

I Am Loaded 611

Chapter 611: I Know Nothing!

Whoosh!

A blue figure in the void stopped and took a glance in the direction that they were heading. Then, he looked to the other side.

“Dragon Melting Realm, White Flames, Sang Qiye...”

Gou Wuyue knew that his old opponent was declaring war again.

Looking at how great the White Flame was, the longer they waited, the worse the White-clothed would fail.

If he chose to fight, he would lose his targets who are the Chief Saint Servant, Bazhun’an, and Haitang’er.

“Do I have to choose one among them?”

Gou Wuyue hesitated.

Rationally, he was inclined to give up the White-clothed troops for the mission. He wished to follow Bazhun’an until he took him down.

Since that man had sealed his sword, this might be the only chance for the Holy Divine Palace!

However, at the same time, a strong emotion urged Gou Wuyue.

Bazhun’an’s favor, White-clothed’s injuries, Sang Qiye’s invitation...

At this moment, he had no other choice but to take the challenge.

“We sent too few people!”

Gou Wuyue sighed.

To put it another way, the Holy Divine Palace did not send too few people.

The Saint Servant’s backup this time was beyond everyone’s expectations.

A large number of Saint Servant experts and the people in charge came over from everywhere.

They only sent the troops and manpower to deal with a Storyteller. After discovering the presence of Chief Saint Servant, they called for emergency backup. However, they would not be able to control this sudden situation.

They might need more backup support...

Yet, they did not know the current situation.

With the information they had, they couldn't call for more help. The Holy Divine Palace would never provide that as well.

Most importantly, after the headquarters was informed about the manpower in the four battle domains, the backup was still not provided.

That explained the problem enough.

"Is it a test...?"

Silently, Gou Wuyue looked at where the White Flames exploded.

He knew that his loyalty to the Holy Divine Palace and his trustworthiness would be revealed in this battle.

He said that he would enter the Holy Divine Palace again on the day he succeeded.

Yet, it was normal for outsiders to guess whether his heart was sincere.

Nevertheless...

"I have a true heart originally, but my true heart has gone to waste."

Gou Wuyue knew that this time, he might not be able to keep his loyalty.

The seven hundred White-clothed men who were searching the mountain did not show up.

He only met a few of them along the way.

It showed that the Storyteller had made a silent move.

But no one noticed, no one knew!

Instead of chasing after Bazhun'an, Gou Wuyue was even more certain of Sang Qiye's determination to fight!

If he accepted this challenge, the Storyteller would probably trap the White-clothed, but he wouldn't harm them.

As for the five Saint Servants, likely, only one of them could survive in the end. That was the only way out.

If the headquarters did not support them, none of these Saint Servants were easy opponents.

As long as they gained some battle achievements, then...

"Then, there should be another test, right?"

Gou Wuyue knew how difficult it would be, but he could not explain himself at all.

No one would listen to his explanation even when this battle's outcome was announced!

Thinking of this, Gou Wuyue could not help but laugh. Without further ado, he disappeared in a flash.

He gave up on chasing the Bazhun'an and flew in the direction of Sang Qiye.

If he could not explain himself, he would just follow his heart!

...

On the other side.

“He’s coming.”

Elder Sang tilted his head and looked in a direction. His eyes were relieved and solemn.

“What?”

Xu Xiaoshou didn’t understand. He was still wondering if Yu Lingdi died in Elder Sang’s body, being so quiet.

Perhaps, at the very last moment, Yu Lingdi would act like he did last time.

He would appear somewhere and let out an eerie laugh. Then, he would say, “I’m just teasing you.”

“No.”

Elder Sang did not elaborate. Instead, he came back to his senses after this small interlude. He looked at the person in front of him and said, “Xu Xiaoshou, let me ask you. Have you joined the Saint Servant?”

“Yes.”

Xu Xiaoshou nodded. He did not intend to get away with it.

Perhaps he couldn’t tell others about it, but he was assured that he didn’t have to lie to Elder Sang.

“Sigh...”

The old man sighed, shook his head silently, and did not speak.

“Shouldn’t I?”

Xu Xiaoshou asked, “Previously, I’ve asked you about the Saint Servants, but you did not say anything. What’s up now? Shouldn’t I? Sigh!”

Elder Sang’s joints slammed hard on his head with a thud, and Xu Xiaoshou cried out in pain.

“Attacked, Passive Points + 1.”

Elder Sang was disappointed.

“That’s not the case, but the timing isn’t right.”

“When I took you in as my disciple, I was afraid that your identity would be exposed before you become strong. Hence, your identity was kept a secret.”

“Later on, I took your junior sister in. It was largely to put on a good show so that you wouldn’t be exposed...”

After a pause, Elder Sang added, “Of course, part of it was because your junior sister is very talented.”

Xu Xiaoshou remained silent.

At this moment, he really wanted to let his junior sister out of the Yuan Mansion so that she could listen to these.

However, Elder Sang seemed to feel quite chatty. He was no longer stammering like when he was in the Spirit Palace. He continued,

“After joining the Saint Servant, I believe that you must have come into contact with Bazhun’an. You should roughly know about the organization.”

“I believe that you should know my identity as well.”

“Previously, I did not allow you to know about the Saint Servant. I even wanted to cut off all your curiosity and interest in it. I was afraid that you would fall for it too much and would be taken in too early.”

“Now that I think about it, alas, a man’s plan is not as good as God’s plan...”

Xu Xiaoshou was speechless. “What comes after a repression is a rebound. Shouldn’t you tell me about this so that I can judge it myself?”

“Maybe!”

Elder Sang did not comment, but he had another answer in his heart.

Bazhun’an met this kid too early, too early indeed.

If Xu Xiaoshou was allowed to learn and get to know it, he wouldn’t have waited till now. He would have been taken in even earlier.

After all, in this world, who could resist the temptation of that man?

“It’s useless to talk too much.”

Elder Sang waved his hand, obviously not wanting to talk about the past.

His gaze drifted away for a while before he came back to focus. His voice sounded a little hurried.

“Since you’ve joined the Saint Servant, I’ll tell you everything.”

“I told you about the theory of the world cage on the night of your apprenticeship. It’s not just an empty talk.”

“It’s true. I hid in a remote place like Tiansang Spirit Palace because I had nowhere else to go.”

“Everyone in the world thinks that the Holy Divine Palace is a righteous sect while the outside world is an evil sect. The Saint Servant naturally became the latter.”

“But, do you know the truth?”

“The other way round?” Xu Xiaoshou looked surprised, but he seemed to be able to reasonate.

Thud!

Elder Sang hit the young man's head hard again, causing him to grin in pain.

"Don't let anyone mislead your judgment."

He warned sternly, "In this world, there is never absolute justice or evil. I don't have time to talk to you about this."

"You only have to remember that the Holy Divine Palace exists for a reason."

"The Saint Servant exists for a reason, too."

"But at the same time, the two are opponents. The reason behind it is also worth thinking about."

"In fact, Bazhun'an and I are not on the same page and have parted ways... Therefore, I hope that you can think about the reason and have your own judgment when you make a decision in the future."

"And..."

"Are you making a will?" Xu Xiaoshou interrupted him.

Why did his tone sound so wrong?

Elder Sang never talked so much in the past, but why did he act so different today?

Damn it, he sounded like an old mother to a son who's leaving home!

Bang!

Elder Sang waved his hand and punched this ill-mannered fellow into the deep pit on the ground.

This time, Xu Xiaoshou took quite a while to crawl out of the pit.

"D-d-d-old man, just you wait..."

That was a scream in his heart.

"Xu Xiaoshou!" Elder Sang's expression became even more serious.

"What?"

Xu Xiaoshou crawled out of the pit with a pained expression. He did not dare to stand up. He squatted and looked up.

"Do you remember what I said?" Elder Sang was not joking at all.

"Yes, yes..."

"Get serious!"

This time, Elder Sang was discouraged. He felt very helpless to see this young man acting so uninterested.

"I'm being serious. I don't know why you keep hitting me!" Xu Xiaoshou was upset.

"Is that what you call being serious?"

“Isn’t it just a Ghost Beast?”

Xu Xiaoshou mumbled.

In an instant, Elder Sang’s eyes were filled with surprise, and the dark circles under his eyes became even deeper.

“You knew about it?”

“Mm hmm.”

Elder Sang turned around and took a glance, “Tell me about it.”

Xu Xiaoshou wiped his butt and stood up. He took a few steps back and said, “I’m not sure if I got it right. Please stand still and don’t move.”

After a pause, he continued.

“The Holy Divine Palace is indeed righteous. In fact, they do not only hunt Ghost Beasts, but they also study them.”

“What’s more, Ghost Beasts are not only extradimensional beings. Some of them are human... human-shaped?”

“Anyway, I can see that some of them have consciousness, and they really don’t look like a newly born extradimensional creature.” Xu Xiaoshou thought of the grey mist figure.

Elder Sang was frightened.

He didn’t expect that. Xu Xiaoshou’s source of information had been blocked for such a long time.

Where did this fellow learn about this?

“How did you know?” He couldn’t help but ask curiously.

“I saw a little Red Coat whose body exploded with ghostly energy. Very few people know about this,” Xu Xiaoshou answered.

“Red Coat?”

“Yes, there is a ghost beast host body in the Red Coat.”

Elder Sang’s pupils trembled.

Xu Xiaoshou instantly realized that this was a big deal.

So the higher-ups of the Saint Servant were just making guess and didn’t know about it?

“Go on,” Elder Sang regained his composure.

Xu Xiaoshou clicked his tongue and didn’t know how to continue for a moment.

“This Red Coat is, if not mistaken, Gou Wuyue’s personal disciple...”

He first added, and then he got a little uncertain. "But now, I seriously doubt whether that Moonless Sword Deity knows that his disciple is the ghost beast host body."

"No..."

His voice paused for a moment.

Elder Sang could not give the answer for a moment.

Based on Gou Wuyue's personality in the past, no doubt this man would not allow it to happen to his own people.

But now, this man joined the Holy Divine Palace.

As a high-ranking official, with so many secrets in his hands...

No one could say for sure whether a person would change according to his fortuitous encounter.

"Even Elder Sang can't tell for sure..."

Xu Xiaoshou secretly speculated.

After their conversation, Elder Sang did not say much most of the time.

However, Xu Xiaoshou could basically gauge it just from his undisguised expression. It was almost certain that what he discovered in the White Cave was true.

At the same time, he was also extremely confused about this.

He should not believe what outsiders said.

However, Elder Sang was undoubtedly a person who could be confided and asked questions.

Xu Xiaoshou did not wait for the opportunity to speak. He continued, "With that... The reason why the Saint Servant rebelled against the Holy Divine Palace is clear."

"If he doesn't become a saint, he will become a servant."

"They know that the Holy Divine Palace is not only righteous on the surface, but they are also secretly doing some shady things."

"These cannot be put on the surface. Maybe it's not righteous to speak openly about it."

"Maybe, the Holy Divine Palace wants to wait until the research results are available before announcing it... It's all a different story."

"Despite knowing all these, they are still against it. I think the Saint Servant is not that simple, right?"

Xu Xiaoshou hesitated as he spoke.

He looked at Elder Sang's expressionless face and pondered for a moment. Then, he said in a weak tone, "You... Pfft, the Saint Servant has other reasons?"

"What reasons?" Elder Sang gave him a sharp glare.

“Hiss,” Xu Xiaoshou felt a chill down his spine. “I dare not to say.”

“Little brat...”

Elder Sang kicked him at the right time.

This time, Xu Xiaoshou was prepared for it. With a whoosh, he ducked and dodged.

“Say it!”

Elder Sang recalled Xu Xiaoshou’s extremely accurate deduction before he left the Spirit Palace. He shouldn’t let this guy mess around.

He had to figure out how much Xu Xiaoshou knew.

“Shall I really say it?”

“You’re asking for a slap...”

Xu Xiaoshou immediately started blabbering, “There’s a place called Abyss Island. There is a Saint on the island. I don’t know if it’s a Demi-Saint or a real Holy Emperor. The human-shaped Ghost Beast... Could it be them...?”

Elder Sang’s pupils constricted and his eyelids immediately drooped.

However, Xu Xiaoshou’s “Perception” was so sharp that he caught this detail on the spot.

He spoke faster, “There’s an extradimensional space crack in the White Cave that connects to Abyss Island. There’s a Saint on the island, and he gave me a famed sword.”

“I don’t know where the Infernal lineage came from, but the Infernal Fire Seed you fed me must have been taken when the White Cave opened.”

“And your master is Demi-Saint Infernal of the Holy Palace. Demi-Saint Infernal shouldn’t be that wretched Saint.”

“Then, before you left the Holy Palace, or rather, when you couldn’t stay in the central region anymore and tried to find a remote place to live in seclusion...”

“Your master, who is also my grandmaster, certainly didn’t give you a mission. He asked you to come and find the famed sword-flame Python!”

“In fact, you are too powerful and cannot enter the White Cave. Thus, you asked me to carry out a mission that you set up yourself, but it’s unnecessary. It’s a mission to find the four swords. That’s all...”

“I’ll go.. Don’t do anything to me. I know nothing!”

Chapter 612: Can the Old Man Make It?

As Xu Xiaoshou spoke, he noted changes in Elder Sang’s expression. Seeing that Elder Sang raised his hand high, Xu Xiaoshou immediately retreated.



By now, he kept several miles away from that old man.

Both of them looked at each other from afar.

Being master and disciple, they were acting as if they were enemies who remained highly vigilant at all times.

“Stinky brat!”

Elder Sang turned from being angry to be amused. Noticing that Xu Xiaoshou was freaked out, Elder Sang put down his hand.

Certainly, Xu Xiaoshou’s deduction shocked him again.

It was like what happened in the Spirit Palace last time.

His deduction was exactly accurate!

“How did he get this smart?”

Elder Sang was a little depressed.

He was trying his best to control this guy’s growth.

After all, this guy was only in the Innate stage although he had the ability to fight beyond his level.

However, things were different when he had to face the Sovereign or Cutting Path masters. In fact, the current situation was very dangerous with the presence of Higher Void and the Seven Sword Deity.

It was impossible to fight beyond levels!

The right way that Xu Xiaoshou should do was to grow slowly.

However, for a troublemaker like Xu Xiaoshou, a controlled and gradual growth was obviously not suitable for him.

Perhaps he should try the other way round... Elder Sang thought to himself, but he remained expressionless. He said, “You sounded so awkward. What are you trying to imply?”

“I’m right here. Why don’t you be frank to me?”

Elder Sang sounded as if he wanted to punch Xu Xiaoshou.

Xu Xiaoshou glanced at Elder Sang’s lowered hand. Then, he rolled his eyes.

He obviously couldn’t be frank to Elder Sang who was standing in a stiffened body, right?

He was afraid of being beaten up!

Xu Xiaoshou might be able to withstand others’ attacks with his Master realm. But, that wouldn’t be enough to mess with Elder Sang!

But Elder Sang’s reaction was very clear to Xu Xiaoshou.

The old man covered up everything else except for the initial conversation. He didn't deny it but changed the topic.

With that, he had explained everything.

Perhaps, Xu Xiaoshou brought up the key point just now.

Elder Sang couldn't admit it directly, therefore he showed such a reaction.

"So, are you still hiding everything from me now?" Xu Xiaoshou asked carefully.

Elder Sang closed his eyes with a heavy heart. He stuttered and paused. After a long time, he finally continued, "What else do you know?"

Seeing there's progress, Xu Xiaoshou's eyes sparkled.

He took a few steps back and decided to throw out the chief question. He said in a serious voice, "Aje, you know him, right?"

"Yes," Elder Sang nodded.

Xu Xiaoshou heaved a sigh of relief.

"Aje, I don't know where you got it from, but it's sealed with two layers in Tianxuan Gate. Even in the face of a great enemy, you still refused to release it."

"This is the first-generation Divine Puppet created by Hallmaster Dao. It is obvious that you are not hiding anything."

Elder Sang's eyebrows twitched, blue veins popped up on his forehead.

Xu Xiaoshou's heart hardened, and he threw caution to the wind.

"Bazhun'an! It's the same."

"He's said to be dead for decades, but now he suddenly appears, that is indeed stunning."

"These so-called scams can fool ordinary Spiritual Cultivators. It has been a few decades, yet, even the Cutting Path and Higher Void have not doubted these."

"I got very confused. How is that possible? How did the Holy Divine Palace manage to fool the Cutting Path and the Higher Void?"

"I don't think so!"

"Maybe, Bazhun'an was once down, and everyone indeed gave up on this myth."

"But his downfall must be different from the real 'death'... Well, it could be the same too!"

Xu Xiaoshou paused for a moment and carefully chose his words to avoid provoking the old man in front of him.

The wretched saint crossed his mind. Xu Xiaoshou continued, "There are places that can lock up ordinary people... No, ordinary geniuses."

“But the Bazhun’an can dominate a generation. Could anyone be certain that he won’t do something extraordinary?”

“For example...”

Xu Xiaoshou glanced at Elder Sang’s frozen face and swallowed his saliva before he rephrased, “For example, he didn’t die on the Abyss Island. He was locked up in a small place that could only seal the Innate stage warriors. He got the key and made an easy escape.”

Elder Sang’s mouth twitched.

He was shocked by Xu Xiaoshou’s deduction. At the same time, he couldn’t help but curse angrily, “Can you mind your words?!”

“Oh.”

Xu Xiaoshou immediately changed the topic.

He didn’t plan to get a positive feedback from Elder Sang. It would be unrealistic.

“Oh right, there’s one more thing.”

“I think the wretched saint hiding in extradimensional space crack of the White Cave must have been wandering around in his spare time. It’s impossible to relate with the aimless mission you gave.”

“Meanwhile, Bazhun’an and the saint must have met by chance in the White Cave. The two of them probably don’t know each other. They probably haven’t met each other before, right?”

“After all, they did not ‘die’ in the same place...”

“And there’s more!”

Xu Xiaoshou gave up and closed his eyes. He didn’t look at Elder Sang’s expression and threw out all his doubts.

“As for the Saint Servant’s ultimate goal, if one doesn’t become a saint, he will become a slave.”

“This definitely doesn’t mean that he will become a slave of the Holy Divine Palace. Instead, he will become...the so-called ‘Ghost Beast’ of Abyss Island?”

He stopped talking after that.

The scene was dead silent.

“Gulp.”

His Adam’s apple rolled. Xu Xiaoshou kept quiet.

He heard nothing from the person beside. He could not help but open his eyes and sneak a glance.

That was a horrified old face!

“F\*ck!”

Xu Xiaoshou was so scared that he covered his head and scurried away.

He completely blocked his "Perception" and dared not to look in front.

He stared into that old face as soon as he took a glance, who would be able to take that?

"Bang!"

As expected, he got kicked in the back despite trying to make a quick escape. Xu Xiaoshou stumbled and fell to the ground.

"I'm done talking. I'm really done!"

"What you want is nothing but justice."

"Everyone admires peace. This is a very loving world. There's no conspiracy or plan over hundreds of years, and there is no darkness other than what I said. That's all."

"Who doesn't look forward to a bright future?"

Xu Xiaoshou raised his hand to surrender, but he was still arguing.

He condensed all his strength to his back, in order to withstand the old man's terrifying powerful kick once more. However, he waited for a long time but there was no news.

"Hmm?"

Xu Xiaoshou raised his head in confusion and did not dare to turn around.

He unblocked his "Perception" and saw Elder Sang who was sitting with his legs crossed. He held the straw hat in one hand and rubbed his balding head with another hand. He kept sighing.

Xu Xiaoshou turned around and said timidly, "What's wrong?"

Elder Sang's expression was complicated. He ran out of words.

"Your hair is falling out. Stop rubbing!"

Xu Xiaoshou gave him a sudden tease. Only then, the old man turned around to look at him with a stiff expression.

"Do you want to die?"

"Threatened, Passive Points, +1."

"No, no..."

Xu Xiaoshou waved his hands and stepped back hastily.

Elder Sang sighed, "How did you find out?"

"I deduced it."

"How did you deduce it?"

"Use my brain."

“...”

Elder Sang's facial muscles began to twitch.

“Cursed, Passive Points,+1.”

Xu Xiaoshou panicked. and said, “I used my brain indeed, I won't be able to deduce it with my hands...”

“What kind of crap are you talking about?”

Elder Sang roared, “I'm asking you, when did you come to realize and know so much?”

“Oh.”

Xu Xiaoshou was so scared that he covered his head. Countless images appeared in his mind.

There was the Night Guardian, Lu Ke...

There was Caramel, Bazhun'an, the wretched saint...

There was also a series of miscellaneous information.

All these seemed trivial and not related to each other.

However, to think about it closely, there was a vague connection between all of them.

Perhaps there was more than one.

Xu Xiaoshou's heart sank to the bottom. Every time he thought of these, he felt heavy-hearted. It was so heavy that ordinary people could not bear it.

It was as heavy as a mountain that was on top of one's head.

When one was below the par, it wouldn't be that burdensome as if there were giants holding the mountain up.

However, when one achieved beyond a certain level, he would see a brand new world. He would have to cope with the new world and completely overwrite the old concept of the world in the past.

A new continent would have a completely new face.

The Spiritual Gods and ordinary people were clearly separated.

One would not be able to know the Spiritual Gods' world. The ordinary world was nothing to them.

The ones who truly know how things rule in the world were the Holy Divine Palace and the Saint Servant.

Xu Xiaoshou felt that he was trying to take a peek at it. At the same time, he was terrified of it and felt eager to welcome it.

“My brain!”

He sighed and said, “It's a long story, but it's better not to say it. In short, I used my brain. Sometimes, it's bad to be smart.”

Elder Sang nodded unexpectedly. Neither did he get angry nor refute. He just agreed to it silently.

His disciple was indeed smart.

Xu Xiaoshou had an extraordinary way of doing things too.

Ordinary people's training methods would be restrictions to him.

It was obviously shown in his trip to the White Cave.

"Xiaoshou."

Elder Sang exhaled deeply, "I won't interfere with your decision. It must be God's arrangement that you've joined the Saint Servant. Your future path may be very difficult, but this is your own choice. As long as you won't regret it..."

"I regret it!"

Xu Xiaoshou interrupted, "To tell you the truth, I was forced to join the Saint Servant. At that time, I couldn't say no."

Elder Sang kept quiet.

He gritted his teeth. He was so angry that he nearly gave Xu Xiaoshou another kick.

"Erm, is it pointless to regret?"

Xu Xiaoshou was shocked and mumbled, "I thought you could do whatever you want and kick me out."

"Shut up!"

"Oh."

"Listen to me!"

"I'm listening."

Crack!

Elder Sang clenched his fists. Xu Xiaoshou's heart pounded. He said anxiously, "I'm really listening. I'm all ears. Well, there's nothing else I could do to prove it. If there's, I'll..."

As he spoke, Xu Xiaoshou came to an immediate stop.

Elder Sang suppressed his anger and continued on the topic.

"The matter of the Saint Servant is already a foregone situation."

"Yu Lingdi and Gou Wuyue were able to notice you. This shows that you've caught their attention."

"It's impossible for you to escape unscathed. Furthermore, it's impossible for you to get out of this being related to me."

"What I want to tell you now..."

Elder Sang paused. Xu Xiaoshou's eyes lit up. Was he going to reveal a secret?

"What?" He asked hurriedly.

Elder Sang said, "Being a Saint Servant, there will be a mission assigned to you. However, remember what I've told you."

"In this world, you can't trust anyone."

"Bazhun'an has his own path, and I have my own path."

"But anyone can be wrong. You can't trust anyone. The only one you can trust is yourself."

"Understand?"

Xu Xiaoshou was stunned.

He thought Elder Sang was going to clear his doubts. He did not expect such a simple statement. He was disappointed at once.

"What about you?"

Xu Xiaoshou looked up and said seriously, "I can't trust you either?"

Elder Sang's lips curled and his smile was a little scary.

"Try and see?"

"Eww!" Xu Xiaoshou shivered and didn't dare to answer.

Elder Sang said happily, "I thought you were smart. Then you should figure it out yourself!"

"You managed to see through things well, I can't be bothered to beat around the bush with you."

"Whatever you said is basically correct."

"But there is one thing that is limited by your current realm, vision, and experience..."

Elder Sang raised his head and pointed to the sky as he spoke.

"As the saying goes, the sky is the limit. You missed something out."

Missed out?

Xu Xiaoshou immediately raised his eyebrows.

Elder Sang told him about the prison cage theory while pointing at the Goose Lake during the night he became a disciple. He had never expected the reality would be so bloody and cruel.

It was exactly so!

Yet, he missed something out?

"What have I missed?"

Xu Xiaoshou asked, "Something apart from the Holy Divine Palace and the Saint Servant... Ghost Beast, Xu Yue Grey Palace?"

Elder Sang smiled but kept silent.

Xu Xiaoshou doubted himself instantly, "No, this is essentially the same thing. You mean, there is something else beyond the Holy Divine Palace?"

His heart palpitated.

Inexplicably, the joke that Caramel used to say flashed through his mind.

"Holy Emperor's punishment, Way of the Heavens' suppression?"

Elder Sang didn't reply. Instead, he stood up abruptly. Then, he put on his straw hat and looked into the distance with a solemn expression.

"He's here!"

Xu Xiaoshou was speechless.

Damn old man, you kept me in suspense at such a critical moment!

He had gathered most of the puzzle pieces up to this point in time.

Was Elder Sang fooling with him?

Wait, something's wrong!

Xu Xiaoshou was suddenly stunned.

Even Demi-Saint Dao Qiongchang couldn't speak his name directly. He could only be called Hallmaster Dao.

Then if there was a level like that, one that belonged to the Holy Emperor!

How could a mere Innate expert like Xu Xiaoshou comment about it?

Looking at Elder Sang's dark figure, Xu Xiaoshou fell silent.

The old man didn't deny it...

Wasn't it a good explanation?

"Who is it?"

Xu Xiaoshou glanced in the same direction as Elder Sang. His pupils constricted.

In his "Perception", a pale blue figure suddenly appeared. In the blink of an eye, it paused and stood in the void with a sword.

Gou Wuyue!

Xu Xiaoshou's heart was in a mess.



Shouldn't this Moonless Sword Deity be chasing after Bazhun'an?

How could he be here?

Did he change his target?

He glanced at Elder Sang, then at Gou Wuyue. Then, he looked at the extra-large scale Dragon Melting Realm coming out from the mountains.

Xu Xiaoshou suddenly understood something.

It turned out that this old man didn't come here to catch up with him.

The idle talk was just to pass time.

This old man probably helped him run away from Yu Lingdi by coincidence.

His real goal was to divert the attention of the White-Clothed and attract Gou Wuyue here?

At this moment, Xu Xiaoshou had mixed feelings that were beyond descriptions.

The image of the Bazhun'an covered in blood appeared in his mind.

Xu Xiaoshou knew that there must be a reason why the Saint Servant never allowed the Bazhun'an to make a move.

In this situation, Cen Qiaofu was held back, while the Storyteller and Haitang'er were not strong enough.

Then, the remaining one would be...

"At the end of the day, he is still the second-in-command of the Saint Servant. Even if they have different aspirations, they are on the same page."

"Sometimes, when one is unable to shoulder everything alone, he would have to face it by doing something he was reluctant to."

Xu Xiaoshou thought as he clenched his fists and followed.

Staring at the dark figure wearing a straw hat, he looked somewhat skinny and malnourished. His expression was solemn.

"Old man, can you make it?"

Chapter 613: Why Would a Dying Man Talk so Much?

"What nonsense are you talking about?"

Elder Sang tilted his head and cursed. His eyes were focused on the person who had just arrived. The corner of his lips curled up. "Old Brat Wuyue, long time no see. I miss you very much."

Gou Wuyue touched his sword, but his gaze skipped Elder Sang and landed on Xu Xiaoshou.

"Your disciple?"

“That’s right,” Elder Sang narrowed his eyes.

“I thought he was Bazhun’an’s disciple.”

“Then you’re wrong.”

Elder Sang laughed. Then he continued, “Bazhun’an wanted to snatch my disciple. Unfortunately, he couldn’t do so.”

Xu Xiaoshou was speechless.

Why didn’t he know that he was so popular?

“Xiao Shi Tan Ji...”

Gou Wuyue groaned. Then, he asked, “Where’s Yu Lingdi?”

He could feel the pure Fire-type Element here.

However, in the Great Path of Heaven and Earth, there wasn’t even the slightest of Water-type Element. Even the Water-type Order in this space had been cut off.

Without a doubt, Yu Lingdi was here before.

Yu Lingdi must have created the Elder Sang’s Hundred Thousand Mountains and Dragon Melting Realm.

“You mean this?”

The old man pressed down on the straw hat and stretched his fingers wide apart. A water droplet seeped out from his palm.

“Hum...”

A low humming sound was heard. They might not have noticed it if they had not focused on this water droplet.

“This is Yu Lingdi?”

Xu Xiaoshou was the first to be shocked.

He did not expect that the dignified master of Water-type Upanishad would fall into Elder Sang’s hands. Yu Lingdi was refined into a drop of liquid!

Gou Wuyue frowned. Sword Will was rampant in the void.

It was clearly a warm space, but Xu Xiaoshou inexplicably shivered.

Killing intent!

Gou Wuyue wanted to kill people now!

“Don’t worry, he’s not dead yet.”

Elder Sang flicked his finger, and the water droplet danced in the air. He smiled and said, “But, it’s hard to tell if you come a bit later.”

“Let him go,” Gou Wuyue said indifferently.

“Okay.”

Elder Sang nodded and said, “Call all the White-clothed over. Let the Saint Servant and Cen Qiaofu go, and I’ll let Yu Lingdi go.”

Gou Wuyue’s eyes darkened.

That was impossible.

In the Eighth Palace, Cen Qiaofu had to fight while carrying the effect of the Blood Tree. He held off Thirty-Three and most of the Cutting Path warriors among the White-clothed. He was dealing with an extremely difficult situation.

However, the sequelae of the Blood Tree were too great.

It would not be surprising for him to be taken down by Thirty-Three in the end.

As for the Storyteller...

Although he had been continuously imprisoning White-clothed, it would be alright if he couldn’t leave that place instantly.

After Gou Wuyue finished dealing with this straw-hat old man, the Storyteller wouldn’t be able to escape.

The only rivals he would have trouble dealing with were Bazhun’an and Haitang’ er.

How could Gou Wuyue give up his chief mission for Yu Lingdi?

“Tsk tsk.”

Elder Sang was speechless. He looked at the water droplet that was still struggling helplessly in his palm. He shook his head and sighed, “Poor thing, you’ve been abandoned.”

“Xu Xiaoshou!”

Elder Sang hadn’t finished his sentence, but Xu Xiaoshou heard the old man’s voice at the same time.

He was shocked and nodded slightly. He realized that this was Elder Sang’s telepathic communication.

“Head southeast. The Storyteller is waiting for you there. Go now.”

Xu Xiaoshou froze after receiving the message.

“What about you?” He asked.

“I’ll be there soon.”

“Really?”

“Of course.”

“If we don’t...”

“You talk too much!” Elder Sang suddenly turned around. His dark circles made his eyes appear deep with a sharp gaze.

Xu Xiaoshou pursed his lips.

He knew that he would only be a burden if he stayed here.

Whether Elder Sang could win over Gou Wuyue or not, he had no other choice but to have blind faith in Elder Sang.

After all, Elder Sang was a supreme existence who could escape from Gou Wuyue’s sword in the Central Region and Azure Dragon Prefecture multiple times...

After pausing for a moment, Elder Sang spoke again. This time, he did not use telepathic communication.

“Watch carefully. From what you know to what you don’t know, the last way to die with the Element Body...”

“What?”

“Absolute Power!”

Xu Xiaoshou nodded and cooperated. He took half a step back and looked into his energy reserve.

His energy reserve was already full. With Vanishing Technique and “Ascending to the Heavens in A Single Step”, he could immediately escape.

The two of them had a good show.

Gou Wuyue did not notice anything.

He only saw Sang Qiye releasing all the power of the Great Path in his hand.

In an instant, the water droplet violently struggled and changed. An extremely illusory figure materialized in front of Sang Qiye.

“Yu Lingdi...”

Gou Wuyue’s pupils started to tremble.

The figure was so weak that even the wind would blow it away. It was as if just a spiritual figure.

If it wasn’t for the familiar aura, it would be hard to tell that he was the Spirit Division Chief, Yu Lingdi!

“Sang Qiye!”

Gou Wuyue yelled in a deep voice. He carried his sword and flew up into the sky.

A bright golden light burst out, Stairway Style was seen. The virtual image of the golden stairs appeared again. However, it was completely split into two by the sound of the sword.

Sword energy broke the domain and arrived in the blink of an eye.

Xu Xiaoshou felt that the energy movement in his entire body was locked.

Even though the sword energy wasn't locked on him, the thick energy movement of death engulfed him.  
In his ears.

Elder Sang wasn't worried at all. His calm voice was heard.

"Morph forms with thoughts and attach them to the body; use the spirit to enter the mind and the illusion to form; reach the Way of the Heavens and combine the illusions. The illusion is reality, and the reality is the illusion..."

The chanting was like a loud bell exploding in Xu Xiaoshou's mind.

The obscure Upanishad chant was like a burning flame. Although Xu Xiaoshou couldn't understand it, it was deeply imprinted in Xu Xiaoshou's soul.

When the chant gradually disappeared, a memory was stirred up in Xu Xiaoshou's mind.

Xu Xiaoshou felt time slowed down at once.

Gou Wuyue's sword energy broke through the domain, it was a critical moment.

However, Elder Sang raised his sleeves slowly as if time was sealed with eternity to him, he was unmoved by the outside world.

"Penetrating Divine Senses!"

A faint white light was emitted from Elder Sang's body.

It was very faint and very soft. It could only gently rustle the raincoat.

However, as soon as he finished his line, a magnificent power gushed out from the hundred thousand mountains. It was as if Elder Sang summoned an enormous strength as daunting as the sun landing onto the earth.

No!

It was not only "as if"!

Xu Xiaoshou's eyes widened in shock as the Dragon Melting Realm that extended a thousand miles wide shattered within seconds.

The scorching white flame instantly traveled through time and space. Then, it fused into Elder Sang's body. It was faster than Gou Wuyue's sword.

The whole world dimmed.

The vast white lights disappeared.

Everyone in the Dragon Melting Realm looked up at the sky. After adapting to the intensity of the white flame, they fell back into reality. They should have rejoiced, but they all went "blind" for a moment.

Darkness, for a moment!

At this moment, even the Stairway Style's golden light could not lit up the darkness!

Elder Sang raised his hands high. Half of his face was covered by the straw hat.

“Sleeveless, Red Scorched Hand.”

Sizzle.

The raincoat sleeves were blown up by the breeze and made a sizzling sound.

From the fingertips, wrists, to the elbows, shoulders...

Elder Sang’s skinny hands turned black and scorched at the speed of light.

High Temperature!

Extreme High Temperature!

Xu Xiaoshou was extremely far away.

However, he caught a glimpse of the scorched dark red hands. His eyes were directly ignited by the white flame, and he immediately averted his gaze in pain.

“Penetrating Divine Senses...”

He was shocked.

Elder Sang knew Penetrating Divine Senses!

It wasn’t a Penetrating Divine Senses as weak as the Monk Bu Le.

The “Sleeveless, Red Scorched Hand” seemed to be as great as the “God Punishment Tribulation” created by the Chief of Ten High Nobles, Kui Leihan. It was a superior Penetrating Divine Senses!

“Is that Absolute Attack?”

Xu Xiaoshou’s heart was beating wildly.

He couldn’t move at all!

His instinct told him that he should immediately activate the Vanishing Technique when these two big shots were fighting.

However, even his soul was locked by Gou Wuyue.

Xu Xiaoshou’s mind was frozen too. He wanted to activate the Awakening Skill to free himself. However, Elder Sang could create eternity with his thoughts, but Xu Xiaoshou could only think of eternity.

He wanted to, but he couldn’t!

The Grim Reaper raised his scythe and waved his hand. The world was dark with the glow of golden and white light. Xu Xiaoshou’s face was ashen.

His soul had already been split apart before the sword arrived.

However, at this critical moment, Elder Sang’s “Sleeveless, Red Scorched Hand” traveled through time and space and blocked the sword energy.

“Sword?”

He sneered. He held out his charred black hand and bent two of the fingers. He said, “I hate swords the most in my entire life.”

“Bang!”

A muffled sound rang loudly. It was as if the heart of the spiritual gods suddenly contracted.

Xu Xiaoshou spat out a mouthful of blood and his body was flung backward.

However, the sword energy that tore through the Stairway to Heaven seemed to have been stopped.

Elder Sang blocked the sword energy, it was hard for him to advance.

The next moment.

“Boom!”

Thousands of miles of void suddenly exploded. Steam gushed all over and filled the sky like a tsunami.

The Space Fragments scattered and melted in the fog.

The clouds turned into fog, and the sunset glow suddenly appeared in the sky.

Xu Xiaoshou felt stuffiness in his chest, and his head was dizzy.

He was mindblown. He was not even near to the battlefield. However, he could not withstand the slightest shockwave from the battle.

Was that the terrific battle scene of a true expert?

“Puff.”

The sword energy that had been blocked by the two fingers suddenly lit up with white flames. Within half a breath, it was completely gone.

Elder Sang raised his head and smiled, “Old Brat Wuyue, do you know why I haven’t killed your subordinate yet?”

Gou Wuyue withdrew his sword and immediately pounced forward. He seemed to have understood something.

“How dare you?”

Elder Sang lowered his eyes like a bodhisattva, showing no mercy.

“As a Sovereign, your subordinate messed with my disciple who’s at Innate Stage. How shameless he is! I will kill him in front of you, the Moonless Sword Deity!”

He could easily burn Gou Wuyue’s Stairway Style with his two fingers.

At this moment, Elder Sang stretched out his entire arm!

A completely charred arm that was extremely hot!

“Cuckoo...”

Yu Lingdi's body in front of him quickly struggled and began to twist.

The vague outline of his face was faintly discernible. There was panic in his eyes. However, he used all his might to spit out a light spot with a weak roar.

“Old man, do you really think you can kill me? I have sinful sins on my hands...”

Sizzle!

The black hand blade slashed.

It was supposed to be splashing water.

However, both Gou Wuyue, who had just arrived, and Xu Xiaoshou, who had been thrown away, could clearly see that.

The Element Body seemed to be completely ineffective in the face of the Absolute Power of the Sleeveless, Red Scorched Hand.

Blood splattered everywhere.

The first hand blade slashed.

The moment Yu Lingdi was decapitated, his entire body and the splashing blood evaporated on the spot. The other party was not given any time to react.

Elder Sang lowered his arm and nodded his head. Under the straw hat, he gave a sneer.

“Why did someone talk so much before he dies?”

The scene was deathly silent.

Xu Xiaoshou was dumbstruck.

He watched from afar. He could not understand why the other Saint Servants had such iconic names in the past.

Storyteller, Old Woodcutter, Eighth Sword Deity..

As for Elder Sang, he was just an ordinary “Sleeveless”.

But today, he saw the figure of the straw hat elder who dared to slash the Seven Sword Deity's subordinate, the charred and rotten hands, the raincoat sleeves that were unrivaled by the Great Path after activating Penetrating Divine Senses..

“Sleeveless?”

Xu Xiaoshou muttered softly.

No.

He should not be called “Sleeveless”, he should be called ‘Invincible’!



...

“Sang, Qiye!”

Gou Wuyue’s voice became completely cold, as cold as ice in the depths of hell, the coldness spread throughout the whole domain.

He knew that this old man did it on purpose!

It wasn’t that Gou Wuyue couldn’t save Yu Lingdi. This old man had been waiting.

He had been waiting for Yu Lingdi to be burnt and refined to the weakest state...

He had been waiting for Gou Wuyue to fall into the trap. And as Gou Wuyue began to spark the slightest light of hope...

As Yu Lingdi could see the tunnel of light from hell and the beauty of heaven...

He would kill Yu Lingdi with his own hands!

Yu Lingdi had actually died a long time ago.

Sang Qiye used his two fingers to block the sword energy and stopped the time!

He stopped the time where the old and new grudges were particularly distinct. He used his famous skill to provoke the anger of both sides to the extreme.

It was the most unbearable!

Gou Wuyue heaved a heavy sigh of relief.

He knew what Sang Qiye was going to do.

Sang Qiye only wanted him to stay and fight. That would completely stop him from becoming backup support for others.

In this third fight, he wanted to completely settle the previous two unfinished battles.

It was obvious that Sang Qiye had succeeded.

Gou Wuyue stopped in mid-air.

He sheathed his sword and lowered his sleeves. He mourned for Yu Lingdi for three breaths before raising his eyes.

“Hum...”

Green energy rose from the ground within ten thousand miles. It transformed into thousands of Mo Swords, slowly rising into the air.

A strong wind blew, causing Gou Wuyue’s robe to rustle violently.

For every inch that the Mo Swords rose, the ground would sink for three feet.

“Hum, Hum, Hum...”

Rhythmic sword cries rang out, piercing through the surroundings.

Even Thirty-Three, who was in the midst of the battle in the Eighth Palace, joined hands with the White-clothed and looked into the distance.

They took down Cen Qiaofu, who had been drained by the Blood Tree.

On the other side, the battle of the Moonless Sword Deity seemed to have just begun.

In fact, the voice from the sword realm seemed to be vowing an oath to everyone.

“In a life-and-death situation, no one is allowed to enter!”

It was clear.

That included the Cutting Path and even this Divine Puppet of his.

...

“So powerful.”

Xu Xiaoshou’s head was about to explode. Even his soul seemed to crack in the sword cries.

At this moment, thousands of Mo Swords were forming a one sword formation in the air.

In the center of the formation, Elder Sang, who was wearing a sleeveless raincoat, stood with his arms hanging down. He seemed to be smiling.

If there was a lifelong enemy in this world...

Then Sang Qiye seemed to be enemies with Gou Wuyue, one of the Seven Sword Deity, since several decades ago. He would not be able to get rid of Gou Wuyue for the rest of his life.

There was the first and second battle, but it had to end at the third time.

This was the battle he had been longing for.

Similarly, it was the same for Gou Wuyue.

But before the battle...

Elder Sang turned around and stared with his lips and teeth closed.

“Run.”

A word came to Xu Xiaoshou’s ears, and he immediately felt that the shackles around his stiff body were broken. He regained mobility.

He nodded his head, knowing what was the best thing to do at the moment.

“Vanish...”

Before he could mumble anything in his heart, he suddenly spat out a mouthful of blood. Xu Xiaoshou was dumbfounded.

“Thump!”

“Thump!”

Xu Xiaoshou’s heart pounded violently out of a sudden. He did not understand what was going on.

He was stunned for a long while before he remembered that this was a special perception that was brought about by “Perception”, Whim.

However, there had never been a Whim that was so terrifying that it would cause his master physique to spit out blood for no reason!

The Information Bar shook:

Locked-on, Passive Points + 1

### **Chapter 614: The Elegance of that Arrow!**

Locked-on?

His skin felt like it was being pricked by needles, and he felt the pricking pain all over his body.

Xu Xiaoshou lowered his head.

Under his tattered clothes, every pore on his body was expanding, and blood was oozing out from it.

“This?”

Xu Xiaoshou was shocked.

He didn’t even know who his enemy was.

He was just under locked-on, but not only was he spurting out blood, his skin was also starting to rupture?

Who was the one that activated the locked-on on him?

“Hmm?”

Gou Wuyue and Elder Sang were ready to attack when they noticed something peculiar at the same time.

After Gou Wuyue’s Green Mo Sword Realm rose, everyone in the Eighth Palace were aware that these two were going to fight one-on-one.

Under such circumstances where no one could participate in the battle, the only person who could break through the interspatial lock and directly aim at Xu Xiaoshou...

“Yu Lingdi?”

Elder Sang’s heart skipped a beat.

He thought of the blurry face that Yu Lingdi had conjured before he died.

At that critical moment, all he wanted to do was just to roar out that meaningless scream?

“No, it’s not Yu Lingdi!”

Elder Sang’s froze momentarily, and he suddenly understood, “It’s the black dot that we overlooked when Yu Lingdi roared!”

At his level, he only needed to think for a moment and the memories from before would appear and replay the scene.

It was indeed true.

Before his death, Yu Lingdi not only made a meaningless noise as he roared, but he also spat out a black dot that did not have any offensive power.

The black dot could not even take aim at anyone.

Elder Sang didn’t have to dodge and his opponent would still miss.

But now that Elder Sang thought about it, Yu Lingdi’s target from the beginning might not be him, after all he was capable of dodging his final attack. Instead, it’s...

Xu Xiaoshou!

“Run!”

Elder Sang immediately shouted out when he understood everything. He gave up on Gou Wuyue and flew in the direction of Xu Xiaoshou.

But then, Xu Xiaoshou had deliberately made use of the aftershocks of the battle to be blown away, and it seemed that the distance between them was as wide as the horizon.

Xu Xiaoshou versus Yu Lingdi.

Elder Sang versus Gou Wuyue!

How could Gou Wuyue let go of such an opportunity?

Although he wanted to fight with Sang Qiye in a fair and square manner, with the mission at hand, he could take down the two people in front of him without having to pay a huge price.

Then, he had to allocate some of his strength to Bazhun’an, whom he might have a slim chance of meeting him later.

“The tables are turning.”

“Sang Qiye, don’t struggle anymore.”

With his sword in hand, Gou Wuyue stayed where he was and mouthed softly, “Luofu Sword Heaven!”

Hum —

The thousands of Mo swords floating in the air instantly received the order. They formed an iron-like wall and blocked Elder Sang’s route.

It was only just an instant.

However, when the sky-high sword wall was built, the distance between Elder Sang and Xu Xiaoshou seemed to be encapsulated in a vast interspatial world.

Within the green world created by the Mo swords, the sword energy was chaotic and the sword intent was raging.

Even though Elder Sang was trying his best to charge forward, the Luofu Sword Heaven seemed to be vast and boundless, and there was no end to the number of Mo swords within it.

Every time he used the Sleeveless, Red Scorched Hand to tear apart one sword, three Mo swords will condensate into one.

They were just a short distance away, but under the obstruction of the Luofu Sword Heaven, that distance seemed to see no end.

“Xu Xiaoshou!”

Elder Sang roared in his heart and his eyes were about to burst.

However, at this moment, he couldn’t do anything.

...

“What... am I doing?”

Xu Xiaoshou murmured in confusion.

Elder Sang had already broken through, his face visible, and reached out his hand almost touching him, but Xu Xiaoshou could not even turn his head.

From the corner of his eye, he saw Gou Wuyue, who was looking at him as well, and the worried Elder Sang.

These two big shots were focused on him.

Strictly speaking, it was impossible for Xu Xiaoshou not to turn his head.

However, he seemed to have lost control of himself and was staring at an unknown space.

It was as if there was someone there who wanted him to open his eyes and watch him die!

“What...is this?”

In the blurry space in front of him, a black dot suddenly appeared.

Xu Xiaoshou felt his soul being drawn in by this black dot and was instantly fused into it.

He felt that he was traveling through time and space.

The landscape of the mountain was rapidly retreating, and the scenes from the Eighth Palace faded in the blur.

Then came the rivers, lakes, seas and continents..

“This?”

Xu Xiaoshou did not understand.

His soul was traveling through time and space at a rapid speed, but he did not feel any pain at all.

He felt as if he had crossed the entire Holy Sword Land of the Eastern Region. After crossing an endless sea, the scene stabilized.

“Rustle...”

The wind blew.

Everything slowed down.

A refreshing fragrance lingered at the tip of his nose. Xu Xiaoshou came to his senses.

“Where is this place?”

He looked around and realized that he had arrived at a celestial mountain.

The mountain stood in the clouds, surrounded by celestial mist. There was a divine light around it, and it was inexplicably magnificent.

The mountain was filled with the fragrance of osmanthus flowers. There were light golden, orange, and white osmanthus flowers interlocking with one another and falling from the hanging trees high into the sky. They were like sprinkles of colour, akin to butterflies fluttering around.

At the end of the road, under a golden stairway to heaven, there was a majestic holy divine palace.

The holy divine palace was surrounded by green tiles, carved beams, and painted buildings. It was guarded by nine side halls. It was built high up and stood at the top of the main peak of the sacred mountain.

There was a plaque on it that read, “Holy Divine Palace”!

Xu Xiaoshou saw it and his heart skipped a beat. He felt as if he had been struck by lightning and was instantly pushed back by an inexplicable power.

“Holy Divine Palace?”

“Then this is the holy land of the spiritual cultivator of the Shengshen Continent — Sacred Mountain Gui Zhe?”

Xu Xiaoshou was stunned.

Wasn’t he in the Eighth Palace of the Eastern Region?

How on earth did he end up at the Sacred Mountain Gui Zhe of the Central Region?

Even if this was a dream, it was still too farfetched.

“Rustle —”

On this quiet Sacred Mountain Gui Zhe, the sudden sound of a wooden cart traversing the bluestone floor could be heard from the main hall of the Holy Divine Palace.

There was a change in the light and shadow at the entrance of the Council Hall.

Then, a barefoot boy in white appeared and he was pushing a wheelchair made of cinnamon wood. When he was about ten feet away from the bluestone steps, he stopped.

The wheelchair was very old and gave off a strong flavor of old times.

There were sword marks and knife pits on it, as if it was declaring its past achievements.

Xu Xiaoshou was immediately attracted to it.

He looked up again.

There was a man sitting on the chair.

His black hair was draped over his shoulders, his eyebrows were sharp, and his eyes were bright. He had an imposing aura.

When he was at his usual warm state, he seemed at peace without saying anything. When he looked away, it felt as if the spring breeze was caressing his face.

He frowned, and his black pupils seemed to hide a bow. His eyes were slightly narrowed like swords, revealing a cold front in the moonlit night.

His legs were crippled, and there was a black cloth on his knees. His palms were placed on the armrest.

However, he held a bow in one hand and an arrow in the other!

The bow was black, and devilish energy seeped out from it. It was as tall as a person, and it was already difficult for it to be placed horizontally. It could only be placed at the side of the wheelchair.

The arrow was blood-red, and it was entwined with evil and vengeful spirits. It was more than ten feet long, and it was placed on the other side of the wheelchair, facing the person from the back to the front.

Xu Xiaoshou looked at his attire, and before anyone could say anything, a name appeared in his mind.

“Ai Cangsheng!”

There were three emperors in the Holy Divine Palace, and one of them was called Ai Cangsheng.

Ai Cangsheng was born crippled, but he possessed one of the nine supreme divine weapons that was born from the beginning of Chaos — the Evil Sin Bow.

He also had the Eye of the Great Path, which was born from the beginning of heaven and earth, and could observe the fate of all living beings.

With this bow and these eyes...

He could even just be stationed on the Sacred Mountain Guizhe and leisurely pour wine and shoot at anyone beyond the five regions!

“Ten thrones, one of the three emperors of the Holy Divine Palace, Ai Cangsheng...”

Xu Xiaoshou’s heart turned cold.

At this moment, he knew how he got here.

If such a person wanted to see him, it would probably be just a glance from the Eye of the Great Path.

If he wanted to meet him face to face, it's just a matter of mind power!

However, this ability to travel through time and space and pull him out from the battle between Elder Sang and Gou Wuyue...

"A demi-saint?"

Xu Xiaoshou inexplicably felt that he could not detect the existence of his heartbeat.

How did this demi-saint target him?

"Who are you?"

Ai Cangsheng's appearance was indeed stunning to Xu Xiaoshou, but as he uttered the first sentence with a frown, it quickly destroyed this artistic conception.

It became obvious.

In his eyes, how could this mere innate master be the target of Yu Lingdi's evil crime order?

He went on a mission to go to the Eastern Region to capture the saint servant. Was everything he had done a joke?

Innate master?

Does he need to use the Evil Sin Bow?

Xu Xiaoshou swallowed a mouthful of saliva. His mouth was dry, but he still replied solemnly.

"Tan Ji."

He lowered his eyes and paused for a moment. After pondering for a moment, he asked four more questions:

"Who are you?"

"Wasn't I sleeping in the Apricot Garden?"

"Where's Big Sister Xing'er?"

"Did you all kidnapped me?"

The scene froze for a moment.

It had to be said that these few direct words revealed too much information.

Ai Cangsheng was not the only one who was stunned.

Even the white-clothed boy behind him, who had always been unworldly and unmoved by the secular world, had a look of disdain on his face at this moment.



The Apricot Garden?

Big Sister Xing'er?

Sleep...sleeping?

"Eh!"

The boy trembled and shivered. He didn't understand how such a person could be targeted by Lord Cangsheng.

"Huh, Tan Ji?"

Ai Cangsheng was momentarily stunned but he suddenly burst into laughter.

If not for his Eye of the Great Path who was able to look into the background of this young man standing in front of him, and knew that he was from the Eighth Palace of the Eastern Region, he would have been led astray by his words.

"You're good."

"You're certainly quick-witted even when facing a demi-saint. In fact, the things you have said... there's not even a single word of truth!"

"You, what's your name?"

Xu Xiaoshou blinked his large eyes and said, "Tan Ji... my surname is Xiaoshi. You can also call me Xiaoshi Tan Ji..."

Whoosh!

With a blur, the Sacred Mountain Gui Zhe disappeared and the Holy Divine Palace vanished.

The white-clothed boy and Ai Cangsheng were also gone.

The last thing Xu Xiaoshou saw was Ai Cangsheng bending the bow and nocking the arrow.

The Evil Sin Bow, which was permeated with devilish energy, and the Blood Red Arrow, which was wrapped by the evil spirits, were pulled into a full moon.

Xu Xiaoshou felt as if he was in a vast and cold immortal land.

However, there was no immortal intent. Instead, the Eye of the Great Path, which penetrated deep into his soul, made him feel cold.

"No, don't shoot me!"

"I'm sorry, I lied to you. My name isn't Tan Ji, it's actually Zhou Tianshen, Zhou Tianshen!"

"Don't aim at me —"

Xu Xiaoshou panicked.

He felt his soul retreat at the speed of light.

The other party did not even say a word and immediately ended this meaningless conversation.

The vast lake and ocean appeared again, and light and shadows flew past.

In an instant, Xu Xiaoshou's body swayed, and the scene changed again.

He had returned to the Eighth Palace.

In the corner of his eye.

Gou Wuyue's lips were barely half curved. Elder Sang's scorched black hands tore open the Luofu Sword Heaven, but he still couldn't touch him.

Xu Xiaoshou was frozen on the spot!

He was all alone, unable to move at all.

However, the black dot in the void continued to enlarge.

This time, he saw it clearly.

It turned out that this was an arrow from the Evil Sin Bow!

That arrow had been shot from the Sacred Mountain Gui Zhe of the Central Region. However, the scene of him talking to Ai Cangsheng just now only began to advance after that arrow.

"Time and space disorder?"

Xu Xiaoshou didn't have time to speculate about all of this.

He was faced with the crisis of death.

The information bar showed the deadly countdown and every second, a message popped up:

"Chased, passive points, + 1."

"Chased, passive points, + 1."

"..."

Xu Xiaoshou's face was as white as paper, but he gritted his teeth. He had exhausted all his strength, but he still wanted to fight for a chance of survival.

Death?

His memories were scattered.

He thought of the Spiritual Library Division of the Tiansang Spirit Palace. When Elder Sang first introduced to him the story of the Eighth Sword Deity who dominated a generation, he had said heroically,

"My aspiration is not Tiansang, but the five regions!"

He also thought of the Tianxuan Gate, where Luo Leilei tried to persuade him to change his will. When he became the saint servant, he said firmly,

“I will pursue my own dreams and see the world, even if I am covered in wounds!”

Xu Xiaoshou had woken up from his dreams many times. He wanted to give up at times and just find a power to join force with.

In this way, he did not have to worry and be afraid every day, and be in a constant dilemma on which party he should side with.

Previously, he had thought of the path he was going to take, but in the end, it might lead to his own self-destruction.

However, the arrow from Ai Cangsheng, a demi-saint, was like an unexpected surprise as it shot right at his head.

He did not expect that this so-called “covered in wounds” would come so quickly!

And at this moment..

In the depths of Xu Xiaoshou’s heart, there was actually not the slightest bit of regret.

The words he had said were like water that had been poured away.

He had made up his mind and no arrow would be able to destroy it!

“You want to kill me?”

His face turned hideous and he fiercely stuck out his tongue. However, the pain could not free his body from being immobilized.

At this moment, from the depths of his soul came the crazy desire to survive and it began to wreak havoc for the first time.

The Fourth Sword was not with him.

The Sacrificial Carving was not in the palm of his hand.

However, a golden light burst out.

“Boom!”

The Raging Giant has awakened!

Gou Wuyue’s pupils trembled. What was this?

Ai Cangsheng’s lock-on could be broken by a spiritual technique?

Elder Sang’s body stiffened for a moment.

Giant?

The word “ghost beast” flashed through his mind, but it was instantly discarded.

There was no ghost beast aura at all.

The Golden Giant that Xu Xiaoshou incarnated himself was just savage and violent!

“Roar —”

With an earth-shaking roar, the red-eyed Raging Giant stomped on the ground with the soles of his feet, punched out with both fists, and his shoulders collapsed forward.

“Boom!”

The space was completely shattered.

The demi-saint’s imprisonment seal that was activated thousands of miles away could be broken in a short period of time. How could it be that the arrow could pierce through the two domains to unseal the locked-on?

Xu Xiaoshou entered the Yuan mansion, and he did not dare to hide any of his trump cards.

Chapter 615: True Passion, Shield!

He first threw out the two super white skeletons that blotted out the sky.

In an instant, the sky was covered and it became dark.

Ice and Ember were stunned for a moment. They raised their eyes and looked squarely up at the sky with the arrow.

“Boom! Boom! Boom!”

Infernal White Skeleton was the first to go crazy. White flames shot out from his feet while he was dancing wildly. A violent fist with burning power was thrown into the sky.

At the same time, the hands of the Ice Blue White Skeleton turned into afterimages, and the ice-type Power Upanishad Formation beneath its large body lit up, instantly covering the entire Green Mo Sword Realm.

The north wind blew and the snow withered.

“Ka!”

The wind and dust in the sky froze, and the power of the Three Days Frozen Calamity was completely mobilized. Ice crystals replaced everything.

At this moment, whether it was the mountain where the battle was taking place, or the entire area covered by the Eighth Palace, all of them were affected by the ice crystals, and in the blink of an eye, the cold air seeped through.

— Ice Age!

Gou Wuyue and Elder Sang instantly broke apart the moment they were being transformed into ice sculptures.

The two of them were stunned.

No one dared to believe that a mere innate master would be able to reveal so many trump cards at this critical moment of life and death.

Even Elder Sang felt as if Xu Xiaoshou was like a completely different person.

But this wasn't the end!

Although the two white skeletons were strong, their strength was too limited.

Even if they could use the Power of the Sovereign over the Cutting Path Level, the higher void would be able to break through their defenses.

Demi-saint...

How could they possibly fight against it?

The Raging Giant immediately raised his hands and activated the Infernal Fire Seed and the Three Days Frozen Calamity.

It was at this moment, the energy from the Golden Giant's body precisely divided into two halves.

Half of it was white flames that could burn half of the sky.

The other half was ice sculptures that could freeze black holes.

The two types of energy were at least above the Cutting Path Level, and were drawn out from the origin power of the Supreme Treasure that contained the calamity power. But the Raging Giant didn't seem to be satisfied.

With a bang, he thrust himself into the sky with a kick of his calf.

Then, the opposing origin powers between his palms combined together.

"Dong—"

A muffled sound reverberated in the air.

An unknown power stirred, the mountain was shattered, and the Mo Swords disintegrated.

With the momentum of a 100-meter dash, javelin throwing, and the resolution to break all cauldrons and sink all boats, the Raging Giant forcefully combined ice and fire into the strongest movement, and fiercely shot an arrow in the sky.

"Whoosh!"

Blue and white intersected.

The energy produced an infinitely gray destructive aura which instantly passed through the Infernal White Skeleton, Ember, and met the arrow that had broken through the two domains.

"Not enough!"

"Still not enough!"

“Far from enough!”

The sense of danger of death did not disappear, and Xu Xiaoshou was numb.

He seemed to have no other means, and could only stand and wait for death.

“The vanishing technique.”

With a cry in his heart, the Raging Giant disappeared on the spot under the gaze of Gou Wuyue and Elder Sang.

But...

“Chased, passive points, + 1.”

The information bar still popped up.

Xu Xiaoshou was in despair.

The vanishing technique was strong, but no matter what, it was only an awakening technique of a master stage passive skill. How could it withstand a strike from a lower demi-saint?

Even if it could temporarily erase its existence in this world.

But if you were to think with your toes, Ai Cangsheng’s arrow had fallen.

It was likely that not only would Xu Xiaoshou be erased, the entire Eighth Palace would cease to exist!

“Ma Ma...”

A call sounded from his chest.

Xu Xiaoshou’s mind tightened.

“No!”

But Aje didn’t hesitate at all. He stepped forward.

After leaving Xu Xiaoshou’s cover, his disappearing state was lifted. Aje appeared in front of Gou Wuyue’s who was startled by him. His two fists were pulled back forward and backward, and his body exploded with the Power of the Higher Void. He assumed the stance of a fighter.

“Ma Ma!”

“Protected, passive points, + 1.”

“The divine puppet?”

Gou Wuyue was shocked.

This Xiaoshi Tan Ji carried a divine puppet?

From the looks of it, it couldn’t be Dao Qiongcang’s current work. It was most probably his first-generation work.

In other words...

At this moment, he fell into deep thought.

“D\*\*n it, d\*\*n it, d\*\*n it!!”

Xu Xiaoshou’s heart clenched.

He was desperately protecting Aje in the white cave. He didn’t dare to let him appear in front of the Red Coat and White Coat because he was afraid that the big secret would be discovered.

However, right in front of Gou Wuyue, Aje disobeyed for the first time and stood out directly.

He was touched, but what would Aje do next?

“No!”

“It’s very likely that there won’t be a follow-up...”

Even Aje was disobedient.

Xu Xiaoshou realized that at this moment, it might really be the last moment of his life.

Since the vanishing technique was ineffective, he chose to remove it.

Then, without hesitation, he threw Mu Zixi out of the Yuan Mansion and forcefully tossed her in the direction of Elder Sang.

“Run —”

A low and hoarse roar appeared.

Obviously he didn’t hear the word “Run”, but Mu Zixi could still sense his anxiety in that instant.

She couldn’t react at all.

There were thousands of Mo swords in the void, and that swordsman...

Master rushed over with his Black Hand. What was he going to do...

And Xu Xiaoshou...

Mu Zixi was inexplicably horrified.

Xu Xiaoshou had already transformed into the Golden Giant that could only appear at a critical moment. He stood tall and high as he faced the nameless black dot in the horizon.

This was a dead end!

“Die...”

When she thought of this word, Mu Zixi’s heart suddenly tightened.

She couldn't imagine what kind of danger her senior brother, who would put her into the Yuan Mansion's space at the first sign of danger, had encountered. He didn't even trust his own Yuan Mansion and wanted to throw her out?

The figure that fell out clearly bumped into her master's hands.

In the void, there seemed to be an interlayer space, which made the world she was in completely different from her master's world.

"God Devil Eyes!"

With a shout, Mu Zixi's eyes changed, and she stared at the interlayer space.

"Bang!"

Under Gou Wuyue's surprised gaze, she fell into Elder Sang's arms in pain.

"The space has been broken?"

At this moment, Gou Wuyue was shocked.

It was one thing for an innate master to have such a trump card.

How could this little girl, who was casually thrown out, was able to break his Luofu Sword Heaven with just a stare.

"Master..."

Mu Zixi panicked.

Her eyes were stinging, and she felt complete darkness in front of her.

She stretched out her hand and tried to wipe her eyes. She was clearly not crying, but there was a sticky fluid on her palm.

"Don't be afraid, I'm here."

Elder Sang hugged Mu Zixi and swept his gaze over her. The white flame steamed the blood in the little girl's palm, but she did not notice it at all.

The moment Mu Zixi broke through the space, he immediately pounced on the Golden Giant.

"Run —"

Xu Xiaoshou let out a hoarse roar.

Elder Sang..

So what if it was Elder Sang!

That was a demi-saint's arrow. Even if the old man was mighty, how could he block it?

"Roar my a\*\*!"

Elder Sang fed Mu Zixi with an elixir and threw her to the side.



The void rift appeared and with a whoosh, Mu Zixi disappeared.

Then, Elder Sang stood up again and dashed in the direction of the Golden Giant.

His eyes were full of determination!

“How could we let the disciple stand in front when the master is present?”

...

Gou Wuyue watched silently from behind.

Indeed, he was a righteous person. If the scene in front of him had been any other time, perhaps he would have chosen to sit on the sidelines and not interfere.

Whether or not he could withstand Ai Cangsheng’s arrow depended on the fate of the master and disciple.

But today...

The Holy Divine Palace’s test was his priority, the mission to capture the saint servant would come later.

The bodies of the white-clothed companions who died in the Eighth Palace were still warm, and hundreds of thousands of pairs of eyes were watching his every move.

There were many things that a person had to do to live a lifetime.

To be fair, Gou Wuyue did not want to do this.

But at this moment, he could not find a reason to convince himself!

They were on different sides, so how could he really choose to stand by and do nothing?!

“I’m sorry, I might have to be a bad person for once.”

Gou Wuyue tightened his palm, and pointed forward with the Voice of Nulan.

“Sansheng Flow, expel!”

Hum —

Thousands of Mo swords trembled.

A green sword energy suddenly exploded from Elder Sang’s body. The Green Mo Sword Formation received the order and turned into three torrents and attacked Elder Sang.

“Get lost!!”

Elder Sang flipped in the air and the Sleeveless Red Scorched Hand slashed horizontally. He forcefully used the momentum of the Sansheng Flow to propel himself towards the direction of Xu Xiaoshou.

Gou Wuyue’s hand trembled and the famed sword stopped.

He closed his eyes heavily.

“Sorry, I can’t do it.”

Bang —

The green colored sword energy seeped out from Elder Sang’s body and froze him on the spot.

The duration was very short and very slow.

However, at this moment, the arrow that sliced through the air had already passed through the two domains. It carried endless black and red light and pierced down from the sky.

“Arrowhead!”

Elder Sang’s spiritual senses saw the arrowhead and he went crazy.

“Wu Yue, you b\*st\*\*d!!!”

His body trembled and his voice was filled with hatred. White flames exploded from his body and burned the sword energy to ashes on the spot.

But that pause caused time to lag after all!

How fast was the arrow that crossed the two domains?

When Elder Sang wanted to move again, it was too late.

“No —”

..

“Whoosh!”

There was the sound of the air being torn apart.

With a bang, the first to explode in the air were the Infernal Original Seed and the Three Days Frozen Calamity that had collided with Ai Cangsheng’s arrow.

The intertwining gray energy was instantly flattened.

The two forces that had been fused together by the Raging Giant were broken apart in less than a second after the stalemate with the arrow.

“Roar!”

The Infernal White Skeleton seemed to have gone mad as it faced the arrow head-on.

This irritable fellow did not even have the slightest fear as it struck out with its large fist in the air.

“Bang!”

There was not even a lag in time before the arrow penetrated through his fist on the spot. Following the momentum, the arrow pierced through his right shoulder and left a hole.

“Roar...”

The Infernal White Skeleton cried out in pain and danced wildly.

However, after the arrow pierced through its body, in less than three breaths of time, the remaining power of evil sin from the arrow immediately engulfed its entire body.

Xu Xiaoshou watched in a daze as Ember's body suddenly turned black. His entire skeleton incarnation was in a state of cultivation deviation. With a boom, it exploded until it festered.

"Ember..."

His eyes widened and he was completely lost in thought.

The arena seemed to have suddenly become quiet at this moment.

The Evil Sin Bow was able to pierce through anything with one arrow. Even if it was just a graze, it could instantly ignite the desires of all living things, destroy their consciousness, and destroy their souls.

Xu Xiaoshou knew all of this.

However, he had never thought that Ember, who only had a little spiritual quality and was not even considered a human, would actually suffer a calamity and be affected by the negative effects of the Evil Sin Bow?

From this, it seemed that Ice and Aje..

"Get out of the way!"

Xu Xiaoshou went crazy and rushed forward with a bang.

However, at this moment, Ice stood in front of him. The arrow made a "Bang Bang Bang" as it was piercing through a sponge, tearing apart the layers of ice walls that were impregnable. Despite the continuous hand speed incantations of Ice, it suddenly pierced through his head.

Time stopped.

"Bang!"

Aje went to the dark side and exploded.

"Roar –"

Xu Xiaoshou went crazy.

He pounced over, wanting to stop Aje.

However, with a swoosh, Aje had already appeared in front of the Evil Sin Bow's arrow. He fearlessly grabbed the arrow with his palms and firmly grabbed it.

"Chi Chi Chi..."

The power of the higher void on his body was quickly being worn away.

"Ma Ma!"

Aje was resolute.

But how could it be able to catch the arrow that broke through the two domains?

“Chi!”

The palm of his hand was frayed, and a soft sound was heard.

Aje’s four limbs spread out, and his body was bent, and he was beaten back by the momentum.

Devilish energy surged out, and the moment the arrow broke through his body, Aje’s body swelled into a balloon on the spot.

A portion of the devilish energy was absorbed and quickly repaired his body.

However, the devilish energy was too powerful.

Forcefully absorbing it would only cause his body to explode.

“Bang!”

One of his arms exploded.

“Bang!”

Another leg.

“Bang, Bang, Bang...”

It was as if machinery had fallen apart.

Parts of Aje’s body flew away and he completely lost the ability to resist.

In the end, only his head remained and as he turned his head around, strong emotions filled his scarlet eyes.

“Ma Ma...”

..

“Dead?”

“They’re all dead...”

Xu Xiaoshou muttered unconsciously. He stared helplessly at the scene in front of him.

The berserk power of the Raging Giant was supposed to destroy and wreak havoc on everything.

However, before the mighty power of the demi-saint, he couldn’t even block or protect it.

He could only watch helplessly as his treasures chose to sacrifice themselves in order to protect him.

“Arrow!”

Xu Xiaoshou’s eyes revealed a strong hatred.

The arrow of the Evil Sin Bow, which was unstoppable, came right at him. He completely lost control of his emotions.

Spiritual senses probed in the Yuan Mansion.

Suddenly, a throbbing spiritual energy was captured.

Xu Xiaoshou pulled it out.

Looking closely, his scarlet eyes were stunned.

“Yu Zhiwen?”

Yes.

Yu Zhiwen!

At that time in the white cave, everyone was trapped in the Storyteller’s ancient book space.

At the last moment when Yu Zhiwen said “Run”, Xu Xiaoshou had wrapped it in white flame and successfully put it into the Yuan Mansion. Outsiders thought that Yu Zhiwen was dead.

But in fact, she was just a little better than the ice sculpture Lu Ke.

Trapped in the Yuan Mansion, besides being able to move freely, she also lost the freedom to chase after the fourth sword.

“Xu Xiaoshou?”

Yu Zhiwen, who was caught by the Golden Palm, felt that her bones were about to fall apart.

But as soon as she appeared, she saw the Golden Giant.

She looked back again...

An arrow!

“Lord Cangsheng!”

Yu Zhiwen’s eyes trembled, and her mind went blank.

Ai Cangsheng’s arrow..

Why was it shooting at Xu Xiaoshou?

Her pretty face turned pale on the spot. Facing this sudden battle situation which was completely out of control, she lost all her ability to judge.

Death was coming!

But in her mind, the scene in the white cave was still vivid in her mind. At that time, a similar scene appeared again.

At that time, the famed sword, Flame Python, was born.

The lava that whistled up from the ground was like the end of the world. In an indescribable manner, it instantly destroyed the Earth, the void, and pierced into the sky.

Yu Zhiwen even thought that she had died at that moment.

But when she woke up again...

Why was that scene so familiar now?

The same Golden Giant, the same peeking at the end of the world through the gaps of her fingers, the same life-and-death crisis..

Just like that time in the ancient book space, she had completely disregarded her faction and shouted out the word "Run".

She quickly turned around.

Yu Zhiwen looked at the Raging Giant whose scarlet eyes were filled with hatred. Without even thinking, she blurted out.

"Xu Xiaoshou, quick, catch me..."

"Shield!!!"

### **Chapter 616: Head of Gou Exploded**

A shield?

At this critical moment, any straw would probably be seen as a glimmer of hope by a drowning person, let alone a shield.

Furthermore, Yu Zhiwen was the Holy Maiden of the Holy Divine Palace, Dao Xuanji's personal disciple, and Dao Qiongchang's niece.

With such an influential background, as long as such a person was on your side, even Ai Cangsheng would be a little fearful.

At this moment, if it was anyone else, they would have subconsciously lost their judgment with Yu Zhiwen as their "shield." However, the violence in Xu Xiaoshou's eyes were slightly restrained because of this word.

"Shield?"

"Since when did I, Xu Xiaoshou, need a woman to be my shield before I die?"

All along, from the moment he felt Yu Zhiwen in the Yuan Mansion, he did not bear such thoughts before, not even once.

It was the same as throwing Mu Zixi out.

He picked Yu Zhiwen up purely because the Yuan Mansion would definitely not be able to block Ai Cangsheng's arrow.

No one had any reason to die with him.

Even though their standpoints were different, Xu Xiaoshou clearly knew how to distinguish the target of his hatred.

Ember, Ice, Aje...

All of these had nothing to do with Yu Zhiwen, who had been trapped in the Yuan Mansion.

The reason why he, Xu Xiaoshou, was so furious was because of that arrow. The target of his hatred was just Ai Cangsheng alone.

In this world where there's no right and wrong, and everything was just gray, there was no clear dividing line of justice.

Some people sauntered from white to black, from right to wrong, because they lacked a yardstick to make a critical judgement of this world.

Xu Xiaoshou was different!

From the beginning till the end, he had been walking his own path without deviation.

Perhaps he had other thoughts along the way and had signs of being coerced to do things against his will, but for the entire path, he did not look at anything else but his own feet.

Xu Xiaoshou's footsteps were direct and fearless, not even half a step off the path.

How could he mess up his own inner scale just because of Yu Zhiwen's words?

"Bang!"

Without any hesitation, Xu Xiaoshou slapped Yu Zhiwen away.

He faced the arrow of the Evil Sin Bow that was completely magnified in his eyes.

The image that appeared in front of him was Ai Cangsheng, who sat upright in his wheelchair but was a mountain higher than the people in the world.

The light of hatred appeared.

The Raging Giant raised his arm.

"Passive fist (charge point: 8.64%)"

— Completely ignited!

..

At the same time, under this arrow, Xu Xiaoshou was not the only one who attacked.

This person was not Eder Sang, but Gou Wuyue!

Due to Ai Cangsheng's arrow, Xu Xiaoshou had to reveal all kinds of hidden trump cards, and Gou Wuyue was amazed by all this.

If this person was his peer, he would not be so stunned.

But one had to know that he was only an innate.

A mere innate had trump cards that were on par with the level of the Peak of Sovereign, how could this be real?

Even when the divine puppet appeared, Gou Wuyue could not describe the mixed emotions in his heart.

He had a great impulse to attack.

It was not for Xu Xiaoshou.

It was for Aje!

It was for Dao Qiongcang's first-generation divine puppet!

Outsiders might not know how Dao Qiongcang felt when he destroyed the first-generation divine puppet, but as one of the two rulers of the Holy Divine Palace, Gou Wuyue knew.

He had no choice but to obey...

This was the true reflection of how Dao Qiongcang's felt at that time.

But because of the mission, because it was an arrow shot by Ai Cangsheng, Gou Wuyue held back his impulse and did not make a move.

The first-generation divine puppet was already dead.

Although it was short-lived, there was a moment of brilliance in front of his eyes before it disappeared. It was not a bad ending.

After all, if this thing continued to exist, it would probably cause even greater turmoil in the future.

But that guy..

That Xiaoshi Tan Ji...

He still had people!

Gou Wuyue did not know what to think when he saw the woman in the Golden Giant's hand.

It didn't matter whether it was a subjective or objective judgment on hind sight.

He only knew that Yu Zhiwen couldn't die!

Her existence was more important than the mission to capture the saint servant.

Even Ai Cangsheng's arrow must not kill her.

"Shield..."

Yu Zhiwen shouted out her original intention.

Gou Wuyue could hear it.

This sentence wasn't just for Xiaoshi Tan Ji to hear, it was also for himself, as well as Ai Cangsheng, who was watching the battle from thousands of miles away with the Eye of the Great Path.



The arrow had been released from the bow, and what was done could not be undone.

Ai Cangsheng did not choose to forcefully stop all this. He could bear the consequences, but Gou Wuyue could not.

Gou Wuyue also did not know what Xiaoshi Tan Ji was thinking.

He only knew that even if Ai Cangsheng were to destroy the arrow at the final moment, even if Xiaoshi Tan Ji did not know Yu Zhiwen's value, they would not choose to use her as a shield.

Even if the probability of this was very high, he still had to act.

He had to risk his life to save her!

With the famed sword hanging upside down, the light in Gou Wuyue's eyes dimmed.

"Fantasy Sword Technique, time sequence, reverse!"

..

"Pu!"

The instant Xu Xiaoshou slapped away Yu Zhiwen, Gou Wuyue spat out a mouthful of blood.

The Voice of Nulan, the famed sword, was pulled out with great difficulty amidst the blood.

The sword was clearly very light, but at this moment, Gou Wuyue seemed to be on top of the ocean, trying to pull it out from the tip of an iceberg and topple the entire ocean.

"Crack! Crack —"

The void cracked, and the Way of the Heavens was in chaos.

The gears of time were biting together, pushing forward bit by bit towards the future.

However, when the famed sword in Gou Wuyue's hand was pulled out a little, the laws of the heavens and earth order changed dramatically with a boom.

Yin and Yang were reversed, and the seasons were in disorder.

At this moment, heat and cold intertwined and the Way of the Heavens collapsed. The people felt as if they had fallen into a purgatory of ice and fire.

Life and death were in disorder. At the same time, the body was aging, but the soul seemed to be returning to an infant.

Chaos!

Be it Gou Wuyue, Elder Sang, or Xu Xiaoshou..

Under this sword, it felt as if the Order of Heaven and Earth was in chaos.

As the plants withered, they spat out new green, and the gravel turned into stone the moment it was weathered..

Day and night arrived at the same time.

The sun rose and chased after the sunset. It went back and forth in the sky, from east to west and then back again, but it refused to enter the mountain.

The piercing cold wind seeped into the pores, and then it became the scorching breath of the desert.

“An illusion?”

Xu Xiaoshou felt his rage retreat rapidly.

The area of clarity in the corner of the spiritual altar was also expanding along with the layers of chaos.

The strength in his arm was not affected, but the arrow in front of him..

“Retreating?”

Xu Xiaoshou was shocked.

Ai Cangsheng’s arrow had broken through two domains and retreated just as it was about to pierce through his head?

Time reversal?

No one could describe Xu Xiaoshou’s shock at this moment.

This chaotic scene was simply beyond his understanding of the entire world.

“Ma Ma...”

Aje’s voice that sounded like an illusion was heard again.

“Summoned, passive points, + 1.”

When the information bar popped up, Xu Xiaoshou was finally certain about it.

This was not an illusion.

This was really time reversal..

No!

Time reversal!

Xu Xiaoshou stared at the indescribable scene in front of him in horror.

The void rift appeared, and a messy mass of flesh and bones flew out.

With a series of rustling sounds, it was pieced together and turned into Aje’s head before he looked back.

Then, the broken parts recovered.

One leg, one hand, including the torso..

The black fog on Aje’s body faded and returned to the arrow of the Evil Sin Bow.

The arrow flew back. At a certain point, there was a loud explosion. Ice's body parts were sucked back from all directions and combined together.

Then, Ember was resurrected again. He howled at the retreating arrow of the Evil Sin Bow.

"This..."

Xu Xiaoshou was pleasantly surprised and inexplicably terrified.

He felt that everything was too unreal, too illusory.

However, when the bind between the Infernal Fire Seed and the Three Days Frozen Calamity reappeared in his heart, he could feel and receive feedback when he called for it.

Only then did he realize that this was not a dream.

Gou Wuyue's sword was really inverting the norm and reversing the heavens!

"Isn't the sword deity just a higher void? How could he reverse the power of a demi-saint's arrow?"

Just as his thoughts began to flow, Xu Xiaoshou felt a figure appear in front of him.

Gou Wuyue!

He was different from the elegant and graceful immortal he usually saw.

At this moment, although Gou Wuyue was also standing with his sword slanted, the weariness in his eyes couldn't be concealed.

His face seemed to have completely aged.

Several crow's feet appeared at the corners of his eyes, and even his black hair had completely faded into a grayish-white color.

The price of one strike!

"You, why are you here?"

Gou Wuyue, who had landed in front of him, did not even look at Xu Xiaoshou. He stared at Yu Zhiwen in disbelief, his face full of shock.

"I..."

Yu Zhiwen, who was thrown away and returned back to Xu Xiaoshou's golden light palm, was at this moment experiencing dizziness and not able to find herself at all.

She suddenly felt that her feet were unstable, and her body staggered.

"Crack!"

She looked down and saw that the golden palm under her feet had already cracked open.

The violent power from it raged viciously, almost crushing her.

"Roar..."

Xu Xiaoshou let out a painful roar.

Gou Wuyue's sword was slow yet fast.

In an instant, the entire space and time changed completely. The only thing that was not affected was Xu Xiaoshou's "Passive Fist", which had ignited all of his power.

This punch came from the system and actually ignored the space-time reversal!

Ever since he had destroyed half of Red Dog's life with his fist, Xu Xiaoshou had not used it at all.

However, the charge point of the passive fist had accumulated to 8.64% after the high-intensity damage from the Power of Sovereign and the Cutting Path that he had received along the way.

1,000 damage to the enemy, 1,200 damage to himself.

Xu Xiaoshou vaguely remembered that after this punch, he had lost almost half of his life.

If he could, he did not want to use the passive fist at all.

However, under Ai Cangsheng's arrow, he had no choice but to use it. He even felt that 8.64% of the charge point was too little, just too little.

Now, Gou Wuyue's "Time Sequence" had reversed the rules of the heavens and the laws of time and space, but was unable to recover Xu Xiaoshou's punch.

How could he recover this punch from the system?

Vent!

Before he could even swing his fist, Xu Xiaoshou already felt the golden light on his right arm explode and shatter.

Pain assaulted him.

At this moment, he had to have a target to vent out in order to slow down the backlash from his passive fist.

Yu Zhiwen's ability was insufficient to make Ai Cangsheng's arrow retract.

After this sudden sword attack, Gou Wuyue, who had aged a lot, became an apt target.

"Gou Wuyue."

Xu Xiaoshou muttered.

He didn't have the slightest favorable impression of the person in front of him. It was because of this fellow's appearance that he almost died.

Even the companions who had followed him in the Yuan Mansion had died once in order to protect him.

Their standpoints were originally different.

Xu Xiaoshou also didn't think that Gou Wuyue's sword strike was to save him.

Then, in this situation where pain and suffering intertwined and even his sanity was about to be destroyed..

Attack!

“Eh?”

As Gou Wuyue approached, he finally detected the violent power raging from Xiaoshi Tan Ji’s body due to the arrow.

He tilted his head.

He saw a huge fist of golden light expanding in front of him.

“Take my punch!”

Hu —

The heart of the fist withered in the process of being waved.

The upper and lower forearm, and almost the entire arm exploded into golden light and blood mist.

Gou Wuyue only saw the fist for an instant, then it disappeared.

However, Xu Xiaoshou’s violent desire was still firmly locked onto Gou Wuyue.

There was no form.

However, the anonymous power whistling through the air made Gou Wuyue shudder in fear.

In his weakened state, he only had time to raise his sword horizontally, and his spiritual source swelled up.

“Innate is innate. Even if you struggle to death, what effect can this punch have?” He thought to himself.

However, Gou Wuyue’s was completely fixated on Yu Zhiwen that he was completely unaware that the power of this punch was something that even his sword could not reverse.

At this moment, there was a flash of light.

“Wu —”

The famed sword bent slightly.

Xu Xiaoshou leaned half of his body forward, and the intangible force that was blocked finally appeared. At the area where his arm had been blown off, it condensed into an illusory miniature of a giant fist.

After a light sizzle, the world was completely silent.

Yu Zhiwen’s eyes widened, and she wanted to say something.

However, as her red lips parted, not a single sound came out.

Elder Sang stopped behind in astonishment.

He originally thought that Gou Wuyue wanted to finish off Xu Xiaoshou ahead of time, but he did not expect that his attention was actually on that girl.

On the way to save his disciple, the world was suddenly turned into a vacuum by a punch, and he chose to stay.

Sometimes, Elder Sang was actually very afraid of Xu Xiaoshou.

The horrifying scenes of this disciple in the past were flashing in his mind.

Fire seed shooting through the nose, burning down the Spiritual Library Division, exploding the Tianxuan Gate, destroying the city in anger..

That kid was someone who could injure his internal organs when he acquired a cultivation level in the future.

What was he doing now?

He looked up.

Xu Xiaoshou's illusory punch paused for a while after fighting with Gou Wuyue.

"Boom!!!"

Sounds came from all directions, and the space within a few kilometers exploded.

The deafening sound was so loud that it almost damaged Elder Sang's eardrums.

Then, Xu Xiaoshou's entire body was blown away by the explosion and he was dismembered into several pieces.

As for Gou Wuyue...

He seemed to have realized that he was wrong at that point in time when the fist and sword clashed.

However, he did not care about himself. Instead, he used his bounded domain to wrap Yu Zhiwen up and chose to suffer the consequences by himself.

As for the consequences...

Elder Sang's line of sight followed the direction of Xu Xiaoshou's punch as his head twisted along with the extremely compressed black line in the air.

"Rumble –"

The black line released its pressure and turned into a terrifying shock wave, blasting a mountain in the distance into debris.

Elder Sang's eyelids twitched.

A few rustling sounds could be heard.

The Voice of Nulan, the famed sword, spun in mid-air and pierced into the ground with a clang.

This was the scene right before him.

And in the distance..

Gou Wuyue, who had been blasted dozens of miles away and embedded into the depths of the mountain behind the mountain..

Elder Sang used his spiritual senses to probe.

Although Gou Wuyue's body had been saved because of the famed sword, it had also been shattered into pieces.

And his head, under the focused aim and unguarded...

It was gone!

The corner of his mouth began to twitch. Elder Sang wanted to press down on the straw hat, but he touched his bald, cold scalp.

His straw hat had long been blown away by the shockwave, and he couldn't even save it.

He probed into Gou Wuyue's injuries again in disbelief. But eventually, Elder Sang was certain about it, but his eyes were still filled with shock.

"The head of Gou has really exploded?"

### **Chapter 617: The Next Backer**

Huge white crabapple flowers bloomed on the mountain every now and then.

Above each crabapple, there were one or two white-clothed, red-clothed and gray-clothed. Their expressions were either sluggish, confused, or intoxicated as they stood, lay on their backs, or lay down on their front, repeating simple and profound rhythmic movements according to the rhythm of the great path.

"Hu hu..."

The wind rustled.

Carrying the unconscious Bazhun'an on his back, Haitang'er leapt from the depths of the mountain to the outer area of the Eighth Palace.

At this junction, without the support of the Nation-Toppling Heavenly Shield's sensing network, the ordinary white-clothed and even Gou Wuyue would probably find it difficult to find any traces of this saint servant duo.

"Ehm."

A groan of pain sounded from his back, and Haitang'er stopped in his tracks.

"You're awake?"

As he turned his head, a pink crabapple flower bloomed in mid-air and placed the person on top of it.

There was a long silence.

Bazhun'an sat upright on the crabapple flower, rubbing the back of his neck while raising his eyes to look at Haitang'er.

He did not speak, and just watched for a long time. Haitang'er could no longer control himself.

"At that time, the situation was dangerous. You couldn't make a move so I had no choice but to..."

"You sneak attack me?"

Haitang'er's voice paused.

Bazhun'an's eyes were cold. He had interrupted him just like that and for a moment, Haitang'er did not know how to refute.

"Yes!"

"That was indeed a fact."

Clenching his teeth, Haitang'er immediately continued, "But at that time, if you were to fight with Gou Wuyue, with your injuries and just that sword, it would be difficult for you..."

"You sneak attack me?"

There was silence again.

Haitang'er closed his eyes with a feeling of heaviness, and did not intend to say anything more. "So what if I did?"

Bazhun'an said in an indifferent tone, "Gou Wuyue is a sword deity, and he's at least twice as powerful as a typical higher void. If I am unconscious, who can hold him off?"

"Cen Qiaofu can."

"Cen Qiaofu can, but the divine puppet and the other white-clothed, who can hold him off?"

"The storyteller can."

"The storyteller is only Cutting Path level. When people of that level surround him, he can still protect himself. But the rest won't be so silly as to stay still when they have the time. They will still be looking for others." Even though Bazhun'an was unconscious at that point of time, he was able to make his own judgment of the situation.

"Second Brother is here."

Haitang'er could not continue, so he chose to confess.

"Second Brother?"

Bazhun'an was stunned. He paused for a moment, and his voice became fragile. "You know, he's injured."

"He has recovered," Haitang'er said.

"He told you that?"



“Yes.”

“Do you believe him?”

“I don’t.”

“And then?”

Haitang’er sighed. “It doesn’t matter whether I believe him or not. He opened the Dragon Melting Realm and attracted Gou Wuyue there. He wanted to fight to the death. You know his temper...”

“He wanted to fight to the death, so you have to let him be?”

Bazhun’an suddenly stood up and said coldly, “If he really wanted to fight till the end, it would be impossible for Gou Wuyue to come to the white cave in the Azure Dragon Prefecture!”

“He was stopped by someone.” Haitang’er turned his head away and didn’t dare to look directly at him.

“Chey.”

Bazhun’an sneered, “These are all excuses.”

He suddenly turned around and walked to the back.

Haitang’er had no choice but to pave a path for him to prevent him from falling. He asked again, “Where are you going?”

“Back.”

“Why are you still going back at this point? What can you do if you go back? In your current state, can you defeat Gou Wuyue?”

“If I’m around, he won’t dare to kill people.”

“But he was going to capture you!” Haitang’er said angrily.

He did not know what was the significance of going back.

Cen Qiaofu risked his life to stall all the high-end white-clothed so that they would not interfere with the other battlefields.

Sang Qiye stopped Gou Wuyue by himself so as to make a way out for Bazhun’an.

Just as Haitang’er had said earlier, they had already come to this point, why should they go back?

Wouldn’t all their efforts be put to waste?

When did the chief become so pretentious?

Looking at the haggard figure that was moving forward one step at a time without the slightest hesitation, Haitang’er couldn’t help but shout, “The battle has already ended!”

He looked at the shattered mountain in the distance, the sword will of the realm, and the burning aura...

And that arrow!

If they return now, not only would they fail to retrieve the corpses, two additional lives would be lost!

“Do you have a sword?”

Bazhun’an did not even turn his head back. His calm voice drifted over from the front.

Haitang’er’s heart trembled.

He knew that the three strikes from Hua Changdeng in the past not only destroyed an era, but also made the ruler of that era weary of holding a sword again.

But now, what did he hear?

A sword?

“No sword!”

Haitang’er’s voice trembled slightly.

“Even if you have a sword, you can’t pick it up.”

“The path you chose, you want to give up halfway?”

“Just because of Second Brother, just because of Gou Wuyue, just because of this fight?”

“Do you know what you forgot?”

Haitang’er roared, “The real battle is waiting for you at a later time. We can’t do without you!”

There was a click.

Bazhun’an stopped and slowly turned his head.

“Haitang’er.”

“Go?” Haitang’er’s voice became gentler. Although it was only one word, his tone sounded more like, “Since you’ve thought it through, why don’t you come with me?”

Bazhun’an shook his head gently.

“Bazhun’an, it’s not that I’ve forgotten, but you’ve gotten used to it.”

“Wait, hide...”

“What we’ve been getting ready for, it has been too long, too long.”

Bazhun’an raised his head and looked at the shattered sky. There was an endless vicissitude in his turbid eyes. It was as if the resolve of his entire life had been drained away with time.

But his words were powerful.

“Just like this flower.”

He pointed at the crabapple flower under his feet and said, "If you don't have the ability to spend all your time with it, then you'll never know if what you've seen, what you think is its most glorious moment, is really true."

"Just like this hand!"

He spread out his palms again, and his eight fingers trembled slightly. "You see, it is no longer as stable as it was yesterday. However, without a sword, furthermore, without the ability to hold a sword, does this mean that this is the end?"

Bazhun'an looked straight ahead and stared straight at Haitang'er. He pondered for a moment and said earnestly,

"In this world, there is nothing that you can face in the most perfect state of preparation."

"When the time is up, it is up."

"When the time is up, you can no longer refuse."

"If you can really see the most resplendent of flowers, the perfect life of a person, then you have already given everything... to put it another way, you have prepared everything, so you can see the ending that you want."

"But that ending, is it meaningful? Is it really what you want to see?"

Haitang'er lowered his head.

He agreed with the chief's words, but it did not mean that he could accept it.

They did not make full preparation for all this and the price might be that they would lose everything!

Bazhun'an could not help but laugh. He knew what the other party was thinking.

"You are an extremist and also a perfectionist."

"Not every step in life has to be measured to a tee, and not everything in the world is only right and wrong."

"People can actually have a third choice."

Haitang'er raised his eyes which were filled with coldness. "Is that so? You haven't put your whole life into it, right? How do you know the ending?"

"I don't know, but I can create it. This is what I've been doing, isn't it?"

"Create it with what?"

"Create it with my hands, my body, my willpower, anything that I can use, even preparations that are half-done..."

Bazhun'an gave a lot of answers before he finally paused and said, "Face it, don't show your back!"

With a thud, Haitang'er's heart suddenly contracted.

Was he saying that he...

Was running away?

He gritted his teeth and wanted to refute.

"Put me down."

Bazhun'an pointed at the ruined mountain forest below.

It was a desolate place. The aftermath of the battle in the Eighth Palace had swept away all the trees and broken the branches.

"Oh."

Haitang'er reluctantly put him down.

Bang.

The moment Bazhun'an landed on the ground, he broke a dead branch.

He lowered his head.

Haitang'er also lowered his head along with his line of sight.

Broken branch..

Was this implying something?

Haitang'er felt that the sky was about to turn gray. His entire body was shrouded in gloom and sorrow.

He could not persuade chief!

Bazhun'an, however, moved his feet. As if he had thought of something, he squatted down thoughtfully.

He picked up the withered branch that had been broken in half and was only the length of his forearm, and studied it for a long time.

"Chief?"

Haitang'er looked in the direction of the battle behind him.

If they did not leave now, the white-clothed would really catch up.

Bazhun'an stood up and looked over with him.

"The battle is not over," he suddenly said in a low voice.

Haitang'er was stunned when he heard this. It took him a long time to react. The chief was responding to what he had just said. Gou Wuyue and second brother's battle had already ended.

"Can you see it?" He was a little curious.

"I can't."

Bazhun'an looked into the distance.

He was only at the cultivation level of the acquired realm. He had injuries all over his body. All he could see was the broken sky.

Whoosh.

He used the withered branch in his hand and swiped it in the air, and a faint sound of wind could be heard.

Bazhun'an's lips curled up, and a smile appeared on his face.

"But I know..

"The battle has just begun."

..

On the other side.

Whoosh!

The Evil Sin Bow's arrow returned.

It was obvious that Gou Wuyue's "Time Sequence, Reversal" wasn't powerful enough to completely affect the two domains.

After the arrow disappeared from the sky, it suddenly shot over with an invincible momentum.

"Xu Xiaoshou..."

Elder Sang sighed.

He had never thought that his new disciple could cause such serious damage to one of the seven sword deities on the continent.

It was true that Gou Wuyue was a sword deity, a higher void.

But on this continent, cultivation level did not determine everything.

At the very least, he was not born with a sacred physique, nor was he trained physically. The higher void physique, which had been modified by the Way of the Heavens power, could not withstand that punch.

"What kind of fist technique is it?"

Elder Sang did not probe further.

This was Xu Xiaoshou's opportunity.

He knew that this disciple of his had many thoughts, many secrets, and even more opportunities.

If he had been the one to face that punch, he would have been a little stunned, even though he had the sovereign physique.

However, no matter what, Xu Xiaoshou had already done too much in this battle.

It had even exceeded the "Anything" that he needed to endure at his current realm!

This battle that's not worthy of being at Cutting Path level, was something that a junior like him should not be facing.

What he should do was to defeat his peers in all kinds of competition in a glorious and carefree manner!

"Ai Cangsheng..."

Looking up at the arrow that shot down from the sky, Elder Sang opened his hands.

Without Gou Wuyue's obstruction, he could easily collect the body of his disciple that had been hit by the backlash of the punch and exploded into several pieces.

As the true successor of the Infernal Fire Seed, even if he was only left with his last breath, or even if he didn't die for too long, he had several ways to snatch the person back from the hands of the Grim Reaper.

"Pa!"

Grabbing Xu Xiaoshou's cracked head, Elder Sang aimed at the wound and slapped a rejuvenation pill into it.

In the blink of an eye, Xu Xiaoshou's muscles began to split and grow crazily.

In just a short while, he had rejuvenated his whole body.

Elder Sang took out another pill bottle from his ring.

This time, he carefully poured out a golden elixir the size of a fingernail.

"God's Blessing!"

Known as the strongest healing medicine in the world, "God's Blessing" had the ability to dispel all negative effects, revive the soul, and reverse the Way of the Heavens power.

He fed it in one go.

In less than three breaths, Xu Xiaoshou spat out a mouthful of blood. His eyelids trembled slightly, and he opened his eyes.

"Old man..."

Time seemed to slow down.

Xu Xiaoshou saw the arrow of the Evil Sin Bow falling from the sky with one glance. However, as he was in Elder Sang's arms, he surprisingly did not have the slightest bit of anxiety.

It was as if even if the sky fell, everything would be supported by this old man.

— a sense of security!

"Pa!"

Darkness fell in front of him.

Elder Sang took out a straw hat from his ring and covered his disciple's face.

“Xu Xiaoshou.”

He opened his mouth and seemed to have a lot to say.

However, as his lips and teeth opened and closed, it was as if he didn't need to say anything and he shut his mouth again.

The medicinal fragrance was mixed with the burnt smell, and there was even the smell of sweat on the old man's body..

Xu Xiaoshou felt the smell of the straw hat on his face and understood everything.

He suddenly felt a lump in his throat.

“Master...”

Elder Sang's heart trembled, but he still did not lower his head.

The arrow that was magnified in his pupils did not give him enough time to savor the name uttered with sincerity from his disciple since the night he became his teacher.

He knew it.

Xu Xiaoshou had been holding a grudge in his heart.

But who could not hold a grudge?

The way he took in disciples was to disregard human lives.

But Elder Sang did not care.

He did not have the extra time or patience to face those chess pieces that might not grow up.

Only through repeated attempts and disappointments could there really be a chance.

And now...

It was obvious that Xu Xiaoshou had risen.

Then, his mission had been accomplished.

Did he feel regretful?

It was impossible to say that he did not regret it.

But because it was hard to come by, he treasured it even more.

At least, in front of Elder Sang, he did not allow anyone, any form of existence, in any way, to cause harm to his disciple's body, spirit and soul.

No one!

Even if that person was called Ai Cangsheng!

“Xiaoshou, this is very likely the last thing I will say to you.”

With a bang, Elder Sang with his straw hat was being sucked into the spatial crack.

The straw hat flew away.

Xu Xiaoshou grabbed it in a panic.

Just as the spatial crack was about to disappear, he saw the old man's lips squirm a few times and although it was horrifying, it could be seen that he was trying his best to express a warm and friendly smile.

"If I die, you don't have to fear anyone in this continent."

After saying that, Elder Sang turned around brazenly. His hands became scorched and with a bang, he grabbed tightly onto the arrow from the Evil Sin Bow that came from the sky.

The void exploded and the space shattered.

Invisible air waves flattened the space for several miles.

It was difficult for the voice to be heard again.

But even at this moment, the old man still gritted his teeth and trembled. He forcefully turned his head away.

He knew that communication was impossible within the vacuum, and it was very likely that Xu Xiaoshou wouldn't be able to hear him.

However, he was determined to say it.

What he didn't know was that even if there was only a sliver of the spatial crack left, Xu Xiaoshou's "Perception" could ultimately figure out the shape of his mouth.

"Your next backer, the Holy Palace, Dragon Melt!"

### **Chapter 618: When I Return**

Bang!

Devilish energy exploded.

When the spatial crack closed, Xu Xiaoshou, who was holding the straw hat with one hand, could still vaguely see Elder Sang, who could not hold his foot against the arrow. In an instant, the arrow pierced through him and was then enveloped by an endless devilish energy.

That arrow could break through a non-forged body.

However, when it met Elder Sang, it could not completely explode his body.

However, the arrow of the Evil Sin Bow was not terrifying in its explosive form, but in its devil invasion.

Sizzle.

The spatial crack closed.

Xu Xiaoshou could not see what happened next.



He used the Three Days Frozen Calamity to freeze his body completely and to prevent the spatial fragment from ultimately crushing his body.

A red light flashed in front of his eyes.

“Little guy...”

The storyteller appeared and grabbed the ice sculpture with one hand.

At this moment, he was not in the mood to joke anymore.

Silently, they retreated together. The two of them left the spatial fragment and entered from the other side of the void, leaving the battlefield.

As for Second Brother...

The storyteller did not choose to come to his aid.

With his ability, even if he went over, he would be courting death.

After all, even Gou Wuyue, who had his head blown off by a punch, would not die so easily.

He could no longer withstand the higher void and could only protect himself.

Not to mention the sword deity of the higher void!

..

“Quick, quick!”

“Keep up, keep up.”

“The sword realm has been broken, and the battle will definitely end. At this time, our role will come into play. It’s important to clean up the mess, and we can’t be late.”

“Heavens, I didn’t expect the second-in-command saint servant to appear. I wonder how the final battle with Elder Wuyue will end...”

“Bullsh\*\*t!”

“Do you even need to think about that? Elder Wuyue must have defeated the saint servant completely. What else would it be?”

“You have to know that he is one of the seven sword deities of the current era and the two great rulers of the Holy Divine Palace... Eh?”

The group of white-clothed rushed to the battlefield.

As they were discussing among themselves, they all felt regretful that they couldn’t watch the battle with their own eyes.

After all, it was the battle of the higher void.

Even if they were of the Cutting Path level, they were still trying to gain some insights from it, so that if there was even the slightest possibility in the future, they would be able to push themselves further and step into that legendary realm.

However, amidst the heated discussions, when they really arrived at the battlefield, everyone was so shocked that they could not speak.

In the distance, within the shattered mountain, a headless corpse was slowly floating in the air.

Everyone looked over.

The headless corpse's clothes were tattered and his body was covered in red.

However, a faint blue could be seen between the tattered sleeves.

Among the people present, the only person who wore blue was the Moonless Sword Deity!

"This..."

Everyone was shocked.

The Moonless Sword Deity's head had been blown off?

"My god, is this the damage caused by the second-in-command saint servant?"

"These mountains, these ruined cliffs... What happened here?"

"Elder Wuyue, is he still alive?"

Number 33 grabbed the unconscious Cen Qiaofu with one hand and looked at the blue-clothed figure floating in the air in bewilderment.

He could smell a faint life force from it.

But if he hadn't seen it with his own eyes, he wouldn't have believed that Elder Wuyue would be so severely injured!

Was that second-in-command saint servant really that powerful?

"Whoosh!"

In a flash, his figure immediately appeared beside the headless body.

"Elder Wuyue?"

"I... am fine." Gou Wuyue stretched out his hand and stopped him from going forward to help.

Number 33 looked at the broken body, whose head and neck were missing.

Fine...

He fell silent for a moment.

"Look!"

There was a commotion from the group of white-clothed again.

Everyone looked sideways and saw a mass of black energy that was completely different from the black hole energy surging in the air.

“Devilish energy?”

Everyone was surprised.

This devilish energy didn’t look like the one emitted from the Fourth Sword. Instead, it seemed to be created when the all emotions and desires in the heart were detonated at the same time.

“Who is it?”

No one could see the face of the person covered by the devilish mist.

But based on judgement, this person should be the second-in-command saint servant, Wu Xiu!

“The arrow of the Evil Sin Bow?”

Among the white-clothed, those who had experienced it could already see something.

The arrow that pierced through the void was not only seen by the people in the Eighth Palace.

In the entire Eastern Region, almost all those who had reached the cultivation level of a sovereign could catch a glimpse of that terrifying power.

Now, Wu Xiu’s ending was nothing more than being hit by Ai Cangsheng’s arrow.

“So, Elder Wuyue alone could not take down saint servant Wu Xiu, and he even needed Lord Cangsheng’s help to shoot an arrow to take him down completely?”

Immediately, some white-clothed people began to imagine.

With the current situation, it was hard for them not to speculate.

“Shut up!”

Number 33 immediately shouted.

Did these people think that they had lived too long? Elder Wuyue’s head had been blown off, but he hadn’t completely lost his consciousness yet!

The white-clothed seemed to realize that they had misspoken, and they all chose to keep their mouths close.

The green power of the higher void was twining around.

Gou Wuyue’s head was slowly growing. It took a full fifteen minutes before his head was fully grown.

“Xiaoshi Tan Ji...”

With a low moan, Gou Wuyue’s eyes were filled with complicated thoughts. No one knew what he was thinking.

With a flick of his hand, he released his bounded domain, and Yu Zhiwen appeared beside him.

Number 33 was shocked.

Perhaps no one else had seen this woman before, but his knowledge base had information on this person.

“Miss Zhiwen.”

With a slight bow, Number 33’s voice contained a hint of respect.

Yu Zhiwen completely ignored him. The moment she appeared, she anxiously looked at Gou Wuyue.

“Where’s Xu Xiaoshou?”

“Xu Xiaoshou?” Gou Wuyue was slightly startled.

“Golden Giant!” Yu Zhiwen’s starry eyes were filled with worry.

Gou Wuyue immediately understood.

Xiaoshi Tan Ji...

So it really wasn’t his real name.

Could Xu Xiaoshou also be a false name for that youth?

“Are you familiar with him?”

Gou Wuyue asked softly.

His gaze landed on Sang Qiye, who was still continuously roaring and struggling in the air.

He was able to stop Sang Qiye, the second-in-command saint servant who had lost consciousness and only had rage in him, from attacking with his “I Am the Sword” technique .

“Familiar!”

Yu Zhiwen nodded heavily and turned her head to look.

He knew that Ai Cangsheng’s arrow was aimed at Xu Xiaoshou.

Although he didn’t know what the reason was, judging from the result..

“He, he...”

Yu Zhiwen pointed at the devilish fog and asked in a trembling voice, “He was shot?”

Number 33 had already sensed something when he looked at this scene.

He silently retreated and disappeared.

What happened next was obviously not something he could listen to.

“It wasn’t him.”

Gou Wuyue shook his head, "The one who was shot was his master, Sang Qiye, and the Xu Xiaoshou you mentioned... left."

Yu Zhiwen's expression turned cold.

Then, as if she had breathed a sigh of relief, her voice softened.

"He's here?"

She seemed to be mumbling to herself, unconsciously repeating it.

Gou Wuyue saw her reaction, and the corners of his lips lifted. He took a step forward and asked, "You two are very close. What's your relationship with him?"

"I..."

Yu Zhiwen immediately recognized the hidden meaning of the words, and her ears turned red.

"No, Elder Wuyue."

"It's not what you think. I got to know him in the white cave. This person is very powerful. I just want to... bring him into the Holy Divine Palace."

"That's all."

Gou Wuyue smiled faintly. "That's all?"

"Yes."

Yu Zhiwen's averted her gaze.

She saw a group of white-clothed people and realized that at this moment, she had already left the white cave and was in the Eighth Palace.

That meant that the battle between them had most likely ended.

What she had encountered just now was only the last scene.

"Xu Xiaoshou..."

Gou Wuyue muttered to himself and didn't pursue the relationship between the two.

Or rather, his attention on the young saint servant had already suppressed his pure curiosity about the Holy Maiden's private matters.

"Among the saint servants, do you know him well?"

"Yes."

"How well?"

Gou Wuyue paused for a moment and added, "You said that you wanted to rope him into the Holy Divine Palace. Why?"

Xu Xiaoshou's unruly appearance flashed through Yu Zhiwen's mind, and she was somewhat anxious.

“This person is very powerful. Whether it’s his potential, strategy, or the skills he mastered...”

“He is different from all the others I’ve met.”

Yu Zhiwen turned her head and looked at Gou Wuyue with firmness in her eyes. She emphasized, “He is one of the younger generation I’ve met in the headquarters.”

She paused for a moment before concluding.

“He is very strong. In time, he will definitely reach senior’s level. We must rope him into the Holy Divine Palace and bring him into the headquarters.”

“Because he is currently in the decision-making stage. If we are not careful, it is very likely...”

Seeing Gou Wuyue suddenly fall into deep thought, Yu Zhiwen’s voice paused.

“Senior?”

My level.. Gou Wuyue ignored her and looked directly at the devilish mist in the air.

Under Ai Cangsheng’s arrow, Xu Xiaoshou’s performance was really stunning to him.

And this person was not only Sang Qiye’s disciple, but also Bazhun’an’s training target.

Gou Wuyue did not look down on Yu Zhiwen’s words in the slightest.

He even felt that with help and support extended to the young man, he might really grow up into something...

“Maybe it’s not just at my level...”

Gou Wuyue pondered, but he did not express his thoughts.

He looked at Yu Zhiwen and sighed, “Little Yu, you know a lot about that young man, but you seem to have forgotten something.”

“Huh?”

Yu Zhiwen opened her red lips, somewhat confused.

“I said it.”

Gou Wuyue pointed at the ball of devilish energy, “He is Xu Xiaoshou’s master!”

“?”

Yu Zhiwen could not react for a moment.

Gou Wuyue sighed, “Don’t you know that your so-called Xu Xiaoshou has completely joined the saint servant?”

Dong.

Yu Zhiwen’s heart suddenly shrank.

When she reacted, her face instantly turned pale.

Stiffly, she looked at the ball of devilish energy again, and Yu Zhiwen suddenly came to a realization.

That's right.

This was the second-in-command saint servant, Wu Xiu.

In other words, this was the Vice Dean of the Tiansang Spirit Palace, Elder Sang.

Xu Xiaoshou's master...

In other words, he really was a saint servant?

At that time, she had deduced it in the white cave, but she had subconsciously negated that idea. The truth finally dawned on her.

Yu Zhiwen couldn't say anything for a moment.

Powerless..

This was the true feeling in her heart at this moment.

"So all of this was predestined?"

..

"Sigh."

As someone who had experienced it before, how could Gou Wuyue not see through the heart of the girl in front of him?

However, they were on different sides, and their factions were different.

Some people, and some fates, were destined to be like this, and could not be changed.

He did not say much, nor did he try to persuade her.

As the Holy Maiden of the Holy Divine Palace, Yu Zhiwen had the highest awareness of the Holy Palace. This little bit of external emotion could not affect the firmness of her heart at all.

He sighed and walked towards the ball of devilish energy.

The endgame should be over..

"Sword."

He waved his hand.

The Voice of Nulan, the famed sword, rose from the ground with a metallic sound and landed in his palm.

Gou Wuyue raised his famed sword high.

"Everyone..."

The group of white-clothed waited solemnly.

Even Number 33 straightened his body.

However, Gou Wuyue did not give the order.

Suddenly, an illusory pink and white crabapple flower bloomed under the ball of devilish energy.

“Shua! Shua! Shua!”

In an instant, many white-clothed looked warily at it.

The arena seemed to be enveloped by the crabapple flower from the bottom, as if it wanted to stealthily carry away the people in it.

“How dare you?!”

Gou Wuyue’s heart trembled.

He truly did not expect that Haitang’er, who had already escaped from death, would dare to return?

With an angry shout, the famed sword transformed into a green light and shot out from his hand. Just as the crabapple flower was about to close, the sword completely pierced through with a bang and the flower exploded into bits and pieces.

Gou Wuyue’s heart was hanging high in the air, and he could not let go.

He stepped forward and leapt to the side of Sang Qiye.

With a wave of his sleeve, he immediately put it away.

After doing all this, he was shocked to realize that he was covered in cold sweat.

Indeed, the saint servant’s wave of attacks had come back at the moment when everyone was at their most comfortable and relaxed. Even he, Gou Wuyue, almost let his guard down and let the saint servant succeed.

“Fortunately.”

“Fortunately, Sang Qiye couldn’t resist...”

Before Gou Wuyue had time to rejoice, he suddenly froze and realized that something was wrong.

If Haitang’er left and returned, what about Bazhun’an?

Bazhun’an had also returned. How could he not steal Sang Qiye while he was in a trance?

A chill ran down his spine. Gou Wuyue’s pupils constricted as he thought of something.

He suddenly turned his head and looked in the direction of Number 33.

“Yo.”

A hissing sound was heard.



“You seem a little slow. Are you getting old, Gou Wuyue?”

Bazhun’an’s tone was mocking, but his turbid eyes were full of cold killing intent.

The temperature of the entire place dropped abruptly with this sound.

“The eighth sword deity?”

“Bazhun’an!”

The white-clothed exclaimed in shock.

No one could have expected that the legendary person would actually dare to return!

“Bazhun’an...”

Number 33 felt his entire body stiffen.

Through the shocked gazes of the many white-clothed people, even if he didn’t have spiritual senses, he could tell the identity of the person standing behind him.

“Die!”

With Cen Qiaofu still in his hands, Number 33 did not dare to be negligent at all. With a backhand punch, he smashed out with a loud bang.

“You can’t –”

Gou Wuyue shouted.

But it was too late.

The arrow was on the bowstring and had to be shot.

Number 33 did not dare to expose his back to that man that only existed in legends.

As he turned his body and retreated, a violent punch was about to smash down on his head.

“Buzz”

The air current spread out.

However, time seemed to have slowed down at this moment.

From the corner of Number 33’s eyes, he could still see Elder Wuyue’s anxious expression that was accompanied by a cry of surprise. He could also see the worried expressions and actions of his white-clothed companions.

And the person in front of him..

Bazhun’an was smiling.

His fist was about to land on the door, but he only turned his head slightly.

“Sizzle!”

Number 33 felt something sharp on his arm. Then, he saw his right arm fly away from his body.

“This...”

His heart trembled.

Subconsciously, Number 33 kicked his leg and hit his knee.

However, his movement was still extremely slow. It was not even a thousandth of the speed of a turtle!

Bazhun’an was still smiling.

He lowered his head and narrowed his eyes.

The same piercing pain was felt from his knees.

“Sizzle!”

The broken leg swung in the air and slowly escaped.

Number 33 still wanted to struggle and resist.

“Sigh.”

Bazhun’an sighed and took a step forward, stepping in front of the crabapple flower.

Boom!

Everyone felt that time and space had been slowed down to restore order.

However, Number 33 was chopped into pieces right in front of them and exploded under the interweaving of endless sword cognitions.

A golden energy core was sent flying away.

Everyone wanted to help, but they felt that the flow of time in the world had slowed down again.

Then, they saw Bazhun’an lightly poke and spin the energy core with the small twig in his hand.

“Bang!”

The energy core shattered.

Time and space returned to order.

Gou Wuyue’s footsteps were barely raised, and white-clothed’s heartbeat had just begun to retract.

However...

Number 33 was gone!

“Bang Bang Bang...”

The pieces of the divine puppet smashed onto the ground with a loud thud.

Cen Qiaofu landed on the ground and was swallowed by the crabapple flowers.

Everyone looked at the man standing on the top of the flower petal, and for a moment there was dead silence.

He was clearly only at the acquired cultivation level...

He was clearly still hesitating earlier and didn't dare to make a move..

But why..

"Cough."

Bazhun'an coughed lightly and interrupted everyone's thoughts. The expression in his eyes was completely different from before.

When everyone took a look, they felt a piercing pain in their eyes and a coldness in their souls.

That ice-cold killing intent was completely different from before.

"I didn't want to kill anyone..."

Bazhun'an murmured as he slowly tapped his palm with the withered twig in his hand. Then, he looked around without any pity in his eyes.

"You can take Sang Qiye away. I won't release the devilish energy of Ai Cangsheng anyway."

His voice paused.

He puffed out his chest and breathed through the sky. His words were a little more angry, and it shocked everyone.

"But today, I will slaughter 700 white-clothed to honor my good friend!"

"You can take him with you... But if my friend dies, I will kill my way to the Holy Divine Palace and break all the osmanthus flowers on the mountain!"

Chapter 619: The Buddha Stands Tall!

White-clothed people arrived one after another.

Everyone thought that the battle was over.

Unexpectedly, at the last moment, Eighth Sword Deity made a comeback.

He even made a bold statement...

"I will break all the osmanthus flowers on the mountain?"

The crowd was in an uproar.

Compared to the time he had just left the White Cave, Eighth Sword Deity's actions only made people feel that he had changed into a different person. His actions and style were no longer as unruly and willful as in his younger years.

However, at this moment, hearing these, everyone felt as if they had seen that glorious young man once again.

That young man who was able to suppress all the other heirs of the various peak powers of the continent in the battle fighting for the seats in The Ten High Nobles of The Central Region...

Seemed to have returned?

“Are you threatening me?”

Different from everyone else,

Gou Wuyue’s eyes were filled with anger as he stared at the dried branches on Bazhun’an’s hands. He spoke coldly.

No matter how archaic everyone was.

He also knew that the person in front of him could no longer compare to the same person from back then.

He had been given a weapon prohibition order...

Two of his fingers had been broken...

“A person who can’t even pick up a sword, what gave you the confidence to say such arrogant words?”  
Gou Wuyue tightened his famed sword as his sword will be raged.

White-clothed people all stopped in their tracks. They knew that this battle is unavoidable.

“Arrogant?”

Bazhun’an’s expression was indifferent. “I never make empty statements. If I say I kill, I kill. If I say I fight, I will fight!”

As he spoke, he walked forward, and begonia flowers bloomed beneath his feet.

Eight fingers on a withered branch, he came with a wind of incense.

“Hahahaha...”

Gou Wuyue suddenly burst into laughter. “Bazhun’an, do you think today is still your era that you are still able to slaughter 700 white-clothed people and cover the entire mountain with Osmanthus Flowers?”

“Sacred Mountain Gui Zhe is in the Central Region Holy Palace, and Hua Changdeng is in the Land of Screen and Candles.”

“You, dare to ascend?”

Gou Wuyue laughed so loudly.

Before Bazhun’an could speak, his laughter weakened, and his eyes were filled with disappointment.

“Bazhun’an... have you looked at your current appearance?”

“Unkempt, hunched back...”

“You couldn’t even hold your sword steadily, sneak attacking others like a fly and a stray dog.”

“In the past, you were the Eighth Sword Deity with the demeanor of an immortal, but now, do you have any lingering charm on you? !”

When white-clothed people heard this, their expression was complicated.

They knew that in the early years of The Ten High Nobles of The Central Region, Gou Wuyue had a very good personal relationship with Bazhun’an.

It was just that later on, their paths were different, so they went their separate ways.

Gou Wuyue did not conceal the meaning behind his words. Even the most slow-witted person would be able to understand what he meant.

And it was true.

The tragic death of number thirty-three was indeed a pity.

However, if it had been the Eighth Sword Deity of the past, he would not have done such a thing, backlashing someone from behind.

Today’s Saint Servant Chief under the attack and belittlement from all sides probably only carried the name Bazhun’an, but no longer had the power or character of Eighth Sword Deity of the past.

The strong wind blew in a desolate manner.

Begonia flowers bloomed one after another.

Under Gou Wuyue’s repeated questions, the Bazhun’an walked forward slowly as if he didn’t hear anything.

“Immortal-like Taoist bones... Heh.”

He smiled indifferently and did not reply loudly. It was more like he was muttering to himself, and he only heard what he was saying:

“The immortal is the wind, and the Taoist is the bone. What does it have to do with a plain appearance?”

“If the sword wielder only cultivates his appearance and not his heart, if he only comprehends evil and drooked Dao, if he confuses right and wrong, and not seek to sweep away everything in his path, how is it possible for him to break through that realm?”

“Realm? “Gou Wuyue said sternly, “You want to talk about realm with me?”

Even though Bazhun’an was as loud as a mosquito, Gou Wuyue still knew that Bazhun’an was talking to him.

It was just like how Bazhun’an, who he couldn’t figure out no matter how many times he thought about it, would be slashed by Hua Changdeng’s three swords to his current state.

The other party was also questioning his current actions and the Dao he was pursuing.

But could this be the same?

Gou Wuyue's heart was in turmoil. He wanted to raise his sword and ruthlessly beat the person in front of him awake.

However, if they were to discuss the sword and Dao to this point, then the person who raised his sword first would have already lost.

The body could be slashed.

However, if the opponent's Dao wasn't slashed, one's will never rest!

"Bazhun'an!"

Gou Wuyue took a step forward.

With a bang, the sword energy in the void raged, directly intercepting the ten thousand square meter space.

The begonia flower was torn into pieces by the sword energy. The flowers withered, and only one petal remained. It could only support the eight Bazhun'an's swaying bodies.

Gou Wuyue smiled miserably. "How can a person with broken wings fight in the sky?"

Bazhun'an finally stopped.

If he didn't stop, he would fall.

At this moment, he had already entered the battle and was more than a hundred feet away from Gou Wuyue.

This distance was the best time to draw his sword.

He slowly raised his eyes and raised the withered branch in his hand.

"Although my wings are broken, I can still float in the air."

"Like a flock of geese riding on an eagle, you look glorious, but when you need support..."

Bazhun'an glanced at the many white-clothed people outside the arena and shook his head. "You are still only alone!"

"But where's your sword?"

Gou Wuyue's voice was trembling.

He knew that Bazhun'an was speaking the truth, and it would be difficult for him to refute it.

The headquarters of the Holy Divine Palace had long since seen the power of the Eighth Palace.

Up until now, there had been no help, and it was only because he had entered halfway and was living under someone else's roof. He was not of the same race, so was his heart different?

However, looking at the Bazhun, who could only point a withered branch at him, not to mention Gou Wuyue, even the famed sword slave, the capital of Nulan, let out a mournful cry.

“Now that things have come to this, you can only point a broken branch at me and lecture me?” Gou Wuyue roared angrily. “Where’s Your Sword?”

“My Sword?”

The Bazhun’an let out a light sigh of relief and looked into the distance. “My sword guards the continent. I will take it when I need it in the future. The Voice of Nulan is covered in dust...it has gone astray!”

Hum—

Gou Wuyue could not hold back the anger in his heart. He raised his sword, and a green light flashed.

With a swoosh, a green torrent gathered in from all directions, and thousands of Mo swords took shape.

The sword realm descended and turned into a Green River, cutting off Bazhun’an’s way forward.

Gou Wuyue’s fingertips trembled slightly.

If this sword slashed down, the person in front of him would forever lose his light and die.

In the end, the reason why he did not want to attack was that he was still attached to this person.

In other words.

When the Bazhun’an appeared from the crack in the White Cave,

He had never thought that his sword would fall on the person in front of him. Whether it was the death Yu Lingdi in battle or diminishing of number thirty-three, none of these things could compare to their past friendship.

He could not slash this sword down at all!

“You can go.”

Gou Wuyue sighed.

Under the astonished gazes of the white-clothed people, he finally voiced his inner expectations. “I can not return Sang Qiye to you. Before I change my mind, take the people of Saint Servant and get out of the Eighth Palace!”

“What?”

White-clothed people was stunned.

No one would have thought that elder Wuyue would say such betraying words when the mission was at hand.

He was one of the Seven Sword Deity of the continent, and one of the two rulers of the Holy Divine Palace.

Could these words be said in front of the white-clothed and Holy Divine Guards?

Could these words be heard by the people of the Holy Divine Palace?

“He must be crazy!”

The low voices of the white-clothed people began to clamor.

The atmosphere suddenly became a bit strange.

“Elder Wuyue, this...”

“Lord Yu Lingdi and senior thirty-three are already gone. How... How dare he?”

“If these words were to fall into the ears of Hallmaster Dao and Lord Cangsheng, elder Wuyue wouldn’t be able to clear his name at all!”

“The headquarters is still treating him as an outsider...”

“Shh!”

Some people with discerning eyes could already see that something was wrong.

If Gou Wuyue wanted to make a move, he probably wouldn’t have waited until Yu Lingdi and No. 33 died before making a move.

He should have done his best to take down Bazhun’an the first time he appeared.

Now that he said this, it further illustrated the importance of the Eighth Sword Deity in his heart.

Since he hadn’t made a move at that time...

Then at this moment, it was very likely that he really couldn’t make a move.

And being stuck at this juncture...

Some words could be heard by white-clothed people and passed on later.

But without a doubt, at this moment, they couldn’t be discussed!

Bazhun’an lightly smiled as he glanced at the white-clothed people and indifferently asked, “Aren’t you afraid of death?”

Gou Wuyue heavily closed his eyes.

“My heart is as clear as a mirror. My action, my choice, is the choice they gave me.”

“Since they dare to do this, then they have to be mentally prepared that I will act like this someday.”

“But I don’t think so.” Bazhun’an denied it.

Gou Wuyue found the ignorance of the dying person in front of him funny. Just as he was about to say something, Bazhun’an said again, “I came here to kill people, not to leave.”

This time, not only was Bazhun’an stunned, even white-clothed was dumbfounded.

Everyone thought that what he said earlier was just a joke.



Who would have thought that the person who spoke alone would take it seriously?

“Does he want to slaughter seven hundred white-clothed and fold all the osmanthus flowers on the mountain?”

White-clothed was stunned.

This was a fantasy!

There might still be a small possibility if he was the Eighth Sword Deity in the past.

But now, one of the Seven Sword Deities was right in front of him.

Bazhun’an, how could he still dare to say these words seriously?

He even dared to ignore Gou Wuyue’s proposal to let him go and to still run rampant in this place?

The white-clothed crowd was excited. Immediately, two people wanted to attack.

But after thinking for a moment, number 33’s inexplicable death...

Was it a coincidence just now?

On the other hand, Gou Wuyue was truly enraged.

“Bazhun’an, do you want to put up a stubborn resistance?”

“To kill...”

With an angry and hilarious expression, he pointed at the withered branch and then looked at that person.

“With what? !”

“With on this tattered branch in your hand?”

“With the cultivation level that you need someone to support you even if you want to fly?”

“Or with your backbone... that you can’t even straighten after being crushed by the present world?”

Gou Wuyue laughed loudly. After a long while, his expression became serious, and his voice became completely cold. “Bazhun’an, do you want to exhaust all of my patience and calmly face death to deserve of all of my sacrifices?”

“I have never expected anyone to sacrifice for me.”

Pausing for a moment, Bazhun’an turned around and gave Gou Wuyue a deep look. He seemed to be implying something. “I have never wished for it either.”

Hai Tang ‘er, who was hiding in the spatial fragment, trembled. She realized that she had done something wrong this time.

Why would the Eighth Sword Deity need help from others?

“Then what exactly do you want? !” Gou Wuyue roared in anger. His words were filled with frustration.

“To kill.”

The two simple words fell.

Everyone felt that this person had gone crazy.

If he didn't grasp this chance to escape, would he only give up when the earth was on Lord Sui's head?

Gou Wuyue could no longer suppress his impulse.

“Rampant! !”

He roared, his voice like thunder.

At this moment, heaven and earth shook, and the wind and clouds surged.

Even the way of the heavens was shaken by his anger. From sunny to dark, with black clouds at his head, the cold wind was bleak, space collapsed, and mountains collapsed with a single word.

The voice of nulan, the famed sword, tilted.

“Swish, Swish, Swish...”

The green-colored torrent of the Bazhun'an swept from east to west, directly piercing through the place where the Bazhun'an was.

“Be careful.”

Haitang'er cried out in alarm.

The remaining petals under the feet of Bazhun'an stood up as if they wanted to block this wave of attack for Bazhun'an.

However, how powerful was the Bazhun'An's sword technique?

With just a single attack, the petals were torn into pieces, completely torn into powder.

“Whoosh.”

Haitang'er was about to pounce out of space.

Even if the Chief was determined to go his own way, he would not allow the chief to die here!

However, as the spatial crack was about to open, Haitang'er suddenly stopped. She looked at the torrents of the Mo sword from afar as if a shocking sword will have been stirred up.

— a sword will that was completely different from Gou Wuyue's!

“This?”

When the green torrent swept past, everyone originally thought that Bazhun'an, even if they had an indestructible body, would not be able to block the power of the higher void and the damage from Mo sword.

In this wave, even if they did not die, they would still be taken down on the spot.

However, all of a sudden, the rising sky sword will rise into the sky from the green torrent and smash it into pieces.

It was unrestrained, free, and fearless...

In a trance, Gou Wuyue felt that the person from the past then had returned.

His thoughts only paused for a moment, and a golden light blossomed from the green torrent.

Then, as the Buddha's voice swept through the green torrent, it increased the size of a Buddha!

"Om Mani Padme Hum..."

A low, six-word Buddhist chant rang in everyone's heart, and the speed at which it was spoken became faster and faster.

Everyone felt their temples swell, and their heads seemed to be about to explode from the chanting. They all averted their gazes and sealed their six senses, not daring to face it directly.

Gou Wuyue, on the other hand, widened his eyes. He stared fixedly at the moment when the Buddha reached the clouds, and his eyes were filled with disbelief.

"How is this possible..."

"Weapon Prohibition Order?"

He was stunned.

Under the weapon prohibition order, how could Bazhun'an activate his spiritual technique again?

Was this move a joke?

The Weapon Prohibition Order that Hua Changdeng had placed down in the past was useless?

"Did Hua Changdeng really once become a Saint?"

A black-light rose into the sky and stood on the peak of the Buddha.

Bazhun'an seemed to know what Gou Wuyue was thinking and sneered, "Without becoming a saint, who in the world would be able to suppress me, Bazhun'an?"

That disdainful look, that unassuming hair...

At this moment, Gou Wuyue's expression changed. It was as if a lifetime had passed.

"Oh."

The painful moans of the white-clothed people finally woke him up. Gou Wuyue returned to his senses.

"Bazhun'an, are you going to make a move?"

There was no reply.

Bazhun'an, who was standing on the top of the Buddha statue, had an aura that was rising.

He suddenly looked up. Sword cognition flashed in his eyes.

“Sizzle!”

Gou Wuyue felt a pain in his chest.

Bazhun’an’s fingers were withered, but he didn’t move.

His blood-red light shot out, and his whole body was pierced through by sword cognition, which nailed him to the spot.

“I won’t kill you.. Just watch and wait.”

### **Chapter 620: One Sword of Mine**

Dark clouds pressed down, and a river of swords filled the world.

The arena was filled with an austere atmosphere.

“Arrogant!”

Gou Wuyue had yet to move, a white-clothed person already lost control over his anger.

There was no doubt that among the people present, there were Sovereign Stages and Cutting Path Stages.

Perhaps the swordsman regarded the Eighth Sword Deity as a spiritual god, but there was more than just swordsman in this world.

“You hunchback, how dare you to say you can kill us?”

Accompanied by an angry rebuke, a white-clothed man who had his head about to explode from the chanting of the Buddhist spell in his heart pounced forward and arrived in a dignified manner.

“Wang Rang!”

“No —”

Exclamations sounded at the right time.

However, no one could stop Wang Rang’s actions since he had no time to take care of himself.

“Boundless Life Repel!”

Wang Rang waved his hand.

A mysterious golden light opened up and enveloped everyone present.

In an instant, the world seemed to be completely silent.

The sound of wind, whistling, sword cries...

Completely disappeared!

Other than the awe-inspiring green sword river, even the sound of the Bazhun'an was instantly eliminated.

"Cutting Path Level?"

Bazhun'an turned his head. There were no ripples in his eyes.

This move was indeed able to eliminate all the negative conditions that were unfavorable to white-clothed people in a short period.

However, even Gou Wuyue was unable to speak while being scolded by Bazhun'an.

Where did this fellow come from? How would he dare to order him around?

"Hunchbacked?"

Bazhun'an muttered and laughed involuntarily.

His back was indeed slightly stooped, and he no longer had the demeanor of an expert.

Even if he stood upright on the peak of the Great Buddha.

The pressure from time was still so heavy that he could not breathe.

But if this was other times...

If it wasn't for Gou Wuyue supporting him from the side, how would this person dare to be so rampant?

"The first one."

Bazhun'an raised a finger at Gou Wuyue.

Shock flashed across Gou Wuyue's eyes. He had already sensed that something was wrong.

Green sword energy exploded from his body and instantly broke through the sword energy that had stopped him. He then raised his sword and charged forward.

"Reverse River!"

A green river of swords suddenly moved. Immediately after, endless sword energy rushed forward like water that had broken through a dam.

Bazhun'an's body was shattered by the Sword River water.

However, when his body disappeared, the corner of his mouth held a trace of a mocking smile, as if he was announcing something.

"Be careful!"

Gou Wuyue instantly reacted and shouted at Wang Rang.

Others might not be able to tell, but how could he not know that the reason why Bazhun'an was named as the Eighth Sword Deity and became the gods for Eastern Region's swordsman was that he had perfectly grasped the ancient swordsman's nine major sword techniques!

It wasn't just one of them.

It was all nine of them!

"Fantasy Sword Technique?"

White-clothed man Wang Rang seemed to have realized something.

He had fought with the ancient swordsman before, so he naturally knew that this was a sword technique that used space as a mirror to transform into a phantom. When it reached its peak, it could turn illusory into reality.

However, Bazhun'an was shattered under Gou Wuyue's sword river.

He was completely unable to discover the other party's whereabouts.

"Where is he?"

For a moment, Wang Rang was shocked.

He is at Cutting Path Level, which means he had even cut the "Path".

But at this moment, he couldn't even detect the figure of a guy at Acquired Stage.

This was ridiculous!

"Have you found me?"

A laugh suddenly sounded in his heart.

Wang Rang's pupils constricted, and the spiritual source all over his body exploded, instantly protecting his body.

Even the bounded domain suddenly shrank by half.

But even so, the echo of that laughter was still completely irrefutable.

The terrifying Bazhun'an's voice sounded once again:

"Little boy, how many years have you cultivated? Have you cultivated for thirty years?"

"You haven't cultivated the great path completely. No matter how fast you got to Cutting Path, there are still aspects that you haven't comprehended yet."

"You can indeed recognize the Fantasy Sword Technique very clearly. But have you seen another move of the nine swords technique — Heart Sword Technique?"

Heart Sword Technique?

Wang Rang was stunned.

He had heard of it!

But this long-lost sword technique,

Not to mention seeing it, he didn't even know what kind of attack method it was.

Just from the name alone, could it be that after Bazhun'an disappeared, he went to his...

Heart?

"Nonsense!"

Wang Rang was quite frightened by himself.

How could a physical person go into the heart of another person?

He was Bazhun'an, not Yu Lingdi!

"It's not ridiculous."

It was just a voice in his heart, but Bazhun'an had read everything about Wang Rang.

After this voice, Wang Rang's line of sight turned and he suddenly realized that everyone was present, including Gou Wuyue.

In everyone's hearts, a small figure was reflected.

Bazhun'an!

"The Heart Sword Technique is formed by observing the appearance, and the mind is focused on the physical body. Those who desire, those who fear, those who fear, and those who rejoice...

"The eight directions are formed by emotions, and the nameless land is formed by dawning...

"Those whose hearts are connected, are spiritual, and divine..."

Wang Rang felt like he was going crazy.

That decadent Buddhist chant only had the words "Om Mani Padme Hum" in the beginning, but when that tiny figure was reflected in the bottom of his eyes, the six words that he heard back and forth could be directly interpreted in his mind.

"That's not right!"

Wang Rang felt a chill down his spine. He realized in shock that this question was not important at all.

What was important was that under his 'Boundless Life Repel', shouldn't all the things that he wanted to eliminate be eliminated?

How could that Buddhist chanting of Bazhun'an appear again?

As if it would not rest until the person was scared to death, the laughter of the Bazhun'an sounded again.

"Little boy, you underestimate me, did you? Even Gou Wuyue has to treat me with caution. How can you assume so easily that...

You can see through my Fantasy Sword Technique so quickly?"

Wang rang was shocked. The little person that he saw in everyone's mind instantly disappeared.

In the next second, it turned into Golden Light Buddha statues.

The Buddha statues were not restricted by their bodies. In the blink of an eye, they penetrated through their bodies and turned into the Great Buddha.

"Om Mani Padme Hum..."

The loud sound of the bell shook them until their eyes scattered and their minds went blank.

Even he did not realize that when the first sound rang out, his temples exploded on the spot.

Then, every word fell.

Almost after a few "Bang Bang Bang" sounds, his limbs, including his body, all shattered and died.

"Death..."

So Fast!

..

"Ho!"

In a blink, Wang Rang felt as if he had lost his footing in a dream. He was suddenly shocked and broke out in cold sweat.

He blinked and looked up.

The moment he realized that he still had eyes and that he was not dead, the scene in front of him directly shocked him to the point where he was speechless.

He saw that Bazhun'an standing on the top of the Buddha statue pointed with that withered branch. His Boundless Life Repel could not penetrate through his body at all from the very beginning.

When the expanded sphere of bounded domain touched the withered branch, it was deformed by an unknown force.

However, no matter how deformed it was, it could not wrap around the Bazhun'an. It could only continue to extend outwards.

In front of that incredible control of power, the bounded domain did not break. It only extended, extended, extended...

"This!"

White-clothed's surprised cry suddenly sounded.

"What's going on?"

"Isn't Wang Rang, isn't Wang Rang Dead?"

"I saw his entire body explode. What's going on?"



“Oh my God...”

Turning his head, Wang Rang was shocked to discover that he was not the only one who had been deceived by the Fantasy Sword Technique. All the white-clothed people present seemed to have seen the scene he had just witnessed.

He was still alive.

That meant that the scene just now wasn't real.

However, such a realistic feeling of death, if it wasn't real, then...

“Fantasy Sword Technique?”

Wang rang turned his head stiffly, wanting to see something from Gou Wuyue's eyes.

However, other than the shock hidden deep in his eyes, Wang Rang saw nothing.

“So, even the sword river breaking body was fake?”

“Even elder Wuyue was unable to see through Bazhun'an's Fantasy Sword Technique?”

Wang rang was horrified.

He didn't understand how this Acquired Stage fellow was able to achieve this step.

Even if he was an ancient swordsman and was once the Eighth Sword Deity.

But what about the weapon prohibition order?

After so many years of suppression, even if Bazhun'an had some sort of power that could break through the restriction, how could he completely ignore its influence?

Moreover, what about Gou Wuyue?

Even the Eighth Sword Deity of the past was still only the eighth sword deity.

Since he didn't obtain the title of Seven Sword Deity, he couldn't be considered to be a true person leading the way of the sword.

But now, one of the actual Seven Sword Deity was here.

Even he was unable to see through Bazhun'An's sword techniques?

“Can't see through it?”

The laughter in his heart rang out again. Wang Rang subconsciously nodded slightly, but then he reacted and immediately looked up at the person on the summit of the Buddha with astonishment.

But that person...

In the eyes of the Bazhun'an, there was only Gou Wuyue.

This question was not directed at him, Wang Rang, but Gou Wuyue!

“Negligence...”

This kind of grief and indignation caused by being completely ignored and used as a tool for experts to test their combat strength was something that Wang Rang had never experienced since he became a cultivator of the cutting path.

This kind of weak feeling was something that he detested.

However, this reality was something he could do nothing about. He was completely powerless to reverse the situation.

Wang Rang began to break out in cold sweat.

Gou Wuyue was still silent.

His eyes were filled with disbelief. He seemed to have thought of something and was completely absent-minded.

Bazhun’an, who was standing at the peak of the Buddha statue, smiled. He pointed the withered branch in his hand and the bounded domain collapsed.

“If you can’t see through it, then you can’t protect this person.”

After saying this, Bazhun’an waved the dried branch in his hand.

“The Dao is instantaneous.”

Shua!

A silver light streaked across the sky.

3000 Sword Styles — Instantaneous Style!

As the blood flew, Wang Rang felt the world turn upside down. A scene appeared in the spinning world, and a headless corpse was spewing blood...

The blood was still warm.

The headless corpse was also very familiar.

“Me?”

Wang Rang’s eyes widened. He refused to close his eyes.

However, the world was gradually turning gray. Even if he could not close his eyes, it was still difficult for him to see anything.

..

“Cutting Path?”

Bazhun’an put down the withered branch and sighed. “It’s only a realm.”

He looked at the way of the heavens, and sword cognition flashed in his eyes.

“Rumble –”

Order of the Great Path appeared, and with just one look, it was instantly cut into countless pieces and withered.

Silence.

The whole place was dead silent.

Everyone was in a daze.

No one could imagine that under the weapon prohibition order, there was still someone who could destroy the way of the heavens with one look, not even giving the King a chance to be resurrected.

“The... Witness Sword Technique?”

White-clothed men said in disbelief.

Everyone could recognize this move.

However, they were not from the same era and had not personally fought against it. They only wandered through the rumors, fantasizing that it was a rumor that was slandered by the masses...

Under such a situation, who would have thought that.

Witness Sword Technique could be so straightforward?

Not even a single word of nonsense was said.

With a single glance.

Heaven and earth shattered, decapitating a Cutting Path!

“Bazhun’an...”

Gou Wuyue’s heart was beating wildly, his brows were trembling, and his fingers were clenched so tightly that cracking sounds could be heard.

He couldn’t believe it, nor was he willing to believe it. The Bazhun’an of the past seemed to want to stand in front of him as an opponent.

He was even using an even more arrogant method!

“Your cultivation level...”

Gou Wuyue was unable to say anything else. The voice of nulan, the famed sword, was humming and trembling. It was as if it was also shocked by the sight of the world and the cutting path.

“Hahaha!”

Bazhun’an raised his head and laughed loudly. After a long while, he used a withered branch to pick his head. His eyebrows were raised and he had a funny expression on his face.

“Gou Wuyue, even at this point, are you still thinking about such a small matter?”

“This is not a small matter!” Gou Wuyue’s eyes were wide open.

Bazhun’an’s expression turned solemn, and his cold voice came crashing down, “Then your mindset is too small!”

His mind exploded, and Gou Wuyue’s mind went blank.

Mindset...

Too Small?

Even the hundreds of white-clothed people all had shocked expressions on their faces as they stared at the wanton man on the peak of the Buddha.

Bazhun’an shook his head. His eyes were filled with disappointment as he looked at Gou Wuyue. He was silent for a long while before he continued:

“From the moment I appeared, all of your concerns were too one-sided and limited

“You never spoke of my aspirations. You were only willing to impose your plans and desires on me.”

“You didn’t listen to my words. You used your voice to cover everything.”

“I have to say, the name of the Seven Sword Deity and Ruler completely framed you!”

Gou Wuyue’s heart thumped wildly as he followed the crowd to raise his eyes.

The aura of the Phantom of the Great Buddha that was backlit rose layer by layer. Even the unkempt man on it seemed to be covered by a layer of faint golden divine light.

Bazhun’an paused for a breath. He thought of Gou Wuyue’s previous question and found it very funny.

He raised the withered branch in his hand and stared at it for a long time. Then, he muttered, “From my sword to my cultivation level, to my figure...”

“Stooped?”

“Ha!”

Bazhun’an sneered. “When I talk to you about positions, you talk to me about doubts, I talk to you about aspirations, and you talk to me about strength... even the spiritual gods can not awaken a person who closes his eyes willingly!”

After he finished speaking, it was obvious that he didn’t want to waste any more words.

With a boom.

Spiritual source exploded, and Bazhun’an slowly rose into the air.

At this moment, everyone was shocked.

Even Haitang’er, who was hiding in the space, was also shocked.

“Fly?”

Wasn't this the exclusive property of the Innate Stage?

Then, they narrowed their eyes, and Bazhun'an, whose aura kept on rising, seemed to have broken into the Innate Stage at this moment.

It was as if the breakthrough of cultivation level happened on a single thought.

Gou Wuyue had a bad premonition and wanted to do something.

However, as the Bazhun'an slowly rose into the air, everyone felt a heavy pressure descend on them. Their bodies could not help but hunch and tremble.

The Bazhun'an looked up at the sky.

The higher void was enraged and dark clouds covered the sky. The moment the famed sword was raised, a river of swords descended.

All of this was nothing!

He treated Gou Wuyue as a good friend. Even though they were on different sides, he still wanted to enlighten him.

But now, there was no need to say anything more.

It was still the same thing. Those who closed their eyes willingly could not be awakened even by the spiritual gods.

If he wanted to give the other party an answer, then this answer would be bloody and cast out with fresh blood.

On the peak of the Buddha, a sorrowful song played.

Bazhun'an shook the withered branch, and the Sanskrit sound reappeared in everyone's mind. Each word was like a pearl, and even the meaning seemed to be understood in the deafening sound, one word after another:

"The dark clouds deceive the heavens, the great river flows against the west."

Everyone's heart palpitated, and an inexplicable fear descended.

The dark clouds that covered the sky moved without wind and began to turn and tear.

The sword river that opened up a world started to ripple. It started to swim and reverse.

A peak, unrivaled power appeared.

Everyone was shocked, but the meaning of the Buddhist chant changed:

"Dao principles are often absent, because of my constant yielding."

From the scenery to nature, it was clear that he was not talking about themselves, but everyone felt that they were completely crushed.

The knees that were trembling non-stop were about to smash down onto the ground. However, their resistance towards giving in still made everyone respect the Buddhist chant.

The chanting of the chanting did not stop for a moment.

The figure of the man on the peak of the Buddha became towering. As the light of Buddha dispersed, it was as if the spiritual gods were continuing to chant:

“A bird with broken wings does not serve its subjects, and a sword is not sealed with a mortal body.”

It was as if he was talking about himself. After breaking through the cultivation level of the innate state, the Bazhun'an not only broke away from the broken petals on the ground but also could fly.

Even his spiritual senses were restored. He saw the entire battle situation in the eighth palace. There were many white-clothed people scattered outside, and some of them did not dare to come back in time.

As the Golden Light cleared the air, he suddenly raised his head. His hunched body straightened, and boundless divine light appeared in his eyes.

“Bow in fear? I would state the sky is too low!”

At this moment, the dark clouds were destroyed, and the sky shattered.

The Phantom of the Great Buddha bloomed to its peak in everyone's eyes. That brilliant spirit was like the afterglow of the setting sun, causing people to linger and forget about returning.

Everyone watched as the withered branch in the hand of the man floating on the peak of the Buddha was shattered by an unknown force and silently broke into two pieces.

“Hu ~”

The wind stirred slightly and the withered branch fell to the ground.

There were a few cracking sounds.

Everyone's longing gazes became eternal.

With a clang, the famed sword touched the ground and Gou Wuyue closed his eyes with a heavy heart.

This scene also became eternal in his eyes.

What the deceased saw was beautiful. As an outsider, what he saw was a flash of silver light as hundreds of great Buddha Phantom images soared into the air.

It was sword cognition.

It was also the sword light that cut off the great Buddha.

It was the holy power that ended the lives of hundreds of white-clothed people!

“Holy Power...”

It was only a trace.

But the ending was completely different.

There was no pain, no moaning, and no exclamations.

Under the Great Buddha Chop, as the Buddha light exploded, Heaven and earth were divided into layers, and people were also divided into layers.

Bang! Bang! The sound of a body crashing to the ground came. Gou Wuyue opened his eyes in grief, but when he saw a sea of blood floating in front of his eyes, the corpses were all peaceful.

He clenched his fists and suddenly realized that the sword in his hand had fallen at some point in time.

Swordsman...

And guest...

The difference of one word was like the difference between heaven and earth!

“Da.”

With a light sound, Bazhun’an’s toes tapped the ground.

He stared at the person in front of him and pondered for a long time without making a sound.

He turned his body sideways.

When he looked back and saw the famed sword on the ground, Bazhun’an paused for a moment. In the end, he still stepped forward and chose to leave.

“My one sword kills the God and Buddha in your heart. I hope you will take care of yourself.”