

GOF 2041

Chapter 2041: Gambit Battle

Seeing Zhang Ruochen was ready to slaughter Teng Gu and the others, all of the powerhouses of the Black Demon Realm could not help but to look at Mo Sheng, as they waited for him to make the final decision.

Even with the Black Demon Realm's background, if they were to lose hundreds of Saint King, with five Nine-step Saint Kings included, in a single go, they would still feel pain.

Mo Sheng's eyes became extremely sharp. For someone to dare humiliate the Black Demon Realm powerhouses before him, even with his indifferent character, he still could not help but be enraged.

For so many years on, Zhang Ruochen was the first one who dared to threaten him like this.

At this moment, Zhang Ruochen's eyes too was very sharp, as he fearless met Mo Sheng's gaze.

The will of the two collided violently without form as they pierced through the void and entered a strange white space.

The two wills seemed to be very hazy, like two blobs of chaotic Qi, as they collided violently with one another, trying to crush each other.

BAAMM!!

After colliding for over a dozen times, the two blobs of will exploded at the same time.

Hummmmm

A violent tremor appeared in space as a series of ripples spread out.

For a moment, both elites from the Sect of the Blood God and the Black Demon Realm were impacted by the powerful shock wave, and fell backwards.

"This is..."

The elites on both sides were stunned, and did not know what Zhang Ruochen and Mo Sheng had done.

Zhang Ruochen shuddered a little, but the corners of his mouth rose slightly as a smile appeared on his face.

Mo Sheng did not move, but his eyes was a bit more serious now.

The brief exchange of wills finally made Mo Sheng looked at Zhang Ruochen straight in the eye.

With regards to his own strength, he had absolute confidence that he could defeat Zhang Ruochen handily, but to prevent Zhang Ruochen from escaping would not be an easy thing to do.

"The speed of this child's growth is terrifying." Mo Sheng said to himself.

If they were to let Zhang Ruochen continue to grow like this, there would be scant few beneath a Supreme Saint that could match him.

Of course, with Zhang Ruochen's strength at the level as it is today, going further up would be extremely difficult, and he may very well be stuck at this level.

And this situation could not be more commonplace.

As he contemplated, Mo Sheng's eyes watched Zhang Ruochen closely as he said with rumbling voice. "Alright, Zhang Ruochen, I'll agree to the gambit with you. I want to see what sort of tricks you could pull."

"Now that's more like a leader of the Black Demon Realm." Zhang Ruochen smiled as he lifted his foot off Teng Gu's shoulder.

Zhuo Gu and the others were slightly surprised as they could not understand why Mo Sheng suddenly changed his mind.

With Mo Sheng's callous cruelty, he should not have been too concerned about the life and death of Teng Gu and the rest. After all, to achieve their goals, some sacrifices were inevitable.

With a wave of his hand a dark demonic light appeared, transforming into a black stone tablet several feet tall.

The moment the stone tablet appeared, it immediately released a terrifying demonic aura as the potent demonic Qi radiated and dark clouds condensed in the skies above, as if the sky was about to collapse.

"The Demonstone Engraving."

For a moment, all of the Black Demon Realm cultivators showed a look of agitation.

In particular Zhuo Gu's eyes was gleaming bright, his gaze scorching as he could not help but want to strike and seize it.

A demon king holding a demonic spear was engraved on the stone stele, with the spear ripping through a great realm. He was extremely large, and the major realm appeared very small before him.

Such a scene was extremely awe-inspiring, and made one wonder if the ages of yore, was there really such an invincible demonic king?

"The Demonic Tyrant's Spear Portrait."

Zhuo Gu licked his lips as his gaze became even more scorching.

What he cultivated was the Demonic Tyrant's Spear Portrait, and he was very accomplished in it, and on the same level, there were very few people in the Black Demon Realm who could match him.

But Zhuo Gu was not satisfied with just that. He could faintly feel that his demonic exercises were not fully completed, and the reason must be related to him only comprehending from the rubbed prints.

If he could get his hands on the true imprints of the Demonic Tyrant's Spear Portrait, his demonic exercises would definitely be able to reach a whole new level. By then, surpassing Mo Sheng and becoming the number one elite beneath a Supreme Saint would not be impossible.

This time, the reason why Zhuo Gu came to the Sect of the Blood God was because he heard news that the Demonic Tyrant's Spear Portrait was likely to be inside the sect.

And now, it seems like this trip isn't wasted at all.

Zhang Ruochen placed his hand on the Demonstone Engravings and said with a faint smile. "The Sect of the Blood God has four Demonstone Engravings. How many do you have in your hands?"

"Four? Should be more than that. The Demonic Blood Axe Portrait Xie Canghai had gotten from the auction should also be with you." Mo Sheng said faintly.

Zhang Ruochen said. "Perhaps, but let's talk about how many Demonstone Engravings you have at hand."

"It just so happens that I have five Demonstone Engravings over on my side."

With a flip of his hand, a stone stele several feet high appeared out of thin air.

On this stone tablet, a menacing voracious wolf was engraved, it looked extremely lifelike, as if it could leap out of the tablet at any time.

The voracious wolf let out a wild howl, destroying a sea of stars as countless of stars were torn apart, as if the end was nigh.

"The Demonic Voracious Wolf Portrait."

Zhang Ruochen whispered, a flash of surprise appeared in his eyes.

He did not believe what Mo Sheng had said. With Black Demon Realm's strength, and after searching Kunlun Realm for such a long time, it was impossible that the Demonstone Engravings they had collected to be only five.

Many years ago, the thirty-six pieces of the Demonstone Engravings were scattered and collected by factions like the Black Market, the Sect of the Blood God, the Moon Worship Demonic Sect and more.

Zhang Ruochen remembered that even Shengming's imperial treasury had two Demonstone Engravings in it, but he had no idea where their whereabouts was now.

The Demonstone Engravings were of great significance, and was one of the six great tomes of Kunlun Realm. Each portrait contained an extraordinary heritage, causing the demonic path in Kunlun Realm to never wither.

Not only that, it was also a powerful weapon in itself, and as long as one cultivated the corresponding demonic exercises, they could unleash its extreme powers.

Zhang Ruochen knew very well that trying to seize all of the Demonstone Engravings that the Black Demon Realm had collected was unrealistic.

So, what he could do was to try to take one at a time. To be able to disrupt the Black Demon Realm's plans was itself something worth celebrating.

Many thoughts flashed past his mind as Zhang Ruochen said. "If that is the case, we'll wager based on five rounds. The rules are simple. Both sides send out people with equal cultivation bases, and carry along a Demonstone Engraving with them. If one side is able to seize the Demonstone Engraving of the other, then they are considered victorious. And if your side wins, I'll release some prisoners as well. How about that?"

"As you say then. However, I want to know, if Zhang Ruochen you will be joining or not?" Mo Sheng said.

Zhang Ruochen's eyes swept across the group of Black Demon Realm and chuckled lightly. "If I were to join in, of those with the same realm as me, which of you Black Demon Realm people is my match?"

Hearing this, many of the Precept Dominion-realm powerhouses of the Black Demon Realm could not help but to show an angry expression. They had never been looked down like this before.

Even though they were angry, the powerhouses soon calmed down. Although Zhang Ruochen's words were insolent, the truth was as he said. None of them could replicate the terrifying feats Zhang Ruochen had done.

"How about I become your opponent then?" Mo Sheng suddenly spoke softly.

As soon as those words came out, all of the Black Demon Realm cultivators showed a look of surprise, as they were dumbfounded.

Mo Sheng was the strongest Saint King of the Black Demon Realm, there were scant few of the same realm that could match him.

In the eyes of the Black Demon Realm cultivators, while Zhang Ruochen was strong, he was far from having the need for Mo Sheng to personally take to the field.

Zhang Ruochen stared at Mo Sheng for a moment before laughing out loud. "Alright, I too want to see if the leader of the Black Demon Realm is as powerful as the rumors make him out to be."

"However, you need to take out two Demonstone Engravings as wager, otherwise I would rather fight against people of the same realm as me."

Hearing this, Mo Sheng narrowed his eyes, as he pondered for a moment and said. "Fine by me. Let's get it started then."

"In order to preserve the fairness of the gambit battle, both our people needs to retreat far enough to provide a wide enough battlefield for those in the gambit battle. For the first battle, I will send out a Precept Dominion-realm powerhouse out to fight." Zhang Ruochen said.

Mo Sheng only nodded slightly, but did not say anything.

With a flicker, Mo Sheng sat back on the back Bloodeye Demon Wolf and swiftly went away.

Upon seeing that, the Black Demon Realm cultivators did not hesitate and immediately followed suit.

And seeing the people from the Black Demon Realm pulling back, many of the Sect of the Blood God could not help but to breathe a sigh of relief.

There were too few powerhouses on their side, and if they were to go into a slugfest, they would undoubtedly be at a disadvantage.

“Little junior brother, are you really going to fight Mo Sheng? I could feel that this person has terrifying power inside him, far beyond mine.” Luo Chen said solemnly.

Luo Chen was extremely strong, and could enter the third level beneath a Supreme Saint and his perception of strength was far better than anyone else.

Hearing what Luo Chen said, everyone showed a look of concern, feeling that Zhang Ruochen is taking too big a risk this time.

Zhang Ruochen smiled slightly and said. “Mo Sheng is indeed very strong, but he is not completely unassailable. Don’t worry, I will never do things that I’m not completely certain. Now I need to identify who will be fighting. Aside from me, I need another four.”

This gambling battle was no trivial matter, so he must be cautious with his choice of candidates.

“Little junior brother, let me. I’ve long been pissed at those demonic whelps.” Bao Lie was the first to sign up.

Jin Yu shook his head. “Fifth junior brother, no not you. Mo Sheng aside, there are at least three people of the Precept Dominion realm that are stronger than you. Even I don’t have that much confidence myself.”

“What what should we do?” Bao Lie suddenly became anxious.

He wanted to share the burden with Zhang Ruochen at this moment, but he was also afraid at the same time that he would lose the gambit battle, and let the Black Demon Realm that the Demonstone Engravings away.

For a time, everyone fell silent as they seriously considered the issue.

“I’ll take the vanguard.”

Mu Lingxi spoke suddenly, breaking the silence.

Immediately afterwards, Han Xue said, Master, I also want to join in.”

When Han Xue came back from the Underworld, her cultivation level was only the Greater Precept-World-realm, and after using the Sundial and going into seclusion for ten years, she had successfully broken through the realm of Precept Dominion.

In terms of cultivation base alone, Han Xue was not much lesser than Zhang Ruochen.

Zhang Ruochen’s gaze swept past Mu Lingxi and Han Xue, and saw the determination in their eyes, knowing that he could no longer change their minds.

Zhang Ruochen nodded and said. “Well, with the two of you, the remaining two shall be fourth senior brother and Blackie.”

“Yeah.” Luo Chen answered without hesitation.

And Blackie turned its head to the side with a displeased expression, saying. "Are you kidding me? You want me to fight those demon losers? Who am I again? What right do they have to fight me?"

"So, you don't want to beat someone from the Black Demon Realm up to vent your anger? Or are you saying you simply don't care if the Demonstone Engravings fall into their hands." Zhang Ruochen retorted.

Hearing that, Blackie could not help but to glare at Zhang Ruochen, saying. "Am I sort of person? Isn't it just dealing with some Black Demon Realm juniors? I'll fight sure, but how can you ensure that our own Demonstone Engravings do not get taken away?"

Turning hand over, Zhang Ruochen took out a scroll and said. "This is a Dimensional Teleportation Scroll. If you cannot fight, use it to flee. If we can win Demonstone Engravings the Black Demon Realm had collected, that would be even better, but if we were to lose, we cannot let ours fall into their hands."

"You've already been thinking of playing dirty since the beginning. Heh, not bad, just like me." Blackie suddenly laughed.

In this regard, Zhang Ruochen was not embarrassed at all. Against the Black Demon Realm, there was no particular need for decorum.

Seeing Zhang Ruochen took out the Dimensional Teleportation Scroll out, everyone could not help but to be relieved.

This thing was not only able to keep the Demonstone Engravings safe, but more importantly ensure the safety of the fighters, which was the most paramount.

After handing a Dimensional Teleportation Scroll and a piece of the Demonstone Engraving to Mu Lingxi, Zhang Ruochen said seriously. "Be careful, don't force yourself. I don't want to see you hurt at all."

"Don't worry, I will take back a piece of the Demonstone Engraving." Mu Lingxi said confidently.

As she said that, Mu Lingxi darted out, and appeared on a snow-capped mountain towering into the clouds.

This snow-capped mountain was three thousand miles apart from the Sect of the Blood God and the Black Demon Realm's stronghold. It was at the center of the two, and was very difficult for any side to interfere.

Mu Lingxi stood on the top of the snow-capped mountain, her robes fluttered as she looked at the Black Demon Realm's side, calling out. "Who will fight me?"

"Senior Brother Mo Sheng, let me take point for the first battle."

Immediately, Xiao Wuchang stood up and spoke.

Because he had gotten the true imprint of the Demonic Sword Draw Portrait, Xiao Wuchang had secretly become the number one of the Black Demon Realm's Precept Dominion-realm elites.

Mo Sheng nodded. "Okay, don't stain the honor of the Black Demon Realm."

There was no need for Mo Sheng to take out a Demonstone Engraving as Xiao Wuchang directly took out the piece that he had.

For him, this was not just a bargaining chip, but also a big trump card.

At this moment, Zuo Li was staring at the black stone tablet floating beside Mu Lingxi and his eyes were full of longing.

On the black stone tablet was an engraving of a demonic drake rushing out the sea, setting off stormy waves to drown out a world. The picture was extremely awe-inspiring.

“Junior Brother Xiao, you must take back that Demonstone Engraving. I will repay you later.” Zuo Li yelled.

The Demonic Frenzied Drake Portrait’s true imprint was exactly the thing he had been dreaming of.

Xiao Wuchang stretched out a hand and gently touched the Demonic Blade Draw Portrait as the corner of his mouth raised, saying. “Senior Brother Zuo, don’t worry, It won’t be long before I will bring the Demonic Frenzied Drake Portrait back.”

As he said that, Xiao Wuchang did not delay any further as he transformed into a sharp blade of light and charged towards the snow mountain Mu Lingxi was at.

The first gambit battle was about to commence.

Be it the Sect of the Blood God or the Black Demon Realm, both sides awaited it eagerly.

At the same time, more and more cultivators gathered near the Sect of the Blood God.

The commotion kicked up over at the Sect of the Blood God was indeed too great, and with Mo Sheng’s earlier appearance at the Merit Sub-Terminal, it was impossible not to cause such a ruckus.

Of course, these cultivators were only watching from a distance, and did not intend to interfere with the fight between the Sect of the Blood God and the Black Demon Realm.

Zhang Ruochen and Mo Sheng were not someone you want to provoke, so it was best not to muddy the water.

“Why did the Black Demon Realm suddenly change tack? Instead of them using the Demonstone Engravings as a wager in a one-on-one gambit battle with the Sect of the Blood God, won’t it be better if they were to just fight their way into it?”

“The Sect of the Blood God is after all a faction created by the Blood God. Even if they are already in decline, a lean camel is still bigger than a horse, and who dares to say the Sect of the Blood God does not have some powerful trump cards under their sleeves? The Black Demon Realm will naturally have their reservations.”

“In contrast, in this gambit battle, the Black Demon Realm would be more likely to get the Demonstone Engravings. After all, how could the Sect of the Blood God’s tiny bit of background compare with the Black Demon Realm?”

“I’m afraid it’s that simple. Since when have you seen Zhang Ruochen taking a setback? This gambit battle to follow should be very interesting.”

Chapter 2042: Heavenly Phoenix Body

Following a rip of the air, Xiao Wuchang appeared on the top of the snow mountain with the Demonic Blade Draw Portrait in tow, as he stood opposite of Mu Lingxi.

Xiao Wuchang’s gaze swept shamelessly over Mu Lingxi, and a wicked glint could not help but appear in his eyes.

“What a stunning beauty, why do you choose to follow a soon-to-be-dead person. Hand over the Demonic Frenzied Dragon Portrait to me, I don’t want to hurt you.” Xiao Wuchang revealed an evil smile, his eyes filled with coveting lust.

A trace of disgust appeared in Mu Lingxi’s eyes as she said in a cold voice. “If you want the Demonic Frenzied Dragon Portrait, then it depends on whether if you have the capabilities to get it.”

As she spoke, a cold aura was released from Mu Lingxi’s body. The top of the snow mountain was already extremely cold, but its temperature was dropping even more sharply.

A mighty surge of the Dark Netherfrost powers radiated from Mu Lingxi’s back, forming a pair of crystal clear ice phoenix wings. Amidst flaps, the winds howled.

“A woman with character, I am more and more interested in you now. Little beauty, don’t worry, I will show mercy to you.” Xiao Wuchang laughed presumptuously.

Mu Lingxi’s gaze became extremely sharp as the saint Qi in her body roused, and blasted a palm strike towards Xiao Wuchang.

In Mu Lingxi’s palm strike, a giant vortex that was very deep appeared, seemingly opening up a mysterious dimensional channel.

“RAAAWRRR!”

An earth-shaking bestial roar thundered as a massive beast darted out of the vortex.

It was a black python dragon covered in crystal ice scales, looking extremely lifelike and mighty.

Behind it, six other behemoths rushed out, each exuding an extremely powerful aura.

The snow-capped mountains below simply could not withstand such terrible power, and collapsed in an instant, causing a massive avalanche.

“The only Tongxuan-level intermediate-level Saint Art of the Moon Worship Demonic Sect, the Cosmic Beast Emperor Tactics. I did not expect Lingxi to have cultivated it to great completion, and is just a step away from full completion.”

Seeing the saint art that Mu Lingxi had used, Zhang Ruochen nodded to himself.

He remembered that Mu Lingxi had cultivated one of the ten great ultimate techniques of the Moon Worship Demonic Sect, the Cosmic Seal Techniques. Speaking of which, that technique was derived from

the Cosmic Beast Emperor Tactics, and only by cultivating it to completion, and setting a foundation will someone have the hope of successfully cultivating the Cosmic Beast Emperor Tactics.

Like the Cosmic Seal Technique, the Cosmic Beast Emperor Tactics requires the refining of eight beast souls that were at least Saint King-level, the stronger the better.

Being able to refine a beast soul meant elementary, four is lesser completion, seven is great completion.

Once eight beast souls have been successfully refined, the Cosmic Beast Emperor Tactics would be cultivated to full completion, and its power was almost comparable to high-level Saint Arts.

And in the legends, if one were to break through the limit, and refine the ninth beast soul, and it will be able to transform the Cosmic Beast Emperor Tactics into a true high-level Saint Art level. However, there were barely anyone in the history of the Moon Worship Demonic Sect who had managed to reach that level.

Mu Lingxi, being able to cultivate the Cosmic Beast Emperor Tactic to great completion was already very difficult.

After all, any Tongxuan-level saint art was extremely difficult to cultivate in the first place, and often needed hundreds of years to study it.

“RAAAWRRR!”

The seven beast souls all roared in unison as they charged towards Xiao Wuchang as a pack.

They were all of the ice-element, and nourished by Mu Lingxi’s Dark Netherfrost power, their strength became even more terrifying. As the cold aura spreads, they looked like they were about to freeze the entire place solid.

“I’ll let you see, the peerless demonic exercises I have neared from the Demonic Blade Draw Portrait.”

Xiao Wuchang growled as dark demonic Qi surged out from his body.

WHOOOSH!

With a wave of his hand, an extremely sharp blade light slashed at Mu Lingxi.

The black python hissed as it showed no intentions of retreating, using its body to block the blade light.

Crack!

The blade light was devastating as it smashed the ice scales on the python dragon while itself was broken in the process.

The power of the Dark Netherfrost emerged, instantly repairing the damaged ice scales. The python dragon continued to charge towards Xiao Wuchang, obviously not suffering any substantial damage.

“Hmm?”

Xiao Wuchang frowned slightly, as he did not expect the defenses of these ice beasts to be so powerful.

Seeing the seven ice beasts were about to encircle him, Xiao Wuchang's body shook as a terrifying vision suddenly appeared behind him.

A tall and majestic phantom the Heavenly Demon appeared, and stood in the boundless void, holding the hilt of the blade in one hand and the scabbard in the other.

Before the blade was drawn out of its scabbard, it had already exuded an extremely powerful aura, seemingly able to cut the universe into two.

Compared to most Black Demon Realm cultivators' demonic exercises, the one Xiao Wuchang had cultivated was even more profound and livelier, as if it was sentient and instead of just a mere form.

Without a question, this was directly related to him getting the true engravings of the Demonic Blade Draw Portrait.

Whoosh!

Just when the seven ice beasts charged at Xiao Wuchang, the phantom behind Xiao Wuchang suddenly moved as the Heavenly Demon's phantom drew the demonic blade like lightning, cutting out a terrifying blade light as the space rippled violently.

The blade instantly split into eight, the seven weaker ones were aimed at the ice beasts while the strongest one was slashed at Mu Lingxi.

BAAMM!!

As soon as the blade light made contact, the seven ice beasts all flew backwards as their scales and ice armor shattered one after another.

"Childs play, you think that is comparable to the unparalleled demonic exercises of the Demonstone Engravings?" Xiao Wuchang sneered contemptuously.

Mu Lingxi's eyes were calm, without any intention to evade at all.

In the calming vortex, a terrifying energy signature suddenly emerged, as a massive ice claw struck out from the vortex.

CRACK!

The ice claw grasped onto the blade light with absolute precision, and with a gentle pinch, shattered the blade light apart.

The next moment, a gorgeous ice phoenix, flew out of the vortex with its long tail feathers, scattering countless ice crystals in its wake.

Compared to the other ice beasts, this ice phoenix's aura was obviously much stronger, as it faintly exuded the terrifying aura that only a Supreme Saint possessed.

Seeing the ice phoenix appear, the spectating cultivators were all shocked.

"With all eight beasts coming out, Mu Lingxi had actually cultivated the Cosmic Beast Emperor Tactic to full completion. This is something very rare in the history of the Moon Worship Demonic Sect."

“What is the deal with that phoenix? Isn’t there no longer any trace of the phoenix clan in Kunlun Realm? There are only those descendants with phoenix bloodline, and Mu Lingxi herself is of the same bloodline, how could she act against the ice phoenix?”

“Except from Kunlun Realm, only the Demon God Realm have members of the Phoenix Clan living in there. Did someone went over there to kill a Supreme Saint-level ice phoenix?”

“To refine the soul of a Supreme Saint-level ice phoenix, and complete the Cosmic Beast Emperor Tactics like this, its power is truly comparable to a high-level saint art. Man, that is really enviable.”

...

For a moment, all eyes were focused on Mu Lingxi.

The Cosmic Beast Emperor Tactics was a powerful Tongxuan-level intermediate-level Saint Art and was extremely famous. So many of the outside cultivators had an understanding of it.

After all, many of the cultivators came to Kunlun Realm for its various top-level exercises and saint arts.

In terms of the collection of top-level exercises and saint arts, looking across the worlds under the Celestial Court, there were not many major worlds that could compare with Kunlun Realm.

And these top-level exercises and Saint Arts were undoubtedly the basis for the re-emergence of Kunlun Realm. If they were taken away, then Kunlun Realm would only continue to decline.

At this moment, Zhang Ruochen had already showed a surprised look. Even he had not expected Mu Lingxi would have such a card in hand. At the same time, he was also curious about the origin of the Supreme Saint-level Ice Phoenix.

“Has it something to do with the Phoenix Lake?”

Zhang Ruochen guessed in his heart.

“Junior sister sure is amazing. She had cultivated the most difficult to cultivate Cosmic Beast Emperor Tactics to full completion. She could be considered the first person of the Moon Worship Demonic Sect to do so within the recent ten thousand years.” Bao Lie could not help but praise.

Blackie said. “Lingxi, that lissie is the first person to awaken the ice phoenix bloodline after so many years. This bit of accomplishment is nothing. If she could get the heritence of the primordial ancestors of the ice phoenixes, then it will be truly amazing.”

In any case, Blackie had always been optimistic about Mu Lingxi. With enough time, her accomplishments would be astounding.

Hearing this, Zhang Ruochen could not help but to feel glad. He very much hoped that Mu Lingxi can become stronger, so she can protect herself if he was not around.

On the Black Demon Realm side, the expression of many became grim.

“In our Black Demon Realm, it seems like we only have two types of Tongxuan-level intermediate saint art. Kunlun Realm’s background sure is enviable. Perhaps after taking down the Sect of the Blood God,

we can go over to the Moon Worship Demonic Sect. There seems to be the true engravings Demonstone Engravings there as well.”

Zuo Li licked his lips, as a scorching, avaricious look appeared in his eyes.

Crone Yinfan frowned slightly as she growled. “The Moon Worship Demonic Sect is a little weird. Not too long ago, the leader of the Heavenly Realm’s Fane of Giants, Uros, secretly led a group of elite giants to attack the Moon Worship Demonic Sect, and seize the Bronze Furnace of Life and Death, but they ran into big trouble and suffered grievous losses, and even Uros was seriously injured and had to flee.”

“How is it possible that someone of the Moon Worship Demonic Sect could injure Uros?” Zuo Li’s expression changed drastically.

In his eyes, all those great factions of Kunlun Realm were nothing, and he alone could sweep them aside.

But now, things were not as simple as he thought.

Uros was a top-tier powerhouse in the third level beneath a Supreme Saint, and had the most perfect Titan Giant Bloodline. His body was the strongest, and his strength limitless, few would dare to fight him head on.

To seriously wound Uros was definitely not something any ordinary person could do.

Crone Yinfan said. “In fact, it’s not just the Moon Worship Demonic Sect, many ancient sects of Kunlun Realm are all weird. A lot of people had their eyes on those sects but all were driven back with losses. I don’t know if its something left behind by the gods, or there are powerhouses hidden inside them.”

The reason for that was those who had taken a beating also did not know exactly what had happened, which resulted in a lot of mystery.

“Master had already told me not to underestimate Kunlun Realm. The waters here run much deeper than many thought it would be.” Mo Sheng said in a whisper.

His master, was naturally that Blackheart Demonlord.

For the Blackheart Demonlord to specifically remind him of that, it was testament to the troubles that lay in there.

Upon hearing this, the group of Black Demon Realm cultivators all mused as some changes happened silently in their mind.

BOOM!!

Mu Lingxi and Xiao Wuchang was unperturbed, as they each unleashed their powerful techniques as they exchanged brutal blows.

“Her cultivation had not even reached the peak of Precept Dominion, yet how is she so strong?”

Xiao Wuchang got more and more anxious as he fought.

At this moment, he had already used his demonic blade, a sacred artifact of the Ninth Radiance, and had pushed his demonic exercises to the limit, yet he could not gain any upper hand at all. Instead, he appeared to be on the backfoot, and this did not bode well.

So far, Mu Lingxi had only used a single saint art, and had not used any other techniques.

“You’re unwilling to hand over the Demonstone Engravings, do you? Then, don’t blame me for this!” A wicked look appeared in Xiao Wuchang’s eyes.

His powerful demonic exercises ran as rolling demonic Qi emerged from Xiao Wuchang’s body, and infused into the Demonstone Engraving.

This Demonstone Engraving was not only his wager in the gambit battle with Mu Lingxi, but was also his strongest trump card.

Roused by the demonic Qi, the Demonstone Engraving suddenly became even more profound as the portrait engraved on its surface emerged even more clearly.

Sensing the dangerous aura released by the Demonstone Engraving, Mu Lingxi immediately changed the hand seal, unleashing an even more powerful surge of the power of Dark Netherfrost from her body, forming a massive ice wheel that spun slowly.

In an instant, all eight ice beasts flew back and merged with the ice wheel.

“The Heavenly Demon draws blade, extinguishing all life!”

Xiao Wuchang yelled violently as he blasted the Demonstone Engraving out.

He had already established a special connection with this Demonstone Engraving, and was able to freely manipulate it at will, so no one could ever take it away from him easily.

Mu Lingxi’s expression was solemn as she quickly formed a hand seal, and then blasted the ice wheel out.

“The Cosmic Subjugation Wheel.”

This move, was the killer move of the Cosmic Beast Emperor Tactics.

If it hadn’t been for Mu Lingxi having already cultivated the Cosmic Beast Emperor Tactics to full completion, she would not have been able to use this technique at all.

The Cosmic Subjugation Wheel flew out and spun rapidly, unleashing a majestic power that suppressed the realm.

BAAAMMM!!

Two opposing forces collided violently as devastating energy ripples appeared in the space and swiftly spread out in all directions.

Wherever the energy ripples passed through, the earth collapsed and sank rapid as countless of mountain peaks were levelled to the ground.

“Fall back!”

The faces of those spectating cultivators changed drastically as they fell back immediately.

Even when so far away, they still felt a great threat to them.

Some of the cultivators were unable to pull back in time, and were sent flying by the energy ripples and spat blood all over the place, literally taking a beating for nothing.

Before the Sect of the Blood God, Zhang Ruochen acted as he mobilized the power of dimensions and nullified the shock wave of the energy ripples.

Zhang Ruochen watched the battlefield intently, being faintly worried for Mu Lingxi.

The gambit battle with the powerhouses of the Black Demon Realm was already a very dangerous thing. If it were not for Mu Lingxi's insistence, Zhang Ruochen really did not want her to join the fray.

If Mu Lingxi were to suffer the slightest of scratches was enough to make Zhang Ruochen's heart ache.

BAAMM!!

The Cosmic Subjugation Wheel that Mu Lingxi had blasted out was smashed into pieces, clearly unable to fight against the Demonstone Engravings.

"The Demonstone Engravings reputation is indeed well-deserved. With the Cosmic Subjugation Wheel that had only just passed full completion is indeed to contend with it." Mu Lingxi was shocked, but did not show any fear.

Upon seeing the stone tablet burst forth with a devastating force towards herself, Mu Lingxi did not hesitate as the saint Qi in her body roused as a stone rock the size of several thousand feet flew out of her sea of Qi.

To be precise, this was a Divine Planet, the same one Zhang Ruochen had given her.

The Divine Planet unleashes its majestic divine power, seemingly able to crush the heavens.

BAAAMMM!!

The black stone tablet was blocked, and while the burst of blade light was fierce, but it was unable to cut through the Divine Planet.

"It turned out that this Divine Planet still contained divine power in it." Xiao Wuchang's expression turned very concerned.

He did not expect at all that Mu Lingxi had still have such a trump card hidden.

This Divine Planet was something Zhang Ruochen had taken from the hands of Wang Xu. It contained a shred of the star soul of the god, and if he had not gotten Yueshen to refine it, it would have been impossible for Mu Lingxi to master it.

The difference of having a star soul of the god and not was very significant.

It was precisely that shred of the star soul of the god that allowed the Divine Planet to clash head-on with the Demonstone Engraving.

“Time to end this.”

Mu Lingxi whispered as her hands suddenly formed an extremely mysterious hand seal.

At the center of Mu Lingxi’s brows, a lifelike mark of the phoenix appeared.

The next moment, a ice phoenix phantom over thousand feet long appeared above Mu Lingxi’s head, unleashing a vast pressure that cause people to tremble.

Seeing this Blackie suddenly exclaimed. “It’s Spirit Summoning! Lingxi, that lassie can actually perform Spirit Summoning!”

“What is Spirit Summoning?” Zhang Ruochen asked curiously.

He was considered well-informed, but he had never heard of the term Spirit Summoning before.

A look of excitement appeared in Blackie’s eyes, as it said. “The so-called Spirit Summoning is a technique that can be used only once your bloodline physique had reached a certain level. You can then summon a sliver of the primordial spirit from your bloodline, and use the power of the primordial spirit.”

“Spirit Summoning is extremely difficult, and only few could do it. Based on what I know, for the Heavenly Phoenix bloodline to use this technique, they need to culminate their Heavenly Phoenix Body, and even the Ancient Heavenly Phoenix needed one to be in a Saint King-realm to have any hopes of culminating the body. That is to say, Lingxi that lassie’s accomplishments now is comparable to the Ancient Heavenly Phoenix of the same realm.”

Hearing this, Zhang Ruochen was immediately moved. The Ancient Heavenly Phoenix was the Phoenix clan’s strongest bloodline, like the Divine Dragons of the dragon clan. Their numbers were rare, but extremely powerful.

To be able to compare to the Ancient Heavenly Phoenix on the same realm, forget Mu Lingxi who only possessed part of the phoenix bloodline, even those of pure-blooded phoenixes would find it difficulty to accomplish that.

Chapter 2043: Blackie Takes to the Field

Although the primordial ancestral spirit above Mu Lingxi was very faint, the aura it unleashed was as vast as the abyss.

At a glance, the primordial ancestral spirit seemed to be sitting on the vast void, and the stars were tiny before it. It only needed to fan its phoenix wings a little to destroy countless of stars.

Such an imagery alone was no lesser than the engraving on the Demonstone Engraving.

Suppressed by the primordial ancestral spirit, Xiao Wuchang’s Demonstone Engraving suddenly quivered as the portrait on its surface dimmed, as if there was a force trying to pry it off Xiao Wuchang’s control.

“What is this? How could she unleashed such terrifying pressure?”

Xiao Wuchang was shocked, and grew inevitably flustered.

At this moment, Xiao Wuchang could no longer bother attacking as he wanted to take the Demonstone Engravings back as soon as he could, to prevent any slips.

On the side of the Black Demon Realm, the expressions of the various powerhouses became grim. Anyone could see that Xiao Wuchang was now in a very bad situation.

“It’s just an ice phoenix phantom, how is it so terrifying?”

Zuo Li’s eyes sharpened, and felt extreme wariness against the ice phoenix phantom.

Mo Sheng too was staring at the ice phoenix phantom as a thought struck him and a look of shock appeared in his eyes. “It’s the legendary Spirit Summoning. Kunlun Realm’s phoenix clan had long since fallen, and there’s no longer any pure-blooded phoenixes. How does one even cultivate the Heavenly Phoenix Body?”

As far as he knew, even the Demon God Realm’s phoenix clan, only a handful of Saint Kings could successfully perform the Spirit Summoning.

Not only the Demon God Realm, even the various worlds under the Celestial Court, those few monsters were all famous, and few would dare to provoke them.

Unlike the situation in Kunlun Realm, the phoenix clan in the Demon God Realm had always been one of the most powerful clans there, with a terrifying powerful background.

In a remote area thousands of miles away from the Sect of the Blood God, a figure stood quietly as she looked at the battlefield from a distance, her eyes locked onto Mu Lingxi.

She was beautiful and graceful woman with a very stunning figure. She wore a red dress, and from a far, she looked like a blazing flame.

The woman’s eyebrows were long and slender, like two willow leaves, her eyes were deep and bright, as if the stars were hidden inside it. With her tall nose and cherry-like mouth, her beauty was unparalleled as if she was a fairy that had descended from the heavens.

At the center of the woman’s eyebrows was a strange mark of flame, which added to a different kind of beauty.

If there was a cultivator from the Celestial Court here, one would immediately recognize that the lady was Fairy Huofeng of the Nine Immortal Beauties Portrait. She was a phoenix from the Demon God World, and herself was a pure-blooded Emyrean Flame Phoenix.

Fairy Huofeng not only had gorgeous looks, her bloodline was extremely powerful as well, with many people chasing after her heart.

“I did not expect someone to be able to cultivate the Heavenly Phoenix Body in Kunlun Realm. Although its only an Acquired Heavenly Phoenix Body, it was far better than the vast majority of my clanspeople.”

Fairy Huofeng whispered as a strange glint appeared in her eyes.

The Heavenly Phoenix Body were divided into three levels: Acquired, Innate and Primordial. Under normal circumstances, people would cultivate the Acquired Heavenly Phoenix Body, and only the

Primordial Heavenly Phoenix with the strongest bloodline could directly cultivate an Innate Heavenly Phoenix Body.

As for the Primordial Heavenly Phoenix Body, it belonged in the legends, and across so many years, the number of people who had successfully cultivated were very few.

“Looking at the aura from her body, she should be the descendant of that legendary ice phoenix back in the Middle Ages. For a human to rouse that powerful bloodline, interesting.”

The corners of Fairy Huofeng’s mouth raised slightly, as a smile with a hidden meaning appeared.

After coming to Kunlun Realm for this long, Mu Lingxi could be regarded as the person who interested her the most.

Although the phoenix clan in Kunlun Realm had emigrated from Demon God Realm many many years ago, in any case, they were from the same stock.

One of the important purposes of Fairy Huofeng’s arrival to Kunlun Realm was to look for anything related to the phoenix clan. If she could get a great opportunity because of it, the better.

Now that she saw Mu Lingxi using the Spirit Summoning technique, for Fairy Huofeng, it was undoubtedly a great gain.

“Perhaps through her, I can find more information about that legendary ice phoenix.” Fairy Huofeng said to herself.

On the battlefield, Mu Lingxi used all her might to rouse the Primordial Ancestral Soul, and was not concerned about how big a commotion her Spirit Summoning technique had caused.

She had only one thought in mind right now, that was to capture the Demonic Blade Draw Portrait.

Sensing the connection between him and the Demonic Blade Draw Portrait was weakening bit by bit, Xiao Wuchang could not help but to be more and more anxious.

He knew very well if this continued, he will not be able to stop Mu Lingxi from taking the Demonic Blade Draw Portrait.

Gritting his teeth, Xiao Wuchang’s eyes revealed a menacing glint as he bit his tongue and spat out a big mouthful of blood.

“Heavenly Demon Blood Sacrifice.”

The essence blood stuck onto the black stone tablet, and was absorbed in an instant.

Such a secret technique would severely deplete one’s own energy and spirit, and would be difficult to recover afterwards.

But now with things as it is, Xiao Wuchang had no other choice. The Demonic Blade Draw Portrait was the foundation of his rise, and there was no room for losing it.

Activated by the secret technique, the black stone tablet suddenly vibrated violently, as if gained a life of its own. A terrifying surge of demonic aura began to recover, trying to break through the suppression of the Primordial Ancestral Spirit.

Mu Lingxi's eyes became even sharper as she spat coldly. "Trying to stop me from suppressing the Demonstone Engraving? Wishful thinking!"

Saying that, Mu Lingxi changed her hand seal again, as the bloodline of the ice phoenix in her body was completely activated, and the Primordial Ancestral Spirit became even more corporeal.

Correspondingly, the power released by the Primordial Ancestral Spirit became stronger, almost crushing the heavens, as the entire realm became darker.

The Primordial Ancestral Spirit unleashed a terrifying power of the Dark Netherfrost, and its level was clearly far higher than of Mu Lingxi herself.

In an instant, the Demonstone Engraving that Xiao Wuchang had controlled was totally frozen in ice, completely severing the connection with the latter.

"Ugh, my Demonstone Engraving..."

Xiao Wuchang spat out blood, his eyes full of bitterness.

In a blink of an eye, the Demonstone Engraving that original belonged to him was now someone else's. No matter what he did, he could no longer take it back.

Mu Lingxi took the frozen Demonic Blade Draw Portrait into her hand, saying faintly. "You've lost. With your strength, you simply don't deserve to own the Demonic Blade Draw Portrait."

"Give me back my Demonstone Engraving!" Xiao Wuchang roared again and again.

At this moment, he was completely maddened as he charged at Mu Lingxi in desperation.

A cold glint appeared in Mu Lingxi's eyes, and with a wave of her hand, the Divine Planet struck at Xiao Wuchang brutally.

At the same time, the Primordial Ancestral Spirit she had summoned quickly faded and submerged into her body.

Spirit Summoning was a very taxing technique, and Mu Lingxi was still not very proficient in using it, so was unable to maintain it for a long time.

Speaking of which, this was the first time Mu Lingxi used the Spirit Summoning in combat, and the effect was not bad at all.

Without the Demonstone Engraving, Xiao Wuchang was like a toothless tiger, and was powerless to fight against the Divine Planet.

BAAAMMM!!

Taking the brunt of the Divine Planet's attack, Xiao Wuchang was sent flying upside down, his body was full of cracks, was on the verge of breaking apart.

Just when Mu Lingxi wanted to follow up on the attack, and kill Xiao Wuchang, a figure appeared before Xiao Wuchang and blocked the Divine Planet with one hand.

Just at this moment, Zhang Ruochen's figure appeared beside Mu Lingxi out of thin air.

Staring at the person who intervened, Zhang Ruochen's eyes grew slightly colder as he said. "Mo Sheng, is the Black Demon Realm made out of sore losers? We have agreed to five gambit battles, and you had already interfered just after one battle. Aren't you afraid of being a laughing stock of the various cultivators?"

Zhang Ruochen's voice clearly entered the ears of everyone present, and causing many to be surprised.

Although they already knew they were doing a gambit battle, but they did not expect the battle to be five rounds. This was indeed a big deal.

How could Mo Sheng not understand what Zhang Ruochen was getting at and said coldly. "Since I've already agreed to the gambit battle with you, I naturally will not go back on my words. It's just that this battle is already over, and there is no meaning for us to continue fighting. Let's prepare for the next battle."

As he said that, Mo Sheng lifted the seriously wounded Xiao Wuchang and turned into a stream of light as he returned to the Black Demon Realm camp.

Losing a Demonstone Engraving was a sin only redeemable by death, and Mo Sheng was not bothered by the life or death of a useless crap like Xiao Wuchang, but with so many watching, if Xiao Wuchang was killed by Mu Lingxi, it will undoubtedly cause damage to the Black Demon Realm's honor.

Seeing Mo Sheng leaving with Xiao Wuchang, Zhang Ruochen could not help but to look at Mu Lingxi, and asked softly. "Are you alright?"

Mu Lingxi smiled playfully, as she handed both Demonstone Engraving to Zhang Ruochen, saying. "Of course I'm alright. The task was successfully completed, and I didn't let you down, yeah?"

"Lingxi, thank you." Zhang Ruochen put away the two Demonstone Engravings with a wave of his hand, and then gently hugged Mu Lingxi into his arms.

The smile on Mu Lingxi's face became even more brilliant, and her eyes was full of sweet happiness.

After a brief hug, Zhang Ruochen took Mu Lingxi back to the area outside the Sect of the Blood God's protective formation.

"Junior sister, you are amazing!"

Bao Lie could not help but to give Mu Lingxi a big thumbs up.

"Lassie Ling Xi, not bad. What right does those ungrateful scums of the Black Demon Realm have to master the treasure of Kunlun Realm? Who's going next?" As Blackie commended Mu Lingxi, it looked at Zhang Ruochen.

Zhang Ruochen smiled slightly and said. "Since you're asking, then you'll be up next. Don't let me down."

“With me taking the field, it’s as good as in our hands. Just wait and see.” Blackie said with full confidence.

Zhang Ruochen did not say much else, as he simply handed it one of the Demonstone Engraving and a Dimensional Teleportation Scroll.

To be honest, Zhang Ruochen did not know how strong Blackie was, but with it as an Array Master, there should not be much problem.

And he knew. Blackie was the type that hated to lose face, so it will dare not slack this time around. Otherwise, it will never be able to raise its head before them from now on.

Taking the Demonstone Engraving, Blackie flapped its wings and swaggered to the spot where Mu Lingxi and Xiao Wuchang had fought earlier.

Looking down at the Black Demon Realm encampment, Blackie’s eyes were full of disdain as it raised its head and said. “I am here, who shall fight me?”

“Just a mere owl dares to act high and mighty, ridiculous.” Zuo Li sneered.

Hearing the word ‘owl’, Blackie immediately went into a fit of fury, as its eyes widened and yelled. “Uncultured demon curs, your whole family are owls, lookng properly, I’m a phoenix!”

Zuo Li soared into the sky, and came opposite Blackie at top speed. It was obvious that he would represent the Black Demon Realm in this battle. “A phoenix? Soon you’ll be nothing but a pile of ashes.” Zuo Li snorted.

As he said that, Zuo Li started at the Demonstone Engraving beside Blackie. Xiao Wuchang was unable to capture the Demonic Frenzied Drake Portrait, so he had to do it himself.

At this moment Blackie looked at the Demonstone Engraving that Zuo Li had brought over. What was engraved on it was a picture of a ferocious tiger, and with a roar, countless stars was shattered, turning the entire sea of stars dark.

The Black Demon Realm had an exquisite intermediate-level saint art, called the Godkiller Tiger Roar, which was derived from this Demonic Tiger Roar Portrait.

“Die!”

Zuo Li’s eyes were sharp as he immediately launched an attack.

He blasted a palm strike out, as his Heavenly Demon Qi transformed into a black drake claw that struck Blackie like a bolt of lightning.

BAAAMMM!!

Blackie could not react in time and was immediately blasted away by the dragon claw.

Seeing this, Zuo Li could not help but sneer out loud. “Feeble, is the Sect of the Blood God that short on talents that Zhang Ruochen sent this trash out?”

In his opinion, Zhang Ruochen's dispatch of Blackie to fight was literally gifting him the Demonstone Engraving.

"Little junior brother, is that bird going to be alright?" Bao Lie frowned, feeling that Blackie was unreliable.

Not just Bao Lie, even Jin Yu and the others were also worried. They all hoped that Blackie will bring back another Demonstone Engraving, and if Blackie could only use the Dimensional Teleportation Scroll to flee, then the Black Demon Realm will immediately stop the gambit battle.

If that was the case, it would be difficult to recapture the remaining Demonstone Engravings.

Only Zhang Ruochen appeared very calm, and was not anxious at all. With his understanding of Blackie, the latter would not be defeated that easily.

And on the Black Demon Realm's encampment, many cultivators showed excitement on their faces, feeling that victory was already Zuo Li's.

As long as Zuo Li could win this round, he will undoubtedly be able to save a lot of face for the Black Demon Realm, and make up for the loss.

If Zuo Li were to get the true engraving of the Demonic Frenzied Dragon Portrait, his strength will increase greatly, and could at least reach the third level beneath a Supreme Saint. And that was undoubtedly of great significance to the Black Demon Realm.

At the same time, those cultivators who were watched the battle from a distance were in an uproar.

"Is that owl here for comedic effect? It was sent flying so easily by Zuo Li."

"With Zuo Li strength, even if that owl does not die, it will be seriously injured. I never expected this battle to end so quickly. Boring."

"No, if Zhang Ruochen allowed it to fight, it shouldn't be that weak. Does Zhang Ruochen not have any better candidates on his side?"

"A pity, they had just won a Demonstone Engraving back, and is now about to hand one back to the enemy. I didn't expect Zhang Ruochen to make such a mistake."

...

Just as everyone thought the battle was over, a red light suddenly blasted out from the ground. It was no one else but Blackie.

At this moment, Blackie was furious as its feathers were bristling, as it hissed. "You damned demon cur. You dare to sneak attack me. I will make you pay for this!"

"How can that be?"

Zuo Li's eyes widened in disbelief.

His attack earlier was absolutely not weak, and anyone who taken the full brunt of it would suffer, yet Blackie was unscathed, which was totally unreasonable.

Amidst his shock, Zuo Li struck again, as he blasted out his Demonstone Engraving like a lightning bolt.

BAAAMMM!!

Blackie reacted half a moment too slow as he was blasted into the ground again.

“I want to see if your body is tougher, or the Demonstone Engraving is tougher.” Zuo Li hissed coldly.

BAAMM!!

The ground blasted open again as countless of debris flew into the air.

Blackie rose into the air and roared angrily. “Bloody hell I’m mad, do you only know how to sneak attack?”

“What manner of monster is it?” Zuo Li’s heart sank.

At this moment, all of the cultivators were stunned, as they did not what to say. No one had thought that this battle would be so comical.

Chapter 2044: The Owl Array Master

Seeing Blackie cursing at him with such vigor, Zuo Li’s expression kept on changed as he too wanted to curse back at the former.

For it to be unharmed after sustaining two consecutive blows from him, with the second one launched with the Demonstone Engraving, Zuo Li could not imagine what manner of monster Blackie was.

Zuo Li was no weakling, although his strength had not reached the third level beneath a Supreme Saint, he was not far off, and was definitely no weaker than Cang Long or Yan Ba and the likes.

Although he did not cultivate the Demonic Tiger Roar Portrait, it was still the same demonic exercise contained in the Demonstone Engraving, and was essentially the same. Thus, he was able to unleash the Demonstone Engraving’s devastating power.

Based on Zuo Li’s estimation, that blow earlier was something even a top-level sacred artifact would not be able to withstand, and inevitably suffer damage.

Could it be that Blackie’s physical body was stronger than a top-level sacred artifact?

Or was there something different about Blackie’s body?

“I don’t believe I can’t do anything to you!”

A cold glint appeared in Zuo Li’s eyes as the Heavenly Demonic Qi emerged out of his body in a frenzy.

With the Heavenly Demonic Qi gushing out, a large amount of black water to appeared. This was the Dark Water and it was extremely toxic, able to dissolve everything.

The Dark Water Zuo Li had cultivated could dissolve even top-level sacred artifacts into nothingness.

Suddenly, the Dark Water covered a large area and continued to expand, seemingly wanting to submerge the world in it.

Whoosh!

A black dragon a thousand foot long leaped out from the Dark Water, exuding an extremely violent aura, disturbing the vitality of the realm within thousands of miles.

This scene was extremely similar to the one engraved on the Demonic Frenzied Drake Portrait.

“RAAAWRRR!”

The black drake roared, kicking up violent waves as it charged at Blackie.

Seeing the black dragon charging over, Blackie instead showed a look of contempt as it sneered. “Child’s play, how dare you sneak attack me twice in a row. Let me show you how I’ll deal with you.”

While saying that, Blackie did not dodge and instead pounced at the charging black drake.

One could see Blackie’s body lit up in scarlet red fire, and like a crimson cloud, emitted extreme temperature as it caused the space to ripple subtly as it burned it.

BAAAMMM!!

The two sides collided, and forming an extremely terrifying shock wave.

Whoosh!

Blackie was sent flying once again, and was knocked into a daze.

And that black dragon burst into pieces, transforming into Dark Water as it spilled all over the place.

Affected by the Netherwater’s corrosiveness, many pits of different sizes appeared on the ground immediately, sending chills down everyone’s spine.

“Aiyaya, you sure are too much. You think I don’t have my own face to uphold?”

In a blink of an eye, Blackie flew over from a distance, its furious eyes were opened so wide that they looked larger than a cooper bell, as blue smoke appeared all over its body.

Obviously, after being sent flying for the third time, Blackie was royally pissed.

Seeing that Blackie was still unscathed, while Zuo Li was surprised, he no longer bore any fear towards it, as he sneered. “So what if your defense is strong? You’ll only end up as my punching bag, hand over the Demonstone Engraving.”

He had basically determined that Blackie was not very powerful, with simply just amazing defenses, and was no threat to him.

As he said that, Zuo Li once again activated his demonic exercise as an even larger black dragon leaped out from the Dark Water, setting off huge waves.

“Damn it, if it weren’t for some problems during my rebirth, I would have annihilated a demon cur like you with just a single breath.” Blackie was extremely annoyed.

When it was searching for its body in the Sea of Yin and Yang for rebirth, there was an accident. Not only it grew an owl's head but it could not control its former powers, and even after such a long time, the problem still remained unresolved.

Blackie now had only a powerful body but was unable to unleash the corresponding strength, which made it really depressed.

Amidst its anger, Blackie flapped its wings as a formation seal more than a hundred feet in diameter suddenly formed and met the black dragon.

Unable to rely on its martial strength to defeat Zuo Li, then it shall use its formation arts that it was best at.

BAAMM!!

Although the black drake was powerful, it was still shattered by the formation seal in an instant.

"When I did not show off my skills, you really took me for a sick cat didn't you. Now, die!"

Blackie roared as it flapped its wings and blasted out a series of formation seals.

Zuo Li's expression changed immediately as he quickly roused his demonic exercises and conjured a thick column of water, trying to block the formation seal.

BAAMM!!

Although the water column was powerful, it could not withstand the devastating power contained inside the formation seal, and shattered upon contact.

"For a formation seal casually formed to be so powerful. Is this weird owl an Arch Array Master?" Zuo Li's emotions were roiling as a guess faintly arose in his mind.

The three interlocking Ninth-Rank Formations outside the Sect of the Blood God must have been restored by an Arch Array Master, as common Array Masters would not have the ability to do so.

Could that Array Master be it?

Zuo Li had originally thought that he had good luck and ran into a weaker opponent. But with things as it is, things were far less simple than he had thought.

Zuo Li's expression became serious and he dared not look down on Blackie any more.

At the same time, all of the spectating cultivators widened their eyes and most of them had a look of astonishment.

"What's going on? That owl's skills in formation arrays is so high. An owl array master, this..."

"To so easily block Zuo Li's attack, mostlikely an Arch Array Master, heh."

"That's better, otherwise this gambit battle would be boring. I really look forward to see that owl turning things around."

...

For a moment, countless cultivators became excited, if the famous Zuo Li was being beaten down by an owl, then things would be very interesting!

On the Sect of the Blood God's side, everyone heaved a sigh of relief. After seeing Blackie being sent flying again and again, all of them were worried that Blackie would fudge up this time, and hand the Demonstone Engraving over to the foe.

And the atmosphere on the Black Demon Realm's side became slightly grim, as what was happening was obviously not what they had hoped to see.

A moment ago, they all thought Zuo Li's victory was at hand, but unexpectedly, in a blink of an eye, everything became unknown again.

The means available to an Arch Array Master is mysterious and unpredictable, and was impossible to judge using the usual understanding of things.

According to the rumors, powerful Arch Array Masters were strong enough to even rival Supreme Saints.

Mo Sheng's eyes narrowed slightly, and even he was slightly worried for Zuo Li at this moment.

If Zuo Li loses to that owl, and cost them another Demonstone Engraving, it will undoubtedly be extremely difficult for him to accept.

BOOM!!

On the battlefield, following a series of explosions, the Dark Water columns that Zuo Li had conjured exploded one by one.

Blackie continued to strike, blasting out over a dozen of formation seals as he bombarded Zuo Li with overwhelming power.

In this situation, Blackie quickly gained the upper hand, and had taken the initiative while Zuo Li could only passively defend himself.

"Come on, weren't you so arrogant earlier? I'll let you see how powerful I am!" Blackie yelled with seething arrogance.

Clearly, the flames of anger had been fanned in its heart, and it will be really unhappy if it did not vent it out.

Blackie lifted its feet, and suddenly a fourteen-layer formation circle formed as they layred on top of one another, locking onto Zuo Li, completely blocking his escape.

A murderous intent appeared in Zuo Li's eyes, as he hissed coldly. "You're looking down on me too much. So what if you are an Arch Array Master? You'll still be stomped into the ground by me."

As he spoke, an incomparably powerful aura erupted from Zuo Li's body, rousing the vitality of heaven and earth within a radius of thousand of miles, causing the area covered by the Dark Water to expand rapidly.

"You still think of mobilizing the precepts of heaven and earth, and the power of the land before me? You're just too naive." Blackie sneered.

VOOOSH!

Seven black array flags flew out from Blackie's body, forming a great formation array.

"The Seven-Star Heaven's Blockade Formation, seal up!"

Blackie released its majestic spiritual power and infused into the seven flag poles, fully activating the great formation.

The great formation array activated and warded the area off, causing the radius of thousand of miles to be completely isolated from the outside world.

Instantly all of the mobilized precepts of heaven and earth, and power of the land immediately fell silent, with Zuo Li unable to draw upon them.

For a Precept Dominion-realm powerhouse, being unable to draw upon the precept of heaven and earth, and the power of the land, their strength will be greatly diminished, and they would not be able to use many techniques.

"Sh*t!"

Zuo Li's heart sank, and was unable to remain calm anymore.

Without any hesitation, Zuo Li immediately roused his demonic exercises, while dealing with the fourteen-layer formation circle, and the attack of the Seven-Star Heaven's Blockade Formation as he tried to break them open as soon as possible.

For a moment, the waves surged into the sky, and sweeping across the land, submerging the fourteen-layered formation circle and blocking it off. At the same time, a series of black water jets blasted into the air and crashed into the great formation in a frenzy.

Chapter 2045: Ten Great Divine Artifacts?

Bam bam!

Although the great formation array shook, it was still extremely stable.

The precepts of heaven and earth and the power of the land within a radius of thousands of miles surged violently again, but instead of rushing towards Zuo Li, they rushed towards the Seven-Star Heaven's Blockade Formation, causing the formation array to become even more stable and unassailable.

"Cosmic revolves forth, Godkilling Seven Stars."

Under Blackie's control, the great formation changed.

Seven dazzling star light condensed and transformed into a sharp Star Blade, unleashing brilliant heavenly aura.

Whoosh!

The Star Blade appeared in the air and slashed down at Zuo Li.

The sword had a terrifying momentum, and could almost cut the entire space apart.

The great formation array seemed to have made connection with the stars beyond as countless starlight descended from outside, competing with the sun for brilliance, and looking extremely beautiful.

Zuo Li's eyes turned serious as he immediately poured his demonic Qi into the Demonstone Engraving.

The Demonstone Engraving was preliminarily roused, unleashing a powerful demonic Qi as a demonic tiger phantom appeared, and let out a roar, seemingly wanting to shatter the stars.

BAAAMMM!!

The Star Sword fell, and slashed brutally onto the Demonstone Engraving.

Immediately, the demonic tiger phantom shattered as the Demonstone Engraving itself dimmed.

But this was not the end of it, after the Star Blade smashed away the Demonstone Engraving, it continued to slash at Zuo Li.

The center of Zuo Li's brow glowed as a brown seal flew out, instantly transforming into a small hill-like object a few hundred feet in size to meet the attack.

When the Star Sword slashed into the Demonstone Engraving, most of its power had already been consumed.

At this moment, Zuo Li deployed the brown seal, he managed to block the slash, and prevent it from crashing down on him.

Blackie did not care about Zuo Li but instead blasted out a few formation seals, knocking away the dimmed Demonstone Engraving.

With a flicker of its figure, Blackie reappeared beside the Demonstone Engraving, rousing the saint Qi in its body as a crimson light appeared and enveloped the Demonstone Engraving.

"Don't even think about it!"

Zuo Li yelled as an extremely corporeal black drake several thousand feet long, flew out from his back, and charged at Blackie.

This black drake was not formed by condensing demonic Qi, but was instant from a powerful dragon soul.

This drake soul was taken out from a Path's Anterior black dragon and sealed within himself, using the Heavenly Demonic Qi to nourish it. The former had already been fully integrated with his body, and was able to unleash astonishing attack power.

"When something is alright in my hands, everyone can forget taking it off me. Just a mere drake soul and you dare to attack me with it?" Blackie's eyes were filled with disdain.

Seeing the drake soul pouncing at him, Blackie did not dodge, nor use his formation array techniques, but instead roused the phoenix blood in its body, and exuded a terrifying soul pressure.

Sensing the pressure of the phoenix's soul, the drake soul immediately shuddered, all semblance of menace disappearing altogether.

"This pressure..."

Zuo Li and the drake soul was connected with each other, and his expression changed at this very moment.

Just when he was about to retract the drake soul, Blackie suddenly opened its mouth, and like a whale sucking water in, it swallowed the drake soul in a single go.

A moment later, Zuo Li felt the connection between him and the drake soul was severed.

DUSHH!

Zuo Li spat out a mouthful of blood, his breathing became very disordered.

The loss of the drake soul he had spent so much efforting nourishing undoubtedly caused great damage to Zuo Li.

In this situation, Zuo Li's control over the seal became much weaker.

BAAAMMM!!

The seal flew away, and the Star Sword cut down in a murderous arc.

DUSHH!

Fortunately for Zuo Li he reacted very quickly, but he still lost an arm, as blood gushed all over.

Even with such opening, Blackie did not press the attack but instead took the seven flag poles away, and quickly retreated backwards, pulling a distance from Zuo Li.

Because it knew that if it continued its attack, Mo Sheng will probably get involved again.

Since there was no chance to kill Zuo Li, it could not be bothered to waste its efforts.

After completely suppressed the Demonic Tiger Roar Portrait, Blackie looked at the heavily wounded Zuo Li and sniggered as it said. "Boy, you are still far, far away from being my match. Even if you were to cultivate for another thousand years, you will never be my match."

"Being unparalleled, sure is lonely."

Hearing this, Zuo Li spat out another mouthful of blood, as his breath became even more chaotic, and at the same time he fell into despair.

Whether he was willing to admit it or not, he had indeed lost this gambling battle, and losing a Demonstone Engraving in the process.

"I actually lost..."

Zuo Li's eyes dimmed, looking despondent.

"Useless."

Mo Sheng eyes were frigid, as the flames of fury burned in his heart.

How can he not get angry after losing two Demonstone Engraving in succession?

In the face of such an outcome, Mo Sheng really regretted it, thinking that he should not have agreed to the gambit battle with Zhang Ruochen. He had really underestimated the people around the latter.

One had cultivated the Heavenly Phoenix Body, and another was an Arch Array Master... A mere Kunlun Realm in decline, was it about to see a revival with the mere appearance of Zhang Ruochen?

No matter how strong a person's strength or cultivation was, they are only a lone ranger, but with a wealth of talents and powerhouses around him, perhaps Zhang Ruochen could be an emperor, dominating an entire realm or even a number of the number of them in the future.

Zuo Li took back his severed arm as he lowered his head and silently returned to the Black Demon Realm encampment.

With him losing the gambit battle, there was nothing else to be said.

At this moment, no one from the Black Demon Realm encampment said anything, because everyone could tell that it was not that Zuo Li was weak, but rather that owl was just too weird, and anyone who ran into it would have a massive headache.

That Seven-Star Heaven's Blockade Formation alone was enough to make one's hands tied, and even a Black Demon Realm powerhouse at the second level beneath a Supreme Saint like Zhuo Gu dare not say that he could break through it for certain.

"How's it? With me taking the field, nothing will go wrong." Blackie darted back triumphantly.

The next moment, Blackie tossed the Demonic Frenzied Drake Portrait to Zhang Ruochen, and then put the Demonic Tiger Roar Portrait into its sack, saying. "Here, take this back, this other one is my spoil of battle."

"It's not like you practice demonic exercises anyway, what do you want the Demonstone Engraving for?" Zhang Ruochen asked.

Blackie said. "What do you know? The Demonstone Engraving is not as simple as you think it is. Every single piece is a powerful weapon, and if they could be combined together, what will happen then? Legends have it that it may have something to do with one of the Divine Artifact."

"The Demonstone Engraving is related to Kunlun Realm's Ten Great Divine Artifacts?" A look of surprise appeared in Zhang Ruochen's eyes.

Blackie rolled its eyes and said. "I'm speaking of the legends, but that may not necessarily be true. After all, the Demonstone Engraving had been scattered since ancient times, and all of them are in the hands of so many different forces, so there's basically no chance of them being joined together."

"Plus, based on what I know, even if you were to collect all of them, you need to master a special secret technique to fuse them together, and no one knows what that secret technique is since along ago."

Hearing this, Zhang Ruochen could not help but to contemplate, as all of the information about the Demonstone Engravings flashed in his mind.

The Ten Great Divine Artifacts of Kunlun Realm were legendary items, and no one was sure that if those things really existed now.

Even the names of those great divine artifacts were rarely known to anyone.

Of the ones Zhang Ruochen had heard of, there was the Shenlong Chaos Tower of Sun and Moon, The Imperial Ruler and the Altar of Path's Soul, and these few pieces did exist.

The Shenlong Chaos Tower of Sun and Moon belonged to something, and was in the hands of a taboo figure.

As for the Imperial Ruler and the Altar of Path's Soul, their situation was unknown.

Zhang Ruochen only knew that the Imperial Ruler was originally held by the Inscription Guild, but few people knew about it.

"Zhang Ruochen, you had selected your fighter first for the first two battles, this time, it's my turn instead."

Just as Zhang Ruochen was pondering, Mo Sheng's icy voice suddenly rang out.

Zhang Ruochen snapped back and replied loudly. "No problem. Choose whoever then."

As he got the response, the corners of Mo Sheng's mouth suddenly rose slightly, stretching out into a shallow arc.

Crone Yinfan nodded at Mo Sheng, and immediately flashed out.

"Who from the Sect of the Blood God will fight me?" Crone Yinfan stood in mid-air and called out a challenge.

Seeing Crone Yinfan, Zhang Ruochen's expression suddenly changed.

Not only him, the others also frowned as well.

The reason was, Crone Yinfan's cultivation was not Precept Dominion, nor Path's Anterior-Realm, but the Heaven's Reach realm sandwiched between the two.

And there were no Heaven's Reach powerhouses on Zhang Ruochen's side.

All of the spectating cultivators too showed a surprise look.

"It seemed like after losing two battles in a row, Mo Sheng is desperate, and came up with this trick."

"Since it is a gambit battle, those answering the challenge can only be of equal or lower cultivation realm. Mo Sheng obviously sent Crone Yinfan out so that Zhang Ruochen would not be able to find someone to fight against her.

“Forget Heaven’s Reach realm, there are only two Precept Dominion-realm powerhouses on Zhang Ruochen’s side, and one of them had already fought earlier. Is the remaining one a match for Crone Yinfan?”

“Don’t forget, Zhang Ruochen is also a Precept Dominion-realm powerhouse. If he were to answer the challenge, his odds of winning should be good. After all, back in Shengming City, he had killed many Precept Dominion-realm powerhouses with his own hands.”

“Will Zhang Ruochen answer the challenge himself? I’ll looking forward to that.”

...

At this moment, many cultivator set their gazes on Zhang Ruochen from a distance. In their opinion, if Zhang Ruochen wanted to win this gambit battle, he would need to take to the field himself.

But unfortunately they did not know that Zhang Ruochen and Mo Sheng already agreed they will have a gambit battle between themselves, so he could not join the fray in this battle.

Chapter 2046: A Cold Blade Flash Illuminating the Land

Looking at Crone Yinfan standing in the air, all of those on the Sect of the Blood God’s side were angry.

“They knew we do not have a Heaven’s Reach-realm powerhouse, but they purposely sent someone of this level to fight. That Mo Sheng is too cunning and sinister, damn it!”

Sun Dadi was frustrated, scratching his head in desperation.

However, it was a pity that his own cultivation strength was too weak, and was unable to join the fight, so he could only be anxious on the sidelines.

Zhang Ruochen shook his head slightly and said. “Mo Sheng will not let me have the initiative all the time, now that it’s the Black Demon Realm’s turn to choose who goes first, this is a little troublesome.”

Faced with the problems presented by Mo Sheng, Zhang Ruochen was in a bit of a headache as there was no suitable candidates around him right now.

Even Du Mosheng, Pei Linhu and He Yuan who had submitted to him, all of them were only at the peak of Precept Dominion-realm, and even if they were to break through now, in terms of strength, they were no match for Crone Yinfan.

“Master, let me fight.” Han Xue stepped forward and said.

She was originally one of the candidates to fight, and now, even when the opponent’s cultivation base was higher than expected, she still showed no fear.

Before Zhang Ruochen could speak, Du Mosheng stepped forward and said. “Grand Master, Crone Yinfan is the number one Heaven’s Reach powerhouse of the Black Demon Realm. She is extremely powerful, and her methods cruel. If you are not careful, you may perish. Miss Han Xue is still too young, and fighting Crone Yinfan is just too dangerous. How about I fight instead.”

Du Mosheng knew that he was no match for Crone Yinfan, and for him to volunteer at this moment was naturally to show his loyalty to Zhang Ruochen, and leave a good impression so that his days to come would be better.

In his opinion, the outcome this battle was already predetermined, and it made no difference who took to the field.

Zhang Ruochen glanced at Du Mosheng before turned his gaze to Han Xue again, as he said with a serious expression. "Crone Yinfan's cultivation level is much higher than yours. This battle will be very dangerous, don't be careless, and don't force yourself. Remember, your safety is the most paramount."

Zhang Ruochen then looked at Du Mosheng, and said. "Tell Han Xue everything about Crone Yinfan."

"Yes, Grand Master." Du Mosheng said immediately.

Du Mosheng then quickly used his spiritual power as he transmitted all of the information of Crone Yinfan to Han Xue at the fastest possible speed.

Earlier on, Crone Yinfan had already wanted his head, so he naturally would no longer conceal anything.

Although he knew the probability of Han Xue emerging victorious was very low, Du Mosheng still hoped that Han Xue would be able to teach Crone Yinfan a painful lesson.

After getting a rough idea of Crone Yinfan's information, Han Xue's expression was still calm, her eyes resolute, like a keen blade being drawn from its sheath.

Zhang Ruochen nodded slightly and handed a Dimensional Teleportation Scroll and a Demonstone Engraving to Han Xue.

Han Xue put away the Dimensional Teleportation Scroll and wrapped the Demonstone Engraving with her saint Qi as she darted off.

Zhang Ruochen could not help to say to himself. "Let me see how powerful the heritor of the Empress of Thousand Bones is. Han Xue, Master believes that you will not let me down."

Han Xue stepped upon the void and appeared opposite of Crone Yinfan.

"The First Disciple of the Sect of the Blood God's Grand Master, Han Xue, answers your challenge." Han Xue looked at Crone Yinfan and proclaimed loudly.

A cold brilliance appeared in Crone Yinfan's eyes as she sneered. "They said Zhang Ruochen's greatest weakness was he valued love and righteousness in the eyes of the lay people over everything else, but that doesn't seem all true. Girl, if you were killed by me, blame Zhang Ruochen's for his heartlessness."

"You don't have that capability." Han Xue said lightly.

As Zhang Ruochen's disciple, she could not cower before her foe at this moment, nor could she besmirch Zhang Ruochen's reputation.

After Han Xue's voice spread out, all of the spectating cultivators showed a look of surprise.

“Unexpectedly, Zhang Ruochen also has a disciple, and her cultivation isn’t all that much weaker than his. Seems like this Han Xue isn’t your typical sort.”

“Even if she isn’t a typical sort, so what? Can she compare to Zhang Ruochen? With her cultivation base that had not even reach the peak of Precept Dominion-realm, how can she fight Crone Yinfan?”

“Zhang Ruochen probably had no choice, and could not find anyone else who could fight. If he did not send his disciple out, who he would send then, Du Mosheng, Pei Linhu or He Yuan?”

“If Zhang Ruochen were to fight, taking down Crone Yinfan should not be too difficult. What is he thinking?”

“Don’t jump to conclusions so quickly. Perhaps this Han Xue is like that owl, a powerful one. Zhang Ruochen isn’t a fool, you know.”

...

Although most people were not optimistic about Han Xue’s chances, thinking that Han Xue was no match for Crone Yinfan.

But when they remembered that she was Zhang Ruochen’s disciple, many looked forward to her amazing performance.

At the location where everyone’s gaze converged, Han Xue and Crone Yinfan stood facing each other. Although they had not made any moves, the two’s aura had already began to clash.

BOOOMM!

The ground beneath Han Xue and Crone Yinfan quaked and sank violently.

BAAMM!!

Seeming under extreme pressure, hot magma actually gushed out of the ground.

The magma formed a red pillar of fire that soared into the sky, reaching an altitude of several thousand feet with astonishing momentum.

The moment the magma erupted, both Han Xue and Crone Yinfan made their move at the same time.

Han Xue roused the Godfall Scripture, as a majestic surge of saint Qi rushed into her arms in a frenzy as she blasted a palm strike out.

When Han Xue struck her palm out, all thousand and eight saint bones in her body moved at the same time, making a strange rhythmic sound that caused her saint Qi flow to increase by several times, as they were compressed to the limit.

“Thousand Bone Skycrusher Palm.”

Han Xue let out a soft roar, as an extremely corporeal palm seal blasted straight at Crone Yinfan.

At the same time, Crone Yinfan also struck, as the Blood Sea demonic Qi with aura of death rushed out from her body, forming a massive circular tomb that crushed at Han Xue.

The large tomb was gray and black in colour, with a deathly pall to it. It was over three thousand feet long, and the moment it appeared, it covered the sky, and unleashed an extremely depressing force.

BAM BAM!!

The palm seal struck firmly onto the circular tomb, causing the tomb to sudden pause.

“Hmph, not knowing your limits.” Crone Yinfan sneered coldly.

With her cultivation strength, how can Han Xue resist the peerless demonic exercise on the Demonstone Engraving?

Outside the tomb, demonic Qi roiled and instantly submerged the palm seal in it without taking any damage.

Han Xue’s expression was calm as she slowly stretched out another hand and blasted out an even more corporeal palm seal.

BAAMM!!

The palm seal struck the tomb as well, but the results this time was very different as a gaping hole was torn across the great tomb. And centered upon this breach, it started to collapse as a large amount of death Qi escaped from it.

“The World Burial Tomb is extreme powerful, yet it was shattered by a single palm strike.”

A look of shock appeared in Crone Yinfan’s eyes. This was something she had totally not expected.

She had thought that with just this demonic exercise alone, she would not only be able to seize the Demonstone Engraving, but also kill Han Xue.

If she could kill Han Xue, she believed she would be able to drive Zhang Ruochen up the wall.

But now, it seemed like achieve this goal was not as simple as she imagined.

Crone Yinfan recalled the damaged World Burial Tomb, and infused it with even more Blood Sea demonic Qi, instantly repairing it.

At the same time, Crone Yinfan also activated her demonic exercise, drawing upon the precepts of heaven and earth and power of the land within a three thousand mile radius, and infusing them into the World Burial Tomb.

Although Crone Yinfan had only mobilized about thirty percent of the precept of heaven and earth within a radius of three thousand miles, this was already far stronger than some Path’s Anterior elites.

Once Crone Yinfan’s demonic exercise reached the great completion state, and break into Path’s Anterior-Realm, her strength will inevitably increase exponentially, reaching a point hard to imagine.

Crone Yinfan cultivated the Demonic World Burial Portrait, and the World Burial Tomb was a saint art that was comprehended from the Demonic Crypt World Portrait. It was also one of the two Tongxuan-level intermediate saint arts, with a few managing to successfully cultivate it.

It was for the purpose of cultivating the World Burial Tomb, that she ended up like this, and could not break into the realm of Path's Anterior.

In terms of innate talent, Crone Yinfan was actually far above Zuo Li, Teng Gu and the others.

"As expected of Zhang Ruochen's disciple, she is skilled. If that's the case, I can no longer hold back." Crone Yinfan let out a grim smile.

The Black Demon Realm had already lost two matches in a row, and urgently needed to save face. So Crone Yinfan intended to defeat Han Xue with single powerful strike, and not give her any chance to resist.

BOOOMM!

The World Burial Tomb shook as it continued to expand and grew larger and larger.

In a blink of an eye, it was already more than a thousands of miles wide, and yet it was still expanding, as if wanting to envelop the entire world.

What was engraved on The Demonic World Burial Portrait was an extremely magnificent tomb, entombing a great world.

A grim look appeared in Han Xue's eyes as she quickly formed hand seals, and performed an arcane saint art.

For a time, Han Xue's body burst out with dazzling light, as every piece of the saint bones had mysterious patterns appearing on it naturally.

One thousand and eight sacred lights intertwined, instantly forming a colossal figure standing several thousand feet tall. This figure was transparent and one could see the one thousand and eight crystal-like sacred bones inside the body, looking both phantasmal and corporeal at the same time.

As soon as the colossal figure was formed, it immediately struck out and blocked the World Burial Tomb.

"Han Xue had actually cultivated the Thousand Bone Warsoul. It seems like her Thousand-Bones Physique had truly reached greater completion."

Seeing the colossal figure, Blackie could not help but to be excited.

It had once followed the Empress of Thousand Bones, and knew the Thousand-Bones Physique the best.

"What's the Thousand Bone Warsoul?" Bao Lie asked curiously.

Blackie smiled and said. "The so-called Thousand Bone Warsoul is formed by cultivating the Thousand Bone Physique to greater completion, and inducing the mysterious power contained inside the Thousand Bones. This allows one to fully unleash the power of the Thousand Bone Physique."

"I never expected that Han Xue could cultivate the Thousand-Bones Warsoul so quickly. Such talent, she was no lesser than the Empress back in the day."

The Thousand-Bones Physique, was a true titan among men, and its power was far beyond the imagination of ordinary people.

BAAAMMM!!

The Thousand-Bones Warsoul erupted in a surge of divine power, stopping the World Burial Tomb and preventing it from falling any further.

A majestic deathly Qi emerged from the World Burial Tomb, trying to drown the Thousand-Bones Warsoul.

These deathly Qi were collected from the Underworld by Crone Yinfan, and refined them using a secret technique to make them extremely sinister, and capable to erode all things.

The thousand and eight sacred bones inside the Thousand-Bones Warsoul moved together, as arcane inscriptions appeared on the surface of every bone, unleashing a dazzling and divine radiance.

VOOSH!

Yet, the deathly Qi could not do anything to the Thousand-bone Warsoul, but instead was transformed by the essence of the divine light into wisps of black smoke before dissipating into nothingness.

“How can that be?”

Crone Yinfan’s eyes widened and could not believe what she just witnessed.

That was the deathly Qi she had refined using a secret technique, and as long as it was used, it was always effective, even those of the Path’s Anterior-realm would need to be wary of her.

Han Xue looked coldly at Crone Yinfan, saying. “Is that all you have? That’s rather disappointing.”

As she spoke, Han Xue formed a hand seal again, the same palm technique as before.

But this time, it was not herself who shot out the palm strike, but the Thousand-Bones Warsoul unleashing two strikes in a row.

The precepts of heaven and earth and the power of the land within thousands of miles surging violently, its momentum far greater than Crone Yinfan’s.

The Thousand-Bones Physique was blessed by nature, and its ability to control the precepts of heaven and earth and the power of the land was far beyond any other cultivators.

Two massive palm seals formed in an instant as they brutally slammed against the World Burial Tomb.

BAAMM!!

The World Burial Tomb burst open as the majestic power contained in it was unleashed, causing a devastating energy ripple.

Han Xue, using the Thousand-Bones Warsoul, stood before the energy ripple and blocked off everything in the direction of the Sect of the Blood God.

The Thousand-Bones Warsoul was able to destroy the World Burial Tomb, and was naturally unfazed by this tiny bit of aftermath.

“This...”

Crone Yinfan's expression changed drastically as she quickly deployed the Demonstone Engraving in front of her to block at attack.

The surface of the Demonstone Engraving lit up with demonic light as a black demonic dragon phantom rushed out of it, seemingly about to break through the heavens.

The demonic dragon phantom unleashed a monstrous demonic aura and quickly smashed the oncoming energy ripple away.

As for those energy ripples that were not blocked, they swept out in all directions with extreme speed. The area of impact was vast, and causing the already sunken ground to sink by dozens of feet again, causing hundreds of snow-capped mountains to fall apart.

Those spectating cultivators have already retreated extremely far away, or else they would have inevitably been affected again.

Mo Sheng stared intently at Han Xue, his eyes narrowed slightly, saying. "Thousand-Bones Physique. So there is a heritor of the Empress of Thousand Bones in Kunlun Realm. Could it be that she is still alive?"

Back then, when they first came from Black Demon Realm to Kunlun Realm, the Blackheart Demonlord had gave them a very important order, that was to find the EMpress of Thousand Bones.

For this reason, a large number of Black Demon Realm cultivators descended upon the Underworld to look for clues of the Empress of Thousand Bones, but unfortunately they found nothing.

Upon seeing Han Xue who had the Thousand-Bones Physique, a thought appeared in Mo Sheng's heart. Perhaps this would be the breakthrough they needed to look for the Empress of Thousand Bones.

Immediately after, Mo Sheng's expression became really uncomfortable. How did Zhang Ruochen managed to gather so many talented people around him.

There was an Heavenly Phoenix Body earlier on, then came an Arch Array Master, then now one with a Thousand-Bones Physique. He could not imagine if where were other monsters by Zhang Ruochen's side.

On the battlefield, Han Xue drew the Void Sword, as her fingers gently flicked the sword's edge, as her aura rose infinitely in an instant, seemingly becoming one with her sword, like a fairy swordswomen.

Hummmmm

THE Void Sword trembled with joy as it let out a high-pitched sword wail.

"Your strength, is enough for me to use my sword to kill you."

Han Xue infused the hundred thousand precepts of the sword she had cultivated into the blade, and many supreme inscriptions instantly appeared on the surface of the Void Sword, causing the space to tremble.

"That's... the Void Sword. This person is indeed greatly linked to the Empress of Thousand Bones." A bright glint appeared in Mo Sheng's eyes.

If she was not the heritor of the Empress of Thousand Bones, how could she wield the Void Sword.

The Void Sword was not to be underestimated, as it was a godslaying sword, and was extremely famous, more so than Empress Chi Yao's Blood Dripper.

Han Xue held the Void Sword in hand, and roused the Godfall Scripture to the extreme, as the thousand and eight sacred bones in her body radiated in more brilliant light.

Above the Void Sword, the winds and clouds roiled, forming a violent energy vortex as the space was faintly ripped apart as series of black cracks appeared.

"A Cold Blade Flash Illuminating the Land."

Han Xue swung her sword, like a fairy from the realms beyond, slashing out a white sword light and ripping the void apart. The sword light was brilliant, like the northern lights as it extended thousands of miles away. Across the Central Region's nine states, across the land millions of miles wide, all could see a white light flashing through the horizon at this moment.

Chapter 2047: Undying

For a time, the entire world quickly dimmed, as the sword light from the Void Sword became the only dazzling light, ripping through the air and illuminating the land.

"Damn it, how could she have a Supreme Sacred Artifact?"

A storm was set off inside Crone Yinfan's heart as she immediately wanted to avoid the sword strike.

However, the sword light had already locked onto her aura, making the strike unavoidable.

Crone Yinfan really felt a terrifying threat at this moment as her saint soul was almost ripped apart.

Not daring to hesitate, Crone Yinfan infused her Blood Sea demonic Qi into the Demonstone Engraving, as she tried her best to rouse it.

Suddenly, the engraving on the Demonstone Engraving exuded a stronger demonic Qi aura as the black dragon phantom became more corporeal and lifelike as it let out a roar into the sky.

In the sky above the Demonstone Engraving, demonic clouds roiled, covering the sky and obscuring the sun, as if a demon was about to descend upon the world, so oppressive the aura was that it was difficult to breathe.

Whoosh!

The white sword light slashed down, easily splitting the demonic cloud apart, and the demonic dragon phantom too was split into two, before slashing onto the Demonstone Engraving.

It had to be said the Demonstone Engraving was extraordinary, and even the attack from a Supreme Sacred Artifact could not cause any damage to it.

Although the sword light was blocked by the Demonstone Engraving, Crone Yinfan did not escape unscathed.

DUSSHH!

Crimson demonic blood splattered all around, as Crone Yinfan's body split into two from the center, as she fell straight down.

At the same time, the Demonstone Engraving loss all control, as it fell down as well.

Han Xue's eyes were cold as she reached out and grabbed the Demonstone Engraving over without any hindrances.

Without a question, this battle had already been decided.

"Hiss..."

Many of the spectating cultivators gasped hard, as their emotions roiled and were unable to calm down.

"That a terrifying sword strike. For her to kill Crone Yinfan with just a single slash. Is that Han Xue's cultivation level only of the Precept Dominion-realm?"

"Han Xue is indeed very powerful herself, but that sword in her hand is even more powerful. If I'm not mistaken, it should be the Void Sword that the legendary Empress of Thousand Bones had used. The Empress of Thousand Bones had used this blade to kill a god long before she had become one herself."

"It's actually that godkilling Void Sword, no wonder it was so terrifying. Zhang Ruochen sure is lucky, taking a disciple that is related to the legendary Empress of Thousand Bones.

"I'm afraid such an outcome was something Mo Sheng had never expected. To kill a foe across cultivation realms, the people around Zhang Ruochen are all freaks that cannot be judged by common knowledge."

"After losing three battles in a row, the Black Demon Realm's honor is in tatters now. Losing three Demonstone Engravings, is probably enough to drive even Mo Sheng into a frenzy.

...

At this moment, the eyes of every person looking at Han Xue was very different now. Many had a look of awe in their eyes, and was completely convinced by the powerful show of force Han Xue had showed earlier.

Although Han Xue had used a Supreme Sacred Artifact, but who dared to say that that Supreme Sacred Artifact was not part of her strength?

"Even the Void Sword is now out in the open, Kunlun Realm is getting more and more interesting."

Fairy Huofeng gazed at Han Xue with a surprised look appearing in both of her deep eyes.

After putting away the Void Sword into her sea of Qi, Han Xue used her saint Qi to wrap around the Demonstone Engravings, as she stepped upon the void as she returned to Zhang Ruochen's side.

"Master, I have successfully brought back the Demonic Soaring Dragon Portrait."

As she spoke, Han Xue handed both Demonstone Engravings to Zhang Ruochen.

"Zhang Ruochen smiled and said. "Good job."

Frankly speaking, Han Xue's performance was totally unexpected by Zhang Ruochen, and gave him quite the pleasant surprise.

One could imagine, for Han Xue to have her current strength today, she must have suffered a lot in the Underworld.

Thinking of when he first met Han Xue back then, she was only a child of three or four years old. She was thinly dressed and almost frozen to death in the ice and snow. Although she was young, her willpower was extremely strong, her heart resolute and able to persevere through everything.

From then on, Zhang Ruochen knew that Han Xue would have amazing accomplishments, and may perhaps keep up with the footsteps of the Empress of Thousand Bones.

Hearing Zhang Ruochen's words, a brilliant smile bloomed on Han Xue's face. To get Zhang Ruochen's recognition made her heart filled with joy.

"Zhang Ruochen, I said this before, if you don't work hard with your cultivation, you may be overtaken by Lassie Han Xue here. After all, she is the heritor of the Empress." Blackie said proudly.

That feeling was as if Han Xue was brought up by it.

"The disciple surpassing the master, that should be what every master would like to see." Zhang Ruochen smiled.

For Han Xue, he had always been proud of her.

Suddenly, Zhang Ruochen looked to the center of the battlefield, locking onto Crone Yinfan's two bisected halves of her body.

Originally, there were no movements coming from Crone Yinfan, and that led to everyone assuming that she had been killed by Han Xue's strike.

But at this moment, both halves of Crone Yinfan's body stood up at the same time as her flesh squirmed, forming into two menacing crones.

"The Undying Divine Technique."

A look of revelation appeared in Zhang Ruochen's eyes.

Back in the Celestial Domain of Truth, Zhang Ruochen had seen Elder Qi from the Fane of Death perform this demonic technique.

He had forgotten that the Undying Divine Technique was actually learnt from the Demonic World Burial Portrait, and with Crone Yinfan's strength, how could she not successfully cultivate it?

Of course, Zhang Ruochen was not too surprised that Crone Yinfan was not dead. Her cultivation was deep and could not be easily killed.

However, remembering Han Xue's blow earlier must have caused Crone Yinfan significant damage, or else she would not have waited this long to use the Undying Divine Technique.

This demonic exercise may seem magical, but it was not a true deathless state, and as long as the saint soul and vitality were completely wiped out, only death awaited.

A moment later, the two Crone Yinfan fused into one, her face was extremely pale, and her breathing weak, clearly had suffered a severe blow.

One could see that there was a look of horror in Crone Yinfan eyes.

If it weren't for the Demonstone Engraving blocking off part of the sword light's power, Crone Yinfan would have been truly in trouble.

"Not dying even after that, sure is a tough nut." Bao Lie curled his lips.

Blackie sniggered and said. "She is indeed a tough nut, but with her injury so severe this time, she may very well never be able to break through to the Path's Anterior-Realm."

In terms of keen eyesight, there were few who could compare to Blackie. Since it had said so, it was very likely it had saw something.

Crone Yinfan glared at the Sect of the Blood God with seething resentment, before dragging her serious wounded body back towards the Black Demon Realm encampment.

"I never fought even you would lose, Yinfan." Zuo Li chuckled bitterly.

If in the past, he would perhaps spew some vitriol at Crone Yinfan's direction, but after his own defeat, he had no right to make fun of anyone.

Crone Yinfan's face was gloomy as she kept silent and quietly sat down in a meditative stance, consuming a healing sacred pill to start healing her wounds.

Even she did not think that she would lose to a junior, and to lose that badly.

"It's not shameless to use to the heritor of the Empress of Thousand Bones. Perhaps we can find clues of the Empress of Thousand Bones through this person, and complete the task given by Master." Mo Sheng said faintly.

IN all, this was also a considerable gain.

Zhuo Gu stepped forward and said. "Senior Brother Mo Sheng, I'll fight this battle."

"Yes, be careful. No carelessness. I don't want to see failure again." Mo Sheng growled.

Zhuo Gu nodded and replied. "Don't worry, as long as it isn't Zhang Ruochen, others I beneath my notice." Mo Sheng said nothing else and simply handed a Demonstone Engraving to Zhuo Gu.

The Black Demon Realm cultivators had almost fully mobilized, and had expended great effort to collect part of the true imprints of the Demonstone Engravings.

But now, in a blink of an eye, they lost three of them. If someone said that wasn't painful, no one would have bought it.

However, there were many spectating cultivators of this gambit battle, and no matter how painful it was, they could not walk back on their words, otherwise, where would the Black Demon Realm put their face?

With demonic Qi wrapping around the Demonstone Engraving, Zhuo Gu did not delay and rushed towards the battlefield like a dragon charging out of the sea.

Whoosh!

Waving the Purple-gold Demonic Spear, and pointing it at the direction of the Sect of the Blood God, Zhuo Gu proudly said. "Zhuo Gu of the Black Demon Realm is here, who will fight me?"

"Sure enough, the Black Demon Realm sent out Zhuo Gu for this battle. This person is not easy to deal with." Zhang Ruochen whispered, and was not surprised at all.

sending a top powerhouse like Zhuo Gu instead of others undoubtedly increased their odds of winning.

Luo Chen's expression was indifferent as he gently wiped the Hidden Moon Blade, his entire person seemingly becoming one with the blade.

In the situation where Zhang Ruochen was not able to fight, only Luo Chen was the person capable of fighting Zhuo Gu.

Sadly, Kong Lanyou was not around, otherwise, their chances would be even better.

"Fourth Junior Brother, it's all up to you now!" Jin Yu patted Luo Chen on the shoulder with an expectant look in his eyes.

Zhang Ruochen took out a Dimensional Teleportation Scroll and a Demonstone Engraving and handed it over to Luo Chen, saying. "Fourth Senior Brother, be careful. Don't need to force yourself. We have already won three pieces of the Demonstone Engravings, so even if you need to call the battle off, it doesn't matter."

From the beginning, Zhang Ruochen had the mind of winning one piece at a time, and to have the results now as it was, things had already exceeded his expectations.

Therefore, he did not want Luo Chen to take too much risks. Should he find things beyond his ability to contend with, he should immediately use the Dimensional Teleportation Scroll and flee.

At that moment, even when Mo Sheng calls off the gambit battle, it will be too late.

"Yeah." Luo Chen nodded, a sharp glint flashed past his eyes.

Putting the Dimensional Teleportation Scroll away, Luo Chen lifted the Demonstone Engraving in one hand, and rose into the air as he darted towards Zhuo Gu.

Standing ten feet across from Zhuo Gu, Luo Chen said in a growl. "Emperor Ming's Fourth Disciple, Luo Chen, answers your challenge."

"So you are Zhang Ruochen's senior brother. I hope you are not too weak, otherwise it will be too boring." Zhuo Gu said with a faint smile.

Luo Chen entered the state of being one with the blade, and said with a cold tone. "You'll find out soon enough."

A majestic saint Qi surged and poured into the Hidden Moon Blade, activating this King's Weapon.

"You have character, and I like belligerent foes like you."

The Purple-Gold Demonic Spear in Zhuo Gu's hand shuddered as a large amount of King's Inscriptions appeared.

Without a doubt, the weapon in his hand was also a King's Weapon.

Chapter 2048: Zhang Ruochen Vs. Mo Sheng

Zhuo Gu took the lead, striking out his Purple Gold Demonic Spear like lightning, piercing through the air with an ear-shattering sonic boom.

Luo Chen did not dodge. Instead, he lunged forward to greet the attack with his Hidden Moon Saber.

Clunk!

The tips of both the saber and the spear met, colliding with a dazzling light.

A strong impact force ensued, forcing Zhuo Gu and Luo Chen backward. The two did not stop there. Instead, they immediately lunged forward, wielding their saber and spear to launch a fierce fight against each other.

The movements of the two were so fast that many people could only see the afterimages of them and not the actual battle moves.

Apparently, Luo Chen and Zhuo Gu's battle mode differed from the previous three betting battles. They tend to use weapons to fight freely.

Mosheng could not help frowning slightly when he saw Luo Chen was on par with Zhuo Gu.

The information about Luo Chen collected during the battle of Peacock Manor did not seem to be too accurate, judging from the current situation.

Luo Chen's strength had improved tremendously in just one and a half months, and his mastery of the Hidden Moon Saber was far better than before.

At first, Zhuo Gu was expected to win this battle with ease. But now it would probably be a tough battle.

Zhang Ruochen had a smile on his face at this moment. "It seems that Fourth Senior Brother has completely refined the Hidden Moon Saber during the closed-door self-cultivation and comprehended the secret of the saber. This saber is a perfect match for Fourth Senior Brother."

"That is a regal weapon. Anyone who gets it can increase his strength tremendously. I have to find one for myself," said Jin Yu with envy.

"I have a set of regal weapon-class bows and arrows with me. But this set of bows and arrows is special because it is in a self-lockdown state. It is not as powerful as the one I gave to you before." While speaking, Zhang Ruochen took out the Azuresky Bow and Whitesun Arrow.

Zhang Ruochen had not used this set of bow and arrow for a long time with the improvement of his strength.

Jin Yu took the Azuresky Bow and Whitesun Arrow in his hands, and could not help studying them.

After a while, he returned them to Zhang Ruochen and shook his head. "This set of bow and arrow is indeed odd. The seal on it is not trivial. It seems that this weapon is not the right one for me. Maybe you should keep it, Junior Brother."

Zhang Ruochen had no choice but to put the Azuresky Bow and Whitesun Arrow away, and find a way to crack the secret of them next time.

On the battlefield, Luo Chen and Zhuogu were still fighting tooth and nail. They were going down for real as they faced off against each other, keeping exchanging blows.

Bang!

Zhuo Gu swung his Purple Gold Demonic Spear, smacking hard on Luo Chen's chest.

At the same time, Luo Chen took the opportunity to strike his Hidden Moon Saber down on Zhuo Gu's neck.

He deliberately created an opening in exchange for an opportunity just so he could cut off Zhuo Gu's head with a single strike.

Burp!

Luo Chen was sent flying out backward with some blood spurting out of his mouth.

He still suffered some injuries, despite having the Meritorious Armor of Flowing Light protecting him. The Purple Gold Demonic Spear was powerful.

Zhang Ruochen had killed many top powerful figures of the Heavenly Realm faction and gotten many pieces of Meritorious Armor of Flowing Light after the battle of Shengming City and Peacock Manor.

Zhang Ruochen already had the Vulcan Armor and a Meritorious Armor of Flowing Light given by the Fane of Merit. One more extra piece was of no use to him.

Besides, those people had been in the top 10,000 of the Saint King Merit List of Celestial Court for over 500 years. So even though they had died, the Fane of Merit would not take back the Meritorious Armor of Flowing Light.

For that reason, Zhang Ruochen gave all the Meritorious Armor of Flowing Light that he got to those around him, including Mu Lingxi, Kong Lanyou, Luo Chen, and others.

"What?"

Luo Chen's expression changed slightly.

He had clearly struck his saber down on Zhuo Gu's neck just now, but Zhuo Gu's head had not fallen off. Instead, there was only a shallow cut wound that quickly healed on his neck.

“That saber strike just now was not bad. If it weren’t for my ancient remnant-equivalent body engraved with divine inscriptions, you might have succeeded.” Zhuo Gu said in a grim voice.

Zhuo Gu was enraged, as he was nearly decapitated.

At the same time, he started to take an opponent like Luo Chen seriously, as Luo Chen was powerful enough to pose a threat to him.

Luo Chen frowned. If it were not for the regal weapon, he could not have breached Zhuo Gu’s defenses. Zhuo Gu was really powerful.

Not only that, Zhuo Gu’s attack moves were extremely overpowering, as if a humanoid tyrannosaurus, extremely nasty.

Not surprisingly, he had become the second most powerful being below Supreme Sainthood in Blackdemon Realm.

“Bring it on!”

Zhuo Gu shouted in fury as he struck out his Purple Gold Demonic Spear horizontally.

Luo Chen did not flinch. Instead, he lunged forward to greet his opponent.

He needed to maintain his momentum in the face of such a powerful opponent. If not, he could be crushed and beaten, and probably could never turn the tide again.

The fighting between the two was extremely brutal, but the damage was small. This showed that they had a top level of control over their powers, almost wasting not a single bit of strength while they attacked.

Of course, if someone broke into the fight, the ripple effects of the battle alone would be lethal enough to kill an average Nine-Step Saint King.

Their level of strength could blow up a star if they were fighting in the outer sky.

Clunk!

Zhuo Gu finally got the upper hand by striking the Hidden Moon Saber off Luo Chen’s hand after several rounds of intense battles.

There was a hideous look in Zhuo Gu’s eyes as he gathered his demonic qi into the Purple Gold Demonic Spear.

A horrifying vision emerged behind him at the same time. It was a towering phantom of a demon piercing open the sky with a spear.

The vision and Zhuo Gu overlapped in an instant, with Zhuo Gu seemingly transforming into that invincible demon.

“Die!”

Zhuo Gu shouted as he performed a powerful spear strike.

Over 200,000 King-level inscriptions emerged on the Purple Gold Demonic Spear, the insane sharpness of which could cut open dimensions.

Bang!

The tip of the spear hit Luo Chen's chest with a terrifying force, punching into Luo Chen's body through the Meritorious Armor of Flowing Light.

Luo Chen burped up a mouthful of blood that was mixed with his visceral debris.

But there was a strange smile on his face despite suffering such a heavy injury.

Zhuo Gu felt uneasy at seeing this smile.

At the moment Luo Chen flew out backward, a thunder vortex 100-feet in diameter releasing a powerful swallowing force appeared behind Zhuo Gu.

Before Zhuo Gu knew it, the thunder vortex swallowed the Demonstone Engraving beside him.

"Shit!"

Zhuo Gu's expression changed. He desperately wanted to break open the thunder vortex and get back to the Demonstone Engraving.

It was just that he was a bit too slow; the thunder vortex vanished the moment he struck his spear at it.

On the other hand, a dazzling thunder light along with a black stone stele burst out of Luo Chen's eyes.

Zhuo Gu's face looked grave, and he struck with his spear in a backhand move when he saw the Demonstone Engraving had fallen into Luo Chen's hands.

Roar!

A forceful spear light shot out. It transformed into a ferocious black dragon, which flew toward Luo Chen with a threatening roar. No way Luo Chen could avoid or ward off this attack of Zhuo Gu, as he was injured.

Just when the black dragon was about to pounce on Luo Chen, a dimensional crack of several hundreds of feet long appeared out of nowhere and swallowed the black dragon.

A figure appeared beside Luo Chen at the same time. it was Zhang Ruochen, his eyes looking icy.

"Don't you know the rules of the bet?" Zhang Ruochen said.

Zhou Gu frowned and snorted when he saw Zhang Ruochen had come forward.

He clenched the Purple Gold Demonic Spear with anger burning inside him. He was too careless, not expecting that Luo Chen could catch him off-guard, pulling such a trick on him to snatch the Demonstone Engravings.

All this was possible because Luo Chen had pulled off a meticulously calculated move to create an opportunity to seize the Demonstone Engravings, even at the cost of injuring himself.

The rule of the betting was, whoever seizing the opponent's Demonstone Engravings won, and there was no need to fight to the death.

Perhaps Luo Chen had already thought about using this method to snatch the Demonstone Engravings from the beginning.

While Zhuo Gu was burning with anger, Mosheng appeared all of a sudden and stared at him with icy eyes beside him.

Zhuo Gu's heart skipped a beat, and he quickly said, "Senior Brother Mosheng, I—"

"Just admit that you have lost. I don't want to hear any excuses. You have no business here anymore," Mosheng said with an indifferent voice.

Zhuo Gu shot a glare at Luo Chen before quickly retreating to the Blackdemon Realm's side.

It had been a frustrating battle for him this time. Not that he lost to Luo Chen in terms of strength, but trickery.

He was thinking of inflicting great harm on or even killing Luo when he had the upper hand earlier. He did not expect that he would play into Luo Chen's hands.

Everyone could tell that Zhuo Gu was in a terrible mood right now. So everyone in the Darkdemon Realm's camp said not a word, lest they embarrass themselves.

"At least I didn't disappoint you, Junior Brother." Luo Chen clutched his chest as he handed the two Demonstone Engravings to Zhang Ruochen.

Zhang Ruochen immediately took out a small bottle of Spring of Life and handed it to Luo Chen. "You did great, Fourth Senior brother. Go take a rest. Leave the rest to me."

Luo Chen said nothing. He just took the jade bottle containing the Spring of Life and quickly returned to his camp.

Now there were only Zhang Ruochen and Mosheng facing off against each other in the ring.

"I didn't expect to see many capable men around you, Zhang Ruochen. I am surprised," said Mosheng faintly.

Zhang Ruochen chuckled. "You are surprised? That is because you underestimated Kunlun Realm. But I can't blame you. After inheriting things from Kunlun Realm, Darkdemon Realm gets overconfident and thinks it can step on Kunlun Realm."

"There is no point in talking about this now. Come and get the two Demonstone Engravings from me if you can," said Mosheng.

While speaking, he took out two Demonstone Engravings, one was the Demonic Voracious Wolf Portrait that he brought out earlier, and the other was the Demonic Yin-Yang Portrait, on which there was an engraving of a supreme demon, drawing a yin and yang figure as if two reversed universes with its hands.

Seeing Zhang Ruochen and Mo Sheng facing each other, the spectators watched with bated breath as the battle between Zhang Ruochen and Mosheng unfolded.

“What is going on? Zhang Ruochen was going to fight Mosheng.”

“Mosheng is a second-tier powerhouse below Supreme Sainthood. He is in a different league than people like Cang Long and Yan Ba. What exactly is Zhang Ruochen thinking?”

“A Precept Domain cultivator wants to challenge a Path’s Anterior powerhouse. Zhang Ruochen is out of his mind. How much strength has he improved since the battle of Peacock Manor one and a half months ago?”

“Zhang Ruochen is not a heady person. He must have something up his sleeve since he dares to challenge Mosheng. Just hold your breath as the answer should be revealed soon.”

Chapter 2049: Sword Fight

Mosheng still looked calm despite losing four Demonstone Engravings in a row, as if he did not care at all. He took out two more Demonstone Engravings, wanting to continue the wager with Zhang Ruochen.

He did this because he had absolute confidence in his own strength.

What he thought of in this battle was not to defeat Zhang Ruochen, but to kill him, eliminating this threat for good.

After Zhang Ruochen died, all the Demonstone Engravings would be his, and the Sect of the Blood God would also be destroyed.

In Mosheng’s eyes, the previous four wager battles were just a farce. Losing them was just a matter of making Zhang Ruochen happy.

Now that he was throwing his hat in the ring, he would let Zhang Ruochen experience what it was like to fall to hell from heaven. Zhang Ruochen was still too young to fight him.

In fact, he would have no hesitation in taking out three Demonstone Engravings as bargaining chips as long as Zhang Ruochen agreed to fight him. After all, Zhang Ruochen could not possibly snatch any Demonstone Engravings from him.

Zhang Ruochen appeared calm at this moment, flipping his hand to take out a Demonstone Engraving. “You want this Demonstone Engraving badly, don’t you, Mosheng?”

The Demonstone Engraving caught Mosheng’s eyes in an instant. There was an engraving of an ever-changing, unmarked demon that looked like a nightmare engulfing a vast world.

“I knew it; the Demonic Unmarked Portrait is really in the Sect of the Blood God.” As calm as Mosheng was, his heart pounded uncontrollably in excitement when he saw the portrait.

Mo Sheng was practicing the demonic technique contained in the three Demonstone Engravings, one of which was the Demonic Unmarked Portrait. He was leading the charge in the assault campaign only because he learned that this Demonic Unmarked Portrait might be in the Sect of the Blood God.

The 36 original Demonstone Engravings had been scattered a long time ago. Most of the Demonstone Engravings circulating out there were replicas. It was difficult to tell which of the Demonstone Engravings possessed by the major forces were originals.

The Demonstone Engravings that the demonic cultivators in Kunlun Realm comprehended during the initial stage of self-cultivation were usually of replica. Only when their cultivation base reached a certain stage could they get a chance to see the originals to perfect their demonic techniques.

Of course, those demonic cultivators who had little background still had no chance to see the real thing, no matter how high their cultivation base was.

Ruo Chen could not help but snicker when he saw Mosheng's changing facial expression. "It seems that you really want this Demonstone Engraving badly. So I will give you a chance by using it as a bet. Just that I am not sure if you can take it."

There was a light in Mosheng's eyes upon hearing that. He was determined to get this Demonstone Engraving.

He would be hopeful to attain First-Tier below Supreme Sainthood and be on par with Yan Wushen and the Four Heavenly Kings of the Celestial Palace if he could get hold of three Demonstone Engravings and perfect his demonic technique.

"Huh?"

Zhang Ruo Chen shifted ten feet away sideways all of a sudden with a startled look on his face.

A snatching demonic hand suddenly emerged out of nowhere. The hand belonged to none other than Mosheng.

Had Zhang Ruo Chen been a second slower, perhaps the demonic hand would have snatched the original Demonic Unmarked Portrait away from his hand.

He held the Demonic Unmarked Portrait in his hands and quickly backed away to pull a distance away from Mosheng, who came in front of him all of a sudden.

Mosheng, who was standing in another position, dissolved and transformed into plumes of demonic qi before vanishing.

"Unmarked Demonic Technique. Mo Sheng, you are really desperate, eh?" Zhang Ruo Chen hissed.

The so-called Unmarked Demonic Technique was a mysterious demonic technique comprehended out of the Demonic Unmarked Portrait. It was strange, elusive, difficult to defend against, most suitable for assassination.

Mosheng had apparently a high level of mastery of this demonic technique. He nearly got Zhang Ruo Chen, as there was not the slightest telltale sign of him striking.

But he failed and could not help but frown. He really wanted the original Demonic Unmarked Portrait, so he had tried to seize it at the first instance to avoid any uncertainty later.

His brow eased up quickly. Since the surprise attack did not work, he might as well take it by force. He did not believe that Zhang Ruochen could withstand his offensive.

He performed his demonic technique with just a thought. An extremely aggressive energy radiated from his body. As evil and the murderous energies met, they formed into the phantom of a hideous, voracious wolf. The wolf looked up to the sky and howled.

“Here we go, Zhang Ruochen.”

An aggressive look flashed in Mosheng’s eyes as he picked up the Blade of the Voracious Wolf and charged at Zhang Ruochen.

Triggered by the Demonic Blood Qi, nearly 300,000 king-level inscriptions appeared on the Blade of the Voracious Wolf. The blade slashed through the air in a flash of blood-red blade light, leaving behind a dimensional slit in the air.

Mosheng’s Blade of the Voracious Wolf was undoubtedly a notch higher than Zhuo Gu’s Purple Gold Demonic Spear in terms of order. It also had higher killing capability as it existed entirely for killing.

Zhang Ruochen was fully prepared for Mosheng’s attack. He summoned the Ancient Abyssal Blade with just a thought out of his Divine Light Sea of Qi and grasped it in his hand.

Saint qi circulating in his body started to pour into the Ancient Abyssal Blade. The blade formed a highly condensed Sword Way Xuangang to greet the blood-red sword light.

Boom!

The Sword Way Xuangang and the blood-red sword light shattered at once, releasing a violent energy, causing ripples to form in the dimension.

Mosheng’s eyes lacked emotion as he moved in a flash with the Blade of the Voracious Wolf in his hand. There were hundreds of afterimages in the air as he came in front of Zhang Ruochen and casually struck down with his blade.

Zhang Ruochen was fully focused and raised the Ancient Abyssal Blade to parry the strike of the Blade of the Voracious Wolf.

Clunk!

Zhang Ruochen’s body sank at the moment the blades collided. A powerful force traveled up his blade into his body, almost sending him plunging from the air.

The flesh between his thumbnail and forefinger cracked open, with blood oozing out of the wound.

Ruochen quickly reached out his other hand and lightly tapped towards Mo Sheng when he sensed an even more powerful energy rushing up his blade.

He mobilized 100,000 Precepts of Dimensions in his body to release a powerful force of the Dimensions. The force penetrated the dimension in front of him, causing a tremendous change in the dimension’s form in an instant.

“Huh?”

Mosheng's face changed slightly. He quickly backed up, giving up attacking Zhang Ruochen.

Boom!

The dimension where Mosheng was earlier collapsed and a destructive force rushed out in an instant.

Mosheng looked grave as he stared at the collapsed dimension. "A Dimensional technique? It's nasty indeed." He muttered to himself.

He would have been caught in the collapsed dimension and seriously injured, if not dead, had he not backed out quick enough.

It was apparent now that if he could not defeat Zhang Ruochen's Time and Dimensional techniques, the subsequent battle would not be easy for him.

The thing now was, Zhang Ruochen had got a high attainment in Time and Dimensional techniques and could perform them to near perfection. He would be done for, if he was not careful.

After pushing Mosheng back, Zhang Ruochen moved his numb arm, and then summoned the Armor of the Fire God to protect his body.

As strong as his physique was, he did not want to clash head-on with the Blade of the Voracious Wolf. He could sense extreme evilness in the Blade of the Voracious Wolf, which contained the strange power that could erode flesh and blood. The consequences could be serious if it came into contact with his body.

A bloodthirsty sword technique, combined with the brilliant physical technique of Path of Flowing Light, and Unmarked Demonic Technique, Mosheng makes a perfect killer. Zhang Ruochen thought to himself.

Just as with the information he had gotten beforehand, Mosheng specialized in Path of the Blade and Path of Flowing Light, both of which were rare and belonged to Path of Supreme Saint.

In particular, Path of the Blade and Path of Flowing Light could perform even better in combination.

Mosheng was not the first person who Zhang Ruochen had encountered practicing two Paths of Supreme Saint. Before Mosheng, there was Wang Xu.

Wang Xu was Youshen's son, who had a powerful bloodline and talent. If he were still alive today, he could have been a supreme being.

Mosheng pondered for a while and then injected his powerful demonic qi into one of the Demonstone Engravings.

It revived the Demonstone Engravings in an instant, with two streams of air current—one white and one black—flowing out and turning into two giant dragons. As the dragons shot up into the sky, they circled each other to form a huge Yin and Yang Tai Chi pattern, covering everything within a radius of 3,000 miles.

Covered by the yin and yang Tai Chi pattern, the dimension in this area changed and became heavier. Being in it felt like sinking into a quagmire. Movement became restricted.

This was the power of the Demonic Yin-Yang Portrait. It divided the yin and yang and suppressed the universe.

If the cultivator's strength was sufficient, and could thoroughly comprehend the secret of the Demonic Yin-Yang Portrait, spurring this Demonstone Engraving could freeze the dimension and even affect the time flow of a macroworld.

Mosheng of course did not have that ability. It was good enough for him if he could restrict Zhang Ruochen's Dimensional technique.

When Mosheng spurred the original Demonic Voracious Wolf Portrait, a voracious wolf emerged to combine with his own vision, as if it was an actual wolf coming as.

As he performed a Path of Flowing Light, his movement was so quick that it was difficult for anyone to catch a glimpse of his figure.

"Left."

Zhang Ruochen turned his body sideways and struck out with a punch.

Clunk!

The Fire God's Gauntlet collided with the Blade of the Voracious Wolf with sparks flying all over. Zhang Ruochen had to back off when a powerful force hit him, and his arm felt numb.

Mosheng did not stop there. He pursued like a shadow, and the voracious wolf behind him struck at Zhang Ruochen's chest with its sharp claw. It seemed that it would puncture the Armor of the Fire God and gouge out his heart.

"Dragon in Nine Heavens!"

While moving backwards, Zhang Ruochen mobilized the Precepts of the Palm and struck out a palm strike at the fastest possible speed.

A substantial azure dragon flew out with a high-pitched roar. It shook the sky with a powerful aura like that of a beast emperor.

The azure dragon showed its might by smashing the voracious wolf claws before attacking Mosheng.

Mosheng struck with his blade, cutting the azure dragon in half without even looking at it.

"Awesome swordsmanship! It is my turn now!"

Zhang Ruochen shouted in a low voice. He now attacked instead of remaining defensive.

The Ancient Abyssal Blade moved along a peculiar path as it formed several beams of Sword Way Xuangang to attack Mosheng.

Chapter 2050: Sword of Time Triumphs

Zhang Ruochen had already practiced Sword Ten to the third realm in the ten years of retreat in the Sect of the Blood God. Now it was time to use Mosheng to test out the results of his self-cultivation.

As saint Qi was injected, the Violet Godstone inlaid on the hilt emitted a faint glow, along with a faint and strange pattern. The Ancient Abyssal Blade suddenly felt heavier by several times in his hand, so much that Zhang Ruochen's hand took a slight drop.

At the same time, he released a mysterious force, drawing the Precepts of Heaven and Earth from within a radius of 5,000 miles toward him.

When Zhang Ruochen was in a closed-door cultivation earlier, the Ancient Abyssal Blade did not sit idle either. It had refined many high-quality sacred artifacts. This had improved its grade tremendously, with the number of inscriptions reaching 110,000.

The Ancient Abyssal Blade was comparable to top-tier weapons such as the Thousand-Inscription Sacred Artifacts in terms of strength with the enhancement of the Violet Godstone.

And as the Ancient Abyssal Blade improved in grades, it became even more integrated with the Violet Godstone and was capable of more and better effects.

There was still a vast gap between the Ancient Abyssal Blade and the Blade of the Voracious Wolf in terms of grade. But the Ancient Abyssal Blade still dared to clash with the Blade of the Voracious Wolf.

The reason was, the material of the Ancient Abyssal Blade was natural divine iron, which can forge divine artifacts and was indestructible. Even Supreme Artifacts could hardly inflict any damage to it.

“Kill!”

Mosheng shouted. The Blade of the Voracious Wolf released a monstrous evil energy, which turned into a voracious wolf to attack Zhang Ruochen.

“Sword Ten!” Zhang Ruochen performed a sword move with a killer look in his eyes.

The dimension in front of him started to shake as a black sword light shot out with deep, sharp, and unstoppable momentum.

The black sword light slashed the voracious wolf in half. When Blade of the Voracious Wolf reappeared, it was just inches away from Zhang Ruochen. It was too late to dodge.

Clunk!

The Blade of the Voracious Wolf struck the Armor of the Fire God, instantly putting out most of the flame on the armor.

A powerful force hit Zhang Ruochen, sending him flying out across the sky like a meteor.

Zhang Ruochen could only balance after flying out backward for hundreds of miles. He tried hard to contain the surging blood from gushing out of his body.

But there was still blood flowing from the corner of his mouth, no matter how hard he tried. There was no way to hide the fact that he was injured.

“He is indeed powerful. He truly deserved to be called the best of the Second Tier below the Supreme Sainthood.”

Zhang Ruochen reached to wipe the blood from the corner of his mouth. There was no fear in his eyes, but excitement.

Only by fighting against such a powerful cultivator could he bring out his potential and make himself better through battles.

Mosheng was holding the Blade of the Voracious Wolf in his hand with two Demonstone Engravings suspended on both sides of him. Both engravings were exuding a powerful demonic aura, setting him off like a mighty demon king.

Mosheng had been having the upper hand in every round of battle. But he did not feel the slightest elation.

Mosheng's initial plan was, he would kill Zhang Ruochen effortlessly, take the Demonstone Engravings, and establish the majestic reputation of invincibility.

But Zhang Ruochen was far harder to defeat than he had thought. It was still quite tricky despite the fact that he had restricted his Dimensional technique with Demonic Yin-Yang Portrait.

"Good Zhang Ruochen, he is more powerful than the rumors say. It is hard to imagine that he has only a Precept Domain cultivation base."

Fairy Huofeng whispered with a strange look in her eyes.

It was probably difficult to find someone in the Demon God Realm who could rival Zhang Ruochen at the same level.

"Perhaps only Prince Tianpeng could challenge him on the same level."

There was a complicated look in Fairy Huofeng's eyes when the thought of Prince Tianpeng came to mind.

Both the Phoenix clan and the Golden Roc clan were the most powerful races in the Demon God Realm, and so rivalry between them was inevitable.

The Phoenix clan had produced several top prodigies, more than the Golden Roc clan had. This was something to be happy about.

But it was also because of the existence of Prince Tianpeng, those prodigies of the Phoenix clan were suppressed and could not hold their heads high.

In those days, Fairy Huofeng had also fought against Prince Tianpeng, but she lost miserably. For a time, she was depressed. It took a long time to recover from her depression.

But Prince Tianpeng had attained the Path's Anterior in his cultivation base now. He no longer fought Zhang Ruochen at the same level unless Zhang Ruochen could raise his cultivation base quickly.

"The situation isn't looking good for Junior Brother. There is still an enormous gap between him and Mosheng." Jin Yu frowned.

Bao Lie looked worried. "If Junior Brother loses, I am afraid we can't defend the Sect of the Blood God anymore. It will be difficult to fight off Mosheng even though Blackie has fixed the three protective formations of the sect. What should we do?"

All the saints of the Sect of the Blood God fell into silence for a time. What should they do if the sect fell?

"It is too early to say. You all must not underestimate Zhang Ruochen. He is much stronger than you think." Mu Lingxi smiled.

No matter what others thought, she had always been confident in Zhang Ruochen.

"Lingxi is right. Judging by Zhang Ruochen's character, he would not have bet against Mosheng if he is not confident. He is not stupid at all," said Blackie.

Bao Lie and others had a thoughtful look on their faces, looking forward to knowing how Zhang Ruochen would perform.

Zhang Ruochen coughed twice and exhaled to clear an occlusion in his chest.

He then performed an Empyrean Emperor Ming's Scripture to release his saint Qi. A massive Celestial River rushed out of his body. It was winding, flowing slowly, with no source or end in sight.

At the same time, a dragon and an elephant appeared on both sides of him. They were extremely substantial and exuded a vast and powerful air of the Supreme Saint.

Celestial Rover was Zhang Ruochen's Saint Aspect of the fist, while the dragon and the elephant were the Saint Aspect of his palm.

When the two great Saint Aspects appeared, he mobilized the Precepts and the Power of Heaven and Earth, and evolved many changes.

"Spirit Influx!"

The Precepts of the Fist and saint Qi combined to form two ghostly shadows. There was a Celestial River coiling over the ghosts, as if it came across endless time and space.

The ghosts cried in a long and sharp voice, shaking the sky and breaking up the demonic clouds that were forming in the air.

"Heavenly Dragon-Elephant!"

A dragon and an elephant flew out, their bodies becoming extremely huge, almost filling the entire world. The shadows of dragon and elephant everywhere. It was a shocking vision.

The dragon and elephant lunged out together with the ghostly shadows. They were as different as fire and water but perfectly compatible, both rigid and soft.

Zhang Ruochen had mastered both Luoshui Fist Technique and Dragon-Elephant Prajna Palm Strike to the high-order saint technique level. The combined effectiveness of the two was undoubtedly even more amazing.

He got the inspiration from Shang Ziyan to come up with this idea.

During the battle of Peacock Manor, Shang Ziyan had performed two different high-order saint techniques concurrently, which had caused Zhang Ruochen a lot of trouble.

Right now, Mosheng's heart skipped a beat as he felt threatened. He quickly made a hand gesture to summon the tens of millions of Precepts in his body and cast a strange blend of black and white light.

This saint light quickly absorbed the Power of Heaven and Earth, and became larger and brighter, as if a black and white star.

“Mystical Yin-yang Light!”

Mosheng shouted in a low voice as he released his saint Qi continuously.

This saint technique was one of the two Tongxuan-class intermediate saint techniques of Blackdemon Realm. It was as famous as the Tomb of the Burial Realm and the most mysterious and dominating.

Only by comprehending the Demonic Yin-Yang Portrait to a very high level can it be possible to master the Mystical Yin-yang Light.

Mosheng was the only person below the Supreme Sainthood in Blackdemon Realm to master this technique successfully.

The Mystical Yin-yang Light was inferior to Luoshui Fist Technique and Dragon-Elephant Prajna Palm Strike in terms of order. The power displayed by the Mosheng was not inferior to a higher-order saint technique.

Boom!

The Mystical Yin-yang Light exploded and released a powerful, world-destructive energy.

The dragon and elephants and the ghost shadows that Zhang Ruochen cast out shattered at once.

Bwoom!

A terrifying force of destruction hit the ground, causing the ground to break apart, destroying everything within a radius of a thousand miles.

Hot magma spewed out uncontrollably, submerging the broken rocks and forming an immense lake of magma. The pungent sulfur smell quickly filled the air.

No one would believe an ice field could turn into a magma lake in an instant.

It was such a terrible collision of forces that even the Demonic Yin-Yang Portrait could no longer suppress this dimension.

Zhang Ruochen performed a Dimensional Shift and appeared next to Mosheng out of nowhere.

The Ancient Abyssal Blade swung and captured many Marks of Time. A Null Time domain formed and engulfed Mosheng in it.

“Shit!”

Mosheng's heart missed a beat as he sensed time coming to a standstill.

Zhang Ruochen wielded the Ancient Abyssal Blade and slashed it at Mosheng's throat.

Zhang Ruochen frowned instead of feeling elate.

There was not a single spatter of blood, despite having slashed Mosheng's throat.

The Null Time domain vanished just as Mosheng's body disappeared on the spot.

His body reappeared hundreds of feet away, with two Demonstone Engravings beside him.

There was a shallow wound on Mosheng's neck. It was bleeding.

"Not bad. Very alert." Zhang Ruochen whispered.

He had seized a great opportunity just now. But Mosheng was highly alert, and the two Demonstone Engravings had affected his Sword of Time. Mosheng had seized that split moment to perform an Unmarked Demonic Technique.

He had not completely dodged Zhang Ruochen's sword and suffered a minor injury.

Of course, some Marks of Time had entered Mosheng's body and could slash off decades of his life, making him feel weak.

Mo Sheng stretched out his hand to touch the wound on his neck, his eyes icy. He was nearly decapitated by Zhang Ruochen just now, and this was an embarrassment to him. He was absolutely enraged.

Those cultivators watching the match were dumbfounded at this moment.

"What happened just now? I can't believe that Mosheng failed to dodge Zhang Ruochen's attack."

"It should be what the rumors said: Sword of Time. If it were others, they would have been dead under Zhang Ruochen's sword. I heard that Sword of Time killed Cang Long. Mosheng would have ended up like Cang Long had the sword successfully beheaded him."

"Using the power of time is a terrifying ability. Is there any way to counter that ability?"

"There are only two ways to counter Zhang Ruochen's Sword of Time: you either are a lot more powerful than Zhang Ruochen, or have some special weapons or something. Mosheng narrowly escaped death for this reason."

...

Everyone was fearful of Zhang Ruochen's Sword of Time.

With Zhang Ruochen's current cultivation strength and below the Supreme Sainthood, few people dared to claim they feared not his Sword of Time.

The wound on Mosheng's neck rapidly healed. Most demonic cultivators placed great importance on cultivation of the body and had extremely strong self-healing ability.

“What an impressive Sword of Time, Zhang Ruochen! I have got to admit that I have underestimated you. But I will not make the same mistake again,” said Mo Sheng in a low voice.

After that, he performed a demonic technique and injected his powerful Demonic Blood Qi into the Demonstone Engraving engraved with a voracious wolf.

Boom!

A monstrous bloody evil Qi rushed out of the Demonstone Engraving with a layer of mysterious patterns appearing on it.

The Demonstone Engraving, which was several yards in size, expanded to one hundred yards in the blink of an eye. The wolf pattern engraved on it became clear and lifelike.

Roar!

The wolf pattern came to life the next moment. It detached from the black stone tablet, looked up to the sky and howled as it greedily devoured the power of heaven and earth. With Mosheng’s strength powering the Demonstone Engraving, the power it exerted was far higher than that of the Blade of the Voracious Wolf.

Mosheng had apparently lost his patience and could not wait to finish all this nonsense. He wanted to kill Zhang Ruochen to end this battle as soon as possible.

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Chapter 2051: Invincible

The Demonic Voracious Wolf Portrait was revived. It was fierce and mighty, its evil aura spreading for thousands of miles, sending all the living beings in this area shivering in fear.

And Zhang Ruochen, who was only a few hundred miles away from Mosheng, felt it the most intense, as if that terrifying viciousness wanted to rip his body apart.

“He could cause such a terrifying change in the atmosphere of heaven and earth, and dim the sun and moon by just spurring a single Demonstone Engraving. How much more terrifying it will be if he uses the thirty-six Demonstone Engravings in combination.” Zhang Ruochen thought to himself.

He now believed even more about what Blackie told him. Perhaps the joining of thirty-six Demonstone Engravings would make an invincible artifact. It was impossible to achieve such a terrifying level of power with just one technique.

With no hesitation, Zhang Ruochen called out the Zangshan Demonic Mirror with a thought. Since things had come to such a pass, he could no longer hide his strength.

An icy look flashed in Mosheng’s eyes when he saw the Zangshan Demonic Mirror. “How can a defective Supreme Artifact withstand a fully revived Demonstone Engraving?”

He had got detailed intel of Zhang Ruochen beforehand and knew that Zhang Ruochen possessed a mirror-shaped Supreme Artifact, which unfortunately was defective and its power was limited. It was comparable to the Blade of the Voracious Wolf in his hand at best.

After devouring a large amount of Power of Heaven and Earth, the voracious wolf coming out of the Demonstone Engraving became more substantial and taller, reaching a height of several thousand yards with a massively vicious aura, just like the advent of the legendary voracious wolf greed.

A-oooooo!

The voracious wolf howled and then struck at Zhang Ruochen with its sharp claw.

Zhang Ruochen looked cool, calm, and collected while performing an Emyrean Emperor Ming's Scripture and infusing his saint Qi into the Zangshan Demonic Mirror.

A glimmer of light shot out of the Zangshan Demonic Mirror like a bolt of lightning. It avoided the sharp claw and struck at the voracious wolf's body.

The Zangshan Demonic Mirror met the incoming claws of the voracious wolf with a thick demonic Qi forming into the phantom of a black demonic mountain.

"This is..."

Seeing the gloomy light flying towards the main body of Greedy Wolf, Ji Fan, who was held up by the Begirding Shackle, was wide-eyed upon seeing the glimmer of light shooting at the voracious wolf.

He recognized the light—it was something he took out before, a quaint tortoise shell covered with cracks, to fight Zhang Ruochen.

At that time, he was surprised by how Zhang Ruochen could withstand the bursting power of the tortoise shell so quickly. He did not know that Zhang Ruochen was using the Zangshan Demonic Mirror to suppress the tortoise shell. And now, Zhang Ruochen was using the tortoise shell to sight Mosheng instead.

Ji Fan knew very well how lethal the tortoise shell was—enough to pose a threat to an Immortal Supreme Saint.

Had he known things would be like this, no way he would have taken out the tortoise shell.

Bang!

The voracious wolf's claws hit the Zangshan Demonic Mirror, shattering the many demonic mountain phantoms. But that was all about it; it lost its strength and stopped right there.

Boom!

Just then, the tortoise shell had come in front of the voracious wolf and exploded with a terrifying force of destruction.

The destructive force was so violent that it was impossible to escape from it. The substantial body of the voracious wolf was blown into pieces and turned into a strong, evil energy.

Zhang Ruochen would not miss this opportunity. He immediately spurred the Zangshan Demonic Mirror to launch an offensive.

The Zangshan Demonic Mirror recovered with hundreds of thousands of Supreme Inscriptions appearing, blooming with dark light, as if the door to the demonic world was going to open.

The Precepts and the Power of Heaven and Earth within a radius of thousands of miles gathered toward the Zangshan Demonic Mirror and formed into dark demonic mountains.

Dozens of majestic demonic mountains appeared in an instant. Each demonic mountain was as high as ten thousand feet, extremely substantial with surging Supreme Power. They all crushed toward Mosheng at the same time.

“Shit!”

Mosheng’s face changed drastically as he felt the incoming grave threat.

It was too late to re-spur the Demonic Voracious Wolf Portrait at this time. Mosheng had to place the hundred-yard black stone tablet in front of him.

Bang!

The black stone tablet was extremely tough, indestructible. It withstood the impact of the black demonic mountains with no problem.

The black demonic mountains shattered at once upon impact. The aggressive power released by the black stone tablet was too much for the demonic mountains to withstand.

But the energy of the black stone tablet also rapidly drained as the black demonic mountains broke up. Mosheng had no time to replenish it.

It was mainly because the tearing of the voracious wolf by the tortoise shell’s force had caught Mosheng off guard.

Upon exhausting its energy at last, the black stone tablet turned back into a Demonstone Engraving of a few yards in size. It could no longer protect Mosheng.

There were still a dozen 10,000-yard demonic mountains, which did not break up, were still hurling toward Mosheng.

Seeing the Demonic Voracious Wolf Portrait was out of Mo Sheng’s control, Zhang Ruochen made his move by casting out the Zangshan Demonic Mirror.

The Zangshan Demonic Mirror was flickering with dark light as it released a powerful suction force, keeping the Demonic Voracious Wolf Portrait still in the air.

“You will not succeed!” Mosheng yelled, wanting to take back the Demonic Voracious Wolf Portrait.

It was a pity that a 10,000-yard demonic mountain was crushing down on him. He could not free himself up for other things.

The Zangshan Demonic Mirror got hold of the Demonic Voracious Wolf Portrait and brought it back to Zhang Ruochen. It now belonged to him.

Boom!

Mosheng wielded the Blade of the Voracious Wolf and struck the 10,000-yard mountain with all his strength.

“Damn it!”

He could not control his anger when he saw the Demonic Voracious Wolf Portrait fall into Zhang Ruochen’s hands.

Instead of seizing the Demonic Unmarked Portrait from Zhang Ruochen, it was Zhang Ruochen who took the Demonic Voracious Wolf Portrait from him, which was the most poignant humiliation.

He could no longer care to deal with dimensional suppression. Instead, he infused his demonic Qi into the Demonic Yin-Yang Portrait.

He had to go all out and must not let Zhang Ruochen continue having a field day.

Two viscous yin and yang Qi rushed out of the Demonic Yin-Yang Portrait. They intertwined with each other, mutually reinforcing and counteracting with each other and evolving with infinite mystery.

Mosheng made a hand gesture with the help of this ying and yang energy, and formed a Mystical Yin-yang Light quickly.

The Mystical Yin-yang Light was originally comprehended from the Demonic Yin-Yang Portrait. When spurred by the Demonic Yin-Yang Portrait, its power could increase multifold, comparable to a true higher-order saint technique.

Zhang Ruochen’s heart skipped a beat. He immediately gathered the nearly 20-million Precepts that he cultivated and infused them into the Zangshan Demonic Mirror.

As the Zangshan Demonic Mirror vibrated slightly, a dark demonic mountain only a hundred yards high flew out of the mirror.

Unlike the earlier demonic mountains, this one was absolutely substantial and covered with esoteric patterns. The dimension shook, and a pitch-dark slit tore open right from the moment the demonic mountain appeared.

Bang!

The Mystical Yin-yang Light hit the 100-yard demonic mountain and blew it away with a bang.

But the 100-yard demonic mountain was undamaged. Instead. It crocheted a massive net with mysterious patterns to envelop the Mystical Yin-yang Light.

Immediately afterwards, a bright demonic light burst out of the Zangshan Demonic Mirror and shone on the 100-yard demonic mountain.

The mountain shook, releasing a massive amount of energy, and broke up the Mystical Yin-yang Light.

“How can a defective Supreme Artifact be so powerful?”

Mo Sheng was shocked, his eyes fixated on the Zangshan Demonic Mirror.

Why did Zhang Ruochen want to hide his strength previously if the Zangshan Demonic Mirror had been this powerful all along?

“I will never lose in this battle, no matter how many tricks Zhang Ruochen has up his sleeve.”

There was a determined look in his eyes as a ruthless thought came to mind.

He set his mind to it and sank his teeth into his tongue. Blood spurted out of his mouth in an instant.

Mosheng had been using a secret method to carry out sacrifices since getting the Demonic Yin-Yang Portrait, which had long been working like a charm and would not reject him.

The Demonic Yin-Yang Portrait absorbed his blood in an instant. It then released two dazzling beams of black and white light. They intertwined with each other and formed into a rotating Yin-Yang Tai Chi pattern that greedily absorbed the Power of Heaven and Earth.

There were changes in the celestial phenomenon within tens of thousands of miles. The yin and yang were in a mess, seemingly returning to chaos.

Zhang Ruochen looked grave upon seeing the vision. He felt a grave threat from the yin and yang Tai Chi pattern.

“Don’t let me down, Zangshan Demonic Mirror.” He used his saint will to communicate with the implement spirit of the Zangshan Demonic Mirror.

The Zangshan Demonic Mirror had just become whole and still lacked a tacit understanding with him. He was not sure if he could make the implement spirit cooperate with him fully. All he could do was to give it a try.

The demonic stone as the core of the Zangshan Demonic Mirror vibrated and released strange energy waves that spread throughout the Zangshan Demonic Mirror.

There was an elation in Zhang Ruochen’s eyes. He succeeded. He had revived the implement spirit, and it started to work with him to spur the Zangshan Demonic Mirror’s power.

He could only mobilize hundreds of thousands of Supreme Inscriptions if he were to spur the Zangshan Demonic Mirror alone.

At this moment, however, up to a million of Supreme Inscriptions appeared on Zangshan Demonic Mirror, almost doubling the original number.

More importantly, the Supreme Power released by the Zangshan Demonic Mirror was obviously stronger, circle after circle as they superimposed on each other.

Using the same complete Supreme Artifact, the effect of having the implement spirit’s cooperation differed vastly from without the implement spirit’s cooperation.

As Mosheng cast out the Demonic Yin-Yang Portrait, Zhang Ruochen also cast out the Zangshan Demonic Mirror with no hesitation.

“Huh? Is Mosheng going to clash with me head-on?”

There was a strange look in Zhang Ruochen's eyes as he stared at Mosheng.

Mo Sheng's aura was rising steadily, and he had almost become one with the Blade of the Voracious Wolf, showing its peerless cutting edge.

Zhang Ruochen instantly figured out Mosheng's intentions. Mosheng wanted to use the Demonic Yin-Yang Portrait to contain the Zangshan Demonic Mirror, and then launch a last-ditch attack to injure or even kill him.

With the current state of Mosheng, he would have a hard time getting close to Mosheng even if he performed a Sword of Time.

Besides, the dimension was now chaotic, it was impossible to perform a Dimensional Shift. This meant that he could not even get close to Mosheng and perform a Sword of Time.

"It seems I can only use Yanshen's Leg."

Zhang Ruochen squinted as he quietly gathered his saint Qi into his left leg.

With the cover of Vulcan armor, no one would notice the changes in his left leg with the cover of the Armor of the Fire God.

His left leg was burning with a raging fire at this time. 100,000 red and divine Precepts emerged, releasing a terrifying, world-destructing energy.

"Eat my most powerful blade strike ever, Zhang Ruochen!" Mosheng shouted, pushing his vital energy to its highest level ever.

As Mo Sheng performed an Unmarked Demonic Technique, he vanished and became one with the Blade of the Voracious Wolf.

It exuded a powerful sword Qi, turned into a rainbow and arrived in an instant.

Where the rainbow passed, the dimension burst open and formed a pitch-black fissure.

It could even cut a star that stood in its way in half with such a cutting edge.

Zhang Ruochen raised his left leg and struck at almost the same time as the Blade of the Voracious Wolf struck.

An overwhelmingly powerful divine energy emerged. The dimension up ahead shattered like a glass, with many dimensional fissures spread in all directions.

The magma lake below boiled and countless massive magma pillars rose into the air in a terrifying sight.

Red fire clouds started to form across the sky. It was the combination of the power of Yanshen's Leg and the Armor of the Fire God. It was extremely violent, looking like a solar explosion. Spreading flames and bright light were visible from thousands of miles away.

The temperature of the ice sheet rapidly rose and started to melt. It then vaporized, and the earth became dry and cracked.

Holding nothing back, Zhang Ruochen gathered all his saint Qi and performed a Yanshen's Leg that had its first seal removed at full strength.

Speaking of which, this was the second time he was performing Yanshen's Leg at full strength.

Of course, the power of Yanshen's Leg also increased simultaneously with the improvement of his cultivation base.

Boom!

The Zangshan Demonic Mirror first clashed with the Demonic Yin-Yang Portrait, and then the power of Yanshen's Leg also collided with the Blade of the Voracious Wolf.

It was a violent collision, as if there were four Immortal Supreme Saints fighting with each other.

"Fall back!"

Those cultivators watching the battle were all shocked and stepped back hurriedly.

But at the same time, there were also some cultivators performing powerful saint techniques and casting out sacred artifacts, bracing for the aftershock of the battle between Zhang Ruochen and Mosheng.

The battle of the two was so brutal that those who were thousands of miles away could not even guarantee their own safety.

"Who won?"

Everyone's eyes were fixated in the battle ring's direction, eager to know the result.

Those on the side of the Sect of the Blood God and the Darkdemon Realm were the most anxious. How they wished they could rush over to find out what happened.

Just that if any dared to go over at this time, it was going to be dangerous, as the aftershock from the battle was lethal enough for even the ordinary Nine-Step Saint King.

As time went by, the level of violent energy in the center of the battlefield gradually subsided, and what was hidden was now revealed.

The Tai Chi yin and yang pattern had been shattered, and the Demonic Yin-Yang Portrait had become silent and dim, firmly suppressed by the Zangshan Demonic Mirror.

On the other side, the Blade of the Voracious Wolf had stopped three yards away from Zhang Ruochen, and could no longer advance any further.

Several cracks had appeared on the originally smooth blade.

The Blade of the Voracious Wolf was damaged during the earlier matchup.

It would have definitely been broken into pieces if it were not a powerful, regal weapon.

Zhang Ruochen stood quietly in mid-air, the power of his left leg subsiding with nothing special visible.

Zhang Ruochen might look fine on the outside, but in reality, he had exhausted his saint Qi, and was now extremely fragile.

But the divine sun in the Divine Light Sea of Qi was spinning and releasing vital essence, which quickly converted into saint Qi and flowed throughout his body.

Yanshen's Leg was powerful, but it also consumed too much energy. If he could not defeat his enemy in a single move, he could put himself into danger.

If it were not for Mosheng wanting to kill him, he would not have wanted to perform Yanshen's Leg at full strength.

Fortunately, Yanshen's Leg did not disappoint him. He had withstood Mosheng's most powerful strike. Or else he would be in trouble.

The Blade of the Voracious Wolf trembled as plumes of demonic Qi started to separate from it. As the demonic Qi left the blade, it formed back into Mosheng.

Mosheng looked pale, with blood dripping from the corners of his mouth.

He had become one with the Blade of the Voracious Wolf just now. How could he not be affected when the Blade of the Voracious Wolf had suffered damage?

Zhang Ruochen reached out to retrieve the Zangshan Demonic Mirror. Even the Demonic Yin-Yang Portrait had now fallen into his hands.

He tried hard to conceal his frailty while he chuckled. "I won the battle, Mosheng. Thank you for the two Demonstone Engravings."

Zhang Ruochen could not be happier after he had gotten six Demonstone Engravings from Blackdemon Realm.

Especially the last two Demonstone Engravings, which he seized from Mosheng, the leader of the Blackdemon Realm, were of even greater significance. The Blackdemon Realm had suffered a huge humiliation and would become the laughingstock of everyone.

There was a heavy atmosphere in the Blackdemon Realm. They had lost all five battles. Never had they lost so thoroughly before.

On the Sect of the Blood God's side, everyone cheered and was excited beyond words.

"Grand Master is invincible!" Sun Dadi shouted.

"Grand Master is invincible!"

Everyone in the Sect of the Blood God echoed in unison.

It had been vexing them since Blackdemon Realm started bullying the Sect of the Blood God. Now they could finally teach them a lesson and feel euphoric.

"Not half bad at all, this Zhang Ruochen. He could even beat Mosheng. By the looks of him, there are few people below the Supreme Sainthood who can control him now." Fairy Huofeng was impressed.

At first, her opinion of Zhang Ruochen was already high enough. She never expected that she had still underestimated him.

Those cultivators watching the match were all stunned. They all could not believe what they saw.

“I can’t believe that Mosheng has lost. He is a top powerhouse of the Second Tier below the Supreme Sainthood.”

“Zhang Ruochen has defied all odds. He is only at Precept Domain in his cultivation base, yet he has beaten the top powerhouse of the Second Tier below the Supreme Sainthood. How powerful will he become once his cultivation base reaches Heaven’s Reach, or even Path’s Anterior?”

“Perhaps at that time, even without the help of foreign objects, perhaps Zhang Ruochen will be a top powerhouse below the Supreme Sainthood by then, without the help of external items.”

“I am afraid that no one will dare to underestimate Zhang Ruochen from now on. His speed of improvement is far beyond everyone’s imagination.”

“The Blackdemon Realm has got their comeuppance. Even Mosheng is defeated by Zhang Ruochen. There is no chance for him to turn things around. It seems that making Zhang Ruochen an enemy was not the wisest thing to do.”

Chapter 2052: Han Xue Strikes Again

Mosheng hovered in the air, looking at the damaged Blade of the Voracious Wolf in disbelief.

He had tried his best and performed his most powerful move in the battle. But he still lost. Zhang Ruochen had seized two Demonstone Engravings and severely injured him.

Such an outcome was undoubtedly a blow to Mosheng, as if he was pushed down from heaven into hell.

When the news spreads, he would surely become a laughingstock, while Zhang Ruochen would become famous. He had sacrificed himself for Zhang Ruochen. It felt ironic when thinking about it.

While thinking, Mosheng’s eyes were on Zhang Ruochen. How could he be reconciled to this humiliating defeat?

Of course, he could see that Zhang was over-exhausted and not much better than him, judging by his irregular breathing.

But he still feared the Zangshan Demonic Mirror that hovered above Zhang Ruochen. It was the Zangshan Demonic Mirror that caused him to lose two Demonstone Engravings.

It could be said that the biggest variable in this battle was the Zangshan Demonic Mirror. Otherwise, he would have never lost.

Besides, Mosheng was not sure if Zhang Ruochen still had other tricks up his sleeve. The outcome would be unpredictable if they continued with the battle.

With that thought in mind, Mosheng had no choice but to fight back his anger and put up an indifferent face. “You have got superb skill with lots of tricks up your sleeve, Zhang Ruochen. I lost. But I promise I will take back the Demonstone Engravings someday.”

After that, Mosheng was about to return to the Blackdemon Realm camp.

He needed to heal his injuries first. There was no hurry to attack the Sect of the Blood God for now.

“I’m afraid you won’t have that chance again.” Zhang Ruochen had a killer look in his eyes.

“What do you want, Zhang Ruochen?” Mosheng’s eyes looked frosty

“Where do you think you are? The Sect of the Blood God is not a place where you can come and go as you please,” said Zhang Ruochen with a frosty voice.

He would not let Mosheng leave just like that with such a wonderful opportunity.

Killing Mosheng would set an example for those who were thinking of targeting the Sect of the Blood God and make a point.

Anyone who wanted to target the Sect of the Blood God would have to think twice from now on.

There was a killer look in Mosheng’s eyes when he heard what Zhang Ruochen said. “You want to kill me? At first, I was thinking of letting you live for a few more days. I will kill you since you are asking for it.”

He was not afraid of Zhang Ruochen despite being injured. More so because he now had a chance to redeem himself.

Immediately, he swallowed a healing pill and performed a demonic technique. A ferocious energy emanated from him as the phantom of a hideous wolf appeared behind him.

He, Mosheng, was not a weakling, even though he had lost two Demonstone Engravings.

Zhang Ruochen remained still, but the Zangshan Demonic Mirror floating above him was moving. Hundreds of thousands of Supreme Inscriptions appeared, forming into circles of Supreme Power as he struck at Mosheng with no hesitation.

“Huh?”

Mo Sheng’s expression changed slightly. He was surprised that Zhang Ruochen still had the strength to drive the Zangshan Demonic Mirror to such a level.

He immediately struck with the Blade of the Voracious Wolf, performing three slashing moves in quick succession.

Boom!

The Supreme Power was blocked and annihilated as a wicked and overpowering blade light cut through the air and struck at Zhang Ruochen’s neck.

The neck was still the most vulnerable part of the body, even with the Armor of the Fire God’s protection.

A graceful shadow lunged out of Zhang Ruochen’s spine, grabbing the Zangshan Demonic Mirror and blocking in front of Zhang Ruochen.

Countless intertwining demonic inscriptions emerged on the surface of the Zangshan Demonic Mirror and bounced the blade light back at the moment of contact.

Sha graceful shadow was no one else but Moyin, the Saint Devourer.

“Too bad. Saint Devourer is still too weak for me. She can’t save you, Zhang Ruochen,” said Mosheng.

While speaking, Mosheng made his move by lunging at Zhang Ruochen. He did not take Moyin seriously.

She is only a Heaven’s Reach cultivator and would not pose a threat to him even if she held a Supreme Artifact.

A violent vibration shocked the void, tearing open a black crack of hundreds of yards long. Just then, a fleeting shadow lunged out from within and struck with a sword with a burst of white sword light aiming straight at Mosheng’s head.

Mo Sheng stopped in his tracks and frantically swung his blade to parry the sword light.

Baroom!

After a brief clash, Mosheng lunged backward as casting his eyes on the person wielding the sword.

“It’s you.” Mosheng squinted with a strange look in his eyes.

The person who tore open the dimension was none other than Han Xue.

Relying on the Void Sword’s ability to cross the void, she traveled thousands of miles in the blink of an eye to stop Mosheng.

“You are defeated by my master and are not qualified to be his opponent, Mosheng,” said Han Xue in an icy voice.

But Mosheng was not angry. “That’s the real successor of Empress of Thousand Bones. You are cocky. I might as well capture you first, and then only kill Zhang Ruochen.”

“I’m afraid you can’t.” Han Xue stood with the sword in her hand like a snow lotus, exuding a nerve-racking cold energy.

Han Xue wielded the Void Sword and struck without saying anything further.

Mosheng seemed calm, but he was facing Han Xue squarely. She was Empress of Thousand Bones’ successor. No one knew how powerful she was.

The Blade of the Voracious Wolf swung with powerful bursts of sword Qi, forming a massive sword field that covered a radius of a hundred miles.

Let’s see what you have got. Mosheng thought to himself.

Boom!

Han Xue wielded her sword and lunged into the sword field. She was unstoppable, as if a goddess of war.

The Void Sword had been revived. And right now, a huge number of Supreme Inscriptions appeared on it. The Supreme Inscription released a powerful Supreme Power, cutting open the sword field in an instant.

Han Xue was formidable and had come in front of Mosheng in the blink of an eye.

Mosheng was shocked. He parried with the Blade of the Voracious Wolf while quickly retreating.

Han Xue's attack was ferocious and caught Mosheng off guard. She was much stronger than when she fought Crone Yinfan.

There was no doubt that Han Xue had deliberately held back in her previous battle. What she was displaying now was her actual strength.

Zhang Ruochen was surprised and also glad to see Han Xue had gotten the upper hand while Mosheng was losing ground.

Zhang Ruochen stopped thinking about it and started to perform an Emyrean Emperor Ming's Scripture with all his strength to restore the exhausted saint Qi.

The battle was far from over. He must recover as soon as possible.

The Blackdemon Realm camp was in an uproar when they saw Mosheng and Han Xue fighting each other.

Zhuo Gu took a step forward and clenched the Purple Gold Demonic Spear in his hand. "Wipe out the Sect of the Blood God! Take no prisoners!"

The cultivators from the Darkdemon Realm released a powerful aura as they swept toward the Sect of the Blood God like a tsunami.

The Blackdemon Realm had an absolute advantage in numbers. As long as Mosheng could keep Zhang Ruochen busy, they would slaughter everyone in the Sect of the Blood God in no time.

There were vociferous battle cries with thousands of Saint Kings going at it at once. Demonic clouds formed in the sky, as if the demon world's gate opened and great demons brought disaster to the world.

And this was only a small part of the Saint Kings of Darkdemon Realm, which was one of the 1,000 most powerful realms in Celestial Court. They were truly terrifying.

This was something Kunlun Realm could still not pull off—gathering so many Saint Kings with its current level of strength.

In the case of the Sect of the Blood God, it had produced a pathetic number of Saint Kings despite having its cultivators undergone closed-door cultivation for ten years with the help of the Sundial. Its number was not even a fraction of what Darkdemon Realm had.

But despite knowing the huge strength imbalance, no one wimped out. They all vowed to stick with the Sect of the Blood God.

"Kill those demons, never let them take anything from the Sect of the Blood God."

Sun Dadi raised his arms and shouted, his body spurting with flames and a violent aura.

The fighting spirit of all the saints of the Sect of the Blood God soared. They were not afraid to fight Darkdemon Realm to the death.

Du Mosheng and Pei Linhu exchanged a glance, both of them having a complicated look in their eyes. If not absolutely necessary, they did not want to fight Darkdemon Realm.

Just that it was not up to them. They had been planted with the Blood God's Curse. Their fate was in Zhang Ruochen's hands.

Of course, they knew better that there was no turning back and the only way was going forward since they had chosen to betray Darkdemon Realm.

Now they and the Sect of the Blood God were in the same boat. It would not end up well for them if the Sect of the Blood God was destroyed.

Fighting to the end was the only way to live.

"Let's do it!"

Luo Chen held the Hidden Moon Saber and lunged out first.

His injury, which had almost healed thanks to the Spring of Life, would not affect him much in the battle.

Luo Chen was fast and blocked Zhuo Gu from coming any nearer.

In the previous battle, he only wanted to seize the Demonstone Engravings by using clever strategy. But now he could fight Zhuo Gu to his heart's content.

"Anyone who stands in my way will die."

Zhuo Gu roared in anger, swinging the Purple Gold Demonic Spear before striking at Luo Chen.

He could not be reconciled to the fact that Luo Chen had snatched the Demonstone Engravings from him with tricks. It was time to settle the score with Luo Chen now.

Seeing Luo Chen had made his move, others did not want to be left behind and joined the fray.

Before he arrived, Jin Yu had already fired a golden arrow.

The arrow was glowing in a golden light, piercing through the air like a roc. It flew at extreme speed, aiming straight at Zuo Li. Earlier, Zuo Li had also suffered a humiliating defeat at the hands of Blackie.

"You have a death wish!"

Zuo Li's eyes looked sharp, and an enormous amount of mysterious water appeared and turned into a vast ocean around his body.

A black dragon lunged out of the ocean at the incoming arrow with a roar.

On the other side, Bao Lie's body flickered with light and transformed into a three-eyed nebula leopard. He leaped into the air and pounced at Luo Yu, who had escaped from Zhang Ruochen.

Luo Yu frowned. He quickly performed a demonic technique to form demonic zither. Using his fingers, he played the zither and released waves of sound to stop Bao Lie.

A few powerful cultivators of Path's Anterior from Darkdemon Realm were all restrained in an instant.

Mu Lingxi did not sit idly by, either. She activated her Power of the Bloodline and performed a Spirit Call, stopping several powerful cultivators of Path's Anterior from Darkdemon Realm, including Crone Yinfan, whose injury had mostly healed.

Just as Du Mosheng, Pei Linhu, and He Yuan were about to attack the Nine-Step Saint Kings of Blackdemon Realm, Blackie suddenly flew up in front of them.

Blackie raised his leg and struck out a beam of formation seal several hundred yards in diameter. The formation seal was suspended in the air and engulfed the incoming group of Nine-Step Saint Kings up ahead.

Following that, Blackie cast out seven black formation flags to form a Seven-star Heaven's Blockade Formation. The formation sealed off a radius of thousands of miles, trapping all the Nine-step Saint Kings from Blackdemon Realm in it.

Not even Zuo Li could defeat this Seven-star Heaven's Blockade Formation, let alone these Nine-Step Saint Kings.

Just as Blackie was about to continue to bash those weaker Saint Kings of Darkdemon Realm, wind and clouds in a radius of thousands of miles were surging violently. Thick thunderclouds started to form in the sky, releasing a destructive energy and depressing air.

"It seems that I don't have to do anything now," Blackie whispered.

Tenggu, who was kneeling on the ground, looked grave when he saw the thick thunderclouds in the sky.

How could he not recognize it? This was Zhang Ruochen's thunder technique.

He and Luo Yu had joined hands before this, thinking that they could defeat Zhang Ruochen. Little did they expect that Zhang Ruochen was using this overpowering thunder spell to strike them, almost burning them into coke.

There was fear in the eyes of the hundreds of Saint Kings kneeling together with Tenggu. They all had suffered great mental trauma from Zhang Ruochen's thunder spell earlier.

Zzzzzzzzz-pang!

A cluster of silver thunderbolts struck down from the sky, aiming straight at the Saint King of Blackdemon Realm below. It looked as if the end had come.

"Aah!"

Screams rose in tandem.

Many of the weaker Darkdemon Realm Saint Kings suffered severe injuries and fell from mid-air, their fate unknown.

There was a panic inside Blackdemon Realm camp. People were running with their hands covering their heads.

The cultivators on the Sect of the Blood God's side gasped at seeing this. They all stopped in their tracks, not daring to come closer.

"Capture all the injured!" Zhang Ruochen's voice rang in their ears just as Du Mosheng and other demonic cultivators were gasping in shock.

"Yes, Grand Master!"

Du Mosheng and others came out of their shock and quickly did as told.

It was apparent that those Saint Kings of Darkdemon Realm falling out of the sky were still alive. The thunderbolts did not kill, but just injure them. Otherwise, Zhang Ruochen would not have needed to tell them to do this.

Annihilation Thunder was a wide-range attacking spell. With Zhang Ruochen's current spiritual strength, not even Path's Anterior cultivators could withstand this spell, let alone a group of Saint Kings, who had not even attained Nine-Step Saint Kingdom.

"Damn it! How come Zhang Ruochen's thunder spell is so powerful?"

Zhuo Gu looked grave. He was nervous when he saw his men had been struck and injured by lightning.

They would quickly lose their advantage in numbers if this continued.

And the situation will undoubtedly be extremely unfavorable for them by then.

Besides, Zhang Ruochen and his disciples were not the only powerhouses in the Sect of the Blood God. The unfathomable array master was also posing a grave threat.

Unless Mosheng could quickly end the battle and kill Zhang Ruochen and Han Xue, the battle situation might become unfavorable for them if this dragged on.

But the question was, were Zhang Ruochen and Han Xue so easy to kill?

Chapter 2053: Wheel of the Nether Sun

The Thunder God Reverend stood behind Zhang Ruochen with Golden Thunder Orbs in hands, casting a thunder spell.

In fact, with Zhang Ruochen's current spiritual power and combined with the Golden Thunder Orbs, any thunder he cast at will would be extremely powerful, not something ordinary Saint Kings could withstand.

The thunder spell mostly comprised silver thunderbolts. But the golden ones were more powerful and could pose a threat to Nine-Step Saint Kings.

In the blink of an eye, over 300 Saint Kings of Darkdemon Realm were severely injured by the thunderbolts, and then captured by Du Mosheng, Pei Linhu and others.

The remaining Saint Kings of Darkdemon Realm, about 800 of them, gathered together and released a monstrous demonic Qi to form a powerful shield of the demonic Qi to shield them from the thunderbolts.

There was a magical connection among the thirty-six Demonstone Engravings. Those who practiced the demonic techniques on the Demonstone Engravings could practice a combat formation together, as their powers were compatible with each other.

What happened just now had caught the Saint Kings of Darkdemon Realm off guard. Now that they had recovered from the shock, they immediately formed a combat formation.

These Saint Kings might not be powerful individually, but when they got together and formed a demonic shield, they could withstand Zhang Ruochen's powerful thunder spell.

But with continuous thunderbolt strikes, the demonic shield started to weaken. It became apparent that it would not last for long.

An Eight-Step Saint King cultivator from Darkdemon Realm cast out an inch-long black demonic umbrella when he saw the demonic shield was about to give way.

Triggered by demonic Qi, the black demonic umbrella popped open. It then expanded to cover an area of hundreds of miles in radius in an instant.

There were clearly a series of golden secret patterns on the surface of the umbrella. They looked like golden snakes crawling on the surface.

The demonic umbrella had astonishing defenses. It could not only resist thunderbolt strike but also devour its energy.

Zhang Ruochen could not break the defenses of the demonic umbrella no matter how many thunder orbs he formed.

"That's wonderful stuff."

His expression changed slightly when he saw his thunder spell was subjugated.

He had no choice but to change his strategy by releasing a vigorous spiritual power, mobilizing the Power of Heaven and Earth, and quickly forming a sea of silver thunderbolts to envelop the entire area covered in the demonic shield.

Even if he could not wipe out this group of Darkdemon Realm Saint Kings, he still wanted to trap them all and prevent them from having a chance to launch any counterattack.

On the other side, Han Xue and Mosheng had been exchanging blows for hundreds of rounds, their surroundings breaking apart as the intense battle raged on.

Han Xue held the Void Sword in her hand, pushing her sword skill to the fullest. She had been having the upper hand from the beginning, and even overpowering him.

Mosheng looked grave and could not keep himself calm, as his heart was raging with anger.

He had suffered a defeat at Zhang Ruochen's hands before. And now a disciple of him was overpowering him. He just could not take this humiliation.

"That little girl would not have overpowered me if not for my injury."

As indignant as Mosheng was, he still had to admit that this girl was good in combat and her swordsmanship was badass. She should not be far behind Second Tier below Supreme Sainthood if not one.

Both the master and the disciple's cultivation base were of Precept Domain. But one surprised him more than the other. No one would probably believe that they could rival First Tier cultivators.

Although Zhang Ruochen and Han Xue both used Supreme Artifacts to achieve such a level of strength, no one would say anything about it. After all, the weapons were part of a cultivator's strength.

The Void Sword glowed with cold light and directly pierced through the void. It traveled across dozens of miles and slashed across Mosheng's cheek like lightning. It left a long cut wound on his face with saint blood oozing out in an instant.

At the same time, Han Xue was performing a Power of a Thousand Bones. Her seemingly soft body was making a loud, clattering sound. As if there were a hundred thousand gods of thunder hidden inside her, she performed a palm strike with brutal force.

Mosheng was sent flying out backward, and blood spurted out of his mouth.

He placed great importance in training his physique and was wearing a Meritorious Armor of Flowing Light, yet Han Xue's Thousand Bone Skycrusher Palm had still hit him hard, severely injuring him, and breaking quite several bones.

"It's over!" Han Xue whispered with a killer look in her eyes. She then struck out her sword at Mosheng.

Suppressing or slaying Mosheng was the key to the battle against Darkdemon Realm.

As soon as Mosheng was dead, the other cultivators of Darkdemon Realm would no longer pose much a threat.

Han Xue appeared in front of Mosheng with the tip of her Void Sword pointed at Mosheng's forehead.

Something happened just as the Void Sword was about to penetrate Mosheng's forehead.

A burst of ghastly sacred light on Mosheng's forehead stopped the Void Sword from going forward any further.

"This is..."

Han Xue's expression changed as she had felt an extremely powerful energy in Mosheng's body.

With no hesitation, she pulled the Void Sword back with all her strength as she pulled away from Mosheng.

Mosheng's face was bleeding. The brutal smile was making him look even more hideous—so much so it gave people chills.

The ghastly sacred light on his forehead became more and more intense. It seemed that something was going to fly out of it.

The dimension started to shake and become unstable. It was on the verge of collapse.

Just then, an extremely dazzling ghastly sacred light flew out of Mosheng's forehead. Visions started to emerge between heaven and earth—wind and clouds, and lightning and thunder overshadowed the world.

The ghastly sacred light flew into the sky and turned into a sun, which emitted a dim light that illuminated the world for thousands of miles.

This dim light lacked warmth. Instead, it felt cold. As if one had entered the nether world, it felt extremely creepy.

“What is that? How could it be so terrifying? My saint soul is trembling and feels like it will be sucked away.”

“I didn't know that Mosheng had such a badass thing in him. Why did he not use it earlier?”

“Did you see it? Wherever that ghastly light shone, vitality is quickly draining. That is a wicked thing.”

“Guard your vitality. You will be in great trouble once it is sucked away.”

...

Those cultivators watching the battle started to panic.

Some cultivators with weaker cultivation bases could not withstand the strange force in the sky and died as their vitality sucked dry.

Some survived but had inexplicably lost a lot of their vitality.

Anyone could become scared under such a circumstance.

Mosheng was standing right under the strange sun right now. He seemed to have lost a lot of weight. Apparently, he had drained a lot of vitality.

“I can finally attune myself to the Wheel of the Nether Sun, Zhang Ruochen, thanks to you and your disciple.” Mosheng broke into laughter.

He had the Wheel of the Nether Sun for and kept it inside his Sea of Qi for a long time, but he still could not key to it.

It was not until the critical moment just now that the Wheel of the Nether Sun miraculously attuned to him and he could use it at last.

Mosheng performed his demonic technique, and a wave of demonic Qi rushed out of his body and into the Wheel of the Nether Sun.

It started to vibrate, then shot out a ghastly sacred light at Han Xue.

Han Xue's heart skipped a beat. She immediately swung the Void Sword and struck with incredible speed.

A white sword light struck out. It was so sharp that it literally cut open the air, leaving behind a large stretch of dimensional fissure.

The ghastly sacred light shattered at once upon being hit by the sword light.

Despite this, Han Xue did not let down her guard, her eyes looking graver than before.

She could clearly sense the powerful divine power of the Wheel of the Nether Sun during the brief engagement. Inside this divine power was a strange force of death and rotteness. The consequences of coming into contact with it could be fatal.

At a distance away, Blackie was closely monitoring the Wheel of the Nether Sun hanging in the sky. His expression was serious. "I can't believe that it is the Wheel of the Nether Sun, the weapon that Nether Lord Lingyang left behind. How did this thing fall into Mosheng's hands and attune to Mosheng?"

Blackie could not be more surprised. This should not have been possible.

Nether Lord Lingyang was an immortal of the Nether clan in Infernal Court. He once had an impressive reputation, but he was killed in the Middle Ages.

The weapon he used was the Wheel of the Nether Sun, with which he had harvested the life of many living beings.

After Nether Lord Lingyang's death, the Wheel of the Nether Sun vanished. It was not until 100,000 years later that it reappeared in Mosheng's hands.

All sacred artifacts possess extraordinary power. Some of them were so powerful that they rivaled, if not beat, Supreme Artifacts.

After all, some ancient artifacts were Supreme Artifacts, such as the Godslayer Cross-Shield that Xia Wenxin possessed.

Mosheng's strength was already impressive in the first place. Now that he had awakened the Wheel of the Nether Sun, he had literally become even more powerful than ever.

The Wheel of the Nether Sun shared part of the vitality with Mosheng after feasting itself on it. The vitality made Mosheng's body become stronger. His energy was increasing, and he quickly recovered to his peak.

"Hand over all the Demonstone Engravings, Zhang Ruochen, and I will give you a clean death."

Mosheng stepped forward and stared at Zhang Ruochen with a nonchalant expression.

He had activated the Wheel of the Nether Sun, sealing off the area with his divine power. Not even a Scion of Time and Space like Zhang Ruochen could escape by dimensional techniques.

Zhang Ruochen looked grave but not scared. "Even if you have mastered an ancient sacred artifact, it does not mean that you will be invincible, Mosheng. At least, my disciple and I have no fear in fighting you." His voice was frosty.

Zhang Ruochen had recovered half of his saint Qi, during the short time when Han Xue engaged Mosheng. Not that he didn't have the strength to fight.

In fact, he could fight while recovering his saint Qi.

As long as he refrained from performing a Yanshen's Leg and relying on that divine sun in his Divine Light Sea of Qi, he would have a constant flow of saint Qi in his body.

"You go help Lingxi." He secretly ordered Moyin.

Mo Yin immediately moved towards Mu Lingxi without any hesitation.

She would not be of much help if she stayed here in this situation. So she might as well leave and play a bigger role in other battlefields.

Mosheng couldn't care less if Moyin left. He was focusing his entire attention on Zhang Ruochen and Han Xue.

Zhang Ruochen was a must-kill target. He wanted to redeem himself.

And he would let Han Xue go, too, as she was the key to finding Empress of Thousand Bones

"Prepare to die, Zhang Ruochen!"

Mosheng yelled. The killer look in his eyes could not be more apparent.

How could he not be furious when he had suffered a humiliating defeat at Zhang Ruochen's hands, and lost two Demonstone Engravings?

The Wheel of the Nether Sun vibrated as it shot down as if a falling star from the sky and crashed toward Zhang Ruochen at an incredible speed.

Zhang Ruochen was on full alert. He quickly took out the Zangshan Demonic Mirror, triggering a powerful Supreme Power to shatter the dimension.

Han Xue also made her move at the same time, wielding the Void Sword and struck with a Supreme Power in the sword Qi.

Bang!

The Wheel of the Nether Sun was overpowering, crushing the forces of the Zangshan Demonic Mirror and of the Void Sword at once.

There was an enormous divine power sweeping towards Zhang Ruochen and Han Xue.

The two tried their best to ward it off, but were still forced back.

Zhang Ruochen was not injured thanks to the Armor of the Fire God's protection.

On the other hand, the impact that Han Xue received was relatively small, as the thousand bones in her body had produced a strange rhythm and neutralized the blow.

After all, she had the most mysterious and powerful physique of any human. She had an incredible ability.

Mosheng did not stop his attack. He kept propelling the Wheel of the Nether Sun to generate even more powerful divine power to launch even fiercer attacks.

He had been depressed before this. And now he wanted to release it all.

A grayish white flame was burning on the Wheel of the Nether Sun. This flame was extremely strange. Once coming into contact with it, it would kill people silently by attacking the saint soul.

The Wheel of the Nether Sun released an enormous amount of grayish white flame every time it attacked. Zhang Ruochen and Han Xue had no choice but to be extra careful.

The battle situation had reversed. Relying on the Wheel of the Nether Sun, Mosheng could fight two opponents at the same time and still had the upper hand. Mosheng, after all, had a much higher cultivation base than the two of them.

Without weapon superiority and with their Precept Domain-only cultivation base, they could not possibly defeat Mosheng. They would not stand a chance unless Zhang Ruochen had recovered his cultivation base and could perform the Power of Dimension and Time.

“Unfortunately, it is Han Xue. If it were...” Zhang Ruochen let out a soft sigh.

If it were a Sword Path master who could perform a Ying and Yang Sword Formation with him, then he might defeat Mosheng again.

“Fall back into the Sect of the Blood God, Zhang Ruochen. With the three Ninth Stratum Arrays, those from Darkdemon Realm could not easily get in.” Blackie told Zhang Ruochen through telepathy when he saw things were going south.

Zhang Ruochen’s heart skipped a beat, and he quickly told his men through telepathy, *“Fall back into the Sect of the Blood God!”*

He, of course, knew the situation well. Mosheng had become unstoppable with the Wheel of the Nether Sun in hands. Not even Neverwilt-realm Supreme Saints could do anything about it.

Zhang Ruochen and Han Xue could certainly withstand the attack of the Wheel of the Nether Sun. But the consequence would be unimaginable if the attack spilled over to others.

Even ordinary Nine-Step Saint Kings could die if hit by this horrifying power of the Wheel of the Nether Sun.

After receiving the instruction via telepathy, Mu Lingxi, Bao Lie, and others immediately shook off their opponents and lunged back toward the Sect of the Blood God at the quickest speed with no hesitation.

“Huh? Thinking of fleeing?” Mosheng sneered when he noticed what Mu Lingxi and others were doing.

The monstrous demonic Qi was injected into the Wheel of the Nether Sun, spurring it to spin at high speed. A massive divine power and a strange grayish white flame from the Wheel of the Nether Sun started to sweep over the entire battlefield.

Zhang Ruochen looked grave as he communicated and awakened the Zangshan Demonic Mirror’s implement spirit.

Han Xue had become one with the sword in the first instance. The Void Sword violently vibrated with numerous Supreme Inscriptions on the surface. They triggered beams of Supreme Power, each of which was extremely sharp, cutting the surrounding dimension into pieces.

Towering demonic mountains appeared and formed a barrier to block the spreading divine power and grayish white flames.

Han Xue swung her sword and struck out her most powerful sword move ever.

The snow-white sword light illuminated the sky, as if a white comet, dragging its long tail, striking at the Wheel of the Nether Sun.

The demonic mountains shattered one by one, as they could not withstand the massive divine power of the Wheel of the Nether Sun.

But at least, he had successfully held back that divine power for a moment, and bought Mu Lingxi, and others some time.

Han Xue's sword light struck the Wheel of the Nether Sun and sent it flying out backward for several hundred yards and temporarily stopped it from releasing more divine power.

"Die!"

Mosheng shouted as he cast out a Mystical Yin-yang Light to strike Zhang Ruochen and Han Xue.

Zhang Ruochen grasped the hilt of the Void Sword and gathered the 100,000 Precepts of Dimension he had cultivated before striking in the direction of the Sect of the Blood God.

The dimension split open and a dimensional fissure of a few yards formed.

"Run!"

Zhang Ruochen grabbed Han Xue's hand, directed the Void Sword, and vanished into the dimensional fissure.

Zhang Ruochen and Han Xue lunged into the Sect of the Blood God as soon as they emerged from the dimensional fissure on the side of the protective arrays.

Bang!

The Mystical Yin-yang Light was one second late and hit on the guardian arrays.

Chapter 2054: There Is No Escape

Inside the Sect of the Blood God, blood was dripping out of Zhang Ruochen's and Han Xue's mouths—they were seriously injured.

Mosheng had gone mad and propelled the Wheel of the Nether Sun with all his strength. The divine power released was so powerful and mixed with tons of other weird powers. If not for Zhang Ruochen and Han Xue's strength and unique physique, the consequence would be unimaginable.

"Are you alright?" Mu Lingxi asked with concern.

Zhang Ruochen held up a hand to stop Mu Lingxi from touching him. “There is a strange energy invading my body. I need to refine it first.”

He was not alone. Some strange energies—the grayish white flame and the Power of Curse unique to the Nether clan—were attacking her from the inside.

Zhang Ruochen performed an Empyrean Emperor Ming’s Scripture. A Divine Purification Flame was going around inside his body to incinerate all the foreign energies that invaded his body.

Han Xue was performing a God’s Fall, a technique of using the characteristics of a thousand bones to force the foreign energies out of the body.

Immediately afterwards, the thousand bones inside her made a strange rhythm. A series of strange, mysterious patterns that glowing in sacred light appeared and covered her body.

Her injuries rapidly healed.

“With the same powerful self-healing ability as the Empress, the physique of a Thousand Bones is unique.” The image of Empress of Thousand Bones came to mind when Blackie saw the changes in Han Xue.

Thousand-Bone physique was known as the strongest physique of humans, almost equivalent to an immortal body. No matter how severe the injury was, it could quickly recover. And after it healed, the person could often become stronger.

So some people turned Thousand-Bone physique into the body of warriors, who were specially created for combat, and the tougher the battle was, the stronger they became.

...

...

Led by Mosheng, many cultivators from Darkdemon Realm had come outside the Sect of the Blood God.

“You all think you will be safe by hiding in there? Zhang Ruochen, you will not escape death no matter how many magics you can pull.”

A strong demonic Qi gushed out of Mosheng’s body. It smelled of blood, as if it was extracted from the sea of blood and the dead.

Looking closely, one would find inside the dense demonic Qi was rays of dark-gold light.

The cultivators of Blackdemon Realm were comprehending the 36 Demonstone Engraving replicas. The most they could cultivate was only Demonic Blood Qi, no matter how talented they were.

Only by comprehending the real thing could they possibly cultivate the higher level of world-destroying Demonic Apocalyptic Qi.

Mosheng had gotten the Demonic Voracious Wolf Portrait and the Demonic Yin-Yang Portrait for a period, and had comprehended part of the essence from the original. His demonic Qi had undergone a fundamental transformation.

That dark-gold light was the Demonic Apocalyptic Qi.

It would not be long before the demonic Qi be converted. His combat strength would improve tremendously by then. He might even build the foundation for his attainment of immortality in the future.

The Wheel of the Nether Sun shone even brighter with this powerful demonic Qi. The surging divine power was making the loud whistling sound.

When the divine power was pushed to the extreme, the Wheel of the Nether Sun plunged at high speed like a shooting star toward the guardian array of the Sect of the Blood God.

Boom!

The three Ninth Stratum Arrays guarding the Sect of the Blood God shook violently. Countless mysterious formation inscriptions emerged to resist the divine-power bombardment from the Wheel of the Nether Sun.

The Wheel of the Nether Sun exhausted its divine power and stopped turning after a long while.

In contrast, the three Nine Stratum Arrays were still perfectly intact.

“The foundations of the three Nine Stratum Arrays are still there. It was I who repaired them. They will not break down so easily.” Blackie was standing on top of the mountain with a proud expression on his face.

The Sect of the Blood God, with its extraordinary heritage, was founded by immortals.

When the three Nine Stratum Arrays were laid out, they could withstand the attack of the most powerful Supreme Saints. The Sect of the Blood God would always be safe, as long as there was no attack from the immortals.

Blackie’s spiritual power had not fully recovered and his array attainments had just been elevated to the level of array masters. So he had only done some simple repairs on the three Nine Stratum Arrays, and not yet restored to their former glory.

Everyone in the Sect of the Blood God breathed a sigh of relief.

With Mosheng’s current might, it would be an existential disaster for the Sect of the Blood God if the guardian arrays failed to withstand Mosheng’s attack.

Mosheng’s expression became even icier when his strike did not work. “Work with me, push the Wheel of the Nether Sun to its full power until it breaks the arrays, and then we will slaughter the Sect of the Blood God.”

“Slaughter the Sect of the Blood God!” all the saints of Blackdemon Realm responded in unison.

This battle was particularly important for the Darkdemon Realm. If it failed to take down the Sect of the Blood God, it would inevitably become a laughingstock of the world. How could it still hold its head high in Celestial Court in the future?

All Blackdemon Realm saints performed a demonic technique and injected their power into the Wheel of the Nether Sun. A powerful divine light lit up and all-powerful energy spread across a radius of tens of thousands of miles.

Bang! Bang!

“Aah—”

...

The body of the living beings in this area exploded one after another. After that, they all turned into plumes of blood Qi and disappeared into the Wheel of the Nether Sun.

“No. I don’t want to die!”

Screams of reluctance rose, but no one could change the outcome.

Of course, there were powerhouses that resisted the strange power of the Wheel of the Nether Sun, protecting themselves and the many cultivators around them.

After drawing on the blood Qi of living beings and the Power of Heaven and Earth, the Wheel of the Nether Sun had expanded to over ten thousand yards in diameter, and the energy it put out sent those Nine-Step Saint Kings shivering in fear.

Blackie looked grave and sounded desperate. “Give me the Zangshan Demonic Mirror, Zhang Ruochen.”

“Here you go.”

Zhang Ruochen was healing his injuries while casting out the Zangshan Demonic Mirror.

Blackie immediately cast out the Zangshan Demonic Mirror as soon as he got it.

Mysterious formation inscriptions appeared in mid-air before the Zangshan Demonic Mirror vanished. Only Blackie knew that the Zangshan Demonic Mirror had entered the heart of the three Nine Stratum Arrays.

Using the Zangshan Demonic Mirror as the formation eye of the Nine Stratum Array was enough to elevate the power of the array to the next level.

Immediately afterwards, Blackie’s body flickered as he had also entered the heart of the formation.

“All fall back to Yingzhu Peak.” Zhang Ruochen ordered.

Yingzhu Peak had the divine inscriptions left by the Blood God. Blackie had partially restored. It was now the safest place of the Sect of the Blood God.

Boom!

The Wheel of the Nether Sun now carried a much more divine power than before as it descended from the sky. The air of death was everywhere, as if a nether world was coming to bring destruction to the world.

The phantom of an immortal, at tens of thousands of yards tall, appeared and exuded a supreme authority. It looked like the lord of death that controlled the life and death of all living beings in the world.

It was apparent that the tall phantom of an immortal was Nether Lord Lingyang.

The Wheel of the Nether Sun was the most powerful weapon ever forged by Nether Lord Lingyang. He had used it in battles for years. There was no surprise that his immortal shadow was imprinted on this weapon.

The divine shadow of Nether Lord Lingyang reached out a hand and a dim divine power gathered, compressed, and formed into a light ball.

The light ball that had gathered an enormous amount of divine power shot out at once. The dimension collapsed, and the world seemed to break apart as it flew past.

Boom!

The light ball exploded upon coming into contact with the three Nine Stratum Arrays, unleashing a terrifying Power of Obliteration over the entire Sect of the Blood God.

The ancient snow mountain on which the Sect of the Blood God was backed collapsed and was razed to the ground in an instant. Countless savage beasts on the mountain died a tragic death.

The blast had changed the terrain around the Sect of the Blood God tremendously. The land where the sect sat sank tens of yards, separated from the surrounding area to become an island.

"It's over. I am afraid that the Sect of the Blood God is doomed this time. No way Zhang Ruo Chen could turn the tide now," said a Saint King cultivator watching the battle with a trembling voice.

If he was within the blast zone of the Power of Obliteration, he could have been obliterated in an instant.

The other cultivators also watching the battle gasped in shock.

"What a terrifying sacred artifact. It is much more powerful than many Supreme Artifacts. This is Mosheng's actual trump card."

As calm as Fairy Huofeng was, she could not help but look on in shock.

Not that she had never seen the ancient sacred artifacts before. But those she had seen in the past were not in the same league as the Wheel of the Nether Sun.

Judging by the energy unleashed just now, the Wheel of the Nether Sun should be the most powerful weapon among all the ancient sacred artifacts.

Mosheng was hovering in the air, controlling the Wheel of the Nether Sun as he looked on with frosty eyes as the Power of Obliteration swept over the Sect of the Blood God.

With 800 Darkdemon Realm Saint Kings pooling their strength together, the power of the Wheel of the Nether Sun could destroy the world. He did not think that the three guardian formations of the Sect of the Blood God could still stand.

The divine shadow of Nether Lord Lingyang was still there at this moment.

The Wheel of the Nether Sun rotating slowly, releasing an even more gloomy gray light, death, curse, and decay. All the strange forces were intertwined.

Now even Darkdemon Realm Saint Kings were horrified, for fear of getting hit by the backlash of these forces.

It took a long while before the Power of Obliteration covering the Sect of the Blood God dissipated.

“Huh?”

Mosheng frowned.

The result was not what he expected. The three Nine Stratum Arrays guarding the Sect of the Blood God remained intact after the terrifying strike.

He had noticed something—a mirror. “I can’t believe that Zhang Ruochen is using that Supreme Artifact as a formation eye. He is really resourceful.”

“What should we do now, Mosheng? The three Nine Stratum Arrays are tough enough when they are linked. Now that they are using a Supreme Artifact as the formation eye, it is even more difficult to take them down.” Zhuo Gu came up beside Mosheng with a frown.

That array master was nasty to deal with.

“The formation requires an immense amount of energy and even more importantly, a stable foundation to run. If I can cut off the power source, the formation will be destroyed, no matter how powerful it is,” said Mosheng with a low voice as an idea came to mind.

While speaking, millions of Precepts emerged from his body and spun towards the Wheel of the Nether Sun.

He derived these Precepts from comprehending death, decay, devouring, and destruction. They were most suitable for powering the Wheel of the Nether Sun.

The divine shadow of Nether Lord Lingyang became more substantial, as if he was crossing the long river of time and space, and coming to this place.

Bang!

He reached out and pressed his hand on the shield of the formation. A powerful burst of divine power crushed the formation shield at once.

This divine power enveloped the formation shield and even penetrated into the ground, trying to isolate the Sect of the Blood God from the outside world, so that no external forces could enter.

At the same time, the divine power was also doing its utmost to destroy the three Nine Stratum Arrays so that they would collapse on their own.

The dimension near the Wheel of the Nether Sun shattered with a loud boom. A massive black hole formed with a powerful nether energy oozing out of it.

Immediately afterwards, an enormous amount of dark power gushed out of the black hole and was absorbed by the Wheel of the Nether Sun.

“I can’t believe that this ancient sacred artifact has actually forced open an energy passage to draw dark energy from Infernal Court.”

The faces of many cultivators watching the battle from a distance changed as they saw the dimensional hole.

Fortunately, it was only an energy tunnel. If it were a substantial one, the cultivators from the Infernal Court would be able to cross over directly.

The divine power released by the Wheel of the Nether Sun was even more powerful after absorbing dark power from Infernal Court. It had completely suppressed the dimensional where the Sect of the Blood God was.

No one inside the Sect of the Blood God could escape. Not even Zhang Ruochen, the Scion of Time and Space.

How could he allow anyone to slip through the net since he said he wanted to wipe out the Sect of the Blood God?

The Sect of the Blood God was sinking, almost buried alive as the divine shadow of Nether Lord Lingyang crushed it down.

Blackie looked up as he was standing in the middle of the formation eye. “Perish the thought if you think you can destroy the formation base and cut off the power supply of the formation. The formation of the Sect of the Blood God is arranged by the top array master. The formation base is the most stable, and the energy required for the formation is drawn from the sacred veins within the Sect of the Blood God. I am curious to know what tricks you can pull now, Mosheng.”

Blackie was not worried with the Zangshan Demonic Mirror as the eye of the three Nine Stratum Arrays.

It was impossible to defeat the formation unless the Wheel of the Nether Sun could produce several times the power that it could now.

When the Sect of the Blood God was at five hundred yards underground, it stopped sinking further, no matter how hard Nether Lord Lingyang tried to press it.

“It looks like things are OK now. Those people from the Darkdemon Realm can’t come in, and they also can’t keep besieging us indefinitely. They will leave soon.” Bao Lie breathed a sigh of relief.

This might sound pathetic, but it would avoid mass casualty in the Sect of the Blood God at least. Revenge could wait.

“I’m afraid it’s not that simple. It is impossible for Mosheng to lose sight of the situation. He must be up to something since he insists on using the Wheel of the Nether Sun to besiege us,” said Zhang Ruochen with a frown.

Everyone could not help but have a grave look on their faces as they started to think.

People like Mosheng would not do something for no reason.

Since he had been reluctant to retreat, he must be guarded against.

“It seems that I am still not too late to the party.”

An extremely forceful voice spoke all of a sudden.

All the cultivators looked over in the voice’s direction in unison.

An extremely bright, sacred light greeted their eyes. It was so bright that they almost could not open their eyes.

A thought came to their minds as soon as they saw the sacred light, which was that it was the source of all light, one that could dispel darkness in the world.

That sacred light traveled across tens of thousands of miles in the blink of an eye and appeared outside the Sect of the Blood God.

The sacred light slowly dissipated, revealing an eight-foot-tall figure.

This figure was dressed in a white robe, spotlessly clean, and exuded an extremely sacred air, as if it would purify darkness and filth in the world.

The figure had blond hair and blue eyes. Every strand of hair was shiny, and the eyes were as if a pair of blue sapphires, which seemed to hide two vast expanses of ocean inside.

The most conspicuous thing was the huge exotic beast behind the figure. It was an azure dragon whose nostrils were tied with a silver-white rope. It looked obedient, as if it were livestock.

“I can’t believe that the leader of Heavenly Realm, Zhou Yu, has come! It seemed that he went into the wild to catch an azure dragon.” One cultivator could not help but exclaim in surprise.

Baroom!

There was a loud noise in heaven as soon as his voice trailed off.

A massive fireball flew across the sky and vanished. Everyone could clearly sense a terrifying energy, one that was no weaker than that of Zhou Yu.

Everyone stared in the direction where the fireball vanished. They all wondered if there was another powerful cultivator coming.

It seemed that there was no escape for the Sect of the Blood God.

Chapter 2055: The Divine Book of Light

There was a strange look in Mo Sheng’s eyes when he saw Zhou Yu coming. He then went up to greet him.

“What took you so long, Zhou Yu?”

While speaking, he looked at the azure dragon of Zhou Yu, his heart skipping a beat.

This azure dragon was an ancient remnant. Its bloodline was stronger than most dragons. More importantly, the energy it exuded was more powerful than that of a typical Path's Anterior cultivator.

He could not believe that Zhou Yu could tame such a powerful azure dragon.

"It took me a while to catch this beast. But by the looks of things, I am still not too late for the party, am I?" Zhou Yu let out a faint smile.

Mo Sheng looked not too happy when he heard that. How could he not know what Zhou Yu meant? Zhou Yu was clearly belittling them.

"There are three Nine Stratum Arrays outside the Sect of the Blood God with a Supreme Artifact as the array eye. Can you defeat it, Zhou Yu?" asked Mo Sheng calmly.

He would want to see what Zhou Yu could do since Zhou Yu thought they were useless and could not take down the Sect of the Blood God even after so long.

Zhou Yu cast a casual glance at the guardian formation of the Sect of the Blood God and then took out a diamond-shaped gemstone with the flip of his hand. The gemstone was dark green, with many mysterious patterns engraved on it. Even the top Nine-Step Saint Kings would feel dizzy after looking at it for a long time.

"We accidentally got this Inscription-Suppressing Stone when I caught this beast. Let's see what it can do," said Zhou Yu.

There was a strange look in Mosheng's eyes as he fixated on the dark-green gemstone. "Inside the Sect of the Blood God is an array master, who controls the three Nine Stratum Arrays. Can this Inscription-Suppressing Stone defeat the arrays?"

"You will know the answer soon," said Zhou Yu in a flat tone of voice. But anyone could hear the confidence in his words.

While speaking, he casually cast out the Inscription-Suppressing Stone and propelled it with his saint Qi.

Intertwining and ever-changing mysterious inscriptions appeared on the surface of the Inscription-Suppressing Stone as it came down to suppress the guardian formation of the Sect of the Blood God.

"Not good. That's the Inscription-Suppression Stone."

Blackie's expression changed when he saw what was coming.

No one knew the Inscription-Suppression Stone better than an array master. This object came from an array master, extremely difficult to refine. Not only did it require extremely high array attainment, it also needed to find the right special material.

The Inscription-Suppression Stone had only one function, which was to suppress formation inscriptions and weaken a formation, or even render it ineffective.

Any non-Nine Stratum Array would lose its effectiveness at the release of the Inscription-Suppression Stone.

If two array masters with similar formation attainment fought, the one with the Inscription-Suppression Stone would undoubtedly have a tremendous advantage over the other who did not.

Baroom!

The three Nine Stratum Arrays shook violently as soon as the Inscription-Suppressing Stone released its energy.

Part of the formation inscriptions dimmed, causing great flaws to appear in the formation.

“This is the time.”

Mosheng’s eyes were gleaming with light. He quickly activated the Wheel of the Nether Sun to launch an attack.

This time, the Wheel of the Nether Sun transformed into a gloomy sun and fell at high speed from the sky.

Boom!

The shield formed by the three Nine Stratum Arrays could only last for a moment before it quickly collapsed.

Blackie reacted at the first instance when he noticed the collapse of the formation. He grabbed the Zangshan Demonic Mirror and fell back to Yingzhu Peak at the fastest possible speed.

“We are in trouble, Zhang Ruochen. Zhou Yu has not only come but also brought an Inscription-Suppressing Stone. I am afraid that the defense of Yingzhu Peak will not last long,” said Blackie anxiously.

“Can’t you defeat that thing with your ability?” Zhang Ruochen’s brows were knitted together.

“That stone is not ordinary stuff. It defeated the Nine Stratum Arrays that I just restored in a snap. If I am not mistaken, it should have come from the hands of the King of Sea and Land. With my current array attainment, which has just been restored to the level of Lord of Mountains and Rivers, it is extremely unlikely I can defeat the Inscription-Suppressing Stone,” said Blackie.

The so-called Lord of Mountains and Rivers and King of Sea and Land were ranks of array masters. They were of different levels and the power of the formations they set up differed vastly.

Rumors had it that the most powerful array master could rival the best Supreme Saint.

Normally, those who became an array master in his Saint Kingdom could only attain the level of the Lord of Mountains and Rivers. It was often only a beginner level, not advanced.

Everyone present looked serious when they heard what Blackie said, as they truly realized they were in deep shit now.

Outside of the Sect of the Blood God, the many cultivators of Darkdemon Realm were in high spirit. No one could stop them anymore after the collapse of the guardian formation.

“We need to make this quick. Except for Empress of Thousand Bones’ scion, none of the others should be spared.” Mosheng ordered.

Those cultivators of Darkdemon Realm swooped down from above as they all tried to enter the Sect of the Blood God.

The Sect of the Blood God had sunk hundreds of yards into the earth now.

Mosheng activated the Wheel of the Nether Sun, releasing a massive amount of divine power to block the Sect of the Blood God’s escape routes.

He did this mainly because he wanted to prevent Zhang Ruochen from escaping.

With so many authentic Demonstone Engravings on Zhang Ruochen’s body, the last thing he wanted after doing so many things was to find Zhang Ruochen slip away.

Zhou Yu did not hesitate but brought the azure dragon to enter the Sect of the Blood God when he saw the cultivators of Darkdemon Realm take action.

“Aah, what’s going on? Why is my vitality losing so quickly?”

Someone screamed in horror.

A Three-Step Saint King of Darkdemon Realm had a frightened look on his face. He rapidly aged, with wrinkled skin and gray hair.

Immediately afterwards, a few other Saint Kings also encountered the same situation.

The phenomenon spread like a plague. It affected not only ordinary Saint King cultivators but also the Nine-Step Saint King powerhouses.

Amid the panic, a dimensional crack with a width of ten yards appeared out of nowhere, slicing the body of a Five-Step Saint King in half, with the upper body being swallowed by the dimensional crack.

Immediately afterwards, a chunk of dimension collapsed and swept two nearby Darkdemon Saint Kings into it.

“Hold your horses, everyone! Good one, Zhang Ruochen! He has rigged the Sect of the Blood God with Time and Dimensional Formations beforehand,” Mo Sheng shouted, his face turning grave.

All the Darkdemon cultivators calmed down spontaneously, watching their surroundings cautiously as they stopped moving.

“These cheap tricks he pulls are nothing but just a joke in front of absolute power.” Zhou Yu had not much expression on his face.

After that, he extended a hand. A sacred light appeared in his palm, dazzlingly bright like a small sun.

The sacred light rapidly expanded as it flew out. It shone sun and illuminated the inside of the Sect of the Blood God like a rising sun.

The next moment, the sacred light shattered, turning into countless light spots before slowly dissipating.

On Yingzhu Peak, Zhang Ruochen had a grim look on his face as he stared at Zhou Yu from a distance. He could clearly sense how powerful Zhou Yu was using the time and dimensional arrays he had laid down in the sect.

This guy had unfathomable skills. Without causing any damage, he had destroyed all the time and dimensional formations that Zhang Ruochen had laid.

“What an awesome Path of Light. The Precepts that Zhou Yu has cultivated are definitely over one hundred thousand.” Zhang Ruochen’s heart skipped a beat.

Zhou Yu was the master of the Light. He had been well trained by those big guys of the Fane of Light. He always had an extraordinary bit of serendipity. So he could be considered the blessed one.

Zhang Ruochen was not the only one impressed. Those Darkdemon cultivators were all shocked. Even Mosheng had a serious look on his face.

Mosheng was always proud of himself. Especially after he had activated the Wheel of the Nether Sun. He became even more arrogant, exalting himself as no less powerful than Zhou Yu.

But when he saw Zhou Yu’s skill, he suddenly felt Zhou Yu was far more unfathomable than he thought.

Some of the Darkdemon cultivators could finally free themselves after the time and dimensional formations were gone. But some others were dead.

Even though they were rescued, most of them were severely injured. Recovery was not that easy.

Zhou Yu shifted his attention to Yingzhu Peak, staring at Zhang Ruochen from a distance. “Zhang Ruochen, follow me to Heavenly Realm, and you may get a chance to live.”

Zhou Yu’s thinking was that Zhang Ruochen had many secrets hidden in him. If he could unearth them, it would be more valuable than killing him directly.

Of course, if Zhang Ruochen was not cooperative, then he would not mind obliterating him.

In any case, Heavenly Realm would never allow Zhang Ruochen to live, as it deemed him a time bomb.

“Heavenly Realm hates my guts and can’t wait to grind my bones to dust. I can’t believe that you say you will spare my life. Do you think I’m a fool?” Zhang Ruochen sneered. “Besides, it is not up to Heavenly Realm to decide my fate.”

Zhou Yu did not get angry at hearing those words. He just shook his head slightly. “Zhang Ruochen, I have offered you a way out. It is you who do not cherish it. If so, I will have to take your life then.”

The Inscription-Suppressing Stone flew straight up Yingzhu Peak with the flick of his hand.

Meanwhile, a book glowing with sacred light appeared in his hand, with countless Precepts of Light intertwined on, and a strong immortal energy emanating from it.

“The Divine Book of Light!”

Mosheng’s heart skipped a beat.

This book was a legacy of the immortal who practiced Path of Light. It contained countless saint techniques of light attributes. As long as one's cultivation base was high enough, activating the book would release various powerful saint techniques of the Light.

Apparently, Zhou Yu wanted to break the defense of Yingzhu Peak and then kill Zhang Ruochen.

The Inscription-Suppression Stone had been reactivated and instantly suppressed some of the divine inscriptions on Yingzhu Peak.

Cracks appeared in the defenses of Yingzhu Peak. Its defenses were no longer impregnable.

As Zhou Yu slowly opened the Divine Book of Light, a bright, sacred light shone out from it. The light then turned into a sword of light and struck like lightning at Yingzhu Peak.

Immediately afterwards, another sacred light flew out, turning into a thunder of light with a terrifyingly destructive aura.

Boom!

The defenses of Yingzhu Peak could not withstand Zhou Yu's attack and quickly collapsed.

Chapter 2056: Xue Lingxian Awakens

"Purifying Light!"

Zhou Yu waved his hand, and an incredibly sacred light flew out of the Divine Book of Light, forming a bright light curtain covering the entire Yingzhu Peak.

Many things on Yingzhu Peak started to melt under the light, as if ice and snow melted under the scorching sun.

Zhang Ruochen's face changed spontaneously. He released a powerful saint power to envelop all the disciples of the Sect of the Blood God and kept them inside Qiankun Realm.

The strongest disciples of the Sect of the Blood God were only Six-Step Saint Kings, too weak to withstand Zhou Yu's attack.

Mu Lingxi, Han Xue, and others, however, were strong enough to protect themselves.

They would never leave Zhang Ruochen to face the enemy alone in time like this.

After sheltering everyone, Zhang Ruochen stretched out a hand and summoned 100,000 Precepts of Dimension in his body, releasing a terrifying force of dimension.

Boom!

An enormous hole instantly formed in the dimension up ahead. A violent force of dimension gathered, forming a terrifying black storm that swept out in all directions.

Bang!

The sacred light released by Zhou Yu shattered in an instant upon impact by the dimensional storm.

Zhang Ruochen did not let down his guard. Instead, his face became graver.

When the sacred light dissipated, Zhang Ruochen saw the Wheel of the Nether Sun flying towards him with a violent power, releasing a tsunami of violent divine power.

“Everyone, help me!” Zhang Ruochen shouted in a low voice as he cast out the Zangshan Demonic Mirror with all his strength.

Mu Lingxi, Jin Yu, and others injected their saint Qi into the Zangshan Demonic Mirror with no hesitation.

Three substantial demonic mountains flew out as the Zangshan Demonic Mirror revived. With this as the foundation, a monstrous demonic energy surged. It quickly formed a solid black demonic mountain and crushed the solid dimension.

Right now, Han Xue became one with her sword. She held nothing back and unleashed her Power of a Thousand Bones, striking with a peerless, sharp light that shone throughout heaven and earth.

Boom!

The Wheel of the Nether Sun was unstoppable. It crushed the peerless sharp light with ease, and then broke the demonic mountains, one after another.

Bang!

Unable to hold back the Wheel of the Nether Sun, the three substantial demonic mountains were knocked back into the mirror. Even the Zangshan Demonic Mirror was hit.

The Zangshan Demonic Mirror was sent flying out backward, the mysterious patterns and its luster dimming.

Except for Zhang Ruochen, everyone else who drove the Zangshan Demonic Mirror burped up a mouthful of blood. They were badly injured.

Zhang Ruochen obviously also suffered some injuries, his face turning pale as he stared at Mo Sheng and Zhou Yu with cold eyes.

Even with the Divine Light Sea of Qi, Zhang Ruochen could not recover immediately and thus, his strength was greatly limited.

No one could tell what would happen in this battle, as there were too many uncertainties.

The Wheel of the Nether Sun had sealed off the dimension with a divine power, and the Inscription-Suppressing Stone could defeat formations. This had undoubtedly eliminated all the advantages on Zhang Ruochen’s side.

Now escaping had become impossible, let alone defending the Sect of the Blood God.

“Let me see you off to hell, Zhang Ruochen.” There was a murderous look in Mo Sheng’s eyes as he cast out the Wheel of the Nether Sun once again.

The divine phantom of Nether Lord Lingyang appeared. Gathering his powerful divine power, he slapped Yingzhu Peak with his hand.

The dimension shattered along the path of the hand. A terrible dimensional storm formed and swept toward Yingzhu Peak.

“Evil spirit!” Zhang Ruochen shouted quietly as he summoned the evil spirit out of Qiankun Realm.

The evil spirit moved in a flash and appeared in front of Zhang Ruochen with its huge divine body.

After years of self-cultivation, the saint soul of the evil spirit had become stronger than ever. It was now even more in sync with the corpse of the divine python, and its power had multiplied.

Bang!

The evil spirit took the hit of the phantom of Nether Lord Lingyang’s palm strike. The impact forced it backward. But it had withstood the strike at least.

The evil spirit had become one with the corpse of the divine python, the body containing various strange powers, such as death and decay. It had a strong immunity to the attacks of the Wheel of the Nether Sun. So it suffered no injury.

Whoosh!

The evil spirit swung its body, the tail of the divine python shot out like a divine spear at the phantom of Nether Lord Lingyang.

Blam!

The phantom of Nether Lord Lingyang exploded and turned into a cloud of evil, grim black mist.

“A divine corpse like that can’t save your life,” said Zhou Yu in an icy voice.

As he spoke, he waved his hand and cast out the Divine Book of Light at the evil spirit.

Countless Precepts of Light on the surface of the Divine Book of Light released a sacred, bright light to engulf the evil spirit.

Roar!

The evil spirit let out a painful roar as black smoke billowed from its body.

The darkness, death, decay, and other powers in the corpse of the divine python were being purified by the Divine Book of Light.

More importantly, the evil spirit’s saint soul was also attacked, despite it hiding inside the body of the divine python.

Soon, the evil spirit started to feel his saint soul melting, yet there was nothing it could do.

There was no doubt that the Divine Book of Light was the evil spirit’s nemesis, preventing it from performing its abilities.

Zhang Ruochen took out the Secret Tome of Time and Space and greeted the Divine Book of Light with no hesitation.

He also released his saint power, wrapped the evil spirit, and took it back into Qiankun Realm at the same time.

After handing the control of the Zangshan Demonic Mirror to Mu Lingxi, Jin Yu, and others, Zhang Ruochen drove the Secret Tome of Time and Space with all his strength. A multi-dimensional space formed and enclosed The Divine Book of Light.

“Zhang Ruochen, your opponent is me!”

Just then, Mo Sheng appeared with the Wheel of the Nether Sun. He released a divine power to attack Zhang Ruochen.

Zhang Ruochen frowned. He immediately mobilized the 70,000 Precepts of Time in his body to release an amazing power of time.

The void vibrated as the phantom of a river of time emerged, with countless fragments of time flying inside it.

Whoosh!

The divine power of the Wheel of the Nether Sun instantly collapsed as it could not withstand the erosion of the river of time.

The phantom of the river of time swept towards Mosheng, as if it was going to banish Mosheng forever.

Mosheng’s face changed. He spontaneously drove the Wheel of the Nether Sun with all his strength to meet the phantom of the river of time while guarding himself with divine power.

Boosh!

Countless fragments of time flew out and engulfed the Wheel of the Nether Sun as the phantom of the river of time splintered.

The Wheel of the Nether Sun dimmed significantly as its divine power was obliterated by the fragments of time.

Ripples appeared in the dimension as a series of formations appeared in the surroundings, forming a single powerful formation to suppress Mosheng.

Apparently, Blackie was performing an array technique.

“You have a death wish, you owl?” Mosheng’s eyes were flashing with cold, murderous light as he made Blackie his target.

Blackie looked up. “Owl? Who are you referring to? I tell you what, you are nothing. Even Blackheart Demonlord, the ancestors of Darkdemon Realm, was beaten to a pulp by me back then.”

“How dare you insult our Grand Master! Your sin is unforgivable!”

A murderous energy exploded inside Mosheng.

He shifted his attention away from Zhang Ruochen and trained the Wheel of the Nether Sun at Blackie.

Bump!

Blackie had tried his best to dodge, but was still slammed by the Wheel of the Nether Sun.

A fleeting sneer appeared in Mo Sheng's eyes. The result of anyone trying to fight Blackdemon Realm was death.

"Ouch! That freaking hurts!"

Mosheng's face turned grim when he heard the voice.

That was unexpected. He could not believe that Blackie would withstand the blow from the Wheel of the Nether Sun.

Bwoom!

Countless Precepts of Light appeared on the surface of the Divine Book of Light as it released one Light sacred technique after another to destroy everything.

The multi-dimensional space formed by the Secret Tome of Time and Space was constantly shattering and rapidly forming.

During this process, Zhang Ruochen was under tremendous pressure during this process with blood oozing out of the corner of his mouth.

Ultimately, there was still an enormous gap between Zhang Ruochen and Zhou Yu. Zhou Yu's cultivation base was in the Anterior's Path realm with over 80 million Precepts in his body. This was four times that of Ling Jiu, not to mention the over 100,000 Precepts of Light that he had.

And Zhang Ruochen was injured, his strength impaired. So he could not perform his best.

"Your struggle is futile, Zhang Ruochen." Zhou Yu sounded indifferent. As he stretched out a hand, a massive number of Precepts flew out towards the Scripture of Light.

He was using all his strength to kill Zhang Ruochen as soon as possible. Apparently, he did not want to delay any longer.

The Scripture of Light quickly flipped, and the light and shadow of angels appeared. They were singing hymns, shining with infinite light and unstoppable.

Mosheng sneered and exhaled fully. "It ends here."

All the powerhouses of Darkdemon Realm quickly gathered beside Mosheng. They then injected their demonic Qi into the Wheel of the Nether Sun, getting ready to perform a last strike.

Driven by the massive amount of demonic Qi, the Wheel of the Nether Sun violently vibrated. It then expanded, putting out a gloomy light that could deprive everything of its vitality.

"Is it going to end just like this?" Bao Lie looked grave, not reconciled to this outcome.

"Even if I have to die, I will make sure they pay a heavy price," said Han Xue in a bitter voice:

As she finished speaking, her body became one with the Void Sword, as she used all her strength to control the Void Sword, ready to perform the most powerful move ever.

Hearing that, there was no holding back for Mu Lingxi and the others anymore. They injected their strength into the Zangshan Demonic Mirror to the point of bleeding. But they pressed on, determined to perform the most powerful strike ever.

Carrying the will of Mu Lingxi and others, the Zangshan Demonic Mirror and the Void Sword flew out at the same time.

Voomp!

The three weapons collided with a violent explosion that drowned the world.

The Void Sword flew back as Han Xue separated from the sword. Her face turned pale as blood spurted wildly out of her mouth.

Mu Lingxi and the others were also sent flying out backward and crash-landed on the ground. They could not move as they suffered terrible injuries.

Blackdemon Realm's side was not much better. The battle formation had fallen apart, and many people were vomiting blood.

On the other hand, Zhang Ruochen was mobilizing the Precepts of Time and Dimension in his body, using the Secret Tome of Time and Space to push his Dimensional technique to the extreme.

The river of time reappeared. It was larger and more solid than before. It existed in a special dimension and was penetrating through layers of defense and hitting on the Divine Book of Light.

Kaboom!

An eternal light burst out of the Divine Book of Light. It shattered everything, tearing up the multi-dimensional space formed by the Secret Tome of Time and Space.

A terrifying force hit Zhang Ruochen, blowing him out and away.

Zhang Ruochen suffered grievous injury, his internal organs almost shattered, even with the protection of the Armor of the Fire God.

Whereas, the phantom of the river of time blasted the Divine Book of Light away, and a force of time and space punched into Zhou Yu's body.

Zhou Yu snorted as traces of blood oozed out of his mouth, his breathing rhythm becoming abnormal.

At that moment, he felt that his lifespan had been reduced by at least a hundred years.

Anger finally appeared on his face. He could no longer remain calm as a murderous energy filled him.

He never expected that he would be injured by Zhang Ruochen when he spurred the Divine Book of Light to its limit. This was something absolutely unforgivable.

"Just die, Zhang Ruochen!" As Zhou Yu shouted angrily, a tall saint figure appeared behind him and struck a palm at Zhang Ruochen.

Fwoosh!

Just then, a powerful energy appeared and permeated the entire Sect of the Blood God.

“Who is it?”

Zhou Yu was alarmed and spontaneously stopped his attack. He followed the energy and his eyes landed on the Blood God Altar, the most mysterious thing of the sect.

Those powerhouses of Darkdemon Realm also turned their heads, their eyes fixated on the Blood God Altar.

At this time, a harsh whistling sound came from the edge of the altar.

Centering on the altar, blood Qi in heaven and earth gathered. An enormous, powerful blood Qi vortex formed.

From inside the blood vortex came a forceful voice and then followed by a silvery figure. “Those who dare to break into the Sect of the Blood God will be killed without mercy.”

This person differed from ordinary people in that he had a human head and a snake body, and his lower body was covered in silvery scales.

Zhang Ruochen’s heart skipped a beat at seeing this figure. “Xue Lingxian!”

Chapter 2057: Invincible

Zhang Ruochen’s eyes were fixated on the silvery figure, many thoughts coming to mind and he was in disbelief.

Who is Xue Lingxian? The most senior disciple of the Blood God, the first shenzi of the Sect of the Blood God, a distinguished figure in ancient times, and the most talented person who almost attained godship.

It was the rules and methods established by Xue Lingxian that enabled the Sect of the Blood God to dominate the Blackdemon Realm for tens of thousands of years.

Zhang Ruochen had a deep impression of Xue Lingxian, who was his opponent during the selection of shenzi back then.

Of course, it was only Xue Lingxian’s incorporeal body in his youth, and his strength was far inferior to the actual body. So Zhang Ruochen could defeat him.

And Xue Lingxian was apparently no longer the incorporeal body back then. He now exuded a tsunami of aura, so powerful that most people in the Sect of the Blood God could not breathe.

“How could it be a manifestation of sacred will?” Zhang Ruochen frowned slightly as he knew Xue Lingxian was what it was all about now.

Xue Lingxian appearing on the Blood God Altar seemed real, almost indistinguishable from the actual body, but it was only a manifestation of the sacred will.

“Did Xue Lingxian not betray the Sect of the Blood God and was he not killed by the Blood God? In that case, it would be impossible for the Xue Lingxian’s sacred will to be preserved in the Blood God Altar. Is there any untold story behind this?” Zhang Ruochen had many questions on his mind.

It was even more strange that Xue Lingxian’s manifestation of the sacred will wanted to guard the Sect of the Blood God. Should he not hate the sect?

Both Zhou Yu and Mosheng looked grim, as they both had sensed a suffocating force in this man with the head of a human and the body of a snake.

They really did not expect another powerhouse of the Sect of the Blood God to appear at this critical moment.

“The head of a human, the body of a snake, and a silvery body—could he be Xue Lingxian, as mentioned by Grand Master? But Xue Lingxian should have been killed long ago. How could he appear at this time?”

“Not an actual body, but just a manifestation of the sacred will, huh?”

There was a strange look in Mosheng’s eyes before he smirked.

Zhou Yu also breathed a sigh of relief when he knew the true form of Xue Lingxian.

No matter how powerful Xue Lingxian used to be, and even if the sacred will possessed the same coercive power of the true body, it could be as powerful as the true body in actual combat.

The sacred will of Xue Lingxian should have weakened considerably, if not dissipated entirely after over 100,000 years. No way it could still wield the same power as it was in the past.

“You all are from Darkdemon Realm, huh? How dare you!”

There was an implacable look in Xue Lingxian’s eyes when he sensed the Darkdemon energy in cultivators like Mosheng.

In Xue Lingxian’s eyes, the Darkdemon cultivators were just slaves and followers of the Sect of the Blood God. It was traitorous for them to attack the sect.

A cold, murderous light flashed in Mosheng’s eyes. “How dare a mere manifestation of the sacred will yell in front of me and try to stop the bloodbath of the Sect of the Blood God! I will first kill you myself!”

While speaking, he spurred the Wheel of the Nether Sun, changing its direction to train it at Xue Lingxian.

“How dare you!” Xue Lingxian shouted and extended his right hand.

The skin on his right arm turned silvery in an instant. It looked as if it was made of silver with metallic luster on it, emitting 999 layers of silvery sacred light.

His right arm was getting longer and thicker at the same time, until it swelled to 10,000 times its original size, covering half of the Sect of the Blood God, as if it was corralling everything in it.

“Blood God Five-Finger Mark!”

Zhang Ruochen's heart missed a beat when he recognized this saint technique performed by Xue Lingxian.

Back then, during the shenzi selection process, the incorporeal body of Xue Lingxian had also performed the same saint technique.

Blood God Five-Finger Mark was an overpowering saint technique invented by the Blood God. It has three levels, corresponding to the beginner, intermediate, and advanced saint techniques.

The difficulty of practicing this saint technique is extremely high. Few people in the Sect of the Blood God had mastered it successfully.

Zhang Ruochen could see that Blood God Five-Finger Mark performed by Xue Lingxian at this moment was of the advanced saint technique. It was so powerful that it could even pluck the stars out of the outer sky.

With the big silvery hand sticking out, the Precepts and vitality of heavens and the earth gathered quickly from all directions.

The gigantic hand of thousands of yards hit the Wheel of the Nether Sun.

There was no explosion or anything. The gigantic silvery hand of Xue Lingxian simply grabbed the Wheel of the Nether Sun and confined it within.

The divine light on the surface of the Wheel of the Nether Sun dimmed as the divine power was suppressed.

"How could this be possible?"

Mosheng was wide-eyed, looking in disbelief.

With his strength driving the Wheel of the Nether Sun, he was powerful enough to inflict grievous hurt to a Neverwithier Supreme Saint and destroy the stars in the outer sky.

How could someone suppress all that with just one hand?

But what happened in front of him spoke for itself. It was not up to Mosheng not to believe it.

Under the suppression from the silvery gigantic hand, the Wheel of the Nether Sun quickly shrank, and its power was restrained.

But the gigantic silvery hand did not stop there. It continued to grab at Mosheng.

"Shit!"

Mosheng's expression changed drastically.

Judging by how easily the Wheel of the Nether Sun was suppressed, he knew he was no match for Xue Lingxian. There was an absolute difference in strength between him and Xue Lingxian.

Seeing that he could no longer dodge the gigantic silvery hand, he desperately fused himself with the Blade of the Voracious Wolf to perform the most powerful move ever.

Zing!

The Blade of the Voracious Wolf was so powerful that it left a pitch-black fissure in the dimension as it slashed across the air. It was nothing short of indestructible.

Clunk!

The gigantic silvery hand burst with silvery spark as the Blade of the Voracious Wolf hit it. But it could not cause any damage to it.

The gigantic silvery hand closed and grabbed the Wheel of the Nether Sun and the Blade of the Voracious Wolf.

Mosheng reacted extremely quickly. He separated from the Blade of the Voracious Wolf and wanted to perform an Unmarked Demonic Technique.

Unfortunately, the gigantic silvery hand was too powerful for it, and immobilized it in an instant.

There was a look of horror in Mosheng's eyes. He did not expect that the sacred will of Xue Lingxian could be so powerful.

On the other side, Zhou Yu fled with no hesitation when he saw how the gigantic silvery hand suppressed the Wheel of the Nether Sun.

As much as he was stronger than Mosheng, he knew he was still no match for Xue Lingxian. It was stupid for him to fight against a mean opponent like this.

"Where are you going?"

Xue Lingxian had noticed Zhou Yu in the first instance and quickly reached out his other hand.

In the same way, the skin of this arm also turned silvery, with 999 layers of silvery sacred light appearing on the surface and expanding at a speed ten thousand times faster than Zhou Yu could run.

"Damn it!" Zhou Yu's heart skipped a beat when a strong sense of danger hit him.

He turned around spontaneously and cast out the Divine Book of Light, knowing that in no way he could dodge the gigantic silvery hand. A powerful, eternal, divine power of Light was set off, creating ocean wavelike dimensional ripples to clash with the gigantic silvery hand.

Clash!

The gigantic silvery hand stopped momentarily, suffering no damage before it continued to grab at Zhou Yu.

Zhou Yu ended up following Mosheng's footsteps. Together with the Divine Book of Light and the Azure Dragon, he was suppressed by the gigantic silvery hand.

Bao Lie and the others could not help gasping in awe upon seeing what happened.

What an ability! Not even the most powerful men like Mosheng and Zhou Yu could fight back.

Zhang Ruochen's heart skipped a beat. He had mastered two advanced saint techniques, but he was not even one-tenth as strong as Xue Lingxian was.

"Run!" A group of Darkdemon cultivators came to their senses. The first thing that came to mind was to flee the Sect of the Blood God.

These Darkdemon cultivators, including Zhuo Gu and Zuo Li, fled.

Even Mo Sheng and Zhou Yu were suppressed. How could they have the courage to fight against Xue Lingxian when even Mosheng and Zhou Yu had been suppressed?

"No one gets away!" The merciless voice of Xue Lingxian came.

A ball of silvery lightning flew out of his mouth.

Pang!

The silvery lightning exploded and turned into a massive net that covered the entire Sect of the Blood God.

"Argh!"

The Darkdemon cultivators plunged from mid-air amid a series of screams.

"Break!"

Zhuo Gu wielded the Purple Gold Demonic Spear and pierced it upward with all his strength.

The massive net of silvery lightning did not budge a bit.

Instead, a terrifying force of lightning traveled down Zhuo Gu's body through the Purple Gold Demonic Spear upon contact.

"Argh!"

Zhuo Gu let out a scream, his body instantly paralyzed as he plunged straight down from the air.

Even Zhuo Gu had ended up like this, not to mention other Darkdemon cultivators.

Over 800 Saint King cultivators from Darkdemon Realm were confined in the net of lightning in the blink of an eye.

Xue Lingxian could strike these cultivators into ashes if he willed.

Xue Lingxian suddenly raised his head, his eyes flashing like lightning.

"The Immortal Vampires? How dare you peek at the Sect of the Blood God! You must have a death wish!" Xue Lingxian struck out his snake tail covered in silvery scales like lightning.

The snake tail rapidly extended. As if a war spear that could pierce through the sky, it was extremely sharp.

Above a thick black cloud in the sky stood a heroic figure, who had long red hair, and red pupils with a demonic vibe.

If Zhang Ruochen saw this person, he would immediately recognize him—Xuetu, the shenzi who previously besieged the Sword Vault Palace.

At first, Xuetu was quietly watching the battle going on in the Sect of the Blood God high in the air, thinking of striking only at the right moment. The appearance of Xue Lingxian was the last thing he expected.

Xuetu had immediately concealed his breath and hidden in the dark cloud when he realized that things had gone wrong with the emergence of Xue Lingxian.

He was even more shocked when he saw how Mosheng and Zhou Yu were suppressed. Not wanting to be reckless and catch Xue Lingxian's attention, he stayed completely silent, waiting for the right moment to flee.

But Xue Lingxian has still spotted him with his sharp senses.

"Damn it! How could the sacred will of Xue Lingxian be so powerful?"

Xuetu cursed in his mind. Coming out of hiding, he immediately cast out the Seamless Purgatory Tower, trying to stop the snake tail that thrust toward him like lightning.

No way he could not feel it. The snake tail was extremely lethal. Once stabbed, he would be seriously injured.

The snake tail was as quick as lightning and as strong as divine metal. It had risen thousands of yards high in the sky in the blink of an eye and collided with the Seamless Purgatory Tower.

Powered by Xuetu, the Infernal Purgatory Tower became hundreds of yards tall. Raging hell fire spurted out, burning so violently that the dimension started to distort.

Bang!

The Seamless Purgatory Tower was sent flying out backward upon colliding with the snake tail. Its fire quickly died out as its strength was suppressed.

The snake tail pierced through Xuetu's body before he could escape.

"I—I can't believe it... so strong."

Xuetu's voice trembled, horror filling his eyes.

Penetrated by the snake tail, Xue Tu felt his body become numb. He was paralyzed.

Those people watching the battle could not see what happened when Xue Lingxian struck at Mosheng and Zhou Yu. They just felt a terrifying energy in the Sect of the Blood God.

But when Xue Lingxian's snake tail shot up into the sky and hit Xuetu, everyone realized what was happening.

What they saw shocked them beyond words.

"He is Xuetu, the shenzi of the Immortal Vampires who possesses the Seamless Purgatory Tower. He is the second-level below Supreme Sainthood. Yet he could not even stand a chance."

“I thought the Sect of the Blood God had long declined? How come there still exists such a powerful being?”

“The thing is, this guy has been lying low all this while. He waited until Darkdemon cultivators and Zhou Yu entered the Sect of the Blood God before he struck.”

“Perhaps it is his strategy. He wants to wipe out all those who attack the Sect of the Blood God at once. Since he can free up a hand to deal with Shenzi Xuetu, it seems that those who storm into the Sect of the Blood God are done for.”

...

Everyone gasped in horror when they thought of what happened inside the Sect of the Blood God.

If the Darkdemon cultivators and Zhou Yu were really wiped out, it would be the most shocking news ever.

Once the news spreads, those powerful cultivators of Heavenly Realm and Blackdemon Realm would be furious. The impact would be greater than that of the battle of Peacock Manor.

Whoosh!

The silvery snake tail retracted instantly, bringing along Xuetu and the Seamless Purgatory Tower into the Sect of the Blood God that had now sunk into the ground.

Those cultivators on Yingzhu Peak were all wide-eyed. They had never expected that Xue Lingxian would be so powerful—so much so that he could defeat and capture three notoriously powerful cultivators in a row.

Probably Yan Wushen and the Four Heavenly Kings of the Celestial Palace were the only ones who could pose a challenge to him, and would probably still lose.

There was a loud rumble as the entire Sect of the Blood God rose.

It did not take long before the Sect of the Blood God rose to a height where it was level with its surrounding landscape.

It still continued to rise until it was four hundred yards higher than its surroundings.

A strong blood mist shrouded the Sect of the Blood God in what might look like a blood cocoon. No one on the outside could see what was happening inside the sect.

Zhang Ruochen knew it was not the Sect of the Blood God had risen, but the land surrounding it was damaged—a hundred yards of soil had been slashed away

“Who is this, Junior Brother?” Bao Lie asked in curiosity.

Other people were just as curious as he was about the identity of Xue Lingxian.

Zhang Ruochen came out of his thoughts and let out a long sigh. “He is Xue Lingxian, a senior disciple of the Blood God and a distinguished figure in the ancient times.”

Bao Lie, and the others gasped in fear and astonishment.

They might not have heard the name Xue Lingxian, but they definitely knew the Blood God well. It sent a mental shock wave among them when they heard this guy was the senior disciple of the Blood God.

Zhang Ruochen did not elaborate further. He collected himself. Still grappling with his injury, he performed a Dimensional Shift and came in front of the Blood God Altar in an instant.

“Xue Lingxian, are you dead or are you alive in a different form?” Zhang Ruochen confronted Xue Lingxian’s manifestation of the scared will.

There was not a hint of fear on Zhang Ruochen’s face despite the powerful aura exuding from Xue Lingxian.

Xue Lingxian looked at Zhang Ruochen as he subdued Zhou Yu, Mosheng, and Xuetu on one side with the power of the Blood God Altar.

Xue Lingxian spoke to him with a condescending tone of voice at the next moment. “As a grand master, you have failed not only to attain Supreme Sainthood but also to protect the sect from foreign invasion. You are simply inept.”

Zhang Ruochen could not find a word to respond.

He could not help it. The Sect of the Blood God was in its glory days 100,000 years ago. Back then, there were multiple Supreme Saints in the sect at any given time. Whoever wanted to become the leader must have first attained Supreme Sainthood back then.

In that era, countless forces had to kowtow to the Sect of the Blood God. Being attacked was something unimaginable.

“The strength that took me much difficulty to gather has been exhausted in just a while.”

Xue Lingxian let out a soft sigh. The manifestation of his sacred will faded into a current of air as it returned to the Blood God Altar.

“Something’s wrong. Is Xue Lingxian really just as simple as the manifestation of his sacred will?” Zhang Ruochen ran his finger over the pile of bones on the Blood God Altar and decided to enter to do some investigation.

Chapter 2058: The Blood Mist Dimension

Zhang Ruochen shifted his attention to a group of Darkdemon cultivators. None of them were dead, but they all had already collapsed to the ground, unable to move, losing their combat ability.

The lightning net that Xue Lingxian created was incredibly powerful. Those people would have died had he not held his punches.

Zhang Ruochen thought for a moment and took out an Exquisite Dimensional Orb. He held those Darkdemon cultivators in it, just in case.

He then looked at Zhou Yu, Mosheng, and Xuetu, who were subdued on the Blood God Altar. These three people who looked haughty a while ago had now become his prisoners. It was a heavy blow to their egos.

Among the three, Zhou Yu's condition was slightly better. Mosheng and Xuetu, however, were seriously injured, especially Xuetu, whose body had been pierced by the tail of Xue Lingxian's snake. He would probably never recover, even with the Immortal Vampire's powerful self-healing ability. He was bleeding non-stop.

After making sure that the three of them could never escape the Blood God Altar, Zhang Ruochen released his spiritual power so that it could enter the altar.

He had wanted to physically enter, but it was apparent that this was unrealistic unless he destroyed the Blood God Altar entirely.

Zhang Ruochen knew that the Blood God Altar was anything but ordinary the first time he saw it. There must be many mysteries hidden inside. Just that he never had the opportunity to check it out.

No one could stop him from exploring the Blood God Altar with his current cultivation base.

The Blood God Altar was entirely built of bones. Since the Sect of the Blood God's establishment, the altar had accumulated more and more bones over the past 100,000 years, so much so that it had grown taller and more magnificent than Qianyuan Mountain. The energy it exuded was powerful and intimidating.

Under the Blood God Altar, there was an enormous space, in which the Blood God's body rested. It was a holy and forbidden place of the Sect of the Blood God. No ordinary people could enter. Of course, it was not the inside of the altar.

The Blood God Altar contained some weird and powerful repelling forces that constantly pushed Zhang Ruochen's spiritual power back.

Fortunately, Zhang Ruochen's spiritual power was strong enough to break through the barriers. He followed the breath of Xue Lingxian's manifestation of the sacred will as he continued to venture deep into the altar.

Some time afterward, his spiritual power stopped in front of a blood mist barrier that blocked his way.

Xue Lingxian's breath was completely gone at this point.

The blood-mist barrier was extremely tough. Not only was it difficult to penetrate, but it was also caustic to his spiritual power when he got close.

"A blood-mist barrier can't stop me. Break!"

Zhang Ruochen immediately released more spiritual power into the Blood God Altar.

The vigorous spiritual power gathered and formed into a needle to puncture the blood-mist barrier.

It took serious effort before the blood-mist barrier gave way. Now, Zhang Ruochen's spiritual power could finally pass through.

"If my spiritual power hadn't reached the peak of the fifty-ninth order and gone through the forging of the Bronze Furnace of Life and Death, I would probably not have passed through." Zhang Ruochen was quietly astonished.

Such a defense would be impenetrable to most spiritual-power Saint Kings.

Among the native cultivators in the Kunlun Realm, only a handful of them could do it.

After passing through the blood-mist barrier, Zhang Ruochen's spiritual power arrived before a dim blood-mist dimension. It looked like a dimensional bubble with an extremely spacious interior.

Zhang Ruochen dispersed his spiritual power to check out this blood-mist dimension.

"This is..."

Zhang Ruochen quickly discovered something.

There were many oval cocoons formed by blood mist in the dimension, and Saint Souls of different levels of strength were shrouded within. All of them were perfectly preserved and in a deep sleep state.

Zhang Ruochen's heart skipped a beat when he sensed that some of the Saint Souls in the blood cocoon were emanating extremely powerful energy even though they were in hibernation.

Based on that alone, he could see that the Blood God had built the Blood God Altar with a special purpose in mind.

Zhang Ruochen immediately thought of Mount Gushen of the Liangyi Sect and the holy altar built under the order of Emperor Ming. Both places could preserve saint souls.

"Altar of Path's Soul, Mount Gushen, Ying Yang Sea, Blood God Altar, the holy altar... Is there any connection between them?" Zhang Ruochen thought to himself.

Zhang Ruochen found that the more he discovered, the more questions he had on his mind. He could not help but conjure up some terrifying thoughts.

The last thing he wanted was to wake up those sleeping saint souls in the blood cocoons. So he quickly reached out his spiritual power to the center of the blood-mist dimension.

There was an extremely huge blood cocoon here, almost 300-yard long. Instead of standing upright, this cocoon rested horizontally on the ground, like a coffin.

With his spiritual power, Zhang Ruochen penetrated the cocoon through the tiny gaps on the surface and came into the blood cocoon interior.

He was shocked by what he saw as soon as he was inside.

Unlike the other blood cocoons, sleeping inside this huge blood cocoon was not a saint soul, but a body.

"Why is the body of Xue Lingxian inside the Blood God Altar?"

Zhang Ruochen could not have felt more surprised.

Except for the Blood God's body, he had never heard of anyone's body being preserved inside the Blood God Altar.

According to legend, Xue Lingxian was a traitor, who later was killed by the Blood God. Understanding this point, it was even more unlikely that Xue Lingxian's body would be preserved in the Blood God Altar.

The sacred will that had been revived earlier was now in this blood cocoon. It was wrapped in a large amount of blood and had fallen asleep again.

So even if Zhang Ruochen had questions in mind, he could not even ask.

Apparently, this sacred will of Xue Lingxian was re-accumulating his strength. But it was going to take a long time.

It was truly incredible that a sacred will could last for over 100,000 years and accumulate strength on its own. After it had exhausted its strength, it could even slowly recover it.

Collecting himself, Zhang Ruochen summoned his spiritual power. He wanted to check out the body of Xue Lingxian to find out something.

As if something had triggered it, silvery lightning bolts burst out of Xue Lingxian's body and almost tore the blood cocoon apart.

Pang!

Zhang Ruochen bore the brunt of the explosion, his spiritual power dissipating instantly.

Outside the Blood God Altar, Zhang Ruochen's brows were knitted together. He did not foresee this to happen.

"I want to see what strange things are hidden inside." He decided after some thought.

With the help of the traces left by his spiritual power, he performed a Dimensional Shift and appeared in the blood-mist dimension in person.

Lucky for him he had a high attainment in Dimensions. Otherwise, he could not have pulled this off.

The presence of his true form had a huge difference from when he infiltrated with his spiritual power.

"Every trace of blood mist here is extraordinary. If it goes to the outside world, it can turn into a massive amount of blood."

Zhang Ruochen whispered to himself as he swept his eyes over the wisps of blood mist.

That was not all. He also discovered that this blood mist was not inert but full of vitality, as if they had just been extracted from the body of a living person.

He willed with his mind, trying to inhale a wisp of blood mist into his body.

When the blood mist entered his body, it automatically dissolved and formed a powerful blood Qi before it was absorbed by his body.

The incredible happened when Zhang Ruochen felt that his injury rapidly healed and he recovered from the loss of blood.

But Zhang Ruochen did not continue to absorb the blood mist. After all, he was not sure if absorbing this blood mist would be harmful.

You can never be too careful.

After all, it was an immortal who built the Blood God Altar. No one knew what was in the immortal's mind.

He looked at the blood cocoons of various sizes around him.

Those saint souls in these blood cocoons had been here for ages, yet they were all extremely well preserved, which made him wonder if they would come alive again someday.

He could not help but think of the scene of the battle of the shenzis. One after another, incorporeal bodies and bones combined and absorbed a vast amount of blood and finally became indistinguishable from ordinary humans. Was this another way of rebirth?

He shook the thought from his mind and walked straight to the huge blood cocoon that wrapped Xue Lingxian's body inside.

"Huh? What is that?"

His expression changed slightly as his eyes fixated on the ground.

When he first came in as a spiritual power, he did not notice the many blood veins extending from the blood cocoon that wrapped Xue Lingxian's body formed into a large net on the ground.

His eyes followed the blood veins. He discovered that each blood vein was connected to a blood cocoon.

"Are all blood cocoons derived from the blood cocoon in the center?" Zhang Ruochen speculated in his mind.

In fact, when he saw the blood cocoons, he immediately thought of the immortal saint body of the immortal blood silkworm.

Especially when he sensed the high similarity between the energy of these blood cocoons and that of Yan Liren's cocoon body. He was even more certain that there must be a deep connection between the two.

Upon perceiving carefully, he found that these blood cocoons contained an amazing power of metamorphosis and rebirth. Perhaps because of this, the saint souls in them could be perfectly preserved.

Lub dub!

Zhang Ruochen heard an abrupt, deep sound of a heartbeat.

He turned his head immediately and his eyes landed on the largest blood cocoon in the center.

Through the tiny gaps in the blood cocoon, Zhang Ruochen saw Xue Lingxian's chest heaving as an enormous amount of blood mist poured into his mouth and nose.

"Heartbeat. Breathing. Xue Lingxian is not dead!"

There was a hint of surprise in Zhang Ruochen's eyes.

The body of Xue Lingxian had inhaled all the blood mist in this dimension in the blink of an eye.

The dimension instantly became empty, and all the blood cocoons fell into absolute silence.

"Xue Lingxian's body is preserved inside the Blood God Altar by the Blood God. He did not really die. By the looks of things, something must have happened behind the scenes." Zhang Ruochen thought to himself.

Judging by the Blood God's way of doing things, if he really wanted to kill Xue Lingxian, no way Xue Lingxian could have still lived. Not only that, the Blood God would have obliterated his sacred will altogether.

From his calculation, it would probably take Xue Lingxian a long time—about a day—between inhalation and exhalation.

This meant that Xue Lingxian would continue to sleep. But there was also a possibility that he would wake up in a short time.

Zhang Ruochen wanted to wake Xue Lingxian up and asked him about the untold story. It was a pity that he obviously could not do it.

Terrifying lightning bolts were dancing on Xue Lingxian's body. There was also a faint sense of divinity that caused ripples to form in the dimension. Anyone who recklessly got close might get hurt.

Judging by how Xue Lingxian's manifestation of the sacred will reacted, he might not be willing to say anything to Zhang Ruochen. Worse still, he despised Zhang Ruochen as the current grand master.

It was apparent that Xue Lingxian thought Zhang Ruochen was too weak and not qualified to know too much.

"Remember, you must not tell others what you see. Get out." An extremely apathetic voice spoke all of a sudden.

Zhang Ruochen's heart skipped a beat, and many thoughts flashed through his mind.

After taking another glance at Xue Lingxian, who was still sleeping, Zhang Ruochen performed a Dimensional Shift without any hesitation and vanished into thin air.

The next moment, he reappeared outside the Blood God Altar.

"Huh? The mark of dimension I left behind has disappeared!"

Zhang Ruochen's expression slightly changed.

He spontaneously realized that the special dimension was not a place where he could simply enter, unless he had Xue Lingxian's permission.

Apparently, Xue Lingxian knew what he was thinking and had let him enter the dimension.

But Xue Lingxian did not answer any of his questions. He would need to find out the answers all by himself.

“Zhang Ruochen, where have you been just now? How is Xue Lingxian now?” Blackie asked with curiosity as it appeared next to Zhang Ruochen.

Zhang Ruochen came out of his thoughts. “I entered and checked out the Blood God Altar. You don’t have to know what happens to Xue Lingxian. All you need to do is think about what to do with these guys.”

Since Xue Lingxian had instructed him not to divulge the secret inside the Blood God Altar, Zhang Ruochen would tell no one about it. So he immediately changed the subject of the conversation.

“Do we still need to think? Just kill these ingrates, for god’s sake,” said Blackie angrily.

As long as it involved Darkdemon Realm, Blackie would lose its head. It could not wait to wipe out the entire Darkdemon Realm.

“Blackie is right. Make an example of them by killing them so that no one would dare to come looking for trouble in the future,” said Bao Lie in agreement.

Bao Lie was fit to be tied at the thought of nearly being killed by Mosheng and Zhou Yu earlier. No way he was going to let them live.

Zhang Ruochen looked at Mosheng and Zhou Yu. “Now, your only chance to live is surrender and submit to me.”

“Stop the crap and kill me, Zhang Ruochen!” Mosheng snapped.

“Perish the thought if you think I will submit to you. If it weren’t for Xue Lingxian’s manifestation of sacred will, you would have died in my hands,” said Zhou Yu with a bitter voice.

“It seems that you two still don’t concede defeat. Should we have a one-one-on fight then?” said Zhang Ruochen.

Zhou Yu was delighted. “Will you let me go if I beat you?”

“Of course not. I just want to have a spar with you. I was not at my best earlier and didn’t get to know the true strength of the master of Light,” said Zhang Ruochen.

“You think I am your whetstone that you can use to sharpen yourself?” Zhou Yu was so angry that he nearly burped up blood.

Zhang Ruochen really wanted to fight with cultivators of Zhou Yu and Mosheng’s level. He could grow to the next level by accumulating the experience of fighting the masters.

“Don’t think so highly of yourself. You are qualified to be my whetstone.” Zhang Ruochen was confident of his own strength. He might have a chance if you brought out his trump card.

“In case you forgot, there is a two-realm gap between us.” Zhou Yu burst into laughter. Zhang Ruochen was overreaching himself. He forgot he was only a Precept Domain cultivator. Zhang Ruochen must be mad to challenge him, he thought to himself.

Bwoom!

A mighty force of Supreme Saint came from the outer sky, as if heaven was crumbling down.

“That’s quick.”

Zhang Ruochen looked up at the sky with cold light flickering in his eyes.

Those cultivators watching the battle around the Sect of the Blood God looked up at once. Their expressions changed.

“It is the Emissary Vigilant.”

“Both Zhou Yu and Mosheng are qualified to attain immortality. Heavenly Realm, Blackdemon Realm, and even Celestial Palace will definitely intervene. They will not allow Xue Lingxian and Zhang Ruochen to kill both of them. Let’s wait and see. Many bigwigs can’t sit still anymore when it concerns would-be-immortals.”

“It is said that the death of Shang Ziyan had triggered a fight among the immortals. Even the one who guarded Celestial River had joined the party. Just that I am not so sure if it was true.”

“Even Xue Lingxian, the ancient monster, has come back to life. There is no surprise that the Emissary Vigilant has come.”

“Zhang Ruochen and the Sect of the Blood God are in deep shit.”

Those cultivators lurking in the vicinity of the Sect of the Blood God were eager to know if Xue Lingxian had really been resurrected. But they were too afraid to come near. All they could do was let the Emissary Vigilant investigate.

Chapter 2059: Crushing the Emissary Vigilant

Above heaven stood a stalwart figure dressed in silvery armor, its body giving off a dazzling sacred light.

“Huh?”

Zhang Ruochen could not help but frown when he saw the Emissary Vigilant.

There were three pairs of white wings on his back. He was none other than the Emissary Vigilant, who had appeared in the Eastern Region previously.

“What a small world.”

There was a cold glint in Zhang Ruochen’s eyes.

People were afraid of the Emissaries Vigilant, but not him. After all, Emissaries Vigilant had to abide by the rules of heaven. They could not act however they wanted.

“Do you know what you are doing, Zhang Ruochen?”

The silver armored Emissary Vigilant spoke, his voice sounding like rolling thunder from the sky.

Zhang Ruochen was not intimidated. He appeared nonchalant. “I haven’t done anything wrong. Can you enlighten me what crime I have committed?”

“Humph! Engaging in fighting during the war of merit is already against the rules of heavens. Do you really think I will not unleash punishment upon you and kill you?” The silver armored Emissary Vigilant snapped.

“This thing you’re trying to pull here, it gets old. You should know in your heart that this will not work on me. Even if there was an infighting, it was Zhou Yu and Mosheng who started it. They wantonly attacked the Sect of the Blood God. Even if I kill them, it will be good and proper because it is out of self-defense.” Zhang Ruochen smirked.

When he was in Eastern Region last time, he knew what kind of person this Emissary Vigilant was. So Zhang Ruochen did not have to be courteous with him.

He even suspected that it was this Emissary Vigilant who was behind this attack by Zhou Yu and Mosheng. Just that no one had expected that Xue Lingxian would come out all of a sudden and subdued Zhou Yu and all other Darkdemon cultivators.

Under this circumstance, the Emissary Vigilant had no choice but to reveal himself lest Zhou Yu and Mosheng would be killed.

A bitter feeling rose within the silver-armored Emissary Vigilant when he heard what Zhang Ruochen said. How he wished he could unleash heavenly punishment and kill Zhang Ruochen.

But he did not dare to do this. Zhang Ruochen had Yueshen as his backer. If he did, and even though he was from Celestial Palace, he would surely earn the wrath of Yueshen.

Besides, his purpose of coming this time was to rescue Zhou Yu and Mosheng, to whom he must make sure nothing untoward would happen.

It was not too late to think of a way to deal with Zhang Ruochen after he rescued the two.

Many thoughts flashed through his mind. The silver- armored Emissary Vigilant fought back his anger. A ball of saint blood flew out of his body, descending from heaven and appearing as his avatar outside the Sect of the Blood God.

As much as it was just a saint-blood avatar, the aura emanating from it was extremely powerful. The sight of tens of thousands of sacred lights shooting up into the sky was absolutely amazing.

Anyone who could become an Emissary Vigilant was incredibly powerful. It was in a different league compared to Supreme Saints.

The avatar formed by saint blood could easily crush a Nine-Step Saint King.

The silver-armored Emissary Vigilant looked at Ling Jiu with his intimidating eyes, his voice condescending with a commanding tone. “Supreme Saint cultivators are not allowed on the Battlefield of Merit in Kunlun Realm. Xue Lingxian was a top-tier Supreme Saint during ancient times. Since he has appeared, I am duty bound to investigate the matter. You had better withdraw the enchantment, Zhang Ruochen.”

Zhang Ruochen’s heart skipped a beat. The Emissary Vigilant had come to Kunlun Realm and deliberately sent down his avatar of saint blood with heavenly rules in his hands. Now Zhang Ruochen was in a pickle, as he was unsure if he should refuse the Emissary Vigilant’s request.

Zhang Ruochen spontaneously injected saint Qi into the Blood God Altar with this thought in mind. The blood Qi shrouding the Sect of the Blood God surged, and an opening appeared.

When the silver-armored Emissary Vigilant saw this, he immediately slipped into the Sect of the Blood God through that opening.

The silver-armored Emissary Vigilant came to the Blood God Altar in the blink of an eye. He then cast his eyes on Zhou Yu and Mosheng subdued by the Blood God Altar.

He wanted to rescue the two immediately, but he did not do that at last.

Zhang Ruochen was now standing on the Blood God Altar. If Zhang Ruochen decided to kill Zhou Yu and Mosheng, he might not save them in time.

The silver-armored Emissary Vigilant shifted his attention back to Zhang Ruochen with a solemn expression on his face. "Where is Xue Lingxian? I will see how far he has gone in his cultivation base."

"Xue Lingxian died in ancient times. Everyone knows that Master Blood God killed him. The one who appeared just now was just his sacred will. He returned to the Blood God Altar after suppressing the invading enemy. So I don't think there is anything I can help you with," said Zhang Ruochen calmly.

The silver-armored Emissary Vigilant became furious and acted even more intimidatingly. "Step aside! I will enter the altar to investigate."

The silver-armored Emissary Vigilant knew that something was amiss with the Blood God Altar the first time he saw it. Zhang Ruochen would have to comply as long as he could find something.

Zhang Ruochen stood his ground, his face turning icy. "The Blood God Altar is a forbidden place of the sect and the resting place of Grand Master Blood God. No one shall trespass. Do you want to blaspheme the immortal?"

The Blood God Altar contained some great secrets. He did not believe that the Emissary Vigilant could find anything. But he erred on the side of caution and would absolutely not allow the Emissary Vigilant to enter.

"What if I insist?" said the silver-armored Emissary Vigilant, trying to push his way through.

"You can try." A cold light flashed in Zhang Ruochen's eyes.

While speaking, Zhang Ruochen cast out the Zangshan Demonic Mirror. It hovered above him, and the supreme inscriptions on the mirror surface formed beams of Supreme Power.

He would not hesitate to strike if the Emissary Vigilant tried to break in. The Sect of the Blood God was his home turf. No way he would allow anyone to thumb its nose here.

Han Xue was clenching the Void Sword in her hand and stared at the silver-armored Emissary Vigilant with icy eyes.

"Are you all having a death wish?"

The silver-armored Emissary Vigilant was furious. There was a murderous look in his eyes.

He was a Supreme Saint, and the Celestial Palace-anointed Emissary Vigilant. No one had ever dared to threaten him this way.

“Don’t outsmart yourself, Zhang Ruochen. No one—not even Yueshen—could save you if you defy the heavenly rules,” said the silver-armored Emissary Vigilant solemnly.

But Zhang Ruochen was unperturbed. “If this is all you have to say, then you may leave now. I don’t have time for such nonsense.”

He hated Emissaries Vigilant from the Heavenly Realm faction all along. So he did not want to entertain this Emissary Vigilant.

The silver-armored Emissary Vigilant became even more enraged at seeing Zhang Ruochen’s attitude, which was utterly arrogant; Zhang Ruochen was a loose cannon.

But when the thought of the purpose of his coming here came to mind, the silver-armored Emissary Vigilant had to fight back his anger.

He let out a sigh before he spoke in a low voice. “Zhang Ruochen, let Zhou Yu and Mosheng go, and I will pretend nothing has happened.”

“After all that talking, it turns out that you are coming for Zhou Yu and Mosheng. What if I refuse?” sneered Zhang Ruochen.

The face of the silver-armored Emissary Vigilant was grave. “Stop your arrogance, Zhang Ruochen. Both Zhou Yu and Mosheng are immortal materials. Heavenly Realm and Blackdemon Realm will allow no one to harm them. You will bring trouble to yourself and Guanghan Realm if you harm them.”

“Are you threatening me?” A cold light flashed in Zhang Ruochen’s eyes.

“This is not a threat, but the truth. You killed Shang Ziyan, and many other talents from the Celestial Realm faction. If it weren’t for Yueshen, you would have died a long time ago. If you dare to kill Zhou Yu and Mosheng, I guarantee even Yueshen could no longer save you, and you will die a miserable death,” said the silver-armored Emissary Vigilant.

Zhang Ruochen finally put two and two together. After he killed those many Celestial Realm cultivators, he wondered why there was nothing but silence from Celestial Realm. Zhou Yu was the only person who jumped out, threatening to kill him.

It turned out that it was not that Celestial Realm did not care. It was because of Yueshen’s intervention that had prevented the entire thing from exploding.

All those people whom he had killed were of great importance. Their talents were top notch. Many of them were expected to become top-tier Supreme Saints. In particular, Shang Ziyan was the material of immortality.

It was a no-brainer that those people were highly valued by the forces behind them. If something were to happen to them, it would surely alarm the immortals.

With this thought in mind, Zhang Ruochen knew that what the Emissary Vigilant said was true, and that it was Yueshen who intervened and saved his ass.

Mu Lingxi and others had a grave expression on their faces at this moment. As much as they wanted to get rid of Zhou Yu and Mosheng, they did not want to cause trouble for Zhang Ruochen.

So it was up to Zhang Ruochen to decide what he wanted to do.

“My destiny is my business. You don’t need to worry about it. The Sect of the Blood God does not welcome you. Please leave,” said Zhang Ruochen in a bitter voice.

The silver-armored Emissary Vigilant could no longer hold back his anger when Zhang Ruochen asked him to leave.

“You have no idea who you’re messing with. It looks like I have no choice but to teach you a lesson.” A tsunami of energy erupted from the Emissary Vigilant’s body.

Zhang Ruochen had tricked him the last time he was in Eastern Region. He wanted to get even this time by teaching Zhang Ruochen a lesson.

A strong saint light appeared out of the silver-armored Emissary Vigilant and formed into a giant sacred hand to grab at Zhang Ruochen, wanting to subdue him.

The faces of Bao Lie, Jin Yu, and others changed dramatically as the silver-armored Emissary Vigilant struck. The powerful energy was so suppressive that they were almost suffocating.

The intimidating energy of Supreme Saints was particularly unbearable, causing their saint souls to tremble.

“Humph!” Zhang Ruochen was undeterred and struck with an extremely powerful punch.

He was not even afraid of the coercive force of immortals, let alone that of a Supreme Saint.

A Celestial River flowed out from Zhang Ruochen’s fist, wriggling in a circle as it carried an incomparable power to greet the hand of the sacred light.

Bang!

The hand of sacred light exploded at once while the Celestial River continued to sweep towards the silver-armored Emissary Vigilant.

The silver-armored Emissary Vigilant frowned. At first, he thought he could subdue Zhang Ruochen effortlessly. But he did not expect Zhang Ruochen to be so nasty.

The silver-armored Emissary Vigilant broke up the Celestial River at once with the wave of his hand.

Zhang Ruochen had made his move to attack. He couldn’t care less if it was an Emissary Vigilant. He would let no one mess with him.

He summoned his Canon of Truth into the Armor of the Fire God. A vast amount of flame inscriptions emerged from the Armor of the Fire God with raging fire.

“Eat this!” Zhang Ruochen yelled as he struck out a powerful palm strike.

Roar!

An elephant and a dragon shot out from Zhang Ruochen's palm along with a series of roars. The elephant and dragon were stepping on red clouds of fire, seeming about to crush the world.

"How dare you!"

The silver-armored Emissary Vigilant shouted. Saint light gathered. It formed into a brand, trying to suppress the dragon and the elephant.

A grim look flashed in Zhang Ruochen's eyes. He summoned 180,000 Precepts in his body and injected them into the bodies of the dragon and elephant.

The power of the dragon and elephant spiked. They were bursting with eightfold attack ability.

Boom!

The brand of saint light shattered into pieces in an instant. It was no match for Dragon-Elephant Prajna Palm Strike at all.

"Not good!"

The silver-armored Emissary Vigilant's heart skipped a beat as he sensed a grievous threat coming his way.

Without the slightest hesitation, he formed seals with both hands. Seven protective saint lights were quickly cast out to block the dragon and the elephant.

Those seven protective saint lights shattered in tandem. They did not even stand a chance.

Bump!

A powerful force hit the Emissary Vigilant and sent him flying out backward.

The impact force even blew him out of the Sect of the Blood God.

"How is it possible? Zhang Ruochen is only a Precept Domain cultivator, and he is obviously seriously injured. Why is he still so strong?" The Emissary Vigilant was shocked and angry.

What he sent this time was the avatar of saint blood that possessed one-tenth of his strength.

But Zhang Ruochen had almost broken his avatar with just a palm strike. That strike had grievously hurt it.

"How dare you attack an Emissary Vigilant, Zhang Ruochen! Are you not afraid of me unleashing heavenly punishment on you?"

The Emissary Vigilant was so angry that he was exploding with a murderous intent.

Yet Zhang Ruochen could not care less. "Before you drop the heavenly punishment, Zhou Yu and Mosheng will die. And you know it was you who attacked me first. Can an Emissary Vigilant act so arbitrarily?"

"You..." The silver-armored Emissary Vigilant could not find a word to respond.

With Zhou Yu and Mosheng as hostages, he was now at the mercy of Zhang Ruochen.

He came under the order to negotiate with Zhang Ruochen to rescue Zhou Yu and Mosheng. If the mission failed, and even if he killed Zhang Ruochen, he would probably be severely punished, and Yueshen would definitely come after him.

While the Emissary Vigilant was distracted, Zhang Ruochen came up to him at once and continued to attack with his Luoshui Fist Technique.

He did not like this Emissary Vigilant a bit. This Emissary Vigilant did not come during the siege of the Sword Vault Palace in Eastern Region. When he wanted to kill Bloodhunt Hongdong, this Emissary Vigilant came out to stop him. The same thing was happening this time.

He could do nothing about the Emissary Vigilant. But being able to beat his avatar of saint blood to a pulp could at least let him vent his anger.

Seeing Zhang Ruochen coming at him again, the silver-armored Emissary Vigilant was as frightened as he was angry. But there was nothing he could do about it. As much as he did not want to admit it, after the brief encounter, he had discovered that his avatar of saint blood was no match for Zhang Ruochen at all.

He knew he was at a disadvantage if he kept on fighting. Especially with many cultivators watching Zhang Ruochen beating him. He was an Emissary Vigilant, and he needed to save his face.

So he had no choice but to retreat, not wanting to engage Zhang Ruochen anymore.

“Stay where you are!”

Zhang Ruochen shouted in a low voice. He then performed a dimensional technique to freeze the space of a hundred miles in radius.

No way the silver-armored Emissary Vigilant could escape as he was immobilized.

Bump!

Zhang Ruochen arrived in a flash and launched a fiery attack against the Emissary Vigilant.

“Damn it!”

Up in heaven, thunderclouds were surging as the actual silver-armored Emissary Vigilant was about to go mad.

The one who got the beating was only his avatar of saint blood, but he could feel what his avatar felt. It was a great humiliation for him.

At this moment, those cultivators lingering in the vicinity of the Sect of the Blood God were stunned with their eyes wide open.

“What’s the situation? Is Zhang Ruochen crazy? How dare he attack the Emissary Vigilant’s avatar of saint blood!”

“My God! Zhang Ruochen is really daring. What he does is absolutely crazy!”

“What powerful thunder and lightning! The Emissary Vigilant is enraged. He will unleash heavenly punishment soon. Zhang Ruochen is digging his own grave. Let us get out of here now!”

“He is absolutely ruthless! Zhang Ruochen is probably the first person who assaults an Emissary Vigilant. This time things are going to be a lot more interesting.”

...

To avoid being implicated, many cultivators quickly stepped back.

Even Fairy Huofeng was dumbfounded, not knowing what Zhang Ruochen wanted to do.

“That’s enough!” The silver-armored Emissary Vigilant snapped.

The fact was, he could not stand it anymore. His avatar of the saint blood was beaten black and blue. There goes his esteem.

“The Sect of the Blood God is not where you can throw your weight around.”

Unfortunately, Zhang Ruochen did not intend to stop. He continued to pursue and beat him up.

Badaboom!

The actual body of the silver-armored Emissary Vigilant released a more saint power. Dark clouds were rolling while bolts of lightning flashed between heaven and earth, as if the end of the world had come.

Whaam!

Zhang Ruochen stomped on the Emissary Vigilant’s avatar of the saint blood, which instantly burst into wisps of the blood of the Supreme Saint. He then lifted his Dimensional Freeze.

Without Dimensional Freeze, the saint blood of Supreme Saint flew up into the sky and disappeared into the Emissary Vigilant’s body.

The Emissary Vigilant shivered with anger. But he controlled himself, stopping short of unleashing a heavenly punishment.

Zhang Ruochen looked up and stared at the silver-armored Emissary Vigilant. “Go back and tell that bigwig who sent you: I am not someone who could be bossed around. He had better show some sincerity if he wanted me to free Zhou Yu and Mosheng. Meanwhile, they both will have to stay here in the Sect of the Blood God.”

Not wanting to talk further, Zhang Ruochen went straight back into the Sect of the Blood God.

It was meaningless to negotiate with an Emissary Vigilant who could not make decisions. Doing so would only be a waste of time and effort.

“You will pay the price, Zhang Ruochen!” The silver-armored Emissary Vigilant roared with fury.

Immediately, he vanished. And the thunderclouds gathered in the sky also dissipated.

Those cultivators in the vicinity of the Sect of the Blood God were looking stunned. At first, they all thought that Zhang Ruochen would surely die this time. Little did they expect to see that things would turn out this way.

Crushing the avatar of an Emissary Vigilant and making the Emissary Vigilant swallow his pride—was this something a Saint King could do?

A hot-blooded young man is fearless.

It would surely cause an uproar once news spread.

Chapter 2060: Pan Ruo and Yan Wushen

Both Zhou Yu and Mosheng were sort of petrified on the Blood God Altar. They could not believe that Zhang Ruochen had crushed the avatar of the saint blood of the Emissary Vigilant in public with impunity.

Their hearts sank at seeing what Zhang Ruochen did. They were unsure if they could get away.

“Well done, Zhang Ruochen. I have long been disliking those buggers. Beat them up whenever you see them next time. So what if he is a Supreme Saint? His avatar was still beaten black and blue when he wasn’t present in person,” said Blackie.

Zhang Ruochen landed on the Blood God Altar. His expression was solemn as he was thinking about what the Emissary Vigilant said.

After a moment of silence, he took out the Staff of the Divine Envoy and got in touch with Yueshen.

The phantom of Yueshen was suspended in the sky in a sacred glow above the Staff of the Divine Envoy.

Mu Lingxi immediately bowed in respect. And so, too, Zhang Ruochen, Blackie, Bao Lie and others.

Everyone had to maintain a sense of humility and fear. They must do nothing that might amount to blasphemy in front of an immortal.

Yueshen swept her eyes over those who were present before she looked at Zhou Yu and Mosheng, who were subdued on the Blood God Altar. “You are such a troublemaker, Zhang Ruochen. You just killed Shang Ziyan recently. Now you have apprehended Zhou Yu and Mosheng.”

Zhang Ruochen had put Zhou Yu, Mo Sheng, and Xuetu in absolute quarantine, so they could neither see nor hear.

Zhang Ruochen looked up at the phantom of Yueshen. “I didn’t ask for this. I was forced to do this.”

“Your killing of Shang Ziyan has already enraged the Fane of Merit and Heavenly Realm. This time, Heavenly Realm and Blackdemon Realm are pressuring me to keep these two guys alive. Even Celestial Palace had spoken for them,” said Yueshen.

“I didn’t know that even Celestial Palace would intervene. Heavenly Realm has a really great influence.” Zhang Ruochen looked grim.

“The constant large-scale infightings have exasperated Celestial Palace. Not to mention both Zhou Yu and Mosheng might become immortals. So Celestial Palace has no choice but to intervene. If they both die, it will surely set off a big storm,” said Yueshen in a serious tone of voice.

Zhang Ruochen's heart skipped a beat upon hearing that. The situation seemed to be much more complicated than he expected.

On the surface, it only involved two non-Supreme Saint top cultivators. But in fact, it was about the ego for Heavenly Realm and the esteem of Celestial Palace.

The killing of Shang Ziyan had crossed the line of Heavenly Realm. But Yueshen could still manage to keep things under control.

But if he were to kill Zhou Yu and Mosheng, Heavenly Realm and Celestial Palace would not tolerate this. Even Yueshen could not handle the situation by then.

They were still abetting Zhang Ruochen to kill Zhou Yu and Mosheng a while ago. Now they could not help but feel scared. When it came to the battle between the immortals, all of them would have to die if they were not careful.

Immortals could kill them with just a thought.

"It seems that these two guys must absolutely not be killed. But it is also absolutely impossible for me to let them go just like that. Heavenly Realm will have to pay for their release," said Zhang Ruochen solemnly.

There was a strange look in Yueshen's eyes. "What do you want?"

"The Godstones and the top five-element sacred artifacts. Everything else is up to you," said Zhang Ruochen.

He believed that with Yueshen's ability, she would surely make Heavenly Realm pay a high price by conceding many precious things.

Yueshen shot a meaningful look at Zhang Ruochen. "I will handle this. You can rest assured that this time Heavenly Realm will not get the slightest advantage."

The Yueshen's phantom vanished and the Staff of the Divine Envoy returned to normalcy.

"Phew!"

There was a grim look in his eyes when Zhang Ruochen put away the Staff of the Divine Envoy and let out a sigh.

By his way of doing things, he would not let Zhou Yu and Mosheng go. But this time things are much more complicated. If he made a mistake this time, even Yueshen would be implicated.

So he had to control himself.

Now that he and Yueshen were in the same boat, he should not make Yueshen's life too difficult, sometimes.

Since Zhou Yu and Mosheng were so important to Heavenly Realm, it shouldn't be long before the negotiation would come to a fruition.

Meanwhile, what happened in the Sect of the Blood God was spreading far and wide. Before long, the entire Kunlun Realm had known about it.

On the Battlefield of Merit in the north of Kunlun Realm, Zhen Yuan received a communication talisman from Central Region. His expression rapidly changed, surprises filling his eyes.

“Zhou Yu and Mosheng are apprehended, and the Emissary Vigilant’s avatar of the sacred blood was crushed. Junior Brother Zhang’s ability is unmatched. But this will also invite trouble. I wonder how Junior Brother Zhang will handle it,” said Zhen Yuan to himself.

He had high expectations for Zhang Ruochen and did not want to see anything untoward to happen to him.

But the matter had a very wide implication. Even he found it difficult to intervene in his capacity.

In the other camp of the Northern Region, Xuanyuan Liekong had also received the news. He frowned spontaneously. “What a Zhang Ruochen! He has improved tremendously. But I am afraid that things might not end up well for him if he keeps behaving in such an unbridled way.”

At first, he was planning to woo Zang Ruochen to his side. But there was some bad blood between them because of the trunk of the Divine Sky-connecting Tree.

So it was natural that Xuanyuan Liekong would not be too happy to see Zhang Ruochen improving so quickly.

...

Jiang Yunchong in East Region got the news and could not help but burst into laughter.

“What makes you so happy?” Yanruo came beside him and asked in curiosity.

Jiang Yunchong handed the communication talisman to her. “As expected from the Scion of Time and Space, he is amazingly gutsy. His presence will tell every other realm that Kunlun Realm is not a place where they can trample at will.”

“Things are probably not so simple. Even the Emissary Vigilant is involved. I am worried that there will be more troubles coming for Zhang Ruochen.” Yanruo frowned slightly.

“Don’t worry, Zhang Ruochen is not a reckless person. Since he dares to do this, he must have a solution.” Jiang Yunchong comforted her.

He might not have much interaction with Zhang Ruochen, but he knew Zhang Ruochen well. He also admired Zhang Ruochen very much.

Not long after, news spread to macroworlds in Heavenly Realm and caused an even greater sensation.

“Zhang Ruochen is mad! He must be severely punished.”

“Xue Lingxian was a villain in ancient times. His appearance at this time spells trouble. It must be investigated.”

“Zhang Ruochen must be suppressed to prevent him from acting recklessly.”

...

People from the Heavenly Realm faction were the most emotional. Cultivators from other factions just watched quietly at this time. They even wished Zhang Rochen to cause more trouble.

On the other hand, news had also spread to and caused a stir in Infernal Court.

The reason was, Xuetu was suppressed, and no one knew if he was still alive.

Many cultivators saw with their own eyes that Xue Lingxian had pierced through Xuetu's body with his snake tail and taken him into the Sect of the Blood God. No one knew what happened after that.

Xuetu was one of the five non-Supreme Saint powerhouses of the Immortal Vampires. He was ranked in the top 100 in the entire Infernal Court, having great potential to become an immortal.

"Celestial Court sidestepped the rules of the War of Merit and allowed Supreme Saint cultivators to join the fight. Celestial Court must give us an explanation. Otherwise, the Supreme Saints from Infernal Court will surely invade Kunlun Realm on a large scale soon. That will destroy Kunlun Realm."

"We have got to send an envoy to negotiate with Celestial Court and rescue Xuetu immediately."

"If they don't free Xuetu, the Supreme Saints from Infernal Court will crush Kunlun Realm in no time."

...

The war sentiment in Infernal Court was high. They could not wait to use this issue as a pretext to launch a full-scale war against Kunlun Realm.

In fact, Infernal Court had dispatched envoys in the first instant. They wanted not only to rescue Xuetu but also to look for trouble.

The identity of Xuetu was too sensitive. It was easy for people to make an issue of him.

...

There was a small village named Anning Village near to Darkmourn Mountains.

The village had a small population, and it was quaint and clean.

There was a little tavern in the village. It was quiet at this time. A teenager and a tall and burly man were sitting by the window, eating and drinking all by themselves.

The teenager was none other than Chi Kunlun, while the tall and burly man was the mysterious Yanluo cultivator who snatched Chi Kunlun from Shang Ziyan. This mysterious cultivator was none other than Yan Wushen, whom Celestial Court cultivators would tremble in fear upon hearing his name.

Whoosh!

A stream of light arrived from the outer sky and was caught by Yan Wushen.

"Huh? It's Zhang Ruochen again? It looks like he has been busy lately." There was a look of surprise in Yan Wushen's eyes.

Chi Kunlun looked up and asked eagerly, "What's going on?"

“See it for yourself.” Yan Wushen threw the communication talisman at him.

Chi Kunlun quickly caught the communication talisman in his hands and read it carefully.

Yan Wushen’s eyes narrowed slightly, with a strange look inside. “The villain of ancient times. That is interesting. It seems it is time for a trip to the Sect of the Blood Sect.”

There was no doubt that the appearance of Xue Lingxian had aroused Yan Wushen’s interest.

Yan Wushen was a fighting maniac who liked to hone himself through battles. Unfortunately, there were fewer and fewer people who could be his opponents.

The Four Heavenly Kings of the Celestial Palace were strong, but they always fought together. As powerful as Yan Wushen was, he could not fight all of them at once. So he had no choice but to avoid them.

Since entering Kunlun Realm, The Four Heavenly Kings of the Celestial Palace had been pursuing him, for which Yan Wushen had no words

The fact that Xue Lingxian was known as the most fearsome man in ancient time spoke volumes of his formidable strength. If he could fight Xue Lingxian in the same realm, Yan Wushen could judge his standing among the best cultivators of all times.

Those who are invincible at present might not necessarily be the best cultivator of all times.

“When will we depart?” asked Chi Kunlun.

He would not be interested in going to other places. But the Sect of the Blood God was different—because Zhang Ruochen was there. He wanted to find the answers to his many questions in mind from Zhang Ruochen.

Just as Yan Wushen was about to speak, he sensed something.

Zzzzzz-Pang!

A lightning bolt struck down from the clouds and hit the bluestone street.

A graceful figure appeared on the street. She had delicate skin that was as spotless as jade, her long hair cascading like a waterfall, her eyes mysterious and captivating. She exuded a lofty air throughout.

She became the center of attention as soon as she appeared.

“Isn’t this Pan Ruo, one of the three Lady candidates of the Fane of Destiny? Are you here looking for me, hoping to make an alliance with me?” Yan Wushen chuckled and gulped down a glass of wine.

Pan Ruo swept her mysterious eyes over and her gaze stopped on Chi Kunlun as if she was studying him.

Chi Kunlun sensed tremendous pressure from Pan Ruo’s gaze. She was not as intimidating as Empress Chi Yao, but she still gave out a sense of pressure that was as heavy as an entire mountain.

He had an illusion that this evil woman seemed to be coming for him. But why?

Pan Ruo's gaze did not stay on Chi Kurlun for long. She quickly shifted her attention to Yan Wushen. "It seems that other Lady candidates have come to you. But I have no such intention. Only the weak will do that—riding on the strength of others."

"You are right. The strong only need to rely on themselves. But, are you strong?"

Yan Wushen let out a smile. "The other two Lady candidates have come to see me. They wanted me to help them become the real Lady of Destiny. And they have also offered me very generous terms. Why are you here since you are not here to find an alliance with me?"

Yan Wushen might not be a disciple of the Fane of Destiny, but he was born in the highest clan of Infernal Court and the number one non-Supreme Saint cultivator of Infernal Court. So he was wielding enormous influence.

Anyone who could get his support would undoubtedly be more hopeful to become the Lady of Destiny.

Pan Ruo looked calm without the slightest emotional fluctuation. "Darkmourn Mountains is an ancient battlefield, where countless killings have affected the fate of countless living persons. It is the most ideal place to comprehend the Path of Destiny. I was just passing by when I sensed the energy of the strong. So I came to check it out."

"There is more to Darkmourn Mountains than meets the eye. Even I can't see through it. Yet you want to go there to comprehend the Path of Destiny? You have got guts. No wonder you can find favor with the bigwigs of the Fane of Destiny." Yan Wushen took a long hard look at her.

Pan Ruo was the least qualified Lady candidate among the three contenders. So Yan Wushen would not place his bet on her.

In stark contrast with the uproar on the outside world, the atmosphere in the Sect of the Blood God was a scene of a different world.

"I know you two refuse to be reconciled. Here, I will give you two a chance: fight me one-on-one." Zhang Ruochen stared at Zhou Yu and Mosheng.

"Fight one-on-one? I can crush you with one hand," said Zhou Yu with disdain.

"If it weren't for the advantage of the Supreme Artifact, you wouldn't have defeated me in the gambit battle." Mosheng sneered.

"Then we will have another gambit battle, using no weapons or saint techniques. Just hand-to-hand combat," said Zhang Ruochen.

"You will let me go if I win?" Mosheng hissed.

He would not be interested at all if he would be just a whetstone for Zhang Ruochen.

Zhang Ruochen of course knew what he was thinking. He spontaneously let out a smile. "Why not if you can win?"

"Then what price do we have to pay if we lose?" asked Mo Sheng in a deep voice.

"I want the Canon of Truth in the bodies of you two."

Mosheng's expression drastically changed. He did not expect Zhang Ruochen to be eyeing the Canon of Truth.

As a top-notch genius, Mosheng had indeed got the Canon of Truth when he crossed the Sea of Truth.

He also knew that there were only two ways to get the Canon of Truth from someone. One was to kill that person. Two was to make that person give it up voluntarily.

Since the appearance of the Emissary Vigilant, Mosheng knew that Zhang Ruochen would not kill him and Zhou Yu. As such, the only way for Zhang Ruochen to get the Canon of Truth was to have them give it up voluntarily.

"You are really ambitious, eh, Zhang Ruochen? You want us to give up the Canon of Truth? Do you think we will say yes?" sneered Zhou Yu.

The Canon of Truth was more than just important. It was something that every immortal desired. No one would easily give it up.

There was a disdainful look in Zhang Ruochen's eyes. "You must be thinking that I will not kill you two, eh? But for the sake of the Canon of Truth, I don't mind taking risks. I have killed Shang Ziyang, anyway. So killing you two isn't a big deal for me."

Zhou Yu and Mosheng's hearts skipped a beat. They both had heard of how ruthless Zhang Ruochen was. He would probably mean what he said.