

Refining 111

Chapter 111 –The High-spirited Old Crab

Purple lightning branched out. Although the power of thunder had weakened a great deal by the time it reached the seabed, it was still considered a great provocation against the sea monsters living below. They were quietly living down in the sea and not looking for any trouble with outsiders, yet some foreigner dared to come right up to their door and provoke them! This was just seeking death!

There would be no discussion – just kill him!

Whoosh –

Whoosh –

The sea's surface erupted and two mighty sea monsters leapt out. From appearances they were closely related, some type of pointed fish. They were dozens of feet long with thick scales covering their bodies. It was clear they possessed amazing defensive capabilities. Bizarrely, these fish monsters had fleshy hands coming from their tails and beneath their gills, making them look like an eerie amalgamation of man and fish.

Indeed, the high level sea monsters of the Netherworld Sea Region were all strange mutant varieties. Their appearances were surreal, and it was no wonder that they weren't approved of by the sea monster races outside and were hostile to each other. But, although they looked a bit odd, their Golden Core aura could not be mistaken. These two fish monsters were incredibly fierce.

The Hundred Nether Sword violently shivered, so excited it seemed as if it could cry!

Master, you are such a wonderful person! You brought me to eat such a great meal. No good, no good, I am so happy that I will faint!

Although the two Golden Core fish monsters had blood red eyes, they clearly had a bit of spiritual wisdom. As they looked at Qin Yu, they revealed evident caution. The monster races were extremely sensitive to energies, far surpassing human cultivators. Although they hadn't fought yet and Qin Yu was also suppressing his aura, they could still feel a threat emanating from him.

In particular, when facing these two brothers, this human cultivator actually wasn't scared but seemed quite bored instead. This left the fishes cursing in their hearts. However, this fellow was right at their door and they had also leapt out, so if they were to turn tail and flee, it would be too shameful. They wouldn't have the face to stay here any longer.

As the two fish monsters were hesitating with regret, the Hundred Nether Sword already made a choice for them.

Whoosh –

The sword came flying out and slashing down!

Not mentioning strength, just this momentum alone was completely awe-inspiring.

But this time, the Hundred Nether Sword suffered a loss and was suppressed. Although there were many Golden Core realm fish monsters in the sea region, these were absolute powerhouses. How could it be so easy for them to be chopped up like vegetables? A deep monster light erupted, and as the Hundred Nether Sword fell into it, it shivered and found it hard to extricate itself.

Bang –

A column of water roared forth. The Hundred Nether Sword was struck so hard that it bent and was blown backwards.

The two fish monsters revealed a satisfied expression. If us two brothers join together, dealing with you isn't difficult at all! Although this human cultivator hadn't yet moved, it would be easy to deal with him once his treasure was ruined.

Hehe, they would kill him now and add him as an additional dinner dish!

But before the two fish monsters could coldly sneer, there was the sound of breaking air. The Hundred Nether Sword that had been blown backwards was flying back at an even faster speed. The sword blade was complete and unharmed, without even the slightest damage to it.

Bang –

The Hundred Nether Sword cut down!

It was aggressive and ferocious, as if it were roaring out: Whoever blocks me from eating I will kill, I will go all out!

Qin Yu's lips twitched. You wanted to eat others, and you don't even want them to resist? This sort of completely uncaring and unreasonable temperament that ignored any sense of face...I like it!

However, if he really allowed the Hundred Nether Sword to attack by itself, he had no idea how long it would take before the two fish monsters were slowly grinded to death. There was a high chance that the fish monsters would detect that something was off and would simply flee.

Qin Yu stepped forwards. The air seemed to explode around him. Like a wild tiger descending a mountain, he violently attacked!

Bang –

Bang –

With two loud explosions, the fish monsters were sent tumbling backwards, vomiting out blood. The Hundred Nether Sword seized this chance, and with two swipes of black light, the two fish monsters' pitiful cries were silenced forever.

The Hundred Nether Sword trembled in the air. A black mass of light covered it. It rang out loud as it swallowed in great gulps.

Its thoughts were as follows:

Wuwuwu, I am too happy!

I'm eating! I'm eating! I'm eating eating eating!

I'm going to eat till the end!

The Hundred Nether Sword ate its fill. As it was completely drowned in its absorption of the monsters' energies, the other sea monsters within the Nine Nether Winding Paths were moved to anger! Although the fish boss and his second brother barely counted as minor characters, for better or worse they were still sea monsters that dwelled within their Nine Nether Winding Paths. For them to be slaughtered so simply, it was just disgraceful.

While they didn't care for revenge, this man and this sword could not be forgiven!

Whoosh –

The seawater split open. A giant crab broke out. It had a gray iron-like shell and a giant pair of crab claws. It howled out loud, a horrendous sound. As the sea monsters saw this, they coldly sneered. The crab monster had taken action, and now the fate of this man and his sword had come to an end. Everyone knew that while this old crab wasn't considered too strong, his defensive abilities and endurance were horrifying.

But what happened after left the sea monsters' jaws dropped to the floor. They were left completely dumbfounded and eventually were left cursing into the wind.

Qin Yu grabbed the Hundred Nether Sword, turned, and fled.

Bang –

A crimson flame ignited. Like a meteor, it cut across the horizon, rapidly fleeing.

This fellow, before a battle even occurred, he had just run away.

What a soft egg, completely gutless!

The old crab monster was a bit resentful, but it was even more conceited in its heart. It coughed a little and stood taller. This person that had easily and ruthlessly slain the old fish and his brother had seen the old crab and had run away in fear. What was majesty? What was daring? To not surrender on the battlefield, do any of you understand?

He waved his claws around in high spirits. The magnificent crab monster spun around and dove back into the sea.

.....

Qin Yu's complexion was dark as he urged the Blood Escape Art to the limit. The Hundred Nether Sword could feel the chill percolating around its master and remained obediently still.

It was a moment ago when the old crab monster broke through the water that Qin Yu's heart skipped a beat and he felt a great dread overcome him, as if a disaster were imminent.

This feeling inexplicably came from nowhere, but it felt so real and intense. It was like a saber was hovering above his head, ready to cut down at any moment!

Qin Yu instantly thought of Princess Lushy and the Thousandthread Everknot she used.

That woman, she actually hadn't undone their connection yet.

Qin Yu had an impulse to curse out loud. If anything were to happen to Princess Lushy, then even if he ignored the rage of the sea monster races, he would still be gravely wounded and put in immediate danger.

If he were reduced to such a state in the Netherworld Sea Region, how was that any different from death?

Clenching his teeth, the red flames combusted even more vehemently. His speed quickened.

Somewhere in the Netherworld Sea Region, rough waves tumbled out. Beneath the water, thunderous sounds rang out as a great battle was underway.

Princess Lushy was in her true flood dragon form. She was being besieged by four variation sea monsters. Although those with a flood dragon body were born with an inherent ability to control the power of the sea, she was still too young and her strength too lacking. As she was besieged by four powerful variation sea monsters, she could barely manage to hang on.

In the surroundings, several cultivators in black robes coldly sneered.

"The spiritual medicine that the Saint Lord bestowed upon us is truly fierce; even these variation sea monsters can be temporarily controlled. If it weren't for them, wanting to capture this little girl wouldn't be easy!" This voice was quite familiar; it was the demonic path cultivator, Han Shanye. He helplessly shook his head, "But what a pity, the royal family girl must have an unblemished and untainted body to be used as a sacrifice, otherwise..."

Qi Quan flattered, "Once Elder Han captures that sea monster royal, it would definitely help the Saint Furnace reawaken. The Saint Son will surely grant you a great reward, and the day of your cultivation rising again will be just around the corner!"

Han Shanye cackled. "After this matter, I will make some arrangements and pin the death of the sea monster princess onto that Qin fellow. Once that occurs, even if he has six arms and three heads, he will die a miserable death in the sea! Fellow daoist Qi, you will finally have taken revenge for Fairy Xiang."

Qi Quan cupped his hands together. "I will have to depend on Elder Han's ingenious plan."

Han Shanye smugly smiled.

When the Saint Lord arranged for this mission, he sent two Saint Sons to complete the task. This was an indication of how much importance he placed on refining the furnace, as well as being a test for the Saint Sons. He was a follower of Deepblue Saint Son, so if he could help the Saint Son achieve victory, what would the present rewards be in comparison to what he would obtain in the future?

This was the most important point!

Han Shanye's eyes flashed with a cold light. "We've dragged this on long enough. The little monster girl doesn't have much strength left. Have those four sea monsters capture her no matter the cost!"

If this were just a killing, this would have ended long ago. But capturing someone alive required a certain degree of finesse.

“Yes, Elder Han!”

A demonic path cultivator took out a conch and blew on it. A silent sound wave spread out and the four controlled sea monsters immediately went wild. Princess Lushy was originally barely managing to support herself and now she was instantly placed in peril. Countless wounds were added to her body, and the flavor of a flood dragon’s blood in the water caused the four sea monsters to release their cruel and violent instincts, making their attacks much more ferocious.

A demonic path cultivator held a bowl-shaped magic tool that he used to absorb the flood dragon blood in the water, to prevent it from spreading out and drawing in more sea monsters. This capture had been planned far in advance. Not only could they catch a sea monster royal to use as a top tier sacrifice, but they could even shift the blame to Qin Yu and place him in a death trap!

Princess Lushy bled more and more, and her body started to become cold and weak. For the first time, fear began to appear in her pearl-like flood dragon eyes. In order to maintain the dignity of the royal family, no matter how scared she was before she was still able to maintain her calm. But, no matter how calm she was, in terms of the flood dragon race’s relative age, she could only be considered a ten year old girl. When death truly arrived, she would still be afraid.

King father, queen mother, big brother, where are you? I am going to die soon, please save me!

Tears leaked out, condensing into crystalline pearls that fell towards the dark seabed. It seemed she had accepted her destiny.

But inexplicably, the princess immediately recalled Qin Yu. This was all because of that despicable and damned human cultivator! Otherwise, how could she have fallen to such a state!? If I die, then father will certainly take revenge for me, and you can forget living! That’s right...there was also the Thousandthread Everknot! Once I die, not only will he be severely wounded, but he will definitely be eaten up by the variation sea monsters!

With her thoughts racing, Princess Lushy didn’t feel guilty at all. Rather, it brought her a little comfort. This bastard Qin fellow’s punishment was well deserved!

Suddenly, a faint fluctuation spread out. Flood dragons had naturally sharp senses when it came to the water currents.

Princess Lushy lifted her dark and teary eyes. She saw a blood red beam of light racing through the water, catching up to her with mind-boggling speed!

Her eyes widened. This was...

Bang –

A wild strength swept out. The four ferocious sea monsters were sent flying away.

The demonic cultivators in the surroundings all had ugly complexions. Their plan had just been about to succeed, but some scoundrel had dared to interfere in their demonic path’s affairs. Was this person really so tired of living?

Han Shanye's expression was ice cold. He was startled for a moment before he coldly sneered.

It was that boy!

Great, this was far too great!

Qi Quan gnashed his teeth. "Elder Han, please kill him!"

Han Shanye coldly waved his hand. Four demonic cultivators rushed out.

They definitely would kill this boy. Otherwise, once news spread out of them trying to seize a sea monster royal, even if it wasn't true they would still be left dealing with all sorts of trouble.

And the Saint Lord had expressly warned that no matter how they handled their affairs, they could not frontally engage the sea monster race and tear apart any pretense of cordiality.

But with the sudden appearance of the Qin fellow, it seemed that their plans would have to change.

Mm?

How about this. The human cultivator had gone insane with lascivious desires, and in order to maintain her purity, Princess Lushy had decided to perish together with him.

This was a pretty good story. The sea monster races would be more receptive to something like this, and it was simpler and more feasible than the original plan.

Qi Quan diabolically grinned. He grabbed the conch and blew on it with all his strength, controlling the four sea monsters to hurl themselves at Qin Yu.

Roar –

Roar –

The four sea monsters howled.

Qin Yu's gaze was chilling. He stepped forwards, welcoming the attack. He flourished the Hundred Nether Sword and poured his billowing magic power into it.

Weng –

The Hundred Nether Sword cried out in excitement. A faint light started to shimmer around the black sword blade.

The sea monster closest had countless tentacles. Just as it was about to wrap up Qin Yu, a black light flashed and it froze in place.

Puff –

Massive black ink spewed out, turning this entire area of seawater pitch black.

Qin Yu didn't stop. He thrust out the Hundred Nether Sword, piercing its mouth.

The sword blade broke through its jaws and stabbed into its brain!

Turning around and avoiding the sweeping claws, he released the Hundred Nether Sword from his hands. There was a light popping sound.

The last sea monster tried to tackle Qin Yu from the side. But what greeted it was Qin Yu's fist.

The strength of his Demon Body and a cultivation comparable to a Hollow Nascent Soul, when these two aspects combined together, even with the sea monster's hard head it still burst apart like a watermelon.

And at this moment, the four demonic cultivators arrived. Seeing the black seawater before them, they hesitated. They didn't fear Qin Yu, but were somewhat worried they would be accidentally injured by the four rampaging sea monsters.

Chapter 112 – The Old Crab's Hidden Bitterness

Qi Quan roused his magic power. It wildly surged about him as he locked his eyes onto the black seawater, his eyes filled with cruel excitement.

Kill him! Kill him! Kill him!

Tear him to shreds!

At this moment, a light crack rang out from his hands.

Qi Quan's face stiffened. He lowered his head in stunned silence, and as he saw a crack in the conch, his eyes flew open.

Bang –

The conch blew apart. Countless fragments flew out, puncturing Qi Quan's head. His two fragile eyes were not lucky enough to escape unscathed – they were pierced through and burst open!

“Ahh!”

He cried out miserably and started to wildly tumble through the water.

The several demonic cultivators who rushed forwards turned back to look at Qi Quan. As they saw what happened, their faces turned pale white.

Whoosh –

The seawater split open and Qin Yu rushed out. Before the demonic cultivators could respond, their bodies were sent soaring backwards. The eerie sounds of shattered bones and flesh filled the air, leaving one's scalp tingling. With repeated coughs, a demonic cultivator was immediately turned into a corpse.

Qin Yu flicked his sleeves, causing vast tracts of seawater to surge forth like a giant hammer. It covered the two other demonic cultivators and they screamed miserably as they were crushed alive.

The last demonic cultivator turned tail to flee but a black light flashed in front of his eyes. He grabbed his throat and twitched, and as a giant plume of blood blew out from his neck, he slumped down, dead.

Han Shanye's eyes widened. He suddenly understood that he had underestimated Qin Yu's strength by far! In just several breaths of time, the four variation sea monsters and four of his subordinates had been killed.

It had to be known that they were all at the Golden Core level!

Ignoring Qi Quan who was rolling around in pain, Han Shanye turned and fled. It was unknown what sort of magic tool he activated, but he fled at a mind-boggling speed, disappearing from sight in the blink of an eye.

Qin Yu's eyes flashed. He flicked his finger and a talisman opened and broke apart, turning into a flow of light that covered Qi Quan's body.

As if he could feel the imminent danger, Qi Quan took out the bronze mirror. He crazily poured his magic power into it, screaming in a high-pitched voice, "I'm not afraid of you, I'm not afraid of you!"

Weng –

The bronze mirror began to emit a dazzling light. A beam of light suddenly shot out, and wherever it passed through, seawater was directly evaporated into nothingness!

It was incomparably powerful!

Unfortunately, the beam of light was still a good distance away from Qin Yu.

Qin Yu flicked his sleeve and a current of water flushed away Qi Quan, ending his life at the same time. With another wave of his hand, Qin Yu drew the bronze mirror into his hand.

Indeed, this bronze mirror was the same one found in the ancient cultivator's cave dwelling.

This thing should have originally been in the hands of Xiang Ruyu. After killing her, Qin Yu hadn't been able to find it on her body. He never expected that it would unexpectedly appear here in the hands of a demonic cultivator. As he sensed the resistance and faint hostility from the bronze mirror, Qin Yu had a thoughtful look. After mulling over it for several breaths of time, he approximately understood what was happening.

Sure enough, there was no unprovoked love or hate in this world. The reason these demonic cultivators came looking for him to begin with was all because of Xiang Ruyu. If so, then the hostility of the sea monster races towards him couldn't be disconnected from these demonic cultivators.

The black seawater gradually dispersed, revealing Princess Lushy's form. At this time she was deathly pale and her aura was extremely weak. She looked at Qin Yu, and though her lips moved she didn't say anything.

Qin Yu frowned. He said, "Princess, I have already released you, so why haven't you undone the Thousandthread Everknot? If I had come even half a step late today, then not only would you have died but I would also have died!"

Princess Lushy's eyes popped open. The little bit of guilt and gratitude she felt immediately vanished as she started to gnash her teeth.

Really, this Qin fellow was just an abominable bastard! The only reason he saved me is because he didn't want to be implicated!

She drew in a deep breath and coldly said, "I am injured, so you may protect me for the next several days. Don't worry. After I heal and return home, I will clearly explain everything that has happened. Not only will the sea monster races not bother you anymore, they will even compensate you for your efforts."

Qin Yu thought about it and nodded, his complexion still a bit ugly. It had to be known that there was a limit to the time he could stay in the Netherworld Sea Region, and there were many other matters he needed to attend to so how could he waste so much time? But, abandoning Princess Lushy here obviously wasn't a good choice either. This woman would probably mention something about the Thousandthread Everknot, and there was still the passive threat of the sea monster races...

Princess Lushy's teeth itched with annoyance. If it weren't for you, would I have fallen into such dire straits? You bastard!

But, the princess had clearly forgotten that she had been tricked by others to provoke Qin Yu first. Of course, even if the princess could think of this, she would still subconsciously ignore it.

Qin Yu didn't waste his breath. He grabbed Princess Lushy and quickly flew away.

Princess Lushy clenched her jaws.

Endure! Endure! I will endure this!

Flying a thousand miles and dealing with several sea monsters along the way, Qin Yu carved open a cave dwelling deep into a reef down in the seabed. Thanks to the complicated terrain of the Netherworld Sea Region, there were trenches that were hundreds of thousands of feet deep, reaching terrifying depths, as well as undersea mountains that rose up so high they were only a few hundred feet from the surface. Otherwise, just the water pressure would cause one to implode on themselves, much less open a cave dwelling.

Qin Yu tossed down some pills and went to another room.

Princess Lushy wavered but eventually took the pills. After carefully inspecting them, she grit her teeth and swallowed them down.

Soon, her complexion brightened. The anxiousness on her face disappeared and she closed her eyes to heal her wounds.

At this time, Qin Yu was holding the Hundred Nether Sword and carefully sensing its changes. This demonic tool had swallowed six Golden Core variation sea monsters, but besides the color of the blade becoming deeper, there weren't any other superficial changes. Its aura had become a bit stronger, but Qin Yu had clearly been able to see how strong it was when it killed three variation sea monsters on its own.

Gently stroking the scabbard and feeling the light and rough edges, Qin Yu lost himself in thought for half a day. It seemed that even though the Hundred Nether Sword had recognized him as its master, it hadn't fully opened itself. But that didn't matter. Since it had recognized him as its master, there would eventually come a time when he learned just what sort of treasure the Hundred Nether Sword was.

He placed it into the storage ring and with a wave of his hand took out the bronze mirror he just obtained. With this, all the harvests from the ancient cultivator's cave dwelling were now in his hands. He hadn't plotted anything at all, but those who schemed had all died. In a way, this could be called a great joke.

But returning to the main subject.

The bronze mirror emanated a clear rejection. This was different from what should have happened. Generally speaking, a magic tool's relationship to its master should be immediately dissolved upon its master's death. But, he wasn't startled nor angry, and instead revealed a happy expression. This was because this indicated that the bronze mirror wasn't some inanimate magic tool, but had its own simple form of judgment.

In other words, it had its own consciousness.

Spirit treasure...

Qin Yu carefully probed the bronze mirror. After half a day, his eyebrows leapt up in excitement because maybe this time, the worth of his harvest had far exceeded his expectations!

This bronze mirror was a spirit treasure!

However, it seemed that it had suffered heavy damage a long time ago. Its consciousness had been severely wounded and a majority of its strength had been sealed away. All that was left over was perhaps only a tenth of its peak strength, and likely even less than that. Still, less than a tenth of its peak strength was still so incredible. If it could be restored to its peak state, then perhaps even a Nascent Soul would have to retreat.

Qin Yu's smile widened. After a brief try, he couldn't refine it for now. But he wasn't worried. This was a spirit treasure, so how could it be so easily subdued? He could raise it for now.

Taking out several pills, Qin Yu sat down and started to refine them. Cultivating was like a boat sailing against the current. If one didn't move forwards, they would inevitably fall behind. One of the most important reasons for his current strength was the little blue lamp, but Qin Yu had his own ethic of hard work and diligence, and this was something that no one could take away.

Five days later, Princess Lushy emerged from her room. Qin Yu called out, "Can you leave yet?"

Princess Lushy raised her head and nodded.

Qin Yu turned and left. His voice echoed out from afar, "Undo the Thousandthread Everknot!"

Before it fell, he had flown far away.

Princess Lushy's cold and prideful expression finally cracked. She angrily stamped her feet against the ground. You surnamed Qin fellow, you really take me as a princess! You fear I will implicate you, but I also fear you will implicate me!

In a fit of anger, she slapped her forehead. A mass of blood red light appeared in front of her, filled with countless threads of blood red light. Ruthlessly slapping it, the blood red light broke apart. Princess Lushy took in a deep calming breath and then flew out from the cave dwelling.

Far away, Qin Yu could feel an invisible connection sever itself from his body. As he realized the Thousandthread Everknot had been undone, he relaxed a little. He really didn't hope to further entangle himself with the sea monster races. If everyone could just walk their own road and ignore each other, that would be for the best. Now that this spell of trouble was over, it was time to get down to work.

Whoosh –

Qin Yu raced away.

An hour later –

Nine Nether Winding Path.

Using the same method as before, the thunder magic sword was summoned forth and stabbed into the sea.

Buzz –

Purple lightning spread out.

Several days ago, the old brave crab had shown off its skills, leaving it feeling comfortable both inside and out, especially after several other sea monsters had sent it gifts. Ever since it made a display of its might and power, it lay sleepily in its cave, and it was unknown just what it was thinking. But today, these beautiful dreams burst apart into pieces.

Purple lightning swept out. The old crab monster was immediately startled before becoming enraged. Do you know of my might and power? Just where had another brainless idiot come from? They are just looking to die! But as he emitted his senses...holy shit, it was that human cultivator who had visited several days ago! Good young fellow, you fled like a scared little cat when you saw this old crab's might and majesty that day, but now you even dared to return. Hehe, I won't give you another chance to escape. Brat, just wait for death!

Magic power stirred around Qin Yu. He flew in the air, the Hundred Nether Sword hanging by his side. It seemed to sense that a great buffet had been summoned in front of it, and it was incomparably excited.

Suddenly, the sea's surface exploded, forming a giant column of water that rumbled upwards. The crab monster was hidden within, and as the water rose, its two great claws came chopping out!

Prepare to die!

Bang –

The water column burst apart. The crab monster was stunned, secretly thinking that this little brat had some skills.

But in the next moment, boundless strength rolled forth like a wave. With a loud splitting sound, the crab monster's giant claws began to crack apart. It opened its mouth, but before it could even scream in pain, a black light roared forwards, instantly drilling through its head. The crab monster's giant body stiffened in midair, and with another loud explosion from its rear, the Hundred Nether Sword flew out.

Qin Yu's lips twitched. He could clearly see that just before the crab monster's eyes dimmed forever, there was a deep bitterness hidden within them. It was clear that it found it hard to accept dying in such a manner!

Bang –

The crab monster crashed into the sea, causing a plume of water to gush upwards.

The sea monsters within the Nine Nether Winding Paths were dazed, completely confused as to what was happening. What did the old crab do that it died in such a manner? Because of the column of water, they hadn't been able to see what had occurred. But, it was clear to them all that this brat wasn't as simple as they assumed. He was definitely some ruthless figure!

The sea monsters revealed fear and their eyes rolled around, none of them speaking for the moment. The Golden Core variation sea monsters finally regained their wits. Although they still had an intense desire to kill this brat, none of them would recklessly seek their own death.

Suddenly, from deep within the Nine Nether Winding Paths, a divine sense fluctuation echoed out, and the faces of the wavering sea monsters brightened.

Whoosh –

A shark monster rushed forth. It bit down on the crab monster's corpse and tore it apart, eating it in large gulps, causing blood to flow like rivers atop the water. Countless sea monsters drooled as they saw this, but as they were a step too late, they could only cry out in their hearts.

In the blink of an eye, the crab monster had been completely eaten up. The shark monster's aura was evidently strong and far more vicious. Without hesitation, it rushed out.

Whoosh –

The shark monster's 70-80 foot long body flew in the air, completely exposed. It opened its great jaws and a mouthful of black water was spat out.

Chapter 113 – Netherworld Realm

This black water was the violent poison that the shark monster had gathered in its body throughout the years from swallowing countless sea monsters. It was its ultimate life-preserving trump card, but at this time it was spitting it all out without hesitation. If it could kill this human cultivator and eat him, then perhaps its strength would rise to a whole new level. At that time, who cared about losing some poison!

Many of the eagerly waiting sea monsters curled their lips and cursed at the old shark for being so ruthless. If the old shark used such a powerful move at the start, what would they be able to do? If the boy died so easily, it would be such a pity. Moreover, they were all sure that the boy must taste great!

As the sea monsters were wiping away their drool, Qin Yu was actually staying completely still, allowing the poison to fall on him without even attempting to dodge. The countless sea monsters were stunned. Hey brat, where is all your vigor and movement you had when you were dealing with that old crab? Although we know that you will definitely die to this old shark, you are making it seem too easy!

Late just a single step, all the sea monsters who were hoping to benefit afterwards were feeling their guts turn blue with regret.

Who would have imagined that things would end so simply!

The shark monster was startled for a moment before it shook its head. It was fully confident in its poison. Let alone a human cultivator, even sea monsters with strong anti-poison capabilities would surely die. It had to hurry up, otherwise if the poison melted everything away, there wouldn't be anything left to eat. It would be such a pity to ruin a tasty morsel like this!

The shark monster rushed over, its jaws open and ready to swallow. It already possessed methods to deal with its own poison without causing any damage to itself.

Bang –

A fist smashed outwards, rumbling into the shark monster's jaw and sending it flying away. The shark monster's jaw tore off and it cried miserably.

Whoosh –

The Hundred Nether Sword took this chance to attack, easily making another kill. It could be called a sidekick best at kicking those who were already down!

Buzz –

Endless invisible strength gushed out from the void, wrapping up the shark monster's corpse and pulling it to the side. Qin Yu waved his hand and the shark monster's corpse disappeared, immediately deposited into the storage ring. While he didn't care for the corpse itself, the shark monster's teeth were indeed wonderful treasures!

Initially, he had used 108 of the strange fish's teeth to refine the Storm Flow magic tools, and these had come in handy when he forced back the Seven Slaughter Demon Sect's Sect Master, Heavenstar Demon. Just that alone was enough testament to its power. It was hard to find another set that had the qualifications to be refined, so now that he had found one he definitely couldn't miss out!

As for why the shark monster's poison didn't have any effect, it could only blame itself for being unlucky. While the Netherworld Sea Region didn't display the differences between the yin and yang of day and night, the little blue lamp could actually accurately sense the rotation of the sun and moon. Thus, at this time, the foot of blue sea light had come out, and while being protected by this foot of sea blue light, Qin Yu had the most powerful poison immunity in the world! When he was wrapped by the black poison, all he needed to do was take out the little blue lamp and all the poison was extracted out and condensed into the index finger of his right hand!

The shark monster died.

It died...

How did it die?

The sea monsters were left utterly bewildered.

When the old crab died they hadn't been able to see clearly, but the death of the old shark had occurred right in front of their eyes. This human cultivator had clearly been drenched by the poison, so why was he completely safe?

The old shark's poison had expired and gone bad? If that was true, it was just too incredulous a joke!

But, could someone tell them just what in the hell was happening right now?

The fish boss, the fish brother, the old crab, the old shark, with all of them combined, four of the Nine Nether Winding Paths' sea monsters had perished beneath this human cultivator's hands. Generally speaking, this wasn't anything out of the ordinary, and those who came out to play all had to risk their lives. For these sea monsters to cultivate to the Golden Core level, which one of them hadn't eaten one or two cultivators in their lifetime? But the crux of the problem was that everything that occurred was far too mysterious. Besides that black sword kicking others when they were down, the four sea monsters had died inexplicable deaths.

The sea monsters weren't idiots. Something began to appear in their eyes, something called panic.

This cultivator was strange!

Deep roars echoed out from the depths of the Nine Nether Winding Paths. Cruel and vicious, more and more sea monsters began to race out.

Whoosh –

Whoosh –

Six variation sea monsters broke through the water. Without a word, they all displayed their supernatural racial abilities. Water columns, poisons, deadly gales, that was all fine and normal, but what in the world was this fire? Hey, you're a sea monster, please remember you're a sea monster!

Bang –

The Blood Escape Art erupted. Qin Yu avoided the barrage of attacks and approached the side of the fire-spewing sea monster. With a punch, he delivered it to the afterworld. Abnormal things were often strange, and strange things weren't easy to deal with, so finishing it off here and first was best. But as this happened, the other sea monsters thought that besides being a bit fancy, there wasn't anything good to being so gaudy! Being honest and low-key was the superior path!

With Qin Yu's strength along with the Blood Escape Art, in addition to the extra wounds caused by the Hundred Nether Sword, although these six variation sea monsters were powerful, the result had long since been decided. Sea monster after sea monster plummeted to the sea. There was another sea monster that was suitable to refine into Storm Flow magic tools that Qin Yu placed into his storage ring.

This was a great harvest!

Weng –

Weng –

The Hundred Nether sword cried out in excitement, nearly fainting from joy. It seemed to sense that from deep within the Nine Nether Winding Paths, another group of sea monsters had come hurtling out!

This time there were 10 of them!

Qin Yu revealed an earnest expression. But, he still chose to take the initiative and attack first. Activating the Blood Escape Art, he hurtled forth, his Demon Body tyrannically sweeping through the battlefield. The Hundred Nether Sword flew high and low, killing its way around.

From deep within the Nine Nether Winding Paths, in the pitch black seawater, a giant brain-like head appeared. A lone eye shimmered, seeming as if it could pierce through the seawater and gaze upon Qin Yu and the Hundred Nether Sword. It appeared gloomy and hesitant.

Bang –

The last sea monster was cut down. The Hundred Nether Sword broke through its flesh and blood, shooting out from another side. The black light around the blade surged and wavered, as if it had become drunk. Qin Yu flicked his sleeve and took it back, and then left without hesitation. Urging the Blood Escape Art with all his strength, he vanished into a dot of light upon the horizon before disappearing from sight.

In the depths of the Nine Nether Winding Paths, that brain-like head was stunned. Then, it immediately issued a resonant roar of annoyance. However, faintly, it also seemed to be just a bit more relaxed.

After flying far away, Qin Yu finally stopped. He turned and glanced back at the Nine Nether Winding Paths. Beneath the dark weather, his complexion was unsure. When he was cutting down the sea monsters he could feel a faint and horrifying threat coming from beneath the sea. Since he didn't know what it was and since the Hundred Nether Sword had eaten its fill, he chose to simply leave and avoid any further issues occurring.

Since this other party chose not to chase him down, it should be unwilling to come into conflict with him. This result was also quite good.

Whoosh –

Qin Yu flew far away.

...

Within the Netherworld Sea Region, there was a massive cluster of clouds. It was unknown why they had condensed here, but they possessed a bone-piercing cold that didn't disperse all year round. It covered a massive area of sea, and within it, the yin yang five elements were reversed and the world seemed like a yellow springs hell. Every time the Netherworld Sea Region opened, there would always be cultivators who entered this area and they would be lost here forever.

The area of this fog and cloud was called the Netherworld Realm.

In the rumors, it was said that the reason the Netherworld Sea Region existed was because of the Netherworld Realm.

And the secret mission of the demonic path was here.

Shua –

A burst of light dispersed, revealing Qin Yu's figure. He had eaten pills as he hurried here and all his wounds had been restored. The Hundred Nether Sword had fallen into a deep slumber, but this was clearly beneficial to it. Once it awoke, it should have made considerable progress in its strength.

Qin Yu looked up. The black clouds above him made it seem as if the night itself had frozen and was slowly surging forwards.

This was the Netherworld Realm.

Standing outside these black clouds, the temperature had already fallen dramatically. As he breathed out, the water vapors turned into countless tiny crystals. However, the surrounding waters didn't seem affected much at all. The mighty waves still billowed around, not frozen solid, though they seemed slow and far more viscous.

After examining his surroundings and making sure there wasn't anything wrong, Qin Yu flew into the Netherworld Realm.

Black clouds covered this entire land. For it to be called the Netherworld Realm it naturally had its own unique features. Flying into the cloud, he felt as if he had entered a completely different world. Casting his senses around, he found it hard to distinguish which direction he was going in. Left, right, north, south, everything seemed to be the same, and the seawater beneath his feet had turned red, as if it were formed of diluted blood.

Being here was like being in a sea of blood!

Hu –

Hu –

Wind rushed towards him, the icy cold reaching into his bones. There was the sound of the wind as well as the wails and laments of the dead. Their sharp voices were like countless needles attacking his soul at any chance they had. If his soul was any weaker, this attack would have caused tremendous pain to him, even causing him to lose his will and be controlled by the specters of the dead.

Qin Yu frowned before immediately calming himself down. He swept his eyes around until they fiercely stopped at a certain patch of water. Two shadows leapt out from below and threw themselves at him. Before they approached, their yin chill aura was already blowing at his face, so cold that it left a person's hair standing on end.

Specters!

He could see the general outline of these two shadows. Without a doubt, they were human forms.

Qin Yu didn't have any intention of wondering why there were human-shaped specters in the Netherworld Realm. He flicked his sleeves and summoned the thunder magic sword.

Pika paka –

Piki paka –

Purple lightning spread out.

The two specters crashed into the lightning. They screamed and vanished into plumes of smoke.

The power of thunder represented the most yang, light, and positive of energies; it was the natural adversary to anything that was yin, dark, and negative. Since he dared to step into the Netherworld Realm, he had already done his preparation. Qin Yu continued on his way forwards. Seeming as if they could sense the aura of the thunder magic sword, the journey onwards was peaceful and no specters attacked him again.

Even so, every now and then he could feel the yin chill aura of specters. Although they were in awe and dread of him, they clearly hadn't given up.

Qin Yu hurried along, carefully searching for traces of the demonic path. Although he seemed relaxed, he was fully vigilant of his surroundings. The Netherworld Realm was an ominous and infamously deadly land. He didn't believe he would be able to stay safe here just relying on the thunder magic sword.

Two hours later, Qin Yu came to a sudden stop. His cold gaze swept around. There was only the faintest threads of light in the Netherworld Realm, but even so, he could see fluctuations in the far off seawater, and even tiny traces of slaughter intent...

"Humph!"

The one who struck first had the advantage. Qin Yu grabbed the thunder magic sword and thrust it into the sea!

Magic power flooded into it and purple lightning erupted. The entire surrounding thousand feet of the sea instantly turned into sizzling lightning.

Roar –

Roar –

With pained howls, sea monsters broke free from the water. They had massive gaping wounds on their ruined bodies, some of them even revealing pitch black bones.

Sea corpse monsters!

There were no living creatures in the Netherworld Realm. The sea monsters that entered by mistake would eventually die and then their bodies would be possessed by specters, transforming them into infinitely powerful monsters that didn't fear death. They were specter puppets and were similarly subordinates of higher level specters. With so many sea corpse monsters here, that proved the existence of a high level specter!

With a dignified expression, Qin Yu drew the thunder magic sword and slashed outwards.

Lightning turned into a saber that tore into the nearest sea corpse monster. That giant body that was hardened by corpse energy and turned harder than stone was actually cut in half as easily as cream. The thunder saber continued without stopping. It chopped through five more sea corpse monsters, breaking them apart and disintegrating them.

With magic power whipping up his robes and the thunder magic sword in hand, Qin Yu was like a god of thunder descended upon the world. He wielded his hand, slaughtering to his heart's content. Besides the disgusting odor of the terrifying sea corpse monsters, nothing else of them could even touch a corner of his robes.

Each sea corpse monster had to be slowly built up and refined over the course of numerous years. To a high level specter, they were their greatest wealth. Not only could they be used to fight enemies, but they could be used to protect themselves so that they weren't swallowed by others. To lose such powerful tools at such a rate, this clearly exceeded the expectations of the high level specter. It began to roar with anger.

Chapter 114 – Shan Wugu

Qin Yu stiffened.

A giant black hand appeared out of thin air, ruthlessly grasping towards him.

Bang –

Purple lightning erupted. Qin Yu swayed to the side, barely avoiding the attack. With a pale complexion, he looked up and ran away.

Shua –

A black figure appeared above the sea. It was ten feet tall and was condensed into a solid material body. There wasn't the slightest bit of color in its pitch black eyes; they were like bottomless black holes that could swallow a person's soul whole. The man locked his eyes on Qin Yu, as if he were staring at a delicious prey. A scarlet tongue slithered out, licking his lips before he opened his mouth wide and gave a deep howl.

A horrifying sound wave spread outwards at a wild and ultrahigh frequency. It vibrated like countless knives, capable of tearing everything to shreds.

Qin Yu cried out loud before plummeting into the sea.

The sea corpse monsters swarmed around him and fished him up. Although they drooled with desire, none of them dared to do anything to him.

Looking at the delicious bloody morsel in front of him and smelling the scent of humanity, the high level specter revealed naked greed in its dark eyes. It was already impatient to suck clean this man's brains and swallow his soul. Not just that, but this mortal body filled with strength would soon become his body.

It opened its great mouth and the scarlet tongue came shooting out like a bolt of lightning.

Shua –

Qin Yu's eyes flashed open, icy cold.

In the next moment, the Skythunder Bamboo arrived. An eye-searing purple lightning erupted like a purple sun rising above the sea, incinerating everything to ashes.

The sea corpse monsters screamed miserably. All of the specters hidden within them were directly combusted into nothingness.

The high level specter wanted to run away, but after taking just a few steps, its body became increasingly small.

After several breaths of time, the lightning retracted. Qin Yu reached out a hand and a translucent bead fell into his palm.

There seemed to be fog tumbling inside. Probing it, he found that a mind-boggling amount of pure soul strength was contained within.

Qin Yu furrowed his eyebrows. He never thought that he could produce something like this after purifying a high level specter with thunder.

This round bead could be directly refined and absorbed to enhance one's soul force. It wouldn't be an exaggeration to call it a rare treasure.

Should he take advantage of his time here to gather a few more of these and then refine them once he left? If he did, the potency of his soul force was sure to rise rapidly. But, even though he had all these grand ideas, reality proved much harsher than it seemed. Qin Yu had understated the danger sensing abilities of the high level specters in the Netherworld Realm. After killing a high level specter he was contaminated with its aura, and before Qin Yu could even approach, the other high level specters had already fled far away.

After a moment of thought, Qin Yu realized what was happening. Disappointment flashed across his face. However, if things were like this, the incomparably dangerous Netherworld Realm had become a much safer and flatter road for him. This could also be called an unexpected harvest.

Tamping down these thoughts, Qin Yu focused his attention on searching for traces of the demonic path cultivators. The truth was that after coming this far, Qin Yu began to understand what this land was. The Netherworld Realm formed its own separate space, so the amount of space inside was far greater than it seemed from the outside. In addition to the yin yang five elements being in chaos, it was possible to make a circle if one walked around for too long.

One day.

Two days.

Qin Yu revealed a happy expression. He lifted his hand to reveal a shining talisman. When Han Shanye escaped, in his panic he hadn't noticed that Qin Yu had placed a talisman mark on his body. Unfortunately, with Qin Yu's lack of skill in controlling talismans in addition to the great distance between them, it was hard to accurately determine Han Shanye's location. But at this time, the talisman in his hand was shining, indicating that connected party was nearby.

Qin Yu carefully probed his surroundings. Moving around according to how bright and dark the talisman became, he soon found the right direction.

The dao of talismans was truly useful!

Shua –

Qin Yu quickly rushed forwards.

....

Deep in the Netherworld Realm, there was actually a small island. It was dark red in color, as if it had formed from countless drops of blood.

Slaughter energy lingered about it, shocking the heart and soul!

This was an infamous island. It was called Blood Red Island, and was known for roaming the Netherworld Realm.

Currently, black demonic energy roiled endlessly on this land. Array formation marks on the ground surged with dark red lights. Specters flew about the island before rushing inwards like moths drawn to the flame. At the core of this array formation, there was a giant furnace. Blood red veins covered its surface like the meridians of a human. They greedily crept about, inhaling in all the specters that rushed over. In the final moments, the specters would awaken from their trance. Then, sensing the terrifying aura of the furnace they would all scream out in horror, but in the end nothing they did could change their final destiny.

All around the island, a light layer of black ice had formed atop the seawater. As long as a person stepped onto it, they would be exposed to a vicious poisonous attack. This was the furnace's strength radiating outwards. As it started to awaken, this was its instinctual sense of self-protection.

Sea monsters had been caught. They reeked of sorrow and dread as they were imprisoned. Their complexions were deathly pale and fear surged in their eyes.

As if they had endured a great fright!

Just outside the furnace's array formation, two groups of cultivators stood across from each other. When their eyes met, there was a cold and visible rage. But looking at their auras, they were undoubtedly both demonic path cultivators.

Han Shanye was standing at one side. At this moment he was whispering to a young and arrogant cultivator in front of him. Although the cultivator was young, his aura was actually considerably overbearing. The young cultivator didn't speak. Only by furrowing his eyebrows from time to time, a cold chill rose in the air, like invisible sabers cutting across one's skin.

The demonic cultivators across from him were clearly inferior. Whether it was numbers, morale, or average levels of strength, they were suppressed in all aspects. The strongest amongst them was a seventh level Golden Core cultivator, but that cultivator's face was pale at this moment, and it was obvious he had suffered a severe injury.

Beside him, a tall and strong figure sat cross-legged. His wide and muscled back was revealed but his face was hidden in shadows. Even so, from his clothing and his steady and powerful heartbeat, one could determine that he was a considerably young person. The other demonic cultivators stood in tight guard around these two people, and from time to time they would look up nervously.

It looked like these two groups of demonic cultivators didn't get along very well.

The arrogant cultivator looked up, his eyes sharp and bright, like an eagle looking down upon the world from the heavens. "Shan Wugu, Northgate Demon wounded himself to save you from danger, so shouldn't you be searching for a way to treat him right now?"

Northgate Demon hurriedly said, "My injuries are fine, there is no need for Deepblue Saint Son to trouble yourself over me!" He anxiously opened his eyes and whispered, "Saint Son, don't fall for his trap!"

Shan Wugu lifted a hand, his voice calm. "Northgate, even if there is only a small chance, I will do everything in my power to save you and make sure you live."

He raised his voice, "Deepblue, is there something you want to tell me?"

Deepblue said without expression, "Leave the island and head a hundred miles north. There is something there that can save Northgate Demon."

Hu –

Shan Wugu stood up. The wind stilled, revealing half of his face, even as the rest of him was wreathed in shadows.

Northgate Demon shouted out, "Saint Son, please reconsider!"

Shan Wugu smiled. "Don't worry. I will return soon."

Shua –

Demonic light flashed. He flew away rapidly, soon leaving the island.

The subordinate demonic cultivators watched him go, their eyes turning red with emotion as they were all moved to admiration. As they looked at the demonic cultivators across from them, their gazes were filled with even more resentment.

Deepblue's looks didn't change, besides a trace of disdain in the depths of his eyes. Shan Wugu was truly worthy of being Shan Wugu; he was exceptionally skilled in luring in the hearts and minds of others. But in this world, only those that lived could gather the gratitude of others. As long as you die, then all of these people will become my subordinates without hesitation.

None of them will even shed a single tear for you!

Deepblue slowly said, "Men, add more fuel."

Two demonic cultivators grabbed hold of a sea monster. Ignoring its horrified cries, they tossed it into the range of the array formation. The sea monster began to melt like a candle in an inferno. Its body turned into muddled flesh and blood that poured into the grooves of the array formation where it was absorbed by the furnace. This entire process lasted only several breaths of time, but to the sea monsters watching, this was the most brutal and torturous punishment in the world. Hate and loathing filled their eyes.

Deepblue didn't care about them at all. The hatred and loathing of the weak was meaningless to them, and in fact, the more they hated him, the more they loathed him, the better the effects would be.

This time, the reason the Saint Lord hadn't hesitated to use up a portion of his cultivation and open a channel to send them to the Netherworld Sea Region was all in order to draw strength from the specters here and use the sea races as a sacrifice to awaken the deeply slumbering Saint Furnace. Up until now, matters had gone smoothly. In another ten days or so, the Saint Furnace would fully awaken.

At that time, he would have accomplished a great merit.

Deepblue suddenly frowned as he recalled something disappointing. Han Shanye was just impossibly useless; he had managed to lose several of his skilled subordinates.

Humph. There were more important matters to deal with right now so he would temporarily let this person go. The most crucial task in front of him was to eliminate Shan Wugu from the equation.

In the demonic path, a single Saint Son was enough!

....

With dark clouds above his head and a sea of blood beneath his feet, Qin Yu walked forwards. He had a grim expression as the jade slip in his hands glowed with light.

He wasn't too far.

Suddenly, Qin Yu's pupils shrank. He looked downwards.

Atop the sea of blood, at some unknown time, a layer of black frost had appeared, as dark and murky as ink. It exuded a chilling cold that stabbed into his body like needles. This chilling cold possessed a vicious and violent destructive force. It froze the blood and spread at an alarming rate.

Poison!

Qin Yu furrowed his eyebrows, but he soon composed himself. If other cultivators faced this poisonous black ice, it would likely leave them distressed.

They might even lose their lives.

But for Qin Yu, starting from a certain day in the past, all the poisons in this world had become meaningless against him.

Turning his hand, a foot of blue light spread out. It drilled into his body, turning into an invisible strength that chased after all the violent poison in his body. All the poison turned into thick lines that flowed from his limbs and bones and into his right hand's index finger. His fingertip became even paler, just like jade that glowed with a faint halo of light.

Qin Yu looked up. Between the flickering black clouds, specters flew about, their eyes glazed over.

Without a doubt, the five element spiritual objects he had chased after were here.

But, this meant that he had to be even more cautious. If the demonic path was moving so secretly, they had likely made tremendous preparations.

Once he moved forwards, he would surely be wandering into a lake of dragons, a cave of tigers!

Although Qin Yu was confident in his own strength, that didn't mean he could recklessly do whatever he wanted. To pay the smallest price possible to achieve his goals, that would be the best outcome.

But how to do this?

As his thoughts raced, Qin Yu's complexion suddenly changed. He moved to the side several steps, avoiding the attack of demonic energy. His fist came smashing out.

In the blink of an eye, two fists smashed into each other.

There was a horrifying collision of strength followed by the creaking of bones. The shaking strength rolled out, causing Qin Yu to cough and draw backwards. The person attacking didn't think that Qin Yu would be able to respond so quickly. The man's jaw dropped in surprise, wariness in his eyes.

On the sea surface, the black ice was ravaged by the shockwaves of the two people and began to break apart in large tracts.

Shua –

Qin Yu dispersed the shaking force in his body. His body curved backwards, as tight and tense as a large bent bow, ready to erupt with a fatal strike in the next second. Looking up, he saw the cold and indifferent eyes staring at him. But at this time his eyebrows dug together, his pupils widened and his body froze. In a battle between masters, a brief break in posture could decide the outcome. This should have been the best time to attack, but the person across from Qin Yu was equally shocked. The two people stared at each other, and it was only when the sound of breaking air sounded out that the two of them regained their wits.

There was no time to say anything; they could only shoot a look at each other. Shan Wugu turned, suppressing his shaking thoughts. He said, "There is no need to worry. This is a good friend from my past."

Deepblue's complexion darkened. He swept his eyes over Qin Yu and coldly said, "Shan Wugu, you and I should be dealing with matters secretly, so how did your friend find this place? You must explain yourself."

Shan Wugu lightly said. "Meeting here is just a coincidence. What sort of explanation does Saint Son Deepblue want?"

Chapter 115 – Brothers Reunited

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Deepblue coldly sneered. "A coincidence? Shan Wugu, do you think I would believe an explanation like that?" He suddenly shouted out loud, "Shan Wugu, how daring of you! This matter involves the life of the Saint Lord, one of the demonic path's great secrets, and yet you revealed it to others. If any accidents happened because of you, not even a thousand deaths would be enough!"

His eyes fell on Qin Yu, coldly shining.

What a brave Shan Wugu, he had truly underestimated the lengths to which he would go. He actually had the courage to seek outside help in moving for the Saint Furnace. If a single person came, they had likely come to deal with him.

As soon as Deepblue thought of this, killing intent rose in his heart.

Northgate Demon and the others were left feeling anxious. They always thought that their Saint Son handled affairs cautiously and safely, so how come he made such a careless mistake this time and was caught by Saint Son Deepblue?

It was all over!

Shan Wugu remained expressionless. "There is no need for Saint Son Deepblue to worry for me. Since he is my friend, I will naturally guarantee him."

After flying out from the island, arriving here, and seeing Qin Yu's face, Han Shanye paled. His pupils subconsciously shrank in fear and alarm. His first thought was: why was he here? If someone could cultivate all the way to the Golden Core realm, they were rarely stupid. Suddenly, he realized that this person must have followed him here!

Han Shanye's lips trembled. He absolutely could not allow Saint Son Deepblue to learn of this, otherwise he would suffer a miserable fate. But, as he heard Shan Wugu suddenly say he would guarantee this man, his complexion immediately brightened.

He drew in a deep breath, pointed a finger at Qin Yu, and screeched in rage. "Saint Son, I recognize that man! He is the man who rescued the sea monster royal princess and killed five of my demonic path powerhouses! That's him!"

Deepblue's eyes flashed. "Elder Han, are you speaking truthfully?"

Han Shanye roared, "I dare to guarantee my words with my life!"

Saint Son Deepblue's vision was as sharp as sabers. "Shan Wugu, how do you explain this?"

Shan Wugu frowned. He had heard of Han Shanye encountering a powerful enemy and suffering tragic losses, but he never imagined that this was all because of Qin Yu.

If so, then things had become much more troublesome.

Deepblue lifted a hand. Demonic energy roiled in his palm, forming a demonic visage that roared at Qin Yu. The corners of his lips curled up. "Shan Wugu, I've already been suspicious of you. I suspected you were a spy for the righteous path, but I never found any evidence. However, the proof is now standing right in front of us. If this person is your friend, then how do you explain the aura of the righteous path that exudes from him?"

Shan Wugu fell silent.

Deepblue stepped forwards, demonic energy tumbling all around his body. He swept his gaze around, "All of you, do you still plan on obeying the orders of this righteous path spy and committing more wrongs?"

Han Shanye sneered and waved his hand. The demonic cultivators behind him spread out, surrounding everyone. He was shivering with excitement. If he could borrow this chance to remove Shan Wugu, it would be a tremendous accomplishment for him.

Northgate Demon and the others were infuriated. Although they didn't believe what was happening, they actually had no idea how they could refute Saint Son Deepblue's claims. Saint Son Deepblue's identification skills were relatively renowned within the demonic path, and it was impossible to fake the aura of the righteous path around Qin Yu! Moreover, he had killed five demonic cultivators. With blood as evidence, everything else became pale and weak.

Shan Wugu's silence was itself an admittance of guilt. As the hearts of his people wavered, this was the best chance to attack. Deepblue's eyes surged with killing intent. If he eliminated Shan Wugu here, then even once he returned to headquarters, he would be able to control the narrative and wouldn't need to fear any investigation.

Suddenly, a cold sneer echoed out. Compared to Deepblue's arrogance, this sneer was one formed from cruelty and slaughter.

The scene suddenly fell quiet.

Qin Yu's eyes were cold. "Widen your eyes, and take a good look at just who I am."

He took one step forwards.

Bang –

A wild and violent aura broke out. Thick blood-drenched slaughter energy erupted all around him. The Demon Body revolved, causing his blood energy to seethe with ecstasy. At this time he was just like a demon king that emerged from hell, without any bit of the previous righteous path aura.

"Ahh!"

Impacted by the slaughter energy, the surrounding demonic cultivators cried out in horror and fear. They drew backwards, all of them awestruck.

This slaughter energy had been formed from Qin Yu's continuous killings. In addition, many of those who died beneath his hands were at the Golden Core level. This strong slaughter energy wasn't something that most cultivators could resist.

Northgate Demon was left in awe. Such a terrifying slaughter energy...just how many lives had been slain in order to accomplish this? Righteous path? Righteous path your mom! This person was absolutely a hero of my demonic path!

Shan Wugu's eyes darkened. He lightly said, "Saint Son Deepblue, is there anything else?"

Deepblue's complexion was hard to look at. He coldly glanced over.

Han Shanye's heart shivered. He hurriedly said, "Saint Son, I swear to you that I did not make up anything I said. This Qin fellow really did kill five of our masters!"

Qin Yu said without expression, "That's right, I killed them." He suddenly clenched his jaws and roared out, "You useless idiots, if it weren't for me interfering, that sea monster royal princess would have already committed suicide! Do you really think you would have been able to restrain her and use her as a sacrifice? When the Saint Lord assigned you on this mission, he wanted you all to handle matters carefully and discreetly. Once you kill a sea monster royal, the sea monster races will inevitably be enraged. At that time, even the Netherworld Sea Region will not be able to resist the anger of the sea monster races! If that happens and the Saint Lord's plans are affected...I don't care if you are all seeking your own deaths, but don't drag the rest of us down with you!"

Han Shanye was shocked and angered. Suppressed by Qin Yu's momentum, he was left at a loss for words.

Deepblue cursed this piece of trash in his heart. He coldly said, "I don't care who you are, but it remains a fact that you killed my demonic path cultivators. Shan Wugu, this person is your friend so all the responsibility should be shouldered by you. I believe that before we fully verify this matter, you are not suited to continuing to guard the Saint Furnace."

Shan Wugu's face darkened.

Northgate Demon and the others were incensed.

Qin Yu's eyes flashed. He casually raised a hand and swirled a finger.

Shan Wugu's eyes were undecided. After a long time, he took a deep breath and said, "I will produce evidence as soon as possible to prove fellow daoist Qin's innocence. We're leaving!"

Qin Yu revealed a happy expression.

Even though Northgate Demon and the others were unwilling, they clenched their teeth and followed.

Whoosh –

Whoosh –

The group rapidly departed.

Han Shanye nervously said, "Saint Son, can you really let that person go so easily?"

Deepblue shouted out, "Shut up! You recklessly moved against the sea monster royal family and you are lucky that your plans were disrupted halfway. Otherwise, you and I would be left dealing with the fallout!" He turned his gaze towards the direction that Shan Wugu and the others left in, his vision earnest. That Qin cultivator was not an ordinary man. If he really tore apart any pretense of cordiality and fought, he might not have been able to occupy the advantage, much less profit from it. But as long as he could chase away Shan Wugu, the merits from unsealing the Saint Furnace would all be his. That would be more than enough.

But just in case, he would make more preparations to avoid any possible accident.

"Men, continue to add fuel. Ten days later, we must unseal the Saint Furnace by then!"

For a time, atop Blood Red Island, the horrified screams of the sea monsters reverberated through the heavens.

....

After leaving the island, Shan Wugu flew for some time before stopping. He flicked his sleeves and black light rushed out. The black light rapidly grew and turned into a giant ship. It was black all over, and seemed as if it were made out of wood. But, if one looked carefully they could see that this ship wasn't made from material objects at all, but was condensed from demonic energy.

Leading the group onto the ship, Shan Wugu said, "Northgate, we will rest here for now."

Northgate Demon began to speak, but hesitated.

Shan Wugu smiled. "Don't worry. Soon, a favorable turn will appear for us."

He looked at Qin Yu and cupped his hands together. "Fellow daoist Qin, please."

Pushing open a cabin door, Shan Wugu flicked his sleeves again. A spell on the ship activated, isolating out the outside.

The two stared at each other and then suddenly hugged, heavily slapping each other on the back. But soon, they pushed each other away, their faces both filled with disgust and annoyance.

"Get away from me! You dead pervert, don't ruin the reputation of this young master!"

The two men laughed.

They laughed for a long time until their bellies ached and their eyes turned red.

Qin Yu sucked in a deep breath and roared out. "Potato, you damn bastard, you were actually still alive! I wasted all of my tears and sorrow on you! How are you going to pay me back for that?"

Shan Wugu revealed a lost expression as he heard this nickname, as if he were recalling fond memories. He gently sighed. "In truth, even I didn't expect myself to live."

Shan Wugu was the man who had been wounded by Xu Jian and tossed into the abyss – Lang Tu!

This world was full of too many marvelous and amazing occurrences. It was hard to predict that the brothers who were once separated would reunite here once more.

Qin Yu knew that Lang Tu must have experienced a great deal. He patted his shoulder and softly said, "Should we brothers have a good chat?"

"Of course."

One table, two chairs, Qin Yu and Lang Tu sat across from each other. There was wine but no food in front of them.

"I was poisoned by Xu Jian and thrown over the cliff. I thought I was dead, but I never imagined there was a rapidly flowing river below. Haha, the waters were cold and far too fast. When I fell into the river, I broke many bones but I managed to preserve my small life. As I was being pushed along, perhaps I drank too much water but I vomited again and again, and the poison in my body might have been a little

relieved because of that. I didn't die in that cold river, and when I awoke, it was a demonic cultivator that rescued me." Speaking to here, Lang Tu's face began to shiver. His voice deepened and he drank more wine. "Of course, he didn't rescue me from the kindness of his heart. It just so happened that he was looking for someone to test medicines on."

Lang Tu stopped for several breaths of time and then grinned. "In short, a great deal of things happened and in any case I don't want to experience that again. You just need to know that I lived, and I lived quite well afterwards. My cultivation even rapidly rose. After that, there were some lucky chances that coincided and I joined a demonic sect. You should remember that my talent is poor and I had no other choice but to stupidly walk down the path of body transformation. But in this demonic sect, there was a cultivation method that was actually suited for me to learn. Because of that, I was chosen by the demonic path's Saint Lord and became one of the so-called demonic path Saint Sons. But you saw what happened. As a Saint Son, my abilities are lacking. Without accident, my role here is no different from someone who accompanies the crown prince to study. I'm just an understudy helping the main actor."

There were many parts lacking and many parts glossed over. Some were memories that Lang Tu didn't want to recall, and some were things he didn't want to speak of.

Qin Yu understood. Still, he could sense that an extra wall had appeared between the two and it would be impossible for their relationship to return to how it was in the past. Perhaps this could be called the power of time. However, as he thought of the little blue lamp, these feelings vanished and he laughed at himself. Didn't he also have secrets that he couldn't speak of?

Everyone changed.

"Potato, what has passed has passed. It's already a good fortune that you are still alive."

Lang Tu nodded and he laughed fully. "I have no complaints. Compared to dying, everything I experienced isn't anything at all." His eyes brightened. "What about you, Taro? Just how much time has passed and you already have such a cultivation? If you say you haven't stumbled on a lucky chance, I won't believe you at all."

Qin Yu laughed. He explained approximately what had occurred in these past years. Although he had disguised himself, it was impossible for him to fully cover all his traces.

Lang Tu smiled. "I was also feeling guilty and felt that I deceived you, my best friend in the world, but now I feel much better." He waved his hand and said again and again, "Don't explain, you don't need to, it's fine as long as we understand each other."

Qin Yu wryly smiled and nodded.

Chapter 116 – Cooperation

The two fell silent for a long time. Perhaps, they had felt the great changes within each other. After a long time, Lang Tu broke the silence with a smile. He said with an amicable tone, "Taro, to avoid any trouble from now on, don't call me Lang Tu anymore. My name is now Shan Wugu." He sighed, a distant look in his eyes. "Lang Tu already died that day."

Shan Wugu, Shan Wugu...that was a name which meant boneless mountain...was it because when he was pushed down the cliff that day, there weren't even his bones left behind?

To take up such a name, Qin Yu could only imagine the hatred in his heart. He nodded, "Alright. But, I have already killed Xu Jian and the others. With poison."

Shan Wugu punched his fists together. "So it was you!"

When the demonic path invaded the Southern Empire and the Eastern Mountain Sect was razed to the ground, he had started his own secret investigation. To his surprise, Xu Jian had died a puzzling death, and he hadn't known that it was Qin Yu who had taken revenge for him. He smiled, moved by the gesture. Shan Wugu and Qin Yu made some more small talk before they veered towards the main subject.

"Qin Yu, you prompted me to withdraw earlier. Do you have some plan in mind?"

Qin Yu smiled. "I'm lucky you were smart enough to notice my reminder. I indeed didn't want you to protect the Saint Furnace anymore, because my trip to the sea region this time was because I am coming for it." His eyes darkened, serious. "Potato, I will call you by your nickname only, this should be okay, right? Let me ask you, what mission are you on for coming to the sea region?"

Shan Wugu hesitated for a moment. Then he said, "To unseal the Saint Furnace!"

Qin Yu's eyes flashed. "Within this, do you require using five element spiritual objects?"

Shan Wugu's eyebrows flew upwards. He was incredibly surprised.

Qin Yu clapped his hands together. "This is wonderful! Potato, the five element spiritual objects are my goal."

Shan Wugu frowned. "This..."

This was clearly a difficult matter for him.

Qin Yu waved his hand. "Just listen to me first!"

He thought for a moment, quickly making sure there weren't any holes in his plan. Then, he began to explain it in a hushed voice.

Shan Wugu's eyes shined. He mulled it over and then nodded. "Alright, I believe you. Let's give it a try!"

Qin Yu hesitated. "Potato, my only worry is that this will implicate you."

Shan Wugu's heart warmed. "Don't worry. If something happens to the Saint Furnace, I will inevitably be punished for it. But, I have already been pushed away from the guard team. Once I make some more reparations later, it shouldn't be a fatal punishment. Moreover, compared to the possible rewards, these sorts of risks aren't anything at all. If my luck is good I will be able to graduate from my role of understudy!" He blinked as he spoke. "And, I think that your harvests this time will be far higher than expected."

Qin Yu's eyes brightened. "You are saying...?"

Shan Wugu batted his eyelashes. "Why don't you take a guess?"

Seeing Qin Yu's growing annoyance, he chuckled. "Qin Yu, oh Qin Yu, your luck is far too good. The Saint Lord has used up countless methods in order to fully gather the complete five element spiritual objects. But now, there is a considerable chance that all of it will become yours."

Qin Yu was overwhelmed with joy. Five element spiritual objects! This was actually the complete five element spiritual objects!

This knowledge hadn't been recorded in the jade slip at all. All that had been mentioned was that the demonic path was undertaking a secretive mission involved with five element spiritual objects. Originally, he was thinking he would already be tremendously lucky if he could obtain two different kinds of five element spiritual objects. But this...this far exceeded his anticipation, it was simply a watershed revelation!

One person wanted the Saint Furnace and another wanted the five elemental spiritual objects; this could be said to be a wonderful conclusion for all parties involved. The two began to make preparations to extract the fangs of the tiger. The original plan was changed beyond all recognition, and after a result was obtained that both sides found to their satisfaction, and after determining that there weren't any problems with it, four hours had already passed.

"Qin Yu, the Saint Furnace has formidable protective powers. Even breaking past the surrounding array formation isn't something that ordinary Golden Core cultivators can handle. Are you sure you have full confidence in yourself?" Shan Wugu frowned.

Qin Yu smiled. "All you need to do is to act according to the plan. I have my own methods of dealing with it."

Shan Wugu rose up. "Good. Then I will immediately go and make preparations. You can meditate here."

He had a firm and decisive look. As he stepped out from the cabin, it was clear he had wiped away most of the extraneous worries in his heart.

Since they had already decided to take the risk, they would do it with all they had!

Qin Yu lifted a hand. Several array discs fell down, sealing in all aura within the cabin.

It wasn't that he didn't trust Shan Wugu, but since this involved the five element spiritual objects, he had to be extra cautious.

With a flick of his sleeve, a light shined and the corpse of the shark monster appeared on the ground in front of him.

With his current cultivation, he no longer needed to use brute force to dismember the corpse any longer. Controlling a magic tool with his mind, he cleanly pulled out all its teeth.

After a quick count, he counted 312 in total.

He was pressed for time. Without saying anything, he began!

Qin Yu indeed didn't have the strength to break through the Saint Furnace's protection that Shan Wugu mentioned. But this didn't stop him, because he was still confident in himself.

Storm Flow!

This was a demonic path refining method that You Qi had left him in the past. It was a crude but excellent technique. Unfortunately, it created one-time use weapons and the materials required were mind-boggling, something that an ordinary person couldn't withstand at all. Even if he completely forgot about the materials, who else besides Qin Yu who had successfully refined the Demon Body could produce so much blood essence at one time?

Storm Flow. This wasn't a game that average cultivators could play.

Ten hours later, he had succeeded in refining 93 shark monster teeth.

With a pale complexion, he momentarily stopped. He lifted his hand and swallowed some pills to restore himself.

....

Shan Wugu returned to the deck and passed down orders to not disturb Qin Yu. Then, he picked out several of his most trusted subordinates and left in a hurry. As the rest of his followers watched him leave, they had defeated looks on their faces. While they didn't know what use the Saint Furnace had, it was the indisputable truth that the Saint Lord highly valued it. This time, Shan Wugu had been chased out by Deepblue, so all the merits of accomplishing the mission would be taken by him alone. Once they returned to headquarters, things would be even more awkward for them all.

"Hah!"

With deep sighs, the demonic cultivators began to disperse.

No one noticed that one of these demonic cultivators had a trace of pride hidden behind a veil of worry and anxiousness. As this person looked up at the direction in which Shan Wugu and the others left, he had a thoughtful look on his face.

But a moment later, accompanied with an enraged roar, there was a loud explosion and the figure was blasted away. Demonic light wildly surged on his body, proving that he had some sort of protective treasure. Even so, blood spurted out from his nose and mouth, and a stabbing pain wracked his chest as countless bones broke through his body.

With a sharp scream, the man turned and fled, soaring into the dark night clouds.

Shan Wugu was enraged. "Kill him! No matter the cost!"

Whoosh –

Whoosh –

Demonic cultivators shot up into the skies!

Shadethorn Demon was pale, his entire face filled with alarm and fear. He never imagined that even with a demonic treasure helping to conceal him, he would still be discovered. Then again, he recalled that Shan Wugu must have been extra vigilant ever since the last leak in information. He had been too negligent!

The pain in his chest became increasingly heavy and agonizing. Every breath he took was followed with the scent of burning blood that gushed out from his throat. Demonic energy swirled in his body, suppressing his wounds. Right behind him, he could feel a terrifying aura lock onto him. It was clear that people were chasing him down, and it wouldn't be too long before he was overtaken.

Suddenly, Shadethorn Demon's complexion changed and he came to a sudden stop. In front of him, a figure stepped out from the mist. Shadethorn Demon recognized who he was; he was an early Golden Core demonic cultivator that Shan Wugu had taken in some time ago – Wordwind Demon.

That's right. Although this person's strength was sloppy and ordinary, he was actually bizarrely fast. As he thought about how he had been secretly mocking this man as being a useless ornament, he never thought that this person would be the one to stop him. Shadethorn Demon took a deep breath, restrained the tumbling blood energy in his body, and readied himself to attack.

"Wait!" Wordwind Demon waved his hands repeatedly, his thin and wizened face flustered. "Fellow daoist Xu, I am here to save you!"

Xu Yuan was Shadethorn Demon's alias. His eyes flashed. "Wordwind Demon, what is the meaning of this?"

Wordwind Demon smiled warmly. "Shan Wugu's loss is already decided, and I'm thinking to become one of Saint Son Deepblue's subordinates. I ask that fellow daoist Xu recommend me."

Shadethorn Demon's heart relaxed a little. Wordwind Demon had become one of Shan Wugu's subordinates not too long ago, and in this sort of situation, thinking of defecting was quite normal. Although he was disdainful of such an act, Shadethorn Demon actually revealed a welcoming smile. He said, "Saint Son Deepblue is always looking for new talent. If you lead me out of here, I will definitely recommend you."

Wordwind Demon was overjoyed. "Good, I'll lead you away now!"

With a flick of his sleeve, demonic energy wrapped around Shadethorn Demon. Like shadows, the two melted into the dark night clouds, quickly flying far away.

Shadethorn Demon turned around, his eyes cold. Shan Wugu, did you ever think that the man you sent to kill me would actually come to save me instead? Although I've been heavily wounded this time, the information I've learned is of great importance. After I inform Saint Son Deepblue, he will surely reward me."

Thinking of this, a trace of happiness flitted across his pallid face. But as his eyes fell on Wordwind Demon's back, contempt rose in his heart. Who would want to make use of someone who abandoned their master? It likely wouldn't be long before this fellow was used as cannon fodder by Saint Son Deepblue.

Except, Shadethorn Demon never discovered that while watching Wordwind Demon's back, Wordwind Demon's previous flattering and pleasing expression had all but disappeared, replaced by nothing but cold indifference.

In the clouds, Shan Wugu, Northgate Demon, and some trusted followers were floating high in the air.

“Northgate, do you think I might have gone too far?”

Northgate Demon cupped his hands together. “Saint Son, there is no need for you to worry about this. This is something that Wordwind Demon voluntarily agreed to. Since you agreed to take revenge for his blood feud, I’m sure that he is quite overjoyed.”

Shan Wugu took a deep breath. “Wordwind Demon left behind a son. After I return, I will bring him to the Total Faction Headquarters and compensate him for all of Wordwind Demon’s merits.”

“Saint Son is truly benevolent!” Numerous demonic cultivators bowed.

With one easy action, Shan Wugu had obtained an even higher degree of recognition from his supporters. His expression was quiet and solemn. Although he still had a simple and honest face, the heart that lurked beneath it was no longer the same as it was in the past.

“Let’s go. This is only the first step. We still have many other matters to do!”

Whoosh –

Whoosh –

The group flew far away.

....

Netherworld Realm, Blood Red Island

With Shadethorn Demon guiding the way, the two soon arrived.

Wordwind Demon was watched from all sides. As he landed on the edge of the island, his shy and wretched face was all smiles.

Deepblue looked over them and furrowed his eyebrows together. “He’s the one who rescued you?”

Shadethorn Demon respectfully replied, “Yes. If it wasn’t for this person, I fear I wouldn’t have been able to return alive.”

Deepblue coldly sneered. “What a good Shadethorn Demon, to think you are actually so stupid! You were used by others to bring back a spy and you still remain oblivious!”

He shouted out, “Men, grab him!”

Wordwind Demon’s blood drained from his face. He screamed out loud, “Saint Son forgive me! Forgive me!” He turned and begged, “Fellow daoist Xu, save me, save me!”

Shadethorn Demon lowered his head, not saying a single word.

Deepblue looked down, his sharp vision locked onto Wordwind Demon. “Tell me, just what sort of tricks is Shan Wugu up to?”

Wordwind Demon bowed again and again. “Saint Son, forgive me! I merely didn’t want to follow Shan Wugu to die, so I saved fellow daoist Xu and asked him to recommend me. Saint Son, please consider my words, everything I say is true, I am not lying at all!”

His legs shivered as he spoke and a disgusting scent spread out.

The surrounding demonic cultivators all widened their eyes as disdain immediately flooded their faces. Indeed, in this world all sorts of strange things were possible. In this world, people were taunted for peeing their pants in fear, but this solemn Golden Core cultivator actually...peed in fear!

Chapter 117 – Seize the Furnace

Deepblue's eyes filled with loathing. With a wave of his hand, he ordered his people to bring Wordwind Demon away. With a personality like that, how could he possibly be a spy? It seemed he had been overthinking things too much.

"Thank you Saint Son, thank you!" Groveling gratitude echoed out in the wind as Wordwind Demon shamelessly bowed. His old and rickety waist seemed like a dead piece of grass that couldn't withstand the tiniest bit of weight.

"Saint Son, it now seems that the information Shadethorn Demon brought back shouldn't have any problems. Since there are signs that Shan Wugu is preparing to revolt, should we make some early preparations?" Han Shanye respectfully asked.

Deepblue's eyes were cold. "Shadethorn Demon, what do you think?"

Beads of sweat formed on Shadethorn Demon's forehead. He fell to his knees and bowed to the floor. "Saint Son, your subordinate dares to guarantee that Shan Wugu absolutely doesn't know just how much information I gleaned. Drawing back 10,000 steps, even if he knows his plot was revealed, in the current situation he can only continue forwards because the Saint Furnace will soon be unsealed and there isn't any time for him to change his plans."

Deepblue's smile curled upwards. "This time, if we can kill Shan Wugu, then you will have the greatest merit in doing so!"

Shadethorn Demon was overjoyed, but in the next moment he was a little worried. With his understanding of the Saint Son, if everything proceeded smoothly then he would be well rewarded.

But if something went wrong...

He began to pray in his heart. Shan Wugu, you must come!

But at this time, the Shan Wugu that Shadethorn Demon was praying for the arrival of was actually leading Northgate Demon and some of his other trusted subordinates out of the Netherworld Realm region.

The waves rolled atop the Netherworld Sea as the demonic cultivators floated high in the skies. Shan Wugu had an earnest look. He said, "Everyone, you can still withdraw now. Otherwise, if you take another step forwards, you will be thoroughly bound to me. We will share honor and defeat, life and death!"

Northgate Demon was the first to kneel. "I am willing to follow the Saint Son, even if it means dying the most tragic death!"

"We pledge our lives to fight to the death for the Saint Son!" Everyone began to kneel down together.

Shan Wugu laughed. "Good! Then let us bet it all!"

He took out jade bottles and began to hand one to each person.

"Take these. In the shortest amount of time, use all of your strength to control the most sea monsters you can!"

Northgate Demon had a calm expression; it was clear he already knew about this. But, the other demonic cultivators revealed shock. Medicine to control sea monsters...this was something extremely hard to obtain from the Total Faction Headquarters, and there wasn't much of it to begin with. Almost all of it had been used up in bringing everyone to the sea region. But now Shan Wugu had casually taken out so much, several times that which the headquarters had given to them. The stunned awe this caused could be imagined.

For a time, everyone's eyes began to shine. It seemed that Saint Son Shan Wugu wasn't completely without foundation in the Total Faction Headquarters. Or, perhaps the background he was hiding had completely surpassed everyone's expectations. If they followed such a person, they were sure to have boundless prospects!

With this simple gesture, everyone's morale was raised to the peak. The demonic cultivators respectfully bowed before turning and flying towards the sea area. With this controlling medicine in their hands, the only fear they had was the fear that they wouldn't find strong enough sea monsters. They were completely filled with courage!

Shan Wugu didn't have any expression. Medicine to control sea monsters...this was a long story. As he thought back to the person who concocted this medicine years ago, his lips twitched and his eyes darkened. When he survived the events in the past, he had made a vow that he would never allow his destiny to be controlled by others.

Shan Wugu would become a true powerhouse of this world. And the Saint Furnace...that was the turning point of his destiny!

...

Two days later, 312 shark monster teeth were fully refined, indicating that the first set of Storm Flow magic tools had been completed.

With a thought, the 312 teeth spun around his body. Because they had been refined with his blood essence, he would be able to freely mobilize them.

However, even with his potent Demon Body, Qin Yu still felt a deep sense of weariness. As his cultivation rose, refining these Storm Flow magic tools became increasingly difficult. Of course, the power behind them increased proportionately.

But, the crucial point here was that the Storm Flow magic tools had to be refined from certain material; not everything could be used. Qin Yu had killed over 20 Golden Core realm variation sea monsters and only two of them met the requirements for refining into Storm Flow magic tools. And, this was absolutely a tremendous stroke of luck. When it came to things like luck, that was something no one could ask for, no matter how envious they were of it.

Swallowing down a pill, he closed his eyes and began to digest it.

Qin Yu started to restore his strength. After a day, his weak blood energy was refilled and his magic power seemed to have become a little bit stronger.

Shua –

He opened his eyes and flicked his sleeve. A second sea monster corpse appeared. In order to plan for all possible contingencies, Qin Yu didn't mind preparing two sets of Storm Flow magic tools.

The difference was that the parts of this sea monster corpse that were suited to being refined were 197 bones within its body.

After another three days, Qin Yu pushed open his room's door. Shan Wugu was waiting on the other side, seeming as if he had been there for a long time.

"How is it?"

The two people spoke. This was a tacit understanding formed from living together for many years, and made them realize just how confident they were in each other.

"When do you want to begin?"

Qin Yu smiled. "Whenever you want."

"The sooner the better!"

Qin Yu's pupils flashed. "Then let's begin today."

....

Demonic energy lingered around the ship. The hull sparkled with a shimmering black light. The specters that wandered about the Netherworld Realm didn't dare to approach. Blood Red Island drifted along with the waters of the Netherworld Realm, wandering deep within the region. The demonic energy ship sailed directly towards it. It was clear that they had methods to lock onto Deepblue's location.

Qin Yu glanced at the simple and honest face of Shan Wugu. It seemed that he had already made preparations for this a long time ago. Although he was grateful, he couldn't help but feel a bit disappointed.

Suddenly, the demonic energy ship came to a stop. Shan Wugu turned around. "Qin Yu, Blood Red Island is right in front of us. This is as far as the ship can go." His complexion darkened. "The Saint Furnace spreads out a horrifying poison in order to protect itself. You must be careful."

Qin Yu smiled. "Don't worry. Just wait for my signal."

Shua –

He took a step out from the demonic energy ship and disappeared in the next blink of an eye.

At this time, everyone on deck was trusted subordinates. The ordinary subordinates were left waiting outside the Netherworld Realm and weren't participating in this mission. Right now, every one of them started to speak, but hesitated and eventually didn't say anything.

Their reasoning was simple – they didn't trust Qin Yu!

Just how potent were the defenses of the Saint Furnace? And with Deepblue and so many other demonic path powerhouses guarding it, wanting to steal it away alone was no different from the babblings of a fool. No one imagined that even though they had used up so much energy in their preparations, the most vital link of their mission would be whether or not Qin Yu succeeded. If it weren't for Shan Wugu's prestige in their hearts, they would have already spoken up against this.

Shan Wugu had a light look. "I know what you are all thinking, but since it's Qin Yu, and since he is willing to do this, he is definitely confident in himself."

Northgate Demon sighed inwardly. Why was the Saint Son so confident in Qin Yu? Did he not know that the success or failure of this mission would involve his future? And even whether he lived or died?

Hah. With things having come to this point, they could only step forwards and deal with things as they came.

Time slowly passed. The black clouds were incomparably tranquil, without the least bit of sound. Northgate Demon felt his heart becoming increasingly heavy and restless. Beads of sweat began to form on the heads of the surrounding demonic cultivators.

Did Qin Yu fail? Or did he flee upon realizing he couldn't win?

Or, had he betrayed them?

Northgate Demon hesitated but finally spoke up. "Saint Son?"

"Wait!" Shan Wugu shouted.

Atop the pale blood red sea, a faint layer of black ice extended outwards from the island. Even without touching it, one could feel the dreadful aura contained within.

Qin Yu stood outside the edge of the black ice. His expression was calm, as if he were waiting for something.

Suddenly, he happily smiled. He flipped over his palm and a foot of sea blue light quietly bloomed in the dark.

Lifting a leg, he took one step onto the black ice. He stood firm, allowing the black aura below to attack him however it wished.

This black energy was cold ice poison. It originated from the Saint Furnace, and once it came into contact with the aura of living beings, it would endlessly attack them like the fires of the Netherworld until that person's flesh, blood, and soul were completely erased from existence.

But for Qin Yu, the so-called violent poison of the Saint Furnace was nothing but an appetizer to whet his appetite. The deep blue light covered his palm, continuously drawing out all the black energy from his body and expelling it. What was left over gathered in his body like black meridians and flowed towards the index finger of his right hand. Between his fingers, a faint halo of light circulated that made it appear like jade.

The black ice beneath his feet began to melt away, as if a massive amount of strength was being sucked out. Seeing this, Qin Yu smirked. It looked like after today, his poison finger would return. And its power would definitely leave his enemies fully satisfied.

After a moment, Qin Yu took another step forwards. The layer of ice behind him crumbled.

Time quietly passed. Qin Yu maintained his steady pace forwards. If someone watched him from high up in the skies, they would discover that the black ice seemed to be rapidly shrinking.

Suddenly, Qin Yu's complexion changed. As he stepped forwards, a powerful suction force emanated outwards and a massive amount of black energy rushed towards him.

Kacha –

Kacha –

The black ice beneath his feet rapidly spread out. In the single breath of time, Qin Yu was encased in ice! If it were anyone else suffering an attack of this level from the cold ice poison, even if they were a Hollow Nascent Soul master, they would instantly be killed. Even a Nascent Soul cultivator would only be able to rely on their deep cultivation to break free from the shackles of the poison ice and flee.

It was obvious that the Saint Furnace had discovered Qin Yu's existence, and had even formed killing intent against this puny insect who dared to steal away its poison. Atop the blood red sea, an ice sculpture silently stood with billowing waves of black energy crazily pouring into it.

One breath...

Two breaths...

Three breaths...

The ice sculpture remained the same and the figure inside didn't seem to have any intention of falling. A cold and angry cough seemed to resound in the air, and following that the black energy retreated like a tide until all the black ice on the sea surface vanished.

Qin Yu opened his eyes and a brilliant light burst out from his pupils. He fell into contemplation for a moment. It seems that the awakening of the demonic path's Saint Furnace was close at hand, but it was being restricted by some sort of invisible force and couldn't attack itself. He couldn't allow the Saint Furnace to be unsealed like this. He lifted a hand and put on a black robe. Then, he raced forwards, the waters exploding beneath him.

Netherworld Realm, Blood Red Island.

Deepblue had a fervent expression. He never thought that one of the sea monsters his subordinates captured would actually possess a special bloodline. Although it was a bit regrettable that this powerful bloodline would be destroyed like this, he was more than happy to awaken the Saint Furnace ahead of time.

After today, his status as Saint Son would be unshakeable!

Deepblue was filled with valor. He looked up towards the black clouds beyond the island.

Shan Wugu, I am the one who eventually won this war!

Although Deepblue displayed full confidence in front of everyone and made it seem as if everything was within his control, he was more than aware of who his opponent was and how difficult they were to deal with. Shan Wugu had entered the Total Faction Headquarters not too long ago, but he had managed to obtain the support of the Elders and had even gathered up a force of people that couldn't be underestimated.

For Shan Wugu to be able to participate in the mission of unsealing the Saint Furnace was more than enough proof of how dangerous he was. It indicated that he had already obtained the ability to engage him in a frontal confrontation and compete on the stage.

Even if it were only on the surface.

But in the end, he would be the one to finally laugh. In the end, he would strangle the threat at its source.

Suddenly, cries of alarm rang out from outside Blood Red Island. Deepblue's heart quickened. He said, "What is it?"

A demonic cultivator guard flew forth in a panic. He screeched, "Saint Son, the Saint Furnace's cold ice has vanished!"

Deepblue's pupils shrank but his expression didn't change. "The Saint Furnace will regain consciousness soon so it is normal for it to take back its strength. What are you so panicked about!?"

But, Han Shanye could actually detect a trace of worry from the subtle changes in Deepblue's face. He quietly said, "Saint Son, since the Saint Furnace is taking back its strength, we should bolster our defenses to avoid any possible issues arising."

Deepblue nodded.

Han Shanye waved his hand. Demonic cultivators shot up into the skies. Billowing demonic energy erupted from their bodies, forming a giant array formation. This was the Protection of the Heavenly Demon. Gathering the strength of numerous demonic cultivators would summon the arrival of an invisible Heavenly Demon. Any person who dared to intrude would suffer an attack from the Heavenly Demon. Their divine sense would go crazy and they would fall into a manic insanity as they died, their flesh and blood eventually becoming food for the Heavenly Demon.

Whoosh –

Outside the island, the rustling black clouds were scattered away.

A black-robed figure stepped forth.

Chapter 118 – Valiant

Deepblue narrowed his eyes. He never thought that what appeared in front of him would only be...a single person! How brave of him to rush in alone, but, as long as this person took a single step into the scope of the Protection of the Heavenly Demon, there would be at least 100 ways to kill him!

One step, two steps, three steps...

The black-robed figure suddenly stopped.

Deepblue stuffily coughed. This mysterious person had stopped a hair's width distance outside the Protection of the Heavenly Demon. It was clear that this wasn't a coincidence. The strength of this person's soul force was likely incredible, thus he was able to sense the fluctuations of the Protection of the Heavenly Demon.

But, so what if he realized it?

The unsealing of the Saint Furnace was imminent. In just a bit more time, he wouldn't even need to do anything and this black-robed figure would be forced to flee in distress.

Deepblue was arrogant but he wasn't stupid. Since he had a completely safe method, why would he change things up? Did this mysterious person think that he would suddenly rush out with just a few taunts? How ridiculous!

The black-robed figure fell silent, as if he were at a loss for what to do. The contempt in Deepblue's eyes only thickened, and a trace of a sneer appeared on his lips.

It was at this time that Deepblue saw the black-robed figure gently raise his hand and wave it in front of him. A light wind stirred, but Deepblue never saw that beneath the black-robed figure's other hand, a talisman was being crushed.

On the demonic energy ship, Shan Wugu's eyes brightened. The talisman in his hand began to shine.

This was the signal to begin!

With a deep breath, Shan Wugu gripped the talisman tightly and shouted out, "Send out the sea monsters!"

Northgate Demon and the others all moved together. They took out conches and violently blew into them. The doors all around the ship were torn apart and scattered into shreds of demonic energy.

Whoosh –

Whoosh –

Vicious figures rushed out, their blood red eyes filled with the lust to kill and destroy as they hurtled forwards.

Black clouds suddenly rose up on the sea, and the rumbling of crashing waves reverberated from the distance, rapidly approaching. Saint Son Deepblue's heart shrank as a foreboding premonition filled him. Throughout Blood Red Island, countless demonic cultivators watched with eyes filled with shock.

Massive waves formed from hundreds of sea monsters were wildly rushing towards Blood Red Island. The wanton cruelty and animus blazed in their eyes, causing the demonic cultivators to pale with fear.

"Defend!" Saint Son Deepblue barely had enough time to issue this order before the Protection of the Heavenly Demon formed by the demonic cultivators was completely broken into pieces by the impact of

sea monsters. The Heavenly Demon that had been summoned wasn't even able to utilize its mind-twisting powers before its source of power was cut off.

It wasn't that the Protection of the Heavenly Demon didn't have enough strength, but there simply wasn't anything it could do against hundreds of mindless sea monsters rushing towards it. Still, since it was here, how could it leave without any harvests?

"Ahh!" Screaming out loud, several demonic cultivators fell to the ground. Their bodies began to rapidly wither away, and after several breaths of time they became dried corpses, all of their flesh and blood stolen away.

Deepblue's anger was an inferno that reached the heavens. But as he looked at Qin Yu, he actually hesitated. To summon several hundred sea monsters, just what kind of strength was this? No...this wasn't right. In order to summon several hundred sea monsters alone, one needed to at least have a Nascent Soul level cultivation. And, if this person possessed this sort of strength, he wouldn't need to go through so much trouble to deal with them. The black-robed person must have companions. That was the only possible explanation for how several hundred sea monsters could show up.

Shan Wugu!

Within the Netherworld Realm, if there was someone that dared to oppose him, it must be that person!

Deepblue swept his eyes over the sea monsters again, and noticed that they were all acting like sea monsters that were being controlled by controlling medicines. But, where had Shan Wugu obtained so much of this medicine from? Even though he couldn't figure this out, this didn't stop Saint Son Deepblue's heart from inflating with killing intent!

Shan Wugu, you dare to collude with outsiders to move against the Saint Furnace! This is a crime worthy of death!

With a loud roar, Deepblue raised his hands high and brought them slashing down. A ring of blood appeared in the air, and blood red light condensed to form a ghost face that rushed towards Qin Yu, wanting to swallow him down.

First, Deepblue would kill this person and then suppress Shan Wugu. The Saint Furnace was about to be unsealed soon – he could not allow anyone to interfere!

The black-robed figure turned around and his eyes met Deepblue's. At this time, an ice cold chill appeared in his heart, causing hairs to rise all over his body and a warning bell to go off in his mind.

Whoosh –

A spear appeared. It tore through the air with a keening cry, overbearing and violent, as if everything in this world would be crushed and pierced by it.

What an amazing cultivation!

Deepblue's eyebrows leapt up and fighting spirit ignited in his heart. In order to become the demonic path's Saint Son he had defeated countless opponents, and his strength was extraordinary amongst his generation. In this vast world, was there anyone beneath the Nascent Soul realm that could be his

match? Although this black-robed figure was strong, he was doomed to become nothing but another specter today.

Hum –

The blood ring trembled and more and more blood red light gushed out from it. Flames began to burn around the ghost face, as if it were a fierce ghost from hell! These flames carried with them a strong corrupting power. As long as it touched a magic tool, it could greatly damage its power. It could even taint the master of the magic tool, causing their soul to be blasted with corrupting energy.

The long spear continued forwards with an overwhelming momentum. Deepblue's eyes were cold and cruel. He wanted to see the black-robed figure's expression as his precious treasure was destroyed. Even if this person's soul was powerful, he would still be left in agonizing pain if he tried to resist the attack of corrupting power. Once this person lost their magic weapon spear, their strength would definitely fall dramatically. At that time, he would die.

The black-robed figure's eyes were calm beneath his hood. Normally they were flat and placid, without a single wave, but at this time they were also quiet and filled with confidence. As the black-robed man looked at the fire-wreathed ghost face, he suddenly smiled. Without warning, the spear shot forwards, violent and devastating. The spear shaft trembled. As it pierced through the ghost face, a wild and manic aura swept through the skies.

Deepblue's eyes popped open. Just what...what was happening here?

Before he could regain his composure, the long spear detonated. The fragments of the spear was mixed in with the terrifying self-destructing strength of a magic tool as they flew out recklessly like pieces of molten hot lava.

The flame-wreathed ghost face was instantly torn into a sieve. Its macabre cackles suddenly turned into screeches of pain. Although it didn't possess a material form, it had still been heavily wounded from the explosion of the spear. It began to fly away in a panic. Nearby, several demonic cultivators that were battling the sea monsters cried out pitifully as they were ripped apart. They fell to the floor, dead.

Deepblue coughed and his face paled. Blood dripped down the side of his lips. The blood circle possessed a terrifying power and had many wonderful abilities. It was something that he had refined with his own blood, and they shared prosperity and disaster together. Now that the blood circle was damaged by the exploding spear, Deepblue also received tremendous internal injuries.

If Deepblue were to lose in a frontal battle with someone, then he could acknowledge that. But, this opponent had completely disregarded all common sense in utilizing a trump card in such a manner that it left him extremely dispirited but also fuming with rage.

He slammed his chest and spat out a mouthful of blood. The blood didn't fall down to the ground, but burst forwards and fused into the blood circle. After obtaining the support of its master's blood essence, the blood ring magic tool's power rose to the peak. The light that played along the surface of the blood ring began to dim and then shine. The ghost face ferociously roared. Angered that it was wounded, it shot forwards, its speed reaching the peak of possibility. It opened its jaws to reveal black fangs that were as sharp as thorns.

Exploding your magic tool is indeed a terrifying attack, but can you take out another treasure of this level? Since you dared to damage my magic tool, I will make sure you die without a grave!

At this time, a round shield suddenly appeared. As magic power was poured into it, its suddenly inflated in size. The ferocious ghost face shot forwards with confidence, thinking that it would soon enjoy delicious flesh and blood. But like this, without making any preparations, it slammed directly into the round shield!

Pa –

That sound was heavy and dull, and filled with a little bitterness...just by listening to it, one's scalp would crawl and body would tingle!

Deepblue's entire face was twisted, as if he himself had struck the shield. His mouth was askew as blood continued to stream from his lips. He looked incredibly distraught. He swore that he had never lost so much face as he did today, and as he saw the amazed looks that his subordinates were sending him, he wished that he could tear this mysterious stranger into pieces.

But following that, before he could respond, he suffered a second strike from the round shield. There was a terrifying bang as the ghost face was blasted backwards. Its screams were even more tragic than before, and now they also contained a trace of fear.

This mysterious cultivator was far too terrifying!

Deepblue vomited several mouthfuls of blood and stumbled backwards. Shock, grief, and indignation filled his heart.

The shock came from the fact that this black-robed figure was so valiant he would actually explode two powerful magic tools in a row. It had to be known that with their quality, even a Golden Core would find them extremely precious. To blow apart two of them, just how steep were the losses?

As for his grief and indignation, they originated from the fact that his opponent was tossing forwards trump cards while disregarding any common sense. This person was relying on their ridiculous wealth to make him suffer a great loss.

The black-robed figure didn't give him time to think. His figure vanished and he soared straight into the depths of Blood Red Island. Here, a great furnace was located.

He wanted to steal the Saint Furnace!

Deepblue's heart shook. He knew that the Saint Lord had left behind a spell on the Saint Furnace, so it was impossible for this person to obtain it.

But if the Saint Lord's spell was touched, it would mean that he had been defeated. This would surely cause the Saint Lord to be disappointed in him.

He absolutely could not allow this person to touch the Saint Furnace!

Hesitation flashed in Deepblue's eyes. Then, he clenched his hand and raised a finger. A humming sound spread out from above his head. The blood ring trembled and markings began to appear on its surface. A python phantom shot out from it.

“Die!”

With a roar, countless beams of blood light shot out and the python phantom’s body solidified into reality. It hissed and swung its tail about. It was hundreds of feet long and its giant body was covered in thick scales. Its serpentine eyes were filled with a cold killing intent.

This python was the spirit of the blood ring. After being hunted and slain, its spirit was sealed into the blood ring using a secret method of the demonic path. Although it wasn’t a true spirit treasure, it had its own unique strengths. For all these years, Deepblue had been carefully refining it. Each time he cut down an enemy, he would feed their blood essence and even their soul to the python, whereupon this strength would be saved in its body.

These past years, the blood python gradually showed signs of transforming into a blood flood dragon. Once it completed this evolution, Deepblue would even be able to fight with a Nascent Soul cultivator. However, he had summoned it ahead of time, and because of this all of those dreams had faded away and all the effort he put into it these years was wasted. Deepblue’s heart with overcome with hatred. With nothing but slaughter in his mind, the blood python shot forwards with astonishing speed, forming a line of blood in the air. It immediately stopped in front of the Saint Furnace, blocking anyone from nearing it.

...

On the demonic energy ship, everyone saw that Qin Yu had finally sent out his signal. Hundreds of sea monsters swarmed forth, and in the depths of the black clouds, terrifying explosions rang out.

The battle had begun!

Everyone relaxed a little. This was because they now knew that Qin Yu stood on their side. Even so, everyone was instantly worried again. With just him alone, even if he had several hundred sea monsters helping him, how could he break past the Saint Furnace’s poison, much less invade Blood Red Island?

Shan Wugu fell silent. He lifted a finger and tapped the air. Ripples spread out, but soon the ripples disappeared, leaving a clear image within. Looking closely, one could see that it was the situation on Blood Red Island. From the angle and perspective, it should be the eyes of a cultivator that was producing this image.

“It is Wordwind Demon. Before he left, he swallowed a demonic bug from the Total Faction Headquarters.” Shan Wugu quietly said.

The complexions of Northgate Demon and the others paled. They subconsciously revealed looks of fear. It was clear just how much they dreaded this demonic bugs. But, if Wordwind Demon already had the determination to die, then this was understandable. At this time, the scene being displayed in the air was Deepblue summoning the blood ring, forming the ghost face, and then attacking Qin Yu.

A demonic cultivator cried out in horror. “The Blood Refining Ring!”

Several others had ugly complexions.

Deepblue was excessively strong. Besides several Nascent Soul supreme elders at headquarters, he was basically an invincible existence. His Blood Refining Ring could also be called an illustrious and infamous

weapon. In these past years, countless people who dared to challenge his status had died to his Blood Refining Ring, and their flesh and blood, and even their souls were swallowed within.

Qin Yu was strong, but if compared to Deepblue, there was actually no one that favored him. But in the next moment, the demonic cultivators' eyes all widened like full moons, as if they had all seen ghosts. They gulped, unable to produce words.

Chapter 119 – Demonic Visage Avatar

In the brief moment, the scene that flashed in front of them was imprinted deep in their hearts, never to be erased. The long spear exploded and the fierce ghost face was blown away, leaving Deepblue injured.

This was the first time that anyone here had seen someone capable of directly facing off against Deepblue. But, the price might have been too great. Although they weren't on the battlefield and weren't able to accurately determine that power of the spear, they were all absolutely sure that it was a top grade Golden Core realm magic tool.

To detonate the spear without hesitation, even if they disregarded all else, just the will and determination to do this was worthy of praise. But this admiration disappeared as soon as it came, because exploding a magic weapon could only buy him a short period of time. Although Deepblue had been injured, he wasn't crippled. He would soon launch a counterattack, and that counterattack would inevitably be far more terrifying. How would Qin Yu block the next move?

And indeed, in Wordwind Demon's gaze, Deepblue attacked. He unexpectedly used his blood essence to bolster the blood ring, causing its strength to rise dramatically. As everyone saw the grotesque ghost face, the demonic cultivators all held their breath. How would Qin Yu defend against such a terrifying attack?

Bang –

A sound echoed through the air. They watched as a round shield appeared in mid-air. The ghost face crashed into the shield and Deepblue was left even more distressed than before.

Before the horror on their faces dissipated, it had transformed into stunned disbelief, making their expressions all quite strange. But, this didn't affect the faint pity they felt for Saint Son Deepblue; that strike definitely didn't feel good.

Within the floating image, they stared blankly on as the round shield launched an attack and that magic tool with incredible defensive capabilities was also destroyed. The demonic cultivators fell silent and they subconsciously glanced at Shan Wugu. They all had questioning looks on their faces. Dear Saint Son, just what background does your friend come from?

Shan Wugu remained expressionless. He lightly said, "I said that Qin Yu can be trusted." His voice was calm and indifferent, as if everything occurring was within his grasp. But, no one knew that beneath his wide sleeves, his palms were actually trembling.

And at this time, the battlefield changed once more. Qin Yu followed the plan and rushed towards the Saint Furnace.

In a flurried panic, Deepblue summoned a blood python from the Blood Refining Ring.

“That is the spirit of the Blood Refining Ring!”

“In the rumors, it is said that this spirit was originally a monster beast blood python that was personally slain by Deepblue’s grandfather, Elder Wei, a Nascent Soul from the Total Faction Headquarters, and he also sealed the monster beast’s soul into the blood ring himself.”

“This blood python is so large and there are bumps on the top of its head. It’s clear that it isn’t too far away from evolving into a flood dragon, but now that it was summoned today, all of its hopes of transforming into a flood dragon have been severed.”

“Even if that’s true, this blood python’s strength definitely surpasses the level of a Hollow Nascent Soul. It can also communicate as one with Deepblue, allowing their total strength to more than double for the time being!”

Shan Wugu gripped his fists. Qin Yu, don’t lose here!

This was an all-out gamble with everything on the line! They couldn’t lose!

Suddenly, Northgate Demon cried out in alarm. “This is bad, Qin Yu was sneak attacked!”

Shan Wugu’s head swerved up. In the image, he saw Qin Yu with a dazed expression as if he had been sneak attacked. But, because he was familiar with Qin Yu, he thought that this wasn’t quite right. It didn’t seem as if he had been sneak attacked, but rather...he was distracted?

The calm and steady Shan Wugu had a sudden urge to cry. Big brother, is it really a good idea to be distracted at a critical moment like this?

Yes, that was right, Qin Yu was indeed distracted at this moment. This was because he could see the so-called demonic path Saint Furnace that Shan Wugu spoke of. But, this was clearly the pill furnace he had seen at the bottom of the Eastern Mountain Sect’s Pill Disposal Department that was used to burn away waste pills! Countless images flashed through Qin Yu’s mind, and a thought appeared with them – perhaps the root reason that the Eastern Mountain Sect was destroyed was all because of this furnace.

Deepblue immediately discovered that Qin Yu had lost focus for a moment. Although he didn’t know why this happened, he wouldn’t be so stupid as to warn him.

While you’re distracted, I’ll take your life!

The blood python roared and boundless blood energy erupted. It hurtled towards Qin Yu like a bolt of blood red lightning. Before it arrived, its cruel and malevolent aura was already crashing down on Qin Yu like a mountain. And with the speed of the blood python, it was impossible for him to react.

Deepblue diabolically grinned. Just die, you hateful black-robed stranger!

In truth, Qin Yu really didn’t have time to respond. But, he remained calm the entire time, as if he would heroically face whatever fate awaited him, even if he didn’t know what was coming next. He lifted a hand. With a flash of light, 197 bones appeared. Each one emitted a sharp aura, as if they could tear through the world.

Whoosh –

Whoosh –

197 bones emitted a keening cry in unison. In the blink of an eye, they formed a mighty wave. From afar they seemed like a giant arrow of bones that came shooting out from the blue.

The blood python was strong, but with Qin Yu's cultivation, wanting to kill him would still require a great deal of effort.

And now, facing the brutal and merciless Storm Flow magic tools, it only had time to give one last miserable howl before it was broken into countless pieces. The blood ring trembled and cracks appeared on its surface, rapidly racing outwards before the entire thing disintegrated.

Puff –

Deepblue spat out a mouthful of blood, his complexion paper white. His blood-refining treasure had been destroyed and he had been left grievously wounded in the process. Without time for shock or panic, he hurriedly evaded. Even so, he was still swept over by Storm Flow's energy waves. His chest cracked and blood flowed out from his body as he was sent tumbling away. His ears rang and his eyes popped open as he kept his gaze locked onto Qin Yu.

Storm Flow, this was absolutely Storm Flow!

This person actually grasped a long lost terrifying refining technique of the demonic path. Just who the hell was this black-robed person!?

Deepblue had an aggrieved expression. What was the point of thinking of all this? He was going to die soon anyways. Yet, he never imagined that death would come so rapidly or so unexpectedly.

Still, I am the demonic path's Saint Son. Even if I die, I have my own dignity. I will never bow my head!

Deepblue looked up arrogantly. He closed his eyes and waited for death to arrive.

Rumble rumble –

This sound was the 197 bones of Storm Flow tearing through the furnace's array formation. They overloaded the capacity of the array formation and easily crushed it.

But suddenly, on the surface of the Saint Furnace, a layer of darkness descended. It was like thick black oil flowing down, turning into a massive spinning vortex.

From within the center of that vortex, a demonic visage appeared, its eyes shut tight as it faced Qin Yu.

Then, it opened its mouth and roared.

Rumble rumble –

Waves of shock and dread rose up from deep in Qin Yu's heart. He stuffily coughed as his face paled.

It was like countless small needles were piercing his mind!

Pa –

Pa –

The 197 bones bore the brunt of the attack. They trembled and started to collapse one after another, soon disintegrating into a rain of powder that fell downwards.

Deepblue's eyes flew open and joy appeared on his face. This was the Saint Lord's demonic visage! The lord was truly far-sighted; he had unexpectedly left an avatar here. With the strength of this avatar, it was more than enough to cut down this black-robed man!

And indeed, those terrifying Storm Flow demonic treasures were ground to dust in front of the Saint Lord's demonic visage!

On the demonic energy ship, Shan Wugu and the others all fell silent.

The strength that Qin Yu revealed had far surpassed their imaginations. Qin Yu had directly faced and suppressed Deepblue, and once the Storm Flow demonic treasures appeared, he even had the capability to face off against a Nascent Soul. But, no one ever thought that the Saint Lord would have left behind an avatar on the Saint Furnace.

This was the Saint Lord's demonic visage! Even if it were only condensed from demonic energy, it still had 30% of the Saint Lord's strength. This was enough to overwhelm any common Nascent Soul. How would Qin Yu escape this calamity?

Everyone was left disheartened. There were surprises after surprises, but in the end, would this be the result? Once Qin Yu's identity was exposed, Shan Wugu would inevitably be implicated. Once that occurred, it was obvious what the fates of those onboard the ship would be.

Numerous demonic cultivators all had distressed looks.

As for Shan Wugu, he couldn't help but reveal a look of worry. But now that things had come this far and the Saint Lord's demonic visage had appeared, no one was capable of changing anything anymore.

Qin Yu's body tensed. Magic power wildly surged within him. He was barely managing to resist the terrifying suppression pushing down at him from all around. At this moment, even with his potent Demon Body, his flesh and blood was still groaning from the pressure. He didn't know what this demonic visage in front of him was, but he could actually feel a familiar aura emanating from it.

Immortal Eclipse Valley.

Beneath the Radiant Red Wood.

In the battle against Pill Crucible, that giant hand which grasped out...this was...this was the demonic path's Demon Monarch! Qin Yu bitterly smiled. He never thought that this matter would actually draw out such an ultra-strong existence. However, after having come this far he could no longer retreat. He could only continue onwards, no matter the cost!

With a deep roar, Qin Yu flung his sleeves forwards. 312 sharp shark monster teeth appeared in front of him. He punched his chest, blowing out a mouthful of blood that drenched the 312 shark monster teeth.

Whoosh –

Whoosh –

The sound of splitting air reverberated through the world. Qin Yu crazily pushed forth the limits of his cultivation, flooding all of his strength into this strike.

Hum –

Hum –

The second set of Storm Flow magic tools emitted their strongest cries. On the layer of darkness, the demonic visage seemed to sense the threat. Its eyes trembled and one of them managed to open. Blinding black light shot out, so fast that it couldn't be followed. In the next moment, it collided with the 312 shark monster teeth.

Bang –

Bang –

A heaven-shaking explosion occurred. Terrifying waves of strength swept outwards. Deepblue screamed out loud as he was sent flying away like a ragdoll. Blood gushed out from his head. His originally serious injuries were worsened by the impact. Still, he seemed to be lost in a trance as he kept his bloodshot eyes stubbornly locked onto Qin Yu, eyes that were flooded with shock and utter disbelief.

A second set of Storm Flow demonic treasures, he actually had a second set! And this set was at least twice as powerful as the first. Just who was this black-robed person?

Deepblue roared out in his heart!

The layer of darkness violently trembled.

Suddenly, a faint and ethereal sigh echoed out between the heavens and earth. It carried with it a bit of anger and unwillingness.

Pa –

The demonic visage shattered.

With it, the layer of darkness dissipated like smoke.

But at this time, a great sense of imminent horror descended on Qin Yu. He froze like an iron statue, unable to move in the least.

A blade of black energy appeared. It rushed towards Qin Yu like a living creature.

It was at this time that a wild gale rushed past and Wordwind Demon appeared in front of Qin Yu, shielding him. There was none of the previous groveling on his face, and instead there was a calm and resolute decisiveness.

“Remind Shan Wugu! Remember the promise he made me!”

Shua –

Black energy drilled into Wordwind's body. He opened his mouth, but no sound came out. Still, it was this kind of silent pain that caused one's heart to feel icy cold. His soul was slowly drawn out from his body and pulled into the black flames where it was burnt down into nothingness.

Hu –

Qin Yu suddenly found himself able to move again. With a paper white face, he took great heaving gasps of air. He glanced down, and as he saw Wordwind Demon's breathless corpse, he flicked his sleeves and lifted the Saint Furnace. There was a flash of light in the air, and the giant furnace vanished from sight. In the corner of his eye, he saw the sea monsters who had been imprisoned. With a brief hesitation he flicked his sleeves, sending out a wave of magic power that shattered their cages.

Whoosh –

He displayed the Blood Escape Art. Turning into a blood red meteor, he vanished into the distance.

Being saved from death, the sea monsters shook with excitement. Taking advantage of the chaos that filled Blood Red Island, they turned and fled. A stout and sturdy woman tightly gripped the hands of a little girl. In the deluge of people escaping the island, they appeared ordinary. The moment before they entered the sea, the little girl turned and looked towards the direction Qin Yu had gone in, her pupils deep blue.

Chapter 120 – The Five Element Spiritual Objects In Hand

Deepblue was still alive. A dazed expression crossed his face, as if he had lost his soul. Then, he gnashed his teeth. That damned black-robed man, he hadn't even bothered to finish him off! Was it because that person didn't think he could become a threat to them in the future? Damn it all, you will regret this!

On Blood Red Island, the demonic cultivators were finally able to stabilize their position. They gathered together, all of them distressed, wounded, and deathly pale. For them to survive the impact of hundreds of sea monsters wasn't easy at all. Of course, the most important reason was that even though the vicious and berserk sea monsters had bloodshot eyes, eventually, a trace of fear appeared within them, and they began to withdraw on their own initiative.

The controlling medicine had expired.

Han Shanye had a morose expression. "Saint Son, what do we do now?"

Deepblue spat out a mouthful of blood and nearly collapsed to the floor. Just how great was the crime of allowing the Saint Furnace to be taken away? Even if he didn't die, his future was already utterly ruined.

Hu –

Just off Blood Red Island, the black clouds were torn open and a giant ship of demonic energy came sailing in. Shan Wugu arrived, his face full of shock. "What happened? Where is the Saint Furnace?"

Deepblue nearly fainted from anger. "Shan Wugu, you despicable scoundrel, you dared to collaborate with outsiders to steal the Saint Furnace! The Total Faction Headquarters will not forgive you!"

Shan Wugu coldly stared at him, ignoring his outcry. He turned and said, "You stay here and recuperate. I will chase after the Saint Furnace." He turned and flew away.

Northgate Demon waved his hand. The demonic cultivators on the ship flew down. Although they were all terrified in their hearts, as they saw this Saint Son who had been so arrogant and rampant fall into

such a miserable state, they had pleased expressions. Several demonic cultivators looked at Shadethorn Demon. He was shaking and his face was pale white, without the least bit of blood.

Deepblue wanted to say something but he was held back by Han Shanye. Han Shanye quietly whispered, "Saint Son, a real man must adapt to the changes. The current situation is extremely disadvantageous for you; you must patiently endure this first." After a brief hesitation he said, "Moreover, it is not likely that Shan Wugu was behind this. If he had such a strong supporter, then why would he allow himself to be forced into a corner before he counterattacked? Or, if he really wanted he could have made us all vanish in the sea."

Deepblue's complexion was ugly, but he calmed down a little. He knew that what Han Shanye said was right. That black-robed figure was so strong, so how could he possibly allow himself to be controlled by someone like Shan Wugu? He had been the one to force Shan Wugu off of the island just several days ago, but he never thought that this would actually end up helping him. Now, the responsibility of losing the Saint Furnace fell entirely on his shoulders.

The more he thought about it, the more aggrieved he felt. Deepblue vomited another mouthful of blood and fainted on the ground.

....

Shan Wugu rapidly flew forwards. Although he had a calm expression, he was actually crying out praise in his heart over the strength that Qin Yu had revealed. He had even been able to force away the demonic visage of the Saint Lord. This meant that Qin Yu would even be able to face off against a Nascent Soul cultivator.

Qin Yu may have drawn strength from the Storm Flow demonic treasures, but magic tools themselves were a part of a cultivator's overall strength. Unfortunately, Storm Flow demonic treasures were one-time use items. Still, Shan Wugu could say that Qin Yu was the strongest Golden Core he had ever encountered!

Suddenly, Shan Wugu looked up and revealed a happy smile. "If you didn't reveal your aura on your own initiative, I wouldn't have been able to sense you at all. It's no wonder that even someone as sharp as Deepblue wasn't able to discover who you were."

A light chuckle echoed out from beneath the voluminous black robes. "This time, I bet my life and paid a sky high price."

Shan Wugu curled his lips. "I still don't know, if I weren't here, would you have done the same thing?" His eyes brightened. "Let's go, it's time for our harvests!"

Soon, the two of them left the Netherworld Realm. In a mountain range beneath the sea, they found a simple cave dwelling that had been abandoned. After expelling the water and sealing up the opening, Qin Yu flicked his sleeve and took out the Saint Furnace. The spacious cave suddenly became much more crowded. As his eyes fell on it, he sighed.

Shan Wugu was jumping with excitement, but he hadn't missed Qin Yu's look. He asked with surprise, "You recognize the Saint Furnace?"

Qin Yu nodded. "Potato, do you remember when I was plotted against by Xu Jian and sent into the Eastern Mountain Sect's Pill Disposal Department? This was the furnace that was located deep beneath the Eastern Mountain Sect." He paused for a moment before continuing. "In the past, the Eastern Mountain Sect was attacked by the demonic path and razed to the ground. I thought that it was only a coincidence due to the invasion of the demonic path, but now it seems that the reason the Eastern Mountain Sect ended up exterminated was because of this furnace."

Shan Wugu's eyes shook. He never thought that the Saint Furnace would originate from the Eastern Mountain Sect.

Qin Yu's voice sank. "Potato, do you know why the demonic path would use every means at their disposal to capture the furnace? And why the Demon Monarch values it so much? Just what use does it have?"

Shan Wugu shook his head. "My status in the Total Faction Headquarters isn't high; my title of Saint Son is only for show. I only know that the Demon Monarch has many uses for the Saint Furnace, but as for what they specifically are, I do not know." He looked up and said. "You must keep your word and return the Saint Furnace to me. Otherwise, once the Demon Monarch is angered, I will die without a doubt."

Qin Yu fell silent for a time. "I wouldn't harm you."

Shan Wugu wryly smiled. "I'm sorry. This is just a habit I've developed over the years. Don't think about it too much."

Qin Yu smiled. "I understand. Alright, this thing is finally in our hands. It's your turn now."

Shan Wugu took a deep breath. "Give me some time." He walked up to the furnace and carefully looked over it. Then, he lifted a hand and slashed his palm. Blood flowed out, but it didn't fall to the ground. The blood floated in the air, bright red and shining like jade. Drops spread out, surrounding the furnace in the center.

Terse syllables were spoken from his lips. The beads of blood began to tremble and release a halo of light. Yet this light wasn't blood red, but rather pure darkness, as if it could swallow everything.

Shan Wugu had an earnest look. He began to speak faster and faster, his tone increasingly hurried. The drops of blood began to hum and emit a low cry. His complexion rapidly paled and nervousness colored his eyes. After another moment, he clenched his teeth and said, "Qin Yu, the demonic aura in my blood isn't enough. Can you lend me a hand?"

Qin Yu stepped forwards and made a cut on his finger. Blood flew out and surrounded the Saint Furnace. The demonic aura within the blood was instantly drawn out.

Near his ears, he seemed to hear the keening cries of demons!

It was ancient, intense, and somber.

Shan Wugu's eyes widened. Never before had he felt such a pure and strong demonic aura. Even the Saint Lord only had the absolute suppression of strength; if he had to compare their ranks of demonic aura, then the Saint Lord was definitely inferior to Qin Yu. Just what had he experienced in these past years? A cultivator who possessed a deep cultivation actually had such a horrifying demonic strength.

But soon, Shan Wugu rid himself of these thoughts. In this crucial moment, he didn't dare to distract himself. His quiet summons became calmer, firmer, and with Qin Yu's blood helping him, opening the Saint Furnace was no longer difficult.

Hum –

The Saint Furnace shivered. Ancient markings began to shine on its surface. The aura ancient years emanated outwards, nearly turning material as it was released from the furnace. But what was even more terrifying than in this ancient aura of the years, there was actually a dreadful slaughter intent!

There was only a trace of this slaughter intent, but it was unimaginably potent. Qin Yu had a powerful slaughter energy around him, one that could awe most demonic cultivators. But, if he were to be compared with the furnace, the difference would be as great as the heavens and earth. There was simply no way of knowing just what sort of calamities this so-called demonic path Saint Furnace had experienced to condense such a horrific slaughter intent.

Shan Wugu's face paled, but his eyes became increasingly bright. To other people, this slaughter intent might be the greatest horror in the world, but in his eyes, it was beyond wonderful.

If he could refine it...

His gaze turned burning hot. He lifted a hand and slapped down. "Open!"

Hum –

The surrounding beads of blood fused into the furnace's body. The furnace opened.

In the next moment, a beam of five-colored divine light shot out from the opening, as fast as lightning.

"Qin Yu!" Shan Wugu shouted.

Qin Yu flicked his sleeves. Boundless magic power raged outwards, weaving together into a net that covered the surrounding space. The five-colored divine light was trapped within. It hurtled about, left and right, but it still couldn't escape. With a thought, the Fleeting Flame Furnace appeared. The furnace opened and a powerful suction force covered the light.

The five-colored divine light gradually slowed and its true form was revealed.

Metal. A stalk of green grass. It seemed common and ordinary, but as its leaves gently swayed about, it surged with an endlessly sharp and dangerous aura.

Wood. A verdant willow branch. It was unknown how long ago it had been cut, but it maintained a vibrant vitality and emitted a blinding green divine light.

Water. Pitch black lotus seeds. There was no difference in their color. A halo of black light circled them, producing ripples in the air.

Fire. A large crystal the size of a young child's palm. It was translucent, and as one looked at it, their eyes tingled, as if they were being burned by its image.

Earth. A little path of mushrooms. They were open like small umbrellas. Their surface was marked with tiny lines, and no matter which direction one looked at these markings from, they wove together into images of mountains.

Qin Yu smiled wide. Five element spiritual objects, these were the five element spiritual objects! He took a deep breath and grasped out five fingers together. The net of magic power tightened and the suction coming from the Fleeting Flame Furnace increased, drawing the five spiritual objects within.

Bang –

The furnace sealed itself shut!

Qin Yu called back the Fleeting Flame Furnace. He pressed down on it, pouring in his magic power and sealing up the five element spiritual objects. Then, he placed it in his storage ring.

Shan Wugu cupped his hands together. “Qin Yu, congratulations.”

Qin Yu nodded. “So, what do you plan on doing now?”

Shan Wugu licked his lips. “This is just what I wanted to say. Qin Yu, the Saint Furnace’s slaughter energy is extremely beneficial to me. If you can guard me, that would be great.”

“Alright.”

Shan Wugu sat down. He drew in a deep breath, sucking in a part of the Saint Furnace’s slaughter energy. Suddenly, his face flushed red as if he had become drunk. He hurriedly closed his eyes to refine the energy. A yin chill rose up from his body, accompanied with slaughter intent. From time to time, this intent would form crying faces before blasting apart. This sight left one’s heart chilled.

Qin Yu had already put away the Fleeting Flame Furnace and was watching Shan Wugu. Although he didn’t know what sort of cultivation law Shan Wugu had settled on, it was clear that he had chosen of road of refining slaughter and death. These sorts of cultivation methods often produced rapid progress and were incredibly strong, but the disadvantages were equally serious.

Even if one ignored how terrifying the heavenly tribulation would be for someone who walked the road of slaughter, the reality was that those who reached a deep level in these cultivation methods would have their very thoughts and personality influenced. There was a high chance that those who delved too deep could become mindless slaughter machines who lost their sanity and only knew killing and death.

After a moment of hesitation, Qin Yu’s gaze deepened. He decided that once Shan Wugu woke up, he needed to have a serious talk with him. He could continue walking down the demonic path, but he definitely needed to swap to a different cultivation law. Although he didn’t have a top level demonic cultivation manual right now, he didn’t lack in other top grade goods. If anything, he could search for another method. With the good fortune of heaven, the brother he thought he lost in the past had returned to him alive. No matter what, Qin Yu couldn’t stare blankly on as his good brother marched into a dead end.

Shan Wugu soon refined the Saint Furnace’s slaughter energy. A sharp light erupted from his eyes. It was clear he had made great harvests!

Qin Yu's heart sank. He feared that trying to persuade him to give up in this situation would be extremely difficult.

"Qin Yu, the effects of the Saint Furnace's slaughter energy are far greater than I anticipated. If I refine a bit more, I can likely make a breakthrough in my cultivation!" Shan Wugu excitedly said. But as he saw Qin Yu's expression, he paused. "What is it?"

Qin Yu quietly said, "Potato, I hope that you can give up on your current cultivation method."

Shan Wugu furrowed his eyebrows, and between them, a faint trace of slaughter energy lingered about. He fell silent for several breaths of time. "Qin Yu, I know what you are worrying about, but the reason I have my current cultivation is all due to this cultivation method. If you want me to give up on it, that is impossible." He purposefully relaxed his expression. "Don't worry, I have my own plan. I won't let this slaughter energy affect my mindset."

"Potato, within the demonic path, cultivation methods are vast and limitless as the smoky sea. Why must you walk down the path of refining slaughter? Let me help you..."

"Qin Yu, as an orthodox cultivator, you actually have such a terrifying demonic nature within you. I haven't asked you the reason for that, so please don't interfere in my matters either."

"I am different from you."

"And I am also different from you."