

Genius 841

Chapter 841: Arriving at the Border Dragon City!

When they heard that Ye Wushuang and the Sword Sect's First Peak's Sword Son, Su Qilin, would have a life-and death-battle in seven days, everyone on the Green Bat Beast was shocked and revealed expressions of anticipation.

After all, both Ye Wushuang and Su Qilin were the top young disciples of the great sects of the Kunlun Ruins. It would not be an exaggeration to say that they were the best.

Even though Fu Qiuchan and the rest were also genius disciples in the Star Sect, there was a difference between geniuses. As for peerless geniuses like Ye Wushuang and Su Qilin, even they had to look up to them.

The person who was the most nervous was not Ye Chen. Instead, it was Fu Qingqing who looked at Fu Qiuchan with slight uneasiness, "Sister, do you think Ye Wushuang can defeat Su Qilin?"

The moment she finished speaking, Fu Qiuchan became silent.

Yue Kun shook his head slightly and said, "Don't even think about it. It's impossible for Ye Wushuang to be Su Qilin's opponent!"

Fu Qingqing pouted, "Why?"

"Qingqing, Senior Brother Yue is right!"

Fu Qiuchan sighed lightly and said, "I admit that Ye Wushuang is incomparably monstrous, but in the end, he's still too young, and his rise was relatively short. On the other hand, Su Qilin is said to have joined the Sword Sect at a young age and was personally taken in as the last disciple by the Sword Sect's sect master!"

When she spoke up to here, she took a deep breath in and spoke word by word, "Most importantly, it's said that Su Qilin possesses the luck of a saint, and he was born with the favor of the heavens. He's the only person in the Sword Sect that has entered the sword tomb in the past thousand years!"

"Sword tomb?" Ye Chen was surprised.

"Yes, the sword tomb!"

Fu Qiuchan glanced at him, and then she hesitated for a moment before she spoke, "The sword tomb is the most mysterious, restricted area in the Sword Sect. According to rumors, all the great figures of the Sword Sect would head to the sword tomb before they passed away. It contains the inheritances and fortuitous encounters left behind by countless great figures...."

"Hmph!"

"I still think Ye Wushuang will win!"

Fu Qingqing lost her confidence after hearing what Fu Qiuchan said. However, she still pouted stubbornly. She turned her head to look at Ye Chen and said, "Brother Ye, do you think Ye Wushuang will win?"

“He’ll definitely win. I believe in him!” Ye Chen smiled lightly, his eyes filled with trust.

Wushuang was not the so-called Undying Sword Body, but the incarnation of the Imperial Heavenly Emperor Sword’s Sword Spirit. If he could not even defeat a mere Sword Son of the Sword Sect, it would be a disgrace to the status of the Imperial Heavenly Emperor Sword’s Sword Spirit.

Fu Qingqing was extremely satisfied with his reply. Her face brightened up as she said, “Hehe, Brother Ye has good taste...”

Ye Chen looked at her with a weird expression. He thought to himself, ‘This girl hasn’t even met Wushuang yet. Could she have fallen for him? Would she be so infatuated that she can’t walk when she sees him in person?’

“What taste?”

Yue Kun looked at him with disdain, “As expected of someone who has never seen the world. Do you know what the Sword Dao is?”

Ye Chen smiled without saying anything.

Fu Qiuchan took a good look at Ye Chen again and lowered her head without saying a word. Her eyes flickered non-stop as if she was thinking about something.

...

The Tuocang Mountain was located at the southeast area of the Kunlun Ruins. The mountain was a branch of the No. 1 mountain range in the Kunlun Ruins, the Broken Soul Mountain Range. It spanned an area of over 3,000 kilometers, and there were almost 20 cities within it. Its population was over 10 million, and it possessed abundant spiritual energy and mineral resources, causing countless cultivators in the Kunlun Ruins to be extremely envious.

However, no one dared to have any designs on Tuocang Mountain. The place was where the 12 ancient clans of the Kunlun Ruins were located. The 12 ancient clans guarded this place and shook the entire Kunlun Ruins. Even the three sects and four groups had to respect them.

At the eastern part of the Tuocang Mountain stood a majestic city. The city gate was embedded with nine soaring dragons, and on it were a few extremely majestic words—Border Dragon City!

At this moment, less than 300 meters away from Border Dragon City, a huge bat descended from the sky. When it landed on the ground, several figures rushed down from it.

When the surrounding pedestrians saw those people’s clothes, they could not help but reveal fear on their faces and subconsciously retreated to the side.

“They’re from the Star Sect!”

“The Star Sect is one of the three sects and four groups. I didn’t expect that they would also come to attend the Xiao clan’s birthday celebration. This shows the status of the 12 ancient clans in the Kunlun Ruins!”

“That mount is even more powerful than my master...”

Countless people discussed in secret. Their eyes that looked at the figures would occasionally flash with respect, but most of them were burning with desire.

At this moment, dozens of figures with powerful auras suddenly rushed out from within Border Dragon City. These people were all wearing dragon armor, and the leader was a burly man with a dark complexion.

“It’s Border Dragon City’s City Governor, Nie Yuan!”

Someone in the crowd exclaimed.

Nie Yuan directly rushed to Fu Qiuchan and the others’ side, cupped his fists and laughed loudly, “I, Nie, welcome all Star Sect’s paragons to my Border Dragon City!”

“City Governor Nie is too kind!”

In the crowd, Yue Kun once again returned to his casual appearance. The aura of the high sect disciple was undoubtedly revealed, including Fu Qiuchan and the rest behind him.

“I have already arranged a place for everyone to stay. Please follow me!” Nie Yuan seemed to be used to the temper of these supreme sects. He led everyone into Border Dragon City with incomparable politeness.

Ye Chen only found out that the Xiao clan owned three major cities through their conversations along the way. Border Dragon City was the largest of the three cities, and the birthday celebration was held in the city.

Along the way, the people in Border Dragon City were not as crowded as those in Qingyang City. On the contrary, the streets appeared rather deserted. It was obvious that Nie Yuan had already imposed martial law on Border Dragon City in order to welcome the people from the three sects and four groups.

In the end, Nie Yuan led everyone into the biggest inn in Border Dragon City, the Wuling Inn. This inn was specially built by Border Dragon City for distinguished guests, so it was rather extravagant.

“Everyone, our Border Dragon City’s conditions are limited, unlike your esteemed sect which is in a paradise on earth. Please forgive us if our hospitality is lacking!”

After Nie Yuan arranged for everyone to stay, he seemed to have thought of something and said, “Oh right, our Border Dragon City will have an auction in two hours!

“Everyone, if you’re interested, you can try your luck. Supposedly, a precious medicine and a sword of a Sword Sect disciple will be auctioned!”

Yue Kun and the rest were not interested in the so-called auction in the beginning, but they could not help but have their interest piqued when they found out that there was precious medicine and the sword of a Sword Sect disciple.

“The sword of a Sword Sect disciple?”

Fu Qiuchan said in astonishment, “City Governor Nie, your Border Dragon City actually dares to auction the sword of a Sword Sect disciple?”

After all, the Sword Sect viewed swords as their lives, and they would always act in an overbearing manner. Since they dared to auction their sword, it was equivalent to going against the Sword Sect!

“This isn’t the sword of an ordinary disciple of the Sword Sect!”

Nie Yuan revealed a teasing smile, “It’s said to be the sword of the Sword Sect’s Ninth Peak’s Sword Son, Ye Wushuang!”

Whoosh...

As soon as he said that, everyone was shocked. Even Ye Chen’s expression gradually sank. A cold gleam flashed in his eyes as he looked at Nie Yuan.

Chapter 842: Who Are You Exactly, Ye Chen?

As if he noticed their bewilderment, Nie Yuan said once more, “Everyone, you might not know this, but the Sword Sect’s Ninth Peak’s Sword Son’s sword isn’t anyone else’s. It was the Sword Sect that handed it over to our Border Dragon City to be auctioned off.”

“Don’t tell me it was someone from the Sword Sect’s First Peak who gave it to you?” Fu Qiuchan’s eyes flickered endlessly, and she instantly guessed the truth behind it.

After all, the Sword Sect’s First Peak and the Ninth Peak had never gotten along. Now that Ye Wushuang had challenged Su Qilin, the two peaks were like enemies. Only the people from the First Peak would be able to auction someone else’s sword.

“Ms. Fu is indeed smart!”

Nie Yuan looked at her in admiration and called over many naive maids who were about 17 or 18 years old, “Everyone, if you have any requests, feel free to tell them.”

Apart from Fu Qiuchan and Fu Qingqing, Yue Kun and the rest could not take their eyes off these maidservants. They had satisfied expressions on their faces. Although there were female cultivators in the sect, they were either in seclusion or cultivating outside. How could they compare to this group of women in front of them?

With that, Nie Yuan left.

Fu Qiuchan looked deeply at his departing figure, and her eyes flickered endlessly. The Xiao clan had sided with the Sword Sect a long time ago, and now they dared to openly auction the sword of the Sword Sect’s Ninth Peak’s Sword Son. Obviously, the Xiao clan supported the Sword Sect’s First Peak, so they were not afraid of the Ninth Peak.

She did not notice the coldness in Ye Chen’s eyes that was getting more intense, ‘Sword Sect’s First Peak and Border Dragon City, how dare you auction Wushuang’s sword? You guys are courting death!’

Yue Kun instructed, “Everyone, take a rest. After that, let’s check out that auction!”

“That’s right. We can also take a look at that genius’ sword.” The rest nodded to themselves.

The maidservant Ye Chen was assigned to was called Qing'er.

Qing'er led Ye Chen into the room that she had arranged beforehand respectfully. She said while breathing softly, "Immortal Master, I'll be your personal maid from now on. You can tell me if you need anything."

She looked at Ye Chen expectantly after saying that.

How could Ye Chen not understand what she meant? He smiled lightly, "Alright, I understand. You can leave now!"

Qing'er was stunned at first. When she saw that Ye Chen's expression seemed sincere, she left after closing the door in disappointment.

"Looks like I have to go to that so-called auction. These people don't deserve Wushuang's sword!"

Ye Chen said while sitting cross-legged. His gaze was as cold as a knife, "Almost all the supreme sects in the entire Kunlun Ruins are here for the Xiao clan's birthday celebration. I wonder if I'll see Luo Shuiyao and Tang Jianfeng!"

At that moment, there was a knock on the closed door. Immediately after, a woman entered. It was Fu Qiuchan.

Under Ye Chen's confused gaze, Fu Qiuchan went straight to the point, "Ye Chen, who are you exactly?"

Her gaze was sharp, and her tone was unquestionable.

In the beginning, she thought that Ye Chen was a Rogue Cultivator. Even if he was at Origin Energy, he could not attract her attention. After all, she had the Star Sect behind her, which was enough for her to look down on any outsider.

However, on the way here, she realized that Ye Chen's tone was neither servile nor overbearing. He did not seem to be intimidated by the disciples of the upper sects at all. Moreover, he seemed to be very concerned about the various sects in the Kunlun Ruins.

This made her suspect Ye Chen's identity again. Ye Chen was acting as if he did not know anything about the Kunlun Ruins.

Ye Chen said with a spurious smile when he met her gaze, "Would you believe me if I said that I used to be the peerless Heavenly Emperor who single-handedly suppressed and ruled all worlds?"

After interacting with her for the past few days, he had a pretty good impression of Fu Qiuchan. Although she had the pride of the Star Sect, she was not as hostile to him as Yue Kun and the rest. She would patiently explain to Ye Chen if he had any doubts.

"Your words might be useful to coax Qingqing!"

Fu Qiuchan's eyes turned slightly cold, "Grandpa said that you came from a supreme sect and wanted me to befriend you more, but I asked other senior brothers and junior brothers and found that Ye Chen isn't among any of the supreme sects in Kunlun Ruins. Don't tell me that you came from the most mysterious Purple Cap Mountain?"

“Ms. Fu, knowing my identity won’t do you any good!” Ye Chen gradually stopped smiling.

Countless members of the five ancient clans had died at his hands. It could be said that he was now a target that the five ancient clans must kill. If the people of the five ancient clans learned that Fu Qiuchan was close to him, even if she was from the Star Sect, she would still be affected.

“You think I really want to know your real identity?”

Fu Qiuchan sneered and said disdainfully, “Let me warn you, don’t have any ill intentions on Qingqing. She’s destined to enter my Star Sect.”

“I’m after your sister?” Ye Chen was stunned.

“Don’t think I don’t know what you’re thinking!”

Fu Qiuchan said with great certainty, “You must’ve deliberately approached Qingqing after knowing that I was about to become a true disciple of the Star Sect because you wanted my support!”

“Ms. Fu, aren’t you being too full of yourself?” Ye Chen was speechless. He did not even care about the Star Sect, so why would he curry favor with a future true disciple of the Star Sect?

“You know very well whether I am or not!”

Fu Qiuchan frowned slightly as if she remembered something and asked again, “Also, I realized that you paid attention to the Sword Sect along the way, especially that Ye Wushuang. Can you explain that to me?”

“The reason is that Ye Wushuang is my brother. As his big brother, it’s not wrong for me to be concerned about his safety, right?” Ye Chen smiled lightly.

“Hah...”

Fu Qiuchan scoffed and could not be bothered to continue asking. She left Ye Chen’s room after saying that.

“Remember, stay away from my sister!

“Also, this is Border Dragon City where all sects gather. I advise you to keep a low profile. If you provoke the disciples of those supreme sects, even I won’t be able to protect you!”

...

“Fu Qiuchan, oh, Fu Qiuchan, your horizons are ultimately limited to the Star Sect and only this tiny Kunlun Ruins!”

After watching her leave, Ye Chen shook his head lightly, “How would you know about the Kunlun Ruins? Even if Earth was placed in the thousands of worlds, it would only be a drop in the ocean. How would you know what I’m capable of?”

At that moment, Mengmeng, who was beside him, mumbled, “Daddy, that sister is so annoying. She even said that daddy is interested in her. Mommy is much prettier than her.”

Ye Chen did not know whether to laugh or cry.

“Daddy...”

The child’s face suddenly fell. She hugged his arm tightly and said tearfully, “When can we go look for mommy and the rest? Mengmeng misses mommy, grandpa and grandma.”

“Soon. When we find your Uncle Wushuang, I’ll bring you and him to look for mommy,” Ye Chen comforted her while smiling.

...

Xiao clan’s birthday celebration was set to be in the afternoon. In the next few hours, Fu Qiuchan and the other Star Sect disciples did not stay in the inn. Instead, they went to the auction.

However, before she left, Fu Qiuchan arranged for a maidservant to keep an eye on Ye Chen’s room secretly. Clearly, she was still wary of Ye Chen.

Ye Chen smiled lightly. After casting a spell to make the maidservant hallucinate, he laid a barrier in the room and left the inn quietly.

Chapter 843: My Debt Collection Has Just Begun!

After leaving the inn, realizing that there were still about two hours before the auction started, Ye Chen scanned the area with Divine Consciousness. He immediately carried his daughter towards the commercial district of Border Dragon City. Eventually, he entered a weapon refinery pavilion.

The shop owner was an old man in gray. When he saw that Ye Chen had no cultivation fluctuations, he waved and said, “Where did you come from, brat? Get out, now!”

“Do you have formation materials for sale here?” Ye Chen looked around the shop as he spoke.

Seeing that he was unmoved, the old man could not help but get angry. He reached out to push him away.

However, he realized that no matter how hard he tried, Ye Chen’s body remained still. He could not help but be secretly shocked. He changed his expression immediately, “May I know what materials you want, senior?”

Ye Chen said nothing. Instead, he walked straight to the shelves and picked quite a few items. He then said, “How much are these?”

The boss was shocked when he saw that he bought so many things in one go, “Senior, it’ll be 20,800 Kun Dollars in total. Just pay me 20,000 Kun Dollars!”

“Kun Dollars?”

Ye Chen secretly frowned. He thought people would use gold in Kunlun Ruins. He did not expect this Kun Dollar that came out of nowhere.

The boss saw that Ye Chen had a troubled look on his face and that his hands were empty. The smile on his face slowly turned cold, “Senior, you didn’t bring any money, did you?”

“Can these be used as Kun Dollars?”

Ye Chen stretched his hand behind his back and many origin stones appeared. He had extorted them from the King Kong Sect's treasury.

"Sure, sure!"

The boss was shocked at first, then he smiled and said, "Sir, these are all low-grade origin stones. One low-grade origin stone can be exchanged for 100 Kun Dollars. Just give me 200 low-grade origin stones."

Ye Chen waved his hand and tossed the 200 low-quality origin stones on the ground. He then packed the materials and left.

After the boss watched him leave, the smile on his face turned grim, "This brat doesn't even have any Kun Dollars and he bought so many materials in one go with so many origin stones. It's suspicious..."

After saying that, he immediately ordered people to guard the shop and then quietly walked out of the shop. His figure gradually disappeared.

At the Border Dragon City's City Governor's Mansion, Nie Yuan sat on the armchair and squinted at the old man in front of him. His expression was uncertain, "Are you sure the other party is a person, and he paid 200 low-grade spirit stones?"

The old man below him was the shop owner who sold things to Ye Chen earlier, "Master, he has a girl with him. I can guarantee that with my life!"

"Strange, from what I know, even the disciples of the three sects and four groups only receive less than 20 origin stones a month."

Nie Yuan furrowed his brows as he suddenly thought of something. He looked at the old man and said, "Explain his appearance to me in detail."

The old man said after some thought.

"It's him!"

Nie Yuan's eyes focused. He recalled that he had seen Ye Chen among the Star Sect disciples. At that time, he thought that Ye Chen was also from the Star Sect, so he did not pay much attention to him.

"This brat purchased things behind the Star Sect's back. I don't think it has anything to do with the Star Sect. And he bought so many refining materials at once. There must be something wrong!"

His eyes flickered as he said to the old man, "Keep an eye on him. No matter where he goes or what he does, you have to come back and report to me!"

...

Ye Chen went to the other shops and bought many things as usual. He then returned to the inn quietly. He closed the door and started refining the formation flags with innate fire.

An hour later, he went out again and went straight out of Border Dragon City. With a wave of his sleeve, more than ten formation flags landed in his hand.

With that, he flicked his sleeve and a soul banner shot out more than ten souls. If there were people from the five ancient clans present, they would realize that these ten-odd souls were all from the five ancient clans.

“Souls of the five clans, condense!”

He formed hand seals with both hands and formed seals in the air. Then, with a flick of his finger, the over ten souls immediately shot into the formation flags.

“Go!”

Ye Chen shouted in a low voice. The over ten formation flags seemed to have come to life. They flew up at the same time and planted into every corner of Border Dragon City. They then hid quietly.

Ye Chen lifted his eyes slightly and looked into the Border Dragon City. Coldness was revealed at the corner of his lips, “From now on, people from the five ancient clans can only enter Border Dragon City and not leave. My debt collection has just begun...”

He had sworn before Lin Tai, Second Uncle, and the others at the mourning hall that he would not rest until he killed all the members of the five ancient clans. The Xiao clan’s birthday celebration had given him a chance to wipe them all out.

This Five Soul-locking Method was refined using the souls of the core members of the five ancient clans. It could identify the people of the five ancient clans.

...

The moment Ye Chen casted the Five Soul-locking Method, in an underground secret room in the Xiao residence in Border Dragon City, an old man with a head full of white hair and a pale face suddenly opened his eyes. His eyes flashed with fear.

For some reason, when he was at the critical moment of his cultivation earlier, he suddenly felt a trace of extreme terror, and it was like blood had descended onto his body, causing him to almost suffer from qi deviation.

Thinking to this point, the old man bit the tip of his tongue and spat a mouthful of blood. His hands formed a seal in the air, and a mirror-like image appeared in the air before him.

However, the image was chaotic, so he could not see anything clearly. In the end, it vanished before the old man.

“Strange!”

The old man’s frown deepened, “I clearly feel that there will be a bloody calamity, but I can’t deduce it through the Divination Method that person taught me.

“Forget it!”

A few seconds later, he slowly shook his head, “With the help of those two sects, even the people from the three sects and four groups are nothing to be afraid of. Even if there really is a bloody calamity, we can still deal with it.”

Subsequently, he stood up and walked to the other floor of the secret room. What greeted his eyes were many imprisoned girls. They were shivering, and their eyes were filled with fear and despair.

The old man reached out and grabbed one of the women. Then he twisted the woman's neck and sucked her blood. The woman's body quickly shriveled.

He did the same thing to another girl. He finally had color on his face now.

However, the old man's expression was extremely hideous, "D*mn you, Mad Southern Ye. If you hadn't destroyed my body, would I have joined those two people? Why would I have cultivated the Evil Method and relied on sucking human blood to recover my body?!"

"It's all your fault. Just you wait. When my plan is completed, I won't even care about the Kunlun Ruins, let alone the three sects and four groups. When that time comes, it will be your death!"

Chapter 844: Ye Wushuang's Sword!

In a residential area of the west of Border Dragon City, many people walked in groups of twos and threes at the moment. All of them had extremely powerful auras.

This homestay that looked crude to outsiders was actually the entrance to the underground auction. The reason it was so hidden was because the items from the underground auction did not come from clean backgrounds. Using the term 'secret market' or 'ghost market' would make more sense.

At this moment, two men, one tall and one thin, walked in. The door to the homestay immediately closed, and a woman wearing a black conical hat came up to welcome them, "Are the both of you here to participate in the auction?"

"Why else are we here? If it wasn't for the auction, why would I, Zhao Ritian, come to such a crappy place?!" The tall man snorted and put on a displeased look.

On the other hand, the short man held his hand and covered his mouth in amusement. He wanted to laugh but did not dare.

Seeing the two men holding hands so intimately, the woman's lips twitched, and she looked at them with disgust.

She quickly ordered someone to hand over two conical hats, "This auction is made anonymously. In order to ensure that your identities are not exposed, please put on the conical hats. These are specially made conical hats that can prevent people from prying with their consciousness power."

The tall man took it angrily. After putting it on for himself, he carefully put it on for the short man. The short man held his hand intimately once again.

"Please follow me!"

The woman dared not look anymore, worried that she would feel sick. She led the two to another room and knocked on the wall three times.

The ground before her cracked open, and a staircase led to the source of the light, "The auction is beneath!"

The tall man immediately pulled the short man down the stairs. Just as the woman was about to leave, she suddenly heard the short man say, "Daddy, I'm scared of the dark..."

The woman had goosebumps all over her body. She held onto the corner of the wall and vomited, "The world is degenerating day by day, and people have changed!"

...

Meanwhile, on the stairs leading to the underground auction, Ye Chen looked at the little girl next to him grumpily and said, "Have you forgotten what I told you before? Don't talk."

Before he came, he thought of his daughter who was extremely attention seeking by his side, so he cast an illusion to change the little girl's appearance. She even promised that she would not speak when Ye Chen brought her here.

In the end, he was treated as a gay.

The little girl said timidly, "But I'm really scared of the dark!"

"Don't worry, we're almost there!"

Ye Chen held her little hand and continued walking down. The tunnel was short. They reached the bottom after walking for about 30 meters. What greeted their eyes was a magnificent hall. There was a vermillion carpet, a snow-white jade wall, and a palace lamp hanging high above.

The hall was oval-shaped. It was about 60 meters in diameter and extremely bright. There were seven or eight rows of chairs in the hall, and countless people wearing conical hats were sitting on them.

'There are more than 30 peak martial venerables alone. I can't believe a small auction can create such a scene...' Ye Chen shook his head secretly.

At the very top of the hall was an empty space about nine to 15 meters in diameter. There was a table there.

"Seniors, please follow me!"

At that moment, a lady who was also wearing a conical hat walked over and led Ye Chen to an empty chair in the hall.

When he passed by the third row, Ye Chen suddenly looked over while deep in thought. He could not help but smile as he said, "They're really here!"

The six people were Fu Qiuchan and the rest.

In reality, these so-called conical hat magic tools that could prevent others from prying were extremely crude to Ye Chen. Under his Divine Consciousness, they were equivalent to taking off his pants to fart.

At this time, Fu Qingqing stood up and looked left and right, then said to Fu Qiuchan next to her, "Sister, is Brother Ye not coming?"

"He shouldn't be here!"

Fu Qiuchan shook her head slightly. Then she seemed to remember something and looked up at Fu Qingqing, "Qingqing, I realized that you're quite concerned about that Ye. Don't tell me you like him?"

"Sis, what are you talking about?!"

Fu Qingqing's face, which was hidden under the conical hat, instantly turned red. She said angrily, "Brother Ye already has a daughter, how could I like him?"

"That's great!"

Only then did Fu Qiuchan nod her head in satisfaction and said with a straight face, "I've already told you beforehand that you are destined to enter my Star Sect. In the future, don't come into contact with that guy. Otherwise, you wouldn't even know if you were sold off."

"Brother Ye isn't that kind of person..."

Fu Qingqing objected. Suddenly, she realized that there was a guy wearing a conical hat staring at her. She could not help but glare at him, "What are you looking at? If you keep looking, I'll dig your eyes out!"

Ye Chen could not help but laugh when he heard that. After he retracted his gaze, he sat behind them with the little girl. Then, the lady from earlier passed him a list of auction items.

It listed the items for this auction as well as the order of the auction. Ye Chen took a quick glance at it. Most of the items on it were useless to him, so he could only look further down.

"Sword Sect's Ninth Peak's Sword Son, Ye Wushuang, has a supreme-grade spirit weapon. Ye Wushuang once used it to suppress the Sword Sect's Eighth Peak's Sword Son. The starting price is 100,000 Kun Dollars..."

Ye Chen's gaze froze. He then snickered to himself, "I'm determined to get this today. I'll kill whoever stops me!"

After saying that, he closed his eyes to rest. Even when the auction started, he did not open his eyes. Instead, the people around him started to bid.

Yue Kun shouted the loudest and spent 10,000 Kun Dollars to buy a rod. It was said to be a superior-grade spirit weapon.

The two herbs were also sold for 50,000 Kun Dollars.

Soon, the auction came to an end. The auctioneer suddenly smiled mysteriously, "Everyone, next up is a supreme-grade spirit weapon!"

After saying that, two attendants walked up with a rectangular box covered with a red cloth.

"A supreme-grade spirit weapon?"

"Are you kidding me? Even though supreme-grade spirit weapons are precious, they shouldn't be the finale item, right? Now I know there's nothing good in this auction!"

Many people began to whisper to each other. Some people from the three sects and four groups could not help but sneer as if they were disdainful. Only a portion of people's eyes were filled with excitement, such as Fu Qiuchan and the rest. After all, they already knew what the so-called supreme-grade spirit weapon was.

The auctioneer smiled and removed the red cloth on the rectangular box. He opened the lid and revealed a long sword.

As soon as the sword was exposed to the air, it gave off a tremendous sword intent, immediately silencing the noisy surroundings.

"What a powerful sword intent!"

"There's sword intent on this sword!"

Everyone was shocked.

The auctioneer said, "Everyone, this sword belonged to the Sword Sect's Ninth Peak's Sword Son, Ye Wushuang. I believe everyone has heard of Ye Wushuang's name, so I won't introduce him. The auction officially begins. The starting price is 100,000 Kun Dollars, and each bid must not be lower than 1,000 Kun Dollars!"

At that moment, Ye Chen opened his eyes. His Divine Consciousness surged out of his mudball palace and enveloped the long sword on the auction table.

A hint of heat flashed across his tensed face, "T-There's Wushuang's aura on it. It is indeed his sword!"

Chapter 845: Members of the Sword Sect's Ninth Peak!

"T-There's Wushuang's aura on it.

"It is indeed his sword!"

As the long sword appeared, Ye Chen's pupils constricted slightly. Even his voice became a little hoarse. His body, which was sitting on the seat, was trembling slightly.

The sword intent emitted from that long sword had an unyielding will and an arrogance that looked down on the world. Others could only marvel at the sword intent.

However, to Ye Chen, it was this aura that made him feel like he was electrocuted. The same fluctuation was something only Wushuang could do. No one else could imitate it.

'Wushuang, you really are at the Sword Sect!'

Ye Chen gulped. He clenched his fists that were on his lap subconsciously, 'Wait for me. I'll come and find you soon!'

His slightly moist eyes studied the reactions of the people present.

Seeing that everyone was more excited than him, his gaze suddenly turned cold, 'But before that, I have to get your sword back!'

“Everyone, this sword belonged to the Sword Sect’s Ninth Peak’s Sword Son, Ye Wushuang. I believe everyone has heard of Ye Wushuang’s name, so I won’t introduce him. The auction officially begins. The starting price is 100,000 Kun Dollars, and each bid must not be lower than 1,000 Kun Dollars!”

As soon as the auctioneer finished speaking, the atmosphere in the auction hall reached a climax.

“Did I hear wrongly? The sword on it is actually the sword of that freak from the Sword Sect’s Ninth Peak?”

“It’s fake, isn’t it? The Sword Sect is a supreme sect among the three sects and four groups. They have always been loyal to their sword, yet someone actually dared to auction their sword. Furthermore, it’s the sword of a Sword Son. Could it be that they don’t want to die quickly enough?!”

“Hehe, if it was the sword of the other disciples of the Sword Sect, then there would really be no one that dared to bid for it. However, it would be different if it was the sword of the Sword Sect’s Ninth Peak’s Sword Son. It’s common knowledge that the Ninth Peak’s position in the Sword Sect is the most embarrassing, and it’s always been ostracized....”

“Exactly. I presume everyone knows that after the Sword Son from the Ninth Peak challenged the Sword Son of the First Peak, Su Qilin, the Ninth Peak has been reduced to a public target. It’s normal for the Sword Sect’s First Peak to intentionally disgust them.”

The entire auction hall fell into a hubbub. Countless people stared at the sword in shock and excitement.

It was not that they were surprised that the sword was a supreme-grade spirit weapon. Instead, they were shocked that there was sword intent on it. Did this not mean that if someone took the sword away, they might be able to comprehend Sword Dao from the sword intent?

However, the atmosphere in the surroundings cooled down once more, and a strange scene of no one bidding actually happened. After all, they were afraid of the Sword Sect’s Ninth Peak.

After a long silence, someone could not help but bid, “110,000!”

Numerous gazes looked in the direction of the voice, only to see that the bidder was seated in a room on the second floor of the auction house. They seemed to want to know who the bidder was, but they could not see anything.

“120,000!”

Another person spoke.

“150,000!”

“160,000!”

“...”

In just a few minutes, people kept bidding, and the price kept rising until it reached 200,000. Even so, they had no intention of stopping.

There was no lack of participants from the three sects and four groups. From this, it could be seen that the sword that Ye Wushuang used was extremely tempting to these people.

Three people in conical hats were currently seated in a room on the second floor of the auction house. The atmosphere in the room became a little tense as the price continued to rise.

At this moment, one of them immediately removed the hat on her head, revealing an extremely pure face. She was clearly a young girl of 18 or 19.

The girl's face scrunched up, "Eldest Senior Brother, junior brother's sword is being sold for such a high price. What should we do now? The money master gave us is probably not enough!"

"That's right, Eldest Senior Brother. Before we left, master only gave us 3,000 origin stones, and that was only in exchange for master selling magic tools..." The other man could not help but smile bitterly.

Their monthly offerings were at most 50 origin stones, which was equivalent to 5,000 Kun Dollars. To them, hundreds of thousands of Kun Dollars was an astronomical price.

"Let's wait and see!"

The last man sighed softly, "The First Peak is auctioning off our Youngest Junior Brother's sword, which means that they've completely fallen out with the Ninth Peak. This concerns the dignity of the Ninth Peak, and the final battle between our Youngest Junior Brother and Su is imminent. We must retrieve our Youngest Junior Brother's sword!"

The man from before clenched his fists tightly, "The people from the First Peak crushed us. They did not want to see the Ninth Peak rise to power, so they kept trying to suppress our Youngest Junior Brother..."

"250,000!"

At the auction venue, when Ye Wushuang's sword was raised to the astronomical price of 250,000 Kun Dollars, many forces gave up. They started to realize that it was unwise to compete with the people from the three sects and four groups.

At that moment, a calm voice rang out, "300,000!"

The sudden voice stunned everyone, including Fu Qiuchan and the rest.

When they looked in the direction of the voice, they realized that the bidder was sitting behind them, and it was the same person who had been staring at Fu Qingqing earlier.

Fu Qiuchan lowered his voice and said, "Since this person offered 300,000 Kun Dollars, he must be from the three sects and four groups. He's most likely a true disciple. We cannot offend him!"

Yue Kun, who was next to her, agreed upon hearing that. Only Fu Qingqing stared at Ye Chen. She thought that his voice sounded familiar.

The auctioneer looked around and asked, "This VIP bid 300,000. Do I hear a higher bid?"

The three people on the second floor fell silent. This price had exceeded their limit.

The innocent girl said angrily, "Eldest Senior Brother, let me out. I don't believe that these people will dare to compete with us after bringing up the name of the Ninth Peak!"

"Nonsense!"

The eldest senior brother of the Ninth Peak berated in a low voice, "Do you think we haven't embarrassed ourselves enough? Besides, even if you go out, you won't be able to take back Youngest Junior Brother's sword!"

"Then tell me, what should we do? Don't tell me we can only watch as our junior brother's sword is being taken away?" The innocent girl's tears fell.

"Wait!"

The eldest senior brother from Ninth Peak sucked in a deep breath in and looked at the long sword on the auction table with a determined look in his eyes, "I'll do that if that's the last resort!"

When the auctioneer saw that no one was bidding, he could not help but say, "300,000 going once, 300,000 going twice..."

"350,000!"

A playful voice was heard.

Ye Chen's eyes turned grim. He lifted his head slowly and looked at a room on the third floor of the auction house. His gaze was cold, "400,000!"

Chapter 846: Sorry, I Must Get This!

"450,000!"

Another voice came from another room.

Ye Chen said calmly, "500,000!"

"550,000!"

"600,000!"

"700,000!"

In the end, the price soared to over 800,000 while Ye Chen kept raising the price expressionlessly. However, his gaze turned colder and colder.

Whoosh!

The crowd was instantly stirred with excitement. Clearly, they did not expect the bidding to be so intense. Each bid was nothing lower than 50,000!

"Who exactly is this person? He actually possesses such wealth!"

"The other party must be from one mountain, two religions, three sects, and four groups!"

At the same time, many people looked at Ye Chen in shock. They were all stunned by his wealth.

On the other hand, Fu Qiuchan and the other members of the Star Sect who were closest to Ye Chen were stunned. The astronomical price of 800,000 Kun Dollars was beyond their imagination.

Fu Qingqing, who was next to Fu Qiuchan, could not help but say as she looked at Ye Chen, "Sister, why do I feel like his voice sounds like Brother Ye's..."

Fu Qiuchan could not help but take another look at Ye Chen after hearing what she said. However, Ye Chen was wearing a conical hat. Even so, she felt that Ye Chen's voice was very familiar.

"Don't spout nonsense!"

Yue Kun, on the other hand, berated Fu Qingqing, "Do you think that Ye has so much money? Not to mention us, even the elders of our Star Sect can't afford it!"

At this point, he could not help but smirked coldly, "Let's not talk about whether this brat will attend the auction or not. Even if he did, he might be hiding in a corner in shock."

"That's right!"

Fu Qiuchan thought that what he said made sense. She nodded slightly and said, "I don't think it's Ye Chen. Perhaps it's just that his voice is a little similar to Ye Chen's."

After Ye Chen called out the astronomical price of 800,000 Kun Dollars, the people on the third floor of the auction went silent. Clearly, the price made them feel awkward.

Right at this moment, a person wearing a conical hat walked out from the middle room on the third floor.

Under everyone's gaze, the man removed his conical hat, revealing an incredibly handsome face.

"It's Dao Sect's young master Zong Rui!"

"What? It's that Zong Rui that's said to possess an immortal bone since birth and was taken as the last disciple of the sect master of the Dao Sect, Dao Master Lei Xing?"

"Tsk, I didn't expect this person to come as well. One has to know that among the younger generation of our Kunlun Ruins, only the No. 1 person from the supreme sects' younger generation can compare to him!"

As the handsome young man took the initiative to reveal his identity, the entire auction hall immediately fell into an uproar. Everyone looked at him in shock.

"Hasn't this guy always kept a low profile?"

Even Yue Kun, who was sitting before Ye Chen, could not help but be shocked, "Why would he appear in Border Dragon City? Don't tell me he's here for the Xiao clan's birthday celebration as well?"

"This person has always been elusive and extremely mysterious. His actions are not something we can imagine," Fu Qiuchan's pupils shrunk as she slowly shook her head.

Zong Rui merely glanced at Ye Chen calmly in the face of everyone's shock. He then said while smiling, "Brother, I'm Zong Rui from Dao Sect. Can you let me have that sword?"

He smiled and said, "Of course, there's a perk for you. I'm willing to give you 800,000 Kun Dollars and a Yellow Dragon Pill refined by my Dao Sect!"

Everyone was shocked.

Not to mention the 800,000 Kun Dollars, just the Yellow Dragon Pill alone made them jealous. Even Fu Qiuchan and the other people from the three sects and four groups were no exception.

The so-called Yellow Dragon Pill was an item unique to the Dao Sect. It could increase the chances of a top-notch martial venerable achieving the Pseudo Emperor Stage. Even a tiny sliver of it was enough to drive countless people insane. After all, once one stepped into the Pseudo Emperor Stage, they would be one step closer to the Emperor Stage.

“He’s indeed worthy of being the Dao Sect’s young master. He’s offering a heaven-defying medicinal pill like the Yellow Dragon Pill. We can’t compare with him!”

Fu Qiuchan secretly took a deep breath in, but there was a flash of confusion in her beautiful eyes, “But the people of the Dao Sect cultivate spells and divinities, why are they studying Sword Dao?”

The entire auction hall fell silent instantly. Countless people stared at Ye Chen, guessing that even he would not be able to hold himself back.

Zong Rui’s expression was as calm as ever.

However, Ye Chen shook his head lightly under everyone’s gaze and said, “I’m sorry, I must get this!”

Whoosh!

An uproar broke out.

Whether it was the 800,000 Kun Dollars or the Yellow Dragon Pill, that was secondary. The main thing was that there was a chance to befriend the future Dao Master of Dao Sect!

However, Ye Chen rejected it!

Zong Rui’s smile froze for a moment before he said, “Alright, I’ll give it to you!”

After saying that, he returned to his room. The entire process was very straightforward and decisive. He did not show any signs of anger or embarrassment.

The more he acted like that, the more everyone felt that it was the calm before the storm. At that moment, countless people looked at Ye Chen with gloating eyes.

Fu Qiuchan took a good look at Ye Chen and secretly shook her head, “Either this person has a shocking background and isn’t afraid of Zong Rui, or he’s a rookie!”

After that, no one competed with Ye Chen anymore. After all, Ye Chen dared to reject Dao Sect’s young master. Anyone could tell that he was determined to get the item.

The auctioneer made the final decision, “Congratulations to our esteemed guest for obtaining this supreme-grade spirit weapon. Please follow me backstage to discuss the details of the transaction!”

Under everyone’s gaze, Ye Chen held the little girl’s hand and followed the auctioneer backstage.

When they saw the two men holding hands, many people had weird expressions, “So they’re a couple?”

In a room on the third floor of the auction house, Zong Rui watched Ye Chen enter the backstage expressionlessly. A gleam flashed through his eyes, "Illusion?"

An old man in a Daoist robe knelt on one knee, "Young master, do you want me to kill him and retrieve the item?"

"There's no rush!"

Zong Rui's eyes glowed faintly, and a faint smile appeared on his lips, "There are many who want his life!"

...

At the backstage, an old manager respectfully placed Wushuang's sword on the table and said with a smile, "It's a total of 850,000 Kun Dollars. 800,000 is the auction price and 50,000 is the transaction fee."

Ye Chen shook his sleeve, and a pile of origin stones that looked like a small mountain appeared on the ground before him.

The old man's pupils contracted as he quickly tapped his finger, "No more, no less, exactly 8,500 low-grade origin stones!"

Ye Chen grabbed the long sword on the table. Excitement flashed in his eyes as he turned around to leave.

The elder hurriedly said, "Sir, my master wishes to meet you personally. Can you..."

"I'm busy!" Ye Chen said and left the auction with the little girl.

Not long after he left, a woman in a purple dress slowly appeared behind the old man. She was no more than 24 or 25, and she had a curvaceous figure.

The elder immediately bowed, "Young mistress!"

"I already know!"

The lady in the purple dress smiled lightly. She looked at Ye Chen's departing back with a judging expression, "He stole from the King Kong Sect and got close to Fu Qiuchan from the Star Sect.

"Yet, he went behind the back of the Star Sect to purchase refining materials without restraint. Now, he has publicly rejected Dao Sect's young master and possesses treasures like a storage pouch..."

If Ye Chen was still standing where he was, he would have definitely discovered the lady in the purple dress knew everything he did in Shang Santian.

"Interesting. You've piqued my interest!" The woman in the purple dress's black eyes flashed incessantly, and her appearance was rather enticing.

The old man could not help but ask, "Young mistress, should we investigate this person?"

"No!"

A faint smile appeared on her face, "I want to see what this person is capable of facing the besiege of those supreme sects."

Chapter 847: Don't Be Arrogant, I'll Kill You!

Outside the auction, Ye Chen's expression suddenly changed when he was about to rush back to the inn with the little girl. A mocking smirk appeared at the corner of his lips, "Some people just can't help themselves..."

He smiled before leading the little girl out of the city. After he left, numerous sounds of air being torn apart suddenly resounded from where he was earlier.

"Oh no, that brat is escaping?!"

"Chase after him, don't let him leave with his stuff!"

Dozens of figures appeared like ghosts and spirits. They looked at each other before rushing out of the city.

When this scene was seen by Fu Qiuchan and the rest who happened to pass by, Yue Kun immediately smirked in schadenfreude, "As the saying goes, wealth makes one capable of anything. That guy is dead for sure now."

"Sister, why don't we go and take a look?" Fu Qingqing mustered her courage and said. She always thought that Ye Chen was the one who took Ye Wushuang's sword away.

"Alright, let's go take a look!"

Fu Qiuchan pondered for a few seconds before nodding, "But let me make it clear first, we will only watch from the sidelines."

...

Outside Border Dragon City, less than ten kilometers away from the city gate, there was a surging river. It was a moat around Border Dragon City that stretched for thousands of kilometers. From time to time, demonic beasts would appear in the river.

A few figures dashed across the river and followed them from afar. They were slow, but they kept a certain distance from Ye Chen and his daughter. They would not lose track of them, but they felt that they would not let Ye Chen discover them in advance.

However, when they reached the center of the moat, they realized that they had lost track of Ye Chen. One of them looked around and said in a deep voice, "D*mn it, we lost him?"

"With the four of us working together, even a peak martial venerable would not be able to escape. Could this person have practiced some kind of profound footwork?" The other person frowned in confusion.

Right at that moment, one of them suddenly felt a bone-chilling coldness coming from behind him, and his expression changed, "Watch out..."

Bang!

Before he could finish, he exploded into a bloody mist. He did not even have the chance to scream.

When the others came to their senses, they subconsciously took a few steps back. They stared in shock at the two figures that slowly walked out of the white mist.

When they saw that one of them was Ye Chen, one of them could not help but shout angrily, "B*stard, how dare you sneak an attack on us?"

"Sneak attack? Why would I need to sneak attack a bunch of trash like you?" Ye Chen stood with his hands behind his back. He chuckled softly as if he was disdainful.

"Attack together, kill him. We'll split the loot equally!"

One of them roared. Subsequently, a few figures charged at Ye Chen. Boundless origin energy swept out and directly turned into a few terrifying bolts that charged at Ye Chen.

However, Ye Chen merely scoffed in the face of the attack. He did not dodge and instead stretched out his hand to grab one of them.

Bang!

The man's body exploded into a bloody mist.

The river was dyed red.

"Origin Energy powerhouse?"

"Oh, no. Retreat!"

At this moment, the remaining three finally realized that something was wrong. They immediately tapped the air with the tips of their toes and retreated into the distance.

However, before they could retreat too far, a huge hand reached out and gripped the space where the three of them were.

Boom...

The space was crushed on the spot. Three of them collapsed along with the shattered space until they died. They did not expect Ye Chen to pretend that he was no match for them despite being so powerful.

"Just who is this person? A beginner-stage martial venerable can't fight him alone. Within a blink of an eye, he killed five beginner-stage martial venerables!"

"Judging from his attacks, he doesn't seem to be from the three sects and four groups. Could he be from the one mountain or two religions?"

"No matter who this person is, given how things have developed today, he can forget about leaving alive!"

Many people hidden in the shadows saw this. At that moment, shock appeared in the eyes of countless people.

Under everyone's gaze, Ye Chen smiled in disdain. His cold voice echoed throughout the place, "Didn't you follow me all the way here to kill me and take Ye Wushuang's sword? Since you're here, why are you hiding?"

"Don't be arrogant, I'll kill you!"

As a long howl cut through the sky, a green light shot over. It landed less than three meters away from Ye Chen. It was a man in green who looked rather cold.

"Isn't this Situ Kong from the Ice River Valley? He's known as the genius of the Ice River Valley that only appears once in a hundred years. At the age of 20, he has already reached peak martial venerable!"

"That's right, it's Situ Kong. He's extremely famous in the southeastern region of our Kunlun Ruins. Many people speculate that he has a chance to enter the Pseudo Emperor Stage before the age of 35!"

When they saw the young man's face clearly, many of the people who were watching from afar began to discuss, their voices filled with admiration.

After all, Situ Kong's potential could be considered a genius even in the three sects and four groups.

Situ Kong smiled coldly when he heard the comments from the people around him. There was a hint of pride in his eyes as he looked at Ye Chen, "I'll spare your life if you give me Ye Wushuang's sword!"

All of a sudden, everyone's eyes were on Ye Chen. There was pity, bewilderment, and even more gloating.

Ye Chen shook his head lightly. There was a hint of pity in his eyes as he looked at him, "Why do you have to court death?"

"Die!"

Situ Kong was instantly enraged. His body turned into an afterimage. Coldness filled his body as killing intent charged at Ye Chen.

Ye Chen stood on the spot and remained still. He waited quietly for Situ Kong to get close to him. Subsequently, he suddenly stretched out his hand and grabbed at him from afar.

Sizzle...

A white stream exploded from his palm like a bolt of lightning. Situ Kong felt an invisible, terrifying force attacking him. He was grabbed by Ye Chen instantly without giving him any chance to resist.

"Break!"

His expression changed as he unleashed all of his cultivation base manically. Wave after wave of solidified cold air attacked Ye Chen's restraint. However, to his horror, his resistance was useless.

Bang!

Ye Chen stomped him to the ground and looked down at him from above, "Is the No. 1 genius of the Ice River Valley that capable?"

"You..." Situ Kong's eyes almost exploded!

“A piece of trash like you is still alive in this world. Why don’t I send you on your way to hell?!”

Ye Chen shook his head lightly and exerted force with his feet. Situ Kong’s body exploded with a bang and turned into blood mist that covered the sky.

The No. 1 genius of the Ice River Valley had died!

The series of unforeseen events happened in the blink of an eye. By the time everyone reacted, they were shocked when they looked at Ye Chen again.

“Who is this person? First, he killed five beginner-stage martial venerables. Now, he killed the No. 1 genius of the Ice River Valley!”

Under everyone’s gaze, Ye Chen stood with his hands behind his back with an indifferent expression, “Who else wants to kill me?”

“I’ll kill you!”

Another loud sound was heard.

Chapter 848: Killing Geniuses From All Sects!

Everyone watched in horror.

In the west, there was a huge mountain that was moving towards them. The mountain was like a three-story building, and below it, there was a figure.

Someone’s pupils constricted violently, and his lips trembled as he said, “Oh my god, someone actually moved a mountain here?”

“It’s Xiahou Li from Sky Pillar Sect!”

“What? The Madman Xiahou who tied himself to a huge mountain in the north region of the Kunlun Ruins and ran with it every day?”

“Once this person comes, that guy is dead!”

“That’s right. Madman Xiahou isn’t someone Situ Kong can compare to. This guy loves to fight and is fearless of death. He tore apart a Swordtooth Winged Tiger that’s comparable to a martial venerable at the age of 12!”

Everyone watched in shock as the mountain came closer and closer. They also saw the figure holding the mountain. It was a rough-looking, half-naked young man. His arms were as strong as dragons, and his eyes shone brightly.

“Although there’s no enmity between us, I, Xiahou Li, almost died under Ye Wushuang’s sword. Therefore, you taking his sword is equivalent to being my enemy!

“I’ll seek revenge from Ye Wushuang after I kill you!”

Xiahou Li held the mountain with one hand and looked down at Ye Chen from above. His voice was like a tiger's roar that made many people's eardrums numb.

He roared after saying that. He held the mountain with one hand and smashed it down at Ye Chen from above. He seemed to want to suppress the moat of Border Dragon City.

"Xiahou Li is indeed a monster of the Sky Pillar Sect. He carried that mountain all the way here. Not only is he not panting, his aura is even stronger than before!" Someone exclaimed.

Many people immediately fell silent when they heard that. They stared fixedly at the meteor-like mountain as fear filled their eyes. Under such an attack, even a city would be left with a hole.

Ye Chen slowly opened his right palm. Ye Wushuang's sword appeared in his hand immediately. The sword trembled lightly, "Love is separated by the mountains and ocean. The mountains and ocean can be flattened. Since Wushuang failed to kill you, I'll kill you!"

"This guy is actually using Ye Wushuang's sword?"

Someone sneered when he saw that, "Could it be that he thinks that he's as proficient in Sword Dao as Ye Wushuang is and is a rare Sword Dao genius?"

Xiahou Li smirked in disdain.

However, when the mountain was less than 30 meters away from the river, Ye Chen's long sword suddenly unleashed a shocking sword gleam.

The heaven-shaking sword gleam was like the rising sun as it soared upwards, instantly sweeping across Xiahou Li's mountain.

Everything around him instantly fell silent.

Just when someone was about to mock him, they suddenly discovered to their shock that the mountain collapsed on the spot after being struck by the sword qi. It turned into countless tiny pieces that scattered in all directions.

Some people subconsciously wanted to grab one of the pieces, but they realized that as soon as their hands touched it, the piece immediately turned into dust. Even their hands turned into dust.

"Sword intent, there's sword intent on it!"

"What a powerful sword intent!" At that moment, everyone was shocked by the strange scene.

When they lifted their heads to look at the sky again, they realized that Xiahou Li was standing in the air motionlessly. He looked straight at Ye Chen, "I can't believe I didn't die under Ye Wushuang's sword, but I died under yours!"

As soon as he said that, his head rolled down, and his lower body fell into the raging river.

At this moment, the scene was dead silent again!

...

Outside Border Dragon City, Fu Qiuchan and the rest followed the aura and rushed towards the moat quickly. Along the way, they heard all kinds of extremely explosive news.

“Five beginner-stage martial venerables were killed instantly!”

When Yue Kun heard this, he smirked in disdain, “They are only five beginner-stage martial venerables. If it were me, I would be able to do it too!”

Another piece of news came, “Situ Kong of Ice River Valley was stomped to death!”

Yue Kun could not help but be surprised, “Situ Kong is a peak martial venerable. How did he get stomped to death?”

Even so, he did not really care. After all, the Ice River Valley was far inferior to the Star Sect, and the geniuses of the Ice River Valley were nothing.

“Sky Pillar Sect’s Xiahou Li held a giant mountain in his hand and was decapitated by a single sword strike!” Fu Qiuchan’s voice suddenly rose a few octaves as disbelief filled her face.

“How is this possible?”

Yue Kun’s expression gradually turned grim, “Xiahou Li’s strength isn’t weaker than mine. In fact, he’s even more powerful than me. How did he die?”

“Li Beiyou, the young sect master of the Fire Sect, is dead!”

“Young Wisdom King of the Blood Sun Temple is dead!”

“Pang Hao, the young master of the Wu Ling Sect, is dead!”

“Ye Zhennan, the fort master of the Lianyun Fort, is dead!”

“Yin Zhuang, the No. 1 genius of the Origin Magnetism Sect, is dead!”

“...”

The closer they got to the battlefield, the more shocked Fu Qiuchan, Yue Kun, and the rest were. Along the way, they had heard that many people had died. These people were either young sect masters or young masters. All of them were the No. 1 people in the younger generation of the major sects.

Fu Qiuchan secretly gasped and said, “Who is this guy? How did he kill so many elites from various sects?”

“Crazy, I think he’s really crazy!”

Yue Kun gulped down a mouthful of saliva and said, “He slaughtered the people of the various powers in such a frenzied manner. Could it be that he isn’t afraid of our three sects and four groups taking actions against him?”

Initially, they were here to watch Ye Chen make a fool out of himself. Never did they expect to hear something that was more explosive than the last.

Just as they approached the battlefield, they saw that the clouds before them seemed to be dyed red with blood.

Following that, a rain of blood began to fall from the sky. With a few breaths, the entire river was dyed red.

At the next moment, three heads fell from the sky.

“It’s them!”

Yue Kun’s expression finally changed. He was shocked, “Aren’t those the Three Little Kings of Mystic Yin Island?!”

Fu Qiuchan’s eyes were filled with shock.

The Mystic Yin Island was already infinitely close to the three sects and four groups in the Kunlun Ruins. There were supreme sects overseeing the island, and the Three Little Kings of the Mystic Yin Island were all infinitely close to the Pseudo Emperor Stage.

Now, even their heads had been chopped off!

They could not help but look up, and they saw a man wearing a conical hat standing in the sky far away. He was holding a long sword, and the blade of the sword was soaked in blood.

“Who exactly are you?”

A monk in a kasaya with a prayer bead in his hand and three flowers on his head took a step forward. He stared at Ye Chen like a hawk.

“Aren’t you afraid of being punished by the three sects and four groups by killing people from the various sects of the Kunlun Ruins?”

As he appeared, everyone present was shocked.

“It’s the young Wisdom King Fan Zhen from Buddha Sect!”

“Tsk, as one of the three sects and four groups, Fan Zhen actually stood out to express his stance. Doesn’t that mean that the three sects and four groups can no longer sit back and watch that person act violently?”

At that moment, everyone was excited. They were truly terrified by Ye Chen. Over a dozen elites from sects had died in his hands.

Facing Fan Zhen’s question, Ye Chen stood there with his hands behind his back. There was not a hint of emotion on his cold face, “If you’re not convinced, you can come and accept your death!”

Chapter 849: The Loser Who Lost to Ye Wushuang!

Outside Border Dragon City, on a moat five kilometers away, nearly a hundred figures had gathered at the moment. These people had all come to participate in the Xiao clan’s birthday celebration. However, they were all gathered together at this moment.

In this place, blood radiance rushed into the heavens. Blood rain and dead bodies continuously poured down, as if a vast ocean was surging. Half of the moat's water was dyed red.

Everyone stared at the figure in the center of the moat as their hearts churned.

“Who is this person?”

“From the way he killed so decisively, so domineeringly, and even so lawlessly, he's definitely not from the three sects and four groups. Could he be from the Corpse Sect or the Witchcraft Sect?”

“Within half an hour, more than ten geniuses from the various sects in Kunlun Ruins have been killed by this person. These sects are going crazy. It's not easy to groom a genius!”

“Without the geniuses of the three sects and four groups, no one can stop this maleficent existence. Could it be that the other party is Shi Qianhan of Demonic Dao from 20 years ago?!”

The number of onlookers continued to increase. Many people from various sects heard the commotion and rushed over. When they saw the tragic scene, their scalps could not help but turn numb.

Ye Chen stood quietly on the river and looked straight at the young Wisdom King, Fan Zhen from Buddha Sect. His eyes were clear, “If you're not convinced, you can come and accept your death!”

His black hair danced in the wind. Even after killing the geniuses from more than ten sects, his black robe was still spotless.

Whoosh!

Hearing this, the spectators cried out in surprise.

After the young Wisdom King, Fan Zhen, who was one of the three sects and four groups, stepped out to stop him, Ye Chen dared to shamelessly ask him to accept his death.

One must know that the young Wisdom King Fan Zhen was not the young Wisdom King from the Blood Sun Temple who had died in Ye Chen's hands earlier. He was backed by the Buddha Sect of the three sects and four groups. He was from the supreme sect that suppressed Kunlun Ruins. The master of the Buddha Sect, Zen Master Ban Ruo, was a supreme overlord who was comparable to Master Lei Xing of the Dao Sect.

“Amitabha!”

Fan Zhen did not look happy or sad when he heard that. Instead, he chanted the name of Buddha and took a step forward. His toes tapped on the river surface lightly and he landed on a reed directly. He hovered toward Ye Chen just like that.

“He's crossing the river on a reed!”

“I didn't expect Fan Zhen to have comprehended the realm of crossing the river on a reed. One should know that since ancient times, only Dharma had reached this stage when he was crossing the river on the east. He's indeed worthy of being called the young Wisdom King of the Buddha Sect.”

Many people's expressions changed drastically.

“Fellow, your killing intent is too powerful. Why don’t you follow me back to Buddha Sect to eliminate your evil aura and sins?”

Fan Zhen did not seem to have heard the exclamations from the crowd. He stopped when he was less than three meters away from Ye Chen and looked at him.

Ye Chen scoffed and asked coldly, “Does Buddha care if I kill a few pieces of trash? What right does Buddha have to interfere?”

“Buddha is in the hearts of the people. As long as it goes against the intentions of Buddha, Buddha can take care of it!” Fan Zhen lamented.

Ye Chen’s gaze turned cold, “Did Buddha tell you that you have to pay the price for being nosy? Not only will you die, but you might even bring disaster to your Buddha Sect?”

Following his words, a cold voice exploded in everyone’s ears, “What an ignorant fool. It’s one thing to slander Buddha, but he actually wants to destroy Buddha?”

Subsequently, under everyone’s gaze, a cloud floated over from the west. The cloud was pink, and it looked extremely demonic.

Following that, a young man dressed in a pink robe flew into the sky with clouds swirling around him.

“It’s the Pink Prince!”

“The Devil Sect’s young master, Pink Prince!”

“My god...”

When they saw who it was, the faces of everyone on the ground changed. Fear flashed across their eyes.

Fu Qiuchan, who was in the crowd, paled and took a breath in shock, “This person came as well!”

“I didn’t expect so many people to come for Ye Wushuang’s sword today. Looks like we underestimated his influence in Kunlun Ruins,” Yue Kun was shocked.

The Pink Prince was the Devil Sect’s young master. His father was the sect master of the sect, Ying Xiangtian. He was a supreme figure that suppressed the Devil Sect. The Pink Prince himself ruled over the sect and was known as one of the top ten geniuses in Kunlun Ruins.

“That’s right, it’s me!”

After hearing everyone’s discussion, the Pink Prince landed on the river surface. His demonic gaze flickered with a red glow as it wandered around everyone. In the end, it landed on Ye Chen.

Pink Prince extended a crippled arm and smiled evilly, “Brat, I don’t care who you are. Ye Wushuang once severed one of my arms. As long as you hand over his sword, I promise you won’t die!”

Along with his words, a series of cries rang out, like thunder exploding in the air.

“What? Pink Prince had his arm severed by Ye Wushuang?”

“He admitted it himself, so it should be true!”

“Ye Wushuang is truly a monster. He even severed one of Pink Prince’s arms. Seven days later, if he defeats that person from the Sword Sect’s First Peak, who in the entire Kunlun can suppress him?”

In an instant, gasps could be heard.

However, Ye Chen smiled.

Pink Prince’s gaze turned cold, “Brat, what are you smiling about?”

“I’m smiling because you’re a loser who lost to Ye Wushuang. What right do you have to provoke me?”

Ye Chen shook his head lightly, “Even if I hand Ye Wushuang’s sword to you, it won’t change the fact that you lost to him!”

“Brat, you’re courting death!” Pink Prince’s killing intent exploded!

“It’s really crowded today!

“How can we miss such a grand event!”

At this very moment, a slightly amused voice rang out in the air once again. Soon after, a red light tore through the air, and origin energy began to surge violently. The power was extremely terrifying.

When everyone subconsciously raised their heads to look at the sky, several figures with powerful auras stepped towards them.

“It’s Shang Xingchen from the Star Sect. He’s the No. 1 among the seven true disciples of the Star Sect. Rumor has it that he’s internally designated as the future young sect master of the sect and will be in charge of the supreme sect in the future!”

“Could that young man standing on a giant eagle be the Eldest Senior Brother of the Spirit Talisman Sect, Tuoba Long? Look at the giant eagle beneath his feet. It was derived from the profound Talisman Dao!”

“Corpse Sect’s Fatty Wu is here as well. Look at what’s underneath him? It’s actually a golden-armored zombie. Doesn’t the golden-armored zombie belong to the Wu family head? There aren’t many in the entire sect. Looks like the Wu family head dotes on Fatty Wu a lot!”

Ye Chen lifted his head and looked over. He realized that the Star Sect’s Shang Xingchen that everyone was talking about was an unfathomable young man in a purple robe with starlight flowing all over his body.

As for the Spirit Talisman Sect’s Eldest Senior Brother, Tuoba Long, he wore a green robe and his long hair fluttered in the wind. Beneath his feet was a 30 meters long giant eagle. The radiance that gushed out from the giant eagle nearly illuminated the horizon, bringing with it the sound of wind and thunder.

Ye Chen was surprised, “The Talisman Dao?”

Chapter 850: Gathering of Paragons, Shocking Killing Intent!

As for Corpse Sect's Fatty Wu, he had a big belly, his face was pale like paper, his eyes almost narrowed into slits. What was even more strange was that this person was actually carried on his back by a golden-armored corpse. Even so, he was still panting from exhaustion.

"That's not all. Look again. Dao Sect's young master, Zong Rui, is here as well. Oh my god, Witchcraft Sect's Sainte, An Miaoyi, and the Ghoul Sect's young master, Jiu Ying, are here too!"

"In addition, the young Wisdom King, Fan Zhen, arrived long ago. Other than Purple Cap Mountain and Sword Sect, all the paragons of the supreme sects have arrived!"

"What a grand occasion, what a grand occasion!"

A series of gasps rang out in the surroundings. At that moment, everyone's eyes widened as shock filled their faces.

With all the paragons gathered, who could be called king?!

Seeing so many people appear, the crowd would cheer from time to time. Most of them were disciples from the three sects and four groups.

The most excited ones were none other than Fu Qiuchan and the other members of the Star Sect. A woman looked at Shang Xingchen in the sky with infatuation, "Senior Sister Fu, look! Senior Brother Shang is here too!"

"Senior Brother Shang is so handsome!"

The other woman's eyes were also filled with passion, "I didn't expect to have the chance to see him at such a close distance. If he looks at me again, I'll be so happy I'll die!"

"Stop it, you flirtatious thing!"

Fu Qiuchan glared at her angrily, then her beautiful eyes looked at Shang Xingchen in the sky, her eyes filled with splendor.

"Senior Brother Shang is indeed the best among the seven true disciples of our Star Sect. Just this bearing alone is extraordinary. If we can become double cultivation partners..."

Yue Kun, who was standing beside her, had a terrible expression on his face when he heard the words "double cultivation partners". However, a hint of dejection emerged inside of him.

In the Star Sect, Shang Xingchen represented the entire sect. Not to mention a mere inner disciple like Yue Kun, even the sect's elders did not dare to offend him.

With the appearance of Shang Xingchen and the rest, the atmosphere had reached its climax. Devil Sect's young master, Pink Prince, snorted, "Do you guys have the nose of a dog?!"

Although the one mountain, two religions, three sects and four groups were supreme sects of the Kunlun Ruins, it was inevitable that there would be scheming and fighting. The older generation would not personally step forward, so it was normal for the younger generation to compete.

Shang Xingchen from Star Sect smiled faintly, "Brother Ying Yuan, you're mistaken. You came earlier than us. Doesn't that mean your nose is also a dog's nose?"

“I’ve heard of a dog that has the most sensitive nose and likes to eat poop the most. I think it’s called a pug. Could it be that you’re a pug, Pink Prince?” Fatty Wu from the Corpse Sect laughed as he shook the fat on his face.

Pink Prince said coldly, “Fatty Wu, are you seeking death?”

“That’s right. I’m here to look for poop, just like you are!” Fatty Wu was carried by the golden-armored zombie, and he was not afraid at all.

Pink Prince was furious, “You...”

“In my opinion, since the two of you don’t see eye to eye with each other, why don’t you have a fight? Like I said before, if you can fight, don’t argue!” The young master of the Ghoul Sect, Jiu Ying, chuckled, wishing for the world to be in chaos.

When he saw them start fighting as soon as they met, the Eldest Senior Brother of the Spiritual Talisman Sect, Tuoba Long, frowned and said, “Alright, both of you, we didn’t come here today to listen to your arguments!”

He looked straight at Ye Chen after saying that, “Brother, aren’t you going to give us an explanation for killing the paragons of dozens of sects in Kunlun Ruins?”

“That’s right!”

The Sainte of the Witchcraft Sect took a step forward. Spiritual energy swirled around her, and on her shoulder were two small snakes, one black and one white, flicking their tongues.

An icy voice echoed, “The Sky Pillar Sect, the Blood Sun Temple, and the Ice River Valley are all our vassals. Are you not taking us seriously by killing them?”

Ye Chen smiled, “According to you guys, they’re allowed to kill me, but I’m not allowed to retaliate? If they’re not after my things, why would they die?”

“Brother!”

Zong Rui, the young master of Dao Sect, smiled lightly. He looked at Ye Chen and said calmly, “How did you end up like this when you agreed not to compete with me for Ye Wushuang’s sword?”

At this point, he shook his head slightly and said, “I’ll give you a chance now. As long as you hand over Ye Wushuang’s sword to me and follow me back to the sect to reflect on the cliff for 20 years, perhaps I can save your life.”

“You’re letting him go just like that?”

Pink Prince scoffed as he looked at Ye Chen coldly, “The young sect master of the Fire Sect under our Devil Sect died in his hands. As the saying goes, a life for a life. This person must die today. Ye Wushuang’s sword should belong to our Devil Sect!”

Upon hearing that all the paragons were here for Ye Chen, the people around looked at Ye Chen with gloating eyes.

“This person is really unfortunate to have allowed these supreme geniuses to come together. Otherwise, perhaps no one would be able to suppress him!”

“He killed more than ten geniuses in a row. Even if he were to die now, it would be worth it. What a pity...”

No one thought highly of Ye Chen. The people standing before him at that moment were the supreme paragons of the entire Kunlun Ruins. Them alone could sweep through the younger generation of the entire Kunlun Ruins. Even some veteran powerhouses were no match for them.

Yue Kun, who was in the crowd, sneered, “That guy is dead!”

“This person was able to kill more than ten paragons in a row. He can be considered a powerful figure, but he’s too ostentatious and lawless!” Fu Qiuchan secretly shook her head.

Fu Qingqing was the only one who clenched her fists. She looked at Ye Chen’s face covered by the conical hat in bewilderment, “I hope you’re not Brother Ye...”

Seeing that Ye Chen remained silent, the young master of Dao Sect, Zong Rui, frowned and said, “Brother, have you thought it through? There’s a limit to my patience.”

“I have a question!”

Ye Chen stood with his hands behind his back as he scanned the few supreme paragons, “You guys got so many people here for a mere supreme-grade spirit weapon. I’m afraid this so-called supreme-grade spirit weapon isn’t that simple, right?”

It was one thing for the young master of Dao Sect to painstakingly obtain Wushuang’s sword, but even the other paragons had appeared.

It would be a lie to say that there was nothing fishy about it.

As he said that, Zong Rui and the rest narrowed their eyes. They looked at each other and saw surprise in each other’s eyes.

“Zong, you’re still as wishy-washy as before. Why waste your breath on him? Just kill him and the thing will be ours!”

Devil Sect’s young master, Pink Prince, smirked coldly. A red glow erupted from his body. He was like a primordial beast that was awakened and wanted to destroy everything.

He took a step forward and a red glow shot into the sky. He turned into a blood-colored shadow and charged at Ye Chen. His Pseudo Emperor Stage cultivation base was revealed.

“That’s the blood nerve, the blood nerve of the Devil Sect. Who would’ve thought that Pink Prince would have cultivated the blood nerve to the second level, the level of 10,000 Blood in One!”

“Pink Prince is taking action. That brat is finished!”

The people around him could not help but narrow their eyes when they saw that. There was pity in their eyes when they looked at Ye Chen again.

