

## The Gods 161

### Chapter 161 - Ling Yun, Ling Jie

The Burning Soul Flower was a type of toxic organism that had a mystical and frightening “soul detach” function, and was also the only thing Yun Che could think of that could remove the Soul Devouring Life Binding Parasite. But the number of Burning Soul Flowers in existence was extremely small; its “soul detach” function was not inferior to the concealing ability of the Star Concealing Grass, and its rarity was also similar to that of Star Concealing Grass. No more than ten plants should exist in the entire Profound Sky Continent.

“Burning Soul Flower... Burning Soul Flower...” Lan Xueruo repeated the name several times in succession and firmly engraved it into her mind. Yun Che’s simple statement of “extremely rare” manifested just how difficult it was to find it, but no matter how difficult it was, it was also the only hope she had been able to grasp: “I will utilize all my ability, and immediately search for the Burning Soul Flower. My Blue Wind Imperial Family controls the Blue Wind Empire; we’ll definitely be able to find it no matter how difficult it is to do so.”

Yun Che knew that this would happen after he spoke about the “Burning Soul Flower”, but after hesitating a bit, he still did not speak out to stop her. After all, this was related to her father, and the life of the Blue Wind Empire’s emperor.

At this time, the middle-aged eunuch hurriedly walked in, and said with a bowed head: “Reporting to Your Majesty and Princess Cang Yue, Heavenly Sword Villa’s Young Villa Master Ling Yun, is requesting an audience; he is currently waiting in the Blue Cloud Hall.”

“Oh?” Cang Wanhe and Lan Xueruo simultaneously exclaimed in surprise.

“Heavenly Sword Villa?” Yun Che’s heart shook... He had just heard Cang Wanhe declare the shocking strength and backing of the Heavenly Sword Villa, and it had changed his impression of the Heavenly Sword Villa greatly. And now, someone from the Heavenly Sword Villa suddenly came to visit, making his heart go into turmoil.

“Could it be that they’re here to see father? Or is it that... the actions of the Xiao Sect and Burning Heaven Clan caused them to mobilize?” Lan Xueruo said with a low voice.

“No!” Cang Wanhe shook his head slowly: “Unless We die, or the Xiao Sect and the Burning Heaven Clan interfere with the imperial regime, the Heavenly Sword Villa will not reach out to do anything. Calculating the time, it seems about right. Their visit this time is probably to deliver an invitation. Yue’er, bring us to receive them... Yun Che, you seem to want to go too. If you’re interested in the Heavenly Sword Villa, then you should go with Yue’er.”

Lan Xueruo nodded slightly: “Yes, father. As for the parasite Gu Qihong implanted in Father, should we bring it up with the people from the Heavenly Sword Villa?”

Cang Wanhe was silent for a moment, then shook his head: “No! Don’t bring this up with anyone, and especially don’t alarm Gu Qihong. Even if we expose it in front of him, he must have countless ways to explain himself. Also, Gu Qihong has a very wide network of connections; even the four major sects are

willing to garner his favor. Although We're the emperor, We do not have the resources to reveal his true colors."

Lan Xueruo nodded bitterly: "I understand. After seeing the guests from the Heavenly Sword Villa off, I will immediately send people to the Black Moon Merchant Guild, and search for a Burning Soul Flower, no matter the cost."

Yun Che followed Lan Xueruo to the Blue Cloud Hall. In the hall, two people were already there waiting. One looked to be around twenty years of age, was clad in white without a speck of dust, and had an elegant expression. He stood silently in front of a landscape painting, and seemed to be examining the meaning of the painting. The other person looked to be fifteen or sixteen years old, and his expression slightly resembled that of the young man, but he still possessed a trace of childhood innocence. He was also clad in white clothing, but he wasn't as calm as the young man; he was currently walking to and fro about the hall while looking in all directions, and seemed to be extremely curious about all aspects of the imperial palace.

Hearing the sound of footsteps, the young man looked away from the painting. Seeing that it was Lan Xueruo, a look of surprise flashed in his eyes, and he cupped his hands in greeting: "Heavenly Sword Villa Ling Yun pays his respects to Princess Cang Yue."

At the same time, his gaze landed on Yun Che, and politely smiled at him.

As the Young Villa Master of the Heavenly Sword Villa, Ling Yun's status was definitely not inferior to that of the imperial princess, and he possibly had an even higher status. But from his body, Yun Che could not detect even a little arrogance or air of haughtiness; not only did he give a gentleman's salute in front of Princess Cang Yue, he was not lacking in manners to even the "unremarkable" person behind Princess Cang Yue... All this, could be said to be deliberate, but Yun Che could not detect even a trace of impurity within his expression; it was crystal clear, and without any filth.

This is a true gentleman, definitely not an idiot like that Xiao Kuangyun... Yun Che silently praised in his heart.

"Big brother Yun." Lan Xueruo subsequently requited his salute, and smiled elegantly: "It's been a long time since we last met, I didn't think you would actually personally visit."

Ling Yun smiled lightly: "It has been almost two and a half years since I last met Princess Cang Yue at the Blue Wind Ranking Tournament. To be able to witness Princess Cang Yue's noble appearance once again, is my, Ling Yun's fortune..."

As Ling Yun was speaking, the youngster accompanying him scuttled over with a "whoosh" sound, and cried out in surprise while staring at Lan Xueruo: "You're the legendary Blue Moon Princess? Whoa whoa whoa! Big Bro, this Princess Sis is even more beautiful than you described!"

"Little Jie, don't be rude!" Ling Yun glanced at the youngster meaningfully, then said with an apologetic expression: "Princess, this is my younger brother Ling Jie. He's just fifteen and a half this year, and is young and inexperienced. He also rarely leaves the Heavenly Sword Villa so he doesn't quite understand etiquette; I hope Princess won't take offense."

Ling Yun's younger brother... Which also meant that this youngster was also the son of the leader of the Heavenly Sword Villa. This status was naturally no small matter. Just as Lan Xueruo was about to speak, Ling Jie had already begun to mumble discontentedly: "Hey, Big Bro! I'm almost sixteen, and I'm already an adult; how am I young and inexperienced! Princess Sis's incredible beauty goes without saying, I didn't say anything wrong."

Lan Xueruo couldn't help but smile, and said in a playful mocking manner: "Little brother Ling Jie, Big Sister thanks you for your praise; you're also very cute too. When you grow up, many little sisters will definitely be attracted to you."

Lan Xueruo's voice was always as gentle as water. Added with to her beauty that was capable of ruining an entire city, it was enough to captivate all kinds of "little brother's" hearts. Ling Jie had bitterly trained with the sword since a very young age at the Heavenly Sword Villa and rarely left, so he had never met a woman with such beauty like Lan Xueruo; and she had spoken to him so gently. All of a sudden, he felt his heart beat faster, and even his young and tender face had flushed a little. He stared unblinkingly at Lan Xueruo, and said absent-mindedly: "Princess Sis, not only are you very beautiful, even your voice is very pleasant to hear... Ah, right! Princess Sis, marry me and be my wife, okay?"

Ling Yun and Yun Che's eyebrows simultaneously twitched slightly.

If anyone else had said those words with such a face of infatuation and gaze of immorality, no matter who he was, Yun Che would directly greet him with a slap... Having your own woman be taken advantage of in front of you was something a man cannot endure. But regardless of facial expression or gaze, this Ling Jie did not have the slightest trace of obscenity; there was only the most simplest of fondness and longing that an inexperienced youngster would have for a beautiful girl who had touched his heartstrings. This type of simple and pure directness that held no falsehood, made Yun Che incapable of resenting and disliking him.

"Little Jie! Don't speak nonsense! You're offending the Princess; if you mess around anymore, I won't bring you out next time." Ling Yun tugged Ling Jie's arm, and said somewhat strictly. Then, he directed an apologetic smile at Lan Xueruo: "Your highness, Little Jie is still young and babbles a lot of nonsense; please do not take offense."

"I'm not babbling nonsense!" Ling Jie said with dissatisfaction: "And I've already said so many times, I'm not young anymore; don't treat me like a little child. I'm almost sixteen, even Father said that I can make my own decisions now. I want Princess Sis to be my wife, and I'm being very serious; I'm not babbling nonsense at all! Mother also explicitly warned me before that if I meet a girl that I like, I must say it out loud, so no one else can snatch her away. And just now, Princess Sis said I was very cute; maybe Princess Sis really likes me too and will immediately consent... Princess Sis, isn't that right?"

The corner of Yun Che's eye twitched again. This time, he was unable to stay unperturbed, and said as he took a step forward: "Little brother Ling Jie, you might as well give up. Your Princess Sis won't be able to agree to you."

"Ah? Why?" Ling Jie turned his gaze to Yun Che with a "whoosh", and stared at him with perfectly round eyes. Ling Yun also glanced at him a few times; his heart was secretly amazed at his mysterious temperament, which he was completely unable to examine. And being able to be by Princess Cang Yue's side also sufficiently proved that he was out of the ordinary.

“The reason is very simple.” Yun Che grinned slightly: “It’s because your Princess Sis already has a man.”

Lan Xueruo’s pink lips opened, yet didn’t speak. Her head unconsciously bowed slightly, and her face touchingly glowed red.

“Eh? Already has a man?” Ling Jie stared with wide eyes, and shouted very unhappily: “Who is it! Who snatched my Princess Sis, I’m going to challenge him. Mother had said that one can yield other things, but one must never yield the woman they like. Even if she has been snatched away by someone else, one must use the most masculine of methods to snatch her back! I’ve fallen for Princess Sis; I want to defeat him and snatch Princess Sis back.”

Yun Che curled his lip indifferently, then stepped forward, took Lan Xueruo’s small hand, and said while beaming: “This person is seemingly far away, yet is actually right before your eyes; it’s me.”

This was Lan Xueruo’s first time holding his hand in front of others, and was also the first time she was intimate with a man in her princess identity. She initially panicked subconsciously, but she did not let go and allowed him to gently hold it. Evidently, Yun Che was being impetuous; a good deal of trouble would come if others knew about their relationship, because it may attract Cang Lin and Cang Shuo’s attention, as well as assassination attempts from Fen Juecheng.

She was very clear why Yun Che was being this impetuous; he was trying to uphold his claim on her. Even though being jealous of a little kid made her feel a bit silly, she also felt and enjoyed this almost overbearing feeling of care.

Yun Che’s actions and Lan Xueruo’s reactions caused Ling Yun’s eyes to reveal a flash of amazement. He was very clear about the foolish love Fen Juecheng, the Young Clan Master of the Burning Heaven Clan, expressed to Lan Xueruo, and how he had even sworn in front of the Blue Wind Emperor that he would not marry anyone other than her. If Princess Cang Yue really had this person in her heart, it would, without a question, evoke Fen Juecheng’s jealousy, resentment, and desire to kill.

“You?” Ling Jie sized him up. Just as he was able to voice his disbelief, he suddenly saw him take Princess Sister’s hand. He immediately opened his eyes wide, and exploded out like a young tiger gone mad: “Y-y-y-you actually dare to take my Princess Sis’s hand! How are you fit for Princess Sis; you’re so weak, and you’re not even as good-looking as me... I want to fight you! To take back my Princess Sis.”

Yun Che also instantly became angry... It was alright to call him weak, but this little brat had actually said that he wasn’t as handsome as him; this was completely unacceptable: “Fight? Tch! Why would I be afraid of a hairless brat like you! What do you want to compete in, come at me! Watch me educate you to the point of making you look for your teeth all over the ground!”

Once Yun Che said this, Ling Yun’s gaze at Yun Che instantly became very... complicated. And Jasmine’s voice sounded from within Yun Che’s mind, clearly enjoying a feeling of schadenfreude: “Are you sure you want to compete against him? Even though this person named Ling Jie is much younger than you, his profound strength is already at the third level of the Spirit Profound Realm...”

Jasmine had only spoken half-way, and Yun Che was already extremely shocked... third level of the Spirit Profound Realm? This fifteen year old little kid’s profound strength was actually at the third level of the Spirit Profound Realm! How could this be possible?

Number one on the Blue Wind Profound Palace Inner Palace's Heavenly Profound Ranking, Fen Juechen, was only at the second level of the Spirit Profound Realm, and he was seventeen years old. The other two at the Spirit Profound Realm were both a full twenty years old. And this person, Ling Jie, in front of him who looked completely harmless, and also a little stupid and adorable... Was actually a fifteen year old at the the third level of the Spirit Profound Realm. An existence scary enough to be called a "freak".

"And that's not all! The profound art he cultivates is very overbearing, and the aura he faintly releases from his body is incomparably incisive, far surpassing the category of the third level of the Spirit Profound Realm. This is enough to prove that, not only is he at the third level of the Spirit Profound Realm, he should be able to fight those of a higher level. If you reveal all your trump cards, you may be able to meet face-to-face for four or five strikes with difficulty after encountering an ordinary third ranker of the Spirit Profound Realm, but facing him... You're simply asking to be abused!"

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Author's Note

Star Soul Sword Saint: My name is Ling Jie.

Ling Jie: What a coincidence, my name is also Ling Jie.

Star Soul Sword Saint: I also have a brother, his name is Ling Yun.

Ling Jie: What a coincidence! I also have a brother, and his name is also Ling Yun.

Star Soul Sword Saint: Bullshit! Who named you and your brother? Mars Gravity named me.

Ling Jie: Mars Gravity also named me.

Star Soul Sword Saint: ... This person who deserves to be cut by a thousand blades is actually lazy at naming! I won't accept this! I'm going to inform my boss!

Ling Jie: Oh! Who's your boss?

Star Soul Sword Saint: Listen up, my boss is Holy Child Guo Guo's husband, has a might that shakes the kings of the six realms, is the king of the gods, and has an immortal and eternal saintly body. Do you have a boss?

Ling Jie: As of now I don't... But my future boss Yun Che will definitely unite the six realms, and he'll be even more incredible than your boss!

Star Soul Sword Saint: What! You actually dare say he's more incredible than my boss! You're looking to get beaten!

Ling Jie: Afraid of you? Take this!

Bang! Boom! Smack! Boom! Slap...

TL Note: A character from the author's previous work.

**Chapter 162 - Three Strikes**

Jasmine's words truly caused Yun Che to be shocked. Qin Wuyou had told him before that although the Blue Wind Profound Palace was incredibly dignified on the surface and was the dream of countless profound practitioners, those large sects had always looked down upon the Blue Wind Profound Palace. Yun Che usually thought that these words were somewhat exaggerated because the Blue Wind Profound Palace was after all, established by the Imperial Family and was Blue Wind Empire's largest profound palace. Many could not even enter it in their dreams and among them included a compilation of a countless number of Blue Wind Empire's younger generation's finest profound practitioners. So even if it was inferior them, it should not go so far as to make them feel contempt.

But the one before him who hailed from the Heavenly Sword Villa, was only fifteen, was obviously just an inexperienced youngster, yet his profound strength immediately surpassed every disciple within the Blue Wind Profound Palace... and even left them a few dozen blocks behind.

It was from this Ling Jie's body, that Yun Che distinctly sensed how terrifying the Heavenly Sword Villa was for the first time, and was thus able to imagine what kind of shocking strength those equally famous sects possessed. No wonder the incredibly dignified Blue Wind Profound Palace could never enter the top one hundred. A fifteen year old youngster from the Heavenly Sword Villa had already surpassed every disciple within the Blue Wind Profound Palace; this kind of disparity could be said to be as different as heaven and earth. Even saying that the Blue Wind Profound Palace simply had no qualifications to compete with Heavenly Sword Villa was not the least bit exaggerated or excessive.

It was also no wonder that this kid had said that he was "so weak". Turns out that in this kid's eyes... his profound strength could only be described as weak.

Yun Che had always challenged those of a higher rank; his opponents were always older than him and he had never been defeated before. So when he suddenly heard that this fifteen year old kid wanted to fight him, he was completely at ease and he felt like teaching him a lesson was no different than teaching his own son a lesson. Never would he have expected that this kid was genuinely a character at the level of a freak... Third level of the Spirit Profound Realm at the age of fifteen. What the meow! What's the point of fighting this!

But Yun Che had already said the words, and he was certainly unwilling to take them back. Besides, the Ling Jie in front of him already had both hands at his waist. Seething with rage, he pointed at him and said: "Okay! You're the one who said it! Hmph, hmph! Someone who's only at the third level of the True Profound Realm actually dares to compete with me; see if I don't beat you into a pig head and make Princess Sis ignore you!"

After saying those words, Ling Jie waved his right hand, and a seven foot long sword horizontally appeared in front of him.

With sword in hand, Ling Jie's aura immediately changed tremendously. The immature aura suddenly disappeared without a trace as his body emitted an incomparably sharp and piercing aura; it was as if his entire person had become a sharp sword and stopped following the norm; but once it does, it would pierce the skies.

The sword in his hand appeared very ordinary, but held in his hands, it gave off an incomparably harmonious feeling; as if it and him were a single entity, an undivided portion of his body.

This sword force and sword intent shocked Yun Che's heart. He was only fifteen, and he had such a sword force and sword intent; this Ling Jie's innate talent, was simply universally shocking. Perhaps, this also had something to do with his pure heart that was completely devoid of filth.

Ling Jie pointed at Yun Che with his sword, and said complacently: "Reveal your weapon; I want to let you know what a true powerful man is, and how only a genius like me can be fit for Princess Sis."

"Little Jie, stop messing around!" Ling Yun hurriedly took a step forward, and said to Yun Che: "This little brother, Little Jie acts impulsively and does whatever he wants to do; you don't have to lower yourself to his level. This is an important place in the imperial palace and if you fight here, you are treating the imperial family with disrespect, so let's just forget about this."

With Ling Yun's ability, how would he not be able to identify Yun Che's profound strength. Ling Yun's words appeared to be berating Ling Jie, but Yun Che understood that Ling Yun was trying to uphold his face. The two were separated by an entire realm; if they actually started fighting, he would definitely lose devastatingly in a short while. Regarding Ling Yun's kindness, Yun Che smiled appreciatively, and said: "What Brother Ling said is correct. However, as a man, a promise must be kept; just now I agreed to compete with Ling Jie, so I cannot take even a half step backwards."

Even though he knew he definitely wouldn't be able to defeat this Ling Jie, what was most prevalent on Yun Che's body was pride. Since he had agreed, how would he be willing to retreat after knowing he was not as good as the other; furthermore, this situation had arisen over Lan Xueruo, and in front of the woman he must protect, how would he be willing to admit that he was inferior to another man... And this guy was even younger than him!

Ling Jie had originally been very discontent because of Ling Yun's words, but after hearing this, his eyes lit up, and promptly parroted: "Right right right right right! We're all adult males; a promise made must be kept. Quickly reveal your weapon, and let Princess Sis see which one of us is more powerful!"

Yun Che shot a glance at him, and said lightly: "However, Brother Ling Yun did say something very true; this is an important place in the imperial palace, and not a place fit for us to cross hands. We should switch to a relatively 'gentler' method... Mn, how about we do this. It looks like you use a sword; coincidentally, I also use a sword. What do you think about a three strike showdown? A three strike showdown with all your strength; it's not very troublesome, and it will definitely reveal a clear victor. Little Brother Ling Jie, do you dare?"

Just the phrase "do you dare", directly incited Ling Jie's haughtiness: "Hmph hmph, facing someone at the True Profound Realm who's so weak that I can't even see you, why wouldn't I dare! Three strike showdown? That's completely unnecessary! I'll beat you till you're on your knees with one strike!"

"Tch!" Yun Che curled his lip disdainfully: "Boasting but not afraid that you'll twist your tongue... so I, your brother, will have to teach you a lesson; since you incessantly claim that you're an adult, you must take responsibility for your words. You hoot that one strike will be able to beat me to the ground. But what if not only does one strike not beat me up, and all three strikes are blocked by me instead?"

Ling Jie stared wide for a moment, then started laughing wildly: "Hahahaha, how could that be possible! You're so weak; if I can't beat you down in one strike, my name will be read backwards! And if you block all three of my strikes, my... m-m-m-my name won't be Ling Jie."

The corner of Yun Che's mouth stretched, and he said with a disdainful expression: "Hmph, there really isn't any importance to it. Little Ling Jie, do you dare to make a bet with me? If you strike three times, and I am unable to receive it, then I will not obstruct you at all if your Princess Sis agrees to marry you. If I completely block all three of your strikes, hmm... You must be my little brother. Not only will you have to call me Boss, you must also listen to all the commands from your Boss! What do you think? Do you dare! If you dare, let us compete. If you're only a boastful person with no guts, tsk tsk, then let's just forget about this; I'm too lazy to compete with you anyway."

This results of a win or loss from this "bet" were obviously not equivalent; if Ling Jie lost, he would have to become Yun Che's little brother, but if Yun Che lost... If one thought even a little about the pleasant thoughts going through Ling Jie's mind, one would realize that they were simply empty words. And Yun Che's final few words goaded him to the extreme. But to Ling Jie, who rarely left the Heavenly Sword Villa, it was incomparably effective. Without thinking, he agreed: "What don't I dare to do! If I lose to you, being your son wouldn't be a problem, let alone being your little brother."

"Cough cough..." Ling Yun was a little perturbed now. He walked next to Yun Che, and used a voice that only he could hear: "Little brother, you might be unaware of this situation to some extent. Even though Little Jie is young, his profound strength is at the Spirit Profound Realm. This battle, is not very fair for you, so... Please be cautious and reconsider."

"I thank Brother Ling for the warning." Yun Che smiled appreciatively at him.

His ordinary response shocked Ling Yun slightly. This response signified that Yun Che obviously already knew Ling Jie's level of profound strength, but still wanted to make this kind of gamble with him. Ling Yun's eyebrows moved a little, and he didn't speak anymore.

"Let's begin."

Yun Che stood in front of Ling Jie. Just as he spoke, the Overlord's Colossal Sword appeared out of thin air. Both his hands grasped the hilt, and the sword body sunk downwards, slamming on the floor with a "boom". The surrounding ground up to three steps from the collision instantly shattered.

At the same time, an aura as heavy as a mountain emitted from the Overlord's Colossal Sword and Yun Che's body, flooding the entire Blue Cloud Hall as everyone's breathing became sluggish.

"Heavy sword!?" Ling Yun was shocked as Yun Che flashed the weapon, and taking in account Yun Che's age and profound strength, he suddenly spoke out: "Could it be, you're the Profound Palace genius Yun Che that everyone in the imperial city has been talking about?"

"That's right." Yun Che nodded: "I'm Yun Che. Brother Ling Yun actually knows my name, I'm extremely honored."

"Haha, Little Brother Yun, you're being too modest." Ling Yun smiled warmly: "After Little Jie and I arrived at the imperial city, everywhere we went, we heard people discussing you. We heard that you can control a heavy sword that weighs several thousand kilograms, and can defeat an opponent that is seven levels higher than you; it really makes one feel shocked, and we wanted to find an opportunity to personally meet you the entire time. I'd have never that I would encounter Little Brother Yun here, it's truly fortunate."

“Oooh, so it turns out you’re Yun Che!” This Ling Jie had obviously heard some rumors regarding Yun Che in the imperial city with Ling Yun. He disdainfully twisted his mouth: “You’re only at the True Profound Realm, yet others are actually calling you a genius. Isn’t it a bit too cheap to call you a genius... This young master will immediately let you know what it means to be a true genius... Take this!”

Ling Jie gave a low growl, took a step forward, raised the longsword, and cut downwards... This was an extremely simple strike; even a little kid that only knows how to wave a sword would be able to execute it. But even this type of extremely simple movement, brought about an astonishing sword force when Ling Jie cut downwards. The plain undecorated sword trembled with an unimaginably high frequency, and an unceasingly surging enormous power crashed towards Yun Che’s chest.

Yun Che proposing to strike against each other three times, was clearly trying to use the advantages of the heavy sword against the shortcomings of the light sword. Because if it was a showdown, under the same conditions, the light sword would not be able to compete with the heavy sword at all. In addition, the Great Way of the Buddha bestowed one thousand nine hundred fifty kilograms of strength to the user; in this form of competition, even if he were facing against someone an entire realm above him, he should be able to withstand three strikes at the very least.

But when an astonishing sword force charged over, Yun Che’s expression changed a little.

Ling Jie was very young, a little competitive, and didn’t scheme much... He practically didn’t scheme at all, so it was very easy to guess at his thoughts. Yun Che could predict that his first strike wouldn’t be too serious, at most fifty or sixty percent of his strength, so he would definitely hold back on his first strike too; he wouldn’t use any profound techniques, and only around seventy percent of his strength.

Indeed, Ling Jie’s first strike didn’t contain any power, and judging from his appearance, he probably hadn’t even used forty percent of his power, let alone fifty or sixty percent. But the force of that one casual strike was like a rolling wave and was impossible to resist.

“Haah!!”

Yun Che, who had originally planned on using seventy percent of his strength, suddenly, did not dare to hold back even a little. With a low growl, he opened Evil Soul and the profound strength in his body began to revolve. Brandishing the heavy sword, he struck out with one hundred percent of his strength. As the heavy sword traveled, it brought about a whistling sound akin to a hurricane.

Bang!!!!

The heavy sword and the light sword collided without even a trace of flair, and the power of the enormous heavy sword and surging sword force instantly exploded outwards. A storm of profound energy instantly formed between the two, then simultaneously blew both of them outwards.

Ling Jie took a few steps back, and looked at Yun Che with an expression of shock: “Ah? You actually... You actually blocked it? Oh... You appear to be a bit more powerful than I’d expected. It looks like I’ll have to be a bit more serious now.”

Yun Che had been blown back almost ten meters. His expression was tranquil, but raging waves tossed about in his heart... What Jasmine had said was correct. This brat was definitely not a simple third ranker of the Spirit Profound Realm; although he was young, his attainment of the sword could already

be regarded as that of a great master! He would definitely be able to easily fight those several levels above him.

To receive three strikes with a profound strength an entire realm lower than him, even with the advantage of a heavy sword, was going to be incomparably difficult.

### **Chapter 163 - Sky Wolf Slash**

The enormous sound from the great hall naturally alarmed the imperial guards outside. Hurried footsteps sounded, and several tens of silver-armored guards entered in single file, and said with faces full of worry: "Princess, are you alright?"

"I'm fine, all of you can leave." Lan Xueruo said as she cast a sidelong glance.

"But..." The head guard looked at the shattered ground, as well as Yun Che and Ling Jie, who were both grasping weapons, and revealed a deeply alert expression.

"LEAVE!" Lan Xueruo's voice suddenly became more imposing: "Without my order, no matter how great the commotion is later, you may not enter."

"Yes!" The head guard hurriedly bowed his head, and brought his men out.

"As expected of the rumoured heavy sword that weighs one thousand nine hundred fifty kilograms, no matter its strength or imposing aura, they're both eye-opening." Ling Yun praised sincerely. Ling Jie's early strike looked extremely simple and ordinary, but he was fully aware of the amount of sword force and resolve brought about by that one strike. For someone at the third level of the True Profound Realm to block that attack, could basically be called a miracle.

"Hmph, he's indeed a little bit stronger than I imagined him to be... But, it's only a little." Ling Jie turned up his nose, and his face had a look of disdain. "For that earlier strike, I simply did a casual wave of my sword. As for my next strike, you will definitely~~ definitely~~ definitely~ not be able to block it!"

While saying that, he pointed his sword to the sky with a single hand. Rays of sword force rose from the sword and charged towards the sky. The phenomenon of the accumulated sword force stirring in the air was visible to the naked eye, as it emitted out rounds and rounds of shocking ripples.

The moment Ling Jie moved his sword, the stirring sword force above the tip of his sword suddenly erupted, instantly giving rise to tens of thousands of sword silhouettes which constantly crossed and overlapped to form a heavy sword wave. As though as a tidal wave brought about by a hurricane, it went crashing towards Yun Che. That incomparably terrifying sword force seemed as though as it was about to completely envelop heaven and earth within it.

"Heaven's Might Sword Formation - Elegant Upheaval!"

"Junior Yun, watch out!" When Ling Jie unleashed this attack, Ling Yun momentarily frowned, and seemed to have given the warning subconsciously. Ling Jie was currently at the age when he sought to prevail over others. When his first strike was completely blocked, and had even happened right in front of "Princess Sis", his pride evidently suffered a blow. Ling Yun had predicted that Ling Jie would get serious during his second strike, but he did not expect that he would immediately use the Heaven's Might Sword Formation. When using any one form of the Heaven's Might Sword Formation, a

practitioner of the same profound level would already find it hard to take it head on, let alone Yun Che who was only at the True Profound Realm.

A large amount of sword silhouettes spread across the sky and covered the earth as they overlapped one another. Yun Che felt as if he was drawn into a hell of swords and blades, and no matter which direction he moved towards, he would be instantly sucked in the hurricane of death. Thus, he simply ignored the sword silhouettes that filled the entire sky as he explosively swung the heavy sword in his hands.

“Falling... Moon... Sinking... Star!!”

As the heavy sword was swung, it brought about a destructive sword force, and directly colliding with the heavy sword wave.

Boom!!

As if a monstrous wave crashing onto a boulder which had lasted for a millennium, a deafening roar was released, causing the surrounding floor tiles within ten steps away from Yun Che and Ling Yun to instantly scatter. Instantly, as though a crumbling snowflake, the countless glaring sword silhouettes dispersed within a blinding light. After breaking through the first wave of sword silhouettes, like a hot knife through butter, the Overlord’s Colossal Sword, strengthened by “Falling Moon Sinking Star”, wildly pushed forward, causing the remaining sword silhouettes to shatter, and then, it collided plainly with Ling Jie’s light sword.

“Wh... What!” Ling Jie and Ling Yun were simultaneously shocked; the third form of the Heaven’s Might Sword Formation, “Elegant Upheaval”, was actually directly split by Yun Che’s single strike!

“Falling Moon Sinking Star”, being the first form of the Evil God’s seven forms, was an incomparably simple profound technique. Without any fancy or magnificent profound technique effects, or any complicated operating methods, its power came from suddenly compressing the profound energy in one’s body, and bursting it outwards with ten times the usual power. It was extremely compatible with the “berserking” property of the Evil God Arts — It was simply explosive power.

After the Overlord’s Colossal Sword slashed apart the heavy sword wave, its strength had basically reached its limit as well. When it was struck against Ling Jie’s sword, the strength behind the blow was nearly exhausted, but the momentum brought about by merely its weight of one thousand nine hundred fifty kilos was no small matter. Ling Jie was pushed back by seven to eight steps from the impact, and he nearly fell flat on his butt.

He stood there blankly and looked at Yun Che with widened eyes, as if he was looking at a monster.

“Unbelievable.” Ling Yun muttered softly to himself. “Looks like the rumor of him obtaining victory over an opponent seven levels higher than him was not the least bit exaggerated at all. With a difference of an entire realm, he actually really took it head-on... If he was at the same level, that strike of his would have been a complete oppression!”

For this strike, Yun Che used all of his strength, and did not hold back even a little. Although his current profound strength was not like before, where one usage of “Falling Moon Sinking Star” would basically exhaust all of his profound energy, it still consumed quite a bit of profound energy, for the energy and

blood within his entire body suddenly began to churn. He used seven or eight breaths of time to suppress the churning energy and blood in his body, adjusted it to a sufficient condition, and watched Ling Jie calmly.

“So... You were actually this amazing!” This time, Ling Jie was truly a little dumbfounded. Because in that earlier strike, not only did he use seventy percent of his profound strength, he even used the Heaven’s Might Sword Formation. He did not expect him to actually block that as well... He was even pushed back from the impact, losing in that exchange of blows.

If the opponent was the same level as him, or had a profound strength one or two levels below him at the Spirit Profound Realm, he would be able to accept it. But not only was the opponent in the True Profound Realm, he had only just entered the True Profound Realm!

This feeling was like a fierce tiger pouncing on a little cat, only to find himself unexpectedly struck away by the little cat.

“Now then, unleash your final strike. If I’m able to block this third strike as well, it will be your loss. You had best not forget that you will have to call me boss if you lose!” Yun Che steadied his body’s aura, and said with his eyes narrowed.

“Lose? I’ll lose?” With a whip of the longsword in Ling Jie’s hand, the shocked expression on his face gradually receded, replaced with the same disdainful expression from before: “I was afraid your loss would be too devastating, so I basically didn’t use any strength at all for the last two strikes. Let’s see how you’ll block this strike!”

While saying that, the sword in Ling Jie’s hand suddenly pointed forward; the profound energy in his entire body erupted like an open floodgate as his profound energy poured into the sword in his hand. The long sword began to tremble tremendously, and a ring of airstream suddenly swirled around the blade. Right after, this surge of sword energy actually condensed and wrapped around the sword’s blade, causing the entire sword to look two times thicker than before.

The surrounding air suddenly surged, and Yun Che felt an incomparably overbearing aura charge over, causing chills all over his body. The longsword held in Ling Jie’s hands made him clearly feel as if it was already lying on his neck, and it would directly sever his throat in the next second, claiming his life.

Faintly discernible ripples of air could be seen around Ling Jie. But the most shocking thing was, the ripples in the air were not like water ripples with nonuniform lines, but perfectly straight lines, just like numerous transparent sharp swords that appeared out of thin air.

What a strong sword force... The astonishment in Yun Che’s heart began to increase bit by bit. According to Jasmine’s description, he had already overestimated this fifteen-year-old youngster’s achievements with the sword as much as possible. However, when he felt this astonishing surge of sword force, he realized he had still underestimated this youngster who came from the Heavenly Sword Villa.

Ling Yun’s eyebrows furrowed after seeing Ling Jie’s actions. Once he realized what Ling Jie was trying to do, his gaze forcefully shook, and he said with a low voice: “Little Jie! What are you doing! Quickly stay your hand; are you trying to kill him!!”

“Hey, Big Bro, I’m not as useless as you think I am. I have already practiced this move to the point where I can freely wield it. When this move is about to take his life, I will naturally retract it.” Ling Jie laughed, and then turned his gaze towards Yun Che. “Hmph, since you dare provoke the dignity of I, Young Master Ling Jie, then I will let you thoroughly experience how formidable I am...”

“Try to receive this strike... Heaven’s Might Sword Formation — Sun Piercer!”

The sword in Ling Jie’s hands was entirely coated with an intense sword aura and appeared to be around the same size as the heavy sword in Yun Che’s hands.

He bellowed loudly and suddenly whipped the longsword outwards, bringing along the inexhaustible sword aura and directly pierced at Yun Che’s chest.

The surrounding air swirled wildly. Yun Che’s hair and clothes were substantially lifted by the incoming wave of strongly blowing wind. At the place where the tip of the sword stopped at, a thin pitch-black spatial fracture momentarily flashed.

This time, there were no longer tens of thousands of sword silhouettes, but a single sword! It was a definite killing blow which gathered all of Ling Jie’s sword intent.

Yun Che’s body suddenly retreated and raised his heavy sword once more. The profound energy in his entire body was stirred instantly, gathered at the heavy sword in his two hands, and yet another unreserved “Falling Moon Sinking Star” struck towards Ling Jie’s definite killing blow.

Boom!!

The Overlord’s Colossal Sword collided against Ling Jie’s light sword for the third time. However, this time, the moment they collided, Yun Che felt as if a mountain with an unsurmountable height was ruthlessly smashing onto his heavy sword.

In an instant, the Overlord’s Colossal Sword which had a thickness of four inches, bent into a shape of a waning moon under this horrifying strength.

To bend a one thousand nine hundred fifty kilo heavy sword in an instant, just how much horrifying strength was needed to do so? Yun Che’s entire body and arms trembled greatly; if he had not comprehended the fundamental stage of the Prison God Sirius’ Tome and had strong control over heavy swords, his Overlord’s Colossal Sword would have already flown out from his hands.

Even so, the power behind Ling Jie’s sword still did not diminish; bringing a terrifying sword force, it continued to push forward, causing Yun Che to be forcefully pushed back towards the palace doors.

Yun Che’s pupils slightly contracted. The bend in his heavy sword was becoming wider and wider, and gradually approached the shape of a crescent. His entire body was rapidly pushed back by the strong attacking force; his two feet formed two long gullies in the firm ground, and his body was being damaged from continuously taking the assault of sword force head on.

“Little Jie, withdraw your sword right now!” Ling Yun immediately shouted out. He was very clear of the strength the move “Sun Piercer” possessed. If Ling Jie did not pull the attack back now, Yun Che’s heavy sword being destroyed was only secondary, as Yun Che himself would definitely receive heavy injuries, and might even lose his life.

“I know!” Ling Jie’s arm had always been stretched out in front of him. Although the sword had left his grasp, he had not lost control of the sword. Seeing Yun Che, who was about to be pushed out of the palace, he laughed complacently. “Hehe, now do you know of how formidable I, Ling Jie am!? You’re still far from being able to go against me.”

Ling Jie said arrogantly, and when he was about to retrieve his sword, a deafening roar rang in his ears.

“Huuuuaaaaaaaaaah!!”

Within the roar, Yun Che’s Star God’s Broken Shadow activated and he instantly took ten steps back. Without taking a breather, he gritted his teeth as his gaze became fierce. The Overlord’s Colossal Sword was instantly raised up into the air, as it then came crashing down towards the incoming “Sun Piercer”.

“Sky... Wolf... Slash!”

Within Yun Che’s explosive roar, a majestic aura similar to a roaring sea was released from the tip of the Overlord’s Colossal Sword. Instantly, the surrounding space frantically surged as the air was tyrannically split open. In the short moment when the heavy sword slashed downwards, an illusion of a blue wolf roaring towards the sky flashed for an instant behind Yun Che.

Boom!!!!

The heavy sword, which was brimming with Prison God Sirius’ might, collided fiercely with Ling Jie’s definite killing blow. A windstorm of energy suddenly erupted and soared towards the sky, instantly pulverizing the floor tiles and roof tiles of the main hall. Even the space, looked as if it had been torn apart.

#### **Chapter 164 - Ranking Tournament Invitation Letter**

The ground had shattered, the roof of the hall had caved in, and the rocks and sand that had been strewn about completely surrounded the area Yun Che was in, making it impossible to see anything clearly.

“Ah?” At this time, Ling Jie exclaimed in shock, because he suddenly discovered that his connection with his sword had suddenly vanished. At the same time, within the sandstorm, a silver longsword spun out, drawing a long arc in the air, and finally landed in front of Ling Jie. The instant it landed on the ground, an ear-piercing “ding” sound suddenly rang out. The originally intact longsword suddenly shattered like fragile glass, scattering fragments all over the ground.

Ling Jie’s entire person stood in stupor while looking at the fragments of the longsword beside his feet, and didn’t recover from his shock for quite a while.

The sandstorm in the hall finally began to die down. Yun Che, dragging the heavy sword, began walking over with slow steps. His complexion was particularly tranquil, and it was completely impossible to see any traces of his complete exertion of his strength just then.

“Little brother Ling Jie, your third strike... I have also blocked it. You... have... lost.” Yun Che stood in front of Ling Jie, and said slowly. Blocking the third strike had been extremely breathtaking, and also had some suspicions of cheating. Because he had used two strikes in succession, a Falling Moon Sinking Star

and Sky Wolf Slash, to doggedly shake off Ling Jie's single strike. But Ling Jie had been hooting about blocking his three strikes the entire time; he didn't actually say how many strikes he could use to do so.

Ling Jie looked at Yun Che, then looked at the shattered sword on the ground, and said sounding somewhat baffled: "I actually lost... You even received my Sun Piercer... and destroyed my sword..."

"There are many in the Villa that can face this strike head-on, but their profound strengths are all way higher than me, and they are all older than me, so being able to receive it is not very extraordinary. You're clearly in the True Profound Realm, yet you were actually able to receive it..." Speaking to here, a strange glint lit up in Ling Jie's eyes, and he looked at Yun Che with fixed eyes: "You're simply too powerful! You're this strong at the True Profound Realm; if you reach the Spirit Profound Realm, I definitely won't be fit to be your opponent. No wonder such a beautiful Princess Sis has taken a fancy to you, you seem to match Princess Sis well."

Yun Che twisted his mouth, and said: "Saying all this is useless. You couldn't have forgotten what you have to do since you lost, right? Being a real grown man, you have to take responsibility for your words! Otherwise, it's not fit to call you a man."

"Hmph!" Ling Jie stuck his nose up, and said without any affectation: "The words that I, Ling Jie, have spoken, I obviously won't take them back. Isn't it just recognizing you as my boss, what's the big deal."

After finishing, he sincerely took a step forward, and said with a mischievous smile: "Cough cough, I, Ling Jie, admit that I have lost the bet; from now on, I'll be your little brother. Mn, Boss, how did you become so powerful at the True Profound Realm? As my boss, you must not be stingy to your little brother; in this aspect, you definitely must give little brother a few pointers! If I can be like you, I might be able to challenge my brother right now! I won't have to be beaten till I have a bloody nose and swollen face anymore."

For Ling Jie to admit it so cleanly and nimbly, Yun Che was actually a little shocked. And judging from his appearance, he wasn't acting artificially or reluctantly; his eyes actually had a curiously... Worshipful gaze!

Evidently, for someone at the True Profound Realm to have withstood his trump card and shatter his sword, he had truly been shocked mentally.

Yun Che said while chuckling: "Ah, this; we'll have to see whether you're qualified or not. If you're qualified, and you please this boss, I may be able to tell you."

Ling Jie's eyes lit brightly in a flash, and exclaimed with emotion: "For real? Waaaaaaah, if you're actually able to tell me, don't mention me being your little brother, I'll even pay respect to you as my teacher!"

Ling Yun walked over, smiled lightly at Yun Che, then said sincerely: "Brother Yun, when we first entered the imperial city, we heard rumors about you everywhere. At the time, we didn't believe the rumors ourselves but now that I have personally witnessed it, I know that you have completely surpassed the rumors; I believe that Little Jie is cheerful and committed to his loss."

After he finished speaking, Ling Yun looked at Yun Che meaningfully for a moment, then turned to Lan Xueruo and said: "Princess, us brothers came to the imperial city this time to deliver this invitation to the noble imperial family; may Princess please accept it."

A light golden-colored invitation was taken out by Ling Yun and delivered to Lan Xueruo's hands. Ling Yun proceeded, and said: "In half a year, we will welcome the noble imperial family's visit to the Heavenly Sword Villa. If Princess can do me the honor of visiting personally, that would be too great. This time, Princess has this kind of shocking genius, Yun Che, by your side, so I believe that three years from now, the noble imperial family will definitely be able to shine with Yun Che... So with that, us two brothers' mission has been accomplished; we'll take our leave now."

He gave a salute towards Lan Xueruo and Yun Che. Without waiting for Lan Xueruo's response, Ling Yun dragged Ling Jie away: "Little Jie, we should leave."

"Ah? Leave? But I still haven't learned how boss became so powerful at the True Profound Realm... Ahhh!"

Ling Jie was unable to finish speaking before he was brought far away by Ling Yun with a strange profound movement skill. In the next second, Ling Jie's voice transmitted far away from the Great Hall: "Boss, if you have spare time you must visit the Heavenly Sword Villa... I want those guys to know what a true True Profound Realm genius is, a True Profound ranker who's capable of beating them... Ahhh, Big Bro, you don't have to pull me..."

Ling Yun took out the invitation, and directly brought Ling Jie away after speaking; the speed in which the whole ordeal was completed was so fast Lan Xueruo was caught unprepared, and she hadn't even been able to bid farewell. She looked towards the direction of the hall's entrance and said in shock: "Ling Yun's temperament is very calm and amiable, why would he suddenly leave in such a rush; could it be that some emergency has occurred?"

Just as she finished speaking, Yun Che, who was standing beside her, suddenly shook, then fell on his knees while supporting himself with the heavy sword. His face was pale, and he forcefully spat out a mouthful of blood, staining the ground in front of him red.

"Ah! Junior brother Yun!" Lan Xueruo's complexion paled. She hurriedly helped Yun Che up, and said anxiously: "Junior brother Yun, how are you? Are you injured? Is the injury serious?"

Yun Che rested most of his weight on the heavy sword, shook his head, then smiled with a pale face: "Don't worry, Senior Sister, I'm fine. This Ling Jie's sword... is incredibly overbearing. Even though I forcefully blocked it just now, I still suffered some internal injuries. The reason Ling Yun left in such a rush... was because he noticed that I was forcefully suppressing my injuries; I guess it was to allow me to save face."

Lan Xueruo hurriedly took out a middle-grade Heaven Returning Pellet. Watching Yun Che consume it, she was finally able to let loose a sigh of relief after seeing Yun Che's expression gradually become warm: "I knew that since Junior Brother Yun dared to bet with Ling Jie, you would definitely have enough control, but I was almost worried to death just then. Even though that Ling Jie looks very young, those who hail from the Heavenly Sword Villa are all a bit abnormal. Their power definitely cannot be

calculated with common sense. However, it's good that you won, and actually had him become your little brother."

The Great Way of the Buddha operated, allowing Yun Che's injuries to heal at an astonishing rate. Listening to Lan Xueruo's words, he shook his head and said: "This is only because I saw that Ling Jie's temperament was pure and immature, so I just devised a plan at the time. Even though he agreed, there is no binding contract that can be brought up. I had only hoped that I might be able to convenience myself in the future somehow because of him; after all, he is the son of the Heavenly Sword Villa's Villa Master."

"Right, the invitation Ling Yun delivered... Could it be?"

Lan Xueruo took out the invitation: "Father's prediction was correct; it's an invitation letter for the next Blue Wind Ranking Tournament. Every invitation letter is delivered half a year prior, so as to allow the powers of the Blue Wind Ranking Tournament time to prepare."

"So you're saying, there is still half a year of time from now to the next Blue Wind Ranking Tournament?" Yun Che exclaimed.

"Mn." Lan Xueruo nodded: "Indeed, there is only half a year's time remaining. However, Junior Brother Yun, you don't have to worry, because you don't actually have to participate in the coming Blue Wind Ranking Tournament, but the one after that."

"The one after that? Why?" Yun Che's eyebrows twitched. Then he thought of how Ling Yun had said right before he left, "I believe that in three years' time, the noble imperial family will be able to shine with Yun Che"... Three years later? Could it be that what Ling Yun had pointed out, was also the next Blue Wind Ranking Tournament?

Lan Xueruo explained: "The Blue Wind Ranking Tournament is held once every three years; it is the competition that decides the ranking of the powers within the Blue Wind Empire. But those who enter the competition are not necessarily the most powerful members of the powers, because no matter which power it is, especially the enormous powers, they will definitely not reveal their own trump cards to others. So the competition between "the most powerful people" is simply not the reality, and is actually just a competition for those of the younger generation to determine their ranking. Because the strength of those of the younger generation is sufficient to display concrete and comprehensive information about the strength of the powers; the ranking is more or less fair."

"Every Blue Wind Ranking Tournament, there are around five hundred powers that receive invitations, and every power can have at most three young disciples participate; their ranking is decided by the disciple with the highest ranking in the tournament. The age of the disciples that participate in the tournament, range from sixteen years to twenty years. Those who are younger than sixteen or older than twenty may not participate, and they test age through bones prior to the tournament so there is no way to cheat. So, in order to guarantee the maximum fighting power, the age of most disciples who participate is usually twenty, nineteen, or eighteen, and very few people under the age of seventeen participate. Junior Brother Yun has just turned seventeen and your starting point is low, so you're simply not fit to participate in the coming Blue Wind Ranking Tournament. But come next tournament, Junior Brother Yun will be a full twenty years old, and with the accumulation of three years' time, it would be the best opportunity to participate in the tournament."

“So that’s how it is.” Yun Che slowly nodded, stood silent for a while, then suddenly asked: “Senior Sister, how high was the profound strength of the person who ranked first in the last Blue Wind Ranking Tournament?”

Lan Xueruo didn’t need to think about this, and directly said: “The one who ranked first in the last Blue Wind Ranking Tournament, was the Ling Yun that you just met.”

“It was him?” Yun Che mumbled.

“Junior Brother Yun, what do you think about this Ling Yun... how is he?” Lan Xueruo asked.

Yun Che thought for a bit, then said slowly: “Ling Jie’s talent is extremely shocking, and can even be regarded as freakish, but I still have the guts to clash with three of his strikes. However, the feeling Ling Yun gives me is deep and unmeasurable. Even his temperament is pure and without filth, making it so that people cannot bear ill will towards him. Overall, you can say that he’s... flawless.”

“Your evaluation is very similar to my father’s.” Lan Xueruo sighed emotionally, and said: “That year, when Father met Ling Yun for the first time he gave him a ‘flawless’ evaluation. If nothing unexpected happens, he will still participate in the coming Blue Wind Ranking Tournament.”

“Oh.” Yun answered. Subsequently, his eyebrows moved as he said in shock: “You said... He’ll participate in this one? So you’re saying, his current age isn’t even twenty yet? So for this tournament, he is only...”

“That’s right. When he claimed the first place title of the Blue Wind Ranking Tournament, he was only seventeen years old,” Lan Xueruo said: “At the time, his profound strength was at the ninth level of the Spirit Profound Realm.”

Seventeen year old at the ninth level of the Spirit Profound Realm... Yun Che drew a breath of cold air.

“Admittedly, a seventeen year old at the Spirit Profound Realm is extremely shocking, but Ling Yun’s actual strength far surpasses the ninth level of the Spirit Profound Realm. In the finals, his opponent was the number one disciple of the Frozen Cloud Asgard, Mu Lingxue. At the time, Mu Lingxue was a full twenty years old, and her profound strength was at the peak of the tenth level of the Spirit Profound Realm. She was only half a step away from the Earth Profound Realm and was the disciple with the highest profound strength at the time. But under Ling Yun’s hands... She was only able to withstand seven of Ling Yun’s strikes... And it was also in the state where Ling Yun hadn’t used his full strength.”

Yun Che: “...”

“Three years have passed, so Ling Yun’s profound strength must have reached even more shocking heights. For those under the age of twenty, he is the undisputed number one in the entire Blue Wind Empire; no one will deny this fact. In the Blue Wind Ranking Tournament, all sorts of sects have competed intensely for a good ranking, especially Frozen Cloud Asgard, Xiao Sect, and the Burning Heaven Clan; they have fought tooth and claw for the second place ranking, yet they have never even considered taking the first place ranking from Heavenly Sword Villa. Because the first place ranking of the Heavenly Sword Villa, is something that will never be moved; among all the disciples in all the sects, there is simply no young disciple who is fit to be Ling Yun’s opponent.”

**Chapter 165 - Reverse Kill!**

The world was large. The more people one meets, the more places one visits, and the more likely one would feel how small they really are. From Floating Cloud City, to New Moon City, to Blue Wind Imperial City, and to the Heavenly Sword Villa; the concept of genius had been redefined time and time again in Yun Che's mind. Today, without any preparation, he came into contact with the real number one individual of Blue Wind Empire's younger generation. He was cultured, refined, and possessed neither arrogance nor flaw.

If such a man were to become an enemy, without a doubt, he would be much more frightening than those who were haughty and domineering.

Yun Che spent the entire afternoon tending to his injuries, and the sky had already darkened by the time he left the Imperial Palace. Because of the dreadful parasite affecting Cang Wanhe, Lan Xueruo was immensely worried. Thus, Yun Che did not allow her to see him out, and he left the Imperial Palace by himself as he headed towards the Blue Wind Profound Palace.

In the late night, there were already not many pedestrians on the imperial city streets. The internal injury Yun Che had received from Ling Jie's attack was not light, and even though he possessed the Great Way of the Buddha, it was not an injury that could heal completely in a single afternoon. Hence, he did not use his profound energy, but took his time walking instead. When he was halfway to his destination, he suddenly made a turn, and walked leisurely towards the east.

Yun Che only stopped when he arrived at an open field where there were no signs of people in the surrounding area. He stared ahead, and said lightly, "Come out."

After he said that, his immediate surroundings were dead silent. Only after a long while did he hear a cold snort behind him. Accompanying it, were the clear sounds of footsteps.

Yun Che turned and saw a youth dressed entirely in black. He did not have a tall figure, and looked to be around the age of twenty. His eyes were hazy, and the way he was looking at Yun Che was somber, as if he was looking at a corpse.

The aura of profound energy emitted from his body was very rich, and it greatly surpassed Yun Che's... It even surpassed Murong Yi's, who was at the ninth level of the True Profound Realm!

Yun Che's face did not show any hint of fear. Arms crossed, he laughed coldly, "There's still one more of you, isn't there? Reveal yourself as well. What, you don't even have the guts to reveal yourself here after tailing me for so long?"

"Hahahaha!" The moment Yun Che finished his sentence, crazed laughter resounded in the air. Right after, a youth dressed in white slowly walked out from behind a tree. That particular youth was Feng Baiyi.

"Yun Che, I was still having trouble earlier about finding a place to kill you without leaving any trace. I didn't expect you would actually find such a fine grave for yourself. Should I call you an idiot, or a fool?"

"Grave?" Yun Che smiled faintly as he looked at Feng Baiyi and the black youth. "That's right, this is indeed a fine place for a grave. But I did not find it for myself, rather, it's for the both of you."

Feng Baiyi's expression sank, and he laughed coldly, "Death is at hand, yet you still dare to utter such boastful words. Well, so be it. There's no need to say anything more to a dead person anyway; Xuelang, kill him!"

Xuelang? When Yun Che heard this name, he recalled it instantly... It was a name listed in the Inner Palace's Heavenly Profound Ranking, and that person was ranked seventh! The profound strength he possessed was at the peak of the tenth level of the True Profound Realm.

The moment Feng Baiyi gave the instruction, a thin sword covered entirely in red appeared in Xuelang's hand as his figure shot out explosively. Under the night sky, a faint black shadow swept through the field. His red blade sliced through the night like a poisonous snake, and thrust towards Yun Che's throat.

Xuelang's attacks were clean and crisp; his movements and the speed of his sword were extremely quick, as though it was a stream of light!

Killing intent flashed through Yun Che's eyes. With Star God's Broken Shadow activated, he pushed his body into the air, causing Xuelang's lightning-speed attack to hit the air. While in the air, Yun Che's body stiffened, and a piercing pain arose from his chest.

When he used his profound energy, it momentarily agitated his internal injury, which had yet to heal completely.

I have to end this battle quickly... Yun Che held onto his chest for a bit. With a wave of his hands, the Overlord's Colossal Sword appeared in his hands within a fleeting flash of dark light and crimson red phoenix flames suddenly began to envelop his body as well.

The moment he realized his attack had missed, Xuelang changed direction with lightning speed. Lifting his red sword, he thrust towards Yun Che, who was descending from the skies.

"Die... Empyrean Dance of the Phoenix Wing!"

Cold flames flashed through Yun Che's eyes. The phoenix flames around his body soared and a pair of phoenix fiery wings appeared on his back, bringing about a frightful heat wave, as Yun Che dove towards Xuelang.

Xuelang specialized in speed, be it his movements or the speed of his sword, they were both as fast as a stream of light. But right in front of him, Yun Che, who was initially still about a dozen meters away from him, had suddenly appeared right before him. The frightening speed he displayed was akin to that of a falling meteor. He was completely unable to react in time, and what's more, was that the impact which struck him head on, was terrifying enough to cause him to pale in fright.

In the next moment, only an explosion could be heard. A large fireball exploded between Yun Che and Xuelang, instantly dispersing the afterimage of the slashing red sword. Even his red sword broke into three pieces, as if it was scrap metal. The momentum of Yun Che's heavy sword did not decrease as it ruthlessly smashed onto Xuelang's waist.

Bang!!!

Xuelang's protective profound energy, under the combined might of the heavy sword and the energy of the phoenix flames, broke apart like a piece of scrap paper. As he screamed, his ribs and vertebrae were smashed into pieces, and his entire person flew like a broken sack. The large pool of blood and internal organs which scattered through the night sky separated into two portions, falling onto the ground in front of Feng Baiyi one after another.

"Wha... What!?"

Feng Baiyi took two step back. Looking at the broken corpse on the ground, he lost his initial prideful sneer; it was replaced by an aghast expression.

When Murong Yi lost to Yun Che, Feng Baiyi firmly believed that it was because of Murong Yi's complacency and underestimation of his enemy. He even gave Murong Yi a well-ordered analysis on the reasons for his failure. He was even more confident that, if he were to exchange blows with Yun Che, he would be able to kill him within ten moves... And as for the reason why he brought Xuelang along, it was mainly because he did not wish to do the deed himself and leave any form of evidence. At the same time, it was to provide another level of guarantee to Yun Che's death.

In today's assassination, he had thought of many possible situations, which even included Yun Che escaping by unique tricks and means. But what he did not think of, was that Xuelang, who was a level stronger than Murong Yi, would actually be horrendously killed by Yun Che with a single blow!

"Feng Baiyi, it's your turn!" Yun Che said coldly. With his sword pointed at Feng Baiyi, he slowly walked towards him. Earlier, when he activated the Emyrean Dance of the Phoenix Wing, his internal injury worsened slightly, and he was currently in unbearable pain. However, his face was still as calm as ever... Even though his internal injury had worsened, it was still enough for him to kill Feng Baiyi!

"Yun Che, you think... you're capable of killing me!?" Although Feng Baiyi was still as arrogant as before, his face evidently paled, and his voice began to tremble. Xuelang's rank in the Heavenly Profound Ranking was nearly thirty ranks higher than his, but he was still dismembered by Yun Che with a single blow. How could he not feel afraid?

Watching Yun Che approach him slowly, Feng Bai suddenly roared. He grabbed onto a green colored longspear with both hands, and a raging windstorm swirled around the spear as he swept it towards Yun Che's neck.

"Blue Dragon Stirring Sea!"

Like Murong Yi, Feng Baiyi also trained in the "Blue Dragon Spear Art". Back then, when Yun Che exchanged blows with Murong Yi, Yun Che had suffered a small injury from this very same attack.

Facing this spear attack which was even stronger than Murong Yi's, Yun Che smiled coldly. Back then, the reason why he had suffered an injury from this attack, was mainly because Murong Yi had done a sneak attack, and Yun Che did not have a weapon to block it. But currently, with his heavy sword in hand, how could an attack of this level trouble him?

"Scram!"

Without even caring about Feng Baiyi's attack, without even using any profound skills, Yun Che continued to walk towards him, as he swung his sword across. This overly simple horizontal slash of his

sword brought about a powerful windstorm which was much stronger than Feng Baiyi's "Blue Dragon Stirring Sea". With a "bang", Feng Baiyi's windstorm attack brutally dispersed.

Feng Baiyi was taken aback... That moment Yun Che swung his sword, he finally, fully understood the terror that was known as Yun Che. At the same time, he understood why Murong Yi and Xuelang could suffer such miserable defeats under his heavy sword. This was because the wave of air brought about by a swing of his sword was as strong as a tidal wave, which could envelop his entirety within... It was not because Murong Yi or Xuelang did not want to dodge his swings; rather, under the terrifying pressure of the tidal waves, their bodies were basically unable to move, let alone dodge the swings or counter-attack.

Everyone's impressions of heavy swords were always wild and tyrannical, but every swing of the sword would be heavy and slow. At the same time, it would leave large openings. But whenever Yun Che swung his heavy sword, it was as though as he was wielding a nimble light sword!

Feng Baiyi's windstorm attack was completely dispersed and a large force came assaulting from the front, ruthlessly smashing onto his longspear, causing it to instantly bend and fly out of his hands. His entire body felt as if it was being smashed by a heavy mace as a violent force penetrated through his body, causing dozens of his meridians to rupture.

"Ah—"

Feng Baiyi screamed as his body flew a dozen feet away and heavily smashed onto the tree which he had hidden behind earlier. The tree shook for a moment, and leaves began to flutter onto the ground.

Feng Baiyi sprawled on the ground and coughed out a couple of mouthfuls of blood. Even after a long while, he could not bring himself up.

Yun Che's internal injuries worsened by another level, and his face began to pale as a thin line of blood trickled down from the corner of his mouth. He spent no more time delaying as he leaped forward and swung his Overlord's Colossal Sword towards Feng Baiyi's neck without hesitation. If this attack were to really land, it was enough to smash Feng Baiyi into smithereens.

As death loomed close, Feng Baiyi's body shrank back in panic. At the same time, he let out an extremely horrified roar, "Uncle Fang, hurry and save me!"

The moment Feng Baiyi howled, an old man's angry, ear-splitting roar suddenly came from the sky, "Junior! Don't you dare harm my young master!"

From the angry roar came a force with the weight of a mountain that pressed down upon Yun Che. The strength of this force was something Yun Che could not hope to block. If he had taken another step forward, he would have been ground into dust by that force.

Although Yun Che was shocked, he did not fumble as he quickly used Star God's Broken Shadow to retreat. Using all his strength to stop his frontal charge, he escaped from the range of that pressing force, but was still affected by its widespread effects. He snorted coldly as he continuously jumped backwards for a distance of over sixty meters; only then did he manage to rid himself of that frightening force.

Standing in front of Feng Baiyi was an old man with a grey beard who was dressed in black. His appearance allowed Feng Baiyi, who escaped from death, to heave a large sigh of relief. Then, as if crazed, he howled, "Uncle Fang, hurry and kill him. Kill him!"

Feng Baiyi's and Murong Yi's households had relationships that spanned generations, so naturally, his background was not worse off than Murong Yi's. With such a background, as the son born of the first wife, his safety was naturally of utmost importance therefore, someone powerful would always be protecting him from the shadows. And this old man with the surname Fang, was Feng Baiyi's guardian. But, his role was to only protect him from the shadows, not listen to Feng Baiyi's commands; he would not interfere in any of Feng Baiyi's actions or decisions, but rather, appear only when Feng Baiyi was in extreme danger.

Yun Che held onto his chest, as he gasped for air. In the depths of his mind, Jasmine's voice resounded, "Third level of the Earth Profound Realm. He's not someone you can go up against."

The old man's angry eyes looked straight at Yun Che, and he said, "Junior, if you had let my young master go after severely injuring him earlier, this old man would not have interfered. But your heart was actually so vicious that you wanted to deal the killing blow, so do not blame this old man for taking your life!"

"Heh!" Yun Che laughed coldly. "Take my life? You alone, are not worthy!"

### **Chapter 166 - Destroyed Fantasy**

"Arrogant brat!" Having received such mockery from a junior, the old man surnamed Fang flared up for a moment.

"Uncle Fang, don't waste your words on him, just kill him immediately. If he doesn't die today, he will definitely kill me in the future!" Feng Baiyi supported his body up with a single arm as he shouted, his face filled with a mix of hatred and fear.

With a snort, the old man surnamed Fang suddenly leaped into the air. He extended his right hand, and reached straight for Yun Che's throat. With the power behind his grip, it would be enough to break Yun Che's neck in an instant.

Yun Che prepared to dodge, but the moment he tried to use his profound energy, an unbearable pain arose from his chest. His expression darkened as he gazed at the old man surnamed Fang's rapidly approaching life-taking claw, and growled in his heart, "Jasmine, kill him!"

It had been several months since Jasmine had suffered from the poison break-out when she killed the flame dragon, so her three-month restriction period of not using any profound energy had long been over. Currently, Jasmine could use her profound energy for a short period of time... And with the mighty strength Jasmine possessed, she could kill an Emperor Profound Dragon in an instant, let alone someone whose strength was only at the Earth Profound Realm. Although the poison in her body would act up to a certain extent every time she took action,, he had no choice but to rely on Jasmine's strength in this situation.

"There's no need for me to act!" Jasmine actually rejected his request: "Someone else will naturally save you."

“Un?” Yun Che was startled. At this time, the old man surnamed Fang was not even three meters away from him, and it would only take a second for him to crush Yun Che’s neck.

And right at this moment, the old man surnamed Fang’s eyes, which were filled with killing intent, suddenly widened, and abruptly forced himself to stop his frontal charge. Within his line of vision, a hint of blue light appeared from the sky above, flew across him, and stabbed into the soft patch of grass between him and Yun Che.

This was a thin and short dagger, yet it released a fantastical icy-blue color. And this hint of blue seemed to suppress all the other colors between heaven and earth for an instant, making it seem incomparably fantastical and dazzling.

And if one were to take a careful look at it, one would realize it was not actually a short dagger, but a piece of an... Icicle, shaped as a dagger. But after landing on the ground, the icicle did not have any sign of melting; rather, it stayed stabbed diagonally into the ground as it released an ice-cold blue glow.

The old man surnamed Fang who possessed profound strength at the Earth Profound Realm looked at the blue glow, and his eyes unexpectedly revealed a hint of horror; he even subconsciously took a step back. The blue glow in front of him was incomparably beautiful, yet, a deep feeling of fright had welled up in his heart. And that moment the blue light had descended, he felt a soul-piercing chill penetrate through his entire body. And it was this soul-piercing chill, that had caused him to stay rooted in place, and he no longer dared to take another step forward.

Yun Che also clearly felt the frightening pressure emitted by the cold light in front of him. His heart, which had just calmed down, started to throb with excitement... Could it... Could it be...?

"This one wonders which senior is present, may you reveal yourself?" The old man surnamed Fang took a deep breath, and saluted to his surroundings; his tone carried a hint of respect. At the same time, he no longer dared to act against Yun Che... He suspected that this person in the shadows, was most possibly the guardian of the youth in front of him. Also, that person’s profound strength was stronger than his own, surpassed him by at least a great realm. And, to have a guardian of such strength, the identity of this youngster was definitely not ordinary. His background might even surpass that of his household’s young master, Feng Baiyi.

The night sky was tranquil, and even a long time after he had shouted, there was not even a single reply.

“Uncle Fang.” Feng Baiyi shouted from behind him, “I have already investigated this Yun Che’s background. He simply comes from a small city called New Moon City; he doesn’t even have a single parent, let alone a family. It’s basically impossible for him to have a guardian of any sort! But this person is very tricky and sly, that blue thing must be a sort of trick of his! Uncle Fang, don’t let him intimidate you, kill him immediately! If you don’t kill him now, there will be a day when I will die by his hands!”

The old man surnamed Fang hesitated when hearing Feng Baiyi’s words. He looked at Yun Che’s expression, and realized that after Feng Baiyi had said those words, Yun Che evidently revealed a hint of panic on his face... Although he covered it up really well, it was still seen clearly with his old, keen eyes.

Although the blue glow on the ground was still releasing an intimidating chill, the old man surnamed Fang, who had ‘figured everything out’ was not the least bit afraid. His expression also immediately darkened. “Junior, you actually dared to make a fool of this old man! Die!”

After saying that, he stretched his arm out, instantly crossed over the icy blue glow on the ground, and grabbed at Yun Che once more...

Ding...

An extremely light sound faintly rang, as if a thin metal needle had dropped onto the floor. And the moment that faint sound rang, the old man surnamed Fang's body strangely stopped on the spot. His right stretched-out hand was less than a foot away from Yun Che's neck, yet, as if they were separated by a chasm, he was unable to take even half a step forward.

The old man surnamed Fang's pair of eyes were extremely wide as his pupils seemingly shrank to a size of a needle. He opened his mouth, but was unable to make a single sound. A small icy blue glow slowly spread from the center of his body, quickly enveloping his body from his four limbs, head, hair, then to his clothes...

In only a span of two breaths' time, his entire body had been enveloped by an icy blue glow, and transformed into an unmovable ice sculpture.

Whoosh...

A gentle night breeze blew over, passing Yun Che's ear, and lightly caressed the body of the old man surnamed Fang, who had already turned into an ice sculpture. The old man surnamed Fang's body suddenly disintegrated into icy blue dust and dispersed into the faraway sky. From head to toe, in the blink of an eye, he completely disappeared from where he had stood, while the night sky became adorned with thinning icy blue glitters of light.

Yun Che was dumbfounded, and his throat made a difficult "gulp" sound. In his entire life, this was the first time he had seen a killing method of such elegance; it was so beautiful it could cause someone to hold their breath, yet at the same time, it was cruel to the extreme. After the old man's death, don't mention a corpse, not even a trace of him remained.

Feng Baiyi, who was right in front of him, slowly fell onto the ground. His entire body was trembling furiously, and his entire face paled from the intense horror. Suddenly, he began to scream. Mustering the last bit of strength from who knows where, he forcefully crawled up from the ground. While screaming in horror, he fled for his life, as if he was a crazed dog whose courage had been broken from fear.

"Trying to flee?"

Obviously, Yun Che would not let him flee right in front of his eyes. Without moving a single step, he swung his hands wildly. Carrying the heavy howling of the wind, his Overlord's Colossal Sword shot towards Feng Baiyi; its thick blunt tip easily broke through his body, and ruthlessly pinned the fleeing Feng Baiyi to the ground.

Yun Che did not retrieve his heavy sword immediately; rather, he looked around his surroundings, and shouted agitatedly, "Little Fairy! Little Fairy, where are you? I know it's you! Hurry and show yourself!! Little Fairy!"

However, his shouts were answered by no one.

Back then, Little Fairy promised him that two months after the agreement, she would protect him for three months. Right now, it had been exactly two months since she left, thus, she came back due to the promise she made, and had saved him from the life-threatening situation just then.

“Little Fairy! Hurry up~ And~ Show~ Yourself~! You’ve finally returned, yet you’re playing hide-and-seek... I already know it’s you, so hurry and come out! At least let me give you a proper thank you...”

“Hey! Little Fairy!”

“.....”

After Yun Che shouted continuously for a long time, Little Fairy’s soft yet bone-piercing chilling voice finally came from within the night sky, “I only promised to protect you for three months; I did not promise to meet you, nor follow your orders. You do not need to waste any more of your effort.”

After that, no matter how Yun Che shouted, there was no other reply.

“Phew... this Little Fairy sure is prideful. She finally returned, yet she isn’t willing to show herself.” Yun Che sighed, and then muttered to himself. “Since you’re not coming out no matter how I call you out, then, hehe... I will wait for you to take the initiative to appear.”

With this thought in mind, Yun Che smiled. No longer calling Little Fairy out, he started walking towards to the side of Feng Baiyi’s corpse. He pulled out the Overlord’s Colossal Sword from his body and then used his profound energy to clean off the bloodstains on the sword.

“You could have simply enjoyed your unfettered life as a young master, but you just had to court your own death.” Yun Che laughed coldly with a hint of disdain in his tone. He then retrieved Feng Baiyi’s spatial ring.

There were many and various things within Feng Baiyi’s ring - a Purple Gold Card with eight hundred Purple Profound Coins stored inside, a copy of the Blue Dragon Spear Art, a copy of his household’s hereditary Profound Collapsing Dragon Art, a bunch of jewels and pellets, and a few set of his clothes, etc.

While searching through Feng Baiyi’s belongings, Yun Che came to understand his identity... The son of the Western Plains Great General.

His father governed the Western Plains, while Murong Yi’s father governed the city north. They were practically next to each other, and both of them held military might; it was no wonder they were old family friends.

Yun Che released his phoenix flames, burning Feng Baiyi’s and Xuelang’s corpses along with the surrounding traces. Within the flames, Yun Che stored his heavy sword, and slowly left. However, he did not leave in the direction of the Blue Wind Profound Palace; rather, he headed towards the north of the city.

Feng Baiyi bringing Xuelang along to kill him, was definitely related to Murong Yi.

“Since you acted against me, I will answer in kind... I have never permitted those who wish to take my life to continue living in this world!”

Yun Che muttered softly to himself. His internal injury had yet to heal, so he had not planned to act today. However, since he had just killed Feng Baiyi, Feng Baiyi's "disappearance" would definitely be found out by tomorrow, and he was not able to predict how the situation would progress after that. In a long night with many people asleep, it would be best for people who should die, to die as soon as possible... This was one of Yun Che's beliefs in life!

Yun Che asked a random person for the whereabouts of the Northern Field General's residence, and his figure crossed through the heavy night. When he arrived at the large entrance to the Northern Field General's residence, he had already changed into the set of clothes Feng Baiyi had stored in his ring. He'd even changed his face to look exactly like Feng Baiyi's.

The arrogant expression and demeanor, as well as his loose parts, were no different from the actual Feng Baiyi.

When the guard at the entrance saw "Feng Baiyi", he hurriedly took the initiative to welcome him and respectfully greeted him, "Young Master Feng, you're arrived. Are you here to see our Young Master?"

"Mn!" Yun Che replied with his nose in the air. Then, he extended his arm and pointed at him, "Since I'm here this late in the night, naturally, I have important things to discuss. You, follow me inside. Don't ask any questions, and lead me to his room."

Even if he were to enter the Northern Field General's manor, he would not know which room was Murong Yi's bedroom. Hence, the only option he had was to have a guard take him there.

"Yes, yes!" The guard did not dare to disagree. "Young Master Feng, please follow me."

### **Chapter 167 - Dragon Blood Pellet**

"Young Master Feng, we have arrived at my Young Master's room. Do you have any other instructions, Young Master Feng?" After the guard brought Yun Che to the entrance of Murong Yi's room, he bent at his waist, and said respectfully.

"I have something very important to discuss with Brother Murong. Stand guard here and stop anyone from coming in. Understand?"

After saying that, without even waiting for the guard's reply, Yun Che had already pushed open the door and entered the room.

Murong Yi was lying sickly on the bed. With the heavy injuries he had sustained, he should not even think about getting out of bed for at least half a month. When he heard someone enter the room, he opened his eyes. But when he was about to flare up, he realized it was Feng Baiyi. His eyes shone instantly as he struggled to sit upright. "Baiyi, you came at such a late hour... Could it be that the deed has been done?"

"With both Xue Lang and I engaging him at the same time, do you think there's any possibility of failure?" Feng Baiyi smiled as he walked over.

"So you're saying that Yun Che is now dead?" For a moment, Murong Yi's eyes flashed in excitement and delight.

"No!" Yun Che walked over to Murong Yi's bedside as a mysterious smile appeared on his face. "He's not dead. Not only is he not dead, he's also still living really well. However, as for you, Murong Yi, you're going to die really soon."

Feng Baiyi's words stunned Murong Yi momentarily, but before he could even utter another word, Yun Che had already extended his hand at lightning speed, and tightly gripped at his throat.

"Erk~~~~" Murong Yi's pair of eyes instantly widened to the extreme. He grabbed onto Yun Che's arm with both hands as a painful and dry sound was emitted from his throat.

Yun Che knew very well about the severity of Murong Yi's injuries. The current Murong Yi was basically not even the least bit of threat to him, not to mention that he had even made a new breakthrough with the medicinal strength of the Goldscale Dragon Transforming Pellet. Even the two hands that were grabbing onto his own arm, were loose and powerless.

Looking at Murong Yi, who could no longer make any other sound but a painful groan, Yun Che smiled cruelly. With his left hand, he rubbed his face, and Feng Baiyi's face instantly disappeared, revealing Yun Che's original appearance. Seeing Yun Che, who was less than an inch away from him, Murong Yi's eyes instantly widened. His two eyes, under extreme horror and fear, bulged out greatly, and almost burst out of his eye sockets.

"Your good brother Feng Baiyi and Xue Lang, whom you guys hired, wanted to kill me. But, what a pity, they were the ones who died instead, and their corpses were not even spared either." Yun Che looked at Murong Yi, and gave a low laugh. "As for you... Tsk tsk, after beating you to this state, it must be painful to be unable to do anything but lie in bed all day. I might as well be a good person to the very end, and end your pain. I shall send you directly to the King of Hell; this will give you an opportunity to have an early reunion with your good brothers as well!!"

"Eh... Eh..." Murong Yi's widened eyes were filled with fear as he pleaded for mercy.

"In your next life, you'd best not incur my wrath again!"

The moment Yun Che's cold voice fell, he fiercely exerted force from his hand... With strength enough to swing the Overlord's Colossal Sword as he wished, breaking Murong Yi's neck was too easy. Along with a 'crack', the bones in Murong Yi's neck shattered completely. Murong Yi's pair of eyes stuck out once again; his entire body suddenly stiffened and no longer moved.

"You're really cruel and firm in your killing. And after you kill, your heart rate actually does not change at all... Before we had met, did you kill a lot of people?" Jasmine suddenly asked coldly.

"Mn, many." Yun Che retracted his hand and answered calmly. "I may even have killed more than you."

"Hmph. You're too naive." Jasmine snorted in disdain, and no longer made a sound.

"Naive? The term 'naive' is only used to describe kids; such as a cute little girl like you, Jasmine." Yun Che said very softly.

When Yun Che left the room, he had already changed the appearance of his face back to Feng Baiyi's. The guard he had ordered to keep watch outside the door had not left, and when he saw Feng Baiyi leaving the room, he quickly said with his head lowered, "Young Master Feng, are you leaving?"

"Mn." Yun Che irritably added: "Brother Murong has already fallen asleep. You people had best not enter and disturb him."

"Yes, Young Master Feng, have a safe return."

After killing off the great young master of the Northern Field Great General's household, Yun Che was still able to openly leave the place while being sent off with respect by the household's servant. This sort of feeling, was simply incomparably pleasurable.

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On the second day, the news of the brutal death of the Northern Field Great General's son spread throughout the entire capital like wildfire.

And Feng Baiyi was labeled as the culprit for Murong Yi's murder!

Murong Yi's violent death had occurred last night. And yesterday night, Feng Baiyi was the only person who had entered Murong Yi's room! But when the Murong household searched everywhere for Feng Baiyi's whereabouts, they found that it was as if Feng Baiyi had disappeared from the face of the earth and they were not able to find any trace of him, no matter what methods they used. This obviously gave rise to suspicions that Feng Baiyi might have killed Murong Yi and fled. When he was unable to locate Feng Baiyi, the Northern Field Great General was absolutely furious. He brought thousands of troops and mightily blocked the entrance to the Western Plain General's residence... The longtime brotherhood between these two military generals was thus broken there and then.

And when he, too, was not able to find Feng Baiyi, the Western Plain General started to suspect that it was a ploy set up by the Murong household, and thus, the two great families began to fight a battle that set the heavens spinning and the earth in gloom, where only one of them would survive...

As for the true murderer, Yun Che... Not a single person suspected him.

There was a definite possibility that Murong Yi had been assassinated by someone other than Feng Baiyi, but what sort of place was the Northern Field General's residence? To kill Murong Yi silently without leaving any trace behind under the heavy surveillance in the Northern Field General's residence would require someone with strength at least in the late-stages of the Earth Profound Realm. And thus, Yun Che would never be suspected for his death.

So while the Imperial City was in a state of huge turmoil, Yun Che, who returned to the Blue Wind Profound Palace, was as calm as ever.

After a single night, Yun Che's internal injuries were already roughly healed. Currently, he was holed in his quarters with dozens of different medicinal ingredients and treasures placed on the table in front of him. At the very front were the three pieces of Cyan Profound Crystals he had bought from the Black Moon Market two months ago. In the middle, on a small piece of green leaf, were a few dozen drops of the Flame Dragon's dark blood.

It was time to refine the Dragon Blood Pellet!

Two months ago, he had already planned on refining the Dragon Blood Pellet, and that was why he had visited the Black Moon Merchant Guild, which had led him to his encounter with Little Fairy. But back

then, his Great Way of the Buddha had yet to reach the first stage of cultivation, so the amount of the Flame Dragon's blood he could take was limited; he would have only infused three drops of the Flame Dragon's blood per pellet at most. This would waste the Cyan Profound Crystal to a certain degree, and after deliberating, he decided to give up on refining the pellets temporarily.

And now, he retrieved twelve drops of Flame Dragon's blood from the Flame Dragon's corpse... That's twelve drops of blood from an Emperor Profound Dragon! In other words, in the three Dragon Blood Pellets he was going to cultivate, there would be four drops of dragon blood in each pellet!

To endure four drops of an Emperor Profound Dragon's blood at once with a body at the True Profound Realm, if someone else were to attempt it, it will definitely be a suicidal act. However, Yun Che had cultivated in the Great Way of the Buddha so the resilience of his body could not be compared to that of regular people. He was confident that his body would be completely capable of enduring the four drops of dragon blood.

Yun Che arranged the medicinal ingredients in order and placed both his hands on the ingredients. He closed his eyes, and a short while later, the purification ability of the Sky Poison Pearl activated. A green glow enveloped the Flame Dragon's blood and the other ingredients... After a long while, when Yun Che took his two hands off the table, different colored slags filled the entire table and three red, shining sphere beads appeared at the center. They were sparkling and clear, like three scarlet pearls. A mysterious medicinal scent also slowly dispersed in the surroundings.

"One hundred percent pure, perfect."

Yun Che picked up the three medicinal pellets and said to himself in satisfaction.

The Xiao Branch Sect's few hundred years of heritage was clearly not a joke. Refining a single Dragon Blood Pellet requires many medicinal ingredients, and most of them were extremely valuable. Aside from the core ingredients, dragon blood and Cyan Profound Crystal, the other fourteen ingredients were obtained from the Xiao Branch Sect's Treasury, and the amount was more than enough to cultivate three pellets. Otherwise, if Yun Che had to gather these ingredients by himself, not to mention spending a large amount of Purple Profound Coins, he would also need to spend at least two to three months worth of time to successfully obtain them.

Absorbing one Dragon Blood Pellet would require at least two days, and as for three pellets, six days would be enough to completely absorb them. By then, his profound strength would be raised by two levels at least... And this increase in profound strength was only secondary; an Emperor Profound Dragon's blood... would bring about unmeasurable benefits to his blood, body, profound veins, and bones.

"What's this medicinal pellet?"

Just when Yun Che was about to taste the medicinal pellet he had cultivated with the use of his Sky Poison Pearl, a cold and soft voice came from his back.

Yun Che's lips broke into a smile, and then, he turned around with a face filled with astonishment. Within his vision, dressed entirely in white, with skin white as snow, a girl of peerless beauty with extraordinary disposition was standing there. Her pair of jewel-like beautiful eyes stared at the

medicinal pellet he was holding in his hand. Her eyes were simply too beautiful; though they emanated a bone-piercing chill, they were still able to move one's heart.

"Little Fairy, you're finally willing to meet me. Back then, you suddenly went away..."

"I'm asking you, what's this medicinal pellet in your hand?" Little Fairy ignored his words, and said coldly: "Why do I feel an Emperor Profound Realm aura being emitted from these pellets!"

Why would she appear of her own accord with just the aura from regular medicinal pellets?

Yun Che's expression grew solemn, and he could only explain as he was told to. "This is called the Dragon Blood Pellet, and it is a medicinal pellet which was refined from dragon's blood. After taking it, not only will it raise your profound strength, it will also strengthen your body and increase your resistance to thousands of illnesses. As for why it's emitting an Emperor Profound Realm's aura..." Yun Che pondered this for a moment, before truthfully saying "That's because the dragon blood that was used to cultivate this pellet came from an Emperor Profound Dragon."

Little Fairy's eyes twitched slightly as a faint feeling of astonishment flashed by. She took a step forward and once again, took a look at the pellet in Yun Che's hand. Her lips parted, "You're actually able to cultivate pellets as well? And you're even capable of refining medicinal pellets with such high-grade aura. Even within this entire Blue Wind Profound Palace, it's impossible to find a medicinal pellet that's better than the one in your hand, and I have never actually heard of, nor seen the method you used to cultivate your medicinal pellets!"

Earlier, she had seen Yun Che's medicinal pellet refining process very clearly. There was no usage of furnaces, no usage of flames, no mixing or gathering of profound energy... With nothing but his hands, in just ten breaths, a pile of ingredients transformed into three medicinal pellets. If she had not seen it with her own eyes, she would not have believed that it had happened. And from what she knew, people who were capable of refining medicinal pellets which emit such high-grade auras, in this entire Blue Wind Empire, number less than ten, and their refining processes were long and difficult. Earlier, Yun Che did not even look like he was refining medicinal pellets, he simply looked as if he was performing a magic trick.

## **Chapter 168 - Decision**

"Have you heard of Pellet Formations?" Yun Che asked with a mysterious expression.

"Pellet Formations?"

"Pellet Formations are a type of formless formation, a type of special formation used to refine pellets. My Master once said that using furnaces and flames is the most common method, but is also the most basic method to refine medicine; because this method will cause a large percentage of the medicinal effects to be lost and also has the highest failure rate. But by deploying the Pellet Formation, you will achieve different effects. By using a formation to directly extract and fuse the ingredients, basically none of the medicinal effects will be lost during the process; the failure rate is low, and the time used is much shorter as well. What I used earlier, was the Pellet Formation I spoke of."

Yun Che finished his explanation without any change to his facial expression and heart-rate... But, what he had said was not entirely a bluff. In this world, there indeed exists this kind of thing called the Pellet

Formation. His master in the Azure Cloud Continent knew how to use it, and in this Profound Sky Continent, extraordinary people who knows how to deploy Pellet Formations might exist as well. But no matter how experienced or skilled one was with Pellet Formations and purification abilities, it was impossible to compare with the heavenly profound treasure, the Sky Poison Pearl.

Little Fairy's eyebrows slightly curved... The words 'Pellet Formations' were not entirely unfamiliar to her; rather, she seemed to have a slight impression of it. And as her impression of it was this blurry, it proved that Pellet Formations appear very rarely, which also proved that people who were capable of deploying Pellet Formations were even rarer. At the very least, the number one genius doctor of Blue Wind Empire, Gu Qihong, did not know how to use it, and similarly, the main pharmacist in her sect also did not know how to use it... nor had she ever mentioned it before.

But the youngster before her, by just covering the ingredients with his hands, was able to turn a pile of ingredients into three pellets which emitted an Emperor Profound aura... The "Pellet Formation" he spoke of, though it did shock her, was not completely unbelievable.

"Mind if I have a look at that pellet of yours?"

Little Fairy stretched out a snow-white hand towards Yun Che. Without even waiting for Yun Che's consent, a chilling wind blew, and a Dragon Blood Pellet flew to her hand.

Holding up the Dragon Blood Pellet with her fingers and sensing the aura contained within, Little Fairy's eyes lit up slightly once again. What was hidden in this Dragon Blood Pellet was undoubtedly the aura of a dragon, and it had the aura of the Emperor Profound dragon.

Dragons were revered as the king of beasts. No matter the type of dragon, be it common dragons or a subspecies, dragons were still highly respected amongst the divine beasts in ancient legend, ranking above phoenixes, sky wolves, golden crows, and other similar divine beasts. The tyrannical strength of a dragon's body can not be compared to any other living being in the world. Even its blood, bones, scales, heart, and meat... Not a single one of them were not worldly treasures. But, because of their extreme tyranny, without going through a complicated refining process, they could not be just simply used on a human's body; otherwise, not only would that human not gain any benefits, it would cause harm to the body instead.

Something that came from an Emperor Profound Dragon was even more so.

But the dragon aura within this pellet was actually very gentle, and with the assimilation of the various other medicinal ingredients, it became even more attuned to the mechanisms of a human body. Although it possessed the aura of an Emperor Profound Dragon, even a practitioner at the Spirit Profound Realm might be able to cultivate it within his body.

Evidently, in her eyes, this pellet was definitely not a small matter.

With a single movement of Little Fairy's fingers, the Dragon Blood Pellet flew back onto Yun Che's hands. Her beautiful eyes looked towards Yun Che, and she calmly said, "I want to ask you a question. You claim to be a genius doctor, and your medical abilities are indeed astonishingly impressive. You were even able to detoxify the Origin Poison in my body with just a wave of your hand, and easily find out about the parasite the Medical Saint, Gu Qihong, planted into the Blue Wind Emperor's body. You even know about 'Pellet Formations' and you're able to casually refine such high-grade pellets... With abilities like

these, any one of them is sufficient to shock the entire world. As long as you wish to join a sect, I believe every sect in the Blue Wind Empire would extend their invitations for your entry, allowing you to obtain an extremely high status and endless glory. So, why would you keep yourself within this small Blue Wind Profound Palace, and be a regular Inner Palace disciple?”

“The moment one enters a sect, one is not allowed to leave it for his entire life, and his entire life will be dedicated solely to that one sect; otherwise, he will be treated as a renegade. To me, that’s basically no different from entering a prison cell. What I strive for, is absolute freedom...”

Yun Che did not speak out the latter half of the sentence, which was... Absolute control. And regardless if it was the former or the latter, the first and ultimate condition for him to achieve his goals was to possess formidable strength. This was not because he loved authority or looking down on others, it was because he had lost too much, and now that he had reincarnated, he no longer wished to lose anymore.

Little Fairy’s expression did not change, and she did not even make a slight reaction to his arrogant words. She asked again, “Since you strive for freedom, why did you let me know of these abilities you possess? Aren’t you afraid that I’ll spread the news? If those sects are to know of the incredible medical techniques and refining ability you possess, and since you do not have the strength to protect yourself or retaliate, by then, you will not even be able to think of being free and safe from harm. You will either submit, or be forced to submit.”

“That’s because I believe in you.” Yun Che smiled. “For someone like me, given your level of strength, there is simply no need for you to spare an extra glance at me. But even for such an insignificant being like me, back when I suffered a heavy injury, you did not leave right then and there; rather, you watched over me for several days, and even used your profound arts to heal me... And, you even came back after two months because of the promise we made, and saved my life when I was in danger last night. From all this, I can deduce that even though you look ice-cold on the surface, you’re actually kind at heart. And, for such a beautiful person like Little Fairy, even if someone were to call you an actual fairy, I would definitely believe it as well. No matter how I look at you, I can’t picture you as an evil person.”

“... Hmph, glib-tongued.” Little Fairy’s beautiful eyes shifted to the side. Although she did not sound bothered by his words, her gaze inadvertently softened by a little.

“Little Fairy, may I ask you a question?” Yun Che suddenly said.

“??”

“You should be... someone from the Frozen Cloud Asgard, right?” Yun Che probed.

Little Fairy did not answer. She did not admit it, nor did she deny it.

“If you don’t say anything, I will take your silence as a yes.” Yun Che laughed, and then, after a moment of hesitation, he asked, “Then, do you know of a person called Xia Qingyue? She should be a disciple of your Frozen Cloud Asgard.”

Little Fairy suddenly set her eyes on Yun Che, “You know of Xia Qingyue?”

Yun Che was shocked by Little Fairy’s reaction to the name “Xia Qingyue”. He nodded and said, “Mn, I know her. I have known her since I was young. Because, like her, I was also born in Floating Cloud City.

However, I heard that she had married someone, and not long after her marriage, left Floating Cloud City and headed to Frozen Cloud Asgard.”

“That’s right. Qingyue is indeed a disciple of our Asgard. But, you don’t have to inquire about things regarding her any further.” After pausing for a moment, she gave Yun Che a glance, and said, “If you were to represent the Imperial Palace in the Blue Wind Ranking Tournament this year, you might be able to see her.”

“She will be participating in this year’s Blue Wind Ranking Tournament?” Yun Che said in surprise. “But, she’s the same age as me. She just turned seventeen recently, isn’t it too forceful for her to participate?”

Back when he had separated from Xia Qingyue, Xia Qinyue’s profound strength had been at the tenth level of the Elementary Profound Realm... Even if she had hidden her true strength, at the very most, it would have only been at the Nascent Profound Realm. With the Nascent Profound Realm as her starting point, participating in the Blue Wind Ranking Tournament in just a year and a half’s time, is more than just “forceful”.

“Hmph, it’s naturally impossible for others, but it’s possible for Qingyue! In the previous tournament, Ling Yun was able to take the top place at the age of seventeen; our Frozen Cloud Asgard’s Xia Qingyue is capable of doing it as well! Qingyue’s talent and comprehension ability are never-before-seen since ancient times, and can be said to be unparalleled. Even Ling Yun definitely cannot be compared to her. In the upcoming Blue Wind Ranking Competition, Qingyue only has one opponent, and that’s Ling Yun! If Qingyue had participated in the previous Ranking Tournament, our Frozen Cloud Asgard would definitely have come up on top! And even if she were to face the current Ling Yun, Qingyue will definitely not lose either.”

As she talked about Xia Qingyue, Little Fairy’s demeanor was completely different from usual. Her indifferent tone carried a deep sense of pride and expectation, and of course, a deep sense of confidence.

Yun Che was speechless for a long while... Lan Xueruo had once described to him the terrifying strength that Ling Yun possessed. And currently, from Little Fairy’s words, she actually had a lot of confidence that Xia Qingyue would be able to defeat Ling Yun, who had already turned twenty years old. He had bestowed the Heavenly God’s Spiritual Veins upon Xia Qinyue, but talent did not solely consist of gifts brought about by the profound veins, but also understanding of the profound laws, the ability to control them, comprehension, etc...

The year Ling Yun acquired the top seat in the Ranking Tournament, Xia Qingyue was only fourteen years old, and had only entered the Nascent Profound Realm, while Ling Yun was already at the ninth level of the Spirit Profound Realm. Currently, Ling Yun must already have broken through the Spirit Profound Realm, and stepped into the Earth Profound Realm. To be able to enter the Earth Profound Realm below the age of twenty, in the younger generation of the entire Blue Wind Empire, Ling Yun was most probably the only one. It’s impossible for Frozen Cloud Asgard to not know of this large difference in strength, but they still possessed such confidence that she would be able to compete against Ling Yun...

Yun Che's heart started to convulse uncontrollably... If what she said was true, then the talent his wife Qingyue possessed, was truly a little terrifying.

"I know you will not believe it, and you don't have to believe it either. You have already met Ling Yun yesterday, and even praised him to be 'devoid of flaws'. But it's a pity this upcoming Blue Wind Ranking Tournament will become the cause of his fall in fame."

Yun Che nodded slowly, and said softly, "So she had already become this formidable... Kuh, Little Fairy, do you happen to know of this extremely lucky man who could actually marry such a formidable girl and have her as his wife?"

"The reason she married was to cut away her remaining worldly bonds, and so that her family would not carry the weight of a name as one that goes against promises. When Palace Master had a fateful encounter with her talent, she felt her sincerity, so she was not the least bit worried... Adding on to that, the person she married was someone with crippled profound veins since birth, and he could only be a cripple for his entire life. Qinyue also swore that she would never develop any feelings towards him; hence, an exception was made and she became our Asgard's first married disciple. After her marriage, she immediately returned to our Frozen Cloud Asgard. In the future, she will never meet the person she married again."

Yun Che: "..."

"Just as you said, he's indeed a very lucky man. Even if there's tens of thousands of him, he would never be worthy of Qingyue. But, since him and Qinyue are officially married, it can be considered a great favor granted to him by the heavens." Little Fairy glanced at Yun Che, and continued, "Regarding Qingyue, this is all that I can tell you. Since you revealed many of your secrets in front of me, these words can be considered my repayment."

Thump, thump.

A light knock on the door sounded, and Lan Xueruo's voice came from the other side of the door. "Junior brother Yun, are you inside?"

At the same time as the knock on the door, an ice aurora fluttered before Yun Che's eyes, and like a scattering dream, Little Fairy disappeared from the room.

Yun Che walked over to open the door, and before Lan Xueruo could say anything, he said firmly, "Senior sister, I have decided. I want to participate in this upcoming Blue Wind Ranking Tournament!"

### **Chapter 169 - Decisive Departure**

"Ah?" Yun Che's abrupt words startled Lan Xueruo for a good while. Then, she immediately nodded. "If you're willing, then of course you can. After all, no matter the outcome, participating in the Ranking Tournament is a good experience, and you will create a good foundation for your participation three years later. It's just that, the Imperial Palace is only allowed to send three people to participate. These three people will have to be selected from a fair competition, and I do not possess the absolute right to make the decisions either. So, if Junior brother Yun really wishes to participate in this upcoming Blue Wind Tournament, within half a year, you have to enter the top three placings of the Inner Palace Heavenly Profound Ranking."

Currently, Yun Che had taken over Murong Yi's position in the Heavenly Profound Ranking, and was ranked seventy-third. To step into the top three places from the seventy-third place in half a year, no one would believe it would actually happen if they were to hear of it... nor would they believe that the seventh place, Xuelang, or the thirty-sixth place, Feng Baiyi, of the Heavenly Profound Ranking had already died at Yun Che's hands.

In other words, with the strength Yun Che currently possessed, he was at least at the seventh placing or above.

"I know." Yun Che nodded. His gentle yet firm gaze looked towards Lan Xueruo. "I will strive to obtain the qualifications to participate in the Ranking Tournament, and in this tournament, I will not be going there for the sake of experience; rather, I will be participating in it seriously... So, Senior sister, after this, I will be leaving for a period of time."

"Leave?" The light in Lan Xueruo's eyes stirred, and she hurriedly grabbed onto Yun Che's hand. "Where are you going? Why do you have to leave?"

Yun Che took Lan Xueruo's small hand and held it, and said gently, "Senior sister, do you remember the things I told you that night? I said that I would give you a shoulder that you can lean on and rely on, and that I would take on that unimaginable heavy burden in your stead... It's just that, even if I have the resolution to do so, with the way I am now, I am still too weak; I basically do not possess that sort of shoulder. The things you're bearing, I don't even have the strength to get involved in them. If I were to step into these matters with the way I am now, not only will I not be able to take them on for you, I will also become your burden and a source of your worries. I might even become your weakness."

"Back when I received invitations from the Crown Prince and the Third Prince at the same time, Instructor Qin had advised me to take the initiative to distance myself from you, because only doing that will be best for you, and it will be a sort of protection for myself as well. But something like that, is something I will never ever do. As to how to deal with the invitations from the Crown Prince and Third Prince, I have pondered about it these few days. In the end, after taking into consideration the things I currently possess, no matter how resolved I am, no matter how arrogant I am, I cannot deny that the current me, does not have the ability nor the qualifications to get involved in the turbulence within the Imperial Palace, and neither am I able to carry even a portion of your burden. At least, if the Crown Prince and Third Prince were to wish for my death, it is something that can be easily fulfilled for either of them."

"So, regarding their invitations, I am unable to choose. Since I can neither decide on either, nor can I choose both or decline both at the same time, the only thing I can do, is to choose neither, and silently leave."

This was the choice Yun Che made after ruminating on it for the last few days.

As the Crown Prince and Prince of an Empire, they have many subordinates, and the number of experts within this number was not something a regular person could imagine. After leaving Floating Cloud City, he had been spending his time mingling with the younger generation, so he was still able to excel to a certain degree. However, the battle within the Imperial Palace simply could not compare to battles within the younger generation circle. Just by the number of practitioners, among the Crown Prince and Third Prince's subordinates, experts in the Earth Profound Realm number not less than a hundred, and

experts at the Sky Profound Realm definitely existed as well. There might even be numerous Sky Profound Realm practitioners who were close to the Emperor Profound Realm serving under them. No matter who Yun Che chose, he would be dragged into this circle. With such weak profound strength within that circle, he would not even be able to influence the entire situation in the slightest. The only thing he had was influence over the younger generation. If he were to step into the turbulent situation within the Imperial Palace the way he was now, other than increasing Lan Xueruo's worries and concerns, what wave of changes could he bring about?

And regarding all these, as an Imperial Princess, Lan Xueruo was even clearer on these issues than Yun Che.

Her lips had moved quite a few times, but she could not bring herself to say anything. In the last few days, she had been worried that Yun Che would be dragged into her affairs, and him leaving, was definitely the safest option available to him. However, she simply could not bear to have Yun Che leave, because she could no longer imagine a day without him. She did not know when it started, but Yun Che had already become the supporting pillar in her heart, as well as her sustenance. If he were to leave now, she would be at a loss of what to do.

Finally, she chose to nod and softly said. "Leaving is good as well... No, it's for the best. If you were just a regular Inner Palace disciple, they would still try to win you over, but it wouldn't be that urgent and fierce. However, your current influence over the Imperial City is too strong. Your choice will definitely sway the inclinations of the younger practitioners to a very large degree. So, no matter who you choose, it will definitely plunge you deep within. At the same time, you will suffer the hatred of the other party... and you might even be assassinated."

"These few days, I had wanted to advise you to temporarily leave the Imperial City as well... Yet, I couldn't bear to part with you. In this Imperial City, my heart has never been able to calm down. If you were to leave my side as well, I... I..." Lan Xueruo bit her lip, and tightly held onto Yun Che's hand.

Yun Che shook his head, and said, "Senior sister, you don't have to worry. I will only be leaving temporarily, and I won't be away for a long time either. Actually, escaping the invitations of the Crown Prince and Third Prince is merely one of the two reasons why I wish to leave the Imperial City. The other reason is that I wish to head out to train. The Blue Wind Profound Palace is indeed a place where countless of practitioners wish to train in, but this place is too comfortable. There is pressure, but it isn't forceful. You will receive injuries, but they won't be life-threatening. I require a place that can push me even further, so as to provide you a shoulder that you can lean on as soon as possible. Half a year... Senior sister, give me half a year's time. After half a year, I will definitely come back much stronger than before."

Half a year's time, was indeed really short as a practitioner's training duration. As to why Yun Che would shorten the time imposed on himself to such an extent, was firstly because the Blue Wind Ranking Tournament would take place in half a year. However, the most important reason was that he was afraid some sort of huge change would occur in the Imperial Palace when he wasn't by Lan Xueruo's side if the duration was too long.

"Then... Where will you be going to for the next half a year? Have you decided?" Lan Xueruo asked worriedly.

“Not yet. But I believe that I will be able to find a place immediately after leaving the Imperial City.” Yun Che said with a relaxed expression.

With great effort, Lan Xueruo suppressed the unwillingness that was surging in her heart, and said gently, “Half a year isn’t that long either. Since you have already decided, I... I will stay in the Imperial City, and calmly wait for your return. But, no matter what, do not give yourself too much pressure, and even more so, do not expose yourself to danger... The reason why I am still staying in the Imperial Palace, is because I simply cannot leave my father behind. Yesterday, I personally visited the Black Moon Merchant Guild... But, even the Black Moon Merchant Guild has never come to possess a Burning Soul Flower before. If this is my father’s fate, then, when father passes away, I will give up my identity as a Princess, and go wherever you go... Both the struggle within the Imperial Palace, as well as my hatred towards the person who killed my father will no longer be important. I only wish to have you in my entire life, and that alone will be enough. That’s why, you must definitely not force yourself too much, alright?”

Yun Che’s heart shook violently from these words. He stretched out his arms, and hugged Lan Xueruo tight... These words alone, were enough for Yun Che to never turn his back on her for his entire life.

However, to Lan Xueruo, and to Yun Che, their greatest pressure was never the struggle within the Imperial Palace, but rather, Fen Juecheng from the Burning Heaven Clan!

“Junior brother Yun, when are you planning to leave?”

“... Now.”

“Ah?”

“I will not give up my identity as a Blue Wind Profound Palace disciple. As for Palace Chief Qin and Yuanba, Senior sister, please help me relay my decision to them... Half a year later, I will return... I will definitely return!”

.....

Bringing all his belongings and with Lan Xueruo sending him off with teary eyes, Yun Che quietly left the Blue Wind Profound Palace, as well as the Blue Wind Imperial City.

“Why did you make such a sudden decision?” Behind him, Little Fairy’s fleeting, cold and tranquil voice resounded.

Little Fairy once again took the initiative to converse with him, causing Yun Che’s heart to feel at ease. “It’s not really a sudden decision. The thought of leaving came up quite a few times in my mind the past two days.”

Although he had thoughts of leaving, he had been extremely hesitant. He definitely would not tell Little Fairy that the reason why he would suddenly make such a decisive situation... was due to the declaration she had made about Xia Qinyue, which had roused him greatly.

“Then, where have you decided to go?”

Yun Che gazed towards the northeast, and slowly said, “The place where rampant profound beasts live... The Wasteland of Death which spans nine hundred and fifty kilometers!”

“What?”

The name “Wasteland of Death”, was actually able to cause even Little Fairy, whose strength was half a step away from the Emperor Profound Realm, to hold hints of shock in her voice. “You’re actually going there to train? That place has been termed as the heaven for profound beasts, and the hell for practitioners. Countless of practitioners die in there every year.”

“I know, I have heard of it from my grandfather when I was really young. But I did not expect that there would come a day when I would have to step into it. I believe that within the entire Blue Wind Empire, there is no better place to train.” Yun Che said calmly.

“Since you have already decided on a destination, why did you not tell her?”

Yun Che faintly sighed. “The Wasteland of Death is one of the three most dangerous places in the Blue Wind Empire. The number of profound beasts that reside within it is at least a hundred times more than the Ten Thousand Beast Mountain Range. If I were to tell her this, she would definitely worry about my safety every day and night, and cause her sleepless nights and a loss of appetite.”

Little Fairy no longer said anything.

Yun Che carried the heavy sword on his back, took out the map he had bought earlier and glanced at it. As if he was flying, he sprinted towards the north and quickly disappeared at the end of the road, leaving Blue Wind Imperial City, which was swarming with movements from the shadows, far behind.

He was arrogant, but definitely not blind.

A temporary retreat, all for the sake of returning stronger than ever before!

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Ten days later.

The Wasteland of Death was one of the areas within Blue Wind Empire which had an impeccable reputation of being dangerous and brutal. Spanning nine hundred and fifty kilometers long and eight hundred kilometers wide, countless of profound beasts roam the wasteland, and these profound beasts were mostly wild and ferocious. Along with its reputation, its dense population of profound beasts attract large numbers of practitioners and treasure hunters. However, every year, deaths of practitioners within the area number more than a hundred thousand. Hence, from this, the place was named “Wasteland of Death”.

The bright moon hung high up in the clear night sky, enveloping the city nearest to the Wasteland of Death with a sublime atmosphere. From afar, the drawn-out roars of profound beasts could be constantly heard, one after another.

Each of the countless inns situated in the city was filled with practitioners from all around. The Wasteland of Death was just fifteen kilometers away from the city, and all the guests in the inns were people who wished to challenge the Wasteland of Death.

Under the night sky, being drawn in by the sublime atmosphere, a calm-looking youth carrying a heavy sword on his back slowly walked over.

“I’m finally here.”

Looking at the light shining from the inns’ windows and hearing the profound beasts’ intimidating roars coming from afar, the youth stopped and looked towards the distance as he muttered to himself.

### **Chapter 170 - Wasteland of Death**

Yun Che randomly picked a guest house to stay in, but he did not go to sleep. Rather, he sat on the bed and placed the last Dragon Blood Pellet into his mouth.

During his travel from Blue Wind Imperial City to here, he had already ingested two Dragon Blood Pellets. The refinement and absorption of each pellet took around a day or two, but with Little Fairy’s protection from the shadows, he had nothing to worry about.

The moment the Dragon Blood Pellet entered his body, it was as if a ball of fire had suddenly exploded in his body. Yun Che’s face flushed red, and his body began to shudder. But under the operation of the Great Way of the Buddha, this reaction did not even last for half a quarter of an hour before his expression recovered and his disposition stabilized.

Of course, four drops of blood from the Emperor Profound Flame Dragon could not possibly match up to the blood of the mythical Phoenix. However, when the Flame Dragon’s blood enters the body, it was much more dangerous than the Phoenix’s blood. This was because the Phoenix’s blood would only blend into a person’s blood vessels, and become a part of the blood vessels within the body, instead of being eliminated..... With Yun Che’s capabilities, it would be absolutely impossible to completely destroy the Phoenix’s blood. But with the Flame Dragon’s blood, the situation was different. It had to be refined, and the power harnessed within it had to be transformed into Yun Che’s own. After refining, it would disappear forever. This process was much more difficult and dangerous than the fusion of the Phoenix’s blood. Therefore, Yun Che must first integrate it into a medicinal pellet, making it more gentle, before daring to refine it.

A wave of ice auroras drifted, and Little Fairy silently appeared in front of Yun Che. Watching his calm expression, a complicated expression flashed in her eyes. She had personally examined the Dragon Blood Pellet before; it contained pure Emperor Profound Dragon blood, and at least four drops of it. Even though it had been assimilated into a medicinal pellet, and the energy contained within the dragon’s blood became much gentler, one must at least have profound strength at the Spirit Profound Realm in order to refine it; if someone at the True Profound Realm tried to forcefully consume it, it would be accompanied by great danger.

However, Yun Che had taken three Dragon Blood Pellets consecutively, and every refinement had been incomparably successful. Among these, not a single occasion had been with too much pain or struggle, and the entire process was calm and followed with success; this caused amazement to strike her heart.

By the time Yun Che was finished, it was already the morning of the third day. However, after opening his eyes, instead of feeling hungry, he only felt light and refreshed. After the refinement of three Dragon Blood Pellets, his profound strength had already risen to the peak of the fourth level of the True Profound Realm, and he was only half a step away from breaking into the fifth level. The benefits these three Dragon Blood Pellets brought him wasn’t only an increase in profound strength, but also a substantial strengthening of his body and meridians.

With the help of a Goldscale Dragon Transforming Pellet and three Dragon Blood Pellets, Yun Che's profound energy had risen by two levels continuously within the span of half a month. However, while drawing support from medicinal pellets was the fastest method, it was also a large malpractice, because it made his profound strength unsteady. After all, this sudden rise of two whole levels in profound strength was not due to regular practice. To achieve stability, a large amount of combat was required.

Yun Che exited the guest room and purchased sufficient rations. When the shopkeeper saw the purple spatial ring on his finger, he hesitated for quite a while, but gathered enough courage to ask quietly, "Young man, are you also a practitioner who is going to train in the Wasteland of Death?"

"Yes," Yun Che saw that the shopkeeper's eyes beheld kindness, "Not sure if Shopkeeper has any advice for me?"

"Hehe," The shopkeeper sized him up, and praised, "Already possessing the profound strength of the True Profound Realm at such a young age, it's truly impressive. Let me guess, you must be from some large clan, or perhaps the genius disciple of a large sect? And from your attire, as well as the purple spatial ring on your finger, you're not someone who lacks for money either, so you certainly aren't here to seek out treasure for money."

Yun Che shot a glance at the purple spatial ring on his finger, but did not say a word. With the Sky Poison Pearl within his body, he had absolutely no need for spatial rings. He had only put on this purple spatial ring he had taken from Feng Baiyi's hand to pull the wool over the others' eyes.

"But..." The shopkeeper took a look at the surrounding people, and lowered his voice, saying, "Among those who come to the Wasteland of Death, there are crooks mixed in with the honest folk. Some of them come for training, and others come for the money. Not only do they kill profound beasts for their own benefit, they also kill practitioners who enter the Wasteland of Death. The purple spatial ring on your finger is too eye-catching, you'll easily attract others' attention. In addition to that, you are young and traveling alone, so it's simply too dangerous. I suggest you take off that ring, carry a tattered bag, and dress more normally. At least this way, you won't catch the attention of those who are greedy."

The shopkeeper's words caused Yun Che to nod his head and say gratefully, "Got it, thank you for the reminder."

"Also, although your profound strength is not weak, the strength and numbers of the profound beasts in the Wasteland of Death far exceed your imagination. In the surrounding fifty kilometers, it is all Nascent Profound Beasts and True Profound Beasts. Beyond the fifty kilometers, Spirit Profound Beasts will also appear frequently. The further you travel, the higher the strength of the profound beast. Although this distribution of profound beasts is distinct, it is definitely not absolute; within fifty kilometers, Spirit Profound beasts will often appear as well. Therefore, my advice for you is to not go beyond twenty five kilometers. Training is meant for you to improve yourself, so you must not throw your life into the equation. Sigh, there are so many practitioners who overestimated their capabilities and have never returned from the Wasteland of Death."

"Rest assured, I'll try my best."

Yun Che thanked the shopkeeper, left the guest house, and walked towards the Wasteland. All the way, he attracted many looks from others — because of the colossal sword strapped to his back. As the

emperor amongst thousands of weapons, swords were used by a large number of practitioners, and those who traveled with their swords strapped to their backs were not few either. However, there truly were not many who carried such a large sword.

Half an hour later, Yun Che officially entered the area of the Wasteland of Death.

Wasteland, a land that was left to grow wild. Here, the desolate sound of the wind held sinister, eerie hints. The continuous howls that came from profound beasts in the distance made one's heart palpitate. From afar, the entire wasteland was overrun with dry withered grass; rocks lined the rugged terrain, and the boundary could not be seen with just a look. The silhouettes of practitioners gathering into groups could be faintly seen. There were very few who came alone like Yun Che; at least, in the area within his line of sight, there was only him alone.

In front of him, a wave of ice auroras floated and Little Fairy's immortal-like body floated down from above to land in front of Yun Che, and she asked coldly, "You want to remain here for the next half a year?"

"Right!" Yun Che nodded: "There is no training place better than this. I also want to know how deep I can venture into this place of death that causes everyone's expressions to change the moment it is mentioned."

He looked at Little Fairy and suddenly said: "Little Fairy, are you not willing to follow me in?"

"Indeed, I don't wish to set foot into this sort of place. But since I've agreed to protect you for three months, I'll definitely do it. I won't go so far as to let you, a junior, lose faith in me."

Her soft, clear and cold voice fell, and Little Fairy was already afloat. In the blink of an eye, she had disappeared from Yun Che's line of sight.

"Junior....." Yun Che rubbed the corner of his mouth, speechless.

"This young brother, are you alone?"

Behind Yun Che, a somewhat apprehensive voice came. Yun Che turned around and saw a small group of a dozen or so people looking at him. The one who spoke was precisely the one who was leading them. These ten or so people were very young; the oldest was only twenty four or five years old. Their profound strength ranged from the late stages of the Nascent Profound Realm to the initial stages of the True Profound Realm. Their faces revealed simultaneous expressions of excitement and nervousness. It was obvious this was their first time entering the Wasteland of Death.

Seeing Yun Che turn around, the person who had shouted said: "If you're on your own, why not join us? When there are many together, be it facing profound beasts or evil men, we can rely on each other. It will be much safer. If we get any precious drops, it will also be split equally with absolutely no bias."

The reason they were inviting Yun Che so extensively was obviously because Yun Che's profound strength was at the fourth level of the True Profound Realm. Yun Che turned back around and said indifferently, "There's no need."

At that, he began to walk forward on his own, moving towards the depths of the wasteland.

“Tch, he actually dares to enter the Wasteland of Death all by himself, no wonder so many die in there every year.” Within the group, a youth with a longsword strapped to his back spoke lowly.

“He looks to be at most seventeen or eighteen years old, but has actually attained the fourth level of the True Profound Realm. He should be someone from some large sect, eh?”

“So what if he’s from a large sect! In this Wasteland of Death, will the profound beasts and evil men who will kill him care about where he was born? The more he’s born to a large family in some large sect, the more likely he’ll be carrying large quantities of profound coins, medicine, precious weapons and the like, so the more likely he’ll catch the attention of those evil men..... I bet he won’t last till sunset.”

“Alright, there’s no need to mind others’ business. We’ve already made all the necessary preparations; after we gather twenty people, we’ll set out.”

As Yun Che progressed forward, he met three groups in succession that wanted to invite him into their adventuring groups; one of which was even a small-scale mercenary troop, yet he rejected them all.

Moving ahead one and a half kilometers, everything was still at a dead calm. After one and a half kilometers, Yun Che, who was still walking, suddenly stopped in his tracks as his gaze shifted to the right. At this time, behind the black boulder on his right, which was as tall as two people in height, a grey shadow rushed out, accompanied by a brutal howl. It threw itself at him, as its ghastly sharp claws emitted a cold light.

Astonishingly, it was only a low-leveled profound beast --- Wild Wolf.

“You’re seeking death!”

Yun Che stood unmoving in his original spot. As the Wild Wolf came pouncing at him, he stretched out his right arm abruptly, sweeping the palm of his hand at the Wild Wolf’s head. With only the sound of a single “snap”, the Wild Wolf’s neck was crushed instantly. After being sent flying far with a slap in the midst of blood-curdling shrieks, its entire body twitched violently, and then stilled.

Behind the black boulder, another Wild Wolf that was about to hurl towards him seemed to be intimidated as it took a step back in fear and all the hairs on its body stood up like needles. Immediately, it raised its head high in wolf song, craning its neck in a prolonged howl. Instantly, howls came from all around and not long after, around ten Wild Wolves came rushing from all directions, pouncing straight at Yun Che.

Yun Che’s expression did not change. Rather, he allowed these Wild Wolves to come hurtling towards him. After which, his limbs swung out simultaneously as phoenix fire danced in the breeze. Whenever these Wild Wolves came into contact with his fist, foot or Phoenix Flame, they all perished in an instant. For a moment, wolf carcasses flew in all directions, and waves of bitter cries resounded continuously. Within a few breaths of time, a dozen or so wolves fell disorderly around Yun Che, becoming all sorts of warped, shattered wolf carcasses.

“Too weak, it’s impossible to get any experience from this sort of place. I’m only wasting my time.”

Yun Che clapped the back of his hand. Staring at the shady forest ahead, he quickened his steps and rushed into the depths of the Wasteland of Death.

