

## **CEO Bride 881**

### Chapter 881

Two pheasants flew out from the grass.

Bladesman Divus sighed and casually waved his hand. The sword.

next to him flew directly toward Nash.

When Nash saw that, he hopped onto the sword.

Bladesman Divus lifted his right index finger and middle finger together.

The sword carried Nash to the top of Sigur Cliff.

“Swordsman, your ten days are up. Today, I’ll come to take your head

to fulfill my promise to the Zell family!”

His voice was like a bell, echoing in every direction.

As he said that, Nash slowly appeared in front of The Swordsman.

Nash got off the sword and stood on the edge of the cliff to face b

He took off his sunglasses and kept them in his coat pocket.

The Swordsman sneered, “You’ve got quite the big mouth. I bet

end your life with three slashes!”

As soon as he said that, he flew toward Nash in a blink of an eye.

With his third eye, he foresaw The Swordsman in front of him, so he swiftly dodged him. Next, he swung his fist at him, creating a sonic

boom.

His punch was like a dragon emerging from the sea. It was

unstoppable, and the explosion stirred up a violent storm.

The Swordsman frowned and withdrew the Seven Deadly Swords to dodge Nash’s fist.

Boom!

The rubble under The Swordsman’s feet started vibrating.

Nash turned into an afterimage, launching frantic attacks on The

Swordsman.

Shadows of fists rained down on him like a violent storm.

“Eight Desolate Crumbling Fist!”

The Black Wind Twins said simultaneously, standing outside the

Bladesman Divus saw the reflection in the stream and squinted.

On a mountain peak thousands of meters away, an enchanting man,  
  
in a black robe was frowning.

Duncan said in a deep voice, "What is 'Eight Desolate Crumbling F

Black Gem did not want to answer his junior's question.

Master Peter turned to look at him.

He smiled and said, "The Eight Desolate Crumbling Fist is a long-los

Heavenly Martial Technique!"

Duncan looked intrigued. "Is it very powerful?"

Black Gem said, "It depends on who's using it. If I use it, Sigur Cliff

would crumble to the ground with a single punch!"

The color drained from Duncan's face when he heard that.

Dumbfounded, he said, "How... How is that possible?"

Sigur Cliff was 800 meters above sea level and more than 200 meters

in diameter. Even if ten tanks were to bombard it for a month and a half, it would barely make a dent.

How could he flatten Sigur Cliff with just one punch?

Duncan was in disbelief that such words would come out of Black Gem's mouth.

Rumble!

A loud thunder brought Duncan back to reality in an instant.

He looked up at the top of the mountain and saw countless one-meter-wide rocks exploding everywhere.

It was utterly shocking!

onlookers were so shocked that they forgot to dodge.

Only when the sword forms in the sky blasted the fall ocks into did they come to their senses, and they bowed in sitting by the stream.

the National Martial Bureau and the Special S

Department were petrified too.

Bobby's jaw was on the floor. "H-How is that possible?"

The of the punch caused a large area of the Sigur Cliff to

collapse.

Even those in peak Mystique Loyalty Realm would not be able to

achieve that.

Tristan's deep gaze shone brilliantly. He turned his head and smirked. "Are you panicking, Mr. Olsen?"

He was fortunate enough to have a good relationship with Nash. He even provided jobs for the group of tomb robbers in the National

Archaeological Institute.

Bobby pretended not to hear him. He stared at Nash standing in the

thick smoke.

Tristan withdrew his gaze and looked up at Nash's thin silhouette.

Who would have imagined that the terrifying destruction just now was caused by that scrawny figure on the mountain?

Otis lowered his gaze in contemplation.

“Otis, where do you think Nash learned his punching technique?”

Tristan turned sideways to look at Otis.

“Of course, he learned it from Mr. Calcraft,” Otis said with a

“How could Mr. Calcraft not teach such techniques to Fr

Island Lord? That’s unfair!” Tristan said bitterly.

“Only those who are worthy of it can practice it. Otherwise, no how powerful the technique is, you won’t be able to grasp the

essence of it!”

Chapter 882

Otis was grinning from ear to ear.

Tristan nodded and continued watching the top of the mountain.

The Swordsman held a sword in both hands. He jumped up and flew

above Nash, slashing the Seven Deadly Swords toward his head.

Nash crossed his hands, forming a protective shield with his true

energy to resist The Swordsman’s attack.

Buzz!

The true energy shield was instantly shattered.

Nash flew 20 meters away. His clothes got ripped into pieces, and there was a 30-centimeter-long wound on his chest.

His blood and flesh were visible from the outside. It was a ghastly

sight.

The martial artists present had visions far beyond that ordinary people, so they had a clear view of the wound on Nash's chest.

Melody and Felicity could not help but exclaim.

Their faces ashen.

Mireille's chest tightened all of a sudden, and her hands became

clammy.

Duncan was so focused on the top of the mountain that he did not notice the unusual expression on Mireille's face.

Nash looked down at the wound on his chest, and his eyes were filled.

with panic like never before.

He had just broken through the Mystique Loyalty Realm, and his true energy was not strong enough to block The Swordsman's attack.

Fortunately, he reacted quickly enough, or else he would have been

split in half then and there.

Blood was flowing freely from his navel.

Nash clenched and summoned the Divine Needles that had fallen to

the bottom of the cliff along with his clothes.

With a flick of his hand, the Divine Needles began sealing his wound.

The Swordsman stuck his tongue out to lick the blood on the blade.

and smiled ferociously. "You fool, I thought you were powerful. It

turns out that you're nothing!"

After saying that, he stepped forward and jumped up again. This time,

he split into several phantoms, attacking Nash from all directi

front, back, left, and right.

The gold core in Nash's body was in chaos, and a surge of true energy flowed into his limbs and bones.



He continuously pounded his fists in the space around him, and

numerous afterimages appeared around him instantly.

The constant clashing of blades created a sonic boom. The weather

changed, and the earth started quaking.

Everyone held their breaths and dared not to blink.

Melody clenched her fists, digging her nails into her flesh.

Young Master could not get injured.

The future of the Young family depended on him, and so did hers.

Finn gasped, "They're too fast. I can't see them clearly anymore!"

Ken's teary eyes struggled to see them too..

Eric saw them battling fiercely with his third eye.

He looked worried. Nash was already heavily injured. If he continued

like this, he would definitely lose.

Cillian was nervous too. The wrinkles on his pale face even grew

deeper.

The Quiet Winds Sword on his back vibrated as if it was going to

unsheath itself at any moment to help Nash.

When Eric heard the sword's vibrations and said to Cillian, "If you help

him, the people in the Black Wind Mountains will take action. Th

stab you to death with a single finger!"

Cillian remained quiet, Although he had broken through the Mysti

Loyalty Realm, he had yet to recover from his internal injuries, so strength was barely a third of when he was at his peak.

He closed his eyes and cheered for Nash silently.

On top of the mountain, Nash looked pale. He was retreating from

The Swordsman's attacks.

The Swordsmans found a chance to kick Nash away. His other

figures teleported toward him and his Seven Deadly Swords.

condensed into one ten-meter-long sword form.

Then, there was a thunderous roar that echoed through the sky. "The

fourth technique, The Sea's Reckoning!"

The Sea's Reckoning.

It was the fourth of the Seven Deadly Swords Technique.

Like hundreds of rivers flowing into the sea, a large amount of spiritual energy and blades gathered in the air.

That slash alone could cut through mid-Mystique Loyalty Realm.

The sword emitted a dazzling white light that was as bright as the afternoon sun. The glare made it impossible for anyone to open their

eyes.

At that moment, the entire world lost its color..

It was as if that slash was the only thing left in this world.

Chapter 883

"Nash has been defeated!"

A smile appeared on Boris's lips..

He knew The Swordsman's Seven Deadly Swords Technique well.

If he were in Nash's position, he would probably have a hard time  
defending himself from the last three slashes.

The fact that Nash lasted until the fourth slash was enough to mark  
his name in the history of martial arts.

Duncan happily grabbed Mireille's hands, but he frowned when he  
noticed how clammy her hands were.

Mireille was trembling.

Duncan let go of her hands and realized that her palms were  
sweating because she was nervous about The Swordsman.

Clang!

A sound of metal colliding came from the mountain.

A brilliant light emitted from the top of Sigur Cliff like expl

What was that sound?

It sounded like The Swordsman's slash had struck some kind of  
metal plate.

Everyone was confused.

However, the light was too glaring for them to look up, except for those in the Mystique Loyalty Realm.

They saw The Swordsman's fourth slash striking a golden light.

The air around them vibrated as the Seven Deadly Swords flew, piercing a hard rock.

The Swordsman's arms were split open, and he looked at Nash in disbelief amid the billowing smoke.

Just then, Nash was gripping his knees with both hands. He was feeling horrified as he gasped for air.

The fourth slash was terrifying. If it were not for the Divine Cauldron, he would have died in The Swordsman's hands.

"It seems like I underestimated you!"

The Swordsman squinted and waved his hand, summoning the Seven Deadly Swords back to him.

He held the sword and spun.

A tornado of swords swept toward Nash. A passing eagle turned

a pool of blood before it even came into contact with the tornado, and it disappeared into the storm.

“The fifth technique, Sword Storm!

“You should be honored to die under my fifth slash!”

The Swordsman’s distorted voice sounded from inside the tornado.

Nash was 20 meters away from the tornado, but there were already

small cuts on his skin.

The closer the tornado got, the bigger the cuts got.

Boris said hoarsely, “Nash should die this time, right?”

Even those in the late Mystique Loyalty Realm dared not go against the fifth technique of the Seven Deadly Swords head-on.

There was a manic expression on the faces of the Mystique Loyalty

Realm masters on the Black Wind Mountains.

As expected from The Swordsman, a master from the Black Wind

Mountains.

After this battle, the National Martial Bureau and the Special Security

Department might have trouble sleeping at night.

Black Gem squinted and said, "Not necessarily!"

As soon as he said that, everyone's pupils constricted.

How could a man in his early twenties counter The Swordsman's fift

slash?

Meanwhile, the tornado got closer and closer to Nash.

Melody could not hold back her tears as she covered her mouth.

Eric curled his lips and said, "Why are you crying? Have you forgotten

that Nash had a different identity?"

Melody stared at Eric with her phoenix-like eyes. Not only was Nash a martial artist, but he was also a Golden Amulet Master.

From the start until now, he had not used Path techniques at all.

That meant that Nash still had cards up his sleeve!

On top of the mountain.

Nash stared intently at the tornado.

A golden light gleamed in his eyes as he locked in his gaze at The Swordsman's position.

Just as the tornado was ten meters away, it accelerated and got even

more powerful.

There was madness in Nash's eyes. He bit his finger and drew an extremely complex runic incantation on his palm.

Once the runic incantation was done, the entire world darkened, and a spider-web-like network of purple thunder filled the sky.

## Chapter 884

As the world turned dark, the only thing visible was the purple thunder

in the sky. It was like the end of the world.

Under the cliff, everyone's faces changed drastically. Their knees bent

under the force of the thunder as if they were going to worship it.

Even Bladesman Divus bolted upright.

The pupils of the Black Wind Twins contracted to almost pinpricks.



The faces of Otis, the Great Elder of the National Martial Bureau, and Tristan, the dean of the Special Security Department had completely

drained of color.

“What kind of Path technique is that?”

“How could it create such powerful thunder?”

Even after living for over a hundred years, Peter had never seen such terrifying thunder.

He had seen the Five Elements Thunder Technique and the H

Spirit Thunder Technique, but neither of them could create suc

momentum.

Black Gem said with a pale face, “This is the Infinite Divine Thu

Curse created by Johnathan Calcraft!”

Bewildered, Peter stammered, “The Infinite Divine Thunder Curse..

Why... Why have I never heard of it?”

Black Gem said, “Because the Infinite Divine Thunder Curse has

transcended the realm of the Path!”

Peter was dumbstruck. Suppressing his shock, he humbly said, "Lord

Black Gem, please enlighten me!"

Black Gem laughed and said, "You haven't reached the level to

encounter such knowledge yet, and neither have I."

Peter's beard was trembling as he struggled to calm himself down.

On top of the mountain.

The force of the tornado continued to increase.

The Swordsman, who was in the center of the tornado, looked up and

felt his soul leave his body.

Nash grimaced and leaped into the air. With his right palm facing upward, he shouted at the top of his lungs, "Let the thunder come..."

Crack!

Boom!

Endless thunder poured down like terrifying waves.

"F\*ck, run..."

Otis could not stop himself from cursing as he circulated his tr energy. His voice echoed through the entire mountain range.

Suddenly, everyone at the foot of the mountain was running like c

on a hot tin roof.

They ran over a thousand meters away, but they were still uneasy They moved back several hundred meters and activated all their true

into two to two halves.

entwined by the by the thunderbolts, and his body

Chapter 885

by ted by the power of the thunder.

must die!

in his fist.

Bam!

With a single punch of the Eight Desolate Crumbling Fist, everything was destroyed.

There was a huge explosion.

Nearly one-third of the top of Sigur Cliff was sheared off.

Centered around the Sigur Cliff, everything within a thousand-meter radius suffered the purge of thunderstorms. Trees, grass, and

everything else on the surface were scorched black.

The Swordsman was dead!

Duncan looked at the billowing smoke from Sigur Cliff in disbelief.

It also took a long time for Boris to recover from the shock.

Peter slowly turned to the ghoul overlord beside him.

Nash's strength was beyond his imagination.

The Infinite Divine Thunder Curse just now was enough threaten

the ghoul overlord.

However, Nash should be seriously injured by now, so t way that he could do it a second time.

Nash must die today.

Peter joined his right index and middle finger together, chanting an

incantation. He pointed toward the billowing smoke at Sigur Cliff, saying, "Kill him..."

Boom!

All the talismans on the ghoul overlord were blown away.

Spiritual energy was spreading in all directions.

The ghoul overlord jumped up and turned into a beam of light, shining  
onto Sigur Cliff.

Bladesman Divus frowned and flew up with his sword.

The unkempt old man walked strangely and vanished within a few steps, reaching Sigur Cliff before

The sight of the old man blew Jasper's mind. He said, "El drift...

M-Master..."

Eric turned to look at Peter, only to find out that they had already

retreated into the forest, surrounded by over two hundred people

It seemed like they had a premeditated plan as there was already

an altar in the forest.

Peter waved the cedar wood sword, tied a few talismans on it, and

it up,

The woods were suddenly covered by a huge protective shield.AA

heavy fog filled the air, and everyone in the Duerson familyy disappeared from Eric's sight.

"Mist Disappearing Formation!"

Eric squinted and threw a blank yellow talisman from his bag intoothlee

air.

With a wave of his sleeve the yellow talisman scattered onto the

ground, forming a circle.

Eric said solemnly, "Don't leave this circle!"

The fog engulfed the entire mountain range, except for the circle Eric

was in.

"Master..."

Atlas's voice sounded.

Eric turned around, but he noticed that Melody, Finn, and the others

were gone.

“Where are they?”

Eric’s facial muscles twitched.

He stayed back to protect them, but they all ran away.

The Mist Disappearing Formation was an ancient advanced

formation. The mist was ten times thicker than natural mist. Ever

Mystique Loyalty Realm master would lose their way inside of it.

phe people in the mist may not be able to see the Duersons, but the

Duersons could see them clearly.

They were immune to the mist inside the formation, so they could see all the panicking martial artists fleeing in all directions.

White Gem turned to ask Black Gem, “Should we leave or...”

Black Gem looked grave. “Nash poses a great threat to Black Wind

Mountain. We must kill him..”

White Gem nodded and walked right out of the formation.

Immediately afterward, Black Gem walked out of it with several other

masters too.

Boris said, "Master Peter, you should stay to protect Dun. I'll go help!"

Then, he stepped out of the protective formation shield.

Peter turned to look at Duncan and said, "The people outside can't break in, but the people inside can go out. Tell your people to not step outside. Otherwise, it'll be hard for them to get back in. The ghouls need my help!"

After leaving a warning, Peter stepped out too.

Duncan ordered the bodyguards to set up the tent, and he took Mireille back to the tent to rest.

As soon as he entered the tent, Mireille squatted down in pain.

She held her head in her hands as blood was dripping from the corners of her mouth.

"Mireille..."

Chante

Duncan's expression sank. He quickly knelt down and asked, "

Mireille, what's wrong?"

"It... It hurts..."



Mireille held her head and fell to the ground, groaning in pain.

Duncan was at a loss. He shouted outside, "Someone... Come quickly

The bodyguard captain hurried in, "Mr. Duerson..."

Duncan shouted, "Where's the doctor? Call the doctor over here, now!"

The bodyguard captain saw Mireille in great pain, so he quickly brought over a middle-aged man.

The Duersons spent generously to hire this private doctor.

He checked Mireille's pulse, and his face darkened. "S-S-She has no pulse."

No pulse?

What did that mean?

Only dead people had no pulse.

Duncan looked down at the crystal talisman around Mireille's He figured that something was wrong with it, so he hurriedly ripped off her neck and threw it aside.

Instantly, Mireille sighed in relief. She lay in Duncan's arms, and asked confusedly, "W-What's wrong with me?"

Chapter 886

Duncan held Mireille in his arms and blamed himself, "Mira, it's my

fault for failing to protect you!”

When Peter put the talisman around Mireille, he wanted to refute it,

but he dared not do it in front of Peter.

The talisman must have caused Mireille’s headache, so Duncan

blamed himself for not preventing it from happening.

The middle-aged doctor took her pulse again, and said with a smile,”

Ms. Tanner’s pulse is back to normal now. She seems to be in good

health!”

Mireille whispered, “I’ve always been healthy!”

Then, she looked around and asked timidly, “Where is this place? Why

don’t I remember anything?”

Duncan explained, “This is Sigur Cliff!”

Mireille nodded and asked feebly, “Did Swordsman and Nash fil

Who won?”

Duncan's eyes were filled with sorrow, and he choked. "The

Swordsman is dead..."

Mireille's eyes widened in disbelief. "The Swordsman is so powerful...

How could it be..."

Before she finished her sentence, she asked, "Is Nash dead?"

She saw what happened. Even Nash's chances of surviving the

explosion at Sigur Cliff were slim. A touch of sadness appeared on

her face.

Duncan noticed the change in Mireille's expression and knew that she felt sorry for The Swordsman. He stared at the deep night sky and said calmly, "The masters of the Black Wind Mountains and the ghou

overlord will bury Swordsman!"

Mireille trembled.

Although she was not a martial artist, she could sense the terrifying power of the masters of the Black Wind Mountains from their brief encounters, especially the ghou

l without the Eight-part Scepter, they might not be able to fight the ghou

l overlord at all.

She must get the Eight-part Scepter now.

Mireille shrugged in Duncan's arms and whispered, "I... I need to use

the restroom!"

Duncan looked at the bodyguards next to him and said, "Set up toilet immediately!"

The two left, and when they came back, they brought a dozen p with them. It took them merely ten minutes to build a temporary t using chopped wood.

The two aloof women sent Mireille to the restroom and stood guar

outside.

Mireille took a deep breath and began to stick her finger down her

throat.

The two women outside heard sounds of retching coming from the

toilet, so they exchanged glances.

They sniffed but did not smell anything unusual.

"Ms. Tanner, are you okay?"

One of them was worried that something happened to her, so she

asked cautiously.

"I-I'm fine, I just have an upset stomach!"

Mireille replied.

Soon, she started retching again.

Her throat moved, and a long strip of medicinal mud was expelled

from her mouth.

Mireille dug through the mud and found a small piece of plastic wrap

with powder in it.

This was a drug she developed during her college years to help her

roommate suffering from severe insomnia. Its potency v

to knock out an adult-sized bull.

She asked her grandfather to test her creation on martial art the drug even knocked out several grandmasters of the Mar

Association.

Mireille put the drug away and walked out of the toilet. One of the women turned to look and saw Mireille holding her head as she f

forward.

“Ms. Tanner!”

Changer \$56

The women went up to support her.

other woman said, “We should go to Dr. Wayne, these spoiled young ladies are so frail.”

The two of them helped Mireille back to the tent.

Duncan was sitting on the air mattress, wiping the Eight-part Scepter. When he saw them walk in while supporting Mireille, his chest tightened. He put the scepter down and went up to her. “Mireille...”

On Sigur Cliff.

By then, the darkness of the night had completely shrouded the peak

of the mountain.

Chapter 887

Felicity and Melody were calling Nash’s name in the rubble.

Bladesman and the unkempt old man were fighting the ghoul overlord.

Boris turned into a black shadow and rushed toward Felicity and

Melody like a tiger let out of its cage.

Buzz!

The atmosphere before Jasper trembled as he slashed at Boris with a dagger in his hand.

“You should know your place...”

Boris had already sensed that his cultivation was only at the Profound Reality Realm, so he blasted him away with his palm.

Jasper staggered strangely and vanished.

Boris looked around, but there was no sight of him. It was like he disappeared into the night.

Just as he was about to go after Felicity and Melody, Jasper snu

on him.

Boris punched the air and uttered angrily, “Come out and fight me you dare. What’s the point of being a coward?”

On the treetops in the distance, a dark silhouette stood there proudly. With a smirk, he said, “You’re in the Mystique Loyalty Realm, and I’m in the Profound Reality Realm, but do you really want to fight me?”

Boris squinted. “Who are you?”

There were only a few in the entire world of martial arts who could

master such speed.

“Jasper ‘the Wolf’ Powell!”

The figure on the treetops spoke softly.

With a slight tap of his toe, the branch bent ever so slightly, providing just enough bounce to propel himself toward Boris.

The dagger in his hands emitted a cold shine, and Boris felt a sense of danger. How could a martial artist in the Profound Reality Realm bring about such a sense of danger for him?

Boris grunted and disappeared.

In the blink of an eye, he unleashed dozens of punches around the rapidly approaching Jasper.

Jasper was only in the Profound Reality Realm, so he flew backward and coughed up blood after Boris’s attack.

Boom!

Jasper fell onto a pile of rocks, and his body felt like it was fa

apart.

Boris smirked. “The Profound Reality Realm is still the Profound Reality Realm after all. Even if you had mastered exceptional assassination skills, you are nothing more than an ant in my eyes

After saying that, he walked toward Jasper. He lifted his foot and

aimed at Jasper’s chest.



rock's shattered into pieces places, and the

## Chapter 888

The ground on top of Sigur Cliff was scorched black. Bladesman Divus and the ghoull overlord were fighting fiercely.

Without the help of the unkempt old man, Bladesman Divus was obviously no match for the ghoull overlord, and his martial arts attire. was soon scratched by the ghoull overlord's claws.

The fierce battle between the four Mystique Loyalty Realm masters

caused landslides, earthquakes, and storms.

Meanwhile, the people from the National Martial Bureau and Special Security Department looked through the mist in the direction of Sigur

Cliff.

Bobby squinted and looked at the unkempt old man fighting Boris. He

turned to Otis and asked, "Is that him?"

Otis shook his head and said, "You have to ask the Second Elder. Only he has fought against him before!"

Behind the two of them, a skinny old man observed for a moment and

nodded. He said, "It's him..."

Bobby sneered, "He didn't even show up when we arrested Jasper. didn't expect him to show up today!"

Tristan looked at the people confusedly and asked, "Who is he?"

The fact that all the elders of the National Martial Bureau paid so much attention to him meant that he must not just be an ordinary

person.

"Mark the Ripper!"

Otis paused between every word.

That name once caused the entire National Martial Bureau sleepless

nights.

"The Ripper that once killed Nihons everywhere?"

Tristan looked at Mark in disbelief. "Isn't it rumored that Mark died a

long time ago?"

Bobby scoffed, "All of you have only heard of the Nihons he killed, but you don't know how many of my fellow Drakonia citizens he killed

before his name was known!"

For decades, Mark Bundy's name had been on the National Martial

Bureau's wanted list.

No matter how hard they tried, they could not get any updates on him.

They even captured Mark's apprentice, Jasper, to lure him out, but he

seemed to have vanished off the face of the earth.

Samson squinted and asked, "Should we arrest him now?"

Capturing Mark Bundy was a first-class achievement. If successful, they would be worthy of receiving a first-class honor medal from the National Martial Bureau, bringing great honor to their ancest

The group of masters from the National Martial Bureau we

up with enthusiasm in their eyes.

Tristan looked at them in shock. "Shouldn't we be helping Blade Divus suppress the ghoul overlord?"

They received news of the massacre of Quiet Winds Church

yesterday.

They came to Jonford not only to watch the decisive battle between Nash and The Swordsman, but they mainly came to put an end to the

ghoul overtorial...

“Bladesman Divives is a master of peak Mystique Loyalty Realm. He’s extremely skilled Profound Sword Techniques. If we act recklessly, it would be a sign of a lack of trust in him. He won’t be happy to see

us do that!” Bobbysminktked.

“Does Otis think so too??)

Tristan turned to look at Otis. His tone no longer carried the respect

he had before.

Otis frowned and said hesitantly, “Let’s wait and see what happens. If Bladesman Divus loses to the about overlord, we’ll take action

together!”

Bobby said, “Mosie and Mounts, come with me to arrest Mark!”

“Yes, sir!”

The fifth and sixth elders of the Nautica Melartial Bureau stepped

forward.

Otis turned to glare at them and said seriously, “We will dis

date!”

On one side was the former Ripper, Mark Bundy and on the other, the arch-enemy of the National Arts Bureau.

both of them were powerful masters of the Mystique Loyalty P

the entire National Martial Bureau, only the three elders in front could fight them. Even if they could capture him, it would have done

Mark

Chant Bom

Moreover, if they captured Mark, they would be doing Boris a favor.

Bobby understood, and at the wave of his hand, the fifth and sixth

elder stepped back.

It could be seen that Bobby's authority within the National Martial

Bureau was inferior to that of the Great Elder.

Tristan secretly sighed in relief.

He knew what Bobby was up to. It was obvious that the National Martial Bureau was pursuing a personal vendetta against Nash.

Fortunately, Otis still had a bit of conscience.

"All members of the Special Security Department, come with me to put the ghoulish overlord down!"

Tristan stepped forward and leaped toward the ghoul overlord.

Nine powerful masters of the Profound Reality Realm followed one  
after another.

On top of the mountain, the ghoul overlord was surrounded  
spiritual energy.

The sword in the Bladesman Divus hands shook as he ga thousand sword forms into one giant sword to  
stab the ghoul  
overlord.

However, the ghoul overlord was resisting it with his chest.

The sword forms began to crumble as soon as it touched its chest

Immediately afterward, the spiritual energy surrounding the ghoul

Chan Bud

overlord turned into countless ghost faces that floated toward

The entire Sigur Cliff echoed with ghostly cries and wolf howls.

swung his sword left and right, slashing the ghost

faces into black smoke.

The ghoul overlord staggered for a bit, but he quickly went forward.

threw his sword, turning it into eighteen beams of

light in front of him.

“Illuminating Desolation Sword!”

thrust both hands forward and stabbed the ghoul overlord with eighteen rays of sword forms.

Chapter 889

The ghoul overlord had been pierced by the 18 sword forms.

the wound healed in the blink of an eye.

gaze turned glum.

The ghoul overlord’s recovery ability was terrifying. If this went on, he would not be able to kill it even if he exhausted all his true energy.

By then, ten masters of the Special Security Department had gathered

Uh...

Tristan was dumbstruck.

There was no way it killed itself out of fear, right?

In the next second, the two halves of the ghoul overlord's body recovered.

There were two, and each of them had equal power.

Bladesman Divus frowned. "You're no match for it. Run, now!"

As soon as he said that, the two ghoul overlords ran toward them at the same time.

Bladesman Divus quickly fought back with his sword.

One of the ghoul overlords ran into the crowd of Special Security Department masters.

Tristan led the nine Profound Reality Realm masters to launch a frantic attack.

However, their Profound Reality Realm power was simply not enough to withstand the ghoul overlord's attack.

In the blink of an eye, two members met a tragic end.



The ghoul overlord penetrated their chests with both hands and took their hearts out before gnawing on them.

The two Profound Reality Realm masters were in disbelief. Their expressions were then replaced with despair and fear.

As the two of them fell, the ghoul overlord had already devoured t

hearts.

Then, it rushed toward the others.

Only then did Tristan realize the horrific strength of the ghoul

overlord. His neck went stiff as he shouted, "Retreat... Retreat now..."

However, it was too late.

The ghoul overlord moved through the crowd like the Grim Reaper in

the dark night.

In less than a minute, the remaining seven masters fell to the ground.

Unsurprisingly, their chests were hollowed out as their eyes fixated on

the stars in the sky.

"No..."

Tristan shouted at the top of his lungs.

The ghoul overlord appeared in front of Tristan.

Its black nails clawed toward his heart at lightning speed.

A sword form flew past them, and Bladesman Divus appeared in front

of Tristan. He grabbed him and leaped upward.

The two ghoul overlords soared into the sky, grabbing Blade an

Divus' two feet,

Bladesman Divus swung his sword down, and hundreds of sv

forms resonated and slashed downward.

After forcing the ghoul overlords away, he took Tristan five hun

meters away.

The ghoul overlords chased after them, followed by countless ghost faces that were letting out sharp cries.

Bladesman Divus suddenly turned around. He held the hilt of his

sword and thrust it into the ground.

Boom!

The uneven ground rose like turbulent waves, creating towering

waves of up to two meters high..

The huge waves were made entirely of rocks and soil.

The vast power sent Tristan flying, and even the masters of the National Martial Bureau fell dozens of meters backward.

Chapter 890

Was he considered number one in swordsmanship?

The elders of the National Martial Bureau got worked up.

Bobby could not help but ask, "Otis, has he... broken through the

Profound Oriental Realm?"

Otis took a deep breath and shook his head. "He's stronger than peak Mystique Loyalty Realm but weaker than Profound Oriental Realm. He should be in the partial Profound Oriental Realm!"

Everyone was horrified.

If the partial Profound Oriental Realm was this terrifying already, how powerful would he be when he fully achieved it?

Bobby was reminded of his grandfather.

The ghoul overlord was thrown out by the surging debris.

Bladesman narrowed his eyes and jumped into the sky with  
word.

“Mountain and River Destroying Sword!”

Bladesman shouted five words.

He instantly transformed into several figures, slashing out thous  
of sword forms.

Rumble!

Sigur Cliff, which already had one-third of it sheared off, had just lost  
another half.

The mountain was collapsing, and the ghoul overlord was covered in  
wounds.

However, its wound completely healed in a matter of seconds.

It rose into the sky and attacked Bladesman Divus in the air.

Just then, a pair of black and white figures closed in from both sides. instantly. A fluctuating voice echoed in the air, “We’ve long heard that Bladesman Divus’ Profound Sword Techniques were unparalleled in

the Martial Arts Realm. Today, the Black Wind Twins have come to

learn!”

The Black Wind Twins.

What Bladesman Divus feared the most was about to happen.

The Black Wind Twins both had peak Mystique Loyalty Realm.

Fighting against the ghoulish overlord was difficult enough. If he had to deal with the Black Wind Twins at the same time, he would not be

able to last long.

Under siege from all sides by the two ghoulish overlords and Wind Twins, Bladesman was at a disadvantage.

Tristan looked at Otis and said, “Is the National Martial Bureau

going to do anything?”

The people he brought with him had been wiped out. Now that the people from the Black Wind Mountains had taken action, how could the people from the National Martial Bureau just stand by and watch?

Bobby said lukewarmly, “Mr. Campbell, you’ve seen how powerful the

ghoul overlord is. We won't be able to defeat it even if we all attack at the same time. It's best that we conserve our strength rather than go up there to die!"

Tristan ignored Bobby and stared at Otis.

Bobby was a narrow-minded person. He despised people like him.

Otis said bitterly, "Bobby is right..."

Tristan was furious. "Fine. That's great. I realize now that the

National Martial Bureau is a bunch of cowards!"

After that, he took out a sword from his waist and rushed toward the battlefield again.

The elders of the National Martial Bureau were silent.

Complex emotions were reflected in Otis's eyes as his clenched fists were trembling.

Tristan was only in the Profound Reality Realm.

He would surely die up there.

As the dean of the Special Security Department, he sacrificed him

and took the lead.

At that moment, Otis noticed that the other four masters from th Black Wind Mountains had joined the battlefield.

Two of them were helping Boris fight Mark.

The other two were besieging Bladesman Divus.

After they joined, Bladesman Divus and Mark got seriously injured.

Behind Sigur Cliff.

Felicity and Melody were pulling Nash out of the rubble.

Nash was unconscious and covered in blood. The wound on his

chest was pierced by gold needles, looking like a centipede.

Melody patted Nash's face. "Nash! Nash, wake up!"

Nash opened his eyes weakly and gasped.

He lowered his gaze to glance at his injury, and he fainted again.

Boom!

There was an explosion on the mountain peak.

Countless rocks were falling down.

Melody immediately pushed the rubble away with her true energy,

She picked him up and said to Felicity, "Let's get out of here now..."