

I Am Loaded 571

Chapter 571: Banishment! The Terrifying Storyteller

“Little Wen Ming, what will you do...”

The Storyteller’s eyes were filled with anticipation and love.

Xu Xiaoshou’s battle record was too brilliant.

Even if he didn’t want to admit it, in the ancient book’s space, he had indeed been fooled from beginning to end.

Now that he thought about it, the Atoryteller actually felt ashamed.

But at his level, his priorities were very clear.

He could deceive everyone in the ancient book’s space with a mere Xiantian realm.

The storyteller knew how much potential Xu Xiaoshou had.

He knew more than anyone else how important he was!

In the entire continent, there were very few people who didn’t dare to fight with him.

But under such circumstances, Xu Xiaoshou was still able to do so..

It had to be said that at this moment, the reason why he could suppress the shame in his heart and the desire to attack in anger was because of the Atoryteller’s soul, his desire for outstanding young men, and his love for talent.

“Wen Ming...”

“Xu Xiaoshou?”

“It’s not important anymore!”

“At this moment, only extreme pressure can squeeze out a person’s true potential!” The Atoryteller thought to himself.

“Expected, passive points, + 1.”

Luo Leilei, who was far away, also looked at Xu Xiaoshou, who was a little lost and listless.

This was the first time he had seen the young man in front of him act like this.

Usually, no matter what kind of situation he was in, even if the Tianxuan gate was about to collapse, that fellow would still have a calm expression on his face.

But now..

“Received concern, passive points + 1.”

..

“What should I do? What should I do?”

Xu Xiaoshou’s heart was as anxious as a grasshopper on a hot pot.

But on the surface, he didn’t show it at all.

“Since Aenior won’t give me even half a chance...”

Xu Xiaoshou enunciated each word and said solemnly, “Then I, Xu Xiaoshou, can only choose to resist.”

“Brother ~” the Storyteller corrected the young man’s slip of the tongue with a smile.

Xu Xiaoshou did not dare to delay any longer.

The White Cave could not be blown up.

He actually believed that even if he comprehended “Weaving expertise” and communicated with the Order of the Heavens and earth, it would be very difficult to detonate it in a short period of time.

And during this period of time, it was enough for the storyteller to kill him several times.

So now..

Since it was difficult to find a way out, he had no choice but to use his trump card!

He clenched his fist.

The Fourth Sword was once again tightly clenched.

On his body, the devil vein that had just retreated appeared once again.

Looking at the Storyteller’s expectant eyes, Xu Xiaoshou slowly raised the vicious sword in his hand.

“Are we really going to fight?”

The Storyteller raised his eyebrows, unmoved in the slightest.

In his eyes, Xu Xiaoshou was able to escape the Night Guardian’s pursuit purely because the other party had some scruples.

But was the ability to Cut Path really that simple?

Taking ten thousand steps back, he was a storyteller, but he did not have any misgivings at all!

A cooked duck, could it still grow wings and fly?

“Kill!”

Xu Xiaoshou roared angrily, raising his Fourth Sword and was about to slash down.

The Storyteller’s eyes narrowed.

Luo Leilei hurriedly retreated, giving way to the battlefield.

But just as the two of them were looking forward to it, Xu Xiaoshou, who was in the distance, slashed down with his sword, but there was not a single ripple.

The void trembled.

Xu Xiaoshou, who seemed like he was facing a great enemy, who seemed like he was about to fight with blood, suddenly disappeared.

“It’s that vanishing technique again?”

“Suspected, passive points + 1.”

The Storyteller was stunned for a moment.

He immediately raised his hand and sealed the space.

“Little Wen Ming, don’t try anymore. Your move is fresh, but what about the spiritual source?”

The Storyteller smiled and advised, “You can’t break this space. I can’t see you now, but can you get out?”

..

Who cares, run!

Xu Xiaoshou only wanted to take the easy way out.

Fight?

What a joke!

Don’t you know what you’re capable of?

As soon as he activated the vanishing technique, he immediately followed suit.

However, he suddenly realized that his teleportation was able to run nearly a mile.

At this moment, he was more than a hundred feet away, and it was as if he had hit a wall.

It came to an abrupt stop!

The atmosphere was somewhat awkward and solemn.

A drop of cold sweat slid down from the corner of his brows.

Xu Xiaoshou’s little heart fell straight to the bottom.

“As expected... It won’t work.”

Although he had long been prepared, when this result arrived, Xu Xiaoshou still realized that death was about to arrive.

The Storyteller was right.

The “Vanishing technique” was powerful, but it was not invincible.

When his spiritual source was exhausted, it was the moment when he died and his path vanished!

And now, this space was once again banished?

There was no way out!

“I don’t have time to waste...”

His thoughts spun wildly in his mind. At this moment, Xu Xiaoshou could no longer find a countermeasure that could solve the difficult problem in front of him from his own perspective.

He finally took out the tightly clenched stone-shaped Aje from his chest.

“Jie Bao, I might really not be able to pass this test for Ma Ma...”

“Ma Ma...”

Aje in his hand trembled, and then a red light flashed.

In the next second, he transformed into a little boy and appeared directly in front of Xu Xiaoshou.

Aje, who was more than a head lower than his own Ma Ma, suddenly opened his hands and cut off the front and back, as if he had opened up a brand new world.

“Protected, passive points, + 1.”

Xu Xiaoshou was not even touched in the slightest.

There was only guilt in his heart.

Aje did have the power of the higher void, but it was indeed too void.

That kind of unstable ability, whether or not it could be released again, if it was really released, would it be able to withstand the storyteller’s combat strength?

In the past, although Aje was said to be strong in the face of strength.

Theoretically, there was a limit to how strong he could be.

If Aje was really a divine puppet that could contend against a peak-stage Path Cutting level expert who had transcended the Nine Death Thunder Calamity.

Would it be purely confined in the Tianxuan Gate and treated coldly?

There were no fools in Tiansang Spirit Palace.

There must be someone who knew Aje’s value.

If it could not be taken out, then it meant two problems:

One, he did not dare.

Two, he was not worthy!

And with Elder Sang around, what else could he not dare?

Then..

“Aje!”

Xu Xiaoshou reached out and put his hand on Aje's shoulder, his eyes revealing his determination.

He could stand up for Xin Gugu and face a few of the great cutting path and a dozen sovereign thrones alone.

At this moment, there was no reason to throw away the more intimate ring treasure and let him take care of the rear and leave by himself.

"Hold on for a while. It'll only take a little while..."

"Ma Ma, I want to try something big."

At this moment, Xu Xiaoshou only had madness left in his heart!

..

On the other side.

"Oh?"

He saw a little boy wearing a straw hat and hemp clothes suddenly appear in the direction where the young man had disappeared.

Surprise flashed across the Storyteller's eyes.

"It's him again?"

This thought only flashed through his mind, but the Storyteller immediately rejected it.

The aura on this little boy's body..

No.

There was no aura at all.

This was a dead object!

"Divine puppet?"

Staring for half a breath, the storyteller's eyes were filled with shock.

Dao Qiongchang's divine puppet, that Little Wen Ming, also had it?

"Good guy!"

At this moment, the Storyteller's desire for Wen Ming had risen to an unparalleled level.

He licked his bright red lips and said, "Little Brother, you, I'm definitely going to have him!"

"Ma Ma..."

Aje muttered softly. A red light flashed in his eyes. He did not fail his mission.

Xiu.

He disappeared in an instant.

When he reappeared, he had already landed behind the Storyteller.

“So fast!”

The Storyteller subconsciously lowered his body. The sound of wind above his head instantly exploded.

Aje swung his leg.

Seeing that there was no result, he directly twisted his body, and with a twist of his body, his elbow struck towards the low altitude.

“Boom!”

The void was directly exploded.

However, the Storyteller had already bent his calves, and his entire body bounced up high.

He even had the leisure to lean over, and directly picked up Aje’s straw hat, and touched his smooth head along the way.

“It has temperature?”

Slightly startled, the Storyteller was somewhat dumbfounded.

This was simply like a living person, completely different from the reckless divine puppet he had seen before.

“Ma Ma!”

Aje was furious.

The red light in his eyes gradually changed to a scarlet red.

In just two moves, he had already sensed that this human in front of him was too strong.

At that time, his invincible close-range attack had been completely dodged by his opponent.

Then, it was time to change the fighting method!

“Wu –”

The pores all over her body bloomed.

An extremely high and ear-piercing high decibel sound suddenly spread in all directions.

Luo Leilei, who had retreated to the rear, did not have time to react for a moment. She was directly pierced by this sound until her pores exploded, and blood directly flowed out of her ears.

“What sound is that!”

She immediately sealed her six senses, but that sound wave attack was omnipresent, directly penetrating through her body.

His sea of energy reserve instantly surged.

Even his soul seemed to be directly pierced through by this sound.

Luo Leilei immediately put on the mask of pain.

“Way of the Heavens!”

The Storyteller was also stabbed in mid-air until he was slightly dazed.

But in a flash, he reacted. With a wave of his hand, he cut off the way of the heavens in the space where Luo Leilei was, protecting her.

But in just this one moment of delay, Aje’s fist had already enlarged in his pupils.

“Very strong...”

The Storyteller’s red lips curled up.

He didn’t even choose to dodge. Just the space in front of him slightly distorted, and his face seemed to have sunken.

Then, in front of the folded space, Aje’s fist directly brushed past the Storyteller’s skin.

It didn’t injure him in the slightest!

It seemed to only be a millimeter away, but in reality..

“Open.”

The Storyteller’s pearly teeth opened slightly, and he smiled casually.

The folded space before the smooth skin on his cheeks was released, and Aje’s fist was instantly bounced back a few feet away.

“Little Brother, you want to touch me too?”

The Storyteller stretched out his hand with a charming smile, and his head exploded.

“Bang!”

The space directly exploded.

The terrifying explosive impact directly hit Aje’s forehead.

With a boom, the hemp clothes on Aje’s body directly shattered, and Aje’s body was sent flying several hundred feet away.

“So hard...”

The Storyteller looked at his middle finger in shock.

The part of his fingernail had been completely bruised.

After many encounters with the white-clothed, the Storyteller had actually come into contact with the divine puppet many times. He naturally knew that this kind of existence basically had a steel body that was comparable to a sovereign physique.

However, he had long been prepared. What his brain had collapsed was not Aje's body, but space!

However!

The recoil from the recoil had actually injured him..

"You've angered me!"

Looking at the cracked fingernails, the beautiful patterns on the nail polish had already been corroded. The Storyteller's expression became sullen.

Without any pause, he took out the "Yin Yang Life and Death Trap", turned around and ruthlessly whipped it toward the sky behind him.

"Bang!"

Aje, who had arrived behind the Storyteller in an instant and was about to punch him, was whipped into the sky before he could even react.

"The battle awareness of a cultivator at the peak of the first realm... is very strong."

The Storyteller clicked his tongue in surprise and then changed the topic. "But he is at the second realm. Your reaction and speed are nothing in his eyes!"

With a look in his eyes, the Storyteller formed a seal with his fingers.

"Rustle, Rustle, Rustle..."

The Yin Yang Life and Death Trap floated in the air. The pages of the book moved without the wind and automatically flipped. Rustling sounds reverberated in the lonely void in all directions.

"Netherworld Dragon Head!"

The Storyteller pointed with his finger. The pages of the book stopped flipping and landed on a blank page.

In the next moment, a hieroglyph with golden light appeared on it.

The words converged and turned into a ferocious dragon head that leaped onto the paper.

The sky and earth suddenly turned dark, as if there was something that could blot out the sun, blocking the scarlet sky of the White Cave.

"Roar —"

A loud and clear dragon roar rose from the high sky, stopping the moving clouds.

At this moment, even the curtain of rain that was constantly falling on the horizon seemed to be directly interrupted.

"Confine!"

The Storyteller pulled with his hand, and the dark dragon head that was thousands of feet in size that descended from the sky opened its mouth wide and fell down.

“Bang!”

Aje, who had been sent flying, did not have time to resist and landed between the steel teeth of the dragon’s mouth.

The space within a radius of several kilometers that had been restored to its original state exploded in an instant.

The law of the Order of the Heavens appeared, and the White Cave was on the verge of collapse.

The Storyteller flipped the page again and pointed with his slender finger.

“Condense.”

Golden Hieroglyphs jumped out of the page. With a flick of the storyteller’s sleeve, they merged into this world.

The turmoil in the White Cave immediately stabilized.

However, in midair, Aje, who was restrained by the dragon head, could not escape no matter how hard he struggled.

..

“Damn it...”

Xu Xiaoshou had not even had the time to form the high-intensity, compressed form of “Song of Ice and Fire” that he had used for the sacrificial refining. When he saw this scene, his heart was about to break.

“Ma Ma!”

“Ma Ma!”

Aje was clearly not calling for help, but struggling loudly.

But at this moment, in Xu Xiaoshou’s ears, it was a sign that his own child had been bullied.

“Die!”

Xu Xiaoshou could not help but take a step into the sky. He held up the ice and fire energy to compress the light dot. On the one hand, he tried his best to control the energy balance of the light dot so that it would not explode.

On the other hand, he ruthlessly stabbed the Fourth Sword into the Dark Dragon’s head.

“Roar!”

The dragon’s head shook violently.

The Storyteller’s eyes moved.

What did he see?

The Green Light Netherworld Dragon’s head, which had always been successful, was actually dyed black by the black patterns at this moment?

He could not see Xu Xiaoshou in his Vanishing technique state.

However, with the scene before him, it was not difficult to see that Xu Xiaoshou had already made his move!

He still used Fourth Swords!

“Take the easy way out!”

The corners of his mouth curled up slightly, and he didn’t say anything else.

The Storyteller directly reduced the area of the spatial confinement and locked down the area of a hundred feet around the Netherworld Dragon’s head.

“Take the easy way out!”

Xu Xiaoshou finished his job and wanted to escape, but he realized that this move was already useless.

Although the “Vanishing technique” had the penetration attribute.

However, the imprisonment of the Storyteller was not completely controlled by the space.

He used another method of exile to completely abandon a certain space from the Way of the Heavens.

This caused Xu Xiaoshou, who was in the exiled space, to feel as if he was being held by the Storyteller... the world was vast and there was nowhere to go!

“Several hundred feet...”

“Dozens of feet...”

“Then dozens of feet, then dozens of feet...”

With a thought, Xu Xiaoshou instantly understood the Storyteller’s thoughts.

Every time he moved, the other party would be able to compress the area.

And if he moved too many times, when the banished dimension was reduced to only a few feet, or even a few feet..

“The Vanishing technique will lose its effectiveness indirectly!”

Xu Xiaoshou, who understood everything, felt a wave of shock in his heart.

This was incredible!

This pervert in a red dress had incredible battle awareness!

He couldn’t see.

He used a spatial compression technique, and when he was confined to a small area of space..

Did It matter if he could see or not?

The turtle was in the jar.

It was only a matter of time before he pulled in the net!

“Damn it, I met a tough guy...”

Xu Xiaoshou felt a chill run down his spine.

He felt the grim reaper beckoning at him.

When did the Storyteller lose his playful heart? Did It mean that he was already on the verge of death?

Chapter 572: Aje, Receive the Sword!

“Ma Ma...”

“Received gratitude, passive points + 1.”

Although Aje couldn’t see Ma Ma, he could feel Ma Ma saving him.

At this moment.

The Netherworld Dragon head holding Aje slowly lost control under the devil invasion of the fourth sword.

After a few angry roars, it released the shackles.

Aje was freed.

However, the Black Vicious Devil Aura had already spread to Aje’s body when the two bodies were connected.

“Harm!”

Xu Xiaoshou was startled awake when he saw Aje covered in devil vein.

He didn’t even have the time to feel afraid.

“This is...”

Aje seemed to have absorbed the aura of the devil invasion that had been demonized by the Sacrificial Carving. He directly absorbed the power of the Fourth Sword of devil invasion into his body.

“He swallowed it?”

Xu Xiaoshou was shocked.

This was the first non-ancient swordsman who was not affected by the Fourth Sword?

“Sizzle”

As if he had eaten his fill, Aje’s chest slightly swelled.

In the next second, an earthy yellow aura rose from the soles of his feet.

“The Power of the Higher Void?”

The Storyteller was shocked.

At this moment, he even directly abandoned Wen Ming's existence.

The Power of the Higher Void was nothing for a peak-stage Cutting Path cultivator who had yet to overcome the first tribulation of the Nine Death Thunder Calamity, the Night Guardian.

How could such a divine puppet, who didn't even have the battle awareness of a second level cultivator, have the Power of the Higher Void now?

"I'm the one who said that the book isn't worthy?"

..

"Good!"

Xu Xiaoshou almost jumped three feet high in surprise when he saw this earthy yellow aura.

So that's how it was!

So, Aje's Power of the Higher Void could only be squeezed out like milk when he was full and had the strength?

Then, back at the City Lord Mansion...

It had relied on the continuous absorption of heaven and earth spiritual energy, as well as the energy produced after it transformed into a berserk giant.

The Power of the Higher Void that it had accumulated continuously?

"This is easy!"

Xu Xiaoshou's heart was immediately relieved.

The Power of the Higher Void was easy to maintain?

"Ma Ma?"

In the dark, Aje felt the disappearing Ma Ma calling to it.

It turned its head.

From an unknown place in the void, a black light shot over.

"Aje, receive the sword!"

The voice that had disappeared could not be heard, but Aje subconsciously raised his hand.

"TA."

Fourth Sword steadily fell into Aje's grasp.

With a sizzle, the demonic power instantly surged out.

But in the next second, it was absorbed into Aje's body without missing a single cent.

The Power of the Higher Void beneath his feet was growing and strengthening at a visible speed!

“This...”

The Storyteller, who was not far away, was stunned.

Divine puppet and Fourth Sword?

“Suspected, passive points + 1.”

“Ma Ma...”

Aje clenched his vicious sword, and an endless amount of power surged out of his body.

He subconsciously waved his hand.

“Boom!”

The space several miles behind the Storyteller collapsed.

Then, a black aura slowly seeped out of the void.

“This speed...”

Xu Xiaoshou was dumbfounded.

With just this wave, he couldn’t even catch the disappearance of the sword energy.

It exploded a few miles away?

“That’s not right!”

Xu Xiaoshou suddenly realized that this space should have been banished by the storyteller.

In other words, the power of the Fourth Sword under Aje’s control was enough to break this confinement?

“Well done!”

Xu Xiaoshou couldn’t help but praise in his heart.

But in the next second, his expression froze.

The Storyteller, who was also in a daze, suddenly burst into blood flow on his left shoulder. Then, his entire arm broke, and blood dripped down.

“Injured?”

At this moment, even the Storyteller himself showed an expression of disbelief, and he slowly lowered his eyebrows to look.

It was broken!

It was really broken!

Aje unceremoniously slashed down. The Storyteller’s shoulder was really broken!

The folded space bounced back.

But last time, the Storyteller was able to use this move to avoid Aje's attack.

This time, it was completely ineffective.

"Is it because of... the Power of the Higher Void?"

Sensing the faint earthy yellow aura where the shoulder was broken, the Storyteller understood everything. His eyes instantly darkened.

Luo Leilei landed at the back. The sword energy moved in the same direction as Luo Leilei, almost cutting into her.

Fortunately, it was indeed a bit off, and the speed of the sword energy was also very fast.

Thus, there wasn't much of the ferocious demonic power left along the way.

Thus, Luo Leilei wasn't injured.

But seeing the injuries of the Storyteller, the shock in her soul wasn't even as much as the fear she felt when she almost died on the spot.

"Senior Storyteller, you were injured by a slash?"

"Suspected, passive points + 1."

..

"Good... Good!"

The Storyteller's silent gaze suddenly exploded with light after a few breaths.

He muttered unconsciously.

When he raised his eyes to look at Aje again, his eyes were already filled with cold killing intent.

"What a divine puppet, you can even take the Fourth Sword and the Power of the Higher Void... What breed is this, Dao Qiongchang's newly developed pet?"

"Why are you in Wen Ming's hands?"

Raising his eyes to look at the void, the Storyteller seemed to be questioning Xu Xiaoshou.

However, after Aje absorbed some energy, he completely adapted to the feeling of having the Fourth Sword in his hands.

With a few sword strokes... it was as if he was using his arms and fingers.

"Ma Ma."

With a swish, its sound disappeared.

The old tune was repeated. When it appeared again, it had already landed behind the Storyteller.

But this time, the Storyteller did not have the courage to forcefully receive Aje's attack.

“Yin Yang Life and Death Trap, seal!”

With a flip of his hand, he flipped open the ancient book in his hand.

With a single word, the space in front of Aje suddenly shook, as if it was about to turn into a piece of paper, falling down gracefully.

But what followed closely.

“Boom!”

With a wave of the Fourth Sword, the ancient book’s space was directly broken.

The crystal-clear space fragments dissipated and fell down.

After Aje’s sword strike, another sword strike struck towards the direction of the Storyteller.

“Impudent!”

The Storyteller did not even understand why he had suddenly lost control of his emotions.

However, as soon as he finished speaking, it was like Rolling Thunder.

Aje, who was charging towards him from the sky, was directly repelled by the hieroglyphs that appeared on the Yin Yang Life and Death Trap.

The Power of the Higher Void covered Aje’s entire body, but Aje was not sent flying very far away.

His body shook, and he broke free from the Way of the Heavens power.

“Whoosh!”

In an instant, another black shadow flashed across the sky.

The Storyteller rolled on the ground in a sorry state, barely avoiding the sword energy of the demon.

“Boom.”

Another space in the distance exploded.

“Ma Ma...”

A red light flashed in Ah Jie’s eyes. He had tasted the joy of a long-range battle.

“SWISH SWISH SWISH...”

His arm turned into an afterimage, and in an instant, countless black sword energy shot out.

This time, even Xu Xiaoshou and Luo Leilei, who were watching from the side, felt their scalps go numb.

It was too terrifying!

The Power of the Higher Void, the power of the Sovereign Physique, and the extremely fast devil sword. Even one of them might not be something an ordinary sovereign could contend against.

But now..

There were countless of them!

“Boom Boom Boom Boom...”

The surrounding space was like a firecracker, easily detonated by the black explosion.

The majestic power of the devil churned in the air, dyeing this place into a pitch-black ink pool.

“Well done!”

Xu Xiaoshou did not even have the time to look at the injuries of the Storyteller.

He took a step forward, directly stepping out of the space that the storyteller had banished.

The scene in front of him blurred.

It was pitch black..

Even the earth, the rocks, the dust... everything that could prove the existence of the world was gone.

All that was left was pitch black.

“What’s going on?”

Xu Xiaoshou was confused.

The area outside the red-dressed pervert’s banished place was also the space of the White Cave.

“Why is the scenery completely different now that we’re out of this banished place?”

Xu Xiaoshou’s body stiffened. He felt that the scene in front of him seemed familiar.

The next second, he suddenly came to a realization.

“Ancient book space!”

This was an ancient book space that even the Storyteller did not have the time to duplicate!

Therefore, after leaving the banished lands, everything around him was pitch-black.

It was as if chaos had never been born.

Even the world had not been opened. Where did the light come from? Where did the entity come from?

He placed his spiritual senses on the information bar.

As expected.

“Imprisoned, passive points + 1.”

Imprisoned!

But..

“When did this happen?”

Xu Xiaoshou panicked.

He did not expect the Storyteller to be so powerful.

He could actually unwittingly imprison himself and Aje into the space of his ancient book again.

It was simply impossible to guard against!

“Ma Ma...”

Aje, who was scattering the devil sword with the Fourth Sword, also realized that something was wrong.

It seemed to have lost its target?

The human in the Red Dress, who had been dodging the sword energy and was in a sorry state, suddenly disappeared?

Was he gone just like that?

“Ma Ma?” Aje looked over in confusion.

“Aje, don’t do anything rash. Get close to me!”

Xu Xiaoshou couldn’t wait any longer and took a step closer to Aje’s side.

If they separated now, they would be waiting for death.

But how could they break this space of the ancient book?

“Suck...”

While he was still racking his brain, a strange sound suddenly came from his side.

Xu Xiaoshou couldn’t help but turn his head and saw that Aje had already put away the Fourth Sword and was hanging upside down on his back.

The Power of the Higher Void on the other hand was being sucked into his stomach along with the power of the demon, and it had solidified to the point that it was about to undergo a qualitative change.

“Ma Ma!”

A punch was thrown out.

“Rumble...”

The space was instantly covered with spider webs, and the entire world shook, and then collapsed with a loud bang.

Xu Xiaoshou was shocked.

Aje also realized that he was being imprisoned, so he broke this space with one punch?

One punch? !

His heart shrank, as if he was facing a great enemy.

As expected, the world collapsed. What he was about to face was the spatial fragment, which was the Storyteller.

However, the predicted spatial fragment did not appear.

The space in front of him collapsed.

When the image appeared again, it was actually a White Cave world that was even more complete than before.

However, it was still incomplete!

“It’s still in the ancient book’s space?”

Xu Xiaoshou’s heart was in a frenzy.

He looked at the information bar.

“Imprisoned, passive points + 1.”

As expected!

Nested space!

This perverted man in a red dress was too terrifying.

Fighting and fighting, yet he directly put himself out of the battlefield?

If the enemy wasn’t paying attention, he would probably use all his strength and finally scatter all his energy into the air!

“This is too disgusting. How can there be such a spiritual technique?”

Seeing Aje raise his fist again, Xu Xiaoshou held it with one hand and stopped it from moving.

“It’s useless.”

“If there’s one, there’ll be two.”

“If this space is shattered, there’s still another space.”

“I don’t know if the Storyteller’s ability will be exhausted, but...”

Glancing at the faint devil vein that appeared on Aje’s body, Xu Xiaoshou knew that with the Fourth Sword, not everyone could easily grasp it.

Even if Aje could absorb devilish energy, there must be a limit.

If he really passed this.

The situation would probably take a turn for the worse!

“Ding Ling Ding Ling...”

The compressed energy light in his hand leaked out a little of its aura.

“Ka Ka!”

The ground beneath Xu Xiaoshou’s feet was instantly frozen by ice.

The ice crystals spread out, instantly freezing the area within a radius of tens of miles.

Just like the last time, he found the space node... Xu Xiaoshou was methodical.

A lesson learned from the past, a lesson learned from the future.

The first time he was confined by the spatial confinement of the ancient book, his method of array shattering was very special. It was to sense the world of the White Cave.

Using the world as a furnace, he burned everything, broke everything, and finally returned to the White Cave.

Similarly.

At this moment, no matter how many layers the Storyteller’s space was nested within.

Within a certain space, there would always be a space node that could lead directly to the White Cave.

As long as it was found, Aje would be able to resolve the situation with a single punch.

“I’m counting on you.”

In his palm, the power of the Three Days Frozen Calamity surged out. Following the Order of the Heavens, it began to search for the world of the White Cave that it was familiar with.

As for the other part of the infernal energy, it was being compressed by Xu Xiaoshou, continuously condensing, condensing, and condensing!

“Weng!”

After an unknown amount of time, the ice-type element of heaven and earth suddenly surged into a certain node.

“That’s it!”

Xu Xiaoshou’s eyes lit up, and he directly viewed this space as the outer wall of the alchemy cauldron, refining the world of White Cave.

“Aje!”

The infernal condensing method of Infernal Heavens didn’t require much effort.

With a shout.

Aje raised his fist that was filled with the Power of the Higher Void, and transformed it into the final step of condensing the pill, suddenly swinging it towards the space node.

“Boom!”

When the world collapsed, a black hole appeared, and the spatial fragment filled everything.

Xu Xiaoshou stepped on the ground and transformed into a berserk giant. He directly picked up Aje and rushed into the space node.

“You want to trap me, Xu Xiaoshou? No way!”

..

White Cave.

“Senior Storyteller...”

Luo Leilei landed beside the Storyteller. Looking at the spot where his arm was broken, black and earthy yellow auras mixed together, she couldn't help but worry.

“It's fine.”

The Storyteller gritted his teeth in pain, but he was also using the Power of the Heavens power bit by bit to destroy the Power of the Higher Void and the sword will.

Yes.

The injuries that could have healed in the blink of an eye became very complicated because of these two troublesome powers.

But..

“It's in.”

The Storyteller grinned, his eyes full of happiness.

Little Wen Ming was too powerful!

The divine puppet he summoned and the Fourth Sword had combat strength that was not something he could imagine.

He had been careless, but he had brought this upon himself.

However, the result was not bad.

“Divine puppet...”

The Storyteller who had interacted with white-clothed knew how terrifying this thing was. It was almost comparable to the higher void.

“Little Wen Ming's divine puppet is a little strange.”

“But why does it feel like its initial combat strength isn't enough?”

The Storyteller frowned and pondered.

Whether it was in terms of size, combat strength, or reaction speed..

That cute little boy was much weaker than the monotonous war machine that he had encountered in the past.

“There is actually a divine puppet that only has the battle awareness of the first realm. Is this still called a divine puppet?”

It was a little hard to figure out.

But the Storyteller did not care.

Everything would be revealed when he showed it to his brother.

“Yes, I can see it.”

“But Little Wen Ming is already mine.”

After weighing the Yin Yang Life and Death Trap in his hand, the Storyteller’s red lips lifted and he smiled in satisfaction.

“Yo!”

At this moment.

The surrounding space suddenly turned completely dark, as if it had turned into the beginning of chaos. There was no more light.

Following closely behind, a red-robed faintly flew over with the only white light in the darkness.

“The Power of the Higher Void again?”

The Storyteller felt the power of the person who came, and his smile instantly froze.

“Injured?”

The Night Guardian, who was dressed in a brand new red coat, could not help but smile when he saw the wound on the Storyteller’s arm.

If it were any other time, he would not even dare to believe that the Saint Servant, the Storyteller, would be beaten to such a miserable state.

However, thinking about it with his toes, he knew that the masterpiece of all this must have come from that young man who could not be reasoned with.

“Where’s Xu Xiaoshou?”

The Night Guardian’s grand vital energy landed several feet away from the storyteller. He frowned and said, “He ran away?”

Chapter 573: Presented a Great Gift

“What has it got to do with you?”

The eyes of the Storyteller flickered as he subconsciously focused on the Power of the Higher Void on the other party’s body, which was many times denser than Aje’s.

He knew the power of this thing.

At this moment, the injury on his arm was also caused by the Power of the Higher Void and became troublesome.

Although he had lost an arm, he was not afraid of the Red-robed in front of him.

However, it was not a lie that his vitality had been greatly damaged.

Why did this old fellow come here?

Was he not afraid of him and killed him?

“Hahaha...”

Seeing the Storyteller’s appearance, the Night Guardian suddenly burst into laughter and only stopped after a long while.

“Could it be that the dignified Saint Servant, the Storyteller, let a mere innate master escape?” He had a look of disbelief.

“Old man!”

The Storyteller’s eyes darkened. “You have the right to speak ill of him?”

“He really ran away?”

Night Guardian saw his performance and was instead stunned.

The Storyteller really let Xu Xiaoshou escape?

“Then, where is he now?” Night Guardian hurriedly asked.

“Ha!”

The Storyteller immediately laughed coldly, and with a flip of his hand, he hit the Yin Yang Life and Death Trap in his hand. “Old man, now, don’t you think you should be worried about yourself?”

The void suddenly shook.

Night Guardian’s heart trembled.

He did not plan to fight the Storyteller to the death in the White Cave at this time.

Even if he was lucky enough to escape, he reckoned that the entire White Cave would not be able to survive the battle.

And it was the same on the Lijian Grassland!

Fang wanted to move, but the Storyteller opposite him actually revealed a shocked expression.

Night Guardian felt that something was wrong, so he stopped moving.

..

“What’s going on?”

The Storyteller was stunned.

The Yin Yang Life and Death Trap was clearly not activated, but suddenly, it began to tremble, as if some creature was trying to break it open.

“At this time?”

The Storyteller panicked and immediately opened the ancient book, wanting to seal the old monster inside.

But in the next second, he realized that something was wrong.

“Wen Ming?”

“It’s Wen Ming?”

His heart was inexplicably shocked.

The movement from the Yin Yang Life and Death Trap was clearly not those old monsters that he had sealed in the past.

It was the page that had just been sealed not long ago, from Wen Ming!

“Boom!”

A certain point in the distant void suddenly collapsed.

The single black hole instantly exploded with an endless suction force, sucking out all the air in the surrounding area.

In the next second, a majestic ice-type energy was emitted from within.

“Hu Hu hu...”

The sound of the wind rustled as the temperature plummeted.

Night Guardian suddenly came to a realization.

It turned out that the void vibration just now was not caused by the Storyteller lifting up the ancient book.

He was actually in a dumbfounded state too?

“Who is that?”

“Xu Xiaoshou?”

His thoughts changed, and the Night Guardian immediately realized something.

Looking at the situation, could it be that the scene outside the Spirit Fusion Swamp that day had reappeared.

The Storyteller used the space of the ancient book to seal Xu Xiaoshou, and that kid broke it open again?

Crack Crack

The arena's three people were shocked, and the power of the Frost Tribulation had already pushed aside the surrounding darkness.

Then, Heaven and Earth frost descended, and ice crystals began to form.

The rain curtain above the nine heavens was frozen, and the goose feathers and snow began to wither along with the little ice graupel.

"Xu Xiaoshou!"

"Wen Ming!"

Almost simultaneously, the Night Guardian and the Storyteller chose to attack at the same time.

The space collapsed, and the power of the Frost Tribulation appeared.

This meant that Xu Xiaoshou had really broken through the ancient book's space once again.

And at this moment, if he wanted to return to the white cave world, he could only return from this space node.

Then...

In this place, whoever acted quickly would be able to capture Xu Xiaoshou once again!

"Hand of Corrosion!"

Night Guardian's spiritual source surged, and dark energy gathered, transforming into a giant hand that directly grabbed towards the space node.

"Yin Yang Life and Death Trap abolished!"

The Storyteller tossed the ancient book into the air, and four fingers swiped across it. Golden Hieroglyphs jumped out of the page and imprinted on the Night Guardian's Black Hand.

"Sizzle"

At the moment the two powers clashed, the black color was dissolved.

But the golden hieroglyphs were also crushed by the grand vital energy hidden in the Black Hand.

"Hahahaha!"

Night Guardian threw his head back and laughed loudly. Without turning his head, he rose into the air.

He was determined to get Xu Xiaoshou!

The Storyteller was indeed strong.

However, as long as he could not take him down directly, the Power of the Higher Void was a great method that could suppress his strange power.

"Old man..."

The Storyteller was furious.

He immediately lifted the Yin Yang Life and Death Trap in the air and shot out.

At the same time, the grand vital energy that was left outside the space node by the Night Guardian did not dissipate. Instead, it turned into a protective shield that protected the area around the space node.

The Power of the Higher Void was the only way for the Storyteller to break through.

However, he was only in the Cutting Path after all.

The Power of the Higher Void was the power of the Nine Death Thunder Calamity.

There was nothing to say!

When the Storyteller broke through the grand vital energy... After such a long time, would the Night Guardian not be able to take down Xu Xiaoshou, who had jumped out of the space node?

“There are so many tricks!”

Seeing this, the Storyteller snorted and the Yin Yang Life and Death Trap in his hand bloomed with light and shadow.

The next second.

“Buzz!”

The sky suddenly sank and the goose feather snow was crushed.

In the boundless sky, it was as if Mount Tai had descended. The phantom ancient book that was several miles long and wide brazenly descended.

“Bang!”.

The grand vital energy that Night Guardian controlled suddenly sank under the boundless suppressive force.

Perhaps in the past, this sinking would not have been a hindrance at all.

This was because no matter how strong the Suppressive Force of the Phantom ancient book was, the Power of the Higher Void would not be crushed on the spot.

But at this moment, the space node was fixed!

The Power of the Higher Void in the shape of a sphere lowered. The space node that Xu Xiaoshou wanted to drill out of was exposed right under the eyes of the Storyteller.

“Good guy.”

Night Guardian could not help but praise him in his heart.

This round of counterattacking was really too exquisite.

The Power of the Higher Void could not be defeated, so he just threw it aside?

Good plan!

But so what?

“Night has descended.”

Clapping his palms, the Night Guardian muttered.

In an instant, the dark bounded domain that had invaded half the sky returned and completely sealed off the Night Guardian and the location of the space node.

Within the sovereign’s bounded domain, the host was a god.

However, once the opponent was placed outside, it would be easy to break through from the outside.

However, the Night Guardian couldn’t care so much now.

Xu Xiaoshou couldn’t fall into the hands of the Saint Servant.

According to what that Brat said, perhaps he really had a slight chance of being controlled by the second-in-command of the Saint Servant without knowing anything.

Now.

If he fell into the hands of the Saint Servant after knowing everything.

Xu Xiaoshou might really not be able to come back.

Crack

The bounded domain closed.

In just an instant, it was cracked by the Phantom ancient book in the sky.

However, it still managed to hold on for a few more breaths.

Night Guardian took advantage of this time to jump to the edge of the space node.

Rustle —

The black hole was still sucking everything in.

With a boom, not long after, the dark bounded domain could no longer withstand the power of the phantom ancient book and exploded on the spot.

However, the Night Guardian waited until the space node’s black hole was closed, and even at the last moment when it was restored to its original state, he did not see Xu Xiaoshou’s figure fly out from it.

“Where is he?”

This time, the Night Guardian was dumbfounded.

He subconsciously turned his head and saw the Storyteller holding the Yin Yang Life and Death Trap with one hand, with an evil look in his eyes.

“Gulp.”

His Adam's apple rolled. Night Guardian wanted to say something, but he couldn't.

"Hand him over."

The Storyteller spoke.

Obviously, when the dark bounded domain closed, he couldn't see the truth inside.

Naturally, he didn't know that Night Guardian actually didn't even touch Xu Xiaoshou's hair.

But at this moment, in his eyes, the black hole where the space node was was restored.

Wen Ming had disappeared without a trace.

Night Guardian and cutting path.

Then, just think about it with your knees, you can find out who exactly took Wen Ming in!

"To be honest, I actually didn't see anything..."

Halfway through the Night Guardian's words, he felt that this matter was somewhat inexplicable.

He already understood something in his heart.

Xu Xiaoshou had the ability to disappear!

Perhaps, the moment the space node was shattered, he had already run out.

And the lightning-quick confrontation between him and the Storyteller seemed very short, but it was enough for that kid to use the teleportation technique to escape.

But now, how could he explain?

The mute was suffering, he couldn't say it out loud!

"Haha!"

The Night Guardian suddenly laughed.

He couldn't catch Xu Xiaoshou, but at least he could keep the boy from falling into the hands of the Saint Servant, which was not bad.

"You want Xu Xiaoshou?"

He waved his hand and turned around to fly in a certain direction. "Then let's see if you can catch me!"

"Chase?"

The Storyteller attacked with anger. Spiritual source surged all over his body, and he was about to go with him.

However, at this moment, a sudden explosion sounded in the distant sky behind where the two of them were trying to move forward.

The sound was as if the space had been smashed apart by someone's fist.

With a swish, the Night Guardian and the Storyteller turned their heads at the same time.

As expected.

The space had been broken!

Not only had it been broken, but there was still a black demonic power remaining there.

“Fourth Sword Qi...”

The Storyteller rolled his eyes.

He was speechless.

“So you, an old man, had the upper hand, but you still couldn’t catch Wen Ming?”

Night Guardian’s face turned red when he heard that.

That loach, whoever made the move would be ashamed.

If he couldn’t even see the figure, how could he catch it?

“You still have the face to talk about me?”

He retorted, “Weren’t you useless just now, letting that kid break the space?”

The Storyteller flung his robe and couldn’t be bothered to talk nonsense with this old man.

A word flew out from the ancient book’s space and landed on his body. His figure instantly disappeared from where he was.

“Crap!”

Night Guardian yelled in exasperation. He immediately turned around and merged with the way of the heavens, once again chasing after Xu Xiaoshou.

..

“Chased, passive points, + 2.”

“Cursed, passive points + 2.”

Xu Xiaoshou was about to curse.

He was actually already speeding up.

Almost after he escaped from the space node, he saw the night guardian who mysteriously appeared in this place. The moment the storyteller wanted to make a move, he used a single step to take the easy way out.

But the Storyteller was too sinister!

After using the ancient book’s space to seal himself, he actually did not remove the Way of the Heavens from this banished land.

Therefore, if Xu Xiaoshou wanted to break through the realm, he had to use Aje and the power of the Fourth Sword.

But once this space exploded, his position was also exposed!

“Damn it, damn it...”

He, Xu Xiaoshou, had thought of letting the Night Guardian attract the Storyteller, and then the two of them would fly elsewhere. Only when he was safe did he break through the realm.

But this idea was too unrealistic!

Who was Cutting Path?

Putting aside whether or not the Storyteller would really fall for the Night Guardian’s trap.

If the two sides really started fighting, even if the two of them ran a few kilometers away and estimated the aftermath of the battle, the space on his side could only disappear in an instant.

Cutting Path’s aftermath, who could survive?

“I can?”

Xu Xiaoshou did not have such a naive idea!

He had to play along and directly expose his position and tell the two of them where he was. Only then would he be able to attract them all over.

Then..

“Hiss!”

After fiercely sucking on one of the elixirs, Xu Xiaoshou’s body spasmed and began to tremble violently.

Apart from feeling refreshed, the sea of qi that was gradually bottoming out had finally recovered some of its spiritual source.

“Come, come!”

Seeing the two people in the distant sky turn into black dots and shoot over at high speed, Xu Xiaoshou’s heart was in his throat.

His right hand was holding Aje’s stone.

On his left hand was the energy limit that had been condensed from the beginning of the battle of Aje until now and had not completely collapsed!

“Buzz, Buzz, Buzz –”

Under the state of disappearance, only Xu Xiaoshou could observe the power of his compressed form of “Ice and fire ball technique”.

At this moment, he could not feel his left hand at all.

The dense gray destructive aura was so strong that even 'eternal vitality' could not restore his corroded left hand.

Xu Xiaoshou, who was holding on to a bare hand made of broken bones, was not moved at all.

His heart was filled with madness.

"Come on, two little petrel, let the storm be more violent!"

"I have prepared a great gift for the both of you!"

SWOOSH SWOOSH!

Almost at the same time, the golden figure of the Storyteller and the Dark Light of the Night Guardian charged towards Xu Xiaoshou within a few breaths of time.

On the other hand, Xu Xiaoshou..

Finally, he no longer hesitated. Without fear of death, he ruthlessly took a step towards the direction where the two of them were heading.

"Take the easy way out!"

With an inconspicuous sway in the air, Xu Xiaoshou directly went from the banished land to the south to the far north.

And the one who remained on the spot..

"What the hell is this!"

"Suspected, passive points + 2."

At the same time, the Storyteller and the Night Guardian stepped on the brakes as if they were stepping on thunder.

A few feet in front of them, an extreme light suddenly bloomed.

In the next second, it turned into a blazing sun, blinding the two of them whose pupils were constricting.

"Crap! !!"

Night Guardian's brain buzzed..

How could he not know what this thing was?

Just Now!

Just Now!

He used his stomach to digest one!

A full one!

With a kick to the air, Night Guardian's entire body was thrown into the air, and he immediately curved to save the country. He bent his body and bypassed the blazing sun that fell from the sky, avoiding being directly shot in the head.

On the other side.

"I was scared to death!"

The folded space in front of the Storyteller bounced, and he was sent flying from the direction he came from without any inertia.

But this was bad.

"Buzz –"

The originally stable energy light spot was directly disrupted by the impact of the folded space.

"Is it going to explode?"

The Storyteller's mouth opened into an "O" form.

He was clearly exclaiming in surprise.

But at this moment, he actually couldn't hear his own voice at all.

"Luo girl!"

He subconsciously turned his head.

As expected, in the other direction, Luo Leilei was already unable to get any response from her loud cry for help. She spread out her purple lightning wings and fled.

"Come here!"

The Storyteller instantly flashed to Luo Leilei's side, picked up this lass and threw her into the ancient book's space.

He wasn't afraid of the White Cave's explosion.

But Luo Leilei couldn't!

If that fellow's daughter died, the entire continent would probably be in turmoil!

"Run!"

After storing Luo Leilei into the ancient book's space, the Storyteller didn't even have the time to look back.

Just now, when he brushed past Luo Leilei, he had already smelled an aura even more terrifying than the explosion of the Spirit Fusion Swamp from that destructive aura.

At that time, he was an avatar, so he had no choice but to temporarily avoid the sharp edge.

Now..

He was also an avatar!

“Damn it, Wen Ming, how could he produce such a thing? Why does he always want to blow things up?!”

“Is this also the work of that divine puppet?”

Chapter 574: The Target

“It’s going to explode!”

Night Guardian, who had subconsciously retreated, suddenly saw the Storyteller’s figure disappear into this space. His heart trembled.

Time seemed to have stopped.

At this moment, Night Guardian had mixed feelings.

His rationality told him that his stomach definitely could not digest this second version of the Pure Energy Light Spot.

He had to retreat. Otherwise, it was very likely that Xu Xiaoshou that kid would cause serious injuries in the White Cave.

1

But at the same time, if he wanted to retreat, then what about the White Cave?

This was a very real question.

Night Guardian was not a Storyteller.

He could not laugh at the impending explosion and then turn his head and ignore it.

Red Coat’s duty was to protect the White Cave and the space where the Ghost Beast was born so that more information could be dug out from this place in the future.

Moreover, if he retreated at this moment, not only would the White Cave explode, but his comrades in the Lijian Grassland would...

What should he do?

“Don’t tell me I’m going to become a psychopath who came all the way here to swallow another Pure Energy Light Spot?” Night Guardian was about to die from anger.

He felt that Xu Xiaoshou was his nemesis.

Every time that kid attacked, he would hit his weak spot.

Should he choose to be righteous or should he escape...

“Whoosh!”

He didn't have time to think for too long.

When he truly saw the pros and cons of the White Cave, the Night Guardian couldn't think only for himself.

Some people, some things, were born to be destined.

With such a Red Coat on his body, he was destined to be the Night Guardian. He couldn't choose to escape at this moment!

"Damn you, Xu Xiaoshou, don't let me catch you—"

As his heart roared, the Night Guardian turned around to face him the moment the sky was completely shattered.

He opened his mouth.

"Ah!"

He swallowed it with his mouth!

"Boom!"

The scene was about to erupt at any moment. The Night Guardian's action of swallowing it into his stomach was ultimately a little too slow.

Just the energy that leaked out was enough to turn the area within a radius of tens of miles into ashes in an instant.

The space, the land...

It was simply impossible to withstand the power of such an explosion!

At the moment when ice and fire interweaved, the music score of destruction sounded. Gray air currents broke the dam, and the entire space of the White Cave began to shake violently.

..

"Buzz!"

In the distant Lijian Grassland, almost at the same time, everyone turned their heads and looked in the same direction.

"What's going on?"

Xin's pupils constricted. Such explosive power was even more violent than any explosion he had seen in the White Cave.

In fact, in terms of single-point explosions, the commotion this time was almost comparable to when the ancient book space was blown up.

"You and the Night Guardian fought?" Xin couldn't help but ask as he turned to look at the Storyteller.

"Scared me to death, scared me to death..."

The Storyteller who was squatting in the air couldn't help but pat his little heart, his face filled with lingering fear.

"This Wen Ming is too reckless!"

He was also looking at the direction of the explosion from afar, his eyes filled with complicated emotions.

He was scared yet he admired and loved Wen Ming very much.

"He's so strong, he can already do this at such a young age. If he's nurtured..."

"Wen Ming?"

The Red Coat side didn't pay any attention to the Storyteller's mumbling.

They were very familiar with this name.

Wasn't Wen Ming the disciple of the Saint Servant's second-in-command?

Wasn't he... the person who was suspected to be Xu Xiaoshou?

Was he the one who caused this explosion?

"Impossible!"

Xin was stunned.

This commotion was obviously caused by the fight between the two Cutting Path Levels. It was caused by the confrontation between the Night Guardian and the Storyteller.

How could a junior do it?

"Nothing is impossible."

Hei Ming said with a dark face, "It has already come to this point. Can't you see it clearly?"

"The so-called Saint Servant's second-in-command might not exist at all."

"If there were Storyteller, Sleeveless, and Night Guardian over there, it would be impossible for such a fight to break out..."

Hei Ming could not continue.

He was not stupid.

As the former commander of the Red Coat, he could already think of something.

If the Saint Servant really had two people in that place, even if it was the Night Guardian, it would not be possible to stir up any waves.

The only explanation was that it could only be the land of explosions. There was no such thing as two people working together.

But who else could be left in the White Cave at this moment?

Other than the people in the Lijian Grassland, only the Storyteller's avatar, the second-in-command of the Saint Servant, and the Night Guardian had gone elsewhere.

And according to the above speculation, the second-in-command of the saint servant could not be in the land of explosions.

On top of that, the Storyteller murmured, "Wen Ming..."

Hei Ming closed his eyes heavily.

He was tricked!

The so-called second-in-command of Saint Servant might really be fake. He was actually Wen Ming.

It was also very likely that he was that Xu Xiaoshou!

"Lan Ling."

Hei Ming turned his head to look at Lan Ling, his eyes filled with doubt.

If the truth was really like that, then there was only one question left that had not been solved.

These questions should have been deduced in the White Cave. Why did everyone only realize it now?

"Lan Ling, that Yu Zhiwen..."

"There's no problem with Zhiwen."

Lan Ling was also in a trance. Her worldview was about to be blown apart by this explosion.

However, she still shook her head and interrupted Hei Ming's question.

"There's no problem with Yu Zhiwen!"

After repeating this sentence repeatedly, Lan Ling seemed to be more certain of her inner thoughts.

She said, "Someone from the headquarters can't be the Saint Servant's accomplice."

"So, the one who should be suspected is not Zhiwen, but..." as Lan Ling spoke, her voice weakened.

She really did not want to admit it!

But the truth was that everyone was fooled!

"That Saint Servant's second-in-command is Wen Ming, and is also Xu Xiaoshou."

When this sentence escaped her mouth, all the Red Coat's minds buzzed and went blank on the spot.

"Huh?"

Xin looked over in disbelief. He wanted to say something but stopped himself. He couldn't say anything.

Then, he turned his shocked gaze to the Storyteller.

Even though he didn't say anything, everyone had the same question in their minds.

“If that’s Xu Xiaoshou, how could the Storyteller not recognize him?”

Lan Ling also turned her gaze to the Storyteller.

This was also what she was puzzled about.

This was the key point that confused everyone’s thoughts!

The Storyteller’s face suddenly turned red.

“What are you looking at!”

He stomped his feet angrily and said, “Are you guys stupid? Do you really think that the people from the headquarters would not lie to you?”

“Don’t change the topic...”

Before Xin could finish, the Storyteller interrupted him loudly.

“In my opinion, Yu Zhiwen and Wen Ming have that kind of relationship.”

“Don’t forget, that girl is a woman!”

“Do you understand the thoughts of a woman?!” the Storyteller retorted with a question that stunned Lan Ling.

That’s right!

She could do it without doubting Yu Zhiwen’s position.

But as a woman, how could she not know.

Sometimes, some things really could not be controlled, making people forget where they were standing.

“Impossible!”

After a long silence, Lan Ling shook her head resolutely again, “Xu Xiaoshou can become the second-in-command of the Saint Servant, but the storyteller still can’t recognize him?”

“Do you think he can’t imitate the word ‘run’?”

All the Red Coat were stunned.

This was a very bold speculation.

But...

Similarly, at that critical moment, how could Xu Xiaoshou be so quick-witted to use the word ‘run’ to directly destroy everyone’s speculation?

This was not a simple word!

To shout out this word, meant that Xu Xiaoshou had to understand all the Red Coats and even the Storyteller’s thoughts in the ancient book’s space.

However, how could he know how far the Red Coat's guesses about him had gone?

How could he know that the Red Coat's guesses about him were exactly the same as what he knew?

He couldn't do it at all!

If it was the second-in-command of the Saint Servant, he might be so experienced and vicious that he could grasp the hearts of people perfectly.

However, all these deductions were based on the assumption that the second-in-command of the Saint Servant was actually Xu Xiaoshou.

And if he was really Xu Xiaoshou...

How could such a young man be like an old fox, toying with everyone present?

Crack!

As Lan Ling's thoughts reached this point, a bolt of lightning suddenly struck her brain, causing her eyes and brows to hurt.

Wrong.

Everyone was wrong.

— Mental inertia!

This was the answer to everything!

Before they started making all their deductions, everyone had unknowingly stood on high ground to judge that young man.

No one thought that a young man could achieve such a feat in the land where the Cutting Path was entrenched.

However, based on the current deduction, Xu Xiaoshou did it when he was in the ancient book's space!

He had indeed managed to toy with everyone!

Then, with such a battle record, could Xu Xiaoshou's thoughts really be the thoughts of a young man?

No matter how bad his thoughts were, his brain was definitely better than all the people standing on the Lijian Grassland at this moment.

This included Lan Ling herself!

"Blacklist, number one..."

Lan Ling suddenly came to a realization. After understanding everything, she felt that the Night Guardian's method was too extreme.

At this moment, she hated herself for not realizing earlier that the Night Guardian's words were correct.

"The danger level of that young man, Xu Xiaoshou, is higher than that of the Sealed Ghost Beast!"

The danger level wasn't just about the same, but higher!

Lan Ling's vision lost focus.

She could see further than the Night Guardian.

Judging from the battle results in the ancient book's space, it didn't even take long.

Only five or six years...

No, it could even be two to three years or even one year!

As long as Red Coat couldn't capture Xu Xiaoshou in the shortest time possible...

In the future, they wouldn't even have the chance to touch the corner of his clothes!

"Xu Xiaoshou, isn't he too scary..."

At this moment, Lan Ling simply could not imagine the true face of that young man whom she had never met before. What exactly did he look like?

Did he have three nostrils and two tongues? For him to do such a thing?!

..

White Cave, an unknown place.

This place was like a world that had fallen into a deep slumber. One could not even see one's fingers.

However, the second time, it was stirred slightly by the sudden movement.

"Hiss!"

The huge spatial crack tore at everything in the void.

Old Woodcutter laid on the ground, bored to death. He looked at the darkness above his head.

"Is it going to explode outside?"

"Who's causing trouble?"

"Didn't I already tell that damn s*ssy not to clash with Red Coat?"

Cen Qiaofu stood up uneasily and looked at the location of the spatial crack with worry.

"I haven't finished handling my matters yet..."

It was clear that this was a place protected by the Holy Emperor's power, so it was impossible for any movement from the White Cave to be transmitted over.

It was also almost impossible for outsiders to discover this location.

But this was the second time!

If it wasn't for the commotion outside that caused the White Cave to explode, it wouldn't have affected this space.

“Is it really starting?”

Cen Qiaofu paced back and forth, occasionally glancing at the spatial crack with a frown.

Even in this place where there was no concept of time passing, he was very clear.

It had actually been a long time since the Chief entered the spatial crack.

“He’s still not coming out?”

If it wasn’t for the other party’s reminder to wait for him here before entering, Cen Qiaofu would definitely have jumped into the spatial crack at this very moment.

“Could it be that he couldn’t find the person and ended up falling into the spatial fragment by himself?”

“Can he withstand it?”

Cen Qiaofu was frightened by his own guess.

He thought of Chief’s frail body. When he didn’t move, it seemed as though even a gust of wind would be able to destroy his body.

No...

That was an understatement.

A gust of wind would definitely be able to destroy his body!

“Could it be that he really fell into the spatial fragment?”

Cen Qiaofu tightened the small ax on his waist. After thinking for a while, he didn’t dare to waste time on the spot. He got up and was about to enter the spatial crack to explore.

“Whoosh.”

At this moment, a figure appeared to be flying from the crack.

In the next second, as if he had run too far, he flew and shot out from the crack.

“Cough, cough, cough!”

“Cough, cough...”

The intense coughing sound that came after the suppression reverberated continuously, followed closely by...

“Plop!”

The pungent smell of blood spread. Cen Qiaofu’s entire face turned green, “Were you lost?”

“No, I wasn’t.”

The masked man subconsciously wiped his mouth, but he only wiped a layer of wet cloth.

He pressed hard on his lips to squeeze the blood out. Only then did he breathe a sigh of relief and wanted to say something.

“Plop!”

In the end, he spat out another mouthful of blood.

Cen Qiaofu: “...”

The corner of his mouth twitched a few times. He was too lazy to comfort him anymore, so he went straight to the point and asked, “Where is he? Have you found him?”

“Yes,” the masked man replied and took a few deep breaths. The heaving of his chest finally calmed down.

“How was it?”

“Based on the results, it’s not bad.”

“Just the conclusion?”

Cen Qiaofu heard this, and his eyes narrowed, “What about the process? Did you make a move again?”

“There was nothing I could do. That old man said that he had found a candidate. At first, he didn’t want to cooperate at all. If I didn’t make a move, he would have wanted to immediately drive me out,” the masked man sighed.

“A candidate?” Cen Qiaofu was stunned, “Who?”

The masked man immediately rolled his eyes. “Do you think he will say who is it?”

“Uh, that’s true,” Old Woodcutter smiled embarrassedly.

“But it’s not difficult to guess.”

The masked man took a deep breath. Without waiting for Cen Qiaofu to ask, he said, “It’s not easy for a crack to appear on the Abyss Island. For it to appear in the White Cave this time, it’s a one in a million occurrence.”

“In fact, based on my own speculation, this is probably the result of their plan after many years.”

“If those old men want to come out, they must seize this opportunity.”

“And the crack is in the White Cave. Where can they find a candidate?”

“There’s no other place at all.”

Cen Qiaofu responded with an “Mm”. He looked at the masked man loosening his grip and could not help but grit his teeth, “Speak slowly.”

“Okay,” the masked man nodded and exhaled before continuing, “Since they dared to pluck the fruit when the White Cave opened this time, it means that they have found a satisfactory candidate.”

“Then which candidate do they fancy in the White Cave?”

Chapter 575: Forgotten Memories

“Which one?” asked Cen Qiaofu subconsciously as he was brought in.

“Red Coat?”

“Saint Servant?”

“Ghost Beast?”

The masked man listed the three and then laughed, “Even I don’t like these existences. Why would they take a fancy to them?”

Cen Qiaofu’s face darkened.

You are the Chief of the Saint Servant. How can you belittle yourself like this?

“Ha,” The masked man seemed to know what he was thinking and was immediately amused.

“But besides these three in the White Cave, who else could catch the eye of the Holy Emperor?”

Cen Qiaofu didn’t care and continued to ask, “The rest are all insignificant young people... could it be that they are stowaway?”

“They look down on people who are sneaky,” the masked man said.

“Then... an Experiencer?”

Cen Qiaofu was shocked. “So it’s really a young person?”

He couldn’t imagine that the Holy Emperor’s plan would actually focus on a young person in the end.

“But doesn’t the young person still need to grow up?”

“Let’s not talk about whether or not they will die halfway. Can they wait for the young man to grow up?”
Cen Qiaofu didn’t believe it.

Hearing this, the masked man laughed.

“They have already waited for so long, why would they still be in such a hurry?”

“Who is it!” Cen Qiaofu was anxious.

He could not think of any young person in the White Cave who would be able to catch the Holy Emperor’s attention.

Luo Leilei?

Lei Shuangxing?

No.

One was not qualified, the other had his mission, how could he be free?

So, was it someone from the Holy Divine Palace then?

“No.”

The masked man rolled his eyes and knew that Cen Qiaofu’s thoughts had gone astray.

“You know that person as well, and you’ve even ‘met’ him before.”

“Met?”

Cen Qiaofu was stunned by the Chief’s purposefully emphasized tone. All of a sudden, a hedgehog flashed through his mind.

“It’s him?”

“Yes, the person I like...”

The masked man did not respond facing him. Instead, he shifted his gaze to the direction of White Cave.

“But theoretically speaking, after this trip to White Cave, I might not be the only one who sees him.”

“Wen Ming!” Cen Qiaofu blurted out.

At this moment, the blurry figure in his mind directly materialized into a young man.

However, during the collision at Tiansang Spirit Palace, both parties had only met each other. He did not see how powerful this young man was.

But why did the Chief always praise him so much?

Even before entering the White Cave, he specially recommended this person to the Storyteller.

“Is he that strong?” Cen Qiaofu asked curiously.

“Let’s see!”

The masked man smiled and didn’t comment.

See if the person he liked didn’t die halfway.

Then, at least in the White Cave, there would probably be a few who targeted him.

The Holy Divine Palace, the Ghost Beast, and the Holy Emperor’s plan...

“Tsk tsk.”

A strange emotion suddenly flashed through the masked man’s turbid eyes.

That feeling was like a child’s favorite toy was seen by others because it was too dazzling.

The kind of happiness one had from possessing it alone and was suddenly forced to choose. There was an additional feeling that it had to be shared with others...

It was indeed very distressing!

“Let’s go.”

The masked man did not say much but walked outside.

“Where are we going this time?”

Cen Qiaofu immediately followed.

“To see if the Storyteller can successfully bring Wen Ming here, or...”

The masked man suddenly stopped, as if he had also noticed the movement from the outside world. He suddenly laughed, “I’m just joining in on the fun.”

..

White Cave.

On the other side.

Xu Xiaoshou landed on the ground with a bang. The golden light shattered and turned into a human form.

Feeling the empty energy reserve, he finally had the time to look back. Then, he clenched his fist and waved it fiercely.

“Oh my, I escaped!”

When the Storyteller and the Night Guardian attacked at the same time, he was still able to take that step forward.

It had to be said that this was something that could only be achieved with the courage that he had accumulated all his life.

He was very glad that he had succeeded.

The energy that exploded from the compressed form of Song of Ice and Fire was not something that an ordinary person could withstand.

That was a power that was enough to destroy the entire Spirit Fusion Swamp!

The collision force between the Infernal Original Seed and the Three Days Frozen Calamity would not be reduced just because they had been subdued.

On the contrary, under Xu Xiaoshou’s deliberate manipulation, more energy was pressed into the balance point between the two.

The power of the explosion would only be more terrifying.

However...

“Hiss.”

Xu Xiaoshou’s body spasmed as he took big mouthfuls of elixirs.

He looked at his cracked body in pain yet felt refreshed and comfortable. His left hand, which had been completely corroded by the destructive aura, was recovering bit by bit.

“This is too terrifying.”

“If I use this move, I’ll be able to kill a thousand enemies. Seven hundred and fifty would be lost, and I’ll only be left with two hundred and fifty.”

“With my Master Physique, I won’t be able to hold on...”

Feeling that even with Eternal Vitality, the injury on his arm was still recovering at the speed of a tortoise, Xu Xiaoshou didn’t dare to relax.

This was the consequence of relaxing once.

Who would dare to relax?

And to wait for this arm to finish restoring itself, would probably take more than half a day.

The only thing worth rejoicing over was that this was still a problem that could be solved with time.

“Then, where do I escape to next?”

Xu Xiaoshou held the Fourth Sword in his hand and looked around, somewhat confused.

In theory, if an ordinary White Cave experimenter wanted to give up on his experiential training, he only needed to crush the exquisite stone to get the care of the Red Coat and then leave the realm.

However...

“This is too unscientific.”

Xu Xiaoshou did not even dare to put the exquisite stone in his ring now because he was afraid that he would get special treatment from the Red Coat.

If he wanted to break the realm, he could only rely on himself!

“Buzz, buzz, buzz –”

The surrounding space fluctuated, and the power grew stronger.

Xu Xiaoshou knew that this was the effect of the explosion of Ice and Fire seed that he had left behind.

He estimated that once the time was up, even if the energy of the explosion was stopped at the last moment, the White Cave would be broken!

But... it needed time!

“Then, where can we go during this period?”

“Find a place to hide, wait for the White Cave to shatter, and reap benefits from the confusion?”

Xu Xiaoshou had such a thought.

He even wanted to take out the Abrogated Origin Residence and directly seek shelter from it.

But...

“Being watched, passive points +1.”

He looked at the information bar that refreshed every once in a while, and he was unable to calm down.

“Who is it?”

Xu Xiaoshou was a little flustered.

It was impossible for the Night Guardian to catch up.

At the final moment, his “Perception” saw that the red-robed man had sacrificed his life for justice and chose to swallow the Ice and Fire seed in one gulp. Tears almost burst out of his eyes as a tribute to the Night Guardian.

After the other party forcefully received that attack, it was impossible for him to have the strength to track him down.

Then...

Storyteller?

“No, no.”

Xu Xiaoshou’s “Perception” could not even catch a trace of the Storyteller’s aura.

Previously, the Night Guardian was able to catch up to him purely because of Lu Ke’s famed sword, Green Scale Ridge.

Now, putting aside the fact that he used “Ascending to the Heavens in A Single Step” when he disappeared...

Even if he did not use it, he would stay where he was.

It was likely that the Storyteller would choose to leave so that he could stay alive and would not pay attention to the center of the explosion.

Therefore, there was no reason for him to catch up to him.

“Then who could it be?”

Xu Xiaoshou faintly felt that he had overlooked something.

After thinking hard, he finally remembered that when he fought with the Storyteller, almost every time he checked the information bar, he would accidentally catch a glimpse of the existence of this “Being watched” message.

At that time, he thought that it was because the Storyteller was constantly paying attention to him.

But now?

The other party had disappeared.

Then this “Being watched” message, just who was looking at him?

“I’m so flustered...”

“I should be feeling very perturbed, but why is it that I’m only a little anxious and not overly worried?”

Xu Xiaoshou felt that something was wrong with his current state.

In the past, when he saw the message “Being watched,” he was always scared until his scalp went numb.

But this time...

“Being watched, passive points +1.”

It appeared again!

But, why did it feel like it didn’t matter after a brief feeling of “oh it appeared again”?

“Something’s wrong with me!”

Xu Xiaoshou’s energy reserve recovered a little of his spiritual source. Xu Xiaoshou clearly felt that he should panic, but he was too calm, so calm to the point that it was somewhat abnormal.

“Disappear.”

With a wave of his hand, he disappeared on the spot. Only then did he feel a bit better.

“Who is looking at me?”

Looking around...

Everything was silent, and there was no one.

Other than Aje’s stone, there was no other creature watching him.

“Calm down...”

“No, be more anxious.”

“Who is it, who is looking at me?!”

“Being watched, passive points +1.”

The information bar jumped again, and Xu Xiaoshou’s pupils constricted.

He realized that something was wrong!

The ‘Vanishing Technique’ was supposed to make him disappear completely, so how could it seem that others could still see him even though he had disappeared?

Thinking carefully...

When he had fought the Storyteller previously, even when he had disappeared, there seemed to be a situation where this ‘Being watched’ message had appeared before.

“F*ck!”

Xu Xiaoshou, who had disappeared, could finally feel some panic.

This was because some external forces that were silently affecting him seemed to have been blocked by the 'Vanishing Technique'.

However, a person couldn't be blocked?

How was it that the unknown fellow was still able to see him?

"Calm down and think. Use your brain, Xu Xiaoshou!"

Forcing the noisy thoughts to stop, Xu Xiaoshou opened his arms, as if wanting to embrace this world that was about to disappear.

As his mind quieted down, he seemed to hear more voices.

"Rustle, rustle, rustle..."

The sound of the wind!

"Crack, crack -"

The sound of space shattering!

It came from far away. It seemed that the White Cave was really about to shatter...

So, what other sounds had he been ignoring all this time?

He tried his best to let go of himself.

Xu Xiaoshou subconsciously raised his head. He felt that his soul had left his body and completely fused into this world.

"Buzz."

Fourth Sword was vibrating?

The vibration was very light. Why?

No, it wasn't because of this...

The Fourth Sword shouldn't be enough to trigger the message "Being watched".

What else?

What else had he forgotten all along?

Xu Xiaoshou's energy reserve gradually bottomed out. He felt that he couldn't hold on any longer and was about to disappear.

All of a sudden, his soul that had merged into the Way of the Heavens, seemed to have risen to the highest point and touched something icy cold.

What was this?

"Pitter-patter..."

Rain!

The rain continued to fall.

Above the Nine Heavens, the curtain of rain that could only pull apart a height of fewer than three meters had covered the entire White Cave. It was not easy for it to barge into Xu Xiaoshou's "Perception".

"Is this it?"

With a whoosh, his energy reserve once again bottomed out.

Xu Xiaoshou felt as if something flashed past his mind, but he could no longer recall it.

"Rain?"

"It's raining in the White Cave?"

He seemed to have just realized it.

However, in the depths of his memory, there was a vague and seemingly never-before-seen image of the rain as soon as he came out of the ancient book's space.

"I...forgot?"

Xu Xiaoshou looked at the curtain of rain above the Nine Heavens in a daze.

After a long while, he lowered his head and began to think again.

"Being watched..."

"Who sent this?"

The information bar suddenly moved and another message popped up.

"Being hypnotized, passive points +1."

Buzz—

At this moment, Xu Xiaoshou's hair stood on end!

"F*ck!!!"

"Hypnotized?"

"Rain?"

He looked up in horror again and saw the curtain of rain in the sky. It was as if a bolt of lightning had struck his mind!

"It's looking at me!"

His breathing suddenly became intense.

Xu Xiaoshou's pupils constricted and his eyes widened as if they were about to split open.

“Moreover, not only is it looking at me, but it’s also hypnotizing me?”

“It...”

“Eh?”

Xu Xiaoshou suddenly felt something flash past his mind, but he could not catch it at all.

“What am I doing?”

Twisting his neck, which seemed to be in pain because he had raised it forcefully, Xu Xiaoshou frowned and slowly lowered his head.

His pupils slowly dilated.

Following that, his brows also relaxed.

Even the anxiety on his face seemed to have been smoothed out by an unknown hand.

Xu Xiaoshou couldn’t help but mutter.

“Why do I feel a little flustered...”

“Who on earth is watching me?”

He subconsciously glanced at the information bar.

However, the information bar didn’t move at all. Xu Xiaoshou also felt that he was a little baffled.

Why did he subconsciously look at the information bar even though he had already escaped danger...

“Crazy!”

He pursed his lips and shook his head.

Xu Xiaoshou threw away the messy thoughts that seemed to be running wild just now, but he couldn’t remember anything at all. He returned to his original train of thoughts.

“Damn it, how do I break this White Cave?”

With his face twisted, Xu Xiaoshou was extremely distressed. “It’s clearly something that can be done with just the exquisite stone...”

“Buzz!”

Fourth Sword suddenly vibrated even more violently. It seemed to have sensed something.

Xu Xiaoshou’s face lit up.

He knew that because of the sword cognition, the vicious sword had initially recognized him.

Could it be that it had sensed his intentions?

“Do you have a way to break the realm?”

“Clang –”

Fourth Sword shook violently as if it was about to leave his hand.

Xu Xiaoshou hurriedly followed its footsteps.

“Alright, I’ll count on you!”

He loosened his grip a little.

As expected, the already obedient Fourth Sword soared into the air on its own with him behind as it headed straight for a certain point.

“Charge!”

Xu Xiaoshou’s eyes were filled with joy.

As expected, at the critical moment, he still needed the guidance of the Master of the White Cave, the vicious sword!

His entire mind was focused on seeing if there was any danger ahead. He completely forgot that no matter how dangerous the situation was, he would spare even the slightest bit of spiritual senses and place it on the information bar.

Silently, the information bar jumped again.

“Being watched, passive points +1.”

Chapter 576: The Miserable Masked Man

“Pitter-patter...”

Darkness disappeared before his eyes, and crimson returned to his eyes.

“Whoosh!”

A bent-over elder jumped out from a tiny spatial crack.

As soon as he landed, he immediately placed the figure on his back on the ground and slapped this person several times.

“Wake up, wake up!”

“Oh my God, I already told you not to try, yet you insist on trying. Do you still think that the current you is the old you?”

“You’re only at the Acquired Realm now, why are you still rushing at the spatial fragment?”

“I’m so angry!”

Cen Qiaofu even wished that he could give the person on the ground a few more slaps.

But he also realized something.

This kind of slapping was unable to wake up the unconscious person on the ground.

“Damn it.”

Gritting his teeth, Cen Qiaofu pulled out the small axe on his waist. With a fierce expression, he raised it high.

“Cough cough...”

At this moment, the unconscious person on the ground suddenly coughed violently twice, and then...

“Plop!”

The sound of blood spurting only lasted for half a second before it was forcefully suppressed back.

The masked man flipped over on the ground at the speed of light.

“What are you doing?!”

“Uh...”

A drop of sweat dripped down from Cen Qiaofu’s face. He sheepishly withdrew his hand, “It’s not what you think.”

“Then what is it?”

“Saving you!”

Cen Qiaofu’s anger flared up at the mention of saving him.

“I already said to let me do it. Can’t you be obedient?”

“Are you a child?”

“Can you withstand the spatial fragment?”

The masked man said nothing, his eyes still fixed on his small axe.

Cen Qiaofu rolled his eyes, “If I can’t wake you up with normal methods, I can only wake you up with pain!”

“...”

The scene was a little silent.

Cen Qiaofu took two steps back, looked away, and looked at the world of the White Cave.

After saying “Ah,” he said, “Sure enough, there is movement in the White Cave. I guess it won’t be long before it breaks.”

“...”

“Where is that Storyteller?”

“Shouldn’t he appear at the first moment and send the information over?”

“...”

“Ha, the weather is pretty good...”

Cen Qiaofu was finally embarrassed by himself. He couldn't help but turn his head and roar, "You won't die anyway. One swing of the axe will definitely wake you up. In this situation, can you sleep?"

"That's true," The masked man finally swallowed back the blood that had flowed out of his mouth.

He could feel that his injuries had become more serious.

"Something is wrong."

He staggered to his feet. The masked man looked around, but there was no one around.

He closed his eyes and opened them. There seemed to be sword light flashing in his eyes.

"There's no one."

"The guys from White Cave, including the Experiencer, all seem to have left?"

Turning his head, he looked at Cen Qiaofu with an inquiring look.

Cen Qiaofu sighed, "You have indeed regressed."

After calming himself down, he continued, "One wave from the Lijian Grassland and one at the entrance of the black hole should be the key point of the collapse of the White Cave. As for the Storyteller..."

Cen Qiaofu's pupils were out of focus. He looked around and said in disappointment, "That guy's ability to escape is great. Basically, he won't let his real body come out to meet people. It's normal that he can't be found."

"What else?" the masked man asked.

"Hmm?"

Cen Qiaofu didn't understand, "What else?"

The masked man didn't say anything. He slowly raised a finger, and the two of them fell silent at the same time.

"..."

Silence.

"Rustle..."

The sound of the wind.

"Crack—"

The sound of space cracking.

"Pitter-patter..."

The sound of rain!

Cen Qiaofu's pupils suddenly constricted.

“Rain?”

He suppressed the head that he subconsciously wanted to raise and turned his head to look at the Chief in disbelief.

“Ha,” the masked man sighed and laughed. He did not have any intention of concealing it.

“When did it start to rain in the Infernal Hell Sea?”

Without even the slightest intention of concealing it, the masked man raised his head and looked directly at the curtain of rain in the Nine Heavens.

He was obviously still very weak, but in his dictionary, there did not seem to be the word ‘retreat’ at all.

If there was a problem, there was no other way to solve it other than facing it directly.

“Hum –”

An extremely subtle but very ear-piercing high-frequency sword cry seemed to rush out from those turbid eyes and cut straight at the sky.

“Sizzle~”

The curtain of rain broke.

Then.

“Pitter-patter...”

It continued to fall without any other movement.

The curtain was three feet high, tied to the Nine Heavens, hanging above the hearts of people.

“Who?”

Cen Qiaofu was uneasy.

He did not want to expose the other party so quickly.

But his Chief was exposed, so he could not let him confront that inexplicable person.

Taking a step forward, Cen Qiaofu stood in front of the masked man and shouted again, “Who is it?”

“Who is it?!”

“Pitter-patter pitter-patter...”

The rain was still pouring. There was not even a hint of sluggishness. It was as if it had been hanging in the sky above the White Cave since ancient times.

Cen Qiaofu seemed to feel that his neck was numb. He subconsciously lowered his eyebrows.

Then, as if he had been electrocuted, his entire body tensed up and he suddenly raised his head again.

“Who is it?!”

This time, his heart was in turmoil.

He had overlooked it?

Just now, he was staring straight at it, but at that moment, he was in a daze, as if he was...

“Hypnotized?”

The masked man’s amused gaze finally shifted from the rain curtain to Cen Qiaofu, and he said slowly, “To be able to hypnotize you until now, it means that this is a person who had at least mastered the Power of the Higher Void.”

“But the Higher Void can not enter the Infernal Hell Sea, or it will only backfire.”

“That means that this person is at most at the peak of the Cutting Path Level and has transcended the nine Death Thunder Calamity, yet he has the power to fight against the Higher Void.”

“Or perhaps, the last explanation...”

The masked man paused for a moment and looked at Cen Qiaofu’s shocked gaze. He nodded and said, “Just like you, he has sealed his cultivation level.”

“I’ll chop him up!”

With a whoosh, Cen Qiaofu pulled out the axe from his waist and was about to charge into the sky.

“Don’t worry.”

The masked man reached out his hand to stop him. He glanced at the sky and smiled. “That person just wants to be an open peeping tom and is not going to make a move. Why are you being so impolite?”

“Besides...”

He shifted his gaze. Wherever he looked, there was a curtain of rain.

“The rain is so heavy. Can your small axe cut through it?”

“Even if it can’t, it can still cut through this world.” Cen Qiaofu was anxious. This kind of sneaky person should be cut into halves!

“Sigh.”

The masked man nodded to show his approval, and then he said, “But the others are still here. This world can’t be broken...”

Glancing at the sky, he seemed to be thinking.

“It can not be broken either.”

Cen Qiaofu: “...”

Since the Chief had said so, he was not angry to the point of being enraged. He immediately put down the hand holding the axe.

“Who?” He asked.

"I'm not sure," the masked man shook his head, "But it should be someone from the Holy Divine Palace? Without him, this White Cave should have been broken... so who can it be?"

He changed the topic and threw the question to the elder in front of him.

Cen Qiaofu rolled his eyes, "The people I know have already turned into ashes. How could I remember such a person?"

"That's true."

The masked man nodded immediately. He thought for a moment and tapped his fingers. "I remember now. It seems that there was a child before. He was a water-type with great potential?"

"Oh, you still remember people?" Cen Qiaofu was surprised.

"I told you, his potential is not bad."

The masked man did not care and said, "I forgot about what happened decades ago, but if nothing unexpected happens, his father should be..."

He slowly raised his head.

"He died at my hands."

Cen Qiaofu's eyebrows jumped, and he also looked up into the sky.

"Pitter-patter..."

The rain was still the same. There was no sign of it getting bigger or smaller.

It didn't even feel like it was slowing down.

It was continuous and had no sudden movement at all.

"Good disposition!"

Cen Qiaofu laughed, "As expected of a water-type ability user. The sea accepts all rivers. There is tolerance!"

The masked man frowned when he heard that.

"It's just a normal fight. Why are you mocking him? He might just be a child."

"Uh..."

Cen Qiaofu choked for a moment and didn't know what to say.

"Pitter-patter..."

The rain continued to fall, and the scene fell silent.

The two of them retracted their gazes and looked at each other in silence.

"Hm?"

At this moment, the masked man's expression suddenly changed, and he looked into the distance.

"Someone is coming?"

..

"Whoosh!"

A sword pierced through the air.

Xu Xiaoshou gently held the hilt of the Fourth Sword, allowing it to freely fly to the other shore of happiness.

Travelling at high speed did not cause much pain to the Master Physique.

At this moment, the desire for freedom in Xu Xiaoshou's heart suppressed the pain in his body even more.

"Soon..."

"Soon!"

He could completely sense that the direction in which the Fourth Sword was heading was so straight.

If he continued on his way, he might really be able to pass through the weakest space node of the White Cave and return to the Shengshen Continent.

However, not long after, the white light bead in his mind reported again.

This time, it seemed to be much louder than usual.

"Om..."

Xu Xiaoshou's mind was suddenly jolted awake.

"What does it mean?"

"White bead, abnormal movement?"

Suddenly, he clenched the Fourth Sword in his hand, and Xu Xiaoshou forced himself to stop.

This white bead was the inheritance of the wretched saint.

By relying on the map of the White Cave on top of it, Xu Xiaoshou had already obtained great benefits.

However, in the past, this thing would not fluctuate randomly.

The only time that was unusual was when he had asked the wretched saint to help him suppress the Infernal Original Seed.

Now...

"Something's wrong!"

Xu Xiaoshou looked at the Fourth Sword in his hand that was shaking more and more violently. He suddenly realized that what if this sword did not sense his intentions and wanted to take him out of the White Cave?

Then what was it doing now?

Taking advantage of the moment when the map of the White Cave appeared, Xu Xiaoshou looked up and his heart suddenly tightened.

“Crack!”

The place where the Fourth Sword took him was actually the deepest part of the map of the White Cave, where the extradimensional cracks were located.

“Are you kidding me?”

Xu Xiaoshou was scared silly.

He didn’t think that the crack could lead to the Shengshen Continent.

If what the Storyteller had said was true, the Chief of Saint Servant should be in the crack at this moment.

If he went over like this, wouldn’t he be walking into a trap?

“Calm down...”

Xu Xiaoshou wanted the Fourth Sword to stop trembling but it seemed to really sense his intention.

“Clang!” There was a huge tremor.

The vicious sword directly released the demonic power and pulled Xu Xiaoshou forward at the speed of light.

“F*ck!”

Xu Xiaoshou wanted to let go of the Fourth Sword, but at this time, he realized that his palm seemed to have been completely sucked in.

The demonic power continuously poured into his body.

He couldn’t even let go of it!

“F*ck...”

Xu Xiaoshou was going crazy.

“Am I Tang Seng? Do you really want to make things difficult for me?”

He had just escaped from the jaws of a tiger, and now he was going to enter the death realm again?

“Open it for me!”

Xu Xiaoshou compressed the force in his hand again. He wanted to use the recoil force to bounce himself away from the hilt of the Fourth Sword.

But he couldn't do it.

He didn't even have the time to exert force. The demonic power that crazily surged into his body almost destroyed his consciousness completely.

"Ma Ma..." Aje's stone muttered softly and began to absorb the demonic power.

Xu Xiaoshou regained a bit of clarity and immediately shouted, "Break your hand!"

"Ma Ma?" Aje was stunned.

"Quick, chop off my hand!"

Xu Xiaoshou glanced ahead and was already very close.

He could faintly feel that there was a vitality breath in front of him.

That was the Chief of the Saint Servant!

How could he go over?

"Quick!"

Xu Xiaoshou shook his head and said anxiously.

When Aje was in a daze earlier, his mind was almost destroyed by the demonic power.

Has the Fourth Sword gone mad?

How could it suddenly have such a huge force?

"Ma Ma!" Aje called out firmly.

Aje could not hurt Ma Ma, who had brought it to freedom.

"Rejected, passive points +1."

Xu Xiaoshou almost vomited blood.

He did not have time to explain too much to Aje.

But now, it seemed that he could not do it without explaining.

"Listen to me..."

The words were on the tip of his tongue, but before he could finish, Xu Xiaoshou froze.

Up ahead...

Sword Will!

That familiar Sword Will, even if he had only seen it once in Tiansang Spirit Palace... he would never forget it!

"Gulp."

His throat suddenly felt a little dry. Xu Xiaoshou suddenly realized that there was nothing he could do.

He had yet to meet the person, but he felt that he was only left with a dead end.

How could it be like this?

Why is this world so malicious towards him?

..

“It’s coming.”

At the spatial crack, the masked man stared ahead with a slight smile in his eyes.

Cen Qiaofu took a step forward and directly blocked his chest.

As expected, a figure flew out in the next moment.

“Brother~”

“How did you sense him? He even thought he was hiding well!”

The Storyteller opened his arms and completely ignored the elder in front of the masked man.

The corner of Cen Qiaofu’s mouth twitched.

So it was this guy?

He was hiding nearby?

No wonder he couldn’t find him just now...

Seeing the person in front of him was about to pounce on him, Cen Qiaofu immediately dodged to the side and gave way to the masked man behind him.

He didn’t want to be hugged by this pervert!

“Big Brother~” the delicate voice called out again.

A trace of doubt flashed through the masked man’s eyes, but he soon understood.

He waited for the Storyteller to approach before suddenly lowering his body.

Then.

“Bang!”

“Aiyo.”

The battered Storyteller pulled himself out of the mud and punched the masked man in the chest with his small fist.

“You’re so hateful~”

“You came alone?” the masked man slapped his hand away.

“Uh-huh~”

The Storyteller pouted, “What?”

The masked man sensed that something was wrong, “You brought me a famed sword?”

“Famed sword?” the Storyteller repeated in a daze, “No!”

The Storyteller only brought him a ghost beast as a gift and hadn’t given it to him yet.

Famed sword?

He had seen a few of these, but how could it be so easy to snatch them?

The last one was still on that Wen Ming!

“That’s strange...”

The masked man frowned, “Why do I smell the aura of a sword?”

At this moment.

“Whoosh!”

A ray of black light suddenly rushed towards him at lightning speed.

“Be careful!”

Cen Qiaofu was originally far away, afraid that his ears would be stained. This time, he could not help but roar and fly over with the small axe in his hand.

At the same time, the Storyteller’s face also paled.

“Brother, be careful!”

He immediately took a step forward and pushed the masked man away, and then stood in his place.

However, the black light seemed to have eyes. When it reached the chest of the Storyteller, it turned towards the direction where the masked man fell, directly penetrating his chest.

“Sizzle!”

The eyes of the masked man almost popped out.

He opened his mouth and with a “Plop” sound, blood covered his face in the mask.

“1...”

His head tilted and the masked man fainted on the spot.

Chapter 577: Stop Fooling Around

“AH—”

An ear-piercing scream pierced through the sky.

The storyteller held his head with all his might as he looked at the masked man's body that was directly pierced through. He lost control of himself.

"Whoosh!"

At this moment, the underground suddenly shook.

In the next second, the Fourth Sword returned from the underground.

"Sizzle"

There was another clear sound. This time, the masked man who had fallen to the ground, was even lifted up and carried high into the sky.

"AH –"

The scream of the storyteller, which had almost stopped, lost control once again when he saw that the masked man was hurt again.

Cen Qiaofu grimaced and covered his ears, his eardrums almost bleeding because of the two screams.

"What's going on?"

Cen Qiaofu didn't have time to stop what was happening in front of him, but he also witnessed the whole process from the side.

The sudden appearance the black sword, with no one to control it, how could it pierce through the chief's chest twice?

"What happened..."

"Clang –"

He didn't have time to think.

The masked man, who had been brought into the sky by the Fourth Sword, fell from the sky and was pinned to the ground by the vicious sword.

His body slid down.

The third injury finally woke the masked man up in pain from his unconscious state.

"PFFT!"

A large mouthful of blood was spat out first.

Following that, confusion finally emerged in the masked man's turbid eyes. He saw the black shadow that had injured himself. "Its, its the Fourth Sword?"

Cen Qiaofu was startled when he heard that.

The Fourth Sword?

This black sword, its the Fourth Sword?

With a whoosh, he pounced forward.

But there were others who were faster than him.

The storyteller took a big step forward and arrived in front of the masked man with a whoosh. He stretched out his hands, as if he wanted to help but did not dare to.

“Brother!”

“Brother, how are you? Does it hurt...”

“Duh.” The masked man was angered. His lips opened and closed a few times before they finally turned into a twitching sentence. “First, help me pull out the sword.”

“I can’t help you!”

The storyteller’s hands stretched forward one after the other. He squatted down and stood up again.

“This is the Fourth Sword. I can’t withstand its demonic aura!”

“You...”

The masked man was in so much pain that he was panting. He could feel the endless demonic power crazily pouring into his body, as if it wanted to crush his weak body.

“If you don’t hurry up, I’m really going to die!”

“I, I...”

The storyteller hesitantly reached out his hand and was about to grab it.

“Are you stupid? !”

Cen Qiaofu instantly moved and hit his hand back. “Have you forgotten about the spatial power? Do you think you can easily touch the Fourth Sword?”

“Oh, oh.”

Only then did the storyteller recover from his panic.

Cen Qiaofu could no longer watch.

“Get out of the way, I’ll do it!”

He pushed the storyteller away and directly threw the small axe in his hand backward.

Then, under the terrified gaze of the masked man, he ruthlessly slashed horizontally.

“Clang –”

How could the Fourth Sword withstand such strength?

It was immediately sent flying!

However, when this sword was sent flying horizontally, it did not escape from the body of the masked man. Instead, it brought the man along and circled wildly in the sky for dozens of rounds before it was nailed into the ground once again, with a “Clang”, .

“I...”

The bulging eyeballs of the masked man could not be retracted at all. He only had time to utter a word before he was nailed unconscious again.

“AH —”

The Storyteller’s roar echoed in the sky for the third time.

He jumped up as if he had gone mad and rebuked, “Old fogey, its all your fault!”

Cen Qiaofu was completely dumbfounded.

The result of the masked man being sent flying together with the sword was something that he had never expected.

Shouldn’t the axe be used to deflect the Fourth Sword?

What, did it still have a suction force that could suck people away?

“Big brother, big brother!”

The storyteller ran to the masked man and squatted down, tears streaming down his face.

“You can’t die, big brother...”

He finally remembered the Yin Yang Life and Death Trap. He flipped it open and ordered the Fourth Sword to leave this space.

But..

“Buzz!”

The Fourth Sword seemed to feel an external force interfering with him and started to tremble crazily.

The high-frequency amplitude could make the unconscious masked man convulse violently every second until he woke up and fainted again.

“How could this be?”

The storyteller was dumbfounded and immediately stopped the spatial power.

“It can’t be pulled out?”

Cen Qiaofu was also frightened.

Was there a grudge between the Fourth Sword and the chief? Was it stuck in the chief’s body and couldn’t come out?

Or..

Watching the masked man's face gradually turn dark, Cen Qiaofu realized that something was wrong. He knew how terrifying the sword will of the chief was.

With the Fourth Sword being so vicious, it was possible that it was crazily absorbing nutrients.

And with the weak body of the chief, could he withstand it?

"Get out of the way, I'll do it!"

Cen Qiaofu pushed the storyteller away again and wanted to pull out the sword himself.

The storyteller could not take it anymore. "Old man, if you want to murder my brother, just say it. I won't let you do it today!"

"Can you pull it out?" Cen Qiaofu was immediately angry.

"I, I can't pull it out..."

The storyteller was stunned and retorted, "Can you?"

"Get out of the way!"

Cen Qiaofu did not have the time to talk to this perverted man.

This guy was purely worried and confused.

If this dragged on, even if the chief was not killed by this black sword, he would also be driven mad by the demonic power of the sword.

With a wave of his hand, the storyteller was directly banished from the spot. Cen Qiaofu immediately crossed him and came in front of the masked man.

After thinking for a moment, he directly held it with one hand.

"Old fool!"

In the blink of an eye, the space of the storyteller shattered. It was already too late to stop him.

He could only watch helplessly as Cen Qiaofu actually used his physical body to hold that black sword.

"Buzz!"

The Fourth Sword shook violently once again.

The black demonic power split into two routes and poured into Cen Qiaofu's body along the way.

"Crazy, crazy..."

The storyteller could immediately tell that the strength of this demonic power was definitely not ordinary.

In the ancient book's space, even if Xu Xiaoshou had transformed into the second son of the saint servant, the level of sword will he had displayed was probably less than one-thousandth of what it was now!

“Why did he suddenly go crazy?”

The storyteller was about to break down. He covered his head with his hand and opened his mouth.

“Shut up!”

Cen Qiaofu immediately shouted.

He did not have time to pay extra attention to the storyteller’s shout when he drew his sword.

“Open... for me!”

Cen Qiaofu gritted his teeth. Even though his right arm was completely soaked in black, he still did not give up. He pulled the hilt of his sword upwards with all his might.

“Sizzle”

The sword body left the ground.

However, what made people despair was that the masked man still bent his body backwards and was lifted up.

“This...”

Cen Qiaofu was dumbfounded.

What should he do?

He directly kicked the chief’s chest.

“Pardon me!”

“Bang!”

With an explosion in the air, the masked man’s chest was smashed into pieces.

However, the power of the confrontation finally made Cen Qiaofu pull out the Fourth Sword.

“AH —”

The storyteller couldn’t hold it in anymore.

He looked at his brother’s broken chest with tears in his eyes, unable to stop the killing intent from his soul.

“Old man, I’ll kill you!”

“What are you doing?” Cen Qiaofu gripped the vicious sword tightly and pointed the tip of the sword at the storyteller. “If you continue to act recklessly, I’ll first chop you into pieces. Do you believe me?”

“Ahhh!”

“Don’t scream!”

“Ahhh —”

“PFFT!”

“Ahhh — eh? Brother, brother, you are awake?”

The masked man was finally woken up by the pain again.

When he opened his eyes, he subconsciously covered his chest with his hand.

However, he felt emptiness.

“It’s... it’s gone?”

The masked man looked down and froze on the spot.

Even if the Fourth Sword had pierced through his chest just now, the wound was not as big as this one!

In the next second, he began to breathe out cold air as if he had just realized something.

“Hiss.”

The intense pain in his chest almost made him die on the spot.

“What’s going on?” Cen Qiaofu did not intend to explain at all. He raised the trembling Fourth Sword, which seemed to want to return to the chief’s body to absorb nutrients, and asked.

“What’s going on? You still dare to ask?”

The storyteller roared, turned his head and reported to the masked man bitterly, “It’s him. The injury on your chest was kicked by this old man. I saw it with my own eyes.”

“Enough!”

The masked man waved his hand with difficulty, as if he had no intention of pursuing the matter.

Under the combination of sword will, his broken chest healed and he regained his mobility in a short while. He supported himself on the ground and tried his best to stand up.

“What’s going on?”

“Where did you bring this sword from?”

Turning his head to the storyteller, the masked man asked while he skillfully folded his fingers.

“Drip, Drip, drip...”

The dark, ink-like demonic power turned into drops of black blood and was expelled from the his sword fingers.

“I don’t know!”

The storyteller was dumbfounded. “I didn’t bring the sword. It followed me.”

“Followed me?”

The masked man was stunned. "You didn't take it, and you're not an ancient swordsman. Why did it follow you?"

"I..."

The Storyteller was stumped.

That's right!

Why would the Fourth Sword follow him here? Wasn't it..

"Who was the one holding the sword earlier?" The masked man narrowed his eyes.

"Wen Ming!"

The storyteller's pupils dilated as if he had thought of something.

"It was Wen Ming holding the sword. He was also the one who caused the explosion. He wanted to blow up the white cave and escape."

"That's right, this sword was controlled by him."

"Is he... here?"

At this point, the storyteller was stuck by his own speculation.

What a joke!

With Wen Ming's cowardly look, if he had a chance to escape from his control, why did he follow him?

Why did he come here?

To confront the three Saint Servants?

Did he have the guts? !

"Wen Ming..."

Hearing an unexpected name, the masked man confirmed, "Which Wen Ming?"

"Which Wen Ming? The one you mentioned!" The voice of the storyteller became louder.

The masked man raised his eyebrows, "You managed to find him?"

"Yes."

The storyteller nodded, "Not only did I find him, but I also fought with him. You don't know that in the ancient book's space..."

"Hey!"

A weak voice suddenly interrupted them.

The two of them turned their heads to look, and Cen Qiaofu's face was completely dark.

That drooping expression seemed like it was going to go into a berserk state in the next second.

“Hey, you two, don’t you think you forgot something?” Cen Qiaofu panted.

The masked man looked at the black sword that was still shaking violently in his hand and immediately smiled apologetically. “Sorry, sorry, I forgot about it. Let go of the sword.”

“Let it go?”

Even though Cen Qiaofu was about to be overwhelmed by the demonic power, he still felt that this proposal was ridiculous.

If I let it go, wouldn’t it pierce into your chest again?

Do you still want to live?

The storyteller turned sideways and immediately blocked the masked man.

“It’s okay.”

The masked man pushed the storyteller away and said seriously, “Just let it go.”

“Are you sure?” Cen Qiaofu felt that he could not hold on any longer.

The power that this broken sword injected into his body seemed to be endless.

If he tried to hold on any longer, he felt that he was going to hurt his foundation.

He really did not know how those ancient swordsmen controlled this ultimately vicious sword?

“Okay.”

The masked man nodded expressionlessly. Cen Qiaofu immediately stopped holding on and directly let go of the black sword.

“Clang —”

There was a clanging sound from the Fourth Sword. It directly switched from being suspended on the ground to a horizontal attack posture.

The tip of the sword instantly aimed at the masked man and suddenly stabbed forward.

“Stop fooling around!”

The masked man did not even flinch and immediately shouted.

In the next second, a scene that shocked everyone appeared.

There was a hum when the Fourth Sword was about to pierce through the masked man’s chest. It was as if it was tightly bound by the way of the heavens power and could not move at all.

Cen Qiaofu’s pupils constricted.

He was cutting path.

How could he not recognize that the chief’s voice was actually just a simple order? He did not even use half of the power of the Order of the Heavens.

Just like that..

The vicious sword had stopped?

The storyteller's eyes were also filled with surprise. His gaze swept back and forth between the masked man and Fourth sword.

Both of them had a question in their minds.

Once again, the storyteller and Cen Qiaofu looked at each other and chose to keep their mouths shut.

"Buzz!"

After stopping the momentum of the Fourth Sword, it trembled and a black ominous demonic power burst out.

"Enough."

The masked man's tone softened, but he was unmoved as he looked at the black sword in front of him.

"Buzz!"

The Fourth Sword trembled again.

The ominous demonic power overflowed into the sky and almost dyed this world black.

The masked man clenched his fists, as if he wanted to reach out his hand.

After a long time, he took a deep breath and slowly shook his head.

The Fourth Sword suddenly became quiet.

In the next second, its sword body slightly shook.

"Rumble —"

In an instant, its sword will spread out in all directions.

In a radius of dozens of miles, endless black sword will suddenly exploded, directly tearing the entire space into a black hole.

"F * ck!"

Cen Qiaofu was shocked and subconsciously took a few steps back.

The storyteller stepped forward, but he saw that even in this explosion, the ground under the masked man's feet was still intact.

His eyeballs rolled and he chose to retreat.

The two people on the side looked at each other again and moved their eyes away at the speed of light.

The masked man closed his eyes.

When he opened them again, his eyes had already regained their calmness.

He ignored the black sword in front of him and looked at the storyteller, "You said earlier that the new sword bearer of this black sword is Wen Ming?"

"Yes, yes."

The storyteller nodded like he was pounding garlic, but he shook his head again, "No, no, he's not the sword bearer. It's just that he has received the initial recognition of the Fourth Sword and can borrow some power."

He glanced around with lingering fear.

"It's not that terrifying..."

If he knew how terrifying this black sword was, he would not have given Little Wen Ming the chance to fight even if he died.

If he had exploded this attack at that time..

Even if he did not die from the explosion, he would have been killed by this vicious devilish sword energy!

"Where is he?"

The masked man ignored the Fourth Sword that was trembling violently again. He took a step forward and arrived in front of the storyteller.

"The sword has already arrived. Wen Ming, where is he?"

Chapter 578: Aje Who Was Abandoned

"Aje, Aje, Aje, Aje..."

Xu Xiaoshou floated in mid-air. His eyes were white, and he had a pair of dead fish eyes. He used his "Perception" to watch as Aje continued to absorb the demonic aura in his body.

This process of absorption lasted for a full half a minute.

Finally, the black energy in his body, which was so full that it was about to explode, was slightly weakened, and he could barely regain a bit of consciousness.

"I, I'm saved?"

He looked around.

Xu Xiaoshou saw the three terrifying figures huddled together in the distance.

Saint servant, a group of three!

Who could withstand this?

If he hadn't used Aje's explosive attack at the critical moment to directly use the vanishing technique to remove the restriction of the Fourth Sword..

If he hadn't only used the vanishing technique to activate and remove the two states, he wouldn't have had to unconsciously maintain his disappearing state..

If not for the fact that the real target of the Fourth Sword was not him, but instead, it was crazily trying to attack the body of the Saint Servant's chief..

Xu Xiaoshou dared to assert.

At this moment, he would be either dead or out of control.

Or perhaps, he would end up with the most terrifying outcome — being targeted by the Saint Servant's chief and the storyteller at the same time!

"Oh, my sin..."

Xu Xiaoshou could not imagine why his trip to the white cave was so difficult.

As expected, the source of all this was still the overwhelming confidence after he had swallowed the Infernal Original Seed and the Three Days Frozen Calamity?

If he hadn't thought about the Fourth Sword at that time and the mission that Elder Sang gave him that even he didn't care about..

"I'm tired."

Xu Xiaoshou felt very tired.

Even the old man must have expected the result of fighting for the Fourth Sword.

Why was he so naive to take the first step to the Lijian Grassland?

That was the path to the Abyss!

"Hide, hide."

Xu Xiaoshou wanted to take a step to the sky and escape from this place, but he didn't dare to do so.

God knew if the storyteller would be very cautious and banish this space when he arrived here.

If that was the case, not only would he not be able to take the easy way out, he would even expose his position to the perverted man in the red dress when he reached the critical point.

If that was the case..

"Hide well!"

Holding Aje, Xu Xiaoshou did not dare to think too much.

Sensing that the demonic aura in his body was gradually decreasing and that it was basically difficult to affect his movements, he lowered his head and directly went underground.

..

He finished off his negative state in front of the Saint Servant's group of three. Even with the vanishing technique, Xu Xiaoshou's heart was still beating wildly.

While he was underground, he heard the Saint Servant's chief pay all his attention to the so-called "Wen Ming" that he had announced earlier.

"The sword has already arrived. where is the Wen Ming you mentioned?"

As soon as the masked man finished speaking, the storyteller's reaction was obviously stunned.

"Yes, where is he?"

He turned his head to glance at the Fourth Sword and said hesitantly, "In theory, with the Fourth Sword under Wen Ming's control, he won't let go easily. It's impossible for Wen Ming to give up on this vicious sword."

"After all, he's also an ancient swordsman, right?"

"But..."

The storyteller paused and Cen Qiaofu immediately continued, "But with the Fourth Sword in this state, can he let go?"

"Yes!"

The storyteller nodded and frowned, "So, he should already have let go of the Fourth Sword earlier? But how could he be aware of the unusual movements of the Fourth Sword?"

"What's Wen Ming's cultivation level?" Cen Qiaofu suddenly asked.

"Around Innate stage."

"Yes, Innate..."

"Yes? Innate? !"

Cen Qiaofu's tone changed and he turned his head to look at the turbulent world of the White Cave far away.

The explosion started there.

And by the previous storyteller's words, the movements were caused by the so-called Wen Ming.

"Are you sure that he is only at the Innate stage?"

Cen Qiaofu asked again, his tone was full of doubt.

"Uh..."

The storyteller froze for a moment. He also turned his head to look at the movement behind him and said submissively, "Yes... I think?"

Seeing the disbelief on Cen Qiaofu's face, the storyteller added, "In short, he's not strong. He's around Innate. At most, he's only at the Grandmaster realm. But his fighting strength should be comparable to... The Sovereign stage?" His voice became softer and softer.

Cen Qiaofu's face darkened.

The storyteller had a headache, but he had no choice but to continue, "If we add in some external forces, even if we encounter the Cutting Path... well, I'm referring to the various restrictions in the white cave world, so..."

"?"

Cen Qiaofu slowly asked a question mark.

"Uh..."

The storyteller wiped his sweat. He knew how unbelievable his words were, but he still insisted on finishing.

"So, under all kinds of restrictions, Wen Ming should be able to fight against someone of the Cutting Path stage..."

Cen Qiaofu's face turned from black to green.

"Are you serious?"

"I'm serious."

"You're not joking?"

"Yeah."

"Is this what you mean by 'not strong in any case'?" Cen Qiaofu's eyes almost popped out.

"Phew"

The storyteller heaved a sigh of relief. "You'll know once you fight with him. This kid is a little strange."

As he spoke, he turned to look at his brother. "Is that right?"

Cen Qiaofu also turned his gaze over.

He did not know why the chief valued that Wen Ming so much in the past.

Even the Holy Emperor used that guy as a chess piece in his scheme.

But now, if all of this wasn't exaggerated..

"He's not a Grandmaster."

The masked man said, "When I first met him, he should only be in the Acquired realm. It's only been a few months? Has he reached the Grandmaster level in a month?"

"No matter how talented he is, he wouldn't be able to directly comprehend the Heavenly Image state and reach the Grandmaster stage."

"In theory, it's already pretty good that Wen Ming has reached the Innate Origin Court level or Occupied Void at this time."

"Of course, we can't rule out the possibility that he has some opportunities to reach the Upper Spirit..."

“Hmm? What’s with your expression?”

As the masked man spoke, he saw Cen Qiaofu’s strange expression.

Cen Qiaofu’s jaw couldn’t close anymore.

“That hedgehog, Upper Spirit level, can he make such a big commotion?” He pointed at the shattered space behind him.

“Upper Spirit, it’s just a conjecture,” the masked man said.

“Are you missing the main point? What I mean... is not this!”

Cen Qiaofu said as he looked at the storyteller and roared:

“A mere Innate expert can achieve such a level?”

“Comparable to Cutting Path Stage?”

“What kind of joke are you making? !”

“He’s not joking.” The storyteller was silent for a moment before saying, “He has a divine puppet on him.”

“Oh?”

This time, not only Cen Qiaofu was stunned, even the masked man was shocked.

“Divine puppet?”

“Yes.”

The storyteller nodded and said, “A divine puppet that doesn’t look like a divine puppet...”

“Wait.”

The masked man suddenly reached out and interrupted the storyteller. When the two people in front of him looked over, he said, “Is the divine puppet you’re talking about not in human form?”

“You know?” The storyteller was surprised.

“Little Boy?”

“Yes!”

“Bald?”

“Yes!”

“Very weak?”

“That’s right... Err, it can’t be said that it’s very weak, right?”

The storyteller’s excited thoughts calmed down and he explained, “It’s weaker than a normal divine puppet. It only has the battle consciousness of the first level, but it’s very strange, as if...”

“Like a real person?”The masked man spoke again.

“Yes, yes, that’s the feeling!”

The storyteller nodded crazily and said, “If it wasn’t for the fact that it didn’t have any human vital signs, I would have been fooled. If I glanced at it, I definitely wouldn’t be able to tell that it was a heartless divine puppet.”

“Understood.”

The masked man fell silent.

The storyteller raised his eyebrows and glanced at Cen Qiaofu. Seeing him shrug his shoulders, he immediately understood that this old man was also confused.

He could only ask himself, “Brother, do you know it?”

“I don’t think so. We met once... No, twice. I think.”

A hint of memory appeared in the masked man’s turbid eyes as he said slowly,

“The first generation divine puppet, a defective product that Dao Qiongchang self-proclaimed. If I remember correctly, it was thrown into the Abyss Island.”

“At that time, it seemed to have no consciousness.”

“But the second time we met, it had already given birth to spiritual intelligence and seemed to be able to grow on its own.”

“It was very strange and dangerous.”

“In the end, it seemed to have been destroyed by White-clothed in the Abyss Island twice.”

The two spectators were speechless for a moment.

Divine puppet, giving birth to spiritual intelligence, destroying it twice?

“It’s obviously very strong, why don’t you use it?”Cen Qiaofu felt that something wasn’t right. This didn’t seem like something stupid that the holy divine palace would do.

“It is strong, but there’s no upper limit.”

The masked man shot him a meaningful glance. “If you can’t truly control what’s in your hands, do you think those people will keep it?”

“But according to Dao Qiongchang’s personality...”

Cen Qiaofu was anxious.

He absolutely did not believe that the Great Hallmaster Dao, who was addicted to the Divine Secret technique, would give up such a good research opportunity.

The masked man smiled and shook his head, interrupting him.

“The group of people I’m talking about is not that group of people, but “that” group of people.”

Cen Qiaofu froze for a moment.

The storyteller's pupils constricted. He seemed to have thought of something as he shuddered and a cold air seeped through his body.

..

"Which group of people?"

Xu Xiaoshou, who was deep underground, was immediately confused by these words.

From the tone of these words, the legendary Hallmaster Dao should have wanted to keep Aje.

But, he was stopped?

How was that possible?

Wasn't the peak of this world the Holy Divine Palace and its current hallmaster, Dao Qiongcang?

Was he stopped from researching?

"Ma Ma..."

Aje suddenly murmured.

Xu Xiaoshou jumped in fright and immediately clenched the stone-shaped iron ball.

"Don't make a sound. They're not talking about you. Don't be afraid, Be good!"

"Ma Ma..."

AJE seemed to be in a bad mood.

Xu Xiaoshou could completely understand.

If he didn't use the vanishing technique to hide underground, he might not even know about these secrets.

However, why would Aje, who was supposed to be destroyed on the Abyss Island, appear in Tianxuan Gate of Tiansang Spirit Palace?

"Elder Sang?"

Xu Xiaoshou immediately thought of such a person.

The masked man said that he had seen Aje before. could he have gone to the Abyss Island with Elder Sang, the second-in-command of the Saint Servant?

That did not seem right!

If the two of them had gone together, there was no reason for Aje to appear in a small place like Tiansang Spirit Palace.

He should have fallen into a large organization like the Saint Servant and been fully utilized.

Moreover..

“Abyss Island?”

Xu Xiaoshou thought about it and suddenly remembered something.

He vaguely remembered Caramel’s words.

Abyss Island, wasn’t it that terrifying place that seemed to seal a Saint?

If nothing went wrong, the crack in the extradimensional space here was created by the wretched Saint, which was the crack leading to Abyss Island.

Among them..

“Oh my god!”

Xu Xiaoshou felt that his mind was going to be in a mess.

When all these things were combined, it was extremely terrifying.

When he didn’t know everything, he still felt that this world was wonderful.

However, every time he knew a little bit more and understood more secrets, Xu Xiaoshou always felt a sense of panic.

Why did it seem like everything was related to me, Xu Xiaoshou, and was targeted at me, Xu Xiaoshou...
?

“Ma Ma...”

“Hey hey, it’s fine, it’s fine. Don’t worry, Ma Ma won’t abandon you.”

When Xu Xiaoshou heard Aje’s muttering, he immediately hugged the poor little fellow even tighter.

He was afraid that if it couldn’t help but fly out and be exposed, then the matter would be..

Big Trouble!

..

“Oh right, there’s another matter that I’m more concerned about,”the storyteller said hesitantly.

“Speak.”

“Wen Ming, is he second brother’s disciple?”

The masked man was stunned, “How do you know?”

“This...”

The storyteller recalled the scene of him being teased in the ancient book’s space. His face turned red and he found it difficult to speak.

“It’s a long story, so I won’t go into details.”

"I just want to know, where exactly did second brother go when he disappeared?"

The masked man smiled, "You already know the answer, why are you asking me?"

"So, it really is..."the storyteller could not believe it, but he could not continue.

Cen Qiaofu laughed and shook his head, recalling the "Dragon Melting realm"of Elder Sang from the Spirit Palace.

To be honest.

If he had not followed the chief to the Spirit Palace, he would not have imagined that Elder Sang would go to such a remote place.

"For that Wen Ming?"Cen Qiaofu asked.

Other than this explanation, he could not imagine why Elder Sang would go to such a place.

"No."

The masked man shook his head.

"Wen Ming was just an accident. Second Brother did not stay in Tiansang Spirit Palace much. He went back this time just to stop my plan and not let the famed sword fall."

"But it was useless."

Masked man laughed and continued, "More importantly, it's a plan."

"What phlan?" The Storyteller asked curiously.

The masked man casually glanced behind him and said, "It's done."

Both of them looked back at the same time.

The Void was nameless, and there was no other existence.

But they knew that in this space, there was an extradimensional space crack that led to Abyss Island.

It was invisible to the naked eye.

"Then there's one more thing..."

The storyteller understood. He rolled his eyes and a happy expression appeared on his face. Then, he squeezed out a flattering smile as if he wanted to say something.

"Wait a minute."

Seeing this, the masked man knew that it was not a good thing. He stopped him and looked around.

Then, he lowered his head and looked at the ground.

He frowned.

"I keep feeling that something is wrong..."

“You really only brought one sword?”

The masked man looked at the storyteller in confusion.

“What do you mean?”

The storyteller glanced at the Fourth Sword that was still floating behind him and said hesitantly, “Wen Ming came?”

“It’s not Wen Ming...”

The masked man curled his hand that was wrapped tightly in a black glove. He twisted his wrist to shake off the discomfort and said, “But it’s not just the Fourth Sword.”

“What do you mean?”

The storyteller and Cen Qiaofu spoke at the same time.

The masked man was a little uncertain and his gaze was hesitant.

“Is it an illusion? I keep feeling that there’s the aura of a famed sword at the scene...”

Chapter 579: Xu Xiaoshou Bowed Again

“You can feel it?”

Xu Xiaoshou, who was hiding underground, was surprised.

His heart immediately thumped.

When he was in the disappearing state, it was impossible for him to sense everything.

But the feeling of the masked man..

“Is it an illusion?”

“No.”

“Not necessarily.”

Xu Xiaoshou suddenly remembered the time when the night guardian caught up with him. It seemed that he had followed Lu Ke’s famed sword, the Green Scale Ridge.

But it was different!

At the very least, he had dispelled his disappearing state that time.

Could this masked man really sense it just by feeling it?

“Is it an illusion?”The masked man on the ground muttered. After glancing at the two people beside him who had disbelief on their faces, he added.

Then, he set his gaze in the direction of the explosion.

“Old Seven, the space has been dispelled. It’s time to go out.”

“Oh ok.”

The storyteller nodded his head, not caring much.

..

Releasing the space?

When Xu Xiaoshou heard this, he was immediately delighted.

As expected!

His deduction just now was not wrong.

This perverted man in the red dress was really an extremely cautious character.

Even though he met his Saint Servant's chief here, he was still worried and sealed off the entire space.

That meant that if he had really taken a step to escape from this place, he would have only brought about his own destruction!

“Snap.”

After hearing the storyteller snap his fingers, the void seemed to shake.

Xu Xiaoshou's heart became active.

Just the short process of hiding and eavesdropping had almost depleted his elixirs.

The amount of spiritual source consumed by the vanishing technique was too large.

If the storyteller didn't undo the spatial banishment technique, Xu Xiaoshou might really self-destruct.

In this situation, there was only one path left.

“One step towards...”

He shouted in his heart.

But when his spirit was about to reach its peak, Xu Xiaoshou suddenly restrained his impulse.

Because at this time, he inadvertently glanced at the information bar.

Information Bar..

“Watched, passive points + 1.”

“Framed, passive points, + 1.”

“Watched?”?

Xu Xiaoshou's first reaction was why someone could still watch him after he disappeared.

But in the next second, he was attracted by the second message.

“Framed...”

Xu Xiaoshou could barely suppress the steps he was about to take.

He was dumbfounded.

Who else could it be besides the Saint Servant trio?

In that case, wasn't the meaning of framing him the same as saying..

"Ta-ta-ta."

He raised his head.

The three people above him walked past him without any strange emotions.

However, with this tacit cooperation, Xu Xiaoshou used "Perception" to examine them closely.

The corners of the storyteller's mouth curled up slightly..

Cen Qiaofu's hand, which was as usual, lightly slung over the small axe at his waist..

The masked man's slightly curled ring finger and little finger..

To put it another way, he extended his sword finger!

"F * ck, these three people, are they acting on me?"

Xu Xiaoshou's little heart almost jumped out of his throat.

He used his "Perception" to probe into the distance.

The scene before his eyes was all familiar with the landscape of White Cave.

Even the slightest movement of the wind and grass, as well as the dancing of gravel, was so realistic.

But at this moment, Xu Xiaoshou was extremely certain.

He was still in the space of the ancient book!

Take the easy way out.

The sky would collapse!

"Ta."

The three people above walked directly above Xu Xiaoshou. The masked man stopped in his tracks and sighed in disappointment, "It didn't take the bait, this person."

"Ha, it's been a long time since I've seen such an exquisite concealment technique that could deceive even the Cutting Path."

Cen Qiaofu smiled and took out his small axe. "Who could it be?"

Only the storyteller's expression was completely stiff.

If it was a day ago, he would even dare to say that the person hiding here had a cultivation level of at least Higher Void. Otherwise, he wouldn't have been able to deceive his brother.

But now.

In the White Cave.

There was such a young man who had a concealment technique that even he himself could not see through.

“Wen Ming...”

“Hmm?” The masked man and Cen Qiaofu turned their heads at the same time.

“Wen Ming.”

“What do you mean?” Cen Qiaofu was stunned and could not say the second half of the sentence.

“Wen Ming!”

The storyteller’s tone became heavier.

This time, even the masked man understood what he meant.

“You mean, you fought with him and he has a concealment technique that even you can’t see through?”

“Gulp.”

The storyteller swallowed his saliva.

He simply couldn’t imagine how gutsy Little Wen Ming was that he would dare to come here.

But now..

“Yes.”

The storyteller nodded his head lightly, and Cen Qiaofu’s entire face changed color.

Could that innate cultivation level Wen Ming have such a concealment technique?

“A day apart, it’s like three years. The ancient advice from ancestors truly do not lie to us.”

The masked man slowly reached out his hand and clapped his palm. His line of sight moved around, but he could not see where Wen Ming was at all.

“Come out, don’t hide anymore.”

He was silent for a moment before saying, “You should know, I can’t hurt you, based on... various reasons.”

Xu Xiaoshou clenched his fists in pain.

I know that because of Elder Sang, you might not hurt me.

But that pervert..

And what if..

And so what if you don’t hurt me? Why do you want to catch me..

All of this is even more heartbreaking than hurting me!

"I, Xu Xiaoshou, will not appear in front of the three of you even if I die," Xu Xiaoshou swore secretly.

Shua.

At this moment, the three people above turned around in unison and looked at the ground at the same time.

Judging from the magnification of their pupils, these three people were not staring at the ground.

But, where was he?

Xu Xiaoshou's body tensed up.

In the next second, he felt a pressure coming from deep underground.

Xu Xiaoshou's mind froze.

"Pressure..."

"Vanishing technique, why does it feel like pressure?"

His head moved with difficulty, and Xu Xiaoshou felt as if some mud was being pressed into his ear canal.

This real feeling made him feel as if he had been struck by lightning.

"I..."

Checking his energy reserve.

Empty.

"F * ck!"

This time, Xu Xiaoshou's mind was flabbergasted and his whole body almost split open on the spot.

Just because he forgot to eat another handful of elixirs in such a short span of time..

His energy reserve bottomed out.

He couldn't maintain the vanishing technique anymore?

"Little, Wen, Ming -"

The corner of the storyteller's lips almost reached the edge of his earlobe, and his smile became more and more impudent and perverted as he called out each word.

"Hiss."

Xu Xiaoshou kept quiet out of fear, and shuddered on the spot.

"Called, passive points, + 1."

"Startled, passive points, + 1."

“Watched, passive points + 4.”

“F * ck...”

At this moment, Xu Xiaoshou had mixed feelings. He simply did not know what expression to use to express the chaotic emotions in his heart.

A smile appeared in the masked man’s turbid eyes.

He raised his two fingers.

“Boom!”

The earth was directly torn apart by the intangible sword will, and a huge gully that was ten feet wide split open on the spot.

Xu Xiaoshou felt that his naked body was exposed under three burning gazes.

One was the perverted man’s.

One was the old man’s.

The last one was a cripple’s..

“Hiss!”

The pores all over his body exploded. Xu Xiaoshou suddenly discovered a method that could allow him to instantly reach high tide even without taking drugs.

He subconsciously tightened his clothes.

The clothes were still there.

But this layer of covering cloth on the ground had completely disappeared under the two fingers of the masked man!

“Ha, Ha Ha...”

The atmosphere froze.

A little..

No.

To Xu Xiaoshou, it was extremely awkward.

“You are Wen Ming?”

Cen Qiaofu looked as if he was sizing up a monster. He used a first-time look to carefully observe the person underground.

It was as if he wanted to use his gaze to see through every single pore on the young man’s body.

“Long time no see.”

A smile appeared in the masked man's turbid eyes as he slowly released his ring and Pinky Fingers. "If I remember correctly, this is our third... no, our fourth meeting?"

Fourth?

Xu Xiaoshou's mind was suddenly jolted awake.

Things had come to this.

Since he had been exposed, he would no longer worry about everything that he had been worried about before he was exposed.

Moreover..

"Fourth?"

Xu Xiaoshou's thoughts began to spin crazily.

The first time he met the masked man was by the Greater Goose Lake in Tiansang Spirit Palace. At that time, he had killed Feng Kong and then stabbed the masked man's heart with Hidden Bitter.

Yes, a little bit.

The second time they met was at the back mountain. At a turn, he sent Hidden Bitter into the masked man's chest.

The third time they met..

He couldn't remember!

"I... lost my memory?"

Xu Xiaoshou felt that ever since the passive skill "Perception" was activated, his memory was definitely the best in the world.

But now...

He didn't know whether it was because he was nervous or something else, but he couldn't remember the third time he met the masked man?

Could the masked man have remembered wrongly?

It wasn't likely.

In other words, at a certain moment that he had not noticed, the masked man had met him a third time.

Moreover, from what the other party had said, "To you"...

He himself also knew about the existence of the masked man!

"It's more than that."

Xu Xiaoshou immediately shrugged his shoulders when he thought of this. He was a little stiff, but also a little relieved. He said, "It should be the fifth time?"

The masked man raised his eyebrows. "If you say fifth, then it should be fifth!"

It was not the fifth time!

Xu Xiaoshou immediately understood that the masked man did not intend to haggle with him on this small issue.

And judging from the other party's micro expression, he did not agree with his words at all.

That was to say, it was only four times.

He had indeed met the masked man for the third time.

Which time?

Two scenes flashed through Xu Xiaoshou's mind.

One was the sculpting uncle he had met in the spiritual library division before bidding farewell to Elder Sang and leaving the Tiansang Spirit Palace.

The other time was the Three Incenses' killer, Red Dog, and the scruffy-looking man.

Which one?

"Five times!" He said firmly again.

"Okay."

The masked man nodded with a smile.

Xu Xiaoshou was about to break down.

Not five times!

In other words, only one of the two times was the real masked man?

His previous speculation was that the scruffy-looking man was the chief of the Saint Servant.

However, the relationship between the chief of the Saint Servant and Elder Sang had also drawn out the sculpted man in the spiritual library division who looked very similar to the scruffy-looking man.

If they had only met four times.

These two people would not be the same person.

So, which one was the chief of the Saint Servant?

No, this was not important at all!

What was important was..

Which one was the eighth sword deity? !

Xu Xiaoshou seriously suspected that the one who gave him the "Sword Observation Manual" was the true chief of the Saint Servant, and also the true eighth sword deity.

But if he was...

The person from the spiritual library division could appear in the spiritual library division, which showed his relationship with Elder Sang, and he looked so much like the scruffy-looking man, and they were not the same person..

How could he explain it?

If the scruffy-looking man was not the masked man, he would not be the eighth sword deity.

His "Sword Observation Manual" ..

And why would the Fourth sword attack a person he had never met so crazily..

"I'm going to explode!"

Xu Xiaoshou's temples bulged. He was going to be dizzy from his own thoughts.

As he thought about it, his gaze suddenly fixed on the masked man. Xu Xiaoshou felt that the big stones in his heart had shattered.

How stupid!

The person was right in front of him. Why not just ask him directly?

"Who are you?"

Xu Xiaoshou threw away all his thoughts and went straight to the point.

The masked man did not seem to be surprised at why the other party would ask such a devious question. He only replied, "Saint servant, Chief."

"So your surname is Saint Servant and your name is Chief?" Xu Xiaoshou clenched his fists and was a little nervous.

This time, even the two people on the side could hear the hidden meaning of Xu Xiaoshou's words.

But a strange situation appeared.

The storyteller and Cen Qiaofu actually took half a step back and looked at the masked man with a very expectant gaze.

The scene was silent for a few seconds.

"Sizzle."

The masked man chuckled and ignored the burning gazes of the two people on the side. He only stared at Xu Xiaoshou and said, "Are you sure you want to ask my name?"

"I..."

Xu Xiaoshou almost blurted out, "I'm sure."

But he suddenly could not say it.

Yes!

Was it important?

Was it important who the chief of the Saint Servant was?

He, who did not know everything, could still stay away from the center of the vortex of the storm.

Now that he knew everything, he felt lost and helpless, as well as the irresistible force of external forces.

If he knew a little more, even if it was just a little..

Would it be the last straw that broke the camel's back?

In this world, there were some causes and effects, some mysteries, some indescribable things, and some people who were secretive, they all had their reasons.

Would knowing too much really be beneficial to him?

Xu Xiaoshou asked himself.

"Name..."

He didn't know what he was expecting.

It was the title that was deified by the world in the past.

Or perhaps, the other party would blurt out a title that he had never heard of in his entire life?

He didn't know.

But just like the moment when he was thrown on a coin, when he was forced to make a decision, the gears of fate had already closed.

Did he know?

Did he know..

Was it important?

It was important!

However, because it was too important, Xu Xiaoshou felt that he could not shoulder it.

"Wait a moment."

Xu Xiaoshou held his head with one hand and reached out with the other to stop the other party from speaking. "Allow me to think..."

"You're afraid."

The masked man was still full of smiles. "As an ancient swordsman, bravely advancing forward is the correct path that the world should pursue. Now, a title is pressing down on you."

"No, you are wrong."

Xu Xiaoshou denied it.

“Ancient swordsman who advanced courageously, without exception, are all defeated, including...”

He paused for a moment and did not continue. He continued, “What the world thinks is not necessarily accurate.”

“Moreover, I am not just an ancient swordsman.”

Xu Xiaoshou loosened his fists as he spoke, and his tense muscles also relaxed.

“I have no interest in your title or what Saint Servant wants to do.”

“Even if I was accidentally dragged into it earlier, it was only because of Elder Sang... who is the second-in-command of the Saint Servant. He dragged me into it without my knowledge.”

“Now!”

Xu Xiaoshou became more and more agitated as he spoke, but his aura weakened after a pause.

“I only have one small request...”

“No.” The masked man shook his head.

“It is to let me go. I’m not worthy. I can’t participate in your plan... Ah?” Xu Xiaoshou bowed halfway before he seemed to hear the masked man’s voice.

“Not.”

The loud words directly pressed down on the young man deep underground until he could not straighten his back.

The scene was once again silent.

All was silent, leaving only the lonely sound of the world being shattered. It was as if the Holy Dawn that could not be broken or established was about to arrive.

The masked man raised his head and looked at the world of the White Cave that was on the verge of death. He said, “The world is so big, but you have come to my side time and time again and stood by my side. Isn’t this fate?”

“Fate is fated. Where else do you want to go?”

..

Chapter 580: The Wine of the Masked Man

I want to go home!

Xu Xiaoshou was sobbing in his heart.

He longed for freedom too much.

But the reality was so bony.

No one could truly live the life he wanted.

In this stage where he was not strong enough, passivity was always synonymous with the Xu family!

“It’s a bad fate!”

Xu Xiaoshou sneered and did not give up. He looked up and said, “You said that you would not force me to make a choice.”

The storyteller could not help but laugh when he heard this. He opened his mouth and spoke.

The masked man reached out his hand to stop him and said calmly, “I never break my promise to others. But Wen Ming, you have to think clearly. Do you really want to run?”

“Huh?”

The storyteller immediately became anxious.

This was a young man whom he had paid a great price but still could not catch.

Did his brother mean to let him go?

“No.”

“He’s mine!”

The storyteller brazenly defended his sovereignty.

The masked man turned his head and glared at him.

The latter retracted his long neck and obediently fell silent.

Damn it..

As expected, he still couldn’t hold on until the third sentence?

Wen Ming is mine! ! !

Xu Xiaoshou ignored this fellow and only looked at the masked man. He said resolutely, “That’s right, I don’t want to go with you.”

“Do you have a way out?”The masked man asked.

“Yes.”

“Where?”

Xu Xiaoshou turned around and looked behind him.

“The world is so big, there will definitely be places which will become my home?”

“Do you really think so?”The masked man pressed him step by step.

“Or what?”

Xu Xiaoshou shook his head. "If I really go with you, I will really be in a quagmire, right? Although I don't know what the Saint Servant is going to do, but..."

He hesitated and could not continue.

The Saint Servant's goal was very clear and grand.

Even if Xu Xiaoshou did not know what it was, he could still sense it from his repeated contact with the masked man.

If he really joined, if nothing unexpected happened, he would have to face the entire Holy Divine Palace.

How was this possible?

Xu Xiaoshou had already decided when the masked man had first invited him.

Rather than joining the dark and evil organization, it would be better to directly choose the Holy Divine Palace, the number one power on the continent.

At least, in there, he should still be considered as one of the good and kind!

Disappointment appeared in the eyes of the masked man.

He seemed to have seen through Xu Xiaoshou's thoughts.

"Turn around."

Seeing that Xu Xiaoshou was looking over, the masked man pointed behind him and said, "Look over there."

"What?"

Xu Xiaoshou hesitated and turned his head again.

The end of the ravine behind him was the horizon of the White Cave.

Further up was the space world of the white cave that was about to be shattered.

"What do you see?" The masked man asked.

"The road, and hope," Xu Xiaoshou answered.

"Ha!"

The masked man could not help but laugh. "Is that true?"

"Yes."

Xu Xiaoshou nodded heavily.

"Is the White Cave Big?" The masked man asked again.

"It's very big."

Xu Xiaoshou hesitated for a moment. "But it's also very small."

After all, it was such a big white cave, yet he could always run into a wall. It was really rare!

“Yes, the White Cave is not big.”

The masked man heaved a sigh of relief and continued to ask, “So what did you encounter in the White Cave?”

“...”

This time, Xu Xiaoshou could not say anything. He could vaguely sense that the masked man was trying to hide from him.

“Opportunity, hope, and the future.”

Xu Xiaoshou was evasive and added, “If it weren’t for you guys...”

“You’re wrong!”

The masked man interrupted him on the spot.

His shoulders were slightly stretched back. He had never puffed out his chest, but in Xu Xiaoshou’s eyes, it was as if he had grown a few feet taller. His aura had reached its peak with such a slight movement.

“If I’m not wrong, you met the famed sword in the White Cave,” the masked man asserted.

Xu Xiaoshou was dumbfounded.

He, could really sense it?

“The ultimate fire attribute, infernal power... Only the famed sword Flame Python is left. Am I right?” The masked man smiled confidently.

Xu Xiaoshou felt his throat dry up.

His famed sword had already recognized its owner, and he had placed it in the Yuan mansion.

How could the masked man still be able to detect it?

“You...”

“You don’t have to say anything. I can just say it.”

The masked man once again interrupted Xu Xiaoshou and said, “You encountered the famed sword, but this sword doesn’t belong to you. It was given to you by someone else.”

“If my guess is correct and you took this sword, you should be very regretful now.” The Masked Man’s eyes contained a smile.

Xu Xiaoshou: “...”

“The White Cave is so big. This is the opportunity you mentioned.”

The masked man said, “A charitable donation from someone else... Sorry, it’s too harsh. It should be said to be a gift!”

"I don't regret it." Xu Xiaoshou was stubborn.

"You are just being stubborn."

The masked man smiled brightly and said, "The last time I saw Zyou, the infernal power in your body was not so strong..."

"Infernal original seed?"

Sensing the aura in Wen Ming's body, the masked man turned his head to look at the storyteller and asked, "You should be able to sense the existence of this thing when you entered the White Cave. If nothing unexpected happens, will you go and fight for it?"

"UH..."

Cold sweat broke out on the storyteller's forehead.

He had never told his brother about this..

But how could this be pushed out?

"It's normal."

"It's for second brother."

The masked man couldn't stop smiling. He looked at Xu Xiaoshou again and said, "You took the infernal original seed, and then the storyteller took a fancy to you. Am I right?"

Xu Xiaoshou was a little flustered.

He felt that this masked man was worthy of being the chief of the Saint Servant.

His brain was simply amazing!

It was as if he had been watching this world from the perspective of God.

"The white cave was so big. You wandered around twice and obtained a famed sword and the infernal original seed

"Then, you were sucked into two whirlpools

"Do you regret it?"

Without waiting for Xu Xiaoshou's reply, the masked man answered his own question, "I regret it."

"If I could throw away these two things in exchange for freedom, I think it would be acceptable..."

"Have you thought about it?"

"When you are at your most helpless."

Xu Xiaoshou was silent.

Cen Qiaofu was watching from the side with his arms crossed.

Looking at the hesitant expression of the young man below, he could sense the other party's true thoughts.

It was probably more than just thinking about it. It was possible that he would regret it too late!

But..

Secretly glancing at the chief, Cen Qiaofu was a little surprised.

The last time the chief spoke so much in one go was when he met that child in the ruins of that broken family.

Then, there was Lei shuangxing.

Was this Wen Ming worth it?

The masked man looked at the silent Xu Xiaoshou and his voice sank:

"The White Cave is so big. When you turn around, you will see the hope you spoke of — gain, but also loss!"

"Isn't that ridiculous?"

Xu Xiaoshou's heart trembled.

He already knew what the masked man wanted to do.

Opportunity, hope, and the future..

The three directions that he had mentioned just now, this fellow actually wanted to completely deny himself?

"My future, I can control it myself!" Xu Xiaoshou's voice was filled with anger.

"Is that really so?"

The masked man looked disapproving. "Go back to the question I asked you just now..."

"Turn back."

He suddenly spoke in a commanding tone.

Xu Xiaoshou was determined not to turn back.

How could he let the other party get what he wanted?

"Woodcutter."

The masked man turned his head to look at Cen Qiaofu, who was looking forward to a good show.

Cen Qiaofu held his forehead as if he had a headache.

"Seriously, do it yourself!"

His fingers on his waist trembled.

Xu Xiaoshou, who was below him, realized in horror that the scene in front of him had completely changed.

In front of him, except for the three saint servants, they were still in their original positions. However, everything that he could see had become a scene that he could only see when he turned his head.

“Forced to turn back?”

Xu Xiaoshou was dumbfounded.

In the next second, he suddenly came to a realization, and great waves surged in his heart.

No.

It was not turning back.

But, the world had changed?

He looked at Cen Qiaofu with a shocked expression. At this moment, Xu Xiaoshou’s heart was filled with helplessness.

Cutting Path..

This was cutting path?

How could he change the world? !

“See?”

The masked man spread his hands.

“In this small white cave, even if you don’t want to turn back, there are still people who can let people see everything that you don’t want to see

“And reality is really like this.”

“What you don’t dare to face is the fear of the unknown that comes from the depths of your soul.”

“But, is it useful?”

“When you stand here, you are already at the center of the vortex of the storm.”

“No matter how determined, no matter how stubborn...”

“At the end of the day, you are just deceiving yourself.”

There was a hint of mockery in the masked man’s eyes. It was as if he was not only targeting Xu Xiaoshou, but also looking at himself.

“The gears of fate bite together and push forward step by step. Do you think that you can stay out of this by covering your eyes?”

“Wrong!”

“Doing this will only cause you to be crushed by the gears in your numbness.”

“Open your eyes and face reality!”

The masked man’s tone had a hint of helplessness. “You have already stood here...”

He pointed at the ground.

“Beside me.”

..

Xu Xiaoshou felt his heart shake.

If this was a speech, he could even give the masked man an eighty-two point rating.

Even if he did not want to admit it, the current Xu Xiaoshou really felt as if he had been enlightened.

The other party’s words were very reserved.

However, how could Xu Xiaoshou not hear it.

“After being involved, it’s going to be difficult to stay out of it!”

There were also all sorts of excuses, such as Elder Sang’s coercion, Red Coat’s sniping, Caramel’s liking, and the wretched Saint’s choice..

These were all facts!

Even if there were all sorts of preconditions, the fact was that there were no preconditions.

Even if it was passive.

At this moment, he had indeed stepped into the eyes of many people.

“To be independent?”

For the first time, Xu Xiaoshou felt how ridiculous the choice he made was!

In a situation where big shots gathered, he actually wanted to be independent?

Just because he wanted to be independent, he had walked step by step from Elder Sang’s arrangement to the sight of Red coat, then to the Saint’s chess game, and then to being targeted by the Ghost Beast..

Thinking back.

Wasn’t all of this already a fact, warning him that his choice was wrong!

“Self-deception...”

To be honest, Xu Xiaoshou did not want to face this term.

But what the masked man said did expose the bloody reality.

Choosing to stay on his own.

He had encountered so many things in just this short period of time.

If he continued to persevere, would he be able to hold on?

Now, all parties had chosen him.

But did he really have the potential to allow them to have the patience to wait until he grew up?

It wouldn't go that far..

Once one of the chains broke.

They wanted to use force.

The layer of gauze between fantasy and reality couldn't even withstand a gentle poke.

"Night Guardian..."

Xu Xiaoshou thought of the night guardian.

From the indulgence in the beginning, to the tolerance after understanding his own thoughts, to the incomplete break at this moment..

How long did it take?

If he persisted, would it be a real break?

At that time, would he be able to withstand the real anger of the cutting path expert?

Would the night guardian still act like a child and let his temper run wild?

"And the Ghost Beast, and the Saint Servant..."

Xu Xiaoshou took a deep breath.

He finally understood.

He was indeed too naive.

The White Cave was very big, but it was also very small.

The Shengshen continent was very big, but it was also very small.

At the moment, he was barely a good chess piece and could play a bit of a role in the future, so the chess player would indulge his little temper.

However, once his strength broke through and reached a certain critical point...

Could the other party tolerate such willfulness?

"Because it's about to get out of control, he has no choice but to make a move and kill it in advance?"

"Destroy it if he can't get it?"

Xu Xiaoshou understood these people's train of thoughts too well.

In fact, it was very likely that the masked man in front of him had the same thoughts.

Then, in this cruel reality..

“Compromise?”

Xu Xiaoshou was a little shaken.

The words of the masked man tore open his hand that was covering his eyes.

After seeing the direction clearly, Xu Xiaoshou finally understood how difficult the road in front of him was.

Compromise was really a good choice!

Taking a side..

At the very least, after taking a side, this kind of difficult situation would no longer appear, right?

It was better to lean against a big tree for shade.

With someone behind him, even if he had finished playing the cards in his hands, they would still present him with dozens of stacks of cards, right?

This was completely different from fighting alone.

There were no worries. He only needed to crush all the enemies in front of him.

Then..

Xu Xiaoshou's thoughts came to this point, and he suddenly froze.

Then, what was it?

Why did he do this?

To become a real chess piece?

A chill suddenly seeped out from his soul, and Xu Xiaoshou felt a chill permeate his body.

He thought of the firm belief he had when he stood up in the ancient book's space.

“For freedom!”

And if he chose to compromise, was it still for freedom?

..

“You are wrong.”

The masked man remained silent until Xu Xiaoshou's expression underwent a drastic transformation. He then interrupted, “I know what you are worried about.”

“However, humans are not lonely animals.”

“A person's path, no matter how straight it is, will always be incomplete.”

“At this moment, I am by your side.”

“To you, I am the sky, the umbrella, the resistive force.”

“But to me, you really don’t have much value now. You are a useless chess piece.”

“It’s very cruel, right?”

The masked man smiled and said, “But what about from another angle?”

“Tool!”

“Before you grow up, I am your tool. Just use me well. Why think so much?”

“The reason why humans can improve is because they constantly use tools.”

“Stone weapon, fire weapon, spiritual weapon...”

“Body, Will, Spiritual Source...”

“Which step of growth and evolution does not involve the so-called ‘Tools’?”

“All things can be used as tools, humans included. They are not more noble than plants, flowers, and stones. Why can’t they be used?”

“And why...”

The masked man’s tone turned cold as he pierced into the depths of his soul, “When you picked up the famed sword, you could be undistracted and yet when using humans as a sword, you began to worry about gains and losses?”

Xu Xiaoshou felt as if his brain was pierced through by the sword will. The pain caused him to bend his back and curl up with his head in his hands.

The storyteller was a little surprised.

“Take it easy, take it easy...”

He looked at Little Wen Ming with worry in his eyes.

The other party was just a child, he could not be so violent!

The masked man did not care. He stretched his hand to the side and spread four fingers.

“Huh?”

Cen Qiaofu looked at the hand in front of him and was stunned. What did he mean?

“My Gourd.” The masked man rolled his eyes and said.

“Oh, oh.”

Cen Qiaofu finally reacted and complained, “Seriously, can’t you bring your own things with you?”

As he spoke, he took out a small black gourd and slapped it onto the masked man’s hand.

..

Xu Xiaoshou was speechless.

The masked man's sword will was too strong.

With just a few words, he felt his soul split open.

But..

Compromise?

Xu Xiaoshou really couldn't do it!

He insisted on himself and his freedom. If his faith had collapsed, how could he continue to walk down the road?

The masked man had his reasons for what he said.

But it was not realistic to put it on himself!

And he could not empathize with it either!

"Sigh."

A low sigh echoed in the air.

The masked man reached out his hand and pressed it against his neck. He pulled it up and lifted the mask up to his nose.

Xu Xiaoshou's expression suddenly shook.

In the image transmitted by "Perception", there was a large scar on the other party's neck. wasn't it the same as the sculpted man he saw in the spiritual library division?

Wasn't it the unique symbol on the scruffy-looking man's body when he had encountered red dog that day?

This..

Was it the same person?

Xu Xiaoshou's thoughts suddenly became chaotic.

The jaw line of the masked man was very tough, but his beard was unkempt, and there were also dried blood scabs. He was simply in an extremely chaotic state.

He wiped his mouth and removed the blood that he had spat out earlier. Then, he flicked the stopper of the gourd with his fingers.

The air was suddenly filled with the smell of strong alcohol.

It was very strong.

It was very pungent.

Xu Xiaoshou was woken up by the sudden smell.

“Young people are always so stubborn!”

The masked man aimed the wine gourd at his mouth. Just as he was about to raise his head, he suddenly thought of something.

“I have said enough, but I should add one more sentence.”

He put down his hand and looked up at the sky.

“White Cave, what color is it?”

The two people on the side couldn't help but look up.

Xu Xiaoshou also recovered slightly from the pain in his soul and raised his head.

“Crimson...”

The three people murmured at the same time.

There was no sun and moon in the world of White Cave, but the sky had always been crimson.

“Yes, Crimson.”

The masked man sighed, “So, this world is not black and white, so how can there be absolutes?”

“Right and wrong, good and evil, light and darkness, earth and the sky...”

“These are just words given to things by people, how can there be absolutes?”

“If that's the case, then compromise and freedom, are they really opposing?”

Xu Xiaoshou's mind felt like it was being struck by lightning, and his train of thought was split open.

These words were very familiar.

It was exactly what he had said to the night guardian previously.

However, the content that was used to avoid the night guardian at that time, when it came out from the mouth of the masked man, had a different flavor?

“Ha!”

The masked man shook his head and chuckled.

“If the White Cave is broken and the Shengshen continent is broken, is it really the end of the world?”

“Not exactly!”

He pondered for a moment, as if he was speaking to himself:

“You use subjectivity to define the world, but you demand yourself to follow the opposing rules of the subjectively defined world. Isn't it ridiculous?”

“Ridiculous!”

“Compromise and freedom are not a set of words that restrict each other.”

“He is merely a choice of your subjective consciousness.”

“It is merely a ‘choice’!”

“The point is, it is merely a ‘choice’!”

“No matter how you look at it, it comes from yourself...”

“That’s all I have to say.”

Looking at Wen Ming, whose eyes were filled with endless confusion, the masked man kept his mouth shut.

He wiped his mouth again and wiped away the dry dead skin on his lips. Holding the wine gourd, he raised his head.

The space was shattered and the sound of the wind was chilling, causing his black robe to rustle.

“Freedom, who doesn’t yearn for it?”

His adam’s apple rolled.

“Gulp Gulp...”