ruochen's body and condensed into a blurring human shadow.

The human shadow held a sword in his hands and curved his arm to display a change of a sword move.

Right after, the human shadow resolved into white smoke and disappeared.

Not long after, another strand of white Holy Qi flew out to divide into two human shadows, and displayed two different changes of a sword move.

...

The process of comprehending sword moves was very difficult and didn't go well.

Sometimes Zhang Ruochen had to stop and think for a long time to understand the Rule of Sword way of a certain play.

After a half month, Holy Qi could fly out of Zhang Ruochen's body constantly and turn into dozens of human shadows to stand in different directions to display all kinds of sword moves.

After some of the human shadows dispersed, new shadows would be condensed after them.

The situation lasted for three days. At the end, it made a scene of 81 human shadows standing together, which was quite shocking if looked at from afar.

Zhang Ruochen opened his eyes suddenly, and said to himself, "Found the basic method."

Whistle.

As Zhang Ruochen stood up, 81 human shadows dispersed into 81 strands of Holy Qi and flew into his brow, then merged into his lower abdomen.

Zhang Ruochen reached out his hands, a strong strand of Sword Intent gushing from his palms.

Another whistling noise was heard from above. 999 leaves of Divine Sky-Connecting Tree fell down and condensed into a Giant Leaf Sword under the control of Sword Intent.

“Splitting Light in Great Void.”

The Giant Leaf Sword rushed out for several kilometers while protruding through the Void outwards. All of a sudden, all leaves were divided and changed into 999 lines of light shuttle, and rushed to the ground with the speed three times that from before.

Boom.

With each leaf hitting the ground, a giant pit five meters in diameter would be made.

With only one strike, the ground was heavily destroyed.

Zhang Ruochen frowned a bit. “Still couldn’t compare a bit with Ling Feiyu.”

When Ling Feiyu displayed this move, the splitting leaves would be accelerated to a speed ten times that of before, threatening the life of a Ninth Level Half-Saint.

The same move displayed by Zhang Ruochen could only have a speed three times that of before, so the power of it was largely cut down.

Zhang Ruochen didn’t lose heart. If Sword Technique at the level of Saint Spell could be learned easily, it shouldn’t be called a Saint Spell.

It took Ling Feiyu three years to exercise it to its utmost. Zhang Ruochen had only just discovered its secret, so naturally he couldn’t compete with her.

“Now that I’ve comprehended the Rule of Sword Way of this move, I may begin to try to crack it.”

In the next two days, Zhang Ruochen tried every method, only to find that he couldn’t crack the sword move at the level of Saint Spell with his current cultivation.

Nine-Life Sword Technique was too complex and the changes contained in it were too much for the most talented sword monk to comprehend completely in a lifetime.

Zhang Ruochen only found the basic way of it now, and it would be extremely difficult for him to crack Nine-Life Sword

Technique.

“Maybe...I should go to my Patriarchs. Each of them is a Sword Saint who has comprehended Way of Sword to the utmost. Maybe they know how to crack it.”

With the thought, Zhang Ruochen stepped out of the Scroll World, and went to the crypt of the Taotian Sword’s line of Patriarchs.

The crypt was on top of a 8,000-meter-tall snow mountain, which was covered by cliffs. An invisible power surrounded the snow mountain.

Any monk would have to climb up with bare feet.

Zhang Ruochen stepped on the stone ladder, and climbed up. Halfway to the top, he saw a round altar which was about 30 meters tall.

Towering stone statues were placed in the four directions of the altar, and together there were 16 of them.

Some of the stone statues were grand and sturdy, looking like angry guardian warriors. Some looked short and stooped, also extremely old. And some even dressed scholarly like school teachers.

“Nan Xukong, Sikong Qingyu, Qian Suanzi...”

16 names were placed on the altar. Some of the names were famous Sword Saints Zhang Ruochen had heard about 800 years ago.

And some names looked unfamiliar, for they were too old.

Zhang Ruochen stood at the foot of the altar in the snow. He could hear the whistling sound of the cold wind and sword sounds given by the shaking ancient swords on the snow mountain.

“Apprentice here to call on all Patriarchs.”

Zhang Ruochen held his hands to bow respectfully to his 16 patriarchs.

The 16 patriarchs had all given their lives to guard the Pluto Sword Tomb, and some of them had even died fighting for it.

Their contributions had saved numerous lives. Therefore, whether being an heir of theirs or not, Zhang Ruochen thought he should bow to them respectfully.

The altar shook a bit, and dark shadows all flew out from its center and merged with the 16 stone statues.

All 16 stone statues were alive, as if all 16 Sword Saints had shown themselves.

A scholarly stone statue raised an arm lightly. "Save the bow, rise up!"

Another stone statue couldn't wait to ask right after him, "Zhang Ruochen, have you worked out why you should be defeated by the keeper of Zangtian Sword these days?"

The spirit of this stone statue was the Patriarch who had come to the body of Zhang Ruochen and fought with Ling Feiyu that day.

Zhang Ruochen gave a thought to it, and said, "Regarding the state of my Way of Sword, although I could reach human sword, my comprehension of Way of Sword was still very far from that of the keeper of Zangtian Sword. And her sword moves were also very fascinating. To be honest, I couldn't follow the rapid changes of her sword moves."

Although Zhang Ruochen had worked out a way to crack it the second day after their fight, he succeeded under the condition that the sword move was only displayed by Ling Feiyu with half strength.

Once Ling Feiyu gave a full strike, Zhang Ruochen knew he could never deal with it.

The stone statue nodded. "The gap between states can't be compensated in a short time. But if you work hard, you could try to narrow it down in a short time."

Zhang Ruochen said immediately, "Not long before, I had another fight with the keeper of the Zangtian Sword. But I failed to resist one of her strikes."

"Recently I have been thinking about how I should crack her move. But her move was too complex and quick; even if I

could understand its Way of Sword, I couldn't work it out yet."

His words intrigued the interest of all 16 Patriarchs of the Taotian Sword's line.

One of the Patriarchs looked very excited and asked, "What did she use? Show us quickly."

"Yes."

Zhang Ruochen gave a look to the fallen snow, then swiped it with his leg and rolled up the snowflakes.

Under the control of Holy Qi, the snowflakes turned into a white sword and flew to the far off cliff.

Boom.

Getting close to the cliff, the sword made of snowflakes resolved and hit the cliff, leaving deep scars on it.

Seeing this, all patriarchs fell into silence.

The scholarlike patriarch said, "This is the first move of Nine-Life Sword Technique, Splitting Light in Great Void...no, it couldn't be."

Zhang Ruochen asked, "Why couldn't it?"

"You just said, you had the fight with the keeper of Zangtian Sword not long before. How could you comprehend the Rule of Sword Way in the first move so completely in such a short time?"

The other patriarch shared a similar doubt. "The Splitting Light in Great Void was about 30% of the strength of it, which means you should have learned the bases of it. Even the inhuman like Sword Emperor Xue Hongchen couldn't learn so fast when he was young."

Zhang Ruochen hesitated for a while and said, "To be honest with you, I got a time and space treasure. As long as I practice inside it, I have nine times extra the amount of time for practice."

All 16 patriarchs had passed away and only their 16 spirits remained in the world. Therefore, Zhang Ruochen wouldn't

have to hide it from them.

“That’s why.”

All 16 patriarchs showed the expression of understanding and delight for Zhang Ruochen.

After all, a time and space treasure could help Zhang Ruochen excell past his peers, and even catch up with his elders.

“Haha! Fabulous! Now that you have a time and space treasure, it will only be a matter of time for you to catch up with the keeper of the Zangtian Sword.”

“As soon as you get there, make sure you teach the girl a bad lesson.”

“You shouldn’t be rude to a woman. From my view, you should marry her. The best way to win a woman is to win her heart,” said an amorous and good-looking patriarch.

It was not hard to guess that this patriarch must have been a womanizer when he was young.

Zhang Ruochen stood at their feet, and didn’t interrupt their discussion out of courtesy.

But some of his patriarchs’ words did make his lips twitch.

Chapter 907 - Nine Life, Nine Death, Nine Circles

Translator:

Larbre Studio

Editor:

Larbre Studio

“Silent!” A stone statue of a patriarch standing at the top of the altar spoke up, and all the rest of the stone statues stopped talking immediately.

As it was known, the higher the stone statue was, the higher his position in the hierarchy was.

The stone statue at the top must have been the first patriarch of the Taotian Sword.

The first patriarch of the Taotian Sword was a skinny person with a high nose. A print of thunder was in between his eyebrows. And firelike light was given off by his pupils.

As a stone statue, it did give irresistible force to him.

The first patriarch stared at Zhang Ruochen and said, “Zhang Ruochen, do you know the origin of Nine-Life Sword Technique?”

“I don’t know,” said Zhang Ruochen.

The first patriarch added immediately, “There are four Saint Places for Way of Sword in the whole Kunlun’s Field: Sword Pavilion of Taichi Sect, Mount Martial God of Martial Market Bank, Fragrance City at the side of Snow-Willow River, and Wang Family in Pluto Sword Tomb, which are called Sword Pavilion, Sword Mountain, Sword City and Sword Family.”

“Sword monks could only learn sword techniques at the level of Saint Spell in the four Saint Places for Way of Sword. And Wordless Sword Manual, which contains all sword techniques,

is in Sword Pavilion, making it the head of four Saint Places for Way of Sword.”

“Wang Family was brilliant 10,000 years ago, which not only generated ten Sword Saints, but even a Supreme Saint of Sword Saint.”

“But in recent years, Wang Family could no longer generate top talents in Way of Sword, and fell into a temporary shortage of talents, which made it fall to the last of the four Saint Places for Way of Sword.”

“Wang Family has six sword techniques at the level of Saint Spell, and each of its six sword keepers would practice one of them and then pass it on generation after generation.”

Zhang Ruochen asked, “How could the keeper of the Zangtian Sword practice Nine-Life Sword Technique and Nine-Death Sword Technique at the same time?”

The first patriarch continued, “The so-called Nine-Life Sword Technique and Nine-Death Sword Technique were actually the same sword technique, Nine-Life Nine-Death Nine-Circle Sword Technique.”

“But it was extremely hard to exercise, and only a few Saint Swords could exercise it to its utmost. Therefore, the patriarch of the Zangtian Sword split it into three simpler sword techniques, called Nine-Life Sword Technique, Nine-Death Sword Technique and Nine-Circle Sword Technique.”

“It was not hard, nor easy for you to crack the first move of Nine-Life Sword Technique. One move of True-Thunder Fire Sword Technique in the line of our Taotian Sword could restrain it.”

Zhang Ruochen was delighted, and asked, “How long would it take to exercise True-Thunder Fire Sword Technique?”

“True-Thunder Fire Sword Technique is nothing easier than Nine-Life Nine-Death Nine-Circle Sword Technique. Even with your talent, you couldn’t achieve it in less than 20 years,” said the first patriarch.

Zhang Ruochen gave a weak smile, “I’ve gave my word to crack the first move of Nine-Life Sword Technique in three

days. Tomorrow I will have to fight with her. And I will not be able to crack it.”

“Maybe you can.”

The first patriarch said again, “I’ve seen you fight with her. You used a sword technique with the power of time input into it. If you could combine the sword technique of True-Thunder Fire Sword Technique with the power of time, you might have a chance to crack it.”

Zhang Ruochen was encouraged by the words of the first patriarch.

The reason why True-Thunder Fire Sword Technique was hard to exercise was not that its sword moves were hard to learn, but that the Rule of Sword Way in its sword technique was hard to comprehend.

If Zhang Ruochen could learn the sword moves and combine the Time Mark with it, he would surely crack the Nine-Life Sword Technique of Ling Feiyu.

Next, the 16th patriarch taught the moves of True-Thunder Fire Sword Technique to Zhang Ruochen.

Zhang Ruochen had memorized 70% to 80% of the moves only by watching the 16th patriarch’s moves.

After the third time the 16th patriarch played it, Zhang Ruochen could have a good command of the 72 moves of True-Thunder Fire Sword Technique.

“All moves of True-Thunder Fire Sword Technique have been passed to you. It would depend on you whether you can crack the sword moves of the keeper of the Zangtian Sword.”

After showing the moves, the 16th patriarch returned to the altar.

And Zhang Ruochen entered Universe Spiritual Map again to comprehend True-Thunder Fire Sword Technique.

Zoom.

A translucent human shadow with the same look as Zhang Ruochen came out from his body and condensed into another

Zhang Ruochen at the foot of Divine Sky-Connecting Tree.

It was a dividing self of the Half-Saint.

After one reached the state of Half-Saint, one or more dividing selves could be created.

In the following five days, Zhang Ruochen and his dividing self worked on Nine-Life Sword Technique and True-Thunder Fire Sword Technique respectively. One attacked, and the other defended.

After five days, Zhang Ruochen walked out of the Scroll World to challenge Ling Feiyu at Bamboo Mountain.

“Are you sure that you could crack my Nine-Life Sword Move?” Ling Feiyu sat beside a stream, which was originated from Spirit Spring, with her legs crossed. Her eyes, glimmering with purple sunlight, looked at Zhang Ruochen.

How could Zhang Ruochen progress in just three days?

Zhang Ruochen stood afar with his arms folded in front of chest, and said, “Nine-Life Sword Technique is too profound and variable to be cracked in just three days. But I would like to give it a try. What if I could crack it by luck?”

Ling Feiyu nodded lightly and stood up slowly.

Invisibly, a strong strand of Qi and might spread from her body and gushed toward Zhang Ruochen.

Now she was like a vast and boundless sea, but he was like a small boat on the sea.

With a random wave, Zhang Ruochen would be torn into pieces.

“Since you are so confident, I shall not prevent you.”

With no sign, Ling Feiyu waved her sleeve and rolled up the water in Spirit Spring beside her. Between the time of opening and closing her two hands, 999 drops of water had condensed into a liquid sword.

Splash!

She pushed forward with one hand and her thick Holy Qi pushed the liquid sword to fly away.

The liquid sword resolved in front of Zhang Ruochen into drops of water, which rushed to Zhang Ruochen with a speed ten times that of before as 999 rays of light shuttles.

At the minute Ling Feiyu attacked Zhang Ruochen, he also stabbed with his sword in front of him. With a shake of his wrist, nine shadows of sword moves appeared.

It all went smoothly like nine Zhang Ruochen were playing at the same time. But in a very short time, nine shadows overlapped one another.

Zhang Ruochen pulled the sword back immediately. He saw the water drops on the Abyss Ancient Sword, and laughed with joy. “Surely there are many changes of Splitting Light in Great Void, but it has only nine basic Rules of Sword Way. So I can crack it with only nine sword moves.”

Ling Feiyu’s round eyes looked surprised. “This is one move of True-Thunder Fire Sword Technique, Nine to One.....”

Then she shook her head immediately. “No, you just learned the sword moves, but didn’t comprehend the Rules of Sword Way. You just borrowed the power of time to display the power of True-Thunder Fire Sword Technique in one second.”

“I’ve cracked your move, no matter how,” said Zhang Ruochen.

Ling Feiyu smiled beautifully, which was rarely seen. “Zhang Ruochen, if you were the same age as me, maybe I couldn’t beat you. But now I’m way ahead of you, and talented as you are, you can’t catch up with me. You’ve cracked the first move of Nine-Life Sword Technique, but can you crack the second move?”

Ling Feiyu never liked to be the loser, so she displayed the second move and attacked Zhang Ruochen.

“Green Sea Blue Sky.”

The second move of Nine-Life Sword Technique was nothing delicate, but simple and with large movements.

Ling Feiyu used her hand as a sword and chopped at Zhang Ruochen.

It looked like the whole sky was chopping at him in Zhang Ruochen's eyes, and he couldn't retreat or advance, and he couldn't even take out his sword to resist.

The simple move was way harder to crack than Splitting Light in Great Void.

Zhang Ruochen had to display moves in Sword Technique of Time out of desperation, and wielded in a hurry.

Bang!

The Abyss Ancient Sword hit the arm of Ling Feiyu, and didn't leave a crack on her Lightning Goddess Lilac Blouse. Instead, a strong strand of power was transferred by the sword to Zhang Ruochen.

Zhang Ruochen flew backwards to his right, and hit the stone wall of the cave. He slid down and half kneeled on the ground. He leaned on the sword, looking very awkward.

With a crack, his hat was broken and his hair poured down.

Ling Feiyu was content to see Zhang Ruochen like this, and she nodded. "Your Way of Sword did improve a lot in just three days, almost the same as the one-year-result of other sword monks. But, it is still too difficult for you to catch my play."

Zhang Ruochen stood up slowly, suppressing his pain.

Were she a different person, Zhang Ruochen would surely have detested her arrogance. But the haughtiness of Ling Feiyu didn't make him dislike her.

In fact, Zhang Ruochen knew clearly that it looked like they were fighting, but Ling Feiyu was teaching him Way of Sword.

And she looked like she was trying to teach him Nine-Life Sword Technique.

"Anyway, you've cracked the first move of Nine-Life Sword Technique, I should keep my promise."

Ling Feiyu took a little jade bottle from her Spatial Bracelet, and threw it to Zhang Ruochen. “There’s a Saint Origin Pill in it, which could help you get to the Second Level of Half-Saint faster.”

Zhang Ruochen picked up the little bottle and asked, “How many drops of divine blood do you want?”

“Ten drops for one sword practice. And ten drops for the Saint Origin Pill. You should give me 20 drops of divine blood.”

Zhang Ruochen took out 20 drops of divine blood and gave them to her. He left the cave immediately to go to Sword Tomb.

“What a powerful talent in Way of Sword! If he could join the Divine Sect, he could fight for the position of Son of Deity with Ouyang Huan.”

Ling Feiyu held 20 drops of divine blood in her soft hand, which was as white as jade, and her eyes gave out a deep brilliance.

People from Mu Family dared not to take Zhang Ruochen back to the Moon Worship Demonic Sect, for they dared not to offend the forces supporting Ouyang Huan.

But Ling Feiyu was one of the Nine Palace Rulers and had a strong background.

Other than the Hierarch of the Demonic Sect, she dared to offend anybody in the sect.

Chapter 908 - The Utmost of Sword Nine

Translator:

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Editor:

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Zhang Ruochen entered a mad state of practicing in the following month, and would go and challenge Ling Feiyu every three days.

Today was their twelvth fight.

Chaotic streams of sword Qi were gushing above the bamboo forest, making “whistling” sounds.

In the center of the streams of sword Qi, a shadow of a man was fighting fabulous sword moves quickly with a woman shadow.

“Gold Morning Sun.”

A long sword condensed by Holy Qi was in Ling Feiyu’s hands. It pointed to the sky and gave out blinding gold brilliance.

A flow condensed by Holy Qi kept circled the long sword, then pressed down on Zhang Ruochen.

Zhang Ruochen stood straight and rushed forward. He pointed his finger and read to himself, “Sword Three.”

In the last month, Zhang Ruochen’s Way of Sword had advanced greatly with the practice of Ling Feiyu and guidance of the 16 Saint Sword patriarchs, and he could now display Sword Three to its utmost.

Boom.

The two strands of Way of Sword's power crashed into each other and thousands of sword Qi were vanquished in just a second.

Among them, a one meter long sword Qi went through the protection of the Abyss Ancient Sword and hit the right side of Zhang Ruochen's chest, making a "bang" sound.

The power of sword Qi penetrated Shooting Star Invisible Cloak and hit his lungs hard with a strong shake.

Immediately after this, the sharp pain was passed to him from his lungs, making it hard for him to breathe.

Zhang Ruochen flew backwards, fell on the ground and stopped fighting.

"The sixth move again, only... a little bit..."

Zhang Ruochen looked pale. He transferred Holy Qi to his lungs and suppressed his wounds temporarily.

A light wind-breaking sound was heard, then Ling Feiyu landed from the sky and stood on purple saint fog, making an extremely beautiful shadow.

"In only a short month, you've progressed from not being able to resist one single move of mine to fighting five or six moves. Such a huge improvement. You surprised me," Ling Feiyu said.

It was not strange of Ling Feiyu to make such a high comment on Zhang Ruochen. After all, she had witnessed every step of his progress in the whole month.

Zhang Ruochen made surprising progress every three days.

If Zhang Ruochen could keep it that way, Ling Feiyu worried deeply that he would surpass her one day.

His achievements, though, looked like nothing.

At the same state, Ling Feiyu used to be able to defeat a Saint Sword with 16 moves.

In other words, if Zhang Ruochen could resist 16 moves of Ling Feiyu, his grade in Way of Sword could compare with those of some Saint Swords.

It could show that as a First Level Half-Saint, Zhang Ruochen's ability to resist five or six moves of Ling Feiyu was a very high achievement.

Zhang Ruochen put his Abyss Ancient Sword away, and stared at Ling Feiyu with great pride. "Before I break through to Saint, I will surely surpass your Way of Sword."

Ling Feiyu put on a different look. "I have 300 years of cultivation. Can you really surpass me just because you say so? The reason that you could resist my moves was largely because of the power of Space and Time."

"You are still far away from the true Way of Sword. Don't be dazzled by your current achievement."

"Now that you've only practiced Sword Three to its utmost. Do you know where I have arrived?"

After a sword monk practiced Sword Seven to its utmost, he could be granted a Sword Saint.

The legendary Xue Hongchen had practiced Sword Ten to its utmost 800 years ago, and he was called Sword Emperor.

Ling Feiyu was the best genius in Kunlun's Field 300 years ago. Although few people would mention her Way of Sword, she focused mainly on Way of Sword, and her state would probably have entered a very high level.

Zhang Ruochen naturally felt curious about her state of Way of Sword.

Ling Feiyu saw that Zhang Ruochen didn't ask her, and said voluntarily, "Three days ago, I comprehended the last level of Sword Nine completely. Before long, I could practice Sword Nine to its utmost."

Actually, she left one sentence unspoken.

Her comprehension of the last level of Sword Nine had a great connection with Zhang Ruochen.

Zhang Ruochen was learning her Way of Sword secretly, and she was comprehending the power of time and space secretly as well.

With her putting her understanding of time and space into the Way of Sword, she had comprehended the last level of Sword Nine.

Show-off. This was a shameless show-off.

If it were any other Saint Sword, he could be restrained and never show off his achievement in front of a lower level Half-Saint.

But Zhang Ruochen was not surprised that it happened to Ling Feiyu.

Petty, bad-tempered, arrogant, bossy and rude, and also very pretentious. She should have collected all demerits of women.

But at the same time, she was extremely beautiful, perfectly featured, overly bright, super talented and a Saint in Way of Sword. She had taken up largely the merits of women as well.

Although Huang Yanchen had some flaws herself, she was very restrained, unlike the arrogant and publicizing Ling Feiyu.

It was hard to imagine what kind of a woman Ling Feiyu had been when she was young.

Only real sword masters could understand the depth of Wordless Sword Manual. The further one read, the more vague it became, and the harder it became for one trying to improve his level.

In only 300 years, Ling Feiyu had practiced Sword Nine to its utmost. Such a talent would be almost the same with Sword Emperor and the Empress.

Ling Feiyu saw that Zhang Ruochen was shocked, and felt contented. She gave a smile underneath her veil.

Then she changed into a purple flash of light and disappeared into the bamboo forest.

“What an arrogant woman! If one day I could defeat her, could she stand it?”

A strange thought came to Zhang Ruochen’s mind.

But the thought only flashed. After all, the distance between Ling Feiyu and him was too long. It would be ridiculous of him to want to surpass her now.

Zhang Ruochen sat in the bamboo forest with his legs crossed. And he started to adjust his breath and recover from the wound in the lungs.

His progress in the past month was huge. Not only had he practiced Sword Three to its utmost, but also learned all moves in Nine-Life Sword Technique.

Although he hadn't been able to practice them with full power, he could display them freely.

Besides, he had studied True-Thunder Fire Sword Technique and the second level of Sword Technique of Time, "Eight Changes of Scales," and was exercising them with a steady speed.

Zhang Ruochen was now treating his wounds while recalling the battle scene of him with Ling Feiyu, and concluding his faults.

"If I met enemies like Feng Qin again, I should be able to beat them easily with my current strength. And as my state has been stabilized, I should take the Saint Origin Pill and try to reach the Second Level of Half-Saint."

A Half-Saint would improve his strength greatly after reaching the next level. Naturally Zhang Ruochen would like to obtain a more powerful cultivation.

...

After the night grew darker, a round moon appeared on top of the clouds. Moonlight fell on the ground through the Battle Formation barrier above the Ancient Race of Prison Guardians, and covered the world with a mysterious color.

Wang Xie stood on the edge of Sword Tomb and looked at the moon above his head. His somewhat handsome face showed aggressive looks, and he said, "Tonight is the night. We have to make Ling Feiyu and Zhang Ruochen pay heavily."

A white haired elder stood beside Wang Xie.

He had a slight figure and was covered with wrinkles. But a pair of eyes under his white hair was filled with slices of blood.

The man was named Wang Jinsuo, an Elder of Wang Family. Wang Xie had to call him Uncle seventeen regarding his position in the family hierarchy.

Wang Jinsuo had a hoarse and enchanting voice, and he said, “Anybody could tell that Zhang Ruochen is a spy of the Immortal Vampires. But Ling Feiyu tried her best to protect him and put another sword keeper, Xiang Zhengfeng, into the Underground Spirit Prison. Is the clan leader of the Ancient Race of Prison Guardians making all the decisions now or is she?”

Wang Xie clenched his fists tightly, and bit his lip and teeth with hatred. “Hateful Ling Feiyu...she did harm to my father and made him suffer 30 lashes from the dragon whip, and disgraced me in front of my people. I have to take revenge no matter what.”

“With your own effort, you wouldn’t have much chance to defeat Zhang Ruochen, not to mention Ling Feiyu,” Wang Jinsuo said with a calm voice.

Wang Xie suppressed his anger and hid it in the depths of his mind. He grinned with confidence. “That’s why I have to rescue Xiang Zhengfeng. The enemy’s enemy is a friend. I could borrow Xiang Zhengfeng’s hands to vanquish Zhang Ruochen.”

But Wang Jinsuo shook his head. “Zhang Ruochen is supported and protected by Ling Feiyu. Even if you let Xiang Zhengfeng out, he could do nothing to Zhang Ruochen.”

“I surely have other plans to restrain the bitch, Ling Feiyu. Uncle seventeen, didn’t you notice that tonight there is a full moon?”

Wang Xie pointed to the moon above his head, seeming to indicate something at the same time.

Wang Jinsuo narrowed his eyes and laughed. “I see. Young master is truly clever and I admire you very much. The man

should have changed into a bloodthirsty monster in this full moon night. If we let him out...haha..."

The strong intent to kill appeared in Wang Xie's eyes, and he laughed gloomily.

Then Wang Xie and Wang Jinsuo walked into the Sword Tomb, and changed into two black shadows to race to the Underground Spirit Prison.

Chapter 909 - Human Shaped Monster

Translator:

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The luminous moonlight reached the ground through bamboo stems and bamboo leaves, making vague light spots.

The shape of light spots was as scary as ghost patterns, and as fierce as savage beasts, making a weird feeling.

Whistle.

Cold wind blew over the bamboo forest. All stems of bamboo were shaking, and the bamboo leaves on the ground were carried up in the air.

Zhang Ruochen detected that something was different, so he stopped recovering himself. He opened his eyes and stood up.

Zoom.

The Abyss Ancient Sword sensed danger and left its sheath. It dragged rings of sword blades, flying and circling Zhang Ruochen, apparently trying to protect its master.

“I perceived that a strong strand of evil life was approaching us with a rapid speed,” the sword spirit of the Abyss Ancient Sword said.

“Could it be the Immortal Vampires again?” Zhang Ruochen showed his confusion.

With Ling Feiyu commanding in Bamboo Mountain, Immortal Vampires should be wise enough not to intrude.

Not knowing what was coming at them, Zhang Ruochen kept highly alert and released his spiritual power completely to

cover up the area of about 15 km surrounding him.

Any blow would be sensed by him.

At the moment, a cloud of cold evil spirit intruded into the spiritual power range of Zhang Ruochen with a terribly fast speed. 15km away, 10km, 5km, 4.5km, 4km...

The Abyss Ancient Sword shuddered fiercely and gave out chirping sounds. It aroused dozens of sword Qi to fly in the forest.

“How could it be so fast?”

Zhang Ruochen’s face lost color. He felt a danger which was unprecedented to his. And all his hair stood up.

The minute that cloud of cold evil spirit intruded to only 500 meters from him, he pinched his fingers in sword sign and said lightly, “Gold Morning Sun.”

The sword technique displayed by Zhang Ruochen was one move of the Nine-Life Sword Technique.

The Abyss Ancient Sword flew out straightly and gave out golden brilliance. It crashed through the night sky and a series of banging noise sounded.

Bamboo along the way that the Abyss Ancient Sword flew past was crushed and exploded into dust.

In front of the Abyss Ancient Sword, a cloud of blood red Qi appeared and kept rolling. A human shaped monster could be seen vaguely in the center of the Qi cloud.

The human shaped monster was covered by blood red long hair. It had fangs in its month, and freezing cold evil Qi was given off from its eyes.

Boom.

The palm of the human shaped monster clapped to its front and collided with the tip of the Abyss Ancient Sword.

It was known that one strike of the Abyss Ancient Sword could break a Hundred-pattern Saint Weapon into pieces. But it didn’t penetrate the palm of the monster. On the contrary, it was thrown back by its palm.

Without slowing down, the human shaped monster raced toward Zhang Ruochen.

Zhang Ruochen activated the power of Shooting Star Invisible Cloak at once and burst out Luan Phoenix Deity Print Speed to skid to his right side.

But the human shaped monster was even faster than him. It rushed to the face of Zhang Ruochen and hit him with a claw.

Its cultivation was obviously above his as a Half-Saint. How could Zhang Ruochen resist it now?

Even a Ninth Level Half-Saint would be either disabled or killed by a slight touch of the claw of the human shaped monster.

The result of him fighting with Ling Feiyu recently showed up.

Zhang Ruochen was extremely calm in such a dangerous situation, for he was clear that if he could resist for a moment or two, powerful figures in Bamboo Mountain would surely come here at the fastest speed.

So if he could save his life now, it would be a great success.

Zhang Ruochen forced his body to move in the face of the claw of the human shaped monster, and barely avoided being hit in the heart.

Bang.

The claw of the human shaped monster hit the left shoulder of Zhang Ruochen and made a crushing sound against Shooting Star Invisible Cloak, also generating many flickers of light.

Even though Zhang Ruochen had an extremely strong body, he suffered a lot and flew backwards. He had crashed seven bamboos in a row into two, and spit seven mouthfuls of blood.

“What’s this evil spirit, daring to intrude into the Ancient Race of Prison Guardians to kill?”

The voice of Ling Feiyu sounded from the top of Bamboo Mountain.

Meanwhile, she raced down from her cave to rush to where the human shaped monster and Zhang Ruochen were.

But the human shaped monster wasn't frightened by Ling Feiyu at all. It jumped toward Zhang Ruochen again with both claws.

Two ten-meter-long claw prints with Qi of blood were formed in front of its two claws, and pressed on the top of Zhang Ruochen's head with a strong erosion.

Before it fell, the ground underneath Zhang Ruochen began to cave in.

Even if Ling Feiyu was fast, she was too far away. And she could only pick up the corpse of Zhang Ruochen when she arrived.

Zhang Ruochen had to rely on himself to survive.

All his green veins could be seen bulging on his skin, and he opened his eyes wide and shouted, "Abyss!"

Zoom.

The Abyss Ancient Sword flew back and hovered in front of him.

Holy Qi gushed out from all five saintly meridians and 36 of his veins and entered the Abyss Ancient Sword. In such a crucial moment, Destruction of the Thousand-patterns was activated.

The Abyss Ancient Sword chopped to its front and left a light curve shaped in a half-moon.

The strike wasn't aiming for the strong spots, but to display Destruction of the Thousand-patterns at the weakest power spot of the human shaped monster. It carried the wisdom of fighting the strong power with tactics.

With a bang, the powerful sword Qi cracked the two claw prints of blood Qi before the two claws of the human shaped monster, and forced it to retreat two steps.

At the same time, above the bamboo forest, a blinding white light column fell from the sky and hit above the head of the

human shaped monster.

The human shaped monster was also powerful, and it reached out two claws and condensed blood Qi to catch the white light column.

Zoom.

The Zangtian Sword went through the white light column and cracked the blood Qi of the human shaped monster.

Right after it, a deafening noise was sounded in the whole bamboo forest.

A strong wave of sword Qi gushed out in all directions, and changed every bamboo into dust and powder. Even the mountain, which lay over thousands of meters, was cracked.

The Defence Battle Formation couldn't resist the strike of Ling Feiyu.

Zhang Ruochen himself was thrown away by the powerful wave of sword Qi. He inserted the Abyss Ancient Sword into the ground and finally stabilized his body.

Gradually the dust and powder fell down.

Only the white Zangtian Sword stabbed at the heart of the human shaped monster, and nailed him tightly into the earth. Light of thunder and lightning gushed from the sword body and filled the night sky with lightning patterns.

But the human shaped monster didn't die. It roared like a mad beast, and each time it struggled, the Bamboo Mountain quaked.

Zoom, zoom.

Powerful figures of the Ancient Race of Prison Guardians arrived one after another.

They saw the human shaped monster nailed underneath the Zangtian Sword, and all put on weird looks.

A very old Half-Saint felt confused in seeing the human shaped monster struggling with great pain, and said, "He has been kept for so many years, how could he run away?"

“The guard and defense of the Underground Spirit Prison was extremely strict. He couldn’t run away. It must be someone else who let him out.”

...

At that time, Shi Ren and other Elders of the Shi Family arrived at Bamboo Mountain as well.

Shi Ren was shocked by the human shaped monster with a tremble. He rushed to him, but the powerful sword Qi was so strong that it threw him back directly.

Ling Feiyu landed from the sky with feet stepping on a purple cloud. She stopped beside the human shaped monster and looked at Shi Ren.

Shi Ren kneeled on the ground and was in tears. He begged her, “Saint Sword, please let him off.”

Ling Feiyu put on a poker face, her palm pressed on the Zangtian Sword as she sneered, “Why should I let him off? To let him go on killing people?”

Ling Feiyu knew something about the inside of the Ancient Race of Prison Guardians, and could almost guess the identity of the human shaped monster.

Both hands of Shi Ren grasped at the earth, and he said sorrowfully, “He has been kept in the Underground Spirit Prison and has never run out to hurt people. Someone must have let him out deliberately tonight, and this has happened.”

Ling Feiyu looked indifferent, and said, “It’s just suffering for him to live like this. Why should you insist he be alive? On the other hand, after I kill him, nobody should worry that he could run out and harm the Ancient Race of Prison Guardians any longer. Wouldn’t that be good?”

The clan leader of the Ancient Race of Prison Guardians, Wang Beilie, arrived at Bamboo Mountain as well. He landed at the side of Shi Ren and helped him up. He said to him, “Ren’er, Saint Sword Feiyu’s words do make sense. Maybe death is a final escape for him.”

“No.”

Shi Ren's eyes were bloodshot. He roared and hit at the chest of Wang Beilie. He rushed backwards to the human shaped monster recklessly.

Even if everyone in this world was going to kill him, he would try his best to protect him until he died.

For the human shaped monster seen by everyone else was his father.

A sharpness appeared in Saint Sword Feiyu's eyes, and she waved her sleeve. A strong strand of Holy Qi gushed out and fell on Shi Ren, which forced him to fly backwards.

With a bang, Shi Ren fell heavily on the ground.

But he climbed up immediately and rushed to the human shaped monster again as if he didn't feel hurt.

This time Wang Beilie threw a Rune out to form a Formation of Runes and restrain Shi Ren in it.

No matter how hard Shi Ren screamed or hit, he couldn't crack the Formation of Runes.

Wang Beilie sighed. "Ren'er, you have to calm down. You can't go mad like your father. After all, you have to step to the position of clan leader of the Ancient Race of Prison Guardians in the future."

Hearing Wang Beilie's words, Shi Ren attacked even more fiercely in the Formation of Runes and shouted even louder.

Because of the obstacle of the Formation, no one could hear clearly what he was screaming about.

A sneer showed up in the eyes of Wang Beilie.

Then he looked at Ling Feiyu with pity. "In fact, I do want to keep his life. But now that the great enemy has come to us, we have to be more careful. With one mindless mistake, the whole Ancient Race of Prison Guardians would be gone. Saint Sword Feiyu...please send him on the road [kill him]!"

Wang Beilie shook his head, as if he didn't have the heart to witness the scene. So he turned around with both hands folded behind his back.

But a smile showed up from the corner of his lips.

“Since the clan wants to keep his life, I have an idea.”

Li Min helped Zhang Ruochen to limp and walk to them.

Chapter 910 - Framed

Translator:

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Editor:

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Zhang Ruochen was severely injured from the attack of the humanoid monster, even after the defending move – Destruction of the Thousand-patterns.

He could stand up only with Li Min's support.

After listening to Zhang Ruochen, looks of dismay etched deeply on the faces of the fellow half-saints from the clan of the Guardians of the Prison. Their saint aura was boiling in anger, fogging up the dungeon.

A half-saint elder who was standing on the back of a three-foot-tall golden giant bird scoffed, "Zhang Ruochen, do you know who you are trying to protect and the horrible things he's done before? If we let him loose, he could strangle you easily with one hand."

"What a young and naïve boy. Haven't you learnt your lesson from your severe injuries?" another man with a heavy sword voiced out from the other direction.

A majority of them were reluctant to believe his words.

"Ahem."

Zhang Ruochen cleared his throat. In the midst of the saintly fog, he stood still and his facial expression was unchanged. "It was never my intention to save his life, it's the Clan Leader's. I have found out something, and I wish to help him by sharing this piece of information."

Wang Beilie's lofty figure stood beneath the moon, casting a shadow as huge as a sacred mountain. The half-saints present highly looked up to him.

Their cultivations were nothing compared to Wang Beilie's.

Wang Beilie turned around again. His pitch-black eyes stared at Zhang Ruochen intensely, his face stern. "What have you found?"

Zhang Ruochen was standing opposite Wang Beilie, unaffected by the stern staring. He then lifted his finger and pointed at the humanoid monster standing beneath the Heaven-Burier Sword. "That veteran...is poisoned..."

A man in black robes interrupted him before he could finish his sentence. "That's absurd! The Guardians of the Prison have appointed a few alchemists to examine Shi QianKun thoroughly. All of them are experts in medicine and possess powerful Spiritual Power, yet no trace of poison was found in his body. Young boy, how long have you known him? Are you an alchemist? Did you really think you could utter nonsense and then leave?"

Shi Qiankun was the father of Shi Ren.

"The poison is undetectable because they have not seen any precedent cases for this kind of poison. I am not questioning their expertise," Zhang Ruochen answered.

Although what Zhang Ruochen had said was something unbelievable, some of the monks looked doubtful in regards to his words.

For examples, the forefathers of the Shi Family and Ling Feiyu.

The forefathers of the Shi Family did not really believe what Zhang Ruochen was proclaiming. After all, they had examined the symptoms of Shi Qiankun, and none of them were signs of being poisoned.

Rather, they had always been suspicious towards the incident. What Zhang Ruochen said raised their speculations once more.

Ling Feiyu had known Zhang Ruochen for a while now, and she knew he would not make up stories.

One of the forefathers from the Shi Family walked across a bridge made up of crystalized saint fog to the front of Zhang

Ruochen. He asked, “Zhang Ruochen, do you have any idea what Qiankun was poisoned with?”

Zhang Ruochen glanced across the crowd and replied, “Blood Poison of Pluto.”

“Blood Poison of Pluto?”

“Never heard of it.”

“Zhang Ruochen, did you just make up a poison? What are you up to?”

“Are you trying to cause a civil war among the clan? So that the Immortal Vampires can initiate a strike on us?”

If Zhang Ruochen did not have Ling Feiyu standing on his side, they would have caged him with a rune scroll.

They were convinced that Zhang Ruochen had bad intentions, or other ill motives.

The Saints had achieved immortality and were immune to all illness, including poisoning.

It would be horrifying if there existed an undetectable poison, one not even detectable by the Saints.

Zhang Ruochen continued, “As the name suggests, Blood Poison of Pluto is the blood of Lord Pluto, extracted and refined by him. It has no smell or taste, and is undetectable, even for the Saints.” Lord Pluto was very powerful and yet little about him was known to the public.

“Even I’ve never heard of this Blood Poison of Pluto. How did you know about this?” Wang Beilie asked.

“My mentor Sword Saint Xuanji has been poisoned before, the one that caused him to die,” Zhang Ruochen replied.

He added further, “Indeed, the Blood Poison of Pluto is capable of taking the lives of the Saints. However, the dosage used on this veteran is very minimal, and has been mixed with some kind of evil Death Qi that turned him into a blood craving monster, instead of ending his life. The blood addiction made him lose his sanity.”

Those who had had doubts about Shi Qiankun's condition were more suspicious now after listening to Zhang Ruochen's explanation. They were starting to believe him.

Bam!

Shi Ren broke the Rune Formation and rushed to Zhang Ruochen, trembling in anger, "Brother Zhang, is my father really poisoned?"

Zhang Ruochen nodded and took out a black pill from the Spatial Ring. Holding the pill with his thumb and index finger, he said, "This pill contains the Evil Death Qi, which is similar to the evil Qi in your father's body. The only thing that differs is that your father has Blood Poison of Pluto in him."

The pill held in Zhang Ruochen's hand was made of condensed Evil Death Qi.

Shi Ren took the pill, and examined it using his Spiritual Power. As expected, it was exactly the same as the one residing in his father.

Shi Ren tightened his grip around the pill, and his eyes were flaming with anger. Gush of Holy Qi was emanated from his body, and all the forefathers had to back off.

Zhang Ruochen was the closest to Shi Ren. He could feel Shi Ren's anger strongly.

His father had been framed and caged as a heartless monster for decades. Anyone in his position would not be able to take this calmly.

That aside, the anger outburst did surprise Zhang Ruochen.

The strength of the swirl they experienced was at least a Level Six Half-Saint's, and not a Level Two Half-Saint's.

Every member of the Ancient Race of the Prison Guardians was surprised too.

"The Young Clan Leader has been hiding his power all along. His cultivation should have achieved Level Six Half-Saint." The corner of Wang Beilie's lip was twitching, and his right hand clenched into a fist without him realizing. Shi Ren hid his capability well, it was not noticeable at all.

An uncomfortable silence followed.

The crowd was shifting its gaze between Wang Beilie to Shi Ren.

They all knew the only one who could stab Shi Qiankun in the back was Wang Beilie.

While the Wangs looked restless and anxious, the main suspect, Wang Beilie, remained calm.

“Must be the spy of the Immortal Vampires! They are the only ones who have access to Blood Poison of Pluto,” an elder member from the Wang Family said.

Another elder member pointed the finger of suspicion to Zhang Ruochen. “Zhang Ruochen, how did you know about the existence of the Blood Poison of Pluto? And the pill filled with Evil Death Qi, where did you get it? You owe us an explanation.”

It was understandable why Zhang Ruochen would learn about Blood Poison of Pluto, considering the fact that Sword Saint Xuanji had been poisoned before. But what about the pill of Evil Death Qi?

“This is ridiculous! Why should I explain to you?”

“After knowing the previous Young Clan Leader has been poisoned, rather than finding the solution, your focus is in fact on defending someone else? Is this going to be meaningful? The reason the once mighty Guardians of the Prison fell was all of you,” Zhang Ruochen snorted.

Zhang Ruochen was clearly pointing the finger at the current Clan Leader, Wang Beilie.

Wang Beilie was of course, extremely furious. He wished he could crush Zhang Ruochen into mush.

He knew he could never do it. His impulsive acts would prove him guilty.

His influence had not extended to the entire tribe yet.

Ling Feiyu casted a side glance at Zhang Ruochen, her eyes flickering in curiosity. She thought: “He must have plucked up

courage to insult a Sword Saint when he's only a Level One Half-Saint. He must have underestimated Wang Beilie."

Nevertheless, she admired Zhang Ruochen's righteous character, because she had one herself.

Suddenly, Shi Ren knelt on one knee and said, "Brother Zhang, since you know about the Blood Poison of Pluto and Evil Death Qi, you must know about the remedy as well. Please, save my father. We, the Shi Family, will be forever grateful."

All the other monks from Shi Family knelt on one knee as well.

Zhang Ruochen helped Shi Ren up from the ground and said, "Brother Shi, save the courtesy. I do have some remedies, but I'm not 100% sure of the effectiveness. But I will try."

Having listened to the promise Zhang Ruochen made, Shi Ren and the rest of the Shi Family were ecstatic.

"Doesn't matter if the remedy works. One way or another, our family owes you a huge favor. From now on, I shall fulfil any request of yours full heartedly," Shi Ren told Zhang Ruochen firmly.

Chapter 911 - Eve of the War

Translator:

Larbre Studio

Editor:

Larbre Studio

Everyone knew that Shi Ren's father had achieved the Saint cultivation. If he regained his sanity after the toxin had been extracted, he would be the backbone of the Shi Family.

When it happened, Wang Beilie would be resigning from his position as the Clan Leader.

Wang Beilie's eyes were icy cold. If it was not for Ling Feiyu who was standing by his side, he would have snapped Zhang Ruochen's neck in seconds.

Suddenly, a human-like figure rushed in from afar. He landed upon the ground with a deafening sound, leaving a dent on the spot he was standing.

He was in ignited black armour embedded with seventy two rune scrolls made of jade, which fuelled the flame around his body in green.

The armour was the Blue Fire Rune Armour, which only the Blue Fire Ghost Army, who guarded the Underground Spirit Prison, had possession of.

The soldier was Feng Ying, one of the four wardens of the Blue Fire Ghost Army. His cultivation or status was nowhere below Wang Beilie's.

The flame surrounding Feng Ying's body grew stronger, heating up the area around. He asked coldly, "Clan Leader, you should explain yourself."

Wang Beilie frowned and answered, "What happened?"

The four wardens had always stood their ground at the Underground Spirit Prison. In fact, they were in hibernation

mode most of the time, and rarely came up to the ground.

When one of the wardens did come to the ground, it meant something serious had happened.

Feng Ying replied, “Not long ago, two men made their way into the Underground Spirit Prison with your Clan Leader token. They released all the felons from the first to third levels, causing major damage.”

“Fortunately, I have woken up from my hibernation and captured most of them back to the dungeon. Or else...”

Wang Beilie looked up and thought for a moment, and then bellowed, “Must be my treacherous son who stole my token... No, he wouldn't dare to do anything like this. There has to be someone telling him to do this.”

In a split second, a figure appeared in Wang Beilie's mind.

It was his seventeenth brother, Wang Jinsuo.

Wang Jinsuo was the one who delivered the Blood Pill of Death, that was made of the Blood Poison of Pluto and Evil Death Qi, to him.

At that time Wang Beilie did not know about the Blood Poison of Pluto, but only the aftermath of the Blood Pill of Death on Shi Qiankun, whose insanity would strengthen his position as the Clan Leader.

Now that Wang Beilie knew about the pill Wang Jinsuo gave him was made of the Blood Poison of Pluto, he knew Wang Jinsuo was the spy from the Immortal Vampires.

“How dare he make use of me!” Wang Beilie yelled to himself in anger.

...

Meanwhile, Wang Jinsuo and Xiang Zhengfeng had escaped from the mansion of the Ancient Race of Prison Guardians. They fled into the woods and rested at the riverbank of a black icy river.

“Thank god we made it through, I thought I would die In the Underground Spirit Prison.”

Xiang Zhengfeng let out a long sigh, then thanked Wang Jinsuo with his fists cupped. “Thank you uncle for the help.”

“It’s no big deal. I was following the Blood Emperor’s order to keep you safe. Unfortunately, the identity I have been using in the Ancient Race of Prison Guardians for hundreds of years can’t be used anymore.”

Wang Jinsuo’s eyes turned blood red. His ten fingernails elongated into silver claws.

Wang Jinsuo stared at his own claws and smirked. “I did find out a lot of secrets in the Pluto Sword Tomb. This is worth it even though my cover has been blown.”

Xiang Zhengfeng gritted his teeth. His handsome face turned ferocious and his voice was icy and raspy. “It was all because of that Zhang Ruochen. I would not have been exposed if it wasn’t for him. I wonder if the monster has killed him?”

“Zhang Ruochen is a nobody, it is Ling Feiyu who is the threat. But of course, it doesn’t matter anymore. In ten days’ time, the Ancient Race of Prison Guardians and Immortal Vampires will be at war. By that time, they will both be dead.” Wang Jinsuo laughed mercilessly.

Later, Wang Jie, who was in Xiang Zhengfeng’s grip, mumbled something indicating he was awake.

So Xiang Zhengfeng threw Wang Jie on the ground.

Wang Jinsuo casted a side glance at Wang Jie. “He is no longer valuable now, get rid of him. But his cultivation is at Level Five Half Saint. His blood should taste delicious. Hehehe.”

“Uncle, Brother Xiang, so you guys are the spies from the Immortal Vampires. How is this happening? Is Zhang Ruochen innocent?”

Wang Jie trembled in fear when he saw the true form of the two Immortal Vampires. He could not speak properly with his lips chattering.

Xiang Zhengfeng lowered his body and slapped Wang Jie in the face. He smiled wickedly. “You are just as dumb as your father. Arrogant idiots. It is a blessing to all Immortal

Vampires that you and your father are in charge of the Ancient Race of Prison Guardians.”

“Pfft!”

Xiang Zhengfeng’s fangs were growing in his mouth. His throat was filled with the scent of blood.

“Don’t kill me, I can still help with whatever the Immortal Vampires are up to! I know all the secrets of the Pluto Sword Tomb. Trust me...Trust me, I can help!”

Wang Jie knelt in front of him, licking Xiang Zhengfeng’s shoe and begging for his life.

Wang Jie’s fear made him say yes to anything in order to live.

“Is that so?”

Xiang Zhengfeng shut his mouth and turned back to his handsome face again. He patted Wang Jie’s head and said, “You are the son of the Clan Leader after all. You do have some worth. Since you behave well, stay by my side and be my slave.”

Xiang Zhengfeng looked at Wang Jinsuo, “Uncle, it isn’t that bad to keep a Level Five Half Saint human slave!”

“Anything to please the prince. Let’s go! We should head back.”

Moments later, Wang Jinsuo and Xiang Zhengfeng spread their silver wings and flew into the night with Wang Jie.

...

The Underground Spirit Prison was in operation after the commotion caused from the Pluto Sword Tomb. By the second day, everything went back to normal.

The Shi Family House was spacious. There was a pond in the yard. Its water established a sense of reflection, and increased the spiritual vitality in the house.

Along the bank of the pond, Shi Qiankun lay on an ice bed, awake.

Previously, Zhang Ruochen had used the Divine Sky-Connecting Tree to cleanse the evil Qi in his body. This had helped him to regain his consciousness.

However, Zhang Ruochen had no clue how to get rid of the Blood Poison of Pluto in his body.

Even though Shi Qiankun was conscious, he had to suppress the poison in his body using his Holy Qi, which made him no different than an ordinary mortal.

“I have tried my best. You will need to figure a way to dilute the Blood Poison of Pluto in Senior Shi,” said Zhang Ruochen.

Shi Ren smiled gratefully at him. “Thanks.”

Then, Shi Ren helped his father up. They were conversing about something.

Zhang Ruochen had walked away from them, stretching lazily. It was pleasant to be of help.

After a while, Shi Ren walked towards Zhang Ruochen and bowed. “Thank you again Brother Zhang.”

Zhang Ruochen shook his hand and said, “No big deal, how’s your father doing? Better?”

Shi Ren answered, “My father had great cultivation, to resist the Blood Poison of Pluto. Yet the poison is too stubborn. I’m afraid that only a Saint could refine it. After we defeat the Immortal Vampires, I’m planning to take my father to the Mythical Fairy Realm on the Martial God Mountain. Martial Lord Wu and my grandfather were friends. He might cure my father.”

Zhang Ruochen asked, “How long until the war?”

“The preparations are complete. I’m thinking within the next two days. Other than the troops from the ministry, the four sects, Earth God Temple and Martial Market Bank will provide military aid as well.”

Shi Ren explained to Zhang Ruochen while walking.

“According to the Ministry, the Immortal Vampires’ hideout spans across the twelve ridges located in eight cities of the

Central Yuan County. The Shi Family is in charge of eliminating the Immortal Vampires in Golden Sparrow City.”

“Golden Sparrow City is an ancient city with a population of forty thousand, yet they have all been killed by the Immortal Vampires. The monks in the city were either turned into blood slaves or dried corpses.”

“As of now, there are seven thousand elites of the Immortal Vampires based in Golden Sparrow City. It will be difficult to take all of them down, and this will take a toll on our clan,” Shi Ren sighed.

Zhang Ruochen thought carefully and said, “Since everyone will be away for the war, what if the Immortal Vampires have a plan to ambush the Pluto Sword Tomb? Won’t that be very dangerous?”

Shi Ren smiled, “This, you do not need to worry about. Pluto Sword Tomb has its mystical powers to withhold Lord Pluto, so it wouldn’t be easy for the Immortal Vampires.”

“Besides, the Clan Leader and Sword Saint Feiyu will stay in here to ensure the safety.”

Although Zhang Ruochen didn’t trust the Clan Leader, he trusted Ling Feiyu.

With her guarding the Pluto Sword Tomb, anyone barging in would be dead for sure, unless it was the Blood Emperor.

Zhang Ruochen pressed his lips and said, “Since Sword Saint Feiyu is here to guard the sword tomb, I would like to join your forces against the Immortal Vampires in Golden Sparrow County.”

Chapter 912 - Army at The Gate

Translator:

Larbre Studio

Editor:

Larbre Studio

“Brother Zhang, if you are willing to join our forces to defeat the Immortal Vampires, ten thousand lives of the Shi Family will be saved.”

Shi Ren was touched and happy to hear that Zhang Ruochen was willing to fight against the Immortal Vampires alongside the Shi Family.

A friend in need is a friend indeed.

While Zhang Ruochen was not as strong as a Level Seven Half-Saint, he could kill the immortal vampires that the Level Seven Half-Saint missed out on.

For instance, a Level One Half-Saint from the Immortal Vampires knew he would never defeat a Level Seven Half-Saint from the human race. Thus, he would escape the battle using a royal decree.

Once having escaped, the damage he could cause to the surrounding cities would be beyond imaginable. Thousands of mortals could die.

However, things would end up differently for Zhang Ruochen.

Not only did he have the Shooting Star Invisible Cloak, which allowed him to launch a sneak attack on the Immortal Vampires, but he could also stop the Immortal Vampires from escaping with his Spatial Power.

On the battlefield, Zhang Ruochen would be more useful as compared to a Level Seven Half-Saint, or even a Level Nine.

Shi Ren frowned for a moment, then whispered to Zhang Ruochen, “Brother Zhang, I am extremely grateful that you have volunteered to help. But you must be extra cautious. Other than the monks from the Shi Family, the troops from the Elephant King will be there as well.”

“The Kings from the Ministry might play dirty to get their hands on you, the moment they learn about your presence at the Golden Sparrow City.”

“I will disguise myself as someone else during the battle, and my main target will be the half saints of the Immortal Vampires. Revealing myself will be the last resort,” said Zhang Ruochen.

“Haha! With the help of Brother Zhang, the half-saints of the Immortal Vampires in Golden Sparrow City will be having a hard time,” Shi Ren guffawed with delight.

The Immortal Vampires fed on blood for sustenance. Human was equivalent to a pig, dog, cattle, sheep or other livestock to them, and the life purpose of an Immortal Vampire was to annihilate humanity.

Zhang Ruochen had never liked the Immortal Vampires. More people will be able to live just by killing one Immortal Vampire.

That very night, soldiers of the Shi Family gathered at the tent outside the Shi Family’s mansion.

Zhang Ruochen was on the rooftop of a building near the pond, overlooking the military tent.

There were about a hundred thousand soldiers from the Way of Sword. Each of them was an elite of the Shi Family’s private army.

Above the tent, a rainbow streaked across the sky, making the clouds glow against the twilight.

From afar, it looked like a cascading rainbow fall, absolutely breathtaking.

“Indeed, this is an ancient race that has existed since the medieval times. The private army the family owns is sufficient

to take over the thirty-six counties in the Yuan Mansion. There may be more inherent yet hidden forces.”

Zhang Ruochen shifted his sight to the other smaller tent. The region it occupied was smaller compared to the military one.

The smaller tent contained only rune masters, who were the immediate family members of the Shi Family.

After all, rune mastery was the skillset the Shi Family was known for.

In Kunlun’s field, monks of each sect of every Way were required to learn about runes. But the rune masters of the Shi Family were among the top five in rune mastery.

Zhang Ruochen used his Spiritual Power to spy on the tent the rune masters were in.

The moment his spirit was near the tent, the other rune masters with strong Spiritual Power had already noticed his presence.

To avoid misunderstanding, he retracted his Spiritual Power.

“Seems like the Ancient Race of Prison Guardian is serious about the war against the Immortal Vampires.”

Rather than checking on the Shi Family, Zhang Ruochen decided to continue practicing the sixth move of the Emperor Ming Nine-sky Scripture on the rooftop.

When his cultivation was stronger, the success rate of him advancing to Level Two Half-Saint after consuming the Divine Origin Pill would be higher.

The next day, the Shi, Wang and Shen Family departed from the Pluto Sword Tomb along with their neatly aligned troops; some were riding on the war beasts, and the others were on the battleships provided by the Ministry. The scale of the formation was incredible.

Zhang Ruochen carried the Taotian Sword on his back. He was riding on Elephant-swallowing Rabbit and following at the back of the troops. Off he went to the Golden Sparrow City.

The fact that Xiang Zhengfeng escaped the Underground Spirit Prison had confirmed his identity as the spy of the Immortal

Vampires.

His escape had also proven Zhang Ruochen's innocence. Therefore, Ling Feiyu returned the Taotian Sword to him.

"Master Zhang, I have refined all of the Half-Saint Light you gave me, and now I am close to achieving Level Five Half-Saint. Could you give me more?"

Elephant-swallowing Rabbit licked its lips while running at the fastest speed it could.

For the past few days, Elephant-swallowing Rabbit and Monster Ape had been cultivating in the Scroll World with the Half-Saint Light Zhang Ruochen obtained from the half-saints he defeated.

Needless to say, their strengths had improved by leaps and bounds.

"I have given you all of my collection. Nothing's left now. Take this war as the opportunity. The more Immortal Vampires of Half-Saint level you kill, the more Half-Saint Light you get to collect," Zhang Ruochen replied.

Refining the Half-Saint Light was the catalyst to becoming a half-saint. It was similar to taking the cultivation of others and converting to your own.

However, there could be adverse effects when a human monk tried to refine the Half-Saint Light.

Thus, Zhang Ruochen chose to refine the Divine Blood, which was also beneficial to advancing his cultivation level but helped to strengthen his body. Though the process could take longer than refining the Half-Saint Light, it was more stable and had less side effects.

On the other hand, refining the Half-Saint Light had no adverse effect on the beasts.

That was why many Saints who practiced the Evil Way loved hunting the Half-Saints and fed their Half-Saint Light to their war beasts and beast pets.

Zhang Ruochen had the same intention as the Saints by feeding the Elephant-swallowing Rabbit and Monster Ape

with the Half-Saint Light.

After all, extra effort would be needed to fight against two beasts.

The increase in strength of the two beasts would elevate Zhang Ruochen's overall combat power.

As the troops got closer to the Golden Sparrow City, Zhang Ruochen could see the city walls from the hillside.

The Shi Family's hundred thousand troops surrounded the city on their war beasts within a short while, with their war flags fluttering in the wind.

Two stacks of black metal in the shape of a battleship were hovering above the troops, casting two giant shadows onto the ground.

The two battleships of Half-Saint level were restricted weapons, which would only be used during desperate times.

In order to kill all of the Immortal Vampires at once, the Ministry had employed seven battleships of Half-Saint level, and two of them were under the command of the Shi Family.

Chapter 913 - The Second Prince of the Immortal Vampires

Translator:

Larbre Studio

Editor:

Larbre Studio

Above the battleship, a black sword was fired into the sky.

Swoosh.

The three-foot-long divine sword turned into a three-hundred-meter long black dragon, drifting down towards the Golden Sparrow City.

There was an enormous boost in energy as the dragon appeared, resonating with the fighting spirit of the soldiers.

The divine sword was one of the deadly weapons that was on the Thousand-pattern Saint Weapon List, namely the Xuan Dragon Sword. It belonged to the ancestor of the Shi Family, Shi Yuncong, whose cultivation had achieved the Saint level.

Many years ago, Shi Yuncong activated the Destruction of the Thousand-patterns spell on Xuan Dragon Sword and split a mountain in half.

The sword collided with the protective spell around the Golden Sparrow City in a deafening explosion, creating a blast wave so great that the earth was shaking.

As the Shi Family's soldiers were attacking the city wall, Zhang Ruochen rode to a hillside near the Golden Sparrow City.

He was patrolling the surrounding areas to check on traces of an ambush. The Immortal Vampires could have been warned

and traps could have been set up to hinder the Shi Family's troops from advancing.

If they counterattacked with a force hidden behind the hill, the planned attack of the Shi Family's forces could turn into a rout.

"Master Zhang, why did you stop all of a sudden?" asked the Elephant-swallowing Rabbit.

Zhang Ruochen stared at a hut near the hillside and murmured, "That looks suspicious."

He then scanned through the hut again with his Heavenly Eye that was on his forehead.

The hut seemed quiet, unnaturally so.

Elephant-swallowing Rabbit replied, "I don't see anything unusual? The monks who lived in the hut are dead, no one's alive."

Zhang Ruochen studied the surrounding terrain carefully, then jumped off the back of the elephant. "Let's enter and have a look," he suggested.

He thought, if I were the commander-in-chief of the Immortal Vampires who was defending the city, the moment I learned about the attack from the Ancient Race of Prison Guardians, there would only be two options:

One, to flee the city in split forces. This would prevent the Shi Family's forces from wiping the troops out all at once.

Two, to station a strong force hidden outside the gate to sandwich the opponent by attacking both flanks simultaneously.

The large-scale siege of the Golden Sparrow City might have alerted the Immortal Vampires, despite the Shi Family having carried out thorough preparation and careful execution of the plan.

And since the Immortal Vampires in the city had not escaped, they had most likely chosen the latter option.

After the study on the surrounding terrain, Zhang Ruochen concluded that the hillside would be the perfect hideout spot, if the Immortal Vampires did plan an ambush.

There were multiple dead bodies scattered along the stairway leading to the hut. Their blood was drained completely, leaving only the withered skin and bones behind, even the children's.

Zhang Ruochen stepped up the stairs.

His blood boiled as he glanced around. As angry as he could be, he remained cautious with each step that he took.

“Master Zhang, why are you being so cautious? This is an abandoned hut, no one's here at all. Could it be the Immortal Vampires are hiding in there?”

Without having a second thought, the Elephant-swallowing Rabbit rushed into the hut as a ball of red light.

“Be careful...”

Zhang Ruochen shook his head, then quickened his pace to keep up.

The moment he took a step forward into the hut, he sensed danger. An incoming murderous energy was thrusting towards him from the opposite direction.

Yet, Zhang Ruochen could merely feel the vibrating Holy Qi. There was no sight of the attacker.

“Hallucination spell.”

Zhang Ruochen was taken aback, and rushed toward the door.

If the hut was cloaked in the Hallucination Spell, it would only mean one thing: there was an ambush. He had to escape from there and inform the Shi Family about the ambush.

The murderous energy was ahead of him. It became a fog, enveloping Zhang Ruochen within a blood cloud, attempting to stop him from leaving the hut.

Amidst the fog, a razor-sharp claw emerged, snapping for his throat from the back.

“Nine Nine to One.”

The Abyss Ancient Sword flew out from his back, leaping into the air. As it sprung out, nine rays of lightning streaked out in nine different ways.

Then, the horrific sound of someone being stabbed was heard, followed by a scene where blood flowed out from the ceiling.

Two of the Immortal Vampires fell off, lying weltering in their blood.

Zhang Ruochen drew the Abyss Ancient Sword back and plunged it into the ground. Suddenly, hundreds of Sword Qi bolts whistled out of the darkness, and coalesced into a Sword Qi territory, encircling Zhang Ruochen.

His Spiritual Power was not strong enough for him to see past the Hallucination Spell. It wouldn't be an easy task for him to escape captivity from the Sword Qi territory.

The more difficult the situation got, the more reason for him to remain calm.

Had he tried to escape blindly without any plan, he'd have been dead already.

“Such a powerful spell to have shielded the whole hut, and to have gone unnoticed, even by the senses of the Shi Family's forefathers who had achieved the saint level. Seems like there are powerful Immortal Vampires not known to the others,” Zhang Ruochen commented.

Someone clapped.

Thereafter, a shrill evil voice spoke. “Indeed, the one who could remain unperturbed and tranquil in the face of death is none other than the Taotian Sword Keeper. I am impressed.”

A figure image flickered, and then the Second Prince of the Immortal Vampires appeared outside the entrance of the hut, standing upright. He had the cold and unapproachable temperament of a royal.

Zhang Ruochen squinted his eyes at the prince, and his eyes soon widened. “Are you Xiang Zhengfeng?”

While Xiang Zhengfeng's appearance had had a drastic change, his Sword Intent and temperament had not changed a single bit.

The Second Prince of the Immortal Vampires replied with his lips curved upward, "It's no wonder you could see through the Hallucination Spell. Your eyesight is unparalleled to the others."

Wang Jie then walked out from the other side of the hut and bowed to the Second Prince of the Immortal Vampires with his hands folded, and eyes attentively directed towards the prince. That was the look of a servant rendering absolute obedience to his master.

As he turned to Zhang Ruochen, the look changed. He snorted, "Zhang Ruochen, why didn't you bow? The Prince could have spared you if you did."

Zhang Ruochen rested his hand on the hilt of his sword, then replied without looking at Wang Jie, "Hmm, the Second Prince of the Immortal Vampires. A noble, apparently."

Wang Jie was infuriated by Zhang Ruochen for blatantly ignoring his existence. "Zhang Ruochen, did you really think you are incredibly smart for noticing the Hallucination Spell? You are in fact the dumbest. You've fallen into the trap, and it's only a matter of time before you surrender," he spoke through gritted teeth.

"Is the servant allowed to speak when the masters are talking?"

Zhang Ruochen despised Wang Jie, and he took no pains to conceal his sentiments.

After all, Wang Jie was the son of the Clan Leader, a future leader that the Ancient Race of Prison Guardians looked up to. Yet he turned against his own clan and became the servant of the Immortal Vampires' Second Prince. His betrayal was worse than the Immortal Vampires, who had always been the open enemy.

Wang Jie was infuriated by Zhang Ruochen's reply, he snapped, "Zhang Ruochen, let's settle the grudges between us

once and for all, today!”

He started channeling his Holy Qi and gathered it on his palms.

The Holy Qi then shaped into two ivory swords, giving out a fiery bright light. Only the finest divine weapon could give out such blazing light.

Chapter 914 - The Critical Situation

Translator:

Larbre Studio

Editor:

Larbre Studio

To be seen and respected as the next Clan Leader of the Ancient Race of Prison Guardians, Wang Jie must have possessed extraordinary ability. His body was the White Bone Saint Body which could adapt to all battles at any realm.

The nature of his body allowed him to refine any metal which would be beneficial to strengthening his body.

Both the White Bone Divine Swords on his palms were forged using the Enchanted Gold, Mithril, Darksteel and many other rare metals.

An explosive Sword Intent surged through Zhang Ruochen's body and swallowed up Wang Jie.

The two swords Wang Jie were holding jerked, as if trying to be released from his grips and flew over to Zhang Ruochen.

“What's happening? Is Zhang Ruochen close to becoming a Sword Saint? No, that's not possible.”

Only a Sword Saint's Sword Intent had the ability to control the opponent's Divine Sword, and win it over for his own usage.

While Zhang Ruochen's Sword Intent was not as strong as a Sword Saint, there was significant progression indeed.

It's only a matter of time for him to achieve the Saint level.

“You can't defeat me, why waste your time and energy?” said Zhang Ruochen.

“Zhang Ruochen, I know you are very powerful. But you are only a Level One Half-Saint, and I am a Level Five Half-Saint. Our difference ain’t that much.”

Wang Jie channeled his Holy Qi to regain control on his pair of Divine Swords, then performed the Sword Two.

The attack created two opposing forces, the fire and the ice, splitting the whole hut into two extremes.

Wang Jie’s strength was equivalent to Feng Qin’s.

He could have been the rival of Zhang Ruochen a month ago. But not anymore.

Zhang Ruochen shook his head lightly, then charged toward Wang Jie using the Luan Phoenix Deity Print Speed.

The hut was filled with scintillating light from the sword. When it flickered, the Abyss Ancient Sword had already been pushed through Wang Jie’s chest.

The attack might seem simple and straightforward, yet it was one of the moves in the Nine-Life Sword Technique, called the Green Sea Blue Sky move. Not only did it contain enormous energy, but it was also unpredictable to the rival.

The strength of the Sword Two technique Wang Jie performed was nowhere near Zhang Ruochen’s attack.

“This is ... the Nine-Life Sword Technique ...”

Wang Jie widened his eyes in disbelief. Never once did he expect Zhang Ruochen to have mastered the Nine-Life Sword Technique.

He went from being defensive to attacking Zhang Ruochen with the Sword Defending Technique by hurling his Divine Swords Duo forward.

The pair of Divine Swords flew in separate ways to avoid parrying the Abyss Ancient Sword, and went straight to attacking Zhang Ruochen from both sides.

Meanwhile, Wang Jie took out two rune scrolls and held them tightly in his palms.

The two rune scrolls exploded into ripples of energy which kept branching off into new layers. Eventually, nine layers of energy walls were formed.

Bam!

The Abyss Ancient Sword ruptured the first layer of the energy wall, then the second, followed by the third ...

It finally halted at the eighth layer, but kept its tip up against the last two layers of defense.

At the same time, the pair of Divine Swords were thrusting toward Zhang Ruochen at full speed.

He must stand away to avoid the fatal stab.

Wang Jie smiled smugly. He knew if Zhang Ruochen swayed away, he could launch another attack repeatedly.

He would be gaining the upper hand in the battle.

The Second Prince of the Immortal Vampires watched from aside, nodding in satisfaction, and muttering to himself, "Wang Jie is rather talented. His achievement in sword techniques is indeed outstanding."

However, what the Second Prince of the Immortal Vampires and Wang Jie never anticipated was, Zhang Ruochen took a step forward and pushed the Abyss Ancient Sword forward, rather than dodging Wang Jie's attack.

The Abyss Ancient Sword penetrated through the remaining two layers of the energy wall, and went right into Wang Jie's chest and ripped through his back, leaving a neat diamond-shaped hole.

At the same time, the pair of Divine Swords went through Zhang Ruochen from each side of his body.

To everyone's surprise, Zhang Ruochen faded away and disappeared, as though he was only a vision.

Indeed, it was true. The real Zhang Ruochen was already on his way to escape the hillside, for he had performed the Spatial Move before anyone noticed.

"Zhang ... Zhang Ruochen ... I cannot ... accept this ..."

Wang Jie stared at the puncture wound in his chest, trembling. Hardly able to walk, he took a few steps back and then fell to his back, and at last no more signs of life appeared.

The Elephant-swallowing Rabbit sprinted to the body, then ripped off his lower abdomen, devouring the Half-Saint Light down in a loud, slurping gulp.

“How dare you rob away the Half-Saint Light in front of me!”

The Second Prince of the Immortal Vampires’ face turned gloomy, and within a split second, he was already standing by Wang Jie’s body. His claws were stretched out to grab the rabbit’s neck.

However, the rabbit’s speed was faster than his. It avoided his fatal claws in a flash, then ran towards the exit, catching up with Zhang Ruochen.

“That was fast.”

The prince stared at his palm, astonished at the rabbit’s speed. Then, he waved at the entrance of the hut, and commanded in his deep voice, “Stop them! Do not let them leave the hillside.” The Hallucination Spell that was cloaking the hillside twisted a little.

More than ten Immortal Vampires revealed themselves, extending their massive wings and flying toward the exit in a swarm, cornering their targets from all sides.

“Spatial Break!”

Zhang Ruochen pointed in front of him.

Without any warning, the space above the Immortal Vampires formed shattered cracked lines.

Following that, the space caved in and collapsed, swallowing all of the Immortal Vampires, shredding them into a bloody mess.

Those Immortal Vampires who died were some of the stronger, if not strongest among the clan. One of them was even a Level Six Half-Saint.

Zhang Ruochen landed on the back of the Elephant-swallowing Rabbit. He was performing the Sword Defending Technique using both the Abyss Ancient Sword and the Taotian Sword, launching repeated attacks on the remaining Immortal Vampires who were after them.

“Eye of the Deity Print.”

Zhang Ruochen activated the Eye with his Holy Qi.

With the help of the deity print, Zhang Ruochen found the cloaked exit of the hillside, and said immediately, “Guoguo, the exit is on your left. Head over there at your fastest speed!”

The Rabbit knew how unfavorable the situation would be if they continued to be trapped in the hillside. It had to sprint to the exit.

Its current speed was on par with a Level Nine Half-Saint.

“Don’t worry, Master Zhang, we will get there at the count of three.” The Rabbit’s four limbs were on fire, and its eyes were like two glowing orbs.

Within a short while, more than twenty Immortal Vampires had been killed, all because of Zhang Ruochen. Blood flowed like a river in the area where the bodies lay.

Those Immortal Vampires hidden at the hillside were the elites specially chosen to be part of the ambushing troop. Their cultivations were at least of the Seventh Change of the Fish Dragon Realm.

Each of their deaths was a huge loss to the Immortal Vampires.

A piercing loud whistle was heard. It was the Prince blowing away his Blood Qi in a mighty torrent pouring toward Zhang Ruochen,

The rush of the torrent was close to catching up with Zhang Ruochen and the Elephant-swallowing Rabbit.

“Zhang Ruochen, where else do you want to escape to?”

The Prince’s voice echoed through the stream of Blood Qi, and the resonance of his roar coalesced into a beast.

The beast was covered with scales with tusks protruding past its jaw, looking similar to an ancient beast called Suanni.

Zhang Ruochen lifted his head to have a better look at the humungous beast, and was very surprised. He thought: It's amazing that he has cultivated the Suanni's Saint Soul into a Battle Soul!

A huge paw with extended claws hovered over Zhang Ruochen, and it was about to grasp him along with the Rabbit.

The Second Prince had achieved Level Six in his half-saint's cultivation. His strong body, coupled with the Suanni's Battle Soul, was unbeatable, even for a Level Seven, or Eight Half-Saint.

Under this situation, it would do more harm than good if Zhang Ruochen was to challenge him.

“Spatial Twist!”

Zhang Ruochen clapped his hands. The surrounding space was twisted and severely bent.

The paw that was initially above him had missed its target, and landed on his right instead.

Of course, the paw landed with a deafening crash, and the ground beneath it cracked.

Zhang Ruochen remained on the back of the Elephant-swallowing Rabbit. He took out a black pill and hurled it straight at the Second Prince who was on the chase.

The black pill exploded in midair, releasing tons of the highly toxic Evil Death Qi into the air.

The Second Prince of the Immortal Vampires knew about the consequence of inhaling the Evil Death Qi. His facial expression changed while thrusting a palm strike forward, and he bounced off the strong contact between the palm and the Evil Death Qi.

But things were less fortunate for the other Immortal Vampires. They were consumed by the Evil Death Qi, and then a series of blood curdling screams were heard.

By this time, Zhang Ruochen and the Rabbit had already exited the boundary where the Hallucination Spell was casted.

“Damn you.”

The Second Prince stomped his foot, then yelled, “Zhang Ruochen has escaped! We cannot wait any longer. This is the moment. March toward the army of the Ancient Race of Prison Guardians and take down at least thirty thousand soldiers before they realize there is an ambush!”

The Hallucination Spell soon faded away, and thousands of the Immortal Vampires appeared at the front of the hut. Some were standing, some were crouching on the roof, and some were hanging on the trees.

Following the command of the Second Prince, the Immortal Vampires extended their wings and flew toward the Golden Sparrow City.

Chapter 915 - Nine Town

Destructive Sacred Rune

Translator:

Larbre Studio

Editor:

Larbre Studio

Riding on the back of the Elephant-swallowing Rabbit, Zhang Ruochen turned around and saw that the hillside had been completely filled with blood fog. Amidst the fog were vague images of long pointed teeth and sharp claws.

There were also faint shadows of winged human figures flying in the blood fog.

“Oh no, the Immortal Vampires are launching their attacks on the Shi Family’s troops.” The sight darkened Zhang Ruochen’s gaze.

In the meantime, a few miles from where Zhang Ruochen was, the Shi Family’s soldiers were attempting to break through the defense lines of the Golden Sparrow City. Only a few of the forefathers of half-saint level sensed the incoming threat from behind.

However, the incoming Immortal Vampires were the cream of the crop in their clan. They could easily make it to the outer ring of the city at the speed of multiple or even ten times faster.

By the time the leaders of the Shi Family’s troops reacted and restored the battle position, many of the soldiers would have been slaughtered already.

Zhang Ruochen looked determined, then said firmly, “Stall the attack.”

The Elephant-swallowing Rabbit widened its already big eyes, looking extremely surprised while refining the Half-Saint

Light it took earlier. “Are you crazy, Master Zhang? The combined power of the Immortal Vampires is beyond our ability. This is a suicide mission — no, two suicide missions.”

“If we help them, the death toll of the Shi Family’s soldiers will be reduced.”

Zhang Ruochen pressed against the head of the Rabbit with one hand to flip himself over, facing the thunderhead-like blood fog. “Abyss,” he summoned.

The Abyss Ancient Sword then flew up from his back and hovered above his head, emitting a dark colored light.

As Zhang Ruochen continued to channel his Holy Qi into the sword, the light it was emitting grew darker and colder.

The dark light soon spread out, covering the entire area between the hillside and the city, as if darkness had taken over daylight.

The sword spirit of the Abyss Ancient Sword appeared – a man with a pair of black wings.

The activation of the Destruction of the Thousand-pattern released an enormous energy, and everyone shuddered.

“Zhang Ruochen is activating the Thousand-Pattern Saint Weapon. Attack him before he makes it!” The Second Prince of the Immortal Vampires commanded in his cold voice.

Following that, fifteen Immortal Vampires of half-saint level each activated a saint weapon; there were huge swords of several meters long, blood red wheels, and dragon whips used to tame the dragons.

The fifteen saint weapons glowed in the dark, then soared through the sky like shooting stars, aiming at Zhang Ruochen.

“Green Sea Blue Sky.” While Zhang Ruochen continued to launch the destructive pattern using the Abyss Ancient Sword, he swung the sword through the Immortal Vampires with the Nine-Life Sword Technique, and a long trail of Sword Qi was left behind the blade.

The Abyss Ancient Sword had been upgraded to be the Thousand-pattern Saint Weapon. Those saint weapons of a

hundred-pattern wielded by the Immortal Vampires could never withstand the blow of a thousand-pattern.

Bam.

All fifteen weapons were blown apart, and the sky was a chaos of mixing energies falling apart.

And the blood fog was fed by influxes of the Sword Qi.

Then, screams of dying troops were heard, followed by a few hundred bodies raining down on the ground. Three of them were corpses of the half-saints.

The Elephant-swallowing Rabbit's eyes flashed as soon as it saw the three bodies, and dashed toward the direction where they fell off.

Three dead half-saints meant three Half-Saint Lights.

“Do not go over.”

Zhang Ruochen landed behind it.

At this point in time, he was too weak to fight the others, for he had depleted his Holy Qi.

The Elephant-swallowing Rabbit could tell from his look, and managed to harness its greed by focusing on the Shi Family's needs.

That attack Zhang Ruochen launched created a huge commotion. Not only did it manage to stall the Immortal Vampires for a short while, but also attracted the Shi Family's soldiers' attention.

The Shi Family's soldiers recognized Zhang Ruochen from afar, who was riding on the Elephant-swallowing Rabbit.

“That's ... the Taotian Sword Keeper, Zhang Ruochen. He's the one who killed hundreds of the Immortal Vampires with a single strike.”

“The Immortal Vampires planned an ambush? Thankfully Zhang Ruochen discovered them before the execution. Otherwise, the Shi Family would have suffered a heavy loss.”

“I have always thought Zhang Ruochen was undercover for the Immortal Vampires. I never knew he’s the one that’s been helping the Ancient Race of Prison Guardians all along. I should be giving myself a tight awakening slap.”

“If Zhang Ruochen hadn’t been here today, we could have been dead.”

...

Shi Yuncong, the Shi Family’s forefather of the Saint level, overlooked the incoming blood fog from the battleship, and gave a roar of rage.

The intimidating roar created ripples of sound waves that soon engulfed the blood fog.

The sound wave of a saint’s roar was powerful enough to annihilate the entire Immortal Vampires’ base camp.

Amid the chaos, a huge winged figure was seen.

He was ten times larger than a typical Immortal Vampire, and had silver wings, which were at least 30 feet long when fully extended.

He burst into laughter, then gave his expansive wings a flap, creating a huge whirl of blood wind blowing against the battleship.

The sound wave and the blood wind exploded with a roar as the two distinct forces collided.

The two forces neutralized each other, but the surplus from the impact sent a blast which threw off soldiers from both sides.

Shi Yuncong stared at the huge winged figure in surprise.
“Wang Jinsuo?”

“Haha! I killed Wang Jinsuo a hundred years ago and sucked his blood dry. I am the Blood Emperor Qingtian – King Xianlan of the Immortal Vampires.”

King Xianlan let out an evil laugh.

Once again, he flapped his expansive wings once, and he was already above the battleship Shi Yuncong was at. Then, he struck a palm at the battleship.

There were two battleships that were hovering above the Golden Sparrow City. One was commanded by Shi Yuncong, and the other was commanded by a man in his mid-30s.

The middle-aged man seemed weak, as if he was ill. Yet he seemed to be a wise gentleman.

If Zhang Ruochen was on the battleship, he would have recognized the man was Shi Ren's father, Shi Qiankun.

The moment when King Xianlan struck his palm, Shi Qiankun had alertly cast a rune scroll, shooting it from his hands to the sky.

“The coexistence of Yin and Yang, and the complementary Five Elements.”

Shi Qiankun was murmuring the rune spell.

Meanwhile, there was a strong boost of Spiritual Power coming from his body. The whole battleship went into a state of chaos.

As soon as the rune scroll touched the palm mark, the two energies detonated.

The power of the rune scroll outweighed the palm's. Even King Xianlan who had achieved the saint level was affected by the impact.

His right hand was a mangled mash of flesh oozing with blood, exposing his jade-like saint bones.

“The First Town Destructive Sacred Rune!”

King Xianlan shifted his gaze to Shi Qiankun and shrieked, “Shi Qiankun, you have the courage to be here today? I know very well that you have been poisoned with Blood Poison of Pluto and the Evil Death Qi. Have you recovered from those two? They are not easy to recover from!”

Shi Qiankun remained sitting, and replied, “You seem to be well aware of the two poisons. Could it be you who poisoned me?”

Shi Qiankun had been practicing both Spiritual Power and martial arts.

Hence, he could use his Spiritual Power to cast rune spells while inhibiting the toxicity in the Blood Poison of Pluto with his Holy Qi.

As a member of the Shi Family, his cultivation as a rune spell practitioner was higher than that of a swordsman.

If he was not poisoned, he would have been the Clan Leader.

King Xianlan laughed in reply, “That’s right. I was the one who poisoned you, but under the command of Wang Beilie. He was afraid that you could be a threat to him when you achieved the saint level. Now, are you happy with my explanation?”

“Of course I am.”

Shi Qiankun took out yet another rune scroll.

He sliced his left finger on the piece of rune scroll for a small cut wound.

And then he scribbled on the rune scroll with his saint blood.

The scribbles on the rune scroll glowed, with an ever increasing brightness.

As soon as King Xianlan realized the rune scroll Shi Qiankun was holding, his facial expression changed. Immediately, he flapped his expansive wings frantically to escape.

King Xianlan had been undercover in the Ancient Race of the Prison Guardians for a century. He knew the destruction the rune scroll could cause. It was the Shi Family’s Nine Town Destruction Sacred Rune.

He was already wounded by the First Town Destructive Sacred Rune.

Using the saint blood to cast a rune spell could amplify its power to becoming the Third Town Destructive Sacred Run, where its destructive power was ten times stronger than the first.

Shi Qiankun glanced in the direction King Xianlan escaped to. Squinting his eyes, he said, “He’s fast at running away.”

“I will chase after him.”

Shi Yuncong flew off from the surface of his battleship, picked up his Xuan Dragon Sword and off he went.

Since Shi Yuncong had offered, there was no need for Shi Qiankun to cast out the Third Town Destructive Sacred Rune. Instead, he dropped the rune off at the Golden Sparrow City.

A flimsy piece of paper, yet the force it exuded was greater than the Destruction of the Thousand-pattern.

The power blasted the city's defense formation off completely.

Many of the Immortal Vampires residing in the city were killed from the blast as well, and vanished into bundles of blood fog.

“Kill all and leave none behind.”

“Kill all the Immortal Vampires in the city! Avenge those who left us!”

...

Under the leadership of Shi Ren, the Shi Family's troops were divided into a ratio of 7:3. The majority invaded the Golden Sparrow City, while the minority continued to fight against the Immortal Vampires from the outer ring of the city.

The war had finally begun.

Chapter 916 - The Run

Translator:

Larbre Studio

Editor:

Larbre Studio

Zhang Ruochen consumed a drop of the Dragon Emperor Blood the moment he took it out and started refining it. He was counting on the massive energy it contained being able to help him recover the Holy Qi he depleted.

It felt like there was a burning ball of energy in his body, fueling his worn muscles and meridian points.

“Master Zhang, how long do you need to recover?” asked the Elephant-swallowing Rabbit.

“Even with the Dragon Emperor Blood, I need six hours, at the very least.”

It was too risky for him to have activated the Destruction of the Thousand-pattern. After all, he had only achieved level one of the half-saint's.

Zhang Ruochen couldn't stop staring at the fighting soldiers. Many fell to the ground and never got back up. There was too much bloodshed.

Suddenly, a thought hit him and his tone changed. “Perhaps there is another way to quicken my recovery,” he said while gently touching the Spatial Ring which was on his finger.

The ring reflected a flash of light, and a glowing pill appeared on his palm.

It was the Divine Origin Pill that he'd bought from Ling Feiyu.

All this while, Zhang Ruochen had always thought to consume the pill when his body was at its best. Not only would the pill help to further strengthen his body, but he could also advance

to the Second Level of half-saint, killing two birds with one stone.

Now was obviously not the best timing he had always imagined.

But the two parties were fighting ferociously, and it was hard to tell who was the winning party at this point.

He had to recover at the fastest speed possible to help the Shi Family in winning the war, and to defend against the Immortal Vampires.

With the help of the Divine Origin Pill, he would be able to become a Level Two Half-Saint, and recover completely by absorbing the surrounding energy at the point of his conversion.

In addition to his recovery, his strength would increase tremendously as he evolved.

It was risky, but it was worth a try.

“Young mortal, you have ruined the Second Prince’s plan. I shall take you down and claim my reward from the Prince with you as the trophy!”

One of the generals who commanded the Immortal Vampires charged at Zhang Ruochen, with a skull-branded sword in hand.

He was a Level Three Half-Saint. Clearly, he was taking advantage of Zhang Ruochen’s vulnerability, attempting to take the credit should he succeed in capturing Zhang Ruochen.

Zhang Ruochen lifted his head and glanced at the general, then said, “Nine Electric Blade Strikes.”

A massive flow of Spiritual Power gathered in his right palm.

Seconds later, intense light flashes shot up from the ground, just beyond the horizon, within a radius of 100 miles.

He motioned his palm to send forth the lightning flashes, which turned into the shape of a sword as it approached the half-saint general. Each strike threw the half-saint general further and finally fell somewhere a few miles away.

The half-saint general felt nothing but pain and tingling in both of his arms. Looking surprised, he asked, “After performing the Destruction of Thousand-pattern, you should have exhausted your strength with your cultivation level. How could you retaliate against my attack?”

Zhang Ruochen withdrew his Spiritual Power and replied, “I can easily defeat you even though I have exhausted my Holy Qi.”

“You arrogant thing.”

The half-saint general then started making weird noises, as if sending muttering signals to his partners.

A few moments later, two Level Two Half-Saints came, each leading a team of Immortal Vampires’ soldiers of the Fish-Dragon Realm, encircling Zhang Ruochen.

“Young mortal, let’s see how arrogant you are now,” said the Level Three Half-Saint general, followed by evil laughter.

The infantry soldiers were positioned in an unusual battle formation, advancing toward Zhang Ruochen.

“Master Zhang, I’ll take care of them.”

The Elephant-swallowing Rabbit had long been waiting for this moment. Three half-saint lights lurking in front of its eyes, waiting to be snatched.

Zhang Ruochen knocked the thought from the Rabbit’s head. He said, “Your duty is to protect me. By the time I have fully recovered, you can have as many Half-Saint Lights as you want.”

He then released Monster Ape from the Universe Spiritual Map and said, “Monster Ape, take down all of them.”

At the same time, he took the Divine Origin Pill and started cultivating the Emperor Ming Nine-sky Scripture technique.

The Monster Ape had achieved Level Four of Half-Saint. Its height was more than a hundred meters, and its long hair was like a coat of sharp quills.

The moment it touched the ground, patches of black cloud scudded around, blowing up dust and rubble.

The battle formation that was formed had been thrown into disorder by the blow. Other than the three half-saint generals who remained in position, the infantry soldiers of the Immortal Vampires were throwing up blood as they recoiled from the blast.

“You shall be tamed, beast!”

A fine arc of blood red light sprung over as the Level Three Half-Saint general leapt into the air and chopped his sword at the Monster Ape with extreme force from above.

The sword the general used was a saint weapon. Yet it could barely cut the Monster Ape, leaving only a wound a few inches deep.

“How could the defense system be so strong?”

The half-saint general’s facial expression changed. He retracted his sword and channeled his Holy Qi once again, preparing to launch a second attack. But the Ape’s monstrous hand got to his body first.

Its giant fingers balled into a fist and squeezed against the general. Then, a series of cracking sounds was heard, like a firework exploding in its fist.

The Immortal Vampires’ half-saint general was crushed into a mashed flesh, and his eyeballs bulged outward due to the pressure. It was a horrific way to die.

The Monster Ape grabbed his Half-Saint Light from the mash, and threw it into its mouth.

It stared at the remaining two half-saint generals of the Immortal Vampires and let out a ferocious roar.

The two half-saint generals were stunned looking at the physical strength and powerful resistance the beast possessed. They were far beyond a Level Four Half-Saint human.

“Let’s go.”

They did not want to fight against the Monster Ape. Immediately, they extended their wings, wanting to escape. Yes, capturing Zhang Ruochen was rewarding, but there was no need to risk their lives for this.

The Monster Ape sprang from bent legs, sprinting towards the two fleeing half-saints for their Half-Saint Lights.

The Elephant-swallowing Rabbit had been wanting to advance to Level Five of Half-Saint, and so did the Monster Ape.

“It’s catching up.”

The two Immortal Vampires’ half-saint generals each took out a saint decree and spurred to the Second Prince at the speed of a saint.

“My Prince, the young mortal has a powerful beast that we both could not fight against,” said one of the generals, feeling embarrassed.

The other general who was panting and drenched in cold sweat continued, “My Mighty Prince, could you take down the beast?”

The Second Prince was calm and composed, then gave the two generals a cold glance. “Look at what you’ve got.”

Then, he said, “Leave the beast for me. Take down the other enemies. Make sure the Ancient Race of Prison Guardian’s troops never go past the city.”

After giving out his order, the Second Prince flew in the direction where the Monster Ape was, flapping his silver wings.

The Monster Ape could sense that the incoming Immortal Vampire was much stronger than the two generals. Immediately, it beat its chest several times.

And its already large body grew tall and wide, like a black mountain soaring abruptly towards the sky.

Then, a forceful fist came slamming from the sky, aiming at the Second Prince who was flying at a high speed.

“Know where you stand, beast.”

The Second Prince thrust a palm strike forward.

Following the strike, the energy coalesced to form a huge blood palm, and came in contact with the Monster Ape's fist.

Bam.

The Monster Ape was forced to step backwards from the blast, its body shaking.

"You could take my hit. That means you are stronger than an ordinary sixth grade beast."

The Second Prince channeled his Holy Qi yet again, attempting to strike another palm attack.

This time, the force was greater than the first. Even his palm was giving out flames, looking like a fiery cloud from far.

Zhang Ruochen sprung into midair from the back of the Elephant-swallowing Rabbit and landed on the left shoulder of the Monster Ape. Then, he stretched out his hand and flicked a black pill away.

The moment the Second Prince saw the black pill, his face changed. In an instant, he withdrew his palm and leapt backwards to at least a few miles away.

The black pill exploded, releasing clouds of Evil Death Qi that turned the soil beneath black.

"Leave now," Zhang Ruochen told the Monster Ape.

"Yes! You can't beat him. The Second Prince is very powerful. We might lose even if we combined our strength," said the Elephant-swallowing Rabbit who was standing on the Monster Ape's right shoulder.

White smoke coiled out of the Ape's nostrils in a huff and its majestic body turned around. With great strides, it dashed towards the woods at the front.

The Second Prince looked at the darkened soil and began to wonder, "Where did Zhang Ruochen get the Evil Death Qi? Also, he doesn't seem to be afraid of it."

Though the Second Prince was afraid of the Evil Death Qi, he knew he could not let Zhang Ruochen get away.

Zhang Ruochen was weak for now. His condition made it the perfect timing to snatch the Taotian Sword.

The Second Prince flapped his wings to create a strong gust of wind and rebounded up in the sky, then sped up in the direction where they left.

Zhang Ruochen remained standing on the Monster Ape's shoulder and divided his Spiritual Power in half. The first half was used to refine the Divine Origin Pill, the second was to keep an eye at the back. No one knew how long it would take the Second Prince to catch up.

At this point in time, he had cultivated half of the essence of the pill and regained fifty percent of his Holy Qi.

The Dragon Emperor's Blood was burning in his Saintly Meridian, fueling his body with Holy Qi and Blood Qi continuously.

"I must advance to the Second Level of Half-Saint before the Second Prince is here."

Zhang Ruochen growled as he felt his tensed muscles' increased flow of the Holy Qi.

"Zhang Ruochen, you are the Taotian Sword Keeper, as well as the successor to Sword Saint Xuanji. Why do you keep running away? We should have a duel to see whose sword skillset is better."

The Second Prince's sarcastic voice echoed through the wind, provoking Zhang Ruochen into challenging him.

Thereafter, a blood sword came flying across the sky, directed at the Monster Ape's legs.

Zhang Ruochen was never impulsive, but he knew he had to retaliate against the attack.

"Abyss."

He summoned the Abyss Ancient Sword with a powerful Sword Intent emitted from within his body to parry the incoming blood sword.

The two divine swords clashed together, emitting sparks and creating disruption of the two energies.

The blood sword was clearly nothing like a Hundred-pattern Saint Weapon. It was way more powerful as it repelled the blow from the Abyss Ancient Sword.

It sliced through the Monster Ape's right foot. Its leg fell, and blood spurted from the open wound.

The Monster Ape lost its balance and leaned forward. Its majestic body flattened a huge area of land as it fell to the ground.

Chapter 917 - Critical Figure

Translator:

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Editor:

Larbre Studio

Boom!

Zhang Ruochen rode the Elephant-swallowing Rabbit and rushed out of the collapsing mountain. He set off the dirt and pieces of rock.

He reached out and collected the Abyss Ancient Sword. Grasping it, he stared at the blood sword. His expression showed that he was facing a huge enemy.

Beside him, the Demon Ape let out a low roar. It slowly climbed up and sat on the ground.

“Demon Ape, go and recover in the scroll world.”

Zhang Ruochen pulled the Universe Spiritual Map from his Sea of Qi. He opened the scroll. The surface shone with shimmering light and absorbed the Demon Ape.

Whoosh!

The blood sword flew back and landed in the Second Prince’s hand.

The Second Prince stood dozens of miles away. He didn’t get close because he was a bit worried. Zhang Ruochen still had a pill that contained the Evil Death Qi. Once he touched the Evil Death Qi, he could be dissolved even with his cultivation and physique.

“Zhang Ruochen, if you hand over the Taotian Sword, I can consider not killing you.”

The Second Prince stood hundreds of feet above the ground. He wore blood-red armor and had a dense blood cloud under

his feet. He was like a domineering demon king.

Zhang Ruochen was miles away, but he could still smell the bloody scent radiating from him. He chuckled. “Do you think you can stop me if I want to escape?”

The Second Prince sneered. “You think that you can escape from me with Sword Saint Xuanji’s saint decree? To be honest, I have a saint decree as well. However, this one is from Blood Emperor Qingtian. No matter how powerful Sword Saint Xuanji is, can he be more powerful than Blood Emperor Qingtian?”

“Really? If Blood Emperor Qingtian is so powerful, why doesn’t he dare to go confront Empress Chi Yao in the Central Emperor City?” Zhang Ruochen retorted.

Eight hundred years ago, Blood Emperor Qingtian had been one of the top ten blood generals under the Blood Empress. At that time, he’d been a lord that ruled over the world. Known as Blood General Qingtian, he’d killed countless human Saints.

Now, 800 years had passed. Blood General Qingtian became Blood Emperor Qingtian. His cultivation must have reached a level that even a Saint could only dream about.

The Second Prince’s eyes darkened. “How long do you think the Empress can live for? Once Pluto escapes from the Underground Spirit Prison, she’ll be the first person he kills. Once the Empress dies, Kunlun’s Field will be ruled by the Immortal Vampires. All of humanity will be animals that we raise to provide us with blood. They’ll be generation after generation of slaves.”

Zhang Ruochen’s fingers tightened involuntarily around the sword hilt. “Do you really think that anyone can enter the Underground Spirit Prison? If the Immortal Vampires could rescue Pluto, he should have been able to escape 800 years ago.”

“Do you think that the current situation is the same as 800 years ago?” The Second Prince clearly thought that he definitely had control over Zhang Ruochen, so he wasn’t worried. He revealed, “The Immortal Vampires lost 800 years

ago because the Blood Empress underestimated the Six Swordsmen.”

“Who would’ve thought that the Six Swordsmen could borrow the power of their ancestors? Each Swordsman is like a dozen Sword Saints put together. The Blood Empress broke into the Pluto Sword Tomb two times, but was resisted by Emperor Ming and Emperor Qing and failed in the end.”

“Now, Emperor Ming has gone missing and Emperor Qing has retreated. Plus, after the two intense battles 800 years ago, the Immortal Vampires know how powerful the Six Swordsmen are. We’ll focus on them. We already started plotting a century ago.”

“Other than Sword Saint Xuanji, we’ve also used tactics against the five other Swordsmen. To be honest, only Ling Feiyu noticed something wrong and killed the strong cultivators of the Vampires. The other Swordsmen are either dead or were captured personally by Blood Emperor Qingtian.”

“Other than the Heaven-Burier Sword and Zhutian Sword that Ling Feiyu has and your Taotian Sword, the other three are all in the hands of us Vampires.”

Even Zhang Ruochen was shocked at this news. No wonder only Ling Feiyu had hurried back to the Pluto Sword Tomb. It was very likely that the other Swordsmen were all killed by the Vampires.

If Blood Emperor Qingtian attacked personally, even a Sword Saint would be in trouble.

Zhang Ruochen tried to suppress his strong feelings and said calmly, “You only have three saint swords. What can you do? Rescue Pluto?”

Zhang Ruochen knew from the various ancestors of the Taotian Sword that the six saint swords were actually six keys. One could only open the 15th level of the Underground Spirit Prison and release Pluto by having the six swords at once.

The Vampires must know this secret as well. This was why they would risk everything for the six saint swords.

In other words, the Vampires couldn't rescue Pluto without having all six swords.

The Second Prince smiled oddly. "While the Guardians of the Prison attacked the Vampires of the 8 cities and 12 mountains, Blood Emperor Qingtian has also led an army to attack the Pluto Sword Tomb. If everything goes as planned, the Pluto Sword Tomb should have fallen already. Ling Feiyu's two swords should be in Blood Emperor Qingtian's hands as well."

"However, he miscalculated one thing. He didn't think that you little fish wouldn't stay obediently inside the Pluto Sword Tomb. You escaped instead. That's okay though. As long as I take your Taotian Sword, we can still collect all six swords. It's enough to open the 15th level."

Zhang Ruochen stared at the Second Prince's eyes. He could see that the prince wasn't lying.

If Blood Emperor Qingtian really attacked the Pluto Sword Tomb personally, his terrifying cultivation and the Vampires' well-prepared formations there would be enough to break through the defenses.

This way, Zhang Ruochen's Taotian Sword became extremely important. It couldn't fall into the Vampires' hands no matter what.

Without any more hesitation, Zhang Ruochen immediately pulled out Sword Saint Xuanji's saint decree and filled it with Holy Qi.

Whoosh!

The saint decree shone, forming light that covered both Zhang Ruochen and the Elephant-swallowing Rabbit. Then it transformed into a streak of light that flew quickly toward the horizon.

"You're already caught and you still want to run?"

The Second Prince scoffed. He took out a saint decree and, using the saintly power within it, quickly caught up to Zhang Ruochen.

Whoosh.

The Second Prince flew above Zhang Ruochen's head. He raised the blood sword, creating a long trail of sword light, and cut downward.

Zhang Ruochen stared at the descending Sword Qi. Clenching his jaw, he immediately activated spatial power and thought, Spatial Freezing.

The entire space suddenly stopped as if frozen. Other than Zhang Ruochen, everything else stopped moving. Even the Second Prince's falling Sword Qi paused slightly before cutting through the power of time.

However, in the short time that the Sword Qi froze for, Zhang Ruochen already flew forward. The Sword Qi fell down a few hundred feet behind Zhang Ruochen. It struck the green forest, leaving a mark a few hundred meters long.

“The power of space again.”

The Second Prince feared spatial power but also envied it. If he could take Zhang Ruochen's body and become the next Time and Space Descendant, what level would his abilities rise up to?

His eyes shone with fanatic light and he pursued once again. However, he ran for thousands of miles without seeing Zhang Ruochen. Even his aura had disappeared.

“He just disappeared?”

The Second Prince immediately retreated. He carefully searched for Zhang Ruochen's remaining aura. He believed that, no matter what secretive methods Zhang Ruochen used, he must have left some marks.

Right now, Zhang Ruochen had already jumped into a hundred-foot-wide river and activated the Shooting Star Invisibility Cloak. He covered his aura completely.

The water pushed Zhang Ruochen downstream, leaving the Golden Sparrow City.

When night fell, Zhang Ruochen finally flew out of the river. He stood on the water with powerful Holy Qi flooding out of him, forming the five-colored cloud of Chaotic Qi.

While hiding in the water earlier, Zhang Ruochen's cultivation had broken into the second level of the Half-Saint Realm.

Huff.

Zhang Ruochen sucked all the Holy Qi atop the water back into him. His 36 meridians and five saintly meridians thundered like dozens of rivers flowing through him.

When he returned to the riverbank, the Elephant-swallowing Rabbit asked, "Lord Chen, what should we do now? Return to the Pluto Sword Tomb?"

There was no moon tonight. The sky was pitch black and he couldn't see his hands before him. There was only the cold wind wailing as it blew across the river.

Zhang Ruochen thought for a long while before shaking his head. "If Blood Emperor Qingtian really attacked the Pluto Sword Tomb, it means that he already has five of the six saint swords. Thus, I cannot return to the Pluto Sword Tomb. If the Taotian Sword is also taken, the consequences would be unimaginable."

"Then where are we going now?" the Elephant-swallowing Rabbit asked.

"I'll find a place to hide for now," Zhang Ruochen said. "We can make a decision after we get news from the Pluto Sword Tomb."

Even if Blood Emperor Qingtian conquered the Pluto Sword Tomb, he couldn't find the Taotian Sword in a short time. In that case, Chi Yao from the Royal Capital, the Martial Lord of the Martial God Mountain, and the Hierarch of the Moon-worship Demonic Sect might hurry toward the Pluto Sword Tomb.

After all, none of the top fighters of Kunlun's Field wanted Pluto to escape. It would be a disaster for the entire human race.

Zhang Ruochen had now become the most critical figure. There were probably countless Vampires searching for him at this very moment.

Chapter 918 - Sikong Zen Temple

Translator:

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Editor:

Larbre Studio

The Central Region was vast but sparsely populated. There were many famous mountains, ancient relics, and spiritual meridians gathered there. They formed many spiritual mountains and haven-like places.

The 36 counties of the Yuan Mansion were located in the heart of the State of Tiantai. The north and south intersected there and all the Spiritual Qi was gathered there. Naturally, many brilliant clans and ancient families were born there.

Zhang Ruochen and the Elephant-swallowing Rabbit traveled the entire night and came to the foot of a mountain with heavy Spiritual Qi.

This mountain was shaped like a sleeping ox. Other than the relatively smooth ridges, there were too peaks that shot into the clouds like horns.

It was late at night, but Zhang Ruochen could still hear melodious chants streaming from the crevices of the mountain. Looking up, he saw flecks of light in the middle of the mountain. They were like candles about to get extinguished in the wind. At the same time, they were like spiritual lights that would never go out.

“Lord Chen, the Spiritual Qi here is at least six or seven times thicker than anywhere else,” the Elephant-swallowing Rabbit said.

Zhang Ruochen’s Spiritual Power was very strong and he was skilled in observing Qi. He’d already studied the surrounding

geographical environment.

He found a golden spiritual meridian flowing by deep underground. It flowed endlessly like a dragon. The earth above it was filled with Spiritual Qi at all and cultivated all types of flowers and plants.

Usually, such a prime place for cultivation should be taken over by the various saint families of the Yuan Mansion. How could it be so barren?

Zhang Ruochen looked to the left. He saw a speckled stone tablet amongst the withered branches and leaves.

There were three ancient words on it: Sikong Zen Temple.

The words had an antique feeling as if they were filled with some power from the Buddhist Way. The Holy Qi within Zhang Ruochen's body trembled as well.

“There seems to be a temple in the mountain. We can stay there for a few days and wait for news about the battle between the Guardians of the War and Immortal Vampires.”

Zhang Ruochen put the Taotian Sword and Ancient Abyss Sword into his spatial ring. He strode toward the middle of the mountain.

Passing through the ancient oak tree forest, he soon reached the end of the road and saw a dark gray colored Zen temple. In the temple, an oil lantern was lit up. The moment Zhang Ruochen came to the temple, the chanting inside stopped.

Thud, thud.

Zhang Ruochen grabbed the rusty rings on the gate and knocked softly. A moment later, the gate opened a crack.

The one who opened it was a young, thin, and tall monk. He had a tall nose bridge and extremely dark skin. He was like a vortex. If not for the whites of his eyes, it would look like a Buddhist robe floating in the air.

Zhang Ruochen had never seen someone so dark before.

He put his hands together and uttered a Buddhist mantra. Trying his hardest to keep his voice steady, he said, “Master, I

would like to seek shelter in your temple for a few days. Here is some money for the incense. Please accept it.”

With that, Zhang Ruochen took out a saint stone and handed it to the monk.

A saint stone was extremely precious, even to a Half-Saint. Disregarding the value of the saint stone, merely the Holy Qi contained in it was a huge temptation to any Monk.

Zhang Ruochen actually took out a saint stone for a test. After all, the Sikong Zen Temple was in a place that was filled with Spiritual Qi. It was a strange thing. If this monk was a cultivator, he would definitely be tempted by the saint stone.

The monk saw the saint stone in Zhang Ruochen’s hand. Shock flashed past his eyes, but then he shook his head. “No, no. My master has said before that we cannot accept expensive gifts from any visitors.”

Just then, footsteps sounded in the temple.

“Second Junior Brother, who is it outside? What are you chattering about?”

A short, fat, and pale monk opened the gate completely. With his hands behind his back, he walked out and glared at the dark monk.

The pale monk was the complete opposite of the dark monk. His skin was so white that even the white Buddhist robe seemed ashy compared to him.

“Senior Brother,” the dark monk said. “A guest wants to seek shelter in our temple and insists on giving incense money. Do you think...”

“No, no. Our rooms are full. Tell him to go elsewhere... Wait, incense money...”

The pale monk finally processed everything. His eyes shone brightly and he immediately turned around. Putting his hands together, he bowed respectfully to Zhang Ruochen.

“Amitabha.”

Next, he reached out with his fat, soft, and white hand and calmly took the saint stone from Zhang Ruochen.

“Haha! Our temple lacks everything except empty rooms. Kind sir, my Buddhist title is Sikong One. This is my junior brother. He is Sikong Two.”

The pale monk named Sikong One peered at the saint stone. The fat on his face trembled. He was clearly shocked.

This young man actually took out a saint stone for incense money. What was his background?

Zhang Ruochen noted the two monks' expressions. He smiled kindly and bowed slightly to them.

“Senior Brother, we can't accept people with unknown backgrounds. It goes against the rules,” Sikong Two said. “Did you forget that you've accepted that white-haired woman yesterday and this morning, and she already slapped a man who tried to approach her into dust? Plus, we only have four monks in the temple. Can we manage all these guests?”

Sikong One sighed and said sincerely, “The temple opens its doors to welcome everyone for cultivation. Junior Brother, your mindset is still too low and must undergo more challenges. Before, our master told me to transcribe ten scrolls of the Mahabharata to reinforce my mindset. It seems that you need it even more. The papers and brush are in the library. I've already prepared it for you. Go now!”

Sikong Two was very simple. Hearing this, he thought that his mindset really was too low, so he hurried toward the library.

Looking at Sikong Two's back, Sikong One added, “After transcribing, remember to show me so I can check.” With that, Sikong Two turned around and smiled solemnly. “Sir, this way please.”

“After you,” Zhang Ruochen said.

Under Sikong One's guidance, Zhang Ruochen walked into the temple.

The temple was very calming. A creek flowed under a bamboo bridge. The wooden pagodas had some unknown Buddhas and deities inside.

There was a 30-foot-tall stone statue in the center of the temple. It wasn't very tall, but it seemed to loom over them. One felt great pressure when walking under it. A regular person would probably fall to his knees and worship it.

Zhang Ruochen stared at the statue. His heart suddenly jumped and he couldn't help but say, "Emperor Buddha."

The stone statue was identical to Emperor Buddha, one of the nine emperors from 800 years ago. He didn't expect people to worship Emperor Buddha here.

Sikong One, walking up front, turned around and asked, "Sir, what were you saying?"

Zhang Ruochen studied Sikong One's expression and realized that he seemed to truly be clueless. Thus, he didn't explain anything. He just shook his head and chuckled. "Nothing. I was just in awe. The Sikong Zen Temple truly is a peaceful and quiet Buddhist refuge."

Hearing this, Sikong One smiled. "Of course. The Sikong Zen Temple already has 800 years of history, but we're still hidden in the deep mountains. We are isolated from the world, so we're naturally a very peaceful place."

Zhang Ruochen didn't make any more comments and just nodded, smiling faintly.

Sikong One led Zhang Ruochen to a relatively open room and said, "Sir, you can stay here for however long you'd like. Not only will we give you food, we'll make sure you get enough, haha!"

He closed the door and his footsteps faded into the distance. Zhang Ruochen touched the oak tree bed softly. There wasn't a speck of dust. The place was very simple but also very clean.

Zhang Ruochen had just wanted to find a secluded place to hide from the Immortal Vampires. He didn't expect to find Emperor Buddha's stone statue in a temple deep in the mountains.

When Empress Chi Yao had led the army to the Western Region, she'd faced the defenses of Emperor Buddha and the

entire Buddhist Way. In the end, the powerful Empress still killed Emperor Buddha.

No temple in the entire Kunlun's Field dared to worship Emperor Buddha after that, for fear of angering the Empress and imperial court. All those who did so would be seen as traitors and be wiped out.

"This is quite strange," Zhang Ruochen mumbled to himself.

After that, he released his Spiritual Power and transformed into thousands of specks of light. He began investigating the entire temple.

His Spiritual Power found a formation in the room next door. However, the formation wasn't very advanced. Zhang Ruochen's Spiritual Power passed through easily and he could hear the three people's conversation inside.

"Fourth Brother, don't stop me. I'm going to go kill that bitch right now and take revenge for First Brother."

A burly man with a bared right shoulder picked up a heavy sword and was about to rush out.

"Third Brother, you should calm down," a younger man said earnestly. "That woman's cultivation is very strong. We can't face her. I've already sent our discoveries here back to the Ministry of War. I'm sure they'll send strong fighters here soon. We can deal with her then."

"I can't wait that long. If you're not going to take revenge, I'll do it myself."

The burly man rushed out of the formation, crashing through the door. Then he lifted his heavy sword and flew to the second floor. He brought his sword down on a room.

Right as he lifted his sword, a strong force surged out of the room. It was as if cold wind blew past the burly man. The burly man actually scattered as if he was made of sand. In the end, not even his bones remained.

He'd really turned to ashes.

The burly man wasn't a weak figure. He was already in the Third Change of the Fish-Dragon Realm. It was evident that

the female guest on the second floor was a very dangerous figure.

Zhang Ruochen split his Spiritual Power to investigate.

As soon as his Spiritual Power approached the room, it shattered. Even when he used his Heavenly Eye to see through the wooden walls, he only saw wispy mist. He couldn't see anything else.

So powerful.

Zhang Ruochen was shocked. He didn't expect to meet someone so powerful in the random temple he'd found to hide in.

The Elephant-swallowing Rabbit poked out a furry head from Zhang Ruochen's pocket. "Lord Chen, those men are from the Ministry of War. From what they said, strong figures from the Ministry of War will hurry over quickly. It seems that we cannot stay here either. We should leave as soon as possible."

Chapter 919 - King Lixian

Translator:

Larbre Studio

Editor:

Larbre Studio

“It seems that the Ministry of War is using all their manpower and resources in the fight against the Vampires,” Zhang Ruochen said. “I can meet their people even in this remote temple.”

Large numbers of Vampires were gathered in the Yuan Mansion. This naturally made the Ministry of War call for all their soldiers and generals. The free soldiers were all sent out to patrol the 36 counties.

Some of the soldiers looked for information and collected intelligence. Some others set up bases in the areas surrounding the Guardians of the Prison. Once there were signs of the Immortal Vampires, they would send news to the main camp in the Yuan Mansion.

The four soldiers living next to Zhang Ruochen had come to set up a base. They chanced upon Sikong Zen Temple.

Everything about the Sikong Zen Temple was strange, so this naturally attracted their attention. Plus, the temple even had Emperor Buddha’s statue.

The Emperor Buddha was the Empress’ enemy. Wasn’t worshipping him disrespecting the Empress?

Even if this temple had nothing to do with the Vampires, it still had to be destroyed. Of course, it wasn’t a small accomplishment to discover this cult-like temple.

Zhang Ruochen was also wanted by the Ministry of War. Naturally, he couldn’t interact with them. That would lead to unnecessary troubles.

“Let’s go! This place is truly strange. It’s not suitable to hide in.”

As soon as Zhang Ruochen opened the door, the neighboring room also opened with a creak. Two middle-aged men walked out. They were armored and had black metal badges hanging at their waists. They were clearly from the Ministry of War.

Zhao Yue and Pu Yuelin glanced at Zhang Ruochen but didn’t think much about him. They thought he was a regular guest.

Zhang Ruochen strolled casually with his hands behind his back and started walking out of the temple.

Pu Yuelin was the younger of the two. He looked up again and stared at Zhang Ruochen’s back with suspicion. “Second Brother, look at that guy. Does he look familiar? He looks a bit like Zhang Ruochen, the criminal wanted by the Ministry of War.”

“Really?”

Zhao Yue picked up the badge at his waist and tapped it. Black light instantly shone from the surface.

Whoosh.

Various images flew out of the black light. One of them was Zhang Ruochen. Looking at the image, Zhao Yue and Pu Yuelin exchanged glances. They were both shocked.

Could it really be Zhang Ruochen?

So many strong cultivators were hidden inside this remote and ancient temple. First, there was a white-haired woman who could kill with the wave of her hand. Next, there was a wanted criminal with a horrible reputation.

Yes, to the soldiers of the Ministry of War, Zhang Ruochen indeed had an evil reputation. After all, countless Kings had died under his sword.

This man had once split Ziyong Pass with one sword and then escaped easily, humiliating all the soldiers from the Ministry of War.

“If he really is Zhang Ruochen, we’re not his match at all,” Zhao Yue said. “However, we can’t let him escape either. Finding Zhang Ruochen’s traces is an accomplishment too. It’s much bigger than finding this temple.”

“Let’s pretend we don’t know him,” Pu Yuelin said. “We’ll sneak up on him. I wonder why he came to the Sikong Zen Temple.”

“Yes. The strong cultivators of the Ministry of War should hurry over soon. Zhang Ruochen won’t be able to escape at that time.”

Even though they’d found Zhang Ruochen, Zhao Yue and Pu Yuelin didn’t dare to arrest him. With their cultivations, they weren’t even enough for appetizers.

The two of them followed Zhang Ruochen out of the Sikong Zen Temple.

“Fourth Brother, I think Zhang Ruochen has already discovered us. He should be leaving now.”

Zhao Yue was worried. It had been so hard to find signs of Zhang Ruochen, but now he had to watch him escape. Would this great accomplishment pass him by?

Just as Zhao Yue and Pu Yuelin were debating whether they should stop Zhang Ruochen or not, a huge black beastly figure flew over. It appeared above the temple. The huge black shadow was like a dark cloud. It pressed down, not stopping until it was a few hundred feet from the ground.

Looking up, one could see a huge winged dragon. It was around 80 meters long and covered entirely with scales. Its huge head was like a lion’s. This was a sixth level lower beast. It could counter a lower level Half-Saint, spout ghostly fire, and easily turn a city into a sea of fire.

There was a tall man standing on the winged dragon. He wore nine layers of red armor and held a long halberd. He seemed very majestic.

Seeing the man, Zhao Yue and Pu Yuelin were both overjoyed. They immediately bowed, saying, “King Lixian, we have a great discovery.”

King Lixian huffed coldly. “Isn’t it just an evil temple? How is this a great discovery?” Before Zhao Yue and Pu Yuelin could speak, King Lixian continued, “I came here to notify you two that a while earlier, the Vampires invaded the Pluto Sword Tomb and massacred the people.”

“It is an emergency. The Little Saint God and lord of the Yuan Mansion have already messaged the State of Tiantai and Central Emperor City. We will reform an army and fight back in the Pluto Sword Tomb with all our might.”

“The soldiers in Fairy Forest County and Xincang County have already notified us that they can arrive at Guandu by noon tomorrow. You two hurry there immediately and take them to the northwest of the Pluto Sword Tomb, close to Golden Cloud Valley, and wait for further orders.”

With that, King Lixian grabbed the chains on the winged dragon and prepared to leave immediately. Zhao Yue and Pu Yuelin were shocked by his news. The Guardians of the Prison, Ministry of War, and Martial Market Bank had united, but they still couldn’t stop the Immortal Vampires from taking the Pluto Sword Tomb.

Just how terrifying were the Immortal Vampires?

Of course, no matter how horrifying the Immortal Vampires were, Zhang Ruochen was also a wanted criminal of the imperial court. They couldn’t let him escape.

“Lord, there’s something else... Zhang Ruochen, the wanted criminal, is also in this temple,” Zhao Yue said fearfully, stealing a glance at where Zhang Ruochen lived.

Hearing this, King Lixian, who’d been about to leave, stopped immediately. Two 30-foot-long beams of fire surged from his eyes and scanned the Sikong Zen Temple. His gaze immediately focused on the air and landed on Zhang Ruochen.

Zhang Ruochen shook his head and smiled. He glanced at Zhao Yue and Pu Yuelin in the back.

The two were frightened. They immediately retreated, stumbling back into the Sikong Zen Temple. They clearly feared Zhang Ruochen. He didn’t give them a hard time

though. This was part of their duties. With his current cultivation, he had no reason to fight two Monks in the Fish-Dragon Realm either.

Soon after, Zhang Ruochen looked back at King Lixian. He smiled, revealing his white teeth. “I advise you to hurry back and continue mustering soldiers to defeat the Vampires instead of wasting time on me.”

“Ha, really? What if I insist on arresting you?” King Lixian’s aura grew stronger.

All the Spiritual Qi within a thousand miles gathered toward him. A huge black saintly image, hundreds of feet tall, appeared behind him. One could vaguely see crackles of electricity streaking inside the shadows. The entire mountain trembled.

This King Lixian was already in the seventh level of the Half-Saint Realm. No wonder he was so confident in capturing Zhang Ruochen.

However, Zhang Ruochen furrowed his brow. After all, the Second Vampire Prince was pursuing him. King Lixian was making such a big commotion. Wouldn’t it be even more troublesome if the Second Prince was lured over?

“What, what are you all doing? This is a peaceful Buddhist refuge. How can you engage in violence?”

Sikong One’s fat body “rolled” out of the Sikong Zen Temple like a white leather ball.

“Fat monk, this has nothing to do with you. Get out.” King Lixian waved his hand. Powerful Holy Qi flooded from his hands. It transformed into a gale of wind that struck Sikong One.

He hadn’t thought about being merciful against an evil temple. The power in this strike was enough to kill a first level Half-Saint.

“Must you be so hard on a common man?”

Zhang Ruochen’s eyes darkened. He also struck with a palm print. Dazzling golden light radiated from his hands. Next, a

huge golden dragon flew out, shattering King Lixian's palm power.

King Lixian took out his Killing Token. He waved it forward, piercing the golden dragon, transforming it into specks of golden mist.

“Dragon and Elephant Prajna Palm.”

Sikong One muttered something and glanced at Zhang Ruochen in shock. However, his voice was very soft. Only he could hear it.

After that, Sikong One screamed like a dying pig, “Murderer! Master, someone wants to kill me. So scared... Amitabha...” As he yelled, he ran back into the Sikong Zen Temple. He slammed the gate shut.

Just as Sikong One burst into the temple, a yellowed window was propped up by a piece of bamboo. It was from a second-floor room deep inside the temple.

An elegant white-haired woman sat inside the window. She had a light temperament. The surrounding windows, buildings, and pagodas were like a beautiful painting.

Her eyes were like two black gems and her skin was white like porcelain, but her lips were bright red. She looked otherworldly, like one of the nine goddesses.

“Cousin, is it really you?”

Kong Lanyou's eyes fell upon Zhang Ruochen outside the temple. Her gaze carried suspicion, reminiscing, anticipation, and some other feelings.

Zhang Ruochen naturally didn't know Kong Lanyou was staring at him. At the moment, he was confronting King Lixian. A huge battle was imminent.

Chapter 920 - Vampire Arrives Again

Translator:

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Editor:

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King Lixian knew that time was short. He wanted to capture Zhang Ruochen quickly, so instead of wasting more time, he attacked immediately with the Killing Token.

Every regional king of the Ministry of War received a Killing Token given personally by the Empress. The token's power was different according to the king's level.

For example, King Thousand-elephant, Feng Qin and the others Zhang Ruochen had killed were merely lower regional kings. The power of their Killing Tokens was naturally limited.

However, King Lixian had accomplished great things in both overseas battles and in the Void World Battleground. He'd already become a mid-level regional king. His Killing Token was naturally stronger than the ones that the lower regional kings had.

With a wave of his hand, the Killing Token enlarged greatly. It seemed to cover the sky and gathered tumultuous killing Qi that surged out.

Kaboom.

The wind contained the cries of thousands of soldiers and horses. The rolling black Qi transformed into human and beastly forms that swept across the sky.

If Zhang Ruochen was still a first level Half-Saint, he might not have been able to block this attack. Of course, even as a

second level Half-Saint, his expression was still serious and cold. He didn't relax at all.

His Masculine Qi and Holy Qi spun wildly in him. Thousands upon thousands of flames poured out of his pores.

“Dragon and Elephant Divine Furnace.”

Zhang Ruochen's body was like a burning furnace. It melted the dirt under his feet into dripping red lava.

A golden palm was struck out. One could see a dragon and elephant coiled in the heart of the palm.

The Killing Token and Zhang Ruochen's palm clashed, creating a deafening boom. A soundwave visible to the naked eye flooded out, shattering all the oak trees on the mountain.

However, when the soundwave was about to hit the Sikong Zen Temple, various Buddhist words flew out of the temple. They formed a golden wall of words and blocked the force.

Zhang Ruochen retreated hundreds of feet before dissolving the Killing Token's power. He exhaled deeply.

A seventh level Half-Saint was indeed powerful. With his current cultivation, it was quite difficult to fight against people of that level.

King Lixian stared deeply at the Sikong Zen Temple with fear. The shockwave emitted from that clash was enough to kill a low level Half-Saint. Who would've thought that a wall of Buddhist words could block it?

There must be a strong figure hiding there. If they continued fighting outside the temple and angered the figure hiding inside, it might lead to trouble.

King Lixian stared at Zhang Ruochen and said, “Zhang Ruochen, let's go fight elsewhere.”

“I'm afraid we can't go anymore.”

Zhang Ruochen looked into the distance. There was a dark red cloud coming quickly from the east. King Lixian also sensed something. He immediately turned and gazed in the direction of the bloody cloud with a pair of burning eyes.

“Immortal Vampire.” King Lixian’s expression was serious. He became a bit nervous.

How did the Vampire get here? He also had silver wings growing out of his back. He wasn’t an average Vampire general.

The Second Vampire Prince stood in the heart of the cloud. The large silver wings lightened up the dark sky. He sneered. “So there’s someone from the Ministry of War too. Ha, which one should I kill first?”

“Such confident words.”

Holding the Killing Token in one hand and the halberd in the other, King Lixian rode on the Winged Dragon. He charged into the bloody mist and started fighting with the Second Vampire Prince.

The Ministry of War and Immortal Vampires were nemeses. They didn’t have to say anything and just started killing each other as soon as they met.

Boom, boom.

There were various bright booms from the bloody mist. All the Spiritual Qi shook violently.

The battle hadn’t gone on for too long before King Lixian’s Winged Dragon let out a pained cry. The large frame was split in half by the Second Vampire Prince and fell from the sky.

A moment later, the Second Prince’s Blood Sword stabbed King Lixian’s chest.

“Ha! How come the Ministry of War’s seventh level Half-Saint is so weak?”

The Second Prince sneered menacingly. Baring his fangs, he bit the artery in King Lixian’s neck and drank his fresh blood. King Lixian’s entire body trembled. Uttering a loud roar, he took out a saint decree to try and escape.

However, the Blood Sword was stabbed through his body. He couldn’t escape at all.

Gradually, his body withered and dried. His skin turned ashy gray and lost all vitality.

Pow!

The Second Prince shattered King Lixian's body. It turned into a clump of broken armor and ash. He scattered it in the air.

"A seventh level Half-Saint's blood is so sweet. If I can absorb all his blood, I'll probably reach the peak of the sixth level of the Half-Saint Realm." The Second Prince took out a white handkerchief and wiped the blood around his lips.

Inside the Sikong Zen Temple, Zhao Yue and Pu Yuelin were completely terrified. Their legs shook uncontrollably.

King Lixian was a big figure and in the top ten of the Ministry of War. Even the clan and family leaders feared him. But... such a powerful and dominating figure had died before their eyes. How could they not be in fear?

King Lixian was already dead. Would the Immortal Vampire let them go?

However, the Second Prince didn't even look at them. His eyes focused on Zhang Ruochen. Smiling, he said, "Zhang Ruochen, your cultivation isn't very high, but you're quite good at escaping. You made me look so hard. How about... you guess if you can escape this time?"

Zhang Ruochen took out the Abyss Ancient Sword. Grasping it, he looked at the cold blade. "Why should I escape? Let's fight! Who knows who will lose?"

The Second Prince's eyes hardened. He studied Zhang Ruochen closely. "No wonder you're so confident. You've entered the second level of the Half-Saint Realm! Let me see just how much you've improved."

Whoosh.

The Second Prince formed a sword gesture with his hands. Soon after, the Blood Sword flew out. It spun around him and kept picking up speed.

When the Blood Sword was 20 times faster than the speed of sound, a huge wind vortex formed around the Second Prince.

At the same time, the Blood Sword flew out and attacked Zhang Ruochen, who was outside the Sikong Zen Temple.

Such a fast sword would be difficult for a ninth level Half-Saint to dodge, let alone Zhang Ruochen.

The power that came from a sword 20 times faster than the speed of sound was even more terrifying. An average seventh level Half-Saint wouldn't be able to stop it either. The Second Prince had used this trick earlier to pierce King Lixian's body and win the battle.

The tip of the Blood Sword grew clearer and clearer in Zhang Ruochen's eyes. Without thinking, his Sword Intent spilled out. Zhang Ruochen lifted the Abyss Ancient Sword by instinct and thrust forward.

Boom.

The two sword points crashed against each other. Dense Sword Qi flew out in all directions. The Blood Sword's immense power traveled down the Abyss Ancient Sword to Zhang Ruochen's palm. The vibrations hurt and numbed his fingers.

Zhang Ruochen twisted and transmitted the force to the ground. The next moment, the ground underfoot cracked. It caved in, creating a 100-foot-wide ditch. Zhang Ruochen was slightly injured, but he'd still blocked the Second Prince's attack.

The Second Prince was slightly shocked. How could Zhang Ruochen counter an attack that even a seventh level Half-Saint couldn't take? He couldn't believe that Zhang Ruochen's abilities were comparable to a seventh level Half-Saint.

He just thought that Zhang Ruochen was advanced in the Way of Sword and had used a trick to dissolve the Blood Sword's power.

“Winning with a trick is just luck. Winning with power is the true way.” The Second Prince huffed coldly. He waved his arm to retrieve the Blood Sword.

Zhang Ruochen obviously wouldn't let him. He pointed forward and uttered, “Break.”

The space above the Blood Sword collapsed. It formed a shattered void and swallowed the Blood Sword.

The Blood Sword was very close to a Thousand-pattern Saint Weapon. It was 24th on the Hundred-pattern Saint Weapon and was very precious. In addition, the Second Prince had practiced the Way of Sword since he was young and refined the Blood Sword into his main sword. Losing the Blood Sword would reduce his combat ability by 30 percent.

“Oh, no. I was careless!”

The Second Prince’s expression changed drastically. He formed a sword gesture and tried to control the Blood Sword to escape from Zhang Ruochen’s void.

He’d only wanted to defeat Zhang Ruochen quickly, snatch the Taotian Sword, and take it to the Pluto Sword Tomb. He’d forgotten that Zhang Ruochen could control the power of space and even swallow the Blood Sword.

The mysteries of the power of space far surpassed the Second Prince’s imagination. He couldn’t combat it at all.

In the end, the Blood Sword was completely devoured by the void. A moment later, the space returned to normal.

Zhang Ruochen looked calm. He smiled and said, “Having power but no tricks is no different from a boorish fellow.”

The Second Prince’s features twisted. His expression looked as if he wanted to devour Zhang Ruochen. “Since childhood, no one has ever been able to fight against me. All those who’ve dared to go against me have died.”

“Really?” Zhang Ruochen asked. “Seems like I’ll be the exception.”

Angering the Second Prince was a type of victory. When someone was furious, they could release 120 percent of their power, but they would also have more flaws. If Zhang Ruochen could catch one flaw, he’d be able to kill the Second Prince.

Roar!

The Second Prince howled. He opened his arms and the vast blood cloud actually condensed into a huge shadow of a legendary lion. It covered up one-third of the sky and radiated with powerful beastly Qi.

Chapter 921 - Nine Word God-Killing Technique

Translator:

Larbre Studio

Editor:

Larbre Studio

The legendary lion, or Suanni, was from a beast from the ancient times. According to legends, it once carried 100,000 mountains and filled the four seas. Even now, the vast surface of the western sea had a large piece of land. It was known as the Western Ni State.

Thousands of years had passed and the Suanni race had gone extinct. No one would've expected the Second Prince to find a Suanni and turn its beast soul into his own battle soul.

This way, the Second Prince had taken part of the Suanni's power and also its Fate Qi. Even if he was in the sixth level of the Half-Saint Realm, he could easily kill a seventh level Half-Saint.

Boom.

As the Second Prince stepped down, the Suanni's shadow behind him extended a large foot. It passed through the blood cloud and struck Zhang Ruochen's head.

It was a simple step, but it contained tumultuous saintly power. With Zhang Ruochen's current cultivation, there was no way he could stop it. Zhang Ruochen's feet stepped on a Luan and phoenix. He transformed into a streak and dodged to the side.

Then he flew with an even faster speed. Controlling the Abyss Ancient Sword, he struck the Second Prince's leg.

Compared to the Second Prince, Zhang Ruochen's biggest advantage was in speed. Thus, he had to get as close as

possible to the Second Prince to get the upper hand. If he was further away, he would lose without doubt.

Zhang Ruochen's physique and Way of Sword were all top-tier, but the Second Prince was no weakling either.

The Second Prince's physique might not be comparable to the Five Elements Chaotic Body, but he was far above a regular Saint Body. His Way of Sword hadn't reached the Human Sword state, but he was still at the top of the Heart Integrated into Sword state. He couldn't control time or space, but he had the Suanni's battle spirit. He could wipe out all the prides of his generation.

Zhang Ruochen was in the fourth realm of the Martial Way and had reached the Peak Realm four times. He had four more minor realms than other Monks.

However, cultivation of the Saintly Way was in the higher level and had far surpassed the Martial Way.

After reaching the Half-Saint Realm, the compound of four minor realms wasn't that much. It was as most the four steps from the middle of the second level to the later portion, then to the pinnacle and then beginning of the third level.

Thus, the distance of four realms between Zhang Ruochen and the Second Prince wasn't that easy to make up for.

The Second Prince continuously struck with palm prints, exploding with world-tossing power. Various huge claw prints appeared in the air. It was like patches of bloody clouds were flying in all directions.

Zhang Ruochen grasped his long sword and traveled between the powerful forces sent by the Second Prince. He performed beautiful sword trick after trick, dissolving the Second Prince's bursts of power.

The Second Prince was indeed powerful, but his control over his power wasn't that precise. Around 30 percent of his power was wasted.

This didn't mean that the Second Prince had bad control over his power. After all, only a Saint could perfectly utilize 100

percent of their power. Among Half-Saints, being able to perfectly use 70 percent was already very advanced.

However, compared to Zhang Ruochen, he was much weaker.

Zhang Ruochen was different. After battling in swordsmanship with Ling Feiyu, he began working on controlling his power. He had to make sure each bit of power was used to its max.

Despite not being able to control 100 percent of his power perfectly, he was now very close to that point.

Looking up at them, Zhang Ruochen seemed very comfortable while facing the Second Prince's attacks. Each of his attacks was graceful. It was like a young sword saint fighting an ancient beast.

In reality, he wasn't that relaxed when faced with the Second Prince's violent attacks. The smallest mistake would end him.

The two fought for an hour. The mountain under them had long become devastated. Some places had forest fires, causing the beasts to run in fright. Sword Qi had torn through other places, leaving smooth gouges behind.

The Second Prince had revealed some flaws, but his cultivation was still too strong. Zhang Ruochen had no chance to break through. Even now, Zhang Ruochen had still not discovered an opening for him to deal a fatal blow.

"Zhang Ruochen's ability is so strong." Pu Yuelin was extremely shocked. After all, that Vampire had easily killed King Lixian. "He's already fought the Vampire for an hour and he still isn't at a disadvantage."

Zhang Ruochen was so young. How could he be stronger than King Lixian?

"No wonder he dared to attack the Ziyong Pass," Zhao Yue said. "He's probably comparable to the Nine Heirs."

As the battle dragged on, the Second Prince grew more and more hot-headed. He'd completely lost patience.

"The heaven and earth spins. The nine words kill the gods." The Second Prince opened his arms and drew a huge circle.

An ancient rune of the word “mountain” appeared in the center of the circle.

It was only a word, but it felt like a real mountain that contained burning fiery Qi. The words people created in the ancient times were all pictographic characters.

“Mountain” was a word created according to the shape of a mountain. A word like this contained very strong harmony with the ways. It pointed to the origin of all life.

If someone could combine the word “mountain” with the rules of the world, then lifting this word was like lifting the mountains of the world.

The Nine Word God-killing Technique was a saint spell from the Suanni race. It only contained nine words, but each word contained profound knowledge. If one could cultivate any word to the extreme, they could kill a saint or god.

The Second Prince had cultivated for many years, but he’d only refined the words “mountain” and “fire” to the materialization state.

Before, he’d used the word “mountain” to force an eighth level Half-Saint Vampire countless miles back. Now, his cultivation had improved a bit. The power from the Nine Word God-killing Technique was naturally stronger as well.

“Zhang Ruochen, you can brag your entire life for forcing me to use the Nine Word God-killing Technique. However, our battle will end now. Your end is already destined.”

The Second Prince crossed his hands. The “mountain” in his hands quivered. One could imagine that if he cultivated the Nine Word God-killing Technique to the peak, he could completely disturb some of the rules of the world.

The “mountain” flew toward Zhang Ruochen. It was only a word, but it created the apparitions of thousands of mountains. No matter how Zhang Ruochen dodged, he would still be crushed.

Right now, Zhang Ruochen finally felt the might of death. It was a true and genuine feeling.

If he used the Destruction of the Thousand-patterns, he could have a chance to escape from this fatal blow. However, if he did use it, he would use up all his Holy Qi. This meant that he would later lose to the Second Prince.

Zhang Ruochen wasn't satisfied with the defeat. He was even less willing to lose to a Vampire.

The stronger he is, the more easily he'll reveal a flaw.

Zhang Ruochen's eyes gleamed. He stood in place and instead of weakening, his aura grew stronger. It was the temperament of someone who thought he was the one and only in the world.

In the temple, Kong Lanyou's pretty eyes were trained on Zhang Ruochen. She couldn't help but stand up. At the moment, Zhang Ruochen was too similar to Zhang Ruochen from 800 years ago.

Right now, she kind of believed that her cousin hadn't truly died.

Zhang Ruochen's body melded with the Abyss Ancient Sword, entering the true state of the Human Sword.

Whoosh!

Immediately after, the human and sword transformed into a beam of light that rushed into the air. It darted toward the thousands of mountain apparitions.

His aura knew no end. He wouldn't retreat unless he killed his enemy.

Seeing this, the Second Prince smiled coldly. "You're looking for death."

Even an eighth level Half-Saint would immediately dodge this attack and use all sorts of defense mechanisms to stop it.

The Second Prince didn't actually want to kill Zhang Ruochen with this saint spell. He just wanted to force Zhang Ruochen to use the Destruction of the Thousand-patterns. As long as he did, he would completely use the ability to fight. By then, he would be powerless before the Second Prince.

However, Zhang Ruochen didn't use the Destruction of the Thousand-patterns. If he wanted to charge headfirst, wasn't this suicide?

The Second Prince's smile quickly froze because he didn't see the scene he'd imagined. Instead, Zhang Ruochen's sword crashed against the "mountain" rune. He tore apart the thousands of mountain apparitions.

In addition, dozens of tears appeared in the space as well.

He's combined the Way of Sword with the power of space? The Second Prince's eyes widened in disbelief.

Yes, Zhang Ruochen had indeed added the power of space into his swordsmanship. While attacking the space, he'd also broken through the Nine Word God-killing Technique.

This was actually Zhang Ruochen's first time doing so. He didn't have much confidence in it. Faced with the pressure from the Second Prince, he had no other choice.

Of course, the power of space wasn't that easy to control. If he wasn't careful, even he could be devoured. If he hadn't reached a shocking level of control of his power and swordsmanship after training with Ling Feiyu, he wouldn't dare to do this.

Zhang Ruochen became strong with strong opponents. Only going against these powerful enemies could he unleash unprecedented potential and break through his own limits.

After breaking through the thousands of mountain apparitions, Zhang Ruochen was already atop the Second Prince's head. He lifted the sword with both hands. Activating the Destruction of the Thousand-patterns, he struck down with all his might.

This moment was the best chance.

Whoosh!

Black sword light connected the heaven and earth. It flew out as if it was about to cut the world in half.

Chapter 922 - Maha Dragon Claw

Translator:

Larbre Studio

Editor:

Larbre Studio

The Sword Qi tore apart the Suanni's apparition and immediately appeared before the Second Prince.

Poof.

A large amount of blood splattered. About half of the Second Prince's body, including his right arm, right leg, and one-third of his head, all flew out.

Zhang Ruochen had used up all his Holy Qi in this strike. He quickly fell from the sky and dropped on the empty space outside the Sikong Zen Temple. With a hand on the ground, he panted heavily.

The Second Prince also dropped to the ground. He was covered in blood. "I..." he uttered with resentment. "Have... never... been at a loss like this. Today, I will definitely drink all your blood and turn your bones into ash."

Zhang Ruochen had wanted to kill the Second Prince completely with that strike, but the Second Prince's cultivation was too high. He'd actually escaped death and was only gravely injured.

One had to admit that a Vampire's vitality was very strong.

Right then, the Second Prince activated his Blood Qi and pushed his broken body up. He looked extremely menacing. He rushed out of the darkness and charged at Zhang Ruochen again.

"I'll fight if you want. I'm not scared."

Zhang Ruochen had used up all his Holy Qi, but he still had his strong Spiritual Power. He wasn't completely without combat ability.

Crackle.

Dense electrical patterns gathered with Zhang Ruochen as the center. They passed through the sky, grouping together.

“Fury of Thunder General.” A giant appeared behind Zhang Ruochen. It was made out of intersecting thunder and lightning. It was a huge 100-foot-tall divine general clad in armor. He held an ax of thunder and halberd of lightning.

The mountain that the Sikong Zen Temple was located in was instantly covered in lightning. It transformed into a sea of electricity.

With a boom, the Second Prince's palm print crashed against Zhang Ruochen's spell. He immediately retreated.

Zhang Ruochen took advantage of his success to go further. He cast dozens of spells in a row. He went straight to the middle of the mountain and forced the Second Prince to the bottom.

No matter how high the Second Prince's cultivation was, he was still seriously injured. More than half of his meridians were disabled. His combat ability was greatly reduced. It was already hard for him to attack.

Of course, Zhang Ruochen had used up all his Holy Qi as well. His body was very weak. He supported himself with his will but could collapse at any time.

Would he or the Second Prince last to the end?

At that moment, another bloody cloud rolled over from the distance in the night sky. The dark red Blood Qi took up the entire sky. It cast a thin layer of red light onto the ground. The world seemed to become a hellish realm.

There was a horrible force inside the cloud. It was very intimidating. One could even make out a blood river, hundreds of feet wide, passing through the blood cloud. It connected the horizon with the sky above the temple.

Below it, all the beasts in the forest shivered in fear. They felt fear deep in their souls.

“Second Prince, let me help you.” Inside the cloud, Blood General Kongyi unfurled his huge bloody wings. He held a blue bone spur in his hands and was charging down at Zhang Ruochen.

The blue bone spur wasn't made from a regular bone. It was a powerful saint weapon. Its name was the Blue Dragon Spur and was 60 feet long. It was made out of the bones of a blue dragon in the Saint Realm. There were 923 patterns carved inside it.

“Haha! Blood General Kongyi, you're here just in time. Kill Zhang Ruochen for me and take the Taotian Sword. If you bring the sword to the Sword Tomb and rescue Pluto, you'll be the top hero.” The Second Prince immediately retreated, no longer fighting with Zhang Ruochen.

The previous battle had worsened his injuries. If Blood General Kongyi hadn't come, the Second Prince probably wouldn't have been able to keep going. After retreating, he took out a leather bag and drank the blood inside to recover.

Zhang Ruochen looked at Blood General Kongyi and saw his cultivation clearly. He was actually an eighth level Half-Saint. He was a true high-level Half-Saint.

One must know that all those who reached the higher levels were all cream of the crop Half-Saints. Each one had a chance to try for the Saint Realm. Even if their chances were slim, they were still incomparable to a lower level Half-Saint.

With Zhang Ruochen's current state, he wasn't Blood General Kongyi's match at all. He glared coldly at the Second Prince. With hatred in his heart, he could only retreat. If he had more time, he could definitely kill the Second Prince.

“Cuckoo!” Zhang Ruochen called.

The Elephant-swallowing Rabbit rushed out of Zhang Ruochen's pocket. It transformed into a huge red rabbit and picked up the weak Zhang Ruochen. It immediately rushed toward the Sikong Zen Temple.

“Where are you running to?”

Blood General Kongyi’s arm stretched out. He stabbed the Blue Dragon Spur toward Zhang Ruochen’s back. The bone crackled and turned into 19 sections. It continued to get longer until it was many miles long. Like a divine snake, it formed a craggy line.

The sharp point shone with even more eye-catching coldness. It could almost blind someone.

Zhang Ruochen’s Spiritual Power could clearly feel that he was targeted by the Blue Dragon Spur and he couldn’t escape. Even though it hadn’t fallen onto him, his back was already in intense pain. The force of the Blue Dragon Spur had already fallen onto Zhang Ruochen, entering his body.

Just as he was about open the third seal of the sarira, a black figure rushed out of the Sikong Zen Temple. The figure was so shockingly fast that he was like a black bolt of lightning.

“Forgive me when you can. Why must you kill him?”

The black shadow was already behind Zhang Ruochen. He reached out a hand and grasped the Blue Dragon Thorn. Five black dragon apparitions emerged from his fingers and let out low roars.

With a burst of power, he tossed Blood General Kongyi and slammed him against the mountain wall with a huge boom. Blood General Kongyi was entirely buried into the dirt.

He’s actually stronger than an eighth level Half-Saint?

Zhang Ruochen focused on the black figure. He was met with a dark monk whose skin shone with a light layer of gold.

It was Sikong Two.

However, this Sikong Two was completely different from when Zhang Ruochen had first seen him.

Before, Sikong Two had seemed wooden. He didn’t have a bit of energy waves and seemed to be a completely average monk. Now, powerful Buddhist Qi rolled off of him. His force was even stronger than Blood General Kongyi.

Even Zhang Ruochen couldn't see through his power. This implied two things. Either Sikong Two's cultivation was very strong and he'd cultivated some advanced secretive spell that fooled Zhang Ruochen, or he had a powerful figure behind him that had sealed his cultivation.

Either way, it was clear that the Sikong Zen Temple was nothing simple.

Whoosh!

Blood General Kongyi flew out of the dirt again and shook his body. "Such strong brute force," he said. "I didn't think a temple in the wild would have such a strong figure in it."

The Second Prince had been recovering, but when he saw Sikong Two's technique, he fell into deep thought.

A moment later, he thought of something and his expression changed. "Be careful," he warned immediately. "The technique that he just used is from the top Buddhist Way. It is the Maha Dragon Claw. It's known as the top claw technique of the Thousand Buddha Way."

The Maha Dragon Claw and the Dragon and Elephant Prajna Palm were both part of the Thousand Buddha Way's top 18 martial techniques. In a way, they'd surpassed saint spells and represented the top claw and palm techniques.

Each of the 18 martial techniques contained profound and abstruse knowledge. They were enough for a Monk to spend their entire lives on studying them. Once they were cultivated to the extreme, they could become a one-and-only cultivator powerful enough to split mountains, capture dragons, kill Saints, burn the sky, and boil the sea.

"Maha Dragon Claw."

Blood General Kongyi was shocked as well. He stared at Sikong Two again and his expression turned serious.

Sikong Two's expression was still wooden. "The Sikong Zen Temple doesn't wish to be involved in the mortal world's conflicts," he said as if reciting a script. "We only wish to cultivate in peace in the deep mountains. It isn't too late for you Vampires to leave now."

Could Sikong Two really say something like this? Zhang Ruochen still felt that someone was teaching him to say this. Thus, he looked over at the Sikong Zen Temple's gate. He happened to see Sikong One there.

It dawned on Zhang Ruochen and he understood. He smiled faintly.

Blood General Kongyi stared at Sikong Two and sneered. "Monk, our target is Zhang Ruochen. We don't wish to become enemies with the Sikong Zen Temple. If you hand Zhang Ruochen over, we will leave immediately."

"Is that so?"

Sikong Two gazed over in the Sikong Zen Temple's direction to ask for Sikong One's opinion. Sikong One stood inside the gate. He only opened it a crack. He shook his head at Sikong Two and mouthed something to him.

Sikong Two nodded immediately. He turned around and looked at Blood General Kongyi. "No. My senior brother said that Zhang Ruochen is a guest of the Sikong Zen Temple. He's also the first guest who has paid. Our temple is responsible for his safety."

Inside the gate, Sikong One slapped his forehead. "Idiot! Idiot! How can you talk about the money so casually?"

Blood General Kongyi's eyes turned cold. He felt like this dark monk was playing with him.

"Since you don't accept my mercy, then I won't be merciful to you anymore. I will kill you first and then flatten the Sikong Zen Temple. I'd like to see if you can keep cultivating in peace!"

Blood General Kongyi activated all his Holy Qi. It surged into his arms and then into the Blue Dragon Spur. A faint blue glow emerged on the Blue Dragon Spur's surface. It formed the apparition of a huge blue dragon.

Whoosh!

The Blue Dragon Spur seemed to transform into a coiled dragon. It continued spiraling and stabbed toward Sikong

Two's chest.

Chapter 923 - Immortal Vampire Saint

Translator:

Larbre Studio

Editor:

Larbre Studio

“Maha Unlimited.” Sikong Two’s hands twisted into claws. Wisps of Buddhist Qi surged from his fingers and wrapped around them. Each finger was like a menacing and furious dragon.

At the same time, Sikong Two stepped forward. His body tensed into the shape of a bow. Like the strings of a bow, his meridians popped loudly. The space within dozens of miles shook violently.

Whoosh.

Like an arrow, Sikong Two instantly passed through the circling Blue Dragon Spur and arrived before Blood General Kongyi. His two claws roared like a dragon and struck Blood General Kongyi’s head and chest.

The wave of wind formed by the Maha Dragon Claw rushed to Blood General Kongyi’s face. His expression changed as he immediately cast a Consummate Skill, Double Wings Reversed, and retreated hurriedly.

Poof.

However, Sikong Two’s claws still pierced his Saint Soul Territory and left two claw-shaped gashes on his face and chest. They were deep to the bone.

“You’re this powerful?”

Blood General Kongyi touched the blood on his face, eyes filling with shock. He retreated continuously. However,

Sikong Two was even faster and re-appeared before him.

Roar!

As the dragon roared again, Blood General Kongyi looked up. Five huge black dragons actually appeared above his head. They were in an organized line and formed the shape of a claw. They fell down quickly.

Actually, those weren't real dragons. They were Sikong Two's fingers, but he'd used the Maha Dragon Claw to make Blood General Kongyi see this shocking scene.

With a boom, the Maha Dragon Claw forced Blood General Kongyi into the ground. There was a claw mark, hundreds of feet long, on the ground.

Cough...cough...

More than half of Blood General Kongyi's bones were broken. He lay in the bottom of the claw-mark ditch and writhed. Blood kept spurting from his mouth.

"Such an aggressive monk."

The Elephant-swallowing Rabbit widened its eyes. It stared at Sikong Two, mouth wide open, revealing two white rabbit teeth. Zhang Ruochen was also shocked inwardly. This was incredible.

Zhang Ruochen had some knowledge about the Maha Dragon Claw. The difficulty of this martial technique was basically no different from the Dragon and Elephant Prajna Palm.

However, the Maha Dragon Claw that Sikong Two had performed was clearly in an extremely high level. He could completely use this skill to cross over the difference in level and kill his opponent.

How could a monk in a temple in the wilderness learn the essence of the Thousand Buddha Way's top martial technique? Just as Zhang Ruochen was pondering this, the Elephant-swallowing Rabbit under him couldn't take it anymore. It spread its four feet and rushed into the claw-shaped ditch.

Poof!

Faster than the speed of lightning, it dug Blood General Kongyi's Half-Saint Light out of his Sea of Qi.

Blood General Kongyi was gravely injured. He couldn't even fight back. He could only watch as that fat rabbit swallowed his Half-Saint Light.

"I...will not...surrender..."

Regardless of how furious he was, Blood General Kongyi could only shake his hands. He couldn't stand up at all and seemed very helpless. Gradually, his vision darkened. In the end, it transformed into quiet death.

Without his Half-Saint Light, it didn't matter how high his cultivation was or how strong his vitality was. He still grew cold gradually and transformed into a corpse.

Pow!

Zhang Ruochen slapped the Elephant-swallowing Rabbit's head. "You're such a foodie. That's the Half-Saint Light of an eighth level Half-Saint. Can you withstand that power?"

As soon as he finished, red light burst from the Elephant-swallowing Rabbit. The powerful Holy Qi surged out of it and swept Zhang Ruochen away too.

The Elephant-swallowing Rabbit had swallowed two Half-Saint Lights in one day. One of them had even come from an eighth level Half-Saint. That Half-Saint Light was more than ten times stronger than the Elephant-swallowing Rabbit's own Half-Saint Light.

It was unknown whether the Elephant-swallowing Rabbit could digest that power. If not, it would be in danger of exploding. If it could digest the two Half-Saint Lights, its cultivation would definitely skyrocket.

Zhang Ruochen's concern was evidently unnecessary.

With a boom, the Elephant-swallowing Rabbit fell heavily onto the ground. The huge body quickly shrunk until it was only half a foot long. It gurgled and fell into deep sleep.

As the Elephant-swallowing Rabbit fell, Zhang Ruochen also fell down. When he stood back up, he looked at the rabbit that

was sleeping like a log. He didn't know whether to laugh or cry.

Sikong Two looked at the dead Blood General Kongyi. He put his hands together in prayer and said, "Amitabha."

In the distance, anger filled the Second Prince's face.

Blood General Kongyi was a high-level Half-Saint. He was also an important general of the Immortal Vampires. How could he be killed by a black monk and white rabbit? Was there anything more laughable than this?

Of course, the Second Prince wasn't scared. He looked up.

There were thousands upon thousands of Immortal Vampires flying within the blood cloud. It was the Vampire army.

A dark purple war flag also peeked out of the cloud. The word "victory" was printed on it.

The 70-foot-wide flag was swept by the cold wind in the high altitude. It whipped around and crackled. Dozens of powerful murderous Qi traveled from the bloody cloud, targeting Sikong Two, Zhang Ruochen, and even the rabbit sleeping on the ground.

The Second Prince didn't understand why no one had helped Blood General Kongyi when the entire Immortal Vampire army was in the sky. They had many strong fighters too.

Just as he was about to berate the other blood generals, a tiny figure appeared in the heavens. He seemed to be far away in outer space. Thus, he looked tiny as well. Looking up from the ground, he was like a black dot.

The Monks with lower vision couldn't even tell that the dot was a man.

Seeing the black dot in the sky, the Second Prince smiled confidently. He looked at Zhang Ruochen again with some scorn coloring his eyes. Zhang Ruochen would definitely die today.

Zhang Ruochen looked up as well. He quickly realized that black human-shaped dot in the sky. His expression darkened and he uttered three words: "Heaven Blood Saint."

Zhang Ruochen had encountered the Heaven Blood Saint and Earth Blood Saint in the Eastern Region. The powers of the two complemented each other. When they worked together, they could create combat abilities countless times more powerful than their own.

At that time, if Senior Brother Apprentice Saint Qingxiao hadn't appeared to defeat them, Zhang Ruochen wouldn't have survived until now.

Since the Heaven Blood Saint was here, then the Earth Blood Saint should be near too.

Zhang Ruochen looked at the ground under his feet. Without realizing, the ground within a hundred mile radius, with the Sikong Zen Temple as the heart, had become bloody red.

Dense blood veins intersected within the bloody dirt and flowed slowly. It felt like the earth had grown veins and had become a living beast.

This was the Earth Blood Saint.

The Immortal Vampires had sent these two Saints to take his Taotian Sword. They didn't even give him a chance to escape.

Zhang Ruochen's expression turned serious. He took out the Universe Spiritual Map from his Sea of Qi and gripped it. He was ready to summon Ghost King Bloodmoon at any moment.

Faced with the Second Prince, Zhang Ruochen could still risk everything and make an attempt. But faced with these two Saints, he couldn't even try. He could only resolve the crisis with Ghost King Bloodmoon.

However, Zhang Ruochen didn't summon her immediately. He could see that the Heaven Blood Saint and Earth Blood Saint feared something. This was why they hadn't helped when Blood General Kongyi was killed just then.

What did they fear? Did it have something to do with the Sikong Zen Temple?

Whoosh.

More than 1,000 veins on the ground converged into the shape of a man. Right now, the Earth Blood Saint seemed to be

entangled in countless blood-red tentacles. He stood atop a pile of veins.

Facing the Sikong Zen Temple, he uttered with his raspy and ancient voice, “I carry the order of Blood Emperor Qingtian to arrest Zhang Ruochen to the Pluto Sword Tomb. I hope the Sikong Zen Temple will not get involved.”

The Earth Blood Saint was already a Saint. But even without his cultivation, the mere words “Blood Emperor Qingtian” were enough to terrify 99% of the people in the world. They wouldn’t dare to stop him from taking Zhang Ruochen.

The Earth Blood Saint thought this as well. Since he’d mentioned the Blood Emperor Qingtian, who would dare to not know his place and continue fighting against the Immortal Vampires?

Chapter 924 - The Oldest Disciple of Emperor Buddha

Translator:

Larbre Studio

Editor:

Larbre Studio

Creak.

The somewhat mottled gate of Sikong Zen Temple was opened slowly.

An old monk in a grey monastic robe, who was at the age of having one foot in the grave, walked out of the gate.

The pot-bellied Sikong One and a little Buddhist novice who was about three or four years old, followed him and stopped at the gate of the Zen Temple.

“Master.”

Sikong Two rushed to the old monk, and made a bow to him with both hands folded in front. Then he helped him by his right arm.

Zhang Ruochen stared at the old monk, and had the feeling at the first sight, This is an extremely ordinary old monk, but he is somewhat extraordinary.

Wrinkles covered up the face, neck and wrists of the old monk. And he looked extremely old.

Instead of Holy Qi or Buddha Qi, a sense of antiquity spread from his body, which made him more like a human shaped fossil, which had been dug out from the earth, rather than a living person.

The old monk looked at Earth Blood Saint and spoke with a weak breath. “I have some connections with Zhang Ruochen. I

won't stand by and watch you Immortal Vampires take him away.”

The peaceful words gave an irresistible might instead.

The blood Qi gushing out from the earth became several times thicker.

Earth Blood Saint stood at the center of the blood Qi, and said gloomily, “Monk, you have guts to set yourself against the Immortal Vampires. But do you dare to tell us your name?”

The old monk said, “I have chosen to live here, secluded, to get rid of my past and focus on the Way of Buddha only. As my name is a part of the past, I've forgotten it.”

“In that case, I'll have you remember your past.”

The voice of Earth Blood Saint turned shrill.

Splash.

The blood inscriptions gushed up rapidly, condensing into a hundreds-of-meters-long arm which was as giant as a mountain peak, giving out a suffocating smell.

The blood red arm waved down, and threw a handprint to hit the top of the old monk's head.

The random hit gave a violent quake, which could have scared ordinary monks to lie on the ground.

But the old monk just raised his head and gave a look at it.

With some mysterious power, the blood red arm broke into pieces with a boom. Then it turned into a blood rain to fall from the sky.

A low moan of Earth Blood Saint was heard, as if he had been seriously wounded. And the blood Qi coming from his body became weaker.

“Who are you?”

The voice of Earth Blood Saint was still one of power and might.

But Zhang Ruochen had noticed the fear in it.

Defeating a saint was no big deal. But it was truly remarkable to have frightened him.

The old monk remained calm and peaceful, and said lightly, “I don’t want to kill people, so I kept you alive. But a guest of our Sikong Zen Temple has become furious. If she comes out to fight, I’m afraid all of you will die here. I suggest you depart quickly, and stop picking fights.”

Earth Blood Saint fell silent and thought to himself. Could there be another powerful figure secluded in the Sikong Zen Temple?

A voice with strong breath was heard in the blood clouds. “Really? As a king, I don’t buy it. Should there be such a powerful figure, will she come out and fight with us?”

The old monk made a slight sigh and shook his head.

At the same time, the blood clouds dispersed and an about 300-meter-high altar made of white bones appeared.

Sixteen dragon bones supported the altar from the bottom like sixteen thick columns.

Millions of human skeletons were densely arranged beside them. Zhang Ruochen even found some saint bones shining blindingly with Holy light.

It was quite a horrific scene like the birth of a deity or a demon. Seeing this, even a saint would be frightened to tremble.

A tall man who was about seven meters tall was seen standing at the foot of the battle flag on the top of the altar. He was in the Hundred Saint Blood Armor. He put his hands behind him, giving out a mighty Qi which seemed to despise the world.

Hundred Saint Blood Armor was the supreme treasure of the Immortal Vampires. If a powerful figure put it on, they could burst out the power of a hundred saints and swipe everything off.

Heaven Blood Saint and Earth Blood Saint both flew to the altar, and bowed to the big man. Then they stepped to the back of him.

Zhang Ruochen stared at the White Bone Altar.

Little by little, Zhang Ruochen felt his breath being suffocated, his body trembling, and eyes filling with blood, as if he had gone to the World of Asura.

The Qi given out by the tall man was so strong that it had affected the mind of Zhang Ruochen.

Not only Zhang Ruochen, but Sikong One, Sikong Two and Sikong Little all became bloodshot in the eyes and spread aggressive Qi, as if they wanted to drink blood.

As for Zhao Yue and Pu Yuelin from the Ministry of War, they both fell on the ground with blood coming out from their mouths, nostrils, eyes and ears.

The old monk looked at them, and found Zhang Ruochen in a little better condition than the other three who were on the brink of collapse.

Fizz.

Golden Sanskrit characters appeared in the void from nowhere, as the old monk moved his lips. The characters formed a round ball, which wrapped up Zhang Ruochen, Sikong One, Sikong Two and Sikong Little.

Then the four were all brought back to reality. Except Zhang Ruochen, the other three all panted hard, sitting on the ground with clothes soaked with sweat.

For goodness sake! Could he be...Blood Emperor Qingtian? No, no, he just called himself a king. He shouldn't be Blood Emperor Qingtian, Zhang Ruochen said to himself.

It was truly unbelievable that there should be another scary figure in the Immortal Vampires other than Blood Emperor Qingtian.

On top of the White Bone Altar, the tall man stared at the old monk. After a while, he laughed, "I've worked out your identity."

The old monk wasn't affected by him, folding his palms in the front and praying lightly, "Amitabha."

“800 years ago, the oldest disciple of the Emperor Buddha, one of the Nine Emperors, was titled Yintuoluo as a Buddhist. Before Yintuoluo took the Emperor Buddha as his master, he was the descendant of the Sikong Family, Sikong Yibai. If I’m right, you are Yintuoluo.” The big man spoke confidently.

Zhang Ruochen casted a look at the old monk immediately, feeling shocked and overwhelmed.

The oldest disciple of the Emperor Buddha from 800 years ago?

Sikong One, Sikong Two and Sikong Little were all astonished and looked at the old monk. They found it very hard to believe that their master had been living for so long.

How could a man live such a long life?

But the old monk only gave a smile. “The past is like a dream. The present is like a lightening. The future is like clouds. Because all phenomena are like dreams, illusions. Is it important who I used to be?”

The old monk was answering the tall man on the altar, and at the same time instructing his three disciples.

Now that the tall man had known the identity of the old monk, he put on a solemn face. “Is Master Yintuoluo here to hide from Empress Chi Yao? Actually, the Immortal Vampires wants to rescue Pluto to confront Empress Chi Yao, too. Our enemy is the same.”

“If the Master is willing to submit to the Immortal Vampires, I, as a king, could propose to the Blood Emperor to appoint you as the Imperial Saint Master of the Immortal Vampires. How does the Master like it?”

The old monk shook his head, and said, “I want nothing to do with the human world. I’ve devoted myself to worshipping Buddha and cultivating myself. I will not meddle with worldly affairs.”

The tall man said coldly, as if he had run out of patience, “But you meddled with worldly affairs when you protected Zhang Ruochen. To tell you the truth, it is inevitable that Pluto should come back. No one can stop it. Even if the Emperor Buddha

were still alive, he would also be killed if he attempted to stop it.”

Creak.

The gate of Sikong Zen Temple was opened again.

“How dare you! Do you really believe that Immortal Vampires can defy every law and regulation, and the Blood Emperor Qingtian the best in the world?”

The hand that opened the gate was fine and slender, as white as white jade, and flawless.

The hand was dynamic, and was more charming, beautiful and had more lasting appeal than that of the so-called unparalleled beauties.

Chapter 925 - Destroying the Saints

Translator:

Larbre Studio

Editor:

Larbre Studio

Everyone looked in her direction.

They all wondered, who should dare to think nothing of the Blood Emperor Qingtian?

Rat-tat.

A young woman with long, white hair, walked out of the gate. Her hair almost fell to the ground, shimmering with the Saint Light.

Her face was little and exquisite. Her dark brown eyelashes were long, her little fine nose was like jade, and her cherry red lips added pretty color to her face.

As she walked out of the Zen Temple, a weak fragrance of orchid permeated the air. Green orchids were seen growing rapidly in the mountain woods, which had been destroyed by the former battles, revitalizing the area.

Zhang Ruochen stared at the white haired woman and shrank his eyes. He said to himself, "It's her. How's that possible?"

Meanwhile, the beautiful eyes of Kong Lanyou casted a casual look at Zhang Ruochen.

She wished fervently that Zhang Ruochen should be excited to see her, walk to her and hold her tightly in his arms, and call her "cousin" or "Lanyou".

They would happily share their laughter and tears in the past 800 years, remembering the old stories of their teenage time.

Or she would listen to him play the Song of Lanyou one more time.

But nothing happened.

Zhang Ruochen still looked unperturbed. He gave a look at her and then looked away.

Kong Lanyou felt a little disappointed, and somewhat desperate.

Then she took a deep breath, and looked to the Immortal Vampire far away. Kindness and gentleness disappeared from her eyes.

The tall man on the White Bone Altar saw the look of Kong Lanyou. His saint soul couldn't help to give a shudder inside his body.

He only felt that way during his meetings with the real body of the Blood Emperor Qingtian before. Could this white hair woman be an equal figure to the Blood Emperor Qingtian?

Earth Blood Saint and Heaven Blood Saint didn't perceive the same feeling with the tall man. They only regarded Kong Lanyou as someone with a powerful cultivation, but way less powerful than the enigma, Yintuoluo.

If the white haired woman was just a saint, her doubt and dispersion on the Blood Emperor Qingtian would be a deadly sin.

Earth Blood Saint sneered, "Before standing out, shouldn't you weigh out your cultivation first?"

"Only one thing has ever happened to those who questioned the Blood Emperor... death," said Heaven Blood Saint.

The bodies of Earth Blood Saint and Heaven Blood Saint flashed, and disappeared from the top of the White Bone Altar.

To be precise, they didn't disappear in the air. But their speed was too quick to be seen clearly by a Half-Saint.

Swoosh.

The body of Earth Blood Saint blended into the ground, turning the land within 50 kilometers into the blood soil.

Hundreds of thousands of blood inscriptions gushed out from the bottom of the land, and piled up like a blood red mountain.

The mountain was more than 300 meters tall, containing the power to crush a city or to fill a lake. Now it was going to hit the Sikong Zen Temple with an extraordinary speed.

Heaven Blood Saint flew high above the ground, both arms stretching out to become two giant black clouds to cover the sky completely.

Zoom zoom.

Thousands of the blood arrows flew together like a curtain of rain, condensing into a blood red river of arrows.

It was clear to Earth Blood Saint and Heaven Blood Saint that the white haired woman was powerful. So they manipulated the Rules of the sky and the earth to display their full strength.

Even if they couldn't kill the white haired woman, they would try her cultivation.

“You two should dare to attack me?”

Kong Lanyou stood outside the Zen Temple like an Valley Orchid. She raised one hand, and pressed on the Void.

Boom.

Boom.

The more than 300-meter-tall mountain collapsed in a second, turning into the blood fog with the blood-curdling scream of Earth Blood Saint.

The blood fog fell on the ground and became a blood lake.

Before they could destroy anything, thousands of the blood arrows blew up in the sky, falling to the ground and rustling like a gust of the blood rain.

The body of Heaven Blood Saint had changed into a cloud of the blood fog. Only his crystal-like saint skeleton dropped from midair to the Blood Lake.

Then Kong Lanyou waved her sleeve. Two balls of Saint Origin as bright as stars rose from the blood lake, and came to

hover on her palm.

The blood-colored brilliance given by the Saint Origins lit her pale face with some color.

Sikong One, Sikong Two and Sikong Little all took a deep breath, and stayed like stones.

“Heaven forbid! Amitabha! Is she a human...or not?” The teeth of Sikong One shuddered, making a clicking noise.

Zhang Ruochen had expected that the cultivation of Kong Lanyou should have improved greatly after 800 years.

But he still felt frightened watching Kong Lanyou fight.

It had to be stated clearly that those two were saints, who were easily vanquished by Kong Lanyou like the killing of two mosquitos.

The two saints of the Immortal Vampires didn't even have the time to escape.

Other Immortal Vampires in the blood clouds afar were all scared to death. Some of lower cultivations couldn't control their Holy Qi properly because of their fright. As their Qi became disordered, they fell hard on the ground from midair.

The tall man on the White Bone Altar held his breath. He looked gloomy rather than calm.

The tall man was actually the first King underneath Blood Emperor Qingtian, King Zhongying. He was also called King of the Blood Kings, as his cultivation had reached an extremely high state.

Together with the Hundred Saint Blood Armor and the White Bone Altar, King Zhongying could easily beat anyone in the world, except a few about the same level as the Blood King Qingtian.

King Zhongying said with a thick voice, “Who are you?”

“Kong Lanyou.” Kong Lanyou responded with no haste nor hesitation.

Hearing the name, King Zhongying shrank his eyes and commanded decisively, “Retreat!”

The Saint Elder of Sacred Central Crypt plus the oldest disciple of the Emperor Buddha... as powerful as King Zhongying, he could never defend against them and had to run away.

The army of the Immortal Vampires was frightened to death by Kong Lanyou. Hearing the command of King Zhongying, no one dared to stay any longer. All retreated quickly to the end of the horizon like ebbs.

“Now you wanna run away. How can I let you escape so easily?”

King Zhongying looked gloomy. “Immortal Vampires don’t want to pick up the fight with the Sacred Central Crypt. Does the Saint Elder want to wage war on us?”

“The minute the Immortal Vampires set foot on the Kunlun’s Field, you have become the enemy of the Sacred Central Crypt.”

Kong Lanyou stretched one long and slender finger, then a ball of seven-colored flames was condensed from her fingertip.

The shape of the flame was like the feather of a peacock, brightly-colored and full of beauty. And yet, a horrible power of destruction was kept in it.

The feather-shaped flame flew out, soared to the sky and went into the blood clouds.

Hum.

The sky within about a 500 kilometers’ area was turned into a sea of flames, swallowing all the Immortal Vampires.

The flame of seven colors was so terrible that the Immortal Vampires at the level of Half-Saint would be burned into dust by its touch.

Once the flame touched the Half-Saint Light, it would turn the Half-Saint Light into the dark smoke with a fizz.

In just a second, except King Zhongying, thousands of the Immortal Vampire soldiers were all exterminated.

None had been left alive.

There were dozens of Half-Saints among the Immortal Vampire soldiers.

Zhang Ruochen's lips moved, and he said with a low voice, "Peacock Fire."

Sikong Two opened his eyes wide, and swallowed saliva. "The legendary method of burning the sky and boiling the sea really exists."

The sky was still in flames and turned into pure gold. Giant fireballs would fall to the ground from time to time, making giant black pits one after another.

King Zhongying was furious to see this, and he said scornfully, "Kong Lanyou, you've crossed the line. I'll fight with you. Show me what the Saint Elder of Sacred Central Crypt has got!"

King Zhongying flew from the White Bone Altar, and stood in the Void. The black evil Qi generated from his body completely dispersed the flames from the sky.

Sough.

The armor on King Zhongying gave out scarlet lights. And one hundred giant shadows came out of the armor, and covered more than half of the sky.

"Universe Divine-Stele Palm."

Two palms as big as the cattail leaf fans raised slowly. A black stele condensed from between the palms. Densely arranged blood inscriptions showed up from its surface.

The higher King Zhongying raised his arm, the bigger the size of the black stele became. At the end, the black stele became as big as a mountain. An extraordinary power which could destroy the whole world was given out by it before it fell down.

Although being protected by Yintuoluo, Zhang Ruochen, Sikong One, Sikong Two and Sikong Little all felt as if they were being suffocated and had to forcefully prevent themselves from falling down.

Kong Lanyou was still calm. “The Universe Divine-Stele Palm is the first palm move of the Immortal Vampires. In the past, when the Blood Empress was alive, she had practiced it to its utmost, and once hurt Emperor Qing with it. Since she’s been dead so many years, I didn’t expect that there should be another Immortal Vampire who grasped the Universe Divine-Stele Palm. But it’s a pity, pity...”

“What do you mean?” asked King Zhongying.

Kong Lanyou said, “You’ve practiced the Universe Divine-Stele Palm to its utmost, but you don’t have a cultivation high enough to give out its full strength. You had to borrow the power of the Hundred Saint Blood Armor to barely wield the strike. You are far from the power of the Blood Empress.”

“How dare you!”

King Zhongying overlapped his hands, and pat the palm print downward.

The giant Black Divine Stele fell to the ground rapidly, like an aerolite, to hit the earth.

It was imaginable that once the divine stele fell on the ground, the area would be turned into a barren land of the dead.

Chapter 926 - A Quiet Morning

Translator:

Larbre Studio

Editor:

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Before the Black Divine Stele could fall down, it had broken into pieces with a boom.

Meanwhile, Kong Lanyou flew through the broken Divine Stele, and strided to King Zhongying. She was covered by the saint light of seven colors like an unparalleled Peacock Goddess.

With each step, she had come dozens of kilometers closer. The heaven and the earth had become relatively small underneath her steps.

“How’s it possible?” King Zhongying found it hard to believe.

The Universe Divine-Stele Palm had always been the proud knowledge of King Zhongying, which could break all defenses and attack all enemies.

How could it be cracked so easily?

Kong Youlan didn’t give much time for King Zhongying to think. She arrived and hit the center of his brow with one finger.

Lines of seven-colored brilliance were gathered to her fingertip.

It had drained the Spiritual Qi from the area of about 500 kilometers, disordering the Rule of the Heaven and the Earth.

King Zhongying pinched his palms again and displayed the Hundred Saint Power.

Behind him, the shadows of 100 saints all raised one hand to hit Kong Lanyou.

Fizz.

The finger of Kong Lanyou penetrated the palm of King Zhongying.

Then she transformed her finger into a palm, and hit three palm prints in a row on the palm, chest and left brain of King Zhongying.

Bang!

Bang!

Bang!

Being hit three times, half of the evil Qi of King Zhongying dispersed. His body was indented, his neck broken, and blood was being spit out of his mouth. He flew away rightwards.

The Peacock Fire contained in Kong Lanyou's palm burnt the body of King Zhongying. Whatever method King Lanyou took, he couldn't put out the flame.

His body began to melt like burning iron.

King Zhongying realized the gap between him and Kong Lanyou and dared not to fight any longer. He landed on the White Bone Altar, then rode it to fly to the Pluto Sword Tomb.

In just a blink, he disappeared from the horizon.

Only Blood Emperor Qingtian could resolve the Peacock Fire on his body. So he had to go back quickly.

Kong Lanyou stood in midair, looking at the escaping King Zhongying. She didn't stop him.

She let him run away deliberately.

“It will cost at least 20% of Blood Emperor Qingtian's strength to resolve the Peacock Fire on King Zhongying.”

She looked downwards and stared at Yintuoluo. “Master, shall we go to the Pluto Sword Tomb?”

Yintuoluo looked at the land, which was covered by burning flames after the battles. He sighed, “We can't let the felons

kept in the Underground Spirit Prison out. Otherwise, it could be devastating for human beings.”

“Now that the flames of war have been lit in the Sikong Zen Temple. I can’t keep myself out of the worldly affairs any longer.”

“Let’s go! Let’s meet Blood Emperor Qingtian, and see how powerful the Immortal Vampires have become after 800 years.”

Kong Lanyou cast another look at Zhang Ruochen, and finally made a step. It was like she had crossed some barrier between the heaven and the earth. When she put down her foot, she had arrived at the Pluto Sword Tomb.

Yintuoluo raced to the Pluto Sword Tomb as well. Only Zhang Ruochen, Sikong One, Sikong Two and Sikong Little were left in the Sikong Zen Temple.

Now that Lanyou and Yintuoluo have gone to the Pluto Sword Tomb, together with the ambush of the imperial army, Underground Spirit Prison should be safe, Zhang Ruochen thought secretly.

The Immortal Vampires were the enemies to all human beings, nobody wanted them to release Pluto no matter how.

“Say! Where is the Second Royal Prince of the Immortal Vampires?”

Sikong Two rubbed his head.

Zhang Ruochen glanced around, and didn’t find the Second Royal Prince.

Maybe he had run away in the chaos? Or died in the repercussions of the Saint Battle?

Zhang Ruochen didn’t think further, but sat down with his legs crossed. He swallowed a mouthful of Xuanwu Saint Blood, and strived to recover his Holy Qi with one saint rock in each hand.

The strength of Zhang Ruochen had recovered about 70-80% by daybreak.

Zhang Ruochen stood up, relaxing his wrists and ankles. He stood halfway up the mountain, and looked down to its base.

The lush and green mountain woods were turned into scorched earth completely. Flames were still burning in some spots, melting the soil into magma.

A smell of cooking spread from the Sikong Zen Temple.

Zhang Ruochen stood up and came to the dining hall of the temple, guided by the smell of cooking.

Sikong One, Sikong Two and the 3 or 4-year old Sikong Little were seen sitting at the three sides of a yellowish brown wood table, eating.

There was corn porridge, steamed buns, bamboo shoots and some green fruit. Although there was no meat, the meal looked scrumptious.

The battle of life and death that happened outside the Zen Temple had turned the land within about 500 meters into red soil. It was incredible for them to keep on eating and sleeping like nothing had happened.

Sikong One saw Zhang Ruochen walk in, put down his bowl at once and hit the table with his fist. He shouted, "Second Junior Brother, watch the way you eat! You are more of a beggar than a Buddhist. Don't you see Mr. Zhang coming in? Bring him a bowl of rice and hurry up!"

"Oh!"

Sikong Two put down his bowl and walked to the kitchen right away.

Sikong One smiled at Zhang Ruochen with his big face.

"Second Junior Brother is too young to know things. Mr. Zhang, please don't be angry with him. Sit, sit. We always provide enough food in our Zen Temple."

Zhang Ruochen walked to a table near the window, and sat down. He looked at the Buddha Tower and the red flowers winding on the rails outside the window. Magically, his mindset became extremely peaceful.

The Zen Temple was a truly serene place, and his coming had broken the tranquility here. Zhang Ruochen felt a little ashamed.

Zhang Ruochen couldn't help to sigh.

“What are you sighing for?”

A clear and sweet voice was heard opposite him. It was as beautiful as the spring flowing on the stone, and the wind blowing the moon.

Zhang Ruochen looked at his opposite and found a beautiful white haired woman sitting there. No one knew when she had sat down.

Zhang Ruochen looked to his right immediately, and found an old monk beside the table of Sikong One and Sikong Little. He appeared all of a sudden, but he sat quietly in the chair, like he'd been there all the time.

Apparently, Kong Lanyou and Master Yintuoluo had just returned to the Sikong Zen Temple.

Zhang Ruochen asked at once, “Kong...Senior, did the Immortal Vampires retreat to the Pluto Sword Tomb? What's the result?”

“You should answer my question first.”

The beautiful eyes of Kong Lanyou looked straightly at Zhang Ruochen like two black gems, as if she wanted to see through him.

Zhang Ruochen pressed his lips and calmed down. He pointed to the red flowers winding on the window lattices, and said, “Look, life is so beautiful. And yet we are destroying it. Shouldn't I sigh for it?”

Kong Lanyou shook her head lightly, and said, “No, it's not right.”

“Not right?” Zhang Ruochen asked her in reply.

Kong Lanyou kept shaking her head, and didn't blink. “You shouldn't be so calm as an ordinary person. When I sit opposite an ordinary person, he should be frightened to stand

up and bow respectfully to me, keeling on the ground. But, you didn't."

Zhang Ruochen remained calm, and knocked the table with a finger. "Do you wish to see me like that?"

"Of course not."

Kong Lanyou said again, "You are trying to hide your identity from me. Even I can't spot a weak point. So before we returned to Zen Temple, I told Master Yintuoluo that I wanted to see your reaction when you took off your mask."

"Did you see it? Would you tell me what I was like?" Zhang Ruochen's voice trembled a little.

After he went to 800 years later, he had been working hard to hide him and his secret.

Sometimes he would forget what he was originally like.

Kong Lanyou's eyes were a little red. "I saw some sadness, worry, and a little loneliness. You shouldn't have such feelings if you didn't go through the great ups and downs of life."

Zhang Ruochen just sat there silently. He didn't dare to look at Kong Lanyou.

He would like to tell everything to Kong Lanyou at once, however, some negative thoughts occurred to him, and prevented him from making the decision.

"The family name of Crypt of Sacred Central is Kong, not Zhang."

"When the Kong Family took over the imperial government of Sacred Central Empire by then, they took away the royal rights of the Zhang Family as well."

"Are the woman's words trustworthy?"

...

The voices were like demonic spells appearing in Zhang Ruochen's mind, together with pictures of bloody scenes.

"Mr. Zhang, your food."

Sikong Two carried a wooden plate to the table. He put a bowl of porridge, a small dish of bamboo shoots, three steamed buns and four pieces of green fruit in front of Zhang Ruochen.

Sikong One shouted from the other direction, "Don't you see that Master and Senior Kong are back? Go and bring two more bowls."

"Right on my way."

Sikong Two raced to the kitchen with his wooden plate right away.

Zhang Ruochen exhaled slowly, trying to adjust his emotion and avoid the influence of his obsession.

His spirit recovered gradually. And he drank the porridge, holding it with two hands.

So refreshing and sweet. How delicious!

Kong Lanyou seemed to have perceived that he was at a risky state, so she didn't put pressure on him.

She picked up a steamed bun, twisted a small part off it with her slender fingers, and put the part in her mouth. She chewed slowly, in a way which was full of grace.

Neither Kong Lanyou nor Zhang Ruochen needed to feed on grains. But the two did enjoy the rare serenity in the Sikong Zen Temple.

Zhang Ruochen pretended to look at Kong Lanyou casually.

Her way of eating was quite lovely. The lips were like flawless lotus tips, touching each other slightly. While she ate, snow white teeth would appear from time to time, each of which was like a pearl.

Now she looked nothing like the Saint Elder of Sacred Central Crypt, but the girl 800 years ago.

It was as if they'd travelled back to the beginning, eating, taking morning courses, practicing sword and studying together.

Zhang Ruochen valued the moment very much, for he knew that it might never happen again.

He wished fervently that one thing should also happen like the past. Chi Yao would take away the steamed bun from Kong Lanyou's hand, eat a little, then put the bun in Zhang Ruochen's bowl. And she would laugh, "Lanyou, you eat too much. What if you put on weight? You should give it to your cousin. Let him eat more."

But it would never happen.

Chapter 927 - Secret Revealed

Translator:

Larbre Studio

Editor:

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Sikong Two took two more bowls of porridge out of the kitchen. He gave one to Kong Lanyou and the other to Yintuoluo, each with a pair of bamboo chopsticks.

Zhang Ruochen sat opposite Kong Lanyou. They glanced at each other from time to time while eating. The delicate atmosphere was kept on purpose. Nobody wanted to break the silence.

Until a fat black cat zoomed in from the door.

It stood on its hind legs, and raised its forelegs highly. Its round eyes circled for a while, then located Zhang Ruochen and walked to him.

“Eek! Zhang Ruochen, you don’t know how wretched the battle was yesterday in the Pluto Sword Tomb. I was frightened and hid in the Battle Formation instantly, otherwise, I couldn’t have survived.”

Blackie climbed on a wooden stool, and sat on it. It picked up a bamboo shoot and threw it in its mouth. Feeling it was flavorless, it spit it out.

Zhang Ruochen took Blackie with him when he joined the army of the Shi Family to encircle and annihilate the Immortal Vampires in the Golden Sparrow City.

Blackie should have stayed with Li Min at that time, teaching her some secrets of practicing the Spiritual Power.

The minute the Immortal Vampires stormed in the Pluto Sword Tomb, Blackie had taken Li Min to hide in the volcano in the Sword Tomb.

The Battle Formations pre-arranged by him served the purpose well.

That's why Blackie had been able to witness the fierce battle yesterday. And it didn't leave the Pluto Sword Tomb for the Sikong Zen Temple until all the Immortal Vampires retreated.

"You didn't see it. The army of the Immortal Vampires just flooded in. No one could tell how many there were, only the densely arranged black spots could be seen flying in the sky." Blackie described the picture with vivid language.

Zhang Ruochen said, "How about the Ancient Battle Formation outside the Pluto Sword Tomb, arranged by the Great Talents in the Middle Ages? Couldn't it stop the Immortal Vampire?"

Blackie shook its head, "It was said that the Immortal Vampires had brought a Celestial Master of Battle Formation to have cracked a small half of the Inscriptions of the Ancient Battle Formation. Together with the Blood Emperor Qingtian's power, they ripped a hundred-meter-wide opening in the Ancient Battle Formation, and stormed through it."

"The clan leader of the Ancient Race of Prison Guardians, Wang Beilie, was captured by Blood Emperor Qingtian and was made into a blood slave."

"Wan Zhaoyi used the Tianming Summoning Rune to alter the Rules of Saintly Way, and even spent half of his blood and 100 years of his living years to activate the 10% power of Emperor Tianming kept in the Tianming Summoning Rune. But he was only able to resist three strikes from Blood Emperor Qingtian, and merely escaped the Pluto Sword Tomb severely wounded."

"Ling Feiyu took all clan members of the Ancient Race of Prison Guardians to stay back in the Sword Tomb. She borrowed the strength of the fifteen Sword Saint Patriarchs to give out the power of a Supreme Saint, and fought almost one

hour with Blood Emperor Qingtian. Thousands of swords flew in the sky and bloody clouds covered up the sky. It was extremely shocking. However, Ling Feiyu was defeated at last. She was severely wounded and disappeared. Nobody knows whether she is still alive or where she is. The Zangtian Sword and Zhutian Sword fell to the hands of the Blood Emperor Qingtian.”

Although Zhang Ruochen didn't witness the fighting, he could picture the horrible battles then.

Wan Zhaoyi and Ling Feiyu were the best that the Kunlun's Field had seen in the recent hundreds of years. They each had extraordinary life chances and incomparable strengths to fight with the Blood Emperor Qingtian.

The rest were not even qualified to fight with the Blood Emperor Qingtian.

Zhang Ruochen felt a little worried for Ling Feiyu.

She had taught him much knowledge of the Way of Sword. She was like a teacher and a dear friend to him, to some extent.

Blackie went on. “Four wardens of the Underground Spirit Prison were all awakened from their deep sleep to fight with the Blood Emperor Qingtian and the mysterious Celestial Master of Battle Formation for a long time.”

The four wardens all had lived a long time and had irresistible power. They were, in fact, the last line of defense of the Underground Spirit Prison.

Zhang Ruochen felt nervous hearing this.

“One of the four wardens died in the fight, while the other three were all severely wounded. At the minute that the Blood Emperor Qingtian was about to open the gate of the Underground Spirit Prison, a white-haired She Devil arrived there from the horizon. With a strike, she had vanquished hundreds of thousands of the Immortal Vampires.”

“The corpses of the Immortal Vampires kept dropping to the ground like rain, making the Sword Tomb a field of slaughter.”

Blackie spit a long breath, and clapped on its hairy chest. It went on, “You didn’t see it. The She Devil didn’t even blink while she slaughtered. And she looked horrible with three heads and six arms. She was ten meters tall and ten meters wide...”

Kong Lanyou stopped it. “In another words, doesn’t the She Devil look like a squared cube?”

“Hahahaha! You are clever. Yes, she surely looks like a squared...”

Blackie looked at Kong Lanyou, and gasped. It couldn’t say more words, as if someone had pinched its neck.

Isn’t she the She Devil?? Blackie was dumbfounded for a while, thinking it might have been experiencing an illusion. It turned back to look at Zhang Ruochen, then Kong Lanyou.

This time it was clear.

Blackie took a swallow, and licked its lips lightly. It lied on the stool, and mewed.

It was pretending that it was just an ordinary cat and had said nothing before.

Kong Lanyou didn’t want to let it go away. She stretched out a hand to rub Blackie’s head. Saint lights were shivering in her eyes. And she said, “You are not a mortal animal, but some kind of spirit that has been exercising for at least hundreds of thousands of years. Speak! Why do you stay beside Zhang Ruochen? What’s your aim?”

Kong Lanyou surely could see the true self of Blackie with her high cultivation. Few living creatures could cheat her.

Blackie was truly immortal, but its spirit could still be dispersed by figures like Kong Lanyou.

Blackie trembled fiercely, and said hurriedly, “Zhang Ruochen, explain for me quickly! Or, or...I’ll have to tell her your secret!”

Blackie did know many of Zhang Ruochen’s secrets. Zhang Ruochen felt himself shudder a little. He said, “Senior Kong,

Blackie is just a weapon spirit of mine. Don't worry, it will never hurt me."

"But now I wonder, what secret of yours does it know?"

Kong Lanyou pressed her red lips slightly, and smiled. She looked at Blackie, and said, "Didn't you just call me the She Devil? Yes, I am the She Devil. Speak! What is the secret of Zhang Ruochen? Once you tell me, I will help free you and even construct a body for you."

Kong Lanyou surely wanted to ask the thing that she wanted to know from Blackie.

"Do you mean it to help free me?" Blackie was swayed, brilliance appearing in its eyes.

Blackie had seen Kong Lanyou's strength. She was absolutely powerful even compared with those in the Middle Ages.

With her incomparable cultivation, she surely had the ability to help it escape the seal of the Universe Spiritual Map.

"Of course."

Kong Lanyou spoke while observing the changes of Zhang Ruochen's face, "But, it depends on how valuable the secret is."

Blackie was delighted. "The secret that I am about to say is surely something that you want to know."

Zhang Ruochen's face blackened. He said in a low voice, "Blackie, do you want to be sealed in the Universe Spiritual Map again?"

"Zhang Ruochen, I hate it the most the way you cheat people. Why not speak out? I wanted to tell the Mu girl when you cheated her." Blackie turned to Kong Lanyou, "Let me tell you. Zhang Ruochen is no longer a virgin. He has countless women and girls with him. But I swear, you are the first person to know it from me."

Blackie raised one claw while it spoke, as if it was making an oath.

Apparently, Blackie thought that Zhang Ruochen had the special relationship with Kong Lanyou, so it spoiled the secret that it regarded as the most important.

Kong Lanyou was a little shocked by its words. Obviously the secret told by Blackie was beyond her expectations.

Then she gave a weird look at Zhang Ruochen.

The three young monks near them all stopped eating and pricked their ears, trying to hear more “secrets.”

Zhang Ruochen felt totally embarrassed and took a deep breath.

He took out the Universe Spiritual Map slowly, and put Holy Qi constantly in it. Lines of inscriptions showed up on the surface of the scroll.

Sensing the danger, Blackie screamed, and rushed out of the dining hall like a black shadow.

“Zhang Ruochen, I’m just telling the truth. Why should you blame me? Maybe the She Devil doesn’t mind at all?”

Snoosh.

With a flash inside the Universe Spiritual Map, Blackie was taken back by a strong power and sealed in the Scroll World.

“Zhang Ruochen, you hypocrite! You should dare to seal me! I’m just revealing your true self, in case other females should be cheated by you. You have many other ulterior secrets! You have one foot in two camps. You’ve seen the body of the Saint Lady. You took the Ghost King Bloodmoon in for your own desire. And you deliberately teased the little girl, Li Min... You are a monster...monster...”

Blackie kept screaming inside the Scroll World, defiant.

But surely, no one, except Zhang Ruochen, could hear its words.

Zhang Ruochen appeared to be calm hearing its words.

Actually he wasn’t very angry. He just worried that Blackie, the big mouth, would spoil other secrets.

Now that Kong Lanyou had doubted his identity. She just needed some confirmation. Once confirmed, nobody knew what she was gonna do next.

After all, Kong Lanyou was no longer the innocent girl. Now she could look down on all heroes in the world and slaughter without a blink. Even if she still held a special attachment to Zhang Ruochen, she surely had her own views and a firm will.

Whether she was gonna be good or bad to Zhang Ruochen, he couldn't put a stop to it with his current cultivation.

Although being close at hand to each other, the gap between the cultivations of the two people widened the distance between them invisibly.

Chapter 928 - Practicing in The Mortal World

Translator:

Larbre Studio

Editor:

Larbre Studio

It was weirdly quiet in the temple's dining hall.

After a while, Kong Lanyou stopped her smile, and asked gently, "I remember, she's your fiance. Right?"

"It's my privacy."

Zhang Ruochen looked unperturbed and unembarrassed.

Kong Lanyou nodded. "Since you don't want to talk about it, I will not keep asking. My last question: if you are the same person from 800 years ago, why didn't you perform the memorial ritual for my aunt after you arrived in the Central Region?"

Zhang Ruochen felt a little hurt by her words. He pinched his fingers.

Zhang Ruochen wanted to perform the memorial ritual for his queen mother in the Imperial Mausoleum long ago, but the things that happened in the Pluto Sword Tomb hindered him.

Kong Lanyou slowly stood up, showing her perfect figure. Her white hair was as beautiful as the waterfall made by fine white tallow, swaying in the wind.

She took a step and walked outside.

"You can keep on hiding. I will not force you to admit it. But I have to tell you this. I will go to my aunt's tomb, sweep her grave, and guard there for the next three months. If you are him, and you don't appear there in the next three months. I will regard him as a dead person, even if he is still alive."

Kong Lanyou disappeared from the dining hall after she finished her last word.

Zhang Ruochen was clear that Kong Lanyou was pressing on him, and using his deceased mother to force him to submit.

“She’s so aggressive.”

Zhang Ruochen frowned and closed his eyes. At last, a smile was seen on his face.

Zhang Ruochen would have to go to his mother’s tomb. Now that he couldn’t run away from it, he had to face it.

After the breakfast, Zhang Ruochen had a meeting with Master Yintuoluo about the gold dragon. Hearing the last dragon soul had dispersed, Master Yintuoluo couldn’t help sighing.

They walked on the stoned way in the Zen Temple, and arrived at the foot of the Statue of the Emperor Buddha unconsciously.

Master Yintuoluo pressed his hands together in front of his chest, and bowed respectfully to the Statue of the Emperor Buddha. Then he said, “Mr. Zhang, actually, I have to ask for a favor from you.”

Zhang Ruochen lowered his body slightly to the Statue of the Emperor Buddha. He said, “I have to ask for a favor from you, too.”

Master Yintuoluo showed a little smile. “I don’t have many things to fear in this world, only the two characters, ‘cause’ and ‘result.’ Now that we both have something in need, ‘cause’ and ‘result’ can be compensated.”

Zhang Ruochen said, “What do you want from me, Master? Please just say it.”

Master Yintuoluo said, “I have fought with the Saint Elder of Sacred Central Crypt in the fights of the Pluto Sword Tomb. Although we’ve defeated the Blood Emperor Qingtian, I’ve intervened in the worldly affairs. The location of the Sikong Zen Temple has also been exposed.”

“From now on, the Sikong Zen Temple and I would definitely be involved with the fights in this troubled time, and have no chance for secluded exercise.”

“I’ve taken in three disciples in total. The third one is still too young, but the other two have made some progress. Now that the troubled time has begun, they should go to practice in the real world.”

“I don’t feel at ease to let them leave the Zen Temple and practice on their own. If Mr. Zhang could take them with you. I will be able to rest a bit more assured.”

Zhang Ruochen was a little shocked, “You want me to take Sikong One and Sikong Two to practice in the mortal world, Master?”

Master Yintuoluo nodded, “Secluding is a way of practicing. And living in the mortal world is another way of practicing. Only by experiencing the disillusionments in the mortal world can they exercise their Hearts of the Buddha and improve themselves.”

Sikong Two was honest and inarticulate, and was relatively better than the restless Sikong One.

Zhang Ruochen didn’t really want to help.

He thought for a while, and said, “I can give my word to take them in the mortal world to you, Master. And may the Master answer to my favor please.”

“Please.”

Zhang Ruochen picked up the Taotian Sword, holding it in his hands. “The human race has gathered all strength to defeat Pluto and seal him at the 15th level of the Underground Spirit Prison 10,000 years ago. To crack the 15th level, six keys are needed. Each key is a Saint Sword.”

“Now the Blood Emperor Qingtian has taken 5 Saint Swords. The last one, the Taotian Sword, is with me.”

“Although the Blood Emperor Qingtian has retreated, he will surely come back again. Numerous powerful figures from the

Immortal Vampires will surely come to me and try to rob the Taotian Sword in the following days.”

“I don’t have confidence in myself to protect the Taotian Sword with my current cultivation. So I want the Master to keep it for the moment. After I become a saint, I will claim it back.”

Master Yintuoluo must have known something about Pluto and the secret of the six Saint Swords with his cultivation and experience. Therefore, Zhang Ruochen didn’t conceal, but told everything to him.

“Amitabha!”

Master Yintuoluo cast a look at the Taotian Sword, and sighed, “I knew that I would be involved in the storm once I intervened in the worldly affairs. But I didn’t expect that the trouble would come to me so quickly.”

Master Yintuoluo surely understood the value of a Saint Sword. In other words, the Taotian Sword was surely the thorniest object in Kunlun’s Field.

Whoever kept it would be dragged into endless slaughter.

“So be it. Perhaps everything is meant to happen, once you’ve stepped in the Sikong Zen Temple.”

Master Yintuoluo picked up the sword hilt of the Taotian Sword, and put it away in his sleeves. “I can no longer stay in the Sikong Zen Temple. If Mr. Zhang wants it back, please find me in the Brahma Way in Western Region.”

Master Yintuoluo took a Buddhist marble made of green wood, and lay it in the palm of Zhang Ruochen. He added, “This Buddhist marble has special power to help you hide your Qi. You can avoid the Octagon Mirror of the Ministry of War, and the calculation of the Saint of Spiritual Power of the Immortal Vampires. And when you comes to Brahma Way in the future, you should see me with this Buddhist Marble as our token.”

The Buddhist Marble did save a lot of trouble for Zhang Ruochen.

Then, Master Yintuoluo called Sikong One and Sikong Two to come, telling them to listen to Zhang Ruochen's instructions and so on after they entered the mortal world.

Then Master Yintuoluo took Sikong Little and they went on their way to the Western Region.

Sikong Two appeared to be very sentimental to depart from his master. He kneeled outside the Zen Temple for a long time before getting up, his eyes filled with tears.

But Sikong One appeared to be super excited. He returned to the Zen Temple, and began packing. He had packed ten giant packages with no stop, and yet failed to include everything.

Zhang Ruochen was curious, and asked, "What are you packing?"

Sikong One laughed mysteriously, and opened one sealed package. Two blood red skeletons were in it.

The two skeletons were crystal clear as if carved by ruby. Rings of saint light were seen floating on the surface of the bones.

"Saint Bone," said Zhang Ruochen.

Sikong One said, "Yes! After the Saint Elder of Sacred Central Crypt killed the two saints of the Immortal Vampires yesterday, these two saint skeletons were left there. I was told by a visitor before, who once stayed in the Sikong Zen Temple, that the Saint Bone is the priceless treasure which can be sold at a high price in the Black Market. So I went to the blood lake last night and dredged them up."

Then Sikong One opened other packages and showed them to Zhang Ruochen. Some of the packages were filled with the battle weapons of the True Treasure Class and saint weapons which were collected by him. Some were filled with sacred medicine and sacred fruits.

Each of the objects in the packages would sell at a good price.

Zhang Ruochen picked up a green spur which was more than 20 meters long. The spur had 19 levels and was covered up by thick dragon inscriptions.

It was the saint weapon of the Blood General Kongyi, Blue Dragon Spur.

“How strong the dragon Qi is!”

Holding the spur in his hands, Zhang Ruochen could hear the low dragon roar from it.

A strong dragon soul must have been kept in it. It might have reached the level of a saint dragon.

To exercise the Tenth Palm of the Dragon and Elephant Prajna Palm, Zhang Ruochen had to refine dragon souls and elephant souls. Now that one dragon soul was placed in his face, he wouldn't want to lose it.

Since Sikong One wanted it to sell, Zhang Ruochen thought he might buy it from him.

“You name a price. This dragon spur is very important to me. I will buy it,” said Zhang Ruochen.

Sikong One put on a less delighted face. “You are treating me as a trader. Just feel free to take everything you want. Of course...don't take too much.”

Zhang Ruochen smiled, and looked at the ten giant packages on the ground. He thought for a while and took a Spatial Bracelet out and passed it to Sikong One. “I have something that might be useful for you.”

Then Zhang Ruochen told Sikong One the way to use the Spatial Bracelet.

“I was just worrying about taking so many things with me. I didn't expect that Mr. Zhang had such a magical treasure. Amitabha! Thank you so much!”

Sikong One was thrilled to find out the usage of the Spatial Bracelet. Then, he dug out ten more giant packages from another corner of the Zen Temple. Each package was filled with treasures from the heaven and the earth.

After packing up, Zhang Ruochen, Sikong One and Sikong Two went on their way to the mortal world.

Zhang Ruochen had planned to go to the Pluto Sword Tomb to look for Ling Feiyu, and to see the condition of the Ancient Race of Prison Guardians.

But after a second thought, Zhang Ruochen shook his head.

Although the Blood Emperor Qingtian had retreated, there must be some powerful figures of the Immortal Vampires hiding outside the Pluto Sword Tomb.

Those from the Immortal Vampires didn't know that Zhang Ruochen had given the Taotian Sword to Master Yintuoluo, so they would keep searching for him at any cost.

If Zhang Ruochen went to the Ancient Race of Prison Guardians, he would surely expose himself.

Now it was better for him to disappear, preventing the Ministry of War and the Immortal Vampires from finding him.

“Where should we go, Mr. Zhang?” Sikong Two asked him.

Zhang Ruochen said, “To the Black Market.”

Sikong One lit his eyes hearing the words. He thanked Zhang Ruochen silently, Mr. Zhang is truly a considerate person!

He thought that Zhang Ruochen chose the Black Market as the first stop for his sake. Actually, it was Zhang Ruochen's wish to go there as well.

Chapter 929 - Blood Dragon Hall

Translator:

Larbre Studio

Editor:

Larbre Studio

First of all, all kinds of people gathered in the Black Market, which could bring useful information to Zhang Ruochen.

The fight between the Ancient Race of Prison Guardians and the Immortal Vampires would surely astonish the whole Yuan Mansion, and even the State of Tiantai. So messages would be exchanged frequently in the Black Market.

Therefore, even if Zhang Ruochen didn't go to the Pluto Sword Tomb, he could still get the information he needed.

Second, Zhang Ruochen went to the Black Market to buy the Divine Origin Pill of higher levels, preparing himself to break through the Third Level of Half-Saint.

Only with higher cultivation could he win more initiative. Otherwise, he would always be on the defensive of the Imperial Government and the Immortal Vampires.

Once he reached the Third Level of Half-Saint, he would deal with Half-Saints at higher levels with more ease, instead of being kept on the run.

After five days' travel, Zhang Ruochen, Sikong One and Sikong Two finally crossed the vast area to arrive in the center city of the Yuan Mansion.

Zhang Ruochen had spent days on the road, and nights in the Scroll World to practice and refine the divine blood, improving his cultivation.

Now he had stabilized his state at the Second Level of Half-Saint and made more progress.

In the meantime, the Nine-Life Sword Technique, True-Thunder Fire Sword Technique and Eight Changes of Scales practiced by him all made steady progress.

Yuan Mansion ranked in Top Ten from the 36 mansion of the State of Tiantai. It was a prosperous and grand area, rich in history. Many scenic spots and historical sites could be found here.

The streets were filled with heavy traffic and people hurrying to and fro. Gorgeous vehicles and those pulled by white savage beasts could be seen galloping in the center of the roads. And some ferocious half-human monks could also be seen walking in groups, carrying their battle weapons on their backs, as if they had just returned from some dangerous places with large amounts of ore and sacred medicine.

It was the first time for Sikong One and Sikong Two to come into a city. Everything looked extremely fascinating. Zhang Ruochen had to keep an eye on them to avoid a lot of needless trouble.

Before stepping in the Black Market, Zhang Ruochen used Traceless 36 Changes to change his appearance into that of Lin Yue.

The Ministry of War had publicized the portrait of Zhang Ruochen everywhere in the Yuan Mansion. Therefore, everyone could recognize Zhang Ruochen's face.

And few people had met Lin Yue in the Central Region.

If he had other ways, Zhang Ruochen wouldn't want to change his looks. He preferred to live an upright life and play fair and square.

But such a simple thing for ordinary people would be too much of a challenge for him. He couldn't decide for himself.

The Black Market was a little gloomy compared with the hustle and bustle of the city, making people feel murderous intentions everywhere.

Many passersby were on the road, most of whom were quite powerful with battle weapons on their backs. Some were even covered by blood, apparently not the kind of good people.

Clank!

The sounds of the iron chain being dragged on the ground and sobbing were heard.

Two rows of evil monks dressed in blood robes entered the Black Market from the back of the street, sending about 100 slaves under guard. The slaves were all in beautiful clothing made of silk, satin and brocade, showing that they were not poor.

Among them, young beautiful women took up 70%. The other 30% were strong males who had reached states above the Earth Realm. And the best one of them had even reached the Fish-Dragon Realm.

They were a batch of high slaves. Each of them would be sold at a high price in the auction.

Among various kinds of goods in the Black Market, slaves took up an important part.

Slaves also had different types: coolies, poor slaves, battle slaves and female slaves.

Among them, battle slaves could be sold at the highest price. A battle slave at the Fish-Dragon Realm would sell for an extraordinary price everywhere.

Other than battle slaves, playboys from the rich households would also compete in bidding for the beautiful female slaves as their playthings.

So it was nothing strange to see slaves in crowds in the Black Market.

“I am the internal disciple of the Occult Realm Sect. You evil people of Blood Dragon Hall would dare to capture me!? Once my elders find out, they will never let you get away.”

A young man in the slave crowd spoke.

Splash!

Among the monks of the Blood Dragon Hall, a two-meter-tall man with a knife scar on his face, who was riding on a savage elephant, wielded his flaming whip to hit the face of the young man of the Occult Realm Sect, leaving his left cheek mangled.

The disciple of the Occult Realm Sect covered his face and kept screaming, looking extremely pained.

The rest of the slaves all shuddered and showed fear.

The man with a scar sneered, “Occult Realm Sect has colluded with the Immortal Vampires and was exterminated. All your elders are dead now. Waiting for a batch of dead people to save you? Hahaha!”

A pretty woman refuted at once, “There’s no way that Occult Realm Sect should collude with the Immortal Vampires. Impossible! It is you, Blood Dragon Hall colluding with Zhu Saint Clan, framing the families and sects and robbing resources!”

Splash!

The man with a scar wielded his whip and hit the back of the woman, forcing her to curl up on the ground and tremble.

“Were it not for you beauty, which I could sell for a good price, I would have cut your body in two with the last whip.”

Sikong Two asked Zhang Ruochen, “Shishu [a junior brother of one’s master], what’s the matter? Why do those people bully the weak?”

Zhang Ruochen had explained the reason why he had a good command of Dragon and Elephant Prajna Palm to Sikong One and Sikong Two on the road, and something about the gold dragon.

Sikong Two insisted that he should call Zhang Ruochen “Shishu,” since he was the descendant of the gold dragon, and in the same generation with Master Yintuoluo.

Zhang Ruochen looked at the monks in blood robes. He didn’t want to court trouble, and explained shortly, “This is the Black Market with the law of the jungle. Nobody could reason with them.”

“I will reason with them.”

Sikong Two was so angry that he strided to the center of the street.

The cultivation of Sikong Two was high enough to shrink the distance with his steps. By the time Zhang Ruochen wanted to stop him, he had arrived in front of the man with the scar.

Sikong Two pressed his hands together and said, “Amitabha!”

The man with a scar sitting on a savage beast, found a monk in common clothes standing in his way, feeling a little unlucky. He sneered, “What’s wrong with today? I just saw a monk in the Black Market!”

“Sir, you should know that everyone is born equal. I think you should set them free, and stop mistreating them.” Sikong Two put on a stoned face, speaking with solemnity.

The man with a scar was dumbfounded for a short while, then came to a realization. He put on a cold look, and shouted, “Monk, are you here for trouble?”

“I think he’s here for death.”

The other monk of the Blood Dragon Hall picked up a black spear with a dragon head, and jumped up from the back of his beast. He poked the spear toward the heart of Sikong Two.

Sikong Two had just stood up to plead fairness for the slaves. But the person aimed to kill him, which showed clearly he was totally wicked and merciless.

Bang!

Sikong Two didn’t move. The sharp spear hit him on his body, making a noise of metal thumping together.

“Vajra Indestructible Body?”

The Blood Dragon Hall monk was shocked, and was about to take his spear back and retreat.

Clank.

A ring of gold Buddhist light was given out by the body of Sikong Two. The power contained in it had crushed the spear

into pieces.

The the pieces of iron all flew back to hit the Blood Dragon Hall monk, leaving thick holes of blood on him.

The Blood Dragon Hall monk fell on the edge of the street with a bang. He passed out because of the severe wound.

“Amitabha!”

Sikong Two pressed his hands together and called the Amitabha again.

The monks of the Blood Dragon Hall were frightened, and rushed to encircle Sikong Two. They pulled out their battle weapons, preparing to fight the powerful enemy.

Many evil monks stopped to watch them on the street.

“He should dare to challenge the Blood Dragon Hall. Does he want to die?”

“Don’t look down at the monk. He has a high cultivation. Don’t you see him cracking a True Treasure Class weapon with inner strength? He must have reached the Seventh Change of the Fish-Dragon Realm or even above.”

“So what? Blood Dragon Hall is so powerful in the Black Market that the person is just about asking for death to oppose them.”

“Don’t you see the sedan chair of the Young Lord of the Blood Dragon over there? He is not easily offended. Wait and see, the monk will surely end tragically.”

There was a sedan chair carried by 16 people in the crowd of the Blood Dragon Hall monks, which was about 10 meters tall. Golden gauze curtains hang down from its top, making it like a small movable palace.

The Young Lord of the Blood Dragon walked out of the sedan chair, each hand holding a pretty woman scantily dressed. He spoke with an evil voice. “Chen Xu, why haven’t you sent the new slaves to the auction, but rather stopped here?”

The man with a scar was sweating, feeling being pressed heavily and turning around. He said nervously, “Young Lord, a

monk stands in the front, trying to free the slaves.”

The Young Lord of the Blood Dragon sneered. “Do you still need me to teach you? Deal with the monk quickly, don’t waste my time.”

“Yes.”

The man with a scar put on a gloomy face, and put the Holy Qi to the Red Flame Hound Whip in his hand. The flame on his whip burned even more fiercely, making a noise.

With a shake of his wrist, the Red Flame Hound Whip flew out, rushing to the neck of Sikong Two with circles of blasts. The blasts were even sharper than the blades.

But before the Red Flame Hound Whip could fall on the body of Sikong Two, the man with a scar flew backwards first. A 30-centimeter-long claw print appeared on his chest, from which blood kept gushing out.

The power of the claw print had cracked all his veins, and disposed of all his cultivation.

Zhang Ruochen stood beside the street, touching his chin with his hand. “The seemingly less witted monk is so aggressive in fights.”

Sikong One shook his head, and sighed. “He’s still too young and naive. Rest assured, Shishu. I will tell him when he comes back.”

Zhang Ruochen didn’t oppose the behavior of Sikong Two, only that in this way they would have surely offended the Blood Dragon Hall.

He had to observe the development of this incident.

Chapter 930 - Murong Yue

Translator:

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Editor:

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In such a short time, Sikong Two had defeated all the monks of the Blood Dragon Hall and destroyed their cultivation.

Then he waved his sleeve. A giant blade made of golden lights was formed, floating in midair. Then it flew out to break the iron chains on the wrists and ankles of the slaves.

“Thank you so much for your help, Master!”

The disciples of the Occult Realm Sect bowed to Sikong Two immediately to show gratitude after having been freed.

The Young Lord of the Blood Dragon was furious in his sedan chair. Should the black face monk be so bold to challenge the Blood Dragon Hall in the Yuan Mansion?

He pushed the two beauties in his arms away. Two balls of red Holy Qi were condensed from his palms. He said with a low voice, “I will fight with you. Show me what you’ve got?”

Zoom.

A more than 30-meters-long blood dragon shadow appeared and wended on the body of the Young Lord of the Blood Dragon, strengthening his Qi.

The Young Lord of the Blood Dragon had only reached the Ninth Change of the Fish-Dragon Realm, but now the power waves given out by him had reached the First Level of Half-Saint.

The Qi of Half-Saint had frightened the evil monks to retreat constantly.

“The Young Lord of the Blood Dragon should have practiced the seventh level of Blood Dragon Scripture. Now he can burst out the power of a Half-Saint even if he hasn’t reached the state of a Half-Saint yet.”

“Retreat. Retreat further. Just after-waves of the fights at the level of Half-Saints could shock us to death.”

...

All disciples of the Occult Realm Sect trembled with fear. Some disciples with lower cultivation even fell on the ground.

The Young Lord of the Blood Dragon laughed ruthlessly, and hit one palm to generate a strong Qi of power to destroy all the houses alongside the street.

Then, a red giant handprint was condensed and patted down on the head of Sikong Two.

While the Young Lord of the Blood Dragon felt contented with his power, a human shadow was seen flashing in his front. And Sikong Two appeared to his face in the next second.

Bang!

The handprint of Sikong Two hit in the belly of the Young Lord of the Blood Dragon.

The Young Lord of the Blood Dragon flew backwards, and crushed the ten-meter-tall sedan chair in two, spitting blood out of his mouth. He crashed to the ground pathetically like a dog jumping to its food. His face was covered with blood and dust.

In the other direction, Zhang Ruochen fully operated his Qi to give a blow, dispersing the blood red handprint hit by the Young Lord of the Blood Dragon.

Only a blow of Zhang Ruochen could resolve the attack of a First Level Half-Saint with his current cultivation.

Sikong Two didn’t kill the Young Lord of the Blood Dragon and retreated. Seeing Zhang Ruochen resolve the after waves of the fight, he bowed slightly to him. “Thank you, Shishu. You saved their lives.”

Zhang Ruochen said, “The person who rescued them is not me, but you. But I don’t think you saved them. You’ve actually done harm to them.”

Sikong Two was confused. “Why?”

Zhang Ruochen said, “They would have been sent to the auction. Being slaves but they could still live. Now that you’ve rescued them, they will have to die. The power of the Blood Dragon Hall in the Yuan Mansion was very huge. They won’t even run out of the city with their own cultivation before being killed by the powerful figures sent by the Blood Dragon Hall, after they’ve been freed.”

Sikong Two said, “I can protect their lives.”

“How long can you protect them? For the moment, but not for their whole lives. What would you do if you ran into a similar situation the next time? Go on rescuing people, go on protecting them. But how many can you protect? If you devote all yourself to protecting them, will you continue to practice?”

The face of Zhang Ruochen turned black. He added, “How dare you get involved in ‘cause’ and ‘result?’ Even your master didn’t dare to get involved with them.”

Since Master Yintuoluo had entrusted the two to Zhang Ruochen, he had to teach something to them.

Sometimes, being reckless would harm others and oneself.

Sikong Two was a little lost. He said to himself, “Did I do wrong?”

Sikong One shouted at him, “Of course you did! Admit your fault to Shishu, quickly!”

Zhang Ruochen stretched out one hand to stop Sikong One. He said, “You didn’t do wrong. It’s just that you’ve done it in a bad way.”

“Yes, Shishu is absolutely correct! You’ve used the wrong way. Why seek violence if money would do? Just buy them with money, and the thing would work out perfectly, wouldn’t it?” Sikong One said.

Zhang Ruochen stared at Sikong One, wanting to scold him, but found it hard to refute his words.

Right!

If the problem could be solved with money, why should they seek violence?

The disciples of the Occult Realm Sect knew apparently that they had to die since they had offended the Blood Dragon Hall. So they became even more fearful after being freed.

“Master, please help us!”

“The Young Lord of the Blood Dragon has been severely wounded, the Blood Dragon Hall will surely unleash its fury on us. We don’t have any chance to survive, facing the scary power of the Blood Dragon Hall.”

...

The disciples of the Occult Realm Sect heard Sikong One and Sikong Two calling Zhang Ruochen as Shishu, and took him as an eminent monk in the Way of Buddha who didn’t shave his hair.

So they all kneeled down and begged Zhang Ruochen.

Zhang Ruochen naturally couldn’t walk away from them, so he sank in thought.

A voice was heard from far away by Zhang Ruochen.

Zhang Ruochen raised his head and looked at the crowd afar. He saw a woman in a long light yellow dress looking at him, nodding to him.

The woman was as slender as a crescent, standing in the blurry fog. Few people could recognize her face, except Zhang Ruochen.

“She should come to the Central Region.”

Zhang Ruochen gave her a smile, and instructed Sikong One and Sikong Two. “Take them with you, and follow me.”

Following the Qi left by the woman in the long light yellow dress, Zhang Ruochen reached the hinterland of the Black

Market, appearing at the foot of a six-floored building, which looked like a palace.

Zhang Ruochen walked straight inside with Sikong One, Sikong Two and all disciples of the Occult Realm Sect.

While the rest were waiting in the yard, Zhang Ruochen walked to the interior on his own, and saw the woman in the long light yellow dress again.

“Crown Prince, Your Highness.”

The woman in the long light yellow dress kneeled on one knee immediately and saluted Zhang Ruochen.

The woman was Murong Yue from the Murong Family, who also used to be the Orange Star Emissary of Black Market Excellence Hall, an old subordinate of the Sacred Central Empire.

It was not surprising that Murong Yue should recognize Zhang Ruochen, as she knew that Zhang Ruochen used to pretend to be Lin Yue.

“Why should you come to the Central Region?” Zhang Ruochen wondered.

Murong Yue stood up again, and said, “I heard that Your Highness showed up in the Yuan Mansion, and was concerned for your safety. So I led the powerful figures of the Murong Family and Black Market Excellence Hall here immediately.”

Zhang Ruochen looked at Murong Yue, finding that her cultivation had reached Half-Saint.

With her cultivation and her special status, she might have become the leading person of the Black Market and was able to transfer large amounts of soldiers and resources.

Zhang Ruochen said, “Have you revealed my identity to the elders of the Murong Family?”

“No. I dared not to make such a decision without Your Highness’ permission.”

All of a sudden, Murong Yue rolled her eyes and said quickly, “Your Highness seemed to have been troubled by the Young

Lord of the Blood Dragon, should I send troops to exterminate the Blood Dragon Hall?”

Zhang Ruochen shook his head. “I want to stay low key coming to the Black Market. Dealing with the Blood Dragon Hall is easy, but it will cause huge trouble to have attracted the powerful figures of the Ministry of War and the Immortal Vampires here.”

Then Zhang Ruochen added, “Does the Black Market Excellence Hall in the Eastern Region have some influence in the Yuan Mansion?”

“Whatever Your Highness wants, just name it. Although Black Market Excellence Hall in the Eastern Region and Black Market Excellence Hall in the Central Region are located in two places and managed independently, they both are sub-branches of the Excellence Hall. I am now the young master of the Black Market Excellence Hall in the Eastern Region. And I have great power, even here in the Central Region.”

Zhang Ruochen shrank his eyes, and asked, “You have defeated Ye Honglei to become the young master of the Black Market Excellence Hall in the Eastern Region?”

Ye Honglei was the Red Wish Emissary in the past.

Murong Yue shook her head. “Ye Honglei is extremely clever and good at manipulating people. She is supported by great power. I can only equally matched with her. Therefore, there were two young masters of the Black Market Excellence Hall in the Eastern Region elected. We have to see who will win at the end.”

Zhang Ruochen knew a little about Ye Honglei. She was truly powerful, especially in the spiritual power and fantasy arts, which she could be called the best among her peers.

“I came to the Black Market to purchase a Third Class Divine Origin Pill,” said Zhang Ruochen.

Murong Yue said, “Is Your Highness going to break through to the Third Level Half-Saint?”

“Or preparing myself for it,” said Zhang Ruochen.

“Divine Origin Pill has been strictly controlled by all great families from the Middle Ages, and can’t be sold publicly. You can buy a Divine Origin Pill under the Fourth Class here in the Black Market with a dear price. Only that...”

Murong Yue showed an embarrassing look on her pretty face. She said, “Only that a Third Class Divine Origin Pill is so expensive that I don’t have enough money to buy the half of it.”

“If Your Highness really needs it, I can send a message to the Eastern Region, asking the elders in my family to escort one Third Class Divine Origin Pill to Yuan Mansion. The Murong Family should have one Third Class Divine Origin Pill in stock, as it can refine one Third Class Divine Origin Pill every three years with its resources.”

Divine Origin Pill was the only shortcut to the Half-Saint State. Even the families from the Middle Ages would have to spend years, or dozens of years to complete the refinery of one pill.

Therefore, Divine Origin Pill was too expensive to be purchased, even by a saint.

Only the Nine Kunlun Heirs in the whole Kunlun’s Field could get enough Divine Origin Pill, one pill for each level.

Zhang Ruochen laughed with confidence. “You don’t have to worry about the price. I can afford even the dearest price. Just tell me, where can I purchase the Third Class Divine Origin Pill?”

Chapter 931 - The Saint Lady Falls

Translator:

Larbre Studio

Editor:

Larbre Studio

Zhang Ruochen had received many treasures in the netherworld. Each one was worth entire fortunes, especially the divine blood, the Shenwan Fruit, the Divine Blood-red Earth, etc. Selling a tiny bit would be enough to buy a Divine Origin Pill.

With his current wealth, he'd even surpassed some influential saint families.

Murong Yue's eyes darkened. "The Black Market of the Yuan Mansion probably doesn't have any third class Divine Origin Pills. If you really want it, you'll have to wait some time. If I send the message to the main base of the Black Market in the state of Tiantai, they will naturally escort the Divine Origin Pill over."

"How long will it take?" Zhang Ruochen asked.

"It'll take at least three months," Murong Yue said. "After all, all Half-Saints would fight over the Divine Origin Pill. It's already a difficult task to bring it out to sell. Plus, even if the Divine Origin Pill appears on the market, it'll be taken to the auction before being transported to the Black Markets of the various counties."

Zhang Ruochen understood this. After all, only a top-tier auction could get the Divine Origin Pill's price to the highest level.

Things were already unfair to an independent cultivator. If they wanted to get cultivation resources, they had to risk their

lives. This was because some sects had monopolized the resources. Some things were difficult to buy even if they had money.

If Zhang Ruochen was still at a Saint Academy or Yin and Yang Sect, he would have a chance to receive a Divine Origin Pill with his talent. He wouldn't have to wrack his mind for ways to enter a higher cultivation level.

“Three months... I can't wait that long.” Zhang Ruochen furrowed his brow tightly. “It seems like I'll have to personally visit the main Black Market in the state of Tiantai.”

The state of Tiantai was one of the nine states in the Central Region. It was vast and had rich resources. Families and sects were spread across the land. It had been part of the Sacred Central Empire.

Thus, Zhang Ruochen was quite familiar with the Zhouwan Divine Land in the heart of the state of Tiantai. The Zhouwan Divine Land had basically been the number one gathering spot for Monks of the Sacred Central Empire, other than the Royal Capital. A city hadn't been established there, but it was more prosperous than any other city. The martial arts there flourished and had many hidden strong figures.

It was also the hub for resources, wealth, strong cultivators, and beauties of the entire state of Tiantai. As long as one had enough saint stones, one could buy anything.

The main base of Tiantai's Black Market was in the Zhouwan Divine Land.

Murong Yue also agreed with Zhang Ruochen going there personally to bid for the Divine Origin Pill. This way, he could save a lot of time and also buy pills of other levels.

Murong Yue's heart jumped as she thought of something else. “A big event happened recently. Perhaps you will be interested.”

“What is it?” Zhang Ruochen asked.

“Not long ago, a conflict occurred in the Zhouwan Divine Land,” Murong Yue said. “It was bloody and countless human

Monks died. It was comparable to the disaster at the Yuan Mansion.”

Zhang Ruochen’s expression turned serious. “Why?” he asked.

“I heard it had something to do with the Vampire Secrets. The imperial court, Confucius Way, Shang Guan clan, Immortal Vampires, Blood God Sect, and even some clans and saint families were involved. More than half of the top forces in the entire state of Tiantai had acted.”

Zhang Ruochen was interested. “What is it with the Vampire Secrets?”

“I’m not sure.” Murong Yue shook her head. “The battle was extremely intense and involved many people. However, very few people actually know the details. Every force had different losses from the battle. Of course, the most shocking one has to be the death of the Saint Lady.”

“How is that possible?” Zhang Ruochen’s expression changed. It was like a bolt from the blue. “The Saint Lady has fallen? How could she...”

The Saint Lady had overflowing skills and extraordinary talent. She was comparable to the people on the Five Heroes List. Plus, she had countless defense treasures.

Zhang Ruochen couldn’t believe that she could die.

“The details from the various sides are unclear,” Murong Yue said. “I only heard rumors. At that time, the Saint Lady went to the Shang Guan clan alone. She requested to see Shangguan Que, the old patriarch, to see the Vampire Secrets.”

“But when she left, she was stopped by the Vampires. That was how the entire conflict started. Many forces all wanted the Vampire Secrets, so they all got involved.”

“The last battle took place on the Blood God Sect’s land. Some people saw a Blood King of the Vampires pierce the Saint Lady’s defensive treasure. She was turned into a bloodied corpse and fell into a Bottomless Abyss.”

“The Saint Lady was indeed powerful and at the Saint level, but she was still only a cultivator of the Spiritual Power. Her

physical body was still extremely fragile. Once she was hit, death was imminent. Plus, she'd fallen into something as hopeless as the Bottomless Abyss. It's even less possible for her to survive."

Zhang Ruochen clenched his fists tightly. "The... Bottomless...Abyss..." he gritted out.

He was very familiar with the Bottomless Abyss.

Back then, the undefeatable Blood Empress had forced Zhang Ruochen's father into the Bottomless Abyss. He never returned to the Kunlun's Field. It was said that the Bottomless Abyss really had no bottom. No one could return from it, even a god.

"She'd gone to the Shang Guan Clan because she'd heard what I'd said. Otherwise, she wouldn't have died."

Zhang Ruochen felt very guilty. His heart was in pain.

The Saint Lady's beautiful figure appeared in his mind. She was filled with a scholarly aura. She was both graceful and warm. Probably only she was qualified to be called a "saint lady."

"No, the Saint Lady has a very good fate. How can she die just like this?" Zhang Ruochen clenched his jaw. His heart hurt so much. He couldn't accept this. "I will visit the Bottomless Abyss," he said. "I must go no matter what."

Murong Yue had long guessed that Zhang Ruochen had a special relationship with the Saint Lady. She wasn't surprised at Zhang Ruochen's decision.

However, she couldn't let him take this risk. "The Bottomless Abyss is a place of death for all living things," she immediately warned. "Even a Saint doesn't dare approach it. Please reconsider."

When she saw that Zhang Ruochen was unmoved, she continued, "The Blood God Sect has already sealed all the land around the Bottomless Abyss. Even a strong fighter from the Confucius Way or imperial court will be stopped if they go. If you force your way into it, you'll definitely attract misfortune. You might even...lose your life."

Zhang Ruochen's eyes hardened. "Why did the Blood God Sect seal the Bottomless Abyss?"

Murong Yue shook her head. "I'm not sure what happened. I just heard that their actions were a bit strange in the fight for the Vampire Secrets. They seem to be very close to the Vampires."

She kept her words vague, but Zhang Ruochen still understood. The Blood God Sect and Vampires might have some unspeakable secrets.

Murong Yue continued, "Of course, it's also possible that the Bottomless Abyss hides some secret, so they blocked it from outsiders."

Zhang Ruochen already heard about the Blood God Sect 800 years ago. It wasn't unfamiliar to him at all.

The Blood God Sect was a powerful force from the middle ages. Their influence in the state of Tiantai was second only to the Taichi Way. Even the imperial court wouldn't start a fight with them brashly.

Once a fight began, it would definitely create rivers of blood and piles of corpses.

Zhang Ruochen had recovered gradually and began to think seriously. "This is why it's even more imperative for me to make a visit."

Murong Yue said, "But..."

Zhang Ruochen cut her off with an insistent gaze. He continued, "If I remember correctly, the Blood God Sect has a tight relationship with the Black Market. Do you have a way for me to infiltrate them?"

Murong Yue saw that Zhang Ruochen had made up his mind so she gave up persuading him. "A regular person has no chance of infiltrating the Blood God Sect with their strict defenses. However, you're skilled in transformation skills. It may be possible."

"But if you transform into an average Monk, you'll have no chance of entering the top level of the sect. That way, you

won't have the opportunity to see their secrets. But if you transform into someone from the top level, it'll be much easier to reveal flaws. That is also very dangerous. Both choices are difficult..."

Kaboom!

A huge explosion came from outside the mansion. Even the ground trembled.

Next, a deafening roar sounded. "You hurt the Blood Dragon Prince. You think you can hide from the Blood Dragon Hall by hiding in here?"

Zhang Ruochen and Murong Yue exchanged glances. They stopped talking and flew up together. They landed at the top of a tower. Standing on the tiles, they looked in the direction of the voice.

The defensive formation around the mansion was under a saint weapon's attack. It showed completely, forming a layer of white light that wrapped around the entire mansion.

The mansion was surrounded by Monks from the Blood Dragon Hall. People clad in blood-red robes filled the streets and stood atop the roofs. Each one radiated with icy auras.

Some powerful figures even rode savage beasts and hovered in the air. They sealed the sky as well so Zhang Ruochen's group couldn't escape.

"They came pretty quickly," Zhang Ruochen muttered to himself.

A few stronger elders walked out of the mansion, gathering below Murong Yue and Zhang Ruochen. They were the strong cultivators Murong Yue had brought over from the Eastern Region. Most of them were elders of the Murong Clan and were very loyal to her.

All of them were top figures. They didn't fear the Monks of the Blood Dragon Hall at all. If Murong Yue said the word, they could walk out immediately and massacre all those Monks.

However, Murong Yue's eyes brightened now. "Lord, I thought of something. It might allow you to enter the Blood God Sect silently and even have a chance to become part of the top level."

"What?" Zhang Ruochen asked.

Murong Yue pointed at the Blood Dragon Hall cultivator outside the mansion. "The Blood Dragon Hall is a branch of the Blood God Sect. They're known as the Blood God Sect's representatives in the Yuan Mansion. Gu Yan, Lord of the Blood Dragon Hall, is the disciple of Discipline King Haiming, one of the four Discipline Kings of the Blood God Sect. The Blood Dragon Prince is Discipline King Haiming's grand-disciple."

Chapter 932 - Bloodshed

Translator:

Larbre Studio

Editor:

Larbre Studio

Zhang Ruochen's eyes twitched. He instantly understood Murong Yue. "So you're saying that I should transform into the Blood Dragon Prince, go to the Blood God Sect, and submit to Discipline King Haiming?"

Murong Yue stood beside Zhang Ruochen. Her slight frame swelled in the right places. Showing her graceful figure, she nodded. Her eyes shone. "Discipline King Haiming is the most powerful of the Blood God Sect. With a grandmaster like this, the Blood Dragon Prince will definitely have a high status in the Blood God Sect.

"Plus, with the Blood Dragon Prince's cultivation, Disciple King Haiming probably hadn't met him many times. This way, you don't have to worry about exposing yourself."

Zhang Ruochen nodded and took another glance at Murong Yue. He had to admit that it definitely wasn't a coincidence for this woman to become the young master of the Black Market Excellence Hall. She thought carefully and was very wise. She was a much-needed talent.

"Of course, the Blood Dragon Prince needs a reason to submit to Discipline King Haiming, like the Blood Dragon Hall being wiped out."

Murong Yue's lips curled into a mesmerizing smile. Then cold murder flashed past her eyes as she scanned the Blood Dragon Hall members outside the mansion. If the Blood Dragon Hall was destroyed, the Blood Dragon Prince could logically enter the Blood God Sect to search for Disciple King Haiming.

Coincidentally, the opportunity was right before them.

Zhang Ruochen and Murong Yue discussed for a bit and quickly planned something.

...

The Blood Dragon Prince's injuries had mostly recovered. He'd clearly used some recovery medicine.

At the moment, he stood in the center of the street outside the mansion. His eyes were dark. With his arms behind his back, he ordered, "Continue attacking. Destroy the defensive formation at all costs and cut the people inside into thousands of pieces."

The Yuan Mansion was the Blood Dragon Hall's territory. As the young lord, he'd been beaten up by a monk, had his slaves stolen away, and had many disciples disabled. He was humiliated. How could he not come for revenge?

By using Zhang Ruochen as an example, no one else would dare to go up against him in the future.

Kaboom!

With the Blood Dragon Prince's order, the three elders of the Blood Dragon Hall poured their Holy Qi into their respective saint weapons. They attacked the defensive formation once again.

The defensive formation was extremely strong. Even with the three saints working together, it would still take a while to destroy. On the other hand, the ground outside the mansion started cracking. The cracks spread quickly as well. A trench appeared on the street.

The Blood Dragon Hall's large scale movement alerted the Black Market. Countless eyes were looking in this direction. Many Monks sighed inwardly.

"Three of the nine elders have arrived. There's also the infamous Blood Dragon Guard. They've really sent out so many strong cultivators. It seems that many people will be massacred today."

"I've said long ago that the Blood Dragon Prince is a vengeful person. He won't just let it go."

After all, the Blood Dragon Hall was a considerable force. In the Yuan Mansion, they held their ground as a sinister sect. This was why the Monks of the Black Market thought that the people hiding inside the mansion would definitely die.

Zhang Ruochen stood at the top of the tower. He looked calm and handsome. Pressing two fingers together, he summoned the Abyss Ancient Sword with a whoosh.

The Abyss Ancient Sword hovered above Zhang Ruochen. It shone with black light and threw the entire mansion into darkness. Perhaps due to Zhang Ruochen's overly-powerful Sword Intent, hundreds of Sword Qi shadows appeared in the surrounding air.

Whoosh!

The Abyss Ancient Sword rushed into the sky. It streaked out of the defensive formation and flew out. It swept past and crashed against the three saint weapons from the three Blood Dragon Hall elders. There was instantly a deafening metallic clash.

The three saint weapons were all Hundred-pattern Saint Weapons. How could they block the Abyss Ancient Sword?

Boom!

Boom!

Boom!

There were three explosions.

The three saint weapons all cracked in half. Then the Abyss Ancient Sword melted them into metallic liquid that melded into the sword. The sword's surface shone with three layers of light. When the glow dissipated, dozens more patterns were added to the sword.

“What?”

“My Emerald Spirit Bracelet.”

“I'm so angry! It destroyed my Golden Cloud Sword.”

Seeing the three saint weapons get destroyed, the three elders were furious. After all, they only had one saint weapon each.

They'd worked practically their entire lives for them.

Half of their lives' efforts were wasted in one strike. How could they not be furious?

One elder threw all caution to the wind. He activated his Holy Qi to form a handprint and slapped it forward. However, the backlash from the defensive formation made him spit out blood. He had to retreat again.

Zhang Ruochen put his Abyss Ancient Sword back. Gathering enough Qi, he said with a mysterious tone and the language of a monk, "I only broke your saint weapons just then. If you still do not retreat, do not blame me if I destroy the Blood Dragon Hall."

Since many people mistook him for a monk, he went with it. This way, he could further his disguise.

The Blood Dragon Prince shook from anger. His originally-handsome face was now twisted. "You arrogant fool. If you're really that skilled, then try and see if you can destroy the Blood Dragon Hall."

Since Zhang Ruochen had reached his goal, he didn't have to waste his breath with the Blood Dragon Prince. What was the point of talking more with someone who would die soon?

Zhang Ruochen released Blackie from the scroll world. "This is your chance to make up for your mistake."

"Don't worry. They're just a group of ants to me." Blackie was very confident. It glanced at the Blood Dragon Prince and three elders with disdain in its eyes.

"Remember, everyone can die, but the Blood Dragon Prince must stay alive," Zhang Ruochen reminded.

Other than Blackie, 36 Half-Saint battle corpses also flew out of the Universe Spiritual Map. They stood behind Blackie.

The 36 battle corpses had only been refined once. They had the combat abilities of a first level Half-Saint. Of course, they were more than enough against these Blood Dragon Hall cultivators.

Under Blackie's control, the 36 Half-Saint battle corpses split into four teams of nine. They rushed out of the mansion and charged into the Blood Dragon Hall's camp. Three groups attacked the three elders while another group went to clean out the Monks.

The three elders were all low-level Half-Saints and had lost their saint weapons, so their combat abilities were greatly reduced. Thus, they had no chance of escaping from the siege of nine Half-Saint battle corpses.

Pained cries kept sounding from the street. Large masses of Blood Dragon Hall cultivators fell down each moment, turning into cold corpses.

The Blood Dragon Prince was terrified. "How can there be so many Half-Saints? No, not Half-Saints. They're Half-Saint battle corpses. Perhaps... Are they monks of the Death Zen Sect?"

Thinking of this, the Blood Dragon Prince shuddered. He looked to the top of the tower at Zhang Ruochen, despair filling his eyes. No matter how powerful the Blood Dragon Hall was, it was nothing compared to the Death Zen Sect.

"The Blood Dragon Hall has made a mistake. They actually angered an evil monk of the Death Zen Sect. They'll probably be wiped out."

"The Blood Dragon Hall is indeed cruel, but it's just child's play compared to the Death Zen Sect. They're nothing."

"The Blood Dragon Prince is looking for death."

...

The Blood Dragon Prince wasn't the only one thinking like this. The other evil Monks of the Black Market all thought that Zhang Ruochen, Sikong One, and Sikong Two were from the Death Zen Sect.

Of course, this was what Zhang Ruochen wanted. He wanted everyone to put their attention on the Death Zen Sect.

Wasn't it normal for the Death Zen Sect to destroy the Blood Dragon Hall?

The Blood Dragon Prince was shocked. He turned to escape and quickly broke out of the Black Market. He prepared to flee back to the Blood Dagon Hall. Due to Zhang Ruochen's previous order, Blackie didn't stop him. It let the prince escape.

Staring at the Blood Dragon Prince's back, Zhang Ruochen turned to Murong Yue. "I'll hand this to you. I heard that the Lord of the Blood Dragon Hall is a very powerful and sinister man. Don't let him escape."

"Lord, don't worry. I won't leave anyone alive."

With that, Murong Yue led the dozens of elders to pursue the Blood Dragon Prince. They hurried toward Blood Dragon Hall.

Zhang Ruochen didn't actually like bloodshed. He wouldn't start killing unless he had no other choice. But today, because of his one order, a vast force would be destroyed. He felt something in his heart.

Blackie's right. I'm too soft at times. Someone like me needs to have more people like Murong Yue around to kill for me and do things that I resent but must. Zhang Ruochen sighed inwardly.

Chapter 933 - Sacred Sect

Translator:

Larbre Studio

Editor:

Larbre Studio

Sikong One, Sikong Two, and close to 100 disciples of the Occult Realm Sect gathered in a yard inside the mansion. The battle outside didn't really affect them.

The various disciples had all seen Zhang Ruochen's might. He'd destroyed the saint weapons of the three Blood Dragon Hall elders by himself.

Now, Zhang Ruochen appeared before them and attracted many reverent gazes. In the Kunlun's Field, any strong cultivator would be respected and worshipped wherever they went, let alone Zhang Ruochen who'd saved their lives before.

Zhang Ruochen's eyes shone faintly with saintly light as he scanned them. He discovered that the disciples of the Occult Realm Sect were all attractive youths with some talent. They weren't top-tier, but they were still above average.

Some of them even had quite big potential. If they were trained carefully, they may accomplish great things. If Zhang Ruochen could win them over and train them, they could form his own sect.

Zhang Ruochen stood before them and said straightforwardly, "The Blood Dragon Hall will probably be destroyed tonight. From now on, you will recover your freedom and no longer be in danger."

Hearing this, the disciples were all extremely excited. They cried tears of joy. They'd gone through huge rises and falls in one day. Some of the younger disciples couldn't control their emotions. They lowered onto one knee and bowed to Zhang Ruochen.

“Senior, thank you for avenging the Occult Realm Sect. We will never forget your kindness.”

“The infamous Blood Dragon Hall has finally received what they deserved.”

...

Zhang Ruochen looked young, but these disciples still believed that he must be an elderly Half-Saint. He'd just slowed down his aging and maintained his youthful features due to his advanced cultivation. This was why they called him “senior.”

Zhang Ruochen didn't correct them. He continued, “Now, you all have two choices. First, you can leave the Black Market now and step onto a new road of cultivation. Second, you can choose to follow me and cultivate with me. I can provide a cultivation paradise for you all with inexhaustible resources and the most advanced techniques. Every once in a while, Half-Saints and Saints will come give lessons. I am confident that each of you will become a dominating figure within three months.”

As the Divine Sky-connecting Tree grew, the scroll world also expanded. Spiritual meridians were born, divine medicine grew, and it became a true cultivation haven.

This was why Zhang Ruochen wanted to make the scroll world livelier. At the same time, he could use this to create his own force.

Zhang Ruochen's conditions were quite tempting for the disciples of the Occult Realm Sect. After all, they couldn't learn top techniques and skills before. They rarely had chances to be taught by Half-Saints as well.

The Occult Realm Sect had been wiped out, so they'd become homeless independent Monks. Their future path of cultivation would be even more difficult. If a Half-Saint senior was willing to take them in, it was a great ending for them.

One pretty disciple asked, “Excuse me, what is your sect called?”

The other disciples had already decided inwardly to cultivate with Zhang Ruochen. However, they were still curious as to what kind of sect they were joining.

Zhang Ruochen paused for a moment. Then he said, “Sacred Sect.”

Today, Zhang Ruochen took the step he’d wanted to take for a long time. He’d established his own sect.

Of course, the Sacred Sect currently only gathered a group of youths with some potential. It was far from the glorious Sacred Central of the past.

For the next three years, the first generation of the Sacred Sect would cultivate inside the scroll world. It was only three years in the outside world, but it would be 30 years inside the scroll world.

With the resources within the scroll world, they could mature fully in 30 years and become top figures.

Of course, the Sacred Sect still lacked core figures. Zhang Ruochen was one and Han Qiu, about to enter the Half-Saint Realm, could manage to be one as well.

There were also the savage beasts Blackie, Elephant-swallowing Rabbit, and the Demon Ape. As for Ghost King Bloodmoon, she still hadn’t completely submitted to Zhang Ruochen, so she didn’t count yet.

Murong Yue was quite loyal to Zhang Ruochen, but she was the most useful if she stayed in the Black Market Excellence Hall. Thus, Zhang Ruochen wanted to wait for a better time to invite Murong Yue into the Sacred Sect.

With the Sacred Sect’s current abilities, it was already comparable to some of the weaker saint families. It only lacked in accumulation.

In the current stage, Zhang Ruochen wasn’t in a hurry to develop the Sacred Sect. His biggest shortcoming was that his cultivation wasn’t high enough.

The most important thing now was to raise his cultivation.

Zhang Ruochen went to the scroll world. He took out a drop of divine blood and started refining it. He was racing against time to improve himself.

By the time Murong Yue returned, Zhang Ruochen had already refined two drops of divine blood and improved a bit.

“How was it?” Zhang Ruochen asked.

Murong Yue took out two metallic boxes. She placed them before Zhang Ruochen and opened them, revealing two bloody heads. They were the Lord of the Blood Dragon Hall and the Blood Dragon Prince.

“No Monk of the Blood Dragon Hall survived. All of them were killed. Even Blood Dragon Ridge sank into the earth. No trace was left behind.” Murong Yue spoke nonchalantly as she wiped the blood on her hands.

Zhang Ruochen walked to the Blood Dragon Prince’s head. He stared at it for a moment and activated the Traceless 36 Changes.

Crack.

His body, facial features, and temperament all underwent shocking changes in the blink of an eye. He quickly became identical to the Blood Dragon Prince without any flaws.

Murong Yue’s eyes filled with shock. “Lord, your transformation skills are practically perfect. If the Blood Dragon Prince’s father is still alive, he probably won’t be able to tell the difference, let alone Discipline King Haiming.”

But then Murong Yue’s tone changed. “You can change your body, facial features, and temperament, but it’s very hard to change the technique that you cultivate. That is a bit troublesome.”

“What technique did the Blood Dragon Prince cultivate?” Zhang Ruochen asked.

“A superior-class Ghost Level technique,” Murong Yue said. “It’s also the foundation technique of the Blood Dragon Hall, called the Blood Dragon Scripture.”

Zhang Ruochen remembered it. When the Blood Dragon Prince had attacked, a blood dragon's soul had indeed burst out of him, greatly increasing his power.

“Did you find the Blood Dragon Scripture?” he asked.

Murong Yue nodded. She took out a palm-sized blood-red scale from her spatial bracelet and gave it to Zhang Ruochen.

He accepted it. The scale was as smooth as a mirror. He could see his reflection in it. Pure Dragon Qi emanated from the scale. It had possibly fallen off of a blood dragon in the Saint Realm.

Whoosh!

Zhang Ruochen added Holy Qi into the scale. Dense and tiny words immediately appeared on the scale. It was the ten levels of techniques from the Blood Dragon Scripture.

After reading it for two hours, Zhang Ruochen memorized all the content and comprehended seven levels of the true meaning.

Zhang Ruochen put the scale away and smiled. “As expected of a superior-class Ghost Level technique, there are many places to learn from.”

Seeing how relaxed he was, Murong Yue asked, “Lord, do you already have a solution?”

Zhang Ruochen nodded. “The essence of the Blood Dragon Scripture is to refine a dragon soul into your body and meld it with your blood. Your blood feeds the dragon soul while the soul strengthens your own body.”

“Coincidentally, I received a powerful dragon soul recently. I'd prepared to refine it and cultivate the tenth palm of the Dragon and Elephant Prajna Palm. As long as I have a dragon soul within me, I can easily pretend to have cultivated the Blood Dragon Scripture. I can fool everyone.”

In order to arrive at the Blood God Sect as soon as possible, Zhang Ruochen left the Yuan Mansion that same day alone. He headed for the Zhouwan Divine Land.

Murong Yue didn't go with him. Instead, she stayed in the Yuan Mansion for now to continue weeding out the Blood Dragon Hall. She had to kill every hidden danger.

Before leaving, Zhang Ruochen had Sikong One and Sikong Two stay with Murong Yue for now. He would reunite with them at the Zhouwan Divine Land. He also told Murong Yue to help find Ling Feiyu and notify him as soon as there was news.

After arranging everything, Zhang Ruochen transformed into the Blood Dragon Prince. He climbed onto Blackie's back and left Yuan Mansion.

Blackie unfurled its black wings and flew thousands of feet up in the clouds with extreme speed.

"With your speed, we should be able to reach the Zhouwan Divine Land in eight days," Zhang Ruochen calculated. "Eight days is enough for me to refine the dragon soul."

Blackie was about to cry. "There are at least two million miles from the Yuan Mansion to the Zhouwan Divine Land. A regular martial artist wouldn't be able to cross that distance in their entire lives. I can only reach it in eight days if I hurry without stopping."

"Yes," Zhang Ruochen said. "Hurry without stopping."

Zhang Ruochen had a feeling that the Saint Lady had fallen into the Bottomless Abyss, but she might not have died. Thus, he had to hurry there as soon as possible at all costs.

What if she hadn't died?

Zhang Ruochen looked in the direction of the Blood God Sect and sighed. He felt deep guilt and berated himself, but there was also a wisp of anticipation.

Chapter 934 - Cultivation Improves Again

Translator:

Larbre Studio

Editor:

Larbre Studio

Zhang Ruochen entered the Universe Spiritual Map. He sat on the bank of a blue river and took out the Blue Dragon Spur. Placing it in his palms, he prepared to refine the dragon soul.

Poof.

Zhang Ruochen added the Holy Qi from his hands into the Blue Dragon Spur.

Roar!

The 19 sections of the bone spur radiated with blue light, forming a hundred-foot-long dragon apparition. It seemed to come to life and curled up in the air. It released a low roar.

Such a strong dragon soul. If I refine it, my cultivation should improve greatly. I might be able to reach the pinnacle of the second level early.

Zhang Ruochen clenched his hands into claws and clutched the Blue Dragon Spur tightly so it couldn't escape.

Whoosh!

The Abyss Ancient Sword flew out, turning into a black streak of sword light. It slashed the center of the Blue Dragon Spur. With a loud crack, a fissure appeared on the spur's surface.

The dragon soul within felt threatened. It released a strong burst of power and forced open Zhang Ruochen's hands, flying out.

Can the Blue Dragon Spur really contain a dragon soul in the Saint Realm?

Zhang Ruochen was surprised. He gazed at the Blue Dragon Spur flying toward the horizon and stretched his hurting fingers. Then he stood up.

The Blood Dragon Prince's dragon soul had only been a low-level Half-Saint soul. The difference between that and a Saintly dragon soul was like a Half-Saint and a Saint. One was on the ground while the other was in the sky. The difference couldn't be described with words.

More importantly, a Saintly dragon soul had a partial mind. It could absorb Spiritual Qi by itself and accumulate strength within the Blue Dragon Spur to release extreme power.

Whoosh!

Zhang Ruochen controlled the Abyss Ancient Sword, leaving thousands of Sword Qi trails. The sword flew out again and quickly caught up with the Blue Dragon Spur. It attacked with 13 beams of power without stop.

Each strike resulted in more cracks on the Blue Dragon Spur. When the thirteenth strike landed, there was a boom. The Blue Dragon Spur cracked into fist-sized pieces of bone and flew in all directions.

Roar!

A blue dragon soul flew out. It was more than 700 feet long. Spiraling in the air, it looked down at Zhang Ruochen.

"Human, thank you for releasing me. To repay you, I have decided to take your body."

The dragon soul began manipulating the Spiritual Qi to converge toward it. The wispy dragon form became more and more substantial. At the same time, powerful Qi burst from it, filling the sky with lightning and furious wind.

Zhang Ruochen stood on the ground, seeming calm. "You want to take my physical body as a mere dragon soul. Aren't you a bit too cocky?"

“My power isn’t at its peak, but it’s more than enough against a second level human Half-Saint.”

The dragon soul rushed down. It extended a huge talon to strike Zhang Ruochen’s head. A mass of lighting radiated from the two dragon claws, forming two large balls of electricity. They sandwiched Zhang Ruochen.

Shaking his head, Zhang Ruochen thought, “Draconic Transformation.”

Whoosh!

Golden light covered Zhang Ruochen entirely. The next moment, an even larger golden dragon flew out of the light, tearing apart the electricity. The golden dragon stretched its maw and swallowed the dragon soul at once.

It circled in the air and then rushed downward. Its body shrunk and transformed back into human form when it landed on the ground. Since he’d already swallowed the dragon soul, the first step would be to completely tame the soul.

A Saintly dragon soul was extremely powerful. It crashed against the sides of Zhang Ruochen’s body, wanting to break free. However, Zhang Ruochen had the Five Elements Chaotic Body. There was a sea of chaos within him. No matter how the dragon soul crashed around, it couldn’t hurt him at all.

He finally tamed the dragon soul after half a month. He spat it out and held it in his left palm.

The 700-foot-tall dragon soul was now only two feet long. Of course, one could still feel the powerful Qi coming from it.

To cultivate the tenth palm of the Elephant and Dragon Prajna Palm, I must first cultivate a dragon soul on my left arm and an elephant soul on my right.

A ball of fire arose from Zhang Ruochen’s left palm. It wrapped around the dragon soul and gradually melded into his left arm.

Of course, this was only the start of the melding process. If he wanted to truly refine the dragon soul, it had to completely

become one with his left arm's bone, muscle, meridians, and blood.

This was also the hardest step, but if he succeeded, his left arm would turn into a blue dragon arm. His power would skyrocket.

Boom!

Zhang Ruochen's left arm couldn't take the Saintly dragon soul's power. Bloody veins appeared and his arm shattered, turning into a bloody mess. The first fusion attempt had failed.

Searing pain traveled from his arm to his brain. Beads of sweat rolled down Zhang Ruochen's face. He clenched his jaw but didn't give up. After healing his arm, he immediately tried again.

Boom!

The second attempt failed too. His arm shattered again. This time, even his meridians and bones were close to breaking. It looked pitiful.

The fusion process was extremely risky. Any mishap could disable Zhang Ruochen's left arm.

Next, he tried a third time, then a fourth, a fifth...

After each attempt, his left arm would heal and become stronger. By the twelfth attempt, he finally succeeded.

Crack!

Zhang Ruochen clenched his fist. All the pores on his left arm opened and started absorbing the Spiritual Qi crazily. Because he was too fast, he actually created a vortex of Spiritual Qi.

Zhang Ruochen bent his legs and shot hundreds of feet into the sky. Then he plunged down even more quickly.

His left hand pressed on the ground.

The earth caved in directly with a huge boom. A 200-meter-wide palm-shaped ditch opened up. Dirt piled up around the ditch, forming small hills.

Zhang Ruochen retracted his power. He landed on the ground and looked at his palm. I haven't succeeded with the tenth palm yet, but I can already unleash such power. Wouldn't I be even more powerful after I finished it?

He became more excited about completing the tenth palm now.

Afterward, Zhang Ruochen checked his cultivation. He could feel the Holy Qi inside him was like thousands of flying dragons. As expected, he'd reached the pinnacle of the second level of the Half-Saint Realm.

As long as he bought the third class Divine Origin Pill, he would be able to try for the third level. By then, his combat ability would reach another level.

Following that, Zhang Ruochen went to a cultivation city within the scroll world. He personally lectured the first generation of Sacred Sect disciples. Not only that, he also taught them different top exercises according to the disciples' different attributes.

Zhang Ruochen had perused many books before. The exercises he taught were naturally all the most advanced. Even the weakest were in the superior-class Ghost Level. Some of the more talented disciples received King Level exercises.

They could change to cultivation techniques once they reached the Fish-Dragon Realm. The main reason why he gave them top techniques was to boost their motivation. Everyone wanted to reach the Fish-Dragon Realm as soon as possible.

After doing all that, Zhang Ruochen exited the scroll world. He appeared on Blackie's back again.

Putting the Universe Spiritual Map away, he asked, "Blackie, how much longer before we reach the Blood God Sect?"

"We should arrive before nightfall."

They'd flown for eight days and nights. Even Blackie could get tired. It sounded weak when it spoke.

"There's still some time."

Zhang Ruochen sat cross-legged and took a small pamphlet out of his spatial ring. It was all the information Murong Yue had given him about the Blood Dragon Prince.

Since Zhang Ruochen had decided to disguise himself as the Blood Dragon Prince and infiltrate the Blood God Sect, he naturally had to memorize everything on the pamphlet.

“Blood Dragon Prince, 68 years old, birth name Gu Linfeng, calculative and toxic, cruel personality, lustful and greedy...” Zhang Ruochen couldn’t stop shaking his head while reading. He chuckled and said, “This Blood Dragon Prince is honestly a disgusting man. His only positive trait is that his physique is very powerful. He’s a rare and natural cultivation genius.”

The Blood Dragon Prince was only in the Ninth Change of the Fish-Dragon Realm, but he could unleash a first level Half-Saint’s power. This proved that he was a bit stronger than even a Saint Body.

If he hadn’t been so lazy and overly-horny, he would’ve been at a much higher level.

Zhang Ruochen released a ball of Holy Qi from his palm and crushed the pamphlet into dust. He scattered it in the air.

When they reached the proximity of the Blood God Sect’s territory, Zhang Ruochen had Blackie land. They entered a forest.

Blackie’s eyes lolled. “Zhang Ruochen, I thought of something. With the Blood Dragon Prince’s cultivation, it would be impossible to escape from the Yuan Mansion to the Blood God Sect in only eight days. The Blood God Sect would definitely send someone to check. They’ll notice something’s wrong.”

“They won’t.” Zhang Ruochen took a saint decree out and held it up. “The Blood Dragon Prince has a saint decree given personally by Discipline King Haiming. With this, he can escape to the Blood God Sect in eight days.”

That was the saint decree in Zhang Ruochen’s hand. However, its power had been sapped dry long ago.

Taking the saint decree, Zhang Ruochen hurried straight toward the Blood God Sect's territory.

The Blood God Sect was different from the Yin and Yang Sect. No matter how dangerous it was, Zhang Ruochen had had Patriarch Taiyi helping him secretly in the Yin and Yang Sect. Plus, the Yin and Yang Sect was an orthodox sect. It wasn't that dangerous.

The Blood God Sect, though, was a collection of demons. No one could help him here. The slightest mishap could kill him.

Thus, Zhang Ruochen was extraordinarily careful this time.

Before stepping foot onto the Blood God Sect's territory, he injured himself greatly. He pretended that his injuries had worsened from his rushed travel.

Chapter 935 - Blood God Sect, Spiritual Void Sea

Translator:

Larbre Studio

Editor:

Larbre Studio

The Blood God Sect was a land of darkness. It sprawled across the north of the Zhouwan Divine Land. Its back was to the Ancient Snow Mountain. It was tundra and the land was covered in icy snow year-round.

The Spiritual Void Sea was actually an icy river with an area of more than 1000 miles. It was below the Ancient Snow Mountain and was where Discipline King Haiming cultivated.

Despite the extreme cold, the Spiritual Void Sea had never frozen. The water seemed to be dark blue. Looking down from the sky, it was like a sapphire placed on a piece of paper.

At night, five-colored Spiritual Qi rose up from the river. It made the vast land seem like a divine place.

At the moment, a man in a black robe was on the Kongcheng Island at the heart of the Spiritual Void Sea. He held a coffin with one hand and crossed the suspended bridge. He went straight to the Discipline King's Hall.

The two young women standing on either side of the Discipline King's Hall lowered onto one knee to greet the black-clad man. They seemed very respectful.

The two women were both quite beautiful. They'd also reached the Ninth Change of the Fish-Dragon Realm. They were close servants of Discipline King Haiming and had quite a high status in the Spiritual Void Sea. However, they still had to bow to this man in black. It was evident that the man must have a high status as well.

There was no one else in the Discipline King's Hall other than the man in black. There were only 36 saint blood lanterns still lit up. They shone with light, revealing the man's features.

His name was Blue Night. He was Discipline King Haiming's 13th disciple and was also an elder of the Blood God Sect.

He looked to be around 30 years old. He had a high nose bridge and sharp eyes, giving off a clean yet sinister feeling.

Blue Night pushed forward lightly. Like a thin piece of paper, the heavy metallic coffin floated down and landed in the center of the hall without a sound.

"Master, this is Sun Chengyi's body," Blue Night reported indifferently. "I found him in the Thousand Burial Valley. His body was cut into eight pieces and has now been put back together."

The flames of the 36 saint blood lanterns quivered and flashed quickly. An old yet resonant voice came out of nowhere. "Sun Chengyi was Sixth Disciple's favorite disciple. He wasn't even 100 years old but was already a third level Half-Saint. He was the best choice. I didn't think that he would die before getting settled in the Nether Heavenly Palace."

Then there was a long sigh.

Blue Night looked up at the empty black throne at the end of the hall. Seeming to speak to the air, he said, "Even Sun Chengyi died such a horrible death. If we send other juniors, they will probably die as well."

The Discipline King's Hall fell into silence.

Half a beat later, the resonant voice sounded once again. "The Bottomless Abyss holds a shocking secret. However, the Hierarch has sent the Nether Heavenly Palace to guard it. No one can approach it, including the followers of the sect."

"Three hundred years ago, we four Discipline Kings were only a bit weaker than the Hierarch, but his cultivation has skyrocketed in the recent 300 years. He has far surpassed us, indisputably becoming the most powerful man of the Blood God Sect. No one can counter him anymore."

Blue Night raised his eyes. A different gleam was in his eyes. “Master, do you think that the Hierarch’s current accomplishments are due to the secret of the Bottomless Abyss?”

“Yes. The Nether Heavenly Palace began stationing outside the Bottomless Abyss 300 years ago, sealing it completely. No one can approach it, other than the Hierarch. Do you think it’s just a coincidence?”

With that, the resonant voice turned sharp, carrying heavy resentment. “No matter the sacrifices, I must uncover the secret of the Bottomless Abyss. Once I grasp this secret, I can become the head of the four Discipline Kings.”

“But with Sun Chengyi, we’ve already lost 12 Half-Saint elites,” Blue Night said. “It is hard to find a more suitable candidate from the third generation of disciples. If we choose another Half-Saint to enter the Nether Heavenly Palace, he might not be trustworthy. If he exposes your plan and the Hierarch finds out, it will be a bigger problem.”

Blue Night had said what Discipline King Haiming feared most.

He had 14 disciples in total. He had countless grand-disciples of the third, fourth, and fifth generation. There were quite a few elites amongst them. They’d entered the Half-Saint Realm while still young and held their own ground.

For example, the man in the coffin—Sun Chengyi—was the disciple of Discipline King Haiming’s sixth disciple Li Shigong. He was also the leader of the third generation.

Sixty years ago, Discipline King Haiming began sending his elite grand-disciples into the Nether Heavenly Palace to search for the Bottomless Abyss’ secret for him. However, all of them had either gone missing or died. No one survived.

Practically all of the third generation of disciples who’d entered the Half-Saint Realm had died. There were no more suitable candidates.

Discipline King Haiming was already 600 years old. His vitality was almost used up. He could only reach a higher level

to extend his life. This was why he was so anxious about finding the secret.

Should he risk it and go personally?

Whoosh!

Just then, a beam of red mist poured in from the door. It reached Blue Night's side and consolidated into a man shrouded in a blood-red robe. This man was tall and thin, but his face was hidden in the robe. His age, features, and gender were unknown, making him seem mysterious.

“Master, Senior Brother Gu Yan's son requests to see you.” The robed man's voice was insubstantial. It sounded genderless and ageless—impossible to figure out.

With that, the blood robed man unfurled a saint decree. Holy Qi rolled out of his sleeve and wrapped around the saint decree. He sent it flying to the bronze table.

Poof!

Blood-red threads appeared out of thin air. They gathered above the Disciple King's Hall, forming an elder wearing a long sea-blue robe.

This was one of Discipline King Haiming's saint souls. “Gu Yan's son?”

He looked at the saint decree on the table and his expression grew thoughtful. He finally remembered that Gu Yan, his ninth disciple, had once come to the Spiritual Void Sea to ask for a saint decree for his son.

At that time, Discipline King Haiming had agreed because the Blood Dragon Hall had contributed a lot of spiritual crystals and medicine.

He remembered Gu Yan's son as well. That guy was quite talented. Discipline King Haiming had kept him in the Spiritual Void Sea for a while to train him carefully. He might have reached a high level.

However, that guy truly had the guts. He'd only stayed at the Spiritual Void Sea for three days before bedding one of Discipline King Haiming's close servants.

Discipline King Haiming had been furious, but seeing as Gu Yan's Blood Dragon Hall could provide him with wealth, he didn't punish the Blood Dragon Prince. He just found an excuse to expel him from the Spiritual Void Sea and back to the Yuan Mansion.

Of course, he'd killed the servant.

“What's he here for?”

Discipline King Haiming was unhappy. However, thinking that his ninth disciple was still valuable, he summoned the Blood Dragon Prince.

Zhang Ruochen, disguised as the Blood Dragon Prince, entered the Discipline King's Hall. He immediately knelt before Haiming's saint soul and cried, “Grandmaster, please take revenge for me! The disciples of the Blood Dragon Hall can't die for nothing, my father can't die for nothing. Only you can avenge him...cough...”

As he spoke, he spat out black blood. He couldn't stop coughing, making him seem extremely pitiful.

It wasn't an act. Zhang Ruochen was truly gravely injured. Even so, Zhang Ruochen was still carefully studying the three people inside the hall.

Discipline King Haiming sat up front. He had long wavy sea-blue hair, deep-set eyes and a wrinkled face. Despite being just an apparition, he radiated with boundless Qi. He was like a towering saint mountain and a bottomless sea. He gave Zhang Ruochen extreme pressure.

In addition, there was a black-clad man and a red-robed man on either side of him.

The man in black seemed to have cultivated some dark technique. He just stood there, but he emanated icy Qi that froze the space around him. Any Qi that flowed within ten feet of him would immediately scatter.

He must be a cruel figure.

The other person in the blood-red robe seemed to be a wisp with no physical body. He seemed too advanced to figure out.

It was clear that no one in the Discipline King's Hall was easy to deal with.

Bearing the great pressure, Zhang Ruochen maintained his disguise carefully. If he made any slight mistake, he would probably die here tonight.

Discipline King Haiming's eyes narrowed. Staring at the kneeling Blood Dragon Prince, he asked coldly, "What did you say? Your father died? Who dares to touch my disciple?"

"The Death Zen Sect!" Zhang Ruochen exclaimed. "The evil monks of the Death Zen Sect."

Discipline King Haiming's brow twitched. "The Death Zen Sect," he murmured to himself.

If any other force dared to kill his discipline, he would wipe out the entire force, even if it was just for his own reputation. However, the Death Zen Sect wasn't just any force. It was only a few centuries old, but it was vast. The members were spread throughout the world. Even when compared to the Blood God Sect with millenniums of history, they still weren't much weaker.

The Death Zen Elder was especially powerful. He'd taken a hit from the Empress without dying. There weren't many figures like that in the entire Kunlun's Field.

It didn't seem worth it to anger the Death Zen Sect for a mere disciple.

Chapter 936 - Discipline King Haiming's Plan

Translator:

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Editor:

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Discipline King Haiming rolled up the saint decree on the table and placed it to the left. "Why did the Death Zen Sect kill your father?" he asked.

Thus, Zhang Ruochen repeated the words that he'd prepared earlier. Discipline King Haiming didn't actually care why the Death Zen Sect wanted to kill Gu Yan. After all, the cultivation world was a survival of the fittest. He understood this more than anyone else.

Sometimes, a reason wasn't needed to kill someone. Plus, Gu Yan was already dead. He had lost his value too.

What Discipline King Haiming cared about was the current state of the Blood Dragon Hall.

The Blood Dragon Hall was the top evil force in the Yuan Mansion. It was vast and had more than one million Monks. It was known as one of the top three sects and ruled over many mines and spiritual medicine sources.

This was a piece of fatty meat that Disciple King Haiming always had indirect control over.

Hearing Zhang Ruochen's recounting, Discipline King Haiming's expression gradually darkened. He sneered. "So the Blood Dragon Hall has already been wiped out?"

He'd never liked the Blood Dragon Prince. Now, his father was dead and the Blood Dragon Hall ceased to exist. So what value did he have now?

Just as Discipline King Haiming was about to order the Blood Dragon Prince out of the Spiritual Void Sea, his ancient eyes narrowed slightly. He carefully observed the Blood Dragon Prince for a moment and discovered that he was actually a second level Half-Saint now.

Second level Half-Saint...

Sensing this, Discipline King Haiming was pleasantly surprised. He knew early on that the Blood Dragon Prince had good talent, but he didn't expect that he'd actually reached the second level.

This way, the Blood Dragon Prince was quite useful to him.

Discipline King Haiming immediately changed his mind. Pretending to be furious, he slammed down on the bronze table. "Those damn monks of the Death Zen Sect!" he thundered. "How dare they kill my beloved disciple and massacre the entire Gu family? I will take revenge no matter what."

Whoosh!

Discipline King Haiming streaked through the air and appeared before Zhang Ruochen. He helped Zhang Ruochen up and sighed. "If I remember correctly, your name is Gu Linfeng, right?"

Zhang Ruochen pretended to be very touched. Sobbing, he said, "Thank you, grand-master, for remembering my name. My father's revenge..."

"First, rest and recover. Don't think too much and hand this to me. I will not let your father die for nothing."

Discipline King Haiming patted Zhang Ruochen's shoulder. It seemed casual, but a burst of secret power entered Zhang Ruochen's body, going into his meridians and Saintly Meridians.

The real Blood Dragon Prince wouldn't be able to sense Discipline King Haiming's force, but Zhang Ruochen was highly sensitive. He instantly felt the force.

Discipline King Haiming is checking my body to confirm my identity. As expected, he doesn't believe me enough. He's really a paranoid fox.

Zhang Ruochen pretended not to sense anything and continued grieving to Discipline King Haiming.

Other than his cultivation, Zhang Ruochen's entire body changed drastically due to the Traceless 36 Changes. Discipline King Haiming naturally couldn't find any flaws.

When he removed his hand, Zhang Ruochen was already covered in cold sweat. Thankfully, I didn't restrict my cultivation to the Ninth Change of the Fish-Dragon Realm, he thought. Otherwise, I wouldn't have been able to pass this challenge. If I failed, I'd probably be minced flesh right now.

“Are you nervous to see me?” Discipline King Haiming asked, sensing something.

Zhang Ruochen coughed out blood onto his hands. Face pale, he bowed and said, “Grand-master, you are a Saint who knows everything about the world. Your name is known throughout Kunlun's Field. Anyone would be intimidated within such close distance to you, let alone me.”

Discipline King Haiming chuckled in satisfaction. He retrieved a Withered Pill and handed it to Zhang Ruochen. “You're quite well-endowed and can be developed well. Stay in the Spiritual Void Sea and cultivate. Treat this as your own home. This is a Withered Pill. Take it and try to recover as soon as possible. When your cultivation matures and you can hold your own, I will help you re-establish the Blood Dragon Hall.”

Zhang Ruochen accepted the Withered Pill and pretended to be extremely grateful. Kowtowing in gratitude, he said, “Thank you, Grand-master. I am unable to repay you, but I will be even more filial to you in the future.”

Discipline King Haiming smiled and nodded. He sent two servants to help the Blood Dragon Prince out of the hall.

Immediately, his benevolent smile gradually turned eerie. He made one shudder involuntarily. “Ji Shui, visit the Yuan

Mansion.”

The one in the blood-red robe was Ji Shui, tenth disciple of Discipline King Haiming.

“Master, are you really going to take revenge for Ninth Senior Brother?” Ji Shui asked.

Discipline King Haiming didn’t answer in the negative or positive. “Go to the Yuan Mansion and check the real reason why the Blood Dragon Hall was destroyed. Investigate Gu Linfeng too. He was in somewhere like the Blood Dragon Hall. How did he go from the First Change of the Fish-Dragon Realm to the second level of the Half-Saint Realm in 20 short years? Is he really that talented?”

He seemed to be talking to Ji Shui but also talking to himself. A moment later, he added, “Use the saint decree to hurry over. Try to return within ten days.”

“I understand.”

Ji Shui’s body gradually dissipated into a shred of bloody mist. He flew out of the Discipline King’s Hall. A moment later, he was already flying thousands of miles away from the Spiritual Void Sea.

Only Blue Night and Discipline King Haiming’s saint soul remained in the hall.

“Master, are you checking Gu Linfeng so thoroughly because you wish to send him into the Nether Heavenly Palace?” Blue Night asked.

Discipline King Haiming put on a cold smile. “Is there a better choice than him now? However, we still must test him to see just how his skills are.”

...

The two servants leading Zhang Ruochen were Ru Xin and Ru Yue. There were both top beauties with lovely features and enticing figures. They were mesmerizing.

However, Zhang Ruochen wasn’t interested in them at all.

In terms of looks, Duanmu Xingling and the Saint Lady were a whole different level. In terms of sexiness, they couldn't be compared to the former Red Star Emissary, Ye Honglei.

Zhang Ruochen had checked the Blood Dragon Prince's information. This man had stayed in the Spiritual Void Sea for a time before, but he was expelled after sleeping with one of Discipline King Haiming's servants.

It was kept hushed, but the Black Market Excellence Hall's intelligence network spread across the entire world. It had recorded this long ago.

Discipline King Haiming knows about the Blood Dragon Prince's earlier actions, Zhang Ruochen thought. But he still sent two such beautiful servants to be in charge of me. This is interesting.

He felt like Discipline King Haiming's actions were abnormal. He grew more cautious. Abnormalities were always fishy.

There were more than 100 islands in the Spiritual Void Sea. Each island had glamorous palaces. Usually, only a disciple of Discipline King Haiming was qualified to have an island for his long-term cultivation.

However, an exception was made tonight. Zhang Ruochen also had his own small island.

The island's name was Wangchu Island. Apparently, the Blood Dragon Prince's father, Gu Yan, had once lived here. It was less than 100 miles away from the Kongcheng Island that the Discipline King's Hall was on.

"Lord Gu, please rest here. We will wait outside the door," Ru Yue said sweetly. "Please call us if you need anything." She fluttered her lashes, seeming very lovely.

Zhang Ruochen stared at Ru Yue, his eyes going from her face to her feet. He smirked. "Come here."

Ru Yue's white face turned pink. She nibbled her lips, pretending to be shy, but she still walked towards Zhang Ruochen.

Zhang Ruochen reached out and squeezed her behind. Her butt was shockingly bouncy under his fingers. The fleshiness filled his hand.

Ru Yue mewled and said coquettishly, “Lord Gu, we are servants of the Discipline King. How can you do this? If he finds out, he’ll kill us.”

“Really? But he told you two to serve me. From now on, you’re my women. I can play however I want...” Zhang Ruochen broke off with a cough. He patted his chest and waved his hand. “Never mind...I’m seriously injured, so I’ll let you two go tonight.”

Massaging her sore behind, Ru Yue walked out of Wangchu Island’s training tower with Ru Xin.

When the tower’s door closed firmly, Zhang Ruochen wiped away his lustful smile and his seriousness returned. He looked at his hand and wiped it on his sleeve.

The two servants were both in the Ninth Change of the Fish-Dragon Realm. They weren’t nobodies. They were definitely powerful and evil women. In that case, Zhang Ruochen had to act like the Blood Dragon Prince and be careful.

With Discipline King Haiming’s paranoid personality, he’ll definitely send someone to the Yuan Mansion to investigate the Blood Dragon Prince, he thought. I hope Murong Yue has arranged everything.

Zhang Ruochen trusted the Black Market Excellence Hall’s abilities. They could definitely help the Blood Dragon Prince change his profile.

For example, the Blood Dragon Prince was now a second level Half-Saint. Even if Discipline King Haiming sent someone to check, they could only find this result.

Following this, Zhang Ruochen checked the Withered Pill that Discipline King Haiming gave him. When he confirmed nothing was wrong, he ate it and started refining it.

The next day, Zhang Ruochen’s injuries had already started healing.

“Junior Nephew Linfeng, have you healed?”

That morning, a black shadow landed in Wangchu Island and appeared before the practice tower.

Inside the practice tower, Zhang Ruochen felt a strong gust of power. Thus, he opened the heavy gates with a flourish of his sleeves.

He'd seen the man in black yesterday in the Discipline King's Hall. He only knew that the man had very high cultivation, but was unsure about his identity.

Chapter 937 - Seven- Aperture Blood Palm

Translator:

Larbre Studio

Editor:

Larbre Studio

“With grandmaster’s Withered Pill, my injuries have already healed. Senior, by what should I call you?”

Zhang Ruochen walked out. He tried hard to seem humble.

“No need to call me ‘senior,’” the man in black said. “I shouldn’t be much older than you. However, I am in the same generation as your father. You can call me Senior Uncle Blue.”

“Oh, you’re Senior Uncle Blue? I often heard my father mention you,” Zhang Ruochen said respectfully. “He said that you’re the most talented of all his fellow disciples. The Ice Soul Divine Guide that you cultivate is in the lower class King Level. It’s said to be unparalleled in the world.”

The information on the Blood Dragon Prince also contained details about Discipline King Haiming’s various disciples. Since this man’s surname was Blue, he must be Discipline King Haiming’s thirteenth disciple, Blue Night.

He was indeed a dangerous person.

Blue Night scoffed coldly inside. Not thinking much about Zhang Ruochen’s words, he said, “Master wishes to see you. Follow me.”

Under Blue Night’s guidance, Zhang Ruochen returned to Kongcheng Island. He saw Discipline King Haiming, drinking tea in a garden of more than 1,000 acres.

Feathery snowflakes floated in the sky and fluttered down.

Smiling, Discipline King Haiming said, “Linfeng, what level have you cultivated the Blood Dragon Scripture to?”

“Grandmaster, I am at the seventh level,” Zhang Ruochen said.

Discipline King Haiming nodded. “If I remember correctly, you major in palm techniques, correct?”

“Yes, I have studied the palm techniques seriously,” Zhang Ruochen said. “Of course, I’m not worthy to be mentioned, compared to Grandmaster.”

“How can you be so self-deprecating?” Discipline King Haiming said. “Reaching the second level of the Half-Saint Realm with your age, you’ve already surpassed people of your age. Blue Night, exchange some blows with Linfeng. Test what level his palm techniques have reached.”

“Senior Uncle Blue’s cultivation is highly advanced,” Zhang Ruochen said hurriedly. “I’m not his match at all...”

Discipline King Haiming ignored him. He drank tea as if he didn’t hear Zhang Ruochen’s words. He seemed relaxed.

Whoosh!

Blue Night streaked horizontally and appeared before Zhang Ruochen. “Nephew Linfeng, do not worry. I will suppress my cultivation to the second level. I won’t bully you.”

Two balls of cold blue light suddenly appeared between Blue Night’s hands. The next moment, the garden’s temperature dropped multiple times. Dozens of chaotic currents of cold air appeared.

Whooshes sounded. Five sharp pillars of ice formed behind Blue Night. It was like a huge icy palm print that pressed down at Zhang Ruochen.

They’re testing my abilities. It’ll make them suspicious if I’m too strong, but they won’t value me if I’m too weak.

Dozens of thoughts flashed through Zhang Ruochen’s mind instantly.

Roar!

A blood-red dragon soul flew out of Zhang Ruochen. It grew hundreds of feet long and wrapped around him, strengthening his aura more and more. Zhang Ruochen slapped forward, crashing against that huge blue ice palm.

Kaboom!

The snow underfoot flew quickly like white flying daggers.

He actually caught it! Discipline King Haiming raised his head slightly and stared hard at Zhang Ruochen. This was quite surprising.

Various red meridians bulged on Zhang Ruochen's body. "Break!" he thundered.

Boom!

The huge ice palm cracked apart. The huge shockwave that burst from it forced Blue Night back.

"As expected from a talent that Ninth Senior Brother taught. Nephew Linfeng's palm technique is indeed strong."

Blue Night's eyes darkened. Clenching his hands, he charged towards Zhang Ruochen and attacked again.

Zhang Ruochen, also acting unwilling to surrender, rushed towards Blue Night too.

Boom, boom.

The two figures overlapped and continuously sent out palm prints. They created countless powerful energy ripples.

Thankfully, Kongcheng Island had many defensive formations. Otherwise, the entire island might have sunk.

The two didn't separate until they'd exchanged more than 300 palms. Zhang Ruochen's hands were sealed with ice. His body trembled. Soon after, he used Holy Qi to shatter the ice.

Zhang Ruochen didn't attack again. Putting his hands together, he said, "Thank you, Senior Uncle, for your mercy."

Blue Night crossed his hands behind his back. He seemed calm, but his eyes were a bit heavier when he looked at Zhang Ruochen.

Clap, clap!

Discipline King Haiming stood up and started clapping. He walked into the snow. Studying Zhang Ruochen, he smiled. “Not bad, truly not bad. You could take 300 of your Senior Uncle Blue’s palms while in the same plane. Very impressive.”

But then Discipline King Haiming’s tone changed. “However, your palm technique isn’t very advanced. It should be the lower class Ghost Level Flood-dragon Palm, right?”

Zhang Ruochen nodded and sighed. “The Flood-dragon Palm is the most advanced palm technique of Blood Dragon Hall.”

Discipline King Haiming put on an upset expression. “Your father is truly...ah! If he was still alive, I would definitely reprimand him. If he didn’t have an advanced palm technique, he should’ve asked me for one. How could he waste a great gem like you?”

He took out a jade book the size of his finger and gave it to Zhang Ruochen. “This is the Consummate Skill of the Blood God Sect, called the Seven-Apertures Blood Palm. Take it and study it. Try to cultivate it. I will check your progress in ten days.”

Zhang Ruochen naturally pretended to be overjoyed. He reverently clutched the jade carved with the technique and scurried off.

After Zhang Ruochen left, Discipline King Haiming asked Blue Night, “What do you think?”

“This youngster has a strong desire to perform and prove himself. However, his abilities are indeed shockingly strong. He’s only in the second level, but he can defeat a third level Half-Saint. For opponents in his level, he can probably fight with someone with a Saint Body.”

Discipline King Haiming nodded with a smile. “He indeed is a nice fellow. He’s a miraculous gift from god. Ten days from now, the Nether Heavenly Palace will start enrolling new Banner Lords. This time, they’ll enroll three. Do you think he can pass the test?”

“I’m afraid it will be difficult,” Blue Night said. “The Banner Lord is chosen from low-level Half-Saints. Gu Linfeng is strong, but he’s still only at the second level. There’s still a gap between him and the stronger third level Half-Saints of the sect.”

Discipline King Haiming chuckled. “Then we’ll have to force him to risk his life. He’ll only have a chance if he risks his life.”

“How do we force him?” Blue Night asked.

Discipline King Haiming smiled mysteriously. He didn’t speak further, but cruelty colored his old eyes.

After Zhang Ruochen returned to the Wangchu Island, he walked straight to the practice tower.

He felt a bit anxious inwardly. He actually gave me a Consummate Skill to cultivate. What exactly is the Discipline King Haiming planning? Ten days...no, I can’t wait that long. I must go to the Bottomless Abyss immediately.

Zhang Ruochen released his Spiritual Power to investigate the outside. He found Ru Yue and Ru Xin outside the tower.

No, I just got to the Blood God Sect. Discipline King Haiming doesn’t trust me completely yet. He might be using his saintly will to look over me. If he senses that I left Wangchu Island, the consequences will be unimaginable.

Zhang Ruochen took a deep breath, calming himself.

After a moment of thinking, he took out the Universe Spiritual Map and released Blackie. “I can’t leave at the moment,” he said. “Blackie, you must go to the Bottomless Abyss for me.”

“I’m not going. No one returns from there. No way am I going. Plus, the Saint Lady doesn’t even like me. Why should I risk it?”

Then Blackie added, “Zhang Ruochen, I suggest that you leave the Blood God Sect as soon as possible. That Discipline King Haiming isn’t a nice guy. From what I know about humans, that old man probably wants you to do something dangerous. That’s why he’s doing everything to win you over. First, he

assigned beauties to serve you. Then, he gave you a Consummate Skill. Is he the grandmaster or are you?"

Zhang Ruochen shook his head, determined. "I was already prepared to die before I came here. Whether I can leave alive or not all depends on luck."

"Is it worth it to lose your own life for the Saint Lady? You don't even know if she's alive." Blackie couldn't understand. Zhang Ruochen didn't seem like such an illogical guy.

"If you're also in danger someday, I'll go save you too, no matter how risky it is," Zhang Ruochen said.

Zhang Ruochen and Blackie had gone through many things. They'd started off using each other, but they'd gradually turned into friends who fought back to back.

Hearing this, Blackie froze for a moment. Then it made a face and muttered, "Thank god you're a man. If you were a female cat...ah, whatever! I'll visit the Bottomless Abyss, but I'm only investigating the outside. Don't expect me to jump in and look for the Saint Lady's corpse for you!"

With that, Blackie shrunk quickly to the size of a mosquito. It flew out of the tower and left the Spiritual Void Sea.

Smiling, Zhang Ruochen shook his head. He took out the Seven-Apertures Blood Palm book. Holding it in his hand, he read it carefully.

Since it was a Consummate Skill, it was naturally mysterious and filled with many truths of palm techniques.

Comprehending it would boost Zhang Ruochen's Palm Way greatly.

Humans have seven apertures. The palm also has seven apertures. If all seven are opened, one will complete the palm technique.

That mysterious paragraph was how the Seven-Apertures Blood Palm opened up.

Zhang Ruochen continued reading. He discovered that the technique was actually a Saint Spell, but no one in the history of the Blood God Sect had anyone open all seven apertures.

Thus, they could only release the power of a Consummate Skill.

A palm technique of the Saint Spell level was worthy of cultivating.

Chapter 938 - The Value of Gu Linfeng

Translator:

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Editor:

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The trick to practice the Seven-Apertures Blood Palm is to transport the blood rapidly to open the seven apertures in the palm, using the power of blood Qi and doubling the power of the palm play.

Zhang Ruochen had sat at the first floor of the Practice Tower for two whole days, comprehending each formula of the Seven-Apertures Blood Palm and planning for the following practice.

At dusk, Zhang Ruochen walked out of the Practice Tower to an empty beach in the northeastern part of Wangchu Island. He stood in the shallow water, which was at about the height of his knees, practicing the palm play steadily.

At first, he was extremely slow. And sometimes, he would even stop in the middle of a play to think while operating the power.

The slow speed made people wonder...was he practicing the palm play, or not?

Ru Yue and Ru Xin stood at the foot of a Golden-Wood Spiritual-Fruit Tree afar. They looked extremely sexy in white gauze, which winded up their breasts and waists, exposing their flat lower abdomens and snow-white legs.

“Is he really practicing the palm play? Why do I feel like that he just pretends to work hard to behave in front of the Discipline King?” Ru Xin seemed to despise him.

Ru Yue touched her pointed chin with a finger and laughed. “It is said that the Discipline King has given the Seven-Apertures Blood Palm to him, setting great importance on him.”

Ru Xin showed a look mixed with envy and glumness. “The Discipline King was too partial to pass such a profound play to him, instead of us. But in the history of the Blood God Sect, no one could practice the Seven-Apertures Blood Palm to its utmost. Few can open five apertures.”

Ru Yue said, “Opening five apertures can burst out a palm power 28 times that of before, which is enough to kill any monk at the same state. ”

Ru Xin said, “But aren’t all who have broken five apertures unparalleled figures? To my knowledge, the Discipline King has only opened five apertures himself in practicing the Seven-Apertures Blood Palm. And Gu Linfeng is nothing more than a womanizer and playboy. How could he compare with the formidable Discipline King?”

“Gu Linfeng does have an excellent talent to have reached the state of the Second Level Half-Saint. Even if he can’t open five apertures, he can do four.” Ru Yue stared at Zhang Ruochen who was practicing, putting on an enchanting smile.

Ru Xin gave a stare at Ru Yue, rounded her red lips. “What’s that? Do you expect that he will succeed? Have you been taken over by him after he pinched your butt? Don’t you forget our task that the Discipline King sent us for!”

“Of course I will not forget.”

Ru Yue just smiled and blinked. “The Discipline King has passed the Seven-Apertures Blood Palm to him for a reason. Maybe he could make something out of the Seven-Apertures Blood Palm.”

Rustling noises sounded on the beach close by.

The palms played by Zhang Ruochen became quicker and quicker, causing dozens of palm winds to roll up the water from the lake, forming a wave which was several meters tall.

At the same time, blood in Zhang Ruochen’s arms gave a deafening noise, rushing to his palms.

Boom!

A deafening sound of explosion was heard. The blood Qi seemed to have broken through the barrier to connect the Holy Qi in Zhang Ruochen's palms with the spiritual Qi between the heaven and the earth.

The connecting point was the first spiritual aperture in the palms.

Once a spiritual aperture was opened, Zhang Ruochen could borrow the power of the heaven and the earth to double his palm power, when he gave a strike.

Zhang Ruochen stopped for a minute, looking at his hands. He smiled, "The first aperture, Feng Chi."

According to the jade book, the seven apertures in the palms were called: Feng Chi, Shao Shang, Yu Ji, Shao Chong, Shao Fu, Zhong Chong, and Lao Gong.

With one aperture open, the palm power would be doubled.

With two apertures open, the palm power would be quadrupled.

Therefore, Zhang Ruochen couldn't wait to go on practicing to open the second aperture.

Ru Yue and Ru Xin, standing afar, were both shocked. They looked at each other.

"Has he opened the first aperture in such a short time? Wasn't he just practicing for less than two hours?" Ru Yue opened her eyes wide, finding it hard to believe it.

Ru Xin gave a sneer, "Nobody can progress so fast, no matter how talented he is. Maybe he has been practicing inside the Practice Tower for the past two days, so he can crack the first aperture easily."

"According to the Discipline King, the first aperture is just a base. It means nothing to have opened it. The difficulty to open the second aperture is several times that of the first one. If Gu Linfeng could have it opened in five days, only then could he be called a rare talent."

But instead of five days, they witnessed Zhang Ruochen's crack of the second aperture, Shao Shang, at night.

Such development shocked Ru Yue and Ru Xin greatly.

Ru Xin dared not to look down on Zhang Ruochen, and raced to the Kongcheng Island to report it to Discipline King Haiming.

It was so quick of him to have opened two apertures in one day. Even Discipline King Haiming couldn't be so quick, back in the day.

Perhaps only the the best talent of the Blood God Sect, Mei Lanzhu, could beat him over.

Hearing the news, Discipline King Haiming just smiled, "Two apertures opened. Not bad. He is really a rough diamond."

Ru Xin was kneeling down at his feet, a little annoyed. She said, "Discipline King, the Seven-Apertures Blood Palm is too profound to be hardly mastered by ordinary people in one decade. How can Gu Linfeng open two apertures only two days after receiving the rare book? I think he must have practiced the palm play before."

The Discipline King Haiming said, "It would cost ten years of a Fish-Dragon Realm Monk to make the progress."

"But as a Half-Saint for palm plays, Gu Linfeng has commanded the Rule of Palm Play. His understanding of the Way of Palm can't be compared by Fish-Dragon Realm Monks."

"With his understanding of the Rule of Palm Play, he can easily practice any palm plays. So it's not strange for him to have mastered the Seven-Apertures Blood Palm in such a short time. If he could open four apertures in ten days, I will see more value in him."

Ru Xin said, "My state is too low to have understood it. I will work hard and strive to reach the state of the Half-Saint to help Discipline King more."

Discipline King Haiming gave Ru Xin a glance, wanting to tell her that the Ninth Change of the Fish-Dragon Realm was

already her limit and she would never reach the state of Half-Saint with her talent.

Discipline King Haiming said, “You will follow Gu Linfeng from now on. Whatever he asks from you, you must say yes.”

Ru Xin was discouraged. It became clear to her that her value in Discipline King Haiming’s eyes couldn’t even compare with one finger of Gu Linfeng. Therefore, Discipline King Haiming had given her to Gu Linfeng casually.

But Discipline King Haiming did underestimate Gu Linfeng. After three days, he opened the fourth aperture to give out the palm power 20 times.

Even Discipline King Haiming was astonished by the news. He sent out a line of saint mind to observe Zhang Ruochen’s practice.

Three days later, Zhang Ruochen broke through again to have opened the fifth aperture.

Once the fifth aperture opened, it meant a primary mastery of the Seven-Apertures Blood Palm. Each palm would burst out the palm power of 28 times now.

The power of this palm play was comparable to a Consummate Skill.

Zhang Ruochen had gone far beyond the expectations of Discipline King Haiming. He now had more confidence in his plan.

...

Ji Shui returned to the Spiritual Void Sea on the tenth day.

She stood in the center of Discipline King’s Hall, and reported the information she gathered in the Yuan Mansion to Discipline King Haiming, like a cloud of blood fog shaped in human body.

“So the Blood Dragon Hall was really exterminated by powerful figures of the Death Zen Sect.” The Discipline King Haiming looked gloomy, with freezing cold Qi gushing out from his eyes.

Nobody knew what he was thinking about.

Ji Shui said, “There was a fierce fight between the Ancient Race of Prison Guardians and the Immortal Vampires in the Yuan Mansion before, involving various powers. The Death Zen Sect always had a secret connection with the Immortal Vampires. It was normal for the powerful figures of the Death Zen Sect to appear in the Yuan Mansion.”

Discipline King Haiming sneered, “Chaos is showing up in the Kunlun’s Field. Nobody knows who will win in the future. We cannot fight against the Death Zen Sect now. Put it aside.”

The voice of Ji Shui was hardly discernible. “I passed the Wangchu Island on my way back, and saw that Gu Linfeng has opened five apertures to master the Seven-Apertures Blood Palm primarily. Did the Master give the Seven-Apertures Blood Palm to him?”

Discipline King Haiming showed a rare admiration upon hearing it. “He is surely a rare talent of palm play. If cultivated with caution, he can have unlimited achievements in the future to become my right hand.”

“If he had appeared 100 years earlier, I would have be loathed to send him to the Nether Heavenly Palace.”

“But his only value now is to study the secret of the Bottomless Abyss. If he died in the Nether Heavenly Palace, it would be a shame.”

Ji shui was clear that everyone was labeled with a price in the Master’s mind. Only the people who had high value could be put to important posts, and receive saint rocks, pills, top exercises and martial arts.

Apparently, Gu Linfeng now had more value than she did.

Chapter 939 - Blood God Venomous Worm

Translator:

Larbre Studio

Editor:

Larbre Studio

Blue Night brought Zhang Ruochen into the Discipline King's Hall. They appeared at the feet of a shared saint soul of Discipline King Haiming.

“Master.”

“Grandmaster.”

They both bowed to Discipline King Haiming.

Discipline King Haiming stroked his beard and laughed, “Linfeng, you really shocked me with your talent on palm plays. Good, very good.”

Zhang Ruochen said, “But I can only open five apertures. No matter how hard I tried, I couldn't open the sixth one.”

Discipline King Haiming took his time to speak. “The origin of the Seven-Apertures Blood Palm is grand. It is said that Pluto has read thousands of rare books of palm plays in the world to create it. Its power may not be the strongest in the world. But once the apertures are opened, it will do extremely well for the monks who practiced it. They can give out more power with other palm plays.”

“But Pluto is an Immortal Vampire, who has strong blood Qi to crack all seven apertures in palms. It's extreme for human monks to open five apertures during the practicing of the Seven-Apertures Blood Palm. Nobody has ever opened the sixth one.”

“Therefore, you have reached the limit of human beings to have opened five apertures in ten days, and will benefit greatly from the five apertures in the future.”

Zhang Ruochen nodded, acting like he understood.

Then the Discipline King said, “Do you know why Grandmaster called you here to the Discipline King’s Hall?”

“I don’t know,” Zhang Ruochen replied.

Discipline King Haiming explained, “The Blood God Sect is an ancient sect inherited from the Middle Ages. Other than the supreme Hierarch, there are the Son of Deity, the Saintess, the Four Discipline Kings, the Elders’ Pavilion and the Ten Heavenly Palaces.”

“Among them, the Ten Heavenly Palaces are ruled by the Hierarch himself. They are called: Nether, Waste, Underworld, Departure, Death, Heaven, Mess, Flood, Earth and Disorder.”

“Nether Heavenly Palace will recruit three Banner Lords tomorrow, and I hope you can go and strive to become one of them.”

Zhang Ruochen looked into the eyes of Discipline King Haiming, and found overbearing power. It was him using the Saint Might to press on him.

Apparently Discipline King Haiming was not negotiating with him. He was giving an order.

Zhang Ruochen folded his fists. “I will not disappoint Grandmaster. Tomorrow, I will take the position of a Banner Lord.”

Discipline King Haiming nodded with contentment. “If you can make it, I will reward you with a Third-class Divine Origin Pill to help you reach the Third Level of Half-Saint.”

Zhang Ruochen was moved by his words.

Discipline King Haiming would reward him with a Third-class Divine Origin Pill. It must be very important to be a Banner Lord.

“Before that, you must take this.”

A blood red light was thrown to the front between two fingers of Discipline King Haiming, landing on the palm of Zhang Ruochen.

It was a blood red pill the size of a grain of rice.

Zhang Ruochen input a spiritual power to detect it secretly, and found a slight life Qi inside the pill.

The finding frightened Zhang Ruochen for he knew that he was going to face a huge risk. Zhang Ruochen was clever enough to know that it was a Venomous Worm Pill.

Zhang Ruochen tried to keep calm and acted like he didn't know it. He asked, "Grandmaster, what is it?"

"This is a pill that will add up to your strength. Once you take it, your chance to win tomorrow will increase greatly."

Discipline King Haiming laughed.

Blue Night, standing beside Zhang Ruochen, also gave a frightened look at the sight of the blood pill in Zhang Ruochen's hand.

Discipline King Haiming saw that Zhang Ruochen hesitated to take the blood pill, and gave a cold look. He kept laughing, but threateningly he said, "What happened? You don't trust your Grandmaster?"

"How can I not trust Grandmaster?"

Zhang Ruochen stopped hesitating, and put the blood pill in his mouth. He swallowed it.

Zhang Ruochen wasn't given a second chance in the current situation. Only by taking the blood pill could he keep staying in the Blood God Sect.

If he dared to refuse Discipline King Haiming's order, he would probably die today.

Then, the piercing pain was sensed from his belly, like his veins being cut by thousands of blades.

The pain circulated through Zhang Ruochen's body with his veins, and ended up in his lower abdomen.

It was a venomous worm shaped like a centipede with 100 sharp legs. Its head was like a human skull.

Zhang Ruochen had survived from a even fiercer pain when he was reaching the Tenth Change of Fish-Dragon Realm.

But now he was no longer Zhang Ruochen, but the Blood Dragon Prince, Gu Linfeng.

How could Gu Linfeng stand the pain of the venomous worm's biting?

So Zhang Ruochen lay down on the ground, rolling and screaming. "Grandmaster...help me! I'm...so...hurt..."

After one and a half hours, the venomous worm stopped torturing Zhang Ruochen.

Zhang Ruochen was covered by blood red sweat droplets. He got up from the ground, trembling. And he asked, "Grandmaster, what did you make me take?"

Discipline King Haiming narrowed his old eyes into a smile. "It's the Blood God Venomous Worm. It was made from the corpse worm in the Blood God Corpse. Only one Venomous Worm can be refined each year. It is too precious to be taken by common people."

Of course it is the Blood God Venomous Worm, Zhang Ruochen said to himself.

He had speculated a little when he took the blood pill.

But it never occurred to him that Discipline King Haiming would use the Blood God Venomous Worm to control him.

The Blood God Venomous Worm of the Blood God Sect was said to be used only to control saints, or other important figures from the Ancient Races.

What was Discipline King Haiming's purpose in using the Blood God Venomous Worm to control his disciple's son? Discipline King Haiming added, "Don't hate Grandmaster, I am helping you. The Blood God Venomous Worm you took has reached the state of the Fifth Level Half-Saint. Borrowing its power, you can give out the battle power of a Fifth Level Half-Saint as well."

“Besides, the Blood God Venomous Worm can get to the state of saint and even beyond by absorbing divine blood. Think about that. What a treasure the Blood God Venomous Worm is!”

Zhang Ruochen said, “But what if it bites my lower abdomen and veins again? Won’t I be taken by it?”

Discipline King Haiming laughed, “Rest Assured. As long as you feed it one drop of divine blood of the Blood Deity, it will live on the divine blood instead of you.”

“The divine blood of the Blood Deity?” said Zhang Ruochen.

Discipline King Haiming took out a fist-sized crystal. One drop of divine blood was concealed at its center, giving out blinding red light.

Discipline King Haiming held the divine blood and said slightly, “Once you take one post of the three Banner Lords tomorrow, I will reward you with this drop of divine blood to help you survive the next month.”

“What if I can’t be a Banner Lord of the Nether Heavenly Palace?” asked Zhang Ruochen.

Discipline King Haiming put the divine blood back, and said earnestly, “Only the Banner Lord of the Nether Heavenly Palace is qualified for the divine blood of the Blood Deity. I’ve passed both the Seven-Apertures Blood Palm and the Blood God Venomous Worm to you. If you can’t take the position of just a Banner Lord, what’s the meaning for you to live on in this world?”

“Blue Night, Ji Shui, you two elders should teach the jungle rule of the Blood God Sect to Linfeng clearly. By the way, tell him what he needs to pay attention to during tomorrow’s test.”

After he finished, the division of Discipline King Haiming’s saint soul dispersed gradually.

Only Zhang Ruochen, Blue Night and Ji Shui were left in the Discipline King’s Hall.

Blue Night glanced at Zhang Ruochen with pity. “You have to prove your value to survive in the Blood God Sect. Once you

failed, you would die.”

Zhang Ruochen’s eyes were bloodshot. He pinched his hands tightly, appearing furious. He said, “Thanks for the heads up, Uncle Blue.”

Although Zhang Ruochen was acting angry, 30 percent of his fury was real.

There were people in the Kunlun’s Field who didn’t know the name of the Hierarch of the Blood God Sect, but no one didn’t know the terrible impact of the Blood God Venomous Worm.

It was the venomous worm which would frighten a saint. Once being implanted with it, a Supreme Saint would have to pay hard to refine it at a heavy cost.

From which the power of the Blood God Venomous Worm could be seen.

Zhang Ruochen surely had the protection of the Mark of Gods in the wall of his lower abdomen, not totally irresistible to the Blood God Venomous Worm.

Therefore, it was not too difficult for Zhang Ruochen to resist it.

The voice of Ji Shui, a surprisingly female voice, sounded. “If you want to survive, you’d better put away your anger. From now on, you can only be rewarded the divine blood of the Blood Deity to extend your life, on account of being loyal to the Discipline King. But before that, you must pass the test tomorrow.”

“Even if you have the Seven-Apertures Blood Palm and the Blood God Venomous Worm, it won’t be easy for you to become a Banner Lord of the Nether Heavenly Palace. There are some powerful figures who will compete with you tomorrow.”

Zhang Ruochen put away his anger, and asked, “Who are they?”

Ji Shui said, “The son of Discipline King Tianji’s disciple, Yan Kongming.”

“The son of Discipline King Chengxu’s disciple, Bai Yu.”

“The son of Discipline King Diyuan’s disciple, Ning Guihai.”

“Yan Kongming, the so-called Thousand-calculation Sorcerer, has reached the peak of the Third Level Half-Saint. His blade play is outstanding, and his spiritual power has reached the state of Half-Saint, too.”

“Bai Yu has also reached the peak of the Third Level Half-Saint. He has a saint body of Flying Fairy and two sword plays of the Consummate Skill. He never loses to enemies of his level.”

“Ning Guihai is comparatively mysterious. Few words of him have been heard, except that he has assassinated a Fifth Level Half-Saint, and left unwounded. You should know what it means for a Third Level Half-Saint to kill a Fifth Level Half-Saint.”

“Most importantly, they likely have all taken the Blood God Venomous Worm to borrow its power. You have no advantage over them, but absolute disadvantages.”

Chapter 940 - Trying to Explore

Translator:

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Editor:

Larbre Studio

Zhang Ruochen couldn't use other means except the Seven-Apertures Blood Palm and the Blood God Venomous Worm, and had to restrain his battle power under a certain state.

In this way, Zhang Ruochen surely was less competitive than the other three sons of the Discipline King's disciples. It wouldn't be easy for him to win.

Luckily, there would be three Banner Lords recruited by the Nether Heavenly Palace this time. Zhang Ruochen wouldn't have any comparative rivals than Yan Kongming, Bai Yu and Ning Guihai.

As long as he defeated one of them, he would win a position of Banner Lord.

Zhang Ruochen asked, "The Grandmaster has further plans to send me to compete for the Banner Lord of the Nether Heavenly Palace, doesn't he?"

"You are smart."

Blue Night gave Zhang Ruochen a stare, and kept the cold face. "Now that you've taken the Blood God Venomous Worm, it will do no harm to tell you."

"It has been 300 years that the Nether Heavenly Palace has been stationed in the Bottomless Abyss. They were preserving a big secret. Master wants you to fight for the position to find out the secret. If you failed, he would surely be disappointed."

Zhang Ruochen was a little shocked by the news.

He was worrying about how could he go to the Bottomless Abyss secretly. Unexpectedly, such a perfect opportunity was handed to him.

What secret was there in the Bottomless Abyss that had made the Nether Heavenly Palace station there?

It seemed that none of the sect members had access to it.

It was highly likely that the reason why the other three Discipline Kings all had sent their disciples' sons to compete for the position of the Banner Lord was also to investigate the secret in the Bottomless Abyss.

Zhang Ruochen had little interest in fighting for the position of the Banner Lord before, but now, he had to strive to pass the test tomorrow to enter the Nether Heavenly Palace, even if it was not for Discipline King Haiming's sake.

After telling everything to Zhang Ruochen, Blue Night and Ji Shui left the Discipline King's Hall. Zhang Ruochen didn't stay long, but soon returned to the Wangchu Island.

After he enter the Practice Tower, Zhang Ruochen transferred his spiritual power to observe the Blood God Venomous Worm entrenched in his lower abdomen.

The Blood God Venomous Worm curled up, appearing to be in a peaceful sleep.

“Is the Blood God Venomous Worm really powerful?”

Zhang Ruochen started to operate his Holy Qi slowly, changing it into flames to form a giant fireball. He pushed it closer to the Blood God Venomous Worm, attempting to refine it.

The Blood God Venomous Worm was awake all of a sudden. It gave out the Qi of violence and brutality, and opened its mouth to swallow the flames around it.

The burning flame couldn't refine the Blood God Venomous Worm, but became the tonic for it to build up.

Zoom.

The Blood God Venomous Worm threw itself to the wall of Zhang Ruochen's lower abdomen, and scratched it with its sharp claws.

Zhang Ruochen was shocked. Then, he operated his Holy Qi to make the Mark of Gods on the wall of his lower abdomen to emerge again, giving out bright lights to resist the attack of the Blood God Venomous Worm.

The claws and teeth of the Blood God Venomous Worm were sharp enough to have cracked seven inscriptions in a row in just fifteen minutes.

But after it had cracked the inscriptions, they quickly came to the shape again to resist its attack.

It had lasted for four hours that the two parties kept fighting against each other, until the Blood God Venomous Worm seemed to exhaust its power and went back into hibernation.

Zhang Ruochen exhaled a long breath, and said to himself, "What a scary power! If its cultivation reached the Seventh Level of the Half Saint, perhaps the Mark of Gods wouldn't be able to resist it."

Although the Blood God Venomous Worm fell into hibernation again, it kept absorbing the Holy Qi inside Zhang Ruochen to practice and grow stronger.

With such a speed, it wouldn't be long before it reached the Seventh Level of the Half Saint.

It had to be refined before it reached the Seventh Level of the Half Saint, no matter the cost. Otherwise, Zhang Ruochen would surely be owned by Discipline King Haiming.

"How high is the cultivation of Discipline King Haiming?"

Zhang Ruochen had only met the divided saint soul of him so far, having no idea where his true self was.

It must be top secret that Discipline King Haiming asked Zhang Ruochen to go to the Nether Heavenly Palace.

Therefore, whether Zhang Ruochen could get the job done or not, he was surely to be killed at the end.

Discipline King Haiming couldn't keep giving him the divine blood to extend his life forever.

Now, Zhang Ruochen must prepare a strategy for him to walk away. To walk away, naturally, he must find out the true power of Discipline King Haiming first.

Zoom.

With a flash between Zhang Ruochen's eyebrows, the Universe Spiritual Map flew out, floating in midair.

"Ghost King Bloodmoon." Zhang Ruochen called the name.

The blood red Ghostly Qi rose above from the surface of the scroll. Then, it condensed into a slender figure in the Practice Tower.

The cultivation of Ghost King Bloodmoon had improved a lot from that of hers in the netherworld, giving out the Qi of Death.

The changeable Ghostly Qi took the shape of an incomparable beauty. She stared at Zhang Ruochen, and said, "Zhang Ruochen, you've called me out. What do you want from me?"

"Help me test the guy's cultivation, please," said Zhang Ruochen.

Needing him to say no more, the eyes of Ghost King Bloodmoon turned blood red, like two pure rubies.

99 threads of invisible Ghost Qi flew out from her eyeballs to spread beyond the Wangchu Island. Then they circulated above the Spiritual Void Sea to locate the Kongcheng Island at its center.

The 99 threads of Ghostly Qi condensed into a divided soul of Ghostly Qi of Ghost King Bloodmoon. She stood on the water's surface, releasing terribly cold Qi to freeze the water into ice underneath her feet.

Eh!

The divided saint soul of Discipline King Haiming noticed it on the Kongcheng Island, and returned from the Mei Garden. It stayed in midair to look at Ghost King Bloodmoon. "Your

cultivation is remarkable that you can sneak in the hinterland of the Spiritual Void Sea without making a sound.”

Ghost King Bloodmoon didn't say a word, but raised her slender and jade-like hands to push forward. A rustling sound was heard.

The area for several kilometers around, with the Kongcheng Island as its center, was shrouded by the dark Ghostly Qi.

Thickly arranged blurring shadows of the white skeletons came out of the Ghostly Qi to gush toward Discipline King Haiming like an Army of the Dead, making ear-piercing screams.

“So you are a Ghost King from the netherworld.”

Discipline King Haiming gave a sneer, and raised one palm to pat in his front. A giant blood red handprint dispersed all of the Army of the Dead.

Even the divided saint soul of Ghost King Bloodmoon had to fly dozens of kilometers backwards to resolve the power of Discipline King Haiming's palm.

Without hesitation, Ghost King Bloodmoon dissolved her divided soul. Her Ghostly Qi dispersed from the sky of the Spiritual Void Sea.

At the same time, the body of Ghost King Bloodmoon trembled a little inside the Practice Tower.

She didn't come back to herself until a few minutes later. She looked grave, “The guy's cultivation is at least two states above me. He possibly has reached the Heaven Pass Realm. You'd better get out of his way, or you are gonna die. You don't stand a chance to run away.”

Although Ghost King Bloodmoon had only fought with Discipline King Haiming with divided souls, at their states, they could perceive each other's strength very precisely to speculate the real cultivation of the opponent.

Since Ghost King Bloodmoon gave Discipline King Haiming such an evaluation, he must be some horrifying character.

Ghost King Bloodmoon went back in the Universe Spiritual Map, and Zhang Ruochen fell into thought again.

The cultivation of Discipline King Haiming was way stronger than his expectation. Even if he could figure out the secret in the Nether Heavenly Palace, he could hardly retreat alive.

“Now I have to take one step at a time,” Zhang Ruochen appeared to be rather calm. Actually, he had planned for the worst before he joined the Blood God Sect.

All the Battle Formations in the Spiritual Void Sea had been on during the night. And all sect members had been sent out to trace Ghost King Bloodmoon.

Nothing was found til the next morning.

Zhang Ruochen acted like he didn't know anything. He put on a red robe, combed a knot out of his hair, and walked out of the Practice Tower with his sleeves waving in the air, looking extremely at ease.

Zoom.

Zoom.

Two light shuttles landed from the sky. One was in a black robe, the other blood. They were the Tenth Disciple of the Discipline King Haiming, Ji Shui and the Thirteenth Disciple, Blue Night.

“Senior Uncles,” Zhang Ruochen bowed to them.

Blue Night said, “Today is the day that the Nether Heavenly Palace recruits its Banner Lords. Master asked us to take you there.”

Then, the three all displayed their moves to turn into three rays of light to fly out of Wangchu Island.

The test of the Nether Heavenly Palace happened in the Poluo Mountain.

Dozens of Half-Saints in blood robes had gathered under Poluo Mountain just after the sun emerged from the horizon.

Naturally they were all outstanding people with real power as they'd all reached the state of the Half-Saint. Each of them

could start a grand Half-Saint family, or a fourth-class Sect to become the overlord of his district.

Not only did the Discipline Kings send their juniors to compete for the positions of the Banner Lords, other extremely influential figures in the Blood God Sect also sent their disciples to take the test of the Nether Heavenly Palace.

Man Ye stood at a higher place in his heavy black armor. He crossed his arms in front of his chest, and sneered, "Isn't it true that this time, the test for the Banner Lord has attracted the most Half-Saints?"

Man Ye, one of the Six Banner Kings of the Nether Heavenly Palace, came from savages. He was five meters tall, and looked like a wildling with arms as thick as columns. His cultivation was unfathomable.

He was in charge of today's test to recruit new Banner Lords, with another Banner King, Zhao Wuliang.

Zhao Wuliang glanced at the Half-Saints who were going to take the test, and said, "It surely is. And some terrible figures are among them. They have the cultivation that can help them reach the state of saints."

Chapter 941 - Son of Deity, Saintess

Chapter 941: Son of Deity, Saintess

Translator: Larbre Studio Editor: Larbre Studio

Man Ye rubbed his iron-pot sized fist and grinned. “Who wouldn’t have extraordinary talents to have become a Banner Lord of the Nether Heavenly Palace? But, how many of them have become saints?”

Zhao Wuliang said, “The Banner Lords of the Nether Heavenly Palace are surely all talents, but none of them has a saint body.”

“Is there a person who has the saint body among the candidates today?”

Man Ye was obviously surprised. His eyes opened widely like two big copper bells.

Zhang Wuliang nodded, “The son of the disciple of the Discipline King Chengxu, Baiyu, has a saint body of Flying Fairy. Not only has he made great achievements in the Way of Sword, but also has a much faster speed than other monks at his state because of his special body structure.”

Then Zhao Wuliang stretched a finger to point at a handsome young man in the crowd. “That’s him.”

Bai Yu had an extremely fair skin color and a pair of white wings on his back, just like his name [In Chinese, Bai means white Yu feather]. Apparently he was no human, but from the Half-Human Clan.

Bai Yu stood casually among the Half-Saints with an ancient white sword on his back, looking outstanding to have stolen the spotlight of the rest.

“Extraordinary speed with the unparalleled Way of Sword, this man has boundless prospects in the future.” Man Ye’s eyes

were lit. He laughed, “I will take him in. Don’t you scramble with me.”

“Do as you like.”

Zhao Wuliang just smiled, showing no intention to contend with Man Ye.

Man Ye gave a stare to Zhao Wuliang, feeling odd. “Zhao Wuliang, since when have you become so kind and generous? Could it be that there are other people better than Bai Yu?”

“Not necessarily better than Baiyu. It’s just that I’ve had my eyes on him,” said Zhao Wuliang.

Man Yue said, “Who’s that to have stolen your attention?”

“It won’t do harm if I tell you. He is the son of the disciple of Discipline King Di Yuan, Ning Guihai. He has been learning and exercising the tricks of assassination, poison, venomous worm, invisibility and so on since childhood. Not long ago, he succeeded in the assassination of a Fifth Level Half Saint. I have some connections with Discipline King Di Yuan. Naturally, I will help to guide and look after him once he enters the Nether Heavenly Palace.”

It was scary for a Third Level Half-Saint to assassinate a Fifth Level Half-Saint.

Even a saint body couldn’t go beyond two states to defeat the enemy.

At that time, another person walked with a steady pace from afar all the way to the foot of Poluo Mountain.

The person was about 30 years old, looking well-mannered in a scholar robe.

Both Bai Yu and Ning Guihai cast a sharp look at him when he showed up, attempting to defeat him.

He was the son of the disciple of Discipline King Tianji, Yan Kongming, the so-called, Thousand-calculation Sorcerer. His reputation was about the same as Bai Yu and Ning Guihai.

With three powerful figures showing up together, it was already intense before the test started.

“Funny that Yan Kongming should have also come to take the test. Three out of the Four Discipline Kings have sent representatives here. Why didn’t Discipline King Haiming send one as well?” Man Ye frowned, wondering.

Zhao Wuliang gave a weird laugh, “The Half-Saints among the sons of the disciples of Discipline King Haiming must have all died.”

Man Ye stared afar. He laughed at the sight of three lights racing to them, “That’s not true. Look, aren’t they already here?”

“Are they?”

Zhao Wuliang’s eyes gave a look of surprise and disbelief.

It had to be told that only Zhao Wuliang himself had killed seven sons of disciples among those sent by Discipline King Haiming.

Powerful as Discipline King Haiming was, how many Half-Saints could he have trained?

According to Zhao Wuliang, none of the rest of Discipline King Haiming’s sons of disciples had the ability to compete for the Banner Lord.

As the three light shuttles landed on the ground, they revealed their true identities, Blue Night, Ji Shui and Zhang Ruochen.

Lots of people onsite knew Blue Night and Jishui. But they were obviously too powerful to compete for the Banner Lord positions.

So they all stared at Zhang Ruochen at the end.

“He’s the one sent by Discipline King Haiming?” Bai Yu shook his head at the sight of Zhang Ruochen.

“Too weak. He’s only at the second level of the Half-Saint. Does Discipline King Haiming have no other choices?”

...

They all looked away and stopped paying attention to Zhang Ruochen. Bai Yu, Yan Kongming and Ning Guihai were the top three in their minds.

Some of the weak Half-Saints colluded with each other secretly. If they defeated one of the top three first, they would have the chance to become a Banner Lord.

Bai Yu, Yan Kongming and Ning Guihai weren't so stressed, and they thought the positions of the Banner Lords were theirs already and taking the test was only going through the formality. They could handle it at ease.

Blue Night looked at Zhang Ruochen emotionlessly. "Go! You have to become a Banner Lord of the Nether Heavenly Palace, even if it costs your life. If you fail, the Blood God Venomous Worm will have eaten you away within a month, even if the Master wouldn't kill you by himself."

"Wait a second."

Ji Shui stopped Zhang Ruochen. She took out a pair of scarlet red fistgloves made of metal, and gave them to him. "Saint Raven Fistgloves. I lend these to you. They can help you."

Zhang Ruochen was a little surprised to perceive feelings in the heartless Blood God Sect, whose only standard was value.

Zhang Ruochen didn't waste words on courtesy. He accepted the Saint Raven Fistgloves, and gave a sincere look at Ji Shui, "Thanks a lot, Senior Uncle Ji."

Blue Night gave a light look at Ji Shui, not saying anything.

The Saint Raven Fistgloves were a saint weapon, having 536 inscriptions inside. Without the Holy Qi put into them, each of the gloves was 250 kilograms heavy, giving out boiling heat.

Putting on the fistgloves, Zhang Ruochen's arms were covered by pieces of scarlet red metal. He made steps forwards, walking to the front of the Half-Saints.

Zhao Wuliang looked at the sun, which had rose above the treetops, and said, "It's about time. Let's start the test."

Man Ye nodded. He looked down at the Half-Saints below, and introduced himself with a deafening voice briefly. Then, he added, "Now that you've come to Poluo Mountain, you should all have known something about the test of the Nether

Heavenly Palace. Now, I will walk you through one more time.”

Man Ye turned around, and pointed at the cloud behind him. “See the three black battle flags on the top of the mountain? The rule is quite simple: whoever gets to the mountaintop and pulls out the battle flag first is going to be the Banner Lord of the Nether Heavenly Palace.”

Everyone looked in the direction pointed to by Man Ye.

Poluo Mountain was 13 kilometers tall, penetrating the clouds. It looked quite lofty, like it had went through the sky.

All Half-Saints had sharp eyes to see the three black battle flags through the clouds.

“There’s something about this mountain,” Zhang Ruochen said to himself secretly.

The rest of the Half-Saints all knew a little about Poluo Mountain. So they were clear that it wouldn’t be an easy task to climb to the top.

Just before everyone started to climb, two people landed at the foot of Poluo Mountain, flying from afar.

A man and a woman.

All Half-Saints onsite were shocked by their appearances and bowed to them.

“Greetings, Your Highness, Son of Deity and Saintess.”

Zhang Ruochen bowed with the rest of the crowd.

But he also observed the Son of Deity and the Saintess secretly.

The Son of Deity had three eyes and a tall and sturdy figure. He had golden battle armor on, and a long spear shaped into a snake in his hand, appearing to be extremely mighty.

The Saintess stood at the right side of the Son of the Deity, and was graceful, gentle, and slender. Her skin was like crystal, looking like a dream in the nine layers of saint light. It was hard to see her clearly.

There was only one Saintess in the Blood God Sect, therefore the Saintess enjoyed a high status. And if the Saintess was good enough that her cultivation had surpassed that of the Son of the Deity, she would have the opportunity to become the future Hierarch.

It was quite unexpected that the Son of the Deity and the Saintess should have come. Even the two Banner Kings, Man Ye and Zhao Wuliang, had walked immediately to them, cupping their hands to show their respect and welcome.

“Greetings, Your Highness, Son of Deity, Saintess.”

Mei Lanzhu, the Son of the Deity of the Blood God Sect, raised his hand slightly, and said, “My two Banner Kings, save your manners. The Saintess and I are commanded by the Hierarch to come to exercise in the Nether Heavenly Palace today.”

Man Ye wondered, “Since the Hierarch has commanded it, why should you come here, instead of going directly to the Nether Heavenly Palace?”

The Son of the Deity of the Blood God Sect smiled, “Out of fair play, the Hierarch meant for us to take part in the test.”

All Half-Saints onsite were astonished.

The Son of Deity and the Saintess would take part in the test, too?

There were only three positions in total. The Son of Deity and the Saintess would surely take two of them. So there would be only one spot left for them all.

Even Bai Yu, Yan Kongming and Ning Guihai couldn't keep calm, and started to observe each other.

All of them had taken the Blood God Venomous Worms in, as they were all commanded to become the Banner Lords by their Discipline Kings.

Once they failed to accomplish the task, they would end up pathetically, if not died.

Zhang Ruochen was a little shocked as well. Why should the Son of the Deity and the Saintess engage? Wouldn't it be

harder for him to take the battle flag?

Not giving them much time to think, Man Ye ordered, “The test for the Banner Lords of the Nether Heavenly Palace, starts now!”

Before he could finish saying “now,” all Half-Saints displayed their fastest moves to race to the top of Poluo Mountain.

There were wards thickly arranged in the Poluo Mountain, which could deprive the flying ability of Half-Saints.

And the higher they climbed up, the stronger they would be forced by the gravity of the mountain.

Chapter 942 - The Snipe and The Clam Have a Quarrel

Translator:

Larbre Studio

Editor:

Larbre Studio

The quickest two were the Son of Deity of the Blood God Sect in the golden armor, and the Saintess surrounded by nine rings of light.

They were like two shot arrows racing to the front, reaching a one kilometer height in a short time. They were both experts in martial arts, who seemed to have been barely affected by the wards of Poluo Mountain.

Bai Yu, Ning Guihai and Yan Kongming followed the Son of Deity and the Saintess tightly. With the saint body of the Flying Fairy, Bai Yu had an extraordinary speed to be about 70 meters behind the Saintess of the Blood God Sect.

Ning Guihai also had a high speed, almost riding together with Bai Yu.

Only Yan Kongming out of the top three was a little left behind, about a stone's throw slower than Bai Yu and Ning Guihai.

But Yan Kongming appeared to be calm, and put on a gloomy smirk. "There will be the Poisonous Miasma and the Whirlpool Marshland in the middle of the mountain, and an area of wind blades on the mountaintop. There's no need to rush now. After all, we'll have to slow down later."

Yan Kongming looked to his behind, and showed a little surprise.

The man following him was not one of the competitive Third Level Half-Saints deduced by him, but a Second Level Half-

Saint.

“No wonder Discipline King Haiming has sent him to compete for the Banner Lord. He does have talent.”

Yan Kongming didn't value the Second Level Half-Saint behind him too much. He kept on racing to the mountaintop with his quickest speed.

Apparently, it was Zhang Ruochen following him.

Zhang Ruochen didn't display his full speed, in case he should expose himself.

He had a similar attempt with Yan Kongming, bursting out full speed after they reached the middle of the mountain, and surpassing all that were in front of him. For the moment, he just had to catch up.

Behind Zhang Ruochen, there were four powerful figures who had reached the peak of the Third Level of the Half Saint. Their strengths were just a little inferior to those of Bai Yu, Yan Kongming and Ning Guihai.

They had planned to kill Yan Kongming first, before the Son of Deity of the Blood God Sect and the Saintess appeared. Only in this way could they win a position of Banner Lord.

The competition had become fiercer after the Son of Deity and the Saintess joined them. Therefore, they couldn't stand a chance now.

“The boy was just a Second Level Half-Saint. How can he come to the front of us?” One of the Four Half-Saints, a short and stout man about the age of 50, shouted with anger.

The other three Half-Saints all sped up to race forward as well.

Meanwhile, a sound message of Yan Kongming passed to the four Half-Saints' ears silently. He talked to them, “Half-Saint Liexin, Half-Saint Yaohai, Half-Saint Wancheng and Half-Saint Xuanyi, you don't stand a chance to become the Banner Lord at all. Why don't you work with me and help me become one? I would give you each one saint rock once we succeeded.”

The short and stout man, called Half-Saint Yaohai, gave a sneer. “You want to pay us off with just one saint rock each? Do you think that we are beggars?”

“Two saint rocks each. If you agree, we would help you,” Half-Saint Xuanyi passed his voice message to him.

The sum of the wealths of a First Level Half-Saint was just enough to purchase one or two saint rocks.

Therefore, two saint rocks meant a lot. And there would be eight saint rocks adding up for four Half-Saints.

Yan Kongming clenched his teeth hard, and finally agreed after hesitating for a while. “Okay. I will agree to this. Once we arrive at the middle of the mountain, you four should act to kill Ning Guihai for me. As for Bai Yu, I will deal with him by myself.”

Half-Saint Haiyao also stared at the back of Zhang Ruochen, and asked, “The boy sent by Discipline King Haiming is also an eyesore. Should we finish him first?”

“He’s no big deal. Only Bai Yu and Ning Guihai are our real threats. Don’t spoil my chance on some small figures,” Yan Kongming said gloomily.

Yan Kongming and the four Half-Saints had used the method to silently pass their words. But Zhang Ruochen had heard everything they said clearly as his ears were embedded with the Deity Print.

“Planning to work together? Then I should slow down.” Zhang Ruochen had some plans, so he smiled and slowed his pace again. Before long, he had fallen behind the Half-Saint Yaocheng, Half-Saint Xuanyi, Half-Saint Wancheng and Half-Saint Liexin.

He would let them fight first as they wished.

Under Poluo Mountain, Blue Night saw that Zhang Ruochen had fallen behind, frowning. “Gu Linfeng’s cultivation is too low. He has exhausted his power, and has no hope to win the position of the Banner Lord.”

“It can’t be helped. Who could tell that the Son of Deity and the Saintess would join the test?”

Blue Night and Ji Shui stopped hoping. After all, the result had been settled in their eyes, and the process wouldn’t matter anymore.

The Son of Deity of the Blood God Sect was the first to have arrived halfway up the mountain. Then he disappeared in the clouds.

The clouds were filled with poisonous miasma which could corrode the body of the Half-Saints. Even the Son of Deity had to slow down to climb up cautiously, releasing his Saint Soul Territory.

After him, the Saintess of the Blood God Sect, Bai Yu, Ning Guihai and Yan Kongming entered the poisonous misama in the clouds gradually.

Yan Kongming took two scarlet red iron tokens out from his pocket, pouring the Holy Qi inside.

With a wave of his arms, the two iron tokens flew to Bai Yu and Ning Guihai separately.

Boom. Boom.

36 inscriptions shaped of iron chains, which were as thick as bowls, rushed out from the tokens to fall down from midair to reach the ground, enveloping Bai Yu and Ning Guihai.

“Locking-Saint and Sealing-Devil Formation.”

Bai Yu was a little shocked, standing in the Formation. He stared at Yan Kongming, and said coldly, “Yan Kongming, how dare you! Do you want to pick a fight with both me and Ning Guihai?”

Yan Kongming was a Half-Saint of both Martial Arts and Spirit. He had reached the peak of the broadsword technique and battle formation.

Yan Kongming laughed, “Only one of us can reach the mountaintop today. That person is me.”

Ning Guihai put on a cold, murderous look. He gave Bai Yu a look. “Since he is so proud of himself, let’s fight together to kill him first.”

“Okay!”

Bai Yu pinched his hand into a sword sign to display Sword One. With a cracking noise, the Locking-Saint and Sealing-Devil Formation was opened. And Bai Yu assaulted Yan Kongming from his left.

Ning Guihai took out a one-meter-long dagger made of a dragon tooth to crack the formation, racing to Yan Kongming as well.

“Ning Guihai, you should fight with us.”

Four strong figures rushed forward ahead of him to surround Ning Guihai. They each played one move of their martial arts, pressing on him.

They were Half-Saint Yaohai, Half-Saint Wancheng, Half-Saint Xuanyi and Half-Saint Liexin.

The collaboration of the four brought Ning Guihai into great trouble. He couldn’t do anything but try to take defense. It was true that Ning Guihai had a good command of assassination. But once he exposed himself on the ground and was ambushed, he couldn’t display much of its methods. Even his speed dropped down.

Seven Half-Saints fought intensely halfway up Poluo Mountain to churn the poisonous miasma and fog, making rumbling noises. Giant rocks were pushed down from time to time.

Zhang Ruochen arrived halfway up the mountain with a steady pace. He restrained his Qi to the minimum, bypassing the battle of the seven Half-Saints.

Then Zhang Ruochen sped up to chase the Saintess of the Blood God Sect ahead of him.

Hearing the zoom, the Saintess of the Blood God Sect turned to look at her back. When she found it was Zhang Ruochen, she put on an enchanting smile. “When the snipe and the clam

have a quarrel, the fisherman has a winning game. The boy doesn't have a high cultivation, but he is witty.”

Zhang Ruochen's current speed was only a little slower than that of the Saintess of the Blood God Sect and the Son of Deity.

“Darn! Someone has surpassed us!” Yan Kongming was the first to have noticed Zhang Ruochen's shadow. Anger flashed in his eyes.

Bai Yu stared at Zhang Ruochen above, and sneered, “The man is ambitious. He acted so weak that we let our guards down in the beginning. But in fact he's very powerful. His speed is even a little faster than mine.”

Yan Kongming and Bai Yu stopped fighting with each other. They took the shape of two shooting shadows to follow Zhang Ruochen above them.

Boom.

Ning Guihai perceived the crisis as well. So he borrowed the power of the Blood God Venomous Worm to burst out a strength of a Fifth Level Half-Saint.

A wave of his Dragon Tooth Dagger had thrown all four of the Half-Saints at the peak of Third Level backwards.

Zoom.

With the help of the Blood God Venomous Worm, Ning Guihai displayed his speed to the utmost. He soon surpassed Yan Kongming and Baiyu, like a grey lightning bolt.

Both Yan Kongming and Bai Yu used the power of the Blood God Venomous Worm as well to burst out the speed of a Fifth Level Half-Saint to reach the mountaintop.

“Let's get rid of the boy at the Second Level of the Half Saint, in case he should take the advantage over us once we fall in fights again.” Yan Kongming spoke, annoyed.

Ning Guihai, Bai Yu and Yan Kongming reached an agreement to kill Zhang Ruochen first.

“It’s true that they all have taken the Blood God Venomous Worms.”

Zhang Ruochen saw the three human shadows coming closer to him, feeling agitated. He thought about using the power of the Blood God Venomous Worm as well.

The power of the Blood God Venomous Worm was truly strong, but it could only last for about fifteen minutes at best. After the fifteen minutes, the monks would be back to their original states.

Zhang Ruochen didn’t want to borrow the power of the Blood God Venomous Worm unless it was absolutely necessary.

Zhang Ruochen raised his head and saw the Saintess in front of him. An idea came to his mind. He poured all his Holy Qi into the saintly meridians in his legs, accelerating his speed.

The Saintess of the Blood God Sect had been caught up with a Whirlpool Marshland, which was about 300 meters long, advancing with great difficulty at a speed only 10% of her original speed.

They must pass the Whirlpool Marshland before reaching the mountaintop.

Zhang Ruochen soon arrived at the rim of the Whirlpool Marshland, rushing to enter it with no hesitation.

Chapter 943 - Taking Advantage of the Saintess

Translator:

Larbre Studio

Editor:

Larbre Studio

Boom!

The power of the whirlpool marshland was more scary than Zhang Ruochen had thought. Although both feet stepped on the ground, his body couldn't stop shaking. And it wasn't easy to even move his arms.

Powerful undercurrents were flowing everywhere, acting on him. With a mistake, he would lose his balance because of the flush of the undercurrents, and be thrown out of Poluo Mountain.

But Zhang Ruochen could master the power far better than the other Half-Saints. Even the Saintess of the Blood God Sect couldn't compare with him.

Therefore, after entering the whirlpool marshland, Zhang Ruochen was more at ease. His speed became two times as fast as that of the Saintess of the Blood God Sect. Soon he reached her back, keeping a distance less than ten meters away.

The Saintess of the Blood God Sect looked back at Zhang Ruochen, then Bai Yu, Ning Guihai and Yan Kongming behind him, feeling annoyed.

It was clear to the Saintess of the Blood God Sect, Zhang Ruochen followed her deliberately to borrow her strength, in order to restrain Bai Yu, Ning Guihai and Yan Kongming.

“Do you want to die?”

Freezing cold Qi spread out from the body of the Saintess of the Blood God Sect.

The nine rings of saint light surrounding her also kept shaking like nine layers of white water waves, giving out strong energy waves.

To some extent, Zhang Ruochen was totally using her.

As a Saintess, how could she not feel angry?

Zhang Ruochen didn't pay attention to the warning of the Saintess of the Blood God Sect, and kept following her. He even shortened the distance to only six meters behind her.

Behind him, Yan Kongming's eyes were bloodshot. He growled, "What a cunning boy! He must have followed right behind the Saintess of the Blood God Sect to keep us from assaulting him. Otherwise, I could kill him with just one chop."

A strong murderous will appeared on the face of Ning Guihai. "We can't wait. Once we let them get out of the Whirlpool Marshland in advance, we will never catch up with them."

"But the Saintess is very close to him. If we hurt her by mistake, what should we do?" Bai Yu was worried.

Ning Guihai said, "You two have also taken in the Blood God Venomous Worms. Don't you know your results if you couldn't become the Banner Lord? In that case, are you still afraid of offending the Saintess?"

"Once we threw the boy at the Second Level and the Saintess out of Poluo Mountain, we would have two more vacancies."

To take the position of the Banner Lord, Yan Kongming, Bai Yu and Ning Guihai planned to risk their lives. They would have to fight the Saintess.

Yan Kongming was the first to attack. He held a two-meter-long blood broadsword to chop at the back of Zhang Ruochen with a Qi of blade shaped like a crescent.

Zhang Ruochen felt the energy waves behind him, and dodged to his right to avoid the Qi of the blade by pressing down to the ground with both feet.

Boom.

The powerful Qi of blade hit the Saintess of the Blood God Sect, and collided with the nine rings of saint light to have crushed the two outer rings of them.

The Saintess of the Blood God Sect was a Third Level Half-Saint. But she didn't have the Blood God Venomous Worm inside. So her strength was about the same as that of Yan Kongming plus the Blood God Venomous Worm.

Assaulted by the powerful Qi of blade, the Saintess of the Blood God Sect lost her balance and almost got hit by an undercurrent.

Luckily, she had practiced a top physical technique called the Lost Butterfly Pace to display it immediately. With her two snow white feet stepping in the void and long legs changing their positions, she was like a light colorful butterfly or an extremely beautiful fairy dancing gently to resolve her crisis.

“How dare you, Yan Kongming? To assault me? Do you think that with the power of the Blood God Venomous Worm, you can fight the Saintess?”

Yan Kongming showed no fear. “I just wanted to attack the person behind the Saintess. I've hurt Your Highness by mistake. Please do not blame me, Your Highness.”

The Saintess of the Blood God Set bit hard on her white silver teeth, and smirked. “You knew that you could hurt me by mistake, and yet you did. Why should you make excuses?”

Ning Guihai said coldly, “The test of the Nether Heavenly Palace is to select the best from the fights. You are the distinguished Saintess, but now also a member of the test takers. Why can't we attack you?”

The Saintess of the Blood God Sect stopped all of a sudden. Her bright eyes like stars stared at the three behind him. “So you do want to challenge the Saintess. Alright, I will give you the chance.”

The extremely pretty eyes had a terribly enchanting power to have even distracted Bai Yu, Ning Guihai and Yan Kongming for a minute, when they looked at her.

If they were outside with no restraint of the wards, the Saintess of the Blood God Sect could have chopped their heads in the short time of their distraction.

The three dared not to look at the eyes of the Saintess of the Blood God Sect, after they came back to themselves, soaking in sweat.

Zhang Ruochen gave a look to them and kept moving forward, intending to walk out of the Whirlpool Marshland.

“You want to leave before the Saintess leaves?”

The Saintess of the Blood God Sect turned around and looked at Zhang Ruochen. Her five slender and soft fingers pinched into a claw to grasp the shoulder of Zhang Ruochen through the void.

Her move was weird and changeable, forming more than one hundred shadows, and making it hard to tell the real claw print from the shadows.

Creak.

Zhang Ruochen shook his body with a tremble of his spinal column, using a crafty power to form more than one hundred human shadows to avoid all the claw prints.

The Saintess of the Blood God Sect was a little shocked as she didn't expect the boy to have mastered the power to dodge from her Xuanyin Capture Claw.

At the minute when the Saintess of the Blood God Sect prepared to attack again, Zhang Ruochen stopped first, and smiled at her. “Since Your Highness wants me to stay, I will stay for now.”

Zhang Ruochen wasn't really fearful of the Saintess of the Blood God Sect and he chose to stay. Rather, he worried that if he went too far away from the Saintess, Ning Guihai, Bai Yu and Yan Kongming would assault him wantonly. Even the Saintess of the Blood God Sect would probably deal with him as well.

He couldn't resist the ambush of the four powerful figures with his current state.

The Saintess of the Blood God Sect saw that Zhang Ruochen listened to her words, and she put away her Holy Qi for the minute.

But Ning Guihai, Bai Yu and Yan Kongming didn't want to let the perfect timing go. They went forward to attack the Saintess of the Blood God Sect almost simultaneously.

“Pardon me, Your Highness!”

Bai Yu displayed a Consummate Skill of the sword techniques to throw a saint sword out. The saint sword turned into a shooting light to go through the Whirlpool Marshland.

Bang!

The saint sword collided with the saint light surrounding the Saintess of the Blood God Sect to break through three layers of the saint light to crush them. They changed into raindrops of the light dripping in the sky, looking extremely beautiful.

The Saintess of the Blood God Sect reached out one slender hand to defend the saint sword of Bai Yu in her front, stopping it in midair and preventing it from moving to her.

The Qi of blade chopped by Yan Kongming, and the Dragon Tooth Dagger played by Ning Guihai, both fell on the Saintess of the Blood God Sect as well.

Bang! Bang!

The rings of the saint light kept crushing, making a series of exploding noises.

Soon, the true self of the Saintess of the Blood God Sect was revealed, as all nine layers of saint light crushed downward.

It had to be said that the Saintess of the Blood God Sect was truly an unparalleled beauty, looking to be 17 or 18. She had a layer of blood red gauze on. Her black and bright hair was bound by a blue ribbon. Her body was like a sculpture of fairy jade, flawless.

Even the three powerful figures who were attacking her fell into dullness and slowed down, seeing the beautiful look of the Saintess of the Blood God Sect.

Taking the chance, the Saintess of the Blood God Sect raised her two slender hands. Two strong strands of blood Qi released from her palms turned into two blood rivers to throw the saint sword of Bai Yu, the blood broadsword of Yan Kongming and the Dragon Tooth Dagger of Ning Guihai backwards.

“Oops...”

The Saintess of the Blood God Sect burst out so much strength that she was hit by an undercurrent in the whirlpool marshland. She lost her balance completely to be thrown out of Poluo Mountain.

Zhang Ruochen was standing beside the Saintess of the Blood God Sect. When she went up, one of her slender and round pretty legs almost touched Zhang Ruochen’s head.

Zhang Ruochen raised his head slightly to have seen the two white legs, and moving up, even to see the bluish white underwear underneath her blood gown. The scene was extremely seductive.

Zhang Ruochen didn’t want to see the scene in front him, but had seen it unconsciously. He didn’t realize that the Saintess of the Blood God Sect was in so little clothing.

He felt a little awkward, and averted his eyes. At the same time, he reached out one hand to grasp one white foot of the Saintess of the Blood God Sect.

Then he threw the Saintess of the Blood God Sect out of the Whirlpool Marshland to land on the ground, with the great strength of his arm.

Although a little awkward, the Saintess of the Blood God Sect finally stood up and stabilized herself.

But her eyes were full of slaughter. She stared at Zhang Ruochen walking out of the Whirlpool Marshland, and attacked his eyes with a claw, as if she was gonna pick the eyeballs out of their sockets.

Zhang Ruochen shifted away instantly to avoid the attack of the Saintess of the Blood God Sect. Puzzled, he asked, “Your Highness, didn’t I help you just now...you should have been thrown out of Poluo Mountain. Why should you hit me?”

Whoosh.

Nine rings of saint light appeared around the Saintess of the Blood God Sect again, covering up her lithe and graceful body completely.

A cold voice sounded from the saint light. “Why? You should be clear about that. If you dig out your eyes and chop your hands by yourself, the Saintess will spare your life.”

“Nonsense.”

Bai Yu, Ning Guihai and Yan Kongming all had crossed the Whirlpool Marshland to surround Zhang Ruochen in three directions.

The Saintess of the Blood God Sect smiled, standing on the highest position. “Alright! They will deal with you. The Saintess is going to leave now.”

Turning into a slender shadow, the Saintess of the Blood God Sect soon reached the mountaintop of Poluo Mountain. She picked up one black battle flag and held it in her hand.

Chapter 944 - One Against Three

Translator:

Larbre Studio

Editor:

Larbre Studio

The Son of Deity of the Blood God Sect had arrived at the mountaintop long before them. He held the black flag with his gold armored arm, standing on the top of the mountain. His face was gloomy, “What a bold boy! Xianyan, should I step out and teach him a lesson?”

The Saintess of the Blood God Sect stood not far from him, looking through the thick clouds to stare at Zhang Ruochen. “He’s just a Second Level Half-Saint. No need to bother you. Do you think that Bai Yu, Yan Kongming and Ning Guihai will let him go?”

The Son of Deity of the Blood God Sect put away a part of his evil Qi, and nodded. “Bai Yu, Yan Kongming and Ning Guihai are powerful indeed, and with the power of the Blood God Venomous Worms, even I would have to use some of my best resorts to defeat them. Facing those three, the boy will surely be killed.”

Out of nowhere, the Saintess of the Blood God Sect had a feeling that the Second Level boy might not die so easily.

Halfway up the mountain, Bai Yu, Yan Kongming and Ning Guihai all stared at Zhang Ruochen with evil looks.

Bai Yu held a saint sword floating in midair above his palm, and said in a low voice, “You should dare to play tricks in front of me. How bold of you! How do you want to die? Name it!”

Zhang Ruochen was only about 30 meters away from the three. He didn't run away at once, but appeared to be very calm. He cupped his hands. "I didn't want to offend you before. It was obviously a misunderstanding. We should all laugh it off, and go on competing for the last vacant position of the Banner Lord fairly."

Ning Guihai laughed scarily, "It's between us to compete for the last vacancy of the Banner Lord. How should you be qualified for it?"

Yan Kongming realized the intention of Zhang Ruochen. He frowned. "No need to waste words with him. He is delaying us deliberately. Once we run out of the power of the Blood God Venomous Worms, we might not be able to defeat him. Bai Yu and I will deal with him. Ning Guihai, you go and stop other climbers. Don't let anyone go ahead of us."

Zoom.

Zoom.

Yan Kongming and Bai Yu turned into two blurring shadows to attack Zhang Ruochen from right and left at their quickest speed.

The battle weapon used by Yan Kongming was a blood broadsword at the level of a Hundred-pattern Saint Weapon, in the shape of a crescent.

With Holy Qi pouring into the blood broadsword, the blade gave out blinding light.

Looking up from the foot of the mountain, it was like a blood moon hanging in the sky, lighting most of Poluo Mountain with blood red.

Man Ye, a Banner King of the Nether Heavenly Palace, was surprised. Heating light was shown from his eyes. "The battle weapon used by Yan Kongming is the Yuling Blood Broadsword, No. 152 on the Hundred-pattern Saint Weapon List. What a nice broadsword!"

There were only 168 battle weapons listed on the Hundred-pattern Saint Weapon List. Any battle weapon on it was

powerful enough to compete with the Thousand-pattern Saint Weapons.

Man Ye was one of the six Banner King of the Nether Heavenly Palace, having a high status and much power in the Blood God Sect.

But the battle weapon he used couldn't even compare with Yuling Blood Broadsword.

Zhao Wuliang smiled. "The reason why Yan Kongming could be put aside Bai Yu, other than his comprehension of the battle formation, had great connection with this Yuling Blood Broadsword. Commanding one battle weapon listed on the Hundred-pattern Saint Weapon List has greatly improved his battle power."

A greedy look flashed in Zhao Wuliang's eyes.

The top battle weapons like the Yuling Blood Broadsword would surely be fought over to be taken by the saints. And since Zhao Wuliang hadn't reached the state of saint, he wanted to steal it more eagerly.

Zhang Ruochen used the power of the Blood God Venomous Worm instantly to resist the attack of Yan Kongming's broadsword.

Boom!

A strong strand of power was given out from his body, forming into a blood red ring of energy wave to pass around, sending the sand flying and pebbles rolling. And it was totally dark.

Zhang Ruochen poured his Holy Qi into the Saint Raven Fistgloves.

The scarlet fistgloves used to cover up his arms tightly gave out burning noises, bursting out hot and bright flames.

The flames given out by the Saint Raven Fistgloves almost melted the ground with heat.

Bang!

Zhang Ruochen threw a punch at the Yuling Blood Broadsword of Yan Kongming. The flames were on. And chaotic Qi gushed out.

The two both retreated backwards, leaving a giant pit of more than 30 meters in diameter in the ground.

“What a strong palm power! Surely uneasy to deal with.”

Yan Kongming felt a little scared. He pressed his hands on the hilt, and stabilized himself soon. Then, with both feet pressing down to the earth, he bent his knees to attack again, like a shooting arrow.

Before that, Bai Yu had already started the fight with Zhang Ruochen.

The sword techniques of Bai Yu was excellent. Together with a speed way faster than monks at his state, he surrounded Zhang Ruochen with dozens of human shadows and hundreds of blades.

Although his sword technique was great, it was too inferior to compare with that of Ling Feiyu. In Zhang Ruochen’s eyes, each of his sword moves had one or two weak points.

Of course, as Yan Kongming joined the battle, Zhang Ruochen experienced several extra times of pressure. Although he could resist barely, he was put in great crisis.

It seemed that he could be penetrated by the saint sword of Bai Yu at any time, or chopped in two by the blood broadsword of Yan Kongming.

Bai Yu and Yan Kongming thought the same, so they went on attacking him more quickly and more aggressively, wanting to end the battle soon.

But Zhang Ruochen kept resisting their attacks no matter how fiercely they fought.

Gradually, some powerful figures onsite came to the realization.

Man Ye grinned, uncovering his yellow teeth. “He’s really clever. Acting like he was weak, but having real power. If I’m right, he is buying himself time, wanting to deal with those

three after Bai Yu, Yan Kongming and Ning Guihai exhausted the power of their Blood God Venomous Worms.”

Bai Yu and Yan Kongming felt agitated after failing to defeat Zhang Ruochen for a long time.

The power of the Blood God Venomous Worm would only last for 15 minutes.

The time they'd spent almost reached 15 minutes. They would soon be dropped back to the Third Level Half-Saint. By then, they couldn't compare with Zhang Ruochen.

“You two are wastes who can't deal with even a Second Level Half-Saint!”

Ning Guihai squeezed his eyes into a thin line. He displayed a ghostly body move to attack Zhang Ruochen, like a ruthless jackal.

Once the three powerful figures fought him together, Zhang Ruochen would have to expose his real power to deal with them.

Therefore, he had to take one down before Ning Guihai joined them.

Dozens of ideas came to him in a very short time. At Last, Zhang Ruochen set his eyes on Bai Yu.

“Heavenly Devil to the West.”

Bai Yu displayed a sword technique at the level of the Consummate Skill. With a shake of his wrist, a strong strand of devil's Qi gushed out from his body, blending with his saint sword to chop heavily downwards.

A dragon roar sounded inside Zhang Ruochen's body.

A giant blood dragon flew out and wound around his left arm to give a strike to the belly of Bai Yu.

The belly was the weakest spot of Bai Yu's defense of the sword technique.

Puff.

Bai Yu's belly caved in, all his organs breaking instantly at the same time. He spewed a mouthful of blood.

Like a long parabola, Bai Yu fell off of Poluo Mountain and down to the ground, soaked in blood.

It surely astonished many people that a simple strike had wounded Bai Yu terribly.

With no stop, Zhang Ruochen operated his Holy Qi again to pour it into his palms. He shouted, "Seven-Apertures Blood Palm!"

Five apertures in his palms were opened simultaneously.

The five apertures were like five passageways to connect the body with the sky and the earth, forming a strong suction to take in the spiritual power of Poluo Mountain.

Both his palms hit the blood broadsword chopped by Yan Kongming and the Dragon Tooth Dagger played by Ning Guihai.

Boom!

Both Yan Kongming and Ning Guihai flew backwards for dozens of meters. Their robes were torn into pieces, unveiling the metal vests close to their skin.

Their fingers were broken by the palm power given out by Zhang Ruochen, and they were bleeding. The Yuling Blood Broadsword and the Dragon Tooth Dagger flew away naturally to become plugged in the earth.

Yan Kongming raised his arms to see his bloody palms. He found it hard to believe. "Even if he has cracked five apertures, how could he burst out such a strong power with the Seven-Apertures Blood Palm?"

Zhang Ruochen said, "Really? Do you want to try again? But now you can't borrow the power from the Blood God Venomous Worms. You can't beat me even if you work together."

Yan Kongming and Ning Guihai surely didn't want to accept the failure. After all, they wouldn't end up well after they returned.

But the boy opposite them was not a kind person. If they kept fighting, they would probably die by his hand.

“Let’s say you win today. But life goes on, we shall wait and see who will be the winner at last.”

Yan Kongming spoke ruthlessly. He gave out a Holy Qi to make it whirl, attempting to retrieve the Yuling Blood Broadsword from the ground.

But Zhang Ruochen had picked up the Yuling Blood Broadsword and the Dragon Tooth Dagger, which was sticking into the ground, ahead of him.

Holding two saint weapons in hand, Zhang Ruochen touched them gently with his fingers. He smirked, “As the winner, isn’t it reasonable for me to take the two trophies?”

“Young man, you’ve crossed the line to force us to risk our lives to fight you.”

Yan Kongming and Ning Guihai looked at each other, seeing the murderous look simultaneously.

Chapter 945 - Flirtatious Eyes

Translator:

Larbre Studio

Editor:

Larbre Studio

The saintly light on Yan Kongming's arm flickered. His arm shook and he sent three blue-green metal plates flying out. They formed three beams of blue light that flew toward Zhang Ruochen.

The metal plates seemed to be translucent. Dense patterns appeared on the surface. They looked ancient and beautiful.

Boom!

Boom!

Boom!

Three explosions erupted in a row.

The three metal plates cracked apart and beams of blue runes flew out. They interwove and transformed into three Sixth Grade Battle Formations, enveloping Zhang Ruochen's formation.

The three Sixth Grade Battle Formations were the Skyheart Great Ape Formation, Xuan Ice Formation, and the Divine Wind and Thunder Formation. They could all damage a Half-Saint formation and were Yan Kongming's last trump cards.

He strode into the formation. Spreading his arms, he released his 45th level Spiritual Power. It formed an invisible tentacle that helped him control the three formations at once.

Roar!

Holy Qi surged in the center of the Skyheart Great Ape Formation. A 300-foot-tall fiery ape rose up from the light of the formation. It looked menacing and let loose a world-shaking roar.

Its body was constructed by the formation's energy. It looked extremely aggressive. Waving its huge fists, it struck Zhang Ruochen's head.

At the same time, the Xuan Ice Formation and Divine Wind and Thunder Formation erupted with power. Concentrated blades of ice flew out of the formation. Purple lightning descended from the sky.

The power of the three formations was incredibly terrifying. The mountain under Zhang Ruochen continued to sink down.

Compared to Yan Kongming, Ning Guihai's actions were silent.

He used an invisibility spell and flashed away. Thin ripples appeared in the air. Then he disappeared from the spot, clearly preparing to use a sneak attack.

Under Poluo Mountain, Blue Night's expression darkened. He had strong feelings against Zhang Ruochen. "He's already won and can reach the top easily to get the last Banner Lord position, but he's greedy about the two saint weapons. He's forcing Yan Kongming and Ning Guihai to risk their lives with him. I'd like to see if he can resolve this crisis."

"Judging from how he climbed up the mountain, we can see that he is wise," said Ji Shui. "He isn't a fool. Since he's willing to fight for the Yuling Blood Broadsword and Dragon Tooth Dagger, he definitely has a tactic against Yan Kongming and Ning Guihai."

The might of the three formations was indeed strong, forcing Zhang Ruochen to defend himself reactively.

However, Ning Guihai's invisibility didn't pose any threat to Zhang Ruochen, who had the Eye of the Deity Print. None of his moves could escape from Zhang Ruochen's eyes.

Just as Ning Guihai snuck behind Zhang Ruochen, preparing to attack, Zhang Ruochen's lips curled up. He attacked first,

striking backwards. He used the Seven-Apertures Blood Palm again.

Boom!

The palm print wrapped in fire hit Ning Guihai's face. His head split like a watermelon. Blood splattered everywhere. His death was tragic.

Zhang Ruochen had already angered them, so judging from an evil monk's behavior, they definitely wouldn't forgive him. If he let them go, they would still be a threat. In order to get rid of all dangers, Zhang Ruochen had to kill them all.

As for the consequences of killing Ning Guihai, Discipline King Haiming would definitely help him. He didn't have to worry about the Blood God Sect's punishment.

Afterward, Zhang Ruochen gathered his power and struck the ground again.

Kaboom!

A hundred-foot-long blood dragon flew out of his palm. It shook the three Sixth Grade Battle Formations. Even a crack appeared on the ground. It shook Poluo Mountain as if it was about to collapse.

Yan Kongming saw the cracks on the ground. Glancing at Ning Guihai's corpse, a chill ran down his spine. He actually felt like retreating now.

Bai Yu was gravely hurt. Ning Guihai had died tragically. How could he win by himself?

That guy just pretended that he was weak at the beginning. His cultivation is actually too high to be calculated. If I continue fighting him, I might follow in Ning Guihai's steps.

After balancing the pros and cons, Yan Kongming shot up. He flew backwards and gave up on continuing fighting with Zhang Ruochen. He escaped down Poluo Mountain.

The bottom line was that Yan Kongming couldn't figure out Zhang Ruochen's level, so he didn't dare to continue. Who knew just how powerful this guy was?

Kaboom.

Zhang Ruochen struck with 17 palm prints in a row, finally shattering the three Sixth Grade Battle Formations. He jumped and landed somewhere higher up. He looked down.

The Half-Saints who were climbing the mountain saw Zhang Ruochen above them. They all trembled and subconsciously took a step back.

The battle earlier had resulted in one strong fighter getting hurt, one dying, and one escaping. With such a beautiful record, Zhang Ruochen naturally shocked everyone.

“Fine, no use competing anymore. Just give him the Banner Lord position.” A middle-aged man with long white hair shook his head. He chose to give up on climbing up.

“He’s honestly too strong. His tactics are cruel too, killing without hesitation. It’s best to not anger him.”

“His name will become known with just this battle. His fame will overshadow Bai Yu and Ning Guihai. Other than the Deity and Saintess, he’s probably the strongest.”

“Who exactly is he? How come I’ve never seen him before?”

...

Everyone knew that this young man was Discipline King Haiming’s grand-disciple, but very few people knew his name.

Zhang Ruochen looked down at the people retreating like the tide. He smiled menacingly.

He put the Yuling Blood Broadsword and Dragon Tooth Dagger away. He walked slowly and casually, almost strolling to the top of the mountain.

“That guy is actually able to defeat Bai Yu, Yan Kongming, and Ning Guihai’s siege by himself. I’ve really underestimated him before. His physique and Way of Palm is extraordinary.”

The eyes of the Blood God Sect Saintess sparkled. She was now interested in Zhang Ruochen.

The Deity looked at the Saintess beside him. When he looked back at Zhang Ruochen, his expression subconsciously turned

cold. “His combat ability is quite good, but unfortunately, he’s only this strong because he’s using the Blood God Venomous Worm. Without it, he’s only a second level Half-Saint.”

The Saintess nodded lightly. “That’s true. It’s a bit of regretful. If he didn’t take the Blood God Venomous Worm, his achievements would be very high in the future.”

The Deity and Saintess were both third level Half-Saints. However, it wasn’t hard for them to receive a Grade Six Divine Origin Pill with their statuses. They could easily reach the fourth level.

Once they became fourth level Half-Saints, their physiques meant they could fight against a sixth level Half-Saint. They obviously didn’t care about a second level Half-Saint.

Zhang Ruochen quickly reached the top of the mountain. He yanked out the black banner and smiled at the Blood God Sect Deity and Saintess.

“Your Majesties, from now on, we’re Banner Lords of the Nether Heavenly Palace. I hope that I can learn much from you two.”

The Deity huffed coldly and looked away. He didn’t feel anything positive towards Zhang Ruochen.

The Saintess was much less cold and a bit gentler. Smiling, she said, “You’ve offended me. Shouldn’t you give me something in return to dissolve the conflict between us?”

Zhang Ruochen didn’t understand. “How did I offend you?”

The Blood God Sect Saintess’ eyes had a foxy feeling. “You can continue acting stupid,” she said gently. “But you must remember that after you enter the Nether Heavenly Palace, I can help you and also kill you. It all depends on what you do now.”

Zhang Ruochen pretended that he understood. Nodding, he pulled out the Dragon Tooth Dagger. Holding it, he offered it to the Saintess. Smiling, he said, “If we really do have a misunderstanding, I hope you will forgive me. Please do not get caught up on it.”

The Dragon Tooth Dagger was a fang of a poisonous saint dragon. It was as sharp as a saint weapon. The dagger also contained toxins that could pose a threat to a Saint. As for those who hadn't reached the seventh level of the Half-Saint Realm, they would undeniably die if their skin was pierced by the dagger.

Even someone above the seventh level wouldn't last long if they were poisoned and didn't have a top-level antidote.

This was why the Dragon Tooth Dagger was more valuable than some saint weapons.

“Those who see the right timing will succeed. This saying suits you perfectly.”

The Blood God Sect Saintess extended her slender arm and grabbed the Dragon Tooth Dagger. Then her wrist blurred. She swung the dagger and sliced down at Zhang Ruochen neck.

Zhang Ruochen was well-prepared. Completely unfazed, he pushed forward and hit the Saintess' waist.

She quickly retracted her arm. Using the nine rings of holy light around her, she dissolved Zhang Ruochen's palm power. Then she smiled. “Your reaction speed is quite fast. Your combat experience is probably comparable to the Deity. Alright! Seeing as you gave me the Dragon Tooth Dagger, I'll forgive you this time. What's your name?”

“Your Majesty, I am Gu Linfeng,” Zhang Ruochen said, putting his hands together in greeting.

The Deity stood to the side. Watching Zhang Ruochen and the Saintess flirt like that, he was annoyed. His eyes held warnings as he glared at Zhang Ruochen.

However, Zhang Ruochen acted as if he couldn't understand the Deity's eyes. He continued talking to the Saintess. He finally learned of her name. She was Shangguan Xianyan from the Shangguan Clan.

The two Banner Kings of the Nether Heavenly Palace, Man Ye and Zhao Wuliang, reached the peak of Poluo Mountain.

Zhao Wuliang was smiling. “Congratulations to you three for becoming the newest Banner Lords of the Nether Heavenly Palace. Gu Linfeng will be under my authority. The Deity and Saintess will train with Banner King Man Ye. Two days from now, you three must report to the Nether Heavenly Palace promptly.”

With that, Zhao Wuliang studied Zhang Ruochen meaningfully.

Afterward, Banner Kings Zhao Wuliang and Man Ye left first, returning to the Nether Heavenly Palace.

Zhao Wuliang seemed kind and was always smiling, but Zhang Ruochen felt like the last glance was very strange. He couldn't help but shudder.

Does he perhaps want the Yuling Blood Broadsword?

Zhang Ruochen pondered for a while and decided that after entering the Nether Heavenly Palace, he would have to be careful of this man.

Chapter 946 - Blood Sea

Demonic Mirror

Translator:

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Editor:

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Returning to the foot of Poluo Mountain, Zhang Ruochen walked towards Blue Night and Ji Shui. Bowing slightly, he smiled and said, "Senior Uncles, I've already taken a spot as the Banner Lord. Now, can we go back and report to Grandmaster? I've completed such a difficult task. I should get a lot of rewards, right?"

Blue Night's expression didn't have any joy. Instead, he said coldly and seriously, "Gu Linfeng, you're too cocky. Shouldn't you control your greedy and lustful personality? Do you think that every girl can be yours to flirt with?"

Zhang Ruochen jutted his chin out. "Senior Uncle Lan, for some reason, I can't understand you."

"You better stay away from the Saintess in the future," Blue Night said straightforwardly. "Don't try to get someone out of your league, so you don't attract danger."

Zhang Ruochen's expression instantly darkened. He clearly didn't agree with Blue Night's words.

Gu Linfeng would definitely react like this to Blue Night. Since Zhang Ruochen was pretending to be Gu Linfeng now, he obviously couldn't let his personality have any flaws. He should be angry when necessary, cruel when necessary, and pretend to be flirty when suitable too.

Blue Night glared at Zhang Ruochen, hands trembling. If he didn't know how important this man was to his master, he wouldn't bother reminding him at all.

Ji Shui wore a long blood-red robe. Standing inside a cloud of bloody mist, he said in an ethereal voice, “Your Senior Uncle Blue wants the best for you. The Saintess will marry the Deity in the future. If you get too close to the Saintess, the Deity definitely won’t forgive you.”

“Thank you Senior Uncle Ji for reminding me.” Zhang Ruochen immediately changed his attitude. He took off the Saint Raven Fistgloves and returned them to Ji Shui. “I couldn’t have gotten the Banner Lord position if not for the Saint Raven Fistgloves. Thank you once again.”

Ji Shui didn’t say anything. He just nodded lightly and put the gloves away.

The trio returned to the Spiritual Void Sea. Once again, Zhang Ruochen saw Discipline King Haiming’s saint soul in the Discipline King’s Hall.

After learning that Zhang Ruochen had defeated Bai Yu, Ning Guihai, and Yan Kongming by himself, thus becoming a Banner Lord of the Nether Heavenly Palace, Haiming was naturally overjoyed.

“Linfeng, you’ve truly surprised me this time,” Discipline King Haiming said, smiling. “Even with the Deity and Saintess in the competition, you could still sweep the other Half-Saints and snatch the last spot. You are practically the third young king of the Blood God Sect. You’ve really made me proud.”

Zhang Ruochen glanced at Ji Shui. Smiling, he said, “It’s all thanks to Senior Uncle Ji Shui. Otherwise, I wouldn’t have been so successful.”

Discipline King Haiming nodded. He took out a blood-red crystal ball and a small bronze box. With a wave of his sleeve, the two objects flew towards Zhang Ruochen at once.

“This is a drop of the Blood God’s divine blood and a Third Grade Divine Origin Pill. It’s your reward. In the future, if you complete my tasks for me, you will receive many more rewards.” Discipline King Haiming shot an encouraging look at Zhang Ruochen.

Zhang Ruochen accepted the crystal ball and box. Acting very excited, he immediately bowed. “Thank you, Grandmaster, for your reward.”

He really wanted both the Blood God’s blood and the Third Grade Divine Origin Pill. Especially with the latter, Zhang Ruochen was now confident that he could reach the third level of the Half-Saint Realm.

Discipline King Haiming nodded in satisfaction. Then his expression grew serious and his voice deepened. “Your two Senior Uncles must have told you why I’m sending you to the Nether Heavenly Palace, correct?”

“I indeed know some of it now,” Zhang Ruochen said. “But I’m not familiar with the specifics.”

Discipline King Haiming walked down from the top seat. The Holy Qi on him tossed like violent waves. He stared deeply at somewhere outside the hall.

“The monks of the outer world have always thought that the Bottomless Abyss is an unapproachable place of death. They don’t even wish to speak of it. However, very few people know that it actually contains many secrets. These secrets may even be related to the Immortal Vampires.”

As he spoke, he arrived before Zhang Ruochen. The power radiating from him was like a towering saintly mountain. It created huge pressure for Zhang Ruochen, Blue Night and Ji Shui. None of them dared to raise their heads and meet his eyes.

Head lowered, Zhang Ruochen trembled slightly and asked, “How...how can...it be related to the Vampires?”

Seeing how terrified Zhang Ruochen was, Discipline King Haiming was very satisfied. “I wasn’t sure before, but the saintly battle that erupted at the Bottomless Abyss recently confirmed it for me.”

Hearing this, Zhang Ruochen immediately thought about how the Saint Lady had died at the Bottomless Abyss. That news had shaken the Kunlun’s Field.

Apparently, the Confucius Way had already sent many elite scholars to the north for an all-out war with the Immortal Vampires because of this. Some important figures of the imperial court and Confucius Way also wished to visit the Bottomless Abyss and investigate the fate of the Saint Lady. However, they'd all been stopped by the Blood God Sect.

No one could approach the Bottomless Abyss.

Without waiting for Zhang Ruochen to ask about it, Discipline King Haiming continued, "About a month ago, the Saint Lady, one of the Empress' Nine Heavenly Maidens, went to the Shangguan Clan for the Vampire Secrets. She wished to visit Shangguan Que.

"No one knows if she received the Vampire Secrets. Not long after she left the Shangguan Clan, the news was somehow leaked and she was stopped by countless Vampire Saints.

"That battle involved all the top forces of Tiantai State. Most of them had gone to save the Saint Lady. However, the Vampires were very well-prepared. They'd set up some formations and assassination tactics, resulting in great losses for the imperial court and Confucius Way.

"From what I know, the Saint Lady had left the Shangguan Clan and was headed for the Bottomless Abyss. Why did she go there? Is it because she received the Vampire Secrets, learned of some secret, and wished to investigate at the Bottomless Abyss?"

Zhang Ruochen also had a thoughtful expression.

"Grandmaster, do you mean that the Saint Lady was attacked and killed because of the secret hidden in the Bottomless Abyss?"

Discipline King Haiming nodded. "I suspect that the secret of the Bottomless Abyss has something to do with how the Blood Empress had fallen into it back then."

"Do you suspect that the Blood Empress hasn't died?" Zhang Ruochen was shocked inwardly.

Discipline King Haiming shook his head. "If the Blood Empress wasn't dead, she could have upended Kunlun's Field

long ago with her cultivation. She wouldn't have let it be in peace for 500 years."

"I suspect that the Blood Empress left something behind in the Bottomless Abyss. That's why the Saint Lady hurried over to investigate. In fact, the Vampires might know that that thing is in the abyss too. Otherwise, why would they try to stop her?"

There was something else that Discipline King Haiming didn't say. He suspected that the founder of the Blood God Sect had something to do with the Immortal Vampires too.

"Something? The Blood Empress left something behind?"

Zhang Ruochen's pupils constricted immediately. He thought of a legendary and unparalleled saint weapon—the Blood Sea Demonic Mirror.

In the legends, the Blood Sea Demonic Mirror was used by the Blood Empress and contained extremely strong Demonic Power. Even a Saint would lose all his blood and instantly become a mummy if reflected by the mirror. The Saint's blood would then automatically fly into the mirror to be stored.

The Blood Sea Demonic Mirror had a long history. After a long passage of time, it had absorbed the blood of millions of organisms. The world in the mirror had long become a vast sea of blood.

Any Immortal Vampire dreamed about finding the Blood Sea Demonic Mirror. If they got it, it meant that they could receive unlimited blood. Their cultivation could skyrocket too.

It was said that the mirror also had another special power. It could see through a Vampire's disguise and make them revert to their original appearance.

This was a saint weapon that could both help and defeat a Vampire. Whose hand it fell into was the most critical factor.

However, after the Blood Empress fell into the Bottomless Abyss, the Blood Sea Demonic Mirror also disappeared from Kunlun's Field, never to be seen again.

"Grandmaster, do you wish for me to find that object in the Bottomless Abyss?" Zhang Ruochen asked. "But in the

legends, the Bottomless Abyss is a place of no return.”

Discipline King Haiming stared at Zhang Ruochen and chuckled. “If it really is so, why would I send you to your death? Two days later, you’ll report to the Nether Heavenly Palace. When you arrive, you’ll understand what I said.”

“In addition, ingest the Third Grade Divine Origin Pill as soon as possible after you arrive. Try to reach the third level quickly. The Nether Heavenly Palace is a dangerous place. You won’t survive for long without a strong cultivation.”

After all that, Discipline King Haiming’s saint soul dissipated and disappeared from the Discipline King’s Hall.

Zhang Ruochen would report to the Nether Heavenly Palace in two days. Two short days wasn’t even enough for a Monk to go from the second level of the Half-Saint Realm to the third, even with the Divine Origin Pill’s help.

This was why Discipline King Haiming told him to try it after arriving at the Nether Heavenly Palace. However, Zhang Ruochen didn’t want to wait that long. It was two days for other people. To him, it was 20 days. It was more than enough to enter a new level.

After returning to Wangchu Island, Zhang Ruochen immediately entered the Universe Spiritual Map.

He used a day’s time to adjust himself. Then he took out the Third Grade Divine Origin Pill. After checking it, he swallowed it. Putting his hands together, he activated the Emperor Ming Nine-sky Scripture’s sixth level and started for the third level with all his might.

Chapter 947 - The Sixth Aperture

Translator:

Larbre Studio

Editor:

Larbre Studio

After spending three days in a row, Zhang Ruochen completely refined the Third Grade Divine Origin Pill. He didn't run into any bottlenecks and successfully entered the third level of the Half-Saint Realm.

Actually, his success had everything to do with the fact that he had the Five-Elements Chaotic Body and had refined a great amount of divine blood before.

Other Half-Saints would have had much more trouble entering a new level, even if they had the Divine Origin Pill's help.

After entering the new level, Zhang Ruochen's saint soul grew stronger. He could utilize Spiritual Qi within thousands of miles in radius.

With my current cultivation, I can have an exhilarating fight even with a higher Half-Saint.

Zhang Ruochen raised his left hand. Activating the Holy Qi in his Sea of Qi, he sent it through his Saint Meridians and into his palm.

The five major apertures on his palm opened one after another. They began to absorb Spiritual Qi crazily, making Zhang Ruochen's hand grow heavier. His fingers were practically like five mountains.

A low dragon roar rumbled in his arm. A golden dragon image even appeared, wrapping around his arm. One could imagine that if he punched forward, even a seventh level Half-Saint might be unable to block it.

In the end, Zhang Ruochen didn't strike. Instead, he closed his five apertures and retracted his power. "Discipline King Haiming is right," he muttered to himself. "Cultivating the Seven-Apertures Blood Palm is indeed beneficial to me. The power absorbed by the five apertures is enough to strengthen the Dragon and Elephant Prajna Palm by 20 percent. If I can open up the sixth aperture, it might even be 30 percent."

After opening up the fifth aperture, just the Seven-Apertures Blood Palm's basic power was strong enough to compare with a quasi-saint spell. If he could open up his sixth aperture, the technique's power would be comparable to a true saint spell.

If a Half-Saint could cultivate a saint spell, it would definitely be a great accomplishment. It could be a hidden killer trick. After all, very few higher level Half-Saints could cultivate a type of saint spell completely.

Discipline King Haiming said that the Vampires have powerful Blood Qi inside them, so they can open their sixth and even seventh aperture. A human's limit is the fifth aperture.

However, I've cultivated the Five Elements Chaotic Body. My physical body can withstand more than others. If I have the divine blood's help, I might be able to break through a human's limit.

Without hesitating further, Zhang Ruochen decided to try again. Thus, he took out ten drops of divine blood at once. He placed them before himself for when necessary.

First, he lifted one drop of divine blood and wrapped it with Holy Qi. Then he used the Holy Qi to suck the power into his palms. In the past, Zhang Ruochen would inject the divine blood's power into the meridians of his arms and absorb it completely through circulation.

This time was different. He absorbed the divine blood into his hands and sealed the meridians of his arms. He doubled the Blood Qi inside his arms.

Not enough.

Zhang Ruochen continued absorbing the second drop, once again sealing the Blood Qi in his arms. Now, his arms

contained three times more Blood Qi than normally.

Here, Zhang Ruochen's arms were swollen. Various blood-red veins bulged. Thankfully, his physical body was strong. His skin, meridians, and muscles had all been tempered and could withstand this power.

Continue.

Immediately afterward, Zhang Ruochen refined a third drop. The Blood Qi in his arms was now six times stronger. Finally, his arms reached their limits.

The Seven-Apertures Blood Palm's chant appeared in Zhang Ruochen's mind. Pushing the Blood Qi in his arms, he formed a track according to the chant and struck his hands.

Kaboom!

Powerful Blood Qi surged out of his palms. Hundreds of feet away, a large mass of mountain trees cracked. Splinters and fallen leaves danced in the air.

Zhang Ruochen raised his arms. Looking at his palms, he laughed loudly. "Haha! Success! I've opened the sixth aperture!"

He'd refined a saint dragon soul in his left hand, so it was stronger. It wasn't too damaged from opening the sixth aperture.

It was different for his right hand. It had become bloody pulp. If the Blood Qi had been stronger, it probably would've exploded into a cloud of blood.

It was evident how difficult it was to open up the sixth aperture. Even the Five-Elements Chaotic Body couldn't really take it.

Of course, the little injuries were nothing. Opening the sixth aperture was great news.

I wonder if the power from my Seven-Apertures Blood Palm can go against an eighth level Half-Saint now, Zhang Ruochen thought. With the sixth aperture's help, my Dragon and Elephant Prajna Palm has probably surpassed a saint spell.

The sixth aperture couldn't be the limit.

Zhang Ruochen felt that if he tried, he might even be able to open the seventh aperture. The prerequisite was that he had to find a saint elephant soul and refine it into his right arm. Otherwise, with his right arm's current strength, it definitely wouldn't be able to take the seventh aperture's hit.

In the remaining time, Zhang Ruochen began fortifying his new level. At the same time, he continued cultivating palm and sword techniques to raise his abilities.

Only two days had passed in the outside world, but Zhang Ruochen's abilities had skyrocketed to a new height.

Zhang Ruochen headed to Kongcheng Island and reported to Discipline King Haiming. Then he flew toward the Bottomless Abyss alone.

Before he left, Discipline King Haiming gave him a saint decree. He could activate this and escape if he ran into danger in the Nether Heavenly Palace.

...

The Bottomless Abyss was deep inside the Ancient Snow Mountain. It was wintry there and the geography was complicated. It was tens of thousands of miles deep. One couldn't reach it if one wasn't at least in the Fish-Dragon Realm.

Flying in the air, Zhang Ruochen looked down. The ground was filled with large mountains covered in ice. In the mass of white, they were like silver dragons sprawled on the ground.

Some of the mountains even surpassed the altitude that he was flying at. They radiated with an ancient and powerful aura, forcing one to revere them.

Zhang Ruochen sometimes heard deafening beastly roars throughout the mountains. They shook the snow in the air. It was evident that the Ancient Snow Mountain had many dangerous beasts. It wasn't as calm as it seemed.

Three hundred miles away was a snowy peak more than 8,000 meters tall. Two figures stood in the cold. They were a middle-

aged woman in black armor and a sixty-something-year-old elder.

The middle-aged woman was Su Bai. She was the sixth Banner Lord of the Nether Heavenly Palace's first camp. She was a seventh level Half-Saint.

The old man was Zhao Shiqi. He was close to 200 years old and also a Banner Lord of the Nether Heavenly Palace's first camp. He was a bit higher than Su Bai—he was fifth.

Su Bai's expression was cold. "The Deity called us two to handle a second level Half-Saint. Isn't he over-exaggerating the problem?"

Zhao Shiqi grasped a white leaf that looked like a fan. He smiled. "Gu Linfeng isn't weak. I heard that he defeated Bai Yu, Ning Guihai and Yan Kongming by himself in the test two days ago. Now, he is a rising star in the sect. His talent and potential are second only to the Deity and Saintess. You shouldn't underestimate him.

"When he uses the Blood God Venomous Worm, he can even produce a fifth level Half-Saint's combat power. Plus, Discipline King Haiming must have given him a saint decree. If he runs into danger, he can totally use the saint decree to escape."

"However, the Deity's order is that we must kill him and not let him enter the Nether Heavenly Palace. This means that we can only have sure success if we work together."

Su Bai rubbed her hands together in disdain. "If the Deity isn't giving us three drops of divine blood as payment, I definitely won't fight such a weakling."

"In my opinion, you're more interested in the Yuling Blood Broadsword that Gu Linfeng took from Yan Kongming, right?" Zhao Shiqi said, chuckling.

"And you aren't?" Su Bai asked in return.

Zhao Shiqi smiled. Instead of continuing to talk, he started activating his Spiritual Power. A white Heavenly Eye appeared between his brows. He looked toward the horizon.

Half a beat later, Zhao Shiqi put the Heavenly Eye away. “He’s already flying over. Prepare to attack. We must do it quickly. It’ll be best if we can do a sneak attack and kill him with one strike.”

Zhao Shiqi didn’t know that Zhang Ruochen’s Spiritual Power was also very strong. When his Heavenly Eye glanced toward Zhang Ruochen, he’d immediately felt it.

What’s this? Someone’s using the Heavenly Eye to track me. Who is it? Zhang Ruochen was shocked.

The opponent’s Spiritual Power was even stronger than Zhang Ruochen. It should be at the 47th level. It must be a very powerful man.

How could such a powerful man appear in such a barren land?

Many evil monks of the Blood God Sect wanted to kill him and take the Yulin Blood Broadsword. Some also wanted to kill him to compete for the Banner Lord position again.

Since he knew his current situation, Zhang Ruochen naturally had to be more careful.

He maintained his speed of flying, but he activated his Holy Qi into his arm. He was ready to fight at any moment.

Zhang Ruochen abruptly felt a strong gust of cold air appear above him. It plunged down.

“Junior, die!”

Su Bai and thousands upon thousands of snowflakes flew out of the clouds at once. She struck with her broadsword, creating a hundred-meter-long red streak. This strike was as fast as lightning and powerful too.

Even a mountain could be split in half, let alone a man. However, Zhang Ruochen was well-prepared. Just as the broadsword Qi came down, his figure blurred. Using the Spatial Move, he disappeared from the spot.

Chapter 948 - Celestial Divine Elephant

Translator:

Larbre Studio

Editor:

Larbre Studio

With Zhang Ruochen's current control over space, no one under the Saint Realm could sense the ripples even when he used the Spatial Move.

When Zhang Ruochen vanished from the spot, Su Bai froze in confusion. The fatal hit had actually missed.

How could Gu Linfeng just disappear?

Almost at the same time, Zhang Ruochen appeared soundlessly above Su Bai. His hands had turned blood-red. The six apertures of his palm opened up as he slammed down.

It was the Seven-Apertures Blood Palm.

However, Su Bai was a true seventh level Half-Saint. She reacted extremely fast. When she felt the power waves behind her, she immediately turned around and whipped her sword up.

Because the move was so fast and powerful, her arm cracked. It sounded like the air was popping.

Boom!

The palm and broadsword clashed. The Seven-Apertures Blood Palm was so powerful. How could Su Bai stop it with the power she gathered in panic?

When she was hit by the palm, Su Bai's organs all shook violently. All the Blood Qi in her tumbled and she quickly dropped to the ground.

Boom!

Su Bai crashed into the middle of a mountain. The mountain caved in, creating a hundred-meter-wide ditch. There was a string of loud noises. An avalanche happened on the 8,000-meter-tall mountain, quickly filling the ditch.

Below it, white smoke rolled down. A cold current shot into the air.

Su Bai wasn't a weakling. She was a high level Half-Saint and had many powerful tactics. To avoid suffering a sneak attack, Zhang Ruochen didn't rush into the snow below. Instead, he used his Spiritual Power to locate Su Bai.

His Spiritual Power realized that there were powerful life pulses under the snow. It was evident that Su Bai was heavily hurt but still alive. This meant that Zhang Ruochen had to be more careful lest the tides be turned again.

“Why are you attacking me?”

Zhang Ruochen stood in the air, looking down sharply. At the same time, a blood-red dragon soul rushed out. It wrapped around him, radiating with aggressive domination.

Su Bai's voice sounded under the snow. “How can you only be a second level Half-Saint with such a powerful palm? You should be a seventh level Half-Saint too, right?”

Zhang Ruochen didn't reply. Instead, he asked, “Your armor has the unique mark that only someone from the Nether Heavenly Palace has. This means that you should be a Banner Lord of the Nether Heavenly Palace. I don't remember offending you. Speak! Who sent you to kill me?”

An eerie laugh came from under the snow. “Come down to my side and I'll tell you.”

Zhang Ruochen glanced. “Do you dare me to message Discipline King Haiming now and tell him that a Banner Lord of the Nether Heavenly Palace has tried to kill me? It should be easy for a Discipline King to deal with you, right?”

He only said this to force Su Bai out. He wasn't really planning on messaging Discipline King Haiming. After all, if

Discipline King Haiming learned of this, Zhang Ruochen would be exposed.

Boom!

Su Bai shot out through the snow and landed at the top of the mountain. She grasped the broadsword in two hands and formed a hundred-foot-wide Sword Qi territory that covered herself.

Her rough face was pale and there was dark red blood at the corner of her lips.

“You want to message Discipline King Haiming? You think you can escape today?”

Su Bai’s expression darkened. She looked to the northeast and yelled, “Zhao Shiqi, still not fighting?”

“Another strong cultivator?”

Zhang Ruochen once again spread his Spiritual Power thousands of miles in range. He quickly found subtle spiritual movements in a nearby cull.

Zhao Shiqi’s Spiritual Power was stronger than Zhang Ruochen, so he could hide himself. Thus, Zhang Ruochen couldn’t find him unless he searched carefully.

Gu Linfeng’s power had naturally shocked Zhao Shiqi. However, since they’d already attacked, they had to kill Gu Linfeng. They couldn’t let him escape.

They couldn’t survive Discipline King Haiming’s anger.

Zhao Shiqi and Su Bai didn’t know that Zhang Ruochen had the same thought. He’d already decided to kill Su Bai and Zhao Shiqi so his true abilities wouldn’t be exposed.

Zhao Shiqi gathered his Spiritual Power toward the white leaf. Various complicated lines emerged on the leaf. It radiated with blinding white light.

Whoosh!

A large mass of interwoven white patterns flew out, printing on the thousands of feet of snow across from him. At the same

time, strong wind blew up the snow on the mountain, revealing the dirt underneath...

No.

It wasn't dirt. It was a beast's skin.

Many white runes surged out of the leaf, printing on the beast's skin. Then the huge "mountain" started shaking. It grew taller, transforming into an elephant that was thousands of meters tall. Its entire body radiated with a beastly aura.

Black scales the size of dishes covered its body. If it lay on the ground and was covered in ice and snow, it would be no different from a mountain.

Even Zhang Ruochen had never seen such a large creature.

"The Celestial Divine Elephant, a sixth level savage beast." Zhang Ruochen stared at the huge beast, his expression serious. He reached out and summoned the Abyss Ancient Sword.

The Celestial Divine Elephant was comparable to a ninth level Half-Saint. It was definitely the strongest beast below the Saint level.

If it was used to besiege a city, very few Defensive Formations could withstand its collisions.

Of course, its weakness was also obvious. It was too large and wasn't agile enough. It was suitable for battles with many people. It wasn't suitable for a solo fight against a top figure.

Whoosh.

A long bridge consisting of wind formed under Zhao Shiqi. He flew to the top of the Celestial Divine Elephant. Then he used a taming technique to control the elephant and attack Zhang Ruochen.

The elephant lowered its head. Dark steam tumbled out of its mouth.

There were whooshes in the air current. It contained countless wind blades. The blades formed a miles long flood that covered the entire sky as it flooded toward Zhang Ruochen.

This was the All-Direction Divine Wind. It was a Talent Martial Technique of the Celestial Divine Elephants. It only had to exhale once to kill all organisms within hundreds of miles.

Zhang Ruochen didn't want to go against the Celestial Divine Elephant. He used the Spatial Move and vanished. He reappeared to the left of Su Bai.

I'll kill this seventh level Half-Saint first and then deal with the Celestial Divine Elephant and beast trainer. Zhang Ruochen planned his strategy in his mind.

When Su Bai saw Zhang Ruochen charge over, she didn't escape. Instead, she gathered her Holy Qi to engage him.

To Su Bai, Zhang Ruochen was just a seventh level Half-Saint. Earlier, she'd completely underestimated Zhang Ruochen's cultivation, which was why the palm attack had caught her by surprise.

If they fought seriously, she didn't have to lose to this junior with her rich battle experience. However, she didn't know that Zhang Ruochen's Seven-Apertures Blood Palm had only released 30 percent of its power because he hadn't accumulated enough.

If Zhang Ruochen had used its full power, Su Bai wouldn't be able to get up from the ground.

“Divine Buddha One-hit Kill.”

Su Bai grasped her sword and drew a circle. The powerful Broadsword Qi formed a large ring of ripples.

Whoosh! The Way of Broadsword rules all gathered over, merging with the saint broadsword. The dense Broadsword Qi grouped together, hovering behind Su Bai.

Her arms gathered power and she brought the sword down. Thousands upon thousands of Broadsword Qi flew out as well, wailing.

Zhang Ruochen wasn't intimidated. He maintained his original speed. Just as he was about to crash against the Broadsword

Qi, his legs bent. He jumped up and cut down as he uttered, "Sword Three."

Whoosh!

This was a plain and undecorated sword, but it connected the sky with the earth. All the Broadsword Qi was destroyed.

A thread of blood appeared from Su Bai's forehead to her chin. She stood frozen in place. All her Hoy Qi had gone out of control.

Boom! Her body, including the black armor, split in half and flew to either side. Blood tumbled out, dyeing the snowy ground red.

This one strike had killed a seventh level Half-Saint, turning her into two halves of a corpse at the top of the mountain.

The Abyss Ancient Sword buzzed happily. It flew out of Zhang Ruochen's hands. It melted Su Bai's armor and saint sword and absorbed it.

If Su Bai had wanted to escape, Zhang Ruochen couldn't have killed her at all. However, she'd overestimated her abilities and underestimated Zhang Ruochen. She'd underestimated Zhang Ruochen the entire time.

Zhao Shiqi saw this from the top of the Celestial Divine Elephant and was entirely shocked. "Su Bai's cultivation is very advanced. How could she not stop Gu Linfeng's sword? No, he's skilled in palm techniques. How can his sword techniques be so high?"

Zhao Shiqi felt that something was wrong. However, he didn't retreat. He extended a finger and hit the center of the Celestial Divine Elephant's head.

Strong Spiritual Power spread from his fingers, forming 378 beams of light that covered the elephant entirely. Then the elephant roared. It raised a huge leg and started stomping down at Zhang Ruochen.

This one foot was more than 200 meters long. It pressed down like a black demonic cloud.

Four walls of wind rose up around Zhang Ruochen, surrounding him. The Celestial Divine Elephant was too powerful. It was only one foot, but the immense power had locked onto Zhang Ruochen. He couldn't escape at all.

Chapter 949 - Conquer

Translator:

Larbre Studio

Editor:

Larbre Studio

Zhang Ruochen immediately looked up at the incoming elephant foot. He wasn't panicked at all and instead, seemed composed. He extended a finger and pointed.

Two hundred feet away from his finger, various patches of spatial power grouped together and consolidated. After all the spatial power at that point was consolidated to the max, there was a boom. The outside caved in, forming a hundred-meter-wide zone of broken space.

The saint elephant's foot happened to collide with the broken space.

Poof.

Because of the spatial attack, the huge elephant's leg shattered instantly, dissolving into a cloud of bloody mist. After losing one foot, the Celestial Divine Elephant lost its balance. It collapsed to the ground with a boom.

Zhao Shiqi used his Spiritual Power beforehand to create a gust of wind. He used it on him to fly more than 1,000 meters in the air.

“Spatial power...how can this be...can he be...the Time and Space Descendant...”

Zhao Shiqi looked down at the still-chaotic space, unable to keep calm. He abruptly felt something cold on his neck. He looked down. He was met with an ancient black sword propped across his shoulder. It shone faintly.

Zhang Ruochen was standing behind Zhao Shiqi, holding a sword with one hand. “Isn't it too late for you to guess my

identity now?”

“You’re Zhang Ruochen.” Zhao Shiqi tried to suppress his fear and shock and appear calm.

Zhang Ruochen put the Ancient Abyss Sword away. He stepped into the air and casually strolled to Zhao Shiqi.

“Speak! Who told you to come kill me?”

Seeing that Zhang Ruochen had put his sword away, Zhao Shiqi actually felt the impulse to use his Spiritual Power and attack.

However, after calculating seriously, he gave up on that. Zhang Ruochen was too close to him right now. If Zhang Ruochen wanted to kill him, it would be as easy as killing a regular person.

A Spiritual Power Half-Saint was only suitable for long-distance attacks. Once a Martial Half-Saint of the same level approached him, only death awaited.

Clenching his jaw, Zhao Shiqi muttered, “You’ll still kill me after I tell you.”

“Perhaps not.” Zhang Ruochen shook his head. “As 47th level Spiritual Power Half-Saint and also a powerful beast trainer, you’re still useful. As long as you don’t try any tricks, not only will I not kill you, I might even put you in an important position.”

Zhao Shiqi understood what Zhang Ruochen was saying and his eye twitched. “You want me to work for you? You know that this is the Blood God Sect. If I reveal your information, you won’t be able to escape alive no matter how powerful you are.”

“Don’t worry,” Zhang Ruochen said. “Even if I die, you’ll die before me.”

Zhao Shiqi gradually relaxed. He wasn’t as nervous as before, because if Zhang Ruochen wanted to kill him, he wouldn’t say all this. Since Zhang Ruochen didn’t plan on killing him, then he was qualified to negotiate.

“Zhang Ruochen,” Zhao Shiqi said. “You’re the Time and Space Descendant and have powerful Qi. You’ve also cultivated the Tenth Change of the Fish-Dragon Realm and will definitely become a dominating figure of Kunlun’s Field. I can follow you, but what can you give me?”

The Ming Sect had just been established and was in the process of enlisting members. Zhang Ruochen was very willing to take in a rare talent like Zhao Shiqi. If he couldn’t, then he could still kill the man.

Zhang Ruochen studied him. “You should be close to 200 years old, correct?”

Zhao Shiqi’s eyes darkened. He was indeed close to 200 years old.

For both Martial and Spiritual Power Half-Saints, 200 years old was a big trial.

Once a Martial Half-Saint became 200 years old, their Blood Qi would start to fall and their bodies would start to age. If they didn’t have divine pills or medicine, it would be very hard to improve after that.

Spiritual Power Half-Saints were a bit better off. Their Spiritual Powers could continue growing after 200 years old, but it would slow down.

With Zhao Shiqi’s age, the 48th level of Spiritual Power would be his limit. It might be possible that he would never reach the 48th level.

“What if I tell you that only I can help you reach the Saint Realm of Spiritual Power?” Zhang Ruochen asked. “Would you join me?”

“Really?” Zhao Shiqi’s eyes shone with hot light. He couldn’t repress his excitement.

Zhang Ruochen was still calm. “You should’ve heard that I found a divine medicine in the netherworld.”

“Of course,” Zhao Shiqi said. “I heard that you used it to revive Sword Saint Xuanji.”

Zhang Ruochen's fame in Kunlun's Field could compete with a Saint of the older generation now. His every action was scrutinized by all the Monks. The Time and Space Descendant wasn't just a title.

"The medicine that I found is called Seven Star Sacred Tuber."

Zhao Shiqi clearly knew the effect of the Seven Star Sacred Tuber. After hearing the name, his excitement grew immediately. "According to legends, the first leaf is like a dragon. After eating it, one can cultivate to the...Supreme Saint Realm of Spiritual Power."

"Why are you so excited?" Zhang Ruochen asked. "I never said that I'll give you the Blue Dragon Leaf. At most, I'll only give you a drop of dew from the leaf."

Zhao Shiqi immediately chuckled and put on an ingratiating expression. "Even if you give me the Blue Dragon Leaf, I won't be able to absorb it with my Spiritual Power. I only need some drops of dew from the leaf. The power contained in the dew is enough to push my cultivation to the 50th level and become a Spiritual Power Saint. Once I become a Saint, my vitality will increase greatly."

"So have you already decided to follow me?" Zhang Ruochen asked. "You really believe that I have the Seven Star Sacred Tuber?"

Zhao Shiqi froze before smiling immediately. "Lord Zhang has cultivated to your current state at such a young age. You definitely have an unlimited future. Even if you don't have the Seven Star Sacred Tuber, I'm still willing to follow you for life."

With that, Zhao Shiqi lowered himself onto one knee. He put a hand on his chest and made a gesture to show his loyalty.

To Zhao Shiqi, he wouldn't accomplish anything greater if he continued to stay in the Blood God Sect. It would be hard to reach a higher level. However, if he followed a young legend like Zhang Ruochen, he might be able to create a new future.

Throughout Kunlun's Field's history, there'd been many kings who'd been able to dominate an era. The followers of those

kings all had countless benefits, becoming top cultivators that the others could only look up to.

Zhang Ruochen's current accomplishments were more impressive than those kings in their younger days.

If he became some emperor in the future, then Zhao Shiqi's decision to follow him now would reap great benefits. By then, the Discipline Kings and palace leaders of the Blood God Sect would try to kiss up to him.

Basically, Zhao Shiqi was gambling the last few decades of his life for a future.

"Get up!" Zhang Ruochen said. "Tell me, who wants to kill me?"

Zhao Shiqi rose and answered seriously, "Lord, it is the Deity."

"Mei Lanzhu?"

Zhang Ruochen smiled. His performance on Poluo Mountain was indeed very talented. However, he couldn't threaten Mei Lanzhu's status as the Deity. Thus, it had to be the other reason: Shangguan Xianyan, Saintess of the Blood God Sect.

Zhang Ruochen shook his head. "Mei Lanzhu was tenth of the Kings at the Heir Banquet. He's known as one of the top 20 talents of Kunlun's Field. How can he be so petty?"

Zhang Ruochen had flirted with Shangguan Xianyan to support his disguise. He didn't actually want to pursue her. He didn't expect that this would almost kill him.

Zhao Shiqi chuckled coldly. "Lord, how about we go to the Nether Heavenly Palace and secretly kill Mei Lanzhu? You can be the Deity."

Admittedly, Zhao Shiqi's suggestion was quite tempting.

After all, the status of "Gu Linfeng" was too low. He couldn't reach the core secrets of the Blood God Sect at all. His movements were restricted too.

If he could become the Deity, things would change greatly. There were two ways to become the Deity.

The first was to kill Mei Lanzhu. Then Zhang Ruochen could use the Traceless 36 Changes to change into him and become the new Mei Lanzhu.

However, Mei Lanzhu and Gu Linfeng were different. Mei Lanzhu had always been cultivating in the Blood God Sect. He grew up under the watch of the founder and various elders. They were all familiar with him.

It was hard for Zhang Ruochen to transform into him flawlessly. After all, the old guys of the Blood God Sect weren't stupid. Each one was wiser than the last. It wasn't easy to fool them.

In that case, there was only one more plan: kill Mei Lanzhu, then use Gu Linfeng's identity to compete for the Deity's position.

If he could hide in the Blood God Sect as the Deity, he could be under the radar while also receiving great amounts of cultivation resources.

After a moment of thinking, Zhang Ruochen said, "Let's put this to the side now. We'll consider it in the future. I have another important matter right now. I must hurry to the Nether Heavenly Palace immediately."

Zhang Ruochen flew back to the top of the mountain. He reached Su Bai's body and checked her Sea of Qi. The strike earlier had destroyed her Sea of Qi and also shattered her saint soul. She was deadlier than dead.

He found some saint stones, pills, and secret scrolls from Su Bai. He also found three drops of the Blood God's divine blood. The divine blood could be used against the corrosion of the Blood God Venomous Work, but it could also be fed to the worms to strengthen them.

Zhang Ruochen put it all in his spatial ring. Then he looked to Zhao Shiqi in the distance.

Zhao Shiqi was standing before the Celestial Divine Elephant's head. He took out healing medicine from his arms and fed it to the elephant.

It seems that he's really my man now, Zhang Ruochen thought. He might be useful when we get to the Nether Heavenly Palace.

Zhang Ruochen had put space between him and Zhao Shiqi earlier as a test. If Zhao Shiqi had been pretending, he would've definitely attacked Zhang Ruochen just then, or escaped to spread news about Zhang Ruochen.

Since he didn't do so, Zhang Ruochen decided to continue trusting him.

Chapter 950 - Banner Lord of the Sixth Camp

Translator:

Larbre Studio

Editor:

Larbre Studio

Deep inside the Ancient Snow Mountain, forests and peaks soared to the sky. Deep valleys were everywhere. Ice and snow covered the land. It was entirely a world of ice. There was no sign of human life.

The camp of the Nether Heavenly Palace was in the Cangtian Canyon, right beside the Bottomless Abyss.

The canyon's entrance had two 99-story metal towers. They were like two snowy peaks that rose up in the wind. It added to the intimidating aura.

The Nether Heavenly Palace's fifth camp's leader was Banner King Man Ye. The leader of the sixth camp was Banner King Wuliang. They stood before the towers, one left and one right. The two radiated with a thick aura. The snowflakes fluttering down flew out when they were 100 feet from the two.

Mei Lanzhu and Shangguan Xianyan had already come to the Nether Heavenly Palace. They stood behind Banner King Man Ye.

Shangguan Xianyan's slight frame was surrounded by nine rings of saintly light. Her graceful body faded in and out of sight. There was an impressionistic kind of beauty.

"We've already waited for an hour," she said. "How come Gu Linfeng still hasn't come to report?"

"Maybe he ran into a beast along the way and is inside the beast's belly now." Mei Lanzhu's lips curled into a cruel smile.

Banner King Man Ye was huge. He was like a human-shaped metal tower. “Let’s wait a bit longer!” he barked. “Gu Linfeng isn’t weak. As long as his Fate Qi isn’t bad, he can definitely pass through the Ancient Snow Mountain and arrive here.”

Banner Kings Man Ye and Wuliang had Gu Linfeng, Mei Lanzhu and Shangguan Xianyan had come to the Nether Heavenly Palace by themselves. This was actually a test too.

Only those that could travel freely in the Ancient Snow Mountain were qualified to become Banner Lords. In the future, they had to lead Banner Fighters outside for missions too.

If Gu Linfeng died along the way, it meant that his cultivation wasn’t enough to become a Banner Lord of the Nether Heavenly Palace.

They waited for another hour.

Even Banner King Wuliang of the sixth camp started frowning. “Can it be that Gu Linfeng doesn’t know where the Nether Heavenly Palace is and got lost?”

Mei Lanzhu touched his hand softly. “The Ancient Snow Mountain is so vast. It’s not that easy to find the Nether Heavenly Palace’s camp. It’s normal to get lost too. If he accidentally runs into the Bottomless Abyss area, then it’ll really be a pity...”

A figure flew out of the wind and snow in the distance. Landing at the entrance of Cangtian Canyon, he laughed heartily. “Thank you, Deity, for your concern. I indeed got lost earlier. Thankfully, I backtracked in time and finally found the camp.”

As he walked closer, Zhang Ruochen’s figure grew clearer. He finally appeared before them.

He bowed. “Greetings, Banner Kings, Deity, and Saintess.”

“Gu Linfeng, you’ve come too late,” Shangguan Xianyan said in her pleasant voice. “We waited for four full hours. Who do you think you are?”

“My apologies! It is all my fault for making the precious Saintess wait in the cold wind for so long. I am unforgiveable.”

Seeming like a gentleman, Zhang Ruochen immediately took out a delicate blue-flower pill bottle. He handed it to Shangguan Xianyan with a smile. “This is an Eighth Grade Clear Marrow Pill. It can help you comprehend Rules of Saintly Way. I hope you will accept it as my gift of apology to you.”

The Clear Marrow Pill was the most valuable pill Zhang Ruochen found from Su Bai. Even a seventh level Half-Saint carried it around. It was evident how helpful this pill was to cultivation.

Zhang Ruochen had a lot of divine blood. Each drop was more effective than the Clear Marrow Pill, so he didn't really care about it. However, giving it to Shangguan Xianyan could piss off Mei Lanzhu.

Shangguan Xianyan didn't refuse him. She reached out a slender hand and took the bottle from Zhang Ruochen's hands.

Her fingers seemed to be carved out of ethereal jade. They were translucent and pure. Her fingertips scratched past Zhang Ruochen's palm gently.

“Since you're genuine, I'll forgive you again,” she said, smiling.

Mei Lanzhu, standing to the side, clenched his fists tightly. He was so angry that he was shaking. His eyes seemed to spew fire.

If the Founder hadn't taught him to have the temperament of a Deity, he probably would've charged over to kill Zhang Ruochen. It was hard for a petty person to act like he had a big heart.

Zhang Ruochen glanced at Mei Lanzhu. He was smiling inside, but he pretended to be in panic. “Oh no, I only have one Clear Marrow Pill and I gave it to the Saintess. I didn't prepare anything for the Deity. I'm sure that with the Deity's big heart, you won't be offended, right?”

Mei Lanzhu scoffed. “It’s just a Clear Marrow Pill. I can have as many as I want. Only a country bumpkin like you would think it’s a treasure.”

Banner King Man Ye walked out and glanced at Banner King Wuliang. “Since Gu Linfeng has arrived at the Cangtian Canyon, I’ll take the Deity and Saintess back to the fifth camp.”

With that, Banner King Man Ye, Mei Lanzhu, and Shangguan Xianyan left the Cangtian Canyon, disappearing in the wind and snow. Only Banner King Wuliang and Zhang Ruochen remained in the vast white land.

Banner King Wuliang smiled. “Gu Linfeng, from now on, you are the Banner Lord of the Nether Heavenly Palace’s sixth camp. You are under me. Let’s go! I’ll take you to the sixth camp to see the other Banner Lords.”

The Nether Heavenly Palace had six camps. Each camp had one Banner King, 12 Banner Lords, and 1,200 Banner Fighters.

The Banner King was the leader of the camp. Above them were the Palace Ruler and two Vice Palace Rulers of the Nether Heavenly Palace. Usually, the Vice Palace Rulers came out to assign tasks. The Palace Ruler rarely appeared.

However, whenever the Palace Ruler appeared, it meant that something big would happen.

The Nether Heavenly Palace was known as the first of the Ten Heavenly Palaces. They didn’t have many people, but they were all elites of the elites. Even the Banner Fighters could take up a high position in the sect if they left the Nether Heavenly Palace, let alone the Banner Lords of each camp.

Zhang Ruochen was the newest to the Nether Heavenly Palace. He was also the youngest, so he ranked last amongst the 12 Banner Lords of the sixth camp.

On the first day that he’d arrived, Banner King Wuliang hosted a welcoming banquet for him. Seven Banner Lords came in total. The other four were apparently on missions.

The seven Banner Lords had mostly come because of Banner King Wuliang. After all, Gu Linfeng was just a young guy. He didn't qualify to invite them.

These seven were all famous figures of the older generation. They were famous and stood out, even in the Tiantai State that was filled with strong cultivators. The weakest one was a fourth level Half-Saint.

“Isn't the Nether Heavenly Palace in charge of guarding the Bottomless Abyss? What other missions are there?” Zhang Ruochen asked out of curiosity.

Banner King Wuliang sat at the uppermost seat. “The Bottomless Abyss isn't a peaceful place. There are many dangers on its outside. Our mission is to clear away the dangers.”

Zhang Ruochen was still confused and his expression showed it.

A one-eyed Banner Lord laughed. “Banner Lord Gu, you don't need to know so much now. Since you've come to the Nether Heavenly Palace, you'll naturally have many opportunities to carry out missions. Here, let's drink.”

Zhang Ruochen smiled. He picked up a bowl of saint heart wine and just touched his lips to the rim. Then he poured the wine into his spatial ring. He didn't actually drink it.

Apparently, the saint heart wine was a fancy drink made out of a Half-Saint's heart. It could help a Monk cultivate. Zhang Ruochen really...couldn't drink something like that.

After the welcoming banquet, Zhang Ruochen returned to the residence of the Banner Lords. He entered a cave residence carved into the mountain.

There was a stone staircase inside the residence. It reached all the way to the ground. The further one descended, the thicker the Spiritual Qi. The bottom of the residence was a pool gathered from a spiritual spring. A three square foot spiritual crystal bed lay in the heart of the pool.

There was a Spiritual Collecting Formation inside the pool. It turned this place into a paradise for cultivation.

From now on, this would be where Zhang Ruochen cultivated in the Nether Heavenly Palace. He didn't have to go outside when he didn't have missions.

The Nether Heavenly Palace treats their Banner Lords very well.

Zhang Ruochen strolled through the residence but didn't stay long. He put on the Shooting Star Invisibility Cloak and left the camp.

Tonight, he prepared to investigate the Bottomless Abyss.

...

Another Banner Lord's residence in the Cangtian Canyon.

Blinding gold light radiated from Mei Lanzhu's body. "What is this?" he roared. "Why didn't Gu Linfeng die?"

As he yelled, powerful Holy Qi rushed at Zhao Shiqi, who was kneeling. He flew out and hit the stone wall.

Thud!

Zhao Shiqi climbed up. Clutching his chest, he said, "Deity, please listen to my explanation. Banner Lord Su Bai and I indeed prepared to stop Gu Linfeng, but we were attacked by a blood beast along the way. The blood beast was extremely strong—probably even in the Saint Realm. Banner Lord Su Bai was swallowed before she could even escape. I had to use a saint decree to escape as well."

Mei Lanzhu's expression hardened. "How can a Saint blood beast escape to the borders of the Bottomless Abyss?"

Zhao Shiqi sighed. "It was too dangerous at that time. I only thought about escaping and saving myself, nothing more."

Mei Lanzhu clenched his jaw. He slammed the left side of the wall, resulting in a resounding boom. Due to the palm's force, rays of light poured out of the formation on the wall.

"Then he's lucky. I'll let him live a few more days." Mei Lanzhu waved his hand, his expression dark. "Leave now!"

Zhao Shiqi retreated. In a darker corner of the residence, faint Holy Qi ripples spread out. A thin and ancient figure emerged

from the darkness.

“Who is it?” Mei Lanzhu cried. He felt something and turned around abruptly.

At the same time, golden light shone from his hands. Two three-foot-long palm prints materialized before him and slammed down at the black shadow.

Chapter 951 - Bottomless Abyss

Translator:

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Poof!

The black shadow stood in place without moving. However, there was a layer of cold and dark power around him. It soundlessly swallowed the two golden palm prints from Mei Lanzhu.

All power waves in the cave residence vanished.

Mei Lanzhu was slightly shocked. The other's cultivation was too powerful. Since he could dissolve the palm power so easily, he was at least an eighth level Half-Saint.

Whoosh!

The black shadow gradually showed himself. He walked out of the darkness to the center of the cave residence.

“Zhao Wuliang!” Mei Lanzhu was shocked. “How can it be you? Why did you sneak into my cave residence?”

Zhao Wuliang smiled. “I would like to cooperate with you.”

“How?” Mei Lanzhu laughed coldly.

“You wish to kill Gu Linfeng while I wish to have the Yulin Blood Broadsword,” Zhao Wuliang said. “We can take what we need.”

Mei Lanzhu stared deeply at him and laughed. “You are insatiable. Okay, if Gu Linfeng can be killed, we can definitely work together. However, Gu Linfeng is a Banner Lord of the Nether Heavenly Palace, after all. He's the grand-disciple of

Discipline King Haiming too. If we make it too obvious and someone finds out, it'll be bad for both of us.”

“The Bottomless Abyss is filled with danger,” Zhao Wuliang said confidently. “At least one or two Banner Lords sent by the Nether Heavenly Palace on missions dies every year. It's more than normal for Gu Linfeng to die during a mission.”

“Oh!” Mei Lanzhu grew interested. Sitting back into his chair, he asked, “Then, when do you plan on sending Gu Linfeng on a mission?”

“Tomorrow,” Zhao Wuliang said.

“Where?” Mei Lanzhu asked again.

“East of the Bottomless Abyss, at Mount Luofeng. I heard that blood beasts have appeared there recently. I will send Gu Linfeng to kill these blood beasts so he can get some practice. But if he dies there, that's because his cultivation is too weak. No one else can be blamed, right?”

Mei Lanzhu snickered. “Mount Luofeng. Not bad. It's a good place to bury Gu Linfeng.”

“This is all I can do for you,” Zhao Wuliang said, chuckling. “I hope you can succeed and kill Gu Linfeng at once so he stops soliciting the Saintess' favor.”

“If I can't even take care of Gu Linfeng, how can I still be the Deity of the Blood God Sect?” Mei Lanzhu studied Zhao Wuliang. “However, Gu Linfeng has a saint decree on him. If he escapes, it'll be troublesome.”

Mei Lanzhu thought for a moment. In the end, he decided to bring some more men.

Thus, after Zhao Wuliang left, Mei Lanzhu quickly messaged four Banner Lords of the Nether Heavenly Palace. He summoned them to the cave residence and started plotting about how to kill Gu Linfeng.

Zhao Shiqi was naturally included in the four Banner Lords that Mei Lanzhu had summoned.

...

Zhang Ruochen wore the Shooting Star Invisibility Cloak and had the Greenwood Buddhist Beads given by Master Yintuoluo. Thus, he was able to slip out of Cangtian Canyon and fly toward the Bottomless Abyss without alerting anyone.

When he reached the top of a hill that was hundreds of meters tall, he stopped. "It should be close," he mumbled to himself.

Zhang Ruochen activated the Heavenly Eye and looked around, finally locking onto a point.

Boom!

He sent a palm print flying out. It printed onto the thick ice and snow surface. Snow danced in the air instantly. A deep ditch opened up on the ground.

A strange yowl sounded from the bottom of the ditch. A fat black cat jumped out, its fur sticking out like a porcupine. "Who?" it roared. "Who dares to disturb my sleep?"

Zhang Ruochen reached out and grabbed Blackie's tail. Lifting it upside down, he knocked its head. "I sent you to the Bottomless Abyss to investigate the Saint Lady. How come you're sleeping here?"

"Oh, it's you!"

Blackie's round eyes rolled around. "You're finally here," it complained. "I waited for five whole days, but you never showed up. As I waited, I ended up...sleeping! Zhang Ruochen, put me down. I've already found important information."

Zhang Ruochen let go.

Blackie dropped down with a thud. Its head buried into the snow. Its four claws struggled for a while before it could climb out.

Sitting on the ground, Blackie said mysteriously, "I went to the edge of the Bottomless Abyss and found an important secret."

"What secret?" Zhang Ruochen asked.

"Actually, I learned this by eavesdropping on two Banner Lords' conversation," Blackie said. "Apparently, the

Bottomless Abyss is divided into three gradients.”

Zhang Ruochen’s eyes narrowed. “What do you mean?”

Blackie lifted two paws and started gesturing. “Right now, we are on the ground. If we jump into the Bottomless Abyss from the ground, we don’t drop to the bottom immediately. Instead, we fall into the first gradient of the Bottomless Abyss.”

Blackie began digging a hole in the ground. Pointing at the bottom, it said, “Apparently, Monks who fall into the first gradient can use some techniques to return to the ground. However, the environment in the first gradient is extremely dangerous. There are organisms called blood beasts. Even Banner Lords can die there.”

Zhang Ruochen was overjoyed. “This means that the Saint Lady might have only fallen into the first gradient.”

Blackie touched its whiskers and huffed. “With her fragile body and serious wounds, even if she fell into the first gradient and didn’t get eaten by blood beasts, she’d probably die from the fall anyway.”

“Are you sure there are three gradients?” Zhang Ruochen asked.

“No.” Blackie shook his head. “I went to the border of the Bottomless Abyss to check, but it’s a dark void inside. It’s too deep to see the bottom and there isn’t a first gradient at all. If you jump in, you’ll most likely die.”

Zhang Ruochen’s expression grew serious. “Take me there. I will check personally.”

“Sure.”

Blackie stood up like a human. With two paws behind its back, it whooshed away like black wind. Zhang Ruochen used a physical technique and followed after.

Around an hour later, the man and cat finally arrived beside the Bottomless Abyss. It was too wide to see the other side. Standing at the edge, it was like standing at the end of the world.

The sky was filled with black clouds as dense as ink. The clouds were low—only dozens of meters above the ground—and made people feel repressed.

“It’s really a strange place. It feels like the sky will fall at any moment and kill all the creatures.”

Zhang Ruochen looked up. He felt that his saint soul was suppressed by an invisible power and couldn’t fly out at all. The movement of Holy Qi inside was less than ten percent of the original speed.

Afterward, Zhang Ruochen tried his Spiritual Power and discovered that it was repressed as well. He could only use ten percent of its power.

Blackie cackled. “Now you know how strange it is, right? Even if there is a first gradient, not everyone can climb back up.”

Zhang Ruochen nodded. “This place is similar to the Ghost God Valley of the netherworld. However, the pressure in the valley came from the god’s corpse. Here...it seems that the laws of the world have changed.”

“Indeed,” Blackie said. “According to my analysis, the laws here are different from anywhere else. The Holy Qi and Spiritual Power that you cultivated in the Kunlun’s Field can only be used to ten percent of their original amount.”

“Plus, once you jump down and reach the so-called first gradient, the laws there will probably be changed even more dramatically. It’ll be extremely impressive if you can even use one percent of your cultivation, let alone ten percent.”

“No.” Zhang Ruochen shook his head. “A Monk’s saint soul, Holy Qi, and Spiritual Power will be repressed, but you can still use your physical strength.”

With that, five-colored light flooded from Zhang Ruochen’s hand. He slammed down on the ground.

The ground shook after the boom. The blood-red rock cracked with tiny fissures. Then, the rock within dozens of meters in radius started caving in. With a whoosh, it fell into the Bottomless Abyss.

Before this happened, Zhang Ruochen and Blackie jumped, pushing off and using the recoil force. They jumped to the land hundreds of feet away and didn't fall with the rock.

Blackie widened its eyes, a bit dumbfounded. Half a beat later, it exhaled. "You...tsk, with your Five Elements Chaotic Body and all the divine blood you've refined, you're probably physically stronger than some Saints."

Zhang Ruochen walked to the edge of the Bottomless Abyss again. Looking down, he sighed. "Unfortunately, the Saint Lady cultivates Spiritual Power. Her physical body isn't any different from a regular person. If she fell in...she'll bode ill rather than well."

Zhang Ruochen's eyes were determined. Even though he knew that the Saint Lady had probably died, he still decided to go check.

However, he first had to return to the Nether Heavenly Palace to confirm that the first gradient really existed.

"Someone's rushing over," Blackie whispered.

Zhang Ruochen looked behind him and saw countless red shadows flying toward the Bottomless Abyss. These people emanated thick Blood Qi. Zhang Ruochen could smell the faint scent of blood from dozens of miles away.

"How come Immortal Vampires are here?" Zhang Ruochen furrowed his brow.

He immediately activated his Shooting Star Invisibility Cloak. Wrapping it around him and Blackie, they disappeared from the side of the Bottomless Abyss.

Chapter 952 - Dark and Sunless

Translator:

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Five balls of bloody fog in total approached from the distance. They quickly arrived at the edge of the Bottomless Abyss and stopped.

The bloody fog thinned, revealing five Immortal Vampires with flesh wings. Four of them were Half-Saints. The other Vampire's cultivation was too high to be calculated. His Blood Qi was as vast as the sea and dyed the inky clouds above him red.

The man standing at the front was younger. He was handsome, giving off an extraordinary aura. It was the Second Prince of the Vampires.

He'd been hurt gravely after the fight at the Sikong Zen Temple, but his vitality was very strong. Not only did he escape, he even improved his cultivation after healing.

“This is the Bottomless Abyss? It's such a strange place. Cultivation is seriously restricted here. I can only use one-tenth of my strength.”

The Second Prince raised his hand. Slightly moving his Qi, he formed a palm print. Then he shook his head, putting his Holy Qi back into his Sea of Qi.

A big guy, almost ten feet tall, stood beside the Second Prince. Thick chains wrapped around him. Clenching his fist, he smiled. “Cultivation is restricted here, but one's physical strength isn't. This way, we have an advantage over humans.”

“Indeed. We Vampires are the strongest physically,” another Vampire Half-Saint said. “We can butcher humans of the same level.”

The Second Prince looked over at King Xianlan. “Royal Uncle, did we really come to the Bottomless Abyss to search for the Vampire Secrets?”

“It’s highly possible that the Saint Lady received the Vampire Secrets from the Gong Clan. It must have records of secrets. Otherwise, she wouldn’t come to the Bottomless Abyss for no reason. Since she died here and fell into the abyss, the Vampire Secrets must have fallen as well.”

King Xianlan put his hands behind his back. Intangible aura spread from him. Even the laws of the nature here seemed unable to suppress his powerful cultivation.

The Second Prince glanced down the abyss. A shocking and abnormal power traveled from the lower depths of the abyss. It tried to drag him down and swallow him.

The Second Prince actually produced cold sweat. He took five steps back immediately, distancing himself from the abyss. Terrified, he said, “The Bottomless Abyss really has three gradients? Is the information reliable?”

“Regardless of whether it’s reliable, we must go down and investigate it,” King Xianlan said. “This is the Crown Prince’s order.”

Anger flashed past the Second Prince’s eyes. “I think he just wants to kill me.”

King Xianlan patted the Second Prince’s shoulder and sighed. “In the battle against the Prison Guardians, Blood Emperor Qingtian fought alone against the Saint Elder of Sacred Central Crypt and the Emperor Buddha’s first disciple and was badly hurt. He’s recovering in isolation.”

“Now, the Crown Prince has his maternal clan’s support and temporarily controls the Qingtian Tribe. If we can’t bring the Vampire Secrets back, the Crown Prince will definitely use this against you. We can only suffer it for a while. As long as

Blood Emperor Qingtian returns, everything will become better.”

The Second Prince clenched his fists. “If the Crown Prince’s mother isn’t Blood Emperor Qitian’s daughter, he won’t even qualify to compete with me.”

In the end, King Xianlan still calmed the Second Prince down. After that, the five Vampires jumped into the Bottomless Abyss, disappearing in the mysterious fog.

Whoosh—

Zhang Ruochen appeared at the edge of the Bottomless Abyss. He looked down and muttered to himself, “King Xianlan is in the Saint Realm and he jumped into the Bottomless Abyss without any hesitation. He must know some secret. Can the three gradients really exist?”

Seeing that Zhang Ruochen was about to jump in, Blackie immediately tugged at Zhang Ruochen’s robe. “Even if there really are three gradients, you’ll most likely die if you jump down. Let’s go back to the Nether Heavenly Palace and get more information before deciding. The Blood God Sect will definitely know more about the Bottomless Abyss than the Vampires.”

Zhang Ruochen’s brow furrowed. Many thoughts flashed past his mind in that moment. “Indeed, there are many things that I haven’t done yet. I can do those things first before going down.”

In the end, Zhang Ruochen and Blackie left the Bottomless Abyss and returned to the Nether Heavenly Palace.

...

Around 30,000 feet below the ground, it was a dark and sunless world. One couldn’t see the sun at all. It was icy and dark, like some type of hell.

If the first gradient really existed, it should be this.

Roar!

A seven-meter-tall fire tiger stood above a cluster of boulders and released a deafening roar. Its blood-red eyes, as large as

basins, stared cruelly at the weak woman below. The fire tiger licked its tongue and opened its maws, revealing sharp fangs. It released a bloodthirsty aura.

The woman seemed very weak. She was covered in blood. One could no longer see what her bloody body had been like originally. However, below all the blood and gunk, her eyes were still lively. She confronted the fire tiger with unfaltering will.

She clutched a jade scroll in her hands. It shone faintly with white light.

The fire tiger feared the scroll and didn't approach brashly.

It had already been a month. The woman would be attacked by at least two beasts every day. She was tense at every moment and didn't even dare to close her eyes. Thus, her already-wounded body worsened.

She was expending herself to the max every day.

Here, her powerful Spiritual Power was seriously restricted. She wasn't much stronger than an average woman. If she didn't have the Saint Book Ruzu, she probably would have died in a beast's belly long ago.

However, after all this time, even her body and Spiritual Power was at the brink of collapse.

Poof!

Just then, the light of the Saint Book Ruzu suddenly vanished, plunging the world into darkness.

The fire tiger finally got its opportunity. It pounced, jumping to the top of the woman's head. It extended a huge sharp claw and swatted.

If the woman was hit, her fragile body would probably be snapped in half. However, when the tiger charged at her, a smile appeared in her eyes.

The next moment, the Saint Book Ruzu shone once again, reflecting at the fire tiger.

Poof, poof...

Four saintly characters flew out of the book, hitting the tiger. The beast howled tragically. It flew out and landed on the ground with a thud. Its huge body convulsed as blood poured out of four holes. It dyed the surroundings red.

Seeing the tiger die, the woman's taut nerves finally relaxed. At the same time, exhaustion spread throughout her. She could no longer support herself and collapsed onto the ground. The Saint Book Ruzu's light disappeared completely.

That attack had used up all her Spiritual Power. However, she still bit down on her lips, producing blood, to keep herself awake. If she lost consciousness in her current state, she might never wake up again.

She pushed up her weak body with difficulty and crawled to the fire tiger's corpse. Lying on the tiger hide, she finally felt some warmth.

"Perhaps...I really will die here!" she muttered to herself.

She had told herself more than once to continue on. Perhaps, someone would discover the secret of the Bottomless Abyss and jump down to save her. However, an entire month had passed and no one came. All she met was a group of beasts that wanted to eat her.

"The Monks of the Kunlun's Field believe that the Bottomless Abyss is a desperate world of no return. No one will know that there's a vast world under here."

No one coming to save her was normal. After all, they already thought that she was dead. Thus, her heart gradually calmed.

For some reason, Zhang Ruochen's image appeared in her mind at this moment. Ever since the first meeting at the Tomb Forest, Zhang Ruochen's image seemed to be ingrained in her mind. She couldn't get rid of him.

Who would've thought that the famous Saint Lady would fall in love with a man at first sight? Who would've known that the Saint Lady, pursued by thousands, would be waiting for death here and transform into a white skeleton, a clump of ash?

She laughed at herself. Her smile was partly sweet, partly remorseful, partly pitiful, with a bit of regret. She'd never regretted anything until now, when she was about to die. Why hadn't she told Zhang Ruochen about her feelings?

What would his expression be like if she told him?

She didn't think that they would have a happy ending if she told Zhang Ruochen. He was the Empress' wanted criminal; she was the Empress' official. They were from two different worlds. How could they have a happy ending?

Plus, she understood Zhang Ruochen.

If another man knew that the Saint Lady liked him, he would definitely be excited and feel extremely lucky.

However, Zhang Ruochen definitely wouldn't. He would definitely stay calm and perhaps even look down on her. He might feel that the Saint Lady was just a common woman. She couldn't compare to Huang Yanchen; she wasn't much better than the little Saintess of the Demonic Sect.

In her current state, it would be hard to live another day even if there were no more beasts. In that case, she would greedily enjoy the last bit of peace.

Thinking of all types of things, she said brokenly, "The first meeting in the Tomb Forest, wasted my life from a glance."

Chapter 953 - Mount Luofeng

Translator:

Larbre Studio

Editor:

Larbre Studio

After returning to the camp of the Nether Heavenly Palace, Zhang Ruochen took out a pen and paper from his spatial ring. He pondered while writing.

He spent the entire night to finally finish the four letters. He placed them into envelopes and sealed them. The four envelopes had different names on them: Mother, Huang Yanchen, Kong Lanyou, Chi Yao.

He actually wanted to write more letters to more people and arrange more matters. However, there wasn't enough time. He could only write to the most important people. Respectively, they were the one closest to him, the one he should be the most responsible to, the one he was the most apologetic to, and the one he hated and loved the most.

Before, he'd felt most apologetic to Kong Lanyou. He'd lied to her twice. He had no other choice.

They were friends from 800 years ago. After Kong Lanyou heard the name "Zhang Ruochen," she personally came to see this stranger and had even come twice. It was obvious how important this name was to her.

Zhang Ruochen actually understood many things, but he chose to avoid it because of various reasons.

He took a deep breath. Putting the four letters and the Universe Spiritual Map together, he gave them to Blackie. "If I don't return from the Bottomless Abyss, send these four letters for me."

Blackie took them. “When you said you have things to do, did you mean writing wills?”

Zhang Ruochen smiled. “Not really! I just felt like there were some things I should make clear. If I don’t die in the Bottomless Abyss, these four letters would naturally lose meaning.”

“Actually, I feel like we should spread the news that the Bottomless Abyss has three gradients,” Blackie said. “That way, the Confucius Way and imperial court will definitely send strong cultivators to investigate the Saint Lady. You won’t have to go personally.”

Zhang Ruochen shook his head. “First of all, if we do that, the people who want to kill the Saint Lady will definitely reach the first gradient before us. Second, I’m not going there just to check if the Saint Lady is alive. I have something more important to do.”

“There’s something more important?” Blackie asked.

Zhang Ruochen’s eyes were very deep. “From what I learned from Discipline King Haiming, plus the Vampires we met yesterday at the Bottomless Abyss and the Saint Lady’s death, I feel that there is a world-shocking secret inside the abyss. Perhaps, I can find the answer if I go down.”

The sky had become lighter. It was a new day.

Zhang Ruochen decided that he would visit the Bottomless Abyss again today. However, just as he walked out of his residence, he heard the Banner King Wuliang summon him to the entrance of Cangtian Canyon.

“What’s wrong?”

Zhang Ruochen thought for a moment. Then he used a physical technique and disappeared from the spot, rushing toward the entrance.

Cangtian Canyon’s entrance was a vast snowfield. At the moment, 120 Banner Fighters in black armor stood in organized lines on the field.

Even the weakest one had completed the Heavenly Realm. More than half of them were in the Fish-Dragon Realm. Such an elite army was enough to defeat an entire Half-Saint family.

Whoosh!

A black pillar of light descended from the sky and materialized into Banner King Wuliang's Half-Saint body. He hovered about 100 feet in the air.

"Greetings, Banner King," the 120 Banner Fighters roared at once with a thunderous power.

Zhang Ruochen was outside the canyon now. He stood in the distance and looked at the 120 Banner Fighters and Banner King Wuliang in suspicion.

Banner King Wuliang looked in Zhang Ruochen's direction and declared, "Eight hundred miles to the east of the Bottom Abyss is Mount Luofeng. Some traces of blood beasts appeared there. The Vice Palace Leader has ordered for them to all be killed today. Banner Lord Gu, you will be in charge of the team, okay?"

Zhang Ruochen had learned about the blood beasts from Blackie. He still pretended to be confused and asked, "Banner King, what are blood beasts?"

Banner King Wuliang landed on the ground. A ring of Holy Qi from his palm formed a territory around him and Zhang Ruochen. He studied Zhang Ruochen.

"There are some secrets of the Bottomless Abyss that only those at the Banner Lord level are qualified to know. Since I'm sending you as the leader today, I will tell you the secrets of the blood beasts today."

With the territory around them, the Banner Fighters outside couldn't hear their conversation at all.

Banner King Wuliang's expression was serious. "You must have heard about the Blood Empress, correct?"

"Of course," Zhang Ruochen said. "I've heard that the Blood Empress is the strongest Supreme Saint in the history of the Immortal Vampires, other than Pluto."

Banner King Wuliang nodded. “Eight hundred years ago, the Blood Empress fought against Emperor Ming. In the end, she fell into the Bottomless Abyss.”

“In that battle, her blood splattered all over the first gradient. Some savage beasts absorbed the powerful Blood Qi in it and actually became blood-drinking beasts. The mission of the Nether Heavenly Palace is to kill all of them and prevent them from escaping out of the Ancient Snow Mountain.”

Zhang Ruochen’s heart jumped. “What is the first gradient?” he asked in confusion.

“The first gradient is in the Bottomless Abyss.” Seeing that Zhang Ruochen was still confused, Banner King Wuliang continued. “The Bottomless Abyss is actually divided into three gradients. If you enter the first and second gradient, there’s still a chance for you to return to the earth. Only entering the third gradient will really be a passage of no return.”

“This is top confidential information. Only those at or above the Banner Lord level are qualified to know about this. You must keep the secret. If you spread it, death will await you.”

Zhang Ruochen nodded. “Who discovered this secret first?”

“It’s obviously the founder of the Blood God Sect,” Banner King Wuliang said. “Apparently, 300 years ago when he was still very young, he came to the Ancient Snow Mountain to challenge himself and was attacked by blood beasts. After he killed them, he searched for their source by himself and went all the way to the Bottomless Abyss. He discovered that there are two layers of worlds inside the abyss. The blood beasts climbed out of the first gradient.”

“Have you gone to the first gradient?” Zhang Ruochen asked.

“No.” Banner King Wuliang immediately shook his head.

“The founder has ordered that no one can enter the first gradient without his permission. Plus, the first gradient is extremely dangerous. A Banner King once snuck into it to investigate the secret there, but he never returned. The founder

personally went to save him, but he only brought back a skeleton.”

Banner King Wuliang glanced at Zhang Ruochen. “Banner Lord Gu, you seem very interested in the first gradient. I must remind you that even a Banner King has died there. With your cultivation, it’s best if you don’t take the risk.”

“I understand,” Zhang Ruochen said.

“Go cleanse Mount Luofeng of blood beasts,” Banner King Wuliang said. “That is your first mission. You must complete it well.”

Zhang Ruochen led the 120 Banner Fighters away. They all rode elephants and galloped toward Mount Luofeng. They swept up endless wind and snow.

“There’s no reason to say so many things to someone who’s about to die. I’m already kind enough. The Deity should be waiting for him at Mount Luofeng!”

Banner King Wuliang smiled. He dissipated into a ball of black smoke and scattered in the air.

I’ll go to Mount Luofeng and find a way to escape, Zhang Ruochen thought from the back of the elephant.

The elephants ran very quickly. An hour later, Zhang Ruochen could already see the shape of Mount Luofeng.

Just then, Zhao Shiqi’s voice traveled into Zhang Ruochen’s ears with the Thousand-mile Communication Technique.

“Young lord, Mount Luofeng is a trap set up by Banner King Wuliang and the Deity. They want to use this to kill you.”

Zhang Ruochen’s heart jumped. He spread his Spiritual Power in the direction of the sound waves and quickly located Zhao Shiqi. He was at Mount Luofeng.

The Deity had tried many times to kill Zhang Ruochen, successfully angering him. If he didn’t kill the Deity, he didn’t know what other tactics would be tried.

“Banner King Wuliang is also at Mount Luofeng?” Zhang Ruochen asked, eyes turning cold.

“No,” Zhao Shiqi continued saying. “The Deity thinks that you’re only a second level Half-Saint, so he only brought four Banner Kings. If we work together, we can kill them all. Shall we attack?”

“Of course.” Then Zhang Ruochen added, “Attack when I arrive. It’s best not to leave anyone alive.”

Zhang Ruochen continued riding the elephant as if he didn’t know anything. He led the 120 Banner Fighters toward Mount Luofeng.

Mei Lanzhu stood at the top of the icy abyss on Mount Luofeng. Seeing the approaching Banner Fighters, he sneered. “Gu Linfeng is an idiot. He really did come to Mount Luofeng. Banner King Qifeng, attack immediately.”

“Deity, rest assured. I have already set up the Divine Tornado Formation. Even if Gu Linfeng is a seventh level Half-Saint, he’ll still die.”

Banner King Qifeng leered. He opened his metal fan. Activating his Spiritual Power, he waved his fan. Blinding light poured from the fan. Thin streams of runes flew out.

Whoosh!

The runes activated the Divine Tornado Formation. All the snowy peaks within a hundred-mile-radius started shaking. Dense blades of wind flew out to try and swallow Zhang Ruochen and the 120 Banner Fighters.

“Ah...a trap...”

“Save me...attack the formation...”

Pained cries rose one after another in the mountain. The Banner Fighters couldn’t block the wind blades at all. Their bodies were split apart, creating piles of mutilated bodies in the puddles of blood.

Seeing this, Mei Lanzhu smiled in satisfaction. “The Divine Tornado Formation is indeed the most advanced Sixth Grade Battle Formation. Gu Linfeng must be totally dead now. It’s just a pity that we’ve lost a group of elite Banner Fighters to kill him.”

Behind Mei Lanzhu, Zhao Shiqi chuckled and said, “If the Banner Fighters didn’t die with him, who would believe that an important figure of the Blood God Sect would die here?”

“Gu Linfeng is just a clown. How can he be an important figure?” Mei Lanzhu peered at Zhao Shiqi and scoffed in disdain.

Chapter 954 - The Power of Saint Spell

Translator:

Larbre Studio

Editor:

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Boom!

The deafening noise was heard from afar, followed by a strong blast of the wind which ripped the Divine Tornado Formation into shreds.

With a strong quake of the earth, seven snow mountains, which were fragile like seven sand mounds, fell down in a row to spread on the ground.

Zhang Ruochen walked out of the snowy wind and stood in midair, giving out forbidding power as a blood dragon wound around his body. His black eyes stared disdainfully at Mei Lanzhu and the four Banner Lords.

“How’s it possible?” Banner Lord Qifeng found it hard to believe.

Bang!

Attacked by the air wave, Banner Lord Qifeng was thrown backwards to crash into a snow mountain’s icy cliff, smashing it into pieces.

Banner Lord Qifeng was just a master in Battle Formation, so his body was rather weak. Suffering from such a crash, his head was hurt and body destroyed. He was soaked in blood and passed out.

Mei Lanzhu appeared to be calm and didn’t move. An invisible power resolved the attack of the air wave.

He glanced at Banner Lord Qifeng and sneered, "It's something that you can crack the Divine Tornado Formation."

Zhang Ruochen stood as high as Mei Lanzhu, Qi of blood circulating on his body. He raised his voice, "Should you explain to me, Your Highness...why did you ambush me?"

"I don't have to explain myself to a dead person."

A sneer was seen on Mei Lanzhu's face, as if he was laughing at Zhang Ruochen's ignorance.

Zhang Ruochen laughed too. "Your Highness is so confident that you can kill me?"

Mei Lanzhu looked at Zhao Shiqi, Banner Lord Mingkong and Banner Lord Yaodao, who stood behind him, and said, "Hehe! Gu Linfeng, you have some strength, having borrowed the power of the Blood God Venomous Worm. But, you have to face the reality. Do you think you can run away today?"

Whoosh!

Behind Mei Lanzhu, Banner Lord Mingkong and Banner Lord Yaodao both released their saint souls simultaneously to create two Saint Soul Territories, each dozens of kilometers in diameter, absorbing the Spiritual Power between the heaven and the earth.

They both had reached the peak of the Sixth Level of Half-Saint.

With palms giving off the purple evil flames, Banner Lord Mingkong warned Zhang Ruochen for the last time. "Gu Linfeng, if you surrender now, maybe His Highness will give you an honorable death."

Banner Lord Yaodao looked at Zhang Ruochen playfully, hanging up the corner of his mouth a little. He was like an unparalleled saint who was looking at an ant on the ground.

Zhang Ruochen shook his head slightly, and said, "Let's begin!"

With Mei Lanzhu, Banner Lord Mingkong and Banner Lord Yaodao feeling confused, Zhao Shiqi behind them gave a ruthless laugh. He waved his hands to throw the two

whirlpools in his palms, which had been prepared by him in advance, to Banner Lord Mingkong and Banner Lord Yaodao.

It was a sixth-level Wind Spell, “Wind Cracking Universe Spell,” which could constantly transfer the power of the wind to the palms. Small whirlpools as they were, they could give out extremely destructive power.

Half-Saints of Spiritual Power like Zhao Shiqi could wipe out a city in a second, using the Wind Cracking Universe Spell to throw a small whirlpool.

Of course, on the premise that the city was out of the Protection Formation.

Zoom!

The whirlpools exploded immediately, turning into dense wind blades, which hit the two Banner Lords.

As they were standing very close to each other, before the two could take the defense, their bodies had been smashed into pieces.

Blood fog filled the space.

“Zhao Shiqi, why??”

A sad and shrill scream was heard from a ball of white saint fog about the size of a human head once it flew out.

It was the saint soul of Banner Lord Mingkong.

Banner Lord Mingkong and Banner Lord Yaodao had such high cultivations and powerful saint souls that their consciousness wouldn't disperse shortly after their bodies were destroyed.

“You were already dead the minute you chose to fight against my young lord.”

Zhao Shiqi operated his spiritual power again and reached out his two dried-up hands to condense two giant palms, vanquishing the saint souls of Banner Lord Mingkong and Banner Lord Yaodao.

Mei Lanzhu never expected things to happen so differently. He shouted with anger, “Zhao Shiqi, you must be a spy of

Discipline King Haiming! Go to hell!”

Zhao Shiqi used a magic art of speedy escape to run away, not saying anything.

Zoom.

A recurring wind caught him, rushing down the frozen waterfall like a blurring shadow.

Mei Lanzhu reached out his arm. A more than five-meters-long lance shaped into a snake came out from the middle of his brows.

“Wanna run away?”

The dazzling golden brilliance given out by the snake-shaped lance lit up the space of dozens of kilometers in diameter, melting all the snowflakes. The lance struck to its front.

A string of golden light as thick as a bowl came through the void to hit the escaping Zhao Shiqi.

“Fight with me.” Zhang Ruochen swayed to his side to appear at the spot in front of the golden light column. He twisted his wrist to give a palm strike.

Boom!

The space was shaken violently.

The golden light column crushed into particles of golden light, falling on the ground like a rain.

Mei Lanzhu saw that Zhang Ruochen had resolved his attack easily, feeling a little scared and worried. He bit his teeth.

“You hid your cultivation?”

“That’s right. I did.”

Zhang Ruochen put his left hand behind his back and raised the other hand. “I can easily vanquish you with only one hand. You don’t deserve the fame of the Son of Deity.”

Zhang Ruochen said it deliberately to enrage Mei Lanzhu, in the case that he should use the Saint Decree to run away.

“Gu Linfeng, who do you think you are?!” Mei Lanzhu’s handsome face was twisted with fury. With the Seven Saint

Snake Lance in one hand, he created a handprint with the other hand to put it between his brows.

The closed vertical eye between Mei Lanzhu's brows opened a crack slowly, giving out a line of golden brilliance.

Even Zhang Ruochen was alerted at that moment.

There was like a divine beast from the far ancient times coming to awake, giving out shocking and terrible power.

Zhao Shiqi who had run away saw it and felt a little shocked as well. He reminded immediately, "My lord, be careful. There is a string of saint power granted by the Hierarch in Mei Lanzhu's Third Eye. Once he opens it, it would be a disaster."

Zhang Ruochen frowned his brows, displaying his body moves at once.

In a blink, he had reached toward the face of Mei Lanzhu. With both hands pressing down, two more than thirty-meters-long blood dragons came out.

It wasn't easy for Mei Lanzhu to open his Third Eye.

Seeing the palm prints of Zhang Ruochen falling down on him, Mei Lanzhu bit his teeth tightly to give a straight thrust of his Seven Saint Snake Lance upwards. Seven giant golden pythons rushed out from the lance to crash with the blood dragons.

Bang!

The seven giant golden pythons all broke into pieces, unable to resist Zhang Ruochen's palm power.

The two palms of Zhang Ruochen collided with the Seven Saint Snake Lance. The great explosion had forced Mei Lanzhu to the bottom of the ground.

Suffering from a full strike of Zhang Ruochen, Mei Lanzhu should have withstood with his strong body and survived.

With a boom, Mei Lanzhu flew out from the soil, giving out golden brilliance.

Especially his three eyes on the head had emitted a single light column to hundreds of kilometers away.

The extraordinary body of Mei Lanzhu was called the “Three-Eye Magical Body”. Figures who had such special bodies could compete with Supreme Saints in the ancient time.

If Mei Lanzhu could practice his Three-Eye Magical Body to the utmost, he would surely become one of the most influential ones among the saints.

“Gu Lingfeng, I will have you die pathetically without a burial ground!”

Mei Lanzhu shouted and transferred the power of his Third Eye between his brows to condense a golden blurring shadow hundreds of meters tall in midair.

The shadow gave out scaringly almighty power, like a giant who had separated the heaven and the earth standing in the middle.

It was a blurring shadow condensed by a string saint power of the Hierarch of the Blood God Sect.

Zhang Ruochen stoned his face, rushing back for hundreds of kilometers. Meanwhile, he poured all his Holy Qi to his arms and hands.

“Isn’t it too late for you to run away now?”

Mei Lanzhu gave a sneer, stabbing to his front with the Seven Saint Snake Lance in both hands.

The giant golden shadow blended with the Seven Saint Snake Lance, bursting out the power ten times that of Mei Lanzhu himself.

Soon, the Seven Saint Snake Lance reached Zhang Ruochen.

Six apertures in Zhang Ruochen’s hands were opened at the same time to connect his body with the heaven and the earth, bursting out a power as strong as that of the golden shadow.

“Is that...is that a Saint Spell?”

Zhao Shiqi widened his eyes. It was unbelievable that Zhang Ruochen should have practiced a Saint Spell to its utmost.

And the power wave given out from Zhang Ruochen was even several times stronger than yesterday’s, when Zhao Shiqi and

Su Bai had ambushed him.

“Now this is his real power.”

Zhao Shiqi considered himself lucky for having made a wise decision to follow Zhang Ruochen. Otherwise, it was impossible for him to stand here now.

In midair, the palm power at the level of the Saint Spell collided with the string of the saint power of the Blood God Sect's Hierarch.

Both powers were annihilated at the same time.

Zhang Ruochen flew backwards for more than 100 meters, and fell onto the ground with a bang, leaving a giant pit which was dozens of meters deep.

“The burst of a Saint Spell is surely amazing. It can resist a string of the Hierarch's power.”

It was the first time that Zhang Ruochen had fully displayed the power of six apertures of the Seven-Apertures Blood Palm. Zhang Ruochen felt quite content.

In the other direction, Mei Lanzhu spouted blood, flying backwards to hit inside of the the snow mountain again.

It had never occurred to him that the person who had been weighed the least by him would have such great power.

Chapter 955 - The Enemy Behind

Translator:

Larbre Studio

Editor:

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Zhang Ruochen didn't give Mei Lanzhu a second chance. He used his fastest move to rush into the mountain. With his finger as his sword, he pointed at the center of Mei Lanzhu's brow.

“No!”

Mei Lanzhu shouted. He threw the Seven Saint Snake Lance out with his right hand to stab the heart of Zhang Ruochen, trying to kill him before he died.

But his strength was too far from Zhang Ruochen's.

At the time that the sword wave had gone through Mei Lanzhu's lower abdomen, the Seven Saint Snake Lance was still one meter away from Zhang Ruochen's heart.

When top talents fought each other, only a narrow difference of 3.3 centimeters would determine their fates, not to mention one meter.

The body of Mei Lanzhu was set in the mud. His eyes still opened widely, but his Third Eye between his brows was covered by a bloody hole the size of a cup. Blood kept pouring out from it.

His blood was boiling hot, containing a strong power which could have melted the earth.

As a young king, he should have a glorious future to become a Supreme Saint, commanding the Blood God Sect and all saints in Evil Ways.

However, Mei Lanzhu was vanquished today. He had accomplished nothing in this world where numerous talents fought for supremacy.

Zhang Ruochen picked up the Seven Saint Snake Lance, observing its complicated patterns while holding it in his hand.

Zoom.

Seven strong battle spirits came out from the lance, which kept trembling to burst out an extraordinarily strong power which ran away from Zhang Ruochen's hand.

“It should be a Thousand-pattern Saint Weapon. Looks like seven saint souls of the Saint Pythons have been sealed in it. Someone has refined the seven saint souls into the battle spirit of the lance.”

Burning flames appeared on Zhang Ruochen's hands to completely refine the Qi of Mei Lanzhu left inside the Seven Saint Snake Lance.

“Be quiet. It isn't hard for me to kill you all.”

Zhang Ruochen passed his strong will to the battle spirits with his spiritual power.

Zhang Ruochen's threat did work. Soon, the Seven Saint Snake Lance stopped trembling.

Then, Zhang Ruochen collected some invaluable treasures from Mei Lanzhu, including pills, secret books and saint rocks.

“Eh! This is...”

Zhang Ruochen found a special box, which was only as big as a fist. Frozen cold power was given out by it.

There was a layer of seal on the surface of the box.

Zhang Ruochen transferred some power to it. But a rebounding power bursted out from the surface of the box, generating thunder and lightning.

The thunder and lightning went on from his fingers to his arms.

“What a seal! It couldn’t have been Mei Lanzhu who placed it. I can’t crack it with my current spiritual power. I wonder... what is in the box?”

Zhang Ruochen thought about cracking the seal on the surface of the box with the Ancient Abyss Sword.

But, he worried that the thing inside the box would be destroyed. So he gave up the thought.

Putting away the box, Zhang Ruochen picked up the Seven Saint Snake Lance and the corpse of Mei Lanzhu to jump out of the earth, returning to the ground.

Bang.

Zhang Ruochen threw Mei Lanzhu’s corpse to Zhao Shiqi, and said, “You handle this. Don’t let the elders of the Blood God Sect find anything skeptical. Otherwise, we’ll be in big trouble.”

Zhao Shiqi had refined the passed-out Banner Lord Qifeng into ashes. Then, he glanced at the corpse of Mei Lanzhu, and smiled, “Be assured, my lord. I will tell the elders that Mei Lanzhu was killed by a blood monster. We have nothing to do with it.”

“Okay.”

Zhang Ruochen nodded...

All of a sudden, Zhang Ruochen detected a slight wave of Holy Qi, passing from the top of the snow mountain behind him.

“Who’s there?”

He changed his face and turned back immediately to throw the Seven Saint Snake Lance out.

A wind power condensed by Holy Qi at the tip of the lance changed into a light shuttle. It flew to the top of the snow mountain, with the terrible penetrating power.

Strands of evil black Qi condensed into a shadow of an old man in black robes at the mountaintop.

Bang.

The power of the Seven Saint Snake Lance was completely devoured by an invisible power when it was still about 2 meters away from the old man in black robes.

“Haha! Discipline King Haiming should have such a powerful disciple’s son to have killed the Son of Deity of the Blood God Sect. I will look at him differently.”

A hoarse laugh was sounded in the black robes.

“Unbelievable!” Zhang Ruochen was shocked.

Then, he operated all his Holy Qi and moved his legs slightly. He put on a grave face. “Why do I feel you are somewhat familiar?”

“Yes? Your feeling is correct.”

On the mountaintop, the old man in black robes took off his hood which had covered his face. The evil black fog soon dispersed to show his real face.

“Banner King Wuliang.”

Zhao Shiqi’s face lost color. He couldn’t help but to step back.

The old man in black robes who was standing at the top of the snow mountain was the lord of the Sixth Base of the Nether Heavenly Palace, Banner King Wuliang.

Although he was the weakest one of the six lords of the bases, the cultivation of Banner King Wuliang had reached the peak of the Eighth Level of the Half-Saint.

And his exercise was the Heavenly Devil Hell Map of the Heavenly Devil Stone Inscription, which was one of the Six Extraordinary Books in Kunlun’s Field. So his battle power was strong enough to fight enemies above his state.

Banner King Wuliang used to fight with an elder of the Blood God Sect at the Ninth Level of the Half Saint, and edged him out.

A figure at his level was too powerful for him and Zhang Ruochen to defend themselves against. Naturally, Zhao Shiqi felt very scared.

Zhang Ruochen was not panicked at all. He said, “My lord, you must have been around for a long time. Why did you stand by and watch me kill the Son of Deity?”

Banner King Wuliang laughed. “Mei Lanzhu can be killed by you, showing that he was too weak to be the Son of Deity of the Blood God Sect. Why should I help him?”

“Is that all?”

Zhang Ruochen spoke steadily. “The reason why Mei Lanzhu wanted to kill me was Her Highness, the Saintess. Your reason should be the Yuling Blood Broadsword. Am I right?”

“Yes.”

Banner King Wuliang spoke frankly.

Zhang Ruochen said again, “Once I killed Mei Lanzhu, you would get not only the Yuling Blood Broadsword, but also the Seven Saint Snake Lance, a Thousand-pattern Saint Weapon. That’s the reason why you didn’t help Mei Lanzhu. Am I right?”

Banner King Wuliang laughed. “Gu Linfeng, haha, Gu Linfeng. Even I have underestimated you. I thought you were just a small potato who only had lust for women. I didn’t know that you were so clever. It’s a shame that you should run into me, for you are surely going to die today.”

Both hands of Banner King Wuliang reached out from his sleeves, turning into two black hands of the devil, which were more than hundreds of meters long, to hit Zhang Ruochen and Zhao Shiqi respectively.

“Spatial Twist.”

Zhang Ruochen released his Space Domain immediately to operate the spatial power to twist the space 100 meters around, resolving the attack of the Banner King Wuliang.

“I’ll stop him. Zhao Shiqi, you go now,” said Zhang Ruochen.

Zhao Shiqi glanced at Zhang Ruochen, a little touched.

Zhang Ruochen should have him go first in such a dangerous situation. Mei Lanzhu would never do the same.

Zhang Ruochen was hundreds of times better than Mei Lanzhu from this angle.

“My lord, let’s run in two directions. Powerful though the Banner King Wuliang may be, he can only kill one of us.”

“I have a way out. Zhao Wuliang can’t kill me by himself. Stop talking. You go first.”

“Okay. Take care.”

Zhao Shiqi acted with decisiveness. He stopped talking and took out a Saint Decree. He activated the saint power to change into a flash, rushing to the horizon.

Zhang Ruochen used the spatial power to resolve the attack of Banner King Wuliang, which gave a shock to him.

After Banner King Wuliang came back to his senses, Zhao Shiqi had activated the Saint Decree to fly away.

“Shit! Who are you?”

Banner King Wuliang didn’t go after Zhao Shiqi, but gave out devil lights with his eyes, trying to figure out Zhang Ruochen’s true self with his Heavenly Devil Pupils.

“You have to beat me first to find out who I am.”

Zhang Ruochen didn’t run away at once. On the contrary, he seemed to be prepared to fight Banner King Wuliang.

After all, what truly mattered for Banner King Wuliang was the Yuling Blood Broadsword and the Seven Saint Snake Lance. He wouldn’t pass word to the Nether Heavenly Palace as long as he had a chance to rob them. He wanted to kill Zhang Ruochen secretly and take all the treasure by himself.

If Zhang Ruochen used the Saint Decree to run away, then Banner King Wuliang wouldn’t have the chance to take the two saint weapons. He would definitely inform the Nether Heavenly Palace to report everything to the Palace Ruler.

By then, Zhang Ruochen wouldn’t be able to get out from the Blood God Sect, nor could he go to the Bottomless Abyss.

“Haha! You would dare to challenge me. Fine. As you wish.”

Banner King Wuliang laughed in his heart. He condensed a cloud of black Qi of devil with his hands, giving out an icy cold Qi of power.

“Heavenly Devil Seal.”

A quaint iron seal flew out of the Qi of devil.

The iron seal grew larger and larger. It attacked Zhang Ruochen like a hill of iron and steel.

Boom!

Once encountered, Zhang Ruochen was hit and thrown back by the Heavenly Devil Seal. He spit blood embarrassedly, looking like he was severely wounded.

Then Zhang Ruochen jumped from the ground to display the Luan Phoenix Deity Print Speed. He changed into a ball of firelight, flying to the Bottomless Abyss.

“Want to run away?”

Banner King Wuliang sneered, thinking that since he had severely wounded Zhang Ruochen, Zhang Ruochen couldn't run away from him. So he followed up immediately.

Zhang Ruochen kept fighting with Banner King Wuliang while escaping all the way of 400 kilometers to the edge of the Bottomless Abyss.

Banner King Wuliang hovered about ten meters above the ground, looking at Zhang Ruochen who was covered with blood like a black ghost. He laughed, “The Bottomless Abyss is right behind you. Now, where do you want to go?”

He added immediately, “Actually, if you used the Saint Decree given by Discipline King Haiming earlier, maybe I couldn't stop you. But you were so arrogant that you wanted to challenge me. You wanted to kill me for good? Uh-uh, but you were too weak to change the situation. You helped me win. What a shame! Shame!”

Zhang Ruochen dusted off his clothes, and wiped off the blood at the corner of his lips. He laughed, “Why do you think I was running away? Couldn't I have led you here on purpose?”

Chapter 956 - A World in the Dark

Translator:

Larbre Studio

Editor:

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At the edge of the Bottomless Abyss, the sky was only dozens of meters above their heads. Black clouds kept rolling, giving out a pressure for both human bodies and minds.

Different than before, Zhang Ruochen straightened up his back to give a sharp look. The dazzling golden light given out by the Seven Saint Snake Lance in his hand seemed to almost penetrate the black clouds above his head.

In other places, Zhang Ruochen couldn't defeat Banner King Wuliang even if he had used all his last resorts.

But in the Bottomless Abyss, he had a chance.

Banner King Wuliang appeared to be very calm. He laughed, "Right. You want to use the special Rules of the Heaven and the Earth in the Bottomless Abyss to defeat me here."

"But don't you know that even if I only display ten percent of my full strength, I can still defeat you in your prime? Not to mention that you can only display ten percent of your strength as well."

"Of course I know."

Zhang Ruochen added, "But coming here I will have at least ten or twenty percent more of a possibility to defeat you."

"Idiot."

The Banner King just gave a husky laugh, not thinking Zhang Ruochen had any chance to win.

The Heavenly Devil Print flew above again, revolving in midair and giving out the Qi of piercing coldness. The ground was covered up with a thick layer of black ice, making a zoom noise.

The devil cloud wrapped up the Heavenly Devil Print, suppressing Zhang Ruochen in a savage form.

Zhang Ruochen shook his arms to activate the inscriptions inside the Seven Saint Snake Lance. Seven giant shadows of the pythons flew out.

The shadows of the pythons wound up the lance, stabbing the Heavenly Devil Print.

Sparks flew off in all directions.

A deafening sound wave was heard all over the heaven and the earth.

The Heavenly Devil Print didn't stop Zhang Ruochen, but was thrown back to fall off the Bottomless Abyss.

“How's it possible?”

Banner King Wuliang opened his eyes widely as he was shocked. He hit a strand of the black Holy Qi, trying to recover the Heavenly Devil Print.

Zhang Ruochen enjoyed the fight and took the chance to attack again. Colorful brilliance was given by his arms. He wielded the Seven Saint Snake Lance to chop the Holy Qi displayed by the Banner King Wuliang, cutting the connection between him and the Heavenly Devil Print.

The Heavenly Devil Print was only a Hundred-pattern Saint Weapon. After it lost the connection with its owner, it dropped to the Bottomless Abyss immediately, disappearing in the fog and clouds.

Banner King Wuliang trembled with anger. He shouted, “I will have your bones broken into dust!”

Zhang Ruochen put on a cold face. He made a decisive move to step ten meters forward, turning his Seven Saint Snake Lance to stab at the center of Banner King Wuliang's brow.

“Glacier Hell.”

Banner King Wuliang raised his hands. Two layers of black ice shaped in squares appeared on the ground, giving out dark brilliance. It froze the Seven Saint Snake Lance and stopped it from moving forward.

Then, Banner King Wuliang struck a palm.

The palm print hit to the belly of Zhang Ruochen under the Seven Saint Snake Lance.

Zhang Ruochen had to give up the Seven Saint Snake Lance. He clasped his hands to crack the six apertures in his hands, and hit the front with both palms.

Bang.

The palm power of Banner King Wuliang should have been better than that of Zhang Ruochen to force him to retreat for 16 steps in a row.

The noise sounded on the ground, leaving 16 foot prints which were about 15 centimeters deep.

If Zhang Ruochen hadn't stabilized himself forcefully, he would have fallen down to the Bottomless Abyss with one more step.

Banner King Wuliang's body shook a little. He retreated two steps to resolve the power of the Seven-Apertures Blood Palm.

Even so, his hands hurt a bit. The speed of the operation of his Holy Qi slowed down a little as well.

He stared at Zhang Ruochen with surprise, who was standing at the edge of the Bottomless Abyss. “You must have the power to take one palm of my full strength. With your cultivation, you can't be so powerful, even if you display the Saint Spell... Could it be the power of your human body?”

Banner King Wuliang came to a realization then.

The human body of Gu Linfeng was surely terribly powerful. Suffering from the severe wounds before, he was still full of life and energy, ready to fight. Even a saint body couldn't do that.

Even so, Banner King Wuliang still had confidence in himself. He picked up the Seven Saint Dragon Lance sealed in the black ice, and clutched it in hand tightly. “You human body is surely strong, which has exceeded my expectations. But once you lose the Seven Saint Dragon Lance, what’s the use of such a strong human body?”

Zhang Ruochen glanced at the Seven Saint Dragon Lance and said, “Without it, I will be more powerful in fights.”

“Really? But your proudest palm play was defeated by me,” laughed Banner King Wuliang.

But soon, his laugh froze on his face, and astonishment appeared in his eyes.

A black ancient sword flew to them out of nowhere. It floated above Zhang Ruochen’s head, giving out thick Qi of sword to form a Sword Qi Domain.

“My palm technique has only reached the second class, not fully connecting to the heavens. Maybe only my sword technique can be called as the first class.”

The feeling of Zhang Ruochen changed again to become more intimidating and unformidable.

With a sword in hand, he was like the Sword Saint.

Having commanded the palm technique at the level of the Saint Spell and called his palm play of the second class?

If the words were heard by other monks who had been practicing palm techniques, they would be ashamed.

“Bluffing. I’d like to see, how strong can your sword technique be?”

Banner King Wuliang held the Seven Saint Snake Lance tightly to operate the Holy Qi from his whole body. Sharp sounds were heard in the air, becoming a strong circling current.

Zhang Ruochen looked to the back of Banner King Wuliang. He pinched his two fingers into a sword sign to activate the Abyss Ancient Sword.

The Abyss Ancient Sword turned into a black flash to go around to Banner King Wuliang's back like a beautiful curve.

Fizz.

The sharp Qi of sword, which was hundreds of meters long, didn't land on the body of Banner King Wuliang, but chopped the ground behind him.

The blood red rock was chopped, leaving a hundreds-of-meter-long gully all the way down to the bottom of the ground.

The ground quaked violently. Ten thousand square meters of land were cut from the rock, falling down to the Bottomless Abyss.

“Gu Linfeng, are you crazy?”

The eyes of Banner King Wuliang were bloodshot. He pulled back the power prepared to attack Zhang Ruochen at once, trying to get back to the rock with both feet stepping hard on the ground.

Zhang Ruochen stood on the falling rock plate, appearing to be super calm and making another sword sign.

Above him, the Abyss Ancient Sword gave a large area of black brilliance. Even the sword spirit was called out to stand in the middle of the black brilliance.

Zoom.

As the Abyss Ancient Sword flew down, thousands of sword Qi were generated to attack the Banner King Wuliang.

Banner King Wuliang saw the sword rain falling from above, and he used the Seven Saint Snake Lance to stab. All sword Qi were crushed, turning into streams of black fog.

But the strike had stopped Banner King Wuliang from going up.

Zhang Ruochen used the Sword Defending Technique to control the Abyss Ancient Sword to keep attacking Banner King Wuliang, forcing him to fall down.

At last, Banner King Wuliang fell to the ground. He gave a fierce look. “Do you want me to die together with you?”

Zhang Ruochen reached out his hand to catch the returning Abyss Ancient Sword, shaking his head. “Didn’t you say that beneath the Bottomless Abyss was the First Gradient? How does that suggest dying together?”

“Even if there is a First Gradient, you could never return to the ground with your cultivation.”

The murderous look was all over the face of Banner King Wuliang.

He kept pouring the Holy Qi into the Seven Saint Snake Lance, and stepped hard to the front with his right foot, crushing the stone under his foot.

At the same time, the Seven Saint Snake Lance was thrown away. Dozens of rays of sharp brilliance shrouded Zhang Ruochen like raindrops.

“Loopholes appear one after another.”

Zhang Ruochen shook his head and stabbed to the front as well. Dozens of rays of sword light were also generated to resolve the attack of the Banner King Wuliang.

As the Abyss Ancient Sword collided with the Seven Saint Snake Lance, sparks were emitted.

The sword Qi climbed up the lance all the way to the arm of the Banner King Wuliang, tearing his sleeves to pieces to reveal his dried-up tawny hand.

Banner King Wuliang stepped back at once, and released his Holy Qi to form a black light curtain to block all the sword Qi.

“What happened? Why does Gu Linfeng grow stronger and stronger?”

Banner King Wuliang was frightened. If he didn’t retreat quickly enough, his light arm should have been left with only one white bone.

At first, Banner King Wuliang had some advantages on the ground. But as they fell down, Gu Linfeng took over more advantages than him.

“The lower I fall, the more intense the restrictions placed by the Rules of the Heaven and the Earth on cultivation will become. And the advantage of the human body will be enlarged.”

Banner King Wuliang calculated to himself. Restricted by the Rules of the Heaven and the Earth, now that he could only display one thirtieth of the cultivation of his prime.

The Holy Qi inside him flowed slowly like lead or mercury.

“Can’t wait up. Reaching the First Gradient, I can never defeat Gu Linfeng. His human body is too strong.”

Banner King Wuliang strode forward, wielding the Seven Saint Snake Lance to Zhang Ruochen.

Zhang Ruochen didn’t reserve anything. With a flash, he moved forward ten meters in midair to appear in front of the Banner King. The gorgeous sword light chopped him.

“Gold Morning Sun.”

Bang.

The sword collided with the lance.

The power bursting from the sword forced the Banner King to fly backwards.

His five fingers were smashed, bleeding. Not only did the Seven Saint Snake Lance tremble, but so did his arm.

Zhang Ruochen looked down and stopped attacking.

A pair of golden dragon wings, which were more than 30 meters long, appeared on his back, like two golden clouds.

All of a sudden, his falling speed was slowed.

Banner King Wuliang looked down through the black clouds. Another ground could be seen hundreds of meters down there.

A vast black world showed up.

Chapter 957 - Are You Zhang Ruochen?

Translator:

Larbre Studio

Editor:

Larbre Studio

Before he could buffer, Banner King Wuliang's legs hit hard on the ground.

Boom.

Rocks on the ground were broken, leaving thick crevices.

Strong as the human body of Banner King Wuliang was, his legs numbed and his body almost fell apart after the strong crash.

Banner King Wuliang raised his head to see that, above him, Gu Linfeng was falling down rapidly with a pair of golden dragon wings.

"Now is my only chance to give him a fatal strike before he lands on the ground."

Banner King Wuliang suppressed his pain to step hard on the ground with both legs. He jumped up to more than 30 meters high, and poured all his Holy Qi into the Seven Saint Snake Lance.

The Seven Saint Snake Lance expanded ten times to become a golden column. It went to hit the rapidly falling Zhang Ruochen.

Such strong power Qi piled up like ripples.

"Isn't it too late for you to fight back now?"

Colorful brilliance gushed out from Zhang Ruochen's body, making a chaotic cloud of Qi.

Zhang Ruochen rushed out from its center. He held the Abyss Ancient Sword with both hands, exerting the power of his every muscle to chop beneath him.

The great strength threw the Seven Saint Snake Lance away.

The swift and fierce sword light came from the left shoulder of the Banner King Wuliang, and flew out from his right ribs. It landed on the ground, leaving a long sword road.

Zhang Ruochen landed on the ground smoothly. He waved his arms. Then one drop of blood on the sword flew out.

Far away, the Seven Saint Snake Lance fell on the ground, making a thud noise. It had broken the ground, leaving a giant pit.

The body of Banner King Wuliang was chopped in two in midair. Then it fell down beside the Seven Saint Snake Lance.

“Who...who are you?”

Banner King Wuliang’s eyes were empty. He moved his lips weakly.

“Zhang Ruochen.”

Zhang Ruochen stared at his half body, said indifferently.

“Ah...it’s...it’s you...”

The face of Banner King Wuliang lost color and became more ruthless. He operated his last strand of Holy Qi, trying to explode his lower abdomen.

The Abyss Ancient Sword gave a vibration. It flew like a ray of black light to stab the Qi ocean between Banner King Wuliang’s brows, nailing him into the earth.

Zhang Ruochen raised his finger to call the Abyss Ancient Sword back.

Then he walked to Banner King Wuliang to search his body. He found nothing special other than some recovering pills and blood pills.

...

The world of the First Gradient was black, quiet and cold. It was so dark that you couldn't see your hands in front of you.

According to Banner King Wuliang, there were many blood beasts living in the First Gradient. And several powerful figures of the Immortal Vampires had come to the First Gradient as well. Therefore, this place must be crisis-ridden, not safe at all.

So Zhang Ruochen didn't take out the Spiritual Crystal to illuminate, but to use his Heavenly Eyes to observe the environment.

“With spiritual power terribly restrained, the Heavenly Eyes could only detect an area of 500 meters in diameter.”

Figures above the state of Half-Saint could skip the 500 meters in a blink to attack Zhang Ruochen, with the power exploding from their human bodies.

He'd better be cautious under such circumstances.

Zhang Ruochen picked up the Seven Saint Snake Lance to hold it in hand. Meanwhile, he wrapped up his body with the Shooting Star Invisible Cloak to restrain the Qi of his whole body.

Zhang Ruochen searched the area for fifteen minutes. He found the Heavenly Devil Print, and a white chess piece.

There was blood stain on the chess piece.

“This is...”

Zhang Ruochen pinched the chess piece to sense it carefully. He perceived a strand of Qi of the Saint Lady.

“The Saint Lady surely has fallen to the First Gradient. Could...could she have been eaten up by the blood beasts?” Zhang Ruochen frowned. His hand held the Seven Saint Snake Lance even more tightly.

But soon, he found that the blood stain on the chess piece was somewhat unusual. Its shape was like an arrow.

“Maybe, the Saint Lady didn't die, but left the chess piece deliberately to point to her?”

Zhang Ruochen stood up to look in the direction pointed to by the chess piece.

A large part of the reason that he came to the First Gradient was for the Saint Lady. Now that he had some clues, however impossible it could be, he should walk on to have a try.

“If the chess piece had truly been left by the Saint Lady, other chess pieces could be found along the way.”

Zhang Ruochen picked up the Seven Saint Snake Lance, rushing in the way pointed to by the chess piece in big steps. Each step took him dozens of meters away.

About five kilometers away, Zhang Ruochen found another chess piece.

It was put under a black icy rock, which was about 50 kilograms in weight, pointing in another direction.

Zhang Ruochen laughed when he found the second chess piece. “I knew it! The Saint Lady can’t be killed so easily. She had so many protective treasures on her, enough to keep her alive.”

But beside the second chess piece, there were some footprints of the blood beasts and much blood, apparently the leftovers of a fierce battle.

Not only blood of the blood beasts, but also that of the Saint Lady.

The corpse of the blood beast had changed into a more than ten-meter-long skeleton. Each of its bones was as thick as Zhang Ruochen’s lap.

Apparently, other blood beasts had passed here and devoured the dead one.

It wasn’t for certain.

“The blood stain should have been left one month ago. The Saint Lady must have been wounded severely.”

Zhang Ruochen went on searching. He displayed his fastest speed, wanting to find the Saint Lady at the earliest time possible, instead of finding her corpse or bones.

Later on, Zhang Ruochen found one chess piece every 50 kilometers.

The way that the Saint Lady walked was not straight. It seemed that she was in exile.

Zhang Ruochen encountered a blood beast on his way to the Saint Lady.

The blood beast was a Cloud Gold Beast, which was more than 100 meters tall. It lay on its stomach like a hill.

Its original golden scales had turned blood red. Each of its breaths had turned into a hurricane to blow away the sand and rocks on the ground.

Zhang Ruochen didn't disturb it in the Shooting Star Invisible Cloak.

Once it was awake, Zhang Ruochen might not leave alive, even though his human body was very strong.

Zhang Ruochen had found 21 chess pieces, and finally gotten close to the Saint Lady.

The blood stain on the 21st chess piece was fresh, which should have been left just yesterday.

Clear footprints could be seen on the ground. Each was startlingly stained by blood.

How strong should the mind of the Saint Lady be that she had carried on for such a long time without falling down?

Searching forward, Zhang Ruochen soon saw the corpse of a Red Tiger. Weak breaths was heard behind the corpse. The Saint Lady was alive.

The Saint Lady heard the footsteps behind her. She was delighted and worried at the same time.

Was someone coming to save her, or to kill her?

In the next second, a young man with a Seven Saint Snake Lance in hand appeared in front of her.

Wasn't the Seven Saint Snake Lance the saint weapon of the Son of Deity of the Blood God Sect? How could this man have

it?

Was he a member of the Blood God Sect?

The Saint Lady was wounded so severely that she could do nothing other than crawl on the ground and tremble in the coldness, like an injured little sprawl abandoned in the world of ice and snow.

She didn't stand a chance to defend herself if the man were to try to kill her.

But the young man didn't kill her. He took off his coat to cover her soft wounded body.

Then he took out a recovering pill to put in her mouth.

The young man looked at her with gentleness. "You are badly wounded. Say nothing, I will cure you."

A very familiar look.

But the Saint Lady now was befuddled, and couldn't figure out where she had seen this pair of eyes before.

Then, a warm and soft big hand grabbed her cold little hand to pour a strand of Holy Qi into her palm.

The Saint Lady recovered gradually.

Light came back to her black eyes. She looked at the young man carefully, and finally remembered where she had seen his eyes before.

Her heartbeat sped up.

It's hard to believe that the vision in her mind had come to life.

Was that him?

The Saint Lady opened her lips slightly, smiling with irony. "Am I...am I in a dream? Or, rather, have I been dead?"

Zhang Ruochen looked at her eyes, and said, "If I found you later, you would probably have died for real."

The Saint Lady closed her eyes. The corners of her lips raised up a little, as if she was enjoying the moment and didn't want to wake up. Once she opened her eyes, maybe everything would disappear.

“Are you Zhang Ruochen?”

Finally, she asked this, wanting to know if she was right.

She was surely glad that someone had come to save her. But, if the person was Zhang Ruochen, its meaning would be totally different.

So the Saint Lady was quite nervous now. Her pretty teeth bit her lower lip. She stared at the stranger with eagerness.

Zhang Ruochen didn't reply to her. He stopped pouring the Holy Qi into her palm to stand up and look away.

Immediately he clutched to the Seven Saint Snake Lance, and shouted, “Come out! What's the meaning of hiding in the dark?”

The laugh of the Second Royal Prince of the Immortal Vampires was heard in the dark. “We are not hiding. We've just come a little later than you.”

Zoom.

A fire elemental spiritual crystal the size of a fist flew out to light up the area, changing the surroundings into a dim area.

Four shadows of the Immortal Vampires closed in on Zhang Ruochen and the Saint Lady from four different directions.

“It's the Immortal Vampires...”

The Saint Lady was alarmed. She wanted to stand up, but she was too weak to move her legs.

“You rest now. I'll handle it.” Zhang Ruochen gave her a firm look.

The look was full of confidence.

The Saint Lady nodded slightly like a little girl. She couldn't understand why she enjoyed the feeling of being in such a crisis. She felt like she was eating a candy, sweet and warm.

The Second Royal Prince of the Immortal Vampires stared at Zhang Ruochen. “Are you with the Blood God Sect?”

“Yes,” said Zhang Ruochen indifferently.

The Second Royal Prince of Immortal Vampires said, “Does the Blood God Sect want the Vampire Secrets as well? But you are too weak. Even if you have found the Saint Lady before us, you will be just another corpse.”

Chapter 958 - Fighting Alone

Translator:

Larbre Studio

Editor:

Larbre Studio

Zhang Ruochen gave an indifferent glance to the four Immortal Vampires before him.

They were all at the state of the Half-Saint. The royal uncle of the Immortal Vampire's royalties wasn't there, maybe still hiding in the dark.

Zhang Ruochen gave a stare to the darkness, and said, "Should there be another person besides you four? Why didn't he show up?"

The Second Royal Prince was shocked and said to himself: The man was just a Third Level Half-Saint, how could he be so acute to perceive the existence of my royal uncle?

Then the Second Royal Prince looked at the Saint Lady and understood immediately.

It must be that the Saint Lady had discovered the royal uncle with her strong spiritual power. Only she could have such an acumen.

But the Saint Lady was obviously too wounded to fight. There was no need to fear her.

"We don't need the royal uncle to deal with you two."

The Second Royal Prince put his hands behind his back, pretending to speak with nobility. "Saint Lady, my lordship, you'd better hand over the Vampire Secrets now, in case I should hurt you later with violence."

The Saint Lady said, "But I don't have the Vampire Secrets you want. In fact, I wonder where it is too."

The Second Royal Prince gave a gloomy look, and said, “I thought the Saint Lady was a clever woman. But you can be stupid sometimes. Senluo, you go and search the Saint Lady’s body. Be gentle. Don’t hurt her enervated body.”

“You’ve asked for the hard way.”

Blood General Senluo widened his copper-bell like eyes, moving his barrel thick legs to walk to the Saint Lady.

He was three meters tall. Iron chains which were as thick as bowls wound around his whole body.

The iron chains collided with each other to make a clang-clang noise after each step.

He was not ordinary as his cultivation had reached the Seventh Level of Half-Saint. And because he was an Immortal Vampire, his body was much stronger than those of humans at his same level.

Blood General Senluo stared at Zhang Ruochen standing before the Saint Lady. He grinned to let out his sharp buck teeth. “Young man of the Blood God Sect, do you want to save the beauty with your little body? Let me teach you a lesson of living honestly.”

Blood General Senluo pinched both his hands into fists. The iron chains all moved to cover up his whole body.

The iron chain was not ordinary refined iron, but a kind of saint weapon to have connected with Senluo’s bones, becoming a part of his body.

Blood General Senluo shouted when he was about 30 meters away from Zhang Ruochen. He stepped hard on the ground to jump up, throwing a fist to hit Zhang Ruochen.

Cold lights flashed on his fist.

Lightning flowed on each buckle of the iron chains. The Qi wave made from the explosion turned into a blurring shape of a bottle to reach Zhang Ruochen in advance.

Zhang Ruochen moved his right foot to lower his center of gravity. Then he wielded the Seven Saint Snake Lance to cleave.

Bang!

The Seven Saint Snake Lance cleaved the belly of Blood General Senluo to collide with the iron chains, making a penetrating noise.

Clang!

Blood General Senluo flew backwards for more than 30 meters. Then he had to retreat ten steps to stand firm.

He felt a violent pain in his belly. All his organs inside his body were injured more or less.

But Zhang Ruochen stayed at the original spot, looking heroic and steady like a pine tree. Only his hair kept dancing with the wind.

Just one strike had astonished the four Immortal Vampires on site.

Even though Blood General Senluo was hurt because of his careless move in the last round, the human of the Blood God Sect was not ordinary at all.

They had underestimated him before.

Another Blood General of the Immortal Vampire smirked, "Hehe. Senluo, what's wrong with you? You can't even handle a human at the Third Level of Half-Saint? Do you want me to give you a hand?"

Blood General Senluo humphed. He didn't answer to the ridicule of him, but stared at Zhang Ruochen opposite him with his blood red eyes. "I just wanted to drink your blood before. But now, I've changed my mind. I will make you into a Blood Slave and enslave you for 100 years."

"Who can't do trash talk? You'd better show some real stuff, if you want to enslave anybody," said Zhang Ruochen indifferently.

Blood General Senluo clenched his teeth, rushing to Zhang Ruochen with a shout. Dazzling lightning showed up on his thick arms.

"Heavenly King Fist."

Two fist prints were generated at the same time, making a sonic boom.

The Heavenly King Fist was a fist play of the superior-class Ghost Level. It was full of strength and extremely overbearing.

Suppressed by the Rules of the Heaven and the Earth in the First Gradient, Blood General Senluo found it hard to transfer the strong Holy Qi to bring out the real power of the Heavenly King Fist.

But of course, with the power of the human body the Heavenly King Fist could also be very powerful.

Stayed at his old spot, Zhang Ruochen observed the way of Blood General Senluo's fist move attentively.

The minute the two fist prints came about ten meters away from him, Zhang Ruochen changed his looks and grabbed the Seven Saint Snake Lance. He started late but gave a stab quickly.

The trace of the lance was not straight.

It went through the two fists of Blood General Senluo like a living spiritual snake to hit his throat accurately.

Fizz.

The lance went out of Blood General Senluo's neck with blood.

Blood General Senluo opened his eyes wide, finding it hard to believe. Then his arms burst out great power to have clamped the Seven Saint Snake Lance, and he stepped back with his left foot.

Zhang Ruochen shook his head slightly, and twisted the lance with both hands.

Crack.

The golden brilliance given out by the lance became a revolving power which broke Blood General Senluo's neck.

A giant head flew away.

Zhang Ruochen knew that a Half-Saint of the Immortal Vampire could still survive, so he immediately threw another hand print to hit the head of Blood General Senluo.

Boom.

The head exploded in midair, changing into a cloud of bloody mist.

Even the saint soul of Blood General Senluo vanished completely.

In just a few minutes, a higher level Half-Saint of the Immortal Vampire had been killed by Zhang Ruochen's lance. Only a headless corpse was left.

The Second Royal Prince of the Immortal Vampires bit his teeth violently. He was furious and couldn't stop his arms from shaking. "Now one in the younger generation of the Blood God Sect can be so powerful. Who are you?"

Zhang Ruochen held the Seven Saint Snake Lance in hand. He didn't answer him, but said, "The cultivation of the Second Royal Prince should have reached the Seventh Level of Half-Saint. Maybe you can even fight a Ninth Level Half-Saint as you have such a special body structure. What do you think... let's fight?"

Zhang Ruochen had fought with the Second Royal Prince before when he was only a First Level Half-Saint. But the gap between their cultivations was so wide that he had to run away.

Now the cultivation of Zhang Ruochen had reached the Third Level Half-Saint. Naturally, he wanted to fight the Second Royal Prince again.

This time, the Second Royal Prince wasn't impulsive. He scoffed, "I will not give you the chance to take us down one by one. Blood General Yunyi, Blood General Yunluan, let's fight together to kill the boy of the Blood God Sect first, then the Saint Lady."

Zoom.

The blood wings of the three Immortal Vampires opened wide simultaneously. They left the ground and hovered in lower air. They closed in on Zhang Ruochen from three directions.

The three were all powerful figures.

If they were on the ground, Zhang Ruochen could only fight one of them with his full strength.

Blood General Yunyi and Blood General Yunluan were both Eighth Level Half-Saints. In the First Gradient, their strengths were more powerful than that of Blood King Wuliang.

Now that the Second Royal Prince had reached the Seventh Level Half-Saint, his cultivation had improved greatly. With his special body structure, his strength was even more powerful than Blood General Yunyi and Blood General Yunluan.

Zhang Ruochen stared at the three and didn't panic. He made the move first to wield the Seven Saint Snake Lance to attack both Blood General Yunyi and Blood General Yunluan.

“Bold.”

Blood General Yunyi raised the round shield in his hand and defended it.

At the same time, he operated the thick Holy Qi in his body to activate the inscriptions in the shield.

Zoom.

The round shield gave out rings of blood red brilliance at once, which shrouded the area of about 30 meters in diameter, forming a round light curtain.

Blood General Yunluan shrank his body to the size of a fist. He flew above the Seven Saint Snake Lance, reaching out a sharp blood claw to hit the head of Zhang Ruochen.

The cold blood claw grew longer with thick blood waves, as if it was about to rip Zhang Ruochen into shreds.

The two worked perfectly together, one to defend, the other to attack.

If they were on the ground, Zhang Ruochen, or even figures at the Ninth Level of Half-Saint, would find it hard to resolve their attack.

Zhang Ruochen didn't take his lance back, but kept pouring power to hit the round light curtain in the color of blood.

With a bang, the light curtain was crushed.

The power bursting out from the Seven Saint Snake Lance collided with the shield in Blood General Yunyi's hand. Blood General Yunyi was thrown back to hit on the ground.

The arm holding the round shield of Blood General Yunyi was broken. He spit a mouthful of blood, looking extremely awkward.

"How could his body be so strong? He's not weaker than some of the saints," Blood General Yunyi said to himself.

Although Zhang Ruochen had hurt Blood General Yunyi, he had put himself in danger.

The claw of Blood General Yuanluan scratched his neck with a sharp freezing wind.

Even though Zhang Ruochen had retreated quickly, three lines of bloody claw prints were left on his neck.

Zhang Ruochen didn't look to his wound, but to stabilize his footsteps. Then he rushed forward with a quicker speed to crash into Blood General Yunluan with his body.

"Go to hell."

Blood General Yunluan bent his knees to lower his waist and belly. He made a horse-riding step and gathered all his Holy Qi to his claws.

The blood red claws were tough and sharp, like they were made by red jade or colored gauze. Lines of freezing ice elemental inscriptions appeared on its surface.

Each claw was a saint weapon.

Chapter 959 - The Blood Saint

Translator:

Larbre Studio

Editor:

Larbre Studio

Zhang Ruochen shrank his eyes to pour all his Holy Qi into his arms. He made 27 palm prints in a row to hit at the claws of Blood General Yunluan.

Bang bang.

At first, Blood General Yunluan could defend himself from Zhang Ruochen's palm prints. But after the tenth palm print, his claws were cut down.

The following 17 palm prints all landed on the body of Blood General Yunluan.

After Zhang Ruochen took the palm prints back, Blood General Yunluan's skin exploded. He was bleeding.

His body was like a boneless meatball, spreading on the ground.

If someone examined the wounds of Blood General Yunluan, he would find that all bones and veins inside Blood General Yunluan had been broken by Zhang Ruochen.

Although Zhang Ruochen had defeated two of the powerful figures of the Immortal Vampires, he didn't relax a bit. He grabbed the Seven Saint Snake Lance again, and turned around to face the attack of the Second Royal Prince.

The Second Royal Prince had a high achievement in Sword Techniques. The 1.2 meter long sword revolved quickly in his hand, forming a sword curtain covering up the sky and the ground.

Apparently, he had noticed that the boy of the Blood God Sect had a strong body. So he didn't choose to hit him hard, but try to use sophisticated Sword Techniques to defeat him.

“Sword One,” Zhang Ruochen said to himself.

Although he had the Seven Saint Snake Lance in hand, he still displayed a Sword Technique to stab in front of him with the feeling of the Sword One.

Just one stab had broken all sword Qi and forced the Second Royal Prince to retreat.

The Second Royal Prince looked at a hole in his left sleeve, feeling scared as well as furious. “You used the Sword Technique.”

“Yes, I did use the Sword Technique.”

After saying the words, Zhang Ruochen sensed something. He looked to the right behind the Second Royal Prince. There, he could see a shadow with giant blood wings show up.

The person was only standing quietly afar, but a strand of frightening power waves was generated. Rings of blood ripples spread in the air, enveloping the whole space.

Obviously, the person was the royal uncle of the Immortal Vampires.

“Now the real strong one appears.”

Zhang Ruochen put on a grave face. He put away the Seven Saint Snake Lance in the Spatial Ring, then called the Abyss Ancient Sword out to hold it in hand.

The person must be a saint with the strong body of an Immortal Vampire. Even if Zhang Ruochen had Five Elements Chaotic Body, he couldn't defeat him.

Only by using the power of time and space could he have a chance to win.

Seeing Zhang Ruochen pick out the Abyss Ancient Sword, the bright eyes of the Saint Lady, who was sitting on the ground, gave out brilliance like two black pearls.

No words could express her feelings now.

It was really Zhang Ruochen. He had risked his life to come down into the Bottomless Abyss to save her.

It had to be said that Zhang Ruochen was not a sect leader of the Way of Confucius, nor a War Saint of the imperial court, but just a young Half-Saint.

But he had done the thing undone by the sect leaders of the Way of Confucius or the War Saints.

“Why should he do this?”

The Saint Lady thought about it, and found it a little hard to breathe and was disarrayed.

A little blush showed on her flawless face. She had forgotten what a dangerous situation they were in. They could die at any time.

The Second Royal Prince now stared at the Spatial Ring on Zhang Ruochen’s finger, and the black ancient sword.

“Why do you have Zhang Ruochen’s sword?”

The Second Royal Prince observed the boy of the Blood God Sect again, finding it hard to understand why both saint weapons of Mei Lanzhu and Zhang Ruochen were in his hands.

King Xianlan walked out with a slow pace. His evil eyes, which gave out blood light, stared at Zhang Ruochen, as if he had seen him through.

He said, “Because he is Zhang Ruochen himself.”

“He’s Zhang Ruochen?” The Second Royal Prince was astonished again.

King Xianlan said, “Who else could defeat two Immortal Vampires at the Eighth Level of Half-Saint in a row with a cultivation at only the Third Level of Half-Saint, other than the Time and Space Descendant, Zhang Ruochen, with the Five Elements Chaotic Body?”

King Xianlan stood straight with his hands behind his back. The armor on him was like blood crystal. He stood there like a

steadfast mountain. Any human beings would feel desperate in having met him.

Even if the Rules of the Heaven and the Earth in the First Gradient had suppressed his cultivation, his power was still too strong to be compared to Half-Saints.

Saints were dominators wherever they were.

In the eyes of saints, all lives below the saint realm were like pests which could be killed with a blink.

King Xianlan stared at Zhang Ruochen, “Zhang Ruochen, I’ve always regarded you as a rare talent. As long as you chop off the Saint Lady’s head and hand the Vampire Secrets to me, you will surely be crowned a king back in the Qingtian Tribe.”

Zhang Ruochen looked at the Saint Lady and laughed. “Even if I wanted to, I’m afraid the Second Royal Prince wouldn’t agree to it.”

The Second Royal Prince laughed. “Zhang Ruochen, you’ve taken me as a petty person. Although we had some grudges in the past, I can totally forgive you, as long as you join my camp.”

Then the Second Royal Prince added, “The Saint Lady was one of the most favored Maidens of the Empress. If you could kill her, you would surely make your name.”

Zhang Ruochen didn’t change his face, and said, “But I had life-death connections with Miss Nalan. I can’t kill her.”

The Saint Lady was a little recovered. She stood up slowly. Her slender figure was like a beautiful crescent.

“Zhang Ruochen, the man opposite was a younger brother of the Blood Emperor Qingtian, called King Xianlan. He reached the saint realm long ago. If I am fully recovered, I can defeat him.”

The Saint Lady was reminding Zhang Ruochen that he shouldn’t fight with King Xianlan right away, but retreat. After giving her some time to recover, then they could fight back.

Zhang Ruochen didn’t want to fight King Xianlan the hard way. He didn’t stand a chance to win against a saint with his

current cultivation.

King Xianlan saw that it was impossible for Zhang Ruochen to surrender to the Immortal Vampires, and his eyes became even more ruthless. He said coldly, “I will deal with Zhang Ruochen. Your Royal Highness, you will capture the Saint Lady.”

But before King Xianlan and the Second Royal Prince could make the move, two black pills flew from Zhang Ruochen’s hands to explode in front of them, changing into two clouds of Evil Death Qi.

The two black pills had been refined by Zhang Ruochen recently. The Evil Death Qi contained in it was dozens of times stronger than before.

Zoom.

King Xianlan took the Second Royal Prince to retreat rapidly backwards. He didn’t stop until they’d retreated more than 300 meters.

But the severely wounded Blood General Yunyi and Yunluan weren’t lucky like them.

The Evil Death Qi entered their body immediately. Their wounds all became black and their bodies badly eroded.

Their cultivations were suppressed in the First Gradient. So they couldn’t resist the Evil Death Qi.

“Blood King...my lord...help!”

The pathetic screams of Blood General Yunyi were heard from inside the Evil Death Qi.

The Second Royal Prince was chilled and looked to King Xianlan. “Royal Uncle, they are two powerful generals with high cultivations...”

Before the Second Royal Prince could finish his words, King Xianlan shook his head and said firmly, “The situation is too different from the ground above. I can’t resolve the Evil Death Qi easily even with my cultivation. We are here for the Vampire Secrets. Let’s go after Zhang Ruochen and the Saint Lady first. We can’t let them run away.”

After Zhang Ruochen threw the Evil Death Qi, he took the Saint Lady immediately and displayed his quickest speed to run away.

While running to the front, Zhang Ruochen looked at the Saint Lady in his arms, and asked, “How long does it take to recover your spiritual power completely?”

The soft arms of the Saint Lady clutched to Zhang Ruochen, looking very quiet and sweet. She said softly, “Three days.”

“Three days?”

Zhang Ruochen looked behind and said, “King Xianlan would catch up with us in less than half an hour at such a speed.”

If Zhang Ruochen was alone, he had confidence he could survive from the fight with King Xianlan.

But with the Saint Lady, he had to spare a mind to look after her. By then, neither of them could run away.

A river condensed by bloody mist gushed to Zhang Ruochen and the Saint Lady from behind, approaching them gradually.

King Xianlan and the Second Royal Prince stood at the front of the blood river.

The Saint Lady frowned. “I have exhausted all my spiritual power and most of my blood Qi to arrive at the edge of total exhaustion. How can I fully recover to my prime so easily?”

Zhang Ruochen knew that the Saint Lady was experiencing difficulties, so he stopped placing all the hope on her.

Thousands of ideas came to him.

All of a sudden, Zhang Ruochen’s eyes lit up. “I have a risky way. Maybe we can have a try.”

Then he changed the direction by moving his feet to rush a different way.

He couldn’t fight hard with King Xianlan, so he had to borrow someone’s strength.

Whose?

Only the power of the blood beasts in the First Gradient.

So Zhang Ruochen immediately thought about the sleeping Cloud Gold Beast that he had run into before.

“Royal Uncle, Zhang Ruochen escaped in a different direction,” said the Second Royal Prince.

“There is no road to the heaven nor hell here, no matter where he runs.” King Xianlan gave a sharp look, and changed his direction to follow up with an even quicker speed.

Rustle.

Sand and stones kept rolling on the ground.

Strands of blood Qi had gushed above the heads of Zhang Ruochen and the Saint Lady. King Xianlan was less than 300 meters behind them.

270 meters, 240 meters...

The closer they were, the stronger the blood Qi became.

Chapter 960 - The Mystery

Translator:

Larbre Studio

Editor:

Larbre Studio

The cold and piercing murderous Qi approached their backs with the feeling of impending crisis. It was like sharp needles piercing the skin one by one, shuddering the nerves all over their bodies.

It was an impending crisis of death full of desperation. They would probably vanish like smoke in the next minute, disappearing from the world.

Who could stay calm in the face of death?

King Xianlan was only about 90 meters behind Zhang Ruochen. The blood Qi given out by him had condensed into dozens of skeletons, making a cracking noise.

King Xianlan now was like the Death from Hell, who had the lives of Zhang Ruochen and the Saint Lady in hand.

Zhang Ruochen's forehead was covered with big droplets of sweat. He lowered his legs and stepped into the rock with a crack.

He restrained himself to give a sudden turn. He operated the spatial Qi to chop behind him.

The space of dozens of meters in diameter took a violent quake.

Then a more than ten-meter-long spatial crack was created and flew away to hit King Xianlan who was closely after them.

The Rules of the Heaven and the Earth were surely different in the First Gradient than that of the ground.

But the spatial rules didn't change much, so Zhang Ruochen could still display the spatial power freely.

Because of the last resort of this spatial power, Zhang Ruochen had the power to fight with saints.

Seeing the spatial crack coming at him, King Xianlan was shocked and slid away immediately.

Spatial power was one of the original powers of the world, which couldn't be defended with the Holy Qi practiced by a monk. They had to dodge it.

King Xianlan was quick enough to just be hurt by the spatial crack.

But in such a short time, Zhang Ruochen and the Saint Lady had rushed hundreds of meters away, almost disappearing in the horizon.

“The Rules of the Heaven and the Earth didn't suppress the spatial power of Zhang Ruochen. This is not good.”

King Xianlan put on a grave face. He began to look at Zhang Ruochen with seriousness, daring not to underestimate him.

This Zhang Ruochen, who could display spatial power, was a big threat. He didn't have complete confidence to tackle Zhang Ruochen down, even if he had a high cultivation.

He kept chasing him for more than 500 kilometers.

The world was still dark and cold. But at the far end of the darkness, a strong strand of the saint beast's Qi could be perceived, which intimidated them all.

They were closer to where the Cloud Gold Beast fell asleep.

The giant Cloud Gold Beast moved slowly to stand up, like a dark red mountain. It had a scary head and a craggy body. Its antique Qi led people to suspect that it had lived for 1,000 years.

The longevity of savage beasts were several times, even ten times longer than that of human beings. Even the Immortal Vampires couldn't compare with them.

Apparently, the Cloud Gold Beast had found the four living creatures rapidly approaching. It made a roar, which generated

a strong wild wind to blow the giant rocks which were dozens of kilograms in weight.

The Saint Lady stared at the Cloud Gold Beast not far away, perceiving its terrible Qi of wildness. She said, “Zhang Ruochen, the Cloud Gold Beast has reached the saint realm. It can crack mountains and rivers. We can’t afford to tease it.”

“I know, but we don’t have other options.”

Zhang Ruochen kept rushing to the Cloud Gold Beast. They became closer and closer to it. 5 kilometers away, and they went on.

Zhang Ruochen’s body was only the size of a rice grain to the Cloud Gold Beast’s eyes, not special from an ant.

The power of the wind created by it could almost blow him and the Saint Lady away.

King Xianlan and the Second Royal Prince closely after them saw the awakening Cloud Gold Beast as well.

“Royal Uncle, the Qi given by the blood beast is truly terrible. If we went on, we would probably die with Zhang Ruochen.”

The Second Royal Prince felt his heart pounding violently and his legs trembling. He dared not to approach it.

“Zhang Ruochen led us here on purpose to bluff with the power of that blood beast. The blood beast was powerful, but I’m not afraid of it.” King Xianlan was determined and showed no fear.

The saintified creatures had become owners of the Heaven and the Earth. Therefore, they had determined minds and strong willpower. With a chance to fight, they would not be scared off by other creatures at the saint realm.

Apparently, the Cloud Gold Beast wasn’t enough to scare off King Xianlan.

4.5 kilometers. 4 kilometers. 3.5 kilometers...

Zhang Ruochen and the Saint Lady had arrived at the foot of the Cloud Gold Beast. They could see the dustpan-sized scales on its belly, and its tough claws like divine iron.

One of its claws could have smashed a mountain which was one kilometer high.

Even Zhang Ruochen and the Saint Lady were about to panic by now. With the smallest mistake, they could have died under the feet of the Cloud Gold Beast and become bones.

Each of the five claws of the Cloud Gold Beast generated a cloud of bloody mist. With its wave, the current was disturbed, making roars.

Two claws hit toward Zhang Ruochen and the Saint Lady.

The other three hit toward King Xianlan and the Second Royal Prince from behind.

The dark red claws were dozens of times larger than Zhang Ruochen's body. Before it landed on the ground, it had pressed down the ground under Zhang Ruochen's feet.

“Spatial movement.”

All of a sudden, the bodies of Zhang Ruochen and the Saint Lady disappeared from underneath the Cloud Gold Beast's claws, as if they had gone through an invisible water curtain.

In the next instant, they appeared at the back of the Cloud Gold Beast. They flashed a little, then disappeared in the darkness.

“Zhang Ruochen, you can't run away from me!”

King Xianlan kept shouting. He wanted to defeat the Cloud Gold Beast to go on chasing the escaping Zhang Ruochen and the Saint Lady.

But the Cloud Gold Beast was more furious than he was. Its power had totally suppressed King Xianlan, stopping him from going away.

In a short while, Zhang Ruochen had taken the Saint Lady dozens of kilometers away.

The noise of King Xianlan fighting with the Cloud Gold Beast could still be heard constantly. The ground kept shaking. If an ordinary monk went close to them, he would surely die there.

“The living creatures at the saint realm were truly terrible. Even if his cultivation has been suppressed hundreds of times, his battle power is still formidable for Half-Saints.”

Zhang Ruochen’s robes had been soaked with sweat.

It was too scary. Once they had been involved in the battle, they would have found it hard to survive.

The Saint Lady was relieved as well. She pressed her lips together. “That’s not necessarily true. Excellent figures on the Half-Saint Rank can fight living creatures at the saint realm. With your body and your talent, you will get your name on the list sooner or later.”

There were only 100 names on the whole Half-Saint Rank, including human Half-Saints in the Kunlun’s Field, Taigu Remains, heirs of divine beasts, and some of the living creatures at the state of Half-Saint who’d been born in thousands of Fields outside the Kunlun’s Field.

In fact, the human Half-Saints in the Kunlun’s Field had only taken up one third of names on the Half-Saint Rank. The rest were all taken by members from other clans of savage beasts.

This meant that each living creature on the list was an outstanding figure.

It’s not the first time that Zhang Ruochen heard about the Half-Saint Rank. He wondered, “It is said that the Half-Saint Rank was edited by you. The Kunlun’s Field is so vast. And the thousands of other uncountable Fields are all over the universe. How could you know so much information about the Half-Saint living creatures?”

The Saint Lady didn’t answer him. She smiled. “The world is vast and borderless indeed. The more I know, the smaller I feel myself become. In fact the Half-Saint Rank isn’t very accurate. Many unknown creatures are not on it.”

Zhang Ruochen felt that she meant something else, as if she knew many secrets that ordinary people had no access to.

But since she didn’t want to talk about it, Zhang Ruochen stopped asking.

The Saint Lady looked up at the determined Zhang Ruochen with her vivid eyes, and added, “Actually, it was not just for a ranking. Editing the Half-Saint Rank had deeper meanings. You’ll see before long.”

Zhang Ruochen took the Saint Lady on the run for more than 5000 kilometers to arrive at a steep and craggy area.

Some black cliffs were more than 30 kilometers high, being wrapped up with complicated Rules of the Heaven and the Earth, which made it hard for Half-Saints to climb on them.

Some other places shaped like gullies reached deep to the bottom. Only intimidating darkness could be seen, which seemed to devour the saint souls of the monks.

“The Rules of the Heaven and the Earth have suppressed the cultivation of monks to less than 1/200. If I don’t have a strong body, the destructive power burst with the Holy Qi can’t even compare with the martial practitioners at the Heavenly Realm on the ground.”

Zhang Ruochen took back the Holy Qi floating on his palm and said to himself, “Is this the entrance of the Second Gradient?”

Zhang Ruochen stopped at the edge of a valley. He didn’t go on, in case there were more scary dangers.

The Saint Lady took in the Blood Pill to infuse her Qi of blood. Her strength recovered gradually.

She stood beside Zhang Ruochen. Her soft and slender body was like a weak willow. She opened her lips and asked, “What do you mean by the Second Gradient?”

The Saint Lady didn’t know much about the world underneath the Bottomless Abyss, although she was very knowledgeable.

So Zhang Ruochen told her everything he knew, including the three gradients of the Bottomless Abyss and the secret of Blood Beast.

The Saint Lady was lost in thought after hearing this. She said, “Savage beasts can’t come to the bottom of the Bottomless Abyss and change into Blood Beasts by accident. I think there

must be a scary secret in the First Gradient and the Second Gradient.”

Zhang Ruochen said, “I think so. But, we don’t have much proof now. Banner King Wuliang once said that the savage beasts had absorbed the Qi of blood of the Blood Queen, then became the blood beasts. If he didn’t lie to me, then where did the Blood Queen leave her Qi of blood?”

Zhang Ruochen found that the Saint Lady was staring at him attentively, which made him quite uncomfortable. Puzzled, he said, “What’s wrong, Miss Nalan?”

Chapter 961 - Four Changes of Scale One

Translator:

Larbre Studio

Editor:

Larbre Studio

The Saint Lady lowered her regal head. She was troubled and indecisive. “I have a question for you.”

“What question?”

Zhang Ruochen was surprised. This was his first time seeing the Saint Lady so uncertain.

“Did you come to save me or to search for the secret of the blood beasts?” the Saint Lady asked.

“Both!” Zhang Ruochen said matter-of-factly.

Which one is more true? The Saint Lady really wanted to ask this, but after thinking, she felt like it was too obvious. She swallowed her words.

She was the Saint Lady—representative of the Confucius Way and a Spiritual Saint. How could she ask such an immature question?

Zhang Ruochen didn't sense the Saint Lady's odd expression. “Actually, I felt quite guilty when I heard the news of you dying. At the same time, I didn't think that you'd really died, so I thought to come to the Bottomless Abyss.”

“Why did you feel guilty?” the Saint Lady asked.

“If I didn't tell you that the ancestor of the Shangguan Clan had written the Vampire Secrets, would you have gone? If you didn't go, you wouldn't have run into trouble.”

“I see.”

The light in the Saint Lady's eyes dimmed and lost its luster. So Zhang Ruochen had only come to the first tier to save her because of guilt.

With Zhang Ruochen's personality, he would probably have come no matter what, even if it was another Monk in trouble. He was this kind of person.

The Saint Lady wasn't as important to him as she'd thought.

Zhang Ruochen's expression was quite serious. "Lady Nala, did you get the Vampire Secrets from the Shangguan Clan or not? Why did you come to the Bottomless Abyss? What exactly happened one month ago?"

The Saint Lady put away her low spirits and shook her head softly. "I didn't see Saint King Que, but he had someone send me a slip of paper with the two words 'Bottomless Abyss' on it. I couldn't guess his meaning, so I decided to check personally."

"However, soon after I left the Shangguan Clan, I was attacked by several Immortal Vampire Saints. I guessed that they have a spy in the Shangguan Clan and that he has a very high status."

"That's impossible," Zhang Ruochen said. "With Saint King Que's cultivation and knowledge of the Vampires, how can there be a spy right before his eyes without him realizing?"

"I don't know what happened either, but the Shangguan Clan definitely leaked my information. Only a few people knew that I went there. It won't be hard to find them if I can return alive."

Zhang Ruochen had wanted to resolve some confusion through Saint Lady. After talking to her, he discovered that he had more questions.

Saint King Que hadn't given the Saint Lady the Vampire Secrets and instead sent her to the Bottomless Abyss?

Did this mean that the Vampire Secrets was in the Bottomless Abyss or something else?

More importantly, since Saint King Que could send someone to give the Saint Lady a slip of paper, why didn't he meet her

personally?

Did he fear something and couldn't say it aloud? Or was Saint King Que even the one who gave the Saint Lady the message? It was still a mystery if he was even alive or not.

No matter what the truth was, the Shangguan Clan and Bottomless Abyss must hide a very big secret.

Zhang Ruochen could feel that the secret must have something to do with the Sacred Central Empire's coup 800 years ago.

This region was very hidden. Even if King Xianlan was able to escape, it wasn't easy to find this place.

Zhang Ruochen found a natural triangular grotto between two mountain walls. It was a few dozen feet deep. He could stay in it for now.

He cleaned up the place and took some everyday necessities out of his spatial ring. This included clean clothes, fresh water, medicine and more. He gave it all to the Saint Lady so she could rest in the grotto and recover her Spiritual Power.

Zhang Ruochen didn't go far. At the cave entrance, he took out the box he'd taken from Mei Lanzhu and checked it again. He still couldn't open it, so he had to give up and put it back.

He'd only reached the Third Level of the Half-Saint Realm. He couldn't try for the Fourth Level any time soon.

If he wanted to improve his abilities, he had to think of other ways.

Zhang Ruochen took out the Time and Space Secret Guide and started studying the second level of the Sword Technique of Time—Scales Sword Technique.

There were eight moves in total and were also known as the Eight Scales of Change.

The first level of the Sword Technique of Time, the Instantaneous Sword Technique, only had 900 simple techniques and weren't connected. Instead, each move only had a time print melded into it. Its power was naturally limited too.

The Scales Sword Technique was much more powerful. It contained more time prints and more complicated changes. Each move was advanced. Every move that he learned would improve the strength of his sword technique.

The first move of the Eight Scales of Change was the Four Changes of Scale One.

According to the Time and Space Secret Guide, he could affect the flow of time within 300 feet after completing this technique. If he completed the eighth move, Life and Death of Scale One, he could make time stop entirely for a short while.

The true mystery of the Scales Sword Technique wasn't only in changing the speed of time. The precision of the techniques was equivalent to a saint technique.

Each technique had 25 moves and 125 variations.

It wasn't Zhang Ruochen's first time studying the Scales Sword Technique. He'd already cultivated it for a long time, but he just couldn't complete the first technique.

It wasn't easy to combine five time prints into a sword technique.

I can already combine four time prints into the technique. There's only one more step before success.

Zhang Ruochen put the Time and Space Secret Guide away. He picked up the Abyss Ancient Sword and closed his eyes, sensing the serenity around him.

"Time and space are not alone. The world surrounds it."

Zhang Ruochen caught a time print and added it to his sword technique. He stabbed his sword forward and faint ripples spread out.

Whoosh, whoosh.

He kept practicing without stop.

He stabbed at least 1,000 times the entire day, but he couldn't complete the first move successfully.

The second level of the Time and Space Sword Technique was much harder than he'd thought.

Next, he continued studying the Time and Space Secret Guide. He felt like he was at the brink of a breakthrough.

Roar!

A blood beast's roar hurt his eardrums. It traveled from deep inside the gully. The black mountains on all sides were shaking.

Zhang Ruochen's ears hurt and it was pitch black before him. Blood Qi rumbled within him. If his body wasn't so strong, he probably would've been heavily injured already.

How could there be such terrifying blood beasts in the first tier?

He immediately closed the Time and Space Secret Guide. Jumping, he stepped off the wall and rushed up a few hundred feet as if it was flat ground.

Whoosh!

The Abyss Ancient Sword stabbed into the wall, burying itself halfway in. Zhang Ruochen grabbed the hilt and pressed against the wall. He looked in the direction of the beastly roar.

A large mass of bloody light shone from the distance, surging from the bottomless gully. Hundreds of miles in radius turned dark red.

Thick bloody mist transformed into a cloud of Qi and rolled in the gully. He could faintly see huge wings flapping in the mist.

He was standing at such a distance but could still see the two wings. It was evident just how huge the blood beast was. Zhang Ruochen could also see a tiny black dot on the beast's back.

The black dot seemed to be... a person.

They were so far away, but the blood beast's roar had almost heavily injured Zhang Ruochen. It was probably countless times more powerful than the Cloud Gold Beast.

How could someone be standing on such a powerful beast?

Who was it?

The beast flew out of the gully, transforming into a blood-red spark that shot into the air and disappeared into the darkness. The blood light within the gully gradually dissipated.

Zhang Ruochen gasped. “Is that the entrance to the second tier? Who was standing on the blood beast?”

Zhang Ruochen estimated the distance. The gully with the blood light was more than 1,000 miles away.

“Oh, no. That blood beast’s cry traveled at least a few thousand miles. It may attract King Xianlan.”

Zhang Ruochen immediately pulled out the Abyss Ancient Sword and walked down the wall to return to the ground.

The Saint Lady had been shocked by the beast’s roar too and came out of the grotto. She’d washed off the bloodstains and changed into a pure white silk dress. The jade belt showed off her thin waist.

She’d washed her black hair too. It tumbled down her face gently, hanging at her waist.

Soft, delicate, pristine, elegant, pure... No type of praise was enough to describe her beauty. Compared to the pathetic look of yesterday, she was like a whole other person.

Zhang Ruochen stared at her face and was dazed for a bit. After all, it was rare to see the Saint Lady in a dress. She was shockingly beautiful each time and gave off a different aura.

“What happened?” she asked.

“Just now, there was an eerie blood-red light,” Zhang Ruochen said. “It spread for hundreds of miles. That light might have come from the second tier and may be the Blood Qi that the Blood Empress left behind.”

Chapter 962 - Making the Move

Translator:

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Editor:

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The unknown depth of the second gradient and the Blood Qi left by the Blood Empress sparked fear and curiosity.

The Saint Lady was not a typical scholar who was conservative and restrained. In fact, she had an unquenchable thirst for knowledge.

The more dangerous the matter was, the more she wanted to conquer and explore.

Zhang Ruochen detected a flicker of interest in her eyes, and asked, “You would like to check out the place where the abnormal blood red light glowed?”

“Yes.” The Saint Lady nodded lightly and said, “I have a feeling, the place that was glowing blood red was somehow related to the origin of the blood beast.”

The Saint Lady was not an ordinary mortal. She was a saint of Spiritual Power.

The instinct of the saints who possessed the Spiritual Power was different from a mortal's. They could see things the mortals could not subconsciously, things that were beyond time and space.

Of course, the power the saints possessed was limited. Most of the time, they could only catch a short glimpse.

Comparatively, the Time and Space Descendent would fare better in terms of seeing things across the time and space.

That said, Zhang Ruochen's instinct was relatively more accurate.

For instance, he had an uneasy feeling that the Saint Lady might encounter danger during her visit to the Shangguan Clan. Indeed, that visit was a near-death experience for her.

His gut feeling also told him that the Saint Lady might not be dead, hence he went undercover in the Blood God Sect to investigate.

Once again, his instinct was proven accurate.

These instincts could be images of the future which he had seen through time and space using his Spiritual Power.

However, he could not pick up the images accurately as his Spiritual Power was too weak and his understanding on the time and space was still at a shallow level.

Eventually, those images faded and resided in his subconscious, and welled up as gut instinct instead.

These feelings were triggered occasionally, and he had no control over it.

Perhaps when his Spiritual Power had gotten stronger, as well as his understanding of Time and Space got deeper, he could use this power to find out about more things.

The saints of Spiritual Power had the ability to predict the future too. The stronger the Spiritual Power, the more accurate the skill would be.

There was, of course, limitation.

Taking the Saint Lady as an example, if she could anticipate one's misfortune and good fortune, why couldn't she anticipate hers?

Nevertheless, there were too many unpredictable factors in the future. It was more practical to have a strong and powerful cultivation, rather than relying on an uncertain prediction.

Zhang Ruochen nodded, then asked, "How much has your Spiritual Power recovered?"

"Twenty to thirty percent, I think!" the Saint Lady replied.

Though she had only recovered a third of her strength, she was as good as those who had just turned a saint.

Never underestimate the Saint Lady's ability.

Zhang Ruochen stared straight into an endless darkness, then said, "Before we check out the place, we need to defeat the enemy first. I heard the howling of the blood beast, that means King Xianlan will be here soon."

The Saint Lady's eyes flickered, and her long lashes fluttered. "Instead of waiting, why don't we make the move first. This place has a unique energy where it degrades a monk's cultivation and suppresses his strength. Your body does not get affected, giving you an advantage as you will be on par with King Xianlan."

"Furthermore, I have a trick that might be useful."

Zhang Ruochen turned to a side and asked, "What kind of trick?"

"I can play the zither for you."

The Saint Lady smiled faintly and extended her hand, showing off her fair skin. Something glowed from between her fingers.

It was a miniature jade zither. Despite its tiny size, each strand of the strings was well crafted.

The zither grew bigger to a size of a standard zither, and she had to hold it with both her hands.

Its body was flat and shallow with a smooth curve at the edge, taking after the shape of a phoenix. The craftsmanship was remarkable, and the material used seemed unusual. One could tell this was not an ordinary zither.

Zhang Ruochen knew the string instrument was not meant for leisure.

Among the four sects of Confucianism, the leading sect – the Zither Sect was the school of string music. With a strum of the zither, the practitioner could kill someone, tame a beast, or even set the Rules of Heaven and Earth.

A zitherist who had achieved the saint level could defend against a thousand soldiers with his music.

In this place where darkness was the only thing known, everything seemed more enjoyable when there was music played by a beauty to keep him company.

Yet he could not enjoy the pleasure when there was danger lurking somewhere in the darkness.

Zhang Ruochen and the Saint Lady had decided to set up a trap to lure King Xianlan. In order to do so, much preparation was needed.

Launching a sneak attack on the King was the best option, since this would take the least time.

The previous howling of the blood beast did alert both the King Xianlan and the Second Prince.

Rather than rushing over immediately, King Xianlan chose to stay put. He had always been extremely cautious.

His cover in the Ancient Race of Prison Guardian of almost a century had never been blown showed how meticulous he was.

“If I could hear the howl, so could Zhang Ruochen and the Saint Lady. It’s possible that they have gotten there before us,” said King Xianlan.

“Wouldn’t it be better if they have? Aren’t we worrying about how to find them?” said the Second Prince. His eyes were twinkling in satisfaction and his lips curled upward.

“We should be more careful. Do not underestimate Zhang Ruochen and the Saint Lady. If the Saint Lady has recovered, I might not be able to take her down.”

King Xianlan looked worried. Never once did he dare to lose focus.

“Yes, the Saint Lady is very powerful. But she was severely wounded when she left. It’s only been a day. How could she have recovered?” the Second Prince replied.

“In fact, this is the best time to go after them. If we continue waiting and the Saint Lady recovers, we wouldn’t even stand a

chance.”

King Xianlan was convinced. What the Second Prince said was reasonable.

He sped up and flew toward the source of the howl.

As he got closer, he could feel the temperature get colder. There was a steep-sided black canyon of a few thousands meters in height blocking him from advancing forward. The steep surface was bizarrely smooth as if it was carved by a sharp object.

“There are traces of the mortals.”

King Xianlan paused and looked down. There were trails of footprints left by two men, and it was not difficult to guess they were Zhang Ruochen and the Saint Lady.

The Second Prince looked pleased and exclaimed, “That’s great! Follow the trail and we’ll be able to find them. Father will be pleased when I bring them back.”

The Second Prince was under pressure due to the Royal Prince. He could not wait to win his father, Blood Emperor Qingtian’s, heart to secure his title.

On the other hand, King Xianlan hesitated. He sensed something and had been keeping an eye on the footsteps.

His instinct told him that a fatal attack was coming from the right. And true enough, the space area on his right started cracking and shattering like glass, and the cracks quickly expanded outward to within his reach.

The area that was cracked shattered into pieces. There was no other power that could stop it from breaking.

“It’s a trap!”

Intuitively, King Xianlan struck his palm against the Second Prince, pushing him into the shattering space.

The push propelled King Xianlan to the left and thus avoided the shattering space.

The Second Prince who was thrown into the shattering space was grinded into pieces.

Eventually, he was swallowed completely and nothing of him was left.

The Second Prince did try multiple defensive spells to protect himself, but they lasted only for a second before he vanished completely.

King Xianlan inhaled deeply and let out a roar, “Zhang Ruochen, show yourself!”

Zhang Ruochen’s voice echoed in the dark. “What a strategic sacrifice! I spent much effort to set up this trap but you avoided it effortlessly.”

King Xianlan sensed the sarcasm.

But he could not care less. “You are the one who killed the Second Prince. I have nothing to do with this.”

“How can I not take the blame when you have already said so?”

In the dark, Zhang Ruochen kept changing his location by performing the Spatial Move in his Shooting Star Invisible Cloak.

His constant movement made it difficult for King Xianlan to locate his whereabouts.

Instead of trying to locate Zhang Ruochen, he was detecting the Saint Lady.

The Saint Lady must be somewhere nearby if Zhang Ruochen is here.

Indeed, King Xianlan found her sitting a few hundred miles away.

She had a jade zither on her lap, looking calm, as if she’d been enveloped in a peaceful mist.

Zhang Ruochen will definitely show himself if I attack the Saint Lady, King Xianlan thought.

Three ivory divine swords sprung out from the forehead of King Xianlan.

Each sword was emitting bright light.

Two of the swords flew toward the Saint Lady at full speed.

But the Saint Lady did not seem to bother. She strummed the zither, moving her fingers gracefully between the strings.

Something came out of the zither: a loud shriek, followed by a shower of sparks.

The sparks then ignited fire, which went straight to the incoming swords.

The fire howled as it swirled around and turned into a phoenix. It bounced back the incoming swords, with bright sparks exploding like fireworks.

The impact was not as strong as it should have been.

If she had played the zither at ground level without the suppression from the surrounding energy, this single strum could have wiped out an area of a hundred miles.

...

Author's Note: Thank you for your support and understanding!

Chapter 963 - Killing The Saint

Translator:

Larbre Studio

Editor:

Larbre Studio

Taking advantage of this moment, Zhang Ruochen created yet another Spatial Crack.

The space above King Xianlan cracked open, gliding down toward his head, engulfing everything along the way.

King Xianlan raised his head to have a quick glance, looking concerned.

Instead of going against the approaching Spatial Crack, he split himself into three fragments and plunged backward.

The Spatial Crack slammed onto the ground, erupting into shattered stones, leaving a deep chasm.

Following the owner, the three swords went backward then projected upward at a steep angle like three bright comets going after Zhang Ruochen.

Zhang Ruochen stood waiting, ready with the Abyss Ancient Sword in his hands. He had anticipated where the swords would be and quickly countered all three hits.

He then leaned his body forward and heaved his sword above King Xianlan's head.

“Gold Morning Sun.”

This was one of the moves in the Nine-Life Sword Technique. The Abyss Ancient Sword shone at its brightest, shrieking, even though he had not mastered the move completely.

“How dare you, a mere half-saint, challenge me? A single punch from me is sufficient to end your life already.”

King Xianlan snorted, and began cracking his knuckles. His fist glowed crimson as he tapped into his power.

As the intensity of the light grew to the point where it glared, he threw his punch at Zhang Ruochen. The full force attack burst into streaks of crimson red light and shot upwards into the sky, unleashing a vortex of fierce wind.

A Saint could link his body to nature and draw its power to amplify the impact of his attack.

The two attacks met with a loud clang, and sparks flew from both sides.

King Xianlan was repulsed from the clash, kicking up dust and stones as he skidded away, leaving a trail of fissures in the ground.

He could feel his fists throbbing in pain.

The scales on his fist came off, revealing a deep cut at the back of his hand, dripping blood.

How could a blood saint get wounded by a human half-saint?

King Xianlan held his hand over the wound. In the blink of an eye, his wound had healed completely. Not even a scar was left behind.

“That’s how powerful the self-healing ability of a blood saint is. I bet he could still fight even if his head was chopped off.”

Zhang Ruochen dared not let his guard down.

Suddenly, King Xianlan shrunk himself a hundred times smaller. From afar, he looked like a tiny blood red bat, but with the limbs of a human.

The Immortal Vampires were flexible enough to shrink their bodies to the size of an insect.

Similarly, they could be enlarged a hundred times more to the size of a giant.

Zhang Ruochen's biggest threat to King Xianlan was his trick in manipulating the space. It was never his body type nor his sword techniques.

When King Xianlan's size was minimized, he would have the agility to avoid all spatial attacks while maximizing his ability usage.

The three divine swords were fired at Zhang Ruochen from the ground.

King Xianlan was standing on one of the swords, and his body was emanating Blood Qi. Though he had become smaller, his strength was not compromised at all.

Facing the series of attack from the three divine words, Zhang Ruochen was forced to step back, dodging the shots.

Despite his effort in defending against the stabs, countless cuts were left on his arms and thighs.

There was one fatal attack where the sword was aimed at his head, but he avoided it narrowly with a cut at his neck, and a chunk of chopped hair.

King Xianlan took the opportunity and leapt off from the sword, thrusting his palm toward Zhang Ruochen's chest while he was being kept busy by the swords.

Zhang Ruochen responded to the attack with another palm strike which gave out the howling of a dragon when it was launched.

This time, he could not withstand King Xianlan's hit and was thrown away, falling to the ground. He could feel his body jerking as if all of his organs had been misplaced.

A saint's power was indeed deadly.

In terms of combat skills and mastery of a saint's power, there was a huge gap between Zhang Ruochen and King Xianlan.

King Xianlan had a thousand years of practice. Each of his moves was tactful and sophisticated. While Zhang Ruochen's body was more durable than King Xianlan's, he did not stand a chance against a seasoned warrior.

“Zhang Ruochen, you are inexperienced.”

King Xianlan leapt forward and charged Zhang Ruochen with another fatal blow, determined to kill him.

The Saint Lady strummed the zither once more.

A flurry of stones rose up from the ground and turned into a rock giant, charging at King Xianlan while blocking his way toward Zhang Ruochen.

The five strings on the zither were made of five unique materials which represented the five elements: metal, wood, water, fire and earth.

Yet King Xianlan had mastered the Sword Five technique which granted him the ability to tear up the rock giant without much effort. Then, three crimson red human figures stood together, thrusting the three divine swords at Zhang Ruochen, Beneath the sky, the Shooting Star Invisible Cloak that Zhang Ruochen was wearing glowed red from the reflection of the incoming red figures.

Zhang Ruochen motioned his hand to create another Spatial Crack.

However, by twisting his body, King Xianlan shot off to the side, dodging the attempted shot.

The three divine swords were so close to stabbing through Zhang Ruochen’s body.

He used his Spatial power again to twist the surrounding space, and the swords ended up plunging into the ground next to him.

Almost immediately, he fired his sword at the thumb-size King Xianlan.

King Xianlan was blown away, and his body recovered to the original size.

It was so close to stabbing through King Xianlan.

Knowing that King Xianlan’s stumble was momentary, Zhang Ruochen then shifted to the front of King Xianlan and threw him unrelenting strikes of attack.

The Saint Lady started playing a deadly tune with her fingers jumping on the strings.

The attacking power from the zither contained the five elements which synergized well with Zhang Ruochen's Five Elements Chaotic Body, adding even more damage to King Xianlan.

Even the blood red armor the King was wearing was scorched black.

Zhang Ruochen had slashed a deep cut at the King's back, his saint blood leaking into the mud and painting it red.

King Xianlan had been cultivating for a thousand years. Not once had he been beaten brutally, and certainly not by two younger warriors. Feeling ashamed, he was filled with rage.

“Birth of the Blood Demon.”

Clouds of Blood Qi burst out of his forehead.

There was a blood red skull spinning in the middle of the Blood Qi, creating a vigorous vortex.

Nothing could stop the vortex, not even the suppressing energy of the place.

The vortex threw up a stream of Blood Qi and blew Zhang Ruochen away, knocking him onto the black canyon. His body became embedded in it.

On the other hand, the Saint Lady coughed up blood, affected by the Blood Qi.

Her injury had worsened.

The formation of the blood red skull was not completed yet. It was only the Blood Qi but both Zhang Ruochen and the Saint Lady were severely wounded already.

Once it completed its transformation, the impact of its attack would be devastating.

The Saint Lady's face went pale as she stared at the skull. “That is the skull of a Saint King. It contains his soul and massive destructive power that could kill a saint.”

King Xianlan curved up his lips to a cunning smile. “To have made me activate the skull of the Blood Demon is truly remarkable, both of you.”

Thereafter, he maneuvered the skull to where Zhang Ruochen was embedded. The sequence was to kill Zhang Ruochen first then the Saint Lady.

To him, the Saint Lady was not much of a threat when she was severely wounded.

The skull was as huge as a mountain. It had sharp pointed teeth, and its eye sockets were burning in fire.

When one looked closely at the flames, one could see there was a soul cradled within the skull.

The Saint Lady tossed the Saint Book Ruzu at the skull in an attempt to stop it from crushing Zhang Ruochen.

As the Saint Book Ruzu flipped open, it projected thousands of glowing spots. Each spot represented a word from the book.

The skull weighed upon the projection, crushing the words row by row.

As the words popped, the Saint Lady’s injury worsened with blood oozing from the corners of her mouth. Her body was shaking terribly, as if she was about to pop along with the words.

“How could the Saint Book Ruzu stop the skull of the Blood Demon?”

King Xianlan burst into laughter, then channeled more of his Blood Qi into the skull, quickening its pace in crushing the Saint Book.

Little did the King know that Zhang Ruochen had freed himself from the canyon, whipping his sword straight towards the King in a flash.

“Four Changes of Scale One.”

A beam was shone through the blood fog, directed at the King’s forehead.

The power of time created ripples of energy waves encircling the area within a few hundred miles.

King Xianlan's face turned to stone when he saw the incoming attack. He tried to counterattack by changing the direction of the skull.

However, he noticed his speed was getting slower while Zhang Ruochen was getting incredibly fast.

“What's happening? It feels like the time has been slowed down.”

By the time King Xianlan realized the change in time, the Abyss Ancient Sword had already penetrated through his forehead.

“You...”

King Xianlan leaned backwards, his body turned cold.

But his Saint Light came flying off from the top of his head, entering into the blood red skull.

Thereafter, the soul that was cradled within the skull grew stronger, strong enough to break itself free from the grasp of the Saint Book Ruzu and fly towards the direction of the abnormal light.

Zhang Ruochen landed next to King Xianlan's dead body, panting.

He was in a state of shock. Had he not mastered the second level of the Sword Technique of Time, both the Saint Lady and he would have been dead.

After taking the Saint Book which was left open, the Saint Lady stared at the direction where the skull went. “King Xianlan's saint soul has fused with the skull.”

“Because of this the skull seems to have come alive. I think we have just made an even more terrifying enemy. Whose skull was that?”

Zhang Ruochen was not glad to have killed a Blood Saint at all. He knew he had gotten himself into deeper trouble.

Author's Note: Readers commented about why Zhang Ruochen didn't release the Ghost King Bloodmoon that was residing in the Universe Spiritual Map. In Chapter 953, Zhang Ruochen had handed the map over to Blackie, hadn't he?

He had no idea if he could come back alive from the Bottomless Abyss. Of course he would not risk bringing the map along.

There were too many lives attached to the map. He would never put everyone's lives at risk. That would be too irresponsible of him. The map was not indestructible, after all.

Chapter 964 - Blood Demon

Translator:

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Editor:

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A blood red skull, ten meters wide with spear-like canine teeth and demonic flame burning in the eye sockets.

If the owner was alive, how gigantic would the body be?

And what would it look like?

Zhang Ruochen did not chase after the skull. He knew it would require much strength and power to defeat the skull, let alone with the injuries he had.

Looking worried, the Saint Lady commented, "That skull probably belongs to the Blood Demon."

"Blood Demon?"

The name did ring a bell. Other than the time when King Xianlan mentioned it, Zhang Ruochen had heard of the name some time before.

The blood red skull went further and further, to the point where Zhang Ruochen and the Saint Lady could only see a small dot of red light glowing in the dark.

The surroundings returned to their cold state.

It was then that Zhang Ruochen noticed the King's body was already a dried up carcass. It was like all of his Blood Qi had been sucked dry.

The Saint Lady threw a glance at the desiccated corpse, and continued, "A thousand years ago, the Blood Demon was the leader of the Motian Tribe, one of the competing tribes for succession to the Throne of the Immortal Vampires. He was the main rival to the Blood Empress."

It all came back to Zhang Ruochen after the Saint Lady mentioned the dynastic conflict of the Immortal Vampires.

Eight hundred years ago, he had heard from his father and Blood Emperor Qingtian about their encounter with the Blood Demon when the two Kings were much younger.

However, he was too young to remember the content in detail. Furthermore, he had never done any research and had very little knowledge about the Blood Demon.

He said, “Eight hundred years ago, the world was ruled by nine emperors and three empresses, the twelve most powerful beings at that time. The Blood Empress was ranked the third in terms of strength. Only the two eldest emperors, Emperor Tao and Emperor Wu could defeat her. The Sword Emperor, Xue Hongchen, is perhaps on par with her, now that he’s a grown man. How could the Blood Demon compete with the Blood Empress when she’s already so powerful?”

The Saint Lady shook her head, “Many of the ancient books recorded that the Blood Demon had always had the upper hand. If there wasn’t any accident, the Blood Demon should have been the Emperor of the Immortal Vampires.”

“How’s that possible?” Zhang Ruochen could not believe it.

When the Blood Empress was at the acme of her cultivation, she defeated both Emperor Ming and Emperor Qing jointly. It was quite unlikely even to the most powerful Emperor Tao.

“It is the fact.”

The Saint Lady further commented, “The Blood Demon was a prodigy in his day. At that time, many worried that he would be the second Lord Pluto. You should have heard of the “Heavenly Devil Stone Inscription?” One of the six Extraordinary Books in the Kunlun’s Field.”

Zhang Ruochen nodded, then said, “There are thirty-six engravings in the “Heavenly Devil Stone Inscription.” Legend has it that they belonged to a God in the ancient time and each engraving distills the secret teachings on demonic combat techniques. Acquiring one of them is sufficient to elevate an ordinary monk into becoming the Field’s top master.”

The Saint Lady added on, “And the Blood Demon had mastered nine of the engravings, even creating nine Saint Spells out of them.”

Zhang Ruochen inhaled sharply, struggling to believe it. “This is too shocking. It is extremely rare to find a monk who has mastered two engravings, let alone nine.”

The Young Master of Black Market Excellence Hall, Emperor One, was another prodigy like the Blood Demon. Yet he had only mastered one of the engravings.

Because mastering one engraving had helped him to achieve the Supreme Saint level.

“The young Blood Demon was far too intelligent for his age and soon people became afraid of him, including the Blood Empress,” said the Saint Lady.

“If he was that powerful, why did he have to die? Instead, the Blood Empress became the ruler of the Immortal Vampires. Why so?”

The Saint Lady sighed. “I am not sure what happened those days. But there are rumors saying that the Blood Empress had been plotting with the leader of the human race against the Blood Demon, which had stopped him from becoming a Supreme Saint. Otherwise, the Kunlun’s field would have been doomed.”

Zhang Ruochen was confused. He asked, “If the leader had ability to stop the Blood Demon, why didn’t he kill the Blood Empress before she got too powerful? This would have saved us a lot of trouble.”

“I don’t know. These are all rumors after all. No one knows if any of this is true.”

The Saint Lady then added, “The Blood Demon was presumed dead, but he had his skull left with King Xianlan, hadn’t he? It is possible that he’s not dead, not completely.”

Zhang Ruochen listened in silence, and his gaze fixed on the dead King Xianlan who had been sucked dry. Suddenly, a terrifying thought hit him.

Was it by choice that King Xianlan's Saint Soul entered the skull?

Or was it being absorbed by the soul residing in the skull, along with his blood?

Of course it would be better if it was the first.

If King Xianlan's Saint Soul had control over the skull, it would be less trouble.

If it was the latter, that would be terrifying.

It would mean the Blood Demon did not die a thousand years ago. The skull was the only remnant of his, and it had been living within King Xianlan's body.

There was an explosion heard from a thousand miles away.

Following the eruption, a bright red light soared up and spread across the sky for hundreds of miles.

The explosion alerted Zhang Ruochen. He leapt from the boulder to boulder up to the peak of the canyon, overlooking the range of red light.

It was the abnormal red light again. The surrounding area was painted in red, adding an eerie charm to it.

He then noticed a dot glowing somewhere above the trench.

It was ...

The skull that had just flown away.

Could it be the skull that had activated the abnormal light?

The abnormal red light continued to flare, and thick blood fog emanating from the skull orbited the trench for a while. Then everything settled into the trench, and the surroundings were covered in darkness again.

Zhang Ruochen described everything he saw to the Saint Lady when he was back to the ground.

The Saint Lady gave it a thought, and the gloomy expression on her face worsened. "If I have guessed it correctly, the Blood Demon has come back to live. He must have felt the remnant

of the Blood Empress' Blood Qi at the trench, which explains why he flew over immediately.”

“That sounds logical,” Zhang Ruochen commented.

The Saint Lady sighed, “This is beyond our limit already. We should not go over. Something horrific is there and if we go over by force, we will die.”

Zhang Ruochen and the Saint Lady were no match for the Blood Demon. They might encounter other dangers if they were to continue their journey there.

“Whether this is about the secret of the Bottomless Abyss, or the rebirth of the Blood Demon, I have to report everything to the Empress and urge the Imperial Court to remove these threats as soon as possible.”

The Saint Lady lifted her head to look at Zhang Ruochen. “I will report everything to the Empress. Everything that you have done, including the time when you obstructed the dead souls from entering our world with the stone rune brought over from the netherworld. I am sure your crimes will be atoned for after this.”

Zhang Ruochen's face stiffened. He said, “I didn't do any of it for the Imperial Court. I do what I think is right. Do not tell her about me. She is in no place to judge what is right and what is wrong of me.”

“Zhang Ruochen.”

The Saint Lady snapped. Her tone softened when she saw his unyielding expression, and said, “Do you want to be a fugitive forever? And live your life as someone else, always on the run and never able to gather with your family? Is this what you want? Who are you exactly? Lin Yue? Zhang Ruochen? Or your current identity in the Blood God Sect? Don't you want to live as yourself?”

He stared into the emptiness, and muttered to himself: I want to...

It was only for a second and he was back to the cold and emotionless face again. He shook his head and said, “Don't lay your finger on this matter ever again!”

Then, he walked away from her.

The Saint Lady extended her hand trying to pull him back. But the white in his eyes was covered in tiny red veins as if he was in deep thought. He shrugged off her grip, not realizing the yank had made her fall.

The Saint Lady coughed up more blood, her face as white as a sheet. Her coughing sound brought him back to reality. It was then he remembered that the Saint Lady was badly wounded. As powerful as her Spiritual Power could be, she was a weak, feeble woman after all.

“I’m sorry, I was...”

Zhang Ruochen attempted to explain while helping her up but he did not know how to begin.

The Saint Lady shook her head lightly, then said, “Everyone has a choice to make. You can reject my suggestion, but I will do what I insist on doing. I may not be able to help out, but I have no regrets.”

Zhang Ruochen seemed anxious and replied, “I am worried that you will be dragged into this mess, and eventually you will be the one being hurt.”

“I’ve said, no regrets.”

The Saint Lady stared at Zhang Ruochen in the eyes, determined with her stand.

His eyes met hers, and saw something that was beyond friendship.

For an unknown reason, he panicked, then avoided her stare. He said, “Let’s leave and go back up to the ground. The rest... let’s not talk about it now!”

Chapter 965 - All Four Letters Have Been Delivered

Translator:

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Editor:

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It took them five days to return to the ground. Looking at the snowy mountains, brilliant sunshine, and the icy stream flowing beneath mountains, everything seemed wonderful after the near death experience.

Meanwhile, the Saint Lady had recovered from her injuries. Her skin was glistening amidst the fog, looking angelic like how she had always been.

She stood beneath a snow mountain to bid Zhang Ruochen farewell.

“Do me a favor before you leave!”

Zhang Ruochen took out the icy box he'd found on Mei Lanzhu, and said, “This box is sealed with complicated spells. I cannot open it with my Spiritual Power.”

The Saint Lady took the box over and studied it for a moment.

She then hovered her hand over the box.

Immediately, the protective layer of spell shattered like a piece of fragile glass and disappeared.

Zhang Ruochen was impressed.

His Spiritual Power was nowhere close to the Saint Lady's. He promised himself to spend more time on practicing his Spiritual Power in the coming time.

Gaining control over the power of time and space required incredibly strong Spiritual Power.

In order to perfect his skills of the Eight Changes of Scales, he had to strengthen his Spiritual Power.

The Saint Lady passed the box back to Zhang Ruochen, Her eyes twinkled, hesitating to speak further.

There were some words that she swallowed in, those that she knew Zhang Ruochen had been avoiding.

“Hope to see you again.”

Those were the only words that came from her. She turned around and took a step forward. Before her foot touched the ground, she was already a few miles away, and only a blurred image of her back was seen.

The blurred image soon disappeared as she took another step forward.

Zhang Ruochen let out a sigh and stared at the icy box.

Without the seal, the box was even colder than before.

The lid opened to reveal a translucent pill surrounded by four rings of saint light it emitted, along with the irresistible scent it radiated.

It filled the air with vitality, making people feel energized and recharged.

“Grade Four Divine Origin Pill.”

Zhang Ruochen was very surprised.

He had never expected opening to something he had always wanted – the Divine Origin Pill.

What a happy coincidence.

“Mei Lanzhu was a Level Three Half-Saint. He must have kept this to help him in achieving Level Four.”

Zhang Ruochen closed the lid with his lips curled upwards. He was pleased to have the pill, for he was a step closer to achieving Level Four of Half-Saint.

A floating scroll was approaching Zhang Ruochen from afar, through the mountainous terrain, above the clouds.

Blackie dashed out from the scroll and landed next to Zhang Ruochen. Circling around him, its beady eyes stared at him, a cross between wonder and disbelief. “Zhang Ruochen, you managed to climb back up from the Bottomless Abyss? That means the first gradient exists! What have you found there? Are there any ancient saint weapons?”

“There was nothing there.”

Zhang Ruochen had no intention of replying to its question. He extended his palm and requested, “My four letters, give them back to me.”

Blackie lowered its head and stammered, “I thought... you would not come back alive. So I gave the letters to Murong Yue on the second day of your departure, asking her to have them delivered through the Black Market.”

Zhang Ruochen’s forehead started creasing. As much as he was annoyed with Blackie, he tried to tone down the anger in his voice and said, “Ask her to send someone and get my letters back. Immediately!”

Blackie was never reliable.

Everything written in the four letters was from the bottom of his heart. They contained many secrets.

If he had died in the Bottomless Abyss, he wouldn’t have minded spilling those secrets.

But he came back alive.

“Hopefully Blackie will make it on time.”

Zhang Ruochen let out a long sigh, staring at the black streak of light Blackie disappeared into.

He was not worried whether the people from the Black Market would disclose the content. He had complete faith in their allegiance since they were sent by Murong Yue.

Rather, he was more worried if the letter had been delivered to Chi Yao.

The Black Market had a network of informants across the continents, and there was nothing they could not deliver. They

must have possessed some secret channels to deliver the letter to Chi Yao.

For example, they could have had it delivered to Chi Yao as forged classified military information.

That way, the letter would not have to go through the security screening check.

Meanwhile, Zhang Ruochen sent a signal to the Saint Lady, who had just left, through sound wave transmission, asking her to do him a favor to halt the delivery.

In case the letter had been delivered to the Ziwei Palace, the Saint Lady could stop it from being delivered to the Empress with the authority she had.

The Saint Lady owed Zhang Ruochen a huge favor; she would not reject his request.

In fact, she was curious about the reason that Zhang Ruochen would write the Empress a letter.

What would the content be?

Roaming along the road covered in thick snow, Zhang Ruochen muttered to himself, "Out of the four recipients, the Royal Capital is the nearest. Kong Lanyou may have received her letter already."

Given that the state of Tiantai and the Royal Capital were connected by a mere wormhole, she might have received the letter already, provided that the Black Market was fast enough.

Zhang Ruochen did not mention where he had been in the letter, only casually mentioning their childhood past.

If Kong Lanyou had seen the letter, she would have known he was still alive.

"She will find out sooner or later. What am I worrying about?"

Zhang Ruochen shook his head.

Eventually, he would have to visit the Royal Capital to visit his mother's royal tomb. Letting her know that he was alive before his visit would probably be better.

Now that the Saint Lady was no longer in danger, his priority was finding ways to refine the Blood God Venomous Worm.

Though he could withstand the influence of the Venomous Worm with his Holy Qi, the fact that it was residing in him made it a deadly threat.

It had only been a couple of days, yet the Venomous Worm had grown a lot stronger, close to achieving Level Six of Half-Saint.

The stronger it became, the more harmful it was to Zhang Ruochen.

A few days ago, he had asked the Saint Lady.

After all, she was known as the “Know-it-all” in the Kunlun’s Field.

Yes, the title was a little exaggerated.

But her knowledge on the Blood God Venomous Worm was far beyond Zhang Ruochen’s. She told him, “The Venomous Worm is a derivative of the corpse worm found on the Blood God’s corpse. If you could find the corpse of the Blood God, it might leave the host and return to its original state.”

When she was asked the question, she was suspicious of his intention already and had been questioning him since then. Of course, Zhang Ruochen did not tell her the truth.

“Where would they store the Blood God’s corpse? I must not leave the Blood God Sect. Not yet.”

Zhang Ruochen went back to the Cangtian Canyon, returning to the Nether Heavenly Palace.

His arrival at the gate, however, triggered a long, blaring horn.

The horn persisted for a few minutes to the point where the ground started rumbling.

Following after, an ever-growing number of mounted soldiers rushed out from the canyon, sandwiching Zhang Ruochen in between.

The mounted troops consisted of 200 men. Zhang Ruochen could feel all of their eyes fixed on him, determined to take

him down.

Beyond the troops, another force of armed soldiers was rapidly accumulating.

“Gu Linfeng has gone missing for so many days. I never would have thought that he’d come back alive. This is unbelievable.”

“How did he survive when so many did not? We should interrogate him about the death of the Deity!”

“Banner King Wuliang too has been missing for days. I wonder if he is alive still.”

...

Within a couple of days, the Nether Heavenly Palace had lost five of its Banner Kings, and even the Deity of the Blood God Sect was found dead.

On top of that, there were two Banner Kings who had gone missing. One, Zhao Wuliang, was from the sixth camp, and the other was the newly elected Gu Linfeng.

These series of occurrences had caused quite a stir at the Nether Heavenly Palace, in addition to the disruption they caused to the Blood God Sect. The Hierarch of the Sect was furious, and ordered the Nether Heavenly Palace to investigate the root cause.

Zhang Ruochen was not panicked at all. He had anticipated this the moment he decided to return to the Nether Heavenly Palace.

Among the crowd, the Saintess of the Blood God Sect was the only thing that stood out to him. She was glowing in her saint light. Somehow the saint light she emitted was rather different – both enchanting and pure. Nothing like the other saintesses.

Her eyes met Zhang Ruochen’s, smiling. It was a mysterious smile that would enchant millions.

Zhang Ruochen then shifted his gaze quickly to Zhao Shiqi, one of the Banner Kings.

He rode down the aisle between the soldiers on the back of a beast toward Zhang Ruochen while giving him an ice-cold stare. “Tie Gu Linfeng up! Vice Palace Ruler Yao is going to interrogate him!” he commanded.

Two of the soldiers stepped forward and chained Zhang Ruochen up.

Zhang Ruochen did not resist the arrest nor did he comment on anything.

The death of a Deity was indeed a serious matter. Anyone who had been in contact with the Deity would be suspected. Him being arrested was within Zhang Ruochen’s anticipation.

If he resisted, he could have been killed on the spot. The Nether Heavenly Palace could have then put the blame of Mei Lanzhu’s death on him, putting this case to rest. There wouldn’t be any evidence or witness left if he was dead.

The fact that Zhao Shiqi was alive meant that there was nothing Zhang Ruochen should be afraid of. All he had to do was remain cautious.

Chapter 966 - Questions

Translator:

Larbre Studio

Editor:

Larbre Studio

Under the leadership of the muscular Banner Lord, the two walked deep into the Cangtian Canyon. They arrived at the bank of the Yan River.

Whoosh.

Red mist floated over the surface of the river and formed the apparition of a divine Saint. It was dozens of feet tall and had a human body. However, it had two heads and looked a bit menacing.

“Greetings, Vice Palace Ruler Yao.” The huge Banner Lord lowered onto one knee and kowtowed to the divine apparition in the river.

Zhang Ruochen was weighed down by the Dragon Chains, but he still kowtowed as well.

The Nether Heavenly Palace had two vice Palace Rulers. They rarely showed themselves and were the true important figures of the Blood God Palace.

Yao Sheng was one of the two.

The huge apparition was one of Yao Sheng’s saint soul bodies. It floated above the water, exhaling fog.

Sinister dark purple light shot out of its four eyes. It passed across the river and landed on Zhang Ruochen at once. The vast and majestic saintly might flooded through the world as if wanting to force Zhang Ruochen to the ground.

This kind of might terrified Zhang Ruochen’s saint soul. If he was guilty, he wouldn’t be able to lie due to his fear. Even if he lied, he would have flaws.

Vice Palace Ruler Yao started asking questions. “The day the Deity died, you led a group of Banner Fighters to Mount Luofeng?”

“What...the Deity died?” Zhang Ruochen pretended not to know anything. He also pretended to be very weak. His legs kept trembling.

“You need not know about this. Reply to my questions.” His voice was powerful.

As if suffering from the saintly might’s repression, Zhang Ruochen shuddered. “Yes, I indeed went to Mount Luofeng.”

“Why did you go?”

“Banner King Wuliang ordered me to kill the blood beasts in Mount Luofeng. I heard that it was an order from the vice Palace Rulers.”

The huge two-headed saintly figure in the river fell silent for a moment. Then he huffed coldly. “Neither of the two vice Palace Rulers had issued an order like that.”

“How is that possible?” Zhang Ruochen acted extremely shocked. “Vice Palace Ruler, I most definitely did not lie. If you don’t believe me, you can ask Banner King Wuliang.”

“The day you went to Mount Luofeng,” Vice Palace Ruler Yao said, “Zhao Wuliang also went missing. He still hasn’t reappeared.”

Zhang Ruochen looked even more confused. Fearful, he hurriedly said, “Vice Palace Ruler, please check this! I have nothing to do with the death of the Deity!”

“As long as you answer my questions truthfully, I won’t wrong an innocent man.”

The other head of the two-headed saint figure opened its mouth. A moving female voice streamed out. “Gu Linfeng, since you went to Mount Luofeng to kill blood beasts, how come your Banner Fighters all died while you disappeared for countless days? Where did you go during this time?”

“When I arrived at Mount Luofeng, I was attacked,” Zhang Ruochen said. “All the Banner Fighters were killed by a

formation. I also risked my life to break through the formation and escape deep into the Ancient Snow Mountain. While escaping, I was hurt gravely and didn't even know where I ran to. In the end, I fell unconscious.”

“When I woke up, I didn't know how many days had passed. I healed myself and immediately returned to Cangtian Canyon. I was about to report to Banner Lord Wuliang, but I didn't think that...so many things had happened to the Nether Heavenly Palace.”

The four beams of dark purple light were trained on Zhang Ruochen the entire time, giving him pressure.

The surroundings fell silent again. Not even Vice Palace Ruler Yao continued asking questions.

“Vice Palace Ruler, do you have more questions?” Zhang Ruochen asked tentatively.

“None for now.” His voice was still cold. “We will continue to check this and verify your words. Even if you have nothing to do with the Deity's death, you can still be punished gravely if your Banner Fighters have all died.”

The other head said, “Banner Lord Shufeng, take Gu Linfeng into the Iron Dungeon.”

“Yes.” The burly Banner Lord stared coldly at Zhang Ruochen. “Banner Lord Gu, follow me!”

Banner Lord Shufeng brought Zhang Ruochen away. The two heads of the saintly figure in the river started talking to each other.

The left spoke with a male voice. “What do you think?”

The right spoke with a female voice. “I don't think Gu Linfeng is lying. This may possibly have been orchestrated by Zhao Wuliang. Gu Linfeng is at most just a scapegoat.

Unfortunately, Zhao Wuliang's plan didn't succeed. An accident happened. Otherwise, Gu Linfeng wouldn't have been able to return alive.”

“When Zhao Shiqi brought half of the Deity's body back,” the left head said, “he said that they'd gone against a horrifying

blood beast. Zhao Wuliang's plan failing probably had something to do with that blood beast."

"Zhao Wuliang has gone missing for so long," the right head said. "He might be dead in the belly of a blood beast now."

Vice Palace Ruler Yao obviously didn't believe that a mere third-level Half-Saint would dare to assassinate the Deity of the Blood God Sect. Even if he had the guts, he didn't have the abilities.

To him, only Zhao Wuliang had the abilities and guts. Everything pointed to Zhao Wuliang too.

...

The Iron Dungeon was hundreds of feet underground in the Cangtian Canyon. It was completely wrought with iron. Some of the prison bars were thicker than one's arm.

The dungeon was covered in formation runes and was guarded by the Nether Heavenly Palace's third camp. Even a Saint would find it hard to escape, let alone a Half-Saint.

Apparently, all the disciples who committed serious crimes were imprisoned here.

Gu Linfeng's cultivation was in the Half-Saint Realm. He was also a Banner Lord. In the Blood God Sect, he had a bit of importance and was now an important criminal. Thus, he was imprisoned in the fourth level—the lowest level of the dungeon.

Boom!

Zhang Ruochen slammed his hand against the metal wall. Dozens of thick black lightning bolts instantly flew out of the wall. They hit Zhang Ruochen like dozens of black dragons.

Zhang Ruochen immediately activated his saint soul territory to block the lightning. Despite that, he still suffered some internal injuries.

Such a powerful formation. It's even difficult for spatial power to break through. I can't escape at all.

He gradually calmed down. Sitting cross-legged on the ground, he thought carefully.

If I insist that I didn't kill Mei Lanzhu, Discipline King Haiming will definitely find a way to save me. I'm still a quite important chess piece to that old man.

He stopped thinking. Composing himself, he began cultivating.

Around three days later, metal boots clattered through the fourth floor of the dungeon. The sound was extremely sharp.

Zhang Ruochen opened his eyes. He saw a burly figure standing outside the metal bars. He was dressed in armor like an unbeatable war god.

It was Banner Lord Shufeng, top Banner Lord of the Nether Heavenly Palace's third camp.

Banner Lord Shufeng opened the formation of the prison cell and walked in. Looking down on Zhang Ruochen, he said with a resounding voice, "Discipline King Haiming personally vouched for you. You're lucky. Go! You can leave now!"

Zhang Ruochen stood up and patted the dust off of him. "Thank you."

After leaving the dungeon, Banner Lord Shufeng led Zhang Ruochen out of the Cangtian Canyon. They walked into the Ancient Snow Mountain, getting further and further away from the main camp.

Zhang Ruochen grew cautious. He silently began moving his Holy Qi.

Banner Lord Shufeng's cultivation was very high. He was a high-level Half-Saint and was very sensitive. He noticed the Holy Qi movement within Zhang Ruochen.

He huffed coldly. "If I wanted to kill you, you think you could stop me with your cultivation?"

Zhang Ruochen chuckled and put away his Holy Qi. "Banner Lord Shufeng, where are you taking me?"

"You'll see when we get there."

The two kept walking, picking up speed. They were already hundreds of miles from Cangtian Canyon.

Finally, Banner Lord Shufeng stopped. “We’re here!”

There was a cliff in the distance. Red plum blossoms bloomed on it. When the cold wind blew, vibrant petals fluttered down.

Blue Night, 13th disciple of Discipline King Haiming, stood below the cliff, arms behind his back. He wore a black robe and looked very sharp. He bowed slightly to Banner Lord Shufeng.

“Thank you, Brother Shufeng.”

“It’s nothing. You two chat. I must return to the Nether Heavenly Palace immediately.”

With that, Banner Lord Shufeng transformed into a gust of wind. He swept up the snow and disappeared from the snowy peaks.

Blue Night’s eyes were cold and heavy. He stared at Zhang Ruochen. “You really do know how to make trouble. If not for Master, you’d be dead right now.”

“The Deity’s death has nothing to do with me.” Zhang Ruochen’s attitude was quite powerful.

“Talking back to me?” Blue Night’s eyes shone with cold light. Cold Qi gathered in his right hand and he hit it toward Zhang Ruochen’s heart.

Blue Night wanted to punish Zhang Ruochen and make him suffer a bit. Then he would be more obedient in the future.

This was what Discipline King Haiming said.

Just as Blue Night produced his palm, the temperature within hundreds of miles plummeted. Even the space froze.

Zhang Ruochen didn’t surrender. He formed a print technique with his hands. Activating the Holy Qi within him, he opened the sixth aperture of his hands. Two bloody clouds surged out of his palms into the shape of hands.

“Seventh Aperture Blood Palm.”

The two palms struck out at once, clashing against Blue Night's palms.

Kaboom. The powerful palm force cracked the cliff beside them. Some of the cracks were dozens of feet wide. Even more strange was that the plum blossom tree on the cliff was unharmed. Only blood-red petals fluttered in the air.

Discipline King Haiming must be nearby. He loves plum blossoms. He must have used his Holy Qi to protect the tree.

Realizing this, Zhang Ruochen immediately retracted half of the power from his palm. He immediately flew backward, tumbled in the air, and finally landed.

Zhang Ruochen let out a muffled grunt. Blood seeped out of the corner of his lips.

Blue Night also took a step back. He stared at his palm and then at Zhang Ruochen in shock.

He'd only used ten percent of his power, but it wasn't something a third-level Half-Saint could block.

"How is your Seven-Aperture Blood Palm so powerful? No, you seem to have opened up the sixth aperture."

Chapter 967 - The Seven Ancient Sects

Translator:

Larbre Studio

Editor:

Larbre Studio

Discipline King Haiming and Ji Shui stood above the cliff. They saw Blue Night and Zhang Ruochen's duel very clearly.

Ji Shui was extremely shocked. Standing in a puff of bloody mist, she said, "Gu Linfeng actually cultivated the sixth aperture. His Seven-Aperture Blood Palm is comparable to a saint spell now. It's incredible."

It had always been said that the fifth aperture of the Seven-Aperture Blood Palm was a human's limit. Only the talented Vampires could open the sixth aperture.

Since Gu Linfeng dared to use the power of the sixth aperture, this meant that he wasn't a spy from the Vampires. What opportunity had he met that allowed him to cultivate the Seven-Aperture Blood Palm to such a high level?

Even Discipline King Haiming found it unbelievable. If Gu Linfeng had really accomplished it with his own power, wouldn't Discipline King Haiming have to reconsider his value?

"This is quite a big surprise. My efforts in talking to True Immortal Qi to save him have not gone to waste."

He smiled mysteriously and nodded as if making some kind of decision.

Below the cliff, Zhang Ruochen wiped the blood at his lips. His eyes shone with determination as he stared at Blue Night. "Senior Uncle Blue, your previous attack was too harsh, wasn't it?"

Blue Night was a high-level Half-Saint with an advanced mindset. He quickly recovered from his shock. Massaging his palms, he said coldly, “Harsh? I didn’t even use ten percent of my power. Otherwise, you wouldn’t be able to stand and talk now.”

“I said that the Deity’s death has nothing to do with me,” Zhang Ruochen said coldly. “If you still don’t believe me, I’ll report to grand-master and let him judge me fairly.”

You want to report to him? You don’t know that he’s the one who wishes to teach you a lesson. Thinking of this, scorn flashed past Blue Night’s eyes.

“You’ve only spent a few days in the Nether Heavenly Palace and you’ve already forgotten how to respect your seniors?” Blue Night huffed. “Even if the Deity’s death has nothing to do with you, I must still teach you how to speak to a senior.”

He opened his arms like an eagle with spread wings. A pair of ice wings dozens of feet long formed on his back. Three beams of icy Qi flowed quickly around the two large wings.

An ancient voice sounded from above the cliff. “Blue Night, how dare you not stop?”

Whoosh. Whoosh.

Two beams of light flew down from the abyss and landed on the ground. After settling, they formed into Discipline King Haiming and Ji Shui.

Hair flying, Discipline King Haiming slammed a hand forward. He was around 80 feet away. The powerful palm print formed rings of waves and hit Blue Night.

The man flew out like a scarecrow and smashed against the cliff. With a boom, the firm rock caved in. Broken rubble rolled down.

“Master...”

Half of Blue Night’s body was crushed under the rubble and ice. His hair was messy and there was a bloody imprint on his chest. His body caved in slightly.

He didn't understand. Discipline King Haiming was the one that told him to teach Gu Linfeng a lesson. He hadn't even acted yet. How come the master punished him first?

With a wave of his sleeve, Discipline King Haiming said unhappily, "Blue Night, who told you to act on your own accord and punish your junior nephew like this?"

"I...I..."

Blue Night didn't know why Discipline King Haiming had suddenly changed his mind, but he naturally didn't dare to ask. He climbed up with difficulty. Clutching his burning chest, he bowed before Discipline King Haiming.

"I only wanted to test his cultivation, nothing more."

"It better be like that. Otherwise, I won't forgive you."

Discipline King Haiming huffed coldly. Acting very angry, he roared, "Apologize immediately!"

Blue Night was very unwilling, but he didn't dare go against Discipline King Haiming.

"Nephew, this was my mistake. Please do not be offended," Blue Night apologized to Zhang Ruochen, trying to use a gentle tone. However, there was deep resentment in his eyes. It was unknown whether he was hating Zhang Ruochen or Discipline King Haiming.

If Zhang Ruochen hadn't known that Discipline King Haiming was nearby, he probably would've believed that the man was protecting him.

One was being evil while the other was pretending to be nice. It was interesting.

Zhang Ruochen still looked unhappy. "Senior Uncle Blue, you're the senior. How dare I be angry at you?"

Discipline King Haiming waved his hand for Blue Night to retreat. Then he walked to Zhang Ruochen. A smile appeared on his ancient face.

"Linfeng, how did you cultivate the sixth aperture of the Seven-Aperture Blood Palm?"

Zhang Ruochen didn't panic. He'd already thought about how to reply.

He hurriedly bowed to Discipline King Haiming, acting respectful. "Grand-master, I recently had a surprising occurrence. It's all due to luck for me to open the sixth aperture."

"Oh? What surprising occurrence?" Discipline King Haiming was curious. Eyes narrowing, he asked, "Could it have something to do with the days you went missing?"

"I really can't keep anything from you." Expression serious, Zhang Ruochen nodded and said cautiously, "Grand-master, you had me investigate the secret of the Bottomless Abyss. I've always placed it in the highest importance. Actually, I went into the Bottomless Abyss during those days."

Hearing his words, Blue Night and Ji Shui both gasped. They were shocked. How could he return alive from the Bottomless Abyss?

Evidently, they didn't know much about the Bottomless Abyss' secrets. They might not even know that it had three gradients.

Discipline King Haiming knew a bit more about it. However, his eyes also shone right now. "You went to the first gradient?" he asked immediately.

"Yes." Zhang Ruochen nodded.

"You discovered the secret?" Discipline King Haiming continued.

Thus, Zhang Ruochen revealed the secret about the blood beasts.

Discipline King Haiming seemed to know about the blood beasts, so he wasn't interested. He continued asking, "You said that you had a special occurrence in the first gradient, allowing you to open the sixth aperture. What was it?"

"Deep inside the first gradient, there's a deep gully. In the bottom there is an abnormal density of blood Qi. Sometimes, there's even a red beam of light that shoots into the sky. I

stood outside the gully and used the powerful blood Qi to open my sixth aperture.”

“It must be the blood Qi left behind by the Blood Empress,” Discipline King Haiming said with certainty. His eyes burned even hotter. At the same time, a different expression emerged on his face. He was thinking about something.

Half a beat later, he asked, “Did you go to the bottom of the gully? Does it lead to the second gradient?”

Zhang Ruochen shook his head and sighed. “The blood Qi there is very strong, but it also contains the Qi of death. With my cultivation, I could only investigate on the border. I didn’t dare approach it.”

Discipline King Haiming nodded. He didn’t blame Zhang Ruochen. “It’s already impressive for you to reach this step with your cultivation. Now, write down the specific position of the gully in detail. With your contribution, I can help you find a way to dissolve the Blood God Venomous Worm in you.”

Zhang Ruochen naturally showed an extremely grateful expression. Then he used his finger as a pen and the cliff as paper to begin carving.

Whoosh! His hand waved in the air and dozens of patterns appeared.

Zhang Ruochen naturally had his own plans for doing this. From now on, Zhang Ruochen prepared to stay hidden in the Blood God Sect and investigate all the secrets of the sect and Bottomless Abyss.

However, if Discipline King Haiming was still alive, he would keep restricting Zhang Ruochen. The best plan was to kill Discipline King Haiming.

His cultivation was too high to be detected. Even Ghost King Bloodmoon wasn’t his match. Zhang Ruochen had to use outer help to kill him.

Both the blood demon and that mysterious man on the huge beast were both undisputable strong cultivators. I’ll lead Discipline King Haiming to the Bottomless Abyss. If he meets them, he’ll probably die, no matter how high his cultivation is.

Zhang Ruochen quickly finished carving the map. Complicated lines appeared on the cliff.

Discipline King memorized the position of the gully. Waving his hand, powerful Holy Qi surged over and shattered the towering cliff. It sank into the earth.

He was in a great mood. Chuckling, he said, “Linfeng, it’s both easy and difficult to dissolve the Blood God Venomous Worm. The critical point is that you must fight for it.”

“Master, please enlighten me,” Zhang Ruochen said.

Discipline King caressed his whiskers. “The Blood God Sect’s foundations are deep and spread out amongst the nine states of the Central Region. There are countless Saints and strong cultivators hidden throughout. We are one of the seven ancient sects of the Central Region. In the state of Taitian, we are the top force as well. We’re comparable to the Taichi Sect and imperial court.”

“Every ancient sect picks a Deity and Saintess from the younger generation. Not only are they the future heirs of the sect, they’re also the leaders of the younger generation. They represent the ancient sect and show the sect’s attitude when traveling throughout the world.”

“In a way, the Deity and Saintess’ abilities represent the sect’s abilities as well. As the Blood God Sect is one of the seven ancient sects, it naturally has its own Deity and Saintess.

“However, Mei Lanzhu’s death greatly affected the Blood God Sect’s reputation and image. Thus, the founder has ordered for the newest Deity to be chosen next month.”

Zhang Ruochen understood easily. “So you wish for me to try for the Deity’s position?”

Discipline King Haiming smiled. “If you can become the Deity, the founder will definitely take you to visit the god corpse. By then, eradicating the Blood God Venomous Worm in you will be a piece of cake.”

Chapter 968 - Qianyuan Mountain

Chapter 968: Qianyuan Mountain

Translator: Larbre Studio Editor: Larbre Studio

If Zhang Ruochen could become the Deity, he would be able to discover high-level secrets of the Blood God Sect. He would also have an endless supply of cultivation resources and accumulate power while waiting.

At the same time, being the Deity could cure him of the Blood God Venomous Worm. This could save him a lot of trouble.

No matter the reason, trying for the position of the Blood God Sect's Deity was imperative for Zhang Ruochen.

Thus, Zhang Ruochen nodded at Discipline King Haiming, agreeing.

“Since you've already cultivated the Seven-Aperture Blood Palm to the sixth aperture,” Discipline King Haiming said. “Then you have a 30 percent chance of beating the others.”

A 30 percent chance was already very large. He could be in the top five of the candidates.

“There's only a 30 percent chance even if I cultivated the sixth aperture?” Zhang Ruochen asked.

Discipline King Haiming nodded. “You're strong physically and have high comprehension,” he said, voice turning hoarse and carrying an evil tone. “However, you've only cultivated the Blood Dragon Scripture. It's only a Ghost Level supreme class technique. Compared to those prides who have King Level saint spells, you're still at a disadvantage.”

“You only cultivated the sixth aperture because of your luck. If not for that, you might only have 10 percent of a chance to become the Deity. Plus, you can't use the Blood God Venomous Worm in the fight. This restricts you too.”

Clearly, Discipline King Haiming thought that the main reason that Zhang Ruochen had become the Banner Lord was the Blood God Venomous Worm and some luck. He didn't have high hopes. Even if Zhang Ruochen had a chance to become the Deity, it wasn't very likely.

How could a genius with a Ghost Level supreme class technique beat a genius with a King Level saint technique?

The Deity had to be talented in every aspect and have no weaknesses.

“The competition for the Deity of an ancient sect surpasses your imagination,” Discipline King Haiming continued. “Once you become the Deity, you immediately become a king above the others, equal to Saints. Not only you, but the family behind you will also reach their highest state and receive endless resources.”

“Mei Lanzhu didn't become the Deity because his talent had surpassed many people in the sect. Many people were unsatisfied with him. However, his performance at the Heir Banquet had been too eye-catching. He was tenth of the King Seats and had drunk the Empress' Supreme Saint Heavenly Tea. His potential increased greatly. In addition, there are some outside factors that all overlapped to make the Deity position his without a doubt.”

“This time, other than Bai Yu and Yan Kongming, who you've met, there are some even younger people who will compete. They'll compete with your generation. The competition has never been so intense before.”

Thinking of this, Discipline King Haiming continued, “Your Saint Meridians and meridians are set now and unable to cultivate other techniques. So, in the coming month, focus entirely on cultivation. Try to improve a little and reach the middle stage of the third level. If you need pills for help, ask your Senior Uncle Ji.”

Zhang Ruochen glanced at Ji Shui and nodded. He had a better impression of the person who always stood in a cloud of bloody mist and never showed her true face. He was also curious.

“If you have the chance, visit the Nether Heavenly Palace and search for a suitable King Level saint technique. Spend some time on comprehending it. Even if you can’t cultivate it directly, it can still help you improve. If you really have a good opportunity and reach the Saint Realm, there’s a bigger chance to cultivate another technique.”

After telling him everything, Discipline King Haiming had Ji Shui take Zhang Ruochen away.

When Ji Shui and Zhang Ruochen were far away, Blue Night’s eyes turned dark. “Master,” he said in a low voice. “That man is extremely proud. If he becomes the Deity and cancels the threat of the Blood God Venomous Worm, he might not listen to us anymore.”

The smile on Discipline King Haiming’s face disappeared completely. He radiated with a cold aura. “Even if he becomes the Deity, he’ll only have a higher status and receive more resources. His cultivation isn’t enough to break free from my control.”

Discipline King Haiming was very controlling and wouldn’t let anyone betray him. Even if Gu Linfeng became a Deity, if he wasn’t obedient, Discipline King Haiming still had ways to kill him secretly.

Ji Shui didn’t take Zhang Ruochen to the Nether Heavenly Palace. Instead, they went toward the Ancient Snow Mountain.

Zhang Ruochen used a physical technique to follow Ji Shui. “Senior Uncle Ji, where are we going?”

Bloody mist swirled around Ji Shui. She seemed not to have a physical body. “Master already talked with Palace Lord Qi,” she said indifferently. “You need not return to the Nether Heavenly Palace for now. You must prepare for the battle wholeheartedly. I will guide your cultivation the next month until the day of the competition.”

Ji Shui didn’t tell Zhang Ruochen where they were going. Zhang Ruochen didn’t keep asking either.

Ji Shui’s cultivation was very strong. Zhang Ruochen felt that her state was even higher than Blue Night’s. Plus, her

technique was very strange. Even Zhang Ruochen couldn't distinguish her true state. Of course, this was because Zhang Ruochen hadn't used his Heavenly Eye yet.

After leaving the Ancient Snow Mountain, the two transformed into two beams of saintly light, flying in the air with extreme speed.

The Blood God Sect had a long history and had produced more than one Supreme Saint. The founder of the sect was like a god. The sect's territory was naturally vast, sprawling over many spiritual mountains and lands.

After flying for more than 1,000 miles, Ji Shui gradually slowed. She started descending and landed on the ground. Zhang Ruochen also landed. He stood beside Ji Shui and looked forward.

There was a majestic mountain. It rose up on the flat land and shot into the clouds. One couldn't see how high it was. The parts below the clouds were already more than 6,000 meters tall. It looked mighty and vast, radiating with purple-green spiritual light.

"It's actually purple Cloud Qi." Zhang Ruochen was shocked. "This mountain must have a Saintly Meridian under it."

The clouds in the sky weren't actual clouds. They were the Sea of Qi formed by Spiritual Qi. The vicinity of 300 miles was filled with the clouds. This place had become a heavenly place.

It was already impressive for an average clan to find a place with sufficient Spiritual Qi to create a mountain base. A force that had a Saintly Meridian was truly a monster. They had ancient heritages and couldn't be compared to the new sects that only had a few thousand years of history.

"This mountain is called Qianyuan Mountain," Ji Shui explained while walking toward the mountain. "It's guarded by the Heaven Heavenly Palace, one of the Ten Heavenly Palaces. The peak has millions of books of the Blood God Sect. The middle of the mountain has some cultivation caves."

Only disciples who have contributed to the Blood God Sect have the chance to cultivate in Qianyuan Mountain.”

“I don’t think I’ve contributed anything to the sect,” Zhang Ruochen said.

Ji Shui continued, “The founder has ordered that any disciple the Heaven Heavenly Palace believes has potential to be the Deity can cultivate here before the battle.”

They reached the foot of the Qianyuan Mountain. A frail elder stood at the entrance. He wore the Heaven Heavenly Palace’s robe.

According to Ji Shui, this man was Elder Xu of the Heaven Heavenly Palace. He was a ninth level Half-Saint and was one of the first members of the Heaven Heavenly Palace. Anyone who came to Qianyuan Mountain needed his permission.

Others had arrived before them. There were three groups in total.

The first was Wu Ji, seventh disciple of Discipline King Chengxu, and Wu Ji’s disciple Bai Yu.

Bai Yu had the Flying Fairy Saint Body and was a popular figure of the Blood God Sect. He was extremely arrogant. Clearly, he was a candidate for the Deity, so he was qualified to cultivate on the mountain.

Bai Yu and Zhang Ruochen had battled once for the Banner Lord position. He’d been seriously injured and humiliated. His status had plummeted in the Blood God Sect.

Seeing Zhang Ruochen now, Bai Yu was naturally furious. He huffed coldly. “Truly a small world for rivals.”

Zhang Ruochen ignored him. He looked composed.

Chapter 969 - Hai Lingyin

Translator:

Larbre Studio

Editor:

Larbre Studio

The second group was a middle-aged man and a youth around 14 or 15 years old.

The youth was very handsome. His pupils weren't round. Instead, they were shaped like flames and shone faintly. It was as if there were two flames in his eyes. He seemed sinister.

Zhang Ruochen met the youth's eyes and it actually felt like he was getting burned by saintly fire.

A little demonic. Zhang Ruochen immediately circulated his Holy Qi through his Saintly Meridians. The burning feeling gradually vanished.

"Oh!" the youth muttered. Then he moved his lips toward the middle-aged man beside him, transmitting something through sound waves.

Then the middle-aged man looked over at Zhang Ruochen. He wanted to see who exactly Zhang Ruochen was.

Ji Shui's voice streamed into Zhang Ruochen's ears. "Be careful of that youth. His name is Hai Lingyin. Seventy years ago, he was the prodigy of the Blood God Sect. He fought with Chen Wutian from the Five Heroes List."

"The prodigy from 70 years ago?"

Zhang Ruochen was shocked. The youth before him didn't look like a 70 or 80-year-old Monk at all.

Ji Shui naturally saw the confusion in Zhang Ruochen. "Hai Lingyin's technique is very unique," she continued. "It's called the Longevity Guide. Since the middle ages, he's the only one in the Blood God Sect to successfully cultivate this. According

to records of the Longevity Guide, those who cultivate this technique can stay youthful forever.”

Even Ji Shui sounded envious as she spoke.

Zhang Ruochen had seen Chen Wutian’s unparalleled talent. He was a pride of his generation and could definitely reach the Saint King Realm. If he had a good opportunity, he might even become a Supreme Saint.

If Hai Lingyin could fight against Chen Wutian, then he must be a very powerful figure.

“No, his aura doesn’t seem that powerful,” Zhang Ruochen said. “He hasn’t reached the Saint Realm yet.”

“In his battle with Chen Wutian, he suffered an internal injury and his cultivation stopped improving,” Ji Shui said. “Now, he’s still a Half-Saint. I heard that he visited the Savage Barren Territory recently and experienced a great opportunity. Not only has his injury healed completely, but he also improved his cultivation. If this is true, he will be your great rival in this battle.”

While Zhang Ruochen studied Hai Lingyin, the man was also studying him. His eyes were very clear and youthful. Those who didn’t know the truth would think that he was just a 14 or 15-year-old.

Even the conceited Bai Yu showed fear when he looked at Hai Lingyin.

The third group was Shangguan Xianyan, the Saintess of the Blood God Sect.

She stood with Elder Xu. She was graceful and faint saintly light flowed through her, making her seem ethereal. Standing at the foot of Qianyuan Mountain with all the Holy Qi, she seemed to become one with the fairy-like environment.

Since she was the Saintess of the Blood God Sect, she naturally paid attention to the next Deity. After all, most of the Deities and Saintesses of the Blood God Sect became partners in the end. Very few people throughout history could break this rule.

Bai Yu's eyes fell on Shangguan Xianyan. As if he was shot with adrenaline, he became excited.

Shangguan Xianyan was the top beauty of the Blood God Sect. She was extremely talented and was also the esteemed Saintess. She was the dream girl of so many Blood God Sect disciples.

Before, Mei Lanzhu had still been alive, so Bai Yu didn't dare to have any other thoughts. Now, Mei Lanzhu was dead. If he could become the next Deity, he'd have a big chance of becoming partners with the Saintess.

Thinking of this, Bai Yu's eyes flashed coldly. I will become the Deity no matter what. Even if Hai Lingyin dares to get in my way, I'll take his life too.

However, Shangguan Xianyan wasn't interested in Bai Yu. Her starry eyes moved between Hai Lingyin and Zhang Ruochen and occasionally smiled enchantingly.

Hai Lingyin stared at Shangguan Xianyan's curvy body and looked interested. His eyes didn't look like a youth's at all.

Countless more groups came to the mountain a while later. They were all candidates for the Deity position.

"The founder's order was only sent out yesterday and a large portion of the candidates arrived today. Everyone seems to be excited."

Elder Xu smiled and took out a scroll to assign everyone to their cultivation caves.

"Bai Yu has a 10 percent chance. He can cultivate in the Ding Dong Cultivation Residence for a month."

Bai Yu walked up and took Ding Dong Cultivation Residence's formation print. He could only open it with the formation print.

"Gu Linfeng has a 10 percent chance. He can cultivate in the Ding Qiu Cultivation Residence for a month."

Zhang Ruochen walked over and accepted the formation print. Then he glanced at Bai Yu and smiled inwardly. We're

neighbors. It seems that he won't be at peace while cultivating on Qianyuan Mountain.

Bai Yu grew even more resentful inside. He was clearly stronger than Gu Linfeng. How come Gu Linfeng's cultivation cave was higher than his? Was it only because Gu Linfeng had used the Blood God Venomous Worm to beat him once?

The cultivation residences of Qianyuan Mountain had different levels. The closer it was to the peak, the thicker the Spiritual Qi in the air.

Ding Qiu Cultivation Residence was next to Ding Dong, but it was higher up. Bai Yu was naturally upset.

Zhang Ruochen didn't even see people like Bai Yu as opponents. He wouldn't even waste time in this battle if becoming the Deity didn't have so many advantages.

However, this visit to Qianyuan Mountain had shown Zhang Ruochen just how powerful the Blood God Sect was. There were indeed masses of strong cultivators.

Each of the candidates here had the potential to become Saints. Once they matured, they would become a terrifying force.

Of course, the Blood God Sect had to choose a Deity and Saintess to repress them. Otherwise, they would all be ambitious and want to be in control, wreaking havoc within the Blood God Sect.

"Hai Lingyin has a 70 percent chance," Elder Xu's voice rang out again. "He can cultivate in the Jia Chun Cultivation Residence for a month."

All the candidates were shocked. Countless eyes stared over at Hai Lingyin.

"Seventy percent chance?"

"The Heaven Heavenly Palace's calculations are never wrong. Hai Lingyin must have found a huge opportunity in the Savage Barren Territory and recovered."

"Even Wei Longxing who'd hurried back from the Void World Battlefield might still be weaker than Hai Lingyin. Saying he

has a 70 percent chance is basically announcing that he's the next Deity.”

...

Under everyone's looks of envy, jealousy and fear, Hai Lingyin smiled eerily. He traveled up Qianyuan Mountain like a true king who was returning. He didn't think any of the other candidates were a match.

He only glanced at Zhang Ruochen, but it was only once.

I've cultivated the sixth aperture, making the Seven-Aperture Blood Palm as strong as a saint spell, but Discipline King Haiming still thinks that I only have a 30 percent chance. Is Hai Lingyin really powerful enough to have a 70 percent chance?

There were many techniques that Zhang Ruochen couldn't use in this battle. He would definitely be restricted. It would be difficult to defeat Hai Lingyin without exposing himself.

Chapter 970 - The Way of Darkness

Translator:

Larbre Studio

Editor:

Larbre Studio

Ding Qiu Cultivation Residence was at the foot of Qianyuan Mountain. It was only a few hundred meters high and was basically a bad residence. Even still, the Spiritual Qi density inside was shockingly high. It far surpassed other spiritual lands.

The two entered the residence. The bloody mist was gradually collected into Ji Shui's body. It revealed a tall figure, two plump bosoms, and a pair of delicate and porcelain-like hands.

However, she still wore a blood-red hood, covering her face. Zhang Ruochen couldn't tell her age and appearance.

“There are two things Master asked me to give you.”

Ji Shui took a boxing glove and gave it to Zhang Ruochen. The dark purple glove was very heavy. Seven pieces of saint jade were embedded in the palm. Each jade was a different color, but they were all filled with power. They demanded awe like seven stars hanging in the dark sky.

“How can the saintly jades be so powerful?”

Zhang Ruochen had a feeling that if he put on the glove and activated its power, he could smash the ground with one punch.

“The seven pieces of saintly jade on the Seven Kill Boxing Glove aren't natural saintly jades. They're bone jades made from the bones of seven saints and burned for 700 years.”

“To help you compete for the Deity’s position, Master personally borrowed this treasure from the Seven Kill Clan. I will give you three days to tame the spirit within the Seven Kill Boxing Glove and make it your own weapon.”

Since it was a clan’s treasure, how could it be lent to outsiders? Discipline King Haiming must have robbed them. The Seven Kill Clan didn’t dare to anger a Discipline King of the Blood God Sect.

The Seven Kill Boxing Glove was low on the Thousand-pattern Saint Weapon List, but it was still a Thousand-pattern Saint Weapon. It was extremely valuable.

Ji Shui took out a pill bottle. “Inside are 30 Tao Pills. Take one each day. One month later, you should be able to reach the middle or later stage of the third level.”

The Tao Pill was an Eighth-class Pill. Each one was worth an entire saint stone. For Monks in the Fish-Dragon Realm and lower Half-Saint realm, it was a magical pill to raise their cultivations.

Of course, it was scarily expensive. A typical low level Half-Saint couldn’t afford it, let alone a Monk in the Fish-Dragon Realm. A first level Half-Saint’s entire fortune was probably only worth a single saint stone.

Zhang Ruochen accepted the 30 Tao Pills without any excitement. He seemed very calm. No matter how powerful Tao Pills were, they weren’t even one-tenth of divine blood.

Seeing how unfazed Gu Linfeng was, Ji Shui was instantly confused.

After all, she’d personally gone to the Yuan Mansion to investigate Gu Linfeng. This man was frivolous and lustful, aggressive and violent, but also easily intimidated by more powerful people.

Gu Linfeng had also been like this after arriving at the Blood God Sect.

Ji Shui sometimes pitied him, but deep inside, she looked down on him. She didn’t think that someone like Gu Linfeng

could become the Deity at all. The flaws of his personality meant that he wouldn't have very high accomplishments.

How could he be so unmoved when he saw the 30 Tao Pills and Seven Kill Boxing Glove?

Ji Shui quickly discovered that something was wrong. Gu Linfeng's eyes stared straight at her chest and he smirked.

“Senior Uncle Ji's figure doesn't lose when compared to the Saintess. Why do you always hide yourself in the bloody mist?”

Zhang Ruochen rested his chin on his fingers. Staring at the shocking curve of Ji Shui's chest, he seemed to be studying and calculating the size.

Ji Shui huffed coldly. Powerful blood Qi flooded out and covered the entire cave residence. Feeling the coldness from Ji Shui's body, Zhang Ruochen immediately retreated. He didn't stop until he was pressed against the wall.

The Ding Qiu Cultivation Residence transformed into an eerie hell. Ghostly cries and wails sounded amidst the bloody fog. Shadows of white skeletons appeared too. It was terrifying.

Ji Shui stood in the heart of the sea of blood Qi. Her entire body was red. “Gu Linfeng,” she said, “you better not be so ridiculous. If you get ideas about me, you'll die a tragic death.”

“Senior Uncle, why are you so angry? I was complimenting you.” Without showing any fear, Zhang Ruochen chuckled and added, “If I become the Deity and ask grand-master to let me marry you, do you think he'd agree?”

Hearing this, even someone like Ji Shui was shocked. She was clear that if Gu Linfeng became the Deity, his status would skyrocket to an unimaginable level. If Gu Linfeng really wished to marry her, Discipline King Haiming would definitely agree.

How would she act then? Could she go against Discipline King Haiming? She'd thought many times about betraying the Blood God Sect and being free of Discipline King Haiming's control.

However, Discipline King Haiming was like an unmovable mountain pressing down on her. Anyone who dared to betray him would die. Her family would also be exterminated.

“You can say that when you become the Deity.” When Ji Shui said this, she looked very calm.

She was clear that her fortune was never in her own hands.

In the end, she and Gu Linfeng were the same. They were both pitiful people, like ants. If Discipline King Haiming wanted them to be alive, then they would be alive. If he wanted them to do something, they wouldn't dare to do the opposite.

Of course, she definitely didn't think that, with his personality, Gu Linfeng could become the Deity. He would forever be a slave controlled by Discipline King Haiming.

Ji Shui's delicate frame split into nine streams of blood Qi and flew out of the cave residence. She didn't want to cultivate with Gu Linfeng.

Seeing Ji Shui leave the cave residence, Zhang Ruochen wiped his smile away. “I finally forced her away,” he muttered to himself. “With her here, I can't use the Universe Spiritual Map to cultivate.”

Looking at the Seven Kill Boxing Glove, Zhang Ruochen's lips curled up. “It won't take three days to tame the spirit of a low level Thousand-pattern Saint Weapon.”

Zhang Ruochen activated the formation of the Ding Qiu Cultivation Residence. Then he took out the Universe Spiritual Map and went into the scroll world.

It didn't take long for him to refine the Seven Kill Boxing Glove and control the spirit. Putting it on his right hand, it felt as if the glove had become one with his hand and wrist. If he added Holy Qi into it, he could control it at will.

“With the Seven Kill Boxing Glove, I can defeat a seventh level Half-Saint with only palm techniques, not even using my sword or the power of space.”

Since he had the Seven Kill Boxing Glove and Abyss Ancient Sword, other weapons were useless.

Zhang Ruochen took a dozen weapons from his spatial ring. Most were of the True Treasure Class, but some were also saint weapons. The most powerful one was definitely the Yulin Blood Sword from the Hundred-pattern Saint Weapon list and the Seven Saint Snake Lance, a Thousand-pattern Weapon.

Next, he took out the Abyss Ancient Sword. He refined all the other weapons and melded them into the sword.

The Yulin Blood Sword and Seven Saint Snake Lance were tempting even for Saints, but Zhang Ruochen didn't find it a loss.

The Abyss Ancient Sword alone was worth tens of thousands of weapons.

After refining all the weapons, the Abyss Ancient Sword was even heavier. It shone blindingly. There were now more than 1,300 runes inside.

“Once there are 2,000 runes, the Abyss Ancient Sword's power will skyrocket again. Unfortunately, I must refine countless Thousand-pattern Saint Weapons to reach that step.”

Every Thousand-pattern Saint Weapon was the top treasure of a clan or sect. They weren't easy to obtain.

Without thinking more, Zhang Ruochen began to practice his sword.

“Four Changes of Scale One.”

Zhang Ruochen lifted the Abyss Ancient Sword. He created five time marks in a row, added a sword technique, and stabbed forward.

The time within hundreds of feet slowed down while the sword was shockingly fast. It cut across the sky like a beam of black light and was instantly hundreds of feet away.

“With this tactic, who within hundreds of feet from me will be my match?” Zhang Ruochen asked himself.

Four Changes of Scale One was known to be an undefeatable sword technique within hundreds of feet. If Zhang Ruochen reached the fourth level of the Half-Saint Realm, he would be

able to intimidate even a ninth level Half-Saint with just this move.

In the following time, Zhang Ruochen continued to refine his time sword technique. He wanted to connect this technique with his Sword Intent as much as possible to produce even stronger power.

At the same time, he wanted to complete the second move of the Eight Changes of Scale, the Divine Chaos of Scale Two. The second move was more powerful than the first.

While Zhang Ruochen practiced his sword, a 100-foot-long black hole flew over from the distance. It hung in the sky and absorbed all the surrounding light and heat. It looked very eerie.

It could swallow light.

A beautiful feminine voice sounded from within the black hole. "Such a powerful sword technique. I've cultivated for countless years within the Universe Spiritual Map and have reached the Half-Saint Realm, but I doubt I can block a single from hit."

Zhang Ruochen naturally noticed the hovering black hole. He put away his sword and smiled. "The Form of Darkness truly gets stronger as you cultivate it. Han Qiu, with your physical state, it'll be hard to find a rival in the same plane as you."

The black hole warped slightly and a beautiful young girl walked out slowly. She landed on the ground.

It was Han Qiu.

She radiated with an icy aura, but there was a graceful smile on her white face. "Unfortunately, I'm still much weaker than you."

Zhang Ruochen stared at her and made a noise of surprise. "Your main cultivation seems to be extraordinary."

There were 3,000 Major Ways and 10,000 Minor Ways. In addition to the Major Ways, there were 72 Supreme Saintly Ways and nine Ancient Ways.

Han Qiu's cultivation wasn't a Major Way. It had even... surpassed the Supreme Saintly Ways.

"Could it be an Ancient Way?" Zhang Ruochen was a bit moved.

Han Qiu nodded. "It's the Way of Darkness, one of the nine Ancient Ways."

No one was clearer than Zhang Ruochen about how difficult the Ancient Ways were to cultivate. When he comprehended the rules of time and space while in the Ninth Change of the Fish-Dragon Realm, he'd risked his life to push himself to his limit. He'd used up all his potential to comprehend the rules of the two Ancient Ways and start on the path.

"How did you comprehend the rules of darkness?" Zhang Ruochen asked.

Having the Form of Darkness was definitely an advantage. However, comprehending the rules of darkness in the Fish-Dragon Realm was harder than reaching heaven.

Throughout the history of Kunlun's Field, it was rare to find even one creature that focused on the rules of darkness.

It was evident how horrifically difficult it was.

If Han Qiu didn't have a shocking opportunity, it would be impossible for her to comprehend them in the Fish-Dragon Realm. However, she'd stayed in the scroll world before reaching the Half-Saint Realm. She hadn't interacted with the outside world.

Could her opportunity have been in the scroll world?

This was even more shocking. After all, Zhang Ruochen was more familiar with the scroll world than Han Qiu. If there really was something incredible in the scroll world, Zhang Ruochen should be the first to know.

Chapter 971 - Shocking Phenomenon

Translator:

Larbre Studio

Editor:

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Han Qiu took Zhang Ruochen forward. They kept walking and didn't stop until they reached an extremely frigid area. There was darkness for countless miles. It reached from the ground to the sky.

A nine-foot-long ice coffin hung in the air around 100 feet from the ground. The dark and icy power was spreading from that coffin.

The top of the coffin had the mark of a crescent moon. The bottom had a sun. It absorbed the wood-element Spiritual Qi from the Divine Sky-connecting Tree, forming two creek-like bridges of Spiritual Qi.

Zhang Ruochen had taken this Sun-moon Crystal Coffin from the netherworld and placed it in the scroll world. He didn't really care about it and never imagined that it could produce such a shocking phenomenon.

“Around a year ago, I was cultivating and comprehending the Rules of Saintly Way,” Han Qiu said. “A strange thought emerged in my mind. As if guided by a spirit, I came to this coffin. Strangely enough, when I comprehend the rules under the Sun-moon Crystal Coffin, my speed is more than 100 times faster than usual. It feels like a Supreme Saint is in my head, teaching me. I comprehended the rules of darkness here.”

Zhang Ruochen stared at the Sun-moon Crystal Coffin, falling into deep thought. He couldn't figure out what Han Qiu had experienced at all.

A female corpse lay inside the Sun-moon Crystal Coffin. He could see it through the coffin's walls. The corpse hadn't decayed. It was still fully preserved and didn't look like it had been around since the middle ages.

Full of doubt, Zhang Ruochen muttered to himself, "Could it be her?"

Han Qiu's eyes were serious. "I always feel like that female corpse hasn't truly died and will come back to life someday."

It wasn't just Han Qiu. Zhang Ruochen also had the same feeling. In fact, he felt that that day would come soon.

"Would it be good or bad?" he asked.

Blackie always bragged that anything was possible in the scroll world. However, it had been proved that most of its words were exaggerations and unrealistic.

If the female corpse really came back to life, Blackie probably couldn't control her. The entire scroll world might get torn apart by her.

Zhang Ruochen wanted to move the Sun-moon Crystal Coffin out as soon as possible to avoid trouble. However, he discovered that he couldn't approach it.

When he was still 100 feet from the coffin, his entire body would get frozen by the icy Qi. If he continued, he would get sealed in ice.

"Such powerful icy Qi. My cultivation can't even counter it."

Zhang Ruochen shattered the ice on him and retreated.

Whoosh—

He took out a piece of jade. Activating his Holy Qi, his finger applied force. The jade streaked toward the Sun-moon Crystal Coffin like white light.

When it was still 100 feet from the coffin, ice emerged out of the sky and sealed the jade. It couldn't continue forward.

Strangely, the jade and ice just hovered in the air instead of falling down.

“With the Sun-moon Crystal Coffin as the center, this place has become a zone of death. We can’t approach it.” Zhang Ruochen shook his head.

“Actually, the corpse inside might not be an evil object,” Han Qiu said. “I feel like she’s the one helping me comprehend the rules of darkness.”

“In that case, continue cultivating here. It’s not that big of a threat, at least for now.”

With that, Zhang Ruochen took that bottle of Tao Pills out. He gave Han Qiu five pills.

“Are these Tao Pills?” Han Qiu was shocked.

“Indeed.”

“I heard that if a first level Half-Saint uses one, he can go immediately from the beginning to the pinnacle.”

Zhang Ruochen had given her five of these valuable pills at once.

“A first level Half-Saint can indeed improve quickly with a Tao Pill, but the effect would be lower if a second level Half-Saint uses it. It’ll be even less effective for a third level Half-Saint. He won’t improve much even if he takes ten pills.”

“Five Tao Pills is enough to take me to the pinnacle of the second level.” Han Qiu’s lips curled into a smile.

When Zhang Ruochen first took her away from the Yin and Yang Sect, he’d personally promised to provide an endless stream of resources. Thus, Han Qiu accepted the five Tao Pills without shyness.

“Unfortunately, the Divine Origin Pill can only be created by middle age forces,” Zhang Ruochen said. “Without it, you’ll reach a bottleneck at the pinnacle of the first level. It won’t be that easy to reach the second level.”

Now, Han Qiu was able to counter those Heirs in the same plane as her. Her future was unimaginable. If she continued cultivating and completed the Form of Darkness, she might be able to not only swallow light. She might be able to swallow space and everything in the world.

A talent like her would definitely be a top-level figure of the Sacred Sect. Naturally, Zhang Ruochen had to help her greatly.

Afterward, Zhang Ruochen gave the remaining 25 Tao Pills to Han Qiu to divide amongst the other disciples.

Any who'd reached the Fish-Dragon Realm could receive one Tao Pill.

“Refining divine blood has a better effect than taking Tao Pills. Not only can it improve one's cultivation, it can also strengthen the physical body.”

Thinking of this, Zhang Ruochen took out divine blood to refine.

Ji Shui thought that Zhang Ruochen could only reach the middle stage of the third level before the Deity battle. However, Zhang Ruochen's goal was the pinnacle.

Three days later, Zhang Ruochen walked out of the scroll world. Right now, his cultivation had reached the middle stage of the third level.

He opened the formation of the residence and walked out. He saw Ji Shui who was sitting in a cloud of bloody mist.

Walking over, Zhang Ruochen chuckled. “Have you been guarding out here for the past three days? If people saw, they'd think that I don't respect my elders. Would you like to cultivate with me inside?”

Ji Shui huffed. She stopped cultivating and stood up. “Have you tamed the spirit of the Seven Kill Boxing Glove?”

“To me, refining the Seven Kill Boxing Glove's spirit is nothing.” Zhang Ruochen raised his arm and waved the boxing glove before Ji Shui. “Would you like to test its power?”

Looking at how proud Gu Linfeng was, Ji Shui was unhappy. “You dare fight me with your cultivation... Huh? How did you improve so much? You're already in the middle stage?”

“Yes.”

This time, Ji Shui was truly shocked.

Gu Linfeng had only reached the third level around ten days ago. How could he reach the middle stage so quickly? His cultivation speed was unnatural.

Gu Linfeng's talent is indeed shocking. Unfortunately, his mindset isn't good enough. Otherwise, he could really rise to the top.

Ji Shui was only a bit shocked. She recovered quickly.

"Your attainment in the palm techniques is already very high, so I won't teach you," Ji Shui said. "However, you need improvement in other aspects, such as the technique that you cultivate."

"My Saintly Meridians and meridians are already set. I can't cultivate other techniques. Even if I study a King Level saint guide, I still won't get much."

Here, Bai Yu walked out of the Ding Dong Cultivation Residence. Hearing Zhang Ruochen's words, he laughed. "Yes, the technique that you cultivate is the Blood Dragon Scripture, a supreme class Ghost Level technique. You can't improve much even if you study a saint guide."

Zhang Ruochen glanced at Bai Yu. "Is it your place to speak while I'm talking to my master?"

Bai Yu clenched his fist and activated his Holy Qi. However, he quickly repressed his anger. "If I wasn't going to the Saintess' Lin Lang Cultivation Residence for the banquet, I'd definitely teach you a lesson."

With that, Bai Yu hurried toward the Saintess' residence in his pure white robe. Zhang Ruochen shook his head, not caring about Bai Yu at all.

"Earlier, the Saintess also sent you an invitation. Are you going?" Ji Shui took out the invitation to give to Zhang Ruochen.

He didn't accept it. "Why would I go to a banquet? I need to hurry up and cultivate so I can improve some more."

Hearing this, Ji Shui was quite surprised. This was personally hosted by the Saintess and he wasn't going? She even

suspected if Gu Linfeng was lying.

Zhang Ruochen smiled at Ji Shui. “It would be better if I could cultivate with you.”

“Oh?” Ji Shui’s tone turned cold. “Since you want to cultivate, I’ll take you somewhere. If you’re very talented, you may make up for your disadvantage in technique.”

“There’s a place like that?” Zhang Ruochen was actually curious.

“The founder of the Blood God Sect once left behind the Blood God Map. It’s carved at the peak of Qianyuan Mountain. If you can comprehend something from it, you may receive more than cultivating a typical King Level saint guide.”

Of course, Ji Shui didn’t tell Zhang Ruochen everything. In the past thousand years, only one person had been able to comprehend a shred of truth from the Blood God Map and change his life.

Everyone else’s attempts had been fruitless.

Ji Shui was taking Zhang Ruochen to the Blood God Map to give him some hardship so he wouldn’t keep being so arrogant.

Chapter 972 - Blood God Map

Translator:

Larbre Studio

Editor:

Larbre Studio

The higher they climbed on Qianyuan Mountain, the thicker the Spiritual Qi became. It had formed purple clouds of Qi that floated in the air like a sea of clouds.

The Spiritual Qi seemed to spew from the peak before descending to the bottom.

The mountain was abnormally large and tall. It was like two of the Yin and Yang Sect's Ancient God Mountains. If placed in the sea, it would be a large island. It wouldn't be crowded even if 100,000 people lived on it.

The mountain road was scraggly. Thousand-year-old pines and spiritual vines rose up on either side. Precious spiritual medicine could be seen everywhere. For example, there were man-shaped berries and fan-sized tubers.

They all belonged to someone. If anyone dared to pick something planted by the Blood God Sect's elders, their lives would be at risk.

Around 6,000 meters up Qianyuan Mountain, they were close to the purple clouds. A cultivation residence with tumultuous Holy Qi appeared.

Many monks were gathered outside. Most of them were young and vibrant with extraordinary temperaments. Each one was a top figure with a respected position in the Blood God Sect.

This was the Saintess' Lin Lang Cultivation Residence. It was a very high-level residence, comparable to many Saint residences.

A young man in a blood red robe stood outside. He looked in Zhang Ruochen's direction. "Someone else has come for the banquet."

"Who's that? I've never seen him before."

"Lingyun, you're always in the Savage Barren Territory, so you obviously don't know. He's a new powerful figure of the sect. He killed Ning Guihai and defeated Bai Yu and Yan Kongming. His name is Gu Linfeng."

The other Deity candidates all looked over at Bai Yu.

Embarrassed, Bai Yu huffed. "He only won because he used the power of the Blood God Venomous Worm. Plus, the technique that he cultivates is the Blood Dragon Scripture. It's only in the supreme class Ghost Level."

"So he was planted with the Blood God Venomous Worm."

"How can someone cultivating the supreme class Ghost Level qualify to be a candidate?"

Everyone lost interest.

As candidates for the Deity, they were all very proud. They either had strong physiques or cultivated an advanced and miraculous technique. None of them were average.

They all decided to somehow drive Gu Linfeng out. The Saintess' banquet wasn't for everyone.

Unexpectedly, Gu Linfeng didn't even stop. He walked straight toward the mountaintop.

"What does this mean? Did he not receive the Saintess' invitation?"

Someone couldn't help but mock him. "The Saintess doesn't give everyone an invitation. Seems like Gu Linfeng isn't powerful enough."

Bai Yu furrowed his brow because it was clear to him that the Saintess had sent someone to invite Gu Linfeng.

Such an arrogant fellow. He actually dares to not attend the banquet. Isn't he afraid of angering the Saintess? His days in the Blood God Sect will be difficult. Bai Yu sneered inwardly.

The Saintess naturally saw Gu Linfeng leave too. Confusion colored her eyes. She didn't understand why Gu Linfeng, who'd been flirting with her, wouldn't attend the banquet.

Of course, she didn't really care. In her opinion, Gu Linfeng was a bit stronger than Bai Yu and Yan Kongming, but he couldn't be compared to Hai Lingyin and Wei Longxing. He couldn't become the Deity.

With Gu Linfeng's personality, he was just easy to take advantage of. It would be nice if he could work for her.

Zhang Ruochen followed Ji Shui into the purple clouds. They'd climbed more than 20,000 meters and finally reached the peak. The peak of Qianyuan Mountain soared above the purple sea of clouds.

A single beam of purple light shot out of the center. It connected with the sky and seemed to shoot out of the world.

The Blood God Map was carved on a stone wall that was 190 feet tall.

An elder clad in gray sat cross-legged below the Blood God Map. He was like a clay figurine. His aura was completely collected. One couldn't feel his aura at all.

Zhang Ruochen saw that the elder was covered in dirt. Moss even grew on his shoulders and head. He hadn't moved in countless years.

"This elder is already dead," Zhang Ruochen said. "Why hasn't he been buried?"

The elder didn't have any sign of life. He was clearly dead.

"Nonsense. This Taishang Elder is sitting here to guard the Blood God Map. He has a very high status in the sect, even higher than the founder."

Despite her words, Ji Shui wasn't very confident. It wasn't her first time visiting the Blood God Map, but she'd never seen this Taishang Elder move before. He was no different from a corpse.

But since he was at the Taishang Elder level, it didn't matter if he was dead or alive. Zhang Ruochen didn't dare offend him.

Repressing the urge to check with his Spiritual Power, he looked at the Blood God Map.

To be honest, the Blood God Map was just a scraggly cliff. He couldn't see any images. It was no different from a natural wall of rock.

Zhang Ruochen furrowed his brow. He questioned whether the Blood God Map was really as magical as Ji Shui had said.

“It's fake.” A voice streamed over from below the wall. “It must be fake. This is just a regular stone wall. You can't learn anything from it.”

Zhang Ruochen looked for the source of the voice. He saw a red monkey sitting below the Blood God Map, shaking its head. It stood up, clearly not wanting to continue wasting time on the Blood God Map, and walked down the mountain.

Finally, Zhang Ruochen realized it wasn't a monkey. It was a human. However, he was covered in red monkey hair and even had a long tail hanging behind him.

“Monkey-Human Clan,” Zhang Ruochen gasped.

The Monkey-Human Clan had the longest lifespan of all half-human clans. They were comparable to a savage beast. They lived on a faraway island in the East Sea and very rarely appeared in Kunlun's Field. Zhang Ruochen naturally found it odd that this Monkey-Human appeared in the Blood God Sect.

This Monkey-Human seemed to be a teenager—a youth just like Hai Lingyin. However, Zhang Ruochen knew that Monkey-Humans lived for a very long time. He couldn't judge their age by regular standards.

When the Monkey-Human youth walked by, he glanced at Zhang Ruochen and said, “Don't waste your time comprehending this stupid Blood God Map. It's a scam.”

Zhang Ruochen chuckled. “I'm already here, so I have to at least try.”

The Monkey-Human youth studied Zhang Ruochen. “No! You must be a candidate for the Deity, right?”

“Indeed.” Then Zhang Ruochen asked, “Is there something wrong?”

“The Saintess invited all the candidates to a banquet. Why did you come here to waste time instead of going?” the Monkey-Human youth asked.

“You didn’t go either,” Zhang Ruochen said.

The youth scoffed. “I’d just be a supporting figure even if I went. Only Hai Lingyin and Wei Longxing are her esteemed guests. The next Deity will definitely be one of them. It’ll be weird if the Saintess has her eyes on someone else.”

“That’s what I think too.” With that, Zhang Ruochen walked to the Blood God Map. He sat down, adjusted his mindset, and looked up the rock wall.

“I can’t believe there’s someone else not impressed by the Saintess. Interesting.”

The Monkey-Human youth looked curious. Instead of leaving, he hit Ji Shui’s back with his tail. “Sis, who’s this?”

“Stay away from me,” Ji Shui said coldly.

The youth looked at her, a bit confused. His tail hit her again. “Why?”

Ji Shui glanced at the youth’s tail. Bloody mist rolled down her body while two beams of black light shot out from her hood.

The youth flashed and dodged the beams of light. With a boom, the two beams hit the ground, melting the rock.

“I was just asking. Why did you attack me?” The youth moved horizontally in a streak of firelight and appeared on the other side of Ji Shui.

Since when did such a strong figure appear in the Blood God Sect? Ji Shui was actually shocked. She didn’t dare underestimate this person. The speed that this person just displayed was actually at her level. He wasn’t an average person.

“This sister isn’t easy to talk to at all.”

The Monkey-Human youth shook his head. Instead of continuing to ask Ji Shui, he walked to the Taishang Elder sitting in the distance.

His tail peeked out again and hit the elder's right shoulder. "Hey, old guy," he said. "The so-called Blood God Map is fake, right?"

The Taishang Elder sat there without budging like a stone statue.

"Oh, he's dead." The youth furrowed his brow and sighed. "The disciples of the Blood God Sect don't respect their elders at all. Since he's already dead, he should be buried."

The youth found a corner below the stone wall and dug a ditch around two meters deep. Then he carried the Taishang Elder's "corpse" on his shoulder and strode to the ditch.

Even now, the Taishang Elder was still in his sitting position. His muscles and bones were very stiff and his eyes were shut tightly. He didn't wake up.

The youth put the Taishang Elder in the ditch. Then he started filling the ditch with dirt.

Ji Shui held her breath. She watched this scene with anxiety, fearing that the Taishang Elder would suddenly wake up and kill them all in fury.

When she saw that the elder still didn't wake up, she finally breathed in relief. Perhaps he really did die long ago.

Chapter 973 - Blood Spiritual Meridian

Translator:

Larbre Studio

Editor:

Larbre Studio

Zhang Ruochen kept his eyes fixed on the stone wall above.

Nothing about it seemed special.

The bulge and jut on the surface seemed natural and not man-made.

“Is this really the ‘Blood God Map’ by the Patriarch of Blood God Sect?”

Zhang Ruochen was puzzled.

Ji Shui, who was standing afar, was pleased to watch the arrogant Zhang Ruochen being clueless on how to activate the Blood God Map.

“Let me try again using the Eyes of the Deity Print.”

Zhang Ruochen channeled his Holy Qi into his eyes and the deity print glowed in his pupils.

When he looked at the stone wall once again, what had been invisible to him now became visible. The sixty-meter tall wall was covered in a network of glowing fibers connected by fine lines and spots.

The number of the fine lines was at least a few thousand.

The spots connecting those lines were like stars at night – uncountable.

“This is the Blood God Map. It is only visible to those who possess the Eyes of the Deity Print.”

For a thousand years, there had only been one man in all of the Blood God Sect who was capable of comprehending the Blood God Map. Zhang Ruochen now understood the reason why.

Without the Eyes of the Deity Print, one could never see the Blood God Map.

And since he could, he casted his Spiritual Power upon the map and started meditating.

When he had come to a deeper understanding of the map, his blood boiled.

Banging, popping and rumbling sounded within him as the blood flowed through his body.

Even Ji Shui and the young Monkey-Human boy who remained distant could hear the pulsating turbulent flow of blood.

“Why are there multiple rivers flowing in his body? It’s as if his body contains a whole new world.”

The young Monkey-Human boy was shocked. He stopped burying, and widened his golden pupils to watch Zhang Ruochen, who he found was meditating underneath the stone wall.

“Did he manage to comprehend the map? Has he achieved enlightenment?”

Ji Shui was even more shocked to realize the Blood Qi in Gu Linfeng’s body was stronger than hers.

There was a Blood Spiritual Meridian connecting his blood to his lower abdomen.

Yet the Blood Spiritual Meridian came off from his lower abdomen and attached to the Blood God Map.

Looking from the distance where Ji Shui stood, it appeared to her that Gu Linfeng and the stone wall were connected by a fine blood capillary.

“What’s happening? Why would his body connect to the Blood God Map?” The young Monkey-Human boy opened his

eyes even wider, his lids stretching far enough for his eyeballs to fall out.

An old man's voice rang behind him. "That's the Blood Spiritual Meridian."

"What meridian? How could the meridian connect to the stone wall? Old man, are you kidding me ..."

The young Monkey-Human boy choked, his face turning blue.

Who was talking to him?

He turned to check on the half dug hole.

It was the old man he had been burying, standing alive.

"You... you... are still... alive..."

The Monkey-Human boy's voice was quivering.

"Taishang Elder."

Ji Shui knelt on one knee, paying respect to the elder in grey robes.

The Monkey-Human boy followed, bowing his head so low that it nearly hit the floor.

The magic that brought the elder back to life was ancient, so powerful that it instilled fear into the others.

The elder did not look at Ji Shui and the Monkey-Human boy. Instead, he fixed his gaze on Zhang Ruochen and muttered, "It has been a thousand years. Finally, someone who could read the Blood God Map! How many of the Blood Spiritual Meridians can he cultivate?"

The Monkey-Human boy asked further questions when he noticed the elder was not angry at all. "Elder, does comprehending the Blood God Map help to cultivate the Blood Spiritual Meridian?"

The elder nodded, "A thousand years ago, a legendary man from the Blood God Sect had cultivated seven Blood Spiritual Meridians just by comprehending the Blood God Map."

"What can the Blood Spiritual Meridian do?" the Monkey-Human boy asked.

“Refines one’s blood, then sanctifies his body,” said the elder.

A short answer, but precise enough to make Ji Shui and the Monkey-Human boy gasp, their eyes twinkling.

A monk could achieve the saint level by means of martial art, spiritual power, and sanctification of the human body.

Out of the three, the third was the most powerful. A saint who had his body sanctified wielded the strongest power. With a single punch, he could destroy saints of equivalent levels of the other two ways.

That said, a sanctified saint could defeat a bunch of saints of Martial Arts and Spiritual Power by himself.

Of course, it was extremely difficult to achieve the level of sanctified saint and rare to find one. Perhaps one in a million?

It was difficult enough to be a saint, let alone a sanctified saint.

The Monkey-Human asked again, “A thousand years ago, the legendary man...did he manage to achieve the state of sanctified saint?”

The elder’s eyes twitched. “Not only was he a sanctified saint, but he was so close to achieving the Supreme Saint level.”

This time, both the Monkey-Human boy and Ji Shui were stunned and they stopped breathing.

A long time ago, a sanctified saint of the Peacock Clan had achieved the Supreme Saint level. Weapons could not cleave him. Fire could not burn him, nor could water wet him. He was indestructible to anything that was made of the five elements. Even after taking three hits from the God, he remained alive.

If the legendary man had achieved the Supreme Saint level, he would have possessed the indestructible body.

By then, even Empress Chi Yao would not be able to defeat him.

“He was so close,” the elder sighed.

Meanwhile, a second Meridian sprung from Zhang Ruochen's body, connecting to the Blood God Map.

The third, and the fourth followed after.

Ji Shi and the Monkey-Human clan held their breath, their eyes fixing on Zhang Ruochen, wondering how many more Meridians he could cultivate.

A thousand years ago, the legendary man managed to cultivate seven, and his sanctified body was close to achieving the Supreme Saint level.

If Zhang Ruochen could cultivate eight, would he stand a chance to surpass the legendary man?

"Cultivating five Blood Spiritual Meridians is sufficient to sanctify your body," the elder explained.

Ji Shui could not believe her eyes at all. How could someone like Gu Linfeng surpass the legendary man? It was good enough if he could cultivate five Blood Spiritual Meridians.

After all, achieving the state of sanctified saint would put him above all other saints already.

But to become the sanctified saint of the Supreme level..that had always only been a legend.

Swoosh.

The fifth Meridian bounced off Zhang Ruochen's body, hanging between his body and the stone wall.

"My dear lord, it's already the fifth Meridian! That means he could be the sanctified saint! This brother is gifted! I knew he was when I first met him," the Monkey-Human boy exclaimed.

The elder's eyes flashed and said, "Monks who have cultivated five Blood Spiritual Meridians will get to have their bodies sanctified, so long as they continue to absorb and refine blood of a high and fine grade."

Ji Shui pursed her lips while watching Gu Lin Feng and the five Meridians connecting him to the stone wall.

She could not understand how someone arrogant and ruthless could comprehend the Blood God Map.

If Gu Linfeng became the sanctified saint, his combat power would exceed Discipline King Haiming and he'd become the main pillar of the Blood God Sect.

Swoosh.

The sixth Meridian came rolling out of Zhang Ruochen's body.

“One more and he will be on par with the legendary man.”

The Monkey-Human jumped off from the ground out of excitement, staring at Zhang Ruochen with admiration.

Ji Shui was in disbelief. How could Gu Linfeng be on par with the legendary man?

While the man had not achieved the Supreme Saint Level, he was referred to as the Tenth Emperor, a title equivalent to the nine emperors at that time.

As much as she despised Gu Linfeng, he managed to cultivate the seventh Meridian.

Even the elder who had stayed calm throughout commented with his upper lip twitching, “This young man's talent is no less than the legendary man. As he continues to grow, the Blood God Sect will rise again and no longer be at the bottom of the seven sects.”

The comment left Ji Shui speechless. Is Gu Linfeng really that talented? Perhaps he's gotten lucky and happened to read the Blood God Map by chance.

For a thousand years, there has only been one—now two if Gu Linfeng is included—man that could read the Blood God Map. How could this happen by chance?

An hour had passed and no more Blood Spiritual Meridian had formed since the seventh.

The Monkey-Human boy swallowed, taking his time to speak. “This should be it. He is on par with the legendary man.

Seems like the Blood God Sect will have another legendary man.”

The elder nodded lightly. The seventh Blood Spiritual Meridian was Zhang Ruochen’s limit. There was no way he could cultivate the eighth Meridian.

Suddenly, his eyes flared in astonishment.

The young man meditating underneath the stone wall glowed in blood-red, and then a newly cultivated Blood Spiritual Meridian sprung out from his body.

He had cultivated the eighth Meridian, outperforming the legendary man.

Would he follow in the footsteps of the legendary saint of the Peacock Clan who had achieved the Supreme Saint level?

“Will he be able to cultivate more?” The Monkey-Human boy said with his knees on the ground.

The ninth Blood Spiritual Meridian!

The tenth Blood Spiritual Meridian!

The glow Zhang Ruochen emitted had finally dimmed down.

He opened his eyes gradually, then shook his head and sighed, “Ten Blood Spiritual Meridians is the limit. What a pity.”

Zhang Ruochen’s comment angered the three who were watching from the side with an urge to strangle him.

As a matter of fact, he was truly upset about his achievement, and was clueless about their feelings.

Chapter 974 - Wei Longxing

Translator:

Larbre Studio

Editor:

Larbre Studio

“Brother, please enlighten me on how to interpret the Blood God Map. I would love to cultivate the Blood Spiritual Meridian as well. I will never forget your gracious act when I have become the sanctified saint.”

Before Zhang Ruochen figured out the usage of the Blood Spiritual Meridian, a bright red light came rushing at him. It was the Monkey-Human boy running towards him with his arms open.

“What are you doing?”

Zhang Ruochen moved to the side, avoiding the boy.

The Monkey-Human boy fell with his belly lying flat on the ground and slid a few meters away. He then flipped his flexible body over, feeling embarrassed over his action.

Putting himself back together, he began introducing himself. “My name is Sun Dadi. I joined the Blood God Sect half a year ago and I wish to learn from you the method to read the Blood God Map.”

Meanwhile, Ji Shui and the elder walked over.

It was then that the thought that the Blood God Map had only been read by one man in the whole Blood God Sect hit Zhang Ruochen.

His becoming the second one would be a shocking news to the Blood God Sect.

However, he wanted to keep the Eyes of the Deity Print a secret and said, “I can’t help you. Understanding the Blood God Map is by luck.”

Clearly, Sun Dadi was not satisfied with the reply, and he continued to stare at Zhang Ruochen intently.

The elder then said, “A thousand years ago, the legendary man said the same thing. No one can guide anyone to read the Blood God Map. Everything happens by chance.” Upon hearing those words, Sun Dadi gave up and let out a long sigh.

Zhang Ruochen noticed the elder who had come back alive and bowed.

The elder nodded at him, then asked, “Who is your master?”

“My master is the great Discipline King Haiming.” Zhang Ruochen replied.

The elder’s facial expression changed. Then said, “Your talent is extraordinary, and your achievements in the future will be remarkable. But before you achieve the level of sanctified saint, do not expose the fact that you have cultivated ten Blood Spiritual Meridians. Otherwise, you might get into trouble and risk your life for it.”

The elder then shifted his gaze to Ji Shui and Sun Dadi.

Both of them felt an immense pressure weighing against their shoulders that kept them incapacitated. The stare was so intense that it felt as if they could turn into ashes if the elder blinked.

Ji Shui and Sun Dadi knelt on one knee immediately. “We will never tell others the secret,” said the both of them in unison.

This had caught Zhang Ruochen by surprise. He had never expected that the guardian of the Blood God Map would have such terrifying cultivation.

Ji Shui and Sun Dadi were both half-saints of the higher level, yet they could not withstand his one stare.

Having these powerful figures remaining hidden within the sect, it was no wonder that the Blood God Sect could oppose the Taichi Sect and the imperial court publicly in the state of Tiantai. Indeed, it was one of the seven powerful ancient sects.

The elder did not intend to kill Ji Shui and Sun Dadi. The stare was meant to be a threat.

Thereafter, the elder sat on the ground and turned into a calcified statue with no sign of life.

The three of them left and went down the hill. Yet the incident instilled in Sun Dadi a lingering fear. He commented, “The old man’s cultivation is too scary. His stare makes all half-saints feel small.”

Ji Shui remained quiet. Suddenly, she stopped walking and looked at Sun Dadi. She asked, “Half a year ago, the Ruler of the Earth Heavenly Palace brought a teenage boy back during his trip to the Eastern Ocean. You are the teenage boy, aren’t you?”

“Hehe.”

Sun Dadi smiled sheepishly and never denied her question. Ji Shui commented further, “According to the Heaven Heavenly Palace, you have a 50% chance of becoming the Deity. And your success rate is the third highest, right after Hai Lingyin and Wei Longxin.” Zhang Ruochen stopped walking too, looking rather surprised at Sun Dadi.

He had always thought that Sun Dadi was too playful for a half-saint. His childish action was nothing like what a leader would do.

“What’s the point of having a 50% chance? I am nothing compared to Brother Gu. When the world finds out that he has cultivated ten Blood Spiritual Meridians, he will be the Deity, without the need of competing,” said Sun Dadi.

“You can try revealing the news,” Ji Shui answered in a sarcastic tone.

Sun Dadi shut his mouth and shrugged his shoulders. He darted his eyes sideways to give a quick glance at the hilltop, then held his finger in front of his mouth as a sign of silence and whispered, “Just kidding! Don’t take this for real.”

Sun Dadi believed that Zhang Ruochen would surpass the legendary man from a thousand years ago. Since then, he had been calling Zhang Ruochen the big brother.

The three of them continued their journey down the hill.

Sun Dadi was a chatterbox who wouldn't stop talking. He continued, "The old man at the hilltop must be some high ranking elder in the Blood God Sect. Why couldn't he tell the Hierarch about Brother Gu and name him the Deity? Since he knew about Brother Gu's talent..."

Ji Shui and Zhang Ruochen both kept quiet.

He then said, "Would it be because it would be too obvious for Brother Gu to become the Deity, thus raising unnecessary suspicion from the other ancient sects?"

Suddenly, Zhang Ruochen stopped and looked in the direction of a lake not far away from them.

Someone was talking by the lake.

The Purple Green Lake was situated at the hillside of the Qianyuan mountain. Its water was as clear as crystal and cloaked in a veil of Holy Qi, making it the perfect spot to cultivate.

It was the Saintess of the Blood God Sect having a walk with the fellow candidates, discussing the current issues happening in the Kunlun's Field.

Standing next to the Saintess was a man in five-colored saint armor.

With a height measuring two meters tall, along with square shoulders that fit perfectly in his armor, he exuded an aura equivalent to the God of War, which made his presence terrifying and outstanding compared to the other candidates.

This man was the infamous talent of the Blood God Sect, Wei Longxing, who had just returned from the Thousand Void World battleground.

According to the Heaven Heavenly Palace, Wei Longxing had a 60% success rate of becoming the Deity, right after Hai Lingyin.

The five-color glow his armor emitted, paired with the Saintess' saint light, made everyone fix their eyes on the divine pair as they walked side by side.

“Before I left the Thousand Void World battleground, I received the news that the Blue Dragon Void World would vanish in a few months’ time. By that time, there will be a huge fight over the land right among the ancient families and the seven sects,” said Wei Longxing.

The news shocked the other candidates.

The Blue Dragon Void World was the greatest Void World. Its size was second to Kunlun’s Field. It had lived through a few hundred centuries, and had nurtured countless powerful warriors.

Some of them were very influential in Kunlun’s field.

Yet, the once great Void World had fallen.

“Is this why the Hierarch has been so eager to select the new Deity?” one of the candidates asked.

Wei Longxing nodded and replied, “Apparently, the seven ancient sects have been preparing their respective Deity and Saintess. Those on the Half-Saint Rank will show themselves too.”

The Saintess looked at him with her beautiful radiant eyes and said, “Brother Wei, I’m sure your cultivation is strong enough to be listed on the Half-Saint Rank.”

Wei Longxing replied with sparkles in his eyes that reflected confidence and pride. “I am only half a step away from achieving the saint level. It won’t matter to me whether or not I will be listed on the Half-Saint Rank.”

The more he pretended not to care, the more he yearned to be on the list.

To be listed on the Half-Saint Rank was an honor all half-saints had dreamt of.

One candidate, Baiyu, who had been following behind the Saintess throughout said sarcastically, “As far as I know, the nine heirs are well-prepared. They will be taking nine spots of the Half-Saint Rank. Who do you think you are to be listed on the Half-Saint Rank?”

Wei Longxing threw a sideways glance at him and snapped, “How could someone ignorant dare to speak about the Half-Saint Rank?”

“Who’s ignorant?”

Baiyu had disliked Wei Longxing since the beginning. The Saintess had only been talking to him the moment he came back from the battleground.

She was acting as if there was no other candidate other than Wei Longxing.

Wei Longxing shook his head and said, “You are the ignorant one. And you dare to talk back to me?”

Baiyu shifted his gaze to the Saintess, only to find a smirk spread across her beautiful face.

Baiyu could tolerate no more.

He formed his fingers into a sword sign, which then projected a sword beam dashing at Wei Longxing.

Wei Longxing did not even twitch at the incoming attack and remained stationary.

Baiyu’s Sword Qi vanished into thin air the moment it touched Wei Longxing.

“How’s that possible?”

Baiyu’s facial expression changed.

He was a Level Three Half-Saint after all. It would at least require some effort to withstand his attack. But Wei Longxing did not move a single bit.

The other candidates were stunned too.

“Even if Wei Longxing chooses to remain stationary for the forthcoming attack, it will still be the same for Baiyu. Indeed, Wei Longxing’s cultivation is no less than those listed on the Half-Saint Rank,” one candidate commented.

“Why couldn’t you accept the fact that you are ignorant?” said Wei Longxing.

A dark shadow came splitting off from his body and flew toward Baiyu. Giving his shadow a slight wave, Baiyu was thrown into the lake, making big splashes.

The shadow then returned to his body.

He had not moved at all. Every other candidate was intimidated by his strength.

Zhang Ruochen, Sun Dadi and Jishui had been witnessing everything from afar.

Sun Dadi gasped, “Wei Longxing is a rare talent. I bet he will achieve the saint level before he hits a hundred years old.”

“Fortunately, the characteristics the judges are looking for in a Deity are talent and his potential. If it’s solely on combat power, no one would be able to defeat Wei Longxing,” Ji Shui commented.

Chapter 975 - The Great Improvement

Translator:

Larbre Studio

Editor:

Larbre Studio

Zhang Ruochen commented, “Wei Longxing is very powerful. But he is far from those listed on the Half-Saint Rank.”

The Saint Lady once said that those listed on the Half-Saint Rank could match the saints.

Wei Longxing was clearly far from that level.

Yes, he was half a step away from becoming a saint.

The final step was, however, the toughest of all.

It was the most difficult level one had to go by.

Many gave up their lives in order to try to get through the level.

Wei Longxing’s combat power had left those present startled. Even those candidates who once were too arrogant now had to please Wei Longxing, the future Deity, with compliments.

Instead of joining the rest at the lake, Zhang Ruochen and the other two continued to walk down the hill.

Once they were back in Ding Qiu Cultivation Residence, Ji Shui activated the locking formation immediately.

The luminescence of the formation sealed the entrance completely, turning the residence into an enclosed space.

Zhang Ruochen noticed something was wrong. He asked before she could say anything, “What’s the matter? Have you finally decided to cultivate with me?”

She was as cold as ice. She said, “Still pretending? Tell me, how long have you been keeping this?”

When Gu Linfeng had been absent from the banquet the Saintess organized, she was suspicious already. Then, he managed to read the Blood God Map, and even cultivated ten Blood Spiritual Meridians, something only the legendary man was capable of.

How could Ji Shui not suspect him?

“I will never keep anything from you. I wouldn’t dare.”

Zhang Ruochen smirked, and with no sense of fear he extended his hand to grab her waist from the back.

Blood Qi was channeled from Ji Shui’s back, sending Zhang Ruochen off from her with a hit on his chest.

Zhang Ruochen fell but was unhurt. He chuckled, “I know you don’t mean to hurt me. That was easy on me.”

“Really? If you dare to touch me again, I will break all your limbs.”

Ji Shui appeared in front of Zhang Ruochen in a flash, shoving her arm around Zhang Ruochen’s neck, strangling him as her warning.

Yet Zhang Ruochen was not afraid at all. He did not believe Ji Shui had the guts to kill him.

Instead, he wrapped his hand around her arms and gently caressed her. He smiled. “How smooth your hand is. I wonder if the other part of you is equally as smooth?”

“You... You are asking for it...”

Ji Shui pulled her arm from his grip and thrust a palm strike at his chest.

This time, she did not reserve her strength. The palm met Zhang Ruochen’s chest with a loud bang, and he was flung to the wall like an arrow that was released from the bow.

Ji Shui was trembling with rage. Had she not thought of the consequences and the punishment she could have received

from Discipline King Haiming, she would have torn Gu Lingfeng into pieces already.

Immediately, she unsealed the Residence and left hurriedly. She could not stay there any longer.

“When I become the Deity, I will ask master for the permission of our marriage. Till then, where else can you run?”

Gu Linfeng let out an evil laugh so loud that she could hear it from the outside.

“What a horrible guy! How could someone like him comprehend the Blood God Map?”

Ji Shui was frustrated and felt powerless over the injustices of life.

Her cultivation was beyond Gu Linfeng. Yet she could not defend herself even when she had been bullied.

Further still, she might have to serve him if he became the Deity, letting him take advantage of her. She could not help but to feel hopeless about her life moving forward.

In the Cultivation Residence, Zhang Ruochen held himself up.

His chest was burning in pain, and he then let out a self-mocking laugh. “Indeed, this is the only way to get rid of her.”

The palm strike was a powerful one. If it had hit Gu Linfeng, he would have been severely wounded.

Unlike Gu Linfeng, Zhang Ruochen possessed the Five Elements Chaotic body, and the wound was nothing severe, but rather a mere bruise.

As soon as he entered the Scroll World, Zhang Ruochen started meditating to check on his newly cultivated Blood Spiritual Meridians.

He used to have only one, and now the number had increased to ten.

The Blood Spiritual Meridians were meant to transport his Holy Qi from the meridian at his lower abdomen to his whole

body as his blood flowed, nourishing each of his blood cells. Having ten Meridians would form the cycle of ten days.

“Now that I have ten Blood Spiritual Meridians, the more high-grade blood I consume, the stronger my body will be, and eventually it will be sanctified.”

Not only did the Blood God Map help Zhang Ruochen to cultivate the ten Blood Spiritual Meridians, but also enlightened him about the method to be a sanctified saint.

The human body had seven meridian points on each palm.

Other than that, the arms, legs, thighs, back, organs, head and other parts of the body had multiple meridian points.

Altogether, the body had 144 meridian points.

Opening the meridian points would allow better absorption of the power derived from the divine blood and thus sanctify each of them. As a result, the body would be sanctified and one would become the sanctified saint.

At this point, Zhang Ruochen had opened six meridian points on each palm, not even a tenth of the total.

“While I can’t open the seventh meridian point for now, I can sanctify the twelve which are already open by refining the divine blood.”

Taking out a drop of the divine blood, he began refining.

He could feel his body pulsating, absorbing the power of the divine blood.

Particularly, the ten Blood Spiritual Meridians had the strongest reaction, where he could sense them transporting the energy to the Feng Chi meridian points on his palms.

After refining the drop of divine blood, there was no sign of sanctification.

He then refined the second drop, the third, and so on...

When he had refined the seventh drop of the divine blood, he could finally see changes in the Feng Chi meridian point on his right palm. The point shone brilliantly like an apparent bright star twinkling in the darkness.

He had succeeded!

“The sanctification did happen.”

Zhang Ruochen was overwhelmed with excitement.

He could feel that his body was more energized than before, and the Blood Qi in his body was stronger than ever.

Zhang Ruochen spent the following six months refining more divine blood, and eventually had all twelve of the meridian points sanctified.

He had used seven drops of divine blood in sanctifying the first meridian point.

The twelfth drop meridian point, however, required nineteen drops of divine blood.

In total, he had used up 156 drops of the divine blood to sanctify all twelve meridian points.

This rate of consumption was too much to bear; even the famous ancient family might not be able to afford it. But it did not matter to Zhang Ruochen. As long as he could sanctify his body, none of this would matter.

Each of his palms had six brightly lit meridian points, as powerful as they seemed.

“If I could launch the Seven Apertures Blood Palm attack, the destructive power would be at least 70% stronger than what I was capable of. This would be stronger than any of the saint spells.”

With the intensive cultivation, in addition to having the Fourth Class Divine Origin Pill as a supplement, Zhang Ruochen had achieved the Level Four of Half Saint.

Without the ten Blood Spiritual Meridians, Zhang Ruochen would not have believed how fast he was.

“I should open the seventh meridian point, then sanctify it. My power will be further elevated when all seven points are connected as one. Each of my strikes will be equivalent to the strength of controlling the Seven Stars.”

A saint level elephant soul was required in order for him to open the seventh meridian point.

He knew he had to wait for a little while more to search for the elephant soul, as the day of the battle of the Deity was getting closer.

With his current strength, he was confident he could take the spot.

“I have always wanted to teach you how to be a sanctified saint. But you are always one step ahead.”

Blackie let out a long sigh.

Half a month ago, it had returned to the Blood God Sect to inform Zhang Ruochen of good and bad news.

The good news was, three of the letters had been successfully retrieved.

The bad news was, the fourth letter to Kong Lanyou had been delivered to her.

The results were what he had anticipated when he first asked Blackie to retrieve the letters. So, he wasn't angry about the bad news.

It had been his plan to visit Kong Lanyou after the battle of the Deity during his trip to the Royal Capital.

“You knew about the method to be the sanctified saint?”
Zhang Ruochen sounded a little surprised.

Blackie replied with its nose in the air. “There is nothing I do not know about.”

Zhang Ruochen chuckled at the reply. He did not believe Blackie at all. He then left the Scroll World and went back to the Ding Qiu Cultivation Residence.

When Ji Shui met Zhang Ruochen again, she was so surprised and shrieked, “You have become a Level Four Half-Saint?”

Zhang Ruochen mimicked Blackie, tilting his chin upward, and said, “My small accomplishment after cultivating for a month.”

Zhang Ruochen looked like a total jerk when he did that triumphant look.

“It’s only been a month, but you have advanced from Level Two to Level Three, and now Level Three to Level Four of Half-Saint. How is that possible?”

Ji Shui could not calm herself down.

“I will tell you the reason with the condition of you agreeing to my marriage proposal.”

Zhang Ruochen curled his lips, staring at Ji Shui’s hourglass body.

Ji Shui hissed, clearly irritated. Channeling the Blood Qi to her palms, the ground underneath her frosted and the ice spread to Zhang Ruochen.

Zhang Ruochen knew he had gotten on her nerves, then said, “I know I’ve been pushing too hard on the marriage proposal. How about... you show me your true face?”

Ji Shui did not attack him, and withdrew her Blood Qi instead.

“You don’t have to tell me. I know it’s related to the Blood God Map.”

Instead of lashing out at Zhang Ruochen like she used to do, she answered calmly. “If you can be the Deity, not only will you be able to see my true self, but I will also be yours. Master has said so. Are you happy now?”

She might have seemed calm, but the tone sounded more like her giving up on herself. She no longer fought back and gave in to the fate.

When you are not a saint, you are nothing.

Chapter 976 - Below the Altar

Translator:

Larbre Studio

Editor:

Larbre Studio

Choosing the Deity was one of the most important events for any ancient sect. They must be careful. In a way, it determined the success or failure of the sect's next 100 years.

Before choosing the Heir, they must first worship the Blood God. The Blood God Altar was located in the heart of the Blood God Sect. It was only a few hundred miles from Qianyuan Mountain. The altar had nine levels, built from millions of white bones.

After a disciple of the Blood God Sect died, their body would be turned into a skeleton and become part of the altar. Like individual bricks, they made the Blood God Altar bigger and more majestic.

Zhang Ruochen stood below the altar. Looking up, he felt very impressed.

The Blood God Altar didn't look like an altar at all because it was even taller and mightier than Qianyuan Mountain. One could feel the vast power even when standing dozens of miles away.

Bloody mist shrouded the top of the altar. Sometimes, a saintly image would appear. They were like the souls of ancient Saints. These images were of different sizes. Some were only a few meters tall. Others were hundreds of meters tall.

"The bones of the various Hierarchs and Saints of the Blood God Sect all become part of the altar," Ji Shui said. "Any disciple must be reverent when they come here."

Ji Shui knelt onto the ground. She placed her hands on the ground and kowtowed to the Blood God Altar respectfully. Zhang Ruochen looked around and saw that the other disciples all did that as soon as they arrived.

To them, the Blood God Altar was the most sacred place.

Countless Monks had gathered below the altar. There were at least a few thousand. The noise reached the top level and the people were jostled. It was practically a sea of people.

The disciples of the Blood God Sect weren't the only ones present. The families and clans under the sect had also sent representatives. They wanted to witness the birth of the new Heir.

Some of the disciples had created war banners with the surname of a Deity candidate to show their support.

“Senior Brother Wei's talent isn't any weaker than the previous Deity, Mei Lanzhu. He's known as a Hierarch of the Blood God Sect. He will definitely become the next Deity.”

A Half-Saint disciple stuck a black banner onto the ground. The banner was printed with a golden “Wei,” representing Wei Longxing.

The Monks who supported Wei Longxing all gathered toward the black banner, forming a unified camp.

“Hai Lingyin experienced a great opportunity in the Savage Barren Territory and has healed now, returning as a king. He will definitely bring the younger generation of the Blood God Sect to take power over the world. Seventy years ago, Senior Uncle Hai was the top prodigy of the sect. Now, he's still the top figure of the Blood God Sect.”

One of Hai Lingyin's junior nephews stuck a dark blue banner with the word “Hai” onto the top of a small hill. This represented Hai Lingyin.

The crowd instantly flooded toward the dark blue flag.

Hai Lingyin had once lost to Dong Wutian and was internally injured. For the past decades, his cultivation had improved

slowly. However, he was still very influential in the Blood God Sect.

Many people had high expectations for him. They thought that his tumultuous life would cause his will to be stronger. He may surpass his past and become a truly undefeatable king.

Wei Longxing and Hai Lingyin were definitely the two top stars today. The two of them had massive support. The supporters kept waving the banners and shouting their names.

The two hadn't even appeared yet, but their supporters were already standing off against each other. Violence almost erupted. Thankfully, a Saint elder appeared in time to stop them.

Zhang Ruochen chuckled. "It's just choosing the Deity. There's no need to make such a big deal, right?"

"The levels of the Blood God Sect are very strict," Ji Shui said. "The strong are respected, the abled are kings, and the weak can only be the slaves. Anyone who can become a candidate of the Deity is a cream of the crop. They naturally deserve to be respected."

The supporters of the candidates were mostly female disciples. The male Monks were more clear-headed. Of course, if they were choosing the Saintess now, the situation would be flipped.

Sun Dadi had appeared out of nowhere and was to the left of Zhang Ruochen. He sighed. "Wei Longxing and Hai Lingyin have too many supporters. Plus, some goddess-like beauties of the sect are in their camps too. This is unfair."

Sun Dadi looked suspicious and perverted. He kept glancing at those two camps, looking hungry as he gazed at the beautiful girls.

He hit Zhang Ruochen with his red tail and pointed at a girl clad in a blue dress from Wei Longxing's camp. "That girl is called Bei Haiying. She once competed for the Saintess position. She may be wearing a veil now, but apparently, her looks are comparable to the present Saintess."

Then he pointed to another sexy girl in Hai Lingyin's camp. "She's Ning Xi, known as the sexiest creature of the Blood God Sect. I've had my eyes on her for so long. Who would've thought that she would choose Hai Lingyin?"

Zhang Ruochen was calm. He was used to how talkative Sun Dadi was. "Don't you have a lot of supporters too?"

Sun Dadi made a face and chuckled awkwardly. "They're all disciples of the Earth Heavenly Palace. Plus, they're mostly all guys. There isn't a single pretty girl."

Suddenly, Sun Dadi made a surprised noise. As if discovering something great, he exclaimed, "Brother Gu, there's a goddess-like beauty in your camp too! She's comparable to Bei Haiying and Ning Xi."

Zhang Ruochen naturally had supporters too. They were from the Spiritual Void Sea. There weren't many but they were all followers of Disciple King Haiming.

Zhang Ruochen didn't care about his supporters and never paid attention to them. Hearing Sun Dadi's words, he finally turned around and glanced in the direction of the banner with the word "Gu" on it.

He really did see a tall beauty standing there. She wore a loose blood-red robe, her skin was like porcelain, her bosoms were full, and her features were delicate. She seemed to be exquisitely carved. Thin bloody mist snaked around her, forming an impressionistic type of beauty.

However, her eyes were very cold. When Zhang Ruochen looked over, a warning appeared in her eyes. Zhang Ruochen just smiled, not afraid of her warning, and looked away.

"Hey! Where did that sister go?" Sun Dadi looked at where Ji Shui had been, but she'd already disappeared to somewhere unknown. "She's so impolite. She didn't even tell us when she left. Brother Gu, if you become the Deity, you have to teach her a lesson."

The eyes of the beautiful maiden in Zhang Ruochen's camp flashed coldly when she heard Sun Dadi's words. Zhang Ruochen smiled without replying.

Just then, there was a commotion.

“Senior Brother Wei is here. Hurry and go welcome him.”

“It really is Wei Longxing. As expected by the hero of this generation, his aura is comparable to the various Saints.”

Wei Longxing wore five-colored armor and rode an auspicious cloud. He descended from the sky, causing a huge commotion. The female disciples who saw Wei Longxing as their dream lovers were all so excited. They kept screaming his name.

Next, Bai Yu, Yan Kongming and the other candidates arrived one after another, creating rounds of commotion.

In comparison, Zhang Ruochen and Sun Dadi’s surroundings were quiet. They were new to the Blood God Sect and very few people knew them. If they stood in the crowd, no one would be able to recognize them.

Sun Dadi sighed. “Someone as insignificant as Bai Yu has so many supporters and followers too. This is too unfair.”

Bai Yu had a Saint Body, but Sun Dadi didn’t care about him at all. He probably only treated Hai Lingyin, Wei Longxing, and Zhang Ruochen as his matches. The other candidates were nothing.

Hai Lingyin came late, but he still caused an unprecedented commotion. This was because he’d arrived with the Saintess. They walked to the bottom of the Blood God Sect, seeming composed and extremely confident.

“The Saintess supports Hai Lingyin the most.”

“It’s possible that the Deity has already been decided. It must be Hai Lingyin.”

The various Monks of the Blood God Sect discussed amongst themselves. Countless eyes were on Hai Lingyin and the Saintess.

Most of the other candidates looked unfriendly. The antagonistic feelings soared. They couldn’t wait to compete against Hai Lingyin.

Time passed and the day slowly reached noon. The various elders of the Blood God Sect, the ten palace lords of the Ten Heavenly Palaces, and four Disciple Kings had all arrived. They landed at the top of the Blood God Altar, radiating with powerful and boundless auras.

More than half of the Blood God Sect's Saints had arrived. Even the Half-Saints were filled with respect, let alone the regular disciples. They didn't dare make noise.

The hundreds of millions of Monks below the altar quieted down. More than half knelt on the ground, kowtowing to the various Saints at the top.

The scene was extremely impressive.

"Welcome the Hierarch." An ancient and graceful voice spread throughout the world.

All the Monks knelt down and bowed toward the Blood God Altar. That moment, the sky above the altar turned blood-red and a huge vortex formed.

Whoosh.

A mysterious but powerful aura spread out from the vortex's center. It landed at the top of the altar, solidifying into an expansive figure. The palace lords of the Ten Heavenly Palaces and the four Disciple Kings all rose and bowed to the Blood God Sect's Hierarch.

The Hierarch sat on the uppermost position of the altar. The aura that repressed the millions of people present was gradually pulled away, becoming invisible.

"No wonder he's the Hierarch," Sun Dadi said. "This strong cultivation can probably hit a star out of the sky." He was covered in cold sweat and his heartbeat had quickened. His breath trembled as well.

Zhang Ruochen was performing the Traceless 36 Changes to the max. He couldn't reveal any flaws. His transformation skills were much stronger than before. If he was careful, the Hierarch wouldn't be able to see through it.

"It is noon. Begin the sacrifice."

The host of the sacrifice was the Heaven Heavenly Palace's lord. This ritual didn't sacrifice beasts. Instead, they sacrificed humans. They would kill 3,000 boys, 3,000 girls, and countless more slaves.

The crimson red blood flowed down from the top of the altar to the bottom. It was incredibly bloody and cruel.

When Zhang Ruochen saw this, fierce anger burned in his heart, but he worked hard to control himself. He didn't do anything impulsive.

The Blood God Sect had always sacrificed humans. Today was no exception.

Chapter 977 - Testing for Potential

Translator:

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Editor:

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After the sacrifice, the lord of the Heaven Heavenly Palace began reading the rules of the Deity battle.

Actually, the rules were the same each time. The 15 candidates present already knew the rules by heart.

The battle for the Deity position mainly looked at two aspects: combat ability and potential.

Combat ability was a Monk's physique and talent. Those of the same plane who had stronger combat ability would naturally be more qualified to become the Deity. Potential was the highest level a Monk could reach in the future.

There were nine levels of the Blood God Altar. The higher a candidate could climb to, the more potential he had.

A candidate who'd completed the Heavenly Realm reached the bottom of the altar first. Stepping on the bones, he quickly reached the first level. This man was Huo Xin. He was the youngest of the 15 candidates and was popular amongst the newest generation.

"Huo Xin has already completed the first step by reaching the first level," Sun Dadi said. "Even if he can't reach the second level, he's already proved his potential."

At the same time, four other Deities rushed toward the altar. Amongst them, three reached the first level. Only one failed the first trial of the test.

All candidates had been picked from thousands of people, but even then, some still couldn't reach the first level of the Blood God Altar. It was evident that reaching the first level wasn't anything easy.

Zhang Ruochen was unconvinced. "You'll have a chance to become the Deity if you can reach the first level?"

Sun Dadi nodded. "Climbing the altar is only a test of our potential. However, there are too many factors affecting our potential. There are many variables as well, so the test of potential is only for reference."

"So combat ability is the critical point?" Zhang Ruochen asked.

"Indeed."

Zhang Ruochen continued asking, "Then how will they test a candidate's combat ability?"

The various candidates had very different cultivations. Some were only in the Heavenly Realm. Others were already ninth level Half-Saints. They couldn't use a simple duel for the test.

"The Blood God Altar's power is very mysterious," Sun Dadi said. "It can simulate all past Deities. If a candidate can defeat any past Deity throughout the history of the Blood God Sect, they'll pass the second test."

Zhang Ruochen nodded thoughtfully.

Sun Dadi crossed his arms before his chest and smiled. "Shall we go try now?"

"We can still wait a bit," Zhang Ruochen said.

Seeing how unhurried Zhang Ruochen was, Sun Dadi also forced himself to be patient and continued observing.

At the moment, there were already four candidates in the first level of the Blood God Sect. One of them was Bai Yu.

The four didn't start the second test immediately. Instead, they tried climbing to the second level. If they succeeded, they could further prove their potential and be even more eye-

catching. However, other than Huo Xin, the other three all failed.

Bai Yu retreated to the first level of the altar, quite upset. “How can a mere 20-something-year-old kid have such strong potential?”

Huo Xin’s performance was indeed shocking. After reaching the second level, he started climbing to the third.

Below the altar, Wei Longxing’s eyes blazed. Glancing at Hai Lingyin, he said, “If we don’t start climbing, the show is going to be stolen by a kid.”

With that, Wei Longxing yelled and used a physical technique. He instantly shot to the first level of the altar like an aggressive dragon.

Hai Lingyin also started climbing the altar. He was practically shoulder to shoulder with Wei Longxing. Their speed was so shocking. They quickly reached the second level, caught up with Huo Xin, and then surpassed him.

“So fast.” Looking at Hai Lingyin and Wei Longxing rush to the top, Huo Xin was shocked. He felt extreme pressure.

Hai Lingyin and Wei Longxing’s performance naturally excited all the disciples on the bottom.

“There are 15 candidates, but actually, only Hai Lingyin and Wei Longxing are the true candidates.”

“The next Deity will definitely be between Hai Lingyin or Wei Longxing. Let’s just see who will win.”

“I heard that Wei Longxing had participated in the previous Deity battle. He was only a step away from the fifth level of the altar. It was also that step that made him lose to Mei Lanzhu.”

“Mei Lanzhu drank the Supreme Saint Heavenly Tea and improved his potential greatly. That’s why he could reach the fifth level of the Blood God Altar. Otherwise, he’d have no chance to become the Deity.”

“Let’s just see if Wei Longxing can surpass himself this time and cross that step. If he can, the Deity’s position will be his.”

...

As the crowd discussed intently, Wei Longxing and Hai Lingyin had already reached the fourth level of the Blood God Altar. They slowed down considerably and approached the fifth level step by step.

Each step was very difficult.

Many people felt that the critical moment had arrived. Whoever reached the fifth level would become the Deity. Both of them had strong combat abilities, so the second test wouldn't be very hard for them. If they performed as usual, they would definitely pass.

Thus, this first test of potential was especially important. Whoever did better than the other would have a higher chance of becoming Deity.

They got closer and closer to the fifth level. They were only a few steps away. All the Monks present held their breaths. They were extremely nervous.

They weren't the only ones. Even the Saints at the top of the altar looked serious. They paid close attention to the two climbing the Blood God Altar.

Finally, Wei Longxing made the last step and successfully reached the fifth level of the Blood God Altar.

Success!

After taking the last step, Wei Longxing exhaled deeply. He was ecstatic inside. He'd finally surpassed the limit of his potential. Amongst the most talented Deities throughout history, the fifth level was above average.

Thunderous cheers and roars sounded under the Blood God Altar. Wei Longxing reaching the fifth level made many people extremely excited.

Saintess Shangguan Xianyan's pretty eyes also flashed with something different. Wei Longxing seems to be more powerful than Mei Lanzhu, she thought. He can actually surpass his own potential. This means that his future potential has no limit.

In comparison, Mei Lanzhu had reached the fifth level because he'd drunk the Supreme Saint Heavenly Tea. In a way, he was already weaker than Wei Longxing.

However, before Wei Longxing could be happy for long, Hai Lingyin actually reached the fifth level too. He stood before Wei Longxing.

Wiping his sweat, Hai Lingyin chuckled and said, "Seems like we can only compete in the second test. Which of us can become the Deity?"

"That depends on whose combat ability is stronger in the same plane."

Wei Longxing was very confident and confronted Hai Lingyin.

Below the altar, Sun Dadi touched his chin. "Neither of them is easy to deal with. They all have potential to become Saint Kings and may even try for the Supreme Saint Realm. Usually, if a talent like them exists, it's a sign of future prosperity."

"The grand era is here," Zhang Ruochen said. "Every force is filled with geniuses."

Ji Shui used a physical technique and whooshed over like a bloody streak. Appearing behind Zhang Ruochen and Sun Dadi, she barked, "What are you two muttering about? Hurry up and climb the altar. Do you want to give up on the battle?"

Of the 15 candidates, only Zhang Ruochen and Sun Dadi hadn't started climbing.

Sun Dadi turned around. Seeing Ji Shui's true features, his eyes gleamed and he started drooling. "Truly a goddess..."

Zhang Ruochen wasn't shocked at all. He just smiled at Ji Shui. Then he pulled Sun Dadi toward the Blood God Altar.

Seeing Wei Longxing and Hai Lingyin's powerful performance, Ji Shui didn't have much hope for Zhang Ruochen. However, since he'd comprehended the Blood God Map, he might really have a chance to create a miracle.

Ji Shui showing her true appearance at the Deity battle was also Discipline King Haiming's idea. After all, he knew that

Gu Linfeng was lustful. He might be able to dig up his potential by having Ji Shui stimulate him.

Zhang Ruochen and Sun Dadi traveled together. They climbed the first level without hurrying.

Zhang Ruochen already felt a subtle pressure the moment he made his first step. That pressure was strange. It seemed to repress his physical body, but also seemed to suppress his spiritual mind.

“The pressure doesn’t seem very strong.” Zhang Ruochen seemed composed. He easily dissolved the pressure on him.

Sun Dadi seemed relaxed too. He reached the first level at the same time as Zhang Ruochen. There were nine candidates on the first level now.

After Bai Yu looked at Zhang Ruochen, he scoffed. “I didn’t think that you could reach the first level too.”

Ignoring him, Zhang Ruochen started for the second level.

“You overestimate yourself. You’re actually going for the second level?” Bai Yu looked with disdain. He didn’t believe that Gu Linfeng could reach the second level at all. He thought that the other would return very soon.

After all, many of the candidates had stopped at the first level. As of now, only Hai Lingyin, Wei Longxing, and Huo Xin had reached the second level.

However, Bai Yu waited a long time without seeing Gu Linfeng return. He started getting nervous. Thus, he looked up and saw that Zhang Ruochen and that red monkey had actually reached the second level already.

“How is this possible?” Bai Yu couldn’t believe his eyes.

He’d always thought that he was better than Zhang Ruochen. How could he take this hit?

At the moment, most people’s eyes were on the fifth level, watching Hai Lingyin and Wei Longxing’s every move. They didn’t notice that two more candidates had reached the second level.

When Zhang Ruochen and Sun Dadi reached the third level, people finally discovered them. “Look!” someone exclaimed. “Someone has reached the third level and is climbing toward the fourth level.”

Chapter 978 - Reaching Fifth Level Together

Translator:

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It was definitely not easy to reach the third level of the Blood God Altar. It represented extraordinary potential.

Zhang Ruochen and Sun Dadi appearing in the third level obviously stirred up a commotion. It was the first time for many Monks to see them. They were all in disbelief.

“Are these two candidates for the Deity too?”

“That youth with red monkey fur should be from the Earth Heavenly Palace, Sun Dadi. He entered the Blood God Sect half a year ago. Apparently, his abilities are only weaker than Hai Lingyin and Wei Longxing.”

“Oh, that’s Sun Dadi? I’ve heard his name before. Apparently he’s from the Monkey-Human Clan of the Eastern Sea.”

At the same time, Gu Linfeng’s background was also dug up quickly. After all, he’d made a scene when competing for the Banner Lord position of the Nether Heavenly Palace. He had some fame in the sect.

Below the “Gu” banner, Discipline King Haiming’s 13th disciple Blue Night narrowed his eyes. “This man can actually climb onto the third level,” he said coldly. “He has quite some potential. Even if he can’t become the Deity, he will definitely become popular in the future and be a hot figure in the sect.”

Ji Shui knew that Gu Linfeng had comprehended the Blood God Map, so she’d been prepared. However, when she saw Gu Linfeng reach the third level of the altar, she was still surprised.

Has his fate really changed? she thought.

The pretty eyes of the Saintess looked toward the third level. She was also shocked inwardly. She found this strange. I actually underestimated him in the past. His potential has far surpassed Bai Yu and Yan Kongming.

All this time, she'd thought that Gu Linfeng was only a bit more powerful than Bai Yu and Yan Kongming. Gu Linfeng's performance today impressed her.

Of course, she didn't think that he was able to compete for the Deity position. She merely wanted to pull Gu Linfeng to her camp and become a top fighter. She believed that it would be easy to take over Gu Linfeng with her beauty and charm.

At the moment, the youngest candidate, Huo Xin, was also at the third level. He was climbing toward the fourth level with extreme difficulty. His steps grew slower and slower. Large beads of sweat dropped down with every step.

Just then, two people walked past him, moving quickly to the fourth level. Huo Xin raised his head and stared at the two backsides with disbelief.

He could understand it if Hai Lingyin and Wei Longxing's potential surpassed him, but how could these two random people surpass him too?

Thinking of this, the Qi within him rolled and his mindset became unstable. He spat out blood and he could only return to the third level.

"Huo Xin's potential still can't be compared to Wei Longxing and Hai Lingyin. They're too far apart."

"Wei Longxing and Hai Lingyin are out of this world. No one can reach their height. If it was another era, they could both become the Deity and lead the Blood God Sect to glory."

Many people felt pity for Huo Xin. At the same time, they felt clearly how terrifying Wei Longxing and Hai Lingyin were. They were like two mountains that the people could only look up to.

“Hey! Sun Dadi and Gu Linfeng are actually further than Huo Xin,” a middle-aged female Monk said with shock. “They’re very close to the fourth level of the altar.”

Everyone immediately turned to Sun Dadi and Gu Linfeng. These two had been slow and steady the entire time. They didn’t quicken their pace or slow down; they seemed very relaxed.

“Are they going to reach the fourth level at the same time? That’s truly terrifying.”

Before the Deity battle, Sun Dadi’s name had already spread throughout the Blood God Sect. His fame was only below Hai Lingyin and Wei Longxing. Thus, it wasn’t that shocking for him to have such powerful potential.

It was different for Gu Linfeng.

A month ago, he was nameless in the Blood God Sect. Most Monks had never even heard of him before. Who could’ve imagined that his potential would be so shocking?

“The Spiritual Void Sea has finally produced an extraordinary talent.”

“Gu Linfeng is Ninth Senior Uncle’s son. According to age, I’m his Senior Brother,” a grand-disciple of Discipline King Haiming said proudly.

...

Servants Ru Yue and Ru Xin watched as Gu Linfeng kept approaching the fourth level. Their heartbeats instantly quickened; they were unable to suppress their excitement.

When Discipline King Haiming had ordered them to serve Gu Linfeng, they’d felt wronged. Now, they were full of regret. If they’d known that Gu Linfeng would become so great, they would’ve climbed onto his bed no matter what and given themselves away.

Now, it was too late.

After today, Gu Linfeng would definitely become a hot figure of the Blood God Sect. Countless beautiful girls would throw themselves at him. They wouldn’t have a chance.

Finally, under everyone's scrutiny, Zhang Ruochen and Sun Dadi reached the fourth level of the Blood God Altar.

Acting proud, Sun Dadi looked down the altar and laughed heartily. "The fourth level doesn't seem that hard either."

He glanced at Zhang Ruochen and was a bit surprised. Even he was kind of tired from climbing to the fourth level. A thin layer of sweat covered his forehead. However, Zhang Ruochen's face had no redness and he wasn't breathing heavily either. He didn't show any fatigue.

Thinking of how Zhang Ruochen had comprehended the Blood God Map and cultivated ten Blood Spiritual Meridians, it made sense to Sun Dadi.

Someone like Brother Gu only appears once every thousand years, he thought.

"Should we try for the fifth level?" Zhang Ruochen asked.

"Of course. If we don't, people will think that we're weaker than Hai Lingyin and Wei Longxing."

Sun Dadi clearly hadn't used all his power. He and Zhang Ruochen began working toward the fifth level. Even though Sun Dadi also felt great pressure at the fourth level, he moved slowly and each step was steady.

Zhang Ruochen didn't speed up. He continued matching Sun Dadi's pace.

"They're actually trying for the fifth level of the altar? Do they want to directly challenge Wei Longxing and Hai Lingyin?"

They would only be directly confronting each other if they climbed to the same level. The disciples of Spiritual Void Sea were all excited. They waved their banners and yelled Gu Linfeng's name to cheer him on.

"If Junior Disciple Gu reaches the fifth level, his potential would be at the same level as Wei Longxing."

"Senior Uncle Gu is honestly the pride of the Spiritual Void Sea. Of the disciples of the four Discipline Kings, Senior Uncle Gu has gone the furthest, climbing the highest."

Ji Shui was a bit nervous. She had a feeling that Gu Linfeng might actually reach the fifth level of the Blood God Altar.

He'd even comprehended the Blood God Map. What couldn't he do?

"Gu Linfeng and Sun Dadi are slowing down," one of Wei Longxing's supporters said. "They're already climbing with difficulty. They might not reach the fifth level."

Hearing this, everyone calmed down and continued observing. They wanted to know if Gu Linfeng and Sun Dadi could create a miracle or not.

Soon, Zhang Ruochen and Sun Dadi approached the fifth level. Even Wei Longxing and Hai Lingyin started getting nervous. After all, if one more candidate reached this level, the competition would become a bit fiercer.

When he was only three steps from the fifth level, Sun Dadi started shaking. His sweat rained down and his legs shook without stopping.

"Argh!" Sun Dadi yelled. Tri-colored flames flared on him, almost transforming into a cloud of fire, as he squeezed out all his potential. Speeding up, he rushed forward, taking three steps in a row, and finally reached the fifth level.

"Haha! Finally, success!"

Ecstatic, Sun Dadi looked over at Zhang Ruochen. He saw that Zhang Ruochen was still composed. He walked steadily and also reached the fifth level.

Boom.

The uproar below the Blood God Altar filled the sky. Since the end of the middle ages, the Blood God Sect had never seen four Deity candidates reach the fifth level at once. Everyone was excited.

"Gu Linfeng and Sun Dadi actually reached the fifth level?"

The Saintess couldn't help but clench her fists, feeling troubled inside. She especially stared at Zhang Ruochen. She felt like she couldn't understand him fully.

She wasn't the only one. Ji Shui and Blue Night had the same feelings.

Blue Night's eyes narrowed slightly. "How can Gu Linfeng's potential be comparable to Wei Longxing and Hai Lingyin? There's something wrong. Tenth Senior Sister, you've been with him for this month. Did you discover anything wrong?"

Ji Shui had naturally found something wrong, but with the Deity battle approaching, she didn't investigate deeply.

Of course, she couldn't exclude the fact that the Blood God Map had changed Gu Linfeng. Ji Shui didn't dare reveal this matter, so she didn't answer Blue Night. She just simply said, "This man is more powerful than we imagined. I don't know just how strong he is."

He was only a fourth level Half-Saint, but he felt bottomless to Ji Shui.

The Saints at the top were shocked as well. Four Deity candidates had reached the fifth level at the same time. This was an auspicious sign. For the next century, the Blood God Sect would definitely enter another golden age.

"Congratulations to the Palace Lord for accepting such a good disciple. Congratulations to Discipline King Haiming for cultivating such a good grand-disciple."

The other Saints of the Blood God Sect all began congratulating the palace lord of the Earth Heavenly Palace and Discipline King Haiming.

Everyone had witnessed Sun Dadi and Gu Linfeng's potential. After they matured, they would become pillars of strength within the Blood God Sect.

Discipline King Haiming smiled at all the Saints. However, no one knew that gray clouds had appeared inside him.

Gu Linfeng's performance had completely surpassed his expectations. It was clear that Gu Linfeng had hidden things from him before participating in the battle.

He's actually fooled me. He's hidden quite deeply. Was everything from before pretense?

Discipline King Haiming stared at Zhang Ruochen, eyes flashing sharply. He indeed wished Gu Linfeng could be the Deity. However, realizing that he didn't understand Gu Linfeng fully upset him greatly.

Chapter 979 - Another Level Higher

Translator:

Larbre Studio

Editor:

Larbre Studio

Fifth level of the Blood God Altar

Wei Longxing's stature was menacing. With his arms behind his back, his tiger-like eyes burned brightly. "The sect has truly been filled with geniuses in recent years. Today's battle is getting more interesting."

Hai Lingyin's gaze fell upon Zhang Ruochen. He smiled. "When I first saw you at Qianyuan Mountain, I knew that you were extraordinary. You didn't disappoint me."

Wei Longxing's battle intent grew stronger. Filled with confidence, he said, "Since we're all here, let's begin the second trial. Whoever becomes the Deity will depend on the strength of the opponent you challenge."

"I'm not afraid of you."

Hai Lingyin and Sun Dadi both couldn't wait to fight. Their auras soared, bursting powerfully from their bodies.

"Not yet." Zhang Ruochen looked very indifferent as he gazed upward. "Since I'm already at the fifth level, I should at least try for the sixth level, shouldn't I?"

Hearing this, Wei Longxing, Hai Lingyin, and even Sun Dadi were surprised. Climb to the sixth level of the Blood God Altar?

After all, they'd already used all their might to climb to the fifth. How could they continue to the sixth level? Plus, the number of Deity and Saintess candidates throughout history

who'd climbed to the sixth level could be counted easily. They'd mostly become figures who'd ruled over the entire Kunlun's Field.

For example, the genius prodigy who'd comprehended the Blood God Map 1,000 years ago had reached the sixth level of the altar. It was hard for another one like him to appear in the following millennium.

Otherwise, how could he be called a genius prodigy?

Sun Dadi massaged his scalp. "That's right. Since we're already in the fifth level, we should at least try. After all, the other candidates don't even have a chance to try."

With that, Sun Dadi and Zhang Ruochen stepped on the bloody bones on the path to the sixth level. The bones underfoot were very hard and shone with jade-like light.

A steep cliff was in the near distance. It was thousands of feet from the ground. Beside the bloody mist, there were various huge saint souls. They floated in the air, crying out sharply.

Hearing the roars, Sun Dadi's chest felt stuffy. He was dizzy and couldn't concentrate. The Sea of Qi at his brow was about to explode.

In the end, Wei Longxing and Hai Lingyin also pursued them and started climbing toward the sixth level together.

Wei Longxing was filled with battle intent. Walking like a dragon, he said calmly, "Whoever gets the closest to the sixth level will have a stronger potential. Thankfully you three are here, forcing me to use my potential to my greatest extent."

The four candidates climbed toward the sixth level together. It was the first time this scene appeared since the middle ages. Even the various Saints were fascinated and intrigued, let alone the regular disciples. They all paid close attention to the competition.

Whoosh!

Red flames shot out of Sun Dadi, soaring 30 feet into the sky. The hot flames formed the apparition of a saint monkey. It became one with his body.

Wei Longxing's five-colored saint armor was extraordinary. It was covered in colorful lights and five-colored clouds floated out. They wrapped around him, pushing back the pressure of the altar.

Blue fiery wings sprouted from Hai Lingyin's back. After they unfurled, they were around 70 feet long. They radiated with powerful saintly Qi. He was like a Luan in human form.

Seeing the blue Luan wings on Hai Lingyin's back, an elder in the Saint Realm nodded softly. "Hai Lingyin has received the inheritance of a Blue Luan Beast Emperor from the Savage Barren Territory. He will definitely become a Saint within the decade."

The Blood God Sect Hierarch who'd been quiet this entire time uttered a rare comment, "The resting dragon has exited the abyss and will parade throughout the world."

With the blue Luan wings, Hai Lingyin's speed picked up. He quickly reached the front. However, he didn't lower his guard at all, because Gu Linfeng still looked calm. He didn't activate his saint soul laksana at all.

Before, Hai Lingyin had thought that Wei Longxing was his biggest opponent. Now, it seemed that Gu Linfeng was his true opponent.

Zhang Ruochen didn't change his rhythm just because Hai Lingyin reached the front. He continued forward at an even pace, adjusting his mindset to the optimal state.

Around 15 minutes later, Zhang Ruochen had surpassed Hai Lingyin and reached the forefront.

Even with the Luan wings' help, Hai Lingyin continued to slow down. He could only look at Gu Linfeng's back.

"How can he be so...relaxed?"

Hai Lingyin's entire body bulged with veins and he panted heavily. He was at his limit. Finally, he was forced to stop climbing to the top. If he continued, it might be dangerous.

He looked back and saw that Wei Longxing and Sun Dadi had both stopped too. They were seven or eight steps away from

him.

He hasn't slowed down at all. How can he be so strong?

Wei Longxing's eyes were trained on Gu Linfeng as he walked further away. Wei Longxing felt troubled. He felt unwillingness to accept this, suspicion, despair, and some kind of anger.

"As expected of Brother Gu," Sun Dadi sighed. "You have to be impressed."

Zhang Ruochen naturally didn't know how the people behind him felt. He continued walking steadily, approaching the sixth level.

When he successfully reached the sixth level of the altar, all the Blood God Sect Monks below him seemed to be turned to stone. They were silent. The atmosphere was extremely eerie.

Boom.

Half a beat later, a tsunami of noise crashed through the world.

"Gu Linfeng's potential actually surpassed Hai Lingyin."

"I heard that Gu Linfeng's technique is the Blood Dragon Scripture. It's only a superior-class Ghost Level technique. How can he do this?"

"Unbelievable. Truly unbelievable. Gu Linfeng's talent is comparable to that genius prodigy from 1,000 years ago?"

Everyone looked at that man standing on the sixth level of the altar with different expressions. Some were expressions of awe, some of jealousy, and others of suspicion.

"Are these his true abilities?" Bai Yu's face burned as if someone had slapped him.

"Did I misjudge him?" The Saintess had also gone blank and dazed. The man she'd scorned before had actually reached the sixth level of the altar. Even she couldn't reach such a height.

It seemed like she had to change her plans about how to interact with Gu Linfeng. Even if a talent like him couldn't become the Deity, she still had to win him over with all her might.

The various Saints at the top of the altar could no longer contain themselves. They all looked over at Discipline King Haiming.

“The Discipline King’s grand-disciple is truly a rare genius,” the palace lord of the Nether Heavenly Palace said. “I don’t believe that he’s only cultivated the Blood Dragon Scripture.”

Discipline King Tianji scoffed. “Old Haiming, you’ve really calculated well these years and secretly taught such a powerful grand-disciple. It was all for today, wasn’t it?”

The various Saints of the Blood God Sect all thought that Gu Linfeng was his secret disciple that he’d trained to take the Deity position unexpectedly.

No one suspected Gu Linfeng at all. Such a tricky thing could only have been Discipline King Haiming’s idea.

The old man sat squarely in his seat and combed his whiskers. His ancient eyes flashed coldly. At that moment, he already believed that something was wrong with Gu Linfeng.

He didn’t expose Gu Linfeng though. If Gu Linfeng could become the Deity, it was also beneficial to Discipline King Haiming. Of course, he had to use some extreme tactics to completely control Gu Linfeng.

Should I try for the seventh or eighth level? Zhang Ruochen thought, standing at the sixth level.

Ever since he’d started cultivating, he’d cultivated each realm to the limit. He also had the God’s Destiny. His foundations were firmer than the others. His potential was also boundless.

The sixth level of the Blood God Altar wasn’t his limit. However, he didn’t try for the seventh and just stopped there. After all, he wasn’t in this competition to show off. He was only here to get the Deity’s position.

Since he was at the sixth level, he already had the absolute advantage. There was no need to try for the seventh level.

“Why isn’t Gu Linfeng climbing to the seventh level?”

“I feel like he hasn’t used all his power. If he tries, he most likely can reach the seventh level and create a miracle.”

“He’s probably saving up his energy to prepare for the second test. After all, with his current height, he will become the next Deity as long as he passes the second test...”

...

Whether he could become the Deity or not still depended on the second test.

“If he fails the second test, it’ll be useless no matter how high he climbs.” Wei Longxing didn’t give up. He believed that he still had a chance to snatch the position of the Deity.

Whoosh!

He pressed onto the altar and injected his Holy Qi. Eerie wind instantly blew through the abyss. Shreds of bloody Qi gathered toward Wei Longxing, forming 13 figures that stood neatly in the air.

These were the apparitions of the 13 Deities throughout the Blood God Sect’s history. The 13 Deities had all left behind their apparitions while climbing the Blood God Altar in the ninth level of the Half-Saint Realm.

As long as Wei Longxing defeated any of them, he would pass the second test.

The 13 Deities are of different abilities. I can only surpass Gu Linfeng by defeating a stronger one.

Wei Longxing looked to one of them. “Deity Yuan Hong, I challenge you.”

Whoosh.

Deity Yuan Hong’s apparition descended from the sky, standing across from Wei Longxing. The other 12 apparitions dissipated instantly.

Deity Yuan Hong had actually died 80,000 years ago. The figure before Wei Longxing was only an image made from the mysterious power of the altar.

The intelligence, combat ability, and Spiritual Intent of this image was identical to Deity Yuan Hong when he was a ninth level Half-Saint.

“You’re quite brave for daring to challenge me,” Deity Yuan Hong’s apparition said, chuckling. “Don’t you know that I’ve never met an opponent of the same plane?”

Chapter 980 - All Three Parties Hurt

Translator:

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Editor:

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Wei Longxing's eyes shone with golden light as he stared at Deity Yuan Hong. "Your era has long passed and I will surpass you to create an even more brilliant era."

"Really? Then let me see just how powerful you are." Deity Yuan Hong looked very calm. Extending his arm, he called, "Come, bones."

Come, bones.

Come, bones...

The echoes spread throughout the nine levels of the altar. A ninth level Half-Saint skeleton soon squeezed out from the cracks of the various bones and became one with the apparition.

Wei Longxing and Deity Yuan Hong were both top figures, so their fight was very intense. They shook the sky, but they couldn't produce a victor and loser.

"When Deity Yuan Hong was alive, he was extremely powerful. He's above average among the various Deities."

"If Wei Longxing can fight Deity Yuan Hong in the same plane, then his combat ability must be crazy."

...

Anyone who could become the Deity of the Blood God Sect was a one-in-a-million talent. Even the below average Deities had risen up from thousands upon thousands of Monks.

They'd been the pride of their generation and weren't just anyone.

Deity Yuan Hong was one of the stronger ones of the various Deities. This naturally made him even more terrifying.

The other Deity candidates all began their second test too.

Other than Wei Longxing, Hai Lingyin, Sun Dadi, and Huo Xin, the other candidates were clear that it wasn't likely for them to be chosen. Thus, they didn't choose to challenge the stronger Deities. They all chose the weakest one.

As long as they defeated a Deity in the same plane, this would prove their abilities. In the future, their status in the sect would rise. They could receive more cultivation resources.

Bai Yu's expression turned sinister and cold. Gu Linfeng, Wei Longxing, Hai Lingyin, Sun Dadi, and Huo Xin will definitely challenge the stronger Deities for the position, he thought. They might all fail in the end. In that case, I'll have a chance to become the new Deity.

He chose a weaker Deity and challenged it. However, the apparition sent Bai Yu to the ground with only five attacks. Blood flowed out of his mouth and more than half of his bones were broken. Even the weakest Deity far surpassed Bai Yu when fighting in the same plane.

There were nine candidates on the first level of the Blood God Altar. All of them failed the second test. Among them, even the strongest candidate only fended off 17 strikes. The weakest one was killed instantly by the Deity's apparition.

Yes.

Killed instantly.

Deaths and injuries happened in the Deity battle. It was unavoidable. The candidates who couldn't surrender in time could very possibly be killed by the Deity apparitions and become part of the Blood God Altar.

Of course, the probability of death was very little. After all, only the top fighters could become candidates and stand on the

altar. It wasn't that hard to take one or two hits from the Deity apparition.

Unless they didn't know their own strength, it basically wasn't life-threatening.

"The Deities are too strong. Even the weakest one is leagues away from me." Bai Yu lay on the ground without feeling too sad. Losing to a Deity wasn't embarrassing.

Seeing the nine candidates all fail at once, the audience was even clearer about how powerful Wei Longxing was.

"Wei Longxing and Deity Yuan Hong had already battled for more than 300 strikes without anyone losing. If Bai Yu or Yan Kongming tried, Deity Yuan Hong would kill them with one strike."

"Gu Linfeng may have reached the sixth level of the Blood God Altar, but his combat ability can't be higher than Senior Uncle Wei," one of Wei Longxing's Junior Nephews said with disdain.

One must have both strong combat ability and potential to become the Deity. If one had strong potential but weak combat ability, they would still be defeated.

Clearly, Wei Longxing wanted to beat Gu Linfeng in the aspect of combat ability and increase his chances.

In addition to Wei Longxing, Hai Lingyin, Huo Xin, and Sun Dadi all began their second test.

Hai Lingyin also chose an above average Deity. This one was comparable to Deity Yuan Hong. Hai Lingyin was also forced to do so. Wei Longxing had given him great pressure.

Huo Xin was very young and conservative in comparison. He chose a weaker Deity. Sun Dadi seemed indecisive. He stared at the eight Deity apparitions standing in the sky. He wanted to challenge a stronger one, but he also wanted a weaker one.

"Who should I choose? Him? No...how about him? No, no..." Sun Dadi was so troubled that he'd pulled out a handful of his hair.

“Are you going to choose or not?” a hot-tempered Deity yelled.

Since they were the soul apparitions, they also had their previous emotions and minds. Clearly, the eight apparitions were annoyed now.

Gritting his teeth, Sun Dadi finally made up his mind. Pointing at the hot-tempered Deity, he said, “You!”

That one was the strongest of the eight Deities. He was above average among all the Deities too. He wasn’t any weaker than Deity Yuan Hong.

Wei Longxing, Hai Lingyin, Huo Xin, and Sun Dadi all began the second test at the same time. Shockingly, the four fought endlessly with their Deity apparitions. No one could produce a result within 100 strikes.

If there was a big difference in combat ability, the result would be obvious within a few strikes. The current situation would only occur when their combat abilities were similar.

“These four are so powerful. If they were in another era, each of them could become the Deity.”

“These four all appeared in the same era. Does this mean that the Blood God Sect has produced four Deity-level prides?”

“You can’t say that. After all, once they become the Deity, they’ll receive more resources. Even if there’s no difference now, the Deity will improve much more in the future.”

...

All the Monks of the Blood God Sect were excited. They believed that the sect would reach a brilliant era in the near future. They would even surpass the Moon Worship Demonic Sect and become the first of the seven ancient sects.

After more than 500 strikes, the youngest, Huo Xin, defeated his opponent and became the first candidate to complete the second test.

Cheers arose below the Blood God Altar. Everyone congratulated Huo Xin. They all knew that Huo Xin’s status in

the younger generation would be second only to the Deity and Saintess.

If the others couldn't pass the second test, Huo Xin would also be the next Deity of the Blood God Sect.

Huo Xin was naturally very excited. His blood seemed to be boiling. Raising his head, he looked up at the fifth level, carefully watching Wei Longxing, Hai Lingyin, and Sun Dadi's results.

After 1,000 strikes, Wei Longxing finally lost to Deity Yuan Hong. He couldn't pass the second test. Even so, no one looked down on him. If he could take 1,000 strikes, it meant that he was at the same level as Deity Yuan Hong. If he'd performed better, he may have been able to defeat the Deity.

Sun Dadi fought against his opponent for four hours, exchanging thousands of blows. Finally, he lost because of a tiny mistake.

He let out a long sigh. Feeling regretful, he made a face and complained, "I should've challenged a weaker Deity. I shouldn't have been impulsive! Impulse is the devil."

"The Blood God Sect has been passed down since the middle age and produced many Deities throughout history. Each one was the cream of the crop. Sun Dadi and Wei Longxing challenged the stronger of the Deities too. Even though they lost, they've already proven their abilities."

"Eighty thousand years ago, when Deity Yuan Hong was alive, he was one of the top ten below the Saint Realm. Wei Longxing could exchange more than 1,000 blows with him. If he had been alive then, he would be known throughout the world too."

...

Wei Longxing and Sun Dadi's defeat made many people feel regret.

Hai Lingyin and his opponent fought for six hours without a result. In the end, it was judged as a tie. The rule of the Deity battle was that if they couldn't produce a victor within six hours, it would be a tie.

Hai Lingyin had experienced decades of hardship and had long produced an immovable Heart of Saintly Way. He didn't lament about the tie and quickly composed himself.

Now, Huo Xin was the most excited one. Only he had passed the second test. If Gu Linfeng also failed his challenge, Huo Xin would be the next Deity.

"Huo Xin is too lucky."

"The three strong figures all competed and clashed directly, but all three are hurt in the end, allowing Huo Xin to get the advantage."

...

All the Monks present thought that if Sun Dadi, Hai Lingyin, and Wei Longxing had challenged a below average Deity, they would have definitely won.

Then things would have nothing to do with Huo Xin. But in reality, Sun Dadi, Hai Lingyin, and Wei Longxing had all been disqualified. Instead, the unexpected Huo Xin would possibly become the newest Deity.

"Don't forget," someone reminded. "Gu Linfeng hasn't started the test yet."

If Huo Xin became the newest Deity, he would be unpopular. Many people were unsatisfied and unconvinced. Gu Linfeng becoming the Deity would be easier to accept.

Wei Longxing, Hai Lingyin, and Sun Dadi thought this way too. In comparison, they would rather Gu Linfeng become the Deity.

Sun Dadi sat cross-legged on the ground to recover. Brother Gu has the absolute advantage now, he thought. If he defeats a weaker Deity, he'll become the next Deity. He won't go looking for trouble and purposely challenge a stronger Deity, right?

Chapter 981 - Blood Spirit Fae

Translator:

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Editor:

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Zhang Ruochen wasn't the type to look for trouble. If he could choose, he would definitely choose the easiest way.

He hadn't attacked yet because he'd been observing. He would let the other candidates reach a result first and then decide how much effort he should put into completing the second test.

He had to preserve as much of his combat ability as possible. The current situation was the best result for him.

If I choose a weaker Deity, I only need to use 10% of my power to win easily, Zhang Ruochen thought.

Without deliberating further, he activated his Holy Qi. Pressing his right hand into a jutting white bone, he inserted his Holy Qi.

Whoosh.

An ear-piercing wail sounded at the edge of the Blood God Altar. Instantly, all the Blood Qi in the world began to spin with the altar as the heart. It formed a huge vortex with a huge commotion.

“Gu Linfeng is only a fourth level Half-Saint. How can he cause such powerful Blood Qi movement?”

The Deity candidates were all confused. Shreds of Blood Qi gathered toward the sixth level of the altar, forming a 300-foot-wide cloud of Qi.

A speck of silver light shone in the center. Zhang Ruochen focused his gaze and looked through the clouds. That silver

light was a long-haired man with a serpent's body.

Zhang Ruochen wasn't familiar with all the Deities of the Blood God Sect, so he didn't know who this was. He knew even less about his combat ability.

The serpent-bodied man took a deep breath, swallowing all the Blood Qi into his abdomen. Standing in the air, he looked down at Zhang Ruochen. He was also a fourth level Half-Saint, but he radiated with boundless ancient Qi. He was mighty and made people feel like a saintly mountain was standing there.

"Just one person?" Zhang Ruochen was surprised.

"There has only been one person throughout history who's competed as a fourth level Half-Saint," the serpent-man said indifferently. "Thus, I'm the only one who can be your opponent."

It dawned on Zhang Ruochen and he nodded. "I see."

The man stared at Zhang Ruochen and shook his head. "Your potential must be high if you can reach the sixth level of the Blood God Altar. I don't want to kill you, so just surrender now."

"Surrender?" Zhang Ruochen shook his head. Eyes determined, he said, "I won't surrender. No one can stop me today from reaching the position of the Deity."

At the moment, all the other Monks tried hard to remember who this serpent-man was. There were no descriptions of him in the scriptures about the historical Deities. The Saints above the Blood God Altar were also confused. They all thought hard.

"The scriptures have no record of him. Who is he?"

Everyone was filled with confusion.

The palace lord of the Heaven Heavenly Palace managed all scriptures. Just then, his eyes flashed. "Only one of the Deities wasn't recorded in the scriptures."

"Who?"

The palace lord's eyes were troubled. "The first Deity of the Blood God Sect, the Blood Spirit Fae."

Hearing this, everyone was shocked. Some were even more confused. Since he was the first Deity, how come he wasn't included in the scriptures?

"The Blood Spirit Fae was the first disciple of the Blood God Patriarch," the palace lord continued. "He was with the Blood God Patriarch when he first established the sect. His talent was shocking. When he participated in the Deity battle, he reached the eighth level of the altar."

"He had great accomplishments too. He became a Supreme Saint and almost became a god. However, after he grew powerful, he actually rebelled against the Blood God Sect and wanted to start his own sect. In the end, he was killed by the Blood God Patriarch and erased from the sect."

Hearing the palace lord's words, everyone felt deeply shaken as if they were listening to a myth. This legendary figure was right before them now.

"This is really the first Deity?"

"Isn't this apparition god's heir? Who can be his match?"

"The Blood God Fairy was only a step away from becoming a god. Even now, he'd still be the strongest figure of Kunlun's Field. Even taking one hit from him would be hard."

At the moment, Huo Xin started smiling faintly. Since Gu Linfeng's opponent was the Blood God Fairy, the first Deity, he would definitely lose. It was clear that the Deity position was Huo Xin's.

"Fate. It must be fate. Huo Xin had no chance of becoming the Deity, but who would've known that Gu Linfeng would only have one opponent? And that it'd be the strongest Deity of all history? What can it be other than fate?"

Even Hai Lingyin and Wei Longxing felt unhopeful. They had to admit that Huo Xin was lucky. He'd experienced all the good things.

“What the heck. This luck is a bit too much,” Sun Dadi spat. He wasn’t happy, but he had to admit that Huo Xin would soon become the next Deity.

After learning of the Blood Spirit Fae’s identity, everyone thought that Gu Linfeng would surrender. If he didn’t surrender, his life may be in danger.

The Blood Spirit Fae flew down and stood before Zhang Ruochen. His lower half was covered in silver scales. “I’ll warn you again. You can still surrender now. Once I attack, you won’t have the chance to surrender again.”

Zhang Ruochen was actually feeling speechless. He’d never thought that he would face the strongest Deity of the Blood God Sect.

He had no luck at all! But since he’d reached this step, there was no way he would surrender.

The Blood God Fairy was indeed a legendary figure, but with Zhang Ruochen’s accomplishments, even a young god might not beat him. In that case, what was there to fear?

Zhang Ruochen’s eyes were still determined. Extending his hand with the Seven Kill Boxing Glove, he made an inviting gesture. “Let’s fight! To be honest, I’ve always been curious about just how powerful a talent from before the middle ages was.”

Hearing his words, all the Monks grew more excited than how they’d been after learning the Blood Spirit Fae’s identity.

Huo Xin was surprised. A smirk immediately appeared on his face. “Gu Linfeng, are you that unwilling to give me the Deity position and you insist on dying?”

Even Wei Longxing and Hai Lingyin shook their heads. They felt that Gu Linfeng really didn’t treasure his life. Even people as arrogant as them didn’t dare to fight with the Blood Spirit Fae. Once they did, they may very well die.

Sun Dadi also froze. When he processed everything, he roared, “Brother Gu, impulse is the devil! Calm down. You must calm down!”

The Saintess' eyes lost all spirit. She sighed. "I thought you were someone who knew to bide one's time. I didn't think that you'd grow crazy for the Deity's position. Who can survive after challenging the Blood Spirit Fae?"

Ji Shui bit her lip. Eyes cold, she muttered to herself, "He's really too arrogant."

Everyone thought that Gu Linfeng would die without a doubt after challenging the Blood Spirit Fae.

"Let's guess how many strikes from the Blood Spirit Fae Gu Linfeng can take," someone said gleefully.

"How many strikes? What kind of person is the Blood Spirit Fae? He's a Supreme Saint from the middle ages. He could challenge the Blood God Patriarch. He can squash Gu Linfeng with a single finger like killing an ant."

Zhang Ruochen stood up tall. He radiated with powerful confidence.

"Great! I didn't think that the Blood God Sect would produce a junior like you. I'll let you have a complete corpse."

The Blood Spirit Fae waved his arm. There were instantly cracking sounds from within the Blood God Altar. A blood-red skeleton crawled out. It became one with the Blood Spirit Fae's apparition.

He extended a finger. Dazzling silver light spread from his fingertip. The strong power waves spread out.

Below the altar, the Monks of the Blood God Sect looked up at the sixth level. They saw the beam of blinding silver light grow brighter. It was as if he was holding a star.

"As expected of someone who became a Supreme Saint in his youth. Even a simple attack can be so terrifying. Even a seventh level Half-Saint probably can't take this hit, let alone a fourth level Half-Saint."

The Blood Spirit Fae pointed forward. A beam of silver light descended toward Zhang Ruochen's head like a shooting star streaking across the sky.

Many Monks started imagining Gu Linfeng's body splitting into many parts and dissolving into a puff of smoke.

However, Zhang Ruochen went to meet it. He poured Holy Qi into his Seven Kill Boxing Glove. Dense runes appeared like spider webs. A powerful palm print was slapped forward, crashing against the Blood Spirit Fae's finger.

Kaboom.

There was a deafening crash on the sixth level of the Blood God Altar. Gu Linfeng's body didn't split into many parts. He simply flew hundreds of feet backward. He quickly landed and steadied himself.

Even more shocking was that the Blood Spirit Fae had to take a step back to dissolve Gu Linfeng's palm power.

Had Gu Linfeng really forced the Blood Spirit Fae to retreat? Many felt that this was unreal. If the Blood Spirit Fae was powerful enough to suppress Gu Linfeng, he definitely wouldn't have retreated.

"Can Gu Linfeng really take a few hits?" The Saintess' starry eyes were filled with shock. Her delicate frame trembled. Gu Linfeng's image in her mind was transforming completely.

Gu Linfeng's ability didn't seem to be as weak as everyone had imagined. He was quite a monstrous figure.

Chapter 982 - Powerfully Defeating

Translator:

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Editor:

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As expected of the disciple of a god. This man's combat ability is stronger than any of my opponents.

Zhang Ruochen had used 30 percent of his power in the previous attack. He could usually wipe out any opponent in the same realm. However, he'd lost in the previous confrontation.

It was evident how powerful the Blood Spirit Fae was. Probably not even the nine Heirs trained by Chi Yao could be his match in the same realm.

The Blood Spirit Fae was a bit shocked too. Staring at the man before him, he said, "I've met a few Deity candidates through the years, but you're the only one who could block my hit."

"Really? Then take a hit from me too!"

Zhang Ruochen raised his arm slowly. The seven pieces of jade embedded in the Seven Kill Boxing Glove shone with seven types of light. This time, Zhang Ruochen prepared to use 40 percent of his power.

Ripples of power surged from the glove and spread out. They formed lights of red, orange, yellow, green, indigo, blue, and purple like a rainbow of hundreds of feet wide.

He slapped forward.

Boom.

A sound like a huge bell burst forth. It shot toward the Blood Spirit Fae with overflowing power. The Blood Spirit Fae could

sense clearly that this attack was extremely shocking. It created a threat to him.

“Continuous Mountain Print.”

The Blood Spirit Fae formed a print with his hands and produced countless hand apparitions. At the same time, a print technique was consolidated. He hit it forward and it clashed with Zhang Ruochen’s palm attack.

The two forces collided fiercely. Even the Blood God Altar shook slightly. Immediately afterward, the two flew out at the same time. They fell on the bone wall of the altar, shattering a mass of the bones.

The next moment, Zhang Ruochen and the Blood Spirit Fae rushed out like bolts of lightning and collided again. They kept attacking with palm and print techniques.

In an instant, they’d both attacked dozens of times. Each strike was incredible and contained boundless power, enough to move mountains and seas.

The Monks below the Blood God Altar had long become dumbfounded. Their jaws were about to drop to the ground. No one had thought that Gu Linfeng’s combat ability could be horrifying enough to exchange blows with the young Blood Spirit Fae.

“How can he be so powerful?”

Blue Night, 13th disciple of Discipline King Haiming, stared at Ji Shui for the answer. Ji Shui had been with Gu Linfeng for the past month. If Gu Linfeng had secretly learned some shocking technique, he wouldn’t have been able to hide it from her.

However, Ji Shui was also confused. Was this still the Gu Linfeng that had always teased her?

No... It couldn’t be.

This man’s combat ability and potential were no weaker than the Blood Spirit Fae. He was even wilder than the genius from 1,000 years ago. How could he be a lustful guy? He must have pretended to be like that before to fool everyone.

Huo Xin's eyes were dazed. He kept muttering, "Impossible, impossible... How can he be so powerful?"

With the situation now, Huo Xin couldn't become the Deity even if Gu Linfeng lost to the Blood Spirit Fae. No one would submit to him.

Only Gu Linfeng is qualified to become the Deity. Countless disciples of the Blood God Sect thought like this.

The Blood God Sect was a place where the strong were respected. It was clear that Gu Linfeng's abilities had won everyone over. Even the supporters of Wei Longxing and Hai Lingyin now worshipped Gu Linfeng. They bubbled with excitement when watching him fight with the Blood Spirit Fae.

Among the ones who'd supported Hai Lingyin was a charming and beautiful girl with a dark aura. Her name was Ning Xi and was known as the sexiest creature of the Blood God Sect. She was also the dream goddess of many Monks.

Right now, she gazed at the sixth level of the Blood God Altar with blazing eyes. "Gu Linfeng must become the Deity. Only he can represent the younger generation of the Blood God Sect. From now on, anyone who reports the Deity's name outside will make the enemies shiver in fear."

No one had seen Ning Xi worship someone like this. She hadn't even worshipped Hai Lingyin like this.

The Saints at the top of the Blood God Altar exchanged awkward glances. Even with a Saint's mindset, they still couldn't keep calm when watching the battle between Gu Linfeng and the Blood Spirit Fae.

Discipline King Tianji, first of the four Discipline Kings, glanced at Discipline King Haiming. He sighed. "Amazing, so amazing. In my long life, I can live to see such a powerful youth in the sect. I am very content."

"Discipline King Haiming has taught well and created a successful hero for the Blood God Sect. This is the accomplishment of the century."

“This man’s potential and talent aren’t any weaker than the nine Heirs. Once he matures, he will definitely bolster the Blood God Sect.”

...

The various important Saints of the Blood God Sect used all their might to praise Gu Linfeng and Discipline King Haiming. Of course, some others kept silent, eyes flashing. They seemed to be thinking about something.

Zhang Ruochen and the Blood Spirit Fae fought for four hours without determining a victor. Their battle grew more intense.

After a fierce clash, the Blood Spirit Fae retreated, putting distance between them. “I must admit that you’re truly strong. Even in the middle ages, you’d be one of the top figures.”

“What?” Zhang Ruochen asked. “Are you surrendering?”

“Surrender?” The Blood Spirit Fae chuckled with disdain. “From now on, I’m going to use my true power. I’d like to see if you can take it.”

Dozens of silver lightning bolts streaked through the Blood Spirit Fae, crackling. Then four silver wings sprouted out of his back. He doubled in height.

His power has increased at least 30 or 40 percent. Zhang Ruochen could feel that the Blood Spirit Fae grew more powerful.

Whoosh.

The Blood Spirit Fae transformed into a streak of silver. He instantly appeared above Zhang Ruochen’s head and hacked down with his hand as a knife.

Zhang Ruochen activated even stronger power and blocked upward. With a boom, more than half of his body sank into the shattered bones. However, he’d still blocked the Blood Spirit Fae’s blow.

The Blood Spirit Fae didn’t hesitate. He attacked again, striking Zhang Ruochen’s neck. This time, Zhang Ruochen shot up first. Dodging the Blood Spirit Fae’s hand knife, he flew hundreds of feet into the sky.

“Seven-Aperture Blood Palm.”

The six apertures on Zhang Ruochen’s palm opened up. He absorbed the Blood Qi of the altar into his palm. A moment later, a huge bloody dragon appeared on his arm.

“Is this...a saint spell?”

The Blood Spirit Fae overlapped his hands and his skin turned silver. It seemed as if his body was made out of silver and shone with nine layers of silver saintly light.

“Blood God Five-Finger Print.”

The Blood Spirit Fae extended his right hand. His arm continued growing longer and thicker. It quickly swelled to ten times its original size.

The Blood God Five-Finger Print was a saint spell of the Blood God Sect. Apparently, if cultivated to the extreme, one could pick the stars out of the sky by extending a hand.

The Blood Spirit Fae had already completed this spell as a fourth level Half-Saint. It was an extraordinary accomplishment. Other Monks would feel despair when faced with this. However, Gu Linfeng wasn’t weak. He’d actually cultivated the sixth aperture to the Seven-Aperture Blood Palm. His palm technique clearly also had the power of a saint spell.

The two saint spells clashed. All Blood God Sect disciples held their breaths. All their muscles were shaking as they were nervous to the extreme.

In a fight between the Blood God Five-Finger Print and Seven-Aperture Blood Palm, who would win?

Crack.

A huge cracking sound traveled from the sixth level of the Blood God Sect. It was like thunder and lightning. Some of the weaker disciples felt their eardrums hurting.

When the Blood Qi scattered, one could see that Gu Linfeng stood at the edge of the altar like a pine tree. He was still as composed as before. However the fourth level Half-Saint

skeleton that the Blood Spirit Fae had summoned was now shattered into a pile of loose bones.

The Blood Spirit Fae's apparition stood in the sky. "If my flesh body was still here, I wouldn't have lost."

"Since you're not satisfied with losing, let's continue," Zhang Ruochen said.

"No need! Your combat ability is qualified for becoming the Deity." With that, the apparition dissipated and scattered as bloody fog.

Zhang Ruochen gradually pulled his Qi away and looked as plain as ever.

I had to use half of my power to defeat the Blood Spirit Fae, Zhang Ruochen thought. My worldview wasn't wide enough before.

The Blood Spirit Fae was indeed very strong, but there must have been someone stronger in the middle ages.

There were always stronger people in the world.

It was possible that there were some monstrously powerful figures from the middle ages who could compete with Zhang Ruochen in the same realm.

Each of Chi Yao's nine Heirs received a shocking amount of cultivation resources. They might even be able to use ancient spiritual medicines.

The nine Heirs today might be able to compete with the Blood Spirit Fae already. In the same plane, Zhang Ruochen naturally wouldn't fear them. However, if he was one or two realms below them, he might not be able to win.

My biggest trump card is the power of time and space. If I used it, I wouldn't have needed to use half of my power to defeat the Blood Spirit Fae.

Zhang Ruochen was confident in himself.

Just then, the palace lord of the Heaven Heavenly Palace sounded from the top of the altar. "The Deity battle is over."

He reached out with a sweep of his sleeve and sent down a blood-red river of Holy Qi. The river dropped down, wrapping around Zhang Ruochen. It swept him up to the top of the nine-levelled altar.

Below the altar.

The Monks of the Blood God Sect woke up from their shock. They gazed at the ascending Gu Linfeng with excitement, eagerness and worship.

Chapter 983 - The New Son of Deity

Translator:

Larbre Studio

Editor:

Larbre Studio

“Gu Lingfeng.”

“Gu Lingfeng.”

...

The name of “Gu Lingfeng” was heard everywhere in the Blood God Sect, calling for a new Son of Deity.

But Zhang Ruochen wasn't delighted at all. There was one more round of tests waiting for him.

The Saintess of the Blood God Sect, Shangguan Xianyan, arrived at the top of the alter with him.

She had a fairy figure, which gave out pure saint light. Only her eyes were full of the enchanting power.

Shangguan Xianyan looked at Zhang Ruochen beside him, and smiled. “The Son of Deity is surely a rare talent. Even the Blood Spirit Fae can't stop you from displaying your power.”

“I'm not the Son of Deity yet. I don't deserve the Saintess' compliment.” Zhang Ruochen straightened up his back, putting on a cold and arrogant face.

Shangguan Xianyan pressed her red lips slightly, and smiled. “You have convinced all disciples of the Blood God Sect with your strength. If anyone else wanted to take the position of the Son of Deity, nobody would recognize him.”

Zhang Ruochen looked at Shangguan Xianyan's pretty face playfully and closely, and said, “Now that I've convinced all

disciples of the Blood God Sect, is the Saintess convinced as well?”

Shangguan Xianyan just smiled and didn't answer.

The Palace Ruler of the Earth Heavenly Palace urged them on. So they stopped talking and went on to greet all saints of the Blood God Sect.

Discipline King Haiming showed a little coldness in his old eyes, “Hierarch, since Gu Linfeng has performed well and passed the two tests, shouldn't we just go ahead and crown him as the new Son of Deity of the Blood God Sect?”

“Wait.”

A commanding voice was heard.

Discipline King Diyuan, one of the Four Discipline Kings, slowly rose up.

Powerful Holy Qi churned around Discipline King Diyuan like a mass of black clouds. He said, “It seems that Gu Linfeng didn't use his full strength to fight the Blood Spirit Fae. I want to try him by myself to see how powerful he really is.”

A Discipline King wanted to try a Half-Saint monk?

It was evident that Discipline King Diyuan was intending to hinder him as he didn't want Gu Linfeng to become the new Son of Deity.

Shortly after, another great saint launched an attack on Zhang Ruochen as well. He stood at the center of the golden cloud. A strong strand of spiritual power gushed out from his eyes. And he said, “I've just looked up all information about Gu Linfeng. He's been practicing the Blood Dragon Scripture, a superior-class Ghost Level scripture, in the Blood Dragon Hall. He can't be as powerful as this.”

Discipline King Diyuan sneered, “Real humans can't practiced the Seven-Apertures Blood Palm to the sixth level. It's strange that Gu Linfeng should have done it.”

Discipline King Diyuan and Saint Hongyuan both manipulated a strong line of Saint Might to suppress Zhang Ruochen.

Zhang Ruochen had anticipated that there should be people suspecting his identity.

It wouldn't be easy for him to become the Son of Deity.

But he stayed calm instead of panicking. He said in a voice neither haughty nor humble, "What concerns you, Saint Elders? Why not speak up directly?"

Many saints onsite showed appreciation for Zhang Ruochen's calmness.

He could stay calm facing the Saint Might of two saints, which meant that a figure like him could represent the Blood God Sect in the world and wouldn't disgrace them.

If he wasn't qualified for the position of the Son of Deity, who else was?

Of course the suspicion from Discipline King Diyuan and Saint Hongyuan was not rootless at all. The strength of Gu Linfeng was terribly and extraordinarily strong.

Discipline King Haiming didn't say a word, but enjoyed the scene like an audience member.

For he also wondered about the secret of Gu Linfeng.

"Alright, I will speak up."

The voice of Discipline King Diyuan was full of power. He went on, "You are not the original Gu Linfeng, but a spy of the Immortal Vampires."

Zhang Ruochen said, "Do you have any evidence to say things like this, Discipline King? If not, I'm very disappointed that you've made such a reckless judgement."

"Yeah?"

Discipline King Diyuan gave a sharp look with his two thunder-bead like eyeballs. He said, "So why don't you explain to us: how did a monk who's only practiced a superior-class Ghost Level scripture defeat the strongest Son of Deity in the history of the Blood God Sect?"

Zhang Ruochen fell silent for a while. "I can't say it."

“You can’t say it, or you can’t explain it at all?”

Discipline King Diyuan operated his Holy Qi to condense a giant translucent palm print. He hovered it above Zhang Ruochen’s head, and said, “Show yourself now, boy. Or I’ll have to beat you out of him.”

Zhang Ruochen appeared to be calm rather than nervous, for he knew that there should be someone else who could explain for him.

At the mountaintop of the Mount Qianyuan.

The Taishang Elder who never moved from sitting on the ground with legs crossed, slowly opened his eyes and looked at the altar of the Blood God.

Then he moved his lips and sent a word to the Hierarch of the Blood God Sect silently.

Then, the Hierarch of the Blood God Sect finally opened his eyes and looked at Zhang Ruochen beneath him. He was a little surprised, and said to himself, “After 1,000 years, someone has comprehended the Blood God Map at last.”

The Hierarch of the Blood God Sect shouted, “Discipline King Diyuan, you are a saint. It is way below you to push a young man like that. Put away your handprint at once!”

Discipline King Diyuan said, “Hierarch, he’s too powerful to be the original Gu Linfeng. What if he’s a spy sent by the Immortal Vampires? Wouldn’t it be a joke for all monks if we made the spy the Son of Deity of the Blood God Sect?”

“I have known his secret. You shouldn’t worry. The boy is of great fortune. He might surpass all of you in the future,” said the Hierarch of the Blood God Sect.

Discipline King Diyuan was puzzled, “What is his secret?”

“I can’t tell you yet.” the Hierarch of the Blood God Sect remained calm.

It was obvious that the Hierarch of the Blood God Sect spoke rather sternly this time.

Now that the Hierarch of the Blood God Sect had given the order, nobody dared to pick fights with Gu Linfeng.

Even Discipline King Diyuan wouldn't dare to continue. He put away his handprint, and returned to his seat.

“It is true that Gu Linfeng has an extraordinary secret.”

Discipline King Haiming didn't expect it to have anything to do with the Blood God Map. He thought it might be something that Gu Linfeng had gotten from the Bottomless Abyss.

“After he's crowned the Son of Deity, I have to force him to tell all the secrets of the Bottomless Abyss,” Discipline King Haiming said to himself.

After the crowning ceremony, Zhang Ruochen was taken to pay tribute to the God Corpse of the Blood God Sect by the Hierarch.

The Hierarch manipulated a secret method to have induced the Blood God Venomous Worm out of Zhang Ruochen's body, using the help of the God Corpse.

How could the distinguished Son of Deity be controlled by a Blood God Venomous Worm?

Half a month later.

The sky was blue and clear, as if newly washed. Layers of clouds floated in the sky like cotton.

A more than 70-meters-long Gold Wing Thunder Eagle flew in the sky, like a small palace-sized old chariot, leaving a giant shadow on the ground.

The Gold Wing Thunder Eagle was a sixth level savage beast. It gave out formidable Qi while flying across the mountains, scaring the savage beasts of lower levels out of their lives.

When the Gold Wing Thunder Eagle passed above the Occult Cloud Sect, elders of the Occult Cloud Sect all rushed out. Seeing that the Gold Wing Thunder Eagle didn't stop from flying all the way to the horizon, they were relieved.

A young disciple of the Occult Cloud Sect raised his head to look at the sky, and said in shock, “What terrible Qi! Is it the

legendary divine beast, the Roc?”

One elder of the Occult Cloud Sect said, “They are the Gold Wing Thunder Eagle and the Blood Soul Chariot of the Blood God Sect. It must be an influential figure of the Blood God Sect in the chariot. Such a figure could erase the Occult Cloud Sect with only one wave.”

The young disciple held his fists and put on an eager face. “I will work hard, so one day I will ride the Gold Wing Thunder Eagle and take the Blood Soul Chariot, and be worshipped by people, too.”

Meanwhile, Zhang Ruochen sat alone in the Blood Soul Chariot, refining a Cuprite Old Mirror.

The Cuprite Old Mirror was about the size of a palm. It was crystal clear, made of blood jade.

Some mysterious inscriptions were at the rim of the old mirror. Some inscriptions were connected to look like a tree. Some looked like a divine beast.

Zhang Ruochen didn't stop until he had refined the Cuprite Old Mirror completely to control the battle spirit. He held it in hand and touched it gently.

“Life-Death Mirror.”

Each Son of Deity of the Blood God Sect would receive a Thousand-pattern Saint Weapon.

And this Life-Death Mirror was the Thousand-pattern Saint Weapon given to Zhang Ruochen by the Hierarch of the Blood God Sect.

It was said that the Life-Death Mirror was a fake copy forged according to the Blood Sea Demonic Mirror, the ultimate saint weapon of the Immortal Vampires.

“Even the copy is at the level of the Thousand-pattern Saint Weapon. How powerful must the real Blood Sea Demonic Mirror be?” Zhang Ruochen said to himself.

After the Blood Sea Demonic Mirror and Blood Empress fell into the Bottomless Abyss, did they completely vanish from the Kunlun's Realm?

The soaring blood light that Zhang Ruochen had seen at the First Gradient in the Bottomless Abyss came to his mind.

Did the blood light have anything to do with the Blood Sea Demonic Mirror or the Blood Express?

Zhang Ruochen had stayed in the headquarters of the Blood God Sect for the past half month, and he had learned a lot.

It was said that the imperial court and the Ministry of War had sent ten saints to crack the defense of the Nether Heavenly Palace and intrude into the Bottomless Abyss.

But none of them returned from the Bottomless Abyss, like tossed out stones.

Apparently, the Saint Lady had gone back to the Central Emperor City safely, and had reported the situation of the Bottomless Abyss.

But Zhang Ruochen wondered why Chi Yao didn't take the move herself, dealing with such a vital situation.

Was it because she didn't regard it seriously? Or...she really couldn't fight anymore?

Zhang Ruochen shook his head slightly to put a stop to thinking about the Bottomless Abyss and Chi Yao. He rolled up the curtain of the chariot, and looked outside, "Will we arrive at the headquarter of the Black Market in the state of Tiantai soon?"

Zhang Ruochen left the Blood God Sect this time in order to go back to the Royal Capital. He would visit his mother's tomb and also pay a visit to Kong Lanyou.

Of course, before that, he had to go to the headquarters of the Black Market in the state of Tiantai to purchase the soul of the saint elephant.

Only after he got the soul of the saint elephant, could he complete his exercise of the Tenth Move of the Dragon and Elephant Prajna Palm.

And, after he had practiced the soul of the saint elephant, he would then have the chance to crack the seventh aperture on his palms and exercise a stronger body.

It's an essential step toward becoming a saint.

Chapter 984 - Words About the Elephant Soul

Translator:

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Where there were people, there was the Black Market.

If the Martial Market Bank was the one that had made the trade rules for the Kunlun's Field, the Black Market was the one that broke them.

Of course, in other aspects, the Black Market was compensating for the flaws of the Martial Market Bank, trying to build a better trading market.

There were things that could only be bought in the Black Market, such as human lives, weapons banned by the Ministry of War, pills controlled by famous ancient families, etc.

The headquarters of the Black Market in the state of Tiantai was an old city, called the capital of evil. It was one of the darkest place in the whole Tiantai State.

The State of Tiantai had 36 Mansions and 1,296 counties. Over a half of all headquarters of Evil Ways were located here.

Although this capital of evil had suffered countless wars and attacks, it didn't go down. On the contrary, it became more and more prosperous.

Creak.

The sound of the eagle was heard crossing the sky.

Then, violent wind breaking sound was heard. The Blood Soul Chariot pulled by the Gold Wing Thunder Eagle landed from the sky and came all the way to the Black Market.

The Gold Wing Thunder Eagle gave out dazzling gold lights and Qi like a Wild Ancient Divine Beast. It walked on the wide road, frightening all monks of Evil Ways to dodge and escape.

“What a beast! Who’s that in the chariot?”

“It is the Blood Soul Chariot of the Blood God Sect, which only carries great figures. It must be an important person.”

...

People were all engaged in the discussion of the owner’s identity.

The Blood Soul Chariot didn’t stop until it arrived at the gate of the Black Market Excellence Hall. Then, Zhang Ruochen walked out of it.

Murong Yue had learned that Zhang Ruochen was coming, so she had been waiting outside the gate.

Besides her, two monks, one white, one black, stood behind her.

The first monk had skin that was white like jade, and was very overweight. He had a smile like the one of the Buddha on his face all the time.

The other monk was skinny and had skin which was dark like coals, making a sharp contrast to the white monk.

They were the disciples of Intuoluo, Sikong One and Sikong Two.

Recently, they’d been practicing with Murong Yue in the society, and didn’t cause any big trouble.

Seeing Zhang Ruochen walking out of the chariot, Murong Yue stepped forward and greeted him with a smile, “Congratulations, Lord Gu, the new Son of Deity of the Blood God Sect!”

Zhang Ruochen nodded. “Any word on the thing I wanted?”

Murong Yue looked around and said, “We can’t talk about it here. Follow me, my lord.”

Zhang Ruochen nodded. He followed Murong Yue to enter the Black Market Excellence Hall, and came to a separate courtyard.

In the courtyard, a Defense Formation operated to condense an invisible light canopy, covering the whole courtyard.

“Crown Prince, Your Highness.”

Murong Yue kneeled on one knee and bowed to Zhang Ruochen in humble reverence.

Zhang Ruochen nodded to ask Murong Yue to stand up.

Murong Yue stood up, looking heroic and capable. She said, “Your Highness asked me to find elephant souls at the saint level, I’ve heard some words about it.”

Zhang Ruochen put on a delighted face. “Where is it?”

Murong Yue said, “Tonight at an auction of the Moon Worship Demonic Sect, there will be an elephant soul of the Green Armor Hunchbacked Elephant for sale.”

The Moon Worship Demonic Sect also had business in the Black Market. Generally speaking, auctions of the Demonic Sect were of high levels, which often sold the most priceless treasures.

Divine Origin Pill, Saintly Source, Saint Spell Books...all were possibly seen in the auctions.

Zhang Ruochen felt that he had to get the soul of the Green Armor Hunchbacked Elephant, so he was going to tonight’s auction, naturally.

Zhang Ruochen took out a small jar containing one thousand drops of divine blood, and handed it to Murong Yue. He asked her to trade the divine blood for saint rocks.

After all, saint rock was the only currency for the auctions, and Zhang Ruochen had to prepare in advance.

Even Murong Yue was shocked that Zhang Ruochen handed 1,000 drops of divine blood to her. The amount of the divine blood was so large that if it was all traded for saint rocks, it would be comparable to the wealth of a saint.

Murong Yue had a stronger mindset than ordinary people, so she soon recovered from the shock and retreated with the 1,000 drops of divine blood.

Sikong One came to Zhang Ruochen's side. Putting both hands together, he smiled kindly. "Uncle Master, I've also earned many saint rocks by selling the treasures that I've saved for years. I haven't found a way to spend the saint rocks. Will you take me to tonight's auction, Uncle Master?"

"Since you are practicing in the society, it won't do harm if you see the world more," said Zhang Ruochen.

"I want to go, too," said Sikong Two.

Sikong One's big and round face turned sullen, and he scolded loudly, "Junior Brother, what can you do there? You are too poor to have one single saint rock. Won't you cause trouble for Uncle Master if you go to the auction?"

Sikong Two was slow but rather stubborn, "Since it is a part of practicing, why can't I go, too?"

"You dare to argue with me! Won't you listen to me? I'm your Senior Brother!"

Sikong One rolled up his sleeves, revealing his white and thick arms and going to teach Sikong Two a lesson.

Zhang Ruochen stopped him immediately, and said, "Since Sikong Two wants to see the world in the auction, we will go together."

"If Uncle Master says so, you can come. Hehe, you don't have any saint rocks, you can't buy anything anyway."

Sikong One held his arms and looked content.

Zhang Ruochen saw everything and just laughed to himself.

Sikong One and Sikong Two had been practicing in the remote mountains and woods two months ago and hardly had any connection with the society.

In just the two months, Sikong One had totally adapted to the society. He drank, ate meat, became sophisticated, and had even gained some street wisdom.

He couldn't be hurt anywhere he went with his strong adaptation.

Sikong Two was totally different from Sikong One. He remained inflexible, stubborn and slow, ate like a vegan, and prayed every day. He didn't change a bit.

But people like Sikong Two had a Buddhist mind as steady as a rock. Nothing could affect him.

Murong Yue was of great efficiency. She soon had exchanged the 1,000 drops of divine blood into 12,000 saint rocks.

The value of a drop of divine blood varied from ten to twenty saint rocks, depending on its quality.

The divine blood Zhang Ruochen collected from the Netherworld was quite normal. Therefore, it was remarkable that one drop could trade for 12 saint rocks.

Zhang Ruochen put all 12,000 saint rocks in his Spatial Ring. Then he took out 100 drops of divine blood and handed them to Murong Yue.

Murong Yue took the divine blood and was a little confused, "Does Your Highness need more saint rocks?"

Zhang Ruochen shook his head, and said, "I'm giving these divine blood drops to you."

Murong Yue was shocked and was about to turn him down.

100 drops of divine blood were too valuable.

But before she could say a word, Zhang Ruochen added, "I know you don't need resources for practice with your status. But refining divine blood can improve your cultivation and build up your body at a faster speed. I hope that you can practice the Extreme Yin Body to the utmost soon."

Murong Yue didn't refuse. She put the 100 drops of divine blood away, and folded her hands. "I will not disappoint Your Highness."

Zhang Ruochen put his hands behind the back, and looked at the red clouds on the horizon. "Now that the Sacred Sect has been founded, I need many powerful talents. If you can

practice the Extreme Yin Body to the utmost, you will surely become a Lord of the Sacred Sect.”

“Is the Sacred Sect a new sect founded by Your Highness?”

Zhang Ruochen nodded, “Yes.”

Murong Yue put on a joyful look.

Now that the Crown Prince had found a sect of his own, he must have made up his mind to re-establish the Sacred Central Empire.

As an old subordinate of the Sacred Central Empire, how could she not be thrilled?

Murong Yue said with excitement, “As long as Your Highness issues a Crown Prince Edict to release the words that you are back, people must all follow you. Most of the old subordinates will come to you. Before long, the influence of the Sacred Sect can compete with today’s Sacred Central Crypt.”

Zhang Ruochen shook his head. He wasn’t as optimistic as Murong Yue. “Who should believe that the Crown Prince of the Sacred Central Empire of 800 years ago is still alive? And if the Crown Prince of the Sacred Central Empire does come back, will those great saints ruling the world listen to such a young Half-Saint monk? Now is not the timing to issue the Crown Prince Edict. We should wait.”

Since the Crown Prince had his idea, Murong Yue said no more.

Zhang Ruochen said, “I asked you to help find the traces of Ling Feiyu. Any word about it?”

“I’ve sent all monks of the Black Market Excellence Hall to search all 36 counties, but they found nothing. It was said that the Demonic Sect sent more people, and found nothing either. All suspected that Ling Feiyu had died in the battle of the Ancient Race of Prison Guardians.”

“No bones found?”

“No.”

Murong Yue added, “Attack of the Blood Emperor Qingtian could destroy everything in the world. How could bones be left?”

Zhang Ruochen signed and felt sad.

After all, Ling Feiyu was a half teacher and a half friend to him. She had taught him much of the Way of Sword.

Ling Feiyu was surely a rare female talent who was comparable to the Saint Lady. Her unique talent had made her a ruler of a time.

But, facing the Blood Emperor Qingtian, she had been killed and left nothing.

“However great, people will die one day. The life of a Sword Saint can also be so fragile.” Zhang Ruochen felt gloomy. It was hard for him to be relieved.

As the sun went down, the sky turned dark.

Zhang Ruochen, Murong Yue, Sikong One and Sikong Two rode on the Blood Soul Chariot to go to the auction set by the Moon Worship Demonic Sect in the Black Market.

Chapter 985 - The Stone Beauty

Translator:

Larbre Studio

Editor:

Larbre Studio

In the chariot.

Zhang Ruochen pressed his hands together and retrieved his spiritual power. He looked at Murong Yue, and said, “There’s a person who started following us after we left the Black Market Excellence Hall. You should know who that is?”

Murong Yue lowered her head and bit her lip, “Don’t worry about him, Your Highness. His target is me, not you.”

“That’s not true.”

Zhang Ruochen shook his head. “Now that we’ve been so close, he must misunderstand, mustn’t he?”

“Does Your Highness know about him?” Murong Yue was a little surprised.

“The rising star of the Ministry of War, Bu Qianfan. If it wasn’t him, who else could it be? This man is very infatuated with you. Looks like you’ve really become a devil to his mind,” said Zhang Ruochen.

Sikong Two sat beside them, twirling his beads. He sighed, “Amitabha. Heroes always find it hard to let go of the beauties.”

Pat!

Sikong One slammed on Sikong Two’s bold head, and scolded, “It’s none of your business!”

Murong Yue fell into silence, for she knew that the Ministry of War was an enemy to the Black Market Excellence Hall, and the Sacred Sect.

The appearance of Bu Qianfan would surely bring trouble to the Crown Prince.

Murong Yue put on a determined look, and she said, "Please be assured, Your Highness. I will work this out. If he dared to ask more about you, or threaten your safety, I will kill him myself when it is needed."

Zhang Ruochen sighed slightly and said nothing. Nobody could help with others' love affairs. Besides, he couldn't handle his love affairs well. How could he interfere with others'?

Three military armored men were following the Blood Soul Chariot.

The young man in the front, who had the stubble, and rode on a savage elephant in gold armors, looked extremely heroic.

He was Bu Qianfan.

The soldier standing to the left of Bu Qianfan pressed on his blade, and said in a low voice, "My lord, let me deal with the boy for you."

"He's seeking his own death to come so close to Miss Murong." The other soldier put on a murderous look.

Bu Qianfan gave a complicated look to the chariot. He said, "But you two can't beat him."

"We are generals of the Ministry of War. As long as we use the tokens of the Ministry of War, would he dare to rebel?" said the soldier with a scar from a sword on his face.

Bu Qianfan shook his head. "The tokens of the Ministry of War have influence on others, but not him. He can ride the Blood Soul Chariot at such a young age, so he must be the new Son of Deity of the Blood God Sect."

"He's Gu Linfeng?"

Both soldiers were astonished and scared.

The story of Gu Linfeng had been heard all over Tiantai State, and even the Central Region in the past half month.

Gu Linfeng had made his name overnight.

It was said that he had won against Hai Lingyin and Wei Longxing during the fight for becoming the new Son of Deity.

Hai Lingyin and Wei Longxing were not ordinary people.

It was also said that Gu Linfeng had even defeated the First Disciple of the Blood God of his own state, and became the No.1 talent in 100,000 years' history of the Blood God Sect.

Even if the sayings were not completely reliable, Zhang Ruochen's becoming the new Son of Deity showed that he was tough.

The soldier with the scar said ruthlessly, "He's the Son of Deity. And so what? He dared to touch my lord's woman, we wouldn't let him get away."

Bu Qianfan gave him a cold stare. "You'd better not meddle with the thing between Miss Murong and me. If you had nothing to do, you could look into the ins and outs of Gu Linfeng. Better check his character and conduct."

"Be assured, my lord. It won't be hard for us to find out."

"I'm going to ask for information about Gu Linfeng in the Ministry of War now."

After the two soldiers left, Bu Qianfan rode on the savage elephant and went on following the chariot.

He worried about Murong Yue, so he was going to see what kind of person Gu Linfeng was. Was he good enough for Murong Yue?

The biggest shop of the Demonic Sect in the Black Market was called the Pearl Light Pavilion.

The auction ranked No.3 in the Tiantai State was located here.

Although it was just one shop, it had a long history, which attracted many powerful figures of the Demonic Sect.

Therefore, even saints would have to pull back in the Pearl Light Pavilion.

Yan Jinyao was a deacon of the Pearl Light Pavilion who was in charge of receiving VIPs for tonight's auction. The auction of the Moon Worship Demonic Sect was only held once a month. It mustn't go wrong.

He had to report and planned ahead as soon as VIPs appeared. At the time, noise was heard outside the gate.

Yan Jinyao walked outside quickly and saw a Gold Wing Thunder Eagle about the size of a hill coming from afar. It stopped outside the gate of the Pearl Light Pavilion.

“VIPs from the Blood God Sect.”

Yan Jinyao immediately approached the chariot and bowed with hands folded. He smiled, “Which elders of the Blood God Sect have come to the Pearl Light Pavilion?”

A young man and a young woman stepped out of the chariot.

The man was handsome and elegant. The woman was also extremely beautiful.

Although it was the first time that Yan Jinyao met Gu Linfeng, he recognized his identity immediately. He smiled kindly, “The Son of Deity, Your Highness and the Young Master of Black Market Excellence Hall. Please, please follow me.”

Murong Yue walked to him and smiled. “Yan, is the thing that I want surely going to show up at the auction tonight?”

“Be assured, Young Master Murong. It is for sure,” said Yan Jinyao.

Apparently, Yan Jinyao and Murong Yue had known each other before. They exchanged words shortly to confirm that the saint soul of the Green Armor Hunchbacked Elephant was going to be sold tonight.

Yan Jinyao welcomed Zhang Ruochen and Murong Yue into the Pearl Light Pavilion personally. As for Sikong One and Sikong Two, they didn't have such a treatment, and only had to follow them quietly.

They looked around and were curious about everything in the Pearl Light Pavilion.

Then Sikong One widened his eyes and cried, “The lady is really...as beautiful as a Bodhisattva...!”

Murong heard the cry of Sikong One, and stopped at once to give a stare at him. “Monk, no noise here! Otherwise, you will have to leave.”

Sikong One shook his head, and pointed to a lake nearby. “I didn’t talk nonsense. She really looks like a Bodhisattva coming to life.”

They all looked to the place pointed to by Sikong One.

Many monks could be seen gathering at the lakeside nearby. They were in heated discussion with many exclamations.

There was a high platform at the center of the crowd.

A woman in white sat on the platform. She was tall and slender. Her breasts and bottom were also in good shape. And her long legs were white and round.

Her face was even more incomparably delicate and flawless. She sat at the lake quietly like the virgin in the paintings, looking like a fairy.

No wonder Sikong One called her the Bodhisattva. Such a beauty didn’t seem to have come from the human world.

“There should be such a beautiful woman in this world...who is she?” Even Murong Yue felt inferior to the beauty of the woman in white.

Yan Jinyao laughed, “She has been brought back by an elder from the Yuan Mansion. She’s a just common person who has no cultivation.”

“But her beauty is surely extraordinary and valuable. So the elder has put her in the Pearl Light Pavilion.”

“She has attracted many visitors to the Pearl Light Pavilion lately. Some even throw saint rocks to win her smile. But she never smiles, and doesn’t even say a word.”

Murong Yue said, “Maybe she’s dumb?”

“Who knows? Anyway, after she has attracted enough attention of the VIPs, she will be sent on to the auction by the

Pearl Light Pavilion. With her beauty and virginity, she will sell at a good price.”

Zhang Ruochen stared at the woman in white and was shocked, as if he had met unbelievable things.

Then he said in a cold voice, “How could you treat her like that!”

Yan Jinyao thought that Zhang Ruochen had also been attracted to the woman, and laughed, “All humans and objects have prices in the Pearl Light Pavilion. It’s our duty to maximize their prices.”

“Do you know who she is? Do you really believe that the Pearl Light Pavilion can weigh her price?”

Zhang Ruochen’s face was extremely cold. The Qi of coldness shuddered Yan Jinyao.

Murong Yue never saw Zhang Ruochen like this before, and sensed that something went wrong. She asked immediately, “Lord Gu, what’s wrong?”

Zhang Ruochen didn’t say anything. He crossed the sky over dozens of meters like a flash. He landed on the platform at the lakeside and looked at the woman.

She was truly as beautiful as a fairy. But her eyes were empty and without any expression, as if she had lost her soul.

Nobody knew her for they had never met her true face.

But Zhang Ruochen did. So he knew that she was the Sword Saint, Ling Feiyu, one of the Palace Rulers of the Demonic Sect, who had gone missing for the past two months.

“Why are you here? What have you been through?” Zhang Ruochen asked.

Ling Feiyu remained sitting there and only looked up slightly. She gave a look to the stranger.

But her eyes were still empty.

“Could it be that her saint soul was hurt by the Blood Emperor Qingtian?”

Zhang Ruochen reached out one hand at once to grasp the right wrist of Ling Feiyu. He split a strand of Holy Qi to pour into her body.

Ling Feiyu didn't resist or say any words. She was just like a stone statue.

But the monks under the platform were all furious.

“Who's this boy? He would dare to take the hand of the stone beauty!? I will chop him!”

A young man at the Second Change of the Fish-Dragon Realm took out a broadsword and flew on the platform. He chopped toward Zhang Ruochen.

Zoom.

Murong Yue landed on the platform first like a shadow. She waved her arm and used a strand of Holy Qi to throw the young man off with blood coming out of his mouth.

“How dare you hurt the young master of the Sky Ghost Sect! You want to die?”

Four men at the level of the Ninth Change of the Fish-Dragon Realm in green rushed out. They had weapons in their hands and rushed onto the platform with murderous looks.

Murong Yue took out the token of the Black Market Excellence Hall and held it in hand. “The Sky Ghost Sect dares to behave like this in front of me, the young master?”

The four monks were shocked by the token in Murong Yue's hand. They bowed to apologize, and lifted the young master of the Sky Ghost Sect to escape the Pearl Light Pavilion.

Other monks under the platform shut their mouths, for they dared not pick fights with the Black Market Excellence Hall.

But they were clear that even the Black Market Excellence Hall couldn't take the stone beauty away.

Not only because this was a shop of the Moon Worship Demonic Sect.

Moreover, another figure who was not inferior to the young master of the Moon Worship Demonic Sect had already taken

a fancy to the stone beauty.

Chapter 986 - Saint General of the Sacred Central Crypt

Translator:

Larbre Studio

Editor:

Larbre Studio

Zhang Ruochen put away the threads of Holy Qi and frowned. He looked at the stone beauty whose body was cold, feeling confused.

“There is no Holy Qi in her body. Even her Qi ocean and meridians are gone. Now she is no more than an ordinary person. Maybe she’s not Ling Feiyu, just someone looks like her?”

A monk, especially a monk at the saint level, would have left traces of meridians or the Qi ocean, even if all of their meridians were cut down and Qi ocean broken into pieces.

Unless she didn’t have any Qi ocean and meridians at first.

Zhang Ruochen looked at the stone beauty again, and shook his head immediately to deny the last thought.

Although the stone beauty was so weak that he couldn’t find the strength of her body, her skin was crystal-clear like fairy jade, giving out a fresh aroma. Apparently she had been fed with the Holy Qi for a long time, and was not some ordinary person.

The body of a saint contained the essence of the heaven and the earth, which went along with the Rules of Saintly Way like saint herbs which had lived for thousands of years. Even the hair of a saint had incredible value.

Zhang Ruochen poured Holy Qi into his eyes to activate the Eye of the Deity Print. He stared at the wrist, and space

between the eyebrows of the stone beauty, checking her wounds again.

This time, Zhang Ruochen had found something new.

There were indeed a Qi ocean and meridians inside the stone beauty's body, but they had almost withered away.

Zhang Ruochen could have never detected them if it was not for his Eye of the Deity Print.

“She has been severely wounded at the beginning. Now it gets worse. If it continued in this way, she would probably have lost her cultivation of hundreds of years.”

Finding Ling Feiyu made Zhang Ruochen happy and worried at the same time.

Zhang Ruochen had detected the saint soul of Ling Feiyu with spiritual power, and found her saint soul unhurt.

Then, how could she become like this?

“Put this aside for now.”

Zhang Ruochen reached out his hands to lift Ling Feiyu up, preparing to take her away and cure her. Even so, Ling Feiyu didn't resist. She was like a puppet.

Meanwhile, Yan Jinyao climbed on the platform at the lakeside and stopped Zhang Ruochen. He said in a surprised voice, “Lord Gu, what are you doing?”

“I'm taking her away,” answered Zhang Ruochen.

Yan Jinyao shook his head, “The stone beauty was brought back by an elder in our sect, and is also a famous specialty for the Pearl Light Pavilion. You can't take her away.”

Zhang Ruochen sneered and found it funny. The great one of the Nine Palace Rulers of the Demonic Sect was used here to attract guests by her underlings of the Demonic Sect.

Was there anything funnier than this?

Zhang Ruochen was about to reveal the true identity of the stone beauty, and he realized that something was wrong.

According to Yan Jinyao, the stone beauty was brought back and sent to the Pearl Light Pavilion by an elder of the Demonic Sect.

It was normal that ordinary monks couldn't find her different.

But, how could an elder of the Demonic Sect regard the stone beauty as an ordinary woman, since even Zhang Ruochen had found her unusual.

There was something wrong.

Was it someone inside the Demonic Sect who wanted Ling Feiyu to be destroyed?

Or did the elder of the Demonic Sect truly fail to find the Qi ocean and meridians?

“If it was someone inside the Demonic Sect wanting to deal with her, why didn't he just kill her and save the trouble?”

Zhang Ruochen couldn't figure out why, but he was sure that the thing wasn't as simple as it looked.

It might not be good to expose the identity of Ling Feiyu.

Zhang Ruochen didn't reveal the true identity of the stone beauty after all. He gave Yan Jinyao a glare, and said, “I like her and would like to take her away. Are you going to stop me now?”

Yan Jinyao naturally didn't dare to offend the Son of Deity of the Blood God Sect. He put on a pained face. “Please calm down, Lord Gu. It's her luck that you take a fancy to her. But, I can't make the decision here. I have to ask the elder's permission first.”

Zhang Ruochen pretended well. “Is the elder here in the Pearl Light Pavilion?”

“He is,” said Yan Jinyao.

When Yan Jinyao was about to retreat, a thick voice sounded under the platform, “Yan, you don't have to call the Elder Qi. This guy is only a Fourth Level Half-Saint. He is just too proud of himself that he dreams about taking the stone beauty away from the Pearl Light Pavilion.”

The crowd parted. A skinny, black man in iron armor and battle boots walked to the platform with steady paces.

The man had a trimmed beard and a red monkey with six ears on his shoulder, giving out powerful might.

The sky seemed to have darkened with his arrival.

“This is one of the 108 Saint Generals of the Sacred Central Crypt, Huo Yin.”

“If Huo Yin has come to the Pearl Light Pavilion, then Kong Hongbi must have come as well. It is said that Kong Hongbi has already taken a fancy to the stone beauty and negotiated with the Pavilion Ruler and the elder of the Demonic Sect for a long time. He is going to buy her at a high price.”

“Young masters of the Sacred Central Crypt and the Black Market Excellence Hall are going to compete for the stone beauty. What a scene!”

“This is a place in the Central Region which is controlled by the Sacred Central Crypt. How could a young master of the Black Market Excellence Hall from the Eastern Region compete with Kong Hongbi?”

“Kong Hongbi doesn’t have to stand out. Huo Yin himself is enough to scare them off.”

...

With the appearance of Huo Yin, the crowd at the lakeside who was going to surround and watch retreated away, fearing that a battle between the Half-Saints could happen.

Huo Yin glanced at Murong Yue and cupped his hands slightly. “Huo Yin, from the Sacred Central Crypt, greets the Young Master Murong again. Our Young Master has taken a fancy to the stone beauty before and reached an agreement on her price with the Pearl Light Pavilion. I hope you can stop now, in case the peace between us be affected.”

Huo Yin spoke peacefully, but somewhat pressing them to agree to his plain words.

To Huo Yin, Murong Yue was the master and Zhang Ruochen was just a servant of hers.

He believed that Murong Yue would not offend the Young Master of the Sacred Central Crypt for a servant.

Murong Yue didn't want to offend a strong enemy for a woman. So she turned back and looked at Zhang Ruochen, asking his opinion.

Zhang Ruochen held Ling Feiyu's wrist in one hand, and stared at Huo Yin. "You should go back to tell Kong Hongbi this: I'm going to take the stone beauty with me. Whoever dares to fight with me is asking for death. This is also my ultimatum to you. Now, move away."

Zhang Ruochen was furious and sad for Ling Feiyu, as if his master and friend had been insulted.

He would kill anyone who dared to stop him now.

The audience was astonished, thinking that they might have hallucinated.

"How dare he? For a woman, he has called out Kong Hongbi openly and scolded the Saint General, Huo Yin."

"Did he lose his mind?"

"Few could remain sensible seeing the stone beauty."

...

Far away, Bu Qianfan held the scrolls about Gu Linfeng in hand and looked them over quickly. Then he closed the scrolls and looked to the platform at the lakeside again.

Coldness showed in his eyes.

The soldier with a scar said sternly, "Gu Linfeng is not a good person. His conduct is wicked. His attitude is arrogant. And he has an obsession and lust for beauties. He has hurt too many women in the Blood God Sect to be fully recorded by the Ministry of War."

"He must have used sweet words to fool Miss Murong. Your Highness, you see, he reveals himself once he sees a beauty. We should do the heaven a favor by hanging him."

Bu Qianfan shook his head. "No. No."

“Your Highness, what’s wrong?” asked the other soldier.

Bu Qianfan looked at Murong Yue, and said, “She’s a clever person. How could she not have looked into Gu Linfeng? Besides, if sweet words could fool her, how could she become the young master of the Black Market Excellence Hall?”

“What do you mean, Your Highness?”

Both soldiers felt confused.

“Murong Yue has made friends with Gu Linfeng, which means that the man is not an ordinary person.”

Bu Qianfan had confidence in Murong Yue, and added, “Let’s see. I would like to find out what kind of a person Gu Linfeng is. If he was truly like that on the record, I would deal with him by myself.”

On the platform at the lakeside, Huo Yin was a little shocked. Apparently, he didn’t expect a person to talk to him in this way.

“What did you say? I didn’t follow. Can you repeat it?”

Huo Yin looked glum. The strong Holy Qi poured to his right arm, forming a little whirlpool of powerful Qi in his palm.

Anyone could tell that Huo Yin was angry now. Many had put on a smile at the coming disaster of Gu Linfeng.

Chapter 987 - The Son of Deity and the Young Master

Translator:

Larbre Studio

Editor:

Larbre Studio

“I told you to move away.”

Zhang Ruochen walked straightly with the stone beauty to get down the platform, as if he didn't see Huo Yin.

Fire lit in Huo Yin's eyes. He growled, “Go to hell!”

He threw his right fist to strike. The deafening sound of thunder and lightning was heard.

But before his fist could land on Zhang Ruochen's body, the sound of bones cracking was heard.

Then, Huo Yin was thrown back like a kite cut from its string, falling into the nearby lake.

The cracking sound of bones was from the broken arm of Huo Yin.

All people felt astonished. They had seen clearly what had just happened.

Apparently it was not Murong Yue who hurt Huo Yin. Her cultivation was still far from that of Huo Yin.

Only some figures above the State of Half-Saint had seen the last scene clearly.

They looked at Zhang Ruochen with surprise. No one dared to look down on him.

“Only with one strike, he has wounded Huo Yin. He is absolutely extraordinary.”

“Of course he is. He’s the new Son of Deity of the Blood God Sect, Gu Linfeng. You should have heard his name often in the past half-month.”

“What? Gu Linfeng?”

“He’s the new Son of Deity of the Blood God Sect?”

The news that the Son of Deity of the Blood God Sect had appeared here soon spread around the Pearl Light Pavilion, causing a sensation.

More importantly, the Son of Deity of the Blood God Sect hurt a saint general of the Sacred Central Sect, and wanted to rob the stone beauty away from the Young Master of the Sacred Central Sect.

Many people rushed here to watch after they heard the news.

Zhang Ruochen took one hand of the stone beauty and left. Nobody dared to stop him.

Of course he didn’t leave the Pearl Light Pavilion, but went in a summer house at the lakeside. He went on checking Ling Feiyu’s wounds.

Sikong One and Sikong Two guarded the gate like two door-gods. Anyone who dared to approach the summer house would be thrown into the lake by them.

The soldier with a scar looked to the summer house with shock. He said, “How reckless Gu Linfeng is! He would dare to take the woman chosen by Kong Hongbi.”

The other soldier was a little worried, “Kong Hongbi ranks No.7 on the Half-Saint Rank. Nobody underneath the state of saint can beat him. The man is very arrogant. He can’t let it go easily. Your Highness, if Miss Murong stays with Gu Linfeng, she might get into danger.”

Bu Qianfan touched his jaw and looked even graver.

The soldier with a scar went on, “When I went to take the records of Gu Linfeng, I overheard that the Son of Deity of the Demonic Sect, Ouyang Huan, and the Saintess, Qi Yufei, had arrived at the Pearl Light Pavilion last night. If it is true, Gu Linfeng is seeking death by taking the stone beauty away from

the Pearl Light Pavilion. Ouyang Huan would never let him go.”

“Ouyang Huan must have come to the Tiantai State. Interesting,” said Bu Qianfan.

“Your Highness, this thing will hardly go away. Should we do something about it?”

Bu Qianfan shook his head. “Gu Linfeng, Kong Hongbi and Ouyang Huan are the heirs of the top three sects. Unless they want war to happen among their sects, they wouldn’t kill each other here. Even if Kong Hongbi and Ouyang Huan did want to fight, they would only teach Gu Linfeng a hard lesson. They won’t kill him.”

The soldier with a scar laughed. “Now Gu Linfeng is seeking shame by taking the stone beauty away.”

“Kong Hongbi is not a person of mercy. He will surely break the legs of Gu Linfeng and throw him out of the Pearl Light Pavilion,” laughed the other soldier.

Although the two soldiers were laughing at Gu Linfeng, Bu Qianfan still worried about Murong Yue and whether she would be brought to trouble by him.

In the summer house at the lakeside.

Zhang Ruochen took out the recovery pill to feed the stone beauty. Then he poured Holy Qi into her head, helping her refine the pill.

But the meridians of the stone beauty wouldn’t operate at all, nor could she absorb the treatment from the pill.

Zhang Ruochen took back his palm and frowned. He held the shoulders of the stone beauty and looked into her eyes. “Ling Feiyu, what’s wrong with you? If you won’t operate your exercises to take in the medicine, I can’t save you.”

The dull eyes of the stone beauty looked up. She now had expressions and asked, “Do you know me?”

Zhang Ruochen was delighted. “You remembered you are Ling Feiyu?”

The stone beauty didn't answer, but asked, "How do you know me?"

Zhang Ruochen had released his Saint Soul Territory to cover up the summer house, so he didn't worry about exposing his identity.

He changed his look into "Zhang Ruochen."

"It's you," said the stone beauty.

After saying the words, the eyes of the stone beauty became empty again. She refused to say any more words no matter what Zhang Ruochen asked her.

Zhang Ruochen sighed deeply and looked at her with a complicated expression.

Her saint soul wasn't hurt and her memory was still there. Why did she lose the spirit of a Sword Saint, the pursuit for Saintly Way and the desire to live?

"Maybe the Blood Emperor Qingtian has cracked her will?"

It's more terrible for a person to have lost her will than her soul.

Zoom.

Zoom.

Two wind cracking sounds were heard.

Two saint generals of the Sacred Central Crypt, Saint General Yan Xu and Saint General Gui Gu, showed up. They appeared above the lake, standing on two fog bridges made of Holy Qi.

Saint General Yan Xu was a middle-aged man with a strand of white hair on his sideburns. He looked at the summer house and appeared quite unfriendly. "Gu Linfeng, our young master wants to see you. Come with us."

Zhang Ruochen frowned and looked at the stone beauty again. Then he changed into "Gu Linfeng" again. He opened the bead curtain, and walked out.

He glanced at the two saint generals of the Sacred Central Crypt, and said emotionlessly, "If Kong Hongbi wants to see

me, then he should come here. I might meet him.”

Sikong One, to the left of Zhang Ruochen added, “That’s right. If he wants to see my Uncle Master, he should come here and visit in person.”

Saint General Yan Xu was irritated, finding Gu Linfeng arrogant. He sneered, “How dare you to ask the Young Master to pay you a visit! Gu Linfeng, aren’t you a little carried away by your success after you’ve become the Son of Deity?”

Before Zhang Ruochen could speak, Sikong One said, “What’s wrong with being carried away by success? My Uncle Master has such a high status in the hierarchy of his generation. Only a Young Master of the Sacred Central Crypt should dare to pretend in front of him! Don’t you believe that I will teach you a lesson with my fist?”

Saint General Yan Xu showed a sneer in his eyes, and said haughtily, “Do you think that since you’ve beaten Huo Yin, you can look down on the Sacred Central Crypt? To tell you the truth, Huo Yin only ranks 94 among the 108 saint generals. But I rank 16.”

Saint General Gui Gu added, “Gu Linfeng, were it not for the good relationship between the Blood God Sect and the Sacred Central Crypt, do you think that you could still stand there unharmed? If you are clever, you should return the stone beauty to the Young Master humbly. Otherwise, you will bring disgrace to your own head.”

Zhang Ruochen said, “I will take the stone beauty with me. It doesn’t matter who comes here.”

Saint General Yan Xu and Saint General Gui Gu both put on a sullen face and lost patience. They started to operate their Holy Qi to capture Gu Linfeng and bring him back to the Young Master.

But before they could take the move, Kong Hongbi showed up first. He stepped on the water surface, standing at the center of the lakeside.

Nobody saw how Kong Hongbi came here.

Which meant that his speed was faster than the eyes of all monks onsite.

Kong Hongbi was in the water blue brocade, looking dashing and outstanding with hands folded behind his back. Little ripples spread from his tiptoes.

He looked into the eyes of Zhang Ruochen aggressively, and said, “Gu Linfeng, you shouldn’t offend me for just a woman. It has no benefits for you. Send the stone beauty to me, and I will pretend nothing has happened.”

Saint General Yan Xu and Saint General Gui Gu landed from the fog bridges, both bowing respectfully to Kong Hongbi. Then they retreated to the left and right sides of him, looking at Gu Linfeng with smiles.

Although the Young Master looked peaceful and calm, they knew that the Young Master had lost his temper.

The arrival of Kong Hongbi made all monks in the Pearl Light Pavilion simmer with excitement.

It had to be told that there were only 20 or 30 humans of the Kunlun’s Field who had been listed on the Half-Saint Rank, and each one of them was a legendary figure. The appearance of anyone would surely cause a sensation.

Besides, Kong Hongbi ranked 7 on the Half-Saint Rank, and was unmatched under the state of saint.

If Gu Linfeng continues to mess around, he will suffer dearly today, many monks thought to themselves.

Chapter 988 - The Fight between Ninth Level Half- Saints

Translator:

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Editor:

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When everyone thought that Gu Linfeng would compromise, he kept his attitude stern. He said slightly, "I'll say this for the last time. If you want to take the stone beauty away from me, you have to step on my corpse first."

Hearing this, the eyes of Kong Hongbi turned cold.

Murong Yue looked at Zhang Ruochen, feeling confused. The Crown Prince had always been a reasonable person. How could he lose his mind for a strange woman?

But since the Crown Prince had made up his mind, the fight was due to happen today.

Murong Yue operated Holy Qi, and a bright crescent showed up above her head. It went up to the sky, thousands of meters high, giving out dazzling brilliance like the second moon in the night sky.

It was her signal.

Seeing the bright moon, powerful figures of the Murong Family rushed in the Pearl Light Pavilion at their fastest speed.

"Young Master."

All six were powerful figures in the Half-Saint State.

Among them, the most powerful one had reached the Ninth Level of Half-Saint.

Murong Yue nodded slightly and looked at Zhang Ruochen. “Once the battle starts, Lord Gu, please take the stone beauty away with you first. Powerful figures of the Murong Family and I can stop the Young Master of the Sacred Central Crypt.”

Apparently, Murong Yue worried about the safety of Zhang Ruochen. So she hoped that he could leave first and she would shield the retreat.

“I’m here to buy the soul of the elephant. Why should I leave?”

Zhang Ruochen put on a calm and firm look, “I will use some last resorts when needed. Even if Kong Hongbi ranks 7 on the Half-Saint Rank, there’s nothing to worry about.”

If it was out of absolute necessity, Zhang Ruochen would risk exposing his real identity to take the stone beauty away.

The breeze rippled the surface of the lake, which was dozens of hectares in space.

The shadows of the two moons blurred gradually in the lake.

The two forces were locked in confrontation. All Half-Saints onsite had released their Saint Soul Territory, making an awe-inspiring Qi.

To the southeast of the Pearl Light Pavilion, Ouyang Huan and Qi Feiyu sat opposite each other at the top of a star observation platform, looking at the lake with a perfect view.

There was a little furnace boiling tea on the stone plate between them. The scent given by the tea kettle surrounded the whole star observation platform, making it like a wonderland.

Qi Feiyu sat straight on the floor and looked at the lake. “If they keep fighting each other, the good relationship between the Blood God Sect and the Sacred Central Crypt might break off.”

Ouyang Huan smiled softly. “Only if the Blood God Sect, the Sacred Central Crypt and the Moon Worship Demonic Sect unite together could we check and balance the Way of Taichi, Way of Confucius and the Ministry of War. The collaboration

between us has extended to every industry with countless connections. How could they split up for a woman?”

Then, Ouyang Huan added, “At best, only Gu Linfeng would break off with Kong Hongbi, and those two will become enemies.”

Qi Feiyu shook her head, “Gu Linfeng is way weaker than Kong Hongbi. He can’t fight with Kong Hongbi yet.”

Ouyang Huan looked confident and laughed. “Won’t it be good for the Demonic Sect that the Blood God Sect should hold a grudge against the Sacred Central Crypt?”

It was true that the Blood God Sect, the Sacred Central Crypt and the Moon Worship Demonic Sect were in collaboration. But they also checked and competed with each other.

If the Blood God Sect did fight with the Sacred Central Crypt, the Moon Worship Demonic Sect was the one to take benefits.

The black and white eyes of Qi Feiyu looked at Kong Hongbi, and said, “Kong Hongbi ranks 7 on the Half-Saint Rank. How powerful is he? Can you fight with him with your current cultivation?”

Ouyang Huan put on a grave face. He held the fan in hand, blowing the fire in the furnace. He thought for a while, and said, “I’ve only reached the Ninth State of Half-Saint, but Kong Hongbi is only one step away from becoming a saint. If I fight with him now, it could end in both ways with the same probability.”

Qi Feiyu drew a cold breath, and her heartbeat sped up.

Not long ago, Ouyang Huan had returned to the Demonic Sect. He had challenged three saint elders of the Demonic Sect in a row, and shocked the whole sect with a result of two wins and one draw.

It was almost against the universal rule for a Half-Saint to defeat a saint.

Such a result stabilized Ouyang Huan’s position as the Son of Deity. Nobody would threaten him anymore.

“If Kong Hongbi is truly that powerful, then he could kill all the powerful figures of the Black Market Excellence Hall and Gu Linfeng with one finger. Gu Linfeng has surely overestimated his strength.”

Qi Feiyu shook her head, feeling sorry for Gu Linfeng.

The powerful figures of the Moon Worship Demonic Sect didn't come out to stop the fight between Gu Linfeng and Kong Hongbi. Rather, they opened all the Defense Formations around the lakeside, secluding it from the other parts.

Kong Hongbi showed a ruthless look. He scanned Zhang Ruochen and the monks of the Black Market Excellence Hall, and sneered, “A bunch of self-important nobodies should dare to challenge me. You are reckless and stupid.”

It had to be told that there were many monks gathering around the lakeside, watching them attentively.

If Kong Hongbi couldn't take the stone beauty back, and teach Gu Linfeng a hard lesson, his reputation in the Kunlun's Field would surely drop in the future.

Before Kong Hongbi took his move, Saint General Yan Xu rushed ahead and said, “Why bother the Young Master? I can defeat them on my own.”

Saint General Yan Xu stepped out. The Holy Qi that came with the step pressed down the water in the lake.

“Whoever dares to rival against the Young Master is going to die.”

Six Half-Saints from the Murong Family rushed out from behind Murong Yue's to fight Saint General Yan Xu.

The man in the front was called Murong Chengfeng, a Ninth Level Half-Saint and a well-known figure in the Eastern Region.

The other five Half-Saints were as powerful as kings of the Ministry of War.

Facing the six powerful Half-Saints, Saint General Yan Xu didn't shudder, but burst out in laughter.

Dozens of thick thunder and lightning bolts gushed out from his arms, and he threw two palm prints together like a thunder god.

Rumble.

The floods condensed into two strands of thunder and lightning and flew out from his palms, attacking the six Half-Saints of the Murong Family.

Except Murong Chengfeng, all the other five powerful Half-Saints were thrown back and fell on the lakeside.

It had to be told that two of the five powerful Half-Saints had reached the Seventh Level of Half-Saint.

It was astonishing that they couldn't resist one strike of Saint General Yan Xu together.

The whole lakeside was covered by thunder and lighting. Thickly and densely arranged electrical patterns shuttled to and fro in the lake water, boiling it.

“Saint General Yan Xu is truly the No.16 Saint General. Can Murong Chengfeng resist his attack?”

“Murong Chengfeng was a Ninth Level Half-Saint, a peak under the state of saint. Saint General Yan Xu is a little inferior to him.”

Saint General Yan Xu let out a long and loud cry. He carried great might, and condensed a giant thunderball of light, which was ten meters in diameter, with a clasp of hands.

He turned his right hand to throw the thunderball to Murong Chengfeng.

“One blade separates life with death.”

Murong Chengfeng was standing on the surface of the lake, as if he was stepping on a wild old sea full of thunder and lightning. He held the hilt with both hands, and condensed all Qi of the blade to chop above him with his full strength.

Blinding light of the blade hung down for hundreds of meters, like a river knife that had separated the sky from the ground. It had ripped the thunderball in two.

Saint General Yan Xu had two purple armor plates on his arms, taking the shape of shields.

With his two arms crossed, the two armor shields overlapped each other, showing dense inscriptions of thunder and lightning.

Zoom.

A Thunder Lightning Light Shield of 30 meters in diameter showed up, and stopped the light of blade of Murong Chengfeng.

Murong Chengfeng shrank his eyes and stared at Saint General Yan Xu with a grave look. “You have reached the Ninth Level of Half-Saint?”

“That’s right.”

Saint General Yan Xu held his arms in front his chest, looking extraordinary.

Now that Saint General Yan Xu had reached the Ninth Level, he had the qualification to be put in the top ten of the 108 Saint Generals of Sacred Central Crypt.

Zoom.

The body of Saint General Yan Xu turned into a shooting star and raced to the summer house, attempting to capture Gu Linfeng.

If you want to round up the gang, you have to get the chief first.

As long as he could capture Gu Linfeng, he would lock up the win and could stop worrying that Murong Yue and Murong Chengfeng should impede.

Powerful as Gu Linfeng was, he was just a Fourth Level Half-Saint. As a Ninth Level Half-Saint, he could vanquish him with one single move.

But before Saint General Yan Xu could reach Gu Linfeng, he was stopped by Murong Chengfeng again.

Saint General Gui Gu gave out cold Qi, standing behind Kong Hongbi. He said, “Murong Chengfeng is truly powerful.”

Kong Hongbi sneered, “The Murong Family is a traitor of the Sacred Central Empire. Were it not for them hiding in the Eastern Region, the Master would have extinguished them. Now that monks of the Murong Family dare to come to the Central Region, how could I let them leave easily?”

“Gui Gu, you go and capture Murong Yue and Gu Linfeng. Make sure they come to me on their knees.”

Saint General Gui Gu was a little hesitant, “Murong Yue is the Young Master of the Black Market Excellence Hall. Taking her might cause disputes between the Black Market and the Sacred Central Crypt.”

Kong Hongbi looked confident, and he laughed like he was planning for the world, “Now that the world is going through a great uprising and the situation is becoming complicated, the Black Market Excellence Hall wouldn’t dare to wage war against the Sacred Central Crypt. Besides, there are two young master of the Black Market Excellence Hall in the Eastern Region. Even if we kill Murong Yue, the consequence wouldn’t be that severe.”

“Alright, I’ll capture Murong Yue and Gu Linfeng now.”

The body of Saint General Gui Gu broke into pieces like a piece of paper. Then he changed into a dark cold wind which flew above the surface of the lake and raced to the summer house.

The black cold wind gave out a whirl. Hundreds of ferocious ghost shadows could be seen dancing in the wind unclearly.

The ghost shadows overlapped with each other to become a headless ghost which was 100 meters tall. It reached out a claw, which was as big as a house, to press down on the summer house.

The piercing cold Qi froze the lake in just a second.

Before the claw of the ghost landed, the crossbeam of the house couldn’t stand the strong pressure and showed lines of cracks, giving a cracking sound.

Saint General Gui Gu ranked 9 among the 108 Saint Generals of Sacred Central Crypt, and was much stronger than Saint

General Yan Xu.

Murong Yue's face lost color. With a tremble, blood came out of her eyes.

The Saint Soul Territory of the Saint General Gui Gu had wounded her severely.

It was imaginable that once his giant claw did come down, the people in the summer house would either die or become disabled.

Chapter 989 - Subdue the Dragon and Tame the Tiger

Translator:

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“How dare you!”

An angry and loud cry was heard in the night sky.

Then, a gold token flew out and turned into a Golden Saint Stele. Then it collided with the claw of the headless ferocious ghost.

Boom.

The concealed power of the Golden Saint Stele should have crushed the claw of the headless ferocious ghost.

Bu Qianfan burst through the barrier of the Formation and landed on the lake like a roc spreading its wings. He reached out an arm fully covered by the metal armor, and grasped in his front.

The Golden Saint Stele shrank again into a token. After circling in the air, it returned to his hand.

Bu Qianfan held the token with one hand and the halberd in the other. His long hair was down on his shoulders. With a ruthless Qi of killing, he faced the headless ghost.

Zhang Ruochen silently put away the spatial crack that he was about to throw. He looked at the back of Bu Qianfan, and smiled to Murong Yue. “He finally steps out for you.”

“So what? His cultivation is incomparable to that of Saint General Gui Gu. He’s courting death,” Murong Yue remained calm and untouched.

Zhang Ruochen shook his head and sighed, “You’ve looked down on Bu Qianfan, he’s not that weak.”

Far away, Ouyang Huan laughed at the top of the Star Observing Platform. “It’s getting more and more interesting tonight. The Young Master of the Sacred Central Crypt, the Son of Deity of the Blood God Sect, the Young Master of Black Market Excellence Hall, and now, the rising star of the Ministry of War shows up as well.”

“He looks powerful.” Qi Feiyu stared at Bu Qianfan.

Ouyang Huan had a high remark on Bu Qianfan: “He is a rare talent underneath the Kunlun Heirs. I’ve met him not long before, in the Inner World of the Tianlun Mark.”

“He’s not a Kunlun Heir, so how could he enter the Inner World of the Tianlun Mark to practice?” Qi Feiyu wondered.

Ouyang Huan said, “He’s obtained an undying body and reached the Peak Realm twice. A Heavenly King admired his talent and sent him to practice in the Inner World of the Tianlun Mark for two times.”

“But he didn’t practice long enough in the Tianlun Mark, so his cultivation was largely inferior to those of the Kunlun Heirs.”

Qi Feiyu stared at Bu Qianfan for a while, and said, “He is just a Sixth Level Half-Saint, still far weaker than Saint General Gui Gu. Even if he has a strong body, he can’t make up for the distance of three states.”

Ouyang Huan had confidence in Bu Qianfan, and kept smiling. “You’ve underestimated Bu Qianfan too much. He’s not that weak.”

The appearance of Bu Qianfan made the monks in the Pearl Light Pavilion simmer with even more excitement.

Tonight could be called a gathering of the well-knowns. For a stone beauty, the top talents from the Blood God Sect, the Sacred Central Crypt, the Black Market Excellence Hall and the Ministry of War had all gathered here.

The battle between Murong Chengfeng and Saint General Yan Xu went vigorously. It was hard to decide who took the upper hand. And the lakeside was destroyed completely.

Were it not for the Defense Formation, the whole Pearl Light Pavilion would have disappeared.

The headless ferocious ghost stood at the center of the lake like a black magic mountain. The claw broken by the token condensed again.

Ah.

A long and loud cry was heard from the belly of the headless ferocious ghost, giving out earth-shattering sound waves.

In the next minute, two sharp claws of the ghost reached out and hit toward the head of Bu Qianfan. Green ghost fire could be seen in the palm of the ghost claws, releasing burning energy.

Even the monks outside the Formation were scared enough to tremble. Some of them even kneeled on the ground.

The Qi of the headless ferocious ghost was extremely terrible. Once its claw fell down, the Defense Formation would hardly resist it.

If it couldn't, most of the monks of the Pearl Light Pavilion would probably die.

But Bu Qianfan at the center of the storm wasn't scared at all. He spread his arms and let strands of black Holy Qi out of his chest, forming a giant black hole of 30 meters in diameter in front of him.

“Heartless Black Hole.”

The power of the black hole was extremely strong, absorbing the Spiritual Qi in the surroundings completely. Even the water in the lake disappeared all of a sudden.

It was not the first time that Zhang Ruochen had seen the Heartless Black Hole. When Emperor One was still alive, he had used this move to almost crack the Space Domain of Zhang Ruochen.

Now the Heartless Black Hole displayed by Bu Qianfan was more complete and powerful. Its strength was several times that of Emperor One.

The giant headless ferocious ghost couldn't help itself but to fly to the Heartless Black Hole, and was soon devoured.

“Crack!”

The second before the headless ghost was taken by the Heartless Black Hole, Saint General Gui Gu rushed out from behind the ghost and ran away.

“Where do you think you can go?”

Bu Qianfan pulled his halberd and took a step forward. He caught up with Saint General Gui Gu and stabbed him.

“Bu Qianfan, you are asking for death!”

Saint General Gui Gu pinched his bony hands into claw prints, and played 72 claws in a row.

Giant ghostly claws covered up the sky to catch Bu Qianfan inside.

Boom.

Bu Qianfan used his halberd to crush all the claw prints. Then he stabbed to his front and pierced the right hand of Saint General Gui Gu.

Fresh blood kept bleeding from the palm of Saint General Gui Gu.

And the tip of the halberd came closer and closer to the heart of Saint General Gui Gu, as if it was going to penetrate his body.

“Young Master, help!”

Saint General Gui Gu had no options but to call for Kong Hongbi's help.

“Useless.”

Kong Hongbi looked awful. He stood there and reached out a hand to capture Saint General Gui Gu, like taking an object through the space.

Then Saint General Gui Gu was saved from dying and appeared in the hand of Kong Hongbi.

Bu Qianfan didn't go on chasing him. He looked at Kong Hongbi cautiously. Of course he was not scared. He wanted very much to fight.

The monks in the Pearl Light Pavilion were totally shocked. Some even dropped their jaws.

“The battle power of Bu Qianfan is terrible. He's just a Sixth Level Half-Saint, but he can kill a Ninth Level.”

“Isn't it against the universal rules to have stepped over three states?”

The battle power of Bu Qianfan was surely beyond many people's expectation, which scared them to shudder.

But some monks paid more attention to Kong Hongbi, No.7 on the Half-Saint Rank.

“The way Kong Hongbi picked up Saint General Gui Gu was like picking up a chicken, rather than a Ninth Level Half-Saint. It won't be more difficult for him to kill Saint General Gui Gu than to kill a chicken.”

“Naturally, being on the Half-Saint Rank meant that Kong Hongbi had the strength to challenge saints. The gap between a Ninth Level Half-Saint and a saint is huge.”

...

Kong Hongbi threw Saint General Gui Gu like throwing a rock.

Then he looked at Bu Qianfan, and said, “The Thousand Victory King of the Ministry of War would dare to come to the headquarter of the Black Market... You have guts. But don't you fear that now that you've come here, you can't leave alive?”

Bu Qianfan had been granted the Thousand Victory King, having the rank of the King of the Middle Region.

Bu Qianfan wasn't fearful at all, and said freely, “Kings have long arms.” He meant that all land belongs to the Imperial

Court. “What about the Black Market?” he continued. “Where can’t the soldiers of the Ministry of War go to?”

“Kings have long arms? For the sake of this sentence, I will take your saint soul today.”

Before he finished the words, Kong Hongbi vanished from his original spot.

Bu Qianfan changed his face all of a sudden, and said to himself, “Crap.”

For he didn’t see how Kong Hongbi had disappeared.

Out of his instinct, Bu Qianfan grasped the end of the halberd to throw it horizontally and stabbed to his right.

As the halberd rubbed the air, flickers were given off with a cracking noise.

But the halberd fell into the hands of Kong Hongbi.

Kong Hongbi stood only one step away to the right of Bu Qianfan. He touched the halberd gently, and said, “You are too slow, and too weak. Who encouraged you to challenge me?”

A cold light flashed in Kong Hongbi’s eyes. He stabbed the halberd suddenly and penetrated the heart of Bu Qianfan. And he threw Bu Qianfan backwards.

Bu Qianfan wanted to dodge, but he couldn’t.

Bang.

The halberd nailed Bu Qianfan into a column of the summer house. Red blood soon dyed the whole column into blood red.

Silence.

The whole Pearl Light Pavilion fell into silence. Only the dripping of blood could be heard.

All monks stared at Kong Hongbi with startled eyes, as if they were looking at a young demon god.

It was horrible.

Bu Qianfan was really powerful, and yet he couldn’t resist half the move of Kong Hongbi.

Who could fight him under the state of saint?

Kong Hongbi put his hands behind his back, standing in midair. He stared at Zhang Ruochen in the summer house, and said, "Now, do you regret fighting against me?"

Zhang Ruochen didn't change his face. He looked at Bu Qianfan who was being stapled on the column, and said, "You are powerful indeed, but not enough to scare me off."

"Is that so? Then I have to break your legs and ask you again."

Kong Hongbi flashed and disappeared again.

Everyone knew that Kong Hongbi had an extremely fast speed. When he showed up again, maybe the legs of Gu Linfeng would be broken.

But this time, things became different.

"You have to defeat us to fight our Uncle Master."

The second Kong Hongbi disappeared, Sikong One and Sikong Two both disappeared from behind Zhang Ruochen.

"Tame the tiger to suppress hell."

"Subdue the dragon to shake the heavens."

Sikong One pinched his hand into a fist print. Powerful Buddhist light burst out to become a white tiger which was more than ten meters long.

Sikong Two pinched his hand into a claw print. Black brilliance burst out, and a giant black dragon overlapped with his body.

They both faced Kong Hongbi with the ferocious tiger and dragon, heavy fist and sharp claw. And they had stopped the aggressive Kong Hongbi.

Bang bang.

The three fought together with deranged human shadows and soaring might. In a blink, each of them had displayed hundreds of moves.

The white tiger jumped to the front; and the black dragon ribbed to the front.

The next moment, Kong Hongbi was seen flying backwards. His hat was broken, and his hair went down. On his chest, three bloody claw prints could be seen.

Chapter 990 - The Rule of the Pearl Light Pavilion

Translator:

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Roar!

Sikong One bared his fat white arms and overlapped with the huge white tiger shadow. He was filled with a might great enough to swallow a mountain.

Sikong Two flew in the air with his upper body bare. His black skin shone with metallic light. He crossed his black dragon claws like a furious metal statue.

The dragon and tiger spiraled through the world.

All the disciples in the Pearl Light Pavilion gasped. They stared in disbelief at Sikong One and Sikong Two standing before Gu Linfeng.

Kong Hongbi, seventh of the Half-Saint Rank, had actually been tossed out by two unknown monks. Weren't the people on the Half-Saint Rank able to defeat everyone below the Saint Realm?

Even someone like Ouyang Huan shot to his feet. His eyes shone with abnormal light.

Qi Feiyu's delicate fingers tapped the stone platform, trying to suppress her shock. "Could these two monks have reached the Saint Realm but hidden their cultivation?"

Ouyang Huan shook his head. "The two monks haven't reached the Saint Realm, but they're two anomalies. Their combat abilities are enough to counter the figures on the Half-

Saint Realm. If they work together, probably only the top three on the list can stop them.”

Qi Yufei furrowed her graceful brow, finding it hard to understand. “Gu Linfeng is only a fourth level Half-Saint. How can he invite two such powerful figures? Plus, the two monks even called Gu Linfeng ‘senior uncle.’ Does the Blood God Sect have something to do with the Thousand Buddha Way?”

Ouyang Huan had similar suspicions. People like Sikong One and Two were above average even in the seven ancient sects. They were equal to the Deities. How could the Deity of the Blood God Sect control them?

At the moment, Mu Rongyue was also shocked. She stared at Sikong One and Two, studying them once again.

For the past two months, these two unreliable monks had given her a lot of trouble. She’d always tried to help resolve their conflicts because of Zhang Ruochen. Who would’ve known that they were actually so powerful?

That had been the seventh of the Half-Saint Rank, known as the top figure of the younger generation of Kunlun’s Field after the Five Heroes List. How could these two defeat him?

Tonight, Sikong One and Sikong Two’s names would be known throughout the world.

Zhang Ruochen was a bit surprised as well. Kong Hongbi wasn’t weak. Even if Zhang Ruochen had used all his tricks, he wouldn’t have been able to defeat the man.

At first, Zhang Ruochen had prepared to open the third seal of the sarira to resolve tonight’s situation. Sikong One and Two’s power had really helped him.

Bu Qianfan, hanging on a pillar on the left of the pavilion, suddenly opened his eyes. His eyes shone with intimidating battle intent. He hadn’t died. His entire body radiated with energy and was still very strong.

He extended an arm and pulled the halberd out of his chest. Blood dripped down, but he seemed not to feel any pain.

Thud!

His feet landed on the ground. Immediately activating his Holy Qi, he began to heal himself.

Shreds of Immortal Qi surged from his blood to his heart. Soon, his shattered body was reconstructed and his injuries mostly healed.

Seeing this, everyone was terrified.

“I’d heard that Bu Qianfan has the Immortal Saint Body. Even if his head is cut off, he can grow it back. I always thought that it was an exaggeration and couldn’t be true. Now, I kind of believe it!”

“As expected of the top heroes of the Kunlun’s Field. Everyone is divine and a king. You can’t judge them like you judge a regular person.”

Murong Chengfeng and Saint General Yan Xu had stopped battling and returned to their spots. Saint General Yan Xu was covered in bloody wounds. Breathing heavily, he looked at the crowd outside the pavilion and felt his scalp go numb.

Who would’ve thought that they were this powerful?

“Young Master, you’re hurt!” Saint General Yan Xu was worried when he saw Kong Hongbi.

Looking at the claw mark on his chest, Kong Hongbi scoffed. “It’s just a scratch.”

Whoosh.

A layer of blue light surged out of Kong Hongbi. The claw mark on his chest quickly healed until only white skin remained.

Sikong One raised an arm with quivering muscles. “Kid,” he roared. “You want to attack Senior Uncle with your abilities? I think you better go and practice for a few more years.”

Kong Hongbi let out a long sigh. Staring at Sikong One and Sikong Two, he huffed coldly, “You two are indeed strong, but if I fight with all my might, you two will die with no bodies to bury.”

“That’s wild. In that case, let’s fight again and see how you’ll do that to us.” Sikong One was furious. He felt that Kong Hongbi was too arrogant and needed a lesson.

Kong Hongbi, Sikong One, and Sikong Two prepared to fight again, but a graceful voice in the distance said, “Wait.”

Following that, Ouyang Huan and Qi Feiyu crossed the defensive formation outside the river together and appeared on the riverbank. In addition, the upper levels of the Pearl Light Pavilion also appeared. They grouped together behind Ouyang Huan and Qi Feiyu.

There weren’t many Monks who knew Ouyang Huan and Qi Feiyu. But when they saw that the head of the Pearl Light Pavilion stood behind Ouyang Huan and Qi Feiyu, they vaguely guessed who the two were.

Ouyang Huan looked very handsome and charming. Putting his hands together, he smiled and said, “Brother Kong, Brother Gu, you two are the leaders of the Sacred Central Crypt and Blood God Sect. Why damage the relationship between you two for a woman?”

Zhang Ruochen glanced at Ouyang Huan and smiled faintly.

Ouyang Huan and Qi Feiyu must have come to the Pearl Light Pavilion early on to watch the show in the background. They must have wanted Kong Hongbi to teach him a lesson so the two forces could have a conflict. Thus, they didn’t reveal themselves.

Since Sikong One and Two displayed power at the same level of Kong Hongbi, if the three continued fighting, the defensive formation around the river wouldn’t be able to stop the shockwaves. If the formation broke, the entire Pearl Light Pavilion would probably be destroyed. How could they keep watching?

Seeing Ouyang Huan appear, Kong Hongbi put his Holy Qi away. With a toss of his sleeves, he huffed. “Brother Ouyang, don’t blame me for not respecting you, but I’ve already negotiated a price with the pavilion lord. Now, Gu Linfeng stepped in, wanting to take it. How can I swallow this anger?”

Ouyang Huan walked over. With each step, a black lotus appeared under his feet. Rings of black rippled out as well.

He was soon standing between Kong Hongbi and Zhang Ruochen. Looking at Zhang Ruochen, he smiled. “Brother Gu, fighting intensely for a woman isn’t a heroic act. How about you give Beauty Shi to Brother Kong and I give you 100 pretty young girls?”

Zhang Ruochen couldn’t determine Ouyang Huan’s true cultivation, but when he saw the black lotuses, he knew that Ouyang Huan was very close to the Saint Realm. If he wasn’t a ninth level Half-Saint, then he was in the eighth level.

Ouyang Huan made the black lotuses from the Rules of Saintly Way. It was clear that he was flexing his muscles to scare Zhang Ruochen and Kong Hongbi.

If Zhang Ruochen lacked judgement, then Ouyang Huan would side with Kong Hongbi and defeat Zhang Ruochen. If Kong Hongbi didn’t listen to him, he would do the opposite.

Of the triangle, the power was mostly in Ouyang Huan’s hands. One had to admit, he was much wiser than Kong Hongbi.

“Can 100 pretty girls be compared to one Beauty Shi?” Zhang Ruochen was determined and didn’t budge at all. “How much did Kong Hongbi offer? I’ll pay ten times the amount.”

Hearing this, even Kong Hongbi thought he was crazy. Kong Hongbi didn’t know the true identity of Beauty Shi. He only thought she was an abnormally beautiful girl and didn’t care that much about her.

Earlier, he’d only fought with Zhang Ruochen because he couldn’t swallow the anger. Plus, he thought he could take care of Gu Linfeng easily and didn’t think much about him.

Now, things were different. Gu Linfeng wasn’t easily defeated. Plus, the Ministry of War, Excellence Hall of Black Market, Thousand Buddha Way, and Demonic Sect were all involved. No matter how powerful the Sacred Central Crypt was, he didn’t dare to offend them all at once.

Thus, Kong Hongbi had to think about if it was worth it to continue fighting for a beauty.

The pavilion lord of the Pearl Light Pavilion stood on the riverbank and announced, “The Young Master offered one hundred million Spiritual Crystals to buy Beauty Shi for one night.”

Hearing this price, all the monks on the riverbank were dumbfounded.

“As expected of the Sacred Central Crypt’s Young Master. He’s rich and willing to spend. He actually spent one hundred million Spiritual Crystals, just to buy Beauty Shi for one night.”

“One hundred million Spiritual Crystals can buy a first level Half-Saint war slave.”

“Give me one hundred million and I’ll buy 1,000 beauties to take turns serving me, ha.”

“Keep dreaming. A low-level Half-Saint’s entire capital won’t add up to one hundred million. You’ll have no hope even if you work your entire life.”

...

“I’ll give one billion Spiritual Crystals and Beauty Shi belongs to me from now on. If anyone continues fighting with me for her, either you die or I die,” Zhang Ruochen warned with an unmovable attitude.

Since he said this, even a Saint would have to reconsider if it was worth it before competing with him.

One billion Spiritual Crystals was 100 saint stones. Other Half-Saints might think this was a huge fortune, but Zhang Ruochen didn’t care.

With a wave of his sleeve, he tossed the 100 saint stones forward. They flew toward the Pearl Light Pavilion’s leader like a rain of light.

Kong Hongbi’s eyes widened. Furious, he wanted to rush forward, but Ouyang Huan stopped him. Ouyang Huan

muttered something in his ear and Kong Hongbi gradually calmed down. He didn't immediately attack Zhang Ruochen.

"If I didn't have to attend the auction to buy a gift for the crypt leader's 500th birthday," Kong Hongbi said coldly, "I'd definitely get to the bottom of this with you."

"We can do it any time," Zhang Ruochen said.

Just then, an old woman with white hair and a lady, dressed in palace wear and her face covered, appeared on the riverbank. They walked to the Pearl Light Pavilion leader and Qi Feiyu.

The lady in palace wear seemed to have an extraordinary status. Even the pavilion leader and Qi Feiyu bowed immediately when seeing this.

Zhang Ruochen naturally noticed this. He also looked at the lady curiously. Why did the Saintess of the Demonic Sect bow to her too?

The lady's surroundings were filled with mysterious energy. She also had a veil, so Zhang Ruochen couldn't see her features. He couldn't determine her age. She seemed young but also a bit old.

She said something to the pavilion leader. Then her eyes turned to the pavilion. Standing to the side, Qi Feiyu's brow furrowed when she heard what the lady had said to the leader. She looked confused.

The pavilion leader looked toward Zhang Ruochen. "Deity, we will sell Beauty Shi to you, but there's a condition."

"What condition?" Zhang Ruochen asked.

The pavilion chuckled. "Tonight, you must sleep with Beauty Shi and take her virginity."

Hearing this, Zhang Ruochen wasn't the only one surprised. The other Monks present were all shocked.

"Lord, are you joking?" Zhang Ruochen asked.

"Of course not." The pavilion leader shook his head. "This is the rule of the Pearl Light Pavilion. All female servants must

enter as virgins and can only leave when they lose their virginities.”

“There’s a rule like this?” Zhang Ruochen asked.

“There wasn’t before, but now there is!”

Zhang Ruochen obviously didn’t think that the pavilion leader had added this rule because he had nothing better to do. This must have something to do with the woman in palace clothing. Her target was clearly Ling Feiyu.

Zhang Ruochen suspected that she knew Beauty Shi was Ling Feiyu.

Then, who exactly was this woman? What was her goal? To further destroy Ling Feiyu’s will?

Zhang Ruochen shook his head. He couldn’t imagine what kind of perverted person would use this to torment Ling Feiyu.

No, the woman isn’t only going against Ling Feiyu. She’s also testing me. Did my powerful performance catch her suspicion?

Thinking of this, Zhang Ruochen’s palms started sweating. He subtly peered at the woman in the distance. He saw that she was also staring at him with suspicion.

Just then, Zhang Ruochen felt faint coldness shrouding his head. He suddenly realized just how dangerous of a state he was in now. Without a doubt, he’d entered the vortex of the Demonic Sect’s inner conflicts.

If they knew that Zhang Ruochen knew Beauty Shi’s true identity, they would definitely kill him to keep the secret. By then, neither he nor Beauty Shi would be able to leave Pearl Light Pavilion alive.

Seeing Zhang Ruochen’s hesitation, Kong Hongbi sneered. “Gu Linfeng, can you do it? If you can’t, I can help you.”

“He has a hard attitude, but his body might not be hard, ha!”

Saint General Yan Xu and Gui Gu laughed uproariously. They stared at Zhang Ruochen’s lower body with a strange expression.

Chapter 991 - Auction

Translator:

Larbre Studio

Editor:

Larbre Studio

Zhang Ruochen's eyes fell on Ouyang Huan. Chuckling, he said, "The Moon Worship Demonic Sect has some quite strange rules."

Ouyang Huan actually also felt that this rule was too weird and shouldn't have existed. He looked toward the riverbank to the lady in palace clothing. Doubt flashed past his eyes.

In the end, he didn't object to her decision. Smiling, he said, "If Brother Gu doesn't agree with the rule of the Pearl Light Pavilion, you can give Beauty Shi to the others."

"I've already spent one billion Spiritual Crystals. Why would I care about a stupid rule? Beauty Shi is my woman after tonight."

While Zhang Ruochen spoke, he studied Ouyang Huan's expression and discovered some other things.

Even Ouyang Huan isn't willing to offend the lady. This woman's status in the Demonic Sect must be very shocking.

Feeling chilled, Zhang Ruochen didn't dare show any flaws.

Soon after, he entered the pavilion and looked at Beauty Shi. However, her eyes were still empty. She looked like a cold jade statue. The things happening outside seemed to have nothing to do with her.

"Come with me. I'll take you out of here," Zhang Ruochen whispered in her ear. Then he helped her up, grasping her thin waist with one hand.

When he walked out, he glanced at Ouyang Huan and Kong Hongbi. Smiling, he said, "I'll see you two at the auction."

With that, Zhang Ruochen held Beauty Shi and walked toward the auction area casually and gracefully.

“Amitabha.”

Sikong One and Two put away their Buddhist Qi. Glaring at Kong Hongbi, they put their hands together in prayer and followed Zhang Ruochen like two martial Buddhas.

After that, Murong Yue took six Half-Saints of the Murong Family away. She never looked at Bu Qianfan, acting very cold.

Saint General Yan Xu and Gui Gu were both furious. They thought that Gu Linfeng was too arrogant. If not for the fact that they feared Sikong One and Two's power, they would've rushed over to teach Gu Linfeng a lesson.

“Young Master,” Saint General Yan Xu said. “I feel too wronged. Since when has the Sacred Central Crypt been treated like this?” He stomped down with a boom. The dried riverbank cracked under his feet.

“Gu Linfeng is crazy,” Saint General Gui Gu said. “He was actually going to fight you to the death for a woman. You shouldn't waste your time with someone like him. Just treat it like a crazy dog bit you.”

“That's right. Why should we care about a rabid dog? Let's go to the auction. Tonight, we must buy that thing no matter what. The Master will be happy if we have that as a birthday present.”

Kong Hongbi led the two Saint Generals toward the auction.

The previous battle had caused a big commotion, attracting countless Monks. Even after Zhang Ruochen and Kong Hongbi had left, they still couldn't calm down. They were all discussing it.

Ouyang Huan went to the lady in palace clothing and bowed respectfully to her. “Vice Palace Lord, can you tell me why you added that rule earlier?”

The woman had a thin veil over her face. She was filled with mystery, but her figure was curvaceous and flawless. She

easily made people feel an extraordinary aura. She was both a goddess and a demoness.

With a beautiful voice, she said, "I only wanted to test Gu Linfeng. His actions tonight are very strange. Perhaps, I can find some interesting things from him today."

Ouyang Huan looked thoughtful. "Do you think that Gu Linfeng bought Beauty Shi for another reason?"

He didn't say the other half of the sentence. He wanted to know if Beauty Shi had another identity.

The woman clearly didn't want to explain too much. "If Beauty Shi is still a virgin tomorrow morning, both of them must die. I'll hand this to you and Feiyu to handle. The pavilion lord and Elder Qi will aid you."

With that, she walked away, her curvy backside gradually disappearing in the night.

Before entering the auction, Zhang Ruochen found a comparably hidden place. He took Blackie out of the Universe Spiritual Map and told it to do something.

"Easy," Blackie cackled.

With that, it shrunk to the size of an ant and dug into the ground.

Only Murong Yue sensed this. After arriving at the elite seats of the auction, she couldn't control her curiosity and asked, "Lord, what did you send Blackie to do?"

"You'll see when the time comes," Zhang Ruochen said nonchalantly.

Beauty Shi radiated faintly with a soft fragrance. Sitting in Zhang Ruochen's lap, she rested her beautiful face against Zhang Ruochen's shoulder. Her long black hair fell down loosely.

Even with the clothes between them, Zhang Ruochen could feel the warmth coming from her delicate frame.

Zhang Ruochen wanted to give her to Murong Yue but was worried that that would raise suspicion, so he just had her rest

on his shoulder.

This was a thoughtful experience. Who would think that the fragile woman in his arms was the renowned Sword Saint Feiyu?

Of course, life was unpredictable. If Zhang Ruochen hadn't somehow appeared at Pearl Light Pavilion, she would probably be lying in Kong Hongbi's arms right now. Kong Hongbi wouldn't treat her like a gentleman. Who knew how humiliated she would be then?

When Kong Hongbi walked in and saw Beauty Shi lying in Zhang Ruochen's arms, he was naturally jealous. He scoffed and walked to sit across from Zhang Ruochen.

In addition to him, everyone at the auction was jealous and envious of Zhang Ruochen. He already had the pride of the Excellence Hall of the Black Market, but then he came and fought with the Sacred Central Crypt's young master for Beauty Shi.

One could imagine that the Blood God Sect's Deity's lustfulness would be known throughout the nine states after tonight.

The auction was filled with Monks from all over the world a while later. Those who could enter Pearl Light Pavilion's auction obviously weren't average people. They were all rulers from a certain place—either clan leaders or elders of a saint family.

Clearly, the Moon Worship Demonic Sect placed high importance on this auction. They'd actually asked Qi Feiyu to personally host it.

When she appeared, the entire arena bubbled with excitement. The Moon Worship Demonic Sect's large-scale auctions could indeed sometimes invite the Saintess or even Saints to personally host it. This raised the auction's level.

Of course, these situations were rare. They were lucky to experience it once.

Qi Feiyu was very cool. She casually said some words and announced that the auction would begin officially.

“The first item tonight is called Xuan Jade. It is a type of saint jade. Not only can it calm the wearer, it can also attract the Spiritual Qi within a hundred miles to the wearer and create a moveable cultivation land.

“The starting bid is ten million Spiritual Crystals. Each bid must be at least 100 thousand Spiritual Crystals more.”

...

The first few treasures were all worth entire cities. They were difficult to buy outside and were all valued at one saint stone. The ending bids were all over two saint stones.

Zhang Ruochen didn't bid. He was still waiting. He didn't start getting interested until the sixth item.

It was three Withered Pills, a grade nine pill. It was known to bring people back to life. As long as a Monk was still breathing, he could heal completely after taking a Withered Pill.

One Withered Pill was equal to one life.

Before, the Saint Lady had given Zhang Ruochen a Withered Pill and had indeed helped save his life. Thus, Zhang Ruochen knew the value of the pill. He prepared to buy all three.

Chapter 992 - Price Competition

Translator:

Larbre Studio

Editor:

Larbre Studio

The three Withered Pills were auctioned separately. The first one's starting bid was 100 million Spiritual Crystals.

After a dozen bids, the price reached 1,370,000 Spiritual Crystals. The Withered Pill was indeed precious, but many largescale pill clans could make them. It wasn't monopolized. Thus, its price was mostly stable and was controlled within 150 million Spiritual Crystals. The variations weren't that big.

“One hundred thirty-seven million, once.”

“One hundred thirty-seven million, twice.”

Just as Qi Feiyu raised her jade gavel, Zhang Ruochen bid for the first time. “One hundred fifty million Spiritual Crystals.”

Many Monks at the auction looked over at Zhang Ruochen, a bit surprised. The Blood God Sect's Deity was very high-key today. He showed off his wealth whenever possible. Now, he'd directly bid the highest price for one Withered Pill.

No one continued bidding. After all, the Withered Pill was at most worth 150 million.

Sitting across from Zhang Ruochen, Kong Hongbi sneered coldly. He'd finally found a chance to take revenge. Thus, he called out, “One hundred fifty-one million.”

Hearing Kong Hongbi's bid, all the Monks present smiled. They knew he was purposely going against Gu Linfeng.

Eyes not even twitching, Zhang Ruochen called, “Two hundred million.”

“Two hundred and one million,” Kong Hongbi continued provoking him.

“Three hundred million Spiritual Crystals.”

“Three hundred and one million.”

...

The price continued rising. Zhang Ruochen soon called out 600 million. Finally, Kong Hongbi didn't continue bidding. If he continued, it would become risky. Kong Hongbi worried that he would fall into Zhang Ruochen's trap.

He already felt proud and accomplished for raising a Withered Pill, worth 150 million Spiritual Crystals, to 600 million.

Many Monks at the auction were smiling. They thought that the Blood God Sect's Deity was a foolish spender. After all, 600 million Spiritual Crystals could buy four or five Withered Pills.

Only Murong Yue knew that 600 million Spiritual Crystals was too insignificant for Zhang Ruochen to care.

After that, the auction for the second Withered Pill began. The starting price was still 100 million and each bid needed to be at least 100 thousand higher.

This time, Kong Hongbi went against Zhang Ruochen again. He didn't stop until he raised the price to 600 million again. In the end, Zhang Ruochen bought the second Withered Pill, again with the price of 600 million Spiritual Crystals.

Now, Kong Hongbi was very happy. His depression from before was gone. Smiling, he prepared to help raise the price for Zhang Ruochen again.

The other Monks just watched the show and didn't get involved.

“Next, we will begin bidding for the third Withered Pill. The starting bid is 100 million Spiritual Crystals.”

Qi Feiyu looked toward Kong Hongbi and Gu Linfeng. She was curious if they could continue fighting with the price.

Kong Hongbi stared at Zhang Ruochen, looking as if he wanted to try.

Zhang Ruochen finally opened his eyes and glanced at Kong Hongbi. “Kong Hongbi, will you continue competing if I wish to buy the third Withered Pill?”

Proud, Kong Hongbi chuckled. “You took Beauty Shi and you won’t let me compete for the Withered Pill?”

“Well, no,” Zhang Ruochen said, unhurried. “I just wanted to tell you that since I could take Beauty Shi, taking this Withered Pill is easy too. You’re destined to be unable to win from me.”

With that, Zhang Ruochen called out a price that shocked everyone. “Six hundred million.”

Kong Hongbi clenched his fists. His eyes shone with cold light while anger burned inside his heart. No one had dared to speak to him like this throughout his entire life.

It was a simple phrase, but it was like a harsh slap in his face.

“Gu Linfeng is too wild. He actually called out 600 million like that. This time, Kong Hongbi won’t dare to continue bidding.”

Someone unknown said that and Kong Hongbi managed to hear it. He sneered coldly. Six hundred million Spiritual Crystals was a small number to him. Earlier, he hadn’t continued bidding because he had some worries.

It was different now. Gu Linfeng was obviously provoking him. How could he lose this time?

“Seven hundred million,” Kong Hongbi called.

Without even blinking, Zhang Ruochen said, “One billion Spiritual Crystals.”

Without hesitating, Kong Hongbi once again bid, “One billion one hundred million Spiritual...Crystals...”

He already started regretting it before he’d even finished bidding. Oh no, he thought.

As expected, Zhang Ruochen didn't continue. Clearly, he was giving the third Withered Pill to Kong Hongbi. Seeing this, Qi Feiyu shook her head softly, feeling disappointed toward Kong Hongbi.

She'd heard many rumors about Kong Hongbi before meeting him. He'd defeated the saints of the imperial court and slaughtered Beast Kings in the Savage Barren Territory.

Both disciples of the Yin and Yang Sect and Demonic Sect made him sound like a perfect god. He was undefeatable and was known as the top fighter of the humans below the Saint Realm.

However, after meeting him, Qi Feiyu discovered that he had too many obvious flaws. He was too easily angered by others and couldn't control his emotions at all.

Kong Hongbi couldn't be compared to flawless people like Ouyang Huan and Zhang Ruochen. He was a bit weaker than Gu Linfeng too.

Gu Linfeng seemed lustful and arrogant, but he was actually very wise. He wasn't that easy to deal with.

In the end, Kong Hongbi used 1.1 billion Spiritual Crystals to buy the third Withered Pill.

In this battle, both Kong Hongbi and Zhang Ruochen suffered losses. Zhang Ruochen only had a bit of an upper hand.

The following few treasures included secret scriptures of the saint level, spiritual medicines that were thousands of years old, saint weapons, and saint pills.

None caught Zhang Ruochen's attention, so he didn't buy any. Sikong One, though, had his eyes on a 7,000-year-old gold Bodhi fruit. He spent 1.7 billion Spiritual Crystals to buy it.

Finally, they entered the last half of the auction. The saint soul of a Green Armor Divine Elephant was brought forward as the 57th item. The elephant soul was sealed in an incense burner the size of one's hand.

Rays of blue-green light shot out of the holes in the burner, forming overlapping patterns. One could vaguely hear an

elephant screaming inside the burner.

Qi Feiyu held the burner daintily in her hands. Gracefully, she said, “The Green Armor Divine Elephant is a seventh level lower savage beast. One of our palace lords had killed it in the Savage Barren Territory. The starting bid for the elephant soul is 5,000 saint stones. Each bid must be one saint stone higher.

“Begin.”

Five thousand saint stones was equal to 50 billion Spiritual Crystals. Evidently, a seventh level savage beast’s soul was too expensive for even a saint family. Only two forces bid for the elephant soul: the Inscription Guild and an ancient clan with a rich heritage.

The Green Armor Divine Elephant’s soul was not only used to create a pill. It could also be used as the spirit of a saint weapon. It was naturally very valuable. If it was made into a pot of Divine Elephant Quenching Pills, it could produce a value of 8,000 to 10,000 saint stones. Thus, the alchemist elder of the Inscription Guild insisted on getting the elephant soul.

Finally, the alchemist elder called out 6,000 saint stones, causing the Taishang Elder of the ancient clan to stop bidding.

Just then, Sikong One started bidding from beside Zhang Ruochen, “Six thousand five hundred saint stones.”

His voice was very loud. It shook the walls and ground of the auction arena. Everyone looked over at him and shook their heads. Many people wondered how a monk could be so rich.

“If this monk buys the elephant soul, he might want to cultivate some mysterious Buddhist technique,” the cultivators present started discussing.

Actually, it was Zhang Ruochen who’d wanted to buy it. However, he was worried that Kong Hongbi would get in his way again. If that happened, he might not even be able to buy the elephant soul with 20,000 saint stones.

Zhang Ruochen wasn’t afraid of that cost. It was just that his clash with Kong Hongbi would let the Demonic Sect get an advantage. This wasn’t wise.

But no matter how he bought it, he had to have the Green Armor Divine Elephant's soul.

Kong Hongbi glanced at Gu Linfeng. Seeing that the man had his eyes closed, he also looked away and didn't get involved. He didn't think that Sikong One was bidding for Gu Linfeng.

In his opinion, Gu Linfeng was a very arrogant man. If he could bid for himself, why would he have someone else do it?

Right now, the most annoyed person present had to be the alchemist elder of the Inscription Guild. He was about to get the elephant soul. Who would've expected that a savage monk would come out of nowhere?

The alchemist elder thought carefully for a moment. Gritting his teeth, he called out, "Six thousand six hundred saint stones."

"Seven thousand saint stones," Sikong One called, facing the alchemist elder. The sound waves flooded out, making the old man dizzy.

He glared at Sikong One. Shakily, he extended a wrinkled finger and said, "Monk...you..."

"Seven thousand saint stones, once."

"Seven thousand saint stones, twice."

"Seven thousand saint stones, sold!"

Seeing Qi Feiyu bang the jade gavel, Sikong One's expression instantly turned ecstatic. Rubbing his hands, he laughed and said, "Senior Uncle, I said I could buy it under 10,000 saint stones and you didn't believe me."

Zhang Ruochen nodded with satisfaction. "I'll still give you 10,000 saint stones. Pay 7,000 to the Pearl Light Pavilion and the remaining 3,000 is yours."

Sikong One's eyes widened. "Three thousand saint stones all for me?"

"No need to be so shocked," Zhang Ruochen said nonchalantly. "These are saint stones you earned with your skills."

Kong Hongbi naturally heard their conversation and grew more furious. He felt like he'd been toyed with. If he'd known that Gu Linfeng was the one buying the elephant soul, he would have at least doubled the price.

Zhang Ruochen didn't even see Kong Hongbi's murderous eyes. He stood up immediately to leave the auction. Since he'd gotten the Green Armor Divine Elephant's soul, there was no point in staying here.

"The next item in the auction is the national treasure weapon of the past Sacred Central Empire," Qi Feiyu's lovely voice sounded at the auction podium.

Zhang Ruochen had already stood up, but then his body trembled and stopped abruptly. He sat back into his seat.

Chapter 993 - Kaiyuan Deer Cauldron

Translator:

Larbre Studio

Editor:

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Two strong Blood Wolf-Human warriors carried a 30-foot-tall cauldron onto the auction platform.

They were already very careful, but when the bronze cauldron landed on the ground, it still clanged. The four feet of the cauldron made the platform cave in a little. It was obvious how heavy it was.

“This bronze cauldron is at least 80,000 pounds. It’s not made out of ordinary materials.”

Everyone whispered to each other while staring at the cauldron on the platform. The huge thing was covered in green rust. Under the rust, the cauldron was covered with carved words. It radiated with an ancient aura.

Qi Feiyu stood under the cauldron and began introducing it. “This is called the Kaiyuan Deer Cauldron. It was the ancestral item that the Sacred Central Empire used to worship their ancestors, the gods, and the universe.”

“In the war 800 years ago, the Sacred Central Empire was destroyed and the royal city breached. The entire city was burned and pillaged. During the war, the Kaiyuan Deer Cauldron that carried the empire’s fate also went missing. After a few turns, it finally came to the Moon Worship Demonic Sect.”

Zhang Ruochen stared at the bronze cauldron. Memories flooded into him like a tide, almost taking him back to 800 years ago.

Every winter, when snow fluttered in the sky, the servants would help Zhang Ruochen bathe and put on a clean python dragon robe. Then he would go with Emperor Ming and the hundreds of officials to the Kaiyuan Deer Cauldron. They would worship the universe, the various gods, and pray for auspiciousness in the coming year.

He seemed to hear the servants call him to wake up and the rich voice of the crown prince reading the ritual words.

The Kaiyuan Deer Cauldron was indeed a national ancestral item of the Sacred Central Empire. However, it wasn't that powerful of a weapon. Its value was limited.

But to the old members of the Sacred Central Empire, it carried extraordinary meaning. It carried the fate and luck of the Sacred Central Empire. With it, one could gather men and rule the world.

Perhaps the Moon Worship Demonic Sect saw that the Kunlun's Field was about to fall into chaos, so they took the Kaiyuan Deer Cauldron out to stir the mess even more.

Murong Yue's expression turned shocked. She immediately turned around to look at Zhang Ruochen. "Sir..."

Zhang Ruochen extended a hand to stop her words. "Later, you bid and make sure you get it, no matter the cost."

"But you don't have that many saint stones on you." Murong Yue looked a bit worried.

"Don't worry about saint stones. I'll use divine blood in place of saint stones. I'm sure the Monks of the Demonic Sect would rather receive divine blood."

Having received Zhang Ruochen's full support, Murong Yue was reassured.

"The Kaiyuan Deer Cauldron's starting bid is 10,000 saint stones. Each bid must be 100 saint stones higher."

When Qi Feiyu announced the starting cost of the cauldron, the arena filled with muttering and murmuring. After all, it was only an ancient bronze weapon. It wasn't even a Hundred-pattern Saint Weapon. If it hadn't been an ancestral item of the

Sacred Central Empire, no one would buy it for even one saint stone.

“The Pearl Light Pavilion is really asking for too much. They clearly just want to make good money from Kong Hongbi.” A leader of a clan chuckled softly.

All the Monks present knew that the Kaiyuan Deer Cauldron was extremely important to the Sacred Central Crypt. Kong Hongbi would definitely try to get it.

Kong Hongbi’s eyes flashed coldly. Hate for the Moon Worship Demonic Sect grew in him. Deep down, he vowed to find a way to take revenge in the future.

Ten thousand saint stones was indeed an extreme price, but Kong Hongbi would still take it.

“Ten thousand saint stones,” Kong Hongbi called.

The three officials of the Pearl Light Pavilion in the arena smiled and nodded at the same time. They were very satisfied.

Just as everyone thought that Kong Hongbi would get the cauldron with 10,000 saint stones, Murong Yue, sitting beside Zhang Ruochen, called out, “Eleven thousand saint stones.”

Everyone exchanged glances. They looked over at Murong Yue and started whispering amongst themselves.

“Murong Yue is the esteemed heir of the Murong Family,” an elder revealed Murong Yue’s background. “The Murong Family was a noble family of the Sacred Central Empire. Do they also want to reestablish the empire?”

All sorts of guesses appeared at the auction. Of course, they only dared to say these blasphemous words at the Black Market headquarters’ auction. If anyone mentioned reestablishing the Sacred Central Empire at Wu City’s auction, their entire family would get killed.

Kong Hongbi glanced at Murong Yue and said with disdain, “I didn’t think that the Murong Family was so interested in the Kaiyuan Deer Cauldron too. Unfortunately, the legitimate line of the Sacred Central Empire is the Sacred Central Crypt.

Even if the Murong Family receives the Kaiyuan Deer Cauldron, you won't be able to summon the people."

Then Kong Hongbi raised the bid, "Twelve thousand saint stones."

"Thirteen thousand saint stones."

"Fifteen thousand saint stones."

...

The price kept shooting up. When Murong Yue called out the extremely high price of twenty thousand saint stones, even Kong Hongbi began hesitating.

The three officials of the Pearl Light Pavilion grew happier though. Smiles stretched wide on their faces. They hoped that Kong Hongbi and Murong Yue could continue raising the price.

Saint General Gui Gu furrowed his brow and sent a telepathic message to Kong Hongbi. "Young Master, Murong Yue is clearly prepared and will do everything for the cauldron. If you continue raising the price, you might not even get it for 50,000 saint stones. Only the Moon Worship Demonic Sect will benefit from it."

Kong Hongbi was already angry at the Moon Worship Demonic Sect. Hearing Saint General Gui Gu's words, he immediately asked, "What do you mean?"

The Saint General smiled eerily. "Murong Yue will definitely need to transport the cauldron back to the Eastern Region. However, the Central Region is the Sacred Central Crypt's territory. It won't be easy for her to leave. We can totally stop her halfway and take the cauldron without spending a single cent."

"That's right. The Murong Family's saint stones are part of the Sacred Central Crypt's wealth. Why should we give it to the Moon Worship Demonic Sect?" Kong Hongbi's eyes narrowed. Murderous intent hid in his eyes.

Kong Hongbi didn't continue bidding. In the end, Murong Yue spent 20,000 saint stones to buy the Kaiyuan Deer Cauldron.

Murong Yue was a bit shocked. “Kong Hongbi wouldn’t give up on the cauldron so easily. He must have another motive.”

“Ignore him. The Kaiyuan Deer Cauldron belongs to the Sacred Central Empire, not the Sacred Central Crypt.”

Zhang Ruochen handed 10,000 saint stones to Sikong One and two jars of divine blood to Murong Yue. They would go get the Green Armor Divine Elephant and Kaiyuan Deer Cauldron.

After paying 120 saint stones, he took two Withered Pills. Then he left the auction with Beauty Shi.

When they walked out, they heard pitters and patters. It had started raining without anyone realizing.

Bolts of lightning streaked across the sky like dragons. They were blinding. Then a deafening crack came from the clouds.

The rain came down harder.

Ouyang Huan walked out of the rain with an umbrella. His aura seemed calm and light. Smiling, he said, “Brother Gu, I’ve prepared the best chamber for you in the Heaven Pleasure Room.”

Glancing at Beauty Shi, he gently brushed aside the flyaway hair on her face. Then he looked at Ouyang Huan and said, “Thanks.”

“Take the lord to the Heaven Pleasure Room.” Ouyang Huan wagged his finger slightly and two beautiful servants walked out.

They brought Zhang Ruochen to the Heaven Pleasure Room and retreated.

The three-story redwood building had a garden with ancient bamboo. The bamboo swayed in the rain, making rustling sounds.

The third level had a single red candle lit. As the cold wind blew, the candlelight kept flickering, making the atmosphere extremely eerie.

Zhang Ruochen and Beauty Shi sat cross-legged on the ground. They were about three feet away from each other.

Staring at her eyes, he said, “Ling Feiyu, I don’t know what happened to you, but you have to wake up. Otherwise, it’ll be hard for us to survive until tomorrow.”

Earlier, Zhang Ruochen had extended his Spiritual Energy. He’d discovered dozens of powerful auras around the tower. They hid in the wind and rain, carrying murderous intent.

Beauty Shi sat on the ground. Her long hair fell down like a waterfall. Under the candlelight, her skin looked translucent like delicate jade candle wax.

Studying her eyes, Zhang Ruochen asked tentatively, “Did the battle with Blood Emperor Qingtian destroy your will?”

Beauty Shi’s lashes quivered. At the same time, her slim fingers kept shaking like a weak duckling.

Seeing her reaction, Zhang Ruochen immediately said, “Ling Feiyu, you are an unbelievable genius from 300 years ago. In your generation, you practically have no enemies and have never been defeated. You are proud. Your heart is filled with confidence. You don’t care about anyone.”

“Your path of cultivation was too successful and never met any obstacles. You can also say that you could easily resolve any obstacles before you. This is why your Saintly Way has such a huge flaw.”

“You’re like a beautiful porcelain vase. There are no flaws and it’s beautiful. It can attract attention no matter where it is. However, a hammer only needs to hit it lightly and it will shatter, unable to be fixed...”

“Stop!”

Tears flowed out of Beauty Shi’s eyes. She was delicate like a flower in the wind and rain.

At that moment, Zhang Ruochen finally confirmed that Ling Feiyu was suffering psychologically. Her will had been damaged, bringing her to her knees.

Zhang Ruochen stared at her. “There’s nothing embarrassing about losing to Blood Emperor Qingtian. Who hasn’t lost before? I’ve lost to you so many times. Have I ever given up?”

“I’m no longer the Ling Feiyu from before. I’m only Beauty Shi.” She closed her eyes, not daring to meet Zhang Ruochen’s stare. Shaking her head, she said, “We won’t die tonight.”

With that, Beauty Shi slowly took off her clothes, revealing a delicate body. She walked to Zhang Ruochen and pressed her soft red lips on Zhang Ruochen’s face.

Like a fragrant piece of jade, she fell into Zhang Ruochen’s lap to undo his belt.

Crack!

The slap echoed. Then Beauty Shi flew out and hit the desk with a thud, knocking over the candle. The candle was extinguished, plunging the room into darkness.

Whoosh.

Cold wind poured in from the window.

Zhang Ruochen walked over. Staring at Beauty Shi crying on the ground, he couldn’t help but clench his fists and shake his head. “I never hit women, but you made me break that rule. I hit you because I don’t want to keep seeing you like this.”

If Zhang Ruochen cared about the big picture and took Beauty Shi’s virginity, he could indeed fool the Demonic Sect and leave Pearl Light Pavilion safely. Beauty Shi clearly didn’t want to make it hard for Zhang Ruochen and took the initiative.

However, Zhang Ruochen was clear that if he did that, Ling Feiyu would die completely and never be able to recover. After tonight, only Beauty Shi would exist. Ling Feiyu would disappear.

Zhang Ruochen couldn’t take it. Sighing softly, he helped Beauty Shi up and put her clothes back on. “Don’t worry! There are no dead ends. Tonight, I will do everything and clear a path out with blood to take you out.”

Chapter 994 - Time and Space Descendant, Zhang Ruochen

Translator:

Larbre Studio

Editor:

Larbre Studio

Listening to the rain in the tower, but does the rain know? See the truth of the world. The people are dangerous on the road. Cold wind blows during the rainy night. One sword breaks one soul.

Zhang Ruochen hugged Beauty Shi and sat on the third floor of the tower. Listening to the wind and rain outside the window, he seemed to forget the murderous intent outside. He couldn't help but smile.

It was already dawn.

The rain didn't stop. Instead, it came down harder.

Last night, Murong Yue, Sikong One, and Sikong Two had already come to the Heaven Pleasure Room. They brought over the Kaiyuan Deer Cauldron and the Green Armor Divine Elephant's saint soul.

Zhang Ruochen had put them all into the Universe Spiritual Map—even the powerful Sikong One and Two. They hadn't entered the Saint Realm, so if they met true saintly beings, they would still be in danger.

He didn't put Beauty Shi into the scroll world for two reasons. First, Beauty Shi was still the palace lord of the Demonic Sect. Once she recovered her mindset, Zhang Ruochen wouldn't be her match if she wanted to snatch the Universe Spiritual Map away.

Zhang Ruochen could treat people genuinely, but who knew if others would respond to his kindness with cruelty? Even a Supreme Saint would try to steal a treasure like the Universe Spiritual Map, let alone a Sword Saint.

There were too many bloody examples throughout history. Zhang Ruochen wouldn't expose his biggest secret unless he was completely sure.

Second, Zhang Ruochen wanted to cleanse Beauty Shi's heart through battle. If he could awaken her, her abilities were more than enough to kill the strong cultivators of the Demonic Sect and resolve this crisis.

There were three layers of formations outside the Heaven Pleasure Room. Even a Saint couldn't leave without a trace.

It was already morning, but gray clouds still covered the sky. It was still very dark. Ouyang Huan stood in the rain the entire night.

Qi Feiyu stood gracefully with a fan beside Ouyang Huan. "Isn't Mother a bit too over dramatic? Do we have to use Pearl Light Pavilion's entire force for a mere Beauty Shi and Gu Linfeng?"

Ouyang Huan had already guessed most of the truth. Thus, he understood even more how important this was. Once news was leaked, the entire Moon Worship Demonic Sect would sway.

There couldn't be any errors.

Ouyang Huan didn't explain to Qi Feiyu. Staring at the distant tower, a bad feeling grew in him. "I'll go check on the Heaven Pleasure Room."

"I'll go with you."

Qi Feiyu caught up with him. Together, they reached the tower, but didn't burst in immediately. Instead, they investigated it secretly. It just felt too quiet.

A stranger's voice sounded in the tower. "Since you two are already here, why don't you come in?"

This voice definitely didn't belong to Gu Linfeng.

Ouyang Huan and Qi Feiyu exchanged a glance. Then their bodies flashed and they disappeared from the spot.

The next moment, they were on the third floor of the tower. Pushing open the wooden door, they saw two people sitting in the center of the room.

One was Beauty Shi.

However, they'd never seen the young man before.

Maintaining his composure, Ouyang Huan quickly scanned the tower. "You are indeed skilled to have come here without anyone realizing. Where's Gu Linfeng? Where are the Monks of the Murong Family?"

Zhang Ruochen remained sitting on the ground, caressing the Abyss Ancient Sword. "I sent them away, naturally."

"I don't believe you." Ouyang Huan shook his head.

"If I can come without a trace, can't I send someone away without a trace as well?" Zhang Ruochen asked in return.

Could someone pass through the three layers of formations and hide from all the strong Demonic Sect cultivators in Pearl Light Pavilion? Even a Saint Realm killer couldn't do it.

"Stop making a scene," Qi Feiyu snapped. "Who are you?"

"Zhang Ruochen," he answered.

Hearing these three syllables, even Ouyang Huan and Qi Feiyu blatantly showed their shock. They were in disbelief.

Zhang Ruochen had now recovered his original features. He wasn't using Gu Linfeng's identity.

Ouyang Huan and Qi Feiyu had only seen Lin Yue before. They had never seen Zhang Ruochen, so they naturally couldn't recognize him.

"The Time and Space Descendant, Zhang Ruochen?"

"Yes," Zhang Ruochen said.

That moment, Ouyang Huan kind of believed Zhang Ruochen's previous words. Others might not be able to do it,

but someone who could control the powers of time and space might be able to.

“Since you’ve already sent away Gu Linfeng and the Monks of the Murong Family, why didn’t you leave too?” Ouyang Huan asked. “Why did you remain?”

“I remained to tell you something.”

“What?” Qi Feiyu asked.

Pulling Beauty Shi’s hands, Zhang Ruochen stood up slowly and stared at Ouyang Huan and Qi Feiyu. Unhurriedly, he said, “No matter how the internal fights of the Demonic Sect are, Sword Saint Feiyu is half my teacher and half my friend. You shouldn’t treat her like this.”

Qi Feiyu’s eyes flashed. All her questions were instantly answered. Realization dawned on her.

Whoosh.

Without warning, Zhang Ruochen performed the first move of the Eight Changes of Scale: Four Changes of Scale One.

The black Abyss Ancient Sword sliced toward Ouyang Huan and Qi Feiyu like a streak of light.

Worried about Qi Feiyu’s safety, Ouyang Huan immediately grabbed her wrist and performed the Seven-star Lotus Step. Stepping on black lotuses, he made seven steps and flew out of the tower, rushing into the curtain of rain.

Kaboom.

Hundreds upon thousands of Sword Qi flew out. They ripped apart the wooden tower, causing it to collapse into a pile of rubble.

Looking at the two-inch-long rip on his clothes, Ouyang Huan was chilled. “Such a fast sword. Sword Four? Or Sword Five?”

He’d only seen such a fast sword when he’d fought against Xue Wuye. Could Zhang Ruochen’s Way of Sword be comparable to Xue Wuye already?

Staring at the distant Zhang Ruochen, he shook his head again. He could see that Zhang Ruochen's cultivation wasn't that strong. There was still a big gap between him and Xue Wuye.

Zhang Ruochen carried the black Abyss Ancient Sword and held Beauty Shi's hands. He looked around him with arrogance.

All the black shadows hiding in the darkness rushed out now. They numbered in the hundreds and were all strong cultivators. A few dozen of them had significant auras. They gave him a repressive feeling, like a mountain looming in the rain.

"Zhang Ruochen," Ouyang Huan called. "Where did you get the confidence to challenge the Moon Worship Demonic Sect alone?"

"Who said I'm alone?" Zhang Ruochen asked.

Whoosh!

Strands of Ghost Qi flew out of Zhang Ruochen's sleeves. They formed a beautiful figure with long hair. She stood in the air.

It was Ghost King Bloodmoon.

She'd been cultivating inside the scroll world all this time and had absorbed a great amount of the Divine Sky-connecting Tree's Death Qi. Her cultivation had improved even more.

The Ghost Qi radiating from her shrouded the entire Pearl Light Pavilion. It turned the entire area black and icy cold. All the plants shriveled with a speed visible to the naked eye.

In an instant, this place became a hell.

"Everyone, be careful. That's a Ghost King. Her power's similar to a Saint."

When they saw the Ghost King, the surrounding people clad in black all retreated in fear.

However, Ouyang Huan was still calm. "Activate the Ten-sided Thunder Formation."

As the hub of the Demonic Sect's wealth, Pearl Light Pavilion was naturally protected with many defensive and offensive formations. Once they were activated, even a Saint could be killed.

However, when the four formation masters situated around Pearl Light Pavilion activated the Ten-sided Thunder Formation, nothing happened.

“What’s going on? We check the formation runes every month. How can we not activate it?”

“Did an accident happen?”

The formation masters were all in a panic. Right then, Blackie crawled out of the ground. Looking toward the four formation towers, it grinned. It puffed out its furry chest full of pride.

“How can a mere seventh-class formation get in my way?”

Before entering the auction yesterday, Zhang Ruochen had told Blackie to go damage Pearl Light Pavilion's formation runes. It was just for this moment.

“Heh, it’s time for me to decide your life or death now.”
Excited, Blackie activated its Holy Qi, gathering it in its claws. Then it hit the Holy Qi into the ground.

Kaboom!

Seventy-two pillars of white light shot up in Pearl Light Pavilion. They rose into the clouds, stirring up the dark sky.

A huge spinning formation consolidated within the clouds. A dense mass of interwoven lightning bolts cracked and popped. The commotion alerted all the forces in the Black Market.

“The Pearl Light Pavilion has actually activated the Ten-sided Thunder Formation. They must be facing a great enemy. I wonder who would go against the Demonic Sect.”

“Ghost Qi shoots into the air over there, covering the ground. A Ghost King must be fighting against them.”

“This isn’t a small matter. Let’s not get involved.”

The various evil sects of the Black Market didn’t go to help. They immediately activated their defense formations so they

wouldn't be affected.

The Demonic Sect Monks within Pearl Light Pavilion were all relieved after seeing that the Ten-sided Thunder Formation was successfully activated.

They were confident they could take down Zhang Ruochen and Ghost King Bloodmoon without it, but they would suffer great losses. The entire Pearl Light Pavilion might be destroyed too.

They couldn't withstand those losses.

The pavilion lord looked up at the spinning formation and nodded with satisfaction. He stood out and proclaimed, "Zhang Ruochen, you can still stop now. If the power of the Ten-sided Thunder Formation descends, you will die even with a Ghost King protecting me."

Zhang Ruochen shook his head. "I can't stop anymore. Tonight, you are destined to die while I live."

"You're looking for death."

The pavilion lord trained his eyes on Zhang Ruochen. Shreds of black Demonic Qi poured out of his fingers. They formed rings that forced away Ghost King Bloodmoon's Ghost Qi.

Just that was enough for one to see that his cultivation was too high to be calculated. He was possibly already a Saint.

However, before he could attack, a thick bolt of lightning fell from the center of the spinning formation. It hit him squarely on the head.

The pavilion lord froze. All his gathered Demonic Qi had scattered. His body turned scorched black and his hair stood up straight. Black smoke rose up from him.

Chapter 995 - A Clash in the Saint Realm

Translator:

Larbre Studio

Editor:

Larbre Studio

It was too sudden. Even with the Pearl Light Pavilion lord's cultivation, he still couldn't escape from the Ten-side Thunder Formation's strike.

The lightning was extremely strong. It pierced the pavilion lord's saint soul territory. His skin was scorched black. Lines of electricity streaked across him, crackling.

He was furious. Clenching his fists, he stared in the direction of the formation tower and roared, "What is going on?"

No answer came from the tower. Instead, three bolts of lightning fell from the sky, striking him completely.

Despite how strong his physical body was, he still couldn't really take it. His entire body was smoking. Some places had even split apart with blood flowing out.

The pavilion lord was going crazy. He thought that the old guys controlling the formation were definitely pranking him. After all, the Ten-side Thunder Formation couldn't miss every time to hit only him.

Ouyang Huan was confused too. Sensing that something was wrong, he immediately sent a high-level Half-Saint to hurry to the formation tower and check.

As soon as the Half-Saint ran out, there was a boom.

A fat bolt of lightning fell from the sky and turned him into a black skeleton. All of his flesh and blood burned to ash.

Seeing this scene, the Monks of the Pearl Light Pavilion all felt chills down their spines. Their legs shook involuntarily.

“Did Zhang Ruochen arrange someone to control the Ten-side Thunder Formation beforehand?”

Thinking of this, all the Demonic Sect Monks separated. They didn't dare gather together anymore.

No one was clearer about the formation's power than they were. Even a Saint could be killed, let alone a Monk below the Half-Saint Realm.

If the enemy had control of the Ten-side Thunder Formation, then this would be catastrophic.

Whoosh—

Bolts of lightning shot out of the formation's center, continuously striking the Pearl Light Pavilion. A moment later, dozens of strong cultivators were hit. Their bodies were destroyed, turning into plumes of smoke.

The formation's power was terrifying. Each bolt of lightning would cause extreme damage. It flattened the auction arena and various pavilions were turned to dust. Many ditches, dozens of meters long, opened up on the ground.

In a lot of places, the ground melted into pools of red lava.

“Who is it? Get out of here!”

“Zhang Ruochen, you're too despicable. You actually sent a formation master to destroy the Pearl Light Pavilion's formation. You should fight fairly!”

The opulent Pearl Light Pavilion was extremely damaged. The losses couldn't even be counted. The pavilion lord's various strong cultivators of the Demonic Sect all gritted their teeth in anger, letting out angry roars.

Blackie stuck out its round butt and pressed two paws onto the ground. It controlled the Ten-side Thunder Formation to continue attacking. It wanted to kill all the strong cultivators.

Very proud at the moment, Blackie cackled.

Just then, a woman's voice sounded behind it. "It's a fat cat causing this trouble? This is quite unexpected."

Blackie was a bit shocked. All the hair on its body stood up. Turning its fat face around, its eyes rolled around to find the source of the voice.

"Who is it? Who dares to speak to my butt?"

Whoosh.

A figure flashed and a woman with a veiled face appeared before Blackie. Her figure was voluptuous and her skin was smooth. Her starry eyes stared down at Blackie with authority.

"Such a powerful human female."

Sensing danger, Blackie stopped manipulating the Ten-side Thunder Formation. It immediately shrunk and dug into the ground to escape. Blackie wasn't weak and it was even better than Zhang Ruochen at escaping.

However, when the woman in palace clothing looked over, two Rules of Saintly Way consolidated out of thin air. They restrained Blackie like two unbreakable chains.

Blackie's head was already underground, but its body was still outside. Its paws kept clawing the ground, but it couldn't escape at all.

The woman lowered herself gracefully. Reaching out a slender hand, she grabbed the skin on Blackie's neck and picked it up.

Without Blackie's control, the Ten-side Thunder Formation in the sky broke apart with a boom. The asphyxiating feeling finally disappeared. The various strong figures of the Demonic Sect all let out a relieved breath.

"Zhang Ruochen's helper has been caught by the vice palace lord. Everyone, come help end this battle quickly."

The Pearl Light Pavilion lord attacked first. He gathered all his Demonic Qi and cast a saint spell.

"True Demon of Hell."

A mass of demonic clouds appeared in the sky above the Black Market. The Demonic Qi swirled continuously, forming

a huge vortex. A black pillar of Demonic Qi shot down from the center. Behind the pavilion lord, a black shadow dozens of meters tall appeared.

Standing across from him, Zhang Ruochen could feel clearly that shocking power was gathering. It felt as vast as the universe. He couldn't even calculate how powerful it was.

Standing before the pavilion lord, Zhang Ruochen felt like he was as insignificant as a speck of dust. The pavilion lord could destroy him with a single breath.

Is this the true power of a Saint? Zhang Ruochen held his breath, deeply realizing how far away he was from a Saint. At the same time, he wished even harder to reach a high level and be able to fight against Saints.

Roar!

The black shadow and the pavilion lord flew out at once. Striking with a fist print, it passed through the layers of Ghost Qi to try to kill Ghost King Bloodmoon.

“A lower level Saint dares to attack me?”

Eyes cold and arrogant, Ghost King Bloodmoon reached out her left hand. She lifted it lightly and the flood of Death Qi shot up hurriedly. Then she waved her hand, slapping forward a ghost hand that was hundreds of feet long.

Boom.

The tall black shadow let out a painful cry and shattered into a ball of black fog. The Pearl Light Pavilion lord flew back. His body was covered in shocking bloody cracks.

If Ghost King Bloodmoon had used a bit more power, his saint body would probably have shattered.

Her offhanded attack had gravely injured the pavilion lord. All the Demonic Sect Monks present inhaled sharply.

The lords of various forces in the Black Market were all watching the fight in the Pearl Light Pavilion too. Ghost King Bloodmoon's strong performance shocked them all.

“Zhang Ruochen can actually be protected by such a powerful Ghost King. Where can’t he go in this world?”

“No wonder he dares to go against the Demonic Sect alone. He has support.”

Kong Hongbi and the Monks of Sacred Central Crypt watched the Pearl Light Pavilion from the top of a tower.

“How come Zhang Ruochen is involved? Where’s Gu Linfeng? And Murong Yue?”

Kong Hongbi furrowed his brow. His thoughts were in a mess. He couldn’t figure out what had happened.

Saint General Gui Gu was a bit moved. “Gu Linfeng and Zhang Ruochen had attacked for the same woman. This is very unusual. I’m afraid Beauty Shi doesn’t have a simple identity.”

Saint General Yan Xu nodded. “Gu Linfeng is a lustful man. It’s understandable for him to act like that, but Zhang Ruochen is a calculative person. He wouldn’t abandon his fiancée, an Heir, to fight for Beauty Shi.”

Kong Hongbi sneered. “Why don’t we capture Beauty Shi and dig the secret out?”

Saint General Gui Gu looked at the eerie Ghost Qi filling the sky. A bit worried, he said, “That Ghost King’s cultivation is too high to be calculated. If we anger her, it won’t be good for us.”

“You’re underestimating the Moon Worship Demonic Sect.” Kong Hongbi’s expression was one of disdain. “From what I know, an important figure of the Moon Worship Demonic Sect is in Pearl Light Pavilion right now. If she attacks, she can restrain that Ghost King. Without her protection, how can Zhang Ruochen protect Beauty Shi?”

In the Pearl Light Pavilion, a woman dressed in palace clothing walked out of the darkness. She helped the pavilion lord with Ghost King Bloodmoon’s attacks.

The pavilion lord’s face was pale. His saint body was covered in bloody cracks like a broken piece of porcelain. Suppressing his serious wounds, he immediately bowed at the woman.

“Thank you, vice palace lord, for saving me.”

The woman was very cold. Instead of replying to the pavilion lord, her bright eyes trained on Ghost King Bloodmoon.

Ghost King Bloodmoon’s expression was even colder when she met the woman’s eyes.

Sizzle.

Various beams of Rules of Saintly Way appeared between the human and the ghost. They wove together like spider webs. Electricity and sparks flew.

Without the formation’s protection, two Saints could destroy everything within thousands of miles with their fight. All the Demonic Sect Monks in the Pearl Light Pavilion fled to search for protection behind the palace-wear-clad woman.

Ghost King Bloodmoon’s expression turned serious. She didn’t look as relaxed as before. Sending a telepathic message to Zhang Ruochen, she said, “This woman’s cultivation is 100 times higher than the pavilion lord. I can help you stop her, but you must deal with the other Monks. Whether you can escape or not depends on your luck.”

With that, Ghost King Bloodmoon put her hands together. The crescent moon mark appeared on her forehead. It shone with bloody light. From afar, it was as if a bloody moon was hanging in the air, dyeing the buildings in the Black Market red.

Kaboom.

A powerful wave of energy surged from Ghost King Bloodmoon, levels overlapping each other. It flooded in all directions.

In an instant, the entire Pearl Light Pavilion turned to dust like strong wind blowing leaves away. All the buildings were reduced to rubble.

One-third of all Demonic Sect Monks were killed. The remaining two-thirds were saved, thanks to the woman in palace clothing.

Whoosh!

In the center where the Blood Qi was the strongest, Zhang Ruo Chen held a saint scroll and flew out with Beauty Shi. He passed through the air like a streaking meteorite and flew away.

Chapter 996 - No Panic Before Danger

Translator:

Larbre Studio

Editor:

Larbre Studio

Bloody light poured out of Pearl Light Pavilion. It swept through the Black Market like a flood. All the large forces were hit.

The shields of the defense formations around the forces nearest to Pearl Light Pavilion quivered continuously. All the Monks were terrified. They feared that their defenses would shatter and they'd be affected.

In the distance, Kong Hongbi stood at the top of the tower and stared at Pearl Light Pavilion.

When he saw Zhang Ruochen burst out with Beauty Shi, Kong Hongbi laughed. "He thinks he can escape with a saint decree?"

Kong Hongbi took out a jade badge. Gripping it between two fingers, it hit the air.

Zhang Ruochen flew like a shooting star, thanks to the saint decree's power.

Boom!

The jade badge burst apart, transforming into a red mirror-like shield, hundreds of feet wide. It stood before Zhang Ruochen and Beauty Shi, stopping them.

The shield radiated with blazing heat. Even metal would melt if it approached the shield.

Kong Hongbi sneered coldly. "Yan Xu, Gui Gu, you two go kill Zhang Ruochen, but Beauty Shi must be kept alive."

As soon as Zhang Ruochen and Beauty Shi landed, two beams of Death Qi surged over.

Whoosh.

Whoosh.

Saint Generals Yan Xu and Gui Gu appeared simultaneously. They appeared less than 100 meters before and behind Zhang Ruochen.

They released their saint soul territories. Spiritual Qi kept flowing towards them, strengthening their auras.

Zhang Ruochen's eyes were cold. "If you don't retreat now, I can spare you because of your ancestors."

Saint General Yan Xu found him laughable. "Spare us? You should revere a ninth level Half-Saint. Perhaps you'll be qualified to speak like that in ten more years. As for now, you're too far off."

"He doesn't have a chance to wait ten more years," Saint General Gui Gu rasped. He laughed.

Zhang Ruochen looked in the direction of the Pearl Light Pavilion. Dozens of figures had burst out, hurrying towards him. Thus, he stopped warning the two Saint Generals. Brandishing the Abyss Ancient Sword, he charged forward.

"Good. Let me see just how skilled the so-called Time and Space Descendant is."

Saint General Yan Xu had two purple shields. They were curved like arm plates that melded perfectly with his arms.

Crackle. Dozens of thick purple bolts of lightning shot out of the shields and his arms. They streaked around him.

The buildings on either side of the road couldn't bear the force of the lightning. They all collapsed with booms.

A ninth level Half-Saint was at the top of all Saint Generals. He was naturally powerful. A regular high-level Half-Saint couldn't be compared to him.

Saint General Yan Xu punched, hitting Zhang Ruochen's chest with dozens of lightning bolts.

Frozen Space, Zhang Ruochen thought.

Saint General Yan Xu and his dozens of lightning bolts froze in an instant. They seemed to be sealed within transparent ice.

With a flash of sword light, Zhang Ruochen rushed past Saint General Yan Xu. The Saint General's head flew away. It landed on the street with a thud like a blood-red watermelon.

At the same time, the lightning bolts flew forward to Saint General Gui Gu.

The Saint General struck with two palm prints to dissolve the lightning bolts. He was about to berate Yan Xu, but he discovered the man had become a headless corpse in the middle of the street.

He killed a ninth level Half-Saint with one strike?

Saint General Gui Gu widened his eyes in disbelief. Sweat beaded on his forehead.

Zhang Ruochen's cultivation was so low, but he could already kill a ninth level Half-Saint? Even if Yan Xu underestimated his enemy, it was still extraordinary for Zhang Ruochen to be able to kill him with one strike.

Zhang Ruochen's abilities were even more terrifying than Bu Qianfan's.

Kong Hongbi flew over. He stood in the air and stared at Saint General Yan Xu's corpse. He felt pained but also furious. "No wonder he's the Time and Space Descendant. I've underestimated him."

"Zhang Ruochen's abilities might not be strong, but his power of time and space is disconcerting," Saint General Gui Gu said. "I can kill him with my cultivation. I just need to be careful."

He put away his fear and shock and recovered his will to fight. He didn't believe that, as a ninth level Half-Saint, he couldn't handle Zhang Ruochen.

Kong Hongbi and Saint General Gui Gu didn't attack immediately. Instead, they watched from the side, trying to figure out a way against the power of time and space.

Because of the two Saint Generals, the Monks of the Demonic Sect had caught up. They surrounded Zhang Ruochen.

Ouyang Huan stood across from him. “Zhang Ruochen, you’re smart. You shouldn’t do stupid things. Hand Beauty Shi to me. If you join the sect genuinely, I can spare you because of Junior Sister Huang.”

“Because of what you just said, I can spare you tonight.” Zhang Ruochen scanned his surroundings. He seemed very calm and showed no sign of stepping back.

Ouyang Huan furrowed his brow and shook his head. “Your power of time and space is mysterious, but there’s a big gap between you and I. I have many ways to kill you. Why lose your life for her?”

“A man does what he does,” Zhang Ruochen said. “If Beauty Shi is Qi Feiyu, would you fight the Moon Worship Demonic Sect for her?”

Ouyang Huan fell silent. A moment later, he said, “Junior Sister Huang would be unhappy if she heard that.”

“Junior Sister Huang” was obviously Huang Yanchen. The nine heirs were all disciples of the Empress, so she was Ouyang Huan’s junior sister.

“Zhang Ruochen, I’ve said everything that I had to say. Since you insist on your choice, I’ll be able to explain to Junior Sister Huang even if I kill you tonight.”

Ouyang Huan’s voice was relaxed this entire time. Now, it finally became cold as he ordered, “Kill Zhang Ruochen and Beauty Shi. Remember, leave their corpses intact.”

The next moment, seven elders of the Pearl Light Pavilion charged out. They stood in seven directions, forming a composite attack formation.

These seven elders were all high-level Half-Saints, weaker only than the pavilion lord in Pearl Light Pavilion. Each one was renowned.

Through the composite attack formation, their cultivations were grouped together. Their powers spread thousands of feet

wide. An apparition of a giant divine beast formed behind each of them.

Roar.

The seven elders each had a saint weapon. They attacked Zhang Ruochen at once. The seven beastly images also charged, pouncing at Zhang Ruochen from seven directions.

An earth-shaking dragon roar sounded. Then blinding golden light flared from Zhang Ruochen's body. Scales grew, transforming him into a flying golden dragon.

The dragon spiraled into the air, shattering all seven beastly apparitions. Seeing the flying dragon, the Monks of the forces in the Black Market were all amazed and shocked.

“Is this the Divine Dragon Change?”

“I heard that Zhang Ruochen had eaten the eyes of blood of the golden dragon and can transform into a dragon. With his powers, he's comparable to even a divine dragon youth.”

“Unfortunately, Zhang Ruochen's cultivation is still too weak. He might not be able to break through the seven elders' Seven Palace Attack Formation.”

...

Everyone thought that Zhang Ruochen was like a captured beast struggling before death. He would die in the composite formation in the end.

The seven elders moved neatly. They charged and pulled out their saint weapons simultaneously. They activated the runes and attacked the golden dragon.

Abruptly, the dragon shrunk and turned back into Zhang Ruochen. He waved his hand, ripping open a spatial tear. He attacked an elder with a black saint broadsword.

A moment ago, Ouyang Huan had noticed Zhang Ruochen's intentions and warned, “Elder Ji, Zhang Ruochen will use spatial power. Move right.”

The elder with the black saint broadsword rushed right and readily dodged Zhang Ruochen's spatial tear.

Zhang Ruochen glanced at Ouyang Huan, alarms sounding within him. Ouyang Huan could predict his moves. This wasn't easy and made him feel danger.

After that, the elders all dodged Zhang Ruochen's spatial attacks thanks to Ouyang Huan's pointers.

Zhang Ruochen was trapped in the formation and couldn't break free. It kept shrinking too. The seven elders soon forced Zhang Ruochen into a corner.

"No need to keep dragging it out," Ouyang Huan ordered. "It should end now! Kill Zhang Ruochen with one last strike!"

The most powerful of the seven elders was in the eighth level. Under his lead, the other six elders also charged forward to give Zhang Ruochen the fatal strike.

Light flashed past Zhang Ruochen's eyes. He'd pretended to be weak just for this moment.

"Four Changes of Scale One."

Five time prints melted into the sword technique. Zhang Ruochen stabbed forward, but it created 25 human and sword shadows that attacked the seven elders at once.

Time within hundreds of meters slowed down. Because of this, the seven elders tried to block Zhang Ruochen's sword but were a bit slow.

By the time the 25 shadows became one, the seven elders all had gaping holes in their foreheads. Their Seas of Qi had been shattered, their saint souls extinguished.

Thud.

The seven high-level Half-Saints died, falling down at the same time.

Zhang Ruochen's move had been too brilliant. It floored many people. In the darkness, one could hear many sharp gasps.

Ouyang Huan knew that Zhang Ruochen was skilled in the Way of Sword, but this high level surpassed his expectations.

"I already think highly of you, but I can't believe I've still underestimated you."

Looking at the seven corpses, Ouyang Huan sighed. If he hadn't underestimated Zhang Ruochen, the seven elders wouldn't have had to die. To the Divine Sect, the deaths of seven advanced Half-Saints was a huge loss. It would alarm the Hierarch.

Zhang Ruochen stood beside Beauty Shi with a bloody sword. "Then, will you fight personally now?"

"I've witnessed your power of space and time. It's indeed powerful, but there are two flaws."

Ouyang Huan continued. "First, you need a certain amount of time to prepare to cast the power of space and time. Second, both of them have a limited attack range. I can kill you with only one move. Say your last words now. I can help you send the message."

"You discovered my flaws," Zhang Ruochen said. "Could I not have discovered your flaws too?"

"My flaws?" Ouyang Huan asked.

"You're too confident," Zhang Ruochen. "You think you control everything, but you don't know that some types of power in this world will always be beyond your expectations. Today, I'll give you a lesson. Instead of killing you, I'll just disable your legs to teach you. This way, you won't give up your life because of your confidence."

Chapter 997 - Opening the Third Seal

Translator:

Larbre Studio

Editor:

Larbre Studio

After killing Saint General Yan Xu and the seven elders of Pearl Light Pavilion, Zhang Ruochen had proven that he was able to fight a ninth level Half-Saint.

However, everyone still believed that he couldn't defeat Ouyang Huan.

The ninth level was divided into the beginning, middle, later stages, and the pinnacle. Saint General Yan Xu had just reached the beginning stage.

Plus, Ouyang Huan had been able to kill a ninth level Half-Saint when he'd only been in the sixth level. Now, he was a ninth level Half-Saint. He could even kill someone in the pinnacle with a mere finger.

In the distance, Saint General Gui Gu thought that Zhang Ruochen was an idiot. Snickering, he said, "So arrogant. A mere low-level Half-Saint just said he'll disable an Heir. Is there anything more laughable than this?"

Zhang Ruochen had purposely collected his aura. Only someone at Ling Feiyu's level could see his true cultivation level. Thus, Gui Gu only guessed that Zhang Ruochen was still a low-level Half-Saint.

After all, he'd reached the Half-Saint Realm a few months ago. Unless he had another great opportunity, he couldn't reach the middle levels.

"Zhang Ruochen is just making a scene. He wants to scare the Demonic Sect and then escape."

Kong Hongbi thought that he'd seen through Zhang Ruochen. His eyes fell on Beauty Shi. He was even surer that she was extraordinary. She wasn't a simple woman.

When needed, Kong Hongbi was prepared to move and snatch Beauty Shi.

Some Monks of the Demonic Sect stood at the side of the street. Others stood on rooftops or hid in the darkness. Now, they all let out muffled laughter, seemingly laughing at Zhang Ruochen for not knowing his own strength.

Boom.

Huffing coldly, Zhang Ruochen stepped forward. When his foot landed, the ground caved in. The cracks were like a spider web and it made popping sounds. At the same time, golden Buddhist, Scripture, and Sanskrit runes flew out of his chest, forming a sea of words.

Wispy Buddhist sounds filled the world. It was like thousands of monks were chanting.

Just that moment, Zhang Ruochen had opened the third seal of the sarira. Vast Buddhist Qi instantly surged out, entering his body. After opening the third seal, he would have a Saint's combat ability for two hours.

Whoosh.

Golden Buddhist runes gathered toward Zhang Ruochen. They formed a 100-meter-tall golden Buddha. The image glinted and looked somber. Watery Buddhist Qi rippled in all directions. It stood in stark contrast with the blood-red Ghost Qi in the Pearl Light Pavilion.

“How is this possible? Zhang Ruochen's aura is getting stronger, almost reaching the Saint level. It's still getting stronger.”

“Is there a Saint Buddha living in him?”

“No wonder he dares to go against the entire Demonic Sect. He still has a trump card.”

The Demonic Sect Monks immediately used physical techniques to escape.

Only Ouyang Huan charged forward. Taking out a white spear, he applied pressure and thrust it out. He could see that Zhang Ruochen had a Buddhist treasure that increased his cultivation to the Saint Realm.

Zhang Ruochen wasn't at his strongest state yet. It was the best time for Ouyang Huan to attack. Once he reached the peak, no one present would be able to stop him.

Flames shot out of the spear tip. It formed a fiery cloud with a long trail behind it. The stone on the ground melted into lava.

Boom.

The white spear pierced the layers of Buddhist light. With destructive force, it stabbed at Zhang Ruochen's chest. However, it crashed against Zhang Ruochen and released the sound of metal clashing. It was like a huge hammer had hit a bronze bell.

Zhang Ruochen retreated hundreds of feet before steadying himself. A half-meter-deep ditch, hundreds of feet long, extended from under Zhang Ruochen's feet.

He wasn't hurt. There was only a white scratch on his chest. His entire body had turned golden as if made out of gold. Thousands upon thousands of Buddhist runes emerged on his skin.

"Undying Golden Body?" Ouyang Huan shuddered inwardly.

That previous hit would've pierced even a lower level Saint. However, Zhang Ruochen wasn't even hurt. How could this not shock someone?

Black lotuses appeared under Ouyang Huan's feet. Increasing his speed to the extreme, he grabbed the white spear and attacked Zhang Ruochen again.

Poof, poof.

Flames spewed from the spear. They formed a menacing fiery beast that attacked Zhang Ruochen's eyes with the spear.

Zhang Ruochen extended a hand and grabbed the spear. The other hand chopped down, snapping the spear.

Without slowing down, the golden hand smashed against Ouyang Huan's chest like a five-fingered mountain. Ouyang Huan spat out blood and fell to the ground.

Boom.

The ground collapsed, forming a broken ditch. Ouyang Huan lay inside with his chest caved in. More than half of his bones had broken. His internal organs were severely injured too.

It was obvious how terrifying Zhang Ruochen's attack was.

“Crazy.”

Without hesitating, Kong Hongbi and Saint General Gui Gu turned. They escaped with the fastest speed. The combat ability of the current Zhang Ruochen was too scary. He'd flattened Ouyang Huan with only one strike.

Who could fight with him?

The Monks throughout the Black Market were too shocked to speak.

The pavilion lord of the Pearl Light Pavilion walked out of the darkness. “Zhang Ruochen,” he said coldly. “If you dare to hurt the Deity, no one in Kunlun's Field would be able to save you.”

He'd been gravely injured by Ghost King Bloodmoon earlier. After taking a Withered Pill, he'd healed 50 percent.

He emanated with the aura only a Saint could have. He was like the sky's incarnation, looking down at the people.

To regular Monks, a Saint was all-powerful. There was no difference between a Saint and a god.

Zhang Ruochen replied with silence. He shook his head, not caring about the pavilion lord's threat at all.

He didn't even fear the Empress and imperial court. Why would he fear the Moon Worship Demonic Sect?

The Pearl Light Pavilion lord continued, “You used a secret spell to have a Saint's combat ability temporarily. But you aren't a Saint. You don't understand the Saint Realm's mystery

and your abilities are limited. You'll only die if you face a true Saint."

"Are you talking about yourself?" Zhang Ruochen asked.

The pavilion lord chuckled. "I may be injured, but it's not hard for me to take you down."

"In that case, why are you still talking?"

Zhang Ruochen brandished his sword. A beam of black Sword Qi connected the earth and sky, flying toward the pavilion lord.

The pavilion lord didn't realize that he'd underestimated Zhang Ruochen until he'd struck with his sword. This man's combat ability was much stronger than he'd imagined.

The pavilion lord didn't dare to take the attack directly. He used a physical technique and moved to the side.

Kaboom.

A crack opened up in the road. The crack kept widening and extending to the distance, 100 miles away. If one looked down from the sky, one would see that Zhang Ruochen's strike had split the Black Market in half. The center was this bottomless gully.

The pavilion lord stood in the air. He took out a tower-shaped saint weapon. This was called the Thousand Lock Tower. With 893 runes, it was close to a Thousand-pattern Saint Weapon.

The palm-sized tower gradually rose up. It spun while enlarging and soon became hundreds of feet tall. It radiated with looming aura, like a black mountain floating in the air.

As it spun, it released wailing wind and thunder.

Other than Zhang Ruochen and Beauty Shi, all the other Monks on the ground had escaped.

A Saint-level fight had shocking destructive abilities. A regular Monk could die from the shockwaves even when standing hundreds of miles away.

"Kill."

The pavilion lord controlled the Thousand Lock Tower to crush Zhang Ruochen and Beauty Shi. This was a Saint's attack. It could crash through the earth and destroy a city. A regular city's defensive formation might not be able to stop it.

Zhang Ruochen clutched his sword with both hands and gradually raised his arms.

Various Buddhist runes flew out. They became one with the Abyss Ancient Sword. The sword spirit had woken up and all the runes within the sword emerged. Bounding power burst from the sword, still growing stronger.

Whoosh—

Sword Qi flew out, halving the Thousand Lock Tower.

“The destruction of a thousand patterns. You have a Thousand-pattern Weapon?” The pavilion lord's expression was of shock. He immediately crushed a defensive badge to form a wide shield of light.

The Abyss Ancient Sword came down powerfully through the shield of light and struck down at the pavilion lord's head.

Just then, a jade stamp flew from the side. It hit the Abyss Ancient Sword, causing it to swerve, saving the pavilion lord.

Zhang Ruochen glanced to the side. He saw Ouyang Huan standing in the center of the street. His fingers formed a gesture to control the jade stamp and attacked Zhang Ruochen again.

The jade stamp was the Heir Stamp.

Empress Chi Yao had personally given it to the nine Heirs when they went out. It represented their status and also contained the Empress' Saintly power. The nine Heirs could use it to suppress any Saint in the world.

Ouyang Huan was seriously injured and kept spitting out blood. Still, he used unwavering will to control the Heir Stamp. He activated unparalleled emperor-like Qi, radiating with golden light.

The Heir Stamp was the size of a small city. It continued crushing down to kill Zhang Ruochen and Beauty Shi.

Boom.

The Heir Stamp hit the ground. The entire earth was shaking.

The defensive formations of the forces nearby were all trembling. They were a step away from shattering. Thankfully, they stayed up and didn't break. Otherwise, many low-level Monks would have evaporated.

“Did Zhang Ruochen and Beauty Shi die from the Heir Stamp?”

That hit had carried the Empress' power. It could kill a Saint. Many people suspected that Zhang Ruochen and Beauty Shi had been pulverized.

The Demonic Sect Monks carefully hurried back to see Zhang Ruochen still standing under the Heir Stamp.

Zhang Ruochen shone with gold light. He'd reached up with one arm to hold up the Heir Stamp that was the size of a city. It hadn't fallen down.

Blood trailed out of his lips though. He'd obviously been hurt. Holding up the Heir Stamp wasn't an easy task.

Chapter 998 - Killing a Saint

Translator:

Larbre Studio

Editor:

Larbre Studio

“He stopped it?”

“The Empress’ power can’t kill him?”

There were countless Monks gathered in the Black Market, all from various sects. At the moment, they were all extremely shocked. Some were even shaking, either out of terror or excitement.

It was hard to imagine just how strong Zhang Ruochen had to be to stop the Heir Stamp supported by the Empress’ power.

Kong Hongbi and Saint General Gui Gu hadn’t run far. They were still in the Black Market. Hiding in a stronghold of the Sacred Central Crypt, they activated a defensive formation.

Standing within the light shield, Kong Hongbi inhaled sharply. “Ouyang Huan has such a fatal attack,” he said coldly. “Once he uses the Heir Stamp, even the first of the Half-Saint Rank might not be able to take it.”

As the young master of the Sacred Central Crypt, Kong Hongbi naturally had his killing move too. But it was still far from the Heir Stamp. Even worse, Zhang Ruochen actually had a Buddhist treasure that could take him to the Saint Realm. This was also above Kong Hongbi.

If this continued, he couldn’t maintain his status as the strongest human below the Saint Realm, right?

Kong Hongbi made up his mind. When he returned, he would ask the master to let him see the Saint Elder. Only she could give him something comparable to the Heir Stamp so he could combat the nine Heirs.

The gully formed by Zhang Ruochen's sword was now mending slowly. The two pieces of the Black Market reconnected as one.

Black runes appeared under his feet. Like a net, they covered all the streets in the Black Market and connected with the underground.

Someone had activated the foundation formation under the Black Market. This way, the Saint-level battle wouldn't cause irreversible damage to the city.

The Heir's emperor-like power and Zhang Ruochen's Buddhist light clashed and formed a strange equilibrium. Even a Half-Saint would be thrown out by the invisible power if they were dozens of feet away.

“Only the Deity and Saints can fight with Zhang Ruochen. If we get close, it'll be suicide.”

Seeing Zhang Ruochen fall, the Demonic Sect Monks were all terrified. They immediately retreated, wanting to get as far away as possible.

Zhang Ruochen wasn't relaxed at all right now. It was like thousands of mountains were pressing down on him. He had to support the Heir Stamp with all his might. If he caved in a bit, he and Beauty Shi would be crushed to dust and not even have bodies to bury.

The mysterious power radiating from the Heir Stamp controlled the space. The surrounding space turned still as if frozen.

Space had been a piece of paper to Zhang Ruochen. It could be torn and pierced. Now, it had become a layer of metal. He couldn't cast the Spatial Move or use Spatial Tears. He could only react passively.

When Ouyang Huan had claimed to kill Zhang Ruochen with one strike, he'd obviously prepared to use the Heir Stamp.

Now, Ouyang Huan and Zhang Ruochen were both hurt. They both held on, seeing who would give up first.

Of course, Ouyang Huan was more seriously injured. If the stalemate went on, he would definitely fall within 15 minutes. Controlling the Heir Stamp wasn't an easy task. It worsened Ouyang Huan's injuries.

"Lord, if you're not going to attack now, when will you do it?" Gritting his teeth, Ouyang Huan stared at the Pearl Light Pavilion lord.

"Deity, I shall help you."

The pavilion lord recovered from his shock. He landed on the ground, arriving at the edge of the Heir Stamp.

His hands seemed to be made of metal. Ten threads of Demonic Qi came out, flying toward Zhang Ruochen under the Heir Stamp. The ten threads were formed by the Rules of Saintly Way. They represented the results of hundreds of years of cultivation. Even a saint weapon would be cut apart, let alone a Monk's physical body.

The ten threads snaked out, covering Zhang Ruochen completely. One could imagine that Zhang Ruochen would become chopped meat with the pavilion lord's single thought.

"I've already said that fighting with the Demonic Sect is suicide." The pavilion lord chuckled deeply.

Close to Zhang Ruochen, Beauty Shi had fallen to the ground. Tears flowed out of her eyes, but she shook her head helplessly.

Right now, she wasn't like a Sword Saint at all. She was no different from a weak girl. She felt useless and unable to help Zhang Ruochen at all.

The pavilion lord glanced at Beauty Shi and smiled meaningfully. "Who would've thought that the high and mighty Imperial Empress of the Saintess Palace is just a useless woman? Farewell, Imperial Empress!"

The pavilion lord tightened his fists. The ten threads of Demonic Qi whooshed and tightened. They wrapped around Zhang Ruochen's eyes, neck, waist, and legs, about to cut him into dozens of pieces.

Unexpectedly, thousands of golden Buddhist runes emerged on Zhang Ruochen's skin. They actually stopped the Demonic Qi threads.

“How is it possible? How can the defensive power be so strong?”

The pavilion lord was furious. Bending down, he charged to the Heir Stamp in a blur. His hands formed a Saint-level fist print and punched Zhang Ruochen's chest.

To him, Zhang Ruochen was using all his might to support the Heir Stamp. He couldn't fight back at all. No matter how strong Zhang Ruochen's defense was, a Saint-level fist print could hurt him badly.

The black fist was getting closer to Zhang Ruochen.

Glancing at the pavilion lord, Zhang Ruochen calculated quickly. I can't dodge this punch at all.

If he suffered this punch and the Heir Stamp's weight, he would die undoubtedly.

Of course, he wouldn't just wait for death. Taking a deep breath, his meridians bulged on his skin. Then he let out a long cry. Rings of soundwaves flooded out, even shaking the Heir Stamp.

All his Holy Qi crashed and flooded out like a river.

Boom, boom.

Zhang Ruochen released nine palms continuously. Each palm had a dragon shadow. Each palm was stronger than the last.

When the last palm landed, the huge Heir Stamp was actually forced away.

In the distance, Ouyang Huan spat out a puff of bloody air. Face pale, he stumbled back. He was about to fall.

At the same time, the pavilion lord's fist print landed on Zhang Ruochen with a thud, sending him flying.

Zhang Ruochen was prepared. He gathered Buddhist Qi in his chest, dissolving most of the power.

Boom, boom.

Cracks and crashes kept sounding. Zhang Ruochen crashed through various buildings, flying back dozens of miles. Finally, he crashed into the city wall and sank into it. The tall city wall trembled from the hit.

The pavilion lord gradually collected his Demonic Qi, gathering it in his right hand. Staring at Beauty Shi on the ground, he said, “Zhang Ruochen should be disabled after suffering my True Demon Fist. It’s your turn now.”

“You dare attack me?” Beauty Shi’s eyes were trained on the pavilion lord. They’d recovered some spirit.

The pavilion lord was shocked. He thought Beauty Shi had recovered. After all, Beauty Shi’s true identity was one of the Demonic Sect’s nine palace lords. She was a top Sword Saint.

If he’d seen her at the headquarters before, he’d have to bow respectfully. He wouldn’t have dared to show any disrespect.

However, when the pavilion lord studied carefully, he saw that Beauty Shi didn’t have the spirit that a Sword Saint should have. She probably said what she’d said because she wasn’t willing to admit defeat.

“Ha. So what if I attack you? Do you still think that you’re Ling Feiyu, the Imperial Empress?”

The pavilion lord’s eyes were sinister and hostile. At the same time, he was ineffably excited. Personally killing a Sword Saint was something that deserved excitement.

He raised his black arm and pressed down toward Ling Feiyu’s head.

However, sword light flew over first. With a poof, a black ancient sword cut through the pavilion lord’s saint soul territory. It stabbed into his chest, sinking in inch by inch.

The momentum of the sword sent the pavilion lord flying. Red saint blood kept flowing out of his chest, spattering on the ground.

“Zhang Ruochen....you could cast a sword sign ...” The pavilion lord put his hands together to stop the Abyss Ancient

Sword and undo Zhang Ruochen's sword sign.

Boom.

With his long hair down and body shimmering with gold light, Zhang Ruochen flew down from the sky. He struck with a huge palm print, hitting the pavilion lord's head.

The man's head sank into his neck and he sprawled onto the ground. However, a Saint's vitality was very strong. He wouldn't die so easily.

Immediately after, Zhang Ruochen struck dozens more times. Palm prints rained down on the Pearl Light Pavilion lord. Zhang Ruochen didn't stop until the man was turned into bloody mush. His hands were covered in saintly blood. They were so red.

The entire Black Market was silent. In the shadows, many people were terrified.

"Zhang Ruochen, you dare kill a Saint of the Moon Worship Demonic Sect?" Ouyang Huan's eyes were icy. He was truly furious.

Controlling the Heir Stamp, he wanted to crush Zhang Ruochen again. However, before it could fall down, Zhang Ruochen used the Spatial Move and disappeared from the spot.

At the same time, Zhang Ruochen appeared at Ouyang Huan's right. He sliced at Ouyang Huan's legs with his sword.

The sword flashed.

The Abyss Ancient Sword cut an arc in the sky and sliced through Ouyang Huan's knees. It reappeared behind him.

Zhang Ruochen's sword was honestly too fast, so when he put his sword away, Ouyang Huan's body and legs were still connected.

Thud.

Zhang Ruochen hit Ouyang Huan's chest with a palm.

Ouyang Huan's chest caved in completely, his back jutting out. All the Holy Qi in him scattered. He flew back in a bloody arc

and landed on the ground.

Two bloody legs remained standing upright on the ground.

Chapter 999 - The Various Saints of the Evil Way

Translator:

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Editor:

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Blood kept flowing out of Ouyang Huan's mouth, chest, and legs, seeping into the dirt. Trembling, he pressed his hands onto the ground. The rocks crumbled, but without his legs, he was too heavily injured and couldn't get up at all.

Each of the nine Heirs was a unique and uncommon genius. Not only were they the Empress' disciples, they were also the future emperors and empresses that the First Central Empire invested all of Kunlun's Field's cultivation resources in.

It could be said that even a Saint wasn't qualified to use the saintly medicine they used to strengthen their bodies.

This was why a majority of the nine had gone from first level Half-Saints to the ninth level in less than a year, becoming the strongest figures below the Saint Realm.

With their talented nature and the precious medicines from ancient times, they should be the strongest figures in recent human history. Who would've thought that one would fall so soon after graduating?

Plus, Ouyang Huan had been disabled by a young man with a lower cultivation. Was this the so-called undefeatable Heir?

Ironic.

It was definitely ironic and mockery to the imperial court and the Empress.

The Heir that had been trained with the most precious resources of the entire Kunlun's Field had been defeated so

easily.

The Demonic Sect Monks all shook with fear. No one dared to get close.

Zhang Ruochen extended a hand, grabbing in the air. He locked the Heir Stamp with a layer of Buddhist light and pulled it down. He held it in his hand.

The fist-sized jade stamp was made with a special type of saintly jade. It was filled with Holy Qi and pulsed with heat in his hand.

There were eight dark green threads of light inside the Heir Stamp. Zhang Ruochen sent a branch of his Spiritual Energy into the stamp. He discovered that the inside was like a chaotic and boundless world.

The eight strands of light were eight rolling heavenly rivers. They carried the power of an emperor and instantly shattered Zhang Ruochen's Spiritual Energy.

It indeed is Chi Yao's aura. It's millions of times stronger than 800 years ago and has already reached an unbelievable state.

Zhang Ruochen grew serious. He didn't investigate the Heir Stamp again with his Spiritual Power. Instead, he used the sarira's power to seal it. He prepared to study it more closely later.

Other than symbolizing an Heir's status, the stamp itself was an incredible treasure too. Zhang Ruochen naturally wouldn't return it to Ouyang Huan. He stored it in his spatial ring.

He didn't kill Ouyang Huan because there were many problems in Kunlun's Field now—the Immortal Vampires, spirits from the netherworld, and threats from the Savage Barren Territory and Bottomless Abyss. The entire human race was facing an unprecedented challenge.

Ouyang Huan was indeed a once-in-a-century talent. If he matured, he would definitely become a top figure, perhaps even surpassing the Demonic Sect Founder.

By saving him, the Kunlun's Field would have an additional support when it faced a crisis.

More importantly, he wasn't that annoying. From his perspective, nothing he did was wrong. If Zhang Ruochen was in his place, he would probably do the same.

Zhang Ruochen dug a dark purple crystal form out of the Pearl Light Pavilion lord's bloody body and held it in his hand.

It was the saintly source.

The saintly source was the crystallization of a Saint's lifetime cultivation. Not only did it contain an immense amount of Holy Qi essence, it also contained parts of the Saint's memory and knowledge of the Saintly Way.

Collecting the saintly source, Zhang Ruochen brought Beauty Shi away from the Black Market.

This was, after all, the headquarters of the Black Market in Tiantai Sate. There wasn't only one Saint of the Evil Way here. They hadn't attacked earlier because they didn't want to get involved in the Demonic Sect's matters.

It was different now. Zhang Ruochen had killed a Demonic Sect Saint and severely injured their Deity. He'd become the Demonic Sect's mortal enemy now.

The Saints of the Evil Way had no more inhibitions now. Some of them might very well attack to steal the treasures on Zhang Ruochen.

Merely the saintly source and Heir Stamp were tempting to a Saint, let alone the other things that Zhang Ruochen had.

He immediately escaped with Beauty Shi because he'd sensed the unstable yet powerful auras coming from the Black Market.

The sarira's power could only last two hours. After that, not only would Zhang Ruochen lose the combat ability of a Saint, he would also be weak for a few days. Thus, he must break through the obstacles and escape to safety within two hours.

The previous battle had actually shocked the Monks of the Black Market.

"Zhang Ruochen just killed a Saint, cut off Ouyang Huan's legs, and stole the Heir Stamp. Am I hallucinating?"

“At this point, Zhang Ruochen has completely gone against the Demonic Sect. Does he want to become enemies with everyone?”

He was personally wanted by the Empress, the Immortal Vampires searched the entire world for him, and now he'd angered the Sacred Central Crypt and Demonic Sect. It was a miracle that someone like him could continue living.

Not long after Zhang Ruochen left, Qi Feiyu and an old woman with white hair hurried over. Seeing the corpses on the ground, they were both stunned. It was hard to imagine that Zhang Ruochen alone had such terrifying destructive ability, causing severe losses to the Moon Worship Demonic Sect.

“Saintess, stay here to take care of the Deity. I will go after Zhang Ruochen. I won't return unless I take his head.”

The white-haired woman was an elder of the Demonic Sect. She was also an ancestor of the Qi Family. Her cultivation was above that of the Pearl Light Pavilion lord.

She raised her head and looked into the distance. Two beams of white light shot out of her ancient eyes, locking onto Zhang Ruochen who was thousands of miles away.

Then she started flying, stirring up the black demonic clouds within a few hundred miles. She chased after Zhang Ruochen with an impressive show.

At the same time, the ancient Saints who'd lived for centuries also snuck away from the Black Market. They chased after Zhang Ruochen to steal the saintly source and Heir Stamp.

Kong Hongbi's eyes narrowed as he smiled and said, “Ouyang Huan is so unlucky. He met the fearless Zhang Ruochen. Not only are his legs broken, his Heir Stamp was also stolen.”

Any other Saint wouldn't dare to steal the Heir Stamp even if they could defeat Ouyang Huan. Who dared to offend the Demonic Sect and Empress at the same time?

“Zhang Ruochen's abilities are terrifying,” Saint General Gui Gu said fearfully. “It isn't humiliating for Ouyang Huan to lose to him.”

“He used a Buddhist treasure to raise his combat ability to the Saint Realm. It won’t last long. He’ll quickly fall back to the lower Half-Saint Realm. He won’t be so mighty for long.”

Kong Hongbi’s expression turned cold. “Gui Gu, go tell Fourth Lord that the Sacred Central Crypt must get the Heir Stamp no matter what.”

Whoosh.

Kong Hongbi jumped up. His body shone with seven-colored light, transforming into a giant peacock. Powerful Holy Qi flooded from him. Wings flapping, the giant peacock flew into the clouds, hurrying towards Zhang Ruochen’s location.

Saint General Gui Gu rushed into the other direction, soon disappearing in the Black Market.

With the sarira’s power, Zhang Ruochen’s five senses grew extremely sensitive. He could clearly feel the various Saintly auras behind him.

Beauty Shi rested in Zhang Ruochen’s arms. Raising her head, she said, “Zhang Ruochen, the evil Saints of the Black Market are greedy. They’ll definitely surround you and steal your treasures. If you put me down and turn back into Gu Linfeng, you might be able to survive.”

Zhang Ruochen’s eyes were determined. “If you recover your will, we won’t need to escape anymore.”

“Why are you putting your hope in me?” Beauty Shi sighed. “Isn’t it better to let me fall like this?”

Suddenly, Zhang Ruochen collected his Holy Qi and stopped. He landed at the foot of a lonely snowy mountain and looked back. The bursts of aura were getting closer and closer.

Beauty Shi’s eyes looked up. “Why did you stop?”

“Since we can’t escape, I can only fight to the death.”

Zhang Ruochen placed Beauty Shi on the ground. He took out the Shooting Star Invisibility Cloak and placed it on her. Beauty Shi vanished instantly, becoming one with the snowy mountain.

Zhang Ruochen put an arm on his shoulder. “Wait for me to kill the Saints and then take you away.”

With that, fire shot out of Zhang Ruochen’s arms. He lifted up the Abyss Ancient Sword and flew toward the Black Market, meeting with the white-haired elder first.

The old woman was surprised. Then, with cold eyes, she said, “Zhang Ruochen, hand over the Heir Stamp and the Pearl Light Pavilion lord’s saintly source. I will kill you painlessly.”

Zhang Ruochen didn’t say an extra word. Moving his finger, he tore the space, creating a 100-foot-long spatial crack. It was pitch black inside and emanated a devouring power. It wanted to swallow all the material and energy of the world.

The old woman’s eyes hardened. She didn’t dare clash directly with the spatial crack. Flashing to the side, she dodged it and flew to the top of it. Standing inside the black clouds, she looked down at Zhang Ruochen.

“Lad, if that’s all you can do, today will be the day of your death.”

Looking cruel and harsh, her hands formed a gesture. That moment, the dark Qi covering hundreds of miles surged at once. Thick bolts of lightning snaked through the demonic clouds with destructive auras.

Some of the lightning seeped out, hitting the ground and halving a mountain that was thousands of meters high. Black smoke shot into the air.

The ancient Saints of the Black Market had already gotten close. They used secret spells to hide in the darkness instead of attacking. Looking at the demonic clouds and lightning overhead, even they grew fearful.

An elder covered in red light brought four seven-meter-tall skeletons to a riverbank 100 miles away. “That Old Qi’s cultivation is indeed much more powerful than the old guy from the Pearl Light Pavilion,” he muttered to himself. “She’s a dangerous figure.”

Because his evil Qi was too strong, the entire river instantly turned black and had a disgusting smell.

In the other direction, a seductive demoness with three fox tails looked at the sky covered in Demonic Qi. She smiled. “Old Qi cultivated the Consummate Skills of both the Qi Family and Demonic Sect, combining the advantages of both. She isn’t comparable to regular Saints. Can that Zhang Ruochen take it?”

The old woman was currently fighting with Zhang Ruochen. The other ancient Saints didn’t attack. They were all waiting for the right time.

Chapter 1000 - Thirty-Six Times the Power

Translator:

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Editor:

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The white-haired old woman knew that Zhang Ruochen was powerful. She also knew that countless other old Saints were watching predatorily. In order to avoid unnecessary problems, she had to fight quickly.

Thus, she activated all her Holy Qi and cast one of the Moon Worship Demonic Sect's Saint spells.

“Thunder God Attack!”

Within the mass of demonic clouds, the old woman's withered saint body was covered entirely with purple lightning. Electric light even flowed through her hair.

She pushed forward with wrinkled hands.

Hundreds of miles of dense lightning bolts flew towards Zhang Ruochen with loud booms. Zhang Ruochen naturally knew how terrifying saint spells were, so he didn't face it head-on. He used the Spatial Move to jump and dodge between the lightning bolts.

The Thunder God Attack had shocking destructive abilities. Even a strand could melt gold and stone within a second.

“Zhang Ruochen, you think you can hide from the Thunder God Attack like that?”

All of the old woman's hair was standing up straight. It was like a burning flame.

“A saint spell is indeed powerful, but it also uses up Holy Qi,” Zhang Ruochen said as he dodged. “Even if you're in the Saint

Realm, how long can you maintain it for?”

The old woman’s expression turned mocking. “You want to exhaust a Saint? What a fool. A Half-Saint will indeed consume great amounts of Holy Qi to cast a saint spell. However, a Saint has the saintly source and can absorb the Spiritual Qi of the world to convert into endless Holy Qi.

“Further, the saintly source is dozens of times faster than a Half-Saint’s saint soul at transforming Spiritual Qi. I won’t be exhausted even if I cast dozens of saint spells in a row.”

Zhang Ruochen hadn’t entered the Saint Realm, but he was very clear about a Saint’s power. He’d said that previously to numb the old woman.

She still thought that Zhang Ruochen was only a Half-Saint. She didn’t truly see him as a match. The more she thought this, the more of a chance Zhang Ruochen had to unexpectedly deal a fatal hit.

Crack.

The lightning attacks grew denser. Zhang Ruochen acted as if he couldn’t hold up anymore. Using the Spatial Move, he retreated. Every time he used the Spatial Move, he could cross 100 feet.

“Want to escape? I’m afraid it’s too late.”

The old woman laughed hoarsely. She rushed forward and raised her right hand.

Under the guidance of Holy Qi, a second ball of demonic clouds formed. Lightning continued to snake through it. It hovered above Zhang Ruochen’s head, radiating with destructive power.

One hundred miles away at the black river, the man with red light was surprised. “Has Old Qi cultivated the Thunder God Attack to the eighth level?”

Cultivating the spell to the seventh level counted as completing the saint spell. One could use 32 times the power when casting the spell.

Cultivating it to the eighth level, one could unleash 36 times the might.

The old woman could control two masses of electric demonic clouds at once. This was a sign of the eighth level of the Thunder God Attack.

The demoness with three fox tails stood on a branch of an ancient phoenix tree with her bare feet. A playful smile appeared on her smooth and pretty face. “Zhang Ruochen, you must survive, kid. If Old Qi kills you, I won’t be able to play with you.”

If the old woman really did kill Zhang Ruochen, she wouldn’t be able to snatch the Heir Stamp and saintly source. After all, she didn’t dare offend the Demonic Sect so directly.

She could only attack if Zhang Ruochen could block the old woman’s saint attacks and escape successfully. The Heir Stamp, saintly source, and even that Thousand-pattern sword were extremely tempting to her.

Zhang Ruochen hurried forward to escape, transforming into a streak of light. He landed on the ground and opened his arms. He released two beams of golden Buddhist light and formed two golden palms that were hundreds of meters long.

When he raised his hands, the ground shook violently.

Kaboom.

The two golden Buddhist hands lifted up a mountain covered in vegetation and smashed it toward the pursuing old woman. The mountain was close to 1,000 meters tall. Many beasts and creatures lived on it. When the mountain flew into the air, the animals all escaped down in terror.

The next moment, there was a huge explosion.

Lightning crashed down, smashing the mountain to smithereens. Even the escaping creatures were reduced to wisps of smoke.

A saint spell could destroy everything. Not even a mountain could survive it.

The old woman thought that Zhang Ruochen had escaped but quickly sensed that something was wrong. A golden figure shot out of the broken mountain.

“Thousand-hand Dragon and Elephant.”

A dragon’s cry and elephant’s roar streamed out. The rings of sound waves extended thousands of miles away. The beasts on the vast land all trembled in fear. They thought that a saint from the dragon or elephant tribe had arrived.

Zhang Ruochen slapped his hands forward at once, meeting the incoming lightning and thunder. He only had two hands, but thousands upon thousands of golden handprints appeared behind him. Right now, he was like a Buddha with 1,000 hands.

Boom.

The Demonic and Buddha Qi crashed, releasing shockwaves that spread in all directions.

The ancient Saints hiding in the shadows had to activate their saint soul territories to protect themselves from the energy waves. Of course, they’d exposed themselves and Zhang Ruochen memorized them all.

“Zhang Ruochen has actually shattered Old Qi’s saint attack. Has he also cultivated a saint spell?” The beautiful demoness with three fox tails was a bit moved.

After all, even very few ninth level Half-Saints could complete a saint spell. Anyone who could do so was a strong figure amongst the ninth level Half-Saints. It was hard for her to believe that a low-level Half-Saint could complete a saint spell.

However, if Zhang Ruochen hadn’t used a saint spell, how could he have broken Old Qi’s Thunder God Attack? Even the demoness wasn’t confident in handling the eighth level of the Thunder God Attack.

Of course, some of the ancient figures recognized that Zhang Ruochen had used the eighth palm of the Dragon and Elephant Prajna Palm—the Thousand-hand Dragon and Elephant.

A martial technique's existence could help a Monk unleash power that was dozens of times stronger than usual. An advanced martial technique could control Spiritual Qi but also combine with the rules of the world. It could reverberate with the rules, naturally strengthening the power that burst forth.

Usually, a martial technique that could unleash 30 times the power was known as a "saint spell" or King Level martial technique.

Back when Zhang Ruochen had cultivated the Elephant Power Overlap, the fifth palm of the Dragon and Elephant Prajna Palm, he could already unleash nine times the power.

After he'd completed the ninth palm, this martial technique had risen to the superior-class Ghost Level. He could unleash 27 times the power, making it extremely close to a saint spell.

When Zhang Ruochen had refined the saint level dragon soul and opened the sixth aperture of his hands, using divine blood to turn his six apertures into the saint level, his palm had obviously strengthened as well.

Now, when Zhang Ruochen used the eighth palm of the Dragon and Elephant Prajna Palm, he had 33 times the power. If he used the ninth palm, he could even unleash 34 times the power. Even if it was a bit weaker than the eighth level of the Thunder God Attack, it wasn't far off.

After all, the Dragon and Elephant Prajna Palm was only in the superior-class Ghost Level now. Once Zhang Ruochen refined the Green Armor Divine Elephant's soul and opened the seventh aperture, completely turning his hands into saints, he would far surpass the eighth level of the Thunder God Attack.

"How...how is this possible..."

The old woman hadn't expected that Zhang Ruochen could break the Thunder God Attack and was a bit dazed.

Just then, Zhang Ruochen transformed into a huge golden dragon, casting the ninth palm of the Dragon and Elephant Prajna Palm—Draconic Transformation. The golden dragon extended a huge claw to hit the old woman's head.

The claw was even more powerful than the previous eighth palm.

The old woman's expression changed. In a hurry, she had no time to activate the Thunder God Attack. She could only strike with three Hundred-pattern Saint Weapons.

“You dare to embarrass yourself with mere Hundred-pattern Saint Weapons?”

Boom, boom, boom.

There were three consecutive explosions. The Abyss Ancient Sword flew out, shattering all three Hundred-pattern Saint Weapons. The shards also melted into the sword at the same time.

“No...”

The old woman worked to manipulate Holy Qi. She wanted to use the Thunder God Attack again and stop the dragon claw.

However, it was too late. The golden claw mercilessly landed on the old woman's head, smashing her from the sky to the ground. The claw's power sent her directly underground.

The ground within hundreds of feet was covered in scraggly cracks.

Lying in the ground, the old woman pushed up her arms. The saintly blood within her burned. By casting a secret spell that consumed her vitality, she had actually blocked the dragon claw's attack.

However, she was greatly injured now. Her skin had cracked open, making her a bloody mess. She looked extremely menacing.

“Zhang Ruochen, you cannot...kill me...”

Whoosh.

A beam of black Sword Qi fell from the sky. It stabbed through the old woman's saint soul territory, piercing the center of her forehead. Her Sea of Qi and skull cracked in half. The Holy Qi within her quickly dissipated and her corpse gradually cooled.

Yet another Saint had fallen.

A Saint's vitality was indeed strong, but once the Sea of Qi was broken, their cultivation would be reduced by half too. This meant that the Sea of Qi was a Saint's weakest point. It was also the most heavily guarded. A typical attack couldn't harm a Saint's Sea of Qi at all.

However, no matter how guarded the defense was, it couldn't stop the Abyss Ancient Sword.

Zhang Ruochen extracted the old woman's saintly source. Then he used the Spatial Move and vanished from the spot.

All the ancient creatures present were stunned. It was hard to believe that a Half-Saint junior had actually killed two Saints in a row.

Was he trying to intimidate the Demonic Sect or all the Saints in the world?

The Saints were high and mighty, like gods ruling the Kunlun's Field. Yet now, someone wanted to go against nature and kill the Saints.

"Hey! Where did Zhang Ruochen go?" The demoness with three tails snapped out of her shock and sensed that something was wrong.

The next moment, icy Qi had reached her back. Feeling shock, she used a physical technique to rush forward. Like lightning, she was dozens of miles away in an instant.

Poof.

A snowy white fox tail, dozens of meters long, broke off. Fresh blood splattered onto the ground.

The beautiful demoness' bottom was bloody. Pain and humiliation rushed to her nerves at once. Staring at the young man hurrying towards her, her expression turned cold. Anger burned inside her heart.