

Winner Takes All Chapter 1311-1312

Chapter 1311

The words are charming and arrogant.

The door of the room opened.

A bitter wind and snow poured into the room.

Master Empty Sky's monk's robes drummed, but his steps were abrupt.

"Master Huo, can you take a move from me?"

Boom!

As soon as the words left his mouth, Qi energy burst out from Master Kongkong's body like a river breaking its banks.

The terrifying qi instantly cracked the ground beneath Master Khongkong's feet.

The majestic and mighty pressure instantly overturned like a great mountain, directly crushing down on Huo Zhenxiao.

Huo Zhenxiao's body shook and his expression changed greatly.

When he felt the mighty pressure sweeping towards him, a brilliant aura shot out of his eyes.

There was a buzz!

He waved the Silver Dragon Lance in his hand, "Respectfully, since I'm going to take a move from Grandmaster, you and I might as well attack each other!"

"Courageous!"

Master Empty Air's qi surrounded his body as he turned around bravely, and at this moment, a golden aura faintly flashed in his eyes.

The majesty of the Buddha was immense.

Almost simultaneously.

His aura also emanated from Huo Zhenxiao's body, and his entire aura rose as if he was pulling up a mountain from the ground.

His aura was as powerful and overbearing as a mountain.

The next second.

“Buddha’s Wrath and Vajra!”

“Great Snow Dragon Roar!”

Both of them struck at the same time, their tongues thundering in spring.

The qi that enveloped Master Kongkong suddenly rendered up a golden light, and a sitting Buddha’s silhouette quickly emerged with an appalling power, like a mountain or a prison.

At the same time, Huo Zhenxiao took a step forward, his silver dragon spear wrapped in qi energy in his hand, and stabbed Master Kongkong directly with a brazen shot.

Time seemed to be slowed down at this moment.

As the silver dragon stabbed out, the dragon’s roar suddenly rose, and a spiral of Qi, visible to the naked eye, swept out from the tip of the spear, like a pale dragon, heading straight for Master Kongkong.

The sitting Buddha above Master Kongkong’s head, however, spread his hands out with Master Kongkong and pushed across the incoming wave of Qi.

This scene was incomparably shocking.

The next second.

The Seated Buddha’s hands collided with the swirling pale dragon.

Rumble

It was like an avalanche of thunderous roar.

The wave of Qi, visible to the naked eye, destroyed the ground and lifted it more than two metres high, spreading it out in all directions.

Huo Zhenxiao and Master Kongkong staggered backwards at the same time.

With a “boom”, the originally solid barracks collapsed under the impact of the qi.

Smoke and dust rose into the sky, and the ground crumbled into gullies, spreading out like a spider’s web.

The sound of the explosion echoed through Zhenjiang City like thunder.

The tremendous commotion caused the Great Snow Dragon Riders within Zhenjiang City to swarm in a rapid tide of people.

No one had expected that Zhenjiang City, which was under strict security and where not even flies could enter, would suddenly be in such a state of commotion.

“Hurry up, all of you!”

“It’s the Lord’s barracks, damn it, who the hell has broken into our Zhenjiang City?”

“Immediately blockade Zhenjiang City, and pull the military rank to the highest level for me immediately!”

.....

Bai Qi and a group of Golden Guards came pouring in from afar with a vast array of soldiers.

But when they saw that Huo Zhenxiao’s barracks had collapsed into rubble, everyone’s minds went blank and the sky spun.

“Stop right there!”

Suddenly, amidst the smoke and dust of the ruins, Huo Zhenxiao’s angry roar rose to the sky.

This roar was like an instant pause button.

A military order is like a mountain, and the law follows the word!

The tide of people, without exception, came to a screeching halt.

Horrified eyes looked into the smoke and dust of the ruins, and a sudden dead silence fell over the whole place as everyone held their breath.

The open ground was covered in snow.

Smoke and dust rolled across the ground, a sea of people that could not be seen, but no one made a sound, only the wind and snow cried out.

It was a shocking scene.

But what really shocked them, compared to all the Great Snow Dragon Riders, was the sooty ruins not far away.

In the dead silence, a loud laugh suddenly came out of the smoke and dust ruins.

“Hahahahaha Well well well, Chen Daoling, Chen Daogun, ruthless and flabby sons, poor monk is more than a hundred years old, but I have let you two little dolls play tricks on me.”

With the sound of laughter, a human figure gradually emerged from the smoke and dust.

Bai Qi and the others instantly locked onto the figure in the smoke and dust.

When Master Khong Khong stepped out of the smoke and dust, Bai Qi and the Golden Guards suddenly burst into a fury of anger.

“Take him down!”

Bai Qi roared, and immediately led the Golden Guards to surround Master Khongkong.

In the face of Bai Qi and the others, who were rushing towards him, Master Kongkong stopped where he was and folded his hands: “Amitabha Buddha, I don’t want to kill you all.”

His words were calm, but he was extremely wild.

Almost simultaneously.

Out of the rolling smoke and dust, Huo Zhenxiao’s bellowing voice once again came out.

“Are you going against me, Huo Zhenxiao?”

Boom!

The sound of thunder boomed in the ears of Bai Qi and the Golden Guards.

The murderous Bai Qi and the others instantly stopped in fear.

In the Great Snow Dragon Riders’ army, Huo Zhenxiao’s will was the will of the whole army, and no one dared to disobey it!

“Amitabha Buddha, monks have the virtue of good living, advise you all to calm down.”

Master Kongkong smiled spontaneously, his gaze looking askance at Bai Qi and the others.

Bai Qi's face turned red as he angrily pointed at Master Kongkong, "Mad monk, if it weren't for the Lord's orders, you would be a dead corpse by now!"

The angry rebuke echoed throughout the room.

One by one, the Golden Guards were also filled with righteous indignation and gnashing of teeth.

A monk had bypassed the heavy protection of Zhenjiang City, barged into it, and even engaged in direct war with Huo Zhenxiao.

This was not just dangerous, it was a disgrace to the entire Great Snow Dragon Riding Army!

Just then, a sound of metal scraping came out of the smoke and dust.

The furious Bai Qi and the others raised their eyes to look, and Huo Zhenxiao's figure was gradually revealed in the eyes of the crowd.

When Huo Zhenxiao stepped out of the smoke and dust, everyone changed their expressions, and there were even sounds of people sucking in cold air.

At this moment, Huo Zhenxiao was in a mess, the corners of his mouth were stained with blood, his military uniform was in tatters, and his right hand was dragging his silver dragon spear backwards, the tip of which was rubbing against the ground, but his right tiger mouth was cracked and bleeding.

Huo Zhenxiao's expression was cold and stern, his eyes like those of a ferocious beast as he stared at Master Kongkong.

"Let him go!"

What?!

Everyone was dumbfounded.

"Sovereign"

Bai Qi was about to speak at once.

But Huo Zhenxiao suddenly shouted, "Military orders are like mountains!"

Four simple words, but a great prison of fear, pressed Bai Qi and the entire army into silence.

Master Kong Kong turned to face Huo Zhenxiao, his face showing his appreciation, "Chen Daojun has made you look perfect, it's not easy to block a full force strike from a poor monk, is it?"

"It was indeed not easy to take."

Huo Zhenxiao pulled up the corner of his mouth and smiled proudly, "Master's hand, is it alright?"

At those words, the smile on Master Kong Kong's face instantly froze, and his right hand, which was joined together, could not help but tremble slightly.

Although Huo Zhenxiao was in a wretched state as seen by the naked eye, he did not suffer well from the blow just now, and the tremendous impact instantly broke the bone in his right small arm.

The fact that he was able to fold his hands now was only because he was barely holding on for dear life in spite of his status!

The change in Master Empty Sky's expression fell on Huo Zhenxiao's eyes.

Huo Zhenxiao spat a mouthful of blood onto the ground, his face full of arrogance: "Master, although Zhenxiao has heard of you for a long time, but Master has the wrong person to play hard to get in front of Zhenxiao.

"In terms of strength, Zhenxiao may not be as good as Grandmaster, but in terms of pretending to be a pussy Grandmaster take care of yourself!"

Chapter 1312

The words were sharp, like needles piercing the ears.

Master Empty Sky's gaze flickered, but quietly, his ears were red.

He had wanted to be mindful of his status, but he had not expected to be ruthlessly demolished by Huo Zhenxiao in public.

"It's just that, poor monk, I'll leave now."

Master Empty Sky smiled awkwardly.

Huo Zhenxiao immediately ordered, "Bai Qi, send Master away with the Golden Guards!"

Bai Qi and the Golden Guards looked at each other, confused and bewildered.

With such a big incident happening within Zhenjiang City, the master actually tolerated letting this monk leave?

Not only were they confused, but even all of the Great Snow Dragon Riders in the room were also confused.

In everyone's eyes, Huo Zhenxiao was majestic and domineering, and his words were followed by the law.

Now that he had been attacked and killed inside Zhenjiang City, destroying the barracks, the master actually let him go at the word of his master?

However, despite their doubts, Bai Qi and the others did not hesitate and immediately escorted Master Kongkong towards the outside of Zhenjiang City.

Huo Zhenxiao stood still, his hair blowing gently in the wind and snow, but his cold, stern gaze was always locked on Master Kongkong, and it was only when Master Kongkong had completely disappeared from sight that he withdrew his gaze and ordered the crowd to disperse.

Only then did Huo Zhenxiao drag his Silver Dragon Lance and walk towards another barracks.

After entering the barracks, Huo Zhenxiao calmly sat down on a chair, his gaze vacant and thoughtful.

The Silver Dragon Lance, meanwhile, was leaned against the side of his chair.

After waiting for almost half an hour.

The door to the room was pushed open and Bai Qi walked in with a worried face.

"Gone?"

Huo Zhenxiao asked.

"Gone, Juggernaut"

Bai Qi nodded, but hesitated.

"I know what you want to ask."

Huo Zhenxiao pulled the corner of his mouth, shook his hand and picked up the silver dragon lance and threw it to Bai Qi: "Do you think we can keep such an existence?"

Bai Qi frowned in confusion as he surveyed the Silver Dragon Lance, and suddenly his pupils tightened.

The shaft of the Silver Dragon Lance glittered at the lower end of the tip, but when one discerned it carefully, one could clearly see that the shaft was sunken compared to the rest of the shaft.

“Hiss~”

Bai Qi dawned on him and drew a breath of cold air backwards.

In an instant, he looked horrified to the extreme, his body’s cold hairs exploding as if he had fallen into an ice cave.

“Understand? This Silver Dragon Lance, forged with my blood, is indestructible, even if it is bombarded with cannons, it cannot hurt the lance even a bit.”

Huo Zhenxiao’s gaze burned as he slowly raised his head and folded his hands, “With just one tap, this indestructible lance was dented, it’s not cost-effective to fight him to the death.”

Not a good deal?

Bai Qi was in a trance like a dream.

He had never imagined that the God of War, Huo Zhenxiao, would spit out such a concession.

Yet, he was unable to refute it.

“Sovereign, is there really such a terrifying existence in this world?”

Because he was so shocked that Bai Qi couldn’t help but exclaim out of his mouth.

“There are people outside the world, and there is a heaven outside the sky, there is always inevitably these existence like ghosts and gods who hide from us, but when they are revealed to us one day, we don’t need to make a fuss and question his existence.”

Huo Zhenxiao shrugged his shoulders and looked to his left and right before slowly saying, “To be honest, if the old monk hadn’t come for my master today, he would have killed me if he had come because of me

After a pause, Huo Zhenxiao’s face showed a rare look of scruples, his lips mouthing, spitting out the shocking words.

“A hundred moves, I will die by his hand!”

Boom!

Bai Qi's tiger torso shook, his face instantly pale as paper, fear to the extreme.

I was afraid that the only person who could make the Sovereign say such words with such a certain tone was the mad monk.

A hundred strokes would kill him!

A hundred strokes might seem like a lot, but at Bai Qi's level, he had a new perception of the martial arts and a clear and profound understanding of Huo Zhenxiao's strength.

The so-called hundred strokes, among martial artists of Huo Zhenxiao's level, were really very few and far between at the rate they were making strokes per second!

"If that's the case, our Great Snow Dragon Riding Army of 300,000 men wouldn't be able to stop him from leaving!"

Bai Qi's lips were noodling, his mind palpitating as he thought of the move he and the Golden Guard had just made to kill and surround Master Khongkong.

"So sparring a move with him and then branching him out to my master is the best way to go."

Huo Zhenxiao deflated his mouth and said with an indifferent expression, "Although it's a bit humiliating and a bit of a pitfall for my master, but there's nothing we can do about it, who made this old demon too fierce, we can only let my master whack him."

"Understood, I'll go and arrange it down now."

Bai Qi clasped his fist and left.

The scene just now, to say it wasn't sensational would be pure bullshit.

The whole army was paying attention, and if arrangements weren't made as soon as possible, the army was bound to be in turmoil.

When Bai Qi had left, the army would be in turmoil.

Only gradually did Huo Zhenxiao's eyebrows wrinkle up and his gaze deepened as he said, "This Master Kongkong has always avoided the world, but now that he has suddenly entered the world, what exactly is he looking for?"

.....

Black Hell.

Standing in the extreme north, straddling the ice mountains, like an ancient beast bending the ground and hiding in the darkness of the night.

The Black Prison surveillance room.

Chen Daojun sat indifferently on a chair, with a monitoring monitor in front of him.

The Black Prisoners around him did not feel the slightest difference and worked as usual.

However, all of them were trying to restrain their gaze as much as possible, not sweeping past Chen Daojun.

A man who had a fierce reputation for oppressing a prison.

A prisoner of the Black Prison, and the protector of the Black Prison!

Completely opposite identities, yet all on Chen Daogun alone.

“Daojun, these three are all good.”

The old man with silver hair in a tuxedo stood beside Chen Daogun and pointed at the monitors.

On the densely packed numerous monitors, however, were three, corresponding exactly to Kunlun, Lin Lingdong and Lone Wolf.

At this moment, all three were in their respective prison zones, engaging in fierce and bloody fights.

This was the reason why Chen Daojun had brought them into the Black Prison.

It was only by wading on the edge of death time and again that they could stimulate their potential time and again and grow up at the fastest speed.

And the world's soldier kings, war gods and fierce gods imprisoned in the Black Prison were like a purgatory graveyard. After entering the Black Prison, even if one did not want to become stronger, as long as one wanted to live, the environment would force one to become stronger!

Chen Daojun raised his finger and pointed to the monitor where Kunlun was.

“It's also just that he has more potential and a high ceiling, as for Lin Lingdong and Lone Wolf, their roots are shallow and their ceilings won't be much higher in a short time.”

“Different environments create different ceilings of potential.”

The old man nodded and agreed, “Kunlun is the former King of Soldiers and has also walked out of the Black Prison once, what he has experienced is destined to be stronger than the other two!”

Inside the room.

A brief moment of calm fell.

The old man’s gaze flickered for a few moments before he suddenly spoke, “Daogun, those twelve martial arts bodies have been placed in turn in the major prison areas for people to enlighten themselves, but is doing so really not afraid of feeding the tiger?”

“You’re teaching me to do something?”

Chen Daogun gave a sidelong glance, frightening the old man into shrinking his neck, lowering his head and saying no more.

With that.

But Chen Daojun’s brow was furrowed into a “Chuan”, and his right hand lifted up and pinched his right eyelid.

“Strange, my right eye is beating so hard, is something going to happen?”

Winner Takes All Chapter 1313-1314

Chapter 1313

The Black Hell of the Far North, a place where no one has ever lived.

As night falls, the far north is plunged into total darkness.

If there is any embellishment, it is the aurora borealis, which stretches across the sky in all its beauty and splendour.

The wind and snow cry out.

The Black Hell is like an ancient beast, dormant in the snow and ice.

Suddenly.

A sharp, ear-splitting siren resounded through heaven and earth, instantly breaking the deadly silence of this barren land.

The lofty walls of the Black Prison, with the sound of the siren, flashed with a crimson red light.

Inside the Black Prison.

“Alarm! Alarm! Alarm! There is an enemy intrusion into the Black Prison, the Black Prison level immediately goes to the Heavenly Defence level.”

The mechanical system alarm sound echoed throughout Black Prison in an instant.

In all the major prison areas and corridors, the alarm sound echoed, and there was even a blinding red light flashing.

The inmates within the Black Prison instantly became noisy and agitated, the sound of people boiling was deafening.

Immediately afterwards.

The gruff, hoarse voice of the silver-haired old man from Black Prison echoed within the ten prison blocks.

“Officers of the ten prison districts, immediately send all prisoners into their cells and do not go outside, those who disobey the order will be executed immediately!”

A single order was given.

The supervisors in the ten prison districts immediately expelled the tide of people and dispersed into their respective cells.

And in the Black Prison’s central control room.

The silver-haired old man stared intently at the dense monitoring monitors in front of him, and slowly lowered the communicator in his right hand.

Compared to the restlessness of the prisoners in the ten prison blocks.

At this moment, inside the central control room, it was even more chaotic.

“Alert, alert, the southern gate of the Black Prison has burst into pieces!”

“Damn, who the hell is this old monk and why did he find out where our Black Prison is?”

“Quickly stop him, we can’t let him continue to burst in, otherwise there will be chaos in the Black Prison, and those fierce gods inside the prison are all pumping their fists!”

.....

The discussion was like a tidal wave, and everyone looked terrified and gloomy to the extreme.

The silver-haired old man frowned tightly and narrowed his eyes as he stared at one of the surveillance monitors.

On the monitor, it was clearly the location of the southern gate of the Black Prison that had been switched in.

At this moment, smoke and dust were rolling around the south gate, sweeping around in layers, and the scene could not be described as appalling.

Vaguely, a figure could be seen standing in the smoke and dust, and the direction the figure was facing, the lofty and heavy gate, was showing a large hole, like the mouth of an abyssal beast, as if it could swallow everything.

Thinking back to the brief scene between the figure's appearance just now and the breaking open of the southern gate, the silver-haired old man's gaze could not help but drift a little, his lips mumbling.

"The strength of the defenses created since the construction of the Black Prison has never been something that can be broken through by the human sphere!"

"Then you take him not as a human!"

A magnetic voice suddenly sounded.

Although the words were soft, they were like rolling thunder, echoing through the central control room.

The originally restless crowd was instantly silenced at this moment, and they all turned their heads and gazed sideways at Chen Daojun at the entrance of the central control room.

Chen Daogun's appearance seemed to have found a backbone for everyone!

Even the silver-haired old man, who had no regard for his status at this moment, turned and said urgently, "Daogun, these fierce gods are getting restless, please hurry up and calm the scene."

"Hm."

With his hands behind his back, Chen Daogun stepped forward to the dense monitors in the central control room under the attention of the crowd.

His eyes were deep as he swept a glance at the monitors in the major prison areas.

At this moment, the crowd was surging in all the major prison areas, and the noise was ear-splitting.

The silver-haired old man had ordered all the prisoners to return to their cells at the first opportunity.

However, the people held in the Black Prison were the kings of soldiers, gods of war and fierce gods from all over the world, and now that the Black Prison had been trespassed, it was a rare opportunity for them!

Even if a wolf is in a bad way, it will never turn into a dog.

Once they find the opportunity, they will eventually show their claws and teeth immediately.

Some of the bold ones had already jumped at the chance to confront the Black Prisoners, although they did not do so directly.

Chen Daojun picked up his communicator and bellowed in a deep voice.

“I, am still here!”

Three simple words were instantly transmitted to the ten prison districts.

The originally chaotic and noisy ten prison blocks instantly fell dead silent, and after a few seconds of silence, the restless prisoners, one after another, returned to their cells in an orderly manner.

Snapping!

Chen Daojun put down the communicator, raised his eyes to stare at the monitoring monitor at the south gate, and deflated helplessly: “I told you why my right eyelid is jumping so hard.”

After saying that, it was time to turn around and walk towards the outside.

“Daojun

Chen Daogun’s footsteps stopped and half turned back, his gaze glancing at the silver-haired old man, “Hm?”

The silver-haired old man swallowed, “Something can’t happen to Black Prison, otherwise the world would be in chaos.”

“The world is already in chaos!”

Chen Daojun stopped lingering and walked out of the room.

A moment later.

The people in the central control room looked at each other, each with a complicated expression.

There were those who were gloomy, those who looked relieved and secretly relieved, and those who were worried

After all, the scene of the southern gate of Black Prison breaking through the defenses just now was too sensational!

Can Daogun really stop it?

Black Prison South Gate.

Smoke and dust rolled and metal wreckage was everywhere.

In the air, there was still a pungent, throat-choking smell.

The wind and snow, all seemingly passing through this side of the world, quietly rolled backwards and wreaked havoc on the rest of the world.

Although the Black Prison is a prison, it is not too much to say that it is a majestic city in its own right!

And because of its special nature, its strength and defence are no less than that of Zhenjiang City!

On top of the lofty walls, the Black Prisoners were standing at attention.

The eyes of the people were filled with fear and complexity as they gazed at Master Kong Kong, who was standing tall.

No one dared to make a rash move until they were ordered to do so.

A man who could break through the gates of the Black Prison with one fell swoop of human power was a man who could be described as “a god in a mortal’s body”.

The gates of the Black Prison are not ordinary wooden or iron doors, but are made of a special alloy that is heavily reinforced!

Snap snap

In the silence, the sound of unhurried footsteps echoed violently around the shabby south gate.

In an instant.

All eyes looked towards the near ruined South Gate.

Master Empty Sky, too, was no exception!

“It’s the Daoist Monarch, the Daoist Monarch has come out!”

The sightline from the city walls was clearly better, and with a shout of surprise, the crowd immediately cheered.

In the Black Prison, the word Daogun stood for the One and Only I am Kingless!

With his hands behind his back, Chen Daogun slowly walked up to a metal wreckage, and as his qi emanated from his body, it swept away all the smoke and dust around him.

He looked down on Master Khongkong from above, his expression indifferent as he slowly spat out his words.

“You want to die?”

“Amitabha Buddha.”

Master Empty Sky folded his hands and smiled warmly, “The poor monk has travelled ten thousand miles to come to the door with a gift, only seeking an explanation!”

“A gift from a Buddhist is to come uninvited and just blast the door?”

Chen Daojun smiled untamedly, his eyes shining with a brilliant light, “I, Chen Daojun, have acted all my life, why do I need to explain to you?”

“You

Boom!

As Master Empty Sky was about to speak, suddenly a majestic qi force, like a dragon, broke out from Chen Daojun’s body and went straight to the clouds.

The rolling smoke and dust that filled the area around the south gate was instantly washed away.

Chen Daojun, who was standing on the metal wreckage, swayed like a cannonball, dragging a series of streaks of shadow behind him, wearing a wind and snow, sweeping up the snow on the ground and turning it into a rolling wave of snow as he pounced on Master Kongkong.

As fast as the wind, as swift as thunder!

Bang!

Master Empty Sky had no time to react before his neck was strangled by Chen Daojun's large hand, and a muffled grunt escaped from his mouth and nose.

In a flash.

Chen Daojun directly choked Master Empty Sky with one hand and lifted him into the air, wrapping a heavenly wave of snow behind him as he pushed all the way across and rushed into the distance.

"Old bald ass, coming is not a gift, do you really think I don't dare to kill you?"

Chapter 1314

Rumble

Qi energy surged and the sound was appalling.

Mighty white snow swept backwards up into the sky, leaving rolling waves of snow wherever Chen Daojun and Master Kongkong passed.

This scene left the crowd on the walls of the Black Prison with their jaws dropped and they were dumbfounded.

Pushing three hundred metres across all the way.

"Old baldy, get down for me!"

Chen Daogun's domineering voice resounded through the heavens and the earth.

Boom!

The rolling waves of snow came to an abrupt halt.

As Chen Daogun's large hand violently threw Master Khongkong to the ground.

The terrifying impact instantly shook the ground, denting it and causing the snow waves around it to tumble out in layers.

Everything fell silent in an instant.

The snow was flying.

The cold wind was biting.

On the walls of the Black Prison, the crowd of spectators simultaneously drew in a breath of cold air, and then fell into silence with horror.

Some of those who were timid even clenched their fists, their throats knotting and their bodies stiffening.

“Old baldy, you are injured, and you still come here to shout at me?”

Chen Daojun looked indifferent, his eyes devoid of the slightest emotion, his right hand choking Master Khong Khong’s neck, arching his body and pressing him to death into the large pit in the ground.

With blood dripping from the corners of his mouth, Grandmaster Empty said with a calm expression and a firm gaze, “The poor monk has come here to seek only an explanation!”

“First, you forced my son to give up his position as the head of the family, and then you disturbed the peace of my Black Prison, old baldy, you can’t do it more than once.

Chen Daogun’s eyes suddenly turned murderous and harsh, and the words squeezed out from between his teeth like a cold wind blowing from the depths of the Nine Underworlds.

However.

Master Empty Sky smiled astonishingly, “You can kill a poor monk?”

The moment the words were spoken.

Crunching

Grandmaster Empty Sky’s body tensed up violently, and a dense squeezing sound abruptly rang out.

In an instant.

Master Empty Sky’s body size seemed to have all but pulled up a notch, and was even more noticeably thicker.

“You’ve already controlled your muscles to this extent?”

Chen Daojun's pupils suddenly tightened as he uttered a shocked voice.

It was this daze.

The Empty Master on the ground suddenly raised his abdomen and landed on his head and feet, as if a strong bow had tensed up, and in this bizarre stance, he was able to counteract the strong pressure of Chen Daogun's big hand.

Bang Teen!

In a flash of lightning, a majestic force was unleashed.

Even as Master Kongkong arched up, a wave of air was formed at the highest point of his abdomen, visible to the naked eye.

Chen Daojun, caught off guard, was hit by the wave of Qi, a muffled grunt came out of his mouth, but like a broken pocket, he flew out backwards, and when he landed, his body even stuck to the ground, ploughing and sweeping the snow, and continued to slide a dozen meters out!

"Daoist monarch!"

On the walls of the Black Prison, the faces of the people of the Black Prison all changed greatly, and they all exclaimed in unison.

And in the Black Prison's central control room.

The silver-haired old man and the crowd all stood up as they witnessed this scene.

The room was filled with the sound of falling objects.

Some of those who were in a hurry even said incredulously, "Is this really, really a Daoist monarch?"

To the people of the Black Prison, whether they were prisoners or supervisors.

The name of Daogun has long since become the will of the Black Prison.

One person crushing the people of a prison is comparable to a god!

The fact that a Daoist monarch was equal to invincibility was accepted throughout the Black Prison!

If there was a ceiling in the martial dao, then in everyone's eyes, the Dao Monarch was this ceiling.

But after witnessing this scene with their own eyes, it caused everyone's minds to go buzzing blank, with a feeling of cognition collapsing.

If they hadn't witnessed it with their own eyes, they wouldn't have believed it!

Outside the Black Prison.

The wind and snow wailed.

Flying snow rolled and filled the air, blurring the vision.

After knocking Chen Daojun away, Master Khongkong rose upright.

At this moment, his figure was thicker and even his wide monk's robes, in some locations such as his sleeve robes, were visibly stretched tight with muscles.

The originally loose monk's robes had now become extremely ill-fitting.

Not only was his body thick and strong, but even Master Kongkong's figure had been pulled up a notch.

He was no longer as old and stooped as before, with an air of lateness, but instead gave off the vibrant and majestic aura of a young and strong man.

If Chen Dong and Huo Zhenxiao were present, they would have dropped their jaws to the ground in astonishment.

Compared to the Empty Grandmaster at this moment, the Empty Grandmaster who was fighting against the two of them was just putting on water!

"Amitabha Buddha, poor monk Chen Daojun only asks for an explanation, having explained, the poor monk leaves on his own."

The empty empty master hands together, the whole person's aura are giving a majestic masculine feeling: "You and Chen Daoling, what exactly do you plan to do?"

As he asked these words, Master Empty's eyes were bright and indefinite, sometimes deep, sometimes bright.

He already had a guess in his mind.

After the fight with Chen Dong, the thoughts were like weeds growing wildly in his mind.

After the fight with Huo Zhenxiao, the thoughts in his mind were confirmed.

Even so, he needed to get an admission from Chen Daogun himself!

Chen Daogun slowly got up, his expression indifferent, casually shaking his hand to pat the snow off his body.

The impact just now was nothing to him.

After patting the snow off his body, he then gazed coldly at Master Kong Kong, “You practice your Buddhism, I ask about my Dao, Buddhism and Dao, well water does not offend river water.

“If it were not for the purple qi covering the sky, the poor monk would not have stepped out of the Hanging Sky Temple on the Pouring Mountain.”

If I did not prevent Chen Dong from becoming the acting head of the Chen family, once I succeeded, even if Chen Daoling disappeared, I am afraid that Chen Dong would have been able to rise ninety thousand miles with the help of you, Chen Daogun!

At the end of the sentence, there was already a strong sense of anger.

With a bang, the place where he landed cracked.

A wave of qi swept through the court and rose up into the air, turning into a wisp of sword qi that tore through the wind and snow and headed straight for Chen Daojun.

“Then, let’s go to war!”

Chen Daogun’s eyebrows twisted, his eyes narrowed, and his boundless killing intent stirred out.

Yet, he did not dodge or evade, taking a step forward.

Invariably, qi energy was released, sweeping upwards and turning into a wall of qi.

The sword qi hit the wall of qi and instantly dissipated.

The next second.

Chen Daojun and Master Kongkong were both wrapped in Qi, which swept upwards, forming two transparent tornadoes that could only be seen in close proximity, straight through the black night sky.

The huge searchlights on the walls of Black Hell enveloped the two men.

Only, just as the crowd watched with rapt attention.

Suddenly, the figures of Chen Daojun and Master Kongkong swayed violently and dissipated into a bubble in the air.

“Dissipated, disappeared?”

On the walls of the Black Prison City, a Black Prisoner’s body was as weak as sieve chaff.

Immediately afterwards, the walls of the Black Prison exploded into a frenzy.

With all eyes on them, as far as they were concerned, Chen Daojun and Master Kongkong had disappeared into thin air!

This was unbelievable!

Inside the Black Prison’s central control room.

The voices of people sucking in cold air were also heard, everyone was stunned.

Only the silver-haired old man’s gaze burned as he clenched his fists.

“It’s not that they disappeared, it’s that the two of them were too fast, beyond our ability to catch with the naked eye!”

“What?”

A shocked cry rang out, “The speed of a person can really escape capture by the naked eye?”

The silver-haired old man stared deadily at the surveillance monitor outside the south gate and murmured, “Not the next person, but the battle between the two of them, I’m afraid it’s a battle at the peak of the world!”

Winner Takes All Chapter 1315-1316

Chapter 1315

A deep murmur, however, sounded like a loud bell, blasting in the ears of everyone in the central control room.

Everyone was dumbfounded.

The noise and clamour that had been going on was instantly silenced.

The silver-haired old man’s face was solemn and grave.

While his eyes were fixed on the monitor, his tightly clenched fists were already oozing with sweat.

He was the one in charge of this Black Prison.

He knew everything inside the Black Prison better than anyone else.

All the supervisors in the Black Prison, no matter how powerful they were, were under his command.

Over the years of the Black Prison's existence, the staff under his command have changed, but he has always stood in the Black Prison.

He knows more about the power of Chen Daogun than anyone else.

The existence of the horizontal suppression of a prison.

The man who has been the top of the Hidden Killers Organization's Death Ranking for more than twenty years.

A fierce god who had killed the Chen family's peers and piled up corpses twenty years ago.

The pen of battle, glittering.

The number one in the world is none other than Chen Daojun.

And Master Khong Khong, even if the silver-haired old man did not know him, but the one who could compete with Chen Daojun without losing, was not a mere mortal?

Anyone who could be Chen Daojun's opponent would already be at the top of the martial arts world.

How could such a battle, which could not be captured by the naked eye, not be worthy of a battle at the top of the world?

Rumble!

Suddenly, there was a loud boom in the sky.

The boom rolled like thunder raging.

Even though it was a distance away and the Black Prison had been specially soundproofed, this explosion rang out clearly in the ears of everyone inside the Black Prison.

At the same time, it also resounded in the ears of every prisoner in the ten prison blocks.

The silver-haired old man's eyes exploded with a brilliant aura, instantly exhausting his eyesight to catch everything on the monitor outside the southern gate.

"Oh my, the sky, look, there's a mass of light spreading."

As one person exclaimed.

The silver-haired old man's pupils suddenly tightened, and he vaguely saw a mass of light spreading rapidly on the black night sky in the upper left corner of the monitor.

Because of the distance, there was not much difference in the transmission of light and sound.

But the light, as it spread, was particularly striking.

It was also just as the silver-haired old man caught it.

The crowd gasped and stirred.

"My goodness, the Daoist monarch and that old monk have fought their way to the sky?"

"Flying? How is this possible, even if the Daoist Monarch and that old monk were at the top of the world in a battle, they couldn't be this fierce, right?"

"My goodness, I never dreamed that the martial strength of humans would be so strong as this!"

.....

There was a lot of chatter and clamour into the ears.

The silver-haired old man, however, shook his head and murmured, "It is impossible to fly, this is the original limitation of human beings, even if it is a battle at the peak of this world, the Daoist monarch and the old monk will never be able to fly into the air, this is just the impact of power qi energy is too strong, rushing the sky and blowing up the air!"

Even though his heart was certain, when he murmured out, the old man's body was covered with a chill, and the coldness hugged his bones to the marrow.

He was in a trance.

His eyes swept towards the surveillance monitors in front of him.

As the loud sound exploded into the air.

Within the ten major prison areas, there was already dead silence.

The silence was like a frozen scene.

It was almost impossible for this to happen in the Black Prison, a place where the world's fierce gods were held.

On the contrary, it was not just as if it was frozen.

The silver-haired old man could even see that in some of the prison cells, those famous soldier kings, gods of war and fierce gods, at this moment, were revealing their most fearful appearance.

The old flame was no longer there.

They were either standing or huddled in a corner, looking terrified while their bodies were faintly trembling.

“Before the Daoist Monarch, the world's great masters are all mere ants!”

The silver-haired old man lamented in his heart.

The so-called rules and iron laws all bound the weak.

But when a person became strong enough, the rules and iron laws would dissipate into nothingness, even opening the way for them and aiding them.

If the rules and iron laws still exist, then the person is not strong enough!

And Chen Daojun, in the Black Prison, has clearly ignored all rules and iron laws out of sight!

Inside one of the cells in the prison area.

Kun Lun sat on the floor, motionless, his eyes tightly closed.

It was as if the shocking battle outside had not happened.

His body was still strewn with hideous wounds, and there were even places where the blood had not yet clotted and scabbed over.

After entering the Black Prison, in order to improve his strength as soon as possible, he was the most desperate of the three, and had experienced the most bloody fights.

Compared to Lin Lingdong and Lone Wolf, he had more experience in the Black Prison.

Likewise compared to the two of them, his bloody experiences on the mercenary battlefield, climbing out of the pile of the dead time and again, have also forged a rock-solid will, and an obsessive madness.

To walk on the edge of death is to understand the true meaning of power!

As he sat in meditation, Kunlun's brow was sometimes stretched and sometimes wrinkled in pain.

But in this process, under the dim light, there was a faint trace of airflow that went up under his seat and lingered around him.

On the other side.

Lin Lingdong and Lone Wolf were in a cell, which was also a deliberate arrangement by Chen Daojun.

Compared to Kunlun, they were both too weak.

Being thrown into the Black Prison, with their strength, it would not be an exaggeration to say that they were dirt pigs and dogs in the Black Prison.

This was not a deliberate belittlement, but a bloody fact!

One was a former leader and the other was a blood-soaked man who had to stay in the dark to survive by fighting in the dark.

Strength, they both have it!

They both have the guts!

But in a place as vicious as the Black Prison, they are destined to be at the lowest end of the food chain.

Living in the same cell in the same cell block would improve their chances of survival!

After all, when they entered the Black Prison, the main thing was to improve their strength, and getting killed was just a dangerous crisis that came with improving their strength.

"Brother Ling Dong, has the sky turned outside?"

Lone Wolf leaned against the wall, his face hidden in the darkness.

Snap!

Lin Lingdong lit a cigarette, took a hard drag, and slowly exhaled the smoke: "Eldest Uncle has even done it, do you think the sky has turned over?"

Lone Wolf looked at Lin Lingdong in dismay, "In the Black Prison, where did you get the lighter and cigarettes?"

Lin Lingdong held the cigarette in his mouth and turned his head to look at Lone Wolf.

Under the dim light, Lin Lingdong's face, which was covered with sighing scruff, slightly showed a few vicissitudes.

"Where there are people, there are rivers and lakes, rivers and lakes are for mixing, do you think that I, who have been a boss, will not be able to mix a lighter and a cigarette?"

Lone Wolf: "? 0?"

Lin Lingdong shrugged, "You kid are focusing on the wrong thing, shouldn't you be focusing on Big Uncle?"

Lone Wolf put his hands behind his head and leaned against the wall, "I'm just worried about Daogun Uncle, not concerned, after all, I won't reach the level of Daogun Uncle in my lifetime, all I want is to become as strong as possible and be able to help Brother Dong out."

"That makes sense."

Lin Lingdong nodded and said with deep eyes, "Those twelve Martial Dao Bodies that Daogun Daibe brought back have already made the head wolves of the ten prison districts so enthralled that they can't eat or drink... Do you think the commotion outside could be related to those twelve Martial Dao Bodies?"

Chapter 1316

Rumble

Rumble

A dull, rolling thunderous boom echoed in the darkness above the Black Prison.

It was oppressive and dull.

The sound was deafening.

It was as if a gloomy haze had enveloped the sky and overturned the firmament, invisibly enveloping a great oppression in this side of the world where the Black Prison was located.

Even the wind and snow were silenced.

The black prison, everyone is anxious, fearful waiting.

Even these fierce gods and soldier kings, now listening to the thunderous roar of the outside world, could not help but be frightened and tremble.

In the Black Prison's central control room, there was a silence that could hear a needle.

Everyone, including the silver-haired old man, was staring at the monitor screens with dead eyes.

However, all the surveillance equipment in the Black Prison had difficulty capturing the figures of Chen Daojun and Master Khongkong.

As the loud roar echoing in the sky grew weaker and weaker, the expressions of everyone in the central control room grew increasingly grave and tense.

Even the silver-haired old man, quietly, had a layer of white hair sweat seeping out of his back.

This battle at the peak of the world had made everyone feel the terror!

They even had unprecedented doubts about the limits of the human martial dao.

The same scene.

It also appeared on top of the walls of the Black Prison's southern gate.

The members of the Black Prison in Linley felt it even more clearly compared to the crowd inside the Black Prison.

After all, because of the special construction of the Black Prison, the roar that echoed through the heavens was attenuated time and again.

As they stood on top of the city walls, facing the snow and wind, their feelings were clearer and more shocking.

At this moment.

On top of the city walls, everyone was standing like a statue, standing tall and silent.

There was a look of fear in their eyes and expressions that could not be concealed.

In the darkness.

With each loud roar.

They could all see the night sky, blossoming like fireworks.

“They seem to be getting farther and farther away!”

A hoarse voice echoed on the city walls.

It was obviously very soft, but it covered the howling of the wind and snow and fell clearly into the ears of the crowd.

Soon.

This part of the world where the Black Prison was located returned to its usual silence.

Even the fireworks-like lights that bloomed in the air disappeared.

But the oppression did not subside.

It was not clear to anyone whether the two were getting farther and farther apart or whether the battle was over.

The large black prison, sprawled across the icy sky and snow, was hidden in the night.

The snow was flying.

The wind was as cold as a knife.

Whether on top of the walls or inside the Black Prison, everyone was in a state of trepidation as the commotion of the battle died down.

The wait became particularly anxious at this moment.

Everyone was like ants on a hot pan.

Time passed slowly.

It was a stalemate for half an hour.

Inside the central control room.

The silver-haired old man ordered in a deep voice, “All monitoring equipment, search the four directions of the Black Prison immediately, if there are no results yet, immediately send troops out of the Black Prison and search!”

A single order was given.

Everyone moved around, manipulating the equipment and searching the surroundings of the Black Prison.

Soon, a report echoed from the central control room.

“No target found!”

“No target found!”

.....

The silver-haired old man’s expression sank as he clenched his teeth and stared deadly at the surveillance monitor.

Meanwhile.

On the walls of the southern gate of the Black Prison, a group of Black Prisoners stood loftily.

Like the people inside the Black Prison, they were equally anxious.

Suddenly.

“Look, is that a human figure?”

In the crowd, a shout of alarm rang out violently.

This shout was like water poured into a boiling pot of oil, instantly causing everyone on the city walls to explode.

The crowd looked around at the sound.

The huge searchlights on the southern gate wall were all pointing in one direction at this moment.

The light was so bright that it filled the sky and the earth, and where it passed, it was as bright as day, a spectacular sight.

Because of the distance, the intense light still could not touch the figure in the distance.

It was only with the help of the strong light that it rippled into the darkness in the distance, so that the distance was no longer invisible to the eye.

So a vague outline of a figure could be seen, slowly walking towards the Black Prison!

For a moment, everyone’s heart was in their throat.

All eyes were focused on the blurred silhouette.

Almost simultaneously.

Inside the Black Prison's central control room.

"There it is!"

One of the supervisors stood up with a start, his face red with excitement.

One word thundered.

The scene was instantly agitated and the clamour suddenly rose.

The silver-haired old man turned around abruptly and stepped in front of the monitoring monitor in front of the supervisor.

Behind the old man, a group of Black Prisoners also looked grave and solemn.

After a short period of noise and clamour, the central control room fell into dead silence.

Everyone's eyes were fixed on the monitor.

Because the Black Prisoners at the South Gate were the first to notice, the surveillance at the South Gate was the first to lock onto the figure coming slowly from the distance.

The silhouette of the figure coming slowly also caught everyone's attention at the first moment!

For a moment, everyone inside and outside the Black Prison fell into silence, waiting with baited breath and nervousness.

Who had won?

The wind and snow raged.

The figure in the distant darkness was slow in its steps, but little by little it became clear.

When the figure was in the bright light.

All the people in the black prison were boisterous!

The people on the city walls were the first to scream in ecstasy.

"Daoist monarch, it's Daoist monarch!"

“Daogun has won, it’s Daogun who has won!”

“Hahahaha Daogun is mighty!”

.....

The clamor rushed to the sky.

And inside the Black Prison, cheers and revelry roared like a tidal wave.

Inside the central control room.

The apprehensive and nervous crowd leapt to their feet and cheered.

The silver-haired old man’s expression eased and smiled gleefully, “Winning is worthy of a Daoist monarch, unrivalled in the world!”

By heartfelt emotion, the old man’s hanging heart fell back into his stomach.

In the Black Prison, the strength of the Dao Monarch was known to all.

But after witnessing the terrifying scene of Master Khongkong lifting his hand to destroy the southern gate of the Black Prison, no one was absolutely sure about this summit battle.

Now, seeing the return of Chen Daogun, the boulders hanging in the hearts of the crowd have all fallen to the ground, and the crowd is excited!

Outside the Black Prison.

Outside the Black Prison, cheers and screams were heard like a tidal wave.

Chen Daojun, with his hands behind his back, was enveloped by a strong light, his figure erect and his steps unhurried.

As he moved, the aura of light formed by the light moved along with him, always enveloping him in the centre of the aura.

With all eyes on him, Chen Daojun became the sole focus of attention.

However, if someone were to look at him up close at this moment, they would be able to see a horrifying and terrifying scene.

Chen Daojun’s face was as white as ever, even though his expression was cold and his brow was still filled with the domineering aura of the old days, there was red and stinging blood at the corner of his mouth.

His body was ragged and bloodied, streaked with ghastly wounds, his flesh turned out, and where the flesh was exposed, you could even see a muscle writhing and squeezing under the blood.

It was this tiny movement that controlled the blood loss and prevented the loss of too much blood in a very short space of time.

The seemingly calm and relaxed footsteps, in fact, left a footprint about half a finger deep on the ground with every step he took, the footprint was so red, with the remnants of blood, that Chen Daojun left a shallow and blurred line of crimson blood everywhere he passed along the way.

If one distinguishes carefully, one can still faintly see the air currents visible to the naked eye, surrounding Chen Daojun's circumference, flowing uncontrollably and recklessly.

"The old baldy has grown stronger and stronger after so many years of being out of the world!"

Stepping forward with lead-filled legs, Chen Daojun suddenly pulled up the corners of his mouth, revealing a meaningful smile: "Little monk to old bald donkey, is also considered a heavenly man, the essence of Buddhism are gradually mastered"

Winner Takes All Chapter 1317-1318

Chapter 1317

With the return of Chen Daojun, the Black Prison shook.

Cheers and shrieks of joy were heard from the sky.

To the people of the Black Prison, Daogun was both a prisoner and the sole – guardian – god of the Black Prison's tranquillity.

Inside the central control room.

The silver-haired old man raised his hands in a false press, signalling for the crowd to be quiet.

"Immediately organise a procession to follow the old man out of the Black Prison and greet Daogun."

Five minutes later.

The ruins of the Black Prison's southern gate had been cleared out to create a fast track.

A vast military convoy, like a long dragon, drove out of the Black Prison.

However.

When the silver-haired old man brought the crowd close to Chen Daogun, he also finally saw the tragic state of Chen Daogun's body.

“Stop!”

With a command from the silver-haired old man, the vast caravan came to a screeching halt as it braked sharply in unison.

Almost as soon as the head car came to a halt, the silver-haired old man opened the door and jumped out of the car.

“Everyone stay where you are!”

The silver-haired old man dropped a sentence with a grave expression, and then ran towards Chen Daojun with stumbling steps.

Looking at the silver-haired old man running towards him, Chen Daogun also stopped in his tracks.

As he drew closer, the silver-haired old man's gloomy expression turned to panic when he saw that Chen Daojun was covered in wounds.

So much so, that the last few steps became difficult for the old man to take.

“This, what the hell is happening here?”

The silver-haired old man walked in front of Chen Daojun with difficult steps, spreading his hands out to hold Chen Daojun head-on, his pale face filled with panic, his lips trembling, “Has Daojun ever suffered such an injury?”

Fear!

Boundless great fear!

Not only the silver-haired old man who was close by, but also those in the caravan not far away, looked terrified and silenced at this moment.

In their hearts, a Daoist monarch represented the ceiling of the martial dao.

Even if one person had crushed a prison across the board, he had never suffered such a horrific injury.

And now, Chen Daogun's wretched and hideous injuries were causing the silver-haired old man and the others to instantly feel a sense of unreality that the ceiling had collapsed.

"What's there to be surprised about?"

Chen Daojun smiled faintly, "Arrange it immediately, set this matter as a top secret of Black Prison tonight, no leaks, or you know the consequences."

The silver-haired old man's body trembled, and his pupils suddenly tightened to the extreme.

Consequences?

The tightened pupils slowly swept Chen Daojun up and down, and a vicious chill ran from the soles of the silver-haired old man's feet straight to the sky.

The initial shock of the Black Prison, the matter of Chen Daojun's duel with the old monk, could definitely not be concealed.

It also could not be set as a top secret of the Black Prison.

What needed to be set as a Black Prison Top Secret was Chen Daojun's current state!

In the Black Prison, the dragons and tigers were coiled up, and it was only because of Chen Daogun's horizontal pressure that the ten prison districts were calm and quiet.

If Chen Daogun's serious injuries were to sweep through the ten prison districts then the sky would completely collapse in Black Prison!

Thinking of the horrifying scene that could occur, the silver-haired old man's face was as white as paper and his body was cold.

At that moment.

The silver haired old man turned around abruptly and ordered in a stern voice.

"Return immediately, clear the South Gate, and let me escort the Daoist monarch back to the prison, you do not need to accompany him, and you must not reveal a word of what you have seen to the public, otherwise one person will be guilty and nine clans will be implicated!"

A cold, stern voice, like a sword.

Under the night of the weeping wind and snow, it fell clearly into the ears of everyone in the caravan.

“Yes, sir!”

Everyone in the caravan answered at the same time.

Soon, the vast caravan turned around and sped off towards Black Hell.

Only the silver-haired old man’s head car was left in place, waiting until the convoy had travelled some distance out before the silver-haired old man carefully helped Chen Daojun into the car and drove off towards the Black Prison.

This was also done so that the convoy could attract everyone’s attention and minimise the matter of Chen Daojun being discovered with serious injuries.

The military SUV sped through the icy snow, rolling up waves of snow along the way.

Chen Daojun sat silently in the back, staring out the window at the snow and wind sweeping back, his gaze deep, his face indifferent.

The silver-haired old man sitting in the passenger seat, however, could not help but say, “Daogun forgive me for being presumptuous, but how did that old monk turn out?”

Chen Daogun slowly withdrew his gaze and looked at the silver-haired old man indifferently.

When he looked at Chen Daogun, a strong sense of oppression caused the silver-haired old man to look extremely embarrassed, like a lump in his throat.

“Since you know it’s presumptuous, why are you asking?”

An icy, hoarse voice echoed within the car.

The silver-haired old man hurriedly bowed his head, “I’m sorry, I was the one who took the liberty!”

.....

The wind and snow were as bitter as knives.

It cut the skin and pierced the bones.

Under the cold sky of the extreme night, a ray of aurora borealis stretched across the long sky in the night, beautiful.

In the darkness, however, a figure staggered forward.

“Amitabha Buddha, blessings of the Buddha, blessings of the Buddha!”

There was a plop!

Master Empty Sky fell into the snow, and the great pain that swept through his body caused him to let out a scream.

But Master Empty looked back in fear, and had no time to stop, forcing himself to stand up again with the tremendous pain that slashed through his body, and continued to stagger forward.

“It was so close, if the poor monk hadn’t run fast, I’m afraid I would have been buried in the extreme north and converted to my Buddha today!”

As he walked, Master Khong Khong recalled the fear he had just felt, his voice trembling terribly, not knowing if it was from the fear or the cold.

There was a poof!

With an empty foot, Grandmaster Empty stumbled again on his feet and fell in the snow again.

He was in such a state of disarray that he no longer had the same aura as before.

He looked back in fear into the darkness behind him, but there was nothing else but the howling snow and wind.

The Empty Master breathed a long sigh of relief, “Fortunately, they are not coming after us again.”

He was more concerned about whether anyone was coming after him than about his injuries.

With a strong chant of “Amitabha Buddha”, Master Kong Kong got up again.

He was sure that no one was coming after him, and he was no longer as frightened and panicked as he had been earlier, so he took more steady steps.

Step by step, step by step, he stamped heavily into the thick snow.

With each footfall, the thick snow almost engulfed him above his knees.

“Chen Daojun, just how much have you hidden? Why can’t the poor monk still detect your upper limit after exhausting over a hundred years of work?”

Every step he took involved a tremendous pain all over his body, accompanied by a sound of pain that drew in a cold breath, but Master Khong Khong seemed to be possessed, muttering one phrase under his breath all the time.

Darkness is like a tide.

The wind and snow scoured the bones.

The sound of the wind was like the wailing of an evil spirit.

In the land of the extreme northern cold sky, the temperature was frighteningly low.

Although this place is connected to the Northern Domain outside the realm, the climate is so harsh that it is a far cry from the clouds!

For many years, the Black Prison had been solidly established in the Far North.

Not only was it because of the tight security level, but one of the reasons was because the weather in this extreme north was brutal to the extreme.

Even if someone wanted to escape, they would be emboldened and deterred by the uncertainty of getting out of the Far North.

Buzz!

Qi rose from beneath his feet and surrounded Master Kongkong's body.

Although this could not completely isolate the coldness, it could alleviate some of it, which was better than nothing.

Master Khung Khong rubbed his hands together and wrapped his monk's robe, which was covered in blood and had become a strip of cloth, tightly.

"It will be all right, my Buddha blesses me, since the poor monk was able to come to this extreme northern land alone, he will be able to leave alone!"

Master Empty Air dragged his tired and pained body slowly towards the front, chagrined as he walked, "Rash, rash, without a plane, the hope of getting out of this Land of the Far North is extremely slim."

Coming to the Far North, he had chartered a plane to fly in.

The plane was also waiting for him at the agreed place for the return journey.

However, the battle with Chen Daojun had completely disrupted his plans, and not only was he seriously injured, but he had also lost his way in the darkness after his defeat because of the white-hot battle earlier.

So much so that he can now only rely on his feet to measure the extreme north and find his way back.

Chapter 1318

Darkness envelops.

The wind and snow wailed and were as bitter as knives.

Master Khung Khong took one deep and one shallow step in the thick snow.

Weak qi energy surrounds his body, warding off the chill that scrapes his bones.

His breathing became heavier and heavier, as if his feet were filled with lead.

In this utter darkness, Master Kongkong could only discern his direction by the stars above his head, and then muffled his way forward.

He did not know if he could walk out.

But after years of practising Buddhism, his Buddhist heart was as solid as a rock, allowing him to continue to hope in this realm of absolute death and to fight his way forward.

“Hoo hoo my Buddha blesses, Buddha blesses.”

“Surely we can walk out, surely we can survive!”

“Rash, poor monk really rash, Chen Daojun you too, poor monk just ask you for an explanation, but just smashed your door well, you have to hit poor monk, talk properly can't you?”

.....

Master Kongkong kept spitting out white practice from his mouth, resentment abounding.

Dragging his heavily injured body, he walked forward exhaustedly.

Every now and then, Master Empty would also fall heavily into the snow, but immediately got up again with difficulty.

Consciousness had drifted a little and his eyelids seemed to have fallen on iron, desperately wanting to close.

But Master Khong Khong was aware that to really close his eyes and sleep in such circumstances would be to slumber forever.

He kept trying to find ways to stay awake, even going so far as to bite the tip of his tongue viciously in the most torturous moments, using the pain to bring back a few moments of wakefulness.

The footsteps became heavier and heavier.

Each kick took all the strength of his body.

But the price of doing so is that every wound on the body is involved, and the pain is so deep that it scrapes the bones!

In the darkness around us, there is no light at all.

We can only rely on the stars to discern our direction, and then rely on our strong will to forge ahead.

If it were anyone else, their mind would have collapsed and they would have given up trying to survive.

But Master Kongkong was different.

With his years and cultivation, his heart had already become rock-solid.

Even in this hopelessly desperate place, he was still able to hold on to his heart and soul and move forward with determination.

“Buddha bless the poor monk, the poor monk will definitely be able to see the light of day again and seek a ray of life!”

After walking for an unknown period of time, Master Kongkong’s breathing became more and more rapid, and his eyes were darkened for a while.

It was not the darkness around him that caused this, but the blurring of consciousness over and over again.

Dizziness.

Intense dizziness.

The sky was spinning and the ground was spinning, and the feet were as weak as if they were stepping on air.

Poof!

Master Empty bit down hard on the tip of his tongue, and the stinging pain hit him, filling his mouth with the taste of blood.

Only this time, it failed to clear his head again.

There was a poof!

Grandmaster Empty fell heavily into the snow and passed out straight away.

Time passed slowly.

The thick snow and wind gradually covered Master Khong Khong's body.

This is how it is in this cruel environment. As soon as one falls, the power of nature can quickly wipe out a living being from the earth in a decisive and cruel way.

Suddenly.

Bang, bang, bang

In the distant darkness, the sound of horses' hooves rang out.

A campfire swayed vaguely.

The sight drew nearer, but it was a dozen horses, cloaked in animal robes, galloping wildly through the snow.

On each horse sat men with blades, wrapped in animal robes but covered in blood and in a terrible state of disarray.

Under the dancing firelight, the faces of all were stained with blood and water, their faces tired, but their eyes sad and resentful.

An atmosphere of oppression and desolation lingers in this procession.

In the middle of the procession were two ragged wagons.

The wagons were occupied by women, children and elderly people.

But the situation was by no means good, as there were constant cries from the children and women, as well as violent coughs from the elderly who could not stand the cold.

It was rare for such a group to appear in this far north.

"Ama, is there no more of our village?"

In one of the carriages, a young boy with ice crumbs in his hair and eyebrows nestled in the arms of a plump woman.

The woman had tears in her eyes, "No, it's all gone."

Her eyes looked out into the darkness, and the cold, knife-like wind cut into her face, hurting her.

She withdrew her gaze and looked through the dim campfire outside at the misery inside the carriage.

There were even old men who had lost their strength and were clinging to the frame, breathless.

She couldn't help but shout, "Father, let's keep going, everyone can't hold out any longer!"

They were a small village clan near the far north, but that did not mean they had the absolute strength to withstand the cold.

The village had been wiped out and now it was a death wish to take the old, the weak, the women and the children deep into the far north.

"If we don't die, how will we survive, the rest of us?"

At the front of the group, a sturdy man roared without looking back, "Those people are going to slaughter our village. If we run anywhere else, we will only be caught up with them and slaughtered or sold into slavery, but only here in the far north can we take a chance that the demons will dare to chase us deeper!"

As he shouted, the man's eyes were bloodshot.

Thinking back to the tragic slaughter of his village, the man's eyes could not help but moisten.

In this great land of the Northern Region, everyone believed in the law of survival of the weak and the strong, but when a nightmare befell them, it was hard for anyone to accept it.

Not to mention, their village had moved north again and again in order to avoid war slaughter, in order to take advantage of the increasingly harsh and extremely cold environment to force back some powerful villages or slave teams that were trying to hunt.

But nightmares are still coming!

"If we stay in the green hills, we are not afraid of having no firewood to burn, as long as the wolves bless us to live, in the future, we must avenge our dead companions!"

The hanyou waved the war knife that had curled its blade in his hand and swore fiercely.

“Take revenge!”

“Take revenge!”

The dozen or so hans who were accompanying him, at this moment, also loudly echoed.

The group was in high spirits, and the shouting seemed to have instilled another sense of life into the group.

Suddenly.

The hunting dog beside the leader barked violently, then accelerated violently, like a madman, and rushed in one direction.

“Hmm?!”

The leading man gave a startled eek and his eyes followed the direction of the hound.

Only to see the hound ploughing out a dozen metres or so, then stopping and creeping on the thick snow, ploughing it incessantly.

“Go over and take a look!”

The leader of the group was suspicious, so he gave an order.

The team ran wildly, and by the time they got close, the hounds had nearly ploughed through the snow and were tearing at one of Master Khong’s arms and pulling it out with great effort.

“Blood?”

The leading man looked at the crimson blood dregs condensed in the snow and instantly his brows knitted in horror, “Did the blood attract the dogs here?”

As he held the campfire forward, by the light of the fire, his pupils clenched violently.

“It’s a man, there’s a man!”

The leading man hurriedly jumped off his horse and ran to Master Khongkong’s side.

The dozen or so men behind him also jumped off their horses and swooped over.

No one had expected that there would be a man half-buried under the thick snow in this harsh land of the far north.

“A man from the domain?”

When they saw Master Khangkong’s face, everyone was startled for a moment.

The leading man dispersed the hounds and frowned as he probed his hand to Master Khong Khong’s nose, a wisp of breath passing to his fingertips.

“There’s still breath!”

The lead man turned back to his companion.

The words had barely left his mouth.

One of the men came up with a sword: “There is no common ground between the domain and the outside, this man from the domain cannot be kept, let’s kill him!”

Winner Takes All Chapter 1319-1320

Chapter 1319

The voice was cold and stern, the killing intent biting.

The dim campfire shone on the sword, reflecting the coldness of it.

The crowd fell silent, their expressions varying as they pondered.

There is a deep-seated blood feud between the two domains.

Even those of them who had lived in the North for a long time, in a small village near the far north, knew of this “heritage”.

The man looked solemnly at Master Kong Kong on the ground with a complicated gaze.

As he hesitated.

The man with the sword took another step forward: “If the chief is not comfortable doing it, I am happy to help.”

A stern and murderous intent emanated from the man with the sword.

The words had just left his mouth.

The leader swept his gaze over the men present and asked, “What do you think?”

The crowd was silent, except that the eyes of the people looking at the empty master on the ground were as cold as the wind and snow around them.

Apparently a silent response already counted as a response!

Further back, it was a crowd of old and weak women and children, grief-stricken and indifferent faces.

The unconscious Master Kong Kong, who was lying in the snow, had no idea that the so-called "blessing of the Buddha" would, in the blink of an eye, put his life in the hands of this group of barbarians.

The surroundings were silent.

Only the cold wind howled like the cry of an evil spirit.

Hum!

In the silence, the man with the sword looked hostile and raised his long knife.

Just as the knife fell, the man fiercely raised his sword.

Snap!

A large hand suddenly appeared from a slant and grabbed the wrist of the swordsman.

"Chief!"

The crowd changed their expressions.

The chief shook his head with a grave expression, "Forget it, he's already like this, let's leave him alive."

"But he's from the domain!"

The man with the sword was a bit indignant.

The blood feud between the Inner and Outer Regions was so deep that it was engraved in the bloodline of almost every Ebony after the long period of time.

As soon as the words left his mouth, his companions around him echoed them.

"Chief, this man from within the domain must not be left behind.

"There is no common ground between the inner and outer domains, Chief, why are you keeping him alive at this time?"

“Chief, kill him, kill him so we can continue our journey, or or leave him alone and let him fend for himself!”

.....

The clamour was noisy, but without exception, all were in favour of the death of Master Kongkong.

Even the old and weak women and children who were silent now had ripples in their expressions.

The chief smiled bitterly and looked at the crowd, raising his hand in a vague gesture of silence.

He then looked at Master Kong Kong on the ground, “Is it really necessary to make such a clear distinction between the inner and outer domains? We have been shouting and screaming at the domain, but in the end it was the people from outside the domain who personally slaughtered our village in order to live under their butchers’ knives”

“I had to lead you all to nine deaths and vanish into this extreme north for nothing more than to save my life, nothing more than to be able to live as a human being in a dignified manner.”

Silence.

There was a dead silence around them.

Everyone’s expressions suddenly darkened and they bowed their heads.

The chief’s words stabbed everyone in the heart like a red-hot knife.

The gruesome bloodshed of the village’s slaughter was still fresh in their minds.

Their group, the entire village, was the only survivors.

It was the leader who, in the hour of need, organised their desperate breakout, while the rest of their companions stained the village with their blood.

They even remember the sea of fire that burned behind them as they fled in a hurry.

It was because they were the only survivors of the village that the slave party pursued them.

If they were pursued, they would be sold into slavery as a reward for the slaughter they had waged on the village.

If they were not pursued, the slavers would have paid a price that would have been in vain.

That is why they have gone out of their way to disappear directly towards the far north.

Once they had always engraved in their bones the idea that “there is no common ground between the realm and the realm”, but the village was slaughtered, not by the realm, but by the realm’s outsiders!

“What’s more, he was also a monk. Do you think that monks from within the realm are more brutal than those from outside?”

The chief slowly swept past the dozen hans around him, his gaze deep, his bloodshot eyes covered in tears.

All the men in the group fell into silence.

On the carriage, the little boy jumped out, holding the gauze and healing medicine, and ran up to the chief.

“Father, here.”

The chief squeezed out a smile and rubbed the little boy’s head, then he knelt down in front of Master Khongkong and bandaged him up.

“On guard!”

The man with the sword lowered his long knife and gave a stern shout.

A dozen men immediately scattered in all directions, standing guard.

On the carriage, the old and weak women and children did not make a sound, but all watched the leader who was bandaging Master Kongkong.

Time passed slowly.

The chief’s face was heavy, and as he bandaged Master Kongkong, fear and disbelief gradually appeared on his face.

After half an hour, he finally finished bandaging Master Khong Khong’s entire body.

The chief man did not get up immediately, but crouched down in front of Master Khong Khong, sweating profusely and staring deeply at the unconscious Master Khong Khong.

“Abba, wipe the sweat.”

The young boy pinched up his sleeve and wiped the man's forehead.

At that moment, a man approached, "Chief, can we go now?"

"I really can't believe that someone with such a serious injury can still survive."

The chief sighed with emotion and let out a long breath of turbid air.

The hanyou beside him was surprised, "Is it badly injured?"

"At such an old age, the body is surprisingly terrifying like this."

The chief's lips were mouthing, his voice gruff as he slowly looked at the hanyou beside him, "All over his body, he is almost wounded like a hornet's nest."

"Hiss~"

The man couldn't help but suck in a breath of cold air.

Being outside the domain, he was most aware of how horrific the cruel and harsh weather could be to people.

Once one was injured when stranded in the wilderness, the cruel and harsh weather was enough to pronounce a death sentence.

But this old man, who was dragged out of the snow pile by the hounds, survived with a hornet's nest of injuries!

What kind of life force does that require?

"Take him and move on immediately!"

The chief did not dare to stay any longer and gave an order at once.

Just as he and Han were helping Master Kongkong up, there was a sudden change.

Whoosh!

In the darkness, the wind blew.

An arrow, shooting with a cold aura, broke through the air without warning.

"Ah!"

Accompanied by a miserable cry, the arrow instantly pierced through the head of a man on guard duty, hitting him squarely in the eyebrow.

The suddenness of the scene left no one with time to react.

At almost the same time, the sound of horses' hooves was heard in the distance, and the ground shook.

"They're coming after us, they're coming after us!"

The small group instantly panicked and the scene was in chaos.

The leader's face changed dramatically and in his panic, he let go of Master Kongkong, raised his long sword and said in a stern voice, "Brothers, if we can't escape, let's fight them!"

Chapter 1320

Rumble

The ground shook and tore the wind and cracked the snow.

As the horses charge closer, they wrap up in a rolling wave of snow.

In the darkness, a campfire danced and swayed with a dull yellow glow.

The scene was chaotic.

There was more shouting and screaming, one after another.

"Kill!"

The leader waved his long sword and charged ahead of the oncoming horsemen.

A dozen or so men followed suit, their blood and courage rising to the fore, their faces full of hostility as they waved their long swords in determination.

It was clear to all that there was no turning back!

If the village was destroyed, they would be the last trophies of these slave caravans!

If you don't die fighting, you become slaves!

The horses neigh and the bloodshed is immediate.

In the dim light of the fire, shadows and blood splattered.

The old, the weak, the women and the children in the two wagons did not even think of running away.

The men were their last protection.

If they had all died, they would not have survived the extreme northern cold, even if the slave caravans had stopped chasing them.

Cries of prayer echoed through the wagons.

Old people, children, all curled up in a helpless ball.

But the women, in a rare moment of determination, jumped out of the carriage and surrounded it, their swords in hand, ready for the final bloodbath.

A dozen men, facing a dozen times as many horsemen, were instantly thrown into a precarious situation after only a brief contact.

Overwhelming!

Pure slaughter!

The hordes of barbarians, mounted on their horses, wielding their blades, whimpering and whistling, crushed a dozen men in an almost brutal and overbearing manner.

Blood splattered and wails were heard everywhere.

Even though all the men had already put their lives and deaths on the line, against a dozen times more enemies, there was not even the possibility of death!

Although it was pure suppression, the horse band of rabblemen all knew clearly that these men were their spoils of war, their bargaining chips to be sold as slaves in exchange for payment.

So, even when they were surrounded and hung, the blades in everyone's hands fell in a measured manner.

For them, it was enough to ensure that these people lived, no, it was enough to ensure that they did not die at their hands before they were sold into slavery again.

The scene was chaotic and the smell of blood filled the air.

“Abba Abba

The little boy had been crouching beside Master Khong Khong, looking off into the distance at his father, surrounded by a caravan of horses and covered in blood, crying out in fear and shivering.

“Child

In front of the carriage, the woman's face was pale, even though her eyes were filled with fear and she was even trembling all over.

But at this moment, hearing the little boy's wailing call, she also burst out with unprecedented boldness, clutching the sharp blade in her hand and stumbling towards the boy.

Whoosh!

As she ran wildly, a whistling sound suddenly rang out behind the woman.

Poof!

An arrow, pierced through the woman's left shoulder blade.

"Ah!"

The woman screamed in pain and fell heavily to the ground.

But she didn't stop, even though her body was trembling in pain, she still grabbed the ground with both hands and ran towards the little boy.

The scene was tragic and unbearable.

The old and weak women and children in the carriage looked on, but did not dare to come to their aid.

"The boy ama is coming, ama is coming"

The woman crawled towards the front while the crimson blood at her left shoulder blade stained the ground, her tearful eyes but only the boy who was crying and howling in fear.

A woman is weak, but a mother is strong!

When faced with a life-and-death situation, even if she is afraid, a mother will put her own life and death on the line for her child!

"Mother!"

The man surrounded by the horsemen, covered in blood, caught a glimpse of the scene outside the battle circle and his eyes burst into anger.

"Hahahaha Bind your hands to have a chance of survival!"

On the horses, the hideous man swung down a sword brazenly, forcing the leader man to retreat back to the very centre.

“You beasts, even if I die today, I’ll take you with me!”

The leader fell into a frenzy as he failed to break through.

On the outskirts of the battle circle, a few men on the horses were looking playfully and mockingly at the women struggling to crawl not far away.

In their eyes, these people, who were about to be sold into slavery, were worse than animals.

The tragic scene before them was, in their eyes, nothing more than a game.

“One more arrow!”

The man who shot the arrow opened his bow again.

But a big hand stopped him, “It’s more fun to shoot children!”

Several people looked at each other and laughed at the same time.

Just then, too.

“Oooooooooo amah, amah”

The little boy saw the blood-stained woman crawling towards him and instantly cried and howled as he was about to pace up and down.

“Don’t come over, stay where you are, son, Amah is coming over!”

The woman’s face was pale and terrified, and she hissed harshly, but the sharp pain in her left shoulder blade made all her features tremble.

“Ama afraid, afraid”

The little boy paced, unconcerned.

For him, such a horrific scene was only safe in the arms of his apa and ama.

Yet little did he know that cold arrows, in the distance, were already aimed at him.

Snap!

At the critical moment, a big hand wrapped in bandages in the snow, however, suddenly lifted up and grabbed the little boy's ankle.

The little boy's footsteps lurched.

Almost simultaneously.

Whoosh!

The arrow broke through the air, the cold light was biting.

The life-threatening arrow shot directly at the little boy, who was crying out in fear.

Time became slow in this moment.

The little boy, caught by the ankle by Master Khong Khong, struggled and wailed, snorting and crying, unaware of the arrow coming from afar.

The woman, however, who was on the ground, crawling with difficulty, had her scalp explode, and her pale face suddenly rose in determination.

"The child!"

In the nick of time, the woman stood up with all her might and pounced on the bawling child, despite everything.

Poof!

The arrow pierced through the woman's chest cavity, and the woman stopped half a metre from the little boy, mouth open and closed, looking at him with a forlorn expression and hot tears.

Soon the corners of her mouth curled into a relieved smile.

She had shielded her child!

Splashes of blood spilled all over the little boy's face.

It made the little boy cry louder, tears blurring his vision, and he could only see the blurred outline of his mother, but the hot blood on his face was terrifying to the core.

"Amah, Amah"

Bang!

Master Empty grabbed the little boy's ankle with such force that the little boy lost his balance and fell straight into the snow.

"Child

The woman stumbled forward a step and plopped down on her knees in the snow, using her own body to hold back the little boy.

Meanwhile.

The unconscious Master Khong Khong slowly opened his eyes.

With pale, purple lips, he softly mumbled, "Amitabha Buddha, blessings of the Buddha, your saving me was a chance, the poor monk should return the favour, planting melons and reaping beans, karma is no different."

The incomparably weak murmuring voice echoed softly.

Immediately afterwards, Master Kongkong glanced down at the young boy who was dragged to the ground.

"Little monk, the poor monk can save you, you have to do one thing for the poor monk!"