

F.D Emperor 63

Chapter 63: Sword Casting Villa

After exiting the Spirit Road Trial, Wang Wei felt a sense of relief. In the past year, his nerves have always been tense. He always had one eye open when he slept in order to prevent any sneak attacks. Even when Li Jun's subordinate appeared he did not let his guard down.

Soon, Wang Wei, Yan Liling, Li Jun and his subordinate found the people of the Dao Opening Sect waiting for them.

Great Elder Wang Fu strode over to greet them. He looked at the long disheveled black hair of Wang Wei, then took notice of all the scars on his body.

Then he said with a wry smile. "It's good that you are back safely, Young Master. However, Sect Madam will not be happy to see you in your current situation."

Wang Wei also smiled wryly. He knew of the overprotective nature of his mother. If it was up to her, she would lock him inside the sect and never allow him to take a single step outside.

After a brief conversation, Wang Fu also looked over at Li Jun and Yan Liling. He could also notice the subtle relationship between these two, but he did not say anything. More importantly, what he cared about most was the fact Li Jun has greatly increased his Qi Luck.

As a Saint Realm cultivator, of course Wang Fu has a way to see illusory kinds of things such as luck. Although this ability is not as detailed and easy to use as Wang Wei, it can still get the work done.

As for Li Jun's subordinate, he did not mention them. While Wang Fu was talking to the group, both Wang Ju and True Monarch Yan Chen arrived and joined the conversation.

Suddenly, a great commotion arose not far from the Dao Opening Sect. When they turned around to see what had happened, Wang Wei noticed that the devil cultivator and his entourage had surrounded someone else.

"That's him, Cult Elder, that's the kid that almost killed me," said Do Bo to a very ugly old man with red skin and red eyes.

The red-eyed old man looked at the sword eyebrow-like teenager, then said. "Boy, are you Jian Wushuang? A lowly person like you dares to injure the Cult Leader's son. Do you think that our Beating Heart Cult is easy to bully?"

Jian Wushuang's face became increasingly ugly as he heard the insults said towards him. He wanted to do something, but he was powerless. He looked in different directions hoping that some sect or faction would stand up for him, but no one did. They just stood there like they're watching an interesting show.

Jian Wushuang clenched his teeth and hands. His eyes became red and his breathing heavy. In fact, Jian Wushuang did not fear death. As a swordsman, dying is a common thing for him. However, he fears that his family will be implicated due to his actions and ends up being destroyed.

At the moment that Jian Wushuang was about to lose hope, suddenly a space crack emerged on top of everyone watching. Then a handsome young man wearing white robe emerged, a beautiful sword engraved with lotus pattern hanging on his side. His long hair--tied loosely with a white ribbon--danced in the air with the wind. He looked cool and was quite pleasing to the eye.

As soon as he appeared, he scanned all the people on the ground. His eyes could pierce the heart and soul of anyone he looked at, like a peerless sword unsheathed for the very first time.

Then his gaze slightly paused on Wang Wei before continuing until he stopped on Jian Wushuang, then said. "It seemed that my feelings originated from you."

Then he used his divine sense to scan Jian Wushuang's body. His eyes light up after finishing. "Innate Sword Bone? Excellent! Boy, what is your name?"

"Senior, my name is Jian Wushuang."

"Surname Jian? That's the same as me, it seemed that we were destined to meet. Boy, do you want to be my direct disciple?"

Jian Wushuang wanted to accept immediately, but considering his current situation, he did not want to involve the person and get him hurt. So, he hesitated.

The white robe sword wielding young man noticed the hesitation of Jian Wushuang. He looked around and managed to piece together the whole situation.

So, he looked toward the red-eyed old man and said, "Jian Wushuang is now part of my Sword Casting Villa. So, old man Do Ah, take your ugly face back to the Beating Heart Cult."

Cult Elder Do Ah's face became more ugly upon hearing these words. As such, he shouted, "Damn you Jian Yi, don't think that just because your Sword Casting Villa has 6 Great Emperors that our Beating Heart Cult is afraid of you. This kid has severely injured the Cult Master's only son, he must die today!"

Upon hearing this, Jian Wushuang was shocked. He did not expect the person who wanted to accept him as a disciple was actually from such a powerful Emperor Lineage. Maybe he will be safe today.

Jian Yi looked at Do Ah and shook his head. "You devil cultivators are like mad dogs, always trying to bite someone--even when you know you are outclassed. Very well then, let's settle this with our fist."

After saying this, the two of them instantly disappeared and started fighting above the atmosphere.

Meanwhile, Li Jun became excited as he heard that the two of them were about to fight. So, he said, "Are we about to witness two Saint Realm cultivators fight?"

Then, both Wang Wei and Yan Liling looked at him as if his brain had problems. Immediately, Li Jun knew the reason why.

The two were in fact fighting far above in the air, almost leaving the atmosphere. A height that mortals like them could not even see, let alone reach. Additionally, the shockwave from their confrontation was enough to kill most of the people here.

Li Jun then became dejected, so he asked. "What exactly is an Innate Sword Bone anyway?"

So, Wang Wei explained. "The Innate Sword Bone is actually someone born with the ultimate talent for cultivating Sword Dao. This talent is in fact compared with the #15 Heavenly Physique, the Exquisite Sword Heart Physique, and it might even have surpassed it."

While Wang Wei and his groups were leisurely chatting, everyone else waited with baited breath. In fact, the people most worried were in fact Jian Wushuang and Do Bo, as their fate can be determined based on the result of this fight.

Many people thought that the fight might last quite a while, but they were wrong. A few minutes into the fight, everyone felt a majestic sword will in the sky, then they saw a burning meteor falling straight down in their direction.

Before most people could react, a boom sound enveloped everyone, then the earth started shaking. The meteor had landed not far from Falling Leaves City.

A massive cloud of dust in the shape of a mushroom was formed in the place of the landing, then the ripples spread out. A massive impact traveled in all directions, and it destroyed everything on its path: mountains, rivers, and forests. Countless animals exploded into pools of blood.

One of the waves headed in the direction of the Spirit Road Trial participants. If this wave of impact hits Falling Leaves City, not to mention the participants, the entire city will be instantly destroyed.

Of course, such things will never happen, not with True Monarch Yan Chen here. As a Dao Protector, how could he let his young master die by the impact of a fight. As such, he lightly waved his hand, and the waves disappeared.

There were no fancy tricks, no spectacular visions, no powerful force, just a wave and everything returned to normal. In fact, it was not just the wave heading in the direction of the city that disappeared, but all of them, in every direction.

This is the power of the Supreme. Compared to Saint, the difference is like an ant and a vast galaxy. Supreme Realm cultivators are the people closest to the Dao.

After True Monarch Yan Chen's wave of the hand, the cloud of dust had settled down. In the middle of it, there lies Cult Elder Do Ah, throwing up clots of blood, and his clothes filled with cuts. It became difficult to distinguish his skin with his blood.

He struggled to get up, then took out a talisman from his space ring. He used his cultivation to activate it, then he and Do Bo instantly disappeared without a single trace. As for the other people he came with, he did not care for their life and death.

A few breaths after he left, Jian Yi appeared.

"Hey, run away really fast," muttered Jian Yi. Then, he walked over to the Dao Opening Sect side. He cupped his hands, slightly bowed. "Thank you True Monarch for taking action and protecting my disciple."

"You do not need to thank me. I'm just doing my job to protect the young master."

"Nevertheless, I'd still like to express my gratitude." After saying this, Jian Yi looked over at Wang Wei. 'What a powerful soul, this kid is not simple,' he thought to himself.

"Young Master Wang Wei, tell your father for me that our battle is not over. One day, either me or my apprentice will avenge the shame of that year."

While saying this, Wang Wei noticed a trace of shame and sadness in Jian Yi's eyes. Wang Wei saluted him and said. "Senior Jian Yi, I will tell him when I return to the sect."

Jian Yi nodded, then wrapped Jian Wushuang with his origin essence, opened a space crack and left toward the Azure Dragon Eastern Continent to return to the Sword Casting Villa.