

## Chapter 1353

"Holy sh\*t, I knew this old fella was up to no good!"

Ranjeet's face was filled with derision.

All of the inheritors were unable to move even a finger. Kaeto no longer hid his intentions. He carried out his plan and proceeded to devour them.

The bodies of the Inheritors shrivelled up one after another.

Kaeto was like a beggar that had starved for days, then suddenly got a taste of the tastiest dish in the world. His face displayed great pleasure and satisfaction. He spread his arms wide open to embrace the power he was about to receive.

Joselito watched the inheritors die in Kaeto's hands with greedy eyes. He roared, "Old man, what are still you waiting for? Are you waiting for him to just steal all that power that belongs to me?"

"Kill him!"

"Crack!"

A crisp snap sounded suddenly. Verrall lifted his arm with difficulty, the quantity of Qi swords increased behind him. He was able to break free from the suppression of the True Spirits.

"These powers belong to me!"

Kaeto also went into a frenzy. "No one shall take away all that belongs to me."

Behind Kaeto, a shadow loomed. It was Kaeto's true spirit; it was a true spirit that was about to awaken from its slumber. It sensed a massive amount of spirit energy and was on the verge of awakening.

"Kill him!"

Joselito roared.

The Qi swords behind Verrall shot directly at Kaeto.

"Come on, Verrall Yang, show me just how strong you are!"

A monstrous bow and arrow appeared in Kaeto's hands. When Kaeto tightened the bow, countless arrows formed behind him. "Fire!"

The Qi swords in the sky clashed with the arrows.

Thundering rumbles sounded constantly in the sky. The thick fog dissipated, and the air rolled violently.

Henry hid in the dark, waiting for his opportunity to come.

"Boy, you really are lucky, this is a great chance for you."

The voice of the Heretic God sounded gently in Henry's ears.

Meanwhile, the battle between Verrall and Kaeto would not last for long. The both of them struck at each other with their ultimate attacks from the very beginning.

Kaeto was very clear that the suppression effect on Verrall from the true spirits was weakening with time. He had not fully consumed the inheritances of those inheritors yet. The moment Verrall broke free of the suppression, he would not necessarily be able to go head to head with Verrall.

Verrall also understood what would happen if the fragments of the true spirits in the bodies of these inheritors had been completely absorbed by a single individual. It was possible that Kaeto would step directly into the stage of Spirit Sontrol in just one day. If that happened, things would get very dangerous.

Both of them had ideas of their own, and aimed to end the battle as quickly as they could.

Explosions sounded repeatedly. It was a clash of Spiritual Qi.

Spiritual Qi thundered, violent storms rumbled, and the thick fog was blown apart. Even the waters of the lake began churning. It was a battle between top-tier experts.

Both men were blasted backwards and fell to the ground after they had clashed. Their reckless attacks caused them to lower their defences in order to lash out with their most powerful attack.

However, Verrall was obviously in a better condition than Kaeto. As time went by, the effect of suppression on Verrall weakened, and Kaeto did not have enough time to consume the remaining energy of the true spirits.

When the sky behind Verall was filled with the countless gleams of swords again, the arrows that appeared behind Kaeto looked pitiful in comparison.

"Kaeto Xu, you've spent so much effort for such a scheme. Yet in the end, you're still just trash. Hahahaha, thank you so much for the feast you have prepared for me!"

Joselito burst with laughter.

Kaeto's face darkened. The arrows behind him fired away, creating an opening for himself to quickly escape into the fog.

Kaeto was a quick-witted man who was ruthless and did things without much hesitation. When he killed those inheritors who respected him very much, he did not hesitate to do it at all. The moment he saw that things had taken an unexpected turn, he was not one to even think of staying on to fight. He was not someone who would risk his life in battle.

"So you're trying to escape?"

You think you can just run away?"

Joselito shouted, "Old man, I want his spirit!"

"Yes, My lord."

Verrall nodded, and the Qi swords that filled the sky merged into a gigantic sword, and sped towards Kaeto's back.

At that exact moment, the old lady, who had been playing dead on the ground, suddenly clambered up and sped over to Wei Lan, who was still unable to move, and grabbed her, then fled.

At the same time, not far away from him, the voice of the Heretic God sounded in Henry's ear again, "Kid, this is a good opportunity. He has exhausted all of his Qi. Now that he is still being suppressed, he is no match for you. If you kill him, there would be many spirit fragments lying around for you here, which is perfect fodder for your Battle Spirit!"

Henry did not care if the spirit fragment was fodder for his Battle Spirit, it only mattered to him that he had the opportunity to kill Verrall, so he naturally could not let it slip. Joselito had long been in Henry's butcher list, and as Joselito's guardian, Verrall had to be killed off first.

Murderous intent flashed across Henry's eyes, and a purple sword formed in his hand.

"Brother, let me fake an attack at him first!"

Ranjeet, who had been sitting still like an old monk, suddenly stood up. He leaped up forcefully and shouted, "How dare you, demon! Let go of Miss Wei Lan! Eat my Mighty Heavenly Dragon!"

His fly-whisk lengthened as it moved in the wind and headed straight for Verrall.

Verrall's face hardened. He could not care less about Ranjeet's Mighty Heavenly Dragon, but he had to watch out for the mysterious swordsman who had appeared at the same time with the Mighty Heavenly Dragon.

The sudden entrance of Ranjeet caught everyone by surprise. Those inheritors did not expect the monk who had been driven away by them

to appear at that moment to fight Verrall.

Verrall sent Ranjeet flying with a simple wave of his hand. His eyes were fixed at the direction behind Ranjeet, while his gigantic sword that went after Kaeto accelerated sharply, nailing the fleeing Kaeto to the ground. Verrall never took another glance at Kaeto, his attention was fully diverted to looking out for the mysterious swordsman.

A figure was seen stepping out from the thick fog, accompanied with a purple light that glowed enchantingly in the dark.

"Long time no see, Verrall."

Henry's voice sounded. He appeared in Verrall's sight with a smile on his face.

"You."

Verrall's gaze turned serious. He was very clear of Henry's identity, and was very fearful of this sacred lotus. Even if Henry's capabilities meant nothing to Verrall, he still had to watch out for Henry, who was the disciple of Immortal Lu.

"Brother Zhang!"

Wei Lan noticed Henry and cried out in surprise.

The old lady that accompanied Wei Lan frowned. She could not understand why this young man, who did not seem powerful, had the courage to face Verrall.

## Chapter 1354

"Henry Zhang?" Joselito said in a surprised tone, "How unexpected to see a pathetic stray like you to even dare to show your face before me. You were lucky that I didn't kill you back then. However, this time I'd really like to find out just how good your luck really is."

"That's exactly what I wanted to say too."

Verrall's expression turned more solemn.

"Sacred Lotus! He's the Sacred Lotus!" Kaeto, who had been nailed to the ground by Verrall's Qi sword, stared at Henry. His eyes were filled with shock as he muttered to himself.

The old lady behind Wei Lan also widened her eyes in shock.

"Old man, kill him!" Joselito shouted.

The lotus above Henry's head gave off a white light. At the same time, a white figure appeared behind Henry. The seven-meter-tall figure made Verrall shudder. He finally understood where the legendary sword intent from before had come from.

"Spirit-controlling Realm!" Kaeto exclaimed. His true spirit was about to be awakened, and he knew very well that the phenomenon of the spirit forming behind him was a sign of the Spirit-controlling Realm.

Henry held his purple sword and swung it casually. The giant figure behind him did the same as he did. With one simple stroke, the swords that filled the sky shot directly at Verrall.

The old lady behind Wei Lan also finally figured it all out at that moment. It was no wonder why she had been unable to find the whereabouts of the master swordsman back then. It turned out that he was the one! She was the ignorant one all along!

When faced with the Qi sword that came from behind Henry, Verrall had no choice but face it. Amidst the clashed of the swords, Henry emerged unscathed, while Verrall ended up with ripped clothes. Henry had the absolute advantage in this battle.

The combat power contributed by the Battle Spirit was enormous, adding to the fact that a part Verrall's power was still being suppressed. At that moment, Henry's possessed more power than Verrall.

When swords in the sky had finally cleared up, Verrall's clothes were already in tatters.

Although their movements had not been very intense, every move they made was filled with heavy killing intentions. Verrall was exceptionally strong. If it had been anyone else caught up in that flurry of swords, they would have ended up like minced meat.

"The Snowfall Strike belongs to the legendary God of Swords." Verrall looked at the white figure behind Henry with a serious expression. "How unexpected of you to have this being as your true spirit. However, this true spirit is still not fully awakened, you're just activating its power by force. Although its power is still far from the Spirit-controlling Realm, but it's still powerful enough for you to be deemed invincible among those below the Spirit-controlling Realm."

As Verrall spoke, he pulled out an iron sword from his waist. He rarely had to use a real sword when facing his enemies. However, once he did, it would mean that Verrall was taking his opponent very seriously.

"I have learned the art of swordsmanship since I was 9, and practiced only one move for decades. If you can defeat this move of mine, you can consider me defeated." Verrall held the sword. At that moment, all of the fog around them began flowing towards the tip of Verall's sword.

Everyone present felt an aura from the ordinary-looking sword in Verall's hand that caused their hearts to pound.

"Henry, he is accumulating power. The power of this move is seriously horrific. It has completely surpassed the limits of his energy, and even has some ancient powers of Taoism in it. Your Battle Spirit is no match for him, absorb the energy from the true spirits!" The voice of the Heretic God sounded urgently in Henry's ears.

Henry closed his eyes and slowly raised his arm. He made a gesture of sheathing his sword, as if he was readying himself to unsheathe a sword.

At that moment, Henry and Verrall were like the two extreme points of that space. The fog flowed towards the tip of Verrall's sword, that power from his sword was even affecting the energy of the formation of Loulan.

While violent Spiritual Qi gathered on the Battle Spirit behind Henry, and the originally illusory white figure began to condense more and more.

Meanwhile, Catman, who was far away from where Henry and Verall were, looked into their direction.

Japheth, who was in the direction completely opposite to Catman, also stopped in his tracks. They both glanced at the direction where Henry

and Verall said and murmured, "What power."

The waters of a lake not too far away from Henry and Verall churned violently, waves, whirlpools, and strange phenomenons of all sorts appeared.

"The Paramount slash, no one under the level of Spirit-control has ever been able to break this move of mine. I wonder how my strike compares with the Snowfall Strike." Verrall flicked his wrist lightly.

With that move from Verrall, everyone present felt their brains go blank. They did not even have the ability to think anymore, let alone figure out how to resist a strike from Verrall's sword. It was an immense pressure from a being that outranked all of them, no one below the level of Spirit-control could resist it.

Meanwhile, Henry made a movement similar to drawing out a sword.

"Snowfall Strike, single slash."

A bone-chilling cold swept across everyone present. The choppy waters of the lake stopped suddenly, having been covered by a layer of ice crystals. The entire surface of the lake was instantly frozen solid. A layer of frost blanketed the bodies of the inheritors.

At that moment, Henry's and Verrall's sword skills had both exceeded the stage of the Divine Realm. No sounds could be heard from their exchange of blows. It was as if the entire world had suddenly become silent.

One second...

Two seconds...

Three seconds...

It felt like an instant, yet also felt like ages had gone by. The frozen surface of the lake suddenly shattered, and the lake continued churning again. The thick fog that had dissipated once again filled the air.

A gush of blood sprayed, and an arm was seen flying in the air as blood spewed from it, then finally fell onto the ground. An iron sword was still within the grasp of that severed arm, the sword was chipped and notched all over.

Verrall's Paramount slash had been defeated!

Verrall stared blankly at the severed arm that lay on the ground, completely numb to the pain from the wound.

Verrall had practiced the art of swordsmanship since the age of nine, and had only practiced one move for the whole of his life, the

Paramount slash, yet now it had been defeated. It felt as if his resolve and faith had been broken completely. Verrall was left in a daze.

A cold gleam of light flashed by Verrall's face, shooting towards the direction behind him.

"Die, Joselito!"

Henry's voice was very soft, but the murderous intent in his voice was heavy.

The cold light of the sword pierced through Joselito's chest. An icicle shot out from the front of Joselito with a cold flash. It was so chilly that his blood froze in place.

Joselito's eyes widened in shock and he slowly lowered his head to look at the wound at his chest and the ice that had crystallised and spread around it. He suddenly felt weak and powerless, and even struggled to breathe at that moment.

Joselito shook his head slightly, and his eyes were filled with disbelief. He could not believe that that was truly happening. He had been punctured in the chest by a sword?

"Old ... old man ..." Joselito said, but found it hard to speak. "I ... I ... I don't want to die ... I ..."

"No!" Verrall let out a shrill scream. <sup>15</sup>

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