

Canon 901

Chapter 901 The Origin of the Art of Forging, Sudden Change (2)

Zhou Shu was deep in thought. This was the first time he had heard these things.

In the past, he had always thought that the art of forging was first created by the master of the Red Water Heaven of Dan Mountain. Back then, there were indeed sayings that the Red Water Heaven of Dan Mountain was the ancestral source of weapons.

If what Ji Lutian said was true, then shouldn't the forging skills of the master of the Red Water Heaven of Dan Mountain also come from the giant spirit race?

The place where he met Xiaoyu'er was also Yuheng Valley of the Red Water Heaven of Dan Mountain. Were these things related?

When he met Wang Xuanyi's wife, Diao Moye, why didn't she mention this? Was it because she didn't know?

Who was Ji Lutian? Why was he so clear about things that even Grotto-Heaven Masters might not know?

Boom!

As Zhou Shu was thinking, the snow waves below suddenly churned, and the bronze palace seemed to emerge from under the snow waves.

The bronze door that Ji Lutian had attacked with all his might but failed to damage opened again with a creaking sound.

Zhou Shu and Ji Lutian looked at the bronze door in surprise. At this moment, they felt a powerful suction coming from the bronze door.

The suction was so great that even with Zhou Shu's and Ji Lutian's cultivation, they couldn't stand steadily and were sucked toward the bronze door.

"Be careful!" Zhou Shu shouted as the light on his body soared. The Celestial Thearch Sword appeared in his hand, and he slashed at the bronze door.

The first move of the Seven Swords of Heaven Interception Technique, Seeing the Dao through Me!

Boom!

The sword beam flew toward the darkness in the doorway and instantly disappeared like a drop of water falling into the sea.

Ji Lutian also shouted and slashed out with his long sword.

But this strike that was enough to kill ordinary Demon Kings fell into a black hole-like doorway without causing any ripples.

"Don't resist. I mean no harm." A voice suddenly fell into Zhou Shu's ears.

The voice was cold.

“Xiaoyu’er?” Zhou Shu, who was about to fight to the death, paused.

“I am not Zhou Xiaoyu. My name is Ling’er.” The unfamiliar yet familiar voice sounded in Zhou Shu’s ear.

Just as the voice finished speaking, a seven-colored light suddenly erupted from the pitch-black doorway. The seven-colored light formed a vortex, and the suction acting on Zhou Shu and Ji Lutian instantly became almost a hundred times stronger.

The two of them were pulled into the vortex without any resistance and disappeared in the blink of an eye.

At the same time, a dazzling light suddenly erupted from the bronze palace, as if it had turned into a sun. The eruption of light affected the ice plains in the north that stretched for countless kilometers. In almost a breath, all the ice and snow melted, and the entire area instantly became a vast sea.

Fortunately, all the humans on the continent had already migrated to the grotto-heavens. Otherwise, who knew how many people would have died!

The northern border had become a vast sea, but the changes still didn’t stop.

An eye suddenly appeared in the sky. There was no human emotion in the eye as it stared coldly at the bronze palace. A bolt of lightning dozens of kilometers thick descended from the sky with an aura that could destroy everything and struck the bronze palace.

A graceful figure suddenly appeared above the bronze palace. It was Xiaoyu’er.

Xiaoyu’er’s long hair fluttered in the wind, and her eyes had a determined look. The next moment, her hands formed countless hand seals, and her body lit up with a towering light that soared into the sky in response to the lightning that could destroy everything.

Xiaoyu’er was very fast, but another figure was even faster.

A ten-meter-tall giant rushed into the lightning before Xiaoyu’er.

“Your Highness, I’ll take my leave first!” The giant laughed loudly. He punched the lightning in the sky. Even though his fists were already all bones, he didn’t stop at all.

“Damn you, Heaven! I’m not convinced!” the giant roared as his body exploded, forcefully destroying hundreds of meters of the lightning. As for him, he disappeared into the air.

Two drops of tears fell from the corners of Xiaoyu’er’s eyes. She didn’t stop moving and replaced the giant to withstand the lightning.

Boom!

Lightning constantly struck Xiaoyu’er, but she still stood in front of the bronze palace, preventing the lightning from landing on it.

In an instant, she was covered in injuries. She turned around and looked at the bronze palace. There was only a bright spot left in the seven-colored vortex. A smile appeared on Xiaoyu’er’s lips.

“Goodbye, Daddy.”

Xiaoyu'er's smile was extremely poignant. Her hands were like lotus flowers as she formed a hand seal. Then a powerful aura soared from her body, and her figure began to change at a visible speed until she was several meters tall.

She was several meters tall, and her body was abnormally slender. Like fireworks, she bloomed with her final brilliance.

After a flash of light, Xiaoyu'er completely disappeared into the air like the giant.

With Xiaoyu'er's death, there was no one standing guard in front of the bronze palace anymore, and the bolt of lightning landed heavily on it.

With a loud bang, the bronze palace, which even Grotto-Heaven realm experts couldn't damage at all, disintegrated into countless small particles and disappeared bit by bit under the lightning.

It wasn't until the lightning completely destroyed the bronze palace that the huge eye in the sky slowly disappeared.

A moment later, the monstrous waves on the vast sea in the north calmed down.

Apart from the northern border turning into a vast sea, nothing else seemed to have happened.

The giant didn't leave any corpse, and neither did Xiaoyu'er. Not a single scrap of the bronze palace was left.

As for Zhou Shu and Ji Lutian, they were nowhere to be seen.

...

Zhou Shu heard Xiaoyu'er say that her name was Ling'er before he was sucked into the seven-colored vortex. He gave up resisting and listened to Xiaoyu'er's last words. He believed that the girl who called him daddy, the daughter who held his thigh and acted spoiled, even if she changed her appearance, she wouldn't harm him.

He allowed the seven-colored vortex to suck him in. Then he felt the world spin around him and an inexplicable force tearing his body apart.

Zhou Shu gritted his teeth and circulated the Eight-Nine Arcane Art with all his might. Only then was he not torn to pieces by the force.

As he tumbled around, Zhou Shu constantly felt collisions. Coupled with the muffled groans, he knew that Ji Lutian was beside him.

This state lasted for an unknown period of time. Zhou Shu suddenly felt his body lighten, and the force coming from all directions disappeared. Then he felt his body sink and fall.

Looking down, Zhou Shu found that he was actually ten thousand kilometers in the air and constantly falling. He wasn't in a hurry. With a thought, he circulated his spiritual essence to fly.

But no matter how much he circulated his spiritual essence, he couldn't fly. There was less than 1% of the rich spiritual essence in his dantian remaining, and it couldn't even support flight!

He was immediately shocked. He was ten thousand kilometers in the air. If he couldn't fly, even with his physical strength, he would die if he hit the ground.

"Ji Lutian!" Zhou Shu turned around and found that Ji Lutian was covered in blood. He had fainted at some point, so it was impossible to count on him.

"I can't fly, but I still have a divine ability!" Zhou Shu's eyes narrowed. He reached out, grabbed Ji Lutian, and activated his divine ability Stellar Transposition!

Chapter 902 I Am Not Xiaoyu'er, Ten Thousand Years Ago (1)

Once used, the divine ability Stellar Transposition would teleport people to a random location.

This location could be a few steps away or tens of thousands of kilometers away. As for where the people would appear, even Zhou Shu couldn't figure it out.

Zhou Shu was already prepared. If the teleportation failed, he would use Stellar Transposition a few more times to return to the ground.

In the end, after a flash of light, Zhou Shu felt the downward momentum disappear, and he stepped onto solid ground.

The only strange thing was that not only did he feel as if his feet were on solid ground, but he also felt that something seemed to be wrapping around his entire body.

Zhou Shu opened his eyes and looked around. A bitter smile appeared on his face. Damn it, what a coincidence!

He found that he had actually teleported into a rock. Apart from his head, his entire body was wrapped in stone. How could he not feel like he was stepping on solid ground?

He turned to look at the side. Ji Lutian's head was hanging limply. His body was also wrapped in stone, making him look a little ridiculous.

If not for Zhou Shu's current state, he would definitely mock Ji Lutian.

But now, he wasn't in the mood to mock anyone.

Zhou Shu's body trembled slightly in an attempt to shake off the stone around him.

However, the stone around him didn't move at all.

Zhou Shu frowned and tried his best to turn his head to look up. The bitter smile on his face deepened.

He and Ji Lutian were not buried in stone. Above them was a mountain that towered into the clouds. He couldn't even see the top of the mountain!

"Have we become monkeys under the Five Finger Mountain?" Zhou Shu muttered.

"Monkeys? Are there monkeys here?" A voice suddenly sounded in Zhou Shu's ear.

Zhou Shu's expression changed slightly. He looked over and saw a figure emerging from the lingering clouds. This person's head was in front of Zhou Shu with a puzzled expression.

When he saw this person, his expression changed drastically. "Xiaoyu'er?"

The face in front of him was exquisitely carved. It was exactly like Xiaoyu'er's appearance!

A mountain breeze blew past, and the clouds dissipated briefly. Only then did Zhou Shu see the person's full appearance.

The person who came was almost three meters tall, but overall, she gave off the feeling that she was still a child, especially her small face.

"My name is not Xiaoyu'er. My name is Ling'er. You called me by the wrong name," she said in a childish voice.

Zhou Shu was in a daze. This sentence fused with something he had heard before, making him unclear who was speaking.

Xiaoyu'er had said the same thing on the ice plains in the north.

"My name is not Xiaoyu'er. It's Ling'er."

The princess of the giant spirit race!

What the hell is going on? Confusion flashed across Zhou Shu's eyes.

"Did you grow out of a rock?" asked the 'little' giant who called herself Ling'er. Her tender face was full of curiosity, and when she spoke, she couldn't help poking Zhou Shu's head.

Zhou Shu felt as if a hammer had hit his head, causing it to buzz. He felt a little helpless. Although Xiaoyu'er, or rather, Ling'er, looked like a child, she was huge, so she was naturally strong.

"How can a human grow out of a rock?" Zhou Shu said helplessly. As he thought of the little girl who had once hugged his leg and wheedled while sitting on his shoulder and giggling, his heart warmed, and his voice was very gentle. "We're trapped here. Can you save us?"

"Humans can grow out of rocks. The rock race grows out of rocks." Ling'er tilted her head. "But the people of the rock race look like rocks. They're ugly. You're different. You look like us."

Then she turned around and ran.

"Hey, don't leave yet!" Zhou Shu shouted.

"I'll get someone to dig you up. I'm too weak to dig you out from here." The voice of Xiaoyu'er, or rather Ling'er, came from afar.

Seeing Ling'er run into the thick fog, Zhou Shu gradually calmed down.

After meeting Xiaoyu'er again, he was even more puzzled. The Xiaoyu'er I just saw is clearly from the giant spirit race. She clearly doesn't know me. What's going on?

"Ji Lutian, wake up!" Zhou Shu called out.

Now, he was full of doubts and wanted to discuss it with someone. There was only Ji Lutian in front of him. Of course, he hoped that Ji Lutian would wake up and talk with him.

Unfortunately, Ji Lutian was seriously injured due to the seven-colored vortex. No matter how much Zhou Shu shouted, he didn't wake up.

A moment later, Zhou Shu suddenly heard a rumbling sound in the distance. He stopped calling Ji Lutian and tried his best to raise his head to look in the direction of the sound.

In the thick fog, a few huge figures were walking over.

These figures were around ten meters tall. With every step they took, they covered several meters. They walked like the wind, and a few moments later, they arrived in front of Zhou Shu.

Ling'er jumped down from the shoulder of a giant and pointed at Zhou Shu and Ji Lutian. "This is the place. There are two little people here!"

A giant squatted down and leaned his large head in front of Zhou Shu, blocking all the light in front of Zhou Shu and causing his vision to go black.

Chapter 903 I Am Not Xiaoyu'er, Ten Thousand Years Ago (2)

"It's true. He looks like us, but he's too small," the giant said.

Zhou Shu felt a gust of wind blow against his face, mixed with a stench that almost made him faint.

"What race has such small people? I've never heard of them before," the giant continued, his rough face full of doubts.

"Uncle Bai, dig them out first. They look so pitiful," Ling'er said.

"Alright, I'll dig them out first." The giant called Uncle Bai laughed. He clenched his fist and punched the stone beside Zhou Shu and Ji Lutian.

Crack!

Large pieces of gravel fell. The tremors coming from the stone made Zhou Shu feel his internal organs tremble. The unconscious Ji Lutian groaned, and blood flowed from the corner of his mouth.

The giant was very strong, but he was too rough. By the time he dug them out, Ji Lutian would probably be shocked to death...

"I'm so stupid!" Zhou Shu wished he could slap himself. He was really in a daze.

"Celestial Thearch Sword, come out!" he shouted, and a light appeared in the air.

As soon as the light appeared, Ling'er and the giant, Uncle Bai, were shocked.

Before they could react, the light had already circled around Zhou Shu and Ji Lutian and cut into the stone.

Zhou Shu kicked with both his feet and left the mountain in a boulder.

Boom!

His body shook, and stones flew. He had already escaped.

He grabbed Ji Lutian and stepped into the air, landing on a rock protruding from the mountain.

This scene stunned Ling'er, Uncle Bai, and the other giants.

"Uncle Bai, he can fly!" Ling'er stammered.

Uncle Bai was also shocked. He looked at Zhou Shu warily. "Which race are you from? And what is that?"

Uncle Bai pointed at the Celestial Thearch Sword floating in front of Zhou Shu.

Zhou Shu raised his eyebrows. He doesn't know what a sword is?

Didn't the giant spirit race create the art of forging?

The uneasiness in Zhou Shu's heart grew stronger.

"What year and month is it now?" Zhou Shu asked in a deep voice.

Only then did he realize that something was wrong.

The language spoken by the giant spirit race was actually the same as that of humans. Something was wrong.

"What year and month?" Uncle Bai asked doubtfully. "What does year and month mean?"

"How do you count the days?" Zhou Shu frowned.

"The rising and setting of the sun is one day," Uncle Bai said subconsciously.

Then he immediately reacted and shouted while waving his huge fist, "Why should I tell you? I'm the one asking you! Which race are you from? Why did you come to our Holy Mountain?!"

The strong wind brought by his fist made Zhou Shu's clothes and hair flutter, as if it wanted to blow him away.

Compared to the ten-meter-tall giant, Zhou Shu looked abnormally weak.

But strength had never depended on size. Back then, the true dragon Demon King Ao Guang, who was a thousand feet long, had also been beaten up by Zhou Shu.

Although the giant Uncle Bai didn't say what year it was, Zhou Shu already had a definite answer.

This answer set off a storm in his heart.

How is that possible?

How could such a thing happen?

Have I returned to the era when the giant spirit race was still around?

To Zhou Shu, it was almost impossible to reverse time. Even though he had already reached lesser mastery in the Heavenly Emperor Jade Book and his grasp of the laws of time had reached a certain level, he was still unable to reverse time, not to mention going back to countless years ago.

He thought of the bronze palace and Xiaoyu'er.

The current situation was clearly related to them and the seven-colored vortex.

At the time, Xiaoyu'er said that she had no ill intentions. She might indeed have no ill intentions, but she had sent them countless years back to when the giant spirit race was still alive!

Zhou Shu's feelings became incomparably complicated. Since he returned to countless years ago, what would the era he was in become?

How would Yin Wuyou, Lu Wenshuang, Mi Ziwen, Sun Gongping, Xiao Jianghe, Yang Hong, Shi Songtao, and the others be able to withstand the attacks of the demonic beasts?

No, I have to find a way back! Zhou Shu thought.

"Hey!" Seeing that Zhou Shu didn't say anything, Uncle Bai shouted, "I'm asking you a question. Hurry up and answer! Otherwise, I'll punch you into meat paste!"

Whoosh!

He punched down, shattering a stone ten times the size of Zhou Shu.

Zhou Shu sized up the giant Uncle Bai. There was no spiritual essence fluctuation in his punch just now. He had relied purely on his physical strength.

"You're asking me who I am?" Zhou Shu slowly said. "I'm your clansman!"

Before he finished speaking, he took a step forward, and his body swelled with the wind.

Eight-Nine Arcane Art, Lawful Embodiment of Heaven and Earth!

After a few breaths, Zhou Shu also became a ten-meter-tall giant.

This change stunned Ling'er, Uncle Bai, and the other giant spirits.

Giant spirits could become bigger or smaller?

Why had they never known?

Looking at the giant who was as tall as him, Uncle Bai was a little confused. From his appearance, he was indeed a member of the giant spirit race, but the giant spirit race couldn't become bigger or smaller.

Uncle Bai couldn't understand what was going on at all.

Ling'er blinked and hugged Zhou Shu's leg. "Is this a trick? How did you do it? Can you teach me?"

In front of the ten-meter-tall Zhou Shu, the three-meter-tall Ling'er became a little child again. Without considering their huge bodies, they were actually no different from humans.

"Of course." Zhou Shu rubbed Ling'er's head dotingly. "I can teach you whatever you want to learn."

Zhou Shu didn't know Xiaoyu'er had perished with the heavenly tribulation when he was swept into the seven-colored vortex. But looking at Ling'er in front of him, he still felt that he had regained what he had lost.

Although this daughter no longer called him daddy, it felt good when she hugged his leg.

“Ling’er, can I see your father?” Zhou Shu rubbed Ling’er’s head.

Zhou Shu was very curious about the king of the giant spirit race who had defied Heaven and wanted to replace Heaven. Whether he could return to his era would probably depend on the giant spirit race.

Since the giant spirit race had brought him here, he would probably have to rely on them to return.

“Okay.” Ling’er smiled. “But my father went to negotiate with the black feather race. He won’t be back for many days. Why don’t you teach me how to become bigger and smaller first? When my father comes back, I can transform for him to see!”

“Negotiate?” Zhou Shu was deep in thought. The giant spirit race still has to negotiate with others. This means that they’ve yet to become the ruler of the world. The king of the giant spirit race hasn’t yet become invincible in the world.

Zhou Shu looked up at the dim sky. The strength of the giant spirit race has yet to reach its peak. Can they send me back?

He became uneasy. He had too many concerns in his heart. He had to return to his own era.

“This place isn’t suitable for teaching,” Zhou Shu said. “Why don’t we return to where the giant spirit race lives first, and I’ll teach you slowly?”

“Okay,” Ling’er agreed without hesitation.

“No!” Uncle Bai’s voice sounded. “It’s not certain if you’re a member of our giant spirit race. You can’t go back with us. Unless you can prove your identity, I will never let you enter our territory!”

Chapter 904 Eight-Nine Arcane Art, You Can’t Go Back (1)

“How do you want me to prove my identity?” Zhou Shu looked at Uncle Bai. “Aren’t I living proof? Is there any other race in this world that looks like this?”

Zhou Shu pointed at himself. If it were Ji Lutian, would he say, was there anyone so handsome in the world?

Uncle Bai snorted. “Hmph, you can become smaller, but we giant spirits can’t!”

“Who said giant spirits can’t?” The corners of Zhou Shu’s mouth curled up slightly. He looked at Ling’er and said, “Ling’er, do you want to become smaller?”

Ling nodded vigorously and said crisply, “Yes!”

“Don’t resist.” Zhou Shu extended his finger.

The tip of his finger emitted a white light, causing Uncle Bai and the other giant spirits to widen their eyes again. His finger can glow?

At this moment, Zhou Shu’s fingertip landed between Ling’er’s eyebrows.

Not only did she not dodge, but she even found it fun and giggled.

Zhou Shu pointed at Ling'er's glabella, and a light seemed to flash in her eyes.

A moment later, a smile appeared on her face. Then everyone saw her body emit a white light and begin to shrink at a visible speed.

Not long after, Ling'er had already become small. Uncle Bai and the others were dumbfounded.

"Th-this..." Uncle Bai stammered, unable to say a word.

Zhou Shu's lips curled up. "How is it? Ling'er's identity as a member of the giant spirit race can't be fake, right? What do you have to say now?"

"Of course Ling'er is from the giant spirit race. She... she..." Uncle Bai didn't know how to refute.

Ling'er couldn't change size in the past. What was going on with her now?

"Uncle Bai!" Ling'er was only as tall as Uncle Bai's ankle. She giggled. Then her body flickered with light, and her body began to grow. A moment later, she returned to being three meters tall.

"Get bigger, get bigger!" Ling'er puffed up her cheeks and panted heavily but still shouted.

But her body no longer changed.

Zhou Shu looked at Ling'er dotingly and smiled. "Ling'er, you've never cultivated before, so you can only transform once. I'll teach you how to cultivate later. At that time, you'll be able to transform as you wish."

"Cultivate? What is that?" The excitement in Ling'er's eyes faded, and a trace of doubt appeared.

"You mean training? How can training make people bigger and smaller?" Uncle Bai asked doubtfully.

"Cultivating is different from training." Zhou Shu shook his head. "Uncle Bai, do you believe that I'm from the giant spirit race now? If you wish to cultivate, I can teach you after I meet your king."

Zhou Shu realized that this giant spirit race didn't seem to understand the method of spiritual essence cultivation. But when he met Xiaoyu'er, she was a genuine Grotto-Heaven realm expert.

Wuwu...

At this moment, a sharp horn sounded in the distance.

The expressions of Uncle Bai and the other giants changed drastically.

"Let's go!" Uncle Bai shouted and strode out of the mountain.

The other giants left as well. They were tall and had long legs, so their speed was shocking.

How abnormal. Without spiritual essence, they're actually as fast as Earth Immortals. Zhou Shu looked in the direction that Uncle Bai and the others had disappeared.

"Uncle, our village is under attack. I have to go back and help. Goodbye!" Ling'er shouted. Then she ran in the direction Uncle Bai and the others had disappeared.

“Wait—” Zhou Shu was just about to speak when Ling’er disappeared at the foot of the mountain like an agile little monkey.

He frowned slightly. Under attack?

The current giant spirit race had indeed yet to become the ruler of the world.

He wanted to follow, but when he thought of Ji Lutian, he stopped. “I almost forgot about you.”

Zhou Shu used the Eight-Nine Arcane Art to return to his original size and returned to Ji Lutian’s side.

He first checked Ji Lutian’s body and heaved a sigh of relief when he found that his life wasn’t in danger.

He took out an Essence Cleansing Pill and stuffed it into Ji Lutian’s mouth. Then he reached out and pressed on Ji Lutian’s back to transfer a stream of spiritual essence.

Ji Lutian groaned and slowly opened his eyes. “What is this place? What just happened? Which bastard ambushed me? If you have the ability, fight me for three hundred rounds!”

Zhou Shu couldn’t help rolling his eyes. If this were the other Ji Lutian, he definitely wouldn’t ask such idiotic questions.

Not only was this Ji Lutian narcissistic, but he wasn’t very smart either. It was only because he came with him. Otherwise, Zhou Shu wouldn’t have bothered with him.

With such a companion, who knew what trouble he would cause?

Boom!

Before Zhou Shu could answer, he felt the ground tremble, and a violent sound came from afar.

“Kill!”

The sounds of fighting were faintly audible. Ji Lutian sat up and looked in the direction of the sound, his eyes filled with excitement. “Are the people who ambushed me there? Watch me deal with them!”

“Shut up!” Zhou Shu berated. “No one ambushed you. You were injured yourself!”

Chapter 905 Eight-Nine Arcane Art, You Can’t Go Back (2)

Ji Lutian glared. “Kid, you’re rebelling! How dare you talk to me like that?”

“Is there a problem with talking to you like this? Why can’t you open your eyes and take a look?” Zhou Shu said angrily. “You’re injured now. If we really fight, you might not be my match. If you’re defeated by a junior like me, you will lose all your face. If you’re not afraid of losing face, you can try.”

“I...” Ji Lutian’s eyes widened. How could someone who wanted face as much as him not be afraid of losing face?

“Follow me. Otherwise, no one will care if anything happens to you.” Zhou Shu looked at where the sounds of battle came from and stopped talking with Ji Lutian. He flew up and flew toward the sounds.

While flying, Zhou Shu felt that something was wrong.

This world seemed to have much heavier gravity than the era he was in. As he flew in the air, he felt that the resistance he faced was several times greater than before.

Every movement consumed much more energy than before.

It was no wonder the giant spirit race was so big. Ordinary humans wouldn't be able to survive under such circumstances. It would probably be extremely difficult for them to move.

Ji Lutian flew behind Zhou Shu and obviously discovered this too. "Kid, where are we now? There's something wrong with the world here."

"Ancient times, when the giant spirit race was still around," Zhou Shu said casually.

"Are you joking—?" Before Ji Lutian could finish speaking, he stopped in the air, stunned.

His eyes were wide open as he stared straight ahead. The next moment, he rubbed his eyes and stared ahead again.

After doing this a few times, he finally confirmed that he wasn't seeing things!

Ahead, two groups of people were fighting.

One side was ten to thirteen-meter-tall giants. The other was also ten to thirteen meters tall, but they didn't look human. They had green faces and fangs, and they had a pair of wings on their backs.

Their fight was full of pure violence. Both sides fought hand-to-hand, punching and kicking, even using their mouths. It was a brutal fight.

Although their battle was very primitive, Zhou Shu and Ji Lutian's eyelids still twitched.

Be it the giants or the winged, green-faced, and fanged party, they were extremely powerful. Their punches and kicks were enough to split mountains and break rocks. Moreover, their bodies were very sturdy. They had to attack each other crazily to cause some injuries to their opponents.

"This is the giant spirit race," Ji Lutian muttered. "That's the asura race!"

"How is this possible?"

Boom!

A loud sound echoed in their ears, and Zhou Shu's pupils constricted slightly.

He saw Uncle Bai fighting a green-faced, fanged monster who was a head taller than him.

He reached out to grab the monster's waist and pushed the monster back continuously. As for the monster, it let out a roar, and its sharp claws kept scratching Uncle Bai's back, pulling out chunks of flesh and blood.

Zhou Shu looked behind the giants. Not far behind them, there was a stronghold piled up with boulders. On the boulders, he could still see figures. They were the old, weak, women, and children of the giant spirit race.

No wonder Uncle Bai and the giant spirits were fighting so desperately. Behind them were the old, weak, women, and children of the giant spirit race, their families.

Zhou Shu's heart skipped a beat.

Be it in numbers or individual strength, the asura race was above the giant spirit race. Giant after giant collapsed from serious injuries, then they desperately got up and continued to fight fearlessly.

Although the giant spirit race was not the ruler of the world that Ji Lutian had mentioned, their bravery was admirable.

"Why is the giant spirit race so weak?" Ji Lutian muttered. "Where are their divine weapons? Why don't they use divine weapons? Without divine weapons, how can they defeat the asura race with their physical strength?"

Whoosh!

A few asuras flapped their wings and flew up, charging toward the stronghold behind the giant spirit race warriors.

"Don't even think about bullying my people!" A young, crisp voice sounded. Ling'er ran out of the stronghold and rushed toward the asuras.

"Three meters tall. Isn't this a little girl from the giant spirit race? Is she courting death?" Ji Lutian muttered.

Zhou Shu glanced at Ji Lutian and snorted. If you don't know how to speak, then don't speak. No one will treat you as a mute.

Who said that Ling'er is courting death? With me around, who dares to hurt her?!

"Die, all of you!" Ling'er shouted and waved her fist at the asuras.

A ferocious smile appeared on the green-faced and fanged asuras, and their sharp claws flashed coldly under the sunlight. They could already see the scene of them tearing the giant spirit child into pieces. The flesh of children was the most tender, especially the heart. It was delicious and juicy!

The asuras couldn't wait to extend their claws. At this moment, a white light suddenly flashed.

The sinister smiles on the asuras' faces froze. The next moment, a huge head fell to the ground with a bang.

Green blood shot into the sky, emitting an unpleasant stench.

Ling'er was shocked and dodged with a whoosh. She looked at her fist in confusion. I haven't hit him yet. Why did his head fall off?

The other asuras were stunned on the spot. They had no idea how their companion had died.

"Those who cross the line will die!" A thunderous voice sounded. With a flash of white light, a several-hundred-meter-long sword mark appeared on the ground.

The Celestial Thearch Sword descended from the sky and stabbed straight into the sword mark. Then Zhou Shu stepped forward and landed beside Ling'er.

"Uncle?" Xiaoyu'er blinked and looked at Zhou Shu in surprise.

Zhou Shu had already used the Eight-Nine Arcane Art, and his appearance now looked exactly the same as that of the giant spirit race.

Ji Lutian stared at him. "You said that you weren't from the giant spirit race. You've exposed yourself now!"

"Uncle, can you help Uncle Bai and the others?" Ling'er came back to her senses. She wasn't the one who killed the asura just now, but it was this uncle.

When Zhou Shu saw Ling'er's pleading gaze, his heart softened. He, who originally didn't want to cause complications, nodded.

"Go back to the stronghold and wait. Leave this to me," Zhou Shu said.

In the distance, Uncle Bai was already covered in blood. He was kicked away by the asura who was a head taller than him. Then a few asuras pounced on him and bit his limbs.

Uncle Bai let out a scream.

The surrounding giant spirits tried to save him, but they were no match for the asuras at all.

In the blink of an eye, several giant spirits had their throats bitten off by the asuras. The asuras devoured the flesh and blood of the giant spirits in large mouthfuls. The scene was abnormally bloody and cruel.

"When our king returns, he will definitely avenge us!" Uncle Bai roared.

"Haha, he won't be able to return. The giant spirit race is about to become history!" The asura laughed, revealing his white teeth.

Swish!

Before he could finish speaking, a white light flashed. The heads of the asuras biting Uncle Bai's limbs instantly fell to the ground, and green blood splattered all over Uncle Bai.

The smile on the big asura's face suddenly froze.

"I don't know if they can come back, but I know that you can't go back." A voice sounded, and a figure slowly walked through the crowd. This person didn't seem very tall among the giants, but as he walked over, everyone seemed to make way for him.

The white light that had cut off the heads of several asuras circled around and suddenly returned to the person's hand, turning into a long sharp blade.

While speaking, the person raised his hand and slashed forward. The pupils of the asura suddenly constricted into black dots.

Chapter 906 Unparalleled Expert Who Goes Against Heaven (1)

Swish!

A sword beam flashed, and an asura in the air shed green blood. There was a shocking wound on his wings. In an instant, the wings flickered and disappeared with the asura.

The other asuras flapped their wings and flew into the distance.

Zhou Shu stood with his sword and didn't pursue.

Seeing the asuras fly away, all the giant spirits, who had just fought the asuras, heaved a sigh of relief and sat weakly on the ground.

Although the battle just now hadn't been too long, the giant spirit race had suffered heavy casualties. Everyone who participated in the battle was injured.

Uncle Bai was seriously injured and had already fallen to the ground, unable to get up.

A group of old, weak, women, and children of the giant spirit race ran out from the stronghold behind them. They skillfully bandaged the wounds of the giant spirit warriors, and some of them carried the heavily injured ones on stretchers back to the stronghold.

Even Ling'er, a child of the giant spirit race, was busy running around.

After a long time, peace returned to the battlefield. Uncle Bai, who was covered in bandages, came in front of Zhou Shu.

Plop—

He knelt on one knee in front of Zhou Shu and said in a deep voice, "You saved my life. From now on, my life is yours. As long as you don't endanger our giant spirit race, I'll do whatever you ask me."

Zhou Shu shook his head. "You're welcome. If you want to thank someone, then thank Ling'er. I saved you because she begged me. Otherwise, I wouldn't have saved you."

"Ling'er?" Uncle Bai was slightly stunned.

"Get up. Aren't you embarrassed about kneeling on the ground?" Zhou Shu said.

"I will thank Ling'er, but I will also repay you for saving my life. Our giant spirit race will definitely repay your kindness!" Uncle Bai said stubbornly.

"Alright, if you must repay me, I have some questions for you. Get up first," Zhou Shu said.

"Okay, I'll tell you everything I know." Uncle Bai's attitude was completely different from when he met Zhou Shu in the mountains.

...

Two hours later, Zhou Shu, who was sitting outside the giant spirit race's stronghold, revealed a thoughtful expression.

Uncle Bai was a man of his word. He had indeed answered all Zhou Shu's questions honestly. He had even ran to other giant spirits to ask them the questions he didn't have answers for.

After a series of questions, Zhou Shu finally understood his current environment.

They had indeed gone back to ancient times. The giant spirit race had yet to dominate the world.

To be precise, currently, the giant spirit race was just an inconspicuous race in the world, and there were countless races stronger than them. The current giant spirit race had yet to invent the art of forging and survived by relying on their copper skin and iron bones.

However, their copper skin and iron bones were not very outstanding in the current world. For some reason, all the creatures in the current world were huge in size, and the innate endowments of the giant spirits were not advantageous.

In Zhou Shu's opinion, the giant spirit race's powerful bodies could only be considered average compared to other races.

For example, the body of the asura race was far stronger than that of the giant spirit race. Giant spirits were even just food for asuras!

At the same time, Zhou Shu also knew that the races in the world today relied on their innate abilities to fight. Cultivation didn't exist.

For the giant spirit race, when they were born, they had strength comparable to first-rank martial artists. As they grew, their strength would continue to increase. Adult giant spirits generally had strength comparable to Earth Immortals. Those who were stronger had strength comparable to the Grotto-Heaven realm.

It had to be said that the existences of this era were definitely geniuses among geniuses compared to the human race and demonic beasts in the future.

One had to know that in later generations, humans had to undergo arduous cultivation to have such strength. It might be better for demonic beasts, but no one could have the strength of a Great Demon when they reached adulthood without doing anything.

Zhou Shu had also indirectly probed about the existence of the bronze palace, but Uncle Bai didn't know anything about it. He didn't know whether the giant spirit race didn't have the bronze palace yet, or if Uncle Bai's status was not high enough to know about it.

"You said before that your king went to the black feather race to negotiate. What's going on?" Zhou Shu asked.

"If our king and our warriors hadn't gone to the black feather race, the asura race wouldn't have been so impudent!" Uncle Bai gritted his teeth. "It's like this. The black feather race wants to form an alliance with our giant spirit race, and our king went over to negotiate with them.

"Since he's there to negotiate an alliance, why did that asura say that your king won't be able to return?" Zhou Shu frowned. "Is there a conspiracy here?"

Uncle Bai pondered and said, "Conspiracy? No way. The black feather race isn't strong. Even if there's a conspiracy, with their strength, the king and the others aren't afraid of the black feather race."

“What if there’s more than the black feather race? What if the asura race is there as well?” Zhou Shu asked.

“Then...” Uncle Bai immediately looked flustered. “I was wondering why the black feather race suddenly wanted to form an alliance with us and why the asura race suddenly came knocking on our door. They must have colluded!

“No, I have to bring people to meet our king!”

Uncle Bai stood up anxiously and walked toward the stronghold.

Chapter 907 Unparalleled Expert Who Goes Against Heaven (2)

“Wait.” Zhou Shu stopped Uncle Bai. “If it’s really a trap, so what if you go? Can you save people with your strength? If you go like this, not only will you not be able to save them, but you will also be dragged in.”

“Then, what should I do?” Uncle Bai said helplessly. “By the way, you can even kill asuras. Your strength is not much weaker than our king’s. If you go, you will definitely be able to help our king and the others!”

“Why should I go?” Zhou Shu said calmly.

“You’re also from the giant spirit race. It’s your responsibility to help our king!” Uncle Bai said anxiously.

“You’re wrong.” Zhou Shu shook his head. “Even if I’m from the giant spirit race, it has nothing to do with your tribe. I’ve never eaten any of your food or benefited from you.”

Uncle Bai: “...”

“Ling’er, don’t you like Ling’er? If you save our king, he will definitely betroth Ling’er to you!”

Zhou Shu’s face darkened. This bastard. Ling’er is my daughter. Am I, Zhou Shu, such a beast?

Besides, Ling’er is still a child!

“If you say that again, I’ll fall out with you!” Zhou Shu said coldly.

“I...” Uncle Bai didn’t understand why Zhou Shu was angry. This was very common in their tribe. It wasn’t just the giant spirit race. It was common for the kings of other races to betroth their daughters to warriors.

“Uncle Bai, it’s not impossible for me to help you,” Zhou Shu said.

“Tell me what conditions you have!” Uncle Bai had a flash of inspiration and said loudly, “We can give you all our food.”

“What do I need food for?” Zhou Shu shook his head. “Forget it. You have no say in this matter. I still have to talk to your king.”

He sized up Uncle Bai. Giant spirits were huge and born with divine strength. But it had to be said that with just strength, they didn’t have much of an advantage when facing other races.

The physical strength of the asuras was not inferior to the giant spirits', but they had sharp claws and teeth. The giant spirits couldn't hurt them with the same strength, but they could tear apart the bronze skin and iron bones of the giant spirits.

This situation was very similar to that of humans and demonic beasts in the future.

According to Ji Lutian, the giant spirit race later created the art of forging and became the ruler of the world step by step.

They didn't have the art of forging yet. If he lent them some divine weapons, wouldn't it immediately increase their strength?

Although the giant spirit race didn't have spiritual essence, they were born with divine strength. As long as he forged divine weapons that matched their characteristics, they would definitely be able to unleash the power of divine weapons.

Zhou Shu felt his blood boil at the thought of a ten-meter-tall giant waving a ten-meter-long sword to reap lives.

They would be the best workers.

"Uncle Bai, how long has your king been gone?" Zhou Shu asked.

After some thought, Uncle Bai said, "We've been waiting for more than ten days. The stronghold of the black feather race is seven days away from us. If everything goes smoothly, the king and the others should be back in a few days."

Then he continued anxiously, "If the alliance is successful, the king should have already sent someone back to deliver the news. Something must have happened to them!"

"I have to save them!"

"Seven days' journey." Zhou Shu pondered. "Forget it. I'll make a trip."

Saving people was like putting out a fire. It was too late to customize weapons for the giant spirit race now.

If the king of the giant spirit race really died in battle, wouldn't his hope of returning to the future be gone?

"Uncle Bai, let's go. You lead the way. We'll go save them," Zhou Shu said solemnly. He reached out and grabbed Uncle Bai's arm. With a step, he soared into the sky.

This was the first time Uncle Bai was flying in the air. His face was full of shock.

"How can you fly without wings?" Uncle Bai couldn't help asking. As soon as he opened his mouth, a strong wind poured into his mouth, making his voice choke.

"Stop talking. If you want to learn how to fly, you might have a chance in the future," Zhou Shu said.

In the future, he had seen giant spirits. They had spiritual essence cultivation. The giant spirit race would definitely invent cultivation techniques in the future.

“Lead the way,” Zhou Shu said angrily when he saw Uncle Bai looking around curiously.

Uncle Bai was slightly stunned. He raised his head and pointed in a direction.

Although giant spirits couldn’t fly, their running speed was comparable to an Earth Immortal’s speed. Even with Zhou Shu’s flying speed, it would take four to five days to complete the seven-day journey.

But before they reached the territory of the black feather race, they had already found the king of the giant spirit race.

After flying for three days, Uncle Bai suddenly pointed at the ground and kept twisting his body.

Zhou Shu understood his body language. He looked down and saw more than a hundred giant spirits in a valley. Asuras, who had green faces and fangs, and another race, who had wings and whose bodies were branded with profound black patterns, were besieging them.

When Zhou Shu looked over, he happened to see a giant almost thirteen meters tall, taller than ordinary giant spirits, roaring and charging forward.

No one from the asura race or the black feather race could stop him.

Zhou Shu even saw an asura torn into two by the giant’s hands. With such strength, Zhou Shu thought that even he might not be able to defeat him if he didn’t use all his trump cards.

“Is that your king?” Zhou Shu stopped in the air and pointed at the giant.

“Yes, that’s our king!” Uncle Bai shouted excitedly. “The king and the others are still alive!

“Let’s go down and help the king kill all these beasts!”

Boom!

At this moment, two figures appeared in the valley and stopped the king of the giant spirit race. The collision between the two sides created a loud bang.

The king of the giant spirit race took two steps back and stared at the two people in front of him.

“Asura King, Black Feather King!” The Giant Spirit King growled. “You’re actually colluding!”

The Asura King and Black Feather King looked at each other and laughed at the same time.

“Giant Spirit King, your reaction is too slow. Living is a waste of food for you fools. We will be merciful and send your giant spirit race on their way!” the Asura King said coldly.

“With just you?” The Giant Spirit King roared, “I’ll kill you first!”

He stomped heavily, stirring up a cloud of dust. His huge body was already pouncing at the Black Feather King.

The three of them were all kings of their race, but their battles were no different from those of ordinary clansmen. They fought hand-to-hand. The Giant Spirit King punched the Asura King, and the Asura King’s sharp claws left a wound on the Giant Spirit King.

The Giant Spirit King kicked the Black Feather King's wings while the Black Feather King bit off a piece of flesh from the Giant Spirit King's calf.

The primitive and barbaric battle was incomparably bloody. After a while, the Giant Spirit King was already covered in wounds, and blood dyed his entire body red.

"King!" Uncle Bai roared. He broke free from Zhou Shu's hand and rushed into the valley from the air.

A giant descending from the sky immediately attracted everyone's attention.

"Cang Bai?" The Giant Spirit King was stunned.

The Asura King and Black Feather King looked at each other. The giant spirits actually had reinforcements?

"Kill the Giant Spirit King first!" The two of them shouted at the same time. They instantly rushed in front of the Giant Spirit King, and their attacks rained down.

Zhou Shu looked at the Giant Spirit King, who would go against Heaven later. He was now under the attacks of the Asura King and Black Feather King, and he was retreating step by step. His body was on the verge of collapse, and he was about to lose his life. He wasn't the invincible and domineering ruler of the world that Ji Lutian had mentioned.

I even have to save the Giant Spirit King. Speaking of which, am I stronger? Zhou Shu thought.

"Celestial Thearch Sword, come!" Zhou Shu shouted and waved his sword finger. The Celestial Thearch Sword descended from the sky.

Chapter 908 I'm Not Interested in Being the Giant Spirits' King (1)

Clink Clink!

With two crisp sounds, the Asura King and the Black Feather King were forced back tens of meters.

At this moment, Zhou Shu descended from the sky and grabbed the hilt of the Celestial Thearch Sword.

He looked at the Asura King and Black Feather King in surprise. My attack actually didn't injure the two of them?

The Celestial Thearch Sword had clearly hit them just now. Such defense was really unimaginable!

Back then, when Zhou Shu started cultivating, what he cultivated was the Dragon Elephant Prajna Technique and the Golden Bell Shield Technique, so his body far surpassed that of ordinary humans.

But some people were born in Rome, while others were born cows and horses¹.

Even though he had reached perfection in the Dragon Elephant Prajna Technique and the Golden Bell Shield Technique, he was no match for these races in ancient times, who were born with much stronger bodies than him.

Such existences could even withstand an attack from the Celestial Thearch Sword without being injured.

One had to know that the Celestial Thearch Sword was a grotto-heaven divine weapon!

Even Grotto-Heaven realm experts wouldn't dare to use their bodies to resist a three-heaven divine weapon.

The Asura King and Black Feather King actually managed to block the attack with their bodies!

The Asura King and Black Feather King immediately felt a threat from Zhou Shu. They stared at him and asked grimly, "Who are you?"

"It doesn't matter who I am. I'm giving you a chance now. If you leave now, you can still live," Zhou Shu said indifferently. "You only have one chance. You have to seize it."

The Asura King's and the Black Feather King's faces darkened. "Hmph, so what if you have reinforcements? Your giant spirit race is no match for our two races. The giant spirit race must die today!"

The two of them let out a roar at the same time. One had a green face and sharp teeth, while the other had a pitch-black face. The wings on their backs spread at the same time, and with a flash, strong wind sent sand and stones flying.

Zhou Shu clicked his tongue in wonder. Although these ancient races didn't know how to cultivate spiritual essence, they were really strong. The difference in talent was simply unreasonable.

Just a flap of their wings was stronger than the divine abilities of many Grotto-Heaven realm experts.

Zhou Shu waved his finger, and the Celestial Thearch Sword emitted a light that formed a circular barrier around his body, isolating the flying sand and stones a meter away.

Upon seeing this, the eyes of the Asura King and the Black Feather King flashed with surprise. What kind of ability was this?

Although they were a little surprised, their reactions were the same. They bared their fangs and claws at the same time and pounced at Zhou Shu.

The Asura King's nails were a foot long. When he spread them out, they were like ten sharp swords that cut through the air with a sizzling sound.

The Black Feather King's attack method was the black feathers on his wings.

His black feathers shot out like flying knives, enveloping Zhou Shu in all directions.

His attack reminded Zhou Shu of the Heavenly Dragon Slayer that he had personally forged for Demon King Hu Li. The Black Feather King's attack was very similar to the Heavenly Dragon Slayer's attack. The pair of wings on his back was like a natural divine weapon.

This was the talent of an ancient race!

Zhou Shu sighed with emotion, but he was fearless. The Celestial Thearch Sword shone brightly, and his spiritual essence surged.

In an instant, the weather changed. A huge vortex formed in the sky, and countless spiritual essence surged toward Zhou Shu.

Seven Swords of Heaven Interception, Seeing the Dao through Me!

An aura of supremacy pervaded the air.

In the eyes of the Asura King and the Black Feather King, Zhou Shu's figure, which was originally not outstanding, suddenly seemed to fill the sky. They involuntarily felt like submitting to Zhou Shu.

Both of them let out a furious roar, and their attacks became even more violent.

Countless sword beams erupted from the Celestial Thearch Sword, and the sword beams collided with the black feathers shot out by the Black Feather King, causing sparks to fly in the air. In an instant, it looked as though countless stars had appeared in the sky. It was truly a beautiful sight.

The Black Feather King let out a muffled groan and took a few steps back. The black feathers he shot out were all blocked.

At this moment, sword beams slashed out by the Celestial Thearch Sword collided with the Asura King's sharp nails.

Clink Clink!

With a few crisp sounds, the Asura King was sent flying.

A jade-like nail fell to the ground with a bang.

In the short exchange, it seemed like they were evenly matched, but Zhou Shu had cut off one of the Asura King's ten nails!

The Asura King's expression changed drastically. He looked at the Celestial Thearch Sword in Zhou Shu's hand, and the depths of his eyes were full of shock.

His nails were extremely hard. He had never encountered anything that could injure them. What was this man holding? How could this thing cut off his nails?

The Asura King and the Black Feather King looked at each other. The two of them were also ambitious and ruthless. After the short battle, they already understood that their plan today had failed. They couldn't defeat this person in front of them, so they would have to find another opportunity to destroy the giant spirit race.

They both let out a long roar. "Retreat!"

With a flap of their wings, the asura race and the black feather race flew into the sky. For a moment, it was as if locusts had passed through, and the sky became dark.

A moment later, the asura race and the black feather race disappeared into the horizon.

At this time, Zhou Shu heard heavy breathing behind him.

"Are you from my giant spirit race?" The Giant Spirit King's voice sounded behind Zhou Shu.

Chapter 909 I'm Not Interested in Being the Giant Spirits' King (2)

“What’s the matter? If I’m a member of the giant spirit race, do I have to respect you as my king?” Zhou Shu turned around and sized up the Giant Spirit King with a faint smile.

Not considering the huge body of the Giant Spirit King, his appearance was that of a handsome man. His eyebrows were thick and straight, and he had a determined expression on his face.

“Of course not.” The Giant Spirit King shook his head. “Thanks to the kindness of my clansmen, I’m temporarily taking the position of king and doing some work for my giant spirit race. Your Excellency, you are so powerful that you even defeated the Asura King and Black Feather King. If you’re really a member of my giant spirit race, I’m willing to abdicate and give up my position. I’ll respect you as my king!”

In the ancient races, the strongest became the king.

The Giant Spirit King knew that he wasn’t Zhou Shu’s match. After all, he had almost lost his life under the attacks of the Asura King and the Black Feather King, while Zhou Shu had single-handedly forced them back.

“Respect me as king?” Zhou Shu was slightly stunned. This Giant Spirit King was really direct.

But he wasn’t interested in being the king of a race. Back then, the Qin emperor had asked him to be the emperor of Great Qin, but he had also refused.

He was just a forger, and his ideal life was to forge unrestrained. He would really have no freedom if he became the king of a race or emperor.

“I’m not interested,” Zhou Shu refused bluntly. “But I want to stay with your race for a period of time. I wonder if you could do me this favor?”

“The giant spirit race welcomes you.” The Giant Spirit King cupped his hands. “As long as you’re from the giant spirit race, the gates of our stronghold will always be open. Not to mention that you’re only staying temporarily, even if you want to live in the village forever, it won’t be a problem.”

“We’ll talk about the future later,” Zhou Shu said calmly. “Giant Spirit King, can you still walk? Although the asura race and the black feather race have temporarily retreated, they have ulterior motives toward the giant spirit race. I’m afraid they won’t give up so easily. We should return as soon as possible.”

“You’re right.” The Giant Spirit King nodded. “Everyone, get up. Let’s rest when we get home!”

The warriors of the giant spirit race roared in response to the Giant Spirit King.

Cang Bai, who was Uncle Bai, came to Zhou Shu’s side and said solemnly, “Thank you for saving our king. I can’t repay your kindness. Please let me become your slave.”

“There’s no need,” Zhou Shu refused. “I’ve already told you before. I don’t need your repayment. I don’t need slaves either.”

“But—”

Cang Bai wanted to say more, but Zhou Shu interrupted him. “If you continue talking nonsense, I’ll leave immediately. You know that I can fly. If I leave, you can forget about ever finding me again.”

Cang Bai's face stiffened, too frightened to speak.

"Cang Bai, stop talking," the Giant Spirit King said. "This brother is not an ordinary person. He didn't help us for our insignificant repayment. In fact, we don't have much to offer him in return."

The Giant Spirit King smiled bitterly.

The giant spirit race was a relatively weak race among the ancient races. In other words, they were a relatively poor tribe. They had not even completely resolved the problem of food and clothing for their race. How could they repay Zhou Shu with anything he would fancy?

"Brother, may I know your name?" The Giant Spirit King cupped his hands. "Why were you left outside?"

In the past, there had been giant spirits who had been left outside the stronghold walls. But in this era, it was very difficult for a person to survive alone outside. There was a high chance that they would become food for other races.

The Giant Spirit King couldn't understand why a powerful giant spirit like Zhou Shu had been left outside their settlement.

"You can call me Zhou Shu," Zhou Shu said calmly. "My origin is complicated. I can't explain it clearly in a few words, and you might not believe me. You just have to know that I have no ill intentions toward you."

Zhou Shu couldn't possibly tell them that he came from countless years in the future and that he wasn't from the giant spirit race but from the human race.

There were no humans in the world now. The Giant Spirit King and the others definitely couldn't understand what humans were.

"Zhou Shu? Your surname is Zhou?" The Giant Spirit King frowned slightly.

The giant spirit race's surname was Cang. But when he thought about how Zhou Shu didn't grow up in the stronghold, he realized that Zhou Shu had probably named himself casually.

The Giant Spirit King wasn't an obstinate person, so he didn't dwell too much on this problem.

"Brother Zhou Shu, this place will be your home from now on. You can stay here as long as you want and come whenever you want. The gates of our stronghold will always be open to you," the Giant Spirit King said.

The corners of Zhou Shu's mouth curled up slightly. Regardless of whether the Giant Spirit King was sincere or not, his words were quite pleasant.

"Giant Spirit King, I saw that when you fought the asura race and the black feather race, you were all bare-handed. Don't you have divine weapons?" Zhou Shu asked tentatively.

"Divine weapons?" The Giant Spirit King looked thoughtful. "Is it the thing you were holding, Brother Zhou Shu?"

He looked at Zhou Shu curiously, as if he wanted to see where Zhou Shu had hidden the Celestial Thearch Sword.

“Yes, you don’t know what a weapon is?” Zhou Shu asked.

This Giant Spirit King doesn’t even recognize a sword? Is this the legendary giant spirit race who created the art of forging?

“Weapon...” The Giant Spirit King pondered and said, “I’ve never heard of this word.”

Even the word weapon hasn’t appeared yet? Zhou Shu pondered, and his expression became a little strange. The legendary giant spirit race who created the art of forging doesn’t even know what weapons are now. If I give them divine weapons now, who will be the one who creates the art of forging?

Zhou Shu recalled some of the time paradoxes he had seen before. He seemed to have fallen into a time paradox now.

The Giant Spirit King pondered and said, “Brother Zhou Shu, the weapon you use is a little similar to the knife we usually use to cut meat. But the knife we use isn’t usable in battle at all. It’s too fragile.”

Zhou Shu glanced at the Giant Spirit King. He was the king after all. When Cang Bai saw the Celestial Thearch Sword, he didn’t associate the sword with knives.

Although the giant spirit race didn’t have any weapons yet, they already had a kitchen knife. If they continued to develop, they would probably discover the use of weapons sooner or later.

“Who made the knife you use to cut meat?” Zhou Shu asked curiously. Since this person could invent a knife to cut meat, then it wouldn’t be difficult to invent a weapon used for fighting.

“I once saved a member of the fire race. He gave me the knife to cut meat,” the Giant Spirit King said without hiding anything.

“The fire race? Where is the fire race?” Zhou Shu asked curiously.

“The fire race no longer exists.” The Giant Spirit King shook his head. “The person I saved from the fire race was the last one in the world. Otherwise, he wouldn’t have given me the secret knife of his race.”

He said regretfully, “Unfortunately, although I saved him, he only lived for a few months before he died.”

“Exterminated?” Zhou Shu was puzzled. “Giant Spirit King, is it common for races to be exterminated?”

“It’s very common.” The Giant Spirit King nodded with a solemn expression. “In this world, almost every day, races are destroyed. Some combative races can’t stand the existence of other races. If you hadn’t helped us today, our giant spirit race might have disappeared from the world.

“Back then, the fire race was an extremely powerful race. Later, for some reason, the king of the fire race unexpectedly died. Then they were besieged by many races, and in the end, they were outnumbered and tragically exterminated. The world is unpredictable. No matter how powerful a race is, it’s inevitable that they will be exterminated one day...”

The Giant Spirit King sighed with a complicated expression.

Chapter 910 Whoever I Help Will Be the Ruler of the World (1)

"The law of the jungle is the law of nature." Zhou Shu didn't mind. If one's strength was inferior to others', wouldn't it depend on luck to survive?

Apart from becoming stronger, there was no other way to change this situation.

Wasn't the human race facing a similar situation in the future? They could be exterminated by demonic beasts at any time, but the human experts didn't sit back and do nothing.

"That's right. The strongest rules." The Giant Spirit King sighed. "Unfortunately, our giant spirit race doesn't have many people to begin with, and our innate talents aren't outstanding. If we have the weapon in your hand, we might be able to compete with the other races."

He looked at Zhou Shu with a burning gaze, his eyes full of anticipation.

Zhou Shu smiled without saying anything. Testing me?

It isn't easy to obtain the divine weapons I forge. It depends on whether you're useful...

Seeing that Zhou Shu didn't say anything, the Giant Spirit King didn't continue. Instead, he began to set off.

He was indeed worried about the safety of the giant spirit race's stronghold.

Zhou Shu didn't fly in the air alone. Instead, he intentionally walked on the ground, wanting to compete with the Giant Spirit King.

The Giant Spirit King also seemed to want to test Zhou Shu's abilities. He moved so fast that even ordinary Grotto-Heaven realm experts couldn't compare to him.

Zhou Shu clicked his tongue in wonder. His physical strength is actually so powerful. If the Giant Spirit King cultivated some body tempering techniques, such as the Eight-Nine Arcane Art, how powerful would he be?

Even experts at Wang Xuanyi's level probably wouldn't be his match.

Zhou Shu was deep in thought, but he didn't know that the Giant Spirit King was even more shocked.

The Giant Spirit King, the king of the giant spirit race, was the strongest expert of the giant spirit race. He was extremely talented. From the moment he was born, he had always been the strongest among his peers. After he became an adult, he became the strongest giant spirit throughout the ages. He originally thought that Zhou Shu could defeat the Asura King and the Black Feather King by relying on the magical weapon in his hand and that his own strength might not be comparable to his.

Unexpectedly, his speed was not inferior to his. He was already exerting his full strength, but Zhou Shu could still keep up with him with ease.

Is there finally a giant spirit stronger than me? With such strength and such a powerful weapon, if he's the king of the giant spirit race, he will definitely be able to do better than me, the Giant Spirit King thought. When he looked at Zhou Shu again, his eyes were already burning.

Zhou Shu felt a little uncomfortable under the Giant Spirit King's gaze. What does he want to do by looking at me like that?

"Giant Spirit King, we've arrived at the stronghold. I think your stronghold is very ordinary. It can't withstand the attacks of those powerful races at all," Zhou Shu said casually. He really couldn't stand the Giant Spirit King's fiery gaze.

"Aren't all the strongholds like this?" the Giant Spirit King said curiously.

"Of course not." Zhou Shu shook his head. "If there's a chance later, I'll show you what a real stronghold is."

Stones piled up at four walls... Was this a stronghold?

This was at most a shack.

In the future, the Demon King Palace of the Demon Realm was much more exquisite than their stronghold...

"Brother Zhou Shu, you're really knowledgeable." The Giant Spirit King's gaze became even more fiery.

Zhou Shu was speechless. There's no point in changing the topic.

Does this Giant Spirit King have some special fetish?

Zhou Shu felt a chill run down his spine and involuntarily quickened his pace.

Divine ability, Unstoppable For a Thousand Miles!

Zhou Shu was like a gust of wind, instantly leaving the Giant Spirit King far behind.

Looking at Zhou Shu's back, the Giant Spirit King's eyes burned even more. That's right. He should be the king of our giant spirit race! Only he can lead our giant spirit race to a glorious future!

The Giant Spirit King made a decision and strode after Zhou Shu.

The stronghold of the giant spirit race was a place with a radius of dozens of kilometers and surrounded by boulders. It was built against a mountain, and inside were rows of stone houses.

The stone houses were also built with stones on four walls and covered with wood and thatch. They were the most primitive shacks.

The Giant Spirit King had just returned and was having a happy gathering with the giant spirit race. Zhou Shu really couldn't stand the Giant Spirit King's gaze. He left and went to another place in the stronghold.

"Kid, you're finally back." As soon as Ji Lutian saw Zhou Shu, he heaved a long sigh of relief.

Zhou Shu had left him here and ran away. He had yet to recover from his serious injuries. Although he wasn't afraid of these big fools, he still felt very uneasy in an unfamiliar place without anyone he knew.

Although he wasn't familiar with Zhou Shu, no matter what, they had come from the same place.

Ji Lutian looked around and whispered, "Say, have we really returned to ancient times? How is that possible?"

“I don’t think it’s possible either, but it happened.” Zhou Shu sighed and transformed into his normal size. He sat side by side with Ji Lutian on the stronghold wall. “This isn’t an illusion. It’s truly ancient times. Ji Lutian, we have to work together to find a way back.”