

## Fantasy: I Did Not Raise The Divine Beasts Chapter 8

### Chapter 8

The Qingyun Sect was the top-rank sect.

The sect leader, Perfected Qing Yun, was an expert in the first stage of the Heavenly Tribulation. He was a powerful and famous expert on the Mainland of Tianyuan.

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At this moment, they were in a magnificent pavilion.

“Master, is junior sister’s dantian alright?” Huo Qingyun asked anxiously. He blamed himself for this.

They would not have encountered such a situation if he had not brought his junior sister down the mountain.

After a long time, Perfected Qing Yun’s face suddenly turned serious. “Within Li’er body, there is indeed the mark of a slave left by the old monster.”

“What?”

When Huo Qingyun heard this, he was shocked. The calligraphy piece in his hand fell to the ground and spread out.

“I haven’t finished speaking. Although there is the mark of the old monster, it has been shattered by a sword intent,” Perfected Qing Yun said slowly, frowning. He was curious about where the sword’s intent came from.

Huff!

Hearing that his junior sister was fine, Huo Qingyun heaved a sigh of relief.

He was the one who had secretly brought his junior sister down the mountain. If anything happened to her, he would have to bear the blame and feel guilty for the rest of his life.

“Senior brother, you dropped my calligraphy piece.”

When Wang Luoli opened her eyes, she saw that the calligraphy piece had fallen. She glared at Huo Qingyun and quickly picked it up.

Perfected Qing Yun saw this scene, and he also saw the line of words on the calligraphy.

In an instant, Perfected Qing Yun trembled violently as if he had seen something shocking. He stood still on the spot as if he had entered a meditative state.

Perfected Qing Yun was shocked and in disbelief. He stood rooted to the ground, his body trembling uncontrollably.

It was a vast and unrivaled sword light from the Nine Heavens. It easily cut through the barrier between the immortal and mortal worlds and headed toward the Mainland of Tianyuan.

One slash!

Only one slash!

The sword Qi swept across a million li. With a single strike, the world lost its color, and the sun and moon lost their light. The entire Mainland of Tian Yuan was instantly reduced to dust.

“This is...”

Perfected Qing Yun was so scared that he staggered a few steps back before he could barely stabilize himself. His face was a little pale.

“Master.”

“Daddy.”

Huo Qingyun and Wang Luoli were both shocked. Their master was a first-stage Heavenly Tribulation expert. He wouldn't stagger for no reason.

Could it be that some expert who had surpassed the Heavenly Tribulation Realm was secretly making a move?

The two of them instantly became alert.

“Don't worry, I'm fine.”

With a wave of Perfected Qing Yun's hand, the calligraphy in Wang Luoli's hand flew directly into his.

"Luoli, where did you get this piece of calligraphy?"

Perfected Qing Yun asked doubtfully. Every stroke of the calligraphy was extremely smooth and full of unrestrained elegance.

However, each stroke seemed to be made of countless sword Qi, like a drunk sword immortal dancing with his sword.

This peerless swordsman had infused his sword intent into his calligraphy!

"I bought this calligraphy beside an inn in Dayang town," Wang Luoli replied.

"Master, what's wrong with this piece of calligraphy?" Huo Qingyun was confused. Was this calligraphy well-written?

He looked over in confusion.

"Pfft!"

Huo Qingyun spat out a mouthful of blood. He was a swordsman, so he wanted to resist the sword will the moment he came into contact with it.

However, the sword intent of Huo Qingyun was like an egg hitting a stone. He was instantly annihilated.

He spat out a mouthful of blood, and his body's true essence vibrated.

"What a terrifying sword intent."

Huo Qingyun was dumbfounded. He finally understood why his junior sister had suddenly broken through, and the seal in her body had been broken.

It was all because of this sword's intent!

"Li'er, tell me about the origins of this piece of calligraphy."

Perfected Qing Yun sat on the sect leader's chair with a piece of calligraphy in his hand, quietly listening to Wang Luoli's description.

"A mortal?" Perfected Qing Yun frowned after he listened to the story.

“Master, that person is indeed a mortal. There is no spiritual energy fluctuation on his body.” Huo Qingyun replied respectfully.

Wang Luoli also nodded in agreement.

“No, you’re all wrong. To be able to use sword intent to break the slave mark, and with such a terrifying sword intent, he can’t be an ordinary person.”

“This senior must have hidden his cultivation. With your strength, it’s hard for you to see through him.”

“Now, let’s go and find that senior again. He saved Li’er’s life. No matter what, we should thank him.”

Perfected Qing Yun said solemnly.

At the same time, something was happening in the Dongsheng Continent.

There was a dark secret chamber.

Outside of the secret chamber, more than ten layers of terrifying power enveloped it.

Even if a cultivator at the peak of the ninth level of the Heavenly Tribulation Stage attacked with all his might, he wouldn’t be able to move it.

In the secret room, a dozen figures could be vaguely seen sitting on both sides of the long table.

One of the seats was empty.

It was Black Fiend Daoist’s seat, but now he was dead.

“Black Fiend is dead, and Mu Jiuhuang has appeared in the Nine Phoenix Dynasty. What do you all think?” The leader said in a deep voice.

“Black Fiend’s death was too bizarre. Although his strength was slightly weaker than Mu Jiuhuang’s, Mu Jiuhuang was seriously injured, and her realm dropped. She didn’t have the ability to kill Black Fiend.”

An ear-piercing sound rang out. It was extremely sharp as if a fingernail had slipped on glass.

“I agree.”

The weakest of the people present was of the Sage Sovereign Realm. It was almost impossible to kill them in a battle of this level.

Moreover, Black Fiend Daoist was killed in an instant.

“Therefore, I suspect that there’s an expert in Dayang Town who’s far more powerful than Black Fiend. This is the only explanation for his sudden death.”

“So, I have a plan.”

The person in the middle, wearing a white skull mask, spoke again.

After a long while, a man walked out of the secret chamber. With a move of his body, he appeared in front of Dayang Town.

If Mu Jiuhuang were here, she would recognize the man as the head of the Black Chess Sect, the black blood chess Saint!

He was Black Fiend Daoist’s twin brother.

“Could he be a powerhouse of the Greater Vehicle Realm? Forget it. I’ll put aside the plan I’m carrying out on my side for now. I’ll set up the black blood chessboard and wait and see.”

With a wave of his hand, the Blackblood Chess Saint threw out a blood-colored chessboard, which instantly enveloped the entire Dayang Town.

That was the divine power of destiny of the Blackblood Chess Saint, the black blood chessboard!

Unless someone broke his game, the black blood chessboard would suck the souls of all the cultivators and mortals in Dayang Town within ten days and turn them into chess spirits.

“Hmph, no matter who you are, don’t even think about leaving Dayang Town during this period. Since you dared to ambush my big brother, you must die!”

The Blackblood Chess Saint said coldly. In his opinion, the Black Fiend Daoist had been killed because of the enemy’s sneak attack.

After checking the enchantment again, Blackblood Chess Saint turned and left.

The giant chessboard was hidden above the clouds, and the blood-black aura floated around it. No one noticed it at all.

Just as black blood chess Saint left.

In the small courtyard, Mu Jiu Huang's shrieking and begging for mercy could be heard.

"Master, I can't do it."

"Master, please don't do this."

"Master, I can't do it..."

Chapter end