

Carefree 781

[Carefree Path of Dreams](#)

Chapter 781: Arsenal

At the same time as Fang Yuan had sealed his six senses to inspect himself and circulate the Six Extremes Armament Commandeering Art...

In his dantian, the sea of origin power boiled. The rune inside seemed to sense something and wanted to stir up trouble.

Of course, with the origin power seal, this rune would not be able to do anything as long as Fang Yuan was unwilling.

This feeling... is a little weird.

Fang Yuan, however, changed his expression and released the restriction.

Rumble!

The black rune shone its brilliance, and for the first time, it spit out energy instead of absorbing it.

This energy revolved in Fang Yuan's body quickly, breaking through five barriers and six acupoints before revolving in a small circulation. In the end, it hid in his dantian and transformed into a translucent True Qi.

"This is Six Extremes True Qi, the first small realm of the Six Extremes Armament Commandeering Art. Just like that?"

Fang Yuan was astonished and looked at his stats window:

"Name: Fang Yuan (Nangong Wuwang)

Essence: 0.7

Spirit: 1.0

Magic: 0.5

Cultivation: Negligible

Technique: Six Extremes Armament Commandeering Art

Specialization: Botany [Level Six] (Maximum), Fiery Golden Eyes [Level 3], Body of Origin Power"

"Since it appeared under technique, it means that it can be raised using proficiency..."

Fang Yuan fell silent after seeing this.

The basics of the Six Extremes Armament Commandeering Art was still about commandeering armaments!

After training the Six Extremes True Qi successfully, it could only bully the True Qi of black and yellow-grades during fights, besides wasting resources recklessly.

Its true function was still to foster the Divine Armament.

“Moreover... the higher the armament grade at the beginning, the better. The more affinity it has with the host, the better as well... Only then can there be a virtuous cycle where the person’s Qi will train the armament and vice versa. And eventually, they would receive the feedback of the Divine Armament’s Qi and have their cultivation progress at a tremendous pace.”

The Six Extremes Armament Commandeering Art had three realms.

The first level was the Six Extremes realm, forming the Six Extremes True Qi and then finding a suitable Divine Armament.

In reality, how difficult was it to find a truly fitting Divine Armament? Some martial artists were even stuck at this threshold forever.

As for the second level, it was the Imperial Armament realm. It was to develop the Qi of Six Extremes into something powerful before fostering the armament. It was even possible to increase the grade of the armament.

The last level was the Feedback realm, attracting the Qi of the armament into the body to dash pass barriers and cultivate the Martial Dao by leaps and bounds.

“Upon reaching the second stage, the armament can be used to fight, directing it with ease. As for the third level, it can be used at will, even automatically protecting its owner...” Fang Yuan rubbed his chin. “Looks like... I’ll need a Divine Armament first. Maybe I’ll go to the arsenal tomorrow to take a look?”

“Wait a minute... Why was the energy that helped me form the Qi of Six Extremes a little similar to the Divine Armament Feedback? Similar but not quite the same... is it related to the rune?”

Even though the martial arts had entered a good state, Fang Yuan still felt many doubts.

...

The next day.

In the faint morning light, Fang Yuan woke up early once again, causing his close servant to act as though she had seen a ghost.

Everyone will feel that something is amiss when a wastrel changes overnight... But there’s nothing about Essence Soul possession in this world, and I have all the wastrel’s memory, so I won’t be afraid even if they want to investigate me...

As he was silently thinking, Fang Yuan reached the Divine Armament Mountain Villa’s arsenal.

According to custom, a son should visit and pay respect to his father everyday. However, Nangong Wentian spoiled the wastrel quite a lot and did not bother with such trivial etiquettes.

“When choosing an armament, naturally the higher the grade, the better. The handier it is at the start, the better... Actually, if I really follow the theory of the Armament Commandeering Art, there are martial artists that scoured the entire world but couldn’t find a suitable armament. In the end, they had

to find materials and cast one themselves... These were still the lucky ones. The unlucky ones could only die with regrets.”

As the young lord, Fang Yuan called out to open the arsenal and went straight into the pavilion that kept the armaments.

This pavilion was extremely chilly, and there were all kinds of armaments inside.

Among them, swords were most plentiful. There were also many spears and shields. In addition, there were meteor hammers, tonfa, and other weapons.

Fang Yuan walked through slowly and casually picked up a long sword.

This sword was a meter long, the sheath was simple and unadorned, and the sword hilt's tip hung a tassel. By slightly pressing it, there would be one-foot green spear tip springing out. It was bright, clean, and definitely sharp.

“Nope!” He looked at it, disappointment on his face, and looked toward the next sword.

After a while, Fang Yuan came out of the armament pavilion with a gloomy face. “Such a big armament pavilion, but there's not one weapon that's satisfactory... Originally, I thought that the difficulty was exaggerated in the secret manual, but from the looks of it, I've underestimated this cultivation technique...”

“There being no suitable armament in the arsenal is troublesome. Don't tell me I have to buy one or even make one myself?”

How difficult was it to find a fitting armament?

If he cast one himself, the assurance would be bigger.

In the heat of the moment, it was a little difficult for Fang Yuan to choose. Suddenly, someone wearing a red skirt charged into his vision. “Little Brother!”

The newcomer was a lady wearing all red. Her dashing eyebrows were long, and she was full of heroic spirit. She embraced Fang Yuan. “What happened these past couple days, and don't lie to me!”

“I wouldn't dare lie to you, Third Sister.” Fang Yuan smiled bitterly, rubbing his nose.

Nangong Wentian had three daughters and a son. Among the daughters, the eldest daughter, Nangong Qing, and second daughter, Nangong Xiu, were already married to young men from another commandery. Only the third sister, Nangong Fu, remained at home, and she had the best relationship with her brother, Nangong Wuwang.

“Really?”

Nangong Fu had a red whip on her waist. She had freely practiced martial arts, and her ‘Leaving Human Whip’ was rather well-known in the commanderies nearby. She had entered the seventh-grade and was a famous chivalrous lady. Currently, she had a suspicious look. “When do you not sleep until the sun is all the way up? Moreover, you'd have a headache whenever you see martial arts, but you stayed in the

Martial Pavilion the whole day yesterday, and today, you came to the storehouse. Something's definitely wrong!"

"I'm tired of playing and don't want to fool around anymore. It's that simple!" Fang Yuan shrugged his shoulders. "I don't want to be a wastrel anymore and thought about finding ways to bypass the Body of Hundred Emissions in the arsenal!"

"Little Brother..." Nangong Fu's eyes reddened. "It's all right if you can't learn martial arts. There's still Father and us sisters!"

She only had two elder sisters, and since this younger brother was born, he had been seen as the favorite. Even the two married sisters often wrote letters to ask about his situation.

If there was a solution in the arsenal, why would we wait until now...

Nangong Fu stroked her brother's head to comfort him, but felt a little helpless in her heart.

"Right, did you come over just to comfort me, Third Sister?"

Fang Yuan softly escaped from the female demon's claw, but his manner and tone were exactly the same as that wastrel's.

Nangong Fu immediately relaxed, only feeling that the distance between them had quickly disappeared, but she was also surprised herself. "... Dad's waiting for you in his study!"

...

Nangong Wentian looked middle-aged and had a handsome face. Both his brows were graying, and his facial features were elegant. He should have been a rare, good-looking man when he was younger.

He was unreadable when he saw Fang Yuan. "You went to the Martial Pavilion yesterday and also read the manuals?"

He was the master of the entire Divine Armament Mountain Villa, so naturally there would be someone reporting to him what Fang Yuan did yesterday, no matter how big or small.

"Yes, I also read through the Six Extremes Armament Commandeering Art," Fang Yuan said calmly. "I want to practice martial arts!"

"Martial arts... That's all... Do whatever you want." Nangong Wentian seemed to be slightly hopeless. "I can find you a few good masters... And also, a month later, your Eldest Sister, Eldest Brother-in-law, Second Sister, and Second Brother-in-law will be coming back to visit."

"Eldest Sister and Second Sister?" Fang Yuan could not help smiling.

This was the body's natural reaction. After all, these two ladies used to dote heavily on the wastrel.

However, after he left, Nangong Wentian fell into deep thought, his pupils appearing gloomy. *Looking at Wuwang's state, he's full of energy and spirit. His dantian seems to be prepared, and he also chose the Six Extremes Armament Commandeering Art. Could this be heaven's will?*

As for the change in character, it's normal... After the influence of a Divine Armament or Demonic Armament, any martial artist would have some changes...

The villa lord of the Divine Armament Mountain Villa, a second-grade master, had a profound look in his eyes, his thoughts impenetrable.

...

This day was not fated to be peaceful.

Outside Divine Armament Mountain Villa, in a dense forest.

A figure wearing a gray robe appeared. His body moved with the branches, light as a feather.

He silently observed the mountain villa and waited for an unknown amount of time.

Whoosh whoosh!

A roc-like figure rushed over and landed before the gray robe man. "Are you the contact this time? Do you know the rules?"

The gray robe man remained silent and directly showed a token.

This token was bronze, with a ferocious-looking ghost face in a threatening gesture on it. It looked terrifying.

The roc-like messenger knelt immediately after seeing the token. "I didn't know that Lord came personally. I deserve to die!"

"How's... Divine Armament Mountain Villa?" This grey robe man's voice was rough and hoarse, as if he was a traveler in a desert that had not drunk water for a long time.

"They're peaceful, but Nangong Wuwang seems to have a few thoughts about martial arts recently. In addition, two daughters of Nangong Wentian, Nangong Qing and Nangong Xiu, will be returning home to visit next month!" the mountain villa messenger said calmly, but knew everything about the Divine Armament Mountain Villa like the back of their hands.

However, the grey robe man was unsatisfied and continued to ask, "Most importantly... where is that thing?"

"I don't know..." The mountain villa messenger was a little uneasy. "Nangong Wentian is cautious, and the existence of that object might not even be known to the wastrel and his three daughters... However, fumbling until now, I've finally gained his trust and can guess the general location of the object."

"Since that's the case..." The lord holding the bronze ghost token instantly set his determination. "Divine Armament Mountain Villa has no reason to exist. Once his two daughters arrive, we'll immediately take action and let their whole family reunite in the netherworld!"

After saying this, the token holder's face revealed a cold smile.

In front of him and the force he represented, any master above the third-grade in the Pugilistic World, as well as the master of any large sect, seemed to turn into weak chickens and sick cats that could be casually slaughtered.

And crucially, this mole in Divine Armament Mountain Villa clearly did not doubt this at all.

Carefree Path of Dreams

Chapter 782: Divine Armament

" Phew... "

Fang Yuan took a deep breath and exhaled white air, which appeared like a long arrow as it shot out a few meters, making a magnificent sight.

Since the day he had searched the entire arsenal but failed to find a suitable weapon, he had temporarily stopped thinking about it and began to intensively study the technique.

After all, the Six Extremes Armament Commandeering Art was an earth-grade technique. Even if someone could not find an intrinsic armament, the accumulation of Qi of the Six Extremes was already incomparable.

Of course, most important was still the support of Fang Yuan's proficiency. In addition, there was the assistance of extremely nourishing medicines. His Martial Dao had outrageously broken through stages continuously—the speed was incredible.

At the moment, there was a purple-gold ore in front of him.

"This purple-gold ore is used for martial artists to test their skill. An average martial artist that has just gained a grade can leave shallow cuts on it. The higher the skill, the deeper the marks are!"

Fang Yuan held on to the ore and applied a slight force.

A moment later, there was an additional palm mark on it. The fingerprints were neatly arranged, and even the skin texture could be seen.

"The realm I'm in now is extremely strange. Despite not having an armament, I've cultivated the first realm of Six Extremes Armament Commandeering Art to a terrifying level, and the True Qi I've accumulated is incomparable thick."

According to the traditional way of cultivating the Six Extremes Armament Commandeering Art, finding a compatible intrinsic armament should have come first. They should have assisted the Divine Armament before having a breakthrough through the Divine Armament's Qi feedback, causing their martial study to make rapid progress.

However, Fang Yuan's foundation was getting larger and larger, stronger and stronger. The Six Extremes True Qi accumulated was extremely vigorous, and he did not even need the help of the armament's Qi to directly break through.

"Although it's a little wasted, the effect isn't bad. My fingerprints went ninety percent into the ore... At this stage, I should be counted as a fourth-grade expert!"

A fourth-grade expert was only a step away from the sect founders in the top three grades.

In the Pugilistic World, any sect at this level would be able to independently take charge of an area...

From a good-for-nothing wastrel, Fang Yuan had only spent a month to get to this step.

"This was only with the increase from the stats window. If I still had my origin power..."

Fang Yuan rubbed his lower abdomen, and a light flashed through his eyes.

His dantian had two entirely different sides. One side of it was the rune wrapped in origin power. Like a Taotie¹, it continuously swallowed the secondary origin power. Although it could not swallow the true form, it was still restricted by the origin power's might.

Otherwise, no matter how much Six Extreme True Qi he cultivated, it would still be inevitably swallowed by the strange rune.

"However... the top three grades in the Martial Dao are like an immense chasm. It'll be a little difficult to break through without the benefit from the armament's Qi..."

Fang Yuan concluded his training and pondered silently, "I've already had those lackeys search for strange ores and secret forging techniques. Maybe I can try forging the most suitable weapon for myself. If it really doesn't work, the only way left is to go down the mountain and travel around to find a chance."

At the fourth-grade in the Martial Dao, it would be enough to walk the Pugilistic World and become famous.

Moreover, nothing would happen if he stayed in the Divine Armament Mountain Villa.

After all, he had come here to experiment with the realm traversing technique and to hopefully find some things related to this world's source. In addition, he hoped to refine and comprehend his own foundation's Dao.

"Young Master!" At this moment, a smiling Uncle Fu knocked on the door and came in with a tray.

"Master instructed me to fulfill all of Young Master's requests. These are the ores and secret manuals you wanted... There are hundreds of years of forging knowledge in them!"

"Mmmm!"

Fang Yuan unveiled the red silk and saw a few minerals.

In any case, this wastrel was also someone that did whatever came to his mind before, so he did not bother to explain.

"Intense Yang Gold is only available around a hundred-year volcano. It's formed by chance when many minerals are set on fire by magma.

"Emery is a specialty of Fanwo Commandery, and fifty grams is as valuable as 2,500 grams of gold!

"Thousand-year Cold Metal is a treasure of the Ye family from a local commandery."

...

There were also pieces of paper on the tray that wrote about the origins of these objects.

Fang Yuan picked up the Thousand-year Cold Metal. This mineral was around the size of a fist, but not cold at all, instead warm when he touched it. There was also a dim ring of purple light. It was truly extremely magical, as it was rumoured to be the raw material for making great Divine Armaments. Just by adding a little of its powder to any normal metal, it would be able to undergo a complete transformation and create a very sharp Divine Armament.

Although it was washed and clean, Fang Yuan could still smell blood when he sniffed it.

Moving on, he flipped the pages of an ancient book. It was all forging secrets techniques of different large sects and clans. He waved his hands to dismiss Uncle Fu before falling silent.

In his memory, no matter what this wastrel wanted—an object, a toy, and even a woman—Nangong Wentian would do his best to accomplish it. He could not be considered simply pampered, but was basically a lawless tyrant.

“But what’s the explanation about the rune in the dantian?”

Fang Yuan felt he was walking deeper and deeper into mist, a little unclear about what was going on.

“However, since Divine Armament Mountain Villa’s savings are so much, I can forge a few times to experiment...”

The Six Extremes Armament Commandeering Art needed a weapon, and the requirements were very high, the grade being only one aspect. Most importantly, it had to be compatible with the host’s Qi, and it was best to feel that they were connected as one.

Fang Yuan had tried all the weapons that he had found within the month, but he had to admit that his luck was average, so he could only forge one himself to try.

“Actually, if the dantian’s origin power could fill the Taotie, I wouldn’t need to be this troubled. Just by casually transforming, I would at least be a first-grade martial artist...”

Fang Yuan glanced at his stats window:

“Name: Fang Yuan (Nangong Wuwang)

Essence: 50

Spirit: 50

Magic: 50

Cultivation: [Martial Dao (Fourth-Grade)]

Technique: Six Extremes Armament Commandeering Art (First Realm)

Specialization: Botany [Level Six] (Maximum), Fiery Golden Eyes [Level Three], Body of Origin Power, ???”

“This world is indeed in a higher universe... I have such stats just by cultivating to Martial Dao fourth-grade...”

Fang Yuan looked at the numerical values of the Essence, Spirit, and Magic carefully and let out a long sigh.

It seemed to be due to the different rules of the world. Even though his stats were very horrifying, the power he could unleash was still similar to a normal Pugilistic World expert.

“However, this is also normal. From a lower dimension to a higher dimension, there would naturally be restrictions... But these stats should also change a little... The stats window is based on my original definitions as a standard, and each aspect was standardized to a normal Da Qian person using one as the value. Now that I’ve broken through Da Qian, I should change it.”

A different world would have a difference in ability and strength despite both having the same human race.

And lives in a higher dimension universe were practically completely different from those in a lower dimension.

Fang Yuan thought that it was also about time for him to upgrade and optimize his stats window system.

“Aside from that, there’s also this symbol...”

He looked at the end of the specialization. A black, incomplete rune appeared after the Body of Origin Power, similar to the one in his dantian.

As it absorbed the origin power, it became clearer and clearer, as if a certain mystery was gestating.

“This new specialization is certainly related to the rune in my dantian... No matter who’s plotting against me, they probably hadn’t thought that I’d have origin power!”

Fang Yuan revealed a cold smile.

Origin power would multiply endlessly, and it was not as simple as merely blocking the gap.

Most important was still its power to pollute!

No matter what the opponent was plotting, no matter where this secondary power was absorbed to, he was confident of inflicting damage to them and preventing them from successfully scheming against him as long as this property existed and the terrifying accumulation of his stats.

“Learning forging from the beginning can be very troublesome to others, but it’s only a matter of proficiency to me...”

Fang Yuan conveniently picked up a forging secret technique and roughly flipped through it, his mouth twitching upward in a smile.

At his realm, any magical technique was considered the same to him. Forging should first have good materials, followed by smelting a furnace of minerals through hammering and smelting techniques. This allowed the materials to serve their proper purpose and not clash with each other. Those that could grasp this step would be considered an expert artisan. The quenching, fostering, and other procedures after that would not be a problem.

However, this technique can only cast armaments, sharp weapons... A true Divine Armament is naturally formed from the heavens and the earth and requires the great power of creation, or a chance coincidence and many blood sacrifices...

He opened up the Lie family's secret forging book. He had a quick look at the front part, but his eyes lit up when he saw the back.

"Naturally formed? Or was it due to great grievances? This is getting interesting..."

After this part, the author also recorded down the information of a few Divine Armaments and weapons. It looked like a storybook.

"Celestial Thearch Sword! The number one Divine Armament in the world! It's rumored that the Creator God, Pan, cast it. It holds magical essence, soul, and blood. From the stars to the mountains, all would be under the wielder's command. It was a magnificent sword of the Dao of the King. The one who has it is the ruler of the world, but it was lost!

"Seven Slaughter Tiger Soul Saber! After splitting the sky and ground, the grievance of the heavens and the earth agglomerated. After millions of years, it transformed into jade blood. After a divine beast, the White Tiger, swallowed it, it became a disaster in the world. Even if it died, it still had Ferocious Qi. Someone evil drew its essence, blood, and marrow to smelt into a sword that absorbs human's heart and soul. It caused massacre and is lost!

"Li Perishing Sword! In the ancient past, there was a Li Human Sect that was invaded by the surrounding large sects and had great casualties. There was a youth sect master named 'Jiang' that had obtained the Ancient Armament Manual and hoped to cast a divine sword to suppress the enemy. Unfortunately, the sect was destroyed before the sword was completed, and the whole sect was slaughtered. Masses of the martial artists' grievances gathered in the sword furnace and transformed the righteousness into evil, agglomerating a Demonic Armament. On that day, there was a heavy downpour and purple lightning that killed the attackers..."

...

"Unable to personally see the top Ten Divine Armaments and the top Ten Demonic Armaments in the world, life would be filled with regrets!"

At the end of the book, there were the laments of the expert artisan. It was as though he would have died without regrets if he could have seen just one of the twenty armaments.

"Martial artists' Pugilistic World always likes to scramble for fame and wealth. The top ten masters, top ten beauties, top ten Divine Armaments, and so on, rankings appear one after another... Of course, if there wasn't the support of huge forces, people who created these would normally have bad ends. A few people in the Pugilistic World self-proclaiming to be top masters have died unexplainable deaths..."

Fang Yuan ran his hand over the manual, but the smile spread. "But... Ten Divine Armaments and Ten Demonic Armaments?"

Indistinctly, he felt that he had somehow come into contact with this world's source.

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Chapter 783: Visitor

“Go!”

A group of horsemen shouted as they escorted a carriage into the territory of the Divine Armament Mountain Villa.

The people riding the horses were in black, and evident from their agile movements, they were all skilled martial artists.

“Sisters!”

Fang Yuan took a rare break from his cultivation and welcomed them with his third sister, Nangong Fu, at the gates of the villa.

“It’s been so many years since we’ve left, but the villa looks the same as before!”

The eldest sister, Nangong Qing, was a gentle woman. She approached Fang Yuan and took his hands. “Wuwang, you’ve become skinnier!”

Her husband was standing beside her. His name was Chang Kun, a renowned martial artist of Yuhe Commandery known for using the Flying Feather Sword. He had thick brows, large eyes, and an honest and good-natured appearance.

“I walked an extra fifty kilometers this time to fetch Eldest Sister. How is it? Do you feel like expressing your gratitude, Little Brother?”

Opposite to what her name suggested, Nangong Xiu ¹ did not have a delicate countenance. Her glistening eyes and attractive smile gave her an exotic charm, just like a witch or an enchantress in the Pugilistic World.

Her husband, Xu Ruyu ², was also far more handsome than the husband of the eldest sister. His skin was like flawless jade, and his powerful aura suggested that his ability was above the third-grade. Fang Yuan could not help taking a few more glances at him.

He was in the fourth-grade, but his foundation was hidden well, and origin power also helped conceal the inner power in his dantian. Thus, outsiders could not notice his progress at all.

Even those close to him, such as Uncle Fu and Nangong Fu, would only lament that all his effort spent on martial arts for the entire month had been a wild-goose chase.

“What’s up? I heard from Third Sister that you’ve recently become interested in martial arts again?” Nangong Xiu embraced Fang Yuan’s shoulders. Such an act was outrageous even in the Pugilistic World.

“I was only slightly intrigued, and my interests have already changed. Now, I want to forge my own Divine Armament...” Fang Yuan touched his nose and looked at his Second Brother-in-law, Xu Ruyu.

Being aware that Fang Yuan was looking at him, Xu Ruyu displayed a feminine smile, making Fang Yuan feel goosebumps all over.

“Forge an armament? That’ll be very tiresome. Will you be able to endure it?” Nangong Fu rolled her eyes, pointing out Fang Yuan’s laziness.

“Haha... I’ve gotta give it a try!” Fang Yuan laughed it off.

“All right. We came back this time primarily for Dad’s birthday. Is he well these days?” Nangong Qing changed the subject.

“He’s very good. Sisters, please come inside!”

Fang Yuan turned sideways and made a gesture to invite them in. His perception of these two couples, however, had changed.

...

Night.

The two daughters visited Nangong Wentian and had a seemingly harmonious family meal together before resting at their respective places.

Fang Yuan sat cross-legged in his small courtyard. Suddenly, he opened his eyes. “These people I met today feel really fishy.”

He sneaked out with that thought. Under the moonlight, he moved speedily but stealthily through the Divine Armament Mountain Villa.

Fang Yuan’s martial arts and concealing ability were sufficient for him to go anywhere in the Divine Armament Mountain Villa except for a few restricted areas like Nangong Wentian’s study and bedroom.

“There’s something wrong with these two couples...”

Moving on roofs and walls, Fang Yuan quickly arrived at Nangong Xiu’s room. He summoned the Qi of the Six Extremes and became as light as a feather, floating slowly onto the rooftop.

He lowered his body to hear every sound inside the room.

“Ruyu, we must do something to celebrate my Dad’s fiftieth birthday! He’ll definitely be happy with that gift...” Nangong Xiu’s voice was heard.

“Hehe... Even if that old man is happy, so what? Can you inherit anything in the Divine Armament Mountain Villa?” Xu Ruyu sneered. “In the end, everything will belong to your brother. Hmm... perhaps Nangong Fu should be counted as well. Why didn’t we realize what she was scheming for? She should’ve been married earlier...”

Fang Yuan was dumbfounded.

The wastrel remembered that his three sisters had always coddled him and treasured him.

Of course, no one knew whether that was purely due to their love for the brother. It might have been faked, and they might have even been pressured by Nangong Wentian.

If the original Nangong Wuwang had heard this, he would have felt so hurt and even confronted them.

But Fang Yuan did not care and continued eavesdropping. *It seems that... Nangong Xiu and her husband want to please Nangong Wentian for his fortune. That's understandable!*

He knew how affluent the Divine Armament Mountain Villa was.

Other things aside, the medicinal cuisines he consumed every day and the precious minerals and secret manuals readily available to him were definitely not accessible to an ordinary family in the Pugilistic World.

While Xu Ruyu is a highly skilled and gifted martial artist, he doesn't have a prominent family background. No wonder he'd have such thoughts... Understandable. Understandable!

Fang Yuan silently nodded his head.

But the door opened and an unexpected person barged in.

"Eldest Sister? You... have been outside all the while? How much of our conversation did you hear?" Nangong Xiu was shocked.

"Not much..." Nangong Qing sounded indifferent. "I just didn't expect that my adorable Second Sister has become this kind of person..."

"The Chang family is a well-known family in Yuhe Commandery, so you simply don't understand my pain..." Nangong Xiu was on the verge of tears. She said emotionally, "Moreover... our brother was born not being able to learn martial arts, and if he manages the Divine Armament Mountain Villa, it'll definitely collapse in the end and become a joke in the Pugilistic World. Why can't I take over? I'm also helping him this way!"

"Helping him? What a way of helping him!" Nangong Qing sneered and then said solemnly, "As your sister, I'll give you some advice. You can always take away what belongs to you, but you won't be able to plunder what's not yours, including the Divine Armament Mountain Villa!"

"Why? Does the Chang family covet the Divine Armament Mountain Villa as well?" Nangong Xiu became slightly alert.

If her eldest sister joined the fight, her chances would be significantly diminished.

"Covet?" Nangong Qing shook her head. "You can't undertake that thing in the villa, neither can Third Sister nor me. Only Fourth Brother will have the ability."

She was the eldest daughter and seemed to know more about the secrets in the family.

"What 'thing'?" Nangong Xiu was stunned.

"You don't need to know!" Nangong Qing walked out elegantly. Her husband, 'Flying Feather Sword' Chang Kun, had been waiting for some time in the courtyard.

Although this swordsman's demeanor and skills were inferior to Xu Ruyu's, he held his sword tightly.

"Let's go!" Nangong Qing held her husband's hand and smiled.

The couple walked out hand in hand, strolling through the garden.

" Sigh... When I was young, I often played in this garden with my brother and sisters. Second Sister was an innocent child at that time, and she always liked to fight with Third Sister for fresh desserts from the kitchen, but she would give them to Fourth Brother instead of eating them..." Nangong Qing plucked a peony flower and sighed. "Why has everything changed?"

"Are you going to visit Father-in-law later?" Chang Kun asked earnestly in a resolute voice. "I'll accompany you!"

"That bastard!!!" Nangong Qing looked agitated. "I've come here this time to intercept his scheme, and everything will be fine if he stops on his own. But if... if..."

As she talked, her stubborn and indifferent attitude disappeared and tears started flowing.

Fang Yuan waited until the couple left before walking out of the shadow, looking expressionless. *It appears there are many secrets in the Divine Armament Mountain Villa.*

Furthermore... the secrets are related to me. Is it because of the rune?

Never mind... If anything bad happens, I can simply leave. How could it be possible that I wouldn't find a place to live in this vast Pugilistic World?

Since he was using spiritual possession, he could stay optimistic about all of this.

"The light's still on in the Divine Armament Building, so Nangong Wentian hasn't gone to sleep yet..."

Fang Yuan was already satisfied with the new intelligence he had collected tonight.

He took another glance at the Divine Armament Building on his way back.

This was the tallest building in the Divine Armament Mountain Villa. The study and the bedroom of the villa lord, Nangong Wentian, were located in this building as well.

At this moment, Fang Yuan heard something and his expression changed. He immediately rolled onto the ground like an agile rat and rushed into the shadows.

Whoosh whoosh!

A light breeze blew gently.

In the darkness, a gray-robed figure floated forward in the air like a ghost. He had broken through numerous lines of defense before approaching the Divine Armament Building.

He did not make a sound with his movement, as if he had fused into the darkness. Other than Fang Yuan, no one else could notice him at all.

His lightness skill is impressive. He's at least in the upper third-grade, and I'm not sure whether Uncle Fu could defeat him...

Fang Yuan's eyes gleamed.

"Stop hiding. You're acting suspicious. Who are you?" The man wearing the gray robe stopped in his vicinity. His face looked young, and a pair of eyebrows dangled from his face, a cinnabar mole between them. His voice, however, was old and rough.

He waited for a while, but seeing that Fang Yuan did not move, he flicked his fingers. Sword Qi emerged and pounced aggressively at the place where Fang Yuan was hiding.

"Sigh..."

Fang Yuan let out a sigh. He summoned the Six Extremes True Qi in his legs and rolled his body into the air to evade the attack. He then stared at this strange intruder.

"Quite skillful, but how many moves can you evade?" the man in gray said mischievously, as if he was a cat tricking a rat. He suddenly crossed his hands.

Whoosh whoosh!

Qi currents flowed in his hands like Taiji. He pushed casually, and two streams of palm strength, Yin in one and Yang in the other, intertwined as they assaulted Fang Yuan.

"Is this the balance between Yin and Yang, the combination of water and fire?" Fang Yuan's pupils contracted as he retreated continuously. "Expert... This is definitely an expert! His skill is even above the second-grade Nangong Wentian. Who is he exactly?"

There were not many first-grade experts in the Pugilistic World.

Thump!

He protected his chest with both arms. A strong force tore up his clothes and revealed his face.

The man in gray was stunned and stopped attacking. "You're... Nangong Wuwang! How is this possible! Since the Divine Armament has become self-aware, you're lucky enough to even be alive, so how can you still practice martial arts?"

He seemed extremely shocked and was petrified as a result.

"Who's intruding in my villa?"

They were finally noticed by the guards outside, and it seemed that the entire Divine Armament Mountain Villa started moving.

Chapter 784: Birthday Banquet

The entire area was brightly illuminated, and the noise of troops broke the silence.

The Divine Armament Mountain Villa was a stronghold in the region, and its movements were frightening to behold.

Fang Yuan truly witnessed the defense of the villa this time.

Numerous torches were lit, making the villa as bright as day.

There were no governments in this world, so the Divine Armament Mountain Villa naturally had its own armor. The armor was made of extremely fine steel and covered the entire body of a soldier. Even the frantic attacks by a martial artist in the three medium grades might not break through the armor.

Furthermore, there were soldiers armed with crossbows, spreading around the Divine Armament Building to guard it.

Even a highly-skilled martial artist in the first-grade might not survive such a formation together with the attacks from the experts in the villa.

Hmph!

The man in gray sneered, looking hesitant. He seemed to be making a choice between killing Fang Yuan and leaving immediately.

Seeing the experts and armored guards approaching, the man in gray floated backward, but Fang Yuan still heard his voice.

“Nangong Wuwang... Although I don’t know how you learned martial arts, you’re bound to die miserably as a ‘saber sheath’!”

“Saber sheath? Does that mean a human that’s used to feed a saber?”

Fang Yuan was not a naive fool and immediately understood the hint.

However, the man in gray retreated elegantly like a leaf before the guards could besiege him.

“Young Master! Sorry, I’m late. I deserve to die!”

In the blink of an eye, Uncle Fu was already in front of Fang Yuan. His Qi revealed that he was an expert in the second-grade as well.

Even the villa lord of the Divine Armament Mountain Villa, Nangong Wentian, was only in the second-grade.

It was inherently incredible that a second-grade martial artist could employ another one in the same grade.

“What happened?” Fang Yuan pretended to be confused. “I was in my courtyard just now, and a strange man in a gray robe suddenly brought me here and said a lot of strange things. What did he mean by saber sheath?”

“This man must have ill intentions and was most probably lying to you. Don’t mind him!” Uncle Fu shook his head resolutely. “Young Master, you are the Villa Lord’s treasure. If anything at all happens to you, I’ll be to blame for my negligence!”

Fang Yuan felt disgusted.

This second-grade expert looked determined to be a slave.

If Nangong Wentian were a normal second-grade martial artist, how could he have tamed this person?

“I’m fine... I’ll head back and rest!”

But right now, Fang Yuan reacted like the wastrel, sweating nonstop and scared out of his wits.

“Of course!”

Uncle Fu waved his hand and signaled the armored guards to retreat. He escorted Fang Yuan back to his courtyard, seemingly prepared to stay the whole night.

It's weird... Nangong Wentian didn't appear after such a huge incident. Was he involved in some trouble? Fang Yuan thought doubtfully as he closed the doors.

...

During the commotion in the Divine Armament Mountain Villa.

In the underground cave.

The blood in the pool was replenished to the initial level.

The giant, black saber at the center of the pool was devouring blood greedily.

His face expressionless, Nangong Wentian clamped a hand over the neck of an expert. He cut open the expert's blood vessels and let the blood flow into the pool.

A small heap of corpses was seen at the side. Every one of them was a martial artist that stared with their eyes wide open when they died.

"Demonic Armament! Demonic Armament!"

When Nangong Wentian expressionlessly grabbed the last old man, the old man struggled and spat out some blood foam. "Nangong Wentian... You dare feed a Demonic Armament with human blood. The entire Pugilistic World's Orthodox Dao won't spare you once they know of it!"

"Noisy!"

The last shriek of a pathetic ant could not make Nangong Wentian pause his action.

His long fingernail cut open the old man's neck, and the torrent of blood made the color of the pool even brighter.

"According to the ancient record, this Demonic Armament must devour nine pools of blood before the process is complete..."

While being delighted for the fast progress, Nangong Wentian was also somewhat baffled. "The progress in the past ten years or so was very slow. Why did it suddenly speed up a month ago? Never mind. The faster, the better... It's evident from what happened tonight that my actions have been noticed.

"Before long... Before long... my wishes will come true. Don't you agree, Shan?"

He stared forward, as if he was gazing at his lover.

However, there was nothing in front of him.

In the pool of boiling blood, a trace of purple was stealthily mixed in with the thick crimson color and absorbed by the giant saber.

...

“Damn it... A mere first-grade martial artist dares to foretell my death!” Fang Yuan sat cross-legged in his courtyard, his aura getting increasingly enraged. “If I could use part of my origin power, even one-hundredth of it, I could’ve smashed him like smashing an ant!”

“But the arrival of this person is an ominous sign. I’m afraid that a big showdown is imminent...”

Fang Yuan looked at his stats. The black rune at the end of ‘Specialization’ had reached the last stage.

It seemed that one last stroke would complete the pattern.

And Fang Yuan knew intuitively that the completion of this last step would bring him unexpected benefits.

...

Sixth day of the month.

The sun was shining pleasantly, and there was a cool breeze.

The Divine Armament Mountain Villa was decorated with colorful lanterns, and many guests and visitors had arrived at its giant gates.

Today was the villa lord’s fiftieth birthday. Every renowned martial artist from the nearby sects had received an invitation and brought precious gifts, none daring to embarrass this local tyrant.

Fang Yuan and his three sisters were dressed in silk robes and welcomed guests at the gates. The constant smiling had made their facial muscles cramp.

“Thousand Mile Divine Fist, Elder Wan, is here!”

“Sect master of the Pine Crane Sect, Venerable Pine Crane, is here!”

“The wandering hero, Song Zhili, brought a pair of golden peaches. He wishes the Villa Lord as much good fortune as the East Ocean and longevity as long as the South Mountain!”

...

In Uncle Fu’s loud and clear voice, experts of the Pugilistic World entered the Divine Armament Mountain Villa and seated themselves.

Nangong Wentian received the guests sitting at the central table on his own. These guests were famous experts in the nearby commanderies, all of whom were in the top three grades.

“Everybody...” Nangong Wentian was wearing a robe with more than a hundred golden ‘shou’¹ characters embroidered on it. With his son and daughters by his side, he stood up with a delighted look. “Thank you for coming to celebrate my birthday! I will drink three cups of wine first to express my gratitude!”

“You’re too modest!”

The martial artists all held their cups of wine. “We’ll drink together!”

After three rounds of drinking, Nangong Wentian continued, "It happens that I have something to declare today... I intend to renounce my position and let my son, Wuwang, take over the Divine Armament Mountain Villa!"

With this news, the entire hall was shocked.

Nangong Xiu's expression suddenly turned cold, her smile stagnating and her cup falling to the ground.

Nangong Qing clenched her teeth.

Nangong Fu appeared a bit off, and it was hard to tell whether she was happy or sad.

On the other hand, the guests started to have a heated discussion after a short silence.

While Nangong Wuwang was the only son of Nangong Wentian, everyone knew that he was an utter wastrel capable of nothing but squandering money.

Of course, most importantly, he had the Body of Hundred Emissions and could not become a martial artist.

How could such a person manage the large fortune of the Divine Armament Mountain Villa?

Fang Yuan was astonished too.

Nangong Wentian had never talked to him about it nor even hinted at it before.

"Villa Lord, you're going to renounce?" Venerable Pine Crane and Elder Wan were sitting at the same table. They exchanged glances, both looking surprised. "You must make a careful decision!"

The rules in the Pugilistic World stipulated that once someone completed their renouncement ceremony, this person had to let go of any past grievances, and outsiders could not seek them for revenge either. Anyone breaching the rules would be detested by the entire Pugilistic World and live a hard life.

If he completed the renouncement ceremony in front of so many martial artists, he would no longer be able to change his mind.

"Of course!" Nangong Wentian clapped his hands, and Uncle Fu brought him a golden basin². They had obviously prepared for the ceremony.

"Wait!"

Just as Nangong Wentian was about to put his hands into the basin in front of so many guests, a loud voice full of hatred was suddenly heard.

"Nangong Wentian, after all the evil deeds you've done, how can you just complete the renouncement ceremony without asking the Orthodox Dao?"

A young martial artist stood up and became red-eyed. "I heard that the villa lord of the Divine Armament Mountain Villa has obtained a Demonic Armament, concealed it in an underground cave, and fed it with human blood. Is this true? Would you dare let us take a look?"

"What? A Demonic Armament?"

Venerable Pine Crane almost jumped up, clearly aware of the power of such an armament.

“Not only that, but he liked to sacrifice martial artists. The Tong family’s Flying Spear, Second Young Master Fei, the Black and White Ghosts... All these martial artists who had mysteriously disappeared were actually killed by him!” Another swordsman stood up and disclosed the long name list. He took his sword out of the sheath. “We will enforce heaven’s will today!”

“What? Did you really kill the Tong family’s Flying Spear, Tong Guan?”

“Nangong Wentian, pay for my brother’s life!”

“Nangong Wentian, I swear I’ll kill you today!”

...

A few red-eyed martial artists stood up.

The Pugilistic World was small, and the relationships in this world were complex. Almost all the experts from the nearby commanderies were present for Nangong Wentian’s birthday celebration, and all sorts of relationships between them united them immediately.

“Hmm?”

This scene reminded Fang Yuan of the man in gray that he had met the previous night.

Without question, only that person had the ability and strategy to find evidence and convince the members of various big sects and families to create trouble in Nangong Wentian’s birthday banquet.

The harmonious birthday banquet suddenly became a dangerous trap!

Many clues against the Divine Armament Mountain Villa were revealed, exposing the darkest side of this place to the light of day.

[Carefree Path of Dreams](#)

Chapter 785: Revelation

Fang Yuan suddenly realized what it felt like to be universally condemned with no way out.

With the large amount of evidence, many martial artists changed their expressions. They took out their armaments and confronted the guards of the villa.

Nangong Wentian, however, was expressionless, looking calm despite the crisis.

Nangong Xiu was scared, Nangong Qing smiled coldly but looked a bit sad, and Nangong Fu silently moved closer to Nangong Wentian.

Everything was like a scene in a play, making Fang Yuan feel interested as he watched it.

“Villa Lord Nangong!” Elder Wan and Venerable Pine Crane, initially seated at the same table as Nangong Wentian, became enraged and distanced themselves from the villa lord. “We’ve been friends for many years, so we only want to ask one question now—did you really do it?”

“Hmph... The winner is the king and the loser is the villain!” Nangong Wentian let out a long sigh, then stood with his hands behind the back. “How could you possibly have the ability to discover what I’m doing? Demon Sect, I didn’t expect that you’d find me here!”

“Hehe... Villa Lord Nangong, it took us a lot of effort to find you!” A man wearing a gray robe stood up in the crowd, his voice hoarse and hideous like an owl’s.

“What?”

“Demon Sect?”

The expressions of Elder Wan and other martial artists changed. This was the most powerful evil force in the Pugilistic World, and it was said that the demons inside their sect were so cold-blooded that children would stop crying at night at the mention of their names.

While they were stunned, they also felt somewhat bewildered.

If everything was a conspiracy by the Demon Sect, why would the man in gray acknowledge it? Would that not be a loophole in their plan to kill Nangong Wentian?

“We’re all the same, so what’s the point of mocking us?” The man in gray shook his head. “I haven’t introduced him to you. Villa Lord Nangong—Oh right! He used to go by a different name—is a deacon of the Demon Sect as well. His poisoning skill is comparable to his teacher, the Five Poisons Dharma King!”

Bang! Bang!

Just as he finished talking, the martial artists at the outermost tables fell to the ground in shock. Their limbs felt numb, and they could no longer concentrate their inner force.

Whoosh!

Groups of people collapsed like cut wheat. In the blink of an eye, most of the guests had fallen to the ground.

Nangong Wentian had evidently poisoned the food!

Did Nangong Wentian obtain intelligence in advance? Or perhaps he decided to capture all of them before the banquet... Or did he poison the food just now? If it’s the last case, he’s really skillful since he managed to target enemies only!

Fang Yuan looked around.

Other than the people from the Divine Armament Mountain Villa, only Elder Wan, the man in gray, and a few other experts with powerful inner strength could still remain standing.

“Why... did you have to force me?” Nangong Wentian sighed with his hands behind the back. “I only wanted to leave the Pugilistic World quietly and cultivate my martial arts. Why do you always force me to do such things?”

“*Tsk tsk... *There’s Heavenly Fragrance Pepper in the food. It’s not poisonous, but when mixed with the aroma of burning Spike Whale oil, it can deprive a person of their strength for three days... You’ve prepared this in advance!”

The man in gray shook his head but did not look surprised. It was evident that he had something to rely on.

“Are all the juniors in the current Demon Sect as cocky as you?”

Nangong Wentian waved his hand, and Uncle Fu led a large array of armored guards over. Their swords and crossbows were aimed at the man in gray. “Never mind. I’ll kill you all and sacrifice your blood to the Demonic Armament. This must be sufficient to complete the feeding! Attack!”

He clearly knew that it was better to act earlier, and he did not want to wait for the spies of the Demon Sect to take action. Thus, he resolutely gave the order.

“Understood!” Uncle Fu answered with a grin. He moved as fast as a ghost and struck out his palm!

Thump!

He hit Nangong Wentian’s chest with all his strength, and the sound of bones fracturing was heard. He immediately retreated after that, evading Nangong Wentian’s counterattack like a butterfly.

“You... aren’t Fu!” Nangong Wentian covered his chest, and blood flowed out of his mouth. He stared furiously at Uncle Fu.

“Hehe... Aren’t you satisfied with me, Villa Lord?” Uncle Fu said in a feminine voice, giving goosebumps to those who heard him.

“The Amorphous Dao of the Six Dao Demon Sect specializes in assassination and disguise... Since you’ve killed Fu and disguised yourself using his skin, you must have infiltrated these armored guards as well!” Nangong Wentian stood straight despite his injuries.

Shualala!

An upheaval broke out among the armored guards, many of whom killed their fellow soldiers without hesitation.

After a while, the majority of the armored guards were either killed or injured, and the rest aimed their weapons at their past villa lord.

“The Villa Lord is indeed clever. It’s a pity... you realized it too late...” The woman in disguise still appeared as Uncle Fu. “Nevertheless... that’s because you’ve spent most of this month with the Demonic Armament in the underground cave. Otherwise, you’d have discovered that something was wrong! But now, I’ve killed two of your three honorary experts and bribed the other one. You’re truly on your own!”

“That’s right!” Nangong Wentian looked around.

He was isolated and his reputation was ruined.

Furthermore, he was seriously injured and besieged. It was a hopeless situation.

“Dad... Th-this isn’t true!” Nangong Xiu was pale. She took a few steps back and held on to her husband’s hand.

However, her husband, Xu Ruyu, was as pale as her.

“As expected...” Nangong Qing sighed. “This day has finally come. Do you feel remorseful?”

“Remorseful? Why should I be?” A few streaks of blood appeared in Nangong Wentian’s eyes.

“Wuwang, come forward!”

Fang Yuan was suddenly stiff from head to toe.

Something’s wrong!

The Demon Sect has the ability to achieve immediate victory, but they’re deliberately delaying in order to corner Nangong Wentian! They must be scheming for something important!

While Nangong Wentian seems to be in a desperate situation, he still has a chance because of the Demonic Armament! According to what he said, the cultivation of the Demonic Armament will be complete with one last round of blood sacrifice... If he takes it out now, he could kill them all!

Is the secret going to finally be revealed?

Although he was perfectly aware of it, he still moved forward. After all, he still needed to resolve some of this body’s karma.

“Brother, run! Old thief!!!” Nangong Qing became red-eyed. “Attack!”

Schwing!

The Flying Feather Sword was taken out of its sheath.

Chang Kun attacked Nangong Wentian without hesitation.

Smack!

Nangong Fu wielded her whip.

The third sister of Nangong Wuwang displayed impressive skills in martial arts, managing to hold back Chang Kun.

“Third Sister, are you still going to assist this evil? Did you know that all these years, this old thief has been using Little Brother as the saber sheath and sacrificing his essence to the Demonic Armament? If he hadn’t done such things, why would Little Brother be so feeble?”

Nangong Qing’s eyes became blood red.

Nangong Fu did not speak and continued fighting.

The Demon Sect members grinned as they watched the Nangong family’s internal strife. They stood aside, having no intention of launching an attack.

The man in gray looked at the scene and thought to himself, *Nangong Wentian fled with the Demonic Armament years ago and was only found recently. Deeper investigation revealed that he’s almost completed refining the useless Demonic Armament with sacrifice. They kept him alive until now so that he could complete the last stage of the process!*

As for the progress in his martial arts after obtaining the Demonic Armament, the man in gray did not fear that possibility at all.

No matter how good the armament was, the outcome would ultimately depend on the martial artist using it!

Furthermore, the Demon Sect had secretly sent an armament-wielding elder here just in case.

They would achieve unprecedented accomplishments when they brought back Nangong Wentian's head and the refined Demonic Armament!

With this thought, his expression became zealous. He gazed at Fang Yuan mischievously. *Nangong Wuwang is apparently concealing something as well. What'll happen next? Will father and son fight against each other?*

...

"Wuwang..."

Looking at his son before him, Nangong Wentian had mixed feelings.

He had obtained incomplete pages from the Ancient Armament Manual, which recorded a method of recovering the power of Divine Armaments.

When he saw the rusted Demonic Armament, evil thoughts arose in his mind, so he betrayed the Demon Sect and changed his name to Nangong Wentian.

And it had taken him lots of effort to refine the armament using the method in the manual.

If he used Six Extremes Armament Commandeering Art right now, he could refine Nangong Wuwang into the 'saber sheath' by sacrificing Wuwang's essence and soul, and Nangong Wuwang would then become the Saber Spirit!

This was the most important step!

How could he control the unruly Demonic Armament? The only way was to sacrifice a family member as the Saber Spirit and suppress the backlash with the naturally familiar aura!

The Armament Manual had mentioned that if the sacrifice died willingly, the armament would obtain the most powerful might.

Nangong Wentian put his hand on the top of Nangong Wuwang's head, but remained silent.

"Old thief! Little Brother, run! He's going to sacrifice you for the armament!!!" Nangong Qing stared wide-eyed.

"Eldest Sister!" Nangong Fu's eyes turned red. She shook her head. "You've misunderstood Dad. H-he's not this kind of person! He's going to sacrifice himself!"

"What?" Nangong Qing was shocked, and Chang Kun stopped fighting as well.

Nangong Wentian stared at his son and suddenly asked, "Wuwang... do you believe in Dad?"

"I do!" Fang Yuan gave a short but resolute answer, but he actually had nothing to fear.

"Haha... Great!" Nangong Wentian laughed. "Remember to... live well!"

Rumble!

A torrent of inner force flowed from his palm into Fang Yuan's body.

The sudden change astonished the Demon Sect members.

So... this old thing has been doing all of this for his son? The man in gray gazed at the scene and felt shocked, but shook his head immediately. *If Nangong Wentian was the one using the armament, there would be a chance for him to escape. However, if the armament is used by Nangong Wuwang, hehe... This is an accomplishment granted to me by heaven!*

So Nangong Wentian is such a person? This is a bit troublesome... Fang Yuan was dumbfounded in his mind.

If Nangong Wentian wanted to kill his son, Fang Yuan could take this chance to thoroughly cut off their ties, but the situation was more problematic now.

Soon, he had no time to think about that.

As Fang Yuan received the reversed True Qi of Nangong Wentian's Six Extremes Armament Commandeering Art, a peculiar change immediately took place in his body!

"This is..."

The Six Extremes Armament Commandeering Art was an earth-grade cultivation technique. Following the flow of the technique could generate Six Extremes True Qi, which could then be used to foster Divine Armaments.

However, Fang Yuan did not know that reversing the flow of the Six Extremes Armament Commandeering Art could result in an effect similar to enlightenment.

His body was now devouring the incoming True Qi from Nangong Wentian.

A sound like the roar of a dragon was heard in his dantian.

The black rune struggled and trembled, but it was sealed by the origin power restriction.

Is... this the last stroke to be completed?

Fang Yuan released the origin power restriction. Suddenly, the black rune absorbed Nangong Wentian's Six Extremes True Qi like a whale sucking water, and the rune was immediately completed.

The black rune in the stats window was complete as well. It looked like a small crimson saber, emanating a mysterious spiritual will.

"Demonic Armament—Blood Imbibing Saber!"

He read out the name softly.

Rumble!

The armament seemed to understand his thoughts. The ground of the Divine Armament Mountain Villa cracked, a large number of rocks crashed down, and blood splashed up.

A crimson, one-and-a-half meter long armament flew through the splashed blood and reached Fang Yuan. Fang Yuan received it steadily.

The dark saber seemed to be devouring the light around it, and the ancient pattern on the blade looked like human blood vessels and hot streams of flowing lava.

In the Ancient Era, an extraterrestrial demon had invaded the world and wreaked havoc. The Celestial Thearch Sword owner killed it, slashing it into pieces. The armament artisan, Ou Zhizi, extracted its bones and blood to mix with precious minerals. He smelted the materials using heavenly lightning and earth fire for 49 years to forge the demonic saber named 'Blood Imbibing'. On the same day, he went insane and killed his entire family with the saber before committing suicide! Fang Yuan recalled a section of the Lie family comments on Demonic Armaments. There's truly a legendary armament in the Divine Armament Mountain Villa, although it's a Demonic Armament!

The saber weighed more than 150 kilograms, too heavy for most martial artists. But Fang Yuan held it up easily. He felt that the saber was naturally connected to him, and his Six Extremes True Qi became excited.

After all, this saber had been devouring the essence in his body for more than ten years! It could absolutely recognize him!

"Haha! How can the advent of a Demonic Armament not be accompanied by a blood sacrifice?!" Nangong Wentian stepped forward. "Kill! Kill me, and kill everyone present to feed the Blood Imbibing Saber with their blood! From now on, there will be another legend of an invincible Demonic Armament in the Pugilistic World!"

Although Fang Yuan left some cultivation power to him deliberately, he had lost ninety percent of it. Right now, his capability was below a martial artist in the three medium grades, but his eyes were lit up with zeal.

Even if Wuwang takes all my cultivation power, I'm afraid that he still won't break through the siege of the Demon Sect. Fortunately, the Blood Imbibing Saber has the peculiar ability of devouring essence and blood to strengthen its owner. As soon as I become the Saber Spirit and absorb the essence and blood of all martial artists here, he'll reach first-grade and even advance to Heavenly Phenomenon. He can then conquer the world! That's all I can do for him!

He was not in the least worried about whether Nangong Wuwang could be ruthless enough to kill him.

After all, the Blood Imbibing Saber was a Demonic Armament. Even the armament master, Ou Zhizi, had been manipulated by demonic thoughts after forging it and slaughtered his own family, only to redeem himself after regaining consciousness by committing suicide.

It was impossible for a wastrel like Nangong Wuwang to be immune to it.

But he would recover after the Blood Imbibing Saber was satisfied with the blood sacrifice and gained a Saber Spirit.

By that time, the die will have been cast. I hope he won't blame me!

I'm not a cold-hearted person after all. Nevertheless, my son will conquer the Pugilistic World, and I'm content with that!

Since I can't kill my son to accomplish my goal, I'll sacrifice myself and let my son accomplish it. That's my realization in the Demon Dao!

Nangong Wentian struck his chest toward the tip of the blade, looking prepared to sacrifice himself.

Smack!

But the next moment, the Blood Imbibing Saber turned aside and swatted Nangong Wentian, pressing him on the ground. "Old Man, do you wanna die?" Fang Yuan shook his head. "Have you asked for my opinion?"

"Eh?" Nangong Wentian was stunned. "Impossible!"

"Impossible!"

The two from the Demon Sect, the Amorphous Dao person and the man in gray, were even more shocked. "The Blood Imbibing Saber inevitably controls its owners and makes them kill everyone in their sights. Why is he still conscious? Could the saber still be incomplete?"

"I see. No wonder it's called the Blood Imbibing Saber!"

Fang Yuan looked at his palm.

Red strings extended from the saber handle and climbed onto his forearm like blood vessels.

A desire to imbibe blood was frantically attacking his mind, urging him to slaughter everyone for blood.

If he were still that wastrel, or even a martial artist in the top three grades, he would have lost his mind and began a massacre.

However, it would be laughable if the saber could influence Fang Yuan.

"Six Extremes Armament Commandeering allows someone to commandeer the armament instead of the other way round! How could I possibly be influenced by a mere lifeless object with a bit of a Demon God's remnant?" Fang Yuan sneered, a purple color emerging from his wrist and dying his blood vessels.

Furthermore, the saber was also corrupted by the purple color.

All of his regenerated origin power that the Blood Imbibing Saber had devoured this month started to corrupt the saber from the inside.

Furthermore, there was no longer a leakage in his dantian after the rune was completed, and he could use origin power as well.

The purple color immediately engulfed the Blood Imbibing Saber from both sides and purified it.

The roar of a demon was heard in the saber before it quickly returned silent.

A peculiar dharmic formulation entered Fang Yuan's sea of consciousness.

The Great Sanguine Demon Technique!

*So when a truly legendary Divine Armament or Demonic Armament fully accepts its owner, it would present the corresponding secret manual? Is this really a heaven-grade cultivation technique? *

*However, this cultivation technique seems somewhat secretive and sinister, but so does this Demonic Armament! *

The Great Sanguine Demon Technique and the Blood Imbibing Saber were surely a perfect combination that could maximize the armament's power. The owner could even replenish essence and heal injuries by imbibing blood and practicing the technique, thus gaining incomparable endurance in a prolonged battle!

But Fang Yuan detected something abnormal in the Blood Imbibing Saber. He did not practice the new technique at all, instead injecting his own Six Extremes True Qi into the saber.

Crack!

He had already finished cultivating the Six Extremes Armament Commandeering Art, and the reason why he was stuck in the first realm was the lack of a suitable armament.

The Blood Imbibing Saber had been refined using his essence, so it was already like a part of his body. He did not need to do any more procedures before naturally commandeering the saber.

Since the saber had been fostered for more than ten years, it allowed him to skip the second realm and directly reach the third realm of Divine Armament Feedback!

Crack!

Traces of blood-red Saber Qi was absorbed into Fang Yuan's body, mixed with the Six Extremes True Qi, and broke through the barriers.

Smack!

The barrier for third-grade martial artist was readily broken by the sharp Saber Qi like a piece of paper.

The Saber Qi then crashed through the many acupoints related to the second grade.

Splash!

The blood-red True Qi thumped onto the Heaven Gate for first-grade, tearing open numerous cracks.

The cracks spread and the gate was broken after the second surge of the True Qi.

In the blink of an eye, Fang Yuan had broken through three barriers, directly advancing to first-grade grandmaster, which was the ultimate realm of the Martial Dao in this mortal world!

After the first-grade, all the acupoints in his body were opened up, as if he had explored a new world.

The blood-colored True Qi advanced incessantly, trying to push his ability up to an unpredictable peak.

Schwing!

A bizarre metallic sound was heard outside the Divine Armament Mountain Villa.

Grudge!

All the martial artists hearing this sound were suddenly overwhelmed by hatred.

Hate the heavens for being unjust! Hate the earth for being unfair! Hate the man for causing suffering!

Apparently, this was the old monster secretly sent here by the Demon Sect. He was also frightened by Fang Yuan's progress and decided to immediately interrupt Fang Yuan.

"You're courting death!" Fang Yuan did not hesitate and slashed at him!

Zap! Zap!

Invincible Saber Qi swept across the air, killing anyone in its path.

The man in gray was the first victim. His organs were cracked, and his back crashed through numerous walls as he retreated.

The Amorphous Dao assassin beside him was slightly weaker. Together with other unfortunate guests and subordinates, she was slashed into pieces by the Saber Qi and died miserably.

Thump!

When the Saber Qi was dissipated, the man in gray had retreated to the gates of the Divine Armament Mountain Villa.

Looking at the furrows caused by the Saber Qi in the ground, he murmured to himself, "So fast! So sinister!"

Poof! Poof!

Just as he finished speaking, he was split into pieces. The large amount of blood seemed to be alive, flowing together into a blood pool in front of Fang Yuan.

Purplish-red patterns meandered along the Blood Imbibing Saber like tentacles, devouring the blood greedily.

Once wielded, this saber had to imbibe human blood!

"This saber..."

Fang Yuan was astonished as well. This behavior made it seem alive.

At the same time, he could even sense a hot current from the saber handle, strengthening his body and improving his cultivation power.

"Such an ability guarantees victory in a prolonged battle! It's totally suited for slaughtering low-level existences, and I'm going to call it the Blood Sucking Saber."

The worst thing for martial artists in the Pugilistic World was the depletion of cultivation power and strength. Even a first-grade expert would be afraid of getting besieged by an army.

But things were different with the Blood Imbibing Saber.

It enabled the martial artist to become stronger as they fought, which would be a nightmare for a normal army.

“But to me, that’d be a waste!”

The youth shook his head, waiting for the saber to imbibe every drop of blood on the ground.

This demonic scene petrified his three sisters. Even Nangong Fu stared at Fang Yuan blankly, as if she no longer recognized her brother.

“You dare!” Outside the Divine Armament Mountain Villa, a hoarse roar was heard. An elderly man appeared in a flash and stood where the man in gray had been.

He was tall and strong, wearing a robe made of python’s skin and a golden crown, giving off a wealthy air. A black iron hook was seen in his hand.

Demonic Armament—Prolonged Grievance Hook!

Fearing that Fang Yuan might be disadvantaged, Nangong Wentian immediately reminded him, “Wuwang, this man is an armament-wielding elder of the Demon Sect—Heaven Grudge Marquis. His Prolonged Grievance Hook ranks ninth among all Demonic Armaments! And he’s been in the first-grade since twenty years ago!!”

“Heaven Grudge Marquis? The ninth most powerful Demonic Armament, Prolonged Grievance Hook?” Fang Yuan sneered with the saber in his hand. “Monkey 1, where do you rank in the Demon Dao?”

“Junior, you’re too rude!” His attitude enraged the Heaven Grudge Marquis, who was highly respected in the Demon Sect and never treated with such contempt.

“While you may have become the owner of the Blood Imbibing Saber, have you cultivated the technique in its secret manual? The Blood Imbibing Saber only ranks last among the Ten Demonic Armaments, even below the Prolonged Grievance Hook. Moreover... the previous owner of the Blood Imbibing Saber caused trouble to the Pugilistic World. The Kong family’s head defeated him with the Righteousness Ruler and sealed the Blood Imbibing Saber. Even if it’s refined again and offered sacrifices, how much of its power can be recovered?” the Heaven Grudge Marquis said confidently.

But he was covertly using his Demon Arts to undermine Fang Yuan’s confidence.

He was too experienced to make the mistake of being overconfident in a battle. Right now, he was especially alert in front of Fang Yuan.

“You talk too much nonsense!”

Fang Yuan frowned and charged forward.

Zap zap!

Fang Yuan dragged the Blood Imbibing Saber on the ground, making a long saber furrow. The next moment, he was in front of the Heaven Grudge Marquis and easily drawing out the saber.

Swoosh!

A blood-colored astral saber over twenty meters long emerged and smashed down.

Ding!

The Heaven Grudge Marquis raised the hook in response.

A thump was heard. His feet dug deep into the ground, cracks spreading like a spiderweb. The green stones used to cover the ground in front of the Divine Armament Mountain Villa were crushed into pieces.

Despite the large quantity of sparks, the black hook steadily dealt with the attack from the Blood Imbibing Saber, without suffering any damage at all.

Buzz buzz!

And there was even a grudge spreading in the sound of the vibrating hook, as if a demon were corrupting the world.

This Demonic Armament that ranked ninth lived up to its name.

“Omnidirectional Bloodlust!”

Fang Yuan laughed aloud and slashed eight times at eight positions around the Heaven Grudge Marquis.

The Saber Qi appeared to have spirit, even traveling spontaneously to form an array. Blood-colored light crushed toward the Heaven Grudge Marquis at the center.

“A saber technique in the Great Sanguine Demon Technique?”

The Heaven Grudge Marquis shrieked, his hands turning dark, “Heaven Grudge Demon Technique!”

Finally, he stopped concealing his true capabilities.

The Heaven Grudge Demon Technique was the heaven-grade technique used with the Prolonged Grievance Hook. As he executed it, chilling gusts of wind howled furiously and thick layers of dark clouds shielded the sun.

“Heavenly... Phenomenon...” Nangong Wentian gazed at this and murmured out the name of the realm pursued by all martial artists.

Even first-grade grandmasters were still mortal humans.

But Heavenly Phenomenon was different!

When a martial artist advanced to this realm, he could trigger heavenly phenomena and execute incredible magical techniques. It was the progression from a mortal into a Sage!

“Haha... You’re a Heavenly Phenomenon martial artist, so what?”

Fang Yuan wielded the saber. His entire body was protected from all the chilling gusts and dark clouds by a thick layer of blood-colored light.

Of course, he had not cultivated the Great Sanguine Demon Technique.

But some of the saber techniques were very suitable for the Blood Imbibing Saber, and the effect of executing the techniques with the foundation of the Six Extremes Armament Commandeering Art was quite satisfactory.

Furthermore, he could still rely on his origin power as the last resort. Even if the previous owner of the Blood Imbibing Saber revived and battled against him, he would not be the one exhausted to death.

Of course... if we fight here, the long-range attacks by a Heavenly Phenomenon martial artist may hurt others!

Fang Yuan held the saber with both hands and slashed down violently. "Blood Cleansing!"

Zap!

The harsh blood-colored Saber Qi slashed, splitting the ground in front of the villa gates into two and pushing their battlefield into the lush mountain forest.

In the Divine Armament Mountain Villa, the three sisters and Nangong Wentian looked on nervously, but every expression was distinct.

In their eyes, there seemed to be a black cyclone wrestling with a blood-colored dragon in the forest outside the villa.

Even Xu Ruyu and Chang Kun were excited as they stared at the scene.

After all, they were martial artists with their own pursuit in the Martial Dao!

"The peak of the Martial Dao is indeed uniquely fascinating... Regardless of the outcome, this battle will shock the entire Pugilistic World..." Chang Kun returned his sword into the sheath and sighed. "Qing, I'm afraid that your brother will become famous all over the world!"

"Indeed..." Xu Ruyu nodded. Looking at Nangong Xiu beside him, he sighed again and frowned anxiously.

On one hand, he was worried that the Heaven Grudge Marquis would win and kill them all.

On the other hand, even if the name of the Divine Armament Mountain Villa spread far and wide after this battle, everyone would know that the Nangong family were demons. The martial artists of the Orthodox Dao would most likely try to kill them.

Nangong Xiu was an observant person. She noticed that there was something wrong with her husband's expression and felt disappointed.

"Hmph... surnamed Xu, are you qualified to be a man?" Nangong Fu had witnessed their expressions.

"My Eldest Brother-in-law has his family and fortune to worry about, but he didn't complain at all, and you... Second Sister was blind when she chose to marry you!"

"Enough!" Nangong Wentian waved his hand and stopped her scolding, but his eyes were focused at the forest. "If Wuwang is defeated, our entire family will die together... Ruyu, you don't need to think about escaping. How can you escape from the lightness skill of a Heavenly Phenomenon?"

Crack!

Purple lightning struck the forest where they were fighting.

The black cyclone broke down, and a silhouette pounced out quickly. “Nangong Wuwang... Since you’re worried about your family, I’ll kill them all!”

The silhouette was the enraged Heaven Grudge Marquis with blood flowing from his mouth. He assailed Nangong Wentian and the others at an extremely fast speed.

It was an attack by a Heavenly Phenomenon, so how powerful would it be?

His aura alone made them unable to breathe and their limbs tremble, and they could not move at all.

Zap!

In a split second, the blood dragon chased after him.

Suddenly, the Heaven Grudge Marquis turned around like a swallow returning to its nest, wielding the Prolonged Grievance Hook with all his strength at Fang Yuan’s unprotected chest!

He was merely using a strategy to divert Fang Yuan’s attention before launching an attack.

The Heaven Grudge Marquis had deduced that Fang Yuan was afraid of hurting his family from the battlefield he chose. When he was disadvantaged in the battle, he attacked Fang Yuan’s family so that he could take Fang Yuan by surprise!

He had used only thirty percent of his strength when he feigned attacking Nangong Wentian, and all his strength was used only after he turned around halfway!

Fast! Fast! Fast!!

Everything happened unimaginably fast. His strategy was extremely delicate, utilizing the weakness in the opponent’s mind and creating the sudden changes. The Prolonged Grievance Hook was about to tear open Fang Yuan’s stomach.

Poof!

A few shrieks were heard in the Divine Armament Mountain Villa when the Prolonged Grievance Hook slashed across the youth’s body. However, the silhouette of Fang Yuan dispersed slowly, stunning the Heaven Grudge Marquis. “Illusion? The Demon Sect’s Puppet Manipulation Art? Dharma formulations of the Shadow Sect? It doesn’t seem to be any of them!”

How could such a mistake be tolerated in a battle between experts?

The next moment, a blood rainbow flew past, decapitating the Heaven Grudge Marquis.

The sprinkled blood was absorbed by the greedy Blood Imbibing Saber once again. The essence and blood of a Heavenly Phenomenon made the saber hum in excitement.

In the Divine Armament Mountain Villa, Nangong Wentian and the others were all shocked by this scene.

An armament-wielding Elder of the Demon Sect and Heavenly Phenomenon martial artist just died like that?

Nangong Wentian moved forward and looked at the headless corpse, murmuring, "He's... dead?"

Fang Yuan picked up the Prolonged Grievance Hook and answered concisely, "Hmm. Dead!"

...

The black Prolonged Grievance Hook was less than a foot long, and a gentle flick could generate penetrating sounds that evoked feelings of resentment.

Typically, the shorter an armament was, the more perilous it would be to use it in a battle. The length of this hook was shorter than a foot, thus extremely perilous to wield.

Of course, frequent use of dangerous tricks was like walking a tightrope, able to fail at any time.

It was evident from how the Heaven Grudge Marquis had died from his dangerous tricks used against Fang Yuan.

The Prolonged Grievance Hook ranks ninth among all Demonic Armaments in the world. During ancient times, the Heaven Heretic Sect rampaged through the Pugilistic World. Their sect master had a beautiful concubine whom he loved so deeply that he lost his ambition to conquer the world. When the Heaven Heretic Sect encountered a fiasco afterward, the elders of the sect suspected that she was a spy from the Orthodox Dao and forced the sect master to kill her... Hopeless and desperate, the lady killed herself with her golden hook. The Sect Master of the Heaven Heretic Sect started to fight again in order to avenge his lover. He slaughtered all the nuns in the convent that trained the lady into a spy and used all the Heaven Heretic Sect's fortune to refine her golden hook into a Demonic Armament... The Heaven Heretic Sect collapsed in the end, but the Demonic Armament has remained in the Pugilistic World. The name of the lady has long been forgotten, and now she's known as 'the Golden Hook Lady'...

Fang Yuan held the Prolonged Grievance Hook in his hand and faintly smiled. "The Prolonged Grievance Demon Technique in the Prolonged Grievance Hook should be the most potent Demon Arts of that Heaven Heretic Sect.

"I've taken a look at the Demon Arts. It's quite good and suits the Prolonged Grievance Hook well. Take it!"

He gently passed the Demonic Armament into the hands of the middle-aged man.

Nangong Wentian had a mixture of emotions as he held an armament that martial artists in the entire Pugilistic World longed for.

He had spent twenty years putting in persistent and painstaking effort to revive the Blood Imbibing Saber.

But Nangong Wuwang threw a higher-ranking Demonic Armament to him like he was throwing a bunch of vegetables. He felt somewhat strange.

"You really don't want the Prolonged Grievance Hook?"

Nangong Wentian had recovered his inner force and even made some improvement.

After all, his level of cultivation was no match for Fang Yuan's origin power, so Fang Yuan casually gave him some replenishment.

He had accepted Nangong Wentian's inner force previously only to use it as a key to complete the rune of the Demonic Armament.

"No. The Blood Imbibing Saber suits me better!"

Although the Blood Imbibing Saber only ranked tenth, the outcome of battles depended on the owner of the armament as well.

For example, the Heaven Grudge Marquis was killed by Fang Yuan despite using the ninth-ranked Demonic Armament.

"Furthermore... after we move to a new place, I intend to explore the Pugilistic World. You'll need something to protect the villa!" Fang Yuan said frankly.

"Explore the Pugilistic World..."

With desire and anticipation in his eyes, Nangong Wentian stroked his beard.

Chapter 786: Blood Imbibing

"This is..."

The Six Extremes Armament Commandeering Art was an earth-grade cultivation technique. Following the flow of the technique could generate Six Extremes True Qi, which could then be used to foster Divine Armaments.

However, Fang Yuan did not know that reversing the flow of the Six Extremes Armament Commandeering Art could result in an effect similar to enlightenment.

His body was now devouring the incoming True Qi from Nangong Wentian.

A sound like the roar of a dragon was heard in his dantian.

The black rune struggled and trembled, but it was sealed by the origin power restriction.

Is... this the last stroke to be completed?

Fang Yuan released the origin power restriction. Suddenly, the black rune absorbed Nangong Wentian's Six Extremes True Qi like a whale sucking water, and the rune was immediately completed.

The black rune in the stats window was complete as well. It looked like a small crimson saber, emanating a mysterious spiritual will.

"Demonic Armament—Blood Imbibing Saber!"

He read out the name softly.

Rumble!

The armament seemed to understand his thoughts. The ground of the Divine Armament Mountain Villa cracked, a large number of rocks crashed down, and blood splashed up.

A crimson, one-and-a-half meter long armament flew through the splashed blood and reached Fang Yuan. Fang Yuan received it steadily.

The dark saber seemed to be devouring the light around it, and the ancient pattern on the blade looked like human blood vessels and hot streams of flowing lava.

In the Ancient Era, an extraterrestrial demon had invaded the world and wreaked havoc. The Celestial Thearch Sword owner killed it, slashing it into pieces. The armament artisan, Ou Zhizi, extracted its bones and blood to mix with precious minerals. He smelted the materials using heavenly lightning and earth fire for 49 years to forge the demonic saber named 'Blood Imbibing'. On the same day, he went insane and killed his entire family with the saber before committing suicide! Fang Yuan recalled a section of the Lie family comments on Demonic Armaments. There's truly a legendary armament in the Divine Armament Mountain Villa, although it's a Demonic Armament!

The saber weighed more than 150 kilograms, too heavy for most martial artists. But Fang Yuan held it up easily. He felt that the saber was naturally connected to him, and his Six Extremes True Qi became excited.

After all, this saber had been devouring the essence in his body for more than ten years! It could absolutely recognize him!

"Haha! How can the advent of a Demonic Armament not be accompanied by a blood sacrifice?!" Nangong Wentian stepped forward. "Kill! Kill me, and kill everyone present to feed the Blood Imbibing Saber with their blood! From now on, there will be another legend of an invincible Demonic Armament in the Pugilistic World!"

Although Fang Yuan left some cultivation power to him deliberately, he had lost ninety percent of it. Right now, his capability was below a martial artist in the three medium grades, but his eyes were lit up with zeal.

Even if Wuwang takes all my cultivation power, I'm afraid that he still won't break through the siege of the Demon Sect. Fortunately, the Blood Imbibing Saber has the peculiar ability of devouring essence and blood to strengthen its owner. As soon as I become the Saber Spirit and absorb the essence and blood of all martial artists here, he'll reach first-grade and even advance to Heavenly Phenomenon. He can then conquer the world! That's all I can do for him!

He was not in the least worried about whether Nangong Wuwang could be ruthless enough to kill him.

After all, the Blood Imbibing Saber was a Demonic Armament. Even the armament master, Ou Zhizi, had been manipulated by demonic thoughts after forging it and slaughtered his own family, only to redeem himself after regaining consciousness by committing suicide.

It was impossible for a wastrel like Nangong Wuwang to be immune to it.

But he would recover after the Blood Imbibing Saber was satisfied with the blood sacrifice and gained a Saber Spirit.

By that time, the die will have been cast. I hope he won't blame me!

I'm not a cold-hearted person after all. Nevertheless, my son will conquer the Pugilistic World, and I'm content with that!

Since I can't kill my son to accomplish my goal, I'll sacrifice myself and let my son accomplish it. That's my realization in the Demon Dao!

Nangong Wentian struck his chest toward the tip of the blade, looking prepared to sacrifice himself.

Smack!

But the next moment, the Blood Imbibing Saber turned aside and swatted Nangong Wentian, pressing him on the ground. "Old Man, do you wanna die?" Fang Yuan shook his head. "Have you asked for my opinion?"

"Eh?" Nangong Wentian was stunned. "Impossible!"

"Impossible!"

The two from the Demon Sect, the Amorphous Dao person and the man in gray, were even more shocked. "The Blood Imbibing Saber inevitably controls its owners and makes them kill everyone in their sights. Why is he still conscious? Could the saber still be incomplete?"

"I see. No wonder it's called the Blood Imbibing Saber!"

Fang Yuan looked at his palm.

Red strings extended from the saber handle and climbed onto his forearm like blood vessels.

A desire to imbibe blood was frantically attacking his mind, urging him to slaughter everyone for blood.

If he were still that wastrel, or even a martial artist in the top three grades, he would have lost his mind and began a massacre.

However, it would be laughable if the saber could influence Fang Yuan.

"Six Extremes Armament Commandeering allows someone to commandeer the armament instead of the other way round! How could I possibly be influenced by a mere lifeless object with a bit of a Demon God's remnant?" Fang Yuan sneered, a purple color emerging from his wrist and dying his blood vessels.

Furthermore, the saber was also corrupted by the purple color.

All of his regenerated origin power that the Blood Imbibing Saber had devoured this month started to corrupt the saber from the inside.

Furthermore, there was no longer a leakage in his dantian after the rune was completed, and he could use origin power as well.

The purple color immediately engulfed the Blood Imbibing Saber from both sides and purified it.

The roar of a demon was heard in the saber before it quickly returned silent.

A peculiar dharmic formulation entered Fang Yuan's sea of consciousness.

The Great Sanguine Demon Technique!

*So when a truly legendary Divine Armament or Demonic Armament fully accepts its owner, it would present the corresponding secret manual? Is this really a heaven-grade cultivation technique? *

*However, this cultivation technique seems somewhat secretive and sinister, but so does this Demonic Armament! *

The Great Sanguine Demon Technique and the Blood Imbibing Saber were surely a perfect combination that could maximize the armament's power. The owner could even replenish essence and heal injuries by imbibing blood and practicing the technique, thus gaining incomparable endurance in a prolonged battle!

But Fang Yuan detected something abnormal in the Blood Imbibing Saber. He did not practice the new technique at all, instead injecting his own Six Extremes True Qi into the saber.

Crack!

He had already finished cultivating the Six Extremes Armament Commandeering Art, and the reason why he was stuck in the first realm was the lack of a suitable armament.

The Blood Imbibing Saber had been refined using his essence, so it was already like a part of his body. He did not need to do any more procedures before naturally commandeering the saber.

Since the saber had been fostered for more than ten years, it allowed him to skip the second realm and directly reach the third realm of Divine Armament Feedback!

Crack!

Traces of blood-red Saber Qi was absorbed into Fang Yuan's body, mixed with the Six Extremes True Qi, and broke through the barriers.

Smack!

The barrier for third-grade martial artist was readily broken by the sharp Saber Qi like a piece of paper.

The Saber Qi then crashed through the many acupoints related to the second grade.

Splash!

The blood-red True Qi thumped onto the Heaven Gate for first-grade, tearing open numerous cracks.

The cracks spread and the gate was broken after the second surge of the True Qi.

In the blink of an eye, Fang Yuan had broken through three barriers, directly advancing to first-grade grandmaster, which was the ultimate realm of the Martial Dao in this mortal world!

After the first-grade, all the acupoints in his body were opened up, as if he had explored a new world.

The blood-colored True Qi advanced incessantly, trying to push his ability up to an unpredictable peak.

Schwing!

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All the martial artists hearing this sound were suddenly overwhelmed by hatred.

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Chapter 787: Decapitation

“Heaven Grudge Marquis? The ninth most powerful Demonic Armament, Prolonged Grievance Hook?” Fang Yuan sneered with the saber in his hand. “Monkey 1, where do you rank in the Demon Dao?”

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Purple lightning struck the forest where they were fighting.

The black cyclone broke down, and a silhouette pounced out quickly. “Nangong Wuwang... Since you’re worried about your family, I’ll kill them all!”

The silhouette was the enraged Heaven Grudge Marquis with blood flowing from his mouth. He assailed Nangong Wentian and the others at an extremely fast speed.

It was an attack by a Heavenly Phenomenon, so how powerful would it be?

His aura alone made them unable to breathe and their limbs tremble, and they could not move at all.

Zap!

In a split second, the blood dragon chased after him.

Suddenly, the Heaven Grudge Marquis turned around like a swallow returning to its nest, wielding the Prolonged Grievance Hook with all his strength at Fang Yuan’s unprotected chest!

He was merely using a strategy to divert Fang Yuan’s attention before launching an attack.

The Heaven Grudge Marquis had deduced that Fang Yuan was afraid of hurting his family from the battlefield he chose. When he was disadvantaged in the battle, he attacked Fang Yuan’s family so that he could take Fang Yuan by surprise!

He had used only thirty percent of his strength when he feigned attacking Nangong Wentian, and all his strength was used only after he turned around halfway!

Fast! Fast! Fast!!

Everything happened unimaginably fast. His strategy was extremely delicate, utilizing the weakness in the opponent’s mind and creating the sudden changes. The Prolonged Grievance Hook was about to tear open Fang Yuan’s stomach.

Poof!

A few shrieks were heard in the Divine Armament Mountain Villa when the Prolonged Grievance Hook slashed across the youth’s body. However, the silhouette of Fang Yuan dispersed slowly, stunning the Heaven Grudge Marquis. “Illusion? The Demon Sect’s Puppet Manipulation Art? Dharma formulations of the Shadow Sect? It doesn’t seem to be any of them!”

How could such a mistake be tolerated in a battle between experts?

The next moment, a blood rainbow flew past, decapitating the Heaven Grudge Marquis.

The sprinkled blood was absorbed by the greedy Blood Imbibing Saber once again. The essence and blood of a Heavenly Phenomenon made the saber hum in excitement.

In the Divine Armament Mountain Villa, Nangong Wentian and the others were all shocked by this scene.

An armament-wielding Elder of the Demon Sect and Heavenly Phenomenon martial artist just died like that?

Nangong Wentian moved forward and looked at the headless corpse, murmuring, "He's... dead?"

Fang Yuan picked up the Prolonged Grievance Hook and answered concisely, "Hmm. Dead!"

...

The black Prolonged Grievance Hook was less than a foot long, and a gentle flick could generate penetrating sounds that evoked feelings of resentment.

Typically, the shorter an armament was, the more perilous it would be to use it in a battle. The length of this hook was shorter than a foot, thus extremely perilous to wield.

Of course, frequent use of dangerous tricks was like walking a tightrope, able to fail at any time.

It was evident from how the Heaven Grudge Marquis had died from his dangerous tricks used against Fang Yuan.

The Prolonged Grievance Hook ranks ninth among all Demonic Armaments in the world. During ancient times, the Heaven Heretic Sect rampaged through the Pugilistic World. Their sect master had a beautiful concubine whom he loved so deeply that he lost his ambition to conquer the world. When the Heaven Heretic Sect encountered a fiasco afterward, the elders of the sect suspected that she was a spy from the Orthodox Dao and forced the sect master to kill her... Hopeless and desperate, the lady killed herself with her golden hook. The Sect Master of the Heaven Heretic Sect started to fight again in order to avenge his lover. He slaughtered all the nuns in the convent that trained the lady into a spy and used all the Heaven Heretic Sect's fortune to refine her golden hook into a Demonic Armament... The Heaven Heretic Sect collapsed in the end, but the Demonic Armament has remained in the Pugilistic World. The name of the lady has long been forgotten, and now she's known as 'the Golden Hook Lady'...

Fang Yuan held the Prolonged Grievance Hook in his hand and faintly smiled. "The Prolonged Grievance Demon Technique in the Prolonged Grievance Hook should be the most potent Demon Arts of that Heaven Heretic Sect.

"I've taken a look at the Demon Arts. It's quite good and suits the Prolonged Grievance Hook well. Take it!"

He gently passed the Demonic Armament into the hands of the middle-aged man.

Nangong Wentian had a mixture of emotions as he held an armament that martial artists in the entire Pugilistic World longed for.

He had spent twenty years putting in persistent and painstaking effort to revive the Blood Imbibing Saber.

But Nangong Wuwang threw a higher-ranking Demonic Armament to him like he was throwing a bunch of vegetables. He felt somewhat strange.

“You really don’t want the Prolonged Grievance Hook?”

Nangong Wentian had recovered his inner force and even made some improvement.

After all, his level of cultivation was no match for Fang Yuan’s origin power, so Fang Yuan casually gave him some replenishment.

He had accepted Nangong Wentian’s inner force previously only to use it as a key to complete the rune of the Demonic Armament.

“No. The Blood Imbibing Saber suits me better!”

Although the Blood Imbibing Saber only ranked tenth, the outcome of battles depended on the owner of the armament as well.

For example, the Heaven Grudge Marquis was killed by Fang Yuan despite using the ninth-ranked Demonic Armament.

“Furthermore... after we move to a new place, I intend to explore the Pugilistic World. You’ll need something to protect the villa!” Fang Yuan said frankly.

“Explore the Pugilistic World...”

With desire and anticipation in his eyes, Nangong Wentian stroked his beard.

Footnotes:

Ch 787 Footnote 1

“Monkey” and “Marquis” have the same pronunciation in Chinese

Chapter 788: Pugilistic World

Boyang Commandery, Golden Breeze Drizzle Building.

This was a famous intelligence agency in the Pugilistic World, known for its up-to-date and reliable information. It had branches in every commandery, but nobody knew where the headquarters was located.

It was said that the building was guarded by one of the top ten experts in the Pugilistic World and that the agency was supported by a few established sects and holy grounds. Otherwise, it would not have developed to today’s scale.

Golden Breeze Drizzle Buildings had different sizes. The most common ones had three floors, the commandery branches had seven floors, and the headquarters was said to be the only one with nine floors.

Fang Yuan entered the commandery's seven-floor Golden Breeze Drizzle Building.

It was noon, and the building was bustling with activity. Many rich customers were squandering their money.

The Golden Breeze Drizzle Building was not only an intelligence agency, but a giant commercial center that contained restaurants, teahouses, casinos, and so on. It was the most lively place in the commandery.

Even though it only had seven floors, the decorations were extremely extravagant.

The bottom three floors were open to everyone, while the top four floors only welcomed renowned martial artists. Inside the building, customers could purchase armaments and spiritual medicine, obtain intelligence, and even employ experts. There was nothing that the Golden Breeze Drizzle Building could not achieve.

Fang Yuan was wearing a simple martial artist robe. The Blood Imbibing Saber he carried behind his back was wrapped in white cloth, just like a wooden plank. It was not conspicuous as there were many martial artists in the Pugilistic World who did not want to expose their armaments.

He went straight to a restaurant on the third floor and sat down at a table close to the window. He ordered a few simple dishes and a pot of wine, taking his time to consume the food.

"Humans in the Pugilistic World are like water in a tide, never certain if they'll return to the places they're from!"

Gazing at the young and energetic martial artists, Fang Yuan sighed faintly.

People could only see the fame and fortune of successful martial artists in the Pugilistic World. Who could tell how many martial artists had died in battle, their bones buried in nameless graves?

The business of the restaurant was booming, and the seats were soon fully occupied. The chef's skill was satisfactory as well, their spicy chicken tasting great with the fragrant wine.

Of course, he had better experiences being served by the numerous chefs in the Divine Armament Mountain Villa, but it was a pity that the magnificent Divine Armament Mountain Villa had already collapsed!

Fang Yuan lifted the cup of wine and drank it in one mouthful.

After the battle at the Divine Armament Mountain Villa, he had dismissed all the servants and let Nangong Wentian and his sisters live at a new place with new names.

They had to do this!

After all, it would be troublesome if Nangong Wentian's identity as a member of the Demon Sect was disclosed. If they had stayed there slightly longer, they might have been killed under the siege of both the Orthodox Dao and the Demon Dao.

Their only choice was to change their names and start again at a different place.

"Although Chang Kun is burdened by his family, he loves Nangong Qing quite a lot. There may be some problem with Nangong Xiu and Xu Ruyu, but Nangong Wentian has recovered from the battle and can definitely suppress him!"

When it came to life experience and political mind games, Xu Ruyu was no match for Nangong Wentian.

Furthermore, with Fang Yuan's help, Nangong Wentian had not only recovered, but his cultivation had also improved by practicing the Prolonged Grievance Demon Technique. With his first-grade grandmaster realm, together with the Prolonged Grievance Hook, he could even be one of the top 100 martial artists. And given that he was trying his best to hide, the safety of his family would not be an issue.

"The fierce battle at the Divine Armament Mountain Villa revealed that Young Lord Nangong Wuwang is the owner of the Blood Imbibing Saber. He slaughtered the martial artists there and even defeated the Demon Sect's Heaven Grudge Marquis. Martial artists who saw the battlefield afterward were all shocked by the saber scars in the green stones of the villa. The Golden Breeze Drizzle Building has updated the ranking as well, and the owner of the Blood Imbibing Saber, Nangong Wuwang, has replaced the Heaven Grudge Marquis to become the ninth most skilled expert..."

It was the Pugilistic World storytelling at the Drizzle Building.

At the center of the hall, an old storyteller was talking non-stop about the recent breaking news in the Pugilistic World.

The Divine Armament Mountain Villa was mentioned repeatedly, but there were many inaccuracies in his story. Nevertheless, the customers were still fascinated by it.

"That's what life should be like! If I have a chance to become famous in the Pugilistic World, I'd willingly die for it!" A muscular man patted his leg and let out a long sigh.

"Your words seem to imply that you want to convert to the Demon Dao?" An affluent customer beside him shook their head. "Nangong Wuwang slaughtered too many martial artists. After the battle, more than half of the skilled martial artists in the surrounding commanderies, including seniors like Elder Wan and Venerable Pine Crane, lost their lives, and the Blood Imbibing Saber devoured all their blood. His behavior was simply insane and immoral... The head of this generation's Kong family has declared that he'll challenge this Blood Imbibing Saber's owner. Although this person has risen to fame, he'll die in no time!"

"That's right. We should kill this demon and enforce heaven's will!"

The customers concurring aloud were mostly young men and women. More experienced martial artists did not engage in the discussion. They continued eating and drinking, ironic expressions on their faces.

These young people were too naive, shouting that they would kill a formidable martial artist equipped with a Demonic Armament. They were simply courting death by saying such reckless words.

In fact, caution was indeed necessary.

That was because the owner of the Blood Imbibing Saber denounced by them was sitting right beside them and listening to their criticism.

Elder Wan? Venerable Pine Crane?

In the end, Fang Yuan heard those martial artists reiterating the silly deeds the wastrel had done in the past, feeling even more speechless.

Nangong Wuwang had indeed been a useless wastrel, so it was inevitable that his deeds were criticized after he became famous.

But it was unjust to claim that he was cruel and bloodthirsty, that he had slaughtered the martial artists on purpose.

During the battle at Divine Armament Mountain Villa, Elder Wan and Venerable Pine Crane were inadvertently torn up by the Saber Qi. If he had intended to murder all of them, he would not have spared those martial artists outside the battlefield.

Therefore, he had at most killed unintentionally rather than murdered deliberately.

But of course, he could not confront them and make the correction right now.

That Kong family, however, was very annoying!

The Kong family was one of the renowned families in the Pugilistic World. The Righteousness Ruler possessed by the family ranked seventh among all the Divine Armaments. The Righteousness Formulation was also the best-known heaven-grade Divine Art of the Orthodox Dao. This large family with a large fortune shouldered the responsibility of maintaining righteousness in the Pugilistic World.

The previous owner of the Blood Imbibing Saber had rampaged through the Pugilistic World, and it was the head of that generation's Kong family who had wielded the Divine Armament and defeated him. Even the Blood Imbibing Saber was damaged in the battle and sealed until recently.

It was commonplace for the grudges of one generation to be passed down to the next.

Other reasons aside, every martial artist believed that when the owner of the Blood Imbibing Saber matured, he would absolutely take his revenge on the Kong family's family head and repair his reputation.

Since the conflict was inevitable, any normal person would want to take action first.

Those who acted tolerant and gave the youth a few years to seek revenge would typically end up with a miserable death.

Furthermore, the owner of the Blood Imbibing Saber was of the Demon Dao!

Why would they need to follow the rules in the Pugilistic World when dealing with the Demon Dao? They would be promoting righteousness even if they besieged him!

The more venerable and orthodox a sect was, the better it was at this kind of reasoning.

“Speaking of which, every generation of the Six Dao Demon Sect is weaker than the previous, unlike the martial arts holy grounds of our Orthodox Dao!” A young swordsman seemed drunk, his cheeks flushed with wine. “The Heaven Grudge Marquis was an expert in the Demon Sect, but it’s laughable that he was killed by a brat. Some day, I—Flying Rainbow Sword Lin Guanzhong—will enforce heaven’s will. I’ll become famous by killing a few experts of the Demon Dao and annihilating the entire Demon Sect!”

Poof!

As soon as he ended his sentence, blood splashed from his mouth and his tongue dropped to the floor.

“Ah!”

After a moment of absolute silence, a female martial artist’s shriek was heard.

She was pale and trembling, no longer as chivalrous as before.

Such a fast sword! The experienced martial artists felt scared witnessing this. *There’s probably a Demon Dao expert in this building. Sigh... That young man was too reckless. Even the top martial artists of the holy grounds dare not say that they could annihilate the Demon Sect!*

The commotion spread quickly. The young man rolled on the ground and screamed incoherently.

Some customers were afraid of getting into trouble and went downstairs; others stayed at a distance, waiting excitedly to see what would happen next.

Before long, a group of guards hurried in.

After all, the Golden Breeze Drizzle Building was a powerful force in the Pugilistic World. It was humiliating that a customer was hurt in their territory, and they would surely attempt to put things right.

“Come, bring this man to the clinic for treatment!”

The leader of the guards was an old man holding the double iron spheres. He was strong and hefty, and his long beard made him look like an enraged lion.

“It’s Iron Lion Ao Zhan! He’s a third-grade master!”

The eyes of the onlookers glistened. “This is getting interesting!”

Ao Zhan looked around and frowned. He cupped his fists and greeted the surrounding customers. “That person was talking nonsense and should be taught a lesson. But since you dared to do such a thing in the Golden Breeze Drizzle Building, do you dare tell us who you are?”

“If we weren’t in the Golden Breeze Drizzle Building, he would have lost more than his tongue!” A reply was heard at the table beside Fang Yuan.

A young man in black occupied the table, and he had a red sword scar between his eyebrows. He sat boldly and drank as if there was no one else in the room. "He dared to declare that he could annihilate our Demon Sect. What audacity!"

"Seven Stars Sword? You're the Demon Sect's new star, Gu Qixing?"

Ao Zhan felt a headache when he saw the sword beside the youth's hand, particularly the seven pearls attached to the sheath.

He had hoped that what happened earlier had been done by an individual demon and that the demon immediately ran away afterward. In that case, he could just say some harsh words and get over it.

He was not afraid of experienced martial artists, but he did not want to encounter this kind of ruthless and headstrong youth.

If that headstrong youth had a powerful backer, it would be a disaster.

"So he's Gu Qixing!"

After his identity was revealed, the room became noisy. "He was the most prominent young man in the Demon Sect before the owner of the Blood Imbibing Saber. Since his debut, he has challenged many world-renowned swordsmen and remains undefeated! He's extremely ruthless. Even the Seven Swordsmen of Qilian Mountain and the Four Allies of Heaven Mountain were all killed by him!"

Chapter 789: Secret

"Gu Qixing... According to the latest records from the Building, he's killed Sword Master Changbai! His martial arts have reached the second-grade, meaning that he can already found his own sect. Moreover, he's only one step away from being a first-grade grandmaster!"

As an honorary expert of the Golden Breeze Drizzle Building, Iron Lion Ao Zhan was naturally aware of more information, giving him a headache.

He was only in the third-grade. While his ability, together with help from other experts, was sufficient to protect the Golden Breeze Drizzle Building of a commandery, he was not confident when it came to suppressing this new star of the Demon Sect.

But right now, with so many customers watching them, if he showed apprehension, the reputation of the Golden Breeze Drizzle Building would be ruined.

Worrying about the reputation, he had to step forward and display his stance. "I'm an honorary expert of the Golden Breeze Drizzle Building and would like to experience your moves!"

"Great!" Gu Qixing finished his cup of wine and laughed. "Soon, I'm going to challenge the Jiang family's Petal Rinsing Sword, Jiang Li. He's a first-grade grandmaster, so you're suitable as a stepping stone!"

His words stirred up the crowd.

The Jiang family was the biggest and most established martial arts family in Boyang Commandery. The Jiang family's head, Elder Jiang, had the title of Petal Rinsing Divine Sword when he was young. Now, he

hardly engaged in battle after reclusion, but he was definitely a first-grade grandmaster and at the top of the Martial Dao in Boyang Commandery!

Despite Gu Qixing's recent success, he was no match for this elder.

Therefore, he had to build momentum!

The realm was not the only factor in determining the outcome of a battle in the Martial Dao!

Some martial artists became stronger when they encountered stronger opponents and could always have surprising performances in battles involving their life and death.

Others could achieve such realms by burning incense and meditating.

Gu Qixing was in the Demon Dao. He built momentum and adjusted his state through battles. Constant battles could push up his momentum and state to the peak before confronting his most powerful enemy!

Evidently, Ao Zhan was one of his stepping stones.

As an experienced martial artist, he understood the rationale and was enraged. "You want me to be your stepping stone? You need to ask my iron spheres first!"

Poof! Poof!

While he was shouting, the two iron spheres flew from his hands and attacked Gu Qixing from both sides.

The wind howled. He was so skilled in his use of hidden weapons that there was no sign before the attack, taking place incredibly fast.

As soon as he finished his sentence, both iron spheres reached Gu Qixing.

Two hits would have spattered a common martial artist's brain.

But at the next moment, a streak of light flashed by.

The two iron spheres were spinning rapidly in the air, as if a large net had trapped them and stopped them from moving forward.

Gu Qixing had lifted his sheathed sword as though he were holding a plate, and the two iron spheres were spinning on it. It was astonishing to see how he was manipulating force at will.

"Let me return both iron eggs to you!" He laughed lightly and shook his sword.

Poof! Poof!

The iron spheres flew back even faster. It was so frightening that Ao Zhan dared not receive them directly and instead rolled on the ground to hurriedly evade the attack.

"Ah!"

Two shrieks were heard. Two guards behind him did not avoid the spheres in time; one was hit in the chest and died immediately, while the other had his arm broken and kept screaming in agony.

Schwing!

The distinct sound of a sword rang out.

Gu Qixing did not give Ao Zhan a chance to rest, unsheathing the Seven Stars Sword straightaway. It looked like a bolt of lightning flashing inside the building.

Sword Qi struck in all directions, and the sword radiance dazzled his opponent!

In the blink of an eye, he attacked seven times, and every attack was as fast and ruthless as a viper thrusting out its tongue.

Ao Zhan did not even have time to stand again. He rolled on the ground to evade the attacks, crashing into tables and benches. He ended up looking like a beggar, scraps all over his body.

“Ah!”

Ao Zhan rolled three times continuously and finally escaped from the Sword Qi, but there were a few bleeding cuts on his body. While the cuts were not deep and the bleeding quickly stopped, he became red-eyed in anger.

He was a highly respected third-grade martial artist and an affluent honorary expert of the Golden Breeze Drizzle Building, and never had he ever been humiliated like this.

As he let out a deafening shout, his hair became stiff, his skin turned green, and his body suddenly enlarged just like a Vajrasattva. He struck out using both fists with the roar of a lion.

Mad Lion Force! Alkaid Star Fist!

These were the two techniques that Iron Lion Ao Zhan was famous for. He was fighting with all his strength by using both techniques now!

“Third-grade strength techniques? I’ve killed far more than a dozen strength technique experts!”

Gu Qixing laughed lightly. He shook the Seven Stars Sword and aimed it at the gap of the fist attack. The tip of the sword was about to touch Ao Zhan’s acupoint exposed in his strength technique.

Poof!

The hefty figure that Ao Zhan had just mustered deflated like a leaking balloon, despair emerging on his face.

The many onlookers were also stunned, as if they had already witnessed Ao Zhan’s corpse.

Zheng!

Suddenly, a war cry interrupted.

Ao Zhan thought that he had to be dead, but after a moment, he realized that Gu Qixing had retreated. He touched his acupoint and found in exultation that it was intact.

“All right! My eyes weren’t sharp enough... to recognize you, Elder Jiang! However... where’s your Petal Rinsing Sword?”

Gu Qixing's expression was solemn. He gazed at the storyteller that no one had really cared about.

The elderly storyteller had an erhu in his hand.

He had played the war cry with the erhu.

"Are you the Jiang family's patriarch, Jiang Li? Thank you for saving my life!"

Ao Zhan approached the elder and greeted him.

The Jiang family's patriarch seldom appeared after seclusion. Other than a few who were close to him, nobody had met him at all. That was why no one knew that the famous Petal Rinsing Divine Sword was a short old man with such a mediocre appearance.

"It's great that Elder Jiang is here. Have you received my challenge letter?"

Gu Qixing was intrepid even in front of the first-grade grandmaster at the top of the Martial Dao in Boyang Commandery.

"All right! A newborn ox isn't afraid of the tiger..." The Jiang family's patriarch cupped his hands and laughed bitterly. "Since you insist, I'll accept your challenge."

"Haha... Seven days later, we'll meet at the Broken River Bridge!"

Gu Qixing grabbed his sword sheath and broke open the windows while laughing. He used his lightness skill and disappeared in the blink of an eye.

"It's the Eight Steps of Skyfiend. What a lightness skill!" The eyes of the Jiang family's patriarch glistened. "There are six Daos in the Demon Sect, and this person should belong to the Ultimate Sword Dao, which trains a world-class swordsman every generation! It'll be a pleasure to battle with the contemporary demon swordsman!"

"Elder Jiang is even stronger than youths, and I believe that you'll certainly be able to win!" Ao Zhan clenched his teeth and gazed with resentment in the direction where Gu Qixing had disappeared. "I'll go to the battlefield and cheer for you then!"

"Many thanks! Many thanks!"

The Jiang family's patriarch appeared philistine again, revealing his sparse, yellow teeth, but he inadvertently took a glance at the seat where Fang Yuan had been.

However, Fang Yuan was no longer there.

...

Gu Qixing moved like he was flying, leaving the commandery in no time, and stopped in front of an earth temple.

The earth temple was seriously dilapidated. The heaps of hay in a corner seemed to be the accommodations of child beggars at night, but nobody was in the temple currently.

He went straight into the hall and looked at the god's statue. Suddenly, he let out a cold laugh and pressed the eye of the god.

“Gu Qixing, you’ve lost!”

The statue started to speak in a distinct voice, “While you’re the top contemporary demon swordsman, you’re no match for the Blood Imbibing Saber owner after all!”

“Hmph!” Gu Qixing sneered. “You don’t need to agitate me. Given that Nangong Wuwang killed the Heaven Grudge Marquis, his ability has reached the Heavenly Phenomenon realm, and I won’t commit suicide by challenging him immediately. However, there’ll definitely be a battle between the ‘saber’ and the ‘sword’ of the Demon Sect! He’s merely relying on his armament now. After I find a Demonic Armament that suits me, I’ll surely defeat him! The founder of the Amorphous Dao lost a bet to the founder of the Ultimate Sword Dao, so you must keep his promise and do everything you can to assist me!”

The statue paused for a short while before answering, “Don’t worry about that. Our people have already infiltrated the Jiang family!”

“Great!” Gu Qixing smiled. “Jiang Li, Jiang Li. Hehe... Although the Jiang family has concealed its identity for many years, they can’t fool me. Their surname is indeed ‘Jiang’, but this ‘Jiang’ is a different character. The Jiang family’s patriarch is actually a descendant of the Li Human Sect’s young lord!

“They certainly possess some clues about the Li Perishing Sword. This sword ranks third among Demonic Armaments, and the Blood Imbibing Saber is no match for it!”

“The Amorphous Dao will assist you with all our strength!” replied the voice of the statue. “It’s a pity... that my senior died at the Divine Armament Mountain Villa. She had learned sixty percent of the disguising technique from our teacher. If she were the one infiltrating, we could be sure that Jiang Li wouldn’t discover anything abnormal.”

“The Six Dao Demon Sect is a united entity. We’ll avenge her!”

Gu Qixing clenched his teeth.

...

They had no idea that their enemy was listening to their interesting secrets on the roof of the earth temple.

“I didn’t expect that the most established martial arts family in Boyang Commandery would have such hidden secrets... It looks like I can let these two stay alive to unravel the secrets for me!”

After confirming that there was no more intelligence to collect, Fang Yuan quietly left. Gu Qixing did not detect his presence at all.

When Fang Yuan was by himself, he suddenly said, “Is the Jiang family’s Li Perishing Sword also a part of you?”

“It shouldn’t be!” a strong demonic thought arose from the Blood Imbibing Saber. “But I can sense that a part of me is in the Jiang family’s residence. Once you obtain it, you’ll be able to concentrate part of my Essence Soul again! According to our deal, I’ll impart a portion of my cultivation experience to you every time you complete part of my Essence Soul!”

“Hmph. While it’s a deal, you’re in fact entreating me. If I don’t release the restriction, you’ll never get any freedom!”

Fang Yuan stroked the Blood Imbibing Saber, and it was bathed in bright, purple light. The thought disappeared immediately, as if it was sealed again.

“The Great Sanguine Demon Technique! Hehe...” He sneered. “I felt something abnormal with the technique and the Blood Imbibing Saber, but I didn’t expect that it was due to such a secret. An extraterrestrial demon?”

Chapter 790: Sneaking in

The Great Sanguine Demon Technique from the Blood Imbibing Saber was a heaven-grade martial arts manual.

However, after studying it closely, Fang Yuan discovered that it was a demon summoning technique rather than Demon Arts!

The final goal was to wake up an Essence Soul! It was the Essence Soul of the Great Sanguine Demon!

This demon had invaded the world in the ancient past, but the Celestial Thearch Sword owner had defeated him, split his body into parts, and suppressed them. However, the demon’s realm was so profound that he was not annihilated despite his death. He had tempted Ou Zhizi to refine a Demonic Armament with his blood and bones and engrave the Great Sanguine Demon Technique into the armament.

Martial artists cultivating the Great Sanguine Demon Technique would unconsciously communicate with the Great Sanguine Demon’s Essence Soul. They would then become his puppet or incarnation and work for his revival.

It was a pity that all the past owners of the Blood Imbibing Saber had bad luck, not managing to accomplish anything significant before their death.

“According to the words of the Great Sanguine Demon’s Essence Soul, he didn’t come from the Mental Demon Realm nor the Spiritual Realm, but his realm has reached the level of Emperors and Demon Gods!

“Unfortunately, his body and soul were destroyed in that battle. The demon summoning technique merely calls back part of his Essence Soul, which has been dispersed from his broken body since time immemorial. It’s the last resort!

“Despite that, it’s perilous to collaborate with him. Nevertheless, I’m just an incarnation, so it’s all right for me to take the risk!”

With the dream-traversing technique of Dream Masters, an incarnation’s death would not cause much harm to the original body.

With that thought, he looked determined and released the restriction on the Blood Imbibing Saber.

“Damn it... I didn’t expect that this saber owner would be an extraterrestrial demon just like me! But with this kind of origin power... you’re a Demon Master from the Mental Demon Realm?!” the aggrieved Great Sanguine Demon’s Essence Soul said.

“It’s good that you know. I’m just an incarnation sent here to explore the world and have many Demon Gods backing me!” Fang Yuan threatened him without hesitation.

“Hehe... I don’t need to learn about the Mental Demon Realm from you!” The Great Sanguine Demon’s Essence Soul sneered. “But it’ll be extremely difficult for you to become a Demon God! The perfect Dao is always indescribable! Demon Gods must master their own Dao paths, and that’s far more difficult than becoming an Emperor in some worlds, who only need support from the heavens and the earth. The Celestial Thearch Sword owner is a prime example...”

“Is the Celestial Thearch Sword... very powerful?”

Fang Yuan’s expression turned solemn.

This Sanguine Demon was an Emperor from another world, but the Celestial Thearch Sword owner could still defeat him and split his corpse. It was evident that martial artists were extremely potent.

The Martial Dao at this level was hardly different from a Demon God.

“Of course it’s very powerful. The Top Ten Divine Armaments is merely a ranking... In fact, the Celestial Thearch Sword is more frightening than the other nine armaments combined! That’s because this sword is the authority of this world! When the Celestial Thearch Sword owner fought against me, he was supported by heaven’s will and backed by the force of heaven, earth, and man. Scary! It was extremely scary!”

The Great Sanguine Demon’s Essence Soul sounded scared, but then he let out a weird laugh. “However, humans with this kind of great destiny and karma are extremely rare. The Celestial Thearch Sword owner didn’t end up well either since my Great Sanguine Demon Technique corrupted his Essence Soul. I’m afraid that he couldn’t have survived more than a decade after our battle!”

“If you’re so powerful, why does the Blood Imbibing Saber only rank tenth among the Demonic Armaments?” Fang Yuan rolled his eyes.

“...” The Great Sanguine Demon’s Essence Soul paused as if he was choked. After a while, he roared, “The Blood Imbibing Saber is incomplete! Once you finish cultivating the Demon Arts and collecting all of my Essence Soul, even the top Demonic Armament, the Seven Slaughter Tiger Soul Saber, will be no match for it!”

“The ranking in the Ancient Armament Manual is acknowledged by the entire Pugilistic World...”

Fang Yuan shook his head.

The Armament Manual was written by an anonymous author, but it was comparable to any heaven-grade martial arts.

The Six Extremes Armament Commandeering Art of the Divine Armament Mountain Villa, as well as the method of removing the seal and repairing the Demonic Armament, were both from this manual.

Even when Fang Yuan reviewed the Six Extremes Armament Commandeering Art now, he had to acknowledge that its methods were commendable.

“Never mind the ranking for now. Based on your words, your amorphous and enduring demon body is apparently a treasure, so I can understand why the Jiang family kept a part! It just so happens that... Gu Qixing will battle with Jiang Li seven days later, so we’ll go to the Jiang family’s residence then. Your Essence Soul should be able to sense the location of your body parts, right?”

Fang Yuan nodded.

“Why go through all that trouble? Don’t you have the ability to kill the Jiang family and take it forcibly?” the Great Sanguine Demon’s Essence Soul roared. “The power of the Blood Imbibing Saber will only grow when you kill them and absorb their blood. That’s how I can provide you with more assistance.”

“Forget about it! After that, do you want me to ruin my own reputation, expose my whereabouts, and get chased by the Orthodox Dao of the Pugilistic World?” Fang Yuan rolled his eyes. “I’m merely a Heavenly Phenomenon martial artist right now and can’t deal with a siege by numerous Divine Armaments. Besides... even if I kill everyone in my way, won’t the Celestial Thearch Sword appear again as the counterattack of this world? Although I’m deeply interested in this sword, I don’t want to see it now!”

“...” The Great Sanguine Demon’s Essence Soul was speechless because that was how he had failed. “Are you really a Demon Master from the Mental Demon Realm? You’re different from what I expected... You’re so cautious!”

Fang Yuan shrugged and said casually, “I’m only an incarnation, and the most important thing to me is to succeed with minimal effort!”

...

Seven days later, Broken River Bridge.

The whole commandery had heard that Gu Qixing had challenged the Petal Rinsing Divine Sword. Many martial artists from nearby commanderies rushed over just to witness this grand event.

In fact, there would have been more martial artists if there had been more time to come.

The crowd blocked the Broken River Bridge on both sides.

However, only Gu Qixing was on the bridge, holding his sword with his eyes closed.

Rumble!

It was noon. The crowd suddenly became noisy and cleared out a path.

The Petal Rinsing Divine Sword—Jiang family’s patriarch, Jiang Li—walked forward elegantly. He had a philistine smile and cupped his fists toward all directions. Occasionally, he chatted with a few martial artists that he was acquainted with, just like a tactful businessman.

“Jiang Li, you’re finally here!” Gu Qixing opened his eyes.

Suddenly, white lightning glared in air. Iron Lion Ao Zhan was standing right behind Elder Jiang Li, but he did not dare to stare at it.

This person becomes more powerful as he fights. He's indeed a formidable enemy for the Jiang family's patriarch!

Ao Zhan felt pain in his cheeks. He lowered his head and clenched his fists.

"Little Brother Gu, I'm risking my decrepit body to respond to your challenge today. I hope that you won't tear it up..."

The Jiang family's patriarch walked onto the bridge and grinned, revealing his sparse yellow teeth.

"Old man, one of us will die today!"

Gu Qixing took out his sword fearlessly.

He had already forgotten about the numerous martial artists watching the battle, about his original objective, and even about the plan that the Amorphous Dao was probably already executing.

After all, he was going to confront a Martial Dao grandmaster.

If he was still distracted by thoughts, he would definitely die in this battle.

Chang!

The swords clashed like thunder.

Many martial artists were excited to witness the battle between the two top swordsmen.

...

The Jiang family's residence.

This spacious place was the base of the Jiang family.

Although many family members had gone to watch the battle, the defenses were still tight.

With the Blood Imbibing Saber wrapped in cloth and wearing a conical bamboo hat, Fang Yuan blatantly walked around in the courtyards.

After all, even if he was discovered, they would suspect the Demon Sect, and it would have nothing to do with him.

"How's it going? Have you found it?"

He did not have much information about the Jiang family's residence, but the Great Sanguine Demon's Essence Soul on his back was the best sensor at navigating the residence for him. "Turn left! I can feel that we're very close to it!"

The Jiang family's treasure vault.

"Who's there?"

The two guards equipped with swords detected the movement and looked at the gates. They relaxed when they saw the silhouette of a young lady. "So it's Third Lady."

The fair lady was in a green dress, just like a lotus leaf swaying in the wind. She laughed before saying, "Old Patriarch promised to give me two bottles of Hundred Flower Wine, so I'm here to take them!"

"Hundred Flower Wine? This wine is medicinal liquor that can counter hundreds of toxins and strengthen the body of a healthy person. Did the patriarch actually promise to give you two bottles of it?"

A middle-aged swordsman smiled and clucked, obviously acquainted with the young lady. "But the patriarch isn't here today. How about coming another day?"

"Never mind..." She had a new idea immediately and said with a smile, "Uncles, I've brought some desserts for you to show my gratitude for your hard work. I'll feel embarrassed if you don't accept them."

"Haha!" The two swordsmen exchanged glances. "Since you're the one giving us the desserts, then..."

Thump!

Before they finished speaking, the meal box exploded and emitted a white fog.

"This isn't good!" The swordsmen were shocked, immediately losing consciousness and falling to the ground.

"Hehe... No matter how shrewd you are, I can always catch you off guard!" She laughed like a fox that had just stolen a juicy chicken. While she hummed a tune, she searched the two swordsmen and obtained a dragon-shaped key.

"This is only half of the Double Dragon Key, and the other half is hidden by the family head, but how can that hinder me at all?"

Just like a magic trick, another dragon-shaped key emerged in her hand. She combined the keys and inserted them into the gates of the treasure vault.

Rumble!

The heavy iron gates slid sideways, revealing the Jiang family's treasure vault.

But the young lady was petrified.

A man in white stood in the vault. He looked at the lady, looking like he could see through her mind.

"The Amorphous Dao of the Demon Sect? I've been waiting for a long time!"

The demon girl felt that she was exposed to him from head to toe, unable to move under the invisible pressure.

...

"Here we are!"

As Fang Yuan climbed over a wall, he could sense how urgent the Blood Imbibing Saber was.

However, he only saw a small garden.

“It’s buried in the soil in front of you!”

The Great Sanguine Demon’s Essence Soul also felt a bit strange.

Fang Yuan walked forward and dug out a black rock. “Is this part of your body? A stepping stone to be trampled in the garden? And you said that your body was a precious treasure... Haha... Haha! Too funny!”

He burst into laughter, while the Essence Soul in the Blood Imbibing Saber was speechless in grief and indignation.