

I Am Loaded 1001

Chapter 1001: A New Era of the Seven-Sword Deity? 3

What the teacher said could shock more than just the tiny Fringe Moon Immortal City!

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In the Eastern Region, there was the Eastern Mountain facing the ocean.

The Eastern Mountain had no peaks, and it was rumored that it had been destroyed by a sword. There was a faction known as the Burial Sword Tomb that existed here since ancient times.

The spiritual sword, famed sword, ancient inscription tablet and lost sword.

All the swords that had no master but had spiritual quality would be attracted by the Burial Sword Tomb. Through some way nobody knew about, these swords would return to the Burial Sword Tomb and wait for fate to bring them to rebirth.

There was an intangible barrier of sword energy that refused entry to everyone within a hundred thousand mile radius around the Burial Sword Tomb. This was because of the convergence of many spiritual swords.

However, compared to the swordsman, this barrier of sword energy contained the insights of the Way of the Sword from countless historic swordsmen, all the way from ancient times till the present.

They only needed to cultivate here.

Every step they took into the barrier of sword energy meant that their cultivation level of the Way of the Sword had improved by a notch.

The rule when entering the Burial Sword Tomb was "As long as you pass through the barrier of sword energy, you can enter the Burial Sword Tomb." This encouraged everyone.

However, there were only three young swordsmen who could achieve this: the three brothers of the Gu family.

Ever since Bazhun'an became well-known across the five regions, there was no movement across the Burial Sword Tomb in recent years. Now, when the sword energy barrier trembled, all the swordsmen in the surroundings began to dance and cheer.

At the same time, in the Burial Sword Tomb, a small circle of ripples suddenly appeared in the Sword Washing Pool, which had been still for decades.

"Sob..."

In the center of the Sword Washing Pool, a broken sword was gently trembling and crying.

The body of the sword was covered in rust and had lost its original color. Even the hilt of the sword was covered in moss.

"Tap, tap, tap..."

In the darkness, a tall figure walked over.

He stepped over the surface of the water, passed through all the rusty swords in the Sword Washing Pool, came to the broken sword that was choking with sobs, and squatted down slowly.

“He’s back...” The figure said softly, as though he were looking after a delicate plant. He seemed afraid that his words would provoke the other party.

“Buzz!!!”

The Broken Sword struggled violently, as if it was angry, and seemed like it was roaring. It was like a wronged child, crying and complaining about the loneliness that had lasted for decades.

“You shouldn’t hate him. He’s also helpless...” The man gently stroked the broken sword in front of him.

After saying that, seeing that broken sword’s emotions had become even more intense, the man could only smile helplessly. “Alright, I won’t defend him. He really deserves to die...”

“Buzz!”

The broken sword trembled again.

The man was stunned and sighed after a while.

“Oh, what should I say about you?”

“I told you to let him go and find another owner. Now that you’ve obtained the title of famed sword, why do you want to bind yourself here and wait in loneliness?”

“If he is still silent, are you going to wait for another hundred or thousand years?”

“Maybe the wait will amount to nothing!”

The last sentence sounded heavy. The man also seemed to be complaining about the person he was talking about, and was expressing his emotions.

“Buzz, buzz, buzz.” The broken sword trembled in response.

The man could hear the words of the sword. He smiled and said, “I’m different from you. I’m not tied up here. I can leave whenever I want to.”

“Clang!”

The Sword Washing Pool suddenly exploded with sword cries. The broken sword struggled and was about to be emerge from the pool.

However, when the sword cries echoed, it could not do anything except tremble violently.

The man smiled and stood up. “It will be difficult. It’s easy to enter the Sword Washing Pool, but difficult to leave. Bazhun’an has already missed the opportunity to enter the Burial Sword Tomb. He will never come here again. Even if the person you are waiting for has returned to the world, he will never bring you home.”

With that, the man turned around and left.

“Clang, clang, clang!”

This vicious language caused the broken sword to tremble madly, causing ripples in the sword pool.

It wanted to come out and kill this person, but it was bound by the rules and could not move at all.

“I’ve said it long ago. Is it difficult to acknowledge a new owner?:

The man flicked his sleeves and disappeared into the darkness. He sighed and said, “Now, he’s back, but you can’t go out. Tsk, tsk. Date plays tricks on people, but it also plays with swords... How sad. It’s really very sad...”

“Hehe.”

He even mocked the broken sword at the end!

The broken sword could no longer withstand this ridicule. Like a demon god opening his eyes, it exploded with an endless bright white sword light. The light illuminated the white-robed figure who had returned to his throne in the form of a sword hilt that could hold up the sky in the darkness.

Broken and falling swords were all over the ground.

Among them, the white-robed figure sitting on the Sword Hilt Throne was indifferent.

He placed his elbow on the armrest of the throne and used the back of his finger to support his chin. He tilted his head slightly and glanced at the broken sword in the Sword Washing Pool nearby. There was a smile at the corner of his mouth and a mocking look in his eyes.

The broken sword was unwilling to be humiliated like this and raged crazily. The sword light broke through the sword energy barrier of the Burial Sword Tomb, causing the people outside to be happily surprised. They sat cross-legged and cultivated.

However, in the end, this was merely a phenomenon.

The broken sword didn’t break through the restrictions of the Sword Washing Pool.

The darkness receded.

The Sword Washing Pool lost all signs of movement, and only the humming of the broken sword and the ripples that rippled around it remained.

It was as if intangible tears were dripping down the sword cleansing pool.

“Boohoo...”

Chapter 1002: Fishing in the Yulun Mountains, Giving a Celebration!

On the corner of Cross Street in the City of the Dead Bodhisattva.

Bazhun’an’s voice spread throughout the five regions. Even though the City of the Dead Bodhisattva had its own rules and restrictions, the power of the Holy Emperor broke the restrictions and spread the noise to the ears of all the villains in this bloody land.

The smell of blood permeated the entire Cross Street, but loud celebrations could still be heard.

These people would be forced into this chaotic place, and most of them would be left with no way out. Of course, they would be happy to see the continent shake and the five regions stir up a bloody storm.

They hoped they could use this opportunity to stop Ai Cangsheng from looking down on the City of the Dead Bodhisattva.

Everyone would have a chance to break through the restrictions of this place and return to the Shengshen Continent. Why not celebrate?

On East Street.

The arena was dark, and the villains were fighting ferociously.

Outside the long corridor, a slim woman walked quickly.

She only wore a little make up, but looked exquisite. Her eyes were sparkling, and her body was only covered by a light veil. Her shoulders were bare, and she seemed to be glowing.

Everywhere she passed, there was a lingering fragrance. Her every frown and smile combined with the unique charm of a mature woman.

The arena was filled with men. Even if such a beautiful woman just passed by from outside the long corridor, it was inevitable that she attracted the attention of many.

“Aunt Xiang?”

“Why is she here? She rarely comes to the arena on East Street, right? Did something happen so she had to come? She should... Should be looking for Big Brother Shenyi!”

I just heard from someone that there’s been the voice of the Eighth Sword Deity. I don’t know why it could be heard at the corner of Cross Street. It’s very magical... I also heard that there are still people in Shengshen Continent who are imitating the Eighth Sword Deity. But this imitation sounds too similar to the real thing.”

The arena was abuzz with discussion.

The arena’s gladiators didn’t even have the mood to fight when such a beautiful woman passed by. They all stopped to watch.

Some even whistled at Aunt Xiang with lustful eyes.

“You’ve gone mad!”

The moment the whistle sounded, someone immediately jumped up and covered the mouth of the person next to him tightly. “This is Big Brother Shenyi’s woman. She is Aunt Xiang. How dare you whistle? Are you tired of living?”

“Shenyi, Aunt Xiang... who are they?” A newcomer who had just joined the corner of Cross Street and had just entered the arena on Eastern Street was puzzled.

“Have you heard the story of killing the red dust and storming the ghost pass? What about the gate of hell and the god of gods? These two people aren’t just the leaders of Eastern Street and his woman, but there are the main players in these two legends!”

“Hiss...” Hearing this, the newbie gasped and immediately came to his senses. He said in surprise, “Are they two of the Ten High Nobles? Was he the man who snatched his beloved back from the jaws of death and defied death?”

“Hmph! What do you think?”

“I was wrong, I was wrong...”

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The charming woman called Aunt Xiang did not bother with the men in the arena.

If it were any other time, she would have stopped and used a fragrance filled with murderous intent to make these chatty fellows pause for a lifetime.

However, the timing was too important today.

She walked through the long corridor and arrived at the innermost room of the Eastern Street Arena. Without knocking, she reached out and pushed the door open.

“Who is it!” A sullen voice came from the dark room. It was as heavy as thunder and seemed to rumble.

“It’s me.” Aunt Xiang raised her sleeve, and a gentle fragrance came out from the gauze.

In an instant, the room lit up.

There were lots of physical training equipment in the room. A muscular man with a bare upper body stood amongst the equipment. He breathed in heavily, put down the equipment and turned around in surprise. “Xiang’er?” He asked.

Aunt Xiang smiled. She turned gracefully and fell into the man’s arms.

Her slender fingers slid across the man’s chest and landed on his abs. She flicked away the beads of sweat as she caressed the aura that belonged solely to her. She smiled coquettishly and said, “What? Even I can’t enter your room?”

The burly man’s face was stoic, his jaw as sharp as a knife and chisel. His expression was normally cold, but suddenly turned warm and gentle. His eyes were filled with tenderness. He stared at the woman in his arms and said, “I’m afraid that outsiders will come in... If it’s you, there are no restrictions whatsoever.”

“How dare outsiders enter your room so rudely? You’re the Master of East Street, Big Brother Shenyi, the Gate of Hell and God of Gods.”

The burly man, Shenyi, could not help but laugh. “Isn’t this all because of you...”

“Let’s not talk about this.”

The two of them exchanged a few pleasantries before Aunt Xiang jumped to the main topic. With a solemn expression, she said, "Your Big Brother's voice..." She looked up slightly.

Aunt Xiang was already very tall.

Shenyi was more than two meters tall and one and a half heads taller than her, heard this and nodded slightly. "Yes, I heard it too."

Aunt Xiang asked worriedly, "Is he going to make a move and need our cooperation? But you haven't been in contact for years... Do you think this voice is fake? After all, we've been at the corner of Cross Street and unaware of what's going on outside."

Shenyi scratched his head and replied, "I won't forget Big Brother's voice. He is just informing me that I might need to take action in advance."

"You silly fool!" Aunt Xiang scolded in a small voice to hide the uneasiness in her heart. "You haven't seen each other for so many years. Actually... If, I mean if... If we can stay in this place forever... You see, the danger outside can't come in, and if we don't take the initiative to go out. Isn't that a good choice?" She stuttered, revealing her anticipation and curiosity.

Chapter 1003: Fishing in the Yunlun Mountains, Giving You a Celebration! 1

Shenyi smiled. He gently stroked the hair of the woman in his arms, and shook his head, saying, "That's impossible. Ai Cangsheng has been watching me. He won't let me continue on like this. Once I show signs of becoming a saint, he will come down personally and solve the problem."

In Cross Corner Street, one could talk about the name of a saint without any worries or avoidance because demi-saints couldn't enter the space unless they paid a great price.

Those who did pay the price to enter the Cross Corner Street were suppressed by even more terrifying rules. Their strength wasn't even comparable to the higher void level.

Therefore, demi-saints rarely came to Cross Corner Street in the City of the Dead Bodhisattva.

Aunt Xiang was silent for a long time. She looked up and advised, "Can you just not become a saint? It's been so many years. Aren't you over it?"

Shenyi laughed and said, "You know that I've been suppressing this for more than twenty years. Now, even the strength of the rules at the Cross Corner Street are almost unable to restrain me.. Even if geniuses want to be ordinary, it's impossible. I still have to return to the Shengshen Continent."

Aunt Xiang pouted, then she frowned, and said worriedly, "It's very dangerous outside..."

"Yes, but for you, I'm not even afraid of death. Why would I be afraid of Ai Cangsheng? Why would I be afraid of Bei Huai? Why would I be afraid of the Five Great Holy Emperor's family?" Shen Yi hugged Aunt Xiang, then turned around and placed her on the bed. He gestured at the sweat all over his body and raised his eyebrows. "I'm going to take a shower first. I'll be back in a moment."

Aunt Xiang tightened her muslin dress and gripped the bedsheet with both hands. She looked at the man's back and said, "I, I've called you here to discuss official business!"

“I was talking business.” Shenyi walked into the bathroom and closed the door. Then, his voice travelled back into the room.

“I’ve already figured out what You Yuan wanted to guide me towards. There’s a clue to the mysterious entrance of the inverted pagoda. It’s the key to suppress the power of divinity. Perhaps I’ll be able to enter it in a short time.”

“When the time comes, Ai Cangsheng won’t be able to sense that I’ve become a saint there.”

“When I ascend to the Saint Realm, I’ll bring you out of the Cross Corner Street. In this world, no one can stop us anymore, not even the Holy Emperor. I said it.”

The You Yuan Buddha, the inverted pagoda... Aunt Xiang did not listen to her man’s bragging and only focused on her own thoughts.

The first half of what Shenyi said was the true purpose of them coming to Cross Corner Street: to find the Inverted Pagoda, to find a place where they could ascend to the Saint Realm without being discovered by the rules of Shengshen Continent.

However, decades had passed, and there was still no result.

To outsiders, Cross Corner Street was a place for killing.

To the two of them, they had gotten used to it after so many years. It was like a paradise to them.

Aunt Xiang was thinking how wonderful it would be if they could stay here without fighting for anything?

“What a pity...”

Aunt Xiang sighed. She knew that it was impossible.

Although she was still a while away from becoming a saint, Shenyi was the first batch of experts from the previous generation.

With Shenyi’s talent, he was on par with Kui Leihan, Bazhun’an, Dao Qiongcang, Bei Huai, and the others only if he didn’t have to save himself from the Ten High Nobles.

In fact, at the end of the Ten High Nobles, Shenyi had even used his own strength to seize another great throne, just to tie the name to him forever.

“This idiot...”

Aunt Xiang thought about it and could not help but complain inwardly. However, her face was filled with happiness.

At this moment, the bathroom door was pushed open. The man scratched his head and stuck his upper body out. He chuckled and said, “Sorry, I’m used to closing the door. You were also drenched in my sweat just now, so...”

He looked up and down and raised his eyebrows. “Do you want to take a bath together?”

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Bazhun'an's voice spread throughout the five regions, causing the world to tremble

The commotion was not limited to the Fringe Moon Immortal City, the Burial Sword Tomb, and the Cross Corner Street in the City of the Dead Bodhisattva.

At the same time, the commotion was heard by people staying in the Half-Moon Residence in the Southern Region, the desert ridges in the Western Region, and the Valley of Floral Fragrances in one of the Seven Breaks from the Northern Region.

However, it was very hidden.

If it wasn't for the members of their secret organizations, nobody would have noticed anything strange.

There was movement in four-hill mountain in the Central Region, where the Holy Palace was located.

This was because the center of the storm mentioned by Bazhun'an was one of the locations that the Holy Palace was paying close attention to – Dongtianwang City!

The Imperial City Trial was related to the Holy Palace Trial and its future.

In normal times, the Holy Palace would not respond to anything from the Shengshen Continent because this was under the care of the Holy Divine Palace.

The Holy Palace would always maintain a transcendent status. Their only goal was to nurture saints.

However, things were different now.

The matter at the Yunlun Mountain Range had endangered the future of the Holy Palace. The foundational roots of Saint Ascension was no longer important. It could even be a false clue spread by the fake Bazhun'an."

The Holy Palace knew that they had to send more people to the Yunlun Mountain Range in the Eastern Sky Realm to protect the future students of the Holy Palace.

As for whether or not they would inadvertently get sucked into the center of the storm and accidentally snatch the foundational roots of Saint Ascension, that would be something unexpected.

The Holy Palace wasn't surprised.

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On Sacred Mountain Gui Zhe.

Dao Qiongchang, who was in charge of the headquarters of the Holy Divine Palace, received all kinds of urgent reports from the major divisions of the five regions in a short period of time.

Thousands of them!

The major dark forces that had been hiding under the ice mountain emerged one after another after the news spread to the five regions.

Chapter 1004: Fishing in the Yunlun Mountains, Giving You a Celebration! 2

Translator: Nyo-Bo Studio Editor: Nyo-Bo Studio

The factions didn't even bother to hide. They made up a shoddy excuse, then ran towards the center of the storm, Dongtianwang City.

There was absolute chaos!

Dao Qiongcang knew that his incarnation of the saint's will had failed to stop the Dragon Pearl's final disaster in the Yunlun Mountain Range. This might bring him a disaster.

However, Dao Qiongcang really did not know that this disaster could actually cause such a huge headache!

"Bazhun'an, oh Bazhun'an..."

After dismissing his underlings to deal with those troublesome news reports, Dao Qiongcang gazed into the distance from the top of the Sacred Mountain, his eyes filled with admiration.

"I originally thought that suppressing the news of your birth in the White Cave would not cause much of a stir in the continent."

"I didn't expect that your rebound from the bottom would give me a blow right to my head instead."

Dao Qiongcang held the compass in his left hand and extended his right. It was as if he was touching the Net of Order in the great world beyond him.

He didn't feel discouraged. It seemed like even though the whole world went mad, his mind was still calm. If his mind were a pond, this couldn't stir up even the slightest ripple.

After staring at the sea of clouds on the Sacred Mountain for a long time, the corners of Dao Qiongcang's lips curled up as he muttered to himself,

"Interesting."

"This game is getting more intense. It's getting more and more interesting."

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In Eastern Sky Realm, near the Yunlun Mountain Range.

Leaving just a single sentence, Bazhun'an had already left Abyss Island. This was the same Bazhun'an who had caused countless spiritual cultivators to go mad. With the help of the Storyteller, he hid in the spatial crack.

"Brother, have you gone crazy?"

"Why do you have to waste so much energy shouting? Can't you let the leader of Black Vein do it? What would happen if you were to injure yourself shouting?"

The Storyteller held the limp Bazhun'an. He felt that he only needed to push...

No!

He didn't even need to push.

The Storyteller only needed to let go of Bazhun'an and let the spatial storm wreak havoc.

The chief Saint Servant would die before his eyes. The Eighth Sword Deity would die in an unknown location.

“Cough, cough, cough...”

Bazhun’an coughed violently and wiped the blood from the corner of his lips after coughing. He then said, “Who in the world knows about the Black Dragon? Who doesn’t know about Bazhun’an?”

“Do you think everyone’s stupid? If I didn’t use my name, would they be attracted by a random god from nowhere?” Bazhun’an sneered.

The Storyteller opened his mouth slightly, but he couldn’t say anything to refute Bazhun’an.

That’s right.

Right now, was there any information that was more exaggerated than the Eighth Sword Deity’s resurrection in the five regions of the Shengshen Continent?

After his brother’s words, the five regions and four seas were shaken.

How could his influence be compared to that of the Demonic Emperor Black Dragon, whose name had been forgotten immediately by the masses?

Thinking of the Demonic Emperor Black Dragon, the Storyteller was a little worried. “We have a close-to-perfect plan to enter Abyss Island. But why would you left the Demonic Emperor... the leader of the Black Vein excite this mission? It’s rebellious. Aren’t you afraid of accidents?”

“There are no accidents.” Bazhun’an cleared his throat and coughed out blood. The feeling of being in a spatial storm was not pleasant. He could only walk through the spatial crack by relying on the Storyteller.

The Storyteller pursed his lips and said, “There are three usable ancestors of the White Vein. There are clearly three ancestors of the white vein that can be used. The Infernal.. doesn’t that old ancestor still have the infernal lineage in the Shengshen Continent? It has already been passed down to Xu Xiaoshou’s generation. He’s one of us. Why not use him?”

“We cannot use him precisely because he is one of us. After all, the cost of using Remorse is too great.” Bazhun’an explained. This was something that was never mentioned in the battle plan. The Storyteller could only ask after the incident ended.

The Holy Emperor’s Remorse... thinking about the power belonging to the Demonic Emperor Black Dragon made the Storyteller a bit worried. “Brother, do you think there’s a possibility that the Remorse has already been released, but hasn’t been completely destroyed?”

Bazhun’an sneered. “That damned Daoist isn’t an idiot. He’s more afraid of the power of the Holy Emperor’s Remorse than I am. I just have to get the Black Dragon out. He risked his life to summon the power of the Holy Emperor, but he has to help me eliminate the scourge. This is an open plot, and he can’t do anything about it.”

The Storyteller was speechless. He only felt that his brain wasn’t enough for this kind of intellectual discourse.

What kind of mentality could make a person believe in his opponent so much that he would help the opponent get rid of someone who was more like a teammate than an opponent?

After a long silence, the Storyteller felt that he wasn't suitable to think about this matter.

In his opinion, there were too many parts of the battle plan that required the cooperation of the opponent, and these were all very crucial segments.

The opponent was clearly Dao Qiongcang, who was known to be unpredictable. How could Brother still fool around like this!

However, the news spread throughout the five regions like wildfire. Even the Storyteller's clone had heard about it. He knew that the battle plan was completely successful.

"I don't understand what's going on anymore..." The Storyteller sighed silently.

Before entering the Abyss Island, the Storyteller was still doubtful whether the Saint Servant Nine Thrones had the strength to influence the movement of an era.

Now, there was no doubt at all.

"Big Brother is awesome!" The Storyteller praised, starry-eyed.

"It's just the advantage of having the first move." Bazhun'an waved his hand weakly. "This time, it's our turn to face the overall situation of the Holy Divine Palace."

"What situation?" The Storyteller asked.

"Do you think I'm a god and can see the future?" Bazhun'an snorted.

They finally walked to the end of the spatial crack.

Light appeared. The Storyteller helped Bazhun'an out and returned to the Shengshen Continent.

He raised his head.

Yunlun Mountain Tange, Dongtianwang City, and Abyss Island were all far away!

"The last one?" The Storyteller looked at Bazhun'an.

Bazhun'an had promised to give the world the Devil Sword, the origin of Saint Ascension and the Saint Origin Crystal, as well as countless treasures.

However, Bazhun'an only managed to fulfil the promise of the Devil Sword.

The power of the Dragon Pearl was depleted at the end, and the Red Coat Army led by Rao Yaoyao was eyeing the Abyss Island Rift. r

If the treasures were to emerge out of the Abyss Island Rift again, they would only end up belonging to the enemy.

Now that the plan was completed, why would Bazhun'an continue to fund the Holy Divine Palace out of his own pocket?

Bazhun'an stood on the land that no one was paying attention to. He stared at the Abyss Island Rift in the distance for a long time. It was as if he was looking at the nervous people in front of the rift through the endless space.

"Look, I'm here..."

Bazhun'an chuckled and shook his head. He tapped on the space with his finger and turned around to leave.

Crack!

A tiny crack appeared in the space.

Then, the spatial crack spread into the sky like a butterfly, engulfing the entire void in an instant.

Crack! Crack! Crack!

The sky in the Yunlun Mountain Range, Dongtianwang City, and even the land realm within a hundred thousand miles shattered like a mirror. Faint light flickered in the darkness as if thousands of demon eyes had opened up in the sky!

Under the shocked gazes of countless spiritual cultivators, the supreme treasure that contained the power of the Holy Emperor passed through like a meteor shower.

The Seventy-Two Dragon Essence Array formed by the Red Coats was shattered in an instant.

The supreme treasure meteors smashed onto the faces of the spiritual cultivators.

At this moment, the Earth began to buzz and bubble!

"Damn! There really is a treasure. Bazhun'an didn't lie to us. He really gave it to us for free!"

"Hurry up and get it. This is the opportunity to become a saint. This is an era that belongs to all the saints!"

"It's fastest fingers first!"

"Kill!!!"

Rao Yaoyao looked at this natural disaster. No, this was a man-made disaster. She saw the Cang Godhood Sword trembling in her hand. She was completely powerless to stop it.

The power of a demi-saint was still okay.

There were more treasures in this batch than the previous two waves combined. Moreover, it contained the power of the Holy Emperor. What could she do to stop it?

Dao Qiongcang had already left. What could she do to stop this!

Rao Yaoyao lost her focus. She tried her best to find the starting point of the spatial crack.

After a long while, she followed some of its traces and found the start.

However, when she looked into the distance, she saw that the place was empty. There wasn't even the slightest trace of anyone passing by.

At the same time, the ears of all the spiritual cultivators who were snatching the treasures began to ring with ethereal songs.

Everyone stopped snatching the treasures for a moment and listened attentively. This was because it was like the low moans of the Spiritual Gods, full of temptation.

Rao yaoyao frowned. She was also listening. She could no longer figure out Bazhun'an's intention. She was afraid that this was another one of his schemes.

However, this time, what was transmitted to everyone was no longer a voice that had lethality. Instead, it was a voice that was full of ridicule, as if it was mocking all living beings.

"I passed through the White Cave and conversed with the darkness..."

"I was a guest on Abyss Island and the Holy Emperor treated me with friendliness."

"I went fishing in the Yunlun Mountains, giving you a chance to celebrate!"

After a pause, the voice became more melodious, ethereal, and unrestrained.

"I came from the west and flowed down the east with the current."

"I watched the sages in the day and destroyed the ghosts in the night."

"If the mayfly guesses my intention, the candles blow out in cold wind."

"I drink the water of the world, but wake up with the immortals."

Chapter 1005: Elder Sang's Scheme! 1

Yunlun Mountain Range, above the Fourth Dragon Range.

Xu Xiaoshou finally stopped groveling. He patted the dirt on his beloved robe as he stood up and looked at the meteor shower in the distance with lingering fear.

It hadn't been long, but he felt like he had been lying flat on the ground for a century!

"What a wonderful scene that was..."

The Yang Godhood Sword's Golden Fate Dragon, the demi-saint Dao Qiongchang's Divine Secrets Array, Ai Cangsheng's Arrow from the Evil Sin bow that spanned two regions, the Holy Emperor's Remorse, and the Black Dragon Scales.

And!

And the chief of the saint servant, Bazhun'an, who controlled everything with his hands without even showing his face!

"Too powerful."

"The peak of combat strength in this world is quite terrifying."

Xu Xiaoshou finished watching the battle, and his heart palpitated.

When he really encountered a battle at its peak, Xu Xiaoshou was still weak. He didn't even have the qualifications to have a finger in the pie.

Xu Xiaoshou wasn't killed by the aftershocks of the battle, and he had to thank both sides for trying their best to control it. He didn't want to hurt the innocent.

"Drunk with the water of the human world, awake with the Immortals..."

Bazhun'an's singing remained in his ears. Xu Xiaoshou was stunned for a long time, but he still didn't recover from his state of shock.

He seemed to understand why Bazhun'an had so many rabid fans in the Holy Sword Land of the Eastern Region and even the five regions of the continent.

With his free and uninhibited fighting posture, and a nonchalant, carefree style of doing things without caring about fame.

It was hard not to be charismatic and not attract fans!

"This is the first time since his fall that he truly announced his comeback to the world, and it was just a side attack."

"It's hard to imagine how arrogant Bazhun'an at his peak was when he fought with others in all his glory."

Xu Xiaoshou heaved a sigh of relief. When he came back to his senses, he saw that the ten or so members of the Xu Faction who were kneeling on the ground due to the holy power had also taken a normal posture. They patted their clothes and stood up.

No one had recovered from the battle in the sky just now.

Everyone was still reminiscing about the indistinct song that been sung after the battle.

After a long time, one member of the Xu Faction held his saber with an excited expression on his face. He shouted hysterically, "The Eighth Sword Deity, this is definitely the Eighth Sword Deity. He is really the one who is leading this battle between the Saints!"

Xu Xiaoshou gazed over. There was no need to ask. He knew that this fellow must be one of Bazhun'an's fanatical admirers.

The few people beside him were also attracted by the voice and turned their heads over.

However, they heard the excitement of the Xu Faction, waved their hands and said, "Legend has it that when the Eighth Sword Deity was young, he wrote a poem with a sword, step by step. Wherever he went, no one was his match! Such a carefree and unrestrained poem was definitely written by him. He is back!"

This fellow was so excited that he was crying. As he spoke, he even covered his spiritual sword and started sobbing.

"I knew it. I knew it. The Eighth Sword Deity has never fallen. I have always believed that he is still alive!"

"As expected, he is back. He is really back!"

"Boohoo..."

Xu Xiaoshou was silent as he watched. He could not understand why a dignified man, a dignified spiritual cultivator, would be so fanatical towards a person whom he had never met before. They were even concerned about the life and death of the other party.

There was clearly someone who was also deep in thought beside him. This person was born in the Central Region and was an orthodox spiritual cultivator. He covered his face and wept as he looked at the fellow in front of him, smiled and said, "Why do you need to be like this? We spiritual cultivators don't have any gods or Buddhas in our hearts. We only focus on the Holy Path. Why do we need to..."

"What do you know!"

The Swordsman Faction members interrupted him. They raised the saber in their hands and said angrily, "When I was bullied in my clan, when I chose the Way of the Sword and was ridiculed by others, when I stayed up all night cultivating, and when I wanted to give up..."

"The sentence 'One sword from the East forms a Sword Deity' was what supported and encouraged me."

"This is faith!"

"People like you who were born in a big clan or strong faction and grew up peacefully don't know anything. What right do you have to judge me?!" His eyes were red and anger seemed to be bursting out of his hear.

The orthodox spiritual cultivator was stopped by the shout. He withdrew his head somewhat paradoxically and said, "I'm sorry, I didn't know that you had such a past..."

The mountain suddenly fell silent.

Xu Xiaoshou continued to watch silently. Suddenly, he had a different interpretation of the Eighth Sword Deity's influence in the sword cultivation system, or rather, the influence of all the disadvantaged groups in this world.

Perhaps, people like the members of the Swordsman Faction in front of him did not only worship the words Bazhun'an. There was also the spirit behind these three words, which was to "Rather die than submit, and pursue freedom".

"What's your name?" Xu Xiaoshou suddenly asked.

The swordsman who was still wiping his tears was slightly stunned when he heard this, but he quickly reacted and replied, "Leader Mu, my name is Li Yan."

"Li Yan..." Xu Xiaoshou muttered softly and walked over with a smile. He tiptoed and patted the swordsman's shoulder, "Li Yan, do your best. Others may not believe you, but I do. The power of faith is infinite!"

Li Yan was stunned for a moment. His spiritual source shook, and his tears dried. He lowered his head and said, "Thank you..."

Xu Xiaoshou did not look at him anymore. He turned his eyes back to the sky.

The meteor shower fell and scattered the seeds of hope in the sky. The figure in the red coat was still circling the Yunlun Mountain Range. Even if he could not form a formation, he was still making interceptions.

Chapter 1006: Elder Sang's Scheme! 2

However, there were always mistakes that caused these treasures to land on the Yunlun Mountain Range.

"How many more Li Yan is there in this world?" Xu Xiaoshou thought sadly. Then, shaking his head to get rid of the distractions, he returned to the main topic.

The red-clothed people couldn't stop Bazhun'an's last wave of treasures.

Among them, there was the Devil Sword, the Myriad Weapons Devil Lord that disappeared along with the power of the Holy Emperor.

As expected, there was also the legendary origin of Saint Ascension "Saint Origin Crystal" — according to the original words of Bazhun'an.

Since these treasures might land on the Yunlun Mountain Range and they did not have an owner, the trial-takers would definitely search for the treasures crazily.

Then why did he still guard the empty mountain alone and miss out on a good opportunity?

"This wave of treasures will definitely cause a long delay making Rao Yaoyao unable to divert her attention to continue pursuing the murderer of Yi. Meanwhile, the red-clothed people are also afraid that these treasures will fall into the hands of the people from the dark factions and then create a great enemy for themselves, especially the Saint Origin Crystal..." Xu Xiaoshou thought to himself.

He did not know why the "Saint Origin Crystal" had the prefix "origin of Saint Ascension" in the original words of Bazhun'an. Perhaps, this thing was almost equivalent to the foundational roots of Saint Ascension?

But the fact that he didn't understand didn't mean that he wasn't tempted.

After all, it was a treasure that Bazhun'an had specifically mentioned, and it was on par with the Devil Sword, the Myriad Weapons Devil Master.

And now...

Those who were fated to have it would get it!

Just as Xu Xiaoshou was about to give the order to search for the treasures, and take advantage of the chaotic situation to stir up again...

At this moment.

“Beep.”

The trial jade pendant sounded.

Xu Xiaoshou’s brows twitched. He took out the jade pendant and saw the latest notification.

“The second mission of the battle of the Nine Dragon Range has been issued.”

“Search for treasures that contain Holy Power scattered throughout the Yunlun Mountain Range. Submit them through the trial jade pendant. For every treasure submitted, you will receive 100,000 points.”

“PS: Submit the treasure ‘Saint Origin Crystal’ and you will receive 100 million points. Submit the ‘Devil Sword, Myriad Weapons Devil Master’ and you will receive 100 million points.”

The message was simple and clear.

Xu Xiaoshou was dumbfounded.

This speed...

Wasn’t it too fast!

The red-clothed people did not have enough manpower, so they directly used the “treasure hunt” as part of the trial itself. They used the trial-taker of the Yunlun Mountain Range to search for treasures for them, didn’t they?

But would it work?

A member of the Xu Faction by the side sneered after reading the message. He said, “This is too shameless. 100,000 points? Which is more important, 100,000 points or a treasure that contains holy Power?”

“Yes, but the last two 100 million points reward made my brain buzz. If I can find them and I can’t protect those treasures, I may choose to submit them at the first instant...” said another person.

Hearing this, Xu Xiaoshou narrowed his eyes.

The Xu Faction members didn’t see the entire battle between the Saints clearly, so they didn’t know that the “treasure that contains holy Power” was actually not a “holy level treasure”. Instead, it was only a “spiritual weapon, elixir, and so on” that were covered with a layer of Holy Power.

Therefore, after these people found the treasures and knew the truth, perhaps they would have to choose to hand in the treasures because of the accelerated progress of the trial and the temptation of the quota of the “Holy Palace Trial”.

If they were not strong enough, even if they obtained the treasures, there were only a few outcomes.

First, they would be robbed.

Second, they would be handed over to the clan.

Third, it would be discovered by the law enforcer and they were forced to submit in exchange for points.

If that was the case, why not exchange it for the points that they needed the most at the current stage as soon as they obtained the treasure? After submitting one item, they would immediately search for the next one.

Even if they managed to obtain the Saint Origin Crystal and Devil Sword, who would be able to guard the trial-taker of the Yunlun Mountain Range?

They would either be robbed by stowaway cultivators, or the treasures would constantly change masters among experts. In the end, they would be discovered by the law enforcers and forced to submit...

“It’s very dirty!”

“This wave of ‘treasure-hunting’ mission is really too dirty!”

Xu Xiaoshou could almost see the true purpose of the red-clothed people’s mission.

It was because every normal trial-taker carried a trial jade pendant. This thing was probably the origin of the Cloud Realm World’s surveillance of everyone.

As long as one went treasure hunting, no matter how much one obtained or how much one hid, the entire process would fall into Rao Yaoyao’s eyes.

“Good gracious!”

Xu Xiaoshou could not help but admire the brain of the higher-ups of the red-clothed people. It must have been very good to be able to think of such a method that was close to a “scheme” in such a short time!

No matter what, since the trial jade pendant had a mission, making a private treasure hunt a public matter, Xu Xiaoshou couldn’t continue sitting on an empty mountain.

“Everyone, listen up!”

He displayed Leader Mu’s aura and in an instant, more than 10 members of the Xu Faction around him stood up and shouted in unison, “Here we’re!”

1

“Immediately go down the mountain and search for the treasure that contains Holy Power. Once you find it, submit it to me first. Then, based on the situation, I’ll record your contributions and you can exchange the thing you want the most!” Xu Xiaoshou said loudly.

Pausing for a moment, he giggled and quipped, “Of course, you can also choose to hide it, although this may attract the attention of the law enforcers.”

“I dare not...”

“Leader, we definitely dare not!”

The Xu Faction members immediately waved their hands and were scared out of their wits.

They did have the thought of hiding it. But now that they were exposed, they were discouraged because Leader Mu was a “devil”.

Xu Xiaoshou couldn't be bothered to talk nonsense. He didn't care about the “treasures containing Holy Power”. He was only interested in “Saint Origin Crystal” and “Devil Sword”.

Chapter 1007: Elder Sang's Scheme! 3

It was expected that in less than a few days of search by all the trial-takers... or in less than half a day, the treasures in the Yunlun Mountain Range would appear one by one.

“Let's go!”

...

In the core zone, near the Nine Dragon Range.

Ye Xiaotian, who looked like a short white-haired youth, was floating slowly on the mountain path like a ghost.

“Saint Origin crystal...”

His gaze was sharp and filled with disbelief as he unconsciously muttered the familiar term that Bazhun'an had uttered.

Ye Xiaotian remembered the reason why he had come to the Yunlun Mountain Range as a stowaway.

He also remembered that even though Elder Sang's letter had been shattered, there were a few elegant and orderly sentences in it.

“The night is approaching, but the dawn has yet to arrive.”

“Since it's the general trend, how can we talk about transcending?”

“My Saint Servant, your space.”

“If Infernal doesn't die, then Cutting Path (stage) won't succeed.”

“Yunlun Mountain Range, Saint Origin Crystal.”

Yunlun Mountain Range, Saint Origin Crystal... that last sentence, that last word, was exactly the same as what Bazhun'an had said!

“Elder Sang...”

Ye Xiaotian shook his head repeatedly. His eyes flickered as he looked back at the sky. He seemed to have seen the battle between the Black Dragon and the Saint just now.

He sighed, and his heart filled with shock.

“Elder Sang, Elder Sang, how dare you team up with these existences? I'm afraid they will devour even your bone remains!

“Demonic Emperor Black Dragon, Eighth Sword Deity... all of them, how can they be easy to deal with?

“They’ve even directly started a fight with the Holy Divine Palace. How dare you get involved in these things!”

Ye Xiaotian subconsciously figured out his old friend based on his impression of Sang Qiye of the Holy Palace, the Vice Dean of the Tiansang Spirit Palace.

However, on second thought, his old friend also had a terrifying name.

“Second-in-command saint servant, Sleeveless!”

Therefore, Ye Xiaotian fell silent.

He thought about the time when he got the letter from Elder Sang and the news that the second-in-command saint servant was captured by the Holy Divine Palace during the battle of the White Cave...

Elder Sang had vanished during the time in the White Cave.

In the end, the letter clearly said “Yunlun Mountain Range, Saint Origin Crystal”.

How long had this been planned in advance?

And in the end, it actually materialized!

Ye Xiaotian seemed to have vaguely seen the scene of Elder Sang laughing complacently in front of him. The corners of his eyes twitched a little, and he replaced the last sentence of ridicule in his heart.

“How dare you? How dare you direct this kind of thing? Even if you want to die, you don’t have to play in this manner!”

However, after coming to the Yunlun Mountain Range and stepping into the center of this whirlpool, it was very difficult for Ye Xiaotian to escape.

Moreover, this was Elder Sang’s last request. To be honest, Ye Xiaotian did not want to take the initiative to escape.

“So, where is the Saint Origin Crystal?” Ye Xiaotian guessed.

He was thinking that since Elder Sang was Saint Servant Sleeveless, Bazhun’an was suspected to be the Chief of Saint Servant, and Bazhun’an seemed to be related to Abyss Island, then Elder Sang should have been the one who masterminded the fight between the Demonic Emperor Black Dragon and Dao Qiongcang.

Then, as half of his “own people”...

Elder Sang wanted him to help get the Saint Origin Crystal, so he should have left some clues to help him get the target among all the stowaways faster. The kind that even red-clothed people could not react to.

But the clues...

Ye Xiaotian thought and fell into hesitation.

Were there any?

Not at all!

Other than the words "Saint Origin Crystal" mentioned in Elder Sang's letter, there were no other clues.

"D*mn it, you don't even have the most important information. Are you trying to embarrass me?" Ye Xiaotian cursed in his heart.

He was a decent person, and he was a disciple of the Holy Palace previously. Even if he entered the Yunlun Mountain Range, he had the intention of not exposing himself if he could.

If he simply revealed his space attributes and searched the entire Yunlun Mountain Range, Rao Yaoyao would probably be able to land a sword on his face in less than three breaths' time.

However, that was not the way to look for it...

If he were late, then he might have to take the risk of being exposed later on to obtain the Saint Origin Crystal that others had discovered in advance.

"D*mn it!"

Ye Xiaotian cursed again and gritted his teeth. He felt that no matter what, he could not easily let go of Elder Sang's last request.

He waved his hand in the air and the space turned into a mirror. Light began to flow.

However, at this moment...

"Whoosh."

A light sound of air being torn interrupted Ye Xiaotian's movements.

He turned his head and saw from afar, a crystal clear glittering hexagonal crystal of the size of a fist, emitting a faint holy light, and flying toward him.

Ye Xiaotian was puzzled.

I did not need to look for it, did I?

Did it look for me instead?

Soon, he recovered from his dazed state because there was an anxious cry of a human following closely behind the hexagonal crystal.

"Stop him!"

"D*mn it, this is a Holy Power treasure worth 100,000 points. Brothers, let's charge! Eh...is there someone at the front?"

"Hey! The shorty in front, help me stop this treasure. Don't submit it, I'll give you 50,000 points!"

Chapter 1008: The Power of Time! 1

Ye Xiaotian narrowed his eyes, and his expression darkened.

Short...Shorty?

Looking over, he saw more than 10 figures hurriedly following behind the hexagonal crystal that was flying over.

There were dried blood stains on the clothes of these people. Their hair was disheveled, and their faces were dirty. Their bodies were filled with a cold murderous intent as if they were soldiers who had temporarily retreated from the battlefield to recuperate.

“Experienced and tough...”

Ye Xiaotian could tell at a glance that among these people, the strongest expert was only at the Master (stage) Ying Yang State.

However, this was under the circumstances that they were able to release the suppression of their cultivation level in the Yunlun Mountain Range. Within the same cultivation level in Tiansang Spirit Palace, most of them might not be able to defeat the top of the Inner Yard Thirty-Three.

For example, Rao Yinyin, Su Qianqian, and even Zhang Xinxiong who had already passed away but had suppressed his cultivation level for a few years because of the Imperial City trial.

Ye Xiaotian took a deep breath and slowly exhaled.

Even though these people had disrupted him, how could he be angry with these juniors?

Ye Xiaotian stretched out his hand and grabbed the hexagonal crystal that was flying toward him without turning a corner.

“Alright!”

Among the people who rushed over from behind, the man with a scar on his face shouted and became excited. He said, “Brother, you did well. Give me this Holy Power treasure and I’ll give you 50,000 points.”

Ye Xiaotian floated in the air slightly and looked at the group of people approaching him indifferently.

These 10 or so people were a little far away. After a while then only did they finally arrive in front of him. As they were riding the wind to come over, they also lowered their voices and muttered.

“This is strange. Is this Shorty a fool? Or is he a mute who can’t speak?”

“No, the strangest thing is that the Holy Power treasure has a spiritual quality. Why did it run away when we chased after it, but when it came to the shorty...”

“It didn’t run away?”

These people were not stupid. They all noticed that something was strange.

Not only that, but the shorty also looked strange.

A graceful man in a white robe was deep in thought. Very soon, he patted the head of the scarred man on the shoulder and whispered in his ear, “Brother Lei Zhou, there’s something wrong with this person. I can’t tell if his cultivation level is real or not. He’s either a mortal or a monster.”

How could there be a mortal in the Yunlun Mountain Range?

The scarred man Called Lei Zhou landed in front of Ye Xiaotian when he heard the voice. His expression was solemn as he carefully sized up the person in front of him.

He looked to be in his twenties, but he was only as tall as a teenager. He only reached his chest... if it was a teenager who had grown faster, he would probably be more than this height in his teens.

Lei Zhou narrowed his eyes and asked tentatively, "This... Sir, my brothers' words just now were quite offensive. I apologize to you on their behalf. May I ask, who are you?"

He cupped his fists and bowed, but his gaze quickly fixed on the hexagonal crystal in Ye Xiaotian's hand.

A treasure containing Holy Power was originally psychic and could not withstand restraint. Now that it had fallen into the hands of the person in front of him, it was as if it had returned to its original owner. There was no sign of struggle at all. It was very strange.

Ye Xiaotian's eyes were still lowered. He only floated slowly in the air, allowing himself to be the same height as the people in front of him so that there was no need for him to look up at them. Then, he said indifferently, "I am Zhou Shen."

Zhou Shen?

Lei Zhou and the others looked at each other and shook their heads, indicating that they had never heard of such a person in the Yunlun Mountain Range.

They knew Zhou Tianshen. After all, he had been at the top of the leaderboard before, but Zhou Shen...

Lei Zhou felt relieved and said with a chuckle, "Brother Zhou Shen, what I said earlier is still valid. Return this Holy Power treasure to me, and I will give you 50,000 points. How about it?"

Without waiting for the person in front of him to reply, Lei Zhou paused and added.

"Up until now in the Imperial City Trial, those who can survive are all great people. I, Lei Zhou, don't like to make enemies unnecessarily. Instead, I prefer to make friends.

"Seeing that you dare to walk alone near the Nine Dragon Range, you must have something to rely on. To be honest, I, Lei Zhou, also can't see through you...

"Since that's the case, how about we meet by chance and give each other some face?"

The group of people behind him were a little noisy as if they were not satisfied with their boss's attitude towards such an unarmed short man. However, Lei Zhou only raised his hand and stopped them from talking nonsense.

It was still the same old saying. To be able to survive until now in the Yunlun Mountain Range, other than being lucky, they were all capable people.

Lei Zhou did not think that he would encounter a lucky person by coincidence. Therefore, he believed that the person in front of him should have some of his very own skills.

If he could avoid evil, he would try his best to avoid evil. This was also one of the reasons why he, Lei Zhou, could survive until now.

Ye Xiaotian looked at the dozen or so people who had landed in front of him and started to covet the treasures that belonged to him, the resentment toward the “shorty” in his heart was erased by Lei Zhou’s good words.

Without leaving a trace, he glanced at the void without people by his side. Ye Xiaotian pondered for a moment, then suddenly waved the hexagonal crystal in his hand and said with a smile, “50,000 points, I’m afraid it’s not enough.”

Lei Zhou raised his eyebrows. Seeing that the person in front of him had an extraordinary temperament and was not shocked at all, he immediately suppressed the profanity of his brothers behind him and said.

“The Holy Power treasure is only worth 100,000 points. I, Lei Zhou, am willing to give you half of it. This is already giving you enough face, Brother Zhou Shen. If you want to ask for more...”

His words came to an abrupt end. He shook his head slightly and did not speak anymore. He thought that a wise person did not need to point out too much.

“We are not to be trifled with!” the brothers behind him could not suppress their anger anymore. They said angrily, “Shorty, don’t go too far!”

Lei Zhou’s face darkened. He suddenly turned his head and shouted, “All of you shut up!”

Chapter 1009: The Power of Time! 2

“Oh, oh...” the brothers behind him immediately cowered and retracted their heads.

Ye Xiaotian smiled and knew that the people behind him were all trash, so he was no longer angry. He only looked at the crystal in his hand and said, “This isn’t an ordinary Holy Power treasure.”

“Brother Zhou Shen, what do you mean?” Lei Zhou unconsciously touched the large saber on his waist and frowned.

“This is the Saint Origin Crystal,” Ye Xiaotian said.

With a click, the first 13 people who came to their senses were all petrified.

“Saint Origin Crystal?” Lei Zhou’s eyes widened. The broadsword on his waist was suddenly exerted by the arm, causing the blade to be pulled out of its scabbard and flashed with a sharp light.

The dozen people behind him were also in shock.

“Impossible!”

“How could this be the Saint Origin Crystal? There’s only a trace of Holy Power leaking out of it.”

“The ‘Saint Origin Crystal’ is the ‘origin of Saint Ascension’ that Eighth Sword Deity mentioned. It should have a stronger Holy Power fluctuation. How could it be so similar to the spiritual sword that we found earlier in terms of the level of Holy Power fluctuation?”

Before he could finish, Lei Zhou turned around and shouted in a deep voice, “Shut up!”

Everyone immediately shut up, knowing that they had a slip of the tongue.

Ye Xiaotian found it interesting.

These people were not simple.

They had already found a Holy Power treasure in such a short time?

According to what they said, the Holy Power fluctuations of the Saint Origin Crystal were not much different from those of the spiritual sword that they had found earlier.

So, under the premise that they did not recognize the Saint Origin Crystal, they had thought that it was an ordinary Holy Power treasure.

Thinking of this, Ye Xiaotian's expression turned subtle as he glanced at the void by his side. He then looked back and said, "The Saint Origin Crystal is worth 100 million points. You want to use 50,000 points to exchange for it, do you? Do you think I look like a beggar?"

Ye Xiaotian chuckled. His tone was extremely gentle as he calmly stated something that would make most people fly into a rage.

Lei Zhou felt that the person in front of him was not simple.

However, how would he have 50 million points to give to Zhou Shen?

If he really could earn 50 million points within 10 days, he would have been the Dragon Lord of the Nine Dragon Range by now instead of finding another opportunity to earn points because of the "treasure hunt" mission.

"You said that it's the Saint Origin Crystal so it's the Saint Origin Crystal. But how do we know?" Lei Zhou looked at the hexagonal crystal in the hand of the person opposite him. The greed in his eyes gradually became more intense.

"Heh, ignorant junior," Ye Xiaotian shook his head and smiled as he injected the spiritual source into his hand.

Buzz!

A nearly transparent and profound Holy Light flashed in all directions as if it could cleanse one's soul.

In just a blink of an eye, Lei Zhou and all the brothers behind him felt as if they were bathed in a spring breeze. The doubts they had about the order or the Great Path vanished like the melting ice and snow, and they were instantly enlightened.

"Big Brother, I..."

At the back, a black-clothed man with a saber suddenly had a twisted expression. Then, he closed his eyes and sat down cross-legged.

In just a moment, he closed his eyes and opened them. The spiritual source surged around him, and the Path Principles were faintly discernible.

It was a sign of the energy reserve!

He had broken through!

“Brother Wu Guan...” Lei Zhou suddenly stuttered, and his lips began to tremble.

The black-clothed saber-wielding man called Wu Guan was extremely excited and said in ecstasy, “Big Brother, Ying Yang State! I’ve broken through to the Ying Yang State! I’ve taken the last step!”

After this, the entire place was dead silent.

Even the excited Wu Guan seemed to have realized something.

Everyone’s gaze fell on the hexagonal crystal in Zhou Shen’s hand. Like a pack of wolves that had been hungry for 10 days, they had met a little lamb and its tiger friend by chance. Their eyes were so green that they were glowing.

A tiger was indeed a little scary.

However, this tiger seemed to be malnourished.

As long as they could take him down, that little lamb could get rid of the confusion and hunger for a lifetime!

“Brother Zhou Shen...” Lei Zhou’s gaze could no longer move away from the Saint Origin Crystal. While he muttered, a cold killing intent brewed and began to erupt.

“What’s the matter?” Ye Xiaotian smiled and moved the Saint Origin Crystal from right to left and the left to the right. “You want to kill me and snatch my treasure?”

Everyone’s eyes followed from the right to left in unison. The scene was once very comical.

In the next second, with a clanging sound, Lei Zhou pulled out his saber and raised his blade to slash the sky.

“I’m sorry, Brother. I don’t have 50 million points on me to give to you. This time, I’ve let you down. In your next life, you can only pray that you don’t have a treasure and are restrained!

“I, Lei Zhou, want this Saint Origin Crystal!

“Brothers, kill!”

With a final shout, Lei Zhou and the five brothers at the front drew their swords and sabers and charged forward.

The other seven people at the back led by Wu Guan, formed hand seals. They either used sword forms or spiritual techniques to suppress the enemy.

Saber lights, sword shadows, and lights of water and fire appeared simultaneously.

With such skillful coordination, Ye Xiaotian could immediately see the reason why this team was able to survive in the Yunlun Mountain Range to this day.

“It’s quite powerful...” he thought.

However, it was only “quite powerful” to a Master (stage) junior.

Ye Xiaotian had almost forgotten how many years ago he had experienced such a powerful attack.

Perhaps it was before his hair turned white?

Or perhaps it was before he entered the Holy Palace?

He could not remember.

However, these people were also quite cute. They were so cute that make him recall the past and his experiences.

Therefore, Ye Xiaotian slightly raised his foot and took a step forward in the face of this group of pitiful little worms that seemed to be playing in slow motion in front of his eyes.

With a swish, his figure suddenly passed through the crowd and the torrent of element without being stained by dust.

Chapter 1010: The Power of Time! 3

“Ah...”

A group of mournful wails sounded behind him.

“Who? Who’s the one who sneak attacked me?”

“Dong Wu, you b*tch, can’t you aim a little more accurately? Your flames are burning on me!”

“Wu Guan, what’s wrong with you? You’ve just broken through and couldn’t control your Sword Will? D*mn it, my legs were almost cut off by you!”

“...”

The people charging at the front were complaining.

The people attacking at the back were dumbfounded.

They clearly saw all the sabers and swords hit at “Zhou Shen”, and all the sword moves and spiritual techniques hit at “Zhou Shen”.

However, it was as if they were in two different dimensions. All the attacks were like passing through clouds and mist, and they didn’t cause any damage to “Zhou Shen”.

“This...”

After turning around, Lei Zhou raised his saber and extinguished the flames on his buttocks. When he thought of the scene just now, he felt a chill down his spine.

That strange move of “Zhou Shen” made him think of a terrifying attribute — space attributes!

“It can’t be that serious right?”

At this moment, Lei Zhou’s heart was trembling.

He had a lot of experience, so he felt that the thought he just had could be true.

But if this person had space attributes...

How would he suddenly provoke such a monster?

Space attributes were rare in the world, and all of them were monster-like existences!

"I'll only kill one person as a warning. The rest of you, I'll give you ten breaths of time to disappear from my sight."

Just as Lei Zhou and the others were still in shock, Zhou Shen, who had unknowingly walked behind them, spoke indifferently. He was like a grim reaper brandishing his sickle, beginning to reap lives.

Lei Zhou suddenly turned his head.

Wu Guan and the others also turned their heads.

Zhou Shen, who was behind them, slowly extended his two fingers as he spoke. He pinched lightly in the air.

It was as if he had grabbed a piece of paper that no one could see. He slowly pulled it out in mid-air.

"Sizzle"

Blood splattered.

Lei Zhou suddenly felt the ground sink and the world spin.

Then, the world was spinning and spinning, and he saw his headless corpse...

"I'm... dead?"

With a pop, the headless corpse and skull transformed into a stream of light and were teleported out of the Yunlun Mountain Range by the trial jade pendant.

The remaining people all cried out in fear.

"Space attributes!"

"This fellow has space attributes. This is the ability of the spatial slice!"

"D*mn it, who have we offended, Big Brother Lei Zhou..."

Ye Xiaotian looked at everyone who was panicking and smiled. He raised a finger and said softly, "Ten!"

Swish.

No one dared to resist anymore. They fled like birds and beasts.

"Run!"

"We can't fight at all. Space attributes are crushing everything. Run!"

Ye Xiaotian watched as everyone fled in all directions. Only then did the smile on his lips disappear. However, at this moment, a serious look finally appeared in his eyes.

“Come out...”

Looking at the sky at his side, Ye Xiaotian said indifferently.

He was waiting here not for Lei Zhou and the others to make a move, but for this faceless man. He wanted to see just how long he could hide.

“Clap, clap, clap!”

Applause rang out.

Ye Xiaotian suddenly realized that his thoughts were sluggish, and the space was frozen.

The dust and gravel that had been stirred up by the battle earlier slowed down in the mountains, and the fleeing Lei Zhou teams all had heavy footsteps, making it difficult for them to move.

“Whoosh...”

The wind blew past, and the fleeing twelve people aged at a speed visible to the naked eye. Then, they disintegrated into the air.

“Why are you so kind to leave behind the lives of the lackeys who might expose your identity? Do you want them to send a message to Rao Yaoyao?”

An ethereal voice sounded.

Light blossomed from an unknown place in the air.

Following that, a man in a gold robe with a sword on his back and the Yama King’s mask strolled over from the air. Two great guards were behind him.

With one step, time and space were crossed.

The masked man in the gold robe walked up to Ye Xiaotian and lifted his chin.

“No need to thank me. I’ve helped you keep all of them alive, including the life of the person you’ve ‘killed’ out of kindness.”