

Chapter 1301 - Negotiation with Immortal Vampires

Translator:

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“Stop.”

Cang Lan Martial Saint couldn't keep nursing her wounds anymore. A powerful holy Qi storm gushed out of her body, and thousands of sword Qi condensed, surrounding her.

Miefeng Blood Saint wasn't scared. Instead, he smiled.

Cang Lan Martial Saint wasn't an impulsive person, but she had no other choice. She couldn't just let the four female saints be insulted while she stood by in the Taoist temple to survive.

If she did so, her state of mind would be permanently damaged even after she recovered.

Cang Lan Martial Saint didn't have any other choice. She had to rush out to fight the immortal vampires even though she knew it was a trap.

Shua!

Cang Lan Martial Saint moved her body, and she rushed toward where the four female saints were.

She remembered the correct route to walk out of the formation. She walked out with ease.

Even Qing Mo could tell that Cang Lan Martial Saint was no match for those immortal vampires, and that she was walking toward certain death.

Qing Mo didn't have the heart to see Cang Lan Martial Saint die. She begged, "Please, my lord, help them! I know you're not stone-cold."

Liu Li Female Saint and Yuansu Female Saint also stopped dressing their wounds. They also looked to Zhang Ruochen as if he were their only hope.

Zhang Ruochen didn't know how to react. Even at his prime, he couldn't rival a heaven pass blood general, not to mention now.

They put their hopes in someone who had been severely injured?

Zhang Ruochen sighed. In the end, he couldn't handle their look, and he took a step forward and tried to reach Cang Lan Martial Saint.

The space twisted, and Cang Lan Martial Saint, who had almost walked out of the space formation, was pulled back to the Taoist temple as if she'd been grabbed back by Zhang Ruochen.

With Zhang Ruochen's mind power and comprehension on space rules, it would be difficult for saints to notice space ripples even if he performed space skills. They didn't know he was performing space power.

Cang Lan felt as if she had fallen into a whirlpool, and after being spun for a while, she was dragged back to the Taoist temple. She knew that it came from the sick young man, so she was very surprised.

Cang Lan Martial Saint had met some mind power saints before, but this was the first time she'd met someone who had such weird skills.

Liu Li Female Saint and Yuansu Female Saint were both startled too, as what Zhang Ruochen had demonstrated was miraculous. He pulled Cang Lan Martial Saint back through the space. Cang Lan Martial Saint was the leader of the Nine Heavenly Maidens.

Zhang Ruochen took a look at Cang Lan Martial Saint, seeing that her eyes were filled with surprise. He said, "Even if you

want to die, you don't need to rush it. I'll talk to them myself. Violence isn't necessary, as there might be other ways to ease the tension."

Other human monks that Cang Lan Martial Saint had met before either ingratiated themselves to her or feared her. Some of them didn't even dare look at her because of their self-abasement.

The man standing in front of her looked calm and without emotions, but Cang Lan Martial Saint could feel that he was distaining, and even blaming her.

Cang Lan Martial Saint set herself high above the masses. Aside from the Empress, nobody talked to her in that tone.

She said with coldness, "Those immortal vampires want to eat your flesh and drink all your blood. How will they be willing to negotiate with you?"

"You can't say for sure."

Zhang Ruochen walked out of the Taoist temple with his hands behind his back. He stared at the blood saints and said, "Do you want to make a deal?"

Cang Lan Martial Saint was a proud heavenly maiden, so she didn't want Zhang Ruochen to steal her thunder. She was conflicted, as she hoped Zhang Ruochen could save all four female saints, but this would mean she was useless.

At this moment, she was curious as to how Zhang Ruochen was going to negotiate with the immortal vampires.

Miefeng Blood Saint sneered and said, "Who are you to negotiate with us?"

"Someone who would be willing to."

Zhang Ruochen shook his head and looked to Zhu Qingyi. He pointed at the two blood saints trapped in the space formation and said, "Ms. Zhu, one of the blood saints, is at pinnacle Xuanhuang Realm level, and the other is at Absolute ground level. I'll trade these two for the four female saints you have. What do you think?"

It was difficult for any power to cultivate a saint.

Especially for saints at Xuanhuang realm and Absolute Ground level, one of their deaths would be a great deal, even for Qingtian Tribe.

Zhu Qingyi didn't expect Zhang Ruochen to threaten her with the lives of the two blood saints. She said coldly, "I suggest that you don't meddle in this, otherwise, you're bringing trouble to yourself."

Zhang Ruochen frowned and waved his arm, wielding an electric blade, slashing the saint at pinnacle Xuanhuang Realm, chopping off his legs.

The power of lightning went into his body, hurting the blood saint at pinnacle Xuanhuang realm so much that he rolled on the ground, screaming in agony.

All the blood saints were infuriated.

"Do you think you're the only one with hostages?"

Miefeng Blood Saint picked up a female saint sitting on the ground. He grabbed her waist with one hand and her right arm with the other, pulling them at the same time.

Ci La.

One of the arms of the female saint was ripped off with her armor. Saint blood was spilled everywhere.

The scene was extremely bloody, and the face of that female saint twisted because of the pain. She twitched on the ground, crying and yelling.

However, the blood saints all noticed that Zhang Ruochen wasn't bothered by that at all, as if he didn't care about the life of that female saint.

Pu Chi!

Zhang Ruochen still looked nonchalant. He waved his arm, and a lightning thorn flew out, piercing through the head of that blood saint at pinnacle Xuanhuang realm, killing him.

All four Tongtian blood generals were dazed.

They didn't expect Zhang Ruochen to be so reckless.

“How... How dare you...”

Zhu Qingyi couldn't be angrier. She didn't expect that mind power saint to be this decisive.

Zhang Ruochen said, “I still have one more blood saint at Absolute Ground Realm with me. Do you still want to negotiate with me or not?”

“I will.” Zhu Qingyi tried to suppress her urge to kill and said, “But I won't trade four female saints with one blood saint. I'll only give you one.”

Cang Lan Martial Saint didn't expect Zhang Ruochen to force the immortal vampires to compromise. She walked to Zhang Ruochen, stood beside him and said, “No. You must give us four. The life of an Absolute Ground blood saint is much more precious than those of Xuanhuang saints and upper-class saints.”

“You're pushing too far. Do you really think you have such a say at the moment?” Zhu Qingyi sneered.

Zhang Ruochen said, “Then one for two.”

Cang Lan Martial Saint's beautiful eyes popped. She transmitted her voice to Zhang Ruochen, “Even if we save two female saints, we're still largely outnumbered by them. There's nothing we can do to change that.”

Zhang Ruochen didn't respond to her. Instead, he stared at Zhu Qingyi and waited for her response.

Zhu Qingyi eased the tension on her face, smiled seductively. “Okay.”

Zhu Qingyi walked to Miefeng Blood Saint and talked to him.

They came from different tribes and stood for different interests. Zhu Qingyi might've promised Miefeng Blood Saint some benefits to convince Miefeng Blood Saint to give her two female saints.

Zhu Qingyi said, “Now, you can let the blood saint go.”

Zhang Ruochen said, “Let those two saints enter the formation. I'll bring the blood saint out after they're safe.”

Zhu Qingyi sneered. “Do you think I’m an idiot? What if you refuse to let the blood saint go after those two female saints are safe?”

“This is indeed a problem. How about this? I’ll walk out of the formation and take them back, then I’ll let that blood saint out. After the whole transfer, I’ll go back to the formation. Will that be more okay for you?” Zhang Ruochen said.

Not only did the blood saints look confused, but Cang Lan Martial Saint, Liu Li Female Saint, and Yuanshu Female Saint were all shocked as well. They didn’t expect him to take such a huge risk to save people.

Once he walked out of the formation, the saints from the immortal vampire race wouldn’t let him back into the formation that easily.

Cang Lan Martial Saint started to admire Zhang Ruochen now. Her eyes glinted, and she said, “I’ll come out with you.”

“No need. Follow me out, Qing Mo,” Zhang Ruochen said.

Qing Mo didn’t dare do that as she thought Zhang Ruochen was playing with fire. However, when she saw how tranquil Zhang Ruochen was, she got more confidence as she had never seen Zhang Ruochen do anything he wasn’t sure of.

Did Zhang Ruochen have some other plans?

Zhang Ruochen walked out of the formation with Qing Mo, and they walked toward the Taoist temple. He told Qing Mo something as they walked forward.

Qing Mo’s eyes immediately gleamed after hearing what Zhang Ruochen said. All of the fear on her face disappeared.

Cang Lan Martial Saint ground her teeth due to anger after seeing Zhang Ruochen and Qing Mo leave. She reckoned that this guy was totally looking down at her, as he was more willing to take a small girl instead of her.

She was the leader of the nine heavenly maidens, and she had never been underestimated before.

Meanwhile, the immortal vampire saints also transmitted voices to each other, talking about ways to catch Zhang

Ruochen.

Chapter 1302 - Great Capture Spell

Translator:

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Zhu Qingyi had fought Zhang Ruochen and Qing Mo before. She was clear about their true abilities. Without the formation, she could repress them with one hand. Thus, she didn't act petty and let go of the two Saintesses.

Whoosh!

The two Saintesses walked past Zhang Ruochen, dragging their chains. They had grateful expressions.

The chains on them surged with the power of thunder and fire. They couldn't even deactivate their Saintly Sources. If it wasn't for the man before them, their results would have been very pitiful.

When the two Saintesses entered the Spatial Maze, Zhang Ruochen muttered something to Qing Mo.

Following his instructions, Qing Mo entered the Spatial Maze and took the Absolute Land Blood Saint out.

The moment they left the Spatial Maze, Blood Saint Miefeng and Zhu Qingyi attacked Qing Mo and Zhang Ruochen at the same time with lightning speed.

"I haven't tasted a Spiritual Power Saint's blood yet. Today, I'll try with your taste."

"You must pay when going against Immortal Vampires."

These two were at the top of the Heaven Pass Realm. They only had to move to push abominable power out.

Zhang Ruochen and Qing Mo were like two ants before them. It was like their lives and fates were being controlled.

“Oh, no. The Immortal Vampire Saints are too lowly. They really went against their words.”

Standing in the Taoist temple, Martial Saint Canglan sensed something amiss. Her eyes darkened, thinking that Zhang Ruochen hadn't thought carefully and would definitely run into misfortune. She jumped into the Spatial Maze and prepared to rush out to help.

Outside, Zhang Ruochen looked at the quickly incoming Zhu Qingyi without any fear. He just took a step back, crossing a few feet. He retreated into the Spatial Maze again.

Zhu Qingyi's attack didn't even get the corner of Zhang Ruochen's clothes.

“How is this possible?” Zhu Qingyi was taken aback.

How could a Spiritual Power Saint be faster than her? A few feet was very close but still needed some time to cross. However, that human Spiritual Power Saint seemed to have used some technique to retreat into the Spatial Maze instantly.

On the other hand, Qing Mo was decisive too. She hit the Absolute Land Blood Saint's back. She turned him into a shield, blocking Blood Saint Miefeng's attack.

Then her little snow-white hands pushed forward, sending out a large mass of Wuliang Divine Fire. The world outside the temple turned into a sea of fire.

Wuliang Divine Fire could burn Saints. Who dared to touch it?

“A little girl can actually control Wuliang Divine Fire? Who exactly is she?”

“We can't touch Wuliang Divine Fire. Step back immediately.”

The Blood Saints were all shocked. They hurriedly used physical techniques to retreat. Some stronger Blood Saints didn't escape. They just used Thousand-pattern Saint Weapons to form protective lights and block the fire.

A mass of black Qi poured out of Zhu Qingyi. It transformed into a black cloud that could block the Wuliang Divine Fire.

Just then, she noticed that Zhang Ruochen, standing inside the formation, put his hands together and formed a hand print. He hit it toward the other two Saintesses.

“Great Capture Spell!” Zhang Ruochen yelled. Then he reached forward. A gust of Spiritual Power poured out.

An Absolute Land Blood Saint of the Motian Tribe gripped a skull sword. He activated the power within, forming white bone shadows. He was blocking the Wuliang Divine Fire.

While protecting himself, he was also guarding the two Saintesses.

These two remaining Saintesses stood fearfully in the center of a dozen white bone shadows. They hadn’t been chosen to be the exchanges, so they awaited their future hopelessly.

Whoosh!

Suddenly, the Absolute Land Blood Saint with the skull sword and the two Saintesses felt the world spin. The next moment, they were within the Spatial Maze.

Overjoyed, the two Saintesses hurried toward Zhang Ruochen.

The Absolute Land Blood Saint’s expression changed dramatically. He hurriedly grabbed the skull sword and cut down on the two Saintesses, dragging out long sword Qi. “No escaping,” he roared.

Zhang Ruochen pointed forward. The spatial structure within the maze changed instantly. The Absolute Land Blood Saint’s sword hit himself instead, creating a long bloody gash.

“You better obey after entering the formation,” Zhang Ruochen warned him. “Don’t attack randomly.”

The Absolute Land Blood Saint half-knelt on the ground. He gritted his teeth in hatred, but he didn’t dare to do anything. He sat cross-legged and pondered how to break the formation while healing.

The tides had turned instantly.

The four Saintesses were all rescued. On the other hand, the Immortal Vampires were in a bit of a panic. There was another Absolute Land Blood Saint trapped in the Spatial Maze.

Outside the temple, the Blood Saints were all furious. They screamed.

Blood Saint Miefeng was the most furious. He spat out strong wind, scattering the Wuliang Divine Fire. Then he yelled, “Who are you? How can you use such unbelievable tactics?”

“Great Capture Spell,” Zhu Qingyi murmured to herself.

The Great Capture Spell that the human Spiritual Power Saint had used had shocked the four Heaven Pass Blood Generals.

After calculating, they discovered that, even with their strong cultivations, they’d still be in trouble against the Great Capture Spell. They weren’t confident they could dodge it.

The so-called Great Capture Spell was only a random name that Zhang Ruochen had yelled to confuse them. It was actually just spatial power. By twisting space, he could pull people or objects in the distance to another point.

The Immortal Vampire Saints didn’t notice the changes in space. It wasn’t only because Zhang Ruochen’s attainments in space had reached a more advanced level. He’d also disguised it with Spiritual Power.

Only Spiritual Power Saints could detect Zhang Ruochen’s small actions.

Zhang Ruochen smiled at the Blood Saints outside the temple. Then he made a print as if he was going to use the Great Capture Spell.

All the Blood Saints, including Zhu Qingyi and Blood Saint Miefeng, retreated. They created a huge distance between them and the temple.

“Why are you so scared? Actually, we can continue our exchange.” Zhang Ruochen put his hands inside his sleeves. Glancing at the Blood Saint within the Spatial Maze, he said, “I’ll let him go as long as you hand over something I like.”

“You’re looking for death.” Blood Saint Miefeng was furious. He bared his sharp teeth, wishing he could eat Zhang Ruochen.

“No hurry. I’ll give you time to think.”

Zhang Ruochen brought the four Saintesses into the temple.

“Thank you for saving us, sir.”

The four Saintesses were crying tears of joy. It felt like they’d gone from Hell back to the world. They all bowed to Zhang Ruochen, viewing him as their savior.

“Sir, you’re so powerful. You could toy with four Heaven Pass Blood Generals. If news of this battle spreads, you’ll definitely be known throughout the north.”

Saintess Liuli bit her red lip. Her eyes glittered and her expression was filled with reverence. She seemed to have become a girl in love, without any of a Saint’s pride.

Saintess Yuansu’s expression was similar.

As officials beside the Empress, they’d seen many incredible figures. However, they only made them feel respect and fear. Standing before them gave off strong pressure.

Zhang Ruochen was different though. Not only did they feel respect, they even wanted to get closer to him.

Only Martial Saint Canglan remained clear-headed. Her starry eyes kept studying Zhang Ruochen. “Aren’t you so badly hurt that you can’t fight?” she asked coldly.

Zhang Ruochen coughed and looked tired. “There was no other choice. Hurry and heal. You can only break out when you’re completely healed. Hiding in here isn’t a solution. The Immortal Vampires may figure out how to break the formation at any time.”

With that, Zhang Ruochen had Qing Mo help him into a broken pavilion to rest.

Martial Saint Canglan didn’t plan on letting him go so easily. She flashed and blocked their path. “A strong figure like you can’t be unknown in Kunlun’s Field. Who are you? Why did

you disguise yourself with Spiritual Power? What are you hiding?”

The six Saintesses felt awkward, thinking that the Martial Saint was being improper. The man had risked everything to save them just then. Wasn't it impolite to demand to know his identity now?

Zhang Ruochen stared at Martial Saint Canglan's features from a close distance. Her features were defined and her skin was like icy jade. He couldn't see any pores. He could tell it was soft and smooth without even touching.

“I'm not hiding anything. I just think that we're passing strangers. There's no need to tell you my identity.”

Zhang Ruochen was already a bit disrespectful with these words. Martial Saint Canglan could see that he wasn't happy, so she furrowed her brows. In the end, she suppressed her curiosity. She didn't keep asking, so her strong personality wouldn't completely offend the other.

However, she was quite interested in Zhang Ruochen. She felt that he must be important and decided to try and dig out his identity in the future.

Outside the temple, the Blood Saints took turns attacking the Spatial Maze. The surrounding mountains caved in dozens of meters, but they couldn't damage the formation.

Blood Saint Miefeng pressured the Absolute Land Blood Saint within the Spatial Maze. In the end, he was forced to give in. Kneeling on the ground, he bowed to the north.

“Blood General, you must treat my tribesmen well.”

Despair, pain, and unwillingness appeared in the Blood Saint's eyes. Then he deactivated his Saintly Source. His body broke into pieces. A terrifying destructive force swept outside.

With a boom, the entire mountain shook violently. The Spatial Maze shattered and even the temple was affected, breaking down further.

But shockingly, the temple wasn't completely destroyed. It was like an invisible force was protecting it. Even the

destructive power of an Absolute Land Saint's suicide couldn't move its foundation.

Chapter 1303 - Outer-realm Power

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Zhang Ruochen grabbed forward. He performed space twist and moved the destructive power from the explosion of that Absolute Ground Blood Saint to somewhere else.

“They’re ruthless. An absolute ground saint had to blow up his own saint source.” Zhang Ruochen whispered.

An absolute ground saint was qualified to be a palace leader or a saint elder in Blood God Sect, yet immortal vampires were willing to let him explode to break the space formation.

Cang Lan Martial Saint had already mostly recovered, and the second that the Absolute Ground saint blew himself up, she grabbed toward the space, and then a saint sword flew out, which became around one hundred and fifty feet long. She stuck it in the ground in front of her, and it turned into a sword wall.

The Taoist temple contained mysterious power, and with the sword wall formed by the giant sword, it warded off that power of destruction. Cang Lan Martial Saint and the six female saints stood behind the sword wall, so they weren’t injured.

“The space formation has been destroyed. We have to get out of here as soon as possible.”

Zhang Ruochen transmitted his voice to Qing Mo, and then, they turned into a trace of white light and a trace of blue light, respectively, and rushed out of the Taoist temple.

“You’re not getting away with this!” someone shouted down the mountain.

And then, a blood-red cloud more than a thousand feet long rushed to the top and tried to stop Zhang Ruochen and Qing Mo.

A giant human being stood in the blood-red cloud, and he was fifteen feet tall. The saint might coming from him made Zhang Ruochen and Qing Mo feel as if they were being suffocated.

That person standing in the blood-red cloud was one of the four heavenly pass saints, Miefeng Blood Saint.

Before that absolute ground blood saint blew up his saint source, the immortal vampire saints were worried that they might be hit, so they all retreated to the foot of the mountain. Now, they had surrounded the elephant-shaped stone mountain, and they were rushing to the top again.

Qing Mo was terrified. She stared at Zhang Ruochen and said, “What should we do now, my lord?”

“We have to get back to the Taoist temple to team up with them. This might be the only way we can survive this.”

Just as they were retreating back to the Taoist temple, Zhang Ruochen heard some bizarre sounds again. Some of them were blood-curdling and shill cries, some were roars from savage beasts, some were women’s cries, and some were the clacking sounds of blades...

Black shadows rushed out of the Taoist temple. Some looked like children, some were elders, some were savage beasts. All those shadows were cast upon the ground. There were so many of them that it was impossible to count them.

“Ghosts?”

“What are they? I feel like they’re yelling.”

...

Even Qing Mo and the female saints saw those shadows this time. They were all terrified and tried to dodge them. They didn’t dare touch them at all.

Many of the shadows from the Taoist temple looked like evil saint intent bodies, and there were too many of them.

Even on the ancient ghost boat. there hadn't been so many evil saint intent bodies.

What were they?

“That absolute ground blood saint drew too much attention. Some incredible being might've been alerted.”

Zhang Ruochen heard a bizarre sound from the depths of the Taoist temple.

And then, the base of the Taoist temple cracked, and a horrifying force came from the underground as if an ancient creature had just woken up.

Zhang Ruochen got goosebumps at this moment, and his hands were freezing.

The forces from the underground of the Taoist temple were as terrifying as those from all the immortal vampire blood saints combined. Qing Mo was so scared that her legs were shaking, and she kept clenching her teeth.

“Another evil god is born?”

The six female saints were also too scared to walk. They all looked to Cang Lan Martial Saint as they wanted to know whether the martial saint had some strategies against it.

Cang Lan Martial Saint was also concerned, but she remained calm.

Obviously, they couldn't get back to the Taoist temple now. They had to find another way out.

Zhang Ruochen looked to the top of the mountain, and there was mist around the top. He could see the ancient buildings among the mist, and they were giving out holy light.

“Keep going up.”

Zhang Ruochen suppressed the fright with his mind power. He let out a trace of his mind power, and it condensed into lightning, carrying Qing Mo away, rushing to the top.

Cang Lan Martial Saint reached out her left hand and wielded a long saint power river, covering the six female saints and following Zhang Ruochen.

Hong Long.

The base of the Taoist temple was completely shattered, and a ravine that was five feet wide was formed.

A death force gushed out from the underground, and the entire sky was covered by the death force.

Zhang Ruochen's heart skipped a beat after he took a look behind him.

“That is... devil death Qi.”

This wasn't the first time Zhang Ruochen had seen devil death Qi. When he was still refining in Xuanwu Vold World, he had seen the power of devil death Qi.

A Treacherous Sea Pillar that contained devil death Qi could kill a Blue Fire Xuanwu that had reached the level of saint king.

The devil death Qi coming from the underground of the Taoist temple was the same as that within the Treacherous Sea Pillar.

Zhang Ruochen couldn't help being startled seeing devil death Qi again.

Those blood saints all screamed in horror the second they got touched by the devil death Qi.

The death Qi penetrated their blood and saint Qi, and their skin turned black immediately. They started to rot, and the devil death Qi started to destroy their bodies and affected their minds. Their eyes turned red, and they became violent and crazy.

Zhu Qingyi could sense the power of that evil death Qi. Her eyes popped, and she said, “Retreat back to the foot of the mountain. Don't touch the devil death Qi.”

Hua!

A ball of black light flew out from under the Taoist temple, floating in the sky.

All the saints on the mountain, including Zhang Ruochen and Cang Lan Martial Saints, could feel the terrifying forces coming from the black light ball.

All those tens of thousands of shadows seemed to be controlled by the black light ball, rushing in two different directions.

Some of them rushed to the top, chasing Zhang Ruochen, Cang Lan Martial Saint and the others. Some rushed downwards, chasing the immortal vampire blood saints.

The shadows were incredibly fast, and they carried devil death Qi.

One of the blood saints was caught by hundreds of shadows, and he felt that he was being repressed by hundreds of mountains. He fell on the ground and yelled in agony.

After a short while, that blood saint turned into a pool of black blood.

And then, another powerful shadow was added to those shadows, and it looked exactly like that blood saint.

Seeing that scene, even the bloodthirsty blood saints were horrified. They ran faster.

“What’s been released from under the Taoist temple?”

“Terrifying! Every time they kill someone, there’ll be one more shadow?”

...

That unknown creature seemed to have tens of thousands of shadows, and it would gain one more shadow each time it killed someone.

Zhang Ruochen and Cang Lan Martial Saint were sweating. They ran as fast as possible, as they didn’t want to end up like that blood saint.

However, the black shadows got closer and closer, and they were about to encircle them.

Cang Lan Martial Saint’s eyes gleamed, and two phoenix prints emerged from her pupils. She bit her fingers and waves

her hand, and saint blood dripped from the wound.

Chi Chi. Each drop of the saint blood turned into a cluster of fire, and the fire looked like feathers of phoenixes.

The feather fire flew out, clashing with the shadows that were chasing them, burning those shadows into smoke.

“Blood of a true phoenix.”

Zhang Ruochen was startled, as he didn't expect Cang Lan Martial Saint to have such powerful body constitution.

Only those who had finished refining their true phoenix bodies could transform their blood into the blood of true phoenixes. The fire contained in the phoenix blood could burn all the demons in the world, making it some of the most precious blood in the world.

True phoenix bodies could rival the bodies of true dragons.

No wonder she's ranked the first among the nine heavenly maidens, Zhang Ruochen thought.

Cang Lan Martial Saint kept spilling her blood to stalk the black shadows that were chasing them. Eventually, they reached the top and rushed into a blue temple.

The blue temple gave out holy light to ward off those black shadows so that they couldn't trespass in it.

Zhang Ruochen and Cang Lan Martial Saint both relaxed after that. Their faces were pale, and they gave each other a look. They then laughed because they were lucky enough to have survived.

“I heard you mention devil death Qi just now. Do you know what the hell it was that rushed out of the Taoist temple?”

Zhang Ruochen was so tired that he sat on the ground. He answered, “I've come into contact with devil death Qi before. I don't know it that well, but I reckon it might be a power from the outer realm.”

“Outer-realm power?”

Cang Lang Martial Saint was a bit surprised. Her breasts bounced, and then she kept asking, “Which void world is it

from?”

Zhang Ruochen was rendered silent. He recalled the treacherous sea pillar he saw in Xuanwu Void World. Even an upper-class void world wasn't able to bear such a horrific weapon.

Was there really a powerful world like Kunlun's Field in the universe, and the creatures from that world had already set foot in Kunlun's Field?

Cang Lan Martial Saint wasn't stupid. Seeing Zhang Ruochen silent, she started to speculate and whispered, “Is it true that Xuanji Sect was annihilated by an outer-realm power?”

Zhang Ruochen walked to a higher position in the blue palace. He utilized his heavenly eyes and looked down at the Taoist temple, observing that floating black light ball.

That black light ball seemed to be covering a long white stone.

Wait, that wasn't a stone.

It was a bone...a phalange.

Chapter 1304 - Place Of Hiding

Translator:

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Four Blood Saints had died in an instant. Their Blood Qi flowed into a ball of black light, making web-like blood vessels appear on the white finger bone. It became even more terrifying.

Could it absorb Blood Qi?

All this time, only Immortal Vampires could suck a living being's blood to turn it into its own power. Now, a bone had appeared that could absorb their blood. How could the Blood Saints not be terrified?

Saints like Zhu Qingyi and Blood Saint Miefeng were also running for their lives with all their might.

Martial Saint Canglan had a pair of True Phoenix Saintly Eyes. She could clearly see the finger within the ball of black light. But even with her vast knowledge, she still found it unbelievable.

“Is that the finger of a Supreme Saint?” she asked.

Zhang Ruochen shook his head. “Even a god will be returned to ashes after death. It wouldn't have such frightening power, unless...”

“Unless what?” Martial Saint Canglan asked.

Qing Mo and the six Saintesses also perked their ears up. They really wanted to know what this ball of black light that had rushed out of the temple was.

“Unless that powerful figure hasn’t died completely,” Zhang Ruochen said. “There might be a saintly soul or intent living inside the bone.”

“Then is it a Supreme Saint or god’s finger?” Qing Mo asked.

“Don’t know, but it’s definitely a very powerful figure.” Zhang Ruochen thought carefully. “It must be the finger of an ancient Supreme Saint. It’s not easy to create a god.”

“What if it’s a god’s finger?” Qing Mo asked.

Zhang Ruochen took a deep breath. “If the bone contains a divine soul or intent, then this will be a great disaster to the northern region and the entire Kunlun’s Field.”

There were menacing black shadows all around the pavilion. They trapped Zhang Ruochen and the others inside. They couldn’t get out.

Martial Saint Canglan and the six Saintesses sat cross-legged on the ground, continuing to heal. They could only increase their chances of survival by healing completely and becoming stronger.

Zhang Ruochen didn’t do nothing either. He did all he could to absorb the knowledge and Spiritual Power in the sharira. He desperately hoped to reach a higher level in Spiritual Power.

After spending two days, Zhang Ruochen’s Spiritual Power improved greatly and reached level 53.

In that instant, his senses and abilities improved greatly. His surroundings would appear in his mind clearly, even with his eyes closed. But both the mountain and the pavilion were very strange. Zhang Ruochen’s Spiritual Power had reached level 53, but he still couldn’t see some places clearly.

It was especially so for the pavilion. The deeper he went, the blurrier it became. His Spiritual Power couldn’t force through at all.

Zhang Ruochen didn’t continue investigating the pavilion. He opened his eyes, smiling.

“Lord, did you have a breakthrough in Spiritual Power again?” Qing Mo asked happily.

Zhang Ruochen was in a good mood. "I reached a new level."

Level 53 was a height that countless Spiritual Power cultivators could only look up to. Even the Siming Goddess of the Earth God Temple and Immortal Goddess of the Immortal Pavilion were only at this level.

Of course, Spiritual Power Saints at level 53 had great differences too. The Siming Goddess and Immortal Goddess were both at the peak of level 53. They could reach level 54 at any moment.

Zhang Ruochen had just reached level 53. He was in the beginning stages and still had to continue working hard.

Martial Saint Canglan wore armor of phoenix flames. Her long hair was red like fiery rain. Her figure was tall and beautiful. She walked in from the outside.

The six Saintesses had recovered from their injuries. They were all spirited and had elegant auras. They followed behind Martial Saint Canglan like six beautiful fairies.

"Those black shadows and the finger inside the ball of black light flew deep within Xianji Mountain," Martial Saint Canglan said. "We can leave here now. Shall we go together?"

Zhang Ruochen looked up. The deathly Qi in the air had indeed disappeared fully. He shook his head softly. "No! You have your own business for entering Xianji Mountain. I also have my own matters. Let us separate now."

Saintess Liuli gathered her courage and said to him, "The Blood Saints haven't all died. They'll definitely go against you. If you come with us, we can take care of each other."

Zhang Ruochen smiled. "I have ways to save myself. They can't kill me."

Martial Saint Canglan wasn't a simple figure. Zhang Ruochen was worried that she would see through him after interacting too much.

If Martial Saint Canglan found out his true identity, she would definitely try capturing him because of her personality of holding grudges.

Saintless Liuli's pretty face grew disappointed. "You saved us, but we don't even know your name. How can we thank you in the future?"

"If it's fate, then there'll be a chance to meet again," Zhang Ruochen said, smiling.

Saintess Liuli knew that Zhang Ruochen was patronizing her and felt disappointed. She didn't know the other's name or even what he really looked like. Even if he walked past her in the future, she might not be able to recognize him.

The world was huge. How could they meet again after separating today?

Saintess Liuli took out a seven-colored jade hairpin. She walked toward Zhang Ruochen and shyly gave him the hairpin. "There is no way I could repay your kindness for saving me. This hairpin is nothing valuable, but I hope you can accept it."

Zhang Ruochen naturally understood that a woman gifting a man a hairpin carried a significant meaning. He couldn't help but sigh inwardly.

Saintess Liuli feared that Zhang Ruochen would reject her, so she placed the hairpin in his hand and immediately turned around. She rushed out of the pavilion as fast as possible and disappeared.

Then Martial Saint Canglan and the five Saintesses bid farewell to Zhang Ruochen. They left the pavilion.

Zhang Ruochen grasped the hairpin. He could smell the faint fragrance. A wry smile emerged on his face.

"It's such an enviable thing for a beautiful Saint to confess to you. Why are you smiling so uncomfortably? Are you afraid of the Princess knowing?" Qing Mo smiled playfully.

"Nonsense." Zhang Ruochen put the hairpin away. Eyes serious, he said, "Two people not fated for each other will only create bad fate if they develop feelings. What is there to be envious of?"

Qing Mo put her smile away. “Where are we going now? Should we leave Xianji Mountain? It’s too dangerous. If that finger flies out again, we won’t be able to escape.”

“We haven’t found Gu Songzi yet. How can we leave?” Zhang Ruochen looked deep within the pavilion. Squinting, his expression grew suspicious. “The saintly light within the pavilion can block the black shadows and deathly Qi. Is there something within the pavilion that can repress the finger?”

“Right!” Qing Mo’s eyes grew extremely bright. She nodded firmly, thinking that Zhang Ruochen was too smart. He could always think of things others couldn’t.

Zhang Ruochen and Qing Mo went deep into the pavilion. A while later, they ran into a formation barrier. They couldn’t break through at all.

Qing Mo couldn’t break it apart even with the Wuliang Divine Fire and silver kitchen knife.

Zhang Ruochen touched his chin with a finger and shook his head. “What a powerful formation. Perhaps, I can only break it apart with the Jingmie Divine Fire or spatial crack after reconnecting my meridians.”

Right now, Zhang Ruochen’s Spiritual Power could only distort space. He couldn’t break apart space at all, so he was powerless against this formation.

He and Qing Mo left the pavilion to search for Gu Songzi.

As soon as they descended the mountain, Zhang Ruochen discovered many bursts of Holy Qi with his Spiritual Power. Many cultivators had already entered Xianji Mountain.

By looking at their dress and eavesdropping on conversations, Zhang Ruochen figured out their statuses.

Some were from the Martial Market Bank, some from the Black Market, and some from the Moon-Worship Demonic Sect. Some of the top northern sects were also involved.

“Xianji Mountain has suddenly become so busy. Are they all here for the formula of the Hua Divine Pill? Or is it because

the finger caused such a large commotion that it attracted them all here?”

A while later, this news spread throughout the mountain:

The Immortal Vampires found Gu Songzi's place of hiding and tried to break in. However, they were attacked by a golden cobra. They all retreated and some Blood Saints died.

This news caused a huge storm when it spread.

“How do they know that's where Gu Songzi is hiding? They might've purposely said the territory of a golden cobra is Gu Songzi's hiding spot to lure humans into a suicide mission.”

Others refuted this guess. “Gu Songzi once tamed a golden cobra. Since it appeared, then Gu Songzi's hiding spot must be nearby.”

Soon after, the cultivators of the various forces went toward the forest where the cobra appeared. They wanted to be the first to find Gu Songzi.

Zhang Ruochen and Qing Mo collected their auras and took half a day to sneak to the outside of the forest.

Here, Zhang Ruochen found some traces of a battle left behind by Saints.

Qing Mo followed behind Zhang Ruochen. She walked slowly as if frightened. “Lord,” she whispered, “that golden cobra forced the Immortal Vampires back. It must be a powerful savage beast. What if we can't defeat it?”

“We're here to find Gu Songzi, not to fight with the cobra,” Zhang Ruochen said, chuckling. “Plus, he's friends with the Crazy Alcoholic. If he sees the item, he shouldn't view us as enemies.”

Chapter 1305 - Fortunes

Turn Like a Wheel

Translator:

Larbre Studio

Editor:

Larbre Studio

“Jinfu giant pythons are upper-class level-seven savage beasts, and they’re extremely rare. An adult Jinfu giant python has the power to rival a Heaven Pass saint, and they have poison in their bodies. The poisonous mist can harm even a true saint.”

Zhang Ruochen walked forward, stepping on the leaves while explaining the creatures.

Qing Mo was so scared that her face turned pale and her legs kept shaking. She didn’t dare go into the woods at all.

Zhang Ruochen suddenly stopped walking and looked off toward somewhere in the woods. He murmured, “Immortal vampires.”

Hua!

Zhang Ruochen let out mind power and mobilized spiritual Qi, condensing a large oval cocoon that was translucent, covering him and Qing Mo.

The translucent cocoon was rolling in the woods and merged with his surroundings, rushing toward where the immortal vampires were.

After a short while, Zhang Ruochen and Qing Mo saw an immortal vampire at the river shore.

“It’s him.”

Zhang Ruochen recognized that immortal vampire. He looked old, and he was from Qingtian Tribe. He had reached absolute

ground realm, and he had been trapped in the space formation before. Zhu Qingyi had traded for him with two female saints.

Qing Mo was a bit curious, and she asked, “Why is he the last one remaining. Did all the others die?”

“Let’s follow him. Perhaps we can find other immortal vampires.”

Zhang Ruochen didn’t make attacks recklessly. After all, that absolute ground blood saint wasn’t a core member of the immortal vampires, so there was no point in killing him.

Besides, if they failed, they would alert the other immortal vampires.

It was a vast forest where towering trees grew. Some of them were spiritual, and they were at least ten thousand years old. Even the vines around the trunks were around three feet thick, as if they were black dragons.

White mist permeated the forest, which affected the sight and mind power of monks.

Zhang Ruochen discovered traces of some ancient formations on the ground, and the inscriptions on the stones were very complicated and mysterious.

Unfortunately, Zhang Ruochen didn’t know formations that well, which meant he couldn’t recover the broken formation. Otherwise, it would have been of great use to him.

That absolute ground blood saint was extremely careful, and he would stop to look around sometimes to make sure no monks were following him.

The blood saint stopped moving forward after arriving beside an ancient tree with a diameter of fifteen feet. He then took out a jade bottle and said, “Blood general, my Lord, I went back to the military camp myself to bring a saint pill cure. It might be able to dissolve the poison of the Jinbian giant python in your body.”

Hua.

A trace of black mist dived on the ground, condensing into a beautiful person. She was wearing a black robe and a veil.

There were wicked and mysterious forces coming out of her.

Zhang Ruochen recognized her with a simple look. She was Zhu Qingyi, a disciple of Zhongying King.

He could see the breasts of Zhu Qingyi even through that giant robe. Zhu Qingyi looked exhausted.

If a saint looked exhausted from the outside, that only meant the body of the saint soul of that saint was wrecked.

Zhu Qingyi asked, “Does the vice-leader know what’s going on in Xianji Mountain? When is he coming?”

That absolute ground blood saint answered, “Our vice-leader ran into an incredible enemy, so he can’t get here anytime soon.”

“No matter. There aren’t any powerful beings in Xianji Mountain now. As long as I dissolve the toxins in my body, I can handle them.”

Zhu Qingyi reached her hand forward, and a trace of holy Qi spilled out, grabbing the jade bottle in that blood saint’s hand.

However, something strange happened.

A whirlpool showed up, and that jade bottle that contained the saint pill cure vanished.

“Who is it!” Zhu Qing yelled.

And then, a powerful saint Qi ripple gushed out of her body, shaking the leaves, which fell and turned into ashes before they touched the ground.

“Hou!”

That absolute ground blood saint also yelled and breathed out blood-red mist. A giant blood-red general phantom was formed behind him.

Da Da.

After a short while, Zhang Ruochen, dressed in white, walked out of the mist, holding the jade bottle in his hand. He opened the bottle and took out a white saint pill.

“Ice toad pill. It’s indeed an invaluable healing saint pill.”

Zhang Ruochen put the pill back in the jade bottle. He stared at Zhu Qingyi, who was standing across from him, and said, “Ms. Zhu, you didn’t expect us to meet each other again this soon, did you?”

Zhu Qingyi said, “How dare you rob me of my saint pill. Do you really think I can’t hurt you?”

Zhang Ruochen said, “If you still had your full strength, I’d in no way be your match. As for now, how much power do you still have?”

Zhu Qingyi smiled wickedly and said, “Without your formation, I don’t even need to attack you myself to suppress you. Zangxin Blood Saint, go get him. Don’t kill him so fast, just chop off his legs and arms first.”

Zhu Qingyi had fought Zhang Ruochen before. She knew that his mind power was only at level fifty-two, which meant he was only a Xuanhuang-realm saint.

Zangxin Blood Saint had been trapped in Zhang Ruochen’s formation before, which had almost killed him, so he hated Zhang Ruochen guts.

Now, he wouldn’t hold back, seeing Zhang Ruochen again. He operated that blood-red general phantom that was more than two hundred feet tall, slapping toward Zhang Ruochen with a hand as big as a house.

Hua!

Qing Mo flew up behind Zhang Ruochen, pointed forward, and then, a blue vine flew out of her finger, winding around the general phantom of that blood-red general.

Peng.

The blood-red general couldn’t handle the strength of the vine. It exploded, turning into a cluster of bloody mist.

Zang Xin Blood Saint stared at Qing Mo and said, “You’re not human?”

Qing Mo grew more confident after she broke the attack skills of Zang Xin Blood Saint. She said, “It’s none of your business. You must defeat me if you want to fight my lord.”

“You?”

Zang Xin Blood Saint had refined for more than six hundred years, and he had a great reputation in the north. He would in no way consider a girl his equal.

Hong Long.

Zang Xin Blood Saint trampled the ground, and then, dozens of blood-red engravings spread toward Qing Mo, centering on his feet.

Qing Mo also wielded dozens of vines, clashing with the blood-red engravings from Zang Xin Blood Saint, making rumbling sounds. The ancient towering trees were all knocked down, turning into dust.

However, some of the formations in the forest were activated, forming defense power to stop their destruction Qi from spreading.

Zhang Ruochen had been staring at Zhu Qingyi the whole time. He moved his lips and said, “Qing Mo, finish the fight as soon as possible. That Mrs. Zhu is my main target.”

Qing Mo stopped withholding her power. She took out her silver kitchen knife and slashed forward.

Zang Xin Blood Saint took out a saint weapon to ward it off.

Ci La.

That silver kitchen knife cut the saint weapon in half and slashed Zang Xin Blood Saint, chopping off his left arm. He started to bleed, and he was knocked away by the blade Qi.

“How is this possible...”

Zang Xin Blood Saint couldn't believe that he wasn't able to ward off an attack from a girl.

Zhu Qingyi realized that something was wrong as she realized that she had underestimated Qing Mo. She stopped waiting and reached out her hand, forming a print.

A giant black sword was formed in front of her, and it slashed toward Zhang Ruochen with sword light gleaming behind it.

Zhang Ruochen stood still on the ground, and a lightning ball with a diameter of ten feet was formed, covering his body.

The black sword slashed the lightning ball, making a rumbling sound. Lightning engravings spread everywhere, melting the mud, and there were lava streams left on the ground.

“Is that the power of a heaven pass blood general?”

Zhang Ruochen smiled, pointed forward and hit the tip of the black sword.

Pa!

The black sword was dismantled, and it turned into black evil mist, flowing back to the body of Zhu Qingyi.

Zhang Ruochen was more certain that there was something seriously wrong with the body of Zhu Qingyi; she couldn't even wield ten percent of her power.

There was golden mist around Zhu Qing's forehead, and she looked to be in pain. She said, “Your mind power has reached level fifty-three?”

“That's right,” Zhang Ruochen said.

“If I wasn't poisoned, I could still suppress you even if you had level-fifty-three mind power,” Zhu Qingyi said.

“Perhaps.”

Zhang Ruochen walked toward her and said, “Actually, I'm seriously injured too, so I'm not taking advantage of you. This is a fair fight.”

“Blood Rain Pass God Technique.”

Zang Xin Blood Saint had been severely injured by Qing Mo. He had to make sacrifices to the gods to amplify his power.

The white mist in the sky turned red, and it started to rain, tainting the sky and land red.

The forces coming from Zang Xin Blood Saint became stronger and stronger. His power immediately surpassed absolute ground realm and reached heaven-pass-realm, and it kept growing.

Zhu Qingyi looked pleased. She said, “Kill them both as soon as possible, Zang Xin Blood Saint.”

God-connecting technique was a technique that used lives to sustain itself. Once someone performed it, his power would be increased several, or even ten times.

Zhang Ruochen furrowed his eyebrows and wanted to transmit his voice to Qing Mo.

However, as he looked to Qing Mo, he saw a powerful force coming out of her, together with gleaming silver light.

It was the force that came out of the silver knife.

Qing Mo had activated the original power of the silver kitchen knife, and the power ripples that were let out were stronger than those from Zang Xin Blood Saint.

Chapter 1306 - Prisoner

Translator:

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Editor:

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Kaboom!

The silver kitchen knife hacked down, clashing against Blood Saint Zangxin's attack. A ring of silver energy rippled out. Zhang Ruochen and Zhu Qingyi flew back, breaking various trees and not landing until they were dozens of miles away.

Poof!

Zhang Ruochen spat out blood. Even though he'd used defensive techniques beforehand, he was still hurt.

Zhu Qingyi wasn't well off either. She knelt on the ground and clutched her chest, spitting out blood. The blood wasn't very red. Instead, it had a gold tint. After getting poisoned by the golden cobra, one's blood would gradually turn gold. By the time it was completely gold, the cultivator would die.

Blood Saint Zangxin was killed.

His body was split into fragments by the silver kitchen knife's power. Seeing Qing Mo walk out of the ragged battlefield with the bloody knife, Zhu Qingyi lost all hope.

The girl was very strong and could definitely fight against Heaven Pass Realm Saints. Zhu Qingyi had been completely fooled by her harmless appearance.

"You two, one is better at acting than the last."

Zhu Qingyi was furious, thinking that Zhang Ruochen and Qing Mo were liars. They clearly possessed great power but pretended to be weak. They didn't have the powerful aura Saints should have.

Whoosh!

Zhu Qingyi didn't continue fighting against these two liars. Using a physical technique, she transformed into a dozen beams of black Qi and flew into the white fog.

"This is the best chance to attack her. I can't let her escape. If she dissolves the poison within her, there'll be endless future dangers."

Zhang Ruochen's injuries accumulated. He could only clench his teeth. Gathering the last of his power, he grabbed forward and used the Spatial Twist.

Zhu Qingyi fell from the sky with a thud. She landed pathetically on the empty space between Zhang Ruochen and Qing Mo.

Zhang Ruochen had used all his power. He could only sit on the ground to recover.

Qing Mo pressed her hands forward. Her fingers and arms turned into vines burning with Wuliang Divine Fire and wrapped around Zhu Qingyi.

"I am a Heaven Pass Blood General. How can I lose to you?"

Zhu Qingyi was very skilled. Blood-red light poured out of her. She snapped all the vines with a boom and pointed at Qing Mo's chest.

Boom!

Qing Mo didn't have enough battle experience and was caught off guard. She spat out blood from the hit and flew backward. Heavily injured, she landed on the ground, creating a dozen-meter-wide ditch.

Of course, Zhu Qingyi had also used up all her power for this attack. She fell to the ground and gasped for breath. After struggling many times, she still couldn't get back up.

The three were all heavily injured and there was no winner.

Zhang Ruochen sat cross-legged on the ground. He couldn't move, but his Spiritual Power wasn't affected. Forming a lightning ball, he hit Zhu Qingyi and knocked her out.

By the time she woke up again, she discovered that her arms and legs were shackled with heavy and cold metal chains. She used force to try and break the chains on her arms.

Sizzle.

Thunder fire poured out of the chains, hitting her. She curled up on the ground and convulsed in pain. However, she had a strong will and didn't cry out.

A young man's voice sounded in her ears. "These are the chains that you Immortal Vampires use on human Saints. It doesn't feel good on yourself, right?"

Zhu Qingyi raised her head. Looking at Zhang Ruochen, she said coldly, "Why don't you just kill me? You should know that you won't get anything valuable out of my mouth."

Sitting on a stone, Zhang Ruochen smiled faintly. "You think that I didn't kill you because I want to learn secrets from you?"

"Do you not?" Zhu Qingyi was surprised. Then a sneer appeared in her eyes. "Or do you have your eyes on my body?"

"Are you pretty?"

Zhang Ruochen reached out and touched the back of her ears. He took off the black veil, revealing a cold, mesmerizing, and demonic face. She was definitely a one-in-a-million beauty. Barely any of the Immortal Vampire beauties Zhang Ruochen had seen before could compare to her.

"Not bad," he said coolly.

Zhu Qingyi didn't really care about her looks, but hearing Zhang Ruochen's comment, she was still frustrated. The top beauty of the Qingtian Tribe was only "not bad."

"I've killed girls more beautiful than you," Zhang Ruochen said. "So your features and body really aren't very attractive to me."

"That means there's something else that's attractive," Zhu Qingyi said, sneering.

Zhang Ruochen didn't refute that. "Beauty is a natural advantage. At least, looking at beauty is enjoyable."

"Why exactly did you spare my life?" Zhu Qingyi asked, voice low.

"Obviously to sell you," Zhang Ruochen said. "Perhaps I can get a good price."

Zhu Qingyi didn't believe that it would be this simple. "Sell to whom?"

"Situ Fengcheng," Zhang Ruochen said seriously. He didn't seem to be joking.

Zhu Qingyi was a very intelligent woman. She immediately understood. "What do you want to get from him?" she asked.

"Fentian Sword." Zhang Ruochen's eyes shone with sharp light.

Zhu Qingyi had a shocked expression. She had a general idea about Zhang Ruochen's identity. "You're from the Pluto Sword Tomb?"

"Yes and no. Anyway, the Fentian Sword shouldn't be in the hands of the Immortal Vampires. I must take it back."

"Haha," Zhu Qingyi laughed out loud as if laughing at Zhang Ruochen's ignorance. "I must admit that you're powerful. However, trying to take the Fentian Sword from Situ Fengcheng is suicide. He can squash you with a finger."

When she mentioned Situ Fengcheng, her cold eyes actually had a tinge of worship and idolization. To Zhu Qingyi, Situ Fengcheng was like a god. No one could defeat him. Thus, she thought Zhang Ruochen's words were a joke.

"If you don't kill me today, you'll regret it in the future." Zhu Qingyi's lips curled up into a beautiful and sinister smile.

Zhang Ruochen didn't care. In his opinion, the Fentian Sword's value far surpassed Zhu Qingyi. He was also interested in Situ Fengcheng. How strong must he be to steal the Fentian Sword from Martial Saint Canglan?

Of course, he had to reconnect his three meridians before exchanging for the Fentian Sword. He could only fight freely after recovering.

A mass of golden fog crept soundlessly toward Zhang Ruochen, Qing Mo and Zhu Qingyi. Zhang Ruochen was on high alert. Sensing the dangerous aura, he asked coldly, “Who is it?”

A strange cry came out of the fog.

Seeing the golden fog, fear filled Zhu Qingyi’s eyes. “It’s the golden cobra. It’s already nearby. You can’t defeat it with your abilities. Give me the Ice Chan Pill. Only after I dissolve the poison within me and recover my abilities can I defeat it. Otherwise, we’ll all die here.”

Zhang Ruochen ignored her. He knocked her out with a thud.

“Lord... what do we do now... Is it really the golden cobra?” Qing Mo grasped the silver kitchen knife, hands trembling. She hid behind Zhang Ruochen.

Zhang Ruochen felt speechless. “Your cultivation is so strong. Why are you afraid? Even if you can’t defeat the golden cobra, it’s not hard to escape. If you really can’t, then just turn it into an ingredient. A dish made from the golden cobra must be delicious.”

“Really?” Qing Mo asked.

“The more poisonous, the more delicious, right?”

“That’s true.” Qing Mo’s eyes brightened. She nodded firmly and the fear disappeared. She grew spirited instead.

Whoosh!

Qing Mo released the Wuliang Divine Fire, forming a wall of fire. It stopped the creeping poisonous miasma. Her silver kitchen knife spun without stop, shining with brighter and brighter light.

Zhang Ruochen discovered that Qing Mo’s aura had changed completely. There wasn’t a bit of fear left. Now, she looked excited like she’d eat the golden cobra just like that.

Her eyes had turned green. Like two saintly gems, her gaze pierced the golden fog. She saw a portion of the cobra's body and streaked over in a beam of light.

“Golden cobra, come out to die!”

The silver kitchen knife shone with blinding light. It activated its origin power, broke apart the golden fog, and hit the golden cobra, creating a deep gash.

The golden cobra was huge and even thicker than a millstone. Each scale was the size of a large fan. It raised its triangular head and hissed loudly, spitting out toxic golden fog.

Qing Mo had the Wuliang Divine Fire for protection. She didn't fear the poison. Holding the silver kitchen knife, she cut down at the cobra's neck, wanting to behead it.

In her opinion, the head was the best part of the snake.

There was a pair of huge wings on the cobra's back, with sharp claws on the wings. One claw slapped forward, hitting the side of the silver knife. It threw Qing Mo and the silver kitchen knife back.

Qing Mo returned to Zhang Ruochen's side. Looking at the huge creature above her, she found it troublesome. “I can't defeat it. Never mind, maybe super poisonous snakes don't taste good. Let's escape?”

Zhang Ruochen didn't escape. Looking behind the golden cobra, he said, “Senior Gu Songzi, I am a friend of the Crazy Alcoholic. He told me to come find you. I hope you are willing to appear and meet me.”

As he spoke, he took out the yellow jade that the Crazy Alcoholic had given him. Holding it in his palm, he held it over his head.

Chapter 1307 - A Chance

Translator:

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Editor:

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The Jinfu giant python had an enormous body, and its head was as large as a palace. It looked down at Zhang Ruochen and Qing Mo and raised its sharp claws, giving out terrifying light.

“Wait.”

There came an ancient voice.

The Jinfu giant python stopped moving and attacking Zhang Ruochen and Qing Mo.

A stooped old man walked out of the golden poisonous mist. He was wearing a white robe with wrinkles all over his face. The hair on the top of his head was completely gone, and the rest was braided.

Gu Songzi had deep-set eyes, and his eyeballs were small like soybeans. He reached out his hand and grabbed the ancient yellow jade in Zhang Ruochen's hand.

After looking at it for a while, Gu Songzi recalled something and snorted, “That's who you were talking about. Why did he ask you to come here?”

Zhang Ruochen said, “To be honest, I've been severely injured, and all three meridians in my body have been crushed. The Crazy Alcoholic said that you might be able to heal me.”

Gu Songzi had a bad temper. He sneered, “If all your meridians have been crushed, then you're totally screwed. There's no need to treat you.”

“How dare you talk like this...”

Qing Mo was irritated. She wanted to argue with him, yet she was stopped by Zhang Ruochen.

He wanted help from Gu Songzi, so he had to be very humble. Besides, he was already mentally prepared for the fact that it would be difficult to get along with someone like Gu Songzi, who had been secluding himself for hundreds of years.

Zhang Ruochen held his fists together and said, ‘If even you can’t heal my meridians, then I have to go somewhere else to have a try.’”

“Haha, you’re too naïve. If I can’t reconnect your meridians, then no one in the world is able to do that.” Gu Songzi strolled his beard and spoke with pride.

Zhang Ruochen had hope and couldn’t help looking pleased. He said, “That means you can help me reconnect my meridians?”

Gu Songzi didn’t answer the question directly. He said, “Even if I can do that, why would I help you?”

Zhang Ruochen said, “The Crazy Alcoholic said you guys are confidants...”

Gu Songzi stopped Zhang Ruochen from talking and said, “He only told you part of the story. We used to be confidants, but now, he doesn’t even dare come see me himself.”

Zhang Ruochen’s heart skipped a beat as he reckoned he’d been tricked by the Crazy Alcoholic.

Gu Songzi said, “If someone else had trespassed in my place, he would be dead already. Lucky for you, I’m not without empathy. I’ll give you a chance as I used to be friends with the Crazy Alcoholic.”

Zhang Ruochen said, “What chance?”

“Xianji Mountain used to be the headquarters of Xianji Sect, the dominating power of the north during the ancient times. Xianji Sect was famous for its pills, and it planted countless scarce saint pills. That catastrophe during the end of the ancient times annihilated Xianji Sect, but there were still some saint pills remaining,” Gu Songzi said.

Zhang Ruochen said, “Saint pills that survived until today from the ancient times?”

Gu Songzi nodded, and his eyes gleamed.

Normally, a saint pill matured after growing for ten thousand years. It'd been a hundred thousand years since the end of the ancient times. If there were some saint pills that had survived till now, they were definitely invaluable and would be craved by creatures at the state of saint.

“If you can get one for me, I'll definitely help you reconnect your meridians.”

Gu Songzi had been staying in Xianji Mountain for a hundred thousand years, yet even he had failed to get a saint pill that was a hundred thousand years old, which meant either those saint pills were growing in immensely dangerous places, or there were some other unknown reasons.

Zhang Ruochen didn't say yes immediately. He thought for a while and said, “If even you can't get the pills, who am I to get them?”

Gu Songzi shook his head and said, “I do have great mind power, however, I devoted my time to pill inscriptions. I might not be as powerful as the girl beside you. Only those with great strength and luck can get a saint pill that's a hundred thousand years old.”

Zhang Ruochen said, “If you promise to heal me after I get you the saint pills, I can go have a try.”

Gu Songzi was a bit irritated. “Do you really think I need to trick someone whose mind power is only at level fifty-three?”

Zhang Ruochen's mind power was already at level fifty-three, yet he was still looked down upon?

If someone else said so, Zhang Ruochen would think he was too arrogant, yet he was okay with a pill saint saying this.

Even for the weakest pill saints, their mind power had reached level fifty-five.

Zhang Ruochen asked, “Who are you?”

“The Crazy Alcoholic didn’t tell you who I am?”

Gu Songzi was a bit surprised, then he smiled and said, “He didn’t tell you who he is either, did he?”

Zhang Ruochen shook his head and said, “A hedge between keeps gentlemen’s friends green. I don’t need to know that much. You don’t know who I am either.”

Go Songzi wasn’t interested in Zhang Ruochen’s identity at all. He smirked. “Gentlemen? He’s no gentleman. He’s a coward.”

He then said, “Actually, I don’t think you’re strong enough to get a saint pill that’s a hundred thousand years old. I just want you to have a try for fun.”

And then, Gu Songzi flew to the top of the head of Jinfu giant python, flying toward the forest. He didn’t even turn around. “Youngster, it’s not too late to opt out.”

Qing Mo murmured, “My lord, that elder must be afraid of something, which is why he doesn’t go take the saint pills himself and is asking us to do the bidding for him. Don’t be tricked by him.”

Zhang Ruochen walked forward and said, “I don’t have any other options. I have to fight for it even if there’s only a slight chance. I don’t have much time left.”

“What do you mean by that?” Qing Mo asked curiously.

“Nothing.”

There were some secrets that Zhang Ruochen refused to reveal.

There were two more cracks on the Universe Spiritual Map in his lower abdomen.

If Zhang Ruochen’s body couldn’t fully recover before the Universe Spiritual Map completely cracked, then his body wouldn’t be able to withhold the Universe World.

If he couldn’t withhold it, then he would die.

The threat of death forced Zhang Ruochen to seize every chance he had, but he refused to tell Qing Mo and Huang

Yanchen that.

After a long silence, Zhang Ruochen said, “Gu Songzi and I are only strangers. I need to give him something back if I want him to reconnect my meridians.”

“What if he breaks his promise after we help him acquire a saint pill that’s a hundred thousand years old?” Qing Mo said.

“That’s his problem. If he’s a liar, then I don’t need to be polite to him anymore.” Zhang Ruochen had his own principles.

Zhang Ruochen wouldn’t turn to other people for help if he could solve his own problems. However, if he had to, he would ask some powerful beings to solve his trouble.

If Zhang Ruochen asked, it was easy to deal with Gu Songzi.

Zhang Ruochen asked Qing Mo, “You’re a Qing Mo Saint Vine that’s been growing for more than forty thousand years, and you can turn into human shape and have harnessed such cultivation. Do you reckon those saint pills that have been grown for a hundred thousand years can also turn into human forms?”

“I’m not sure.”

Qing Mo shook her head and said, “There’re lots of certainties when it comes to refining and shape-changing in plant type creatures. Normally, a saint pill that’s ten thousand years old has some basic intelligence. If it has a human being to guide it, the saint pill can begin refining itself and become stronger. It can only turn into human form after reaching a certain level of strength.

“Aside from some special plant creatures, most of the plants spend a long time refining and improving themselves. It might take them tens of thousands of years to match hundreds of years of a human’s refining.”

Zhang Ruochen said, “You’re not slow in refining.”

“I only got faster after I turned into human form. When I was still a plant, I refined very slowly. I couldn’t even feel that I was becoming stronger,” Qing Mo pouted and said.

Zhang Ruochen said, ‘Will all the plants experience a surge in refining efficiency after turning into a human shape?’

‘Not necessarily. I’m just different from other plants,’ Qing Mo said.

Zhang Ruochen wanted to know more about plant type creatures. He kept asking, ‘How long will it take for plants to refine human forms?’

‘I can’t say for sure. Some of the plants are pretty smart, so it’ll only take them dozens of years to refine human forms, however, some aren’t that sharp, and it might take them more than a hundred thousand years to refine human shapes. Princess once told me that I’m the not-so-sharp type, but I am lucky enough to be ahead of other conventional plants,’ Qing Mo said.

Zhang Ruochen smiled and said, ‘Are you saying a saint pill with intelligence isn’t a threat as long as no human beings guide it?’

‘That’s it.’ Qing Mo nodded.

Zhang Ruochen stopped asking questions as he reckoned he wouldn’t get more valuable information from Qing Mo.

Jinfu giant python only stopped after arriving at the edge of a lake. It kept its head down, and then, Gu Songzi walked down from the top of its head.

‘This is called Yuan Lake, and the island at the center is called Wuyuan Island. A famous being used to live on the island during the ancient times. He was called Wuyuan Supreme Saint. Perhaps you haven’t heard of him before, but he was ranked top three on the alchemist list. Countless alchemists regarded him as their ancestral teacher, calling him medicinal saint, pill ancestor. They worshipped his statue every day. Hua Divine Pill was created by him.’

Gu Songzi couldn’t help admiring the supreme saint, however, when he looked to the island at the center, he was sort of intimidated.

Chapter 1308 - Information Leaked

Translator:

Larbre Studio

Editor:

Larbre Studio

“On Wuyuan Island, there’s a 100,000-year-old saintly medicine called Thousand-leaf Saint Heart Grass. It was planted personally by Supreme Saint Wuyuan. If you bring it out of Yuan Lake and into my hands, I’ll definitely help you connect the three meridians.”

With that, Gu Songzi and the golden cobra left.

“Thousand-leaf Saint Heart Grass,” Zhang Ruochen repeated.

“Lord, did you see?” Qing Mo asked softly. “That guy seems to be afraid of something. Yuan Lake and Wuyuan Island must be extremely dangerous. He doesn’t dare go himself, so he wants us to take the risk. He really has everything figured out.”

“You can see that? I feel like you’re pretty smart.” Zhang Ruochen studied Qing Mo and chuckled. “Actually, we don’t have to go ourselves either. We can have her test the river for any dangers first.”

Zhang Ruochen woke Zhu Qingyi up and undid the chains on her arms and legs.

“Die!”

As soon as she was freed, Zhu Qingyi activated Holy Qi and formed a handprint, striking Zhang Ruochen. However, Zhu Qingyi was poisoned and hurt. She was very weak. How could she hurt Zhang Ruochen?

Zhang Ruochen flicked his finger. A bolt of lightning flew out, hitting Zhu Qingyi. She fell to the ground again.

Zhang Ruochen would never show mercy against Immortal Vampires. At the same time, he believed that if he fell into Zhu Qingyi's hands, his result would be even worse.

"I swear, if you fall into my hands one day, you'll die an even more tragic death."

Zhu Qingyi showed her white teeth. Her pretty eyes were filled with cold murderous intent.

"You aren't without chances to kill me, but you must survive first." Zhang Ruochen was indifferent. "There are two paths before you right now. First, I'll kill you. Second, you go to the island in the middle of the lake and collect a saintly medicine for me."

Zhu Qingyi knew she didn't have any choices. She didn't want to die yet, so she asked, "What place is it? What dangers are in the lake?"

"You're not qualified to ask questions," Zhang Ruochen said. "If you follow my orders, you'll live, naturally."

Zhu Qingyi stood up again. She activated her Holy Qi to her feet. It formed a black cloud of Qi. Then, stepping on the water, she walked toward the island.

Qing Mo widened her eyes, feeling incredulous. "She followed your orders without fighting back!"

After fighting with Zhu Qingyi a few times, Qing Mo felt like she was a horrible demoness. She had advanced cultivation and cruel tactics. It was impossible to defeat her.

Who would've thought that only a few days later, this demoness would become their prisoner and completely surrender?

"She's not following my orders voluntarily," Zhang Ruochen said. "She only wants to save herself. Plus, she's probably thinking about how to break free right now. She might escape at any moment."

"I won't let her escape."

Qing Mo took out the silver kitchen knife. Widening her eyes, she stared unblinkingly at Zhu Qingyi. If the demoness dared to escape, she would unleash the kitchen knife immediately.

This lake stretched for hundreds of miles. The water was clear and green lotuses floated on it. There was a layer of white fog on the surface, making it look serene without any dangers.

After walking around 2,000 meters into the lake, Zhu Qingyi felt like her chance was here. She manipulated the remaining bits of Holy Qi she had and rushed forward, preparing to circumvent the island and escape.

“No, she indeed wants to escape.”

Qing Mo was about to take out the silver knife, but Zhang Ruochen stopped her. “Wait a bit more.”

Zhang Ruochen stared at Zhu Qingyi’s backside. She got further and further from land but closer and closer to the island.

“When I dissolve the poison in myself,” Zhu Qingyi yelled coldly, “I’ll definitely come back to capture you personally. I’ll use 100 ways to torture you, making you wish you were dead!”

When she was around ten miles from the island, she suddenly changed direction, preparing to go from the island’s right side.

Suddenly, a change occurred.

A whirlpool appeared under Zhu Qingyi’s feet. As if falling into quicksand, she sank in without control.

Crack!

Thick bolts of purple lightning condensed automatically in the sky, striking her body. She let out a muffled cry. Her body turned scorched black and blood flowed out of her lips. It was ineffably tragic.

A second bolt of lightning struck.

And a third.

...

Because she was in the whirlpool, she seemed to be frozen. She couldn't move at all and could only be struck by lightning. After the seventh bolt, she was bleeding from every opening. Unable to take it anymore, she passed out and her body sank to the bottom of the lake.

Whoosh!

Zhang Ruochen extended a finger. The water Qi on the lake condensed into a white chain of Qi. It flew over, wrapped around Zhu Qingyi's waist and rescued her.

Zhang Ruochen stared at Zhu Qingyi on the ground. A bit moved, he murmured to himself, "She suffered seven bolts of lightning and almost died tragically, but she didn't ask for help. She isn't the typical kind of stubborn. No wonder the imperial court keeps losing against the Immortal Vampires. They indeed have many strong and talented figures."

Qing Mo inhaled sharply. "This river is indeed dangerous. It's not as calm as it looks."

"It must be the remnants of a formation from the ancient times. Supreme Saint Wuyuan may have set it up personally. Zhu Qingyi's previous route should be safe. She only activated the formation within ten miles of the island."

Zhang Ruochen stared at the calmed lake and memorized Zhu Qingyi's previous path.

"But there are still ten miles. If we activate the formation... With our cultivation, we won't be able to take the lightning strikes."

Qing Mo stuck her tongue out. She thought the lake was too dangerous. It was a formation set up by a Supreme Saint in the middle ages. Could they really break through with their cultivation?

If they take this step, they might never return.

"Then I'll have her find a safe path for us."

Zhang Ruochen took out a healing pill and fed it into Zhu Qingyi's mouth. Zhu Qingyi was a Heaven Pass Blood General, after all. Her cultivation was very advanced. A while

later, she woke up again. Her injuries had healed around 60 to 70%.

She stared at Yuan Lake with fear. “What place is this?” she asked.

“A very dangerous place.” Instead of explaining further, Zhang Ruochen said, “Go find a safe path for me. I must go onto that small island.”

“I’m not going.” Zhu Qingyi was going crazy. It felt like her ego was being insulted. She didn’t want to keep being used by Zhang Ruochen.

“With my current Spiritual Power abilities,” Zhang Ruochen said indifferently, “I can wipe away your memories and make you a puppet that I control. You should know what to do now, right?”

“You...”

“This time, I’ll go with you,” Zhang Ruochen said. “Don’t worry. I’ll do my best to keep you alive. After all, you’re still valuable to me.”

Whether Zhu Qingyi really wanted to take revenge or was worried that Zhang Ruochen would erase her memory, she agreed in the end. She continued to search for the path.

Zhu Qingyi walked in the front. Zhang Ruochen and Qing Mo walked behind her. They stayed around 100 feet away from her, following carefully.

Qing Mo sent a telepathic message to Zhang Ruochen. “Why don’t you just wipe her memory so she’ll willingly test the path for us?”

“First, her will is very strong. I’m not fully confident in wiping her memory. Second, Situ Fengcheng won’t exchange the Fentian Sword for a Zhu Qingyi with memory loss.”

Next, they tried more than ten times. Zhu Qingyi was struck by the formation more than ten times and almost died each time. Finally, they found a safe path and neared Wuyuan Island.

Zhu Qingyi was tortured physically and mentally. No matter how strong her will was, she was already close to breaking down.

Before, she thought that humans were two-legged sheep. She could kill them at will and drink their blood, raising them like pigs and cows.

After meeting this human Spiritual Power Saint, everything changed. Instead, she became a two-legged sheep, while the other was like a wolf. He tortured her, leaving horrifying shadows in her mind.

Zhang Ruochen took out a piece of spiritual paper and drew the safe path. He also noted the places that could activate the formation.

“When we enter Wuyuan Island, there might be more dangers.” Zhang Ruochen trained his eyes on Zhu Qingyi.

Meeting his eyes, fear flashed past deep in Zhu Qingyi’s eyes. “I won’t continue to help you find the path. Kill me!”

“Oh?”

Zhang Ruochen’s ears twitched. He heard three sounds of wind coming from the distance. They didn’t stop until they reached the bank of Yuan Lake.

Three Saints in black robes appeared on the shore. They radiated evil Qi, making the air turn colder.

“I heard that Wuyuan Island has a Thousand-leaf Saint Heart Grass that has grown for 100,000 years. It’s the main medicine used for the Hua Divine Pill. I wonder if it’s true.”

“This news has already spread on Xianji Mountain. It can’t be false.”

The black-robed Saint at the front looked relatively young—around 30 years old. There were many belts on his waist. The belts were densely carved with runes and shone with silver light. It was obviously a powerful saint weapon.

He glanced at Zhang Ruochen’s trio. Eyes hardening, he said, “Someone actually got here before us.”

“Saints from the Black Market Excellence Hall.” Zhang Ruochen saw the Black Market Excellence Hall symbol on the sleeves of the three black-robed Saints, thus identifying them.

The three were extremely strong. The lead Saint was already in the Heaven Pass Realm. He was definitely a famous figure.

Whoosh, whoosh.

More wind sounds came one after another. More and more Saints arrived at the riverbank. They’d all heard the news and come to take the Thousand-leaf Saint Heart Grass.

Who had spread the information?

Chapter 1309 - A Target of All

Translator:

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Editor:

Larbre Studio

After fifteen minutes, more than ten great beings at the state of saint showed up beside the lake. Some of them came alone, while some were in a group of four or five.

Aside from Martial Market Bank, whose power was spread everywhere, powerful beings from Black Market Excellence Hall, Moon Worship Demonic Sect and some of the top-tier powers in the north, like Xinsu Sect, one of the seven ancient sects, and Four Symbols Sect, one of the three streams of Taichi Sect, were also here.

There were dozens of human saints on a small island, and every one of them was prominent. Indeed, it was a gathering of a large group of great beings.

Which meant a saint pill that was a hundred thousand years old was very attractive.

“How did they learn about it so quickly. We haven’t even gotten on the island, yet they’re all here already,” Qing Mo said.

It wasn’t easy to pick a Thousand Leaves Saint Core Grass, and now that there were so many of them, it would be more difficult.

Zhang Ruochen smiled and said, “Who else can it be?”

Qing Mo’s eyes glinted and she opened her mouth wide. She said, “Are you saying it’s Gu Songzi who leaked the information?”

“No one else.”

“But why would he do that? Wasn’t he afraid some other powers would get the Thousand Leaves Saint Core Grass?”
Qing Mo was confused.

Zhang Ruochen said, “It only means one thing: that it’s actually harder to get Thousand Leaves Saint Core Grass than we thought. Gu Songzi led them here because he wanted them to die.”

“That old guy is so wicked,” Qing Mo sneered.

Meanwhile, a purple-caped elder flew to Yuan Island, as he thought he was strong enough.

He was the vice leader of a super sect in the north. He was almost five hundred years old with tremendous power. Unfortunately, he was dying, so he had to try to get the Thousand Leaves Saint Core Grass to make his life longer.

“If I can get the Thousand Leaves Saint Core Grass, my cultivation will surge, and my life will be made much longer.”

The eyes of that purple-caped elder gleamed, and purple mist gushed out of his body, shaking the space around him, yet the water in Yuan Lake was like metal, and there weren’t even ripples while bearing such saint might destruction Qi.

The purple-caped elder sensed the power of that lake, so he tried to retreat.

Hong Long.

Engravings emerged in the sky, forming a huge lightning network, covering him completely.

“There’s a killing ground...”

The purple-caped elder yelled and wielded four saint weapons at the same time. The purple mist coming out of his body became denser as he wanted to tear that lightning net apart.

Peng Peng. Cracking sounds came from Yuan Lake.

All four saint weapons exploded, and then, the body of that purple-caped elder also exploded, turning into bloody mist.

A vice sect leader had been killed.

All the saints' hearts skipped a beat after witnessing something so horrifying.

“Han Fujū is an absolute ground saint, yet he was still killed that easily?”

“What kind of killing ground is that? Even a saint can't resist it.”

The leader of Black Market Excellence Hall sneered, “Yuan Lake was where Wuyuan Supreme Saint lived before. Do you really think it's so easy to get it? Even some random formation inscriptions from the supreme saint could have terrifying killing might.”

A supreme saint had immense power which couldn't be envisioned by saints. Obviously, Wuyuan Supreme Saint had left a killing ground here, and after a hundred thousand years, the killing ground had become rugged and lost most of its power.

However, Yuan Lake was still an extremely dangerous place.

All the saints calmed themselves down and started to talk about ways to break the killing ground.

Four saints from Martial Market Bank entered Xianji Mountain. The most powerful one was called Qiu Lanshan, and he had reached Heaven Pass Realm. He was one of the leaders of the Northern Region Saint Academy.

As for the other three, two of them were elders who had reached Xuanhuang Realm, and one of them was Xue Shen, a young rising star.

Xue Shen looked sharp and handsome. He had reached the state of saint before turning a hundred years old.

Xu Shen was observing the environment after coming to Yuan Lake. He was young but experienced.

Xue Shen looked at Zhu Qingyi, and he looked startled and frightened.

He then moved his lips and whispered to Qiu Lanshan and the two elders at Xuanhuang Realm. One of the Xuanhuang elders yelled, "How is that possible?"

All the four great beings from Martial Market Bank stared at Zhu Qingyi, and then, they looked to Zhang Ruochen and Qing Mo.

"It must be that she-devil. Though she's not wearing a veil, she has very similar forces."

"She looks feeble. Was she injured?"

"There's a layer of gold on the skin of that she-devil. She must've been poisoned by Jinfu giant python. What a great opportunity. I'll kill her today to avenge the monks killed by her today." Qiu Lanshan looked hostile.

Zhang Ruochen sensed that someone was staring at him. He then saw four saints from Martial Market Bank dashing toward him.

"Die, she-devil!"

Xue Shen pulled out a blue saint sword that was five feet long and let out enormous saint might, wielding the saint sword, hitting toward the chest of Zhu Qingyi.

Those traces of sword Qi covered both Zhang Ruochen and Qing Mo.

Zhang Ruochen furrowed his eyebrows and pointed forward. A circular lightning shield was formed, warding off the blue saint sword.

Qing Mo didn't expect them to make attacks without any warning. She yelled, "What are you guys doing?"

There were great offensive forces in the voice, which formed sound ripples, knocking Xue Shen away until he retreated back to the saint soul domain of Qiu Lanshan.

The hat Xue Shen was wearing also cracked, and he looked awkward.

Qing Mo didn't want to hurt anyone, so she had only used ten percent of her power, otherwise, Xue Shen wouldn't have been

able to stand now.

Xue Shen was the youngest saint from Northern Region Saint Academy, and he wasn't afraid of anyone, yet he was knocked away by a sixteen-year-old girl. He couldn't have been more shocked.

All the monks at the lakeshore were started by Qing Mo's shouting. They all looked to her.

Qiu Lanshan stared at Qing Mo and said, "It's incredible that an alien like you can become so powerful. Unfortunately, you chose to side with immortal vampires. You're being suicidal."

"Who're you calling an alien?"

Qing Mo's eyes turned cold as she was furious. There were blue flames coming out of her body.

As a plant type creature, she already felt marginalized in the human world. She was so triggered after hearing someone call her an alien.

Qiu Lanshan snorted, "You're not a human being, and now, you've joined the immortal vampires. Am I wrong saying you're an alien?"

The human monks also became hostile after hearing 'immortal vampires.' They all rushed toward Zhang Ruochen, Qing Mo and Zhu Qingyi.

Zhang Ruochen realized that there were some misunderstandings. He frowned and said, "Who told you I've joined the immortal vampires? Don't falsely accuse us."

Xue Shen said, "That woman behind you is Zhu Qingyi, the she-devil from Qingtian Tribe. Countless human monks were killed by her, including the seventh leader of Northern Region Saint Academy."

"Zhu Qingyi."

Everyone at the lakeshore was startled. Some of them even took a few steps back.

Zhu Qingyi was a force to be reckoned with among the immortal vampires. More than ten human saints had been

killed by her.

A silver-hat elder from Xingsu Sect started at Zhu Qingyi and said, “She’s indeed the she-devil. I’ve fought her before. If I didn’t use Escape Secret Technique, I would’ve been killed already.”

After confirming she was Zhu Qingyi, the sense of killing from the human saints became stronger. They wanted to tear her apart.

Zhu Qingyi loved to see something like this happen. She smiled and grabbed Zhang Ruochen’s chest, putting her face to his face. “The poison of Jinfu giant python has penetrated my meridians and saint meridians. I can’t mobilize holy Qi. If they want to kill me, I won’t be able to defend myself. You’ve got to protect me.”

“You have no shame.”

Qing Mo grabbed the hair of Zhu Qingyi and threw her on the ground.

Zhu Qingyi spit out blood, lying on the ground. However, she was still smiling.

Zhang Ruochen looked to everyone and said, “Believe it or not, she’s indeed the she-devil from the immortal vampire race, but now, she’s also being held captive by me. You need to go through me if you want to kill her.”

Qiu Lanshan sneered, “Zhu Qingyi is incredibly powerful. How could she be rendered your prisoner? You’re overestimating yourself.”

“You put on such a crappy show. You’ve defected to the immortal vampires, yet you’re trying to deceive us.”

Xue Shen said, “If I were you, I would’ve killed her the second I got her, then I’d exchange her for the military points and refining resources from the imperial government. You not only kept her alive, but also are stopping us from killing her. Are you tempted by her beauty? Or have you really defected to the immortal vampire race.”

Zhang Ruochen glanced at him and said, “You’re so short-sighted that you only want to exchange her for military points and refining resources. As for me, I can exchange her life for something far more important. We have different outlooks, so we certainly have different ways of thinking.”

“Are you calling me short-sighted?”

Xue Shen was extremely proud of himself. After hearing what Zhang Ruochen said, he was so furious that he was shivering.

“That’s right, you’re like a frog at the bottom of a well,” Zhang Ruochen said.

Chapter 1310 - Three

Heaven Pass Blood Generals

Here

Translator:

Larbre Studio

Editor:

Larbre Studio

Someone who reached the Saint Realm before 100 years old was definitely a true genius. But being called an ignorant fool, Xue Cheng was so mad that his hair stood up straight. Fire shot out of his head.

He put his hands together and the blue saint sword flying above his head trembled violently. Thousands upon thousands of Sword Qi were unleashed.

However, Qiu Lanshan stopped him. “He’s not your opponent. Step down.”

“Headmaster, I won’t surrender.” Xue Cheng’s eyes were bloodshot. He was unwilling to put his sword back.

A ring of invisible power flowed out of Qiu Lanshan’s body, restraining Xue Cheng. Then he looked at Zhang Ruochen with authoritative eyes.

“Something you said earlier was true. ‘One shouldn’t speak mindlessly.’ Do you know how damaging it is to a Saint’s reputation to be called ignorant? Xue Cheng is unwilling to surrender and I am too. You said you can use Zhu Qingyi’s life to exchange for something more important. What is that more important thing?”

“I cannot tell you,” Zhang Ruochen said.

Qiu Lanshan wasn’t someone with an advanced mindset. Hearing Zhang Ruochen’s reply, he was furious. This mere

junior wouldn't listen to him.

"I don't care if you've sided with the Immortal Vampires or not. But since you're stopping us from killing Zhu Qingyi, then you are an enemy of the human race."

Qiu Lanshan no longer acted polite. He extended two fingers and formed a sword technique. Strong sword intent grouped over from the north, south, east and west. It formed a sword territory, trapping Zhang Ruochen so he couldn't escape.

Zhang Ruochen nodded. "Not bad attainment in the Sword Way to complete Sword Four."

Sword Four represented the four directions. With Zhang Ruochen's attainment in the Sword Way, he could easily see Qiu Lanshan's level.

Whoosh!

A tiny grain of Sword Qi spun quickly on Qiu Lanshan's finger. It formed four rings of saintly light. Then it transformed into a string of Sword Qi and attacked Zhang Ruochen's forehead.

This was a fatal strike to take Zhang Ruochen's life.

Zhang Ruochen furrowed his brows. This person was going to kill him without even getting clear about the truth. This kind of behavior was blood-chilling.

"How dare you?" Qing Mo pressed forward with both palms.

Dazzling silver light radiated from her palms. A kitchen knife spun quickly, forming a whirlpool of silver Qi.

Kaboom.

The Sword Qi hit the center of the whirlpool with an intense clash. Both people shot back at the same time, putting a great distance between them. The other human Saints were also affected by the sword and broadsword Qi and retreated into the distance.

Qiu Lanshan was incredulous. He hadn't expected that this weak little girl could block a sword he'd struck out with all his might.

The other cultivators were even more shocked.

“She’s just a little servant and has come to a stalemate with Qiu Lanshan. As her master, that mysterious man must be even stronger.”

“No wonder he dared to say Xue Cheng is ignorant. He’s qualified.”

“What is this mysterious man’s background? How come I never knew there’s such a figure in Kunlun’s Field?”

...

The discussions were endless. Qiu Lanshan grew more humiliated. He grabbed in the air and a beam of white light flew out of his forehead, forming a snake-shaped saintly sword.

The leader of the Black Market Excellence Hall was Qiu Lanshan’s rival. Seeing the snake-shaped sword, frightening light flashed past his eyes. Chuckling, he said, “That is the Nether Snake Sword, 84th of the Thousand-pattern Saint Weapon List. Qiu Lanshan is finally using his true abilities.”

Qing Mo wasn’t about to surrender. She activated her Holy Qi and poured it into the silver kitchen knife. She was about to activate the knife’s origin power.

Just then, Zhang Ruochen smelled the scent of blood and looked northward.

A mass of bloody fog rose up to the north of Yuan River. A huge figure sprinted in the fog. Each step would cause a huge boom and shake the earth.

Finally, that giant figure burst out of the bloody fog. Extending a steel fist the size of a water vat, he punched Qiu Lanshan. When the fist print appeared, powerful wind blew through the land, whistling in the air.

Qiu Lanshan’s expression changed. He knew it was a top figure from the Immortal Vampires, so he awoke the Nether Snake Sword. He activated the Destruction of the Thousand Pattern and cut down.

Kaboom.

Thousands of Saintly Way rules wove together on the fist. It shattered all the Sword Qi with unstoppable power and crashed against the Nether Snake Sword.

Qiu Lanshan felt like a steel mountain had crashed against him. He flew back uncontrollably and fell into Yuan Lake. His organs were all dislocated and he felt immense pain.

Such terrifying power, Qiu Lanshan thought.

He saw a 30-foot-tall Blood Saint standing on the riverbank. He wore battle armor and had four blood wings that covered the sky. It felt like looking up at a mountain.

This was Blood Saint Miefeng, the Heaven Pass Blood General of the Motian Tribe. The human Saints present all recognized him and showed fear.

After all, Blood Saint Miefeng's cruelty and infamy were at the same level as Zhu Qingyi.

"You're here just in time. I'll take this chance to kill two Heaven Pass Blood Generals in one go."

Blood Saint Miefeng stood up tall on the riverbank. His strong body was like an indestructible blood tower. The corner of his lip curled up. He had an expression of scorn. "With just you people?"

Another blood cloud came from the distance, hovering at the edge of Yuan Lake. Blood Saint Kongqian, the Heaven Pass Blood General of the Qitian Tribe, flew out of the cloud. He wore golden armor and grasped a golden spear.

Boom.

Blood Saint Kongqian landed on the ground. He radiated with the power of the Saintly Way. The two elders from the Martial City Bank closest to him flew back from his force.

The next moment, Blood Saint Sijian, Heaven Pass Blood General of the Fengtian Tribe, walked out of the forest. He had four arms and each one grasped a saintly sword that shone with cold light.

Three Heaven Pass Blood Generals had arrived at once. Each one was a figure with a horrible reputation. The atmosphere

instantly grew tense.

As for Xue Cheng, he grew pale from fear at seeing Heaven Pass Blood Generals at their strongest state. He hid behind the other human Saints.

Even Qiu Lanshan wasn't as domineering as before. His expression grew serious.

Blood Saint Miefeng didn't care about them. His giant eyes turned toward Zhang Ruochen and Qing Mo. He scoffed.

"Enemies always seem to meet. How have you two been?"

Zhang Ruochen chuckled. "Not bad."

"Hand over Zhu Qingyi and I'll let you die with a complete corpse," Blood Saint Miefeng said.

"I have the wager now. Is this how you'll negotiate with me?"

"Who's negotiating with you? I want you to die."

Blood Saint Miefeng didn't care about Zhu Qingyi's life at all. He was just worried he couldn't explain to Situ Fengcheng and King Zhongying, so he said that.

Since Zhang Ruochen wouldn't let the woman go, he wouldn't say anything else. He sent out a fist print and punched forward.

It must be said that Heaven Pass Blood Generals were no small matter. The moment Blood Saint Miefeng hit out with the fist print, everything in Zhang Ruochen's vision turned blood-red. It was evident that the fist print could slightly alter the rules of the world.

In the distance, Qiu Lanshan's expression turned extremely uncomfortable. Blood Saint Miefeng's fist print was even stronger than his last one. This punch could probably injure him.

Whoosh!

Zhang Ruochen didn't panic. He grabbed in the air and used the Spatial Twist. He pushed Blood Saint Miefeng's fist to the side and it flew away from his right.

Blood Saint Miefeng was shocked. He didn't understand how such a strong punch could swerve to the side. By the time he collected his fist technique and steadied himself, Zhang Ruochen and Qing Mo had already reached Yuan Lake. They were going for the center of Wuyuan Island.

“There are remnants of a formation left by a Supreme Saint in Yuan Lake. They dare to go straight in?”

“They have no other choice. After all, their opponent is Blood Saint Miefeng. They can only choose this path in order to survive in the face of death.”

The human cultivators no longer suspected Zhang Ruochen's identity. However, they felt that he'd made a mistake by going into Yuan Lake. This was undoubtedly suicide.

Blood Saint Miefeng obviously knew that Yuan Lake was dangerous. He hesitated slightly but still chased after them. “If you offend me, death is the only option. It's useless no matter where you run to!”

Zhang Ruochen glanced back. A smile appeared in his eyes. He pointed somewhere in the river.

Whoosh!

The formation was instantly activated. A whirlpool appeared on the surface of the river. Blood Saint Miefeng was right at the edge.

Blood Saint Miefeng's expression changed drastically. He hurriedly circulated Holy Qi to break free from the whirlpool.

However, a bolt of lightning fell from the sky. It struck his neck, leaving a shocking gash. It was fortunate that his physical body was strong and could take it. Otherwise, his head would have been gone from his body.

Blood Saint Miefeng watched as Zhang Ruochen got closer and closer to Wuyuan Island. He was very shocked. This man didn't activate the killing formation, he thought. How can he be so skilled in formations?

After getting hit once, Blood Saint Miefeng didn't dare to keep chasing. He worried that Zhang Ruochen would use the

formation's power against him again.

The human Saints were very shocked. Their eyeballs almost fell out of their sockets.

“Who is this man? How come even the Supreme Saint's formation can't stop him?”

“Even Blood Saint Miefeng suffered. This man's tactics aren't the typical type of wise. No wonder he can capture Zhu Qingyi.”

Xue Cheng gritted his teeth and clenched his fists. His expression grew uglier. He finally realized that the distance between him and Zhang Ruochen was indeed very wide.

On the other hand, Zhang Ruochen and Qing Mo had reached Wuyuan Island.

Chapter 1311 - An Herb Garden

Translator:

Larbre Studio

Editor:

Larbre Studio

Qing Mo stood on Yuan Island, holding Zhu Qingyi with one hand. She turned around and looked to the lakeshore. She said, “My Lord, they’ll definitely land on the island following our route from before. We must go look for Thousand Leaves Saint Core Grass faster.”

“Then we need to create some trouble for them.”

Zhang Ruochen grabbed toward the space, letting out two traces of mind power, which twisted the space structure above the lake.

The safe route was safe no more.

However, the saints outside would be able to find the safe route quickly.

Which was why Zhang Ruochen and Qing Mo still needed to be quick.

They walked to the deeper area of Wuyuan Island, and after a short while, they entered a forest where strange flower fragrances permeated the air. However, there were no flowers in the forest, and instead, the fragrance came from the leaves.

Zhang Ruochen immediately held his breath and said, “Careful, those are Flowerless Illusion Trees, one of the eight illusion trees.”

“What’s an illusion tree?” Qing Mo was confused.

Zhang Ruochen said, “Illusion trees are also botanical creatures. Their fragrance has hallucinogenic toxins. If a monk

inhales it, he will start to hallucinate. Some of the powerful illusion trees can even perform defender formations on a level higher than human illusionists.”

“Those so-called Flowerless Illusion Trees all have flowers. However, when a monk smells them, he will be poisoned and won’t be able to see the flower.”

Qing Mo’s face paled. She said, “Does that mean we’ve already been poisoned?”

“We’re seeing leaves now, which means we aren’t that poisoned,” Zhang Ruochen said.

“Can we see something else?” Qing Mo asked.

“The more illusion toxins we inhale, the worse we’re going to hallucinate, which means we’ll see different things. When we’ve been completely poisoned, we might lose our minds and kill ourselves or be scared to death by our illusions.”

Qing Mo immediately released Wuliang Divine Fire, forming a circular fire reticle, covering her and Zhang Ruochen to protect them from inhaling more illusion toxins.

Zhang Ruochen smiled. “No need to be so tense. We’ve only inhaled a little bit of the illusion toxins. As long as we walk out of the illusion forest, the toxins will be gone.”

This was where a pill saint lived, so naturally, there were lots of hazards in this place. Although Zhang Ruochen was still smiling, he was still cautious.

“Look, my lord. There’s a saint pill.”

Qing Mo pointed somewhere more than fifty feet away.

There was indeed a three-colored saint pill, and it looked like Lingzhi, and it had a diameter of around three feet, covered with three layers of dim saint light.

“It seems that it’s at least thirty thousand years old. Thousand Leaves Saint Core Grass isn’t the only thing on Yuan island. There’re other saint pills as well.”

Qing Mo was originally stepping toward the saint pill, but she stopped after only taking two steps. She asked, “What if it’s

just an illusion?”

Zhang Ruochen found that Qing Mo was getting shrewder. He smiled. “That’s not impossible. We shouldn’t be too greedy. Let’s go straight to the Thousand Leaves Saint Core Grass.”

Qing Mo stared at that saint pill, tempted. She bit her lips and said, “I want to try it so bad.”

She then raised her right arm, and a green vine flew out of her index finger toward that saint pill.

The second the vines touched the saint light around the saint pill, spiritual Qi in the forest trembled, and then, lightning was formed on the ground, ascending.

The vine was immediately turned into dust.

Zhang Ruochen sensed the danger, so he grabbed Qing Mo and Zhu Qingyi, performing lightning-running techniques to flee.

“It’s indeed an illusion.”

Qing Mo patted her chest as she was terrified.

If Zhang Ruochen hadn’t reacted in time, they might’ve been killed already.

“Not necessarily an illusion, but there’re indeed grave dangers around that saint pill. It might be an intersection left by that supreme saint,” Zhang Ruochen said.

“What? There’s a supreme saint formation on this island?”
Qing Mo licked her lips.

Zhang Ruochen said, “Wuyuan Island is at the center of Yuan Lake. If there’s a supreme formation on the lake, then there should be formation inscriptions on the island.”

Zhu Qingyi still had a lingering fear as her mind was crumbling while staying with Zhang Ruochen and Qing Mo. She said, “This is where a supreme saint lived before. Can you guys be more careful and not drag me down with you.”

“Silence.”

Zhang Ruochen shushed her and turned around. He took a look behind them and whispered, "I feel like someone's following us."

Qing Mo put her hand on Zhang Ruochen's forehead and said, "Did you inhale illusion poisons again and hallucinate?"

Zhang Ruochen pushed aside Qing Mo's hand and said, "I'm very sober. We need to be extra careful from now on. This island is just bizarre."

They kept moving forward, and they saw several saint pills in the forest again. Each of them was precious, which would excite any saints.

However, they didn't dare try to pick them up after what happened.

After an hour, Zhang Ruochen and Qing Mo made it out of the Flowerless Illusion Trees Forest, and they saw a huge herb garden, which was more than a thousand square acres in size.

There was a wattled wall around the herb garden, with blue vines winding around it. The leaves were emerald green, glinting with feeble light.

There were herbs planted everywhere in the herb garden. There were vermilion fruits, saint grass that looked like white cranes, and herb flowers with colors of all sorts.

Zhang Ruochen only inhaled the herb fragrance once before he felt much better, recovering his severely injured body.

"This is a treasury left by a pill saint. Even the herb gardens of an ancient sect are nothing compared to this." Qing Mo was amazed.

Zhu Qingyi's eyes gleamed as well.

Whoever got this herb garden could cultivate a large group of great beings with the spiritual herbs and saint pills while improving his cultivation greatly at the same time.

Zhang Ruochen felt a mind power ripple nearby. He yelled, "Who's there?"

Hua.

He waved his arm, and an electric knife flew out.

The mind power ripple a hundred feet away from Zhang Ruochen became stronger, and a translucent human being emerged.

The being became clearer and clearer, and it was a bald elder.

That bald elder chuckled and pressed his palm forward, and flames flew out of his palm, forming a fiery shield that was more than five feet long, warding off the electric knife.

Qing Mo yelled after seeing that bald elder. "How're you here so quick, old man?"

"Old man? Call me senior."

The bald elder couldn't be happier. He was smiling and looking at the herb garden. His eyes were gleaming, and he said, "No wonder you're Descendant of Time and Space. You do have impressive power. Thanks for bringing me here, and now, everything here belongs to me."

That bald elder was Gu Songzi.

He must've been following Zhang Ruochen and Qing Mo. However, his mind power was so great that his forces had been completely covered. Even Zhang Ruochen didn't notice him.

That old man was indeed sneaky.

Zhang Ruochen frowned and said, "How do you know who I am?"

Gu Songzi smiled and said, "The Crazy Alcoholic sent me a message before you came to Xianji Mountain. He asked me to help you no matter what."

"And this was how you helped me?" Zhang Ruochen snorted.

Gu Songzi said, "Why are you so irritated, young man? You brought me here first, so I'll heal you. This is a fair trade. Why would you be unsatisfied?"

Zhang Ruochen shook his head, as he didn't want to argue with Gu Songzi. He could tell that the relationship between the Crazy Alcoholic and Gu Songzi was sour, which was why he needed to make efforts to earn the chance to be healed.

Besides, the Crazy Alcoholic was so not reliable. He told Gu Songzi his identity without worrying that Gu Songzi might rip him off.

Zhang Ruochen said, “Now that I’ve brought you here, shouldn’t you keep your promise?”

“No need to rush. I’ll definitely reconnect your three meridians once I get the Thousand Leaves Saint Core Grass. I’ll keep my word for sure.”

Gu Songzi walked toward the herb garden. Halfway to the garden, he stopped, took out a pill bottle and threw it to Zhang Ruochen. He said, “From now on, this herb garden belongs to me. Don’t step into this herb garden, otherwise, I won’t heal you.”

“How petty,” Qing Mo whispered.

Apparently, Gu Songzi was worried that Zhang Ruochen and Qing Mo might steal the saint pills in the herb garden, or there was something precious in the garden that the elder wanted all for himself.

Zhang Ruochen held the pill bottle and asked, “What’s inside?”

“I did some preparations after getting the message from the Crazy Alcoholic. I made a meridian-healing pill for you, and after you take it, your meridians will recover instantly. However, it’ll only last for one day,” Gu Songzi said.

“Are you kidding me?”

Zhang Ruochen was speechless.

One day? How was that called recovering?

“No need to rush.”

Gu Songzi was calm and said, “Normal meridian-healing pills won’t heal you. However, if I can find Thousand Leaves Saint Core Grass, I can make better pills, after which you will be healed. Now you know that looking for Thousand Leaves Saint Core Grass is actually helping yourself.”

Gu Songzi walked into the herb garden and said, “Remember, this is my private garden now. You must stay outside and not let anyone in. If they steal even one saint pill, I won’t help you heal your meridians.”

Qing Mo held her arms in front of her chest, ground her teeth and said, “He was the one who spread the news and lured them here in the first, but now he’s asking us to stop those monks from entering the herb garden?”

“Perhaps he didn’t even believe that we could get here in the first place.”

Zhang Ruochen smiled, as he didn’t care about it that much. As long as Gu Songzi could keep his promise, everything was fine.

Chapter 1312 - Unreasonable

Translator:

Larbre Studio

Editor:

Larbre Studio

“You’re Zhang Ruochen, the Time and Space Descendant... No wonder, haha. No wonder your attacks are so strange. It’s the power of space...”

Zhu Qingyi laughed in realization. She finally realized who her opponent was now.

Everyone thought that Zhang Ruochen had become disabled. Who would’ve guessed that this man was still so powerful, even with his meridians disabled?

“You shouldn’t have come to the northern region,” Zhu Qingyi said. “This is the Immortal Vampires’ territory. Countless Immortal Vampires want to kill you. The moment your identity is exposed is the moment you die.”

“It’s not so easy to kill me.” Zhang Ruochen activated his Spiritual Power. He extended his forefinger and pointed at Zhu Qingyi’s forehead. She immediately grew limp and fainted on the ground.

“I can’t let her speak anymore.”

He stared at Zhu Qingyi on the ground with a grave expression. He was clear that if his identity was exposed, the Immortal Vampires wouldn’t be the only people coming to kill him. The greedy human forces would also use all their tactics against him to steal his treasures.

Qing Mo handed the silver kitchen knife to Zhang Ruochen.

“How about...we cut off her tongue?”

“How can you be so cruel?”

Qing Mo widened her eyes. “Our situation is too dangerous now,” she said seriously. “We must be careful. If we’re captured, our treatment won’t be as simple as getting our tongues cut off.”

“Sensing danger is an improvement, but your methods are too simple. With the Immortal Vampires’ strong vitality, their tongues can grow back even if you cut it.”

Zhang Ruochen shook his head. Qing Mo was just a little girl who needed his guidance in every aspect. She couldn’t be too timid or too extreme.

Kaboom.

Wuyuan Island shook. Zhang Ruochen looked toward the huge explosion and saw various formation runes appear above the Flowerless Phantom Forest. They formed 108 thick chains that connected the ground with the sky.

Between the chains, Spiritual Qi transformed into thunder and lightning, crackling.

The space within Wuyuan Island seemed to freeze. Terrifying might pressed down on every creature on the island. It was suffocating and terrifying.

“Someone else entered Wuyuan island and activated a critical point of the Supreme Saint’s formation, activating the entire thing. The island is even more dangerous now!

Zhang Ruochen gazed toward the medicine garden. He saw various beams of red light fly out of the dirt. Each beam was like a bloody light. They were so sharp that they could easily slice apart a Saint.

Those beams of light were also a part of the formation.

Zhang Ruochen faintly heard Gu Songzi’s strangled cry come from the garden. It was clear that the Supreme Saint’s formation had given him much trouble too. A while later, the entire garden was covered in blood-red mist. The many beams of light wove into a web.

The originally peaceful garden was now extremely dangerous.

“That annoying old man won’t die in there, right?” Qing Mo was a bit worried. Zhang Ruochen’s meridians hadn’t been connected yet. No matter how annoying Gu Songzi was, he couldn’t die yet.

“Gu Songzi has lived somewhere as dangerous as Xianji Mountain for centuries. He’ll definitely have as many self-saving tactics as the Crazy Alcoholic. Don’t worry.”

Zhang Ruochen told Qing Mo to wait outside the medicine garden. Then he went back to the Phantom Forest to check who’d entered Wuyuan Island earlier.

A while later, he saw Xue Cheng’s figure.

“You dare to mock me? Go die!”

Xue Cheng seemed to have been poisoned by the hallucinogens. His hair was messy and he roared, hacking wildly in all directions.

Actually, Xue Cheng was very talented to be able to enter the Saint Realm before he was 100 years old. He was an elite. They’d had some misunderstandings and conflicts, but they were unimportant to Zhang Ruochen. He didn’t mind.

Zhang Ruochen had cultivated in the Martial City Bank before. He had some history with them, so he didn’t want their conflict to intensify.

Thus, he used a thunder spell and ran toward Xue Cheng. He wanted to restrict the man and take him out of the forest.

“Who is it? Who dares to attack me secretly? I will destroy you!”

Xue Cheng turned around suddenly. His eyes were bloodshot and filled with aggression. He grasped his sword with both hands and cut down with full power. He created a beautiful waterfall of Sword Qi.

Zhang Ruochen was surprised. He didn’t expect Xue Cheng to strike suddenly.

After all, Zhang Ruochen could only use Spiritual Power now. He couldn’t fight in close range at all. At this distance, he

could only release all his Spiritual Power and form a huge thunder shield to defend himself.

Xue Cheng's sword crashed against the shield. Then rings of ripples appeared on the light shield. Dense bolts of lightning flew out in all directions. Three of those bolts struck Xue Cheng. He spat out blood and kept retreating.

Boom.

When he took his 13th step back, he stepped on a rune from the Supreme Saint formation. He was instantly dismembered by an invisible force.

Zhang Ruochen collected his Spiritual Power. The electric light instantly dissipated. Looking at the forest dyed red with saintly blood, he sighed. "A pity!"

He suddenly sensed strong murderous intent. Turning around, he looked to the left. He saw Qiu Lanshan, ninth headmaster of the Northern Region Saint Academy, standing under a tree. He was glaring at Zhang Ruochen.

"How could you be so cruel? He only questioned you before, but you actually killed him. We're all human Saints. How could you do this?"

Qiu Lanshan revealed his white teeth as if he wanted to eat Zhang Ruochen.

Zhang Ruochen didn't waste time explaining. Even if he explained, Qiu Lanshan probably wouldn't believe him. He just scoffed. "Are you qualified to say I'm cruel? Did you consider that I'm a human Saint when you tried to kill me?"

"Blasphemy."

Qiu Lanshan's anger burned more hotly. He summoned the Nether Snake Sword and it hovered before him. As it trembled, countless sword-shaped Qi flew out.

He was in the Heaven Pass Realm and headmaster of the Northern Region Saint Academy. He was naturally a very skilled figure.

With Zhang Ruochen's current state, he wasn't his match at all.

Whoosh!

Zhang Ruochen used the Rush Thunder Spell, rushing out of the forest to meet with Qing Mo.

“You can’t escape. You must die today.”

Qiu Lanshan was even faster. He was behind Zhang Ruochen in an instant. The Sword Qi that flew out of the Nether Snake Sword formed countless beams of light. They twisted together and hit Zhang Ruochen’s back, penetrating the defensive shield.

Zhang Ruochen’s eyes darkened. He turned quickly and pressed forward. Two gusts of Spiritual Qi flew out. He was about to use the Spatial Twist to dissolve Qiu Lanshan’s attack.

Whoosh!

Suddenly, a string of sword buzzes rang out. Six saintly swords flew out of the forest. They stabbed down before Zhang Ruochen, forming a sword formation. They blocked Qiu Lanshan’s attack.

“Who dares to stop me from killing him?” Qiu Lanshan roared.

Dressed in snowy white armor, Saintess Liuli walked out of the forest. “Qiu Lanshan, how dare you? All human cultivators should be united against the Immortal Vampires, but you dare to kill a human Saint. Don’t you fear being blamed by all human cultivators in the world?”

Soon after, the other five Saintesses walked out too. They stood beside Zhang Ruochen.

Qiu Lanshan naturally recognized them. The anger in his eyes softened a bit. Bowing slightly, he said, “You may not know, but he killed Xue Cheng first. I’m only taking revenge for a Saint of the Martial City Bank.”

“Xue Cheng died?” The six Saintesses were all shocked. They didn’t expect this.

“Lord, what happened here?” Saintess Liuli stared at Zhang Ruochen. She was demanding an answer, but her voice was

soft and filled with emotion.

Zhang Ruochen explained what had happened simply.

Qiu Lanshan didn't believe him. "Impossible," he insisted. "I don't believe you. It's not that easy to push away the blame."

"I knew that you wouldn't believe me," Zhang Ruochen said indifferently. "That's why I didn't explain."

"I believe you," Saintess Liuli quickly said. "He's not such a petty man and would definitely take responsibility for what he did. If he really killed Xue Cheng, he wouldn't deny it."

The other five Saintesses nodded too. They trusted Zhang Ruochen's character.

Qiu Lanshan could see that Zhang Ruochen had interacted with the six Saintesses before. However, with his status, he wouldn't just let go like this. "The Martial City Bank isn't this easy to bully. A talented Saint dying is enough to alert the Martial Lord. How about we each take a step back? If you hand Zhu Qingyi over, I won't pursue this matter anymore."

Zhang Ruochen chuckled. "Is this an exchange of interests?"

Zhu Qingyi was extremely valuable. He could exchange large amounts of cultivation resources from the imperial court for her head. Getting a noble title with this accomplishment was easy too.

Qiu Lanshan wouldn't deny it. "I want to kill her with my own hands," he uttered. "To take revenge for my senior brother."

"Sorry, I can't give her to you." Zhang Ruochen shook his head.

"Junior, you'd rather go the hard way? Then even the six Saintesses here can't protect you today."

Qiu Lanshan had a reason to kill Zhang Ruochen, so he didn't fear the six Saintesses.

The Destruction of the Thousand Patterns burst forth from the Nether Snake Sword. Thousands of Sword Qi beams appeared in the forest. They flew quickly with sharp whizzing noises.

"Formation!" Saintess Liuli cried out.

Next, the six Saintesses quickly walked into a sword formation. Their powers overlapped. Saintly aura comparable to that of Qiu Lanshan's burst from their bodies.

Chapter 1313 - Sword Slave

Translator:

Larbre Studio

Editor:

Larbre Studio

“Six He Sword Formation... Wait...”

Zhang Ruochen stared at the six female saints and imitated their movements. He then shook his head and said, “There’re more changes, and the formation is more mysterious. It doesn’t even need to have six people. This is more brilliant than Six He Sword Formation.”

Zhang Ruochen had read countless sword classics in both lives, so he was very familiar with the sword techniques and sword formations in the world.

Six He Sword Formation was an immensely brilliant sword formation which could fully utilize the power of all six users. If six saints performed it, they could crush everything.

However, the sword formation performed by the six female saints was more impressive than Six He Sword Formation. Zhang Ruochen had never heard of or seen it before. He only understood the tricks behind after observing them perform for a while.

The sword formation was extremely powerful. If it weren’t for the supreme saint formation that was still covering Wuyuan Island, the entire island would’ve sunk the second they performed the sword formation.

Qiu Lanshan was trapped in the sword formation, and he was repressed. He couldn’t get out of the formation.

“Stop.”

A shout carrying great saint might was transmitted to all the seven saints that were fighting each other.

The voice almost knocked Qiu Lanshan and the other six female saints unconscious as if their saint souls were about to leave their bodies. When they'd regained their consciousness, there was a huge distance between them already.

Between Qiu Lanshan and the six female saints stood a human being engulfed in flames. There was a pair of phoenix wings on her back. She was tall and built like a goddess with crimson hair and pale-white skin. She was regal and divine.

Qiu Lanshan looked conflicted after seeing that person.

She was obviously younger than him, yet he felt great pressure just standing in front of her, despite the fact that he was a heaven pass saint.

Qiu Lanshan then put back his saint sword and said, "Even you're protecting him, female martial saint?"

Martial Saint Canglan stood like a rose in flames and said, "I owe him a favor, so I wish you can do me a favor, Leader Qiu. I'll definitely check whether he's conspiring with Zhu Qingyi or not. I won't let the saints from Martial Market Bank die in vain."

"Since you've asked, then I'll let it slide today."

Qiu Lanshan wasn't stupid. If someone like Martial Saint Canglan was trying to talk him out of this, he had to compromise, otherwise, he wouldn't survive Wuyuan Island.

Qiu Lanshan was also curious who that mind power saint was. How did he capture Zhu Qingyi and befriend Martial Saint Canglan and six White Feather Saints.

Were they in a relationship?

"See you."

Qiu Lanshan feared that Zhang Ruochen might take revenge, so he prepared to leave. Just as he was leaving, he smelled blood, and thick blood-red mist gushed forward, stopping him from leaving.

"Where're you going? Stay here."

A cold voice came from the blood-red mist.

A man with giant blood-red wings on his back walked out of the blood-red mist, wearing a skull mask. He had four arms, each of which was holding a blood-red sword. There was a blood-red being standing in each direction of his body.

There was only one person, yet it seemed as if there were five top-tier great beings here at the same time.

“Blood Saint Sijian.”

Qiu Lanshan stared at the man in front of him, and he saw a bloody head held by Blood Saint Sijian. He couldn't help feeling scared and said, “That's Cang Beiyu. You killed him.”

Cang Beiyu was a heaven pass saint from Black Market Excellence Hall, and he had been fighting Qiu Lanshan for years, and they were in a stalemate. A great overlord had died by the hand of Blood Saint Sijian.

Qiu Lanshan wasn't happy at all. Instead, all he could feel was horror.

Blood Saint Sijian said, “My cultivation surged after I drained a heaven pass saint, and he was delicious. You're also a heaven pass saint. How much will my power be improved after drinking your blood?”

That blood-red being standing at the upper-left corner of was covered in the bloody cape, yet it was made of bloody Qi instead of flesh.

It rushed out, and a bellowing sound came out of the bloody cape. A maroon bloody sword was formed in its right sleeve.

The pupils of Qiu Lanshan were enlarged, and the shadows of the blood-red sword became larger and larger. He immediately pinched a sword technique.

“Flying Star Burying Moon.”

He used Nether Snake Sword to draw a circle, forming the pictures of stars and moon. They dashed forward, clashing with the bloody sword.

The blood-red being shook his bloody sword, slashing the round moon print, breaking its sword technique.

Hong Long. Qiu Lanshan's cape broke, and he bounced away, almost clashing with the formation inscriptions of the supreme saint formation. Fortunately, he was saved by Martial Saint Canglan in time.

“How can he be so powerful? I can't even ward off an attack from one of his dividing selfs.”

Qing Lanshan's hands were shaking as he was more afraid looking at Blood Saint Sijian.

Although Qiu Lanshan was a bit careless, which was why he was knocked away by that diving self, the strength from that diving self still terrified him as he couldn't imagine how forceful the original body was.

Zhang Ruochen stared at the four blood-red beings standing around Blood Saint Sijian. “That's not a dividing self. They're sword slaves made of saint souls and sword spirits.”

There was a sword spirit in every thousand-patterns-saint-weapon level saint sword.

If someone pulled that sword spirit out and combined it with the saint soul of a saint, he could make a sword slave after merging them with his sword intent, combined with special techniques.

Sword slaves could grow with sword warriors.

However, it was cruel to make a sword slave, so true sword warriors would feel shame in doing something like that. Gradually, the methods to make sword slaves were lost.

Blood Saint Sijian was able to operate four sword slaves while each of them had the power of a heaven pass saint, which meant his sword way was extraordinary.

Blood Saint Sijian looked at Zhang Ruochen and said, “A mind power saint knows the secrets that even sword warriors don't know.”

“You've finished Sword Six, haven't you?” Zhang Ruochen said.

Four Sword Blood Sint stepped forward, and with each step he took, his power, sword intent and saint might surged.

Even Qiu Lanshan had to retreat and hide behind Martial Saint Canglan.

Blood Saint Sijian and Zhu Qingyi were the most powerful ones among the four heaven pass blood generals. When they were encircling Martial Saint Canglan, it was he who severely injured Martial Saint Canglan.

After draining the saint blood of Cang Beiyu, Blood Saint Sijian's cultivation surged.

Hong!

Martial Saint Canglan's eyes were gleaming, and she stuck the saint sword into the ground. Suddenly, a trace of sword shadow surged.

Two powerful forces clashed with each other.

"I've defeated you before." Blood Saint Sijian sneered.

"Really? Do you really think you can defeat me in one-on-one combat?"

Martial Saint Canglan's eyes gleamed ferociously. She had fought all four heaven pass blood generals in the past, yet she failed to ward off all four of them, and she was severely injured by Blood Saint Sijian.

Now that they'd met again, Martial Saint Canglan was certainly going to avenge herself. She made the first move, raised her arm and all the sword shadows flew up, forming sword rain and dashing toward Blood Saint Sijian.

Shua Shua.

Blood Saint Sijian waved all four of his arms, forming a sword formation. After all the four swords were combined, four thousand patterns destruction also intertwined and rushed forward.

After performing the sword rain, Martial Saint Canglan followed, and a phoenix sound came out of her body. The phantom of a fiery phoenix showed up behind her.

The saint sword she held broke the flood of four destruction of thousand-patterns, pointing at the center of the formation.

Hong Long.

Blood Saint Sijian couldn't stand up. His bones cracked while he tried to balance himself. Even so, he stepped back more than a thousand feet before dissolving the power of Martial Saint Canglan.

There was left a pit that was more than ten feet deep under his feet, as well as under Martial Saint Canglan's.

"No wonder she's the head of the nine heavenly maidens. She isn't even a heaven pass saint yet, but she has such a tremendous amount of power."

Blood Saint Sijian stood up again, summoning the four sword slaves to protect himself.

Martial Saint Canglan looked solemn. She said, "I didn't expect your cultivation to surge to such a great extent after draining the blood of a heaven pass saint. It seems I have to put in more effort if I want to kill you today."

She used all her strength to wield that sword, yet Blood Saint Sijian was able to ward it off, which shocked Martial Saint Canglan.

Immortal vampires grew very fast. As long as they had the high-quality blood of human beings, their power surged.

Blood Saint Sijian said, "Do you really think I'll fight you by myself?"

He guffawed, shaking the illusion trees in the forest.

Miefeng Blood Saint walked out and stood beside Zhang Ruochen and the other six female saints. He said, "I reckon I can fight you for a while."

Martial Saint Canglan said, "Now is not like before. Do you think I don't have help?"

As long as the six female saints and Qiu Lanshan could stall Miefeng Blood Saint for a while, Martial Saint Canglan was confident that she could severely injure Blood Saint Sijian quickly.

And then, she could concentrate on fighting Miefeng Blood Saint and preparing for Kongqian Blood Saint who might ambush her.

However, just when Miefeng Blood Saint showed up, Qiu Lanshan fled and vanished into the woods.

“Damn it.”

Martial Saint Canglan was furious in seeing Qiu Lanshan disappear. She couldn't believe a leader of the Northern Region Saint Academy was such a coward.

Those six female saints were no match for Miefeng Blood Saint.

Were they going to be encircled again?

“Haha! Is this your help?”

Blood Saint Sijian and Miefeng Blood Saint sneered, trying to provoke Martial Saint so that they could be at a greater advantage.

Chapter 1314 - Pre-Sword Saint

Translator:

Larbre Studio

Editor:

Larbre Studio

Martial Saint Canglan grunted softly. Holy Qi circulated furiously within her. The fiery wings on her back grew even hotter. Her slender frame was like a burning sun.

She really did attack Blood Saint Sijian.

On the other hand, the six Saintesses stood in six directions, going into a sword formation again. Six beams of light burst out of them, attacking Blood Saint Miefeng.

“You think you can fight against me?”

Blood Saint Miefeng laughed uproariously. He opened his arms and a furious windstorm appeared between his hands. Then he pressed forward. Chaotic force like a wild storm crashed against the sword formation.

Kaboom!

The difference in cultivation was too large. The sword formation shattered in an instant. The six Saintesses flew out like falling leaves. They were all injured.

Blood Saint Miefeng laughed, revealing two rows of sharp teeth. He walked toward two Saintesses. He picked them up from the ground.

“Martial Saint Canglan,” he said. “If you don’t want them to die in my hands, you better put down your sword.”

Martial Saint Canglan didn’t put her sword down. Instead, she kept releasing offensive sword techniques, forcing Blood Saint Sijian and the sword slaves back.

The Saintess in Blood Saint Miefeng's right hand scoffed. "You're dreaming if you want to use us to threaten the Martial Saint. Since I've already lost, let's die together."

With that, the two Saintesses tried to deactivate their saintly sources. But they discovered that Blood Saint Miefeng had restricted their meridians. They couldn't circulate Holy Qi at all.

"Since Martial Saint Canglan is so merciless, then you've lost value. Die!"

Blood Saint Miefeng prepared to start killing. Just then, a burst of saintly might emerged behind him. A dangerous aura was quickly approaching.

"Another strong figure?"

Blood Saint Miefeng felt an icy chill behind him. A strong sense of danger appeared. He was forced to use the two Saintesses as a shield, tossing them behind to block the sneak attack.

After he tossed the Saintesses out, he discovered that the powerful force was right in front of him. He was faced with a beam of sword light. It was at his chest in an instant.

He couldn't dodge it at all. Blood Saint Miefeng could only activate all his Holy Qi and move it to his chest. Then a blood-red beam of light poured out of his chest.

Boom.

The two forces clashed violently. The sword light and bloody beam shattered at once.

Blood Saint Miefeng took three steps back. He created three deep footprints on the ground. Pain radiated from his chest.

He looked over and was extremely shocked. "It's you."

Zhang Ruochen stood before Blood Saint Miefeng. With his white robe and flowing hair, he had a sharp aura. He was completely different from the weak state from before.

He was the one who'd attacked earlier.

Gu Songzi didn't lie, Zhang Ruochen thought. My meridians really have reconnected.

After swallowing the divine pill, Zhang Ruochen could feel Chaotic Qi and Holy Qi flowing crazily through his Saintly Meridians and meridians. Both his martial arts cultivation and physical strength had improved greatly.

It felt amazing to recover his cultivation. It was like someone at the brink of death suddenly reaching the prime of health again, basking under the sun and enjoying everything life had to offer.

As expected of a Heaven Pass Blood General. Even though I used a sneak attack, I still didn't have the advantage at all.

Blood Saint Miefeng had taken three steps back, but Zhang Ruochen had retreated more than him.

No wonder Qiu Lanshan, in the Heaven Pass Realm, would escape when Heaven Pass Blood Generals appeared. The two had very different levels.

The six Saintesses gaped at Zhang Ruochen, dumbfounded.

"He's a Martial Saint too."

"He could make Blood Saint Miefeng take three steps back. Even if he's not in the Heaven Pass Realm, he must be at the peak of the Absolute Land Realm."

"Incredible. I always thought that he was a Spiritual Power Saint."

...

Blood Saint Miefeng chuckled. "Not bad, but you're still too far from my level. I will kill you within five strikes."

"Don't be so sure." Zhang Ruochen pinched the air. Beams of Spiritual Qi grouped toward him, forming a four-foot-long white sword. "Formation."

The six Saintesses froze. However, they were all Saints and still reacted more quickly than regular people. They immediately used physical techniques and grouped with Zhang Ruochen, creating a sword formation.

“Lord, we’ll attack him head-on with the sword formation,” Saintess Liuli said. “You just need to help us delay him for a bit. When the Martial Saint kills Blood Saint Sijian, the tides will turn.”

“No need to be so troublesome. I’ll lead the sword formation.”

Zhang Ruochen stepped on the ground twice. He hoisted up his long sword horizontally, instantly becoming one with the sword formation.

The six-person formation was now seven people. It was much stronger and covered twice as much land.

The six Saintesses were once again shocked, exchanging glances. How could he be so familiar with their sword formation? Had he studied it before?

But even if he had, he hadn’t practiced with them. There was no way he could join the formation so quickly.

Even though they were shocked, they were very happy as well. Zhang Ruochen was much stronger than them. After joining the sword formation, he would definitely strengthen it. They might be able to counter a Heaven Pass Blood Saint.

“No formation will be able to stand before absolute power. World-destroying Storm.”

Blood Saint Miefeng raised his arms again and cast a spell. A huge blood-red windstorm appeared between his hands. There were deafening gales of wind.

As he sent the storm forward, the world started spinning. Even the runes of the Supreme Saint’s formation snapped one by one.

Zhang Ruochen’s eyes were as calm as water. He moved his sword, operating the sword formation. The swords of the six Saintesses weren’t under their control anymore. They became one with Zhang Ruochen’s long sword and cut forward at once.

The blood-red windstorm was torn apart. Beams of Sword Qi flew out, raining on Blood Saint Miefeng with booms.

Blood Saint Miefeng retreated continuously. After moving dozens of feet, he roared. Powerful Blood Qi poured out of him. It formed a huge millstone that spun frantically, forcing all the Sword Qi away.

Whoosh!

Another beam of sword light stabbed forward. It shone with blinding light and crashed against the red millstone.

After a loud boom, Blood Saint Miefeng retreated again. He crashed through a row of trees and fortunately steadied himself in time. Otherwise, he would've fallen into the Supreme Saint's formation.

The all-powerful Heaven Pass Blood General had actually been forced back twice. His eyes turned extremely cold. "You're looking for death."

With Zhang Ruochen as the lead, the seven-person sword formation pushed forward. They got closer and closer to Blood Saint Miefeng.

Blood Saint Miefeng was furious. Ever since he'd met this man, nothing had gone wrong. The man was practically his unlucky star. Today, he would kill Zhang Ruochen even if he had to pay for it.

Blood Saint Miefeng was about to use his trump card, but Blood Saint Sijian couldn't take it anymore. He lost and sent a message to Blood Saint Miefeng. "Hurry and retreat. We'll take care of him after grouping with Blood Saint Kongqian."

Of Blood Saint Sijian's four arms, two were broken. He couldn't regrow them in a short period, so he turned and fled, disappearing into the forest as a cloud of bloody fog.

Blood Saint Miefeng knew how powerful Martial Saint Canglan was. Since Blood Saint Sijian had fled, he didn't dare to continue fighting.

When Martial Saint Canglan arrived, Blood Saint Miefeng had already vanished.

The six Saintesses were all overjoyed. The crisis had finally been averted. It was all thanks to that mysterious man. If not

for him, the consequences would've been unimaginable.

Martial Saint Canglan's eyes turned cold. She suddenly stabbed at Zhang Ruochen's forehead, fast as lightning.

Zhang Ruochen stood in place without moving.

In the end, Martial Saint Canglan pulled back. The sword tip stopped between Zhang Ruochen's eyebrows without piercing his forehead.

"Why don't you defend yourself?" Martial Saint Canglan asked.

Zhang Ruochen chuckled. "I know you won't kill me. Why should I defend myself?"

Martial Saint Canglan furrowed her slender brows. She didn't know what to do with this man. Putting her sword away, she said, "The To One Sword Formation, created by the Empress, is only passed on to the 72 palace Saintesses. How did you learn it?"

"So it's called the To One Sword Formation," Zhang Ruochen murmured to himself. "Was it developed from the To One Sword Technique?"

It seemed that he really didn't know about the To One Sword Formation.

"You saw them use the To One Sword Formation earlier," Martial Saint Canglan said. "Did you learn it within that short period of time?"

Zhang Ruochen's lips curled up. "Indeed."

The six Saintesses were all amazed. Only those who cultivated the To One Sword Formation would know how complex it was. How could one learn it without spending decades on it?

He'd learned it just by watching it once. This was crazy!

"As expected." Martial Saint Canglan wasn't surprised at all. "With your Spiritual Power and knowledge of the Sword Way like a Sword Saint, it's not strange that you can do this."

"The To One Sword Formation is filled with changes," Zhang Ruochen said modestly. "It can borrow the strength of the

world. How can it be easy to comprehend fully? I've only learned the basics."

"With your attainment in the Sword Way, you're practically a Pre-Saint. There are not many like you in Kunlun's Field. You couldn't have come out of nowhere. Who are you?"

Martial Saint Canglan was also a Pre-Saint and the close guard of the Empress. She knew about the powerful swordsmen of the world, but Zhang Ruochen's appearance had surprised her.

Zhang Ruochen smiled and shook his head. He obviously wouldn't tell her.

Martial Saint Canglan was disappointed. But she quickly thought of something and smiled. She blinked her beautiful eyes. Filled with amorous feelings, she said, "It's rare to meet a Pre-Sword Saint. How about we duel? We'll only use techniques and no Holy Qi."

Chapter 1315 - The Sound of Wind Chimes

Translator:

Larbre Studio

Editor:

Larbre Studio

Zhang Ruochen knew that Martial Saint Canglan wanted to fight him to extrapolate where he came from by observing his moves.

“Now is not the time to compete with each other. We’ll have many more chances later.”

Zhang Ruochen then turned around and walked toward the herb garden.

Martial Saint Canglan caught up with Zhang Ruochen and walked beside him. “I have another thing. Lend me Zhu Qingyi, and I’ll grant you anything you want.”

“No.”

Zhang Ruochen refused without hesitation.

Martial Saint Canglan was confused. She said, “It’s no good for you to keep Zhu Qingyi around. Immortal vampires will definitely send lots of great beings to save her, and the human monks who have strong grudges against her will also want to trade her life for refining resources. Your cultivation is definitely not enough to keep her. Instead, you might bite the dust in the end. Leave her to me, then I’ll owe you a favor.”

Zhang Ruochen stopped walking and shot a stare at her. He said, “Is your favor really worthy?”

“Of course it is.”

Martial Saint Canglan’s eyes gleamed, and she smiled confidently. She looked like a real phoenix.

Zhang Ruochen suddenly looked serious and said, “You already owe me two favors. How are you going to pay me back?”

Martial Saint Canglan was dazed, and then, she said with a complicated look on her face, “I didn’t expect you to be this petty. You owe me one also, don’t you? If it weren’t for me, you would’ve made yourself the enemy of Martial Market Bank.”

“If it weren’t for you, that leader of Northern Region Saint Academy would be dead now,” Zhang Ruochen said.

Martial Saint Canglan was rendered speechless.

The six female saints who were following them all looked at each other, and some of them were even gloating. This was the first time someone had argued against the great Martial Saint so fiercely.

Zhang Ruochen stopped and said, “Why are you still following me?”

Martial Saint Canglan stroked her fiery and shining hair, raised her chin and looked at a formation chain that was connecting the sky and land. She said, “Wuyuan Island is extremely dangerous, and there’re countless hazards around. We should team up with each other, then we can fight the three heaven pass blood generals with ease.”

Zhang Ruochen was a bit curious. “The great beings from the Ministry of War still haven’t arrived?”

“They should be on their way now, but I heard that lots of great beings from the immortal vampire race are coming as well, so the prospects are not all bright. The most updated news is that there seems to be a huge secret in Xianji Mountain,” Martial Saint Canglan said.

Zhang Ruochen said, “Why did you and the six female saints come here? For Thousand Leaves Saint Core Grass?”

“That’s right. Rumor has it that Thousand Leaves Saint Core Grass is the main ingredient to make saint pills. We can’t let the immortal vampires have it, no matter whether the rumor is true or not.”

Martial Saint Canglan continued, “Besides, the more dangerous a place is, the better it can sharpen a monk’s willpower. If I only take saint pills, I’ll not be able to make it to heaven pass realm. I need training and fighting where I can comprehend saint way rules. I need a turning point. If I keep staying in a safe and peaceful place, I’ll get numb, and then I won’t be able to comprehend higher-level saint way rules no matter how many refining resources I have.”

She needed changes.

Even Buddha monks who always stayed in the mountains would choose to step into the mortal world for improvements.

As for martial monks, they would choose to fight someone at their level.

As for Martial Saint Canglan, she had obviously run into the same situation, which was why she chose to come to Xianji Mountain herself.

She was here not just for the ingredients for saint pills, but also for her own breakthrough.

Twelve White Feather Saints also had the same goal. They didn’t want to stay in the same place. Instead, they wanted to break the shackles and reach a higher level, and death might become them.

“We can definitely form an alliance since we’re on such good terms,” Zhang Ruochen said.

Wuyuan Island wasn’t a large place. They might run into the heaven pass blood generals at any time. He and Qing Mo weren’t strong enough to fight them, so it was a great choice to form an alliance with Martial Saint Canglan.

Zhang Ruochen walked out of the illusion tree forest with Martial Saint Canglan and the six female saints. However, they didn’t see Qing Mo after they came to the garden.

Did something happen?

“My lord.”

He heard the sound of Qing Mo.

And then, a blue vine winding the fence started to shrink and became a slim young girl. It was Qing Mo, who was a bit timid.

Zhu Qingyi, who had passed out, was originally enveloped inside the blue vine, but now, she was held by Qing Mo.

Qing Mo rolled her eyes and whispered, “A couple of great beings at the state of saint came here before. I didn’t fight them by myself, so I camouflaged myself instead. You won’t blame me, will you?”

“Why would I blame you?” Zhang Ruochen smiled.

Qing Mo said, “They all trespassed in the herb garden. That elder said, if...”

Qing Mo immediately stopped talking, noticing Martial Saint Canglan and the six female saints.

Martial Saint Canglan asked, “Which elder?”

“There was indeed an elder who got into the herb garden before. He wanted to get Thousand Leaves Saint Core Grass also. We need to be quick.” Zhang Ruochen explained it to Martial Saint Canglan, and then, he stepped into the herb garden.

Qing Mo opened her mouth wide as she found it unbelievable. Zhang Ruochen didn’t give a damn about what Gu Songzi said. Instead, he went into the herb garden also.

Gu Songzi felt sketchy. If he really followed everything he said to guard the herb garden, he might be hoodwinked in the end.

Which was why Zhang Ruochen decided to take the initiative.

If he could get the Thousand Leaves Saint Core Grass, Gu Songzi might ask him for help in the end.

The blood-red mist permeated the herb garden, and there were traces of light intertwining with each other.

Zhang Ruochen took out Tunyun Clock that he’d seized from a blood saint and threw it forward.

Hua!

A trace of light slashed the Tunyun Clock and cut it into halves.

Even Martial Saint Canglan's heart skipped a beat after seeing that.

“The power of the supreme saint formation is the strongest in the herb garden. Please be careful. If you touch the light, you'll be killed without question.”

Zhang Ruochen warned them and kept going forward.

The mud in the herb garden was crimson, glowing with holy light. It was godly blood crimson mud that had been watered by godly blood.

It wasn't strange though given that it was a godly mud herb garden that bred lots of saint pills.

Shortly after they got in, they found a body that was cut into nine pieces. It was an absolute ground saint from Xingsu Sect, an overlord who had lost his life for a saint pill.

Zhang Ruochen and Martial Saint Canglan both had adequate saint pills, so they also targeted Thousand Leaves Saint Core Grass. They didn't want to waste time picking other saint pills.

They would consider taking those pills after getting Thousand Leaves Saint Core Grass.

The mist in the herb garden got thicker and thicker. Even saints could only see things that were less than five steps away from them.

Ding Ding.

There came a melodious sound of wind chimes as if someone was walking fast.

Suddenly, the sound of wind chimes stopped.

A black being showed up in front of Zhang Ruochen and Martial Saint Canglan. He was tall with long arms, with a string of wind chimes at his waist.

The black shadow said in an ear-piercing voice, “Go back. Thousand Leaves Saint Core Grass doesn't belong to you.”

“Devil death Qi.”

Zhang Ruochen’s eyes popped as he sensed the devil death Qi coming from the black shadow.

Suddenly, that black shadow became heaps more powerful, and the wind chime at his waist started to ring. He said, “I wanted to spare your life before, but now, I can no more. You know too much to live.”

The black shadow went through the traces of blood-red light like a ghost, and it pressed toward Zhang Ruochen’s face. A cluster of death Qi gushed out of his palm.

“Sword out.”

Martial Saint Canglan pinched a sword technique, then her saint sword clashed with the palm of that black shadow, making a clacking sound.

Both of them bounced away after the confrontation.

“Impressive. I didn’t expect you to cut the spiritual root, or that there’s someone like you who can fight me.”

The black shadow laughed before he retreated back to the bloody mist.

“Chase him.”

Martial Saint Canglan could sense with her instinct that the black shadow had some secrets, so she wanted to keep him around.

Zhang Ruochen was also confused. He followed Martial Saint Canglan.

After a short while, Zhang Ruochen felt that he had stepped on the air before he dived without any control.

And then, he felt balanced again. He took a deep breath and looked up, only to find that the world in front of him was different now. The herb garden was gone as if he had gone through a space wall.

Chapter 1316 - Spatial Bubble

Translator:

Larbre Studio

Editor:

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This was a completely isolated world. It was small enough that a Saint could see the end with their naked eye. It was only around 100 miles wide.

There was bloody red dirt underfoot. An island hovered in the air.

This island was around a thousand feet from the ground. Thousands upon thousands of white leaves fell from the island to the ground.

Each leaf was like a waterfall from the sky. It sprayed saintly light and beautiful Qi. It was like thousands of threads flowing in the leaves.

Even Zhang Ruochen was astounded by this scene.

Qing Mo and the six Saintesses rushed in too. They were all dumbfounded. Who would've thought that another world was hidden inside the medicine garden?

Qing Mo panicked. "Oh, no. We accidentally broke into another world. Can we go back?"

"It's not another world," Zhang Ruochen said. "It's just a spatial bubble."

"Spatial bubble."

Qing Mo and the six Saintesses were all confused. They'd never heard of this term before and didn't know what it meant.

“The world is like a pool of water,” Zhang Ruochen explained. “Some bubbles will form in the water. Each bubble is a part of the pool but also contains isolated space within. A spatial bubble is very unstable. If it’s attacked by a strong force, it’ll shatter. There are very few spatial bubbles that can be preserved for 100 years without shattering.”

“But this spatial bubble has been preserved for at least 100,000 years,” Saintess Liuli said. “The white leaves falling from the hovering island may be the legendary Thousand-leaf Saint Heart Grass that has grown for 100,000 years.”

Zhang Ruochen didn’t know the reason either. He could only guess. “Perhaps the Supreme Saint’s formation caused the spatial structure here to be relatively stable and that’s why the spatial bubble could be preserved until now.”

He released his Spiritual Power to envelope the entire world. He discovered six strong Saintly Way auras. Other than Martial Saint Canglan and that black shadow, there were four Heaven Pass Realm Saints.

But he didn’t discover Gu Songzi’s aura.

Did that old guy die inside the Supreme Saint formation? No, his Spiritual Power far surpasses me. Even if he’s hiding somewhere, I might not be able to find him.

Zhang Ruochen just felt like Gu Songzi couldn’t die so easily. That old man was very foxy. He might be hiding somewhere, watching people fight to the death and jumping out in the end.

Martial Saint Canglan and the black shadow were fighting intensely. The sounds of swords and windchimes rang out. One couldn’t figure out who was winning.

The four other Heaven Pass Realm Saints were also fighting. The earth of the spatial bubble was getting torn up bit by bit.

The Heaven Pass Realm Saint surrounded in the middle was clad in golden armor. He grasped a golden spear and radiated with thick bloody fog. He was filled with murderous Qi, like a death god from Hell.

This was Blood Saint Kongqian, one of the three Heaven Pass Blood Generals.

The three working together to attack him were large figures from the northern region. They came from three different forces and had esteemed backgrounds.

Qing Mo stared at the leaves falling from the hovering island. She was sure that each leaf contained shocking medicinal abilities. They must be Thousand-leaf Saint Heart Grass.

“Lord, let’s collect the grass while they’re fighting,” Qing Mo said, rubbing her hands together excitedly.

“They may be fighting, but if we approach the hovering island, we’ll instantly be the targets of all of them. They’ll all attack us. Can we fend off their allied forces with our abilities?”

The six Saintesses nodded, thinking that Zhang Ruochen was right.

“The Thousand-leaf Saint Heart Grass is right before us, but we can’t collect it. What if someone else collects it?”

The Thousand-leaf Saint Heart Grass determined if Zhang Ruochen could fully recover or not. It was extremely important, so Qing Mo obviously put much attention on it.

“We’re already very strong and may last until the end to collect the Thousand-leaf Saint Heart Grass. The only people who can threaten us are the three Heaven Pass Blood Generals of the Immortal Vampires.”

Zhang Ruochen pointed at Blood Saint Kongqian.

“Kill him before the two other Heaven Pass Blood Generals arrive,” he said. “Hammer of Thunder God.”

Zhang Ruochen released his Spiritual Power Saint Look. A huge thunder figure appeared, radiating with boundless Qi. Spiritual Qi flowed over, forming a lightning hammer in the figure’s hand.

The thunder giant jumped up, reaching hundreds of feet in the sky. He waved the lightning hammer and brought it down on Blood Saint Kongqian’s head.

Blood Saint Kongqian huffed coldly. He extended his golden hand and pressed into the sky. The hand grew larger and larger. Each line in his fingerprint was like a mountain and river.

Boom.

The thunder giant's attack was stopped by Blood Saint Kongqian's palm print.

So powerful, Zhang Ruochen thought. My saintly spell can't hurt him, even with my current attainment in Spiritual Power. As expected of a Heaven Pass Blood General.

"Great! Another cultivation friend has attacked. Today, we will definitely kill this demonic king."

The Heaven Pass Realm Saint of the Four Symbols Sect wore a Taoist robe and held a saintly sword. He had black hair and youthful features. He looked at Zhang Ruochen with a friendly gaze.

"This friend really isn't on the Immortal Vampires' side. I misjudged you earlier. Please forgive me." The Heaven Pass Realm Saint from the Xinsu Sect was a middle-aged man. He'd once suspected that Zhang Ruochen had joined the Immortal Vampires.

The other Heaven Pass Realm Saint was from an ancient clan of the northern region—the Yao Family. She was an old woman with white hair.

The Four Symbols Sect, Xinsu Sect, and Yao Family were all superpowers of the north. The three figures weren't weak either. When they worked together, they were comparable to Blood Saint Kongqian.

Zhang Ruochen's addition broke the equilibrium, putting Blood Saint Kongqian at a disadvantage.

Qing Mo took out her silver kitchen knife and toyed with it. Sometimes, she aimed at Blood Saint Kongqian and sometimes at the black shadow fighting with Martial Saint Canglan.

Ever since she had started going around with Zhang Ruochen, she'd become more and more courageous.

Whoosh!

Suddenly, Qing Mo's arm shook and the silver kitchen knife flew out. It spun quickly, transforming into a beam of light and

hitting Blood Saint Kongqian's chest.

Poof.

The silver knife stabbed through Blood Saint Kongqian's chest. A large mass of blood splattered from his body.

Blood Saint Kongqian was heavily hurt. He glared at Qing Mo with cold eyes, both furious and embarrassed. A Heaven Pass Blood General that intimidated the entire northern region was actually injured by a little girl.

If news of this spread, he would become the laughingstock of the Immortal Vampires.

"Die!" Blood Saint Kongqian's wings unfurled. He escaped from the battle circle of the Heaven Pass Saints with extreme speed and charged at Qing Mo.

"It was an accident! My hand slipped!"

Qing Mo was terrified. She hurriedly put the kitchen knife away and hid behind Zhang Ruochen.

She could heavily injure Blood Saint Kongqian on accident. Who would believe this?

Blood Saint Kongqian almost spat out blood in anger. His murderous intent grew heavier. He felt that this girl was just purposely provoking him. Even though he was hurt, he would kill her first before leaving this place.

"Sword Six."

Zhang Ruochen put his hands together. Beams of sword intent and Holy Qi grouped over, forming a brilliant white sword.

Whoosh!

The sword flew out, transforming into thousands of sword shadows.

Blood Saint Kongqian roared aggressively. He stabbed his golden spear forward. A thunderous sound boomed and all the Sword Qi shattered.

"Your so-called Sword Six is just...that...you..."

A silver streak appeared in Blood Saint Kongqian's eyes. A kitchen knife was spinning quickly in the light.

Because he was too close, Blood Saint Kongqian couldn't dodge at all. With a poof, half of his head was shaved off by the knife. It was horrible.

Roar!

Blood Saint Kongqian only had half of a head left. He bled from the injury, making him look menacing. He roared angrily, revealing many sharp fangs as if he wanted to eat someone.

Qing Mo gasped and covered her mouth. Eyes widening, she had a terrified expression and retreated continuously. "I'm sorry, my hand really did slip."

Even the six Saintesses thought that Qing Mo was too much. She was clearly so powerful, but she insisted on sneak attacks. She even pretended to be innocent afterward.

Only Zhang Ruochen knew that Qing Mo's expression wasn't acting. She really did want to attack and help Zhang Ruochen, but she was also very afraid of Blood Saint Kongqian.

The three Heaven Pass Realm Saints were also speechless, thinking that Qing Mo was shameless. However, they realized that Zhang Ruochen and Qing Mo were both very strong. Adding on Martial Saint Canglan and the six Saintesses, they were practically a super group. If they attacked, they could sweep past everything and take the Thousand-leaf Saint Heart Grass.

"How about we collect the Thousand-leaf Saint Heart Grass together and split it between the three forces after leaving Xianji Mountain?" the Heaven Pass Saint from the Four Symbols Sect suggested.

"Okay."

The other two Heaven Pass Saints agreed immediately. They formed a temporary alliance.

The three Heaven Pass Saints didn't attack Blood Saint Kongqian. They wanted to use him to restrict Zhang Ruochen and Qing Mo, while they flew toward the hovering island.

“End the fight quickly. Formation!”

Zhang Ruochen and the six Saintesses entered the formation, sweeping in the injured Blood Saint Kongqian. In a short bit, Blood Saint Kongqian was torn into pieces. He died inside the spatial bubble.

At the same time, a pained cry came from the hovering island.

A Heaven Pass Saint's body fell from the sky. The corpse was dressed in a Taoist robe, but only half of the body remained. It was covered in a layer of deathly Qi.

It was the Heaven Pass Saint from the Four Symbols Sect. He'd been killed by the black shadow's palm.

Just as the three Heaven Pass Saints had flown to the hovering island, the black shadow freed itself. Instead of continuing to fight Martial Saint Canglan, he chased after the Heaven Pass Saints and entered the hovering island.

Now, he stood at the edge of the island. Looking down at the half-corpse and Zhang Ruochen's group, he said coldly, “If you want to take the Thousand-leaf Saint Heart Grass, you should see if you have the skills.”

That sentence seemed to be a warning to Zhang Ruochen's group.

Zhang Ruochen raised his head. The black shadow had already disappeared from the edge of the hovering island. There was only the sound of a lovely windchime in the air.

Chapter 1317 - Death Race

Translator:

Larbre Studio

Editor:

Larbre Studio

“Such an impressive creature. It’s able to kill a heaven pass saint.”

Zhang Ruochen walked to the body of that heaven pass saint from Four Symbols Sect, staring at that bloody body. He saw the black devil dead Qi covering it, and he couldn’t touch it.

Hua!

He waved his arm, and holy Qi gushed out, dispersing the devil dead Qi.

Zhang Ruochen picked up a crimson holy sword and held it in his hand. He could feel the heat coming from the sword.

There seemed to be a fiery mountain hidden in the sword.

“Great sword.”

He couldn’t use Abyss Ancient Sword at the moment, so he needed another saint sword.

A powerful saint sword could make his strength surge.

That crimson saint sword was called Fire Luan Sword. It was a thousand-patterns saint weapon, which was a great sword.

Ge Ge.

The corpse that only had half a body left suddenly opened its eyes, showing its blood-red eyeballs. They were filled with fierceness, and the corpse dashed toward Zhang Ruochen’s neck.

Ci La.

Zhang Ruochen waved his sword, and fiery light trailed, cutting the body in half.

Saintess Liuli looked shocked. She said, “He’s already dead, yet he can still make attacks. Is his saint soul still alive, driving his body?”

“It’s not a saint soul, but evil death Qi.”

Zhang Ruochen recalled something that he had encountered. Once a monk touched evil death Qi, he would either die or completely lose his mind to the point that he was bloodthirsty and belligerent.

What kind of power did evil death Qi have?

Did it actually come from Kunlun’s Field?

He could only know the answer after he captured that black shadow.

Zhang Ruochen took a deep breath, walked to a part of the body and took his saint source out, putting it in his sleeves.

“Terrifying. What kind of creature is he?”

“Is he a ghost?”

At this moment, the two heaven pass saints from Xingxu Sect and Yao Jia rushed out of the floating island with horror. They were both incredibly injured, trying to escape the space bubble.

“Is that black shadow really that powerful? It was able to kill one heaven pass saint and injure two, including Martial Saint Canglan.”

Zhang Ruochen thought for a bit and rushed to the floating island.

Meanwhile, he asked Qing Mo to stay where she was instead of risking going to the floating island. He told her to hide somewhere safe.

The two heaven pass saints looked at Zhang Ruochen and the six female saints. They shook their heads and whispered, “Those young people are so fearless. They’re no match against that black shadow. The wisest thing to do is to run away.”

Hong Long.

The small world in that space bubble shook, and then, two blood-red clouds flew in, tainting the sky bright red.

Two heaven pass blood generals rushed out of the bloody clouds and landed.

Four Sword Blood Saint had already recovered. Each of his four hands were holding a sword, and a powerful sword intent gushed out of his body. Suddenly, most of the small world was covered by sword Qi, making ear-piercing sounds.

Miefeng Blood Saint guffawed and wielded chains that were as thick as buckets. They looked like two iron dragons, blocking the way of those two human heaven pass saints. “Now that you’re here, why are you trying to leave?”

Four Sword Blood Saint looked at the leaves that fell from the floating island. His eyes gleamed, and he wielded all four of his saint swords, forming four sword rivers, slashing the floating island, trying to break it and take the Thousand Leaves Saint Core Grass.

Peng Peng.

A giant reticle emerged around the floating island, warding off the sword Qi.

“There’s another formation guarding that island.” Four Sword Blood Saint stepped on the swords, trying to get onto the island.

The floating island was in chaos. Zhang Ruochen and the six female saints formed a sword formation, helping Martial Saint Canglan fight that black shadow. The ancient buildings on the island kept collapsing because of the fight.

Four Sword Blood Saint rushed toward the center of Thousand Leaves Saint Core Grass. If he could get its root, he could take it away with him.

“You’re just an immortal vampire. Do you really think you can get the Thousand Leaves Saint Core Grass?” The black shadow turned into black air, rushed out of the sword formation and struck down with its metal palm.

Four Sword Blood Saint tried to fight back, hitting the metal palm.

However, that metal palm seemed to have endless strength, pressing the saint sword held by Four Sword Blood Saint. Meanwhile, a trace of cold evil death Qi gushed toward Four Sword Blood Saint through the sword.

“You... You are of the death race?” Four Sword Blood Saint was startled. He immediately threw his saint sword away and retreated. After he balanced himself again, he summoned his four sword slaves to ward off the evil death Qi.

There came the sound of wind chimes again.

The black shadow landed on the ground with his hands behind his back. He said, “You’re somebody in Kunlun’s Field since you know I’m from the death race. If you follow my orders and help me take the Thousand Leaves Saint Core Grass, then you’ll have done me a favor.”

“You’re not strong enough to bend me to your will. The Thousand Leaves Saint Core Grass is also very helpful for us immortal vampires. How could I give it to you?”

Four Sword Blood Saint stuck the saint sword in the rock, looked at Martial Saint Canglan and said, “It’s not a creature from Kunlun’s Field. Let’s kill it first before we try to get the Thousand Leaves Saint Core Grass, shall we?”

“Okay.”

Martial Saint Canglan wasn’t a pedantic person. She made up her mind to get rid of that black shadow first before fighting the immortal vampires, as it was an unstable factor.

She bit her finger, and then, a drop of phoenix blood flew out, falling on the saint sword, slashing toward that black shadow.

“Four Direction Slaying God.”

Four Sword Blood Saint performed a sword formation, and the four saint swords formed a circle, overlapping with each other before hitting toward that black shadow.

Zhang Ruochen, with the help of the six female saints, pointed forward, then Fire Luan Sword flew out, forming a fiery cloud,

diving toward the ground.

That black shadow was indeed powerful, yet it wasn't able to ward them off.

Chi Chi.

The saint sword that contained the phoenix blood cut the waist of the black shadow, tearing it apart, and then, bloody mist was spilled.

The power of the phoenix blood burned the evil death Qi in his body.

The black shadow mourned and said coldly, "Each of you will be executed for this. The day is coming very soon."

Peng.

The body of that black shadow exploded, turning into a cluster of black mist before it disappeared.

The dimming wind chime was melodious, yet it was filled with death.

After the black shadow disappeared, Four Sword Blood Saint turned around and rushed toward the center to grab the Thousand Leaves Saint Core Grass.

The Thousand Leaves Saint Core Grass was enormous, and each of its leaves was at least five thousand feet long. It was gleaming with light, and the center was so bright that it looked like a saint lamp that could illuminate the entire world.

The saint Qi became so thick that it was almost liquid.

"No wonder it's a saint pill that's a hundred thousand years old. It's indeed priceless. If I can get it all for myself, I can become a saint king in ten years."

Four Sword Blood Saint suppressed his excitement, reached out his hand and tried to get the root of Thousand Leaves Saint Core Grass."

Suddenly, a cluster of golden mist permeated from behind the grass.

After inhaling a little bit, Four Sword Blood Saint was shocked. “Jinfu Poison! Who just ambushed me?”

Ci La. Four Sword Blood Saint slashed forward and cut the leaves.

Gu Songzi showed up from behind the grass. He smiled sneakily and said, “So what? This belongs to me anyways. This whole herb garden belongs to me. You have to pay the price for trespassing here.”

Zhang Ruochen saw the golden poison mist and stopped chasing.

That elder was hiding somewhere near Thousand Leaves Saint Core Grass. He played “The wolf has a winning game when the shepherds quarrel” again.

Gu Songzi knew that he wasn’t able to get out and seize Thousand Leaves Saint Core Grass, which was why he had been hiding here and waiting until the fight was almost over.

Gu Songzi took out a black pill, pinched it with his fingers and threw it to Zhang Ruochen.

Zhang Ruochen took the pill and asked, “What is this?”

“Nine Dragons Ten Tigers Pill. After you take it, your cultivation will surge tenfold. If you can help me get Thousand Leaves Saint Core Grass, I’ll heal you,” Gu Songzi said.

Zhang Ruochen found Gu Songzi hard to trust. However, with their current situations, that elder might not trick him.

After taking the pill, Zhang Ruochen wished that his power would surge so that he could kill those two heaven pass blood generals.

However, nothing had changed after he took it.

Four Sword Blood mobilized half of his saint Qi to suppress the Jinfu Poison while he wielded his saint sword against Gu Songzi.

That elder was horrendous. He had to kill him first.

However, before he could even wield the saint sword, he felt powerless and almost kneeled in front of Gu Songzi.

Gu Songzi smiled. “Actually, I set another colorless poison that has no smell. Even saints will be weakened for at least an hour after being poisoned by that.”

Actually, saints wouldn't be affected by any toxin given their cultivation and life force.

However, Gu Songzi wasn't an ordinary poison master. He was saint master when it came to pill way.

Aside from Four Sword Blood Saint, Zhang Ruochen, Martial Saint Canglan and the six female saints all wanted to knock down Gu Gongzi as he was too wicked and shameless.

Gu Songzi stared at Zhang Ruochen and said, “Don't you worry. You've already taken the cure, so you won't be affected. Help me kill them first, then we'll talk about healing you.”

Zhang Ruochen was speechless again.

The so-called Nine Dragons Ten Tigers Pill was nothing but a cure.

Zhang Ruochen knew Gu Songzi better now. He was less reliable even than Blackie and the Crazy Alcoholic combined. He couldn't believe a word Gu Songzi said in the future.

Chapter 1318 - Kill To Escape

Translator:

Larbre Studio

Editor:

Larbre Studio

“It’s not that easy to kill me.”

Blood Saint Sijian’s eyes were extremely firm. He raised the four saint swords at the same time and stabbed them into four important places.

Poof.

Saintly blood flowed out along the sword blades. This secret spell could stimulate the physical body, activating the hidden power in his blood. Using this secret spell couldn’t help Blood Saint Sijian return to his full potential, but he could recover his Holy Qi. He wouldn’t be powerless against the enemies.

Blood Saint Sijian’s eyes were filled with fury. He stood up again and rushed down, pushing both palms out. Bloody light burst out from two palm prints, accompanied by deafening wind and thunder.

Gu Songzi’s expression faltered. He hurriedly activated his Spiritual Power and drew nine flaming circles.

Boom, boom.

The flaming rings shattered completely. Gu Songzi was thrown from the hovering island.

On the other end, Martial Saint Canglan and the six Saintesses had inhaled the poison and become very weak.

However, Martial Saint Canglan had a hidden card too. She took out a rune scroll and pressed it on her left wrist. Light

shone from the scroll, enveloping her body, helping her recover some strength.

With her current state, she couldn't continue to fight for the Thousand-leaf Saint Heart Grass. She didn't dare to stay on the island anymore either.

Using the scroll's power, she picked up the six Saintesses and escaped from the spatial bubble.

Only Blood Saint Sijian and Zhang Ruochen remained on the island.

Blood Saint Sijian had fought Zhang Ruochen more than once, so he was quite familiar with his abilities. He scoffed. "Even if I inhaled poison, you still couldn't defeat me. If you escape right now, you might be able to stay alive."

Zhang Ruochen held the Fire Luan Sword with one hand. The other hand was behind his back. He smiled. "Am I that weak to you? You think you can scare me away with one sentence?"

"You won't feel regret until you die. Four sword slaves, kill him."

Holy Qi circulated crazily within Blood Saint Sijian. Four figures dressed in blood-red robes flew out of his body. They attacked Zhang Ruochen from different directions.

They were all very powerful. Each one was like a Heaven Pass Saint.

Zhang Ruochen's eyes darkened. His Holy Qi kept flowing into the Fire Luan Sword.

With a cry, a huge fiery Luan figure flew out of the sword. It turned the entire small world fiery red.

Whoosh, whoosh.

Dense fiery Sword Qi appeared. Some streaked through the sky. Others spun around the hovering island.

Zhang Ruochen's sword didn't attack Blood Saint Sijian and the four sword slaves. Instead, he cut down on the spatial bubble's sky. He uttered, "Break."

The fire Luan rushed up, carrying thousands of beams of Sword Qi. They connected into a red river of Sword Qi and tore apart the sky.

Boom.

The small world started breaking apart. Various cracks appeared in the spatial level.

The Supreme Saint formation's power transformed into beams of light and penetrated in. The world collapsed even faster. The defensive barrier outside the island disappeared. The entire island shook violently. Unable to continue hovering, it plummeted.

Below, Blood Saint Miefeng stopped fighting. Gazing at the disintegrating world, he said, "He actually destroyed the world. Is he trying to kill them all?"

The two human Heaven Pass Saints exchanged glances. Each could see the shock in the other's eyes.

"Crazy! Just crazy!"

After the world collapsed entirely, the space would obviously cave in. Everything in there would die.

The two Heaven Pass Saints used physical techniques and fled quickly. They only had one thought in mind—they must escape from the small world to stay alive.

Martial Saint Canglan escaped from the world. Returning to the medicine garden, she looked back.

The world behind her was covered in cracks. It had become porous and filled with spatial shards. The entire world was shrinking.

The world had only been around 100 miles in diameter. Now, it was only around 70 miles. It would only be a dot in the end.

Blood Saint Sijian's expression was one of discomfort. Glaring at Zhang Ruochen, he said, "Once the world is shattered, the Thousand-leaf Saint Heart Grass will be destroyed too."

"So what?" Zhang Ruochen asked.

Blood Saint Sijian really wanted the Thousand-leaf Saint Heart Grass, but he still had reason. He wasn't at the point of risking his life.

If he still didn't leave, he would die here.

Seeing how crazy Zhang Ruochen was, Blood Saint Sijian stopped competing with him. He collected the four sword slaves and hurried out of the world.

"Kid, are you crazy? Run!" Gu Songzi yelled at Zhang Ruochen.

Then he stopped focusing on Zhang Ruochen. He released all his Spiritual Power into fire that enveloped his body. He ran crazily, trying as hard as he could to escape.

Zhang Ruochen's lip curled up. He took out the Mercury Gourd and let it hover above his head. As he poured Holy Qi into it, the gourd grew larger and larger.

"Collect!" he cried out.

The hovering island shook and flew into the gourd. The Thousand-leaf Saint Heart Grass on the island was naturally collected too.

Many cultivators in the medicine garden saw this and were extremely shocked.

A huge gourd, dozens of miles long, could actually collect an entire island. This was unbelievable.

"Mercury Gourd!" the Heaven Pass Saint from the Xinsu Sect exclaimed. "Oh my! There's actually a second Mercury Gourd in Kunlun's Field. That's a treasure even more valuable than the Thousand-leaf Saint Heart Grass."

The Earth Discipline Gourd of the Xinsu Sect was made out of a Mercury Gourd. Thus, this Heaven Pass Saint was very clear about its value.

The appearance of the Mercury Gourd made all the eyes of the Saints in the medicine garden burn brighter.

The Mercury Gourd shrunk back to the size of one's palm. It landed in Zhang Ruochen's hand. He collected it in his spatial

ring.

When Zhang Ruochen had prepared to shatter the spatial bubble, he'd told Qing Mo beforehand to leave. Now, he'd collected the Thousand-leaf Saint Heart Grass. He used his fastest technique and rushed out of the breaking world at the last moment.

He looked back. The spatial bubble was only 100 meters wide, 80 meters, 50 meters... Finally, it was a speck of light and disappeared in the garden.

“Leave the Mercury Gourd and I'll spare your life!”

Blood Saint Miefeng's eyes were filled with greed. He transformed into a bloody cloud and pounced on Zhang Ruochen.

Both the Mercury Gourd and Thousand-leaf Saint Heart Grass were extreme treasures. Who didn't want them?

Of all the Saints there, only Blood Saint Miefeng was still at his peak state. It was highly possible that he would be the final winner, so he was very excited.

Zhang Ruochen stood in place. He drew a circle with the Fire Luan Sword. A Luan's shadow appeared, blocking Blood Saint Miefeng.

“You can't take a hit.”

Blood Saint Miefeng's eyes were scornful. He jumped up and punched, shattering the fire Luan.

Whoosh!

Suddenly, a silver kitchen knife flew out from behind Zhang Ruochen. It struck Blood Saint Miefeng's chest, sending the cocky man flying back.

“My aim was accurate, right?”

Holding Zhu Qingyi, Qing Mo walked timidly from Zhang Ruochen. When she saw she'd hit Blood Saint Miefeng, she let out a long sigh.

“Leave this place immediately. I'll lead, you take care of the back.”

Zhang Ruochen and Qing Mo rushed out, wanting to leave as soon as possible. It wasn't just the two Heaven Pass Blood Generals. The human Saints would want to attack them too and get the Mercury Gourd and Thousand-leaf Saint Heart Grass.

A dozen saint weapons flew up in all directions, forming a ring of light. They all attacked Zhang Ruochen and Qing Mo simultaneously.

Zhang Ruochen used the Spatial Twist and changed the surrounding spatial structure. The paths of the dozens of saintly weapons went astray. Some hit the ground while some hit other Saints.

After the bitter battle, Zhang Ruochen and Qing Mo finally rushed out of the medicine garden. But before they could take a breath, they suffered a sneak attack.

A human Heaven Pass Saint charged out of the forest like a ghost. He stabbed Zhang Ruochen's chest with a finger sword. Poof.

Zhang Ruochen's chest was stabbed through. The bloody hole passed from his chest to his back. His organs were all injured and he spat out fresh blood.

The human Heaven Pass Saint was none other than the ninth headmaster of the Northern Saint Academy, Qiu Lanshan.

Qiu Lanshan stepped toward Zhang Ruochen, his saintly might getting stronger. "Hand over the Mercury Gourd," he intoned, "and your conflicts with the Martial City Bank will be forgiven."

"Are you dreaming?"

Zhang Ruochen braced against the pain in his chest and stood up again. Thick murderous intent surged in his eyes.

"Don't say I didn't give you the chance. Since you don't know what's good for you, then I'll send you on your way."

Qiu Lanshan summoned the Nether Snake Sword and grasped it in his hand.

Strong sword intent combined with the Nether Snake Sword. He instantly entered the Man Sword state. With a whoosh, he transformed into a beam of sword light and stabbed at Zhang Ruochen.

“Spatial Crack.”

Zhang Ruochen couldn't care about his disguise anymore. He stepped forward and manipulated the power of space. He hacked down and tore apart the space. A crack a dozen meters long opened up like a pitch-black gate of death.

By the time Qiu Lanshan discovered the spatial crack, it was too late to dodge.

“No...”

Qiu Lanshan was swallowed by the spatial crack. He fell into the empty void.

As the spatial crack closed, a Heaven Pass Saint died completely. He disappeared from this world without leaving behind a single thing.

“The space was actually torn apart. What's going on?”

“Could it be that he's that Time and Space Descendant? But wasn't he disabled by King Zhongying? How can he still be able to kill a Heaven Pass Saint?”

“Could there be two Time and Space Descendants in Kunlun's Field?”

...

The various Saints that had run out of the medicine garden were all stunned by this scene.

Chapter 1319 - Escape the Death

Translator:

Larbre Studio

Editor:

Larbre Studio

Martial Saint Canglan and the six female saints were all dazed. They all had different facial expressions. They didn't even believe that the so-called Time and Space Descendant existed before, yet the person standing beside them was indeed Zhang Ruochen.

Which meant they'd been spending days with Zhang Ruochen while Zhang Ruochen was a person wanted by the empress.

"I should've guessed it."

Martial Saint Canglan didn't know how to react.

She didn't expect them to be in such opposition. How am I even going to repay the favors?

"Since you're the Time and Space Descendant, there's no way we'll let you go today."

Although Four Sword Blood Saint and Mifeng Blood Saint had been severely injured, their sense of killing didn't dwindle. They fully mobilized their holy Qi, performing saint spells against Zhang Ruochen.

Zhang Ruochen shot a glance at them. He mobilized Divine Fire Jingmie in his lower abdomen, pushed his hands forward, and the blue fires gushed out of his palms, forming a fiery wall.

Divine Fire Jingmie was terrifically powerful. It not only stopped those two heaven pass blood generals from moving forward, but also forced the human saints to retreat.

Boom!

People rushed out of Wuyuan Island to chase them.

Zhang Ruochen kept bleeding as his wound couldn't be healed, tainting the white cape with red.

After all, Qiu Lanshan was a heaven pass saint. A trace of sword Qi from his sword had penetrated Zhang Ruochen's body, injuring Zhang Ruochen's already fragile meridians.

Zhang Ruochen knew that he couldn't be caught by those saints behind him, otherwise, he would definitely die today.

“Great spatial move.”

Zhang Ruochen clenched his teeth and mobilized the space power, grabbing Qing Mo's arms and stepping forward. Suddenly, he was more than one hundred miles away, entering a different region.

Xianji Mountain was bizarre. There were lots of remaining formations from the ancient times, so it looked very different from the outside world. Monks weren't able to sense places that were only a hundred miles away from them.

And then, Zhang Ruochen activated the power of the twelve Buddhist beads to cover his forces while running with Qing Mo.

They only stopped to have a rest after making sure that the enemies didn't catch up with them.

Zhang Ruochen's cape was completely red, and his face was pale.

After taking the meridian-connecting pills, his meridians indeed recovered. However, most of his meridians were wounded now. Zhang Ruochen was only using his mind power to persist, otherwise, he would've fallen long ago.

“You're deeply wounded, my lord. You need to take a spring pill now.”

Even Qing Mo could tell that Zhang Ruochen was in critical condition.

Zhang Ruochen was severely ill, and he was about to fall. He took out a spring pill from his space ring and prepared to take it.

“If you want to survive, put down the pill in your hand.”

There came an old sound from the forest.

A blazing fireball rushed to Zhang Ruochen and Qing Mo. The fireball dissipated, and Gu Songzi walked out.

Qing Mo took out her silver kitchen knife, and her eyes popped. She said, “If you dare come near us, I, I’ll slay you.”

Gu Songzi knew the power of the silver kitchen knife held by Qing Mo. Both Kongqian Blood Saint and Miefeng Blood Saint were defeated by her, so he was indeed intimidated by that girl. If she was really that impulsive, she might actually attack him.

“Calm down, calm down. We’re friends, not foes.” Gu Songzi tried to placate Qing Mo.

Qing Mo’s silver kitchen knife was gleaming. She asked, “If you really are a friend, why would you stop my lord from taking the pill?”

Gu Songzi said, “The meridian-connecting pill only healed his meridians for a short while. Actually, his meridians are still very fragile. Qiu Lanshan’s sword crushed most of his meridians. If he took a spring now, he’d die instead of being healed.”

Zhang Ruochen knew his body better than anyone else. After hearing what Gu Songzi said, he put back his spring pill and didn’t try it.

Cough Cough.

Zhang Ruochen dry-coughed and said, “I’ve already got the Thousand Leaves Saint Core Grass. Should you fulfill your promise now?”

“I’ll never break my promise.” Gu Songzi rolled his eyes and said, “However, I’ll only heal you after you give me the Thousand Leaves Saint Core Grass.”

“How dare you? My lord always keeps his promise. He’s already so injured. Why can’t you just heal him first?”

Qing Mo was very irritated. She kept grinding her teeth and wanted to wield the silver kitchen knife.

“Thousand Leaves Saint Core Grass is invaluable. Who would be willing to give that to someone else? If he refused to give it to me after I heal him, then what could I do? I’ve treated many people in my life, and I’ve seen all kinds of people before. Some of them made huge promises before I treated them, but after, they just left. Some of them called me God when they were asking me for help, and then they asked me to kneel before them after,” Gu Songzi said with a cold voice.

Zhang Ruochen had a world inside his body, so he didn’t need saint pills at all. The Thousand Leaves Saint Core Grass was indeed precious, but he didn’t value it that much.

Zhang Ruochen said, “Okay. Take me somewhere safe first, then I’ll give you the Thousand Leaves Saint Core Grass. Let’s not owe each other anything.”

“That’s right, don’t owe each other anything. I’ll stop you from bleeding first.”

Gu Songzi walked to Zhang Ruochen’s front, reached out his wrinkled palm and pressed on his wound.

And then, the sword Qi Qiu Lanshan had left in Zhang Ruochen’s body was extracted by Gu Songzi.

Immediately, the wounds in his chest and back recovered. Even the pain was gone.

Impressive. That old man is indeed cunning and sly, but he’s great at treating people, Zhang Ruochen thought.

Gu Songzi withdrew his palm and looked shocked.

Just as he had treated Zhang Ruochen, he had also checked Zhang Ruochen’s body. There was chaos Qi inside his body. He was just a human being, yet he felt like a creature that had been born when the world was just created.

Bizarre, this is just bizarre.

Just as Gu Songzi was about to ask what had happened to Zhang Ruochen, there came a melodious sound of wind chimes.

Ring Ring.

“Damn it, it’s him!” Gu Songzi was dazed.

Qing Mo was horrified. She looked to Zhang Ruochen, as she had no idea what to do.

Zhang Ruochen was too weak to fight, and his heart sank after hearing the wind chime sound.

However, Zhang Ruochen was still calm. He said, “Let’s get out of here as fast as possible.”

“Get out? Where are you even going?”

A black shadow engulfed in evil death Qi showed up in front of Gu Songzi, Zhang Ruochen and Qing Mo, stepping on the leaves.

The sound of the wind chimes became louder.

There were ten wind chimes in this forest, and they were all giving out jet-black light. There were black threads connecting each of the wind chimes, and there were ninety threads in total, blocking them completely.

A leaf that was falling from the tree was cut in half before it even touched the thread.

The leaf fell on the ground and turned into ashes.

Gu Songzi said, “You outer-realm creatures are finally coming out of the depths of Xianji Mountain?”

“You’ve stayed at the periphery of Xianji Mountain for hundreds of years now. You seem to know a lot. I can’t let you leave alive today.”

The black shadow disappeared suddenly, and then, he showed up right in front of Gu Songzi, reaching his hand toward Gu Songzi’s heart.

Although Gu Songzi had been studying pill way, he still had some fighting power.

“Godly Fire.”

A giant engulfed in flames was formed in front of Gu Songzi. It was wearing armor while holding a round shield, clashing with the palm of that black shadow.

Boom!

Both the shield and the giant were crushed by the black shadow, and a palm carrying evil death Qi hit the chest of Gu Songzi.

A cracking sound came from Gu Songzi’s body, and then, a layer of white light dissolved the force of the black shadow.

Although he was knocked away, he wasn’t injured.

Gu Songzi climbed up from the ground and took off his shirt. There were protective runes all over his body, and he had at least hundreds of them.

“Do you really think you can kill me?” Gu Songzi said.

Seeing the protection runes on Gu Songzi, even the black shadow was dazed. He didn’t expect someone could protect himself like this.

He might be exhausted even if he managed to kill him.

Gu Songzi took out a pill bottle and threw it toward the black shadow.

When the pill bottle reached the head of the black shadow, it exploded into golden poison mist, covering him.

The black shadow didn’t try to dodge it, and instead, he smiled. “How laughable it is that you think you can fight Death race with poison mist. Now that I can’t kill you today, I’ll kill Time and Space Descendant so that he won’t be a huge threat to my race in the future.”

“You’re not killing anyone today.”

An elder reeking of alcohol showed up in front of Zhang Ruo Chen, going through the forbidden area formed by the ten wind chimes. He drank from his wine gourd, completely ignoring the black shadow.

Chapter 1320 - Poison Way Saint

Translator:

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Editor:

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The Crazy Alcoholic wore a wrinkly shirt and a gray cloth hat. His face was all red and he looked drunk.

Gu Songzi glared at him. “Old alcoholic, you were here long ago, right? You didn’t attack just to see me get embarrassed?”

“Don’t people say that you can kill everything within ten miles? I wanted to see if you’ve gotten more powerful. Unfortunately, I’m disappointed.”

The Crazy Alcoholic smoothed his whiskers and laughed mercilessly. He also burped and the alcoholic scent on him grew heavier.

“My most powerful tactic is using poison, but he’s not afraid of poison. What can I do?” Gu Songzi was glaring so hard that his eyes bugged out. He felt like the Crazy Alcoholic was just causing trouble.

If the black shadow wasn’t on the side, Gu Songzi would’ve used poison to take down the Crazy Alcoholic already.

While the two old men were bickering, the black shadow ran into the forest like an arrow. It was clear that he felt the Crazy Alcoholic’s cultivation was very advanced and that he couldn’t win.

He could only escape.

“Get back here!”

The Crazy Alcoholic put down his flagon and his aura changed. The entire forest started trembling. Leaves fluttered

down.

In the forest, the formations left behind from the middle ages were all activated. They formed beams of light that shot into the air.

Whoosh!

The Crazy Alcoholic flashed forward. He was already behind the black shadow and pushed down a hand. This move wasn't to kill the man but to capture him alive.

Ding, ding.

A windchime flew out. It spun quickly and enlarged. When it touched the Crazy Alcoholic's hand, it exploded.

Boom!

After it exploded, a tide of destructive power destroyed a large patch of the forest, turning it into scorched earth. Even the remnants of formations cracked into pieces.

Fortunately, the attacker was the Crazy Alcoholic. Any other Saint would have died without a doubt.

“You think I can't capture you with your abilities?”

The Crazy Alcoholic was furious and embarrassed. Even with his cultivation, he'd actually failed. Thus, he went to capture the man again.

The black shadow kept striking with windchimes. They exploded, blocking the Crazy Alcoholic.

Unfortunately, the difference in cultivation was too much and all effort was in vain. The Crazy Alcoholic shattered ten windchimes and finally had the black shadow under his hand.

The black shadow's hands supported a dozen-meter-long handprint above him. His legs kept bending. Then he knelt in the forest with a thud.

“Speak!” The Crazy Alcoholic's eyes were serious and a bit cold. “Where do the so-called Immortal Vampires come from? What secret hides deep within Xianji Mountain?”

“Ha.” The black shadow just laughed and didn't reply.

“I’ve sworn not to kill anymore,” the Crazy Alcoholic said. “But your deathly Qi is too heavy. You don’t seem like a living being. You think I won’t destroy your soul today?”

“Kill me if you want. No need for this nonsense.” The black shadow wasn’t afraid at all.

Suddenly, wild and frigid wind blew through the forest. The ancient trees were all ripped up. Boulders, dirt, and leaves flew in the air as if the earth was about to curl up.

The sky darkened and the temperature dropped drastically. Strange noises sounded in the air. Some noises were like a child crying, some like vengeful ghosts wailing, others like cries on a battlefield...

Zhang Ruochen’s heart jumped. He thought of the figure that had escaped from under the pavilion. Expression changing drastically, he warned the Crazy Alcoholic, “Be careful. A horribly inauspicious object is nearby...”

The black shadow laughed eerily.

Just then, a large mass of black shadows rushed out of the forest. They were countless, like a shadow army from the netherworld. They all carried deathly Qi that was countless times stronger than the black shadow man.

Even the Crazy Alcoholic felt danger. He hurriedly pulled his hand back and retreated.

“What is this?”

His every step was countless miles apart. He didn’t want to get touched by the shadows, but they wouldn’t let him go. They sped up, wanting to swallow the Crazy Alcoholic.

“Three-Petal Nine Life Flower.”

The Crazy Alcoholic pulled out a jade clover. Holding it in his hand, he poured Holy Qi into it. Then nine rings of green light emerged around the Three-Petal Nine Life Flower and pushed out. The nine layers were like a tide.

When the pursuing black shadows touched the saintly light, they cried out and dissolved into shreds of smoke.

The light from the Three-Petal Nine Life Flower was very bright. The might of the Saintly Way that it formed was very strong too. It was blinding even from thousands of miles away.

A sharp cry came from deep within Xianji Mountain, shaking the entire mountain. Hearing this, the remaining shadows grabbed the black shadow kneeling on the ground. They transformed into a black tornado and rushed deep within Xianji Mountain.

The charcoal clouds in the sky scattered as well.

The Crazy Alcoholic didn't chase after them. He gazed at the depths of Xianji Mountain with a solemn expression. That shriek had been too terrifying. His saintly soul had almost left his body. It was like a warning.

"What kind of being is that?" the Crazy Alcoholic muttered to himself.

"There is a terrifying secret hidden in Xianji Mountain," Gu Songzi said. "It's not something we can get involved in. However, the powerful humans of the ancient times left things behind to stop them from walking out of Xianji Mountain. We don't need to fear them."

"You've been in Xianji Mountain for centuries. You must know many things. Hurry and tell me."

"Why should I tell you? Who do you think you are? Of course, if you give me the Three-Petal Nine Life Flower, I can tell you some things." Gu Songzi leered.

The Crazy Alcoholic glared and huffed. "I almost died countless times in the Yin Yang Sea to get the Three-Petal Nine Life Flower, but you want it? Are you dreaming?"

"Fine, I don't want it. But Xianji Mountain doesn't welcome you. You'd better leave, or else I'll have to force you away."

Gu Songzi spoke coldly and didn't seem to be joking. Then he walked into the forest with his arms behind his back. Going to Zhang Ruochen, he uttered, "If you want to connect your meridians, follow me."

Qing Mo helped Zhang Ruochen up. She blinked at the Crazy Alcoholic and then followed over.

The Crazy Alcoholic was taken aback. Staring at Gu Songzi's back, he thundered, "Old Ku, what is this? You would've died if not for me! Now you're burning bridges?"

Behind Gu Songzi, an odd look flashed past Zhang Ruochen's eyes. Why did the Crazy Alcoholic call Gu Songzi "Old Ku?" Was Gu Songzi not his real name?

As a Pill Saint, he must be very famous. Zhang Ruochen thought carefully and his expression suddenly froze.

Could Gu Songzi be Lord Ku, that Poison Way Saint?

Zhang Ruochen had heard of Lord Ku's name from 800 years ago. He was half a generation older.

When Zhang Ruochen was 16 years old, Lord Ku was in his thirties and already known throughout. He was known as the top Pill Way genius.

Eight hundred years later, Zhang Ruochen had read many books about the people from that time. When he was reading about the Demon Emperor and Empress Chi Yao's final battle, he'd happened upon a record about Lord Ku.

It said that, 600 years ago, Lord Ku got the title "Poison Way Saint," and became an elder of the Demonic Sect.

After that battle between the imperial court and Demonic Sect, practically all strong figures of the Demonic Sect had died. There were no more records of Lord Ku. Zhang Ruochen thought that he'd died in that battle.

Zhang Ruochen had suspected that the Crazy Alcoholic was from the Demonic Sect. Hearing him call Gu Songzi "Old Ku," he naturally thought of Lord Ku.

Could Gu Songzi and Lord Ku be the same person? If Gu Songzi is an elder of the Demonic Sect, then why doesn't he stay in the Demonic Sect? Why does he live in isolation in the dangerous Xianji Mountain? Is he living in isolation or hiding from something?

Questions filled Zhang Ruochen. He suddenly realized that Gu Songzi was a very interesting man.

Gu Songzi brought Zhang Ruochen and Qing Mo to a foggy forest. The trees were huge. Some ancient trees had grown for countless years and looked like mountains on the ground.

There were some broken walls among the weeds. It was evident that this place used to be glorious. It might have been the Xianji Sect's old site. One hundred thousand years earlier, there'd probably been tens of thousands of disciples cultivating, practicing and studying here. Unfortunately, it was barren now. Even the stone steps were covered with moss.

"Be careful," Zhang Ruochen whispered to Qing Mo. "Follow Gu Songzi's steps and don't misstep. There are many ancient formations here. If you're not careful, you might be in danger."

Gu Songzi brought Zhang Ruochen and Qing Mo to the foot of a mountain.

Whoosh!

A spiritual spring flowed down the cliff, forming a blue lake at the foot of the mountain. Wispy smoke floated out of it.

The riverbank was filled with precious medicines. Some were grass, some were colorful flowers, and others were fragrant fruits.

The scenery was beautiful. It was filled with Qi and very serene. Compared to the rest of Xianji Mountain, it was like a paradise.

"This was the largest cultivation land outside Xianji Sect," Gu Songzi said. "Even now, there are still many formations operating."

Qing Mo set Zhang Ruochen down, letting him rest on the riverbank.

Gu Songzi stared into the distance and scoffed. "That old alcoholic didn't actually leave. He snuck over. Does he really think I can't defeat him?"

He released his Spiritual Power into a dozen beams of light. They flew into the forest and hit the ground.

Boom!

The ancient formations were all activated. They started operating, locking this area. No creature would be able to break in.

Zhang Ruochen looked up. “It doesn’t seem like you two have some horrible conflict. Why must you lock him out? Why can’t you sit down and have a nice chat?”

Gu Songzi didn’t react politely. “Who said that we don’t have a horrible conflict? If you want to heal, you better not ask questions that you shouldn’t ask.”

It was clear that he didn’t want to continue discussing this topic. Then he said, “Now, take out the Thousand-leaf Saint Heart Grass and put it in the spiritual lake.”

Chapter 1321 - Three

Meridians Evolve Based on

Rules of Sky and Land

Translator:

Larbre Studio

Editor:

Larbre Studio

Spiritual Lake was only dozens of miles long, yet the water inside was filled with spiritual Qi. For normal warriors, their body constitution would be greatly improved, and their refining efficiency would surge after they drank the water.

Zhang Ruochen put the island where Thousand Leaves Saint Core Grass grew into the lake. Suddenly, Spiritual Lake became circular.

Gu Songzi was indeed wicked and cunning, but he was a man of his word.

Gu Songzi continued explaining to Zhang Ruochen, “With the efficacy from Thousand Leaves Saint Core Grass inside the meridian-connecting pill, I can indeed heal your injuries with my mind power. However, no pill saint can return your meridians to the way they were. They’ll be fragmentary to some extent.

“Those fragments are nothing to normal monks, but for someone as talented as you, it’ll affect you anyway. The more you advance, the more effects there’re going to be.”

Meridians, saint meridians and blood meridians weren’t just any threads. Instead, they were threads that came from one thread, and they would extend and multiply, until there were hundreds of, thousands of, and in the end, unlimited threads.

They were distributed on every single micro-organism on his body.

Which was why it was impossible to make the three meridians that were exactly like before.

However, he knew that even if his mind power reached level sixty, which meant he became a mind power supreme saint, his blood meridians would only be infinitely close to a hundred percent completed. They would never be truly completed.

To ordinary people, those flaws were nothing. However, to saints, it would slow their refining speed several times.

To supreme saints, they wouldn't be able to improve their cultivation.

The flaws in his three meridians could destroy Zhang Ruochen's God's destiny and the foundation he built in the four realms of martial way. They would outweigh the negative effects caused by taking Buddha Emperor's sarira, which was fatal to a great talent.

He might turn from a great talent to a mediocre monk.

Though this was within Zhang Ruochen's expectations, he still felt depressed after hearing it from Gu Songzi.

Qing Mo held her hands tight and asked, "Is there no other way?"

"There is, actually," Gu Songzi said.

Zhang Ruochen's eyes gleamed as he didn't expect Gu Songzi to be that great at treating people.

Gu Songzi said, "However, I don't have the power to do it. Actually, there might be only one person in the world who can accomplish that."

"Who?" Zhang Ruochen asked.

"You."

Zhang Ruochen was a bit dazed. He said, "Me?"

Gu Songzi nodded and said, "When I was inspecting your body, I found that there's thick chaos Qi inside. There's a

secret inside your body, isn't there?"

Zhang Ruochen stared at Gu Songzi's eyes and turned silent.

"You don't need to tell me anything about it. I don't want to know."

Gu Songzi didn't like to sound out other people's secrets. As a pill master, the more he knew about others, the less safe it was for him.

Gu Songzi kept saying, "The three meridians of human beings were only bred after they were born, no matter how mysterious, changeable and complicated they are. However, chaos Qi is natal Qi which can breed everything. It's more mysterious and unpredictable."

Zhang Ruochen was smart enough to understand what Gu Songzi meant. He asked, "Are you saying I should breed my three meridians with the chaos Qi inside me?"

"That's right." Gu Songzi said, "If I am correct, you've refined Five Elements Chaotic Body, but that's postnatal. If you can use your chaos Qi to breed the three meridians and form a natal Five Elements Chaotic Body, your potential will surge, after which your accomplishments will be beyond even my imagination."

"Natal Five Elements Chaotic Body," Zhang Ruochen whispered.

It was said that such creatures would only come into being when a world had just been created.

Gu Songzi said, "However, it's a huge risk for you to take. People's mind power is not enough to control the chaos. Perhaps you can give rise to a natal Five Elements Chaotic Body, yet it might destroy all your cultivation, rendering you powerless. You don't need to tell me what you're going to choose. I'll give you three days to reach a decision."

This was a huge decision to make!

If he chose the first one, there would be no risk. However, his potential would fall and he wouldn't be able to accomplish much in the future.

If he chose the latter one, then he would either have unlimited potential after creating a natal Five Elements Chaotic Body or become an ordinary person.

“I’ll choose the latter. I must control my fate, and there’re many things for me to finish.”

Zhang Ruochen didn’t even hesitate.

Gu Songzi looked appreciative. He nodded and said, “You need to give me three days to make the meridian-breeding pill.”

Zhang Ruochen couldn’t make the three meridians using only his mind power and chaotic Qi. He needed the help of a meridian-breeding pill.”

Zhang Ruochen sat beside Spiritual Lake, recalling all the martial arts classics he had read, including ‘God-Slaying Scripture,’ part of ‘Heavenly Devil Stone Inscription,’ and the most important thing, ‘Emperor Ming Nine-sky Scripture’.

Each of the martial classics represented the exploration of the ancient people, especially the six extraordinary books and ‘Emperor Ming Nine-sky Scripture,’ and they pointed to the origin of the great way. If he could completely comprehend it, he would be able to understand the mysteries of the world.

Using the chaos Qi to create three meridians was almost the same as the world being born.

Zhang Ruochen couldn’t peek at Tianji and comprehend the origin of the major way, so he could only organize all the martial studies in the world, hoping that they would help him.

Three days flew by.

Zhang Ruochen still wasn’t able to understand the rules of the sky and land, yet his martial way was greatly improved as he had lots of new understandings. His mastery of sword master also reached a whole new level as if it was about to make a breakthrough.

Gu Songzi made the meridian-breeding pill and gave it to Zhang Ruochen. He said, “This is all I could do to help you. From now on, we’re clear, and you’re on your own.”

Gu Songzi told Qing Mo to protect Zhang Ruochen from being disturbed, and then, he left the place.

Qing Mo wanted to persuade Zhang Ruochen to think twice, but she chose not to as she didn't want to affect him.

“Only those who've fought and strived know the differences between legends and the ordinary.”

Zhang Ruochen looked calm. He swallowed the pill without hesitation.

The meridian-breeding pill was like a catalyst. After it went into Zhang Ruochen's body, the chaos Qi in Zhang Ruochen's body became very active, making clattering sounds.

Each trace of his chaos Qi was like a river, and each light spot was like a star.

Zhang Ruochen's skin started to glow with five-colored light. Lots of light spots were shining, and they became brighter and brighter. Even Spiritual Lake beside him became colorful.

Qing Mo held her breath with her eyes popping.

It seemed that Zhang Ruochen was holding a vast and boundless universe in his body where there were countless star regions.

“Is my lord really going to turn from postnatal to natal? He's going to shine upon the universe with his body? His three meridians are going to evolve based on the rules of sky and land?”

Qing Mo swallowed her saliva as she couldn't be more anxious.

Gu Songzi was sitting in a thatched cottage and he whispered, looking to the lake, “If he can really succeed, then he'll trump Gods when they're young. Can he really make a miracle?”

Zhang Ruochen's body became larger and larger in his own mind. It was boundless, like an unlimited astral sky that was out of his control.

Zhang Ruochen gave up taking control, and he started to recall all the techniques he had read, and billions of characters

showed up.

Those characters formed picture after picture. Some of them were beautiful fairies, some of them were blossoming flowers, some of them were warriors holding bows, and some were magical pillars or godly rivers.

All those pictures merged with the five-colored light spot, making the entire chaos world abstruse and magnificent.

Whoosh!

Zhang Ruochen felt that his body was shrinking from a vast universe to a human body.

All his meridians had recovered.

Holy Qi flew in his meridians and saint meridians while his blood flew in his veins. His body became abundant.

He still had the same number of meridians and saint meridians, yet all his meridians had five different colors on them now, and besides, he could feel that his meridians had gone through some very nuanced changes, which he could comprehend with his current cultivation.

“I’ve made a breakthrough and become an upper-class saint.”

Zhang Ruochen smiled and was keen to engage in a fight to alleviate his frustration.

Meanwhile, he was also curious about how powerful he had become. Could I rival those heaven pass blood generals now?

Chapter 1322 - Situ Fengcheng's Decision

Translator:

Larbre Studio

Editor:

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The plains around 500 miles from Zhilin Pass were the Immortal Vampires' camp. All one could see were densely packed tents. There were many lights, like stars reflecting on the dark ground.

The sky was covered in thick blood clouds that extended for thousands of miles. Huge formations were operating in the clouds, preventing the imperial court from attacking secretly.

A tent of one general in the Qingtian Tribe was made out of human bones. There was a large flag outside the tent. A human's skin hung from it. More accurately, this was the skin ripped off of a human Saint.

The blood hadn't dried yet. It shone with crimson light.

Two powerful runes were burned into the skin using Rules of Saintly Way: Situ.

Situ was a large surname in the Qingtian Tribe. It represented an ancient and glorious family, second only to the royal family.

As the pride of the Situ Family and top figure of the younger generation in the Qingtian Tribe, Situ Fengcheng sat in the uppermost seat of the tent. He held the communication rune he'd just received with extremely hard eyes.

“Such a terrifying message. The world will be upended.”

The message had come from Serene Wind Mansion. The content truly shocked Situ Fengcheng.

Just a while ago, the Saint Elder of Sacred Central Crypt had broken into the mansion city and beaten King Zhongying to the ground. Situ Fengcheng's teacher, King Zhongying, was heavily injured.

Then Blood Emperor Qingtian had tried to stop them. He fought with the Saint Elder and shattered half of the mansion city. Millions of Qingtian Tribe members had died in the shockwaves.

The northern region only had 36 mansions. Each mansion city was an ancient city with more than 10,000 years of history. They had the firmest defenses. The defensive formations connected the cities and no disasters could destroy them.

However, more than half of Serene Wind Mansion's city had been destroyed. One could imagine how terrifying the battle had been.

In the end, Blood Emperor Qingtian lost miserably and almost died in the Saint Elder's hands.

According to the communication rune, the pavilion lord of the Immortal Pavilion had calculated that Blood Emperor Qingtian and King Zhongying were in danger. He fought against the Saint Elder across the void and saved Blood Emperor Qingtian and King Zhongying. He brought them back to the Immortal Pavilion to recover.

The Saint Elder seemed to have been hurt in the fight with the Immortal Pavilion Lord. She left Serene Wind Mansion and disappeared.

Situ Fengcheng had an advanced mindset. He quickly recovered from the shock and muttered to himself, "I wonder how incredible a fight between these figures is. If I could observe from a close distance, it would definitely help with my cultivation."

The Qingtian Tribe suffered greatly from this battle. Both Blood Emperor Qingtian and King Zhongying were close to death. Around 50 Blood Saints had died. Half-Saints and those in the Fish-Dragon Realm who'd died were innumerable.

The Saint Elder of Sacred Central Crypt was able to deal such harm to the Qingtian Tribe by herself. The tribe was now probably the last of the ten Immortal Vampire tribes.

The Qingtian Tribe had been taken by surprise, but the Saint Elder could escape from the Immortal Pavilion's lord and go freely in Immortal Vampire territory. Her abilities far surpassed what the Immortal Vampires had predicted.

"Why did this happen? She'd cultivated for 800 years and should be a very logical and talented figure. Why did she risk dying to enter Serene Wind Mansion and fight against my master?" Situ Fengcheng didn't understand.

The Immortal Vampires didn't only have ten Blood Emperors. They also had the mysterious Immortal Pavilion. They were like a pit of dragons. No matter how high one's cultivation was, breaking into Immortal Vampire territory alone was practically certain death.

The Saint Elder couldn't have done this without reason. But Situ Fengcheng just couldn't think of a reason.

"In the following period, the Qingtian Tribe will have hardships. I must prepare beforehand."

Situ Fengcheng sat beside the table and carved more than 30 communication runes. With a wave of his sleeve, the runes transformed into light and flew out of the tent, disappearing in the night.

Tap, tap.

Footsteps sounded. A soldier in blood armor walked in and lowered onto one knee. "General, Blood Saint Sijian and Miefeng request to see you."

Situ Fengcheng's eyes narrowed. "Only those two?"

"Yes."

According to the news he received, Blood Saint Sijian and Miefeng had already entered Xianji Mountain and taken the formula for the Hua Divine Pill. Now that they'd returned, why wasn't there news of Zhu Qingyi?

Situ Fengcheng had a bad feeling. "Let them in."

Blood Saint Sijian and Miefeng were Heaven Pass Blood Generals. They had extremely high status, but they were still polite when seeing Situ Fengcheng. Together, they said, “Greetings, General.”

Situ Fengcheng nodded, gesturing for them to rise. “No need to be so polite. I am curious about what bad news you’ll give me.”

“Zhu Qingyi was poisoned by the golden cobra in Xianji Mountain,” Blood Saint Miefeng said. “She was captured by Zhang Ruochen.”

Despite being prepared, Situ Fengcheng was still surprised. “Zhang Ruochen? Which Zhang Ruochen?”

“That human Time and Space Descendant,” Blood Saint Miefeng said with a dark expression.

Then the two Blood Saints recounted what had happened in Xianji Mountain.

Situ Fengcheng kept frowning. He gradually accepted the truth. Zhang Ruochen had come to the northern region, captured Zhu Qingyi, caused so much bloodshed in Xianji Mountain, and nabbed the Thousand-leaf Saint Heart Grass, the main ingredient of the Hua Divine Pill.

Was this really something that a man with disabled meridians could do?

“Are you sure that Zhang Ruochen used both Spiritual Power and martial strength?” Situ Fengcheng asked.

Since King Zhongying said that he’d disabled Zhang Ruochen’s meridians, then they were definitely disabled. Situ Fengcheng didn’t doubt this at all.

“I fought against him,” Blood Saint Sijian said. “He definitely used martial strength. He doesn’t seem like he’s disabled.”

“Perhaps,” Blood Saint Miefeng guessed, “Gu Songzi helped him reconnect the meridians. They were close in the fight for the Thousand-leaf Saint Heart Grass and left together.”

Situ Fengcheng sank into deep thought. A beat later, he finally smiled. “Interesting. Very interesting. As expected of the Time

and Space Descendant. He really never dies. Other than the five on the Heroes List, there's finally a sixth human that I am impressed by."

"Actually," Blood Saint Miefeng said, "Zhang Ruochen's abilities can only manage to fight against Saints in the early Heaven Pass Realm. My cultivation is enough to squash him. But his spatial tactics are too mysterious. If he wants to escape, even a Saint won't be able to make him stay."

Situ Fengcheng tapped the table. Staring at the candlelight, he said, "Zhang Ruochen captured Zhu Qingyi without killing her. It seems like he has a bigger motive."

"Zhang Ruochen grows too quickly," Blood Saint Sijian said. "We must kill him this time. We can't let him escape from Xianji Mountain."

"We naturally can't let him out of Xianji Mountain," Situ Fengcheng said. "Other than him, we also must take down Gu Songzi and Martial Saint Canglan."

Blood Saint Miefeng looked happy. "General, are you going to fight personally?"

"With the current situation, I must fight personally. Rather than having Zhang Ruochen come find me, I'll go find him."

Situ Fengcheng already had some guesses. Zhang Ruochen probably didn't kill Zhu Qingyi because of that thing Situ Fengcheng had.

"But Zhu Qingyi is still in his hands. He has the upper hand. I must get on equal grounds before fighting against him."

Situ Fengcheng didn't like being restricted. Since he chose to attack first, he naturally had to prepare sufficiently.

He walked to the bookshelf on the left of the tent and took out a thick stack of files. The cover had two big words: Zhang Ruochen.

Opening the material, he quickly scanned it all. "In a few short years, Zhang Ruochen had gone from the weak king of a small country in Heavenly Devil Mountain to someone who even

intimidates the Immortal Vampires. It's not an exaggeration to say he's a human legend.

“Yunwu Commandery, Martial City Academy, Eastern Region Saint Academy, Yin and Yang Sect, Blood God Sect, and the Pluto Sword Tomb all have people close to him. Who should I choose?”

The materials recorded that Zhang Ruochen's weak spot was his mother, Concubine Lin of Yunwu Commandery.

However, Situ Fengcheng had recently received news that the cultivators who'd gone to the Central Emperor City to capture Concubine Lin had all died.

It was clear that a powerful force was protecting her in secret. Thus, trying to get Concubine Lin wasn't an easy thing. Situ Fengcheng would have to try something else.

Whoosh!

Just then, a communication rune flew into the tent and landed in his hands.

Looking at the information, he smiled. “The Immortal Vampires hidden in the Pluto Sword Tomb said that they found traces of Huang Yanchen. She's hurrying toward the north with cultivators from the Pluto Sword Tomb.

“Zhang Ruochen's fiancée, haha. I will personally lead a group to capture her. As long as I have Huang Yanchen, Zhang Ruochen will be meat for us to butcher. I'd like to see how he'll escape.”

Blood Saint Miefeng volunteered to fight. Cruelty colored his eyes.

Situ Fengcheng felt that Miefeng wasn't detailed enough. He shook his head. “Blood Saint Sijian must be the one who goes.”

“Why?” Blood Saint Miefeng couldn't understand.

“If we want to kill Zhang Ruochen, we must have two options,” Situ Fengcheng said. “Go to the eastern region and capture the people written here.”

He handed a copy to Blood Saint Miefeng.

After the Blood Saints left, Situ Fengcheng finally muttered to himself, “When fighting someone who never dies and keeps getting stronger with every ordeal, two options aren’t enough. There must be a third and fourth option to make sure that he’ll die without ever coming back to life.”

Situ Fengcheng wrote two letters and had someone send them to the Qitian and Huangtian Tribe. These two tribes both hated Zhang Ruochen. He believed that they wouldn’t miss a chance to kill him.

Chapter 1323 - Make a Pot of Soup

Translator:

Larbre Studio

Editor:

Larbre Studio

Xianji Mountain.

After recovering, five-colored light gushed out of Zhang Ruochen's body as if his body was made of five-colored godly stones with endless power, which gave him euphoria he'd never felt before.

The sky above Spiritual Mountain seemed to have been affected by the power inside his body, and there formed a five-colored saint cloud.

“Separation of Sky and River.”

Zhang Ruochen ascended and flew up into the air, performing Luo Water Fist Technique.

Boom!

Deafening thunder sounds blasted, and the phantom of a river emerged, floating in the sky, giving out destructive power, shaking Spiritual Mountain.

Zhang Ruochen retracted holy Qi after landing on the ground again. The color on his skin started to dim and went back to his flesh and blood.

Qing Mo couldn't be happier. She smiled and said, “Congratulations, my lord. You've finally recovered, and soon, you'll be invincible.”

Zhang Ruochen smiled and nodded. All of a sudden, he felt an excruciating pain everywhere in his body. He started to sweat, and his veins started to show. He couldn't even stand straight.

Qing Mo's smile froze. She immediately rushed to Zhang Ruochen to support him. She asked, "What happened? My lord? Did something happen when you were recovering?"

Zhang Ruochen didn't know what had happened. The only thing he could feel was the pain from his veins, meridians and saint meridians as if they were about to crack again.

Gu Songzi walked out of the thatched cottage and snorted, "Although your meridians have recovered, they were still just created. They're fragile like newborn babies. How are they supposed to withstand the shock from blood Qi and saint Qi?"

Gradually, Zhang Ruochen could feel that the pain was getting milder.

Zhang Ruochen was smart enough to know what Gu Songzi was talking about. He asked, "How long do I need to rest before I can fight someone again?"

"With your body constitution, I reckon you only need half a month. You're a good guy, so I'll allow you to stay here for the next half a month."

Gu Songzi left after answering Zhang Ruochen's question.

Qing Mo stared at Gu Songzi, and she suddenly realized that this eccentric elder wasn't as cold as he appeared to be.

"Are you feeling better, my lord?" Qing Mo asked, concerned.

"It's fine. I shouldn't have rushed it myself."

Zhang Ruochen smiled, took a deep breath, and the spiritual Qi around him all flew into his body like traces of light, flowing in his meridians and saint meridians.

The pain was only gone after him resting for ten days.

"I'll bring a savage beast back to make soup for you, my lord."

Qing Mo climbed up to Spiritual Mountain, performing her body technique, disappearing among layers of white mist.

Gu Songzi had lived here for hundreds of years, so this place must be very safe, which was why Zhang Ruochen wasn't worried about Qing Mo. He planned to make the best use of

this half a month to refine himself so that his cultivation could be improved a step further.

Zhang Ruochen knew for sure that he would attract many enemies if they knew they had shown up in Xianji Mountain. He could only be at an advantage after he got stronger.

Whoosh!

Zhang Ruochen's mind power entered his lower abdomen. He then had an astounding realization that the sirari of Buddha Emperor was also floating in his lower abdomen above Divine Fire Jingmie, giving out endless golden light. It looked divine.

"I swallowed the sirari of Buddha Emperor. How is it in my lower abdomen?"

Zhang Ruochen put his right hand on his forehead.

Rush!

The sirari of Buddha Emperor flew out of his lower abdomen, went through his martial deity print and fell onto his hand. It was only as large as a peanut, and there were Buddha characters on it.

Zhang Ruochen didn't expect that he could solve the hidden problem of the sirari of Buddha Emperor by reconstructing his meridians.

"Holy Qi might have brought the sirari into my lower abdomen when the meridians and saint meridians were being constructed."

Zhang Ruochen laughed as he'd gotten lucky after surviving a terror.

He put the sirari back to his lower abdomen. Suddenly, it floated above Divine Fire Jingmie again, spinning slowly.

With the power coming from the sirari, Zhang Ruochen's cultivation was surging quickly even if he wasn't mobilizing his techniques.

The sirari of Buddha Emperor is indeed priceless. No wonder so many monks want it. I should be able to refine Xuanhuang Qi and enter Xuanhuang realm soon, Zhang Ruochen thought.

After entering the state of saint, it would very difficult for a monk to improve their level.

With the help of the sirari of Buddha Emperor, Zhang Ruochen was able to become an upper-class saint even when his meridians were all crushed.

And now, all his meridians had been reconstructed, and with the help of chaos Qi, Divine Fire Jingmie, and buddha of Buddha Emperor, his cultivation would only be improved at a faster pace.

My mind power should've reached mid-level-fifty-three, Zhang Ruochen thought.

Actually, there wasn't a detailed categorization of mind power.

However, for mind power monks, they had different estimation of mind power. Those whose mind power had just reached level fifty-three were definitely nothing compared to those who had refined for decades at level fifty-three.

To Zhang Ruochen, the power from a mind power monk who had reached level fifty-three could range from Absolute Ground realm to Heaven pass realm.

He divided level fifty-three into four stages: basic stage, middle stage, later stage, and pinnacle stage.

The basic stage and the middle stage corresponded to absolute ground saints.

Later stage and pinnacle stage corresponded to heaven pass saints.

There was no doubt that the Fairy from Earth God Temple and Ying Huo from Immortal Temple had both reached pinnacle level fifty-three.

Besides, they also had great mastery over their mind power and owned impressive valuables, making them much stronger than normal mind power saints who were also at pinnacle level fifty-three. Perhaps only heaven pass blood generals could rival them.

As for mind power saints who were at level fifty-four, they corresponded to true saints and extreme saints.

Chu Siyuan, the leader of Painting Sect, had mind power at pinnacle level fifty-four. If he could improve again, he would reach level fifty-five, becoming a mind power saint king.

However, this step stopped many mind power saints from making a breakthrough.

It only took Zhang Ruochen a couple of days to turn his mind power from basic level fifty-three to middle level fifty-three, which was thrilling to other mind power saints, and all this could be attributed to Buddha Emperor's sirari.

If Chu Siyuan could get the sirari from Buddha Emperor, he would instantly become a mind power saint king.

And then, Zhang Ruochen pulled out Abyss Ancient Sword, closing his eyes as if the sword integrated with him.

He would never feel this way when he wielded other swords.

Swish!

Zhang Ruochen shook his arm and wielded that giant black sword. He performed mysterious stepping techniques and left a phantom beside the lake.

His body and his lake seemed to have been combined as one.

Zhang Ruochen was fully immersed in wielding his sword. He didn't even mobilize his holy Qi.

"Sword Technique Tianxin."

"True-Thunder Fire Sword Technique."

"Nine-death Sword Technique."

"Time Sword Technique."

...

Zhang Ruochen performed all the sword techniques he'd tried before, and he could naturally perform every single move. It didn't matter which sword technique he performed, he did it smoothly and with ease.

Zhang Ruochen only stopped when he smelled the soup coming from afar.

“I’ve already finished level nine of Sword Seven. I only have one level left before completing Sword Seven and becoming a sword saint.”

Zhang Ruochen looked forward to it. After all, every sword warrior wanted to become a sword saint.

Zhang Ruochen was one step away from fulfilling everyone’s dream.

The tenth level of Sword Seven, Sword No Regrets.

“Sword No Regrets is more of a state of life instead of a state of sword.”

Zhang Ruochen frowned as he felt that he couldn’t comprehend the final stage. Was it because he wasn’t experienced enough?

The aroma of the meal only got thicker. He couldn’t focus at all, so he just gave up temporarily.

Nobody knew where Qing Mo got the level-six savage beast to make a huge pot of soup. The soup was glowing with golden light, and there was meat and spiritual medicines inside.

Gu Songsi had rushed out of the thatched cottage a long time ago. His eyes popped while his saliva kept dripping. He asked, “Are you very great at pill way, Ms. Qing Mo?”

“No,” Qing Mo said.

“Impossible. Every spiritual medicine you put in the soup has a different characteristic, yet they’re perfectly mixed, making them much stronger. It’s as good as a saint pill already. Even I have never seen such a combo before.”

Gu Songzi couldn’t help staring at the pot. He licked his lips and said, “Have you finished yet?”

Qing Mo said, “This is the soup I made for my lord, not for you. Why’re you in a rush?”

Gu Songzi had been staying in Xianji Mountain for hundreds of years already, and he had been swallowing blood pills to empower his body. He had never eaten food before.

However, Qing Mo had just cooked a huge pot of soup in front of him, and Qing Mo's cooking skills made the soup smell like heaven. How could he not be tempted by it?

Gu Songzi said seriously, "Zhang Ruochen has just recovered. He's not fit for this kind of restoratives. As for me, I've starved for hundreds of years, so I'm really weak. I also helped Zhang Ruochen make his meridian-connecting pill, and I can't even see straight now. I need to be reinvigorated."

Zhang Ruochen heard the kind of shameless things Gu Songzi said. He couldn't help smiling and said, "As long as you can tell me about the secrets of Death race, you can share the pot with me for sure."

Chapter 1324 - History Of The Demonic Sect

Translator:

Larbre Studio

Editor:

Larbre Studio

Gu Songzi immediately sat upright. With a stern face, he looked like an esteemed figure. “Young man, as an elder, I must tell you something. It’s best not to know things that you shouldn’t know.”

Zhang Ruochen walked over and sat down across from Gu Songzi. Staring into his ancient eyes, Zhang Ruochen said, “What are things that I should know? What are things that I shouldn’t know?”

“You shouldn’t know because your cultivation is too low. It’s not time for you to know yet. Plus, you’re too frivolous. You shouldn’t know.”

Zhang Ruochen was silent for a bit. “Even with my current cultivation, I still don’t qualify to know?”

“Yes.” While Gu Songzi answered Zhang Ruochen, he sniffed powerfully. “Miss Qing Mo, how much longer do we have to wait? The meat looks done and the spiritual medicine is about to burn. Can we start eating now?”

Zhang Ruochen smiled. Gu Songzi really changed his tune quickly. Before, he always called Qing Mo “little girl.” Now, she was a “miss.” It sounded like he was trying to get on her good side.

He threw away all shame for food!

Qing Mo didn’t entertain Gu Songzi. “Lord Zhang said that you can only have food if you tell us about the Immortal Vampires’ secrets.”

“Tsk, I already said that your cultivation is too low. It’s not time for you to know yet.” Gu Songzi sighed, thinking that Qing Mo was too stubborn.

“Then let’s change the question,” Zhang Ruochen said. “What conflict do you and the Crazy Alcoholic have? You can answer this one, right?”

“This...I can’t either.” Gu Songzi shook his head. His eyes had a strange look.

“What if we add a flagon of Dragon Fire Wine, eighth of all liquors in the world? We have meat, soup, and wine. A story goes best with this, right?”

Zhang Ruochen took a flagon of Dragon Fire Wine out of his spatial ring. He opened it and placed it before Gu Songzi. The thick fragrance floated out, making Gu Songzi’s eyes burn with hot light. He couldn’t help but lick his lips.

Seeing this, Zhang Ruochen knew that his guess was correct. Since Gu Songzi had once been close friends with the Crazy Alcoholic, he must love drinking as well.

Gu Songzi pounced to grab the flagon, but he missed. Zhang Ruochen had already pulled it back beforehand.

Gu Songzi sighed. “It was all in the past. What is there to talk about?”

“Since it’s in the past, from hundreds of years ago, why can’t you talk about? Do you really want to take your relationship and conflicts to the grave?”

Zhang Ruochen really wanted to know the reason. He felt like with the Crazy Alcoholic’s personality, he didn’t seem the type to betray friends. What exactly was the reason that two closest friends turned on each other?

Was it a misunderstanding?

If possible, he should try to help them resolve the misunderstanding.

Zhang Ruochen took a spatial ring out and put it before Gu Songzi. “I’ll also add this spatial ring. Is it enough now?”

Gu Songzi grabbed the spatial ring. He released his Spiritual Power into it. Checking the space within the ring, his expression grew even more excited.

A spatial ring was very useful for a Pill Master. It could save them a lot of trouble.

“A spatial ring in exchange for a story? And I won’t owe you any favors? You aren’t thinking about my Hua Divine Pill formula, right?”

Gu Songzi didn’t really believe Zhang Ruochen. How could there be such a good deal in this world?

Zhang Ruochen took the soup that Qing Mo ladled out. “A Pill Saint’s story is worth this price.”

Gu Songzi no longer had any other concerns. He put the spatial ring on his right pinky. He really liked it after studying it.

Then he grabbed the Dragon Fire Wine and drank a mouthful. Looking up at the crescent moon in the sky, he sank into the endless memories and scoffed. “Pill Saint my ass. Six hundred years ago, you should’ve called me Poison Way Saint. My attainment in the Poison Way is much more advanced than in the Pill Way.”

Zhang Ruochen’s expression changed. “You really are the Poison Way Master, Lord Ku?”

“It’s been 600 years. Kunlun’s Field has produced generation after generation of talents. I thought that people had long forgotten my past title. Heh, you’re so young, but you actually know my real name. This is quite rare.”

Gu Songzi felt more positively about Zhang Ruochen. This young junior actually knew his name. He felt more or less happy about this.

“What exactly happened 600 years ago?” Zhang Ruochen asked.

“It was in the near ancient times, when Kunlun’s Field was in the most chaos. Wars were endless. No force was spared, including the powerful Moon-Worship Demonic Sect. At that

time, the Empress hadn't come into power yet. The First Central Empire hadn't been established either. Of course, Empress Chi Yao was already very powerful. She could bring her army to attack the headquarters of the Moon-Worship Demonic Sect.

"In one battle, the strong cultivators of the sect were practically all killed. Even the sect leader had died. Of course, the sect had a very large heritage and wasn't completely wiped out. Some important figures survived and united the scattered disciples to reform the sect. Amongst them were Shi Qianjue and Ling Xiu, first and fourth disciple of the sect leader."

Zhang Ruochen's expression changed. "Shi Qianjue, leader of the Demonic Sect."

"Six hundred years ago, Shi Qianjue wasn't a sect leader yet. There were actually many people who supported Ling Xiu. Of the six major disciples of the sect leader, Ling Xiu's talent was the highest. He was also the sect leader's son, so he was practically the best choice for the new leader."

"What happened after that?" Zhang Ruochen asked.

Gu Songzi drank some Dragon Fire Wine before continuing. "The close disciples turned on each other to fight for the position of sect leader. They began a bloody fight and the sect was almost destroyed."

For some reason, Zhang Ruochen thought of the Sacred Central Empire. After Emperor Ming had gone missing, there was also a group of people who fought for power and finally caused the empire to fall apart.

"You were an elder of the sect and must not have had a low status," Zhang Ruochen said. "Who did you side with?"

Gu Songzi closed his eyes and shook his head. "I didn't want either side."

"It couldn't have been so easy, right?" Zhang Ruochen asked.

"Indeed." Gu Songzi nodded. "One night, a group of cultivators broke into my residence with the dying Ling Xiu. They wanted me to treat him. According to them, Ling Xiu had been injured by Shi Qianjue."

“It seems that you had to take a side!”

“I didn’t want to at all. I didn’t dare to either. My family and clan were all under Shi Qianjue. If I saved Ling Xiu, my family and clan would die. If I didn’t, then I would die. So I immediately sent a message to the leader’s third disciple, Feng Zuisheng, hoping he could come help me. Of the six major disciples, only these three were still alive. Feng Zuisheng was close to both Shi Qianjue and Ling Xiu. As long as he could come back, he could save my family even if he couldn’t stop the inner conflict.”

Zhang Ruochen was stunned. “The Crazy Alcoholic was the third disciple of the Demonic Emperor, Feng Zuisheng, also known as the Alcohol God?”

With this, Zhang Ruochen finally understood why the Crazy Alcoholic was so advanced in the Alcoholic Way. He had such a shocking identity.

However, in Zhang Ruochen’s memories, people’s impressions of Feng Zuisheng from 800 years ago were of him being a handsome and playful man. He was completely different from the Crazy Alcoholic.

Even though people would change miserably after aging, he’d changed way too much.

“Alcohol God? He’s just a liar, a cowardly turtle. After I messaged him, he agreed to help me save my family. That’s why I saved Ling Xiu. But...but... When he came to me, all he brought to me was corpses scattered on the ground. They’d died, all died. No one was spared.”

Gu Songzi laughed, but tears flowed out of his eyes.

Zhang Ruochen fell silent. A moment later, he said, “Perhaps he had his troubles too.”

“He told me that some things happened that delayed him. When he went to see Shi Qianjue, everyone was already dead. I just wanted to know what could be more important than saving my family when we were that close? I think he was just afraid of taking a side, afraid of offending Shi Qianjue, afraid of putting himself in danger. He purposely went late.”

Gu Songzi was furious. He clenched his jaw and fire spread through him.

Zhang Ruochen thought carefully. The Crazy Alcoholic really might have done that, because he indeed feared death. Back then, he'd knelt down before Chi Yao to save himself, and made some horrible vows.

He was a Saint and disciple of the Demonic Emperor, but he didn't even feel ashamed to kneel before the woman who'd killed his master. This was indeed unforgivable.

Zhang Ruochen didn't know what to say. "What happened later?" he asked. "What happened to the Moon-Worship Demonic Sect? Why did Shi Qianjue become the leader, while Ling Xiu with more supporters became unknown now?"

Gu Songzi shook his head. "After that, I was heartbroken and left the Demonic Sect. I did hear about some things later. Apparently, Ling Xiu and Shi Qianjue's war pushed the Demonic Sect even closer to the brink of collapse. Some clans and sects in the central region prepared to unite and destroy the Demonic Sect so they could split the spoils.

"At this life-or-death moment, Ling Xiu gave up on the position. He disabled his own cultivation at a mountain. From then on, Shi Qianjue became the newest leader. Ling Xiu went into isolation and never took part in the sect's matters.

"Apparently, after becoming the sect leader, Shi Qianjue was also filled with regret. He felt that senior and junior brothers shouldn't have fought like this. Thus, he searched for all the saintly medicines and Pill Saints in the world to heal Ling Xiu. He even gave Ling Xiu's daughter the title of Saintess. She was second only to him in the sect. But in my opinion, he was just trying to win people over."

Gu Songzi scoffed.

He hated the Crazy Alcoholic, but he truly had implacable hatred for Shi Qianjue. Unfortunately, Shi Qianjue's cultivation was too high. He would probably never be able to take revenge.

Chapter 1325 - Ye Xiaoxiang, Torn Heart

Translator:

Larbre Studio

Editor:

Larbre Studio

After telling his entire story, Gu Song didn't feel that sorrowful and depressed anymore. He took a deep breath, and he wiped away all his tears.

“Why're you eating so fast? Leave some to me.”

Gu Songzi realized half the soup and meat in the pot were gone after he felt better. He immediately rushed forward to try and get some more food.

After an hour, they had finished all the soup and meat in the pot. Jinfu Giant Python even ate the bones.

Gu Songzi praised Qing Mo's cooking skills before getting back to the thatched cottage and studying pills again.

Qing Mo looked to the thatched cottage and said, “I really empathize with Gu Songzi. His entire family was killed, yet he had to hide in Xianji Mountain, which is filled with dangers, and seclude himself for hundreds of years. He has foes, yet he can't avenge his family.”

Zhang Ruochen felt that Gu Songzi went through similar things to what he had. They both had a foe that they couldn't defeat, which gave them constant stress.

As long as their enemies were still alive, they had to hide themselves and couldn't show their real names.

Perhaps only Zhang Ruochen could understand how much pain Gu Songzi felt.

“My lord, do you really think the Crazy Alcoholic is so cowardly that he would leave Gu Songzi’s entire family to die?” Qing Mo asked.

Zhang Ruchen said, “When we were facing Zhongying King, Winged Dragon King and Thunder Sky King in Yin and Yang Ocean, the Crazy Alcoholic risked his life to save me. I’m obviously much closer to him than to Gu Songzi. The fact that he took such a great risk saving me only means he’s no coward.”

“Are you saying the Crazy Alcoholic has his own reasons?” Qing Mo asked.

Zhang Ruochen stood up and looked to the dark forest. He opened his heavenly eyes and saw the Crazy Alcoholic through layers of formations and woods. He asked, “If you want to know the answer, just ask him yourself.”

He could see what was going on outside the ancient formation, yet those outside couldn’t see anything inside.

The Crazy Alcoholic didn’t choose to leave, instead, he was trying to get into the forest. However, the ancient formation was so formidable that even he couldn’t penetrate it.

“Do you really think he’ll tell me?” Qing Mo asked.

Zhang Ruochen stroked his chin and smiled. “Those who love alcohol definitely love food as well. If I managed to tempt Gu Songzi to tell me the story with your delicious food, you could do the same thing to the Crazy Alcoholic.”

Qing Mo couldn’t be more curious. She couldn’t help rushing toward the forest to get the answer to her question.

Unfortunately, the formation in the forest was very impressive. It was difficult for her to both get inside and get outside. Qing Mo spent three days, yet she still couldn’t find her way out.

“The route out and the route in are definitely different. Let it lead your way out instead of exploring it yourself.”

Zhang Ruochen pointed at a far-off waterfall where there was a giant golden python lying in the water. It had been staring at

Qing Mo while sticking its tongue out, hoping to eat something delicious again.

Jinfu Giant Python didn't even have a sip of the soup last time. It only ate the bones of the savage beast.

Qing Mo's eyes gleamed as she understood what Zhang Ruochen meant.

On the second day, Qing Mo successfully tamed the Jinfu Giant Python and vanished into the forest, trying to get out of the mountain.

Zhang Ruochen tried to comprehend the tenth level of Sword Seven, 'Sword No Regrets' and study 'Time and Space Secret Guide' at the same time.

The power of time and space was the most important trump card of Zhang Ruochen, so he certainly needed to keep studying it.

Meanwhile, he could feel that his meridians were getting sturdier. As long as he didn't operate his holy Qi too fiercely, he wouldn't feel pain at all.

"No wonder Gu Songzi has been staying here for six hundred years. This is indeed a great place to study martial way."

Zhang Ruochen could feel his cultivation and attainments on sword way surging, which was inexplicably euphoric.

The Thousand Leaves Saint Core Grass started to absorb the light of the moon after the night, and permeated the light mist in the sky and land as if it was silver gauze, which was magnificent.

Shush.

Zhang Ruochen heard very tiny sounds of walking. He originally thought that it was Qing Mo and Jinfu Giant Python returning, so he didn't care about it much.

However, after a short while, he realized something was wrong. He immediately opened his eyes, letting out his mind power for inspection. He then discovered a group of monks in black.

Gu Songzi walked out of his thatched cottage, standing beside the lake and looking at the vague forest. He said, "What goes around comes around!"

After a short while, those monks in black walked out of the forest and showed up right across from them.

They were all wearing metal masks with crescent moon marks. They were all shocked after seeing the Thousand Leaves Saint Core Grass at the center of the lake.

However, they were powerful and well-trained enough to placate their minds again.

A tall and built man walked out. He was a heaven pass saint emanating great forces. Apparently, he was the leader of that group.

That tall and built man saluted Gu Songzi and said, "I'm Zhao Qilin from Dark Night Palace."

Gu Songzi said, "Dark Night Spies would do anything to investigate the secrets for God Sect. I figured that out six hundred years ago. Does Shi Qianjue not want to give me a chance to live?"

Zhao Qilin said, "You've misunderstood me, Elder Ku! Our hierarch really regrets what happened in the past. He's been trying to make amends, which is why he sent me here to invite you back to the sect to chair Pill King Palace, making our sect great again."

"Really regrets it? Chair Pill King Palace again? I reckon Shi Qianjue only wants the recipe for making the Hua Divine pill."

Gu Songzi couldn't care less about being the leader of a palace. He smiled and said, "I don't think you're strong enough to get through the layers of the formation. Perhaps the real powerful person hasn't shown himself yet, has he?"

Poof!

A fiery light spot showed up in the sky.

The fire was blazing, and it turned into a fiery formation picture that was more than fifty feet long.

A green-caped elder emerged out of the fiery formation picture and stood at the center of the formation picture. He stared at Gu Songzi with his green pupils and smiled sneakily. "I'm Xiaomie, leader of Zhenwang Palace. Greetings, Elder Ku."

Zhang Ruochen took a deep breath. Someone formidable had indeed arrived. Someone who was a palace leader.

There were nine palaces in Moon Worship Demonic Demonic Sect, and each of the palace leaders was a top-tier being. They could rival leaders of some ancient families.

Xiao Mie was a level-eight formation master. He was ranked top ten in Kunlun's Field when it came to formation creation.

Xiao Mie instilled great fear in lots of saints in Kunlun's Field.

Gu Songzi said, "No wonder the formation couldn't stop you, as you have the palace leader of Zhenwang Formation!"

Suddenly, Gu Songzi was dazed. He realized something, turned around and looked to the thatched cottage.

Out of nowhere, someone in black entered the cottage. She was reading the spiritual papers on the desk. She was elegant, yet she horrified Gu Songzi.

Zhang Ruochen's heart was also beating fast.

He hadn't been able to sense that woman in black at all, even with his mind power and sensing abilities.

Which meant that woman in black was able to kill him without him realizing.

What kind of great being was that?

Zhang Ruochen couldn't help sweating. He immediately released space domain to protect himself.

However, that was pointless. If she really wanted to kill him, he wouldn't be able to do anything about it.

"Who are you?" Gu Songzi asked.

"Ye Xiaoxiang, leader of Dark Knight Palace."

A female voice came out of the thatched cottage.

Her voice was vague and dim, and one couldn't tell how old she was by that. She sounded like a young girl, but also a middle-aged woman.

“Ye Xiaoxiang, torn heart, Ling Feiyu, Incomparable Sword Master.”

That line of a poem was used to describe two of the most powerful women of Moon Worship Demonic Sect. One of them was Ye Xiaoxiang, the leader of Dark Night Palace, the other was Ling Feiyu, the leader of Saintess Palace.

Another great being. Zhang Ruochen thought.

Obviously, Ye Xiaoxiang didn't find what she wanted, so she put down the spiritual paper and walked out of the thatched cottage. Her body was perfect under that black cape.

“Now we have two leaders inviting you back. Are we being sincere enough?” Ye Xiaoxiang asked.

She was apparently standing right in front of Gu Songzi, yet she looked dim, like a black hole, sucking all the light around her.

“Are you here to invite me or to capture me?” Gu Songzi asked while clenching his teeth.

“If you're willing to follow us, then it's inviting. If you not, then... we're going to capture you.”

After pausing for a short while, Ye Xiaoxiang said, “Are you also curious why we're still going strong under your toxins?”

Gu Songzi was speechless.

“I've long heard since I was a child that you're one of the best poison masters in the world. How could we not have been fully prepared before coming here?” Ye Xiaoxiang asked.

“Really? Can your poison repellent ward off the blood poison of Pluto King?”

Without hesitation, Gu Songzi took out a metal ball and threw it toward Ye Xiaoxiang.

Boom!

The metal ball exploded, turning into a cluster of blood-red mist, spreading everywhere like the tentacles of an octopus, covering the entire Spiritual Mountain.

Chapter 1326 - Tiangang Purple Fire Rune

Translator:

Larbre Studio

Editor:

Larbre Studio

Before using the Blood Poison of Pluto, Gu Songzi had sent a message to Zhang Ruochen. Thus, Zhang Ruochen immediately rushed into the Thousand-leaf Saint Heart Grass and hid inside it.

According to Gu Songzi, the center of the Thousand-leaf Saint Heart Grass could fend off the Blood Poison of Pluto.

Whoosh!

Ye Xiaoxiang didn't dare to touch the Blood Poison of Pluto. She transformed into a black shadow, rushing back quickly. She was so fast that Zhang Ruochen couldn't see her figure clearly. Naturally, she was faster than the blood.

After flying hundreds of feet into the air, she turned around quickly. Her sleeves billowed and two gusts of powerful Xuan Yin Wind flew out.

Whoosh!

The wind was so strong. In an instant, the cultivation land in this mountain was all torn up. Thousands of spiritual medicines were turned to dust. Dirt and pebbles were swept into the sky. Even the forest in the near distance disappeared section by section, turning yellow.

It was only wind, but land within a dozen miles all turned barren.

Thankfully, the formation from the middle ages protected this land. Otherwise, the destruction from the Xuan Yin Wind

would be even more terrifying.

The Blood Poison of Pluto was scattered by the wind.

The Xuan Yin Wind didn't stop. Dirt and trees flew in the air, darkening the sky above everyone's heads.

At that moment, the Thousand-leaf Saint Heart Grass showed its extraordinary side. The leaves curled in, turning themselves into a ball. At the same time, roots dug deep into the ground, latching on tightly.

Zhang Ruochen stood in the center of the grass. From among the grass, he could hear the piercing wind and see what looked like the world ending.

The one who tears hearts lives up to the name. No wonder the Saints of Kunlun's Field are all terrified when hearing her name.

Zhang Ruochen pursed his lips, feeling worried for Gu Songzi.

Gu Songzi's Spiritual Power was very strong and immeasurable, but his combat abilities were quite low. He was at most a Heaven Pass Realm martial artist's level. How could he be Ye Xiaoxiang's match?

One wasn't stronger if their Spiritual Power was strong. It depended on what the Spiritual Power cultivator's abilities were.

For example, some cultivators' abilities were "prediction." Then even if he was a Spiritual Power Supreme Saint, he still would have no combat ability. He could at most become a seer or strategist.

Gu Songzi was very powerful in the Poison Way, but he was more suited for sneak attacks and large scale battles.

When faced with a top fighter who was already on guard, poison wouldn't be very effective.

Ye Xiaoxiang didn't approach Gu Songzi. She pulled her slender fingers from her wide sleeves. Holy Qi poured out of her fingers, forming a chain of Demonic Qi. It wrapped around Gu Songzi.

Crack!

Gu Songzi crushed a scroll rune. Purple fire poured out, covering him. It burned the thick chains, turning them into scattering shreds of Demonic Qi. It couldn't restrict him.

“Tiangang Purple Fire Rune.”

“Lord Ku, as expected, I cannot predict your methods with logic,” Ye Xiaoxiang said. “No wonder the sect leader had me come personally.”

Xiao Mie chuckled. “Lord Ku entered the Spiritual Power Saint King Realm many years ago. Even if you're not a combat-style cultivator, you're still powerful. If I guessed correctly, you didn't only research the Pill and Poison Way these past 600 years. You also studied the Rune Way to have breakthroughs in combat, right?”

Gu Songzi wanted to take revenge, but his combat abilities were weak. Naturally, he had to find another method.

The Rune Way was a good choice.

“Since you want to try, I'll make it easy for you.”

Gu Songzi took out two rune scrolls at once, putting them between his fingers. He threw them into the sky, attacking Ye Xiaoxiang and Xiao Mie.

The two Tiangang Purple Fire Runes were much stronger than the previous one. They were Gu Songzi's trump cards. He'd produced them with large amounts of blood, sweat, and tears, and precious resources. He wouldn't use them unless he had no other choice.

Boom, boom.

The two rune scrolls exploded in the sky, forming two rings of purple-red fire. The Spiritual Qi in the air shook violently. Two huge waves of Spiritual Qi scattered in the air.

The entire Xianji Mountain shook. Both human Saints and savage beasts were shocked.

“Such terrifying power. Did a Saint King come into Xianji Mountain?”

Martial Saint Canglan stood beside a creek and looked at the sea of purple fire in the sky. All she saw were fireballs raining down.

Even a mere fist-sized purple fireball would smash a huge ditch in the ground. The ground within a few feet all turned into lava.

How strong would the sea of purple fire in the center of the battlefield be?

Zhang Ruochen hid inside the Thousand-leaf Saint Heart Grass. In his vision, only half of the towering mountain, thousands of meters tall, remained. The rest of the mountain had turned into red lava and flowed down the side. The scene was shocking.

“Gu Songzi actually has such a powerful move,” Zhang Ruochen murmured to himself. “He probably didn’t want to reveal his attainment in the Rune Way before and hid his abilities. Even if a Spiritual Power Saint King isn’t good at fighting, a Saint still shouldn’t offend him.”

Xiao Mie struck with 18 metal beams. They hovered in 18 directions and dense runes poured out of the pillars, forming a defensive formation. Each beam was hundreds of meters tall. Like 18 heavenly pillars, they spun quickly. Not only did they protect him, they also swept the members of the Demonic Night Palace into the formation.

Boom.

However, the two Tiangang Purple Fire Runes were too terrifying. The two seas of fire actually started melting the 18 formation pillars.

All of the Night Emissaries’ expressions changed. They felt death creeping closer.

Xiao Mie also inhaled sharply. He kept drawing formation runes, adding more formations around him.

Boom, boom.

With explosive sounds, the 18 pillars cracked. The Tiangang Purple Fire rushed toward them like a flood.

The seven layers of formations were as fragile as eggshells. They couldn't stop the Tiangang Purple Fire at all. Xiao Mie and the Night Emissaries were about to die a tragic death.

Gritting his teeth, Xiao Mie's expression turned cold. He actually dug out the two green eyeballs from his sockets and held one in each hand.

“Ghost Spirit Bi-Formation.”

As he poured Spiritual Power in, the two eyeballs produced explosive sounds. A ghost and a spirit shadow rushed out respectively. The two shadows were dozens of feet tall and established a formation.

The two shadows could finally block the Tiangang Purple Fire.

In the other direction, Ye Xiaoxiang used lightning speed and escaped from the center of the Tiangang Purple Fire Rune. She protected herself and escaped from the fatal attack.

However, a portion of her black robe had burned away. The snowy skin at her abdomen was exposed. For a big figure like her, this was very pathetic and embarrassing.

Xiao Mie held a green eyeball in each hand. The two divine and ghost shadows followed him on either side. “A Pill Saint cultivating the Rune Way to this extent... You are indeed my senior. I can't help but be impressed.”

Ye Xiaoxiang flew down from the sky. Hovering around 30 feet above the lava, she held a ball of black light in her slender hand. It was like a black lamp.

A needle as thin as a strand of hair hovered in the light. This was the Xiaoxiang Divine Needle, the Ten Thousand-pattern Saint Weapon that terrified all Saints in Kunlun's Field.

Gu Songzi smiled bitterly and shook his head, sighing. “Since you can block the Tiangang Purple Fire without dying, I can only submit to my fate.”

“Since you submit to your fate, then please stop messing around and follow us back to the headquarters.” Ye Xiaoxiang walked through the air toward Gu Songzi.

“Palace Lord Ye, be careful,” Xiao Mie reminded. “How can a Spiritual Power Saint King surrender so easily? It’s better to seal his Spiritual Power with the Xiaoxiang Divine Needle first.”

Seeing that his plan had been foiled, Gu Songzi no longer acted weak and sent out ten rune scrolls.

Whoosh!

The Xiaoxiang Divine Needle flew out first. It formed a snaking path of light, penetrating the ten rune scrolls. Each scroll had a needle hole in it.

Crack, crack.

After that, dense cracks appeared on the ten rune scrolls. They turned to dust.

The Xiaoxiang Divine Needle continued flying to Gu Songzi’s forehead.

Seeing that all ten rune scrolls were destroyed, Gu Songzi lost all hope. He didn’t even feel like using his defensive rune scroll anymore. He just closed his eyes and awaited the final judgement.

Ding!

A small flower with three leaves flew out of the forest in the distance. It hit the Xiaoxiang Divine Needle and actually sent the Ten Thousand-pattern Saint Weapon flying out.

“Who dares to get involved in the Moon-Worship Demonic Sect’s matters?” Ye Xiaoxiang’s voice was chilling to the bone.

Cold Qi poured out of her. The lava on the ground cooled over, turning into hard stone.

Xiao Mie also grew cautious. After all, with Ye Xiaoxiang’s cultivation and the Xiaoxiang Divine Needle’s level, even her offhand throw was terrifying. Since the newcomer could send the Xiaoxiang Divine Needle flying, it meant that he wasn’t anyone average.

Rustle, rustle.

Sitting on the golden cobra's head, Qing Mo walked out of the forest.

She was shocked to see the destructive scene. All the land within dozens of miles had turned into scorched dirt. The paradise-like scenery no longer existed.

Immediately after, the Crazy Alcoholic walked out. He reached out and took back the Three-Petal Nine Life Flower.

Right now, the Crazy Alcoholic's aura was completely different from before. His back was as straight as a spear and his eyes were very sharp as he stared at Ye Xiaoxiang and Xiao Mie. "How dare you!" he roared. "Is this how Shi Qianjue told you to treat the former elders of the sect?"

Chapter 1327 - Power of a Saint King

Translator:

Larbre Studio

Editor:

Larbre Studio

Xiao Mie said with a deep voice, “How dare you say the name of our hierarch? Are you looking for death?”

The green eyeballs flew up from his palm, and all of a sudden, his godly shadow and ghostly shadow both released great saint might, ready to attack the Crazy Alcoholic.

“Stop.”

Ye Xiaoxiang prevented Xiao Mie from making a move.

“Why did you stop me, Palace Leader Ye?”

Xiao Mie didn’t understand why she did it, but he stopped his godly shadow and ghostly shadow anyways as he wanted to now why.

Ye Xiaoxiang had met the Crazy Alcoholic before, so she knew who he was. She told Xiao Mie by transmitting her voice.

“What? That’s him?”

Xiao Mie looked at the Crazy Alcoholic in a differently cautious way now. If the elder standing in front of him was Feng Zuisheng, he couldn’t wrong him.

“Greetings, uncle.”

Ye Xiaoxiang greeted Feng Zuisheng.

“Senior Feng.

Xiao Mie followed Ye Xiaoxiang.

The Crazy Alcoholic sneered to show his disdain. He said, “So you do remember who I am and what seniors mean.”

Ye Xiaoxiang said, “Although you haven’t been back to the sect for a long time, there’s no one in the sect who can replace you. Our hierarch always mentions you and hopes that you can get back so that he can drink the wine you make.”

“He killed the entire family of brother Ku six hundred years ago and forced my fourth brother to abolish all his cultivation. After that, we’re not brothers anymore. Do you really think I’ll believe anything he says since he’s become a hierarch?” the Crazy Alcoholic said.

Xiao Mie was irritated hearing what the Crazy Alcoholic said about the hierarch, and he clenched his fists tighter.

Ye Xiaoxiang stopped him again and shook her head again.

Ye Xiaoxiang had seen the Crazy Alcoholic scold her hierarch much more harshly than now. However, her hierarch had just let him leave without harming him.

Which meant there was a special bond between the Crazy Alcoholic and her hierarch.

The Crazy Alcoholic glanced at Ye Xiaoxiang and Xiaomie and said, “Why are you still here? Do you need me to force you to leave?”

Ye Xiaoxiang said, “We’ve been ordered to take Elder Ku back to our sect to be the leader of Pill King Palace. We can’t go back if we don’t finish our task. I hope you can understand where we’re coming from.”

They wouldn’t offend the Crazy Alcoholic, however, Gu Songzi had the recipe for making Hua Saint Pill, which was something their demonic sect had to obtain.

Ye Xiaoxiang knew which one was more important.

“Are you saying you guys won’t back off today?” The Crazy Alcoholic stepped forward, and his hair and cape waved in the air.

As he approached Ye Xiaoxiang and Xiao Mie, his saint might surged to the top.

Ye Xiaoxiang and Xiao Mie took a look at each other and started to mobilize their holy Qi and mind power.

Crack Crack.

Two cracking sounds blasted beside them, and their saint Qi and mind power blew up the air, and there were cracks on the ground.

“Sorry, Senior Feng.”

Xiao Mie performed Ghost and God Incomparable Formation and mobilized their ghostly shadows and godly shadows, and the two powers were combined, forming a formation that had a diameter of more than fifteen hundred feet, dashing toward Feng Zuisheng.

Meanwhile, Ye Xiaoxiang rushed toward Gu Songzi.

As long as she could capture Gu Songzi and take him away, the Crazy Alcoholic wouldn't be able to do anything about it.

Boom!

She heard a huge blast coming from behind her.

She took a look behind her, and she saw the Ghost and God Incomparable Formation performed by Xiao Mie being smashed by the Crazy Alcoholic.

The destructive waves gushed toward her, making clacking sounds as if the sky and land were going to be turned upside down.

The Crazy Alcoholic went through the mud faster than Ye Xiaoxiang, reaching out his hand and grabbing toward her.

The moment when the Crazy Alcoholic made an attack, the space seemed to have been frozen. Even Zhang Ruochen, who was standing at the center of Thousand Leaves Saint Core Grass, felt that he couldn't breathe.

“The cultivation of a saint king is indeed inconceivable to a saint.”

Zhang Ruochen felt that he couldn't even move. If he were to fight the Crazy Alcoholic, he couldn't even wield the power of time and space.

When the gap between cultivation was significantly huge, no saint spells could change anything.

Ye Xiaoxiang pushed her hands forward, and her Xiaoxiang Divine Needle flew out. The ten thousand patterns destruction saint forces coming out of the needle formed a demonic cloud, darkening the land within hundreds of square miles around her.

“Break.” The Crazy Alcoholic mumbled a word.

Ten thousand patterns destruction attacked Ye Xiaoxiang, slapping her away to the Spiritual Mountain that was about to collapse.

Spiritual Mountain that was more than ten thousand feet tall couldn't handle the great shock waves. It made a rumbling noise and completely collapsed.

The dust from the crumbling Spiritual Mountain darkened the sky.

Whoosh!

Ye Xiaoxiang walked out of the stone pile, and the demonic Qi around her dissipated. There was blood on her lips. Obviously, she was severely injured.

Xiao Mie's mind power was also wounded.

The Crazy Alcoholic said, “Now you can leave, right?”

“It's far from over, uncle!”

Ye Xiaoxiang made a weird move, saluting toward a direction in the sky with awe. Black light engravings emerged on her head.

Those dark light engravings formed a rune print.

The rune print got brighter and brighter, and the forces coming out of Ye Xiaoxiang also got stronger. A demonic emperor showed up behind her. He was formidable, cold and even tyrannical.

All the creatures in Xianji Mountain were trembling as he emerged. Xiao Mie and all the other envoys from Dark Night

Palace groveled as if ordinary people were saluting the emperor.

“Greetings, hierarch,” they said at the same time.

“Saint Figure Rune. Ye Xiaoxiang has the saint figure rune of Shi Qianjue, the hierarch of the demonic sect.”

Zhang Ruochen felt the great saint might coming at him even when he was still standing at the center of Thousand Leaves Saint Core Grass. He struggled to stand up as he didn't want to kneel.

If even a saint figure rune was that powerful, Shi Qianjue must've become a supreme saint already.

The Crazy Alcoholic realized that things weren't going well as he knew he couldn't defeat Ye Xiaoxiang, who was in possession of a saint figure rune. He teleported himself to Gu Songzi and tried to bring him outside the woods.

“Do you know you're going against the entire sect by doing this, uncle?”

With the help of the saint figure rune, the power ripples coming from Ye Xiaoxiang greatly surpassed those of the Crazy Alcoholic. Two light pillars shot out of her pupils.

Boom!

The entire forest was destroyed, and all the grass and trees turned into ash. All that was left was a valley that was five hundred feet deep in the ground, extending to hundreds of miles away.

Only those light pillars were terrific enough to change the structure of the ground, affecting the area even a thousand miles away.

If a saint was attacked by that power, he would die instantly.

If a city suffered from the same thing, all the creatures in the city would be annihilated.

The power that surpassed the state of saint could change the sky and land, and if someone was inferior to a saint king, he would be killed instantly.

“Stay here and capture Zhang Ruochen alive and guard Thousand Leaves Saint Core Grass. I’ll go capture Gu Songzi.”

Ye Xioxiang disappeared after saying that. A dark demonic cloud was formed in the sky, rushing toward the Crazy Alcoholic and Gu Songzi.

“No wonder Chi Yao promulgated ‘Saint Law’ to prohibit saint kings from joining the fight of the mortal realm. The power of a saint is just amazing. Every move they make can slaughter a large group of people. The guarding formation of those cities wouldn’t be able to ward off that level of power.”

Zhang Ruochen clenched his fist and couldn’t help looking forward to becoming a saint king.

Most of the leaders of the top-tier powers in Kunlun’s Field would resign from their positions after becoming saint kings.

Even if Demonic Sect, Blood God Sect, and Ming Sect didn’t follow ‘Saint Law,’ they wouldn’t challenge the bottom line of the empress. They had self-control to some extent and wouldn’t interfere with the fights for resources, territories, and benefits.

Ye Xiaoxiang may also be a saint king, otherwise, she wouldn’t have been able to stand up. No wonder Moon Worship Demonic Sect is the head of the seven ancient sects. Three saint kings showed up only for tonight, Zhang Ruochen thought.

In comparison, Blood God Sect was nothing. There were only three saint kings in total even counting the hierarch wife who had just become a saint king.

A voice came from outside Thousand Leaves Saint Core Grass. “How long are you going to hide inside, Zhang Ruochen? Aren’t you supposed to return what you owe to our sect?”

Zhang Ruochen walked out of the grass, looked at the tall man wearing a metal mask, smiled and said, “If I’m correct, you said you are Zhao Qilin?”

“Yes. I’m the leader of the dark night envoys of Starlight Hall of Dark Night Palace, Zhao Qilin,” he said.

Zhang Ruochen nodded and said, “I don’t think I owe your sect anything.”

“The heir stamp of our deity was seized by you. How dare you say you don’t owe us anything. Besides, two of the elders at the state of saint were killed by you. You’re not going to get away with that,” Zhao Qilin sneered.

“All you want are the valuables I have. Why are you even making up so many excuses? But I need to warn you, it’s not a good idea to mess with the Time and Space Descendant. It’s not too late for you to back off yet,” Zhang Ruochen said.

Chapter 1328 - Force Back

Translator:

Larbre Studio

Editor:

Larbre Studio

Zho Qilin was also a huge demonic figure who'd cultivated for more than 400 years. He'd even killed a few Saints. Why would he fear a young Saint who'd only appeared in the past few years?

"I heard that you used spatial power to kill Qiu Lanshan from the Northern Region Saint Academy. Did that battle boost your ego? Now you think you can go up against a Heaven Pass Saint?"

Zhao Qilin wore a mask, so one couldn't see his expression, but one could hear the scorn in his voice.

"It seems like you don't plan on retreating," Zhang Ruochen said.

Clang!

A sword clanged.

The Abyss Ancient Sword appeared in Zhang Ruochen's hand. As soon as the heavy sword and black light flew out, beams of Sword Qi appeared automatically in the sky.

Other than Zhao Qilin, the other Night Emissaries all felt the strong pressure from the sword intent. Their legs turned weak and they retreated involuntarily.

Merely the sword's clang made some of the Night Emissaries bleed from the ears.

Such strong sword intent. Zhao Qilin was shocked inwardly. He stopped looking down on Zhang Ruochen and hurriedly set up his saint soul territory. One hundred thousand threads of

Demonic Qi rushed out of his body instantly. They spread out, turning this destroyed area into a dark demonic region.

“The vast universe, all under me.”

The saintly might on Zhao Qilin grew stronger and stronger. Under his golden mask, his eyes had turned blood-red. He looked both aggressive and eerie.

“He cultivated the Vast Universe Gong,” Zhang Ruochen murmured to himself.

The Vast Universe Gong was one of the strongest King Realm techniques. It wasn't much weaker than the Six Extraordinary Books.

Since Zhao Qilin had cultivated the Vast Universe Gong and reached the Heaven Pass Realm, his abilities definitely weren't like an average Heaven Pass Saint.

The other Night Emissaries were also strong, but they couldn't be compared to a Heaven Pass Saint. Seeing Zhao Qilin use the Vast Universe Gong, they knew that Zhang Ruochen wasn't easy to deal with. They all used techniques and retreated into the distance.

Zhao Qilin took the initiative and attacked, pointing forward with two fingers. Icy Holy Qi poured out instantly.

Crack, crack.

The ground between him and Zhang Ruochen actually cracked from the reverberations.

Zhang Ruochen stayed in place and stood up tall. He lifted the Abyss Ancient Sword and made a circle. A circle of Sword Qi flew out, resolving the attack.

At the same time, he also stabbed forward quickly at Zhao Qilin's forehead.

The two entangled together, sometimes flying in the sky, sometimes chasing on the ground. They were actually an equal match.

“Zhang Ruochen is so powerful,” an observing Night Emissary said. “His cultivation is enough to counter the leader.

Compared to him, even the Deity is a bit weaker.”

“Nonsense. Zhang Ruochen is powerful, but the Deity isn’t weak either. Who knows who’ll win in the end?”

...

Without a doubt, the Nine Heirs all shone brilliantly in this era. The Empress used all the resources of Kunlun’s Field to train each of them. Their cultivation speed and potential couldn’t be reached by the average pride.

Probably only Time and Space Descendant Zhang Ruochen could steal their spotlight.

“It should end now. Vast Universe Print.”

Zhao Qilin’s voice passed through the voluminous demonic clouds. Then he formed a print with his hands and sucked away all the Spiritual Qi within hundreds of miles.

A thousand-foot-long handprint fell from the sky. The lines in the palm contained abstruse Rules of Saintly Way. The ground caved in before the hand even landed.

Zhang Ruochen raised his head and looked up. His eyes were calm and fearless.

“Splitting Light in Great Void.”

Three thousand runes appeared on the Abyss Ancient Sword. The Destruction of the Thousand-patterns burst forth, forming a black sword.

The sword cut down, directly ripping apart the descending Vast Universe Print. Even Zhao Qilin fell from the sky.

The Demonic Qi in the sky thinned a bit.

There was a long bloody gash from Zhao Qilin’s left shoulder to his abdomen. It almost cut him in half. His eyes filled with disbelief. “How is this possible? You used the Nine-Life Sword Technique. That’s what I taught the First Saintess. How did you learn it?”

In the distance, Xiao Mie was healing himself. He was also shocked.

Xiao Mie wasn't shocked that Zhang Ruochen could use the Nine-Life Sword Technique. He'd heard some secret information before and knew that Zhang Ruochen had a close relationship with the First Saintess.

What shocked him was that Zhang Ruochen's power actually surpassed Zhao Qilin.

"An upper level Saint can actually be so strong. No wonder people told me that Zhang Ruochen is the top figure of the younger generation. Now I see that it's not an exaggeration."

Xiao Mie put his green eyeballs back into their sockets. He walked to Zhao Qilin's side, standing across from Zhang Ruochen.

Zhao Qilin bowed slightly to Xiao Mie. "Palace Lord, please rest without worry. Hand this over to me."

"I'm afraid I can't hand it over to you," Xiao Mie said. "Can't you see that Zhang Ruochen hasn't used his full power yet and is only using you to practice his swordsmanship?"

Zhao Qilin didn't believe that Zhang Ruochen could be so strong. He had only been injured because he was too cocky.

"Give me another chance," he said. "I will definitely capture Zhang Ruochen."

"If I give you another chance, I'm afraid you'll lose your life."

Xiao Mie didn't have Zhao Qilin continue to attack. He lifted his right foot and stomped down. With a whoosh, a circular fire formation appeared.

At first, the formation was only ten feet wide, but it gradually expanded. It went from 20 feet to 50, to 80, 100...

"The Time and Space Descendant isn't a typical cultivator," Xiao Mie said. "Today, I will bully the weak and capture you personally."

The fire formation stretched to Zhang Ruochen's feet. A gust of hot power flared in his face.

His Spiritual Power was greatly damaged by the Crazy Alcoholic, but he's still so powerful. The head of the Demonic

Sect's nine palaces really isn't a simple figure.

Zhang Ruochen was clear that he couldn't get caught in Xiao Mie's formation. Thus, he used the Luan Phoenix Deity Print Speed and rushed into the air with a luan and phoenix underfoot.

"You think you can avoid the formation by going into the sky? If you meet a formation master, it means that there is no escape."

Xiao Mie smiled slightly and pointed into the sky. A fire formation actually appeared in the sky. It spun slowly and pressed down.

Zhang Ruochen was hundreds of feet in the sky. There was a sea of fire both above and below him. The two large formations spun, turning his skin red-hot from the reflection.

"Sword Seven."

The Holy Qi within Zhang Ruochen spun violently. Powerful sword intent burst forth. The Abyss Ancient Sword shone with miles of black light as thousands of beams of Sword Qi flooded out.

The terrifying force of Sword Way made all the cultivators on the ground feel fear. They felt that Zhang Ruochen was like a top Sword Saint now.

Whoosh!

Zhang Ruochen transformed into a beam of light. Riding the Abyss Ancient Sword, he crashed against the center of the formation in the sky and passed right through.

Boom!

The fire formation shattered into various fireballs and fell down.

"Sword Seven... Could it be that Zhang Ruochen has already become a Sword Saint?"

Zhao Qilin gasped sharply. He finally realized the difference between him and Zhang Ruochen. He definitely couldn't take that previous hit.

At the same time, Qing Mo stood on the golden cobra's head. Combining Holy Qi from the girl and cobra, she activated the origin power of the silver kitchen knife and hacked down on the formation on the ground.

With a boom, silver sword light cut the fire formation in half. After the formation disappeared, there was only a miles-long sword mark on the ground. It was practically a dried river.

“Divine relic... Ancient weapon...”

Xiao Mie sensed a terrifying aura get released as the silver kitchen knife cut down. A shred of that power surpassed the Saintly Way. It was a god's power.

Only a divine ancient relic could have that kind of power.

Xiao Mie pressed his hands against his head. Pain stabbed through his head. The Crazy Alcoholic had severely injured his Spiritual Power and saint soul earlier. It was acting up again.

“Go. Go immediately...”

While bearing the pain in his head, Xiao Mie activated his Spiritual Power and flew into the darkness as a streak of fire.

On the other hand, Zhao Qilin opened a saint decree. Using the decree's power, he carried the emissaries of the Demonic Night Palace and escaped.

Unfortunately, they couldn't get far.

The golden cobra was very angry, thinking that these people had come to hurt Gu Songzi. It lunged forward, attacking Zhao Qilin and the Night Emissaries viciously, making them produce pained cries. Some were poisoned while others got swallowed up.

Zhang Ruochen didn't chase after them. He landed on the ground and clutched his chest with a pained expression.

Forcefully using Sword Seven earlier had surpassed the limit of the three meridians. His body once again had piercing pain. His face was covered in cold sweat.

“Lord, what’s wrong?” Qing Mo flew over and hurriedly supported Zhang Ruochen.

“No big problem.”

Zhang Ruochen shook his head. He sat down cross-legged and activated a technique. As Holy Qi and Chaotic Qi circulated through his meridians, the pain gradually disappeared.

When he recovered, the golden cobra came from the distance and appeared before him. Its mouth was covered in blood and it looked extremely menacing.

Qing Mo wasn’t afraid of it at all. “Little Gold said that it killed all of the Night Emissaries except Zhao Qilin. Zhao Qilin was injured quite heavily before fleeing with an escape spell.”

Even Zhu Qingyi had failed before the golden cobra. It was naturally a very powerful savage beast. It was easy for it to defeat a group of Night Emissaries.

“Xiao Mie’s Spiritual Power should at least be at Level 54,” Zhang Ruochen said. “With the addition of his knowledge in formations, very few people under the Saint King Realm can fight him. He only left because his Spiritual Power was hurt and he couldn’t use his full potential. He’ll definitely return when he recovers a bit. We won’t be his match at all.”

“What should we do?” Qing Mo asked.

“Leave this place and find somewhere to hide.”

Zhang Ruochen was still recovering. He didn’t want to fight, lest problems arise for his three meridians. Otherwise, he would definitely take advantage of this chance to kill Xiao Mie and Zhao Qilin. There was no way he would let them escape.

He walked into the Thousand-leaf Saint Heart Grass and took out the unconscious Zhu Qingyi. Then he put the grass into the Mercury Gourd. Finally, he and Qing Mo sat atop the golden cobra’s head and left this scorched land.

Chapter 1329 - You Must Apologize

Translator:

Larbre Studio

Editor:

Larbre Studio

Zhang Ruochen released his mind power for inspection after getting out of the forest to find the traces of the fight between the Crazy Alcoholic and Ye Xiaoxiang.

“The Crazy Alcoholic and Gu Songzi still haven’t left Xianji Mountain yet. Instead, they went deep into the mountain.”

Zhang Ruochen was a bit surprised and found it unbelievable.

However, after several rounds of confirmation, he reached the same conclusion.

Both the black shadow who claimed that he came from the ‘death race’ and the phalange that rushed from the bottom of the Taoist Temple all went deep into Xianji Mountain, which meant there were great dangers there.

Why would they go there?

“It seems Shi Qianjue’s saint figure rune has caused some significant trouble for the Crazy Alcoholic and Gu Songzi, forcing them to run deep into Xianji Mountain. They want to use the power there to fight Ye Xiaoxiang.” That was Zhang Ruochen’s assumption.

“Nobody knows how strong those of the death race are. Perhaps the Crazy Alcoholic and Gu Songzi’s lives are also in grave danger.”

Qing Mo pouted as she recalled something. She sighed and said, “My lord, the Crazy Alcoholic told me about what happened in the past.”

“Really? Tell me,” Zhang Ruochen said.

Qing Mo said, “The Crazy Alcoholic rushed back to the headquarters of the demonic sect the second he got the message from Gu Songzi. He wanted to persuade Shi Qianjue to spare the families of Gu Songzi. However, he was stopped by the empress, and to survive, he had to kneel and beg the empress, promising that he’d never kill and leave the demonic sect. However, it was too late when he got back, as the entire family had been slaughtered already.”

“It sounds like the Crazy Alcoholic isn’t a coward like Gu Songzi said,” Zhang Ruochen said.

All these grudges came from a misunderstanding, which was saddening.

When it comes to fate, nobody can do anything about it.

Qing Mo frowned and said, “I just don’t understand why he didn’t tell Gu Songzi what really happened.”

Zhang Ruochen shook his head and said, “To a saint, being forced to kneel is more painful than being killed, not to mention kneeling before someone who killed his teacher. If he told Gu Songzi the truth, it would be Gu Songzi who would feel guilty for the rest of his life.”

“Are you saying the Crazy Alcoholic paid a price higher than his life?” Qing Mo asked.

“That’s right,” Zhang Ruochen said.

Zhang Ruochen and Qing Mo were in no place to interfere in a fight among saint kings, and they were far from strong enough to go deep into Xianji Mountain.

The thing they should do now was find somewhere to hide to perfect his meridians.

Xianji Mountain was indeed very dangerous, but it was also a great place to hide.

Zhang Ruochen looked up at the towering Spiritual Mountain, which looked like a stone elephant where they had entered Xianji Mountain.

There was a large group of ancient buildings at the top of Spiritual Mountain, and there was holy light emanating from it, which made people wonder whether that was a place where a God used to live or not.

“It’s there. Let’s go.” Zhang Ruochen climbed up the mountain with Qing Mo again.

Jinfu Giant Python shrunk its body, flapping its wings and flying above Qing Mo.

When they got close to the top of the mountain, they saw the abandoned Taoist Temple which was divided into two halves. There was a crack in the middle which extended underground.

That phalange had rushed out of the crack before.

“The phalange was sealed here by a Taoist Temple. Where does that phalange come from? Who sealed it here? Will there be other bone fragments in Xianji Mountain?”

Zhang Ruochen was very confused and asked Qing Mo to stay waiting for him, and then, he jumped into the crack to search for traces.

The bottom of the Taoist temple was a black-stoned altar that was more than sixty feet tall, and there were ancient characters sculpted on it.

However, the black altar had already been shattered. Zhang Ruochen couldn’t find anything valuable from those characters, so he had to land back on the ground again.

“How was it?”

Qing Mo opened her eyes wide and couldn’t be more curious as she wondered where that phalange came from.

Zhang Ruochen shook his head and said, “Let’s go!”

The ancient building at the top of the mountain was still so magnificent even after a hundred thousand years, which was awesome.

Even that phalange didn’t trespass in that place, which showed how impressive that place was.

Zhang Ruochen set up a space formation around the blue temple so that the great beings from Moon Worship Demonic Sect, the immortal vampire race, and the death race wouldn't get it.

After getting into the blue palace, Qing Mo moved her eyes and said, "My lord, you've already fully recovered, which means you can tear apart the space now. I reckon you're able to break the formation of the temple. Do you want to get in and inspect the place? Perhaps we might get something rewarding."

"Let's go."

Zhang Ruochen nodded.

They walked past ancient palaces one by one on the stone path where there were weeds everywhere. They stopped after they arrived below a silver Acer.

Zhang Ruochen pressed his palm forward.

Whoosh!

A translucent waterfall showed up, stopping his palm from moving forward. Traces of lightning struck the waterfall, gathering at the center of Zhang Ruochen, forming a counteracting power.

Zhang Ruochen was prepared for that. He immediately retracted his palm and flew ten feet away.

The formation was very solid, as strength couldn't break it at all.

"I'll try using space crack."

Zhang Ruochen mobilized holy Qi and released space saint look, mobilizing the space rules and concentrating them in his right index finger.

Just as he was about to tear the space apart, he sensed a bizarre saint Qi ripple above him.

"A great being is standing at the top of the palace."

Zhang Ruochen shot a glance above him and moved the track of his finger. He waved his hand upwards and slashed toward

the saint Qi ripples.

A crimson being dived from the top of the palace incredibly swiftly. It changed its location seven times, dodged the space crack, and left seven shadows in the air.

Qing Mo sensed the heat from above, and she reached her silver kitchen knife as quickly as possible.

However, that crimson being was quicker. She held Qing Mo's hand while the other one grabbed toward Zhu Qingyi, which Qing Mo was holding.

Just as the crimson being was about to get Zhu Qingyi, Zhang Ruochen suddenly showed up behind her and pointed at her neck with a finger sword.

That crimson being had to knock Qing Mo away, and then, she pinched a finger sword with her index finger and middle finger, clashing with Zhang Ruochen's finger sword.

Bang!

They fought each other thirteen times.

The two finger swords clashed with each other, and countless sword Qi was splashed, leaving holes in the wall of the palace.

And then, the two were separated.

Just as Zhang Ruochen balanced himself, that crimson being was already standing at the end of the stone path a hundred feet away.

Everything happened within a blink of an eye, yet Zhu Qingyi had already been seized.

And then, six white feather female saints rushed out of the palace beside them, standing behind that crimson being.

Zhang Ruochen finally saw the face of that crimson being. He wasn't angry, yet he said calmly, "Is this how you return the favor, Martial Saint Canglan?"

Martial Saint Canglan held Zhu Qingyi while smiling smugly. She said, "I've been hiding in the blue palace the entire time, but you didn't notice me, which means I could've killed you

any time I wanted, yet I didn't do that. Don't you think it was already a great way to pay you back?"

Obviously, a smart man should've never argued with a woman.

Zhang Ruochen didn't want to argue with Martial Canglan. He blamed himself for not being careful enough.

There was a mysterious force in the blue temple that could suppress the senses and mind power of a monk, otherwise, Zhang Ruochen would've found Martial Saint Canglan a long time ago.

"You've entered the blue temple before?" Zhang Ruochen asked.

Martial Saint Canglan couldn't be happier. She said, "Do you think you're the only one who found this place extraordinary? This temple is able to stop the evil shadow of that phalange from getting in. There must be some valuables that can suppress that phalange and the death race inside."

"However, you weren't able to break the formation," Zhang Ruochen said.

"That's right."

Martial Saint Canglan stopped smiling as she was upset by a setback.

"Perhaps I can break that formation."

Zhang Ruochen waved his hand, and a crack that was around three feet long was opened. He said, "If you want me to help you get in, you need to give Zhu Qingyi back to me and say you're sorry."

"Are you crazy? Do you really think I, the head of the nine heavenly maidens, would apologize to someone wanted by the imperial government?"

Martial Saint Canglan raised her head and showed her slender and sexy neck. She didn't want to compromise at all.

Zhang Ruochen said, "Martial Saint Canglan, you're the head of the nine heavenly maidens, yet you ambushed two monks

whose level are under you. I reckon you'll become a joke if other monks learn about this.”

Martial Saint Canglan frowned and said, “The death race comes from the outer-realm. They might pose a greater threat to us humans than immortal vampires. The valuables hidden in the blue palace might be able to suppress them, and they have to be procured by the imperial government so that they can be fully utilized. Zhang Ruochen, for the greater good, we need to forget the grudges between us and get them together. I'll tell the empress about your contributions. Perhaps...”

Hearing the word ‘Empress,’ Zhang Ruochen stopped her from talking and said, “For the greater good, you need to give me back Zhu Qingyi and apologize to me.”

Martial Saint Canglan kept grinding her teeth out of anger. She used to have a great impression of Zhang Ruochen. If Zhang Ruochen was willing to cooperate with her and get the valuables hidden in the blue palace, she would tell the empress what he did so that she might pardon Zhang Ruochen's previous crimes.

However, not only did Zhang Ruochen not cooperate with her at all, but also he was asking her to apologize to him!

She was the head of the nine heavenly maidens, Martial Saint Canglan, not a girl like Qing Mo. She needed to maintain her image.

Those six female saints were all dazed as they reckoned Zhang Ruochen was being too reckless.

However, they didn't feel disdain for Zhang Ruochen at all. Instead, they were laughing inside, thinking that their martial saint was about to be taken advantage of.

Also, they wondered who would concede first.

Chapter 1330 - God-swallowing Bug

Translator:

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Editor:

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“We’re all Sword Keepers of the Pluto Sword Tomb,” Martial Saint Canglan said. “You should know why I took Zhu Qingyi away. I lost the Fentian Sword, so it’s my duty to take it back.”

“You wanting to take the Fentian Sword is your own matter,” Zhang Ruochen said. “But Zhu Qingyi is my prisoner. Of course, she’s in your hands now, so you have the right not to return her to me.”

Whoosh!

The Abyss Ancient Sword flew out, hovering before Zhang Ruochen. The densely packed sword-shaped Qi stood in organized rows, pointing at Martial Saint Canglan.

The two had faced enemies together before, so Zhang Ruochen gave her a chance to compromise. However, now they stood against each other. There was no need to be as polite as before.

The six Saintesses grew nervous too. To be honest, they didn’t want Zhang Ruochen to become an enemy, let alone be in a kill or be killed situation.

Martial Saint Canglan’s eyes flashed. Hesitation filled her eyes. “Zhang Ruochen, we’re not enemies. Why are you doing this?”

“You’re the one who attacked first,” Zhang Ruochen said.

“Okay, I can return Zhu Qingyi to you, but you must promise me that you’ll take me with you when going against Situ

Fengcheng.”

Martial Saint Canglan guessed Zhang Ruochen’s true motive, so she decided to negotiate with him early on.

“You should at least show your sincerity if you want to work with me.”

“I already agreed to return the person,” Martial Saint Canglan said. “Isn’t that sincere enough.”

“Apologize,” Zhang Ruochen said coldly.

Martial Saint Canglan worked to suppress her anger. “Your request is too much!”

“Is it too much? We’ve fought together against enemies. If you were anyone else, I wouldn’t waste so much time talking. I wouldn’t give them another chance to work together either.”

Martial Saint Canglan stared at Zhang Ruochen with her almond eyes, acting like she would eat him. She just wouldn’t lower herself and apologize.

Qing Mo had been forced back by Martial Saint Canglan, but she wasn’t hurt. She went back to Zhang Ruochen’s side and sent him a message.

“Lord, she’s the head of the Nine Heavenly Maidens. She has high authority and spirit. Who can make her bow her head, other than the Empress?”

“You think my request is too much as well?” Zhang Ruochen asked.

Qing Mo nodded firmly. “It’s impossible to make her apologize,” she said telepathically. “We have many enemies right now. We shouldn’t create more.”

In the distance, Martial Saint Canglan took a deep breath. Clenching her white teeth, she said, “Zhang Ruochen, you win. I will give in this time, but I won’t repay you any other favors. Don’t try to ask me for help if you’re arrested by the imperial court.”

Then Martial Saint Canglan walked to Zhang Ruochen. Eyes burning with fire, she threw Zhu Qingyi onto the ground.

Turning her beautiful face, she stared at the wall on the right.

“I’m sorry. I shouldn’t have attacked you secretly and taken your prisoner.”

Qing Mo and the six Saintesses were all dumbfounded. They never would’ve guessed that Martial Saint Canglan would give in and apologize to Zhang Ruochen.

No one would believe this if news spread.

“I don’t see your sincerity,” Zhang Ruochen said. “I don’t accept your apology.”

“Don’t push me. We’re so close right now. Do you think I can’t capture you now and turn you into a prisoner too?”

Martial Saint Canglan clenched her fists and bit her teeth. Her body seemed to burn like a furnace.

Right now, she was only three steps away from Zhang Ruochen. This was no distance for a Saint. If she really tried, she was confident in capturing Zhang Ruochen.

“You might not be able to capture me, no matter how close.”

Zhang Ruochen was even more confident. Showing no fear, he instead took three steps forward.

The two were even closer now. They were only a fist away. The curves on Martial Saint Canglan’s chest were almost pressed against Zhang Ruochen.

Neither of them stepped back. They both had sharp personalities.

Qing Mo and the six Saintesses held their breath, staring closely at the two. They had a feeling that a huge battle was imminent.

The two were at a stalemate for a long while. Martial Saint Canglan’s eyes hardened. She seemed to be considering something.

In the end, she didn’t take the risk. Collecting the flames outside her body, she said, “The human race has problems both inside and out. It’s not the time for more internal conflicts. We should work together and face out. I’m sorry. I

indeed acted wrongly this time. After all, we once faced mutual enemies. I shouldn't have attacked secretly no matter what. Even if we fight, we should do it face-to-face."

Zhang Ruochen turned around and walked toward the formation shield. "If this happens again, I won't forgive you."

From childhood to now, Martial Saint Canglan had always crushed everyone around her with her powerful abilities. She never submitted to anyone, including her brother, who was first on the Five Heroes List.

Today, because of various reasons, she was suppressed for the first time. For the first time ever, she was forced to lower herself. She obviously wasn't happy about this.

"Zhang Ruochen, you bastard. When I get the Fentian Sword back, I'll definitely defeat you in front of everyone, so you'll know how powerful the head of the Nine Heavenly Maidens is."

Martial Saint Canglan felt wronged and a bit regretful. She felt that her behavior earlier had been too embarrassing. She should've acted decisively and fought thousands of rounds with him, punching his arrogant face into a swollen pulp.

Zhang Ruochen didn't feel any pride, but Martial Saint Canglan thought he did. She grew angry at the very thought.

The six Saintesses felt the Martial Saint's anger. Right now, she was like a furious dragon. Everyone stayed away from her, not daring to speak to her.

Zhang Ruochen used spatial power to create a spatial crack and cut down at the formation shield.

Whoosh!

A three-foot-wide hole opened up in the formation. After the spatial crack closed, the formation's hole was also closing quickly. Everyone hurriedly used their fastest techniques to dart in.

After entering the formation, the Spiritual Qi in the air multiplied. Lightning flashed in the sky. Spiritual Qi condensed into liquid and fell down like light rain.

“Spiritual Qi turning into rain? This is too dramatic!” a Saintess cried out. “Even the Spiritual Qi in the Central Emperor City isn’t so heavy.”

“I can have a breakthrough quickly if I cultivate here.”

...

After entering the formation, the Universe Spiritual Map in Zhang Ruochen’s Sea of Qi started getting antsy. There was a string of cracks. A dozen cracks opened up on the scroll.

Boom.

Chaotic Qi poured out with even more menacing force. The Universe Spiritual Map was close to crumbling.

How did these changes occur to the Universe Spiritual Map? Zhang Ruochen was shocked inwardly.

“Be careful underfoot.”

Martial Saint Canglan grabbed her saintly sword and stabbed down, hitting the side of a Saintess’ right foot.

Boom.

A blue firebug crawled out of the dirt and was gnawing on her foot. After getting hit, it sank back underground.

Martial Saint Canglan collected her sword. Looking at the tip, her expression grew solemn. “It didn’t die. What kind of insect is this?”

Whoosh!

Another blue firebug flew out from another direction and bit a Saintess’ left hand. With a spark, the Saintess’ entire arm was ignited with blue fire. The flames spread toward her shoulder and head.

Crack!

Zhang Ruochen waved his sword and cut off her arm. The Saintess cried out in a low voice as blood flowed out of her shoulder. She stumbled back and hid behind Martial Saint Canglan.

“What are you doing?” Martial Saint Canglan demanded.

Zhang Ruochen didn't reply. He just stared at the broken arm on the ground. It had already been burned to ashes.

Martial Saint Canglan finally understood what was happening. Gasping, her expression grew more uncomfortable.

The Saintess that Zhang Ruochen had cut the arm off of was extremely pale. She realized that she'd just been saved from death.

"Is it the legendary God-swallowing Bug?" Zhang Ruochen's facial muscles were pulled taut to the extreme. "This isn't a place they should stay," he said. "Send them out immediately."

Martial Saint Canglan didn't know what God-swallowing Bugs were, but she understood that it was too dangerous for the six Saintesses. They could die from a slight misstep.

"Qing Mo, you're not careful enough," Zhang Ruochen said seriously. "Go out with them."

Qing Mo's knees were already weak from fear. She felt saved when she heard Zhang Ruochen's words. "Lord, how about we all go out? It's too dangerous here."

If the Universe Spiritual Map hadn't changed dramatically, Zhang Ruochen would have retreated as well. But now, he had to find the answer. Perhaps, the Universe World could be born here.

After sending them out, only Zhang Ruochen and Martial Saint Canglan remained to go deeper inside the palace. There was a ball of blue light that covered the entire palace. Not only did it radiate with Spiritual Qi, it seemed that Spiritual Qi poured out of it too.

While being cautious of the ground, Martial Saint Canglan asked, "What exactly are God-swallowing Bugs?"

She couldn't stab through that blue firebug even with her full power. Martial Saint Canglan felt unconfident and unsure.

"In legends," Zhang Ruochen said, "the God-swallowing Bugs are from the Divine Sky-connecting Tree. It's born with the tree and lives inside the trunk. Because it eats the wood of the

Divine Sky-connecting Tree, it's known as the God-swallowing Bug. It's not because it can actually devour gods."

"Isn't the Divine Sky-connecting Tree a god?" Martial Saint Canglan asked. "If the God-swallowing Bug can live inside a divine tree and gnaw on it, then it's really scary, alright?"

"If you're afraid, it's not too late for you to back out."

Who wouldn't be afraid of something like the God-swallowing Bug? Martial Saint Canglan really wanted to back out, but hearing Zhang Ruochen's words, she felt unsatisfied. "You're not afraid, so why would I be afraid?"

She sped up and actually went ahead of Zhang Ruochen.

Chapter 1331 - The Trunk of Divine Sky-Connecting Tree

Translator:

Larbre Studio

Editor:

Larbre Studio

Zhang Ruochen activated his Ten Saints Blood Armor as he got closer to the blue mist. The armor covered his entire body, and meanwhile, he released space domain.

Fiery light threads gushed out of Martial Saint Canglan's Fiery Phoenix Armor, and they formed fiery feathers that floated around her body. Each feather looked like a shield.

They encountered God-swallowing Bugs a couple of times, and they ran into five of them once. Fortunately, they were powerful enough to kill them all.

Ordinary saint weapons weren't powerful enough to kill them, yet space cracks could drag them into hollow space, annihilating them.

"There's natal saint Qi gushing out. The valuables hidden in the mist have got to be invaluable," Martial Saint Canglan said.

Natal saint Qi was superior to Spiritual Qi.

Before the ancient times, there were two markets, three ways, seven sects, and sixteen ancient races. Under the training places of some of the powerful families, there were saint meridians flowing which could emanate Natal saint Qi.

After the Divine Sky-connecting Tree was cut off, all the saint meridians were dried out. Only the lower-class ground spiritual meridians were still flowing.

There was Spiritual Qi everywhere in Kunlun's Field, yet Natal Saint Qi was very rare. It only existed in some of the spiritual valuables.

For example, the spiritual holy Qi inside the mercury gourd was one of the Natal Saint Qi.

"It's wood spiritual holy Qi," Zhang Ruochen said.

The Universe Spiritual Map in Zhang Ruochen's lower abdomen was tumbling much more fiercely, and chaos Qi gushed out of some of the new cracks, which exceeded the limit of Zhang Ruochen's lower abdomen, which were tens of thousands of times larger than those of ordinary monks, gushing toward his meridians and saint meridians.

Zhang Ruochen felt extreme agony as his meridians and saint meridians were bulging.

He had to open all his apertures so that the chaos Qi inside his body gushed out.

Whoosh!

One hundred and forty-four five-colored chaos rivers rushed out of his apertures and floated in the sky, forming a whirlpool.

Martial Saint Canglan was dazed by the changes happening in Zhang Ruochen's body. "Chaos Qi? How is there so much chaos Qi inside your body?"

Chaos Qi was hundreds of times more precious than Natal Saint Qi. Even though Martial Saint Canglan had seen countless valuables, she was still astounded.

"Do you want it?" Zhang Ruochen asked.

What does he mean?

Martial Saint Canglan rolled her eyes. Before she understood why Zhang Ruochen said that, Zhang Ruochen rushed forward and pressed toward her breasts.

Martial Saint Canglan wasn't prepared for this at all. Before she realized it, Zhang Ruochen's hand was already on her breast. This was such hooliganism, and Martial Saint Canglan

was furious. Her eyes gleamed with indignation and she clenched her saint sword tightly.

However, a huge force gushed out of Zhang Ruochen's palm and pushed her back into a cold wall.

“Zhang Ruochen, you're the first man who's dared touch me...”

Martial Saint Canglan wielded her sword, wanting to cut off Zhang Ruochen's arm, however, he saw a large group of God-swallowing Bugs behind her. There were dozens of them.

They were where she was standing.

Apparently, those God-swallowing Bugs were attracted by the chaos Qi, which they were greedily swallowing.

Fortunately, Zhang Ruochen had pushed her away in time, otherwise, she would've been killed.

Damn him. Even if he was trying to save me, he should've pushed at another spot. Doesn't he know there're some areas on a woman's body he's never supposed to touch?

However, Martial Saint Canglan's face started to blush even though she was furious, and she put her saint weapon away.

Zhang Ruochen stared at her and said, “What're you thinking about? Perform your techniques and absorb more chaos Qi. If the chaos Qi is still permeating, it'll only attract more God-swallowing Bugs. Do you want to get us both killed?”

Martial Saint Canglan noticed that there was something warm flowing into her body, which was the five-colored chaos Qi.

She knew how precious chaos Qi was, so she immediately started to exercise and absorb the chaos Qi.

After those God-swallowing Bugs absorbed the chaos Qi in the air completely, they flew around before they took off toward the deep area of the blue mist.

After a long time, the Universe Spiritual Map slowed in releasing chaos Qi, only after which did he pull his hand back from the breasts of Martial Saint Canglan.

“How risky was that...”

Zhang Ruochen still had a lingering fear, yet he found out that all his one hundred and forty-four apertures were opened, absorbing the wood spiritual holy Qi from the blue mist.

It was because of this that Universe Spiritual Map slowed down releasing chaos Qi.

“Is Divine Sky-connecting Tree absorbing the wood spiritual holy Qi?”

That was Zhang Ruochen’s assumption.

Meanwhile, Zhang Ruochen sensed that someone was glaring at him with indignation.

How could Martial Saint Canglan not be angry?

Without any warning, her breasts were touched by Zhang Ruochen, and after that, he was whispering to himself as if nothing had happened.

Zhang Ruochen also realized what he did was inappropriate. He said, “That was a vital moment. I didn’t have any other choice.”

“If you do it the next time, I’ll fight you to the death.”

Martial Saint Canglan told Zhang Ruochen the same thing he told her, and then, she turned around and walked forward.

Zhang Ruochen caught up with her and walked side by side with her. He said, “Don’t you want to ask me where my chaos Qi comes from?”

Martial Saint Canglan was indeed curious, however, her mind was in a mess, so she didn’t ask.

She was anxious seeing Zhang Ruochen catch up with her as she didn’t know why. She asked, “Why?”

“What do you mean ‘why?’” Zhang Ruochen asked.

“Ummm...”

Martial Saint Canglan stopped walking, trying to calm herself down, then she said, “I mean why do you have so much chaos Qi inside your body?”

“Everyone has a secret. This is my secret, so I can’t tell others,” Zhang Ruochen said.

Martial Saint Canglan was dazed, and then, her face turned stiff and she said, “Then why did you ask me to ask you?”

“You didn’t understand where I was coming from. I just wish you could help me keep my secret instead of telling others,” Zhang Ruochen said.

Martial Saint Canglan kept grinding her teeth as she realized she couldn’t stay tranquil beside that guy. On the contrary, Zhang Ruochen never showed any emotions on his face, which made people wonder whether he was emotionless or not.

Zhang Ruochen and Martial Saint Canglan were both thrilled as they walked forward, as they found wood-characteristic air that was superior to wood spiritual holy Qi.

“Is this the godly wood Qi?” Martial Saint Canglan asked.

“That’s right.”

Zhang Ruochen looked up at an enormous godly tree standing at the center of the blue mist.

It seemed that the godly tree was growing in a different space instead of that blue palace. The trunk itself was dozens of miles wide.

Most of the trunk of that godly tree was in the mist.

Some of the branches were floating in the sky, and there were yellow leaves on the branches, which looked lifeless compared to the godly wood Qi around them.

“Is that a godly tree?”

Martial Saint Canglan had never seen such a gigantic tree. The forces coming from that tree were ancient but divine as if it were a God. She couldn’t help wanting to kneel down to worship it.

“Divine Sky-connecting Tree.”

“What did you just say?”

Zhang Ruochen said, “That’s the trunk of the Divine Sky-connecting Tree which got cut off. It’s the spiritual root of Kunlun’s Field, the origin of all the living creatures. No wonder that phalange didn’t dare trespass in the blue temple. I should’ve guessed so.” The seedling of the Divine Sky-connecting Tree played a major role in Xuanwu Void World as it cleared the devil death Qi, which meant the Divine Sky-connecting Tree had to be the bane of the death race.

Zhang Ruochen and Martial Saint Canglan kneeled on the ground and worshiped the trunk of the Divine Sky-connecting Tree.

The Divine Sky-connecting Tree was the mother of land. It was the start of everything in Kunlun’s Field, including Zhang Ruochen and Martial Saint Canglan.

It was worth worshipping.

Zhang Ruochen had seen the root of the Divine Sky-connecting Tree before, yet the divine wood Qi and divine wood rules were all used to nurture the new seedling.

The tree root was only a special kind of wood. It didn’t have the forces and divine power of a divine tree.

However, the tree trunk was a different thing. It still had the divine wood Qi and divine wood rules, and if it were used to make a weapon, it could totally suppress the death race.

Martial Saint Canglan rushed forward, trying to get the tree trunk of Divine Sky-connecting Tree before Zhang Ruochen did.

Zhang Ruochen stopped her using spatial move. He whispered, “Are you insane. Do you want to die?”

“Don’t stop me. Such a real treasure can only be fully utilized in the hands of the imperial government.”

Martial Saint Canglan swung her sword, trying to force Zhang Ruochen away.

Zhang Ruochen moved his body, and the sword Qi flew toward the trunk of Divine Sky-connecting Tree, shaking the air.

Sizzle!

A weird sound came from the tree trunk, followed by balls of blue fires. Some of the flames were as large as nails, some were as large as fists, and some were large as washbasins. They looked like a blue astral sea, mesmerizing.

However, Zhang Ruochen and Martial Saint Canglan didn't find them mesmerizing at all. Their faces turned pale, as each of the blue flames was a God-swallowing Bug.

Chapter 1332 - Birth Of The Universe World

Translator:

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Editor:

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The bigger the God-swallowing Bug was, the stronger its cultivation and more terrifying its combat abilities.

Earlier, the ones that Zhang Ruochen and Martial Saint Canglan had encountered were the size of fingernails. Even then, Thousand-pattern Saint Weapons couldn't penetrate them.

Now, there were many more insects on the trunk. Some were even the size of basins.

Zhang Ruochen and Martial Saint Canglan quickly collected their auras and held their breath. They stood in place without moving, afraid that the insects would wake up.

An hour later, the blue firelight on the trunk finally dimmed. All the God-swallowing Bugs fell into a slumber.

Both of them sighed in relief and retreated cautiously. They didn't stop until they reached a relatively safe area.

"So scary. If we woke them up, even a Saint King would've died, let alone us." Martial Saint Canglan's pretty eyes looked toward Zhang Ruochen. She smiled brightly. "Thank you for that!"

"I only stopped you because I was worried that you'd kill me too." Zhang Ruochen's attention was on the Divine Sky-connecting Tree in the distance. His eyes were ponderous.

"What, you're unwilling to give up and still want to get the trunk?" Martial Saint Canglan understood his thoughts. "Just

those God-swallowing Bugs could kill us a hundred times over. I suspect there are even more powerful things deep within the tree trunk. After all, it's been there for 100,000 years. It wouldn't be strange, no matter how many terrifying things it could produce.”

Zhang Ruochen was silent for a bit. Then he sat down cross-legged. The 144 apertures on his body shone brightly. He absorbed the divine Qi coming from the tree.

“You really are dense. You won't even look or react to me.”

Martial Saint Canglan had never met a man like Zhang Ruochen. He acted like she didn't exist. Did her beauty, figure, status, and cultivation not interest him at all?

Seeing that Zhang Ruochen was cultivating seriously, Martial Saint Canglan also calmed down.

This is indeed a great place for cultivation. If I can absorb enough divine Qi from the tree, adding to the Chaotic Qi from Zhang Ruochen, I can have a breakthrough.

After all the battles in recent times, Martial Saint Canglan had new understandings of the Martial Way. After these two special encounters, she was confident in entering the Heaven Pass Realm.

Thinking of this, she no longer waited. She went to another spot and started absorbing the divine Qi.

She didn't know that huge changes were occurring within Zhang Ruochen.

The Universe Spiritual Map sped up its absorption of the divine tree's Qi. More and more cracks appeared on the surface of the scroll. In addition to the Chaotic Qi, another powerful type of Qi flooded out, quickly melding into Zhang Ruochen's flesh.

After absorbing that Qi, Zhang Ruochen's vitality improved vastly. Even if he maintained his current cultivation, he could easily live to be 1,000 years old. Other than him, no other human Saint could have such a long life.

Zhang Ruochen was clear that it was getting closer and closer to the birth of the Universe World. Thus, he worked harder on absorbing the divine Qi.

Boom!

After who knew how long, there was a giant explosion in his Sea of Qi.

The Universe Spiritual Qi exploded, turning into dust. The powerful Chaotic Qi flooded out, filling Zhang Ruochen's Sea of Qi.

In addition, Zhang Ruochen felt his body turn heavy. He stooped, unable to keep his back straight anymore. His body felt like it weighed as much as a world. It was even hard to breathe.

It wasn't that his body had really become heavy but that an invisible pressure gave him this feeling.

Of course, it wasn't just a feeling. He indeed had a new world born within him. It was hovering in his Sea of Qi.

“Is this the Universe World?”

The Universe World didn't seem very big. It was like a small continent, covered in five-colored Chaotic Qi. It looked quite mysterious.

Zhang Ruochen formed a saint soul clone and entered the atmosphere of the Universe World.

It was like he'd instantly stepped into a different space. The ground under him expanded infinitely, becoming extremely vast. He couldn't see the end at all. He couldn't figure out this miraculous feeling.

The Universe World is clearly in my Sea of Qi and existing in the same space. How come it looks so small on the outside but becomes so large inside?

Zhang Ruochen thought carefully. A moment later, he smiled.

I almost entered a mental blind spot. I can't believe it's this easy. The Universe World is actually a huge spatial ring.

The spatial ring's medium was a ring. The medium that the Universe World used was Zhang Ruochen's body. He could be called "Heir of the Universe World" or directly called the "Universe World."

He and the Universe World had become one. This was why his body felt so heavy.

"Master, what is this place?" the Holy Carnivorous Flower's voice sounded within him.

Earlier, when the Universe World's Qi of Life had entered Zhang Ruochen's body, it also healed the Holy Carnivorous Flower, waking it up.

"The Universe World," Zhang Ruochen said.

Boom.

Kaboom.

...

The ground shook violently. On the horizon, a black cloud of demonic Qi flooded over. Lightning and thunder flashed inside the cloud. Shocking roars traveled out.

A 1,300-foot-tall Demon Ape charged out of the cloud. It radiated with ancient and savage Qi. When it faced mountains thousands of feet tall, it just slammed through. When it met ravines, it crossed over with one step.

Soon, the Demon Ape was before Zhang Ruochen. It lowered itself onto one knee. Forming a fist, it punched the ground with a resounding boom.

"Greetings, Master." The Demon Ape's voice was very rich and echoed like thunder.

Zhang Ruochen was slightly shocked. Studying the Demon Ape, he said. "One thousand and three hundred feet... You've already completed the seventh cultivation of the Ten Days of Demons, becoming a giant demonic ape?"

Blackie had taught the Ten Days of Demons to the Demon Ape, boasting that it was a secret scroll from the Taigu Giant Apes. Once it completed the seventh level, it could transform

into the body of a giant demonic ape. It could topple rivers and mountains and be able to go everywhere in the world.

Back then, Zhang Ruochen hadn't believed Blackie. He thought that it was lying just to get followers. After seeing the Demon Ape's shocking changes, Zhang Ruochen finally believed it.

Another demonic cloud rushed over from the horizon. One could vaguely see a huge dragon inside.

A familiar voice sounded from within the demonic cloud. "It has indeed completed the seventh level of the Ten Days of Demons. But it's still no match for me."

A 20-mile-long dragon was curled up in the sky. It radiated with tremendous dragon might and Demonic Qi. The entire world was shaking.

The huge dragon rushed down. When it landed, it actually turned into a fat rabbit with a stick of golden ginseng in its hands. It chomped down with a loud crack.

Zhang Ruochen could obviously see that the ginseng was very valuable. It wasn't regular spiritual medicine. It was saintly medicine.

The rabbit was eating saintly medicine like it was ginseng.

Zhang Ruochen didn't splurge this much. Seeing this scene, his heart clenched painfully. It wasn't that he was stingy. After all, even a Supreme Saint would shake in anger to see a rabbit waste saintly medicine like this.

"Who said I can't beat you? I can squash you with a fist."

The Demon Ape's eyes turned red. It stood up and roared into the sky. The sky instantly changed and the ground shook. Then it punched at Guoguo.

Guoguo didn't step back either. It transformed back into a huge demonic dragon and started fighting with the Demon Ape.

The two savage beasts both had incredible changes compared to before. They weren't much different from two Taigu beasts.

This rabbit can actually evolve into a dragon. It seems that the Sky-swallowing Skill that Blackie taught it isn't fake either.

The Sky-swallowing Skill was a top skill of the Sky-swallowing Demonic Dragon tribe. Other creatures could also transform into a dragon after cultivating it to a certain level.

He wondered if Guoguo after the baptism was stronger than the Sky-swallowing Demonic Dragon or not.

“You think it's incredible that it can become a Sky-swallowing Demonic Dragon? If you go look at the remaining saintly medicines in your garden, you won't think it's shocking anymore.”

A lovely feminine voice sounded in Zhang Ruochen's ears.

He smelled a light fragrance. Turning around, he saw Princess White Li standing in the near distance. She wore a white robe and her long black hair fluttered in the wind. Specks of light radiated from her snowy-white skin. She practically had the body of a beautiful fairy.

“It destroyed most of the saintly medicine in the garden?” Zhang Ruochen asked.

“That's not all.” Princess White Li smiled. Her mesmerizing eyes fluttered at Zhang Ruochen.

Seeing her eyes, Zhang Ruochen's heart sank. “It ate the divine medicine too?”

He had planted the Seven Star Sacred Tuber in the Universe World. That was true divine medicine and countless times more precious than the Thousand-leaf Saint Heart Grass. Zhang Ruochen placed heavy importance on it too.

The plant had seven leaves in total. One of them was shaped like a phoenix. After he'd fed it to Sword Saint Xuanji, he came back to life.

One could imagine that divine medicine could definitely change one's fate.

Zhang Ruochen flashed and disappeared from the spot. A while later, he appeared in the divine medicine garden.

Before, the divine medicine garden had many saintly medicines. After the baptism, more saintly medicines should have started growing. However, it was filled with low-level spiritual medicines now. There were only a few saintly medicines scattered about.

What hurt Zhang Ruochen even more was that the Seven Star Sacred Tuber only had two leaves left.

He'd given the phoenix leaf to Sword Saint Xuanji and kirin leaf to Han Xue. There should have been five leaves left. The blue dragon, white tiger, and Xuanwu leaves had all been eaten.

Chapter 1333 - Sacred Sect Nowadays

Translator:

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Editor:

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There were only two leaves left on Seven Star Sacred Tuber. One of them was blazing like the sun, while the other was cold and tranquil like the moon.

There were layers of formations around the divine medicine garden to prevent people from trespassing in the place.

He didn't expect them to break the formation at all.

“Damn it.”

Zhang Ruochen rubbed his head and tried to calm himself. He thought, The divine medicine is immensely powerful. How are their bodies able to withhold them?

The most important reason why Zhang Ruochen had never taken the divine medicine before was the fear that he might be crushed by the strength of the divine medicine.

Princess White Li was also standing in the medicine garden and her tail was waving. She said, “The sky and land were just opened, and the chaos was just born. The rules here were changing drastically, and all the creatures living in the Universe World would be cleansed natally. We didn't need to worry about the divine medicine overwhelming our bodies.”

“Are you saying you took one too?” Zhang Ruochen asked.

Princess White Li pouted but didn't refute that. She said, “I ate the white tiger leaf.”

Zhang Ruochen was really disturbed. He asked, “You're a cat. Why would you eat the white tiger leaf?”

“White tiger leaf stands for power. After taking it, my body was more than just sanctified. My body constitution is definitely at the top-tier level even among the Taigu remains,” Princess White Li said.

Zhang Ruochen knew from Princess White Li that the blue dragon was eaten by Guoguo, and the Xuanwu leaf was eaten by the monster ape.

Fortunately, the two most important leaves on the Seven Star Sacred Tuber still remained, otherwise, Zhang Ruochen might’ve exploded.

Zhang Ruochen transmitted his voice to Guoguo and monster ape, asking them to meet him under the Divine Sky-connecting Tree.

Zhang Ruochen and Princess White Li got to the tree first. The Divine Sky-connecting Tree had grown more luxuriantly.

Each of its leaves seemed to be breathing, and they were exhaling wood spiritual holy Qi.

The five elements Qi in the Universe World could be converted into each other. Wood spiritual Qi could be transformed into fire spiritual Qi, and fire spiritual Qi could turn into mud spiritual Qi.

They kept converting into each other, which meant the creatures practicing in the Universe World could absorb the holy Qi to refine themselves instead of having to resort to spiritual Qi in the sky and land.

Monks who could only reach the Fish-dragon Realm in Kunlun’s Field were likely to reach half-saint realm in the Universe World.

Which meant the Universe World was superior to Kunlun’s Field.

Kunlun’s Field was once dominant and prosperous before, much more so than the Universe World. However, it declined after the Divine Sky-connecting Tree was cut down.

The rules of sky and land in Kunlun’s Field were changing these days, which meant there might be a new spiritual root

born, or even a saint meridian of the ground, a God...

Which meant it wasn't accurate to say for sure that the Universe World was superior to Kunlun's Field.

However, one certainty was that Universe World had a much better refining environment than Kunlun's Field.

Zhang Ruochen asked, "How much memory have you recovered since becoming a saint?"

"Half. There're still some memories that're really blurry," Princess White Li said.

Zhang Ruochen took out her memory pearl and threw it to her.

Princess White Li took her memory pearl, stared at Zhang Ruochen in shock and said, "I took the divine medicine without asking you, yet you're giving me my memory pearl instead of punishing me?"

Zhang Ruochen said with his hands behind his back, "You indeed committed a huge crime by eating the divine medicine, however, Sacred Sect is a just place. I won't punish you for your transgressions this time. If you commit another one, however, I'll punish you for it, as well as for this one."

She had already taken the divine medicine, so Zhang Ruochen couldn't just throw all three of them into a pill-refining pot to refine them. Even if he did, he might not be able to make the divine medicine.

However, there must be punishments for wrongdoings.

Zhang Ruochen wasn't a lone man now, instead, he was the leader of Sacred Sect. Without clear and just rules, there would only be chaos in Sacred Sect, and the sect would never rise.

Princess White Li had joined Sacred Sect by swearing her loyalty to Zhang Ruochen. Zhang Ruochen decided not to punish her because she had made great contributions in the Universe World.

When Zhang Ruochen was absent from the world, it was she who had helped manage Sacred Sect and the people from Blue Dragon Dynasty. She had done a great job of managing the world.

After taking the memory pearl, the memories flooded back to Princess White Li.

She wasn't emotional at all. Instead, she looked more aloof and said, "So, that's what happened."

"Are you still going to stay in Sacred Sect after knowing what happened?" Zhang Ruochen asked.

Princess White Li became nonchalant and aloof. She said, "You have an entire world and Divine Sky-connecting Tree with you, and you also have the inheritance of time and space. You're meant to be something great. Being in Sacred Sect provides me with the best refining environment and the most refining resources. Why would I leave?"

Zhang Ruochen nodded and smiled. "You've become much smarter since you gained your memories. You look like a person who can achieve something great now. Wait... A cat to be precise."

Princess White Li said, "I'm just curious. If we're at the same level, could you still defeat me? If you can't defeat me, why would I still be loyal to you?"

"Do you really think you're invincible among those at the same level after the divine medicine?" Zhang Ruochen smiled, as he wasn't afraid of the challenge of Princess White Li at all.

Princess White Li was a Taigu remain, having a much stronger constitution than monster ape and Guoguo.

And now, even monster ape and Guoguo had gone through a great surge in their body constitutions, not to mention her. It was natural that she wanted to challenge Zhang Ruochen.

Princess White Li said, "With my body constitution and saint way, I can even defeat Sky-swallowing Demonic Dragon with ease, not to mention you."

Sky-swallowing Demonic Dragon was ranked in second place on the 'Half-saint Rank' before, and it was invincible among the Taigu remains. Princess White Li had been nothing compared to him before.

However, she was confident that she could defeat Sky-swallowing Demonic Dragon, which showed a drastic improvement in her cultivation.

“You’ll have your chance. When you get out of the Universe World, I’ll fight you for sure,” Zhang Ruochen said.

Zhang Ruochen himself was the Universe World, so he couldn’t get inside with his real body. He could only show up as his dividing self, so he couldn’t fight Princess White Li.

And then, Princess White Li started to tell Zhang Ruochen about what was happening in the Universe World and Sacred Sect.

There were more than thirty million human beings living in the Universe World, and most of them were the aboriginal people from Blue Dragon Void World. Only a few of them were monks from Kunlun’s Field.

There were thirteen saints in Sacred Sect, including Princess White Li, Guoguo and monster ape. Ghost King Bloodmoon was the most powerful one.

Some of them had been level-nine half-saint savage beasts and aboriginal people when they were recruited into Universe World, and after the bestowment of the opening of sky and land, they easily became saints.

Zhang Ruochen nodded and said, “Nice. Sacred Sect is already powerful enough to rival some of the top-tier sects and ancient families. However, there’re still not enough people in the Universe World.”

Zhang Ruochen reckoned that he could get in touch with some of the old officials from Sacred Central Empire. He was open to recruiting anyone who was loyal to him.

As long as the Universe World and Sacred Sect prospered, he could rival Chi Yao and the First Central Empire.

The only downside was that the Universe World had lost the fast-track of time after Universe Spiritual Map cracked.

After all, the Universe Spiritual Map was a valuable of time and space instead of a real world. It couldn’t rival Universe

World in many aspects.

There were less than ten valuables of time and space in Kunlun's Field, and each of them was able to change the flow of time like the Universe Spiritual Map. Certainly, all of them were owned by the greatest powers, so it was almost impossible to get any one of them.

Tianlun Mark was the most powerful out of all the space valuables, much more precious than the Universe Spiritual Map.

I need to get the Tianlun Mark from Chaotic World Mountain. If I can have it, I'll have the valuable that can fast-track time by thirty times. Only after that will I have a chance to catch up with Chi Yao, Zhang Ruochen thought.

Monster ape and Guoguo walked toward Zhang Ruochen as he was thinking. Apparently, they knew why he had summoned them here.

Monster ape kneeled down on one knee and said, "My... My lord."

Guoguo rolled its eyes and pointed at monster ape with its claw, "It's all monster ape's fault. I didn't want to take it in the first place, but it kept shoving the medicine down my throat. If I refused, it would beat me. When you were not here, I was beaten ten times every day..."

"Are you saying you took ten saint medicines every day?" Zhang Ruochen asked.

"No! I'd never do that! It was that monster ape who kept shoving them down my throat, so I had to follow. I'm not as strong as it, so I couldn't beat it at all. Look, all I have is fat, and all it has are muscles. How could I have resisted it?"

Guoguo pinched its body while crying. It looked really aggrieved.

"You, you have no shame... You were the one who started it... Don't believe it, my lord... It's shameless... shameless..."

Monster ape wasn't good at debating, so all it could say was 'shameless'...

“I know exactly who started it, just like I know both of you took the divine medicine, which means you’ll pay for your wrongdoing,” Zhang Ruochen said.

Guoguo’s eyes bulged, and it couldn’t stop grinding its teeth. It fell on the ground and whimpered, “I knew it... I knew we were gonna be made into pills in the pot...”

“Damn it... Damn it... I told you guys we shouldn’t eat it... Our lord is punishing us... You guys doomed me...”

After hearing what Guoguo said, monster ape also fell on the ground due to horror, shaking the earth.

Zhang Ruochen got angrier after seeing them like this. He said, “When did I say I would throw you into the pot? Follow me to Xianji Mountain first, then you’ll know how to make it up to me.”

Chapter 1334 - Cross The Bottom Line

Translator:

Larbre Studio

Editor:

Larbre Studio

Ten days passed quickly. Martial Saint Canglan used the Divine Qi of the tree and entered the Heaven Pass Realm. As time passed, her level gradually stabilized.

Stepping into the Heaven Pass Realm is really like crossing into heaven with one step. It feels like I've just walked out of a quagmire. I feel entirely relaxed.

Martial Saint Canglan opened her pretty eyes. There were two balls of fire burning in them. Beams of fire rules spread out as if she wanted to burn this entire land.

Her control of power was very precise. She retracted the flames immediately when they reached 30 feet.

Zhang Ruochen is still cultivating.

Martial Saint Canglan could tell that Zhang Ruochen's cultivation had improved greatly too. He wasn't far from the later stages of an upper Saint now.

Ten days ago, he was only in the beginning stages. This kind of cultivation speed was indeed dumbfounding.

Whoosh!

The Time and Space Martial Deity Print emerged from Zhang Ruochen's forehead. It spun slowly like a spatial door.

Thud, thud.

Guoguo and the Demon Ape flew out of the deity print. They landed on the ground like rubber balls and rolled into the

distance, screaming.

Zhang Ruochen opened his eyes as well, waking up. “Scream. Scream as much as you want. It’s best if you wake up all the God-swallowing Bugs.”

Guoguo and the Demon Ape stared at the balls of blue fire on the Divine Sky-connecting Tree in the distance. They instantly covered their mouths, not even daring to breathe loudly. Their eyes kept lolling around.

Before coming out, Zhang Ruochen had already explained the situation to them, so they knew how powerful the God-swallowing Bugs were.

Zhang Ruochen kicked Guoguo’s furry butt. “Don’t be scared. Go bring the tree trunk over and I’ll forgive your misgivings.”

Guoguo knelt on the ground and shook its head with a pitiful expression. It was actually crying.

“Aren’t you two powerful? Not even the formation outside the medicine garden can stop you. Isn’t moving the Divine Sky-connecting Tree easy too?”

The Demon Ape knelt on the ground and kowtowed firmly. “Master, I know I was wrong. I won’t do it again. Please forgive us. Don’t make us go on a suicide mission.”

Guoguo also prostrated itself and kowtowed to Zhang Ruochen.

Martial Saint Canglan stood to the side, furrowing her brows. Where did Zhang Ruochen suddenly get these two cute animals from?

It seems like Zhang Ruochen’s body is an independent space, Martial Saint Canglan thought. As expected of the Time and Space Descendant. He really does have many secrets.

Zhang Ruochen was obviously just scaring Guoguo and the Demon Ape. He didn’t actually want them to go die.

The main reason for taking them out was to have them pick the saintly medicines in the garden on Wuyuan Island. The dangerous environment formed by the Supreme Saint’s

formation was punishment for them. Picking the medicine would make up for the garden's losses.

As for the Divine Sky-connecting Tree...

Zhang Ruochen raised his head. Looking at the enormous tree trunk, he said, "It's best not to take the risk with our current cultivation. We can take it when we get stronger."

The two beasts nodded firmly. "You are wise," they said in unison.

They left, going back to the blue palace. As soon as they walked out of the formation shield, Saintess Liuli went over. She looked very worried. "Martial Saint, Lord Zhang, how come you only came out now?"

"What happened?" Zhang Ruochen asked.

"Yesterday, Qing Mo received a communication rune and learned that Princess Yanchen and the Ancient Race of Prison Guardians are being chased by Immortal Vampires. We waited for a long time but you never came out, so she hurried over with the golden cobra."

Xianji Mountain had a special environment. Communication runes couldn't fly out, but they could come in from the outside.

Zhang Ruochen's eyes turned cold. Strong worry emerged in him. "Where is the communication rune?"

Saintess Liuli hurriedly took it out and gave it to Zhang Ruochen. He scanned the content as fast as possible. It was indeed sent by Huang Yanchen. Before sending the message, she was in the Thousand Mountain Range.

Martial Saint Canglan clearly knew Huang Yanchen's position in Zhang Ruochen's heart. Worried that he would act impulsively, she said, "It's already been one day and one night. If you hurry over now, you'll definitely be late! The Immortal Vampires aren't attacking Huang Yanchen to kill her. They're only doing it to capture you. If you go there, you'll fall into their trap."

Saintess Liuli was also worried about Zhang Ruochen. “The Immortal Vampires are extremely powerful in the north. They have many strong cultivators. Going by yourself is like hitting a rock with an egg. You must calm down.”

“Calm down?” The Demon Ape roared with red eyes.

“Whoever dares to touch Princess Yanchen is the enemy of the entire Sacred Sect. Master, let’s go right now and destroy them!”

Guoguo clearly also knew that this was the best chance to make up for their mistakes. It pounded its chest and said, “Master, make the decision and we’ll go anywhere with you, whether it be knife mountains or seas of fire. We’ll rescue Mistress no matter what.”

“Let’s go!”

Zhang Ruochen put the communication rune away. Murderous intent flared in his eyes. People always tried challenging his bottom line. This time, he would overturn the world.

Martial Saint Canglan chased after him, wanting to stop him. “Zhang Ruochen, can’t you listen to me? You can’t be impulsive. Huang Yanchen is the heir of the Eastern Region Saint Academy and one of the Nine Heirs. The imperial court won’t just sit and watch.”

Roar!

There was a deafening dragon roar. A 20-mile-long black dragon appeared. It soared into the air, radiating with horrible demonic Qi.

Zhang Ruochen stood on the dragon’s head like an overlooking demon god and disappeared into the clouds.

The six Saintesses rushed out. They stood beside Martial Saint Canglan with expressions of disbelief.

“Isn’t that the Sky-swallowing Demonic Dragon of Ancient Dragon Mountain? How come it’s Zhang Ruochen’s ride now?”

“Are there two Sky-swallowing Demonic Dragons in Kunlun’s Field?”

...

Saintess Liuli was very worried about Zhang Ruochen's safety. "Martial Saint..." she urged.

Martial Saint Canglan's eyes were sharp. "It must be Situ Fengcheng. He knows that Zhang Ruochen has Zhu Qingyi, so he sent someone to capture Huang Yanchen and counter Zhang Ruochen. The final duel must be between them.

"You six, hurry to the Ministry of War and report this to the Heavenly Kings. Have them stop the Saint Kings of the Immortal Vampires. Don't let them go through Zhilin Pass."

"What about you?" Saintess Liuli asked.

"Since it's highly possible that Situ Fengcheng planned this, I'll go check out the fun too."

A pair of phoenix wings sprouted on Martial Saint Canglan's back. A sea of red fire surrounded her instantly.

Next, there was a phoenix's cry. The sea of fire shot into the sky. She flew out of Xianji Mountain, hurrying toward the Thousand Mountain Range.

Thousand Mountain Range was at the border of Red River Mansion. It neighbored Front Island Mansion and was close to 200,000 miles from Xianji Mountain. It was neither far nor close.

Zhang Ruochen stood on the demonic dragon's head. Anger burned within him. "Yanchen has so many Blood-Repression Runes. It won't be so easy to get captured. You must survive until I get there..."

That day, the cultivators of Red River Mansion were all very shocked. They saw a demonic dragon and fire phoenix fly above them in one day. The auras from the two beasts forced them to prostrate themselves on the ground, not daring to move.

They didn't stand up until the demonic dragon and phoenix flew far away. "The world has become so frightening," they lamented. "Even true dragons and phoenixes have come out. Is the Kunlun's Field returning to the middle ages?"

When Zhang Ruochen reached Thousand Mountain Range, it was already late at night.

Under the moonlight, he could see that the land had been ravaged. Smoke was everywhere and chaotic energy from the Saintly Way filled the air. Mountains had been melted into lava by the flames. Some places had also been ripped apart and turned into canyons.

A tremendous battle had occurred here. Zhang Ruochen discovered the corpses of the Ancient Race of Prison Guardians in the bottom of a canyon. Their blood had all been sucked dry, turning the bodies into mummies.

“One thought connects, search thousand miles.”

Zhang Ruochen opened his hands and released his Spiritual Power to the max. It spread 30,000 miles before he discovered Qing Mo and Huang Yanchen’s auras.

He used the Great Spatial Move and was 200 miles away in an instant. He then used the Great Spatial Move again. He just wanted to get there as fast as possible.

Roar!

Guoguo transformed into the Sky-swallowing Demonic Dragon. The Demon Ape transformed into the 1,300-foot-tall giant ape. They followed close behind Zhang Ruochen while roaring. They seemed even more furious than Zhang Ruochen.

...

The land within 1,000 miles of the Thousand Mountain Range was shrouded in bloody Qi. The dirt had turned to blood too. The smell of blood filled the air.

A large group of strong Immortal Vampires gathered together, surrounding a battered ancient city.

“Disgusting,” a Blood Saint with a lightning mark on his forehead said coldly. “That bitch Huang Yanchen actually has a rune scroll designed specifically to counter us. We suffered such great losses.”

This man was from the Huangtian Tribe. His cultivation was at the peak of the Heaven Pass Realm and was known as Blood

Saint Chilei.

Blood Saint Sijian's eyes were dark. "Now you know why all our soldiers died when I went to capture her the first time, right? That rune scroll is our race's kryptonite. The general has already ordered that we must capture Huang Yanchen and destroy all the scrolls."

"The rune scroll must have been produced by the Ancient Race of Prison Guardians," another Blood Saint said. "We must do our best to wipe out the Prison Guardians and save Lord Pluto. We'll enter the central region and become the ruler of the humans."

Blood Saint Sijian huffed coldly. "If we want to save Lord Pluto, we must first get the Taotian Sword from Zhang Ruochen. If we want to force Zhang Ruochen to give in, we must first capture Zhang Ruochen. Immediately start the fifth siege. They're already at the brink of collapse. We must capture them this time. Destroy the battle and break in."

Chapter 1335 - Inside Fengyuan City

Translator:

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Editor:

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The actions of the immortal vampires alerted some of the human monks from Red River Mansion and Qianyu Mansion. Some of the monks who were brave enough tried to get close to Wanyue Mountain to see what was going on.

“Is Zhilin Pass conquered and are the immortal vampires going to occupy the entire Red River Mansion?”

“Zhilin Pass wasn't conquered. Instead, it was just a small group of immortal vampires entering Hongchuan Mansion. I heard that they were trying to encircle Huang Yanchen.”

“What? Huang Yanchen also came to the north?”

“Isn't that normal? Zhang Ruochen showed up in Xianji Mountain already, so Huang Yanchen would certainly follow.”

“Although there's only a small group of the immortal vampires, they're all horrifically powerful. A team of the imperial army that guarded Yanbei County ran into them, and they were annihilated. This is a war among saints, which is terrifying. Let's just stay far away and watch. Don't go anywhere near.”

...

Monks who dared to get close to Fengyuan City were at least at the Fish-Dragon Realm, which meant none of them were weak.

An heir being encircled was a huge event, so all the monks wanted to know what was going to happen next.

Fengyuan City was where an army stayed in Yanbei County. There were not only hundreds of thousands of elite soldiers, but also three guarding-city formations. Even three or five saints teaming up weren't able to break through it.

However, Fengyuan City was in ruins now. The wall was damaged, and some areas had sunk underground.

As for those elite soldiers, half of them had been killed, and the other half were made into blood slaves.

There were corpses and blood everywhere on the streets as if it were a slaughterhouse.

Jinfu Giant Python lay on the street, licking its wounds with its tongue. It sensed the blood Qi coming from outside, so it raised its head and yelled.

Qing Mo and Huang Yanchen, who were recovering and trying to regain their saint Qi, immediately stopped and flew to the top of a wall like two traces of light, looking into the distance.

“This is the sixth time they're making attacks, princess. We might not be able to hold them off this time...”

There was blood everywhere on Qing Mo's face. She looked tired, as she'd been stabbed in her belly, and it still hadn't healed yet.

“We have to fight no matter what. We need to at least make the immortal vampires pay.

Huang Yanchen held her rugged saint sword, and she was further wounded. She still looked sharp and shrewd with full intent to fight. She took out a Blood Repression Rune and gave it to Qing Mo.

Blood Repression Runes were the only advantage they had.

Fog!

It was blood fog!

The thick blood fog spread everywhere, enveloping all of Fengyue City.

Click Click!

Lots of blood slaves who were wearing iron armor were marching in the blood fog, trampling over the ancient buildings in the city. They kept making collapsing sounds, and mud and blood mist were mixed together.

Those blood slaves used to be the elite soldiers of the human race.

Huang Yanchen didn't even bother to look at the blood slaves down there, instead, she was staring at the dozens of immortal vampires in the distance. They were all flying in the sky, spreading their blood-red wings. Some of them had one pair of wings, and some had two pairs. They were all top-tier great beings.

There were nine blood saints from four different tribes among them.

Four Sword Blood Saint was the most powerful one, surrounded by sword Qi. He said with a nonchalant voice, "I never thought you were qualified to be an heir, as you're not even close in talent to other heirs. However, after fighting you a couple of times, I have to admit that you indeed deserve to be an heir. That perseverance you have already far surpasses other human saints."

Huang Yanchen said calmly, "Are you saying you're scared as a heaven pass blood general?"

"No. I was just saying that the only reason you're still alive is that we want to capture you alive, otherwise you would've died long ago." The forces coming from Four Sword Blood Saint were far greater than those of Huang Yanchen, and he also sounded very aloof.

Huang Yanchen smiled and said, "If you're not afraid, why're you hiding so far away and sending this large group of blood slaves to fight us?"

All the immortal vampire great beings were triggered.

Blood Saint Red Lightning, who was at pinnacle heaven pass realm, yelled, "I can kill you with one finger, upper-class saint! Tell me where you got those runes from. Otherwise, I'll make you wish you were dead."

“Why are you even talking to her? Let’s suppress her and drain her blood. We’ll get all her memories after we refine her saint sources and saint souls.”

A middle-aged woman who only had one eye took out a tower thousand-patterns saint weapon and infused her saint Qi into the tower.

The blood-red saint tower started to spin, flying in the air and becoming more than one thousand feet tall. All the twelve tower doors were opened, and twelve blood rivers flowed out, trying to suppress Huang Yanchen and Qing Mo.

Even the human monks who were standing hundreds of miles away could sense the destruction of thousand-patterns, tainting the sky above them blood-red.

“It must be Blood Saint Jingta who was making the attack. She’s a mass murderer. She collected blood and slaughtered people from thirteen cities and hundreds of towns. Nobody survived her. She might’ve killed more than ten million people already.”

“She has a horrific weapon, Wujing Blood Tower. As long as she can break the guarding-city formation, she’ll be able to capture tens of thousands of people and make them into drops of blood.”

...

The human monks couldn’t help shivering as they saw Jingta Blood Saint. Some of them even left the spot, as they were too scared to stay.

If they didn’t run away, they might be killed by Jingta Blood Saint after she finished with Huang Yanchen.

Huang Yanchen wielded her heir stamp to trigger the heir Empress Chi Yao left in the heir stamp. The empress Qi made the space around it crack.

Boom!

The heir stamp became dozens of miles long like a blue heavenly blade, clashing with Wujing Blood Tower.

“The heir stamp is indeed a true treasure. Unfortunately, you’re not strong enough. Even if you can use a trace of power of Empress Chi Ya, you’re still going to die.”

Wujing Blood Tower became larger, as if it were a mountain, pressing the heir stamp.

Jingta Blood Saint was much more powerful than Huang Yanchen. Also, Huang Yanchen was already severely injured, so even with the heir stamp, she was no match for the blood saint.

Qing Mo saw that Huang Yanchen couldn’t keep fighting anymore, so she took out her silver kitchen knife and mobilized the leftover holy Qi inside her, wielding the silver kitchen knife toward Jingta Blood Saint.

“It’s such a waste of a godly remains ancient weapon to be held by you, a young girl. If I had that knife, I could fight even a true saint.” Aside from Four Sword Blood Saint, there was another heaven pass blood general who joined the fight against Huang Yanchen. He was Qi Zhenhuan, an uncle of Qitian Crown Prince.

Qi Zhenhuan was familiar with the silver kitchen knife. Seeing Qing Mo wield that, he moved his body and tried to defend Jingta Blood Saint.

Heaven pass blood generals were able to fight those who were at a higher level. However, there was a gap between heaven-pass-realm saints and true saints, so they couldn’t fight the true saints.

“Formless Sky and Land, Spinning World.”

A blood-red ball of light was formed in Qi Zhenhuan’s hands, and chaotic saint way rules gushed out of the ball, spinning and forming a gigantic whirlpool.

The silver kitchen knife clashed with the whirlpool and got slower, and the power just got weaker and weaker.

Qing Mo’s face turned pale due to fear. She could feel that she was losing control of the silver kitchen knife.

Qi Zhenhuan grabbed the silver kitchen knife and guffawed, “A godly remains ancient weapon! I can’t believe I have a godly remains ancient weapon. With this weapon, I can defend myself even against human true saints. If I use its original power, I might even be able to kill a true saint.”

Whoosh!

The silver kitchen knife trembled rapidly and made deafening noises. The knife emanated knife Qi, cracking Qi Zhenhuan’s fingers.

The silver kitchen knife flew back to Qing Mo’s hands.

“I can’t believe a godly remains ancient weapon is that powerful. It seems I can only own it after I kill its owner.”
Qing Zhenhuan looked hostile.

Qing Mo was already exhausted. She looked down at those hundreds of thousands of blood slaves that were attacking Jinfu Giant Python like locusts.

Jinfu Giant Python was indeed powerful. However, when there was a large number of ants, they could even kill a snake, not to mention blood slaves who were fearless.

Jinfu Giant Python was enveloped by the blood slaves, and it wasn’t able to fly at all. The blood slaves kept hitting its wounds, and the injuries got worse and worse. It kept bleeding.

It kept struggling and screamed in agony.

Qing Mo looked to Xianji Mountain and whispered, “Do you know how many immortal vampires are attacking us, my lord? How long is it going to take for you to come rescue us? Princess and I won’t be able to hold out much longer...”

“With your cultivation, it’s a miracle that you survived till now.”

Blood Saint Jingta smiled and operated the huge blood tower, which exerted great power, pressing toward Huang Yanchen.

Bang!

Huang Yanchen's saint sword couldn't hold back the power of Wujing Blood Tower anymore. It was broken into six pieces, and one of the pieces slashed her face, leaving a blood-red scar.

Huang Yanchen had astonishingly great mind power, so she wasn't in despair at all. She kept resisting the Wujing Blood Tower using her heir stamp.

She couldn't give up unless she was actually hopeless.

"She's so indomitable. She acts just like Zhang Ruochen."

Four Sword Blood Saint seemed to have sensed something. He looked out at the city. "Such evil Qi."

Chapter 1336 - Announce To The World

Chapter 1336: Announce To The World

Huang Yanchen was already suppressed to the point of being unable to fight back. Just then, thousands of beams of light shone from her forehead. It pushed back the bloody light of the Wujing Blood Tower.

“Chaotic Universe Sword.”

A drop of silver liquid flew out from the center of Huang Yanchen’s brows. As if frozen, it solidified into a slender and translucent sword.

The strong Immortal Vampires were taken aback. They couldn’t believe their eyes.

“The legendary Chaotic Universe Sword! Did that Empress Chi Yao actually pass the Chaotic Universe Sword down to her? How is this possible?”

The Chaotic Universe Sword was created from the chaotic water of the galaxy. It was once the sovereign of the Savage Barren Territory, the weapon of Beast Emperor Tianyu. After the Empress killed the Beast Emperor, the Chaotic Universe Sword of the Chaotic Spirit Palace naturally fell into the hands of the Empress, becoming a part of the imperial court’s heritage.

Who would’ve thought that the Empress had bestowed it upon Huang Yanchen?

It was the anchoring weapon of the Chaotic Spirit Palace and once the weapon of a Beast Emperor. Once it appeared, it would definitely shock the world and create an endless storm.

“Guiyuan Sword Technique.”

While everyone was still shocked, Huang Yanchen stopped controlling the Heir Stamp. She became one with the Chaotic

Universe Sword. Transforming into a beam of silver light, she attacked Blood Saint Jingta.

Blood Saint Jingta's expression changed dramatically. Feeling that there was a shred of Supreme Saint power from the sword, she hurriedly cast a defensive spell to counter it.

Poof.

The sword passed through Blood Saint Jingta's defense and stabbed into her one eye. Her eye exploded. Blood flowed down her face.

Blood Saint Jingta let out a shrill cry. She retreated hurriedly so her entire head wouldn't be penetrated. Even though Immortal Vampires had strong vitalities, she wouldn't be able to recover easily from that.

"You can't escape," Huang Yanchen said coldly.

The Chaotic Universe Sword transformed back into a silver drop. It followed Blood Saint Jingta's eye injury and entered her body.

The next moment, Blood Saint Jingta's cry became even more piercing. Her body cracked apart. Silver light shone through each crack.

Boom.

Her saintly body exploded into a cloud of bloody mist. Drops of silver liquid flew out, transforming back into that translucent sword and falling into Huang Yanchen's hand.

The woman and sword were both so sharp.

The Immortal Vampires were all gasping. They knew that Huang Yanchen may have used up all her strength and Holy Qi in that move, but they still grew fearful.

"I was careless. I didn't think she could kill Blood Saint Jingta, who was in the Absolute Land Realm, even with her heavy injuries."

Qi Zhenhuan clenched his fists. Anger flared and bloody Qi burst from his nostrils. Blood Saint Jingta was his close

follower. He'd put much effort into training her, but she'd died without reason.

Zhang Ruochen was difficult to deal with. He didn't expect that his fiancée would be so difficult too.

"You killed my Blood Saint. You must use the Chaotic Universe Sword and ancient divine relic to make up for it."

Capillaries appeared in Qi Zhenhuan's eyes. The three-meter-long sword on his back flew out of its sheath and hacked down at Huang Yanchen standing before him.

Standing between the broken rocky walls, Huang Yanchen remained tall and upright. She radiated with cold and arrogant Qi. Raising her head, her taut nerves finally relaxed. A faint and beautiful smile appeared.

"Finally here!"

A large demonic cloud rolled over in the sky, forcing the heavy bloody fog apart. A cold voice rang out from within the cloud.

"You even dare to touch my wife! You're asking for death!"

Whoosh!

The space trembled. Then Zhang Ruochen appeared before Huang Yanchen. His sword cut down, crashing against the broadsword falling from the sky.

Thud!

The sword and broadsword collided powerfully, forming rings of energy windstorms. All the blood slaves within hundreds of feet were forced away. Some of them were even torn apart.

The broadsword spun quickly and flew back.

After grabbing the hilt, Qi Zhenhuan couldn't dissolve the strength until he flew three miles away.

Zhang Ruochen's arrival was logical but also unexpected. Now, the Immortal Vampires present finally started getting serious.

"Did you just... announce it to the world?"

Huang Yanchen's voice sounded in Zhang Ruochen's ears. A slender hand hugged Zhang Ruochen from behind. She pressed herself onto him.

To outsiders, it looked like a hug between lovers. In reality, Huang Yanchen had used up all her Holy Qi. She was so exhausted that she could only stand by leaning against Zhang Ruochen.

Zhang Ruochen nodded, making an affirmative sound.

Before this, people only knew that Huang Yanchen was Zhang Ruochen's fiancée. Just then, he'd undoubtedly announced to the world that Huang Yanchen was already his wife.

These two statuses were completely different.

Huang Yanchen had given up her status as Heir and abandoned her family and friends to wander the world with Zhang Ruochen. She'd suffered many murder attempts and life-or-death experiences, but she felt no regret.

What more could a man wish for from a wife?

Zhang Ruochen thought that it was just a matter of time before announcing their relationship.

A sweet smile appeared on Huang Yanchen's face. "So tired!" she whispered in his ear.

"If you're tired, then rest well. Hand everything over to me!" Zhang Ruochen patted the back of her hand. Then he took out a Spring Pill for her.

After seeing Zhang Ruochen, Qi Zhenhuan wasn't afraid at all. Instead, he laughed loudly. "I'd planned on luring you after capturing Huang Yanchen. I didn't think you'd actually be stupid enough to come alone to die."

Zhang Ruochen took the stack of Blood Repression Runes from Huang Yanchen. Standing up, he glanced at Qi Zhenhuan. "Alone? Who told you I'm alone?"

A dragon's roar sounded in the air. Then a huge dragon head reached out of the demonic cloud. It opened its mouth and inhaled.

Huff!

A gale swept across hundreds of miles. Tens of thousands of blood slaves and a dozen higher level Immortal Vampire Half-Saints were swallowed instantly.

Even Qi Zhenhuan was stunned by this scene. He couldn't help but stare at the huge dragon hidden inside the demonic cloud.

“The Sky-swallowing Demonic Dragon... How can it be the Sky-swallowing Demonic Dragon? Aren't you two mortal enemies?”

“Yes, I am the Sky-swallowing Demonic Dragon. Today, I represent the Savage Barren Dragon Race and declare war on the Immortal Vampires.”

A dragon claw hundreds of meters long struck down, leaving a huge gouge inside the city. Two strong Immortal Vampires at the bottom of the ditch were completely crushed.

In the distance, all the humans were shocked. “The dragons of the Savage Barren Territory have actually declared war on the Immortal Vampires?”

This news was able to shock the world. Since the Sky-swallowing Demonic Dragon had said it himself, it must be true. Some of the cultivators couldn't wait and hurriedly spread the news with communication runes.

Boom! Boom!

A 1300-foot-tall Demon Ape ran over and felled a wall. It broke into Fengyue City and started attacking without a word.

Roar!

Its huge hand grabbed an Immortal Vampire Saint flying in the air and started beating him up on the ground, making his body explode. An Absolute Land Realm Blood Saint died just like that.

Blood Saint Sijian's expression was heavy. “Another Taigu Remain in the Saint Realm has come. Has the Ancient Dragon Mountain truly declared war on the Immortal Vampires? What exactly has changed?”

Before Blood Saint Sijian could think further, a powerful gust of wind from a fist came. A black wall with overpowering demonic Qi crashed down at him.

No.

It wasn't a wall. It was the Demon Ape's fist, but it was too big, so Blood Saint Sijian mistook it for a wall.

All four of his swords came out, forming a sword formation and blocking the front.

Thud.

The next moment, Blood Saint Sijian flew back and fell onto the ground.

In an instant, a large cloud of dust flew up in Fengyue City. A deep trench appeared on the ground.

Blood Saint Sijian stood in the center of the dust. His four arms hurt slightly. Such terrifying power, he thought. Did a Taigu Demon Ape really appear? No wonder it could destroy an Absolute Land Realm Blood Saint like that.

Just as Blood Saint Sijian and the demon ape were fighting viciously, Zhang Ruochen proactively attacked Qi Zhenhuan. Heavy murderous Qi appeared above his head. He just wanted to kill all the Immortal Vampires before him.

“Good that you came.”

Earlier, Qi Zhenhuan hadn't used his full power against Huang Yanchen. Even though Zhang Ruochen had sent his broadsword flying, he still didn't think Zhang Ruochen was very powerful.

How could a mere upper Saint fight against a Heaven Pass Blood General? Even Qi Sheng, the top genius of the Immortal Vampires, couldn't be that strong.

Kaboom.

In the first clash, they were equal. No one had the advantage.

“Not bad,” Zhang Ruochen said. “I can counter a Heaven Pass Blood General with just my physical strength. As expected of the natural Five Elements Chaotic Body.”

“What...only your physical strength?” Even though Qi Zhenhuan had experienced many storms before, his forehead was still covered in cold sweat now. He had to reassess the opponent before him now.

He was so accomplished. He couldn't take a misstep here.

“Heavenly Thunder Crosses World.”

Zhang Ruochen used a move from the True-Thunder Fire Sword Technique. Raising the Abyss Ancient Sword, he lured over hundreds of lightning bolts. They formed a pillar of lightning that connected the heavens to the earth.

The True-Thunder Fire Sword Technique wasn't a typical sword technique. It was a Consummate Skill of the Taotian Sword Sect. It was at the same level as Ling Feiyu's Nine-Life Nine-Death Nine-Circle Sword Technique.

“Sea Repression Sword.”

Qi Zhenhuan activated all the Holy Qi within him and poured it into the broadsword. The sword grew heavy and radiated with power strong enough to split the earth. He cut down with the sword.

Boom.

The second time, they were equal again.

The broadsword and sword were both terrifying. The entire Fengyue City was torn apart. Some sword and broadsword Qi even flew hundreds of miles away, leaving gashes dozens of meters long.

Zhang Ruochen nodded. “Not bad. I can counter a Heaven Pass Blood General with only the power of the Martial Way. I've finished testing. Next, I will kill you.”

Chapter 1337 - Kill A Heaven Pass Blood General

Translator:

Larbre Studio

Editor:

Larbre Studio

Demonic Qi and blood Qi kept clashing with each other in Fengyue City. Rumbling sounds kept being spread, and large areas of the city sank underground.

Qi Zhenhuan yelled, “How dare you be so reckless? The fight has just begun.”

“Give me power, Ten Saints Blood Armor.”

“Help me kill my enemies, life-ending blood slaves.”

Qi Zhenhuan activated a Ten Saints Blood Armor, which covered his entire body. And then, ten saint shadows rushed out of the armor, standing in ten different directions around him, giving out ten balls of gleaming divine light.

There were four levels of the power of Ten Saints Blood Armors: imitated power of ten saints, lower-class power of ten saints, mid-class power of ten saints, and upper-class power of ten saints.

The higher the user’s cultivation was, the more power of Ten Saints Blood Armor he could utilize.

Qi Zhenhuan was able to utilize the fourth level of Ten Saints Blood Armor, and each of the saint shadows was as strong as an upper-class saint.

When the powers of all the upper-class saints overlapped with each other, their combined power was more than amplified. When all the powers were combined into one person, that person could easily crush ten others.

Bang!

Two powerful blood-red forces tore the land behind Qi Zhenxian apart. The forces surged, and among the forces rushed out two guys wearing blood armor.

They were both wearing armor that only soldier saints from the imperial government were allowed to wear. Their eyes turned red, looking ferocious and bloodthirsty.

Many human monks stared at the two soldier saint blood slaves.

Usually, when they saw a soldier saint, they would kneel down and worship him, however, those two soldier saints were made into blood slaves, which shocked them a lot.

“Heaven Pass Blood Generals are indeed powerful. Do you think Zhang Ruochen can defeat them?” A human half saint held his breath and tried to suppress his thrill.

Zip!

The blood in those two soldier slaves started to burn, after which their power surged more than tenfold. Their blood flowed like rivers, making booming sounds that were spread to dozens of miles away.

They had been turned into blood slaves, and they were willing to burn their blood Qi and life forces to fight for their masters until they died.

Zhang Ruochen performed Seven-Apertures Blood Palm, forming a blood-red handprint and pressing toward the blood slave, slamming him to the ground. The power from his palm damaged the armor and made it sink.

Howl!

That suicide blood slave wasn't killed. After absorbing the blood mist in the air, he recovered and climbed out of the stones, dashing toward Zhang Ruochen.

“Hahaha! A suicide blood slave at the state of saint has greater life forces than blood saints. As long as his mind consciousness isn't annihilated, he'll keep fighting.”

Qi Zhenhuan looked smug as he enjoyed watching human saints fight each other.

“No matter how strong he is, without free will, he’s just a tool.”

Zhang Ruochen pointed to where the suicide blood slave was, and the space around him collapsed, turning into a fragmented area with a diameter of more than fifty feet.

Bang!

The body of that suicide blood slave was torn apart, vanishing with the shattered space.

“How, how is it possible... It’ll be a tricky task even for a heaven pass blood general to kill a suicide blood slave at the state of saint.” Qi Zhenhuan was dazed.

“It’s not tricky at all.” Zhang Ruochen looked apathetic and said, “I can see you’re a heaven pass blood general as well. I’ll fight you directly without using the power of time and space.”

“How reckless.”

Qi Zhenhuan didn’t send another blood slave to fight Zhang Ruochen. Instead, he triggered the inscriptions in his blade, and destruction of thousand patterns gushed out, overlapping with the blade Qi. He wielded the blade.

“Mountains Moving.”

The blade light rushed forward like blood-red waves, annihilating everything it touched.

Zhang Ruochen triggered the inscriptions inside Abyss Ancient Sword, performing True-Thunder Fire Sword Technique, forming lightning and turning the entire Fengyue City into an ocean of lightning.

The blade light and sword Qi clashed with each other, forcing the surviving immortal vampires to leave Fengyue City.

Aside from Four Sword Blood Saint who was fighting monster ape, other immortal vampires were all stopped by Guoguo, and an incredible fight between human beings and the dragon took place.

Only Zhang Ruochen and Qi Zhenhuan were still fighting in Fengyue City.

The other blood slave had been burnt into ashes by Zhang Ruochen's Lightning Sword Technique, and his saint soul had been destroyed as well.

Qi Zhenhuan couldn't help retreating as he didn't dare get close to Zhang Ruochen. Once he got close, Zhang Ruochen could use the power of his body against him. He wouldn't be able to hold off the combined power of the body and martial way.

"How did he get so strong? Is Zhang Ruochen really a great threat to the immortal vampires now?"

Qi Zhenhuan had come to the realization that even if he used God-connecting techniques, he wouldn't be able to defeat Zhang Ruochen, and besides, it would damage his body severely if he used that.

He looked to the other two warzones, and he saw that the two monstrous savage beasts were powerful enough to fight all the blood saints by themselves.

Four Sword Blood Saint was the most powerful one, yet the monster ape he was fighting had terrific strength and defense abilities, holding him off easily. They were in a stalemate.

Qi Zhenhuan transmitted his voice to Four Sword Blood Saint. "Let's go! Zhang Ruochen has become too powerful to suppress."

"Okay," Four Sword Blood Saint said.

All the immortal vampire great beings under the state of saint had been swallowed by Sky-swallowing Demonic Dragon, and it even managed to eat two blood saints. Four Sword Blood Saint didn't want to suffer any further losses, so he decided to retreat.

"I'll spare your life today. We'll fight another time soon."

Qi Zhenhuan spread his blood-red wings after the trash talk, and then, he flew away at a speed much faster than a heaven pass saint.

Immortal vampires were naturally faster than human beings, so even if they couldn't defeat those at the same level, they couldn't easily escape.

Unfortunately, he ran into Zhang Ruochen this time.

"I've already given you a chance to fight me one-on-one, why're you trying to flee?"

Zhang Ruochen performed great spatial move and caught up with Qi Zhenhuan. He released the sword intent and stabbed toward him.

"Sword Seven."

The sky was shaken, traces of sword inscriptions permeated the space, and the tip of Abyss Ancient Sword was at the center of all the sword inscriptions.

Qi Zhenhuan tried to ward off Abyss Ancient Sword.

Bang!

Although that blade was a thousand-patterns saint weapon, it couldn't handle the strength of Abyss Ancient Sword. The blade exploded, turning into fragments.

Abyss Ancient Sword hit the chest of Qi Zhenhuan, clashing with Ten Saints Blood Armor, making a clacking metal sound.

Qi Zhenhuan kept spitting saint blood. He bounced away like an artillery shell, falling onto the ground.

Qi Zhenhuan was also impressive. Even after being beaten like that, he was able to climb out of the pit. However, before he could fly a hundred feet high, he was hit by the saint blood repression rune used by Zhang Ruochen.

Bang!

The saint-level blood repression rune exploded, covering Qi Zhenhuan with traces of light as if they were white chains, locking the blood Qi inside his body.

"Damn it... Another rune like this..."

The power inside Qi Zhenhuan's body was locked, and he couldn't fly at all. He fell to the ground.

Zhang Ruochen landed on the ground without hesitation, stabbing toward Qi Zhenhuan's neck.

Qi Zhenhuan clenched his teeth and said, "You're forcing me to perform god-connecting techniques. Who knows who's going to survive today. I'll sacrifice my blood for the Gods. Give me the power to kill my enemies."

Qi Zhenhuan performed god-connecting techniques. He used his body as the altar to worship God using his blood.

Bang Bang!

Just as Zhang Ruochen slashed downwards, Qi Zhenhuan broke some of the white chains that were binding him. He reached out his hands and warded off the Abyss Ancient Sword.

The power inside the sword was transmitted underground, making the ground below sink.

Performing god-connecting techniques could increase someone's cultivation tenfold.

When a heaven pass blood general performed god-connecting techniques, he was able to fight even a true saint. However, there was a huge price to pay to perform god-connecting techniques, so nobody would use that unless their lives were in danger.

Qi Zhenhuan broke all the white chains that were binding him and hit the Abyss Ancient Sword with earth-shattering power.

Zhang Ruochen let his Abyss Ancient Sword go and jumped up to the sky.

"Haha, Zhang Ruochen, how are you supposed to fight me without your sword? Perform god-connecting techniques to fight me if you can."

Qi Zhenhuan flew out from the pit and laughed. The power inside his body kept being strengthened; even the blood repression runes couldn't suppress him. The white chains binding him kept being broken.

Zhang Ruochen stood in the sky and said, "I don't need god-connecting techniques to kill you."

Performing god-connecting techniques would severely damage the foundation of a monk. The more talented a monk was, the less likely it was for him to use that technique.

To a saint, performing god-connecting techniques three times was already their limit. When they performed the technique the third time, it would be basically suicidal for them. Few who performed god-connecting techniques three times could survive.

Before Qi Zhenhuan broke all the white chains, Zhang Ruochen wielded two saint-level blood repression runes again.

“No!”

More and more white chains bound Qi Zhenhuan, and he fell on the ground like a dead dog again.

Bang!

Abyss Ancient Sword pierced through the head of Qi Zhenhuan, and his saint blood was spilled, covering the black sword with blood light.

Qi Zhenhuan fiercely shook his body, yet he couldn't get out of the white chains and Abyss Ancient Sword at all. The more he struggled, the more quickly he bled.

After a short while, he bled out completely, and his body turned dry, losing all its life forces.

“Impressive. Zhang Ruochen managed to kill a royal member of Qitian Tribe. Qi Zhenhuan was a heaven pass blood general, yet even he wasn't able to ward off Abyss Ancient Sword.”

“The Time and Space Descendant has really advanced. Unless he's fighting those who've lived for a thousand years, he can defeat everyone.”

...

All the human monks who witnessed the fight were thrilled. They kept sending signal flares out.

All the human monks within five areas were amazed.

Chapter 1338 - Chase And Kill All

Translator:

Larbre Studio

Editor:

Larbre Studio

“The Ancient Dragon Mountain declared war on the Immortal Vampires? How is that possible? We didn’t receive any information.”

In the Lianzhu Mansion of the Central Emperor City, many Supreme Confucians, Saint Confucians and officials of the imperial court were grouped together. They all stared at each other in disbelief.

The various tribes of the Savage Barren Territory were still deep in battle, creating rivers of blood. How could the Ancient Dragon Mountain suddenly declare war on the Immortal Vampires?

However, the information they’d received indeed said that the Sky-Swallowing Demonic Dragon had said it himself. It couldn’t be false.

Even the brilliant Saint Lady furrowed her brows, thinking that this was a bit absurd.

A moment later, another message came from the north. “Qi Zhenhuan, Heaven Pass Blood General of the Qitian Tribe, has died under Zhang Ruochen’s Abyss Ancient Sword. The Time and Space Descendant has risen up strongly and will fight the Immortal Vampires to the end.”

The Central Emperor City was in uproar. Both the young cultivators and the ancient Saints who’d cultivated for centuries were unable to keep calm.

A while ago, people still doubted news that Zhang Ruochen had killed Qiu Lanshan, ninth headmaster of the Northern Region Saint Academy in Xianji Mountain.

Now that yet another powerful accomplishment of Zhang Ruochen had spread to the central region, people no longer thought it was a rumor.

A Confucian Saint didn't understand, so he asked the Saint Lady, "Is Zhang Ruochen good or evil? How come both the good and bad sides are trying to kill him?"

The Saint Lady bit her lip and then smiled. "There are no so-called good or bad people in the world. Perhaps, he's only doing what he thinks is right. According to the information I have, if he can exchange the Immortal Vampires he's killed into military accomplishments, he can already be given the title of Heavenly King."

"He's that powerful?"

"Of the young Saints that can instill hatred in the Immortal Vampires, there's Wan Zhaoyi. There's also Qing Xiao and Pei Yutian. Clearly, Zhang Ruochen is one too. These four probably enrage the Blood Emperor of the Immortal Vampires horribly."

...

Even the important figures of the Confucian Way were discussing in Lianzhu Mansion. People were discussing these pieces of news everywhere in the Central Emperor City.

"What's going on? Weren't Zhang Ruochen's meridians disabled? How come he's even stronger now? First, he killed a Heaven Pass Saint, then he killed Qi Zhenhuan. Is he trying to become a god?"

"What's with King Zhongying? Did he not disable Zhang Ruochen's meridians at all?"

"How many years has Zhang Ruochen even cultivated for? With his speed, he must be the fastest in history! Even the Empress wasn't as powerful as him when she was young."

“The Empress used large amounts of saintly pills and even divine pills, drying up the resources of Kunlun’s Field, to train the nine Heirs. But they seem to all be weaker than Zhang Ruochen. The title of Heir is getting more and more awkward.”

...

Some people in the Central Emperor City already dared to discuss the Empress. It was evident that after she’d gone missing, her influence and power were lessening. Many human cultivators believed that she’d already died.

This was a terrifying phenomenon. Once people stopped fearing the Empress, it would cause a chain reaction. The imperial court’s rule wouldn’t be as impenetrable as before. The various sects and clans would have their own ideas as well.

Walking on the street, Chu Siyuan saw this phenomenon. He combed his whiskers while feeling worried inside. Looks like it’s time to publicize the Vampire Secrets. We must suppress the Immortal Vampires as soon as possible. Otherwise, there will be chaos.

He picked up his pace and hurried to Lianzhu Mansion.

...

Bank of Snow River, Fragrance City.

Xue Wuye was practicing his sword on a stone field. As the sword moved, white snowflakes floated down from the sky, sprinkling onto the entire Fragrance City. Green pavilions, red buildings, pavilions, and Star Observatory Podium were all covered in a thick layer of white crystal.

A beautiful and extraordinary woman arrived on a sword. She landed at the edge of the martial field and whispered something to Xue Wuye using soundwaves.

Xue Wuye’s sword stopped instantly.

The snowflakes in the sky stopped as well. They hovered in the air as if space had frozen. It was very strange.

“He’s already able to kill a Heaven Pass Blood General,” Xue Wuye said. “This kind of improvement speed is unbelievable. Did he use some divine medicine?”

“Young City Lord,” the pretty girl said. “You practiced in the time space treasure for an entire year. Your abilities should be at Zhang Ruochen’s level now, right?”

Xue Wuye just smiled thinly. Instead of answering, he said, “Zhang Ruochen is too high-key. He stole all the spotlight. Seems like I’ll have to fight a battle too.”

“Young City Lord, you already have a target?” The pretty girl’s eyes brightened.

“There are many targets, but I can’t beat the strong ones. I can only beat the weakest one.” Xue Wuye sighed. Then he asked, “Who is the weakest Sword Saint of the Immortal Vampires?”

“Sword Saint Wuji of the Fengtian Tribe.”

“Then send him an invitation to war. We’ll meet outside Zhilin Pass five days from now. Be there or be square.”

With that, Xue Wuye started practicing his sword again. The snow of Fragrance City came down even harder.

...

In Fengdu Ghost City of the east, Han Qiu wore a long black robe and stood on the towering city walls. Her long hair flew in the air. Gazing toward the north, she said, “So what if you announce that she’s your wife? Huang Yanchen will die by my hand sooner or later. She won’t have a good end.”

In the headquarters of the Moon-worship Demonic Sect, Mu Lingxi was smiling, but tears flowed out of her eyes. She had complicated feelings, unsure whether she felt joy or pain.

At the best restaurant in Tiantai County, Zhu Hongtao and Wan Ke both laughed loudly. They drank and ate happily, both celebrating Zhang Ruochen’s great improvement and that the lovers were finally married.

There were many pieces of news from the north, but everyone focused on different things. Some were happy, some were worried, some were terrified, and some were anxious.

...

The battle outside Fengyue City still hadn't ended.

Zhang Ruochen, the Demon Ape, and Guoguo were chasing after the retreating Blood Saints. They kept attacking, not wanting to let any Blood Saints escape.

One Xuanhuang Realm Blood Saint saw that the man and two beasts were getting closer. She knew that she couldn't escape, so she stopped and threatened, "If you keep chasing, don't you think I'll activate my saintly source so we die together?"

"I don't think so."

Guoguo reached out a dragon claw and slapped her down. The Xuanhuang Realm Blood Saint obviously couldn't take it. Heavily injured, she fell to the ground. Despair appeared in her eyes. "Then we'll die together!" she roared fiercely. "Die!"

The Holy Qi within her spun quickly and her body brightened. Chaotic destructive Qi was released.

Whoosh!

Zhang Ruochen crossed over and appeared at an angle above her. He moved his finger and tore open a spatial crack, swallowing her.

Boom.

When the saintly source exploded, the spatial crack only had three feet left open. Only a bit of the destructive power was released. It wasn't able to hurt Zhang Ruochen.

They continued on their pursuit. The Blood Saints were killed one after another. Finally, only Blood Saint Sijian was still alive. The human cultivators who were watching were all dumbfounded. Zhang Ruochen's aggression was too strong. Like a demonic king, he didn't give the Immortal Vampires any chances.

If I knew Zhang Ruochen would grow to this level, I would've killed him in Xianji Mountain, no matter what.

Blood Saint Sijian felt much regret. He stopped, not continuing to escape. He stared forward and fear filled his

eyes.

A fiery red cloud blocked his path.

Martial Saint Canglan flew out of the cloud. The pair of phoenix wings on her back flapped lightly. Her entire body radiated with powerful Saintly Way aura.

“In Xianji Mountain, you stabbed me. Now, I will repay you in full with interest!”

Martial Saint Canglan pointed in the air. Then the phoenix feathers flew out of her back, forming a fiery sword.

With a whistle, the fiery sword flew out, piercing all of Blood Saint Sijian’s defenses and going through his chest.

“You... You actually entered the Heaven Pass Realm...”

Blood Saint Sijian’s face was extremely pale. Not daring to fight with Martial Saint Canglan, he activated an escape spell and fled toward another direction.

This was a battle with an obvious end. By the time Zhang Ruochen hurried over, Blood Saint Sijian had already died. His four arms were all broken and there were at least ten sword holes all over him.

Zhang Ruochen and Martial Saint Canglan’s eyes met. Without a word, he turned around and returned to Fengyue City.

Along the way, Zhang Ruochen collected the Blood Saint corpses. He piled them together with the blood slave corpses. Then he summoned the Holy Carnivorous Flower so it could absorb the nutrients.

Because they’d had the Spring Pill, Huang Yanchen and Qing Mo had recovered quickly. They were already stable.

Guoguo turned back into a rabbit. He hurried over to Huang Yanchen to ask for praise. “Sect Mistress, we’ve already killed all the Immortal Vampires who attacked you. Do you have any other orders?”

Huang Yanchen didn’t have any joy. She looked very solemn. Looking at Zhang Ruochen, she said, “Before you came, they captured Shi Ren!”

“How can this be?”

The murderous intent in Zhang Ruochen’s eyes had lessened, but hearing this, it grew heavier.

Shi Ren was the young leader of the Ancient Race of Prison Guardians. He’d experienced life and death in the nether world with Zhang Ruochen and had fought against the Immortal Vampire invasion in Pluto Sword Tomb. They were like sworn friends.

It was because of this relationship that Zhang Ruochen gave the ten million drops of divine blood to the Prison Guardians and asked them to produce the Blood Repression Runes.

“Shi Ren knew that your meridians were disabled and you were very weak,” Huang Yanchen said. “You needed help, so he brought a large group of strong cultivators from the Prison Guardians to the north with me. But for some reason, the information was leaked. We were besieged as soon as we entered the north.

“The Blood Repression Runes can counter the Immortal Vampires, but they aren’t all-powerful. Once the Immortal Vampires use remote attacks, we can’t hit the runes onto them even if we have them.

“There were four waves of attacks. The strong cultivators of the Prison Guardians were all killed. Other than Shi Ren, who was captured, no one survived. The Immortal Vampires’ target should be me. They died because of me.”

Zhang Ruochen clenched his fists and shook his head. “Not you. It’s me. I’m their target. Alright, I guess the battle against the Immortal Vampires isn’t over yet. This is only the beginning.”

Zhang Ruochen was clear that the Immortal Vampires would do anything to find out the source of the Blood Repression Runes. After Shi Ren was captured, he’d probably suffer the cruelest torture.

“Whoever dares to touch my wife and brothers, I’ll make you pay the greatest price no matter who you are.”

Zhang Ruochen took a deep breath. His nails dug into his palm and blood flowed out of the cracks between his fingers.

Chapter 1339 - A Spear That Comes From Two Hundred Thousand Miles Away

Translator:

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Editor:

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Xianji Mountain was a hundred thousand square miles in size, which was the size of a county.

There were dozens of remnants around Xianji Mountain where there were few living beings. Even mind power couldn't penetrate those areas.

Immortal vampires who entered Red River Mansion occupied one of the remnants where there were many deserted buildings from the ancient times. They were already damaged, yet they still looked marvelous.

Situ Fengcheng stepped on the bones on the ground and went below a cliff, looking at the person who was being hung on the cliff.

Titter!

Dozens of bolts of lightning struck that person, which made him scream in agony. He kept bleeding, and his skin was burnt black instantly.

“Vice-leader.”

All the immortal vampires kneeled with one knee and saluted Situ Fengcheng.

Situ Fengcheng nodded, telling them to stand up.

Xia Long flew down from the cliff, standing beside Situ Fengcheng. He shook his head and said, “That guy has really

impressive willpower. He's able to handle all the pain and torture. We couldn't get anything out of his mouth."

The person hung on the cliff was 'Shi Ren,' the young clan leader of the Ancient Race of Prison Guards. Nine iron chains pierced through his body, holding him a hundred feet above the ground.

However, Shi Ren was covered in blood as his body was ragged. It was difficult to tell who he was from his face.

"Useless. Just kill me now..."

Shi Ren still managed to laugh in a hoarse voice.

Shi Ren, as the young clan leader of the Ancient Race of Prison Guards, was of great value, so Situ Fengcheng didn't want to kill him yet. He stroked his chin with his hand as he found the task tricky.

"Let me try!"

A trace of mind power was transmitted into Situ Fengcheng's mind, forming a melodious female sound.

Situ Fengcheng raised his head, then he saw a half-transparent and slender being showing up in the sky. Her body got dense, turning into a seductive and beautiful woman.

Ying Huo's perfect body was surrounded by blood mist like a veil, which made her lithe body look all the more attractive.

She stepped on the blood mist with her feet, walking toward Shi Ren.

"Goddess."

All the immortal vampire monks kneeled on one knee again.

They all looked mesmerized and awed. They wanted to pursue that regal goddess, yet they were too intimidated to get close to her.

Even Situ Fengcheng admired her, however, he had enough willpower to suppress that urge.

A team of death knights and four silver-caped elders also arrived with Ying Huo, meeting up with Situ Fengcheng.

Obviously, the Immortal Temple placed lots of attention on the ‘blood repression runes.’

Such a rune could threaten the existence of the entire immortal vampire race.

Ying Huo pointed at Shi Ren’s head.

Tze Tze!

Shi Ren could feel a breezy force flowing into his meridians, which lessened the pain he was suffering from. He opened his eyes and looked to Ying Huo, and then, he smiled. “Zhang Ruochen, there you are...”

Ying Huo was glowing with pink light. She smiled with captivation and asked, “Tell me, who created the runes? What kind of materials are required to make those kinds of runes?”

“Blood repression runes are made... made...”

Shi Ren was struggling not to say anything. He ground his teeth in agony.

Ying Huo licked her lips seeing Shi Ren resist her defender formation. Then, she pressed Shi Ren’s head with her fingers.

Sizzle!

Her finger penetrated Shi Ren’s scalp, and immense mind power flowed in, trying to seize his memories.

“Ah!”

Shi Ren was handling pain like never before. His eyes were almost about to pop, and he was screaming in anguish.

All the immortal vampire monks were shivering after seeing that. They heard of the skills of the Immortal Goddess before, and this was the first time they witnessed them.

She was a beautiful she-devil. One could only appreciate her from afar.

Boom!

A huge trace of mind power gushed out of Shi Ren’s head, repelling Ying Huo’s fingers.

Ying Huo stopped smiling and looked surprised.

“What happened? Goddess?” a silver-caped elder with wrinkles on his face asked.

Ying Huo landed and stepped on the blood mist. She said, “That person has tremendous mind power. If I try to seize his memories by force, he might destroy his memories himself.”

Xia Long said, “I reckon we can just drain his blood and extract his memories when he’s exhausted. Why’re we even wasting time here?”

Situ Fengcheng shook his head and said, “Then you’re being very short-sighted and not using the real value of the young clan leader of the Ancient Race of Prison Guard. If we have him with us, we can not only use him to fight Zhang Ruochen, but also save Lord Pluto.”

“That’s right.”

Ying Huo nodded and agreed with what Situ Fengcheng said. She blinked her eyes and smiled. “Although I didn’t get everything we wanted, the efforts aren’t in vain. He said the same as Zhang Ruochen when he was struck by my defender formation, which means those runes are related to Zhang Ruochen.”

Situ Fengcheng said, “Besides, he said the name ‘blood repression rune.’ It seems those runes are indeed made to fight our race.”

Both Ying Huo and Situ Fengcheng were extremely smart, so they inferred some valuable information from Shi Ren’s broken words.

Whoosh!

A signal flare flew into Situ Fengcheng’s hand.

Situ Fengcheng was furious after reading the signal flare. He squeezed the signal flare hard to crush it into ashes.

Ying Huo asked, “What happened?”

“The monks sent to capture Huang Yanchen were all killed, including Four Sword Blood Saint, Qi Zhenhuan, Blood Saint Jingta, and Blood Saint Red Lightning. All of them were killed,” Situ Fengcheng said.

All the monks were horrified.

There would only be so many saints killed when there was a large-scale war.

However, more than ten blood saints were killed just because they were trying to capture Huang Yanchen, which was explosive news. A loss like this was enough to send Situ Fengcheng to trial.

Ying Huo was a bit surprised. “Did the great beings from the Ministry of War head there?”

Situ Fengcheng shook his head and said, “It was Zhang Ruochen and Sky-swallowing Demonic Dragon.”

Ying Huo’s eyes glinted, and she found it hard to believe. “Have the meridians of Zhang Ruochen recovered already? Also, Sky-swallowing Demonic Dragon hates Zhang Ruochen’s guts...how would he team up with him? Besides, even if they teamed up, they wouldn’t be able to kill more than ten blood saints including two heaven pass blood generals.”

Situ Fengcheng nodded and said, “Some other great being might’ve made attacks also, and that person is at least a true saint. Otherwise, Four Sword Blood Saint and Qi Zhenhuan could’ve at least run away. It seems Zhang Ruochen is a great challenge.”

“If Zhang Ruochen has something to do with blood repression runes, then we’ll help you as well. We can’t let Zhang Ruochen get away this time.”

Ying Huo felt that the rise of Zhang Ruochen was irresistible, which gave her tremendous pressure.

...

The Carnivorous Holy Flower absorbed great blood Qi and saint Qi in Fengyuan City. The flower at the top had a diameter of more than twenty feet, gleaming.

The Carnivorous Holy Flower had been residing in Zhang Ruochen’s body, so it had absorbed a large amount of chaos Qi and godly wood Qi. It was strong enough to fight heaven pass blood generals now.

Abyss Ancient Sword refined all the weapons left by the immortal vampires, which added several hundred inscriptions to the sword. As of now, it had almost nine thousand inscriptions.

Huang Yanchen, Qing Mo and Jinfu Giant Python had all recovered and returned to their peak.

Guoguo couldn't be more motivated. It clenched its fist and said, "When can we go rescue Shi Ren, Zhang Ruochen? Let's go there and crush them all."

"Where are you going?" Zhang Ruochen asked.

"Um... Yeah, we don't even know where they're hiding." Guoguo shook its head and sighed.

"Just wait and see. They'll definitely contact me," Zhang Ruochen said.

A large trace of saint way ripple was spread.

A black spear pierced through the clouds and landed at the center of Fengyue City. A rumbling sound blasted in the damaged city, and black dust spread.

Guoguo rushed forward, pulling the long spear out and bringing it to Zhang Ruochen. "Lord Chen, the letter of challenge from the immortal vampires is sculpted on the long spear. They're asking us to meet them on the southern cliff of Xianji Mountain."

Zhang Ruochen grabbed the long spear, read the words on it and asked, "The southern cliff of Xianji Mountain is at least two hundred thousand miles away from Fengyue City, isn't it?"

Huang Yanchen nodded and said, "Only those who're at true saint level or high have such horrific power. He was able to throw a saint-weapon level spear here from two hundred thousand miles away. He wasn't just sending us the letter of challenge; he's also trying to scare us, asking us whether we dare go or not."

Chapter 1340 - South Cliff

Translator:

Larbre Studio

Editor:

Larbre Studio

“With your abilities, going against a True Saint is no different than going to die.” Zhu Qingyi sat on the ground with a cold smirk on her face. “A True Saint is on a completely different level from a Heaven Pass Saint. Those who can reach this level are all old creatures who have cultivated for centuries. A Heaven Pass Blood Realm has to bow down before a True Saint.”

Boom

A beam of red light fell from the sky. It landed in the nearby ruins and consolidated into Martial Saint Canglan’s tall figure.

A gust of strong, aggressive and heavy power spread naturally. It made her seem like a towering divine mountain that people could only look up to.

“Zhang Ruochen,” she said. “How about we work together again?”

“How should we work together?” Zhang Ruochen asked.

“Fight Situ Fengcheng together. You save the person while the Fengtian Sword goes to me.”

“Can you guard the Fengtian Sword?”

This question hit Martial Saint Canglan’s sore spot. Coldness appeared in her eyes and she huffed. “Last time, I was careless. It won’t happen again.”

Zhang Ruochen studied her for a moment. Nodding, he said, “Fine. I’ll trust you again. Let’s see if your performance in this battle qualifies you to be the guardian of the Fengtian Sword.”

Martial Saint Canglan ground her teeth in anger. With her current cultivation, no one except Zhang Ruochen dared to speak to her like this.

However, losing the Fengtian Sword was indeed a flaw in her path on the Saintly Way. It almost gave her a mental breakdown. She could only remove this flaw by personally taking the Fengtian Sword back.

Zhu Qingyi could see that Martial Saint Canglan had already entered the Heaven Pass Realm. With her combat ability due to the True Phoenix Body, she probably wasn't any weaker than a True Saint.

"You're not going to only face one True Saint. If you want to save the person and sword, it'll be like an egg hitting a rock." Zhu Qingyi didn't have high hopes for them.

Her senior brother's abilities were comparable to Martial Saint Canglan. Plus, he also had a Sword Saint blood slave. Zhang Ruochen and Martial Saint Canglan were far from enough.

Suddenly, Zhu Qingyi's eyes narrowed. She vaguely heard armor and horse hooves clattering. It sounded like an army of thousands of soldiers. The presence was shocking.

When she looked in the direction of the sound, she didn't see a huge army at all. Instead, she saw a huge figure in black armor come in the wind and sand. Various battle shadows kept appearing and disappearing behind him. The sounds of war were actually formed by his aura.

A strong cultivator. This was definitely a strong cultivator.

When Zhang Ruochen and Huang Yanchen saw this man, their tensed expressions relaxed slightly. They both smiled and said in unison, "First Senior Brother."

The newcomer was the first disciple of Sword Saint Xuanji, Qing Xiao.

"I heard that Seventh Junior Sister was in trouble, so I hurried over from Zhilin Pass. I feel reassured to see that you two are unharmed." Qing Xiao studied Zhang Ruochen carefully and smiled. "Along the way, I heard that you actually killed Qi

Zhenhuan. Shall we have a friendly fight when we have the chance?”

“We’ll definitely have the chance, but there’s something more important right now.” Then Zhang Ruochen told Qing Xiao about Shi Ren.

Qing Xiao turned serious. “I also have bad news from the eastern region. The royal family of Qianshui Commandery was massacred. Seventh Junior Sister’s parents, Qianshui Commandery Prince and Half-Saint Liuli are missing. They might’ve been captured by the Immortal Vampires.”

He didn’t hide it from Huang Yanchen because she would find out sooner or later.

“How...can this be?”

When Huang Yanchen heard this news, it felt like she’d been struck by lightning. She instantly paled and couldn’t even stand up straight anymore.

Zhang Ruochen hurriedly went to support her waist. He embraced her, feeling more guilt inside.

“This is most likely Situ Fengcheng’s doing,” Qing Xiao said. “I’ve fought him more than once, so I have some understanding of him. This man would do anything to defeat his enemies. He’s extremely frightening.”

Furious flames were about to spew from Zhang Ruochen’s eyes. “This battle will be his death date.”

“Situ Fengcheng dared to go around the defense and enter Red River Mansion. He’s extremely arrogant and indeed should be given heavy punishment. However, he’s very cautious. A Heavenly King of the Ministry of War once set traps all over the world but couldn’t kill him. I must invite a helper to defeat him.”

With that, Qing Xiao’s body flashed and disappeared from the spot. He sent a message to Zhang Ruochen that he would definitely arrive at the South Cliff of Xianji Mountain on time.

Qing Xiao’s appearance stopped Zhu Qingyi from feeling confident. This man was definitely able to counter Situ

Fengcheng and terrify countless Blood Saints with his name.

Zhang Ruochen felt that Huang Yanchen's body was a bit cold. Worried that she couldn't take this hit, he said caringly, "Hand this over to me. You go rest in the Universe World!"

Huang Yanchen shook her head firmly. A hateful and sharp look appeared in her eyes. "I'm not as fragile as you think. I must take part in this battle."

The group set off, hurrying toward the South Cliff of Xianji Mountain. When the human cultivators observing in the distance saw Martial Saint Canglan and Qing Xiao appear one after the other, they realized that something big would happen. They also hurried toward Xianji Mountain.

South Cliff, Xianji Mountain

Situ Fengcheng stood on the top of the cliff towering in the clouds. His eyes shone brightly. He looked down at the sea of clouds and smiled. "They're coming!"

"As expected of Zhang Ruochen. He is indeed courageous. He actually dared to come." Ying Huo stood on layers of clouds. Her smile was very sinister.

"If he dares to come, it means that he's prepared. We must be careful."

Situ Fengcheng stepped out. He jumped down the cliff, which was thousands of feet high, and landed on the ground. He started planning and setting things up.

The South Cliff of Xianji Mountain was an ancient site. There were many ancient buildings left behind. The ground was covered densely by white bones. There were some ancient formations underground. However, most of the formations were damaged and had limited power.

Zhang Ruochen, Huang Yanchen, Qing Mo, and Guoguo stood on the Demon Ape's shoulders. They stepped into this relic site and approached the South Cliff.

The closer they were, the thicker the bloody fog in the air became.

A moment later, a booming voice came from within the fog. “Zhang Ruochen, I didn’t think you’d actually come to die.”

Through the fog, Zhang Ruochen could see Blood Saint Miefeng’s huge figure. “It’s still uncertain who will live and who will die,” he said in a low voice.

Blood Saint Miefeng just laughed without saying anything else.

The Demon Ape sped up and finally came to the bottom of the cliff. When the Immortal Vampires saw the Demon Ape’s huge figure, they were all shocked.

“It’s actually a huge divine demon ape.”

After all, they were horrible beasts in the ancient times and could fight divine dragons.

There weren’t many Immortal Vampires grouped by the South Cliff. There were only 400 or 500 in total, but each one was strong. They could hold their ground on the battlefield.

Observing the surroundings, Zhang Ruochen’s eyes finally locked onto a spot halfway up the cliff. Shi Ren was hanging there. Seeing him, blood filled Zhang Ruochen’s eyes.

Whoosh!

Zhang Ruochen manipulated spatial power and rushed forward. He wanted to cross the space and save the man on the cliff.

“Hold.”

With a wave of her sleeves, Ying Huo sent out 12 gleaming saint bones. They landed in 12 directions.

When they landed, it was like 12 mountains had crashed onto the ground. The booms shook the entire land.

Zhang Ruochen was forced to shoot back as soon as he stepped into the space. It had become extremely stable. Even the Time and Space Descendant couldn’t control it as he wished.

Ying Huo was like a mesmerizing fairy. She descended from the sky and chuckled. “Each of the 12 saint bones is carved

with extremely complicated runes. Put together, they can hold down the space. How could I not prepare to go against the Time and Space Descendant?"

Zhang Ruochen clenched his fists, working to keep calm. "I didn't expect for the Immortal Goddess to come to Red River Mansion personally."

"I missed you!" Ying Huo's voice was mesmerizing. It could soften a man's bones.

Situ Fengcheng walked out. He stood at a higher location with his hands behind his back. "Zhang Ruochen, where's Qingyi?"

"If you want to see her, let him go."

"Sure."

Situ Fengcheng didn't delay. He motioned for two Blood Saints to lower Shi Ren from the cliff.

At the same time, red flames appeared in the sky. Martial Saint Canglan stood in the fireball's center. Holding Zhu Qingyi, she looked down at Situ Fengcheng.

"Not only do I want the man, I also want the sword."

Situ Fengcheng wasn't surprised to see Martial Saint Canglan at all. He just smiled and nodded. "The man and sword are yours if you let Qingyi go."

Clang!

A sword clanged. The next moment, the Fengtian Sword was in Situ Fengcheng's hands. Fire burned on the blade.

"If I didn't guess incorrectly," Zhang Ruochen said, "you have some other people in your hands other than Shi Ren, right?"

"I was going to give you a surprise," Situ Fengcheng said, kind of complaining. "I didn't think you would get the news first. Who leaked the news?"

"It really was you!"

Huang Yanchen couldn't keep calm anymore. She wanted to charge over and fight Situ Fengcheng. Zhang Ruochen stopped her.

Three people had been captured in total. They were Huang Yanchen's father, Qianshui Commandery Prince, her mother, Half-Saint Liuli, and her little sister, Thirteenth Princess.

The three of them had had their legs broken. Each one had a metal chain around their neck. Blood Saint Miefeng held the three chains in one big hand and dragged them out of a cave. Three bloody marks were left on the ground.

The physical pain wasn't the worst. For Qianshui Commandery Prince and Half-Saint Liuli, who'd been in high positions, the humiliation was what made them want to die.

A king and queen who had their legs broken and were being dragged by chains around their necks. What kind of humiliation was this? If they weren't kept from being able to commit suicide, they would've done so long ago.

Chapter 1341 - The First Round of Battle

Translator:

Larbre Studio

Editor:

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“Who are you guys? Who are you treating us like this? My sister is a disciple of the empress, and she’s going to kill you all.”

Princess Thirteen had tears in her eyes. She had been enjoying a comfortable life ever since she was born, so she couldn’t handle that kind of torture and humiliation at all. Her face was twisted because of the pain.

“The empress is dead already, do you really think we give a damn about her disciples? All human beings are just food to immortal vampires.”

Blood Saint Miefeng guffawed, and then, he looked up at Zhang Ruochen and Huang Yanchen. “Princess Yanchen, I went all the way to County Qianshui to get your parents here. How are you going to appreciate me for my efforts?”

“I’ll kill you!”

Huang Yanchen couldn’t stay calm anymore. She took out her heir stamp and triggered the emperor Qi inside, wielding it against Blood Saint Miefeng. Blood Saint Miefeng sneered and raised his arm. Followed by thunder, traces of blood Qi gushed out from his palm, forming a huge handprint that was more than three hundred feet long, warding off the heir stamp.

“The heir stamp is indeed an incredible true treasure, but unfortunately, you’re not strong enough to fight me...”

Before Blood Saint Miefeng could finish, tumbling saint way power pierced through the blood-red handprint, clashing with

his palm.

Blood Saint Miefeng's hair waved, and he only managed to balance himself after taking three steps back. And then, he saw the person who had attacked him. It was Zhang Ruochen.

When did he become so powerful that he's able to fight me directly?

Just as Blood Saint Miefeng was pondering that, a more powerful force gushed out of Zhang Ruochen's body, rushing toward Blood Saint Miefeng.

Bang Bang!

The bones of Blood Saint Miefeng cracked, and five wounds emerged on his palm. He bounced away and hit the wall behind him.

Stones fell from the cliff and buried Blood Saint Miefeng.

Zhang Ruochen took a look at Qianshui Commandery Prince, Liuli Half Saint, and Princess Thirteen, wielding a trace of saint Qi which formed a whirlpool and tried take them away.

Ying Huo and Situ Fengcheng were both surprised by the power of Zhang Ruochen.

However, they wouldn't let Zhang Ruochen save them that easily. Ying Huo smiled and said, "Do you really think you can save them like that?"

A blood saint wearing Ten Saints Blood Armor that was standing behind Ying Huo suddenly opened his eyes. He didn't have pupils. Instead, he had two blood-red eyeballs, which looked horrendous.

He shook his body and rushed toward Zhang Ruochen like a blood Qi whirlpool.

Bang!

He raised his feet, and then the airflow around him became chaotic. Rules of sky and land emerged. The fire rules were burning, the cold rules formed ice threads, and the lightning rules intertwined with each other, forming nets...

As he trampled down, Zhang Ruochen felt that the space was collapsing.

“No!”

Zhang Ruochen immediately rushed to the front of Qianshui Commandery Prince, Liuli Half Saint, and Princess Thirteen, releasing saint soul domain to protect them.

Bang!

The power from Blood Saint Miefeng tore the saint soul domain of Zhang Ruochen apart.

Meanwhile, he punched forward while stepping on the ground.

Howl!

A phantom of Eight Qi Snake showed up. It had eight heads and tails.

The eight heads of Eight Qi Snake merged with his fist print.

“Seven-Apertures Blood Palm.”

Zhang Ruochen was amazingly reactive. All the seven apertures on his right palm opened at the same time as if he were holding seven stars in his hand.

A giant phantom of blood-red Lord Pluto showed up behind him, and it looked forceful and tyrannical.

Boom!

The fist and the palm clashed fiercely, making a deafening sound as if two stars had just clashed.

They were in a stalemate.

The ground under their feet cracked as if they were as fragile as cobwebs.

Both Qianshui Commandery Prince and Liuli Half Saint had seen remarkable fights before, so they could feel the power coming from Zhang Ruochen.

Several years ago, Zhang Ruochen was only a young teenager. They allowed Huang Yanchen to marry him because they deemed him to have great potential.

However, it'd only been several years and Zhang Ruochen had become so powerful that they could only look up at him.

Even those saints from the Chen family in the east weren't as powerful as Zhang Ruochen.

As for Princess Thirteen, she admired that man in front of her, and there had been a time that she was supposed to marry him.

Unfortunately, she had thought of Zhang Ruochen as nothing as he used to be a prince from a lower-class county, so she begged Qianshui Commandery Prince not to make her marry Zhang Ruochen. But now, she realized she was extremely short-sighted back then.

Ying Huo's eyes glinted and whispered to herself, "He's only an upper-class saint, yet he already has the power to fight a Death Knight. How did he get this powerful?"

Although the Death Knights hadn't reached true-saint level, they were stronger than heaven pass blood generals, stronger than anyone under the true saints.

Boom!

Blood Saint Miefeng rushed out of the stones and yelled, "I'll kill you!"

Hundreds of wind blades emerged in front of Blood Saint Miefeng, and they integrated with each other, forming a huge handprint, slapping toward Zhang Ruochen.

Zhang Ruochen had to use his left hand to perform Dragon and Elephant Prajna Palm. His arm looked like blazing iron, making a dragon sound and clashing with the handprint of Blood Saint Miefeng.

Even using the power of his body and martial way together, Zhang Ruochen wasn't able to fight Blood Saint Miefeng and the Death Knight at the same time. He kept retreating.

Every step he took, he would leave a huge pit on the ground.

As for Guoguo, Monster Ape, Qing Mo and Huang Yanchen were rushing toward the southern cliff, however, they were blocked by Ying Huo and the four silver-caped elders. They couldn't take one step farther.

Zhang Ruochen retracted his power and arms.

Blood Saint Miefeng thought Zhang Ruochen was exhausted, so he was ecstatic. He rushed forward and slapped toward Zhang Ruochen's head.

The Death Knight also made an attack. His fist looked like a sun, and the phantom of Eight Qi Snake was winding his fist, releasing destructive power.

Zhang Ruochen wielded two palm prints again, but this time, there was a saint-level blood repression rune on each palm.

“Careful.”

Situ Fengcheng warned them.

Just as they fought each other again, Blood Saint Miefeng and the Death Knight couldn't retract their arms in time, clashing with the two saint-level blood repression runes.

Bang!

Bang!

After the two blood repression runes exploded, they turned into two gleaming balls of white light, and white chains were formed, tying up Blood Saint Miefeng and the Death Knight.

Zhang Ruochen exerted forces through his palms and bombed the two of them away. Just as he wanted to hit them, he saw Situ Fengcheng rush toward him like a trace of light.

Although there was still distance between Situ Fengcheng and Zhang Ruochen, he could feel an incredibly dangerous force rolling toward him like a star, which made him suffocate.

Zhang Ruochen had to give up fighting Blood Saint Miefeng and the Death Knight and rushed to Qianshui Commandery Prince, Liuli Half Saint, and Princess Thirteen to protect them.

Situ Fengcheng wielded his Fentian Sword, leaving a curve of sword Qi, hitting toward Zhang Ruochen.

Bang!

Martial Saint Canglan wielded her saint sword and stuck it on the ground, which turned into a sword mountain that was more

than five thousand feet tall, warding off that attack.

In the end, Zhang Ruochen escaped it safely and met up with Huang Yanchen and the others.

Situ Fengcheng glanced at Martial Saint Blood Saint and didn't chase him. He retreated back to the southern cliff and wielded his sword, cutting off Shi Ren's left arm.

Shi Ren tried hard not to make a sound.

"You seized the hostages by force and broke the rules. Zhang Ruochen, you're going to have a huge price to pay," Situ Fengcheng said.

Situ Fengcheng lost three hostages in the first round, which was a huge loss, so he was very irritated.

"Just leave with them, Zhang Ruochen! They've set you up big time here... They don't want to negotiate with you at all. They just want to..."

A built blood saint slapped Shi Ren's face, making him bleed again. He couldn't say a word.

"You've gone too far!"

Zhang Ruochen grabbed Zhu Qingyi's arm and threw her on the ground, making the ground sink. Then, he stabbed her heart with his sword.

Zhang Ruochen pressed his sword, and Zhu Qingyi's heart started to bleed, tainting the mud under her red.

Zhu Qingyi had a great life force, so she could still survive even if her heart was damaged.

"Stop!"

Situ Fengcheng yelled and put his sword on Shi Ren's neck.

"Are you going to exchange or not?"

Situ Fengcheng said, "Yes! But you've broken the rules first, so I can only give you Shi Ren. As for Fentian Sword, you'll just have to take it back by force."

Zhang Ruochen knew for sure that Situ Fengcheng was confident enough that he could kill them all, otherwise, he

wouldn't have given him all the hostages back.

However, Zhang Ruochen didn't care about it anymore. All he wanted to do was save Shi Ren and end his suffering, so even if he was encircled, he would have to risk it.

Chapter 1342 - Hell Blood

Soul Formation

Translator:

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Editor:

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After entering the Heaven Pass Realm, Martial Saint Canglan's cultivation improved quickly. She was very confident in her own abilities. She believed she could take the Fengtian Sword back by herself, so she agreed.

The process of exchanging hostages was abnormally successful. No one pulled any tricks.

“Junior Sister, you suffered greatly!”

Situ Fengcheng hugged the injured Zhu Qingyi. He immediately took out an antidote pill and a small bottle of divine blood, feeding it into Zhu Qingyi's mouth.

He pressed a hand against Zhu Qingyi's back. He activated thick Holy Qi and sent them into the Tianxin Meridian. The golden glow of poison on Zhu Qingyi's skin slowly faded. The injury at her heart was healing slowly too.

“Senior Brother, take revenge for me. Capture Zhang Ruochen alive... I want to torture him...”

She was a Heaven Pass Blood General, but she'd become Zhang Ruochen's prisoner. This was already humiliating. She'd also had her heart stabbed through and nailed onto the ground. She'd almost died.

One could imagine how furious she was.

“Don't worry. He can't escape.”

A gentle smile appeared on Situ Fengcheng's strong and sharp face. He caressed Zhu Qingyi's cheeks.

Zhang Ruochen took out a Spring Pill and fed it into Shi Ren's mouth. Sprouts of flesh instantly grew on Shi Ren's bloody shoulder. A moment later, a new arm had grown.

"This place is extremely dangerous. Leave immediately..." Shi Ren said in panic, grasping Zhang Ruochen's arm.

"I know. Golden Cobra, hurry and attack!"

Zhang Ruochen put Shi Ren, Qianshui Commandery Prince, Half-Saint Liuli, and Thirteenth Princess into the Universe World to heal. In the other direction, the golden cobra had become extremely huge. It was like a golden dragon with bat wings. Its head was the size of a palace.

Huff!

It spat out a cloud of poison.

The entire South Cliff instantly turned into a zone of golden poison. The plants withered and decayed at a speed visible to the naked eye. Some Immortal Vampires with lower cultivations only took one breath and cried out in pain. They fell to the ground, bleeding golden blood from their openings.

Their cultivations weren't anywhere close to Zhu Qingyi. They would die as soon as they were poisoned.

Blood Saint Miefeng studied the Rules of the Wind Way and had fought against the golden cobra before. Thus, he reacted instantly, casting a wind spell.

"Xuanyou Yin Wind."

Blood Saint Miefeng made a circle with his hands. A dozen-foot-wide black wind hole opened up instantly. A terrifyingly cold gale blew out.

Not only did the Xuanyou Yin Wind scatter the poison, it was also terrifyingly combative. Each shred of wind was like a blade. They left many gouges on the ground, all dozens of meters long.

The Demon Ape had eaten the Xuanwu leaf of the Seven Star Sacred Tuber. It had the strongest defensive abilities below the Saint King Realm. It stood before everyone, letting the wind blades hit its body.

The wind blades were a saint spell, but they couldn't even cut through the Demon Ape's hide. They only produced ping sounds, as if hitting an iron wall.

The Demon Ape opened its mouth and roared, spitting out sound waves.

With a boom, the black wind hole before Blood Saint Miefeng collapsed. It transformed into shreds of black Qi, scattering in the air.

The Demon Ape took a fierce step forward. Extending its 100-foot-long palm, it slapped down on Blood Saint Miefeng's head.

Blood Saint Miefeng just felt the sky turning dark. He looked up and his expression changed. He hurriedly raised his arms, forming two bloody handprints to block above him.

Kaboom.

The two bloody handprints were shattered. The Demon Ape slapped Blood Saint Miefeng into the ground. It left a 100-foot-long hand-shaped ditch. Demonic Qi still remained in the ditch.

If anyone under the Half-Saint Realm ventured here and saw the handprint, they would definitely be shocked. They might even think it was some demon god's handprint.

“As expected of the Taigu Remains, the giant spiritual demon ape. Probably no creature under the True Saint Realm can compare to it in strength and defense.”

Blood Saint Miefeng climbed out of the ground. His arms were in excruciating pain and he couldn't raise them. He regretted competing with the Demon Ape in strength.

Regarding strength, the Demon Ape's attack was even a bit stronger than Zhang Ruochen. Of course, that was also because Zhang Ruochen was only an upper Saint right now.

“You didn't escape?”

Situ Fengcheng had thought that Zhang Ruochen's group was fleeing immediately after exchanging the hostages. But instead of escaping, they attacked proactively.

What were they doing?

Did they think that their small group could fight against the Immortal Vampires?

Ying Huo's face was translucent and snowy white. She laughed charmingly. "Zhang Ruochen, did you choose to fight to the death because you know you can't escape?"

"Why should I escape? I came today just to take care of you all."

Zhang Ruochen's eyes were intimidatingly sharp. He pulled out the Abyss Ancient Sword and charged toward a Supreme Saint bone. He could only act freely by shattering the spatial lock.

Ying Huo clearly guessed Zhang Ruochen's goal. Her sexy lips curled. "Activate the Hell Blood Soul Formation and trap them all. Do not let anyone free."

Thirty-six advanced Immortal Vampire Half-Saints climbed out of the ground. They stood in 36 directions and released their Holy Qi at once, sending it into the ground.

Crackle, crackle.

The relic site under the South Cliff was hundreds of miles in radius. Densely packed formation runes appeared all over, connecting into an offensive formation.

The Hell Blood Soul Formation was a seventh level formation. It was extremely complicated and abstruse. It had the power to kill Saints.

Other than the Hell Blood Soul Formation, the scraps of formations underground were activated too. They started operating, forming all sorts of offensive and restraining powers, like thunder, fire, flying swords, volcanoes, hallucinations...

Zhang Ruochen was about to hack down on a Supreme Saint bone, when a volcano before the bone erupted. Thousands of flying swords rushed out with lava, all hitting toward Zhang Ruochen.

Boom, boom.

Zhang Ruochen was forced to retreat and avoid the volcano. Looking hard, he saw strands of bloody Qi rush out of the ground beside the volcano. It formed into a three-foot tall divine general. He held a huge ax and radiated with an aura comparable to a Heaven Pass Blood General.

“That’s the Hell Blood General. He’s made out of the formation’s power.”

Martial Saint Canglan’s expression looked uncomfortable because she was clear how terrifying the Hell Blood Soul Formation was. Even a True Saint might die if he fell into that trap.

After the war against the Immortal Vampires had started, two True Saints of the imperial court had died in the formation.

“It’s just a Blood General made out of bloody Qi. What’s scary about it?”

Guoguo was fearless and confident. Like a furry ball, it ran toward the Hell Blood General and punched the general in the chest.

Thud.

The Hell Blood General’s chest caved in and he exploded into a cloud of mist.

“Haha! It just looks scary, but it can’t even take a hit...”

Guoguo laughed loudly, clutching its round tummy. But a moment later, its laugh was cut short. The Hell Blood General’s chest reconsolidated and he lifted his axe to hack down on Guoguo.

“How can it be unharmed?” Guoguo yelped. It fled immediately.

Behind it, the Hell Blood General hacked the ground, releasing a deafening boom. Rings of shockwaves spread out. Not only that, a second Hell Blood General formed inside the formation, and a third...

In the span of a breath, 18 Hell Blood Generals had formed. Each one was terrifying and menacing. Their blood axes shone with brilliant light.

“I finally understand why even True Saints would die.”

Martial Saint Canglan’s hands clenched. Even with her cultivation, she probably wouldn’t have a good result if she faced 18 undying Hell Blood Generals for a while.

Ying Huo stood at the edge of the Hell Blood Soul Formation and smiled. “Zhang Ruochen, what do you think about my gift?”

Zhu Qingyi had dissolved most of the golden cobra poison. Her penetrated heart had healed too. Looking at Zhang Ruochen trapped in the Hell Blood Soul Formation, she said, “Before coming, Zhang Ruochen met with Qing Xiao. He might come over at any moment. We should hurry.”

“Qing Xiao is coming? Seems like today will be very busy.” Situ Fengcheng smiled. Seeming calm, he waved his right hand and gave an attack order.

The Hell Blood Soul Formation started up instantly. The 18 Hell Blood Generals charged at the same time, attacking Zhang Ruochen’s group.

Martial Saint Canglan’s eyes hardened. Holy Qi spun quickly within her. All the runes on her sword emerged. A brilliant cloud of fire formed as she struck a portion of the Hell Blood Soul Formation. She wanted to forcefully break it.

This strike was like a True Saint’s full-power hit. Strong Sword Qi sent the two closest Hell Blood Generals flying.

Boom.

A crack ripped open on the ground. It gradually widened, quickly reaching three feet wide. The 36 advanced Half-Saints standing outside the formation all trembled in fear. Martial Saint Canglan’s strike had been too terrifying. If the Hell Blood Soul Formation was broken, they’d probably be destroyed by the Sword Qi.

Ying Huo’s eyes narrowed. “You all go too!” she said in a low voice.

The four silver-robed elders behind her charged into the Hell Blood Soul Formation. They stabbed their saintly staffs into

the ground at the same time. Strong Spiritual Power poured into the Hell Blood Soul Formation.

The torn land instantly started closing again.

The Hell Blood Soul Formation grew stronger. Even the 18 Hell Blood Generals had strengthened.

Martial Saint Canglan suffered from the formation's attack. She took a dozen steps back. Blood trickled down her snow-white arm. She looked at Zhang Ruochen. "I can't open the Hell Blood Soul Formation at all with my power. How can we fight now?"

"The typical saintly weapon can't open the Hell Blood Soul Formation, but a divine relic or a Supreme Saint's ancient weapon might. Help me and destroy the formation with the Buddha's sarira."

Zhang Ruochen put his hands together. Golden Buddhist light shone from his body. The Buddha's sarira flew out of his forehead.

Chapter 1343 - The Tables Turned

Translator:

Larbre Studio

Editor:

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The most powerful weapons weren't necessarily the most suitable weapons.

Both Zhang Ruo Chen and Qing Mo had godly remains ancient weapons, however, they weren't strong enough to wield the real power of godly remains ancient weapons.

Instead, it would consume less saint Qi for them to use supreme saint ancient weapons.

The Buddha Emperor sarira was a supreme saint ancient weapon.

The Buddha Emperor sarira floated in the air, and it became brighter and brighter. From Hell Blood Saint Formation came a giant Buddha sound as if thousands of saint buddhas were chanting.

Martial Saint Canglan pressed her palm against Zhang Ruo Chen and transferred her saint Qi to him.

The power of the Buddha Emperor sarira became stronger, and a giant golden dragon rushed out, surrounding the sarira.

The original power of the Buddha Emperor and the golden dragon was released. Though it was less than one ten-thousandth of the power of a supreme saint, it still shook the ground.

Boom!

The sarira hit the ground, breaking the corner of the Hell Blood Saint Formation, together with countless formation

inscriptions.

‘No wonder it’s the Buddha Emperor sarira. It’s indeed immensely powerful.’

Martial Saint Canglan looked pleased. She pressed her other palm against Zhang Ruochen’s back, infusing him with greater power.

It would only take a few strikes to break the Hell Blood Saint Formation.

Ying Huo’s smile withered away. She flew to the crack of the Hell Blood Saint Formation, took out the Thousand Beast Treasure Mirror and drew a circle on it.

After that, level-seven savage beasts flew out of the Thousand Beast Treasure Mirror and entered the Hell Blood Saint Formation, attacking Zhang Ruochen and Martial Saint Canglan.

There were in total nineteen level-seven savage beasts, and each of them was as powerful as a saint.

Which meant Ying Huo, who owned the Thousand Beast Treasure Mirror, had nineteen saints under her control, which was more incredible than some top-tier sects.

It was said that the Thousand Beast Treasure Mirror was a true treasure of Beast Taming Heavenly Palace, which became invincible dominated Kunlun’s Field during an ancient period.

It was fair to say that the Thousand Beast Treasure Mirror was more precious than a supreme saint ancient weapon. It worked like a time and space treasure, as it had a thousand-beast world inside.

Only savage beasts could survive and refine themselves in the thousand-beast world.

Nobody knew how many savage beasts were living in the thousand-beast world aside from the owner of the Thousand Beast Treasure Mirror. The Thousand Beast Treasure Mirror existed before Thousand Beast Heavenly Palace was the overlord. There were a great many incredible savage beasts

living inside, including the descendants of divine beasts and Taigu remains.

Certainly, it wasn't an easy task to open the Thousand Beast Treasure Mirror. As the owner got stronger, he could bring more powerful savage beasts to Kunlun's Field.

Last time in Yin and Yang Ocean, Ying Huo had only managed to summon fourteen level-seven savage beasts.

This time, she'd summoned nineteen of them, and they were more powerful, which meant her power also surged.

The eighteen hell blood generals and the nineteen level-seven savage beasts crushed Guoguo, Monster Ape, Huang Yanchen, Qing Mo and Jinfu Giant Python, and they kept retreating and got to Zhang Ruochen and Martial Saint Canglan.

"Lord Chen, they're too powerful for us to fight. Let White Li Princess and Lord Ghost King out to kill them. Ah!"

Guoguo was hit by a hell blood general, which crushed its round head. It kept spitting blood, and its rabbit teeth fell out.

It lay on the ground, pretending that it was dead.

Zhang Ruochen originally wanted to use White Li Princess and Ghost King Bloodmoon as the trump card to ward off the hidden skills of Situ Fengcheng, but now, he had to resort to using their help.

Whoosh!

The portal that connected him with the Universe World was open, and White Li Princess walked out.

White Li Princess looked exquisite but aloof. She looked at the hell blood generals and level-seven savage beasts dashing toward her, and she made an attack.

"Catastrophe Point."

She pointed forward with her finger, and then, a circular light wave that had a diameter of ten feet flew out of her finger.

It pierced through the bodies of two hell blood generals and hit a level-seven savage beast, blowing up its body and turning it into broken bones.

“One point from her is that forceful!” Martial Saint Canglan was thrilled.

She had originally thought that it was a true saint making the attack, however, she realized that the woman in white had just entered the heaven pass realm like her.

Martial Saint Canglan was able to wield the power of a true saint as a heaven pass saint because she had the body of a true phoenix, and she practiced the top-tier techniques and martial arts. She was the strongest among the nine heavenly maidens.

However, a random girl summoned by Zhang Ruochen was just as powerful as, if not more powerful, than her. How could Martial Saint Canglan not be surprised?

A Sky-swallowing Demonic Dragon, a giant spirit monster ape, and the Carnivorous Holy Flower, as they grew in power with Zhang Ruochen, would make a terrific team.

Ghost King Bloodmoon walked out of the Universe World with ghost mist around her. She didn't make any attack, and instead, she said, “You asked me to help you because of some minor issue like this? Are you growing backwards, Zhang Ruochen?”

Zhang Ruochen felt somewhat speechless. Heaven pass blood generals were great beings no matter where they went. However, they were only a minor issue to her. How strong had she become?

Although it had only taken a year for the Universe World to come into being, it was actually ten times longer inside the world.

Even Guoguo, Monster Ape, and White Li Princess had benefited from it greatly, so perhaps Ghost King Bloodmoon was really forceful enough to disdain heaven pass blood generals.

Ghost King Bloodmoon crossed her arms in front of her breasts and watched the fight with scorn.

As for White Li Princess, she was unstoppable, managing to ward off most of the attacks from the hell blood generals and

level-seven savage beasts. Although she had a hard time doing so, it was still thrilling.

Even Situ Fengcheng was impressed. He said, “She was able to ward off the attacks from thirteen hell blood generals and twelve level-seven savage beasts. Even an elementary true saint isn’t that powerful. Where did Zhang Ruochen get such a great being?”

Meanwhile, Situ Fengcheng could feel a trace of turbulence. He looked into the distance.

Bang!

A tall being flew through the wind, blowing up all the ambushing immortal vampire troops in the sky.

The broken bones and blood were spread on the ground.

Situ Fengcheng’s pupils constricted. He stared at that being and said, “Qing Xiao.”

“Situ Fengcheng, you’re just bullying my brother and sister. Fight me if you dare.”

Qing Xiao was wearing black armor. He had a huge body with broad shoulders. He was followed by a large group of fighting souls as if he were leading an entire army, which was enough to scare the ordinary saints away.

Situ Fengcheng looked to the top of the cliff.

A grey being was standing at the top of the southern cliff, and he arrived almost at the same time as Qing Xiao.

“Pei Yutian,” Situ Fengcheng said.

“If I can kill this vice leader of Qingtian Tribe, how many military credits and refining resources can I get?”

Pei Yutian was wearing grey. He had thick eyebrows and a tall nose. He had such a great facial structure, as if it had been sculpted.

The stone blade inside his hand was eye-catching. It looked like a stone, however, it was a blade used to kill saints. The destructive power coming out of it terrified all the immortal vampires.

Boom!

The Hell Blood Ghost Formation got broken by the Buddha Emperor sarira. Golden Buddha light gushed out, killing all the thirty-six high-level half saints that were operating the formation.

The four silver-caped elders bounced back while bleeding. Their mind power was hampered.

All the level-seven savage beasts in the formation were killed, which infuriated Ying Huo. Her almond eyes gleamed with indignation.

Immortal vampires were afraid of the four young human saints the most, yet they had all come here now as, Martial Saint Canglan was now strong enough to replace her brother, Wan Zhaoyi.

Seeing the table turn, the immortal vampire monks were scared now. They all looked to Situ Fengcheng and Ying Huo, as they were their last hope.

Situ Fengcheng was still calm. He smiled and said, “A heavenly king and a close guard of the empress are teaming up with the wanted person of the imperial government. Do you really think you can still have a say in the First Central Empire after everyone learns about this?”

Qing Xiao said, “I’m not just a heavenly king of the imperial government, but also the senior brother of Zhang Ruochen. If the officials from the imperial government really want to report me for that, so what?”

“Are you really still trying to turn us against each other? All the human monks will team up just to fight the immortal vampires. In this case, there’re no differences among the officials and the wanted persons.”

Martial Saint Canglan wasn’t intimidated at all. Even if she would be reported after getting back to the central emperor city, she needed to kill Situ Fengcheng and Ying Huo to get Fentian Sword back.

Martial Saint Canglan spread her wings, flapped them, and then, a huge phoenix sound blasted.

In the next moment, she rushed above Situ Fengcheng and stabbed forward with her sword. “Sword Seven.”

Martial Saint Canglan seemed to have combined with the fiery phoenix from afar. The move she made could trump everything else under sword saints.

Even Zhang Ruochen was amazed as he reckoned that this move could destroy everything in the world.

However, Zhang Ruochen was immediately shocked after seeing what happened next.

Situ Fengcheng held Zhu Qingyi’s wrist with one hand and reached out two fingers with the other one, holding the tip of the saint sword with ease and neutralizing all the power of Martial Saint Canglan. “You have great sword techniques, but unfortunately, your power’s nowhere near enough.”

Chapter 1344 - Saint King Arm and Heavenly King Fist

Translator:

Larbre Studio

Editor:

Larbre Studio

Martial Saint Canglan's expression changed drastically. With her cultivation, her Sword Seven was extremely powerful when she used her full strength. How could Situ Fengcheng block it so easily?

Looking hard, she saw that Situ Fengcheng's arm was translucent, as if carved out of bloody jade. It was completely different from the skin on his neck. The two fingers actually had dense Rules of Saintly Way wrapped around them, forming a small Rules of Saintly Way vortex.

Crack!

Situ Fengcheng snapped his fingers. An explosive force was sent to Martial Saint Canglan through the saint sword, sending her flying to the left.

He curled his fingers back and clenched his hand into a fist. Bloody Qi flowed across his fist like a river. He punched the air.

Flying in the air, Martial Saint Canglan hurriedly crossed her sword to block it. Sword Qi surged out of the sword. It formed a semi-transparent bell that enveloped her.

Boom!

The fist print and sword bell clashed violently. The sword bell shattered instantly. Martial Saint Canglan flew back and landed on the ground. The earth caved in under her.

She couldn't steady herself until 100 feet away. Staring at Situ Fengcheng's arm, she uttered three words: "Saint King Arm."

In the distance, Qing Mo asked softly, "What's the Saint King Arm? Did Situ Fengcheng enter the Saint King Realm?"

Zhang Ruochen had read about the Saint King Arm in the Vampire Secrets. He shook his head. "The so-called Saint King Arm means that Situ Fengcheng once broke off his own arm and connected a Saint King's arm.

"Situ Fengcheng's Saint King Arm can produce strength that far surpasses his own cultivation. It also contains the Saint's blood and Rules of Saintly Way. It has some other mysterious strengths too. You could say that Situ Fengcheng is comprehending the Saint King Way at all times. His cultivation can improve quickly."

Guoguo had been pretending to be dead. Now, it flipped over and crawled over. "You can do this? So I can break my leg and add on a Saint Beast King's leg too, right? No, I want four legs."

"You think it's easy to cultivate the Saint King Arm?" Zhang Ruochen said. "The blood Qi of a Saint King is enormous. The power contained within is different from the cultivator's body too. Once you connect it, it will cause irreparable repellency. If you can't resolve the repellency, you won't be able to use the Saint King Arm's power. You might even suffer from backlash.

"Only an Immortal Vampire's body can resolve the repellency, and combine their power with the Saint King Arm perfectly."

Immortal Vampires could absorb the blood of others to strengthen themselves. This meant that their bodies' compatibility was higher than other races.

Guoguo was a bit disappointed. "So you're saying that only the Immortal Vampires can cultivate the Saint King Arm?"

"Pretty much!" Zhang Ruochen said.

"With Situ Fengcheng's talent," Huang Yanchen said, "there's even a 10 to 20% chance of reaching the Supreme Saint

Realm. Wouldn't cultivating the Saint King Arm restrict his future achievements?"

"No," Zhang Ruochen said. "When he reaches the Saint King Realm and thinks the Saint King Arm has lost its use, he can just break it off."

"How strong can he be with the Saint King Arm?" Huang Yanchen asked.

Zhang Ruochen shook his head. There were too many variables affecting the Saint King Arm. If they didn't fight face-to-face, he wouldn't be able to rate it accurately.

"I'll go test the Saint King Arm's strength."

Qing Xiao strode forward. His battle intent and aura kept rising. Behind him, the apparitions of thousands of soldiers and horses grew more tangible.

Other than Situ Fengcheng, all other Immortal Vampire cultivators couldn't help but retreat. Faced with an opponent like Qing Xiao, Situ Fengcheng had to be serious. He let go of Zhu Qingyi's wrist and had her retreat to the back.

"Heavenly King Embraces Moon."

Qing Xiao hugged the air. The sky darkened instantly, day turning to night. Countless sparkling stars appeared in the night sky. Beams of starlight fell onto the ground like silk. A gleaming moon consolidated between Qing Xiao's arms.

This was the Grand Council Heavenly King Fist!

Only Heavenly Kings of the Ministry of War could enter the Grand Council and cultivate the strongest fist techniques of the Ministry of War. Each of the ten moves of the Heavenly King Fist was stronger and more advanced than the last. They contained the ways of the world and became more and more difficult to learn.

Apparently, those who could complete all ten moves would directly become the minister and lead the billion-soldier army of the First Central Empire.

Situ Fengcheng activated his Holy Qi. His arm started burning like fiery jade. It crackled and popped and grew twice as thick.

He also used a saint spell-level fist technique.

Boom!

The full-power hits of these two strong figures clashed violently. Any cultivator standing within 100 feet of them was sent flying by the powerful shockwaves.

Under their feet, the ground cracked apart and collapsed.

“Senior Brother and Situ Fengcheng’s cultivations are similar, but he could go up against the Saint King Arm. How did he do it?” Huang Yanchen didn’t understand.

Martial Saint Canglan stared hard at the two fighting. “It must be the power of the Heavenly King Print.”

“What’s the Heavenly King Print?” Zhang Ruochen asked.

“Each Heavenly King is personally given the title by the Empress,” Martial Saint Canglan said. “At the ceremony, the Empress would personally give them a Heavenly King Stamp. Not only does it represent their status, but it also contains the Empress’ understanding of the Saintly Way. It’s made out of interwoven Rules of Saintly Way.”

“The Rules of Saintly Way of a Supreme Saint?”

Martial Saint Canglan’s eyes were filled with respect and reverence. “The Empress’ cultivation isn’t only a Supreme Saint. She’s already infinitely close to a god. The Heavenly King Stamps that she bestows contain boundless power. Even a Heavenly King might not be able to completely grasp that power.”

“Heavenly King Worships God.”

Qing Xiao put his hands together. The blue saintly light radiating from him grew stronger. It chased away the darkness and the sky turned blue. Behind him, a group of deity images appeared. They were 9,000 feet tall, standing on the ground with their heads in the sky.

Qing Xiao only became Heavenly King a few years ago, Martial Saint Canglan thought. And he’s already completed two moves of the Heavenly King Fist. No wonder the officials say he’s able to compete with the Five Heroes.

Situ Fengcheng also had a grave expression. His Saint King Arm grabbed forward, grasping the Fengtian Sword's hilt.

Runes continuously appeared on the Fengtian Sword. It radiated with stronger and stronger Destruction of Thousand Runes. Flames burned, melting the dirt into golden lava.

Whoosh!

The Saint King Arm and Fengtian Sword combined and attacked, crashing against the divine images behind Qing Xiao.

The strong shockwaves created cracks in the South Cliff in the distance. With a boom, it collapsed, turning into a broken mountain.

Ghost King Bloodmoon was watching attentively. Nodding, she said, "These two are pretty strong!"

Martial Saint Canglan glanced at where Ying Huo was standing. Spreading her phoenix wings, she flew over. Her outstretched arm transformed into a ten-meter-long handprint. She grabbed downward.

The Immortal Goddess had a very high status among the Immortal Vampires. Capturing her would damage the Immortal Vampires' morale.

Ying Huo knew that Martial Saint Canglan was very powerful. With her current Spiritual Power, she wasn't Martial Saint Canglan's match. Thus, she bit her forefinger and pressed onto the Thousand Beast Treasure Mirror. Strands of saintly blood snaked over.

Roar!

A deafening tiger's roar came from the Thousand Beast Treasure Mirror. A white tiger claw reached out, radiating with boundless power. It passed through the air and shattered Martial Saint Canglan's fire handprint.

She was shocked inwardly. Feeling the Savage Beast aura in the Thousand Beast Treasure Mirror, she guessed that it was an upper-level Grade Seven Savage Beast.

One must know, even the weakest upper-level Grade Seven Savage Beasts could counter a True Saint. Clearly, it was very hard for Ying Huo to lead a beast like that to Kunlun's Field. She had to pay the price.

For example, she had to use her saintly blood.

A second white tiger claw reached out. Then the space around the Thousand Beast Treasure Mirror shook violently. It formed a chaotic tornado. The average cultivator couldn't even get close.

Zhang Ruochen's eyes narrowed and he said to Princess White Li, "If an upper-level Grade Seven Savage Beast really comes, it'll give us quite a problem. Go stop the Immortal Goddess. It's best if you capture her."

Princess White Li was quite decisive too. She pointed her finger and destructive force was sent out. However, it was blocked by a Death God Knight before hitting Ying Huo.

That Death God Knight wore Ten Saints Blood Armor. He flew back. Inside the armor, his physical body had been broken into mush. By the time he fell to the ground, the Ten Saints Blood Armor had turned into a bloody belt because it lost the support of Holy Qi.

This time, the Immortal Goddess had brought a team of Death God Knights into Xianji Mountain. There was one Death God general and nine knights.

"As expected of the Death God Knights. They don't even fear death to protect the Immortal Goddess." Zhang Ruochen's eyes darkened. He said to Guoguo and the Demon Ape, "Attack together and kill all Immortal Vampires. But be careful of them using suicidal attacks. Once they do that, even a True Saint might die."

He took out Blood Repression Runes and gave some to Guoguo and Princess White Li. At critical moments, the Blood Repression Rune could stop a Death God Knight from using suicidal attacks.

Just then, a Death God Knight used a secret escape spell, unleashing ten times his usual speed. But instead of escaping,

he was charging at Zhang Ruochen's group.

"No, he definitely wants to use a suicidal attack and have us all die together!" Guoguo yelled. It curled up and rolled forward like a furry ball.

Zhang Ruochen's eyes narrowed. Instead of retreating, he charged forward, proactively going to the Death God Knight.

The knight's eyes had a definite, cruel, and sinister smile. His blood flowed ten times as fast as usual. Mysterious power was released deep within his blood. His body started swelling and cracks appeared.

Controlling the Thousand Beast Treasure Mirror with all her might, joy also filled Ying Huo's eyes. It was definitely a good trade to have a Death God Knight die with Time and Space Descendant, Zhang Ruochen.

Chapter 1345 - Nine Stars Combined Swept the World

Translator:

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Editor:

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Zhang Ruochen mobilized space rules and showed up above the Death Knight, wielding a saint-level blood repression rune.

The rune exploded, then white light wrapped around the Death Knight, sealing his blood Qi.

The self-destruct technique was immediately stopped.

“No!”

That Death Knight had already made up his mind to go down and drag Zhang Ruochen with him, yet he had now been disrupted.

He yelled and tried to get out of the suppression from the blood repression rune.

Bang!

Zhang Ruochen slapped the Death Knight, and his saint way power was transferred to the Death Knight's legs, breaking them. He couldn't help but kneel on the ground while his body kept sinking. Only his head was still out.

The Carnivorous Holy Flower rushed out of Zhang Ruochen's body and pierced through that Death Knight, starting to absorb his blood Qi and saint Qi.

That Death Knight screamed in agony because of the severe pain he bore.

Zhang Ruochen wasn't empathetic at all as he reckoned it was payback for immortal vampires draining humans' blood.

Ying Huo couldn't show any signs of happiness anymore after seeing it. It was catastrophic.

Blood repression runes were a calamity to the immortal vampires.

However, they only knew very little about blood repression runes. They had no idea how to fight them.

“That Zhang Ruochen has got to be the key. We have to capture him no matter what.”

Ying Huo spurted blood at the Thousand Beast Treasure Mirror, and then, a huge storm dashed forward.

Howl!

A giant white tiger rushed out from the center of the storm.

It wasn't a tiger, but Qiongqi who had the bloodline of a divine beast.

Qiongqi had the shape of a white tiger, but it didn't have any fur. Instead, it was covered with white ice thorns and had a pair of giant wings.

Martial Saint Canglan and White Li Princess became heaps more serious as they were intimidated by that Qiongqi.

“Zhang Ruochen, I need to borrow your sarira,” said White Li Princess.

With that Qiongqi in the picture, they wouldn't be able to fight Ying Huo. Zhang Ruochen gave White Li Princess the sarira without hesitation.

After seeing the blood repression runes working on the Death Knights, Guoguo stopped being scared. It ran rapidly and yelled, “Come fight me, you damned immortal vampires! I'll annihilate both your souls and bodies.”

Meanwhile, the Monster Ape raised a mountain that was three thousand feet tall and threw it toward the immortal vampire monks.

It looked like a fight between Gods and demons. Sand, stones, and lightning filled the space, and saint way Qi flowed in the air.

The monks standing outside Xianji Mountain watched the fight, which thrilled them all.

“Heavenly King Qing Xiao, Martial Saint Canglan and Zhang Ruochen are teaming up to fight Situ Fengcheng, Immortal Goddess and Zhu Qingyi. I reckon many saints will soon be killed.”

“Heavenly King Qing Xiao and Situ Fengcheng are both meticulous leaders, and they’ve never been defeated before. Whose record is going to be broken today?”

...

Someone spread the news back to the Central Region, which shocked everyone.

Everyone who was in the battle was a renowned legend with great luck. They were the leaders of this era, so if any of them got killed, it would cause a great stir.

Although the major powers were not in the north, they still paid great attention to the battle.

“What is Zhang Ruochen trying to do? He’s killed more than ten blood saints already, but it’s still not enough?”

“Kill them! Kill them all! Zhang Ruochen and Qing Xiao Heavenly King are my idols.” A human monk who had lost all his family was exhilarated after hearing about it.

“No wonder Martial Saint Canglan is the head of the nine heavenly maidens. She’s brave enough to fight the immortal vampires herself. She’s such a model for us female monks.”

...

Inside Lianzhu Mansion, the Confucius monks and the officials from the imperial government were all kind of dazed as that fight had literally taken place out of nowhere.

“Let’s go to the Heaven and Earth Chessboard.”

Led by the prime minister, Wang Shiqi, elders who were wearing Confucius robes and government official robes arrived at the ninth mansion of Lianzhu Mansion. They stood

around a chessboard that was thirty feet long, observing the changes on the chessboard.

“Not just Qing Xiao Heavenly King, but Martial Saint Canglan, Zhang Ruochen, and Pei Yutian are also nearby.”

Saint Lady was relieved after seeing the chess piece that represented Pei Yutian. With his help, Zhang Ruochen and the others stood a much higher chance of winning the battle.

However, they soon realized that there were some other chess pieces near the southern cliff of Xianji Mountain.

Those chess pieces didn't have labels on them.

Whenever someone became a saint, there would be a new chess piece on the Heaven and Earth Chessboard.

And then, the imperial government would send an envoy to confirm the identity of that saint, putting his or her information on the chess piece.

As the chess pieces without labels showed up, the result of that battle became much more unpredictable.

Wang Shiqi was way more observant than others as he noticed something weird. He said, “There's something wrong with Xianji Mountain as if there's some incredible being changing the rules of heaven and earth there, blocking our observation.”

“How is it possible? Who's strong enough to influence the Heaven and Earth Chessboard?” Someone raised the question.

Saint Lady stared at the chessboard and said, “Mind power supreme saints.”

Chu Siyuan found it hard to believe. “Are you saying the leader of the Immortal Temple, Nalan? He's already one of the most powerful beings in the entire Kunlun's Field. How would he interfere with the fight among some saints? And besides, the one from Earth God Temple was holding him back the whole time.”

The leader of Zither Sect, Mr. Mei remained silent for a while and said, “A battle at that level is unimaginable for us. Sometimes, we can only know what really happened after the fight is over. Unfortunately, it'll be too late!”

Saint Lady bit her lip and said, “Perhaps one of them, Zhang Ruochen, Qing Xiao Heavenly King, Martial Saint Canglan or Pei Yutian, has an incredible treasure which intimidates or attracts the leader of the Immortal Temple. Is that possible?”

Everyone was dazed at first, and then they reckoned what Saint Lady said indeed made some sense.

A great mind power gushed out of Wang Shiqi. He said, “We need to make sure they survive first, no matter what. And then we’ll go find out what happened.”

“Let’s do it together and turn on ‘Nine Stars.’ I’ll operate Saint Book Ruzu to attack the Immortal Temple. I’ve been wanting to fight that leader of the Immortal Temple for a long time.”

All the saints from the Way of Confucius started to take action, guarding nine mansions of Lianzhu Mansion.

Boom!

The entire Central Emperor City shook. All the monks saw nine light pillars rising from Lianzhu Mansion.

Nine stars emerged in a line in the sky, and each star was half the size of the sun.

Outside the Central Emperor City, monks in many other areas in Kunlun’s Field also saw that.

The high priest of the demonic sect looked at the nine stars, standing at the top of the Star Observing Tower. He said, “‘Nine Stars’! The saints from Confucius Way finally started to take action. Are they fighting the leader from the Immortal Temple or Qitian Blood Emperor?”

Nine Li Palace, Savage Barren Secret Region.

A woman with nine white cattails stood at the top of the red palace. She stepped on the clouds and smiled. “Can’t believe a fight among the youngsters led to such an uproar. How many human beings and immortal vampires are involved?”

...

At this moment, those who were fighting at the southern cliff didn’t know what was happening because of them. Many

people were dragged into the battle and tried to hold each other up.

Some of the supreme beings were forced to fight even if they had no idea what was happening.

Zhang Ruochen focused on Ying Huo and rushed forward. He tried to stab her head with his sword.

“Don’t you show any care for a girl? Are you really killing me?”

Ying Huo didn’t try to dodge it. Instead, she stared at Zhang Ruochen with her exquisite eyes and long eyelashes. She blinked seductively.

Even the most cold-blooded killer in the world would hesitate in facing this unbelievably beautiful face.

However, Zhang Ruochen didn’t hesitate at all. He stabbed the head of Ying Huo with his knife, and her face was torn apart.

At the next moment, the fragments also withered away.

“Damn... It’s an illusion.”

Zhang Ruochen immediately closed his eyes and sensed his surroundings with his mind power. He then felt a vicious trace of sword Qi showing up behind him, and the tip of the sword was only three feet away from him.

It was Zhu Qingyi.

Zhang Ruochen couldn’t dodge it at all as it was already too close. He pinched his fingers into a sword technique, turned around and hit the tip of the sword.

Bang!

Zhang Ruochen took three steps back, making three holes in the ground. He felt a great pain in his fingers.

Zhu Qingyi had great cultivation. She had survived an attack from Pei Yutian before, and she was a great being even among the heaven pass blood generals. She was at the same level as Zhang Ruochen, so with the help of the defender formation, she posed a great threat to Zhang Ruochen.

Chapter 1346 - Flower Withering

Translator:

Larbre Studio

Editor:

Larbre Studio

“Activate Heavenly Eyes.”

A glowing vertical eye opened up on Zhang Ruochen’s forehead. It looked around, peering through the hallucination.

In his vision, everything was misty. He still couldn’t see Zhu Qingyi or Ying Huo and could only sense their existence vaguely.

“Your Spiritual Power is still far from mine. Even using the Heavenly Eyes isn’t very effective.” Ying Huo’s laugh sounded in the void. It seemed to have come from the nine heavens and it was impossible to pinpoint her location.

Ying Huo had defeated countless prides to become the Saintess of the Immortal Pavilion. She had abilities and tactics that matched her status. She was mysterious and difficult to defend against.

“Zhang Ruochen, today is the day you die.”

Zhu Qingyi’s voice sounded. It carried strong hatred.

The next moment, swords whistled from 16 directions in the heavens and underground. They attacked Zhang Ruochen all at once. Being in the hallucination, Zhang Ruochen couldn’t tell which direction the real attack was coming from.

Zhang Ruochen didn’t panic. While studying the hallucination, he activated the time sword technique, forming a ten-foot-wide special zone. This special zone was a combination of a time

and sword technique territory. In this territory, time flowed extremely slowly.

Whoosh, whoosh.

He instantly performed 16 sword moves. As if 16 people, he resolved the attacks from the 16 directions and discovered Zhu Qingyi's true body.

This time, he chased forward and attacked proactively in case Zhu Qingyi used the hallucination to disappear again.

“What kind of sword technique is this? How come time slowed down?”

Zhu Qingyi was very shocked. She blocked while retreating, leaving many beautiful apparitions in the air.

“Noon Sword.”

Zhang Ruochen became one with the Abyss Ancient Sword. Like the blazing sun at noon, he shone brilliantly.

Zhu Qingyi couldn't open her eyes. Her eyes only blinked slightly and the next moment, the Abyss Ancient Sword had stabbed into her collarbone. She was forced to keep retreating.

“Such a fast sword. It actually contains the power of time...”

Zhu Qingyi reached out and grabbed the Abyss Ancient Sword's blade. At the same time, she retreated quickly. Sainly blood kept flowing out of her collarbone.

The two had a deep hatred for each other and wouldn't stop until one was dead. If Zhang Ruochen couldn't kill her today, there would be endless trouble.

Seeing that Zhu Qingyi was about to die under Zhang Ruochen's sword, Ying Huo acted again. A giant formed by the Xuan Yin Wind appeared beside Zhang Ruochen and it slapped downward.

Zhang Ruochen knew it was just a hallucination, but he still had to block it with his sword. What if it wasn't a hallucination? He couldn't gamble with his life.

Zhang Ruochen hacked down and the giant scattered into shreds of wind.

“It really is a hallucination.”

When Zhang Ruochen looked back, Zhu Qingyi was nowhere to be seen. Only red blood remained on the ground.

“You really think I can’t break your hallucination?”

Huffing coldly, Zhang Ruochen raised his right leg and stomped down. Dozens of balls of Jingmie Divine Fire flew out of his body. They rushed in all directions, hovering in the air like divine lanterns.

Jingmie Divine Fire could burn everything in the world. Naturally, it could illuminate the hallucination too.

Sizzle, sizzle.

The hallucination gradually dispersed. The true battlefield appeared before Zhang Ruochen’s eyes.

Ying Huo and Zhu Qingyi stood side by side, not very far from Zhang Ruochen. Ying Huo seemed a bit pale. The hallucination had been broken, which caused certain damage to her Spiritual Power.

The wound on Zhu Qingyi’s collarbone was slowly healing. Looking at the hovering flames, her expression turned to one of fear. “Jingmie Divine Fire, the legendary Jingmie Divine Fire. You can actually control this type of fire...”

Not too long ago, Zhu Qingyi had thought Zhang Ruochen was a minor character. She could beat him until he was helpless. Only a short while had passed and Zhang Ruochen had become a huge enemy that was difficult to defeat.

Zhang Ruochen controlled the Jingmie Divine Fire hovering in the air, turning it into a wave of fire. It flooded toward Zhu Qingyi and Ying Huo.

No one dared to touch the fire directly. They obviously didn’t either. Zhu Qingyi sent out the saint sword, activating the runes and Destruction of the Thousand Patterns. She wanted to scatter the Jingmie Divine Fire.

Unfortunately, the saint sword was melted by the Jingmie Divine Fire, turning into drops of metallic water.

“How is this possible? Not even a Thousand-pattern Saint Sword can stop it?”

Zhu Qingyi’s expression grew very uncomfortable, thinking that Zhang Ruochen could even save himself from a True Saint with this fire and the time sword technique.

Ying Huo waved her sleeve. The Thousand Beast Treasure Mirror flew out.

The mirror was the shape of a badge. In the air, it kept growing in size. Finally, it transformed into a dozen-meter-tall shield. It stood before them and crashed toward Zhang Ruochen.

Not only did they have to defend, they also had to attack.

The Thousand Beast Treasure Mirror burned red-hot in the Jingmie Divine Fire. Densely-packed shadows of thousands of beasts appeared on its surface.

“Brother Chen, careful! Behind you!” Huang Yanchen called from the distance.

Blood Saint Miefeng had collected his aura and snuck behind Zhang Ruochen. While Zhang Ruochen was using all his might to attack Ying Huo and Zhu Qingyi, he’d released a saint spell-level fist print.

This attack used his full strength and had boundless power. Even if it couldn’t kill Zhang Ruochen, it would also make him unable to fight.

“Killing the Time and Space Descendant is enough to make me famous, haha!” Blood Saint Miefeng laughed loudly.

Zhang Ruochen had discovered Blood Saint Miefeng’s aura long ago. He just pretended he didn’t notice so he could lure Blood Saint Miefeng in.

Seeing him attack, Zhang Ruochen’s lips curved up. Various beams of blue fire wove together behind him, forming a ball of Jingmie Divine Fire.

Boom.

Blood Saint Miefeng's fist crashed against the Jingmie Divine Fire. The flames exploded into various sparks that shot onto his body. Every small meteorite that flew by would leave a finger-sized hole in Blood Saint Miefeng.

Instantly, his body turned porous like a sieve.

“Ah!”

Before Blood Saint Miefeng could stop laughing, it had already turned into pained cries.

The space trembled. Zhang Ruochen appeared diagonally above Blood Saint Miefeng. His eyes were cold. He attacked with the Dragon and Elephant Prajna Palm and slammed down on Blood Saint Miefeng's head.

His fight with Zhu Qingyi and Ying Huo was due to racial survival. They had to fight and kill each other. It was different with Blood Saint Miefeng though. He'd murdered Huang Yanchen's entire clan. Zhang Ruochen held immense hatred toward him.

Crack.

Blood Saint Miefeng's skull and spine were both shattered by Zhang Ruochen. He sprawled on the ground, shuddering and convulsing, but he didn't die.

The Holy Carnivorous Flower's roots snaked over. They penetrated Blood Saint Miefeng's skin and took root inside his body. The flower started absorbing nutrients.

Slowly, Blood Saint Miefeng couldn't move anymore. His body gradually withered and he lost all vitality.

Zhang Ruochen gazed around the battlefield and saw that the humans had the upper hand. Princess White Li used the sarira to repress Qiong Qi. Martial Saint Canglan was forcing Ying Huo and the Death God Knight back. The latter two were heavily injured. They could only flee while defending themselves.

Whoosh!

Zhang Ruochen used the Great Spatial Move and caught up to Zhu Qingyi. Standing before her, he said, “You can't escape

today.”

Zhu Qingyi stopped. “Do you have the guts to fight fairly against me without using the Jingmie Divine Fire and power of time?”

“Do you want me to tie my hands up too?” Zhang Ruochen asked.

The Jingmie Divine Fire and power of time were Zhang Ruochen’s unique trump cards. They were naturally part of his strength too. He couldn’t find a reason why he shouldn’t use them.

Zhu Qingyi had seen how powerful the time sword technique and Jingmie Divine Fire were. If Zhang Ruochen really used them at full force, she wouldn’t even have a 20% chance of winning.

Boom.

Zhu Qingyi didn’t attack. She just left directly. Her body split apart into more than 30 beams of black light. They flew in 30 different directions.

“I already said that you can’t escape today. Why don’t you believe me?”

Zhang Ruochen shook his head. Activating all his Holy Qi, he reached forward. He released his Holy Qi and Spiritual Power, causing the space to be greatly distorted.

The black light that was trying to escape all changed direction and flew toward Zhang Ruochen. Then he took out a saint-level Blood Repression Rune. He pressed forward and the rune exploded.

After the Blood Repression Rune exploded, it formed white light that enveloped the 30 beams of black light. It formed various chains. Inside the chain, Zhu Qingyi’s body reformed. She fell onto the floor, unable to fight back.

Zhang Ruochen lifted the Abyss Ancient Sword and pointed it at Zhu Qingyi’s forehead. “Everything must come to an end.”

In the distance, Situ Fengcheng was busy fighting with Qing Xiao. Sensing that Zhu Qingyi was about to die, he roared,

“Zhang Ruochen, how dare—”

Poof.

The Abyss Ancient Sword stabbed forward, penetrating Zhu Qingyi’s forehead. Her Sea of Qi and saintly soul were shattered. She’d died completely.

“Senior Brother...”

Zhu Qingyi’s last bit of saintly intent caused her to utter those two words. It was like a farewell, as if she wanted to say something. Unfortunately, it all became soundless.

Zhang Ruochen picked the Abyss Ancient Sword back up. He had no change in emotion.

In a fight for survival between races, either one died or the other did. There was no right or wrong. Since they were on opposite sides, only one could live, while the other died.

If you didn’t want to die, yourself, then you had to kill the other.

Boom.

Qing Xiao’s fist hit Situ Fengcheng’s chest, making him spit out blood and fly dozens of miles back. He crashed onto the ground. His armor was covered in cracks.

“You dare to get distracted when fighting against me?”

Qing Xiao watched Situ Fengcheng walk out of the rubble. He didn’t have any joy. Instead, his eyes were troubled. He knew that his previous punch had heavily injured Situ Fengcheng.

It would be difficult for Situ Fengcheng to leave alive. It also wouldn’t be easy to find another opponent like him again.

He was a rare opponent, but Qing Xiao had only defeated him when he was distracted. This kind of victory wasn’t enough to be happy about.

Blood kept flowing out of Situ Fengcheng. He left a bloody footprint with each step and didn’t stop walking until he got to Zhu Qingyi’s corpse. He extended a bloody hand and gently caressed her face.

“I didn’t protect you well. It’s all my fault.”

Chapter 1347 - Sword Saint Mingdong

Translator:

Larbre Studio

Editor:

Larbre Studio

A blood-red longsword flew out of Xianji Mountain and landed on the ground, making a huge blasting sound.

The longsword vanished, and there was an elder standing there with his sword gone. There were four wings on his back, and a trace of sword Qi was surrounding him.

The elder stared at Situ Fengcheng and Zhu Qingyi and said, "It seems I'm late."

Situ Fengcheng stared at Zhu Qingyi and said, "Senior Uncle, shouldn't you give me an explanation?"

"I went to Xianji Mountain on Blood Emperor's order. I didn't mean to come here late," the elder said.

Qing Xiao heard how Situ Fengcheng called to the elder, and he was dazed. He immediately performed body techniques to rush to Zhang Ruochen's side. He yelled, "That elder is likely to be the junior brother of Zhongying King, Sword Saint Mingdong. I can't believe that even he's here."

"A sword saint!"

Zhang Ruochen looked to Sword Saint Mingdong, and at this moment, he also shot a glance at him.

Zhang Ruochen felt that two saint swords were flying toward his eyes.

Zhang Ruochen was way stronger than before. Even a sword saint wasn't able to injure him with a simple look.

Sizzle!

Zhang Ruochen mobilized Jingmie Divine Fire, and it gushed out of his eyes, turning into two traces of fiery light pillars, clashing with the two saint swords of Sword Saint Mingdong.

Sword Saint Mingdong wasn't surprised. He nodded and said, "It's indeed Jingmie Divine Fire. No wonder you're the human talent that managed to refine God's Destiny. Will I be able to seize your God's Destiny if I drink your blood?"

"It's not that easy to drink my blood," Zhang Ruochen said.

"I'm just going to have a try."

Sword Saint Mingdong pointed forward, mildly shaking the space around him. Sword Qi flew out of the tip of his finger.

The move looked random, yet it contained unfathomable sword way cultivation. The forces were dense inside.

"Careful!"

Qing Xiao knew the power of a sword saint. He rushed in front of Zhang Ruochen, activated heavenly king stamp and clashed with the sword Qi coming at him.

Bang!

Qing Xiao's glove got damaged and turned into metal fragments. The sword Qi made his arm bleed.

The forces coming from the sword Qi shocked Qing Xiao away, and his arm couldn't stop bleeding.

Sword Saint Mingdong said, "Even your master, Sword Saint Xuanji, wasn't my match, not to mention you. Before you become a true saint, you better not confront me."

Sword Saint Xuanji had been in the netherworld for a long time. The longer it took, the more the creatures from Kunlun's Field thought that the 'revival of Sword Saint Xuanji' was just a hoax made up by Zhang Ruochen.

Even Sword Saint Mingdong thought so.

Qing Xiao wasn't a true saint, but he was a pinnacle heaven pass saint. With the power of the heavenly king stamp,

elementary true saints and mid-tier true saints weren't his match at all.

However, a random move from Sword Saint Mingdong managed to severely injure him.

What level of power was that?

Human beings stopped fighting immortal vampires. Princess White Li, Guoguo, Monster Ape, Huang Yanchen and Qing Mo all gathered around Zhang Ruochen.

The chaotic battlefield suddenly became silent.

At this moment, a voice broke the stillness. "Do you really think you can fight my master?"

It was Zhang Ruochen who said that.

Sword Saint Mingdong clenched his hand, and countless sword forms and traces of sword Qi were formed. He said, "What did you just say, brat?"

"I said you're nothing compared to my master. Don't flatter yourself," Zhang Ruochen said.

Qing Xiao was severely injured. He couldn't raise his arm at all, and his organs were also injured by sword Qi. He then realized there was cold Qi coming out of Sword Saint Mingdong. He said, "Junior brother, don't flaunt yourself. That's someone who's lived for almost a thousand years. You can't fight him yet."

However, Sword Saint Mingdong had already made his move. He performed human sword and was fast like a trace of light.

Sword Saint Mingdong had received a piece of news from the Immortal Temple not long ago, and he was asked to capture Zhang Ruochen alive. Certainly, he needed to severely wound Zhang Ruochen first to prevent him from running away using his space skills.

The forces coming from Sword Saint Mingdong were enormous. He was so fast that even Blood Moon Ghost King was thrilled. Ghost Qi emerged around her fingers.

Right before she was about to make a move, she looked to Zhang Ruochen. “That guy’s mobilizing the power of the Universe World... Interesting...”

Other than Zhang Ruochen, everyone had bounced away because of the forces from Sword Saint Mingdong.

Zhang Ruochen started to gleam and wielded his sword, clashing with Sword Saint Mingdong’s sword.

“That power...”

The ground around them started to sink, and dust was floating in the air. Sword Qi permeated the space, and it looked apocalyptic.

When everything turned back to normal, everyone saw that Zhang Ruochen was still standing where he was. As the ground sank, he was standing in the space.

As for Sword Saint Mingdong, he got knocked to the ground, and his robe became ragged. There were small wounds everywhere on his body, and his hand that was holding the sword kept shaking.

All the monks were astounded after seeing that. Everyone looked at Zhang Ruochen as if he were a monster, including Qing Xiao and Pei Yutian.

He managed to defeat Sword Saint Mingdong?

“You can’t even defeat me, not to mention my master,” Zhang Ruochen said.

Zhang Ruochen had only mobilized part of the power of the Universe World.

This time, he planned to utilize all the power from the Universe World to kill Sword Saint Mingdong. However, no matter how hard he tried, there weren’t any reactions.

That was the first time Zhang Ruochen had used the power of the Universe World to fight, so he had no idea what was going on.

I have to study into it after this battle, Zhang Ruochen thought.

Sword Saint Mingdong climbed up from the ground. He stared at Zhang Ruochen again, but this time, he felt intimidated. The power Zhang Ruochen had just wielded was way stronger than his.

“What just happened? No matter how strong he is, he’s just an upper-class saint. How could he have such power?”

Sword Saint Mingdong didn’t dare make another attack. He transferred a trace of mind power. “Wang Beilie, inspect that guy for me and check what kind of skills he has.”

Wang Beilie rushed out, carrying a saint sword and covered by sixty-four layers of holy light.

White Li Princess frowned and said, “Another sword saint? Wait, no... That’s a blood slave.”

Huang Yanchen said, “He used to be the clan leader of the Ancient Race of Prison Guardians, and he indeed used to be a sword saint. Unfortunately, he was captured by Qingtian Blood Emperor and was made into a blood slave.”

White Li Princess looked away from Wang Beilie and looked to Zhang Ruochen again. “I reckon Zhang Ruochen utilized the power of the Universe World to injure Sword Saint Mingdong, but there’s something wrong about him now. He might not be able to fight that blood slave.”

White Li Princess rushed toward Wang Beilie, trying to stop him. However, a grey being attacked Wang Beilie before she did.

That grey being was Pei Yutian.

The stone blade used by Pei Yutian was made of a giant rock. It was said that when the giant rock was discovered, the entire northern territory was thrilled, as it was too gigantic. It was said to be ‘The largest rock in the north.’ Besides, the engravings on that rock corresponded to the mountains and rivers in the north.

Many monks reckoned that the rock might be born at the same time as the north. Perhaps it would develop consciousness in the future and become a rock god.

Even after it was made into a blade, the engravings on the ground reflected the mountains and rivers in the north.

Each move by Pei Yutian had an enormous amount of power. He managed to rival Wang Beilie.

Ghost King Bloodmoon lost interest in watching the fight. She looked to Sword Saint Mingdong and said, "If I can kill you, then this fight's going to be over, isn't it?"

Zhang Ruochen retreated, and as he walked past Ghost King Bloodmoon, he said, "You should've attacked ages ago."

"I thought you could deal with it yourself. I didn't expect that move was all you've got." Ghost King Bloodmoon looked sideways at Zhang Ruochen with disdain.

Zhang Ruochen was also a bit gloomy. He didn't try and argue with Ghost King Bloodmoon, and instead, he used his mind power to inspect why he could only mobilize the power of the Universe World once.

Sword Saint Mingdong focused on Ghost King Bloodmoon. "Three-trial ghost king. You're the real great being here."

The crescent mark on Ghost King Bloodmoon's forehead started to gleam with blood-red light. She said, "Are you going to give me your saint soul yourself, or am I supposed to take it?"

"So what? Now that you finally showed up, I'll annihilate you today."

Sword Saint Mingdong saluted Xianji Mountain and said, "The elder of the death race, Lord Blood Emperor, will follow your request. Please, kill our enemies for us, as long as you spare the life of that Time and Space Descendant."

Whoosh!

The sky turned dark immediately.

A cold and ghastly trace of power gushed out of Xianji Mountain, which horrified all the saints, shaking the mountains around them.

There seemed to be countless shadows running, flying across the mountains and rushing toward the southern cliff. It seemed that the entire Xianji Mountain was engulfed in darkness, and those shadows looked like tumbling waves, destined to destroy everything.

Chapter 1348 - Star Manipulation Spell

Translator:

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Editor:

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The aura that surged from deep within Xianji Mountain was extremely terrifying. All the cultivators present felt that their saint souls were about to fly out of their bodies.

Ghost King Bloodmoon bore great pressure. Cracks appeared on her ghost body.

The other cultivators were naturally even worse off. They were practically all sprawled out on the ground. They couldn't bear the aura's suppression at all.

"Haha! All of you will die!" Sword Saint Mingdong laughed. He lowered himself onto one knee and kowtowed to the ball of deathly Qi in the air.

This actually made a Sword Saint kneel down and bow?

Qing Xiao, Zhang Ruochen, and Pei Yutian stood with difficulty. They didn't fall, but their shock was ineffable.

The ground was densely-packed with black shadows. The ball of deathly Qi in the sky had a bony hand hovering in it. Not only did it have five fingers, it also had an arm.

"It really is that thing..."

When it had escaped from under the Taoist temple a while ago, it had only been a finger. Now, it had become a skeletal hand. Clearly, some other bones had escaped from the seals and combined with it.

How much stronger was it now, compared to before?

“Oh no, oh no. We’re dead today. I haven’t even cultivated the Sky-Swallowing Technique to the highest level and I’m going to die.”

Guoguo sprawled out on the ground, unable to move. It was filled with regret. If it had known better, it would’ve hidden inside the Universe World without coming out.

Faced with such a terrifying and unknown creature, even Qing Xiao and Pei Yutian, who’d gone through many deadly experiences, chuckled wryly. They knew that it was likely that they would die today.

Zhang Ruochen was looking at the sky above him. His eyes narrowed suddenly. “Loo... What is that?”

Qing Xiao and Pei Yutian raised their heads at the same time, looking into the sky. A star was flying quickly through the vast universe outside of Kunlun’s Field. It was falling toward the ground, falling straight at Xianji Mountain.

At first, the star was only a bright dot in their vision. Soon, it looked like a moon. A moment later, one-tenth of the sky was taken up by the star.

At that moment, Zhang Ruochen could see the craters on the star clearly. He could feel a huge destructive aura coming from it.

Pei Yutian’s eyes narrowed. “This must be the legendary Star Manipulation Spell, the top saint spell of the Xinsu Sect. It’s able to destroy a part of the world. It’s said to be able to counter Supreme Saints.”

The Xinsu Sect’s status among the seven ancient sects was second only to the Moon-Worship Demonic Sect. Its headquarters were in the north and it was the top force of the northern region.

Pei Yutian had always cultivated in the north, so he was naturally very familiar with the Xinsu Sect.

“Star Manipulation Spell? I heard that the Xinsu Sect will only use this move when they’re facing an existential crisis. Even if they use it, it should be used to destroy the Immortal Pavilion.

Why are they attacking Xianji Mountain?” Qing Xiao didn’t understand.

Pei Yutian’s expression was very serious. “No one is more familiar with the north than the Xinsu Sect. Perhaps they know a secret that the others don’t know and think the Xianji Mountain Death Race is more threatening than the Immortal Vampires. That’s why they used the Star Manipulation Spell to kill an unknown being of the Death Race.”

As it got closer to Kunlun’s Field, those looking from the ground would see that the entire sky was covered by the star. The craters and mountains were before their eyes. It was extremely shocking. One could imagine that an area of 100,000 miles in radius would probably become a no-man’s land if it struck the earth.

All the creatures in Red River Mansion, including the human and Immortal Vampire armies, felt repressed even if they didn’t imagine the star hitting the earth. They couldn’t breathe.

Most of the beings close to Xianji Mountain had already fainted, falling down in masses.

Qing Xiao gasped. “Even if it really is the Star Manipulation Spell, no one in the Xinsu Sect can cast it, right? Who is that strong?”

According to records of the Star Manipulation Spell, it had only been used four times. The most recent time was at the end of the middle ages. It was 100,000 years ago.

Was there a new Emperor-level figure in the Xinsu Sect who could control the Star Manipulation Spell?

Zhang Ruochen had some knowledge about the Xinsu Sect too. “It might not have been done alone. If the various Saints of the Xinsu Sect work together and borrow the strength of the 28 saintly mountains of Xinsu, they might be able to cast the spell.”

Northern region, Xinsu Sect headquarters.

The 28 saintly mountains towered over the ground, each one looming in the clouds. They radiated with brilliant light and

millions of disciples knelt below the mountain, bowing to it reverently.

The various Saints of the Xinsu Sect were gathered on the 28 saintly mountains. Each person was covered in a layer of saintly glow. They put all their power into the 28 elders standing at the peak.

The entire sect was putting all their might into controlling the Star Manipulation Spell. It seemed that they wanted to flatten Xianji Mountain.

On Xianji Mountain, many blood vessels appeared on the surface of the bone hand. The black shadows that had projected onto the ground flew up, combining with the hand. As more and more black shadows were combined, the hand grew bigger and bigger.

Finally, the palm stretched for eternity, seeming to be tens of thousands of miles long. It slammed up at the sky.

Boom.

The bone hand left a handprint on the star's surface that stretched for tens of thousands of miles. It kept sinking in too. The next moment, the star was shattered. Broken shards dropped onto the ground.

Zhang Ruochen, Qing Xiao, and Pei Yutian would never forget this scene. It was too shocking. This kind of power was unimaginable. It seemed to be even stronger than the power they'd always been pursuing.

Merely a hand was mighty enough to destroy the world. One couldn't imagine what level the hand's owner had been when he was still alive.

Atop the 28 saintly mountains of the Xinsu Sect, all the Saints spat out blood. They were injured greatly. Very few Saints could keep going.

Among them was a white-robed elder at the centermost mountain. He said bitterly, "Will the Death Race truly arrive at Kunlun's Field and be unstoppable?"

Kaboom.

Star fragments continued to fall down on Xianji Mountain. Some were thousands of miles long and looked like a mountain range on the ground. Even the smaller pieces were thousands of meters long. They turned into steep mountains on the ground.

The tectonic plates became unsteady. Volcanoes erupted in many places. Smoke and dust flew up, covering the sky. They stretched for thousands of miles without dispersing.

The scene before their eyes was like the end of the world.

Qing Xiao closed his eyes and sighed. "It seems that a catastrophe will truly fall upon Kunlun's Field. And we're only the first group of beings to die."

The bone hand pressed down above their heads, carrying heavy deathly Qi.

Just as everyone thought they would definitely die, the crescent moon mark on Ghost King Bloodmoon's forehead grew redder and redder. Something moved in Zhang Ruochen's Sea of Qi too.

The Sun-Moon Crystal Coffin hovering under the Divine Sky-connecting Tree sighed. Then, the coffin that hadn't moved in forever actually flew out of the Universe World, breaking out of Zhang Ruochen's body.

The sun and moon marks on the Sun-Moon Crystal Coffin were extremely bright. It crashed against the plummeting bone hand.

Boom.

The bone hand was broken into a dozen pieces. All the black shadows were torn apart too.

Then the Sun-Moon Crystal Coffin rushed back toward Zhang Ruochen's forehead. Affected by the coffin's gravitational pull, the broken pieces of bone flew into the Universe World too.

This entire process happened in the span of a breath.

All the deathly Qi in the sky scattered. Only the heavy dust still floated in the clouds, making the world seem dark.

The few who were still conscious—Qing Xiao, Pei Yutian, Sword Saint Mingdong, and Situ Fengcheng—were all shocked. They stared at Zhang Ruochen in unison.

They didn't even see the coffin clearly. They only saw a blazing sun and bright moon fly out of Zhang Ruochen and shatter the bone hand. Zhang Ruochen didn't know what had happened either. He was curious as to who exactly lay inside the coffin. Were they truly dead?

Before, Han Qiu had comprehended the Rules of Darkness beside the Sun-Moon Crystal Coffin. It seemed now that it wasn't a coincidence.

Zhang Ruochen stared at Ghost King Bloodmoon. She had been born where the Sun-Moon Crystal Coffin had appeared. She looked extremely similar to the woman inside the coffin too.

They must have some connection between them.

Ghost King Bloodmoon shook her head softly. "Just now, I only felt a strange energy surge into my body. There was no other feeling. Anyway, I don't know any more than you. There's no point in asking."

"Since the bone hand was taken care of," Zhang Ruochen said, "let us kill the enemies as soon as possible. Then we can enter the Universe World to ask her personally. We might be able to learn the answer."

After the Sun-Moon Crystal Coffin shattered the bone hand, Sword Saint Mingdong was terrified. He rode his sword and escaped as quickly as possible.

Situ Fengcheng, however, did not escape. He stared at Zhang Ruochen, Ghost King Bloodmoon, Pei Yutian, and Qing Xiao. Knowing that he couldn't escape today, he smiled. "I don't know if I'm lucky or unlucky to have been born in the same period as you all. Whatever. I no longer have any desires in this life. I will battle the world in the next life!"

Then Situ Fengcheng picked up Zhu Qingyi's corpse. He stood up tall on the broken land. His expression looked as if he thought death was closure.

“Oh no.” Zhang Ruochen’s expression changed drastically. He hurriedly wrapped everyone up in Holy Qi and used the Great Spatial Move.

Situ Fengcheng’s body gradually turned red. Like burning porcelain, densely packed cracks appeared everywhere. His body exploded and a burst of explosive power flooded in all directions.

The higher the cultivation, the more destructive it was when the saintly source was deactivated.

Even though Zhang Ruochen had used the Great Spatial Move to escape 200 miles, he still suffered from the intense shockwaves. He was seriously hurt.

Thankfully, no one had died. They were all still alive.

Chapter 1349 - The Complicated Imperial Government

Translator:

Larbre Studio

Editor:

Larbre Studio

The entire southern cliff of Xianji Mountain was engulfed in fire. Other than those who joined the battle, other creatures were all burnt into ashes.

The entire world became dead.

Qing Xiao wiped away the blood on his lips and said, "Situ Fengcheng is a great enemy. What a pity that I couldn't fight him till the end."

"This is an era of heroes. Only a small number of us can actually grow to become someone. There'll be more people falling in the future," Zhang Ruochen said.

The battle ended with all the immortal vampires being killed except Sword Saint Mingdong and Ying Huo, which was a huge victory to human beings.

However, Zhang Ruochen wasn't as pleased as he ought to be, and instead, he felt a great sense of danger.

What kind of secrets were hiding in Xianji Mountain?

Where had the death race come from?

A mere bony hand was already that powerful. Would there be a skull? A leg? Or even a complete great being of the death race?

Perhaps there would be a greater danger in the future, and this battle was only the beginning.

Zhang Ruochen realized more than ever that he really needed to work harder to improve himself, otherwise, he wouldn't survive.

Martial Saint Canglan retracted her wings, landed on the ground and said, "Ying Huo ran away! What just happened here? Which human supreme saint stopped the bony hand from Xianji Mountain?"

Martial Saint Canglan went to chase Ying Huo before, so she didn't know what had happened.

Pei Yutian and Qing Xiao just learned that there was a huge secret behind Zhang Ruochen, and that secret couldn't be leaked to others. Otherwise, it would only lead to chaos.

Everyone stayed silent for a while, and then, Pei Yutian turned around and started to leave. He said, "I have something else to attend to. Qing Xiao, is the bet still on?"

"Of course, it's still on," Qing Xiao said.

Pei Yutian didn't turn his head around. He said, "I've reached the level of half-truth and half-virtual one saint way rules. I'll definitely become a true saint before you do. You'd better prepare the two saint medicines I require."

Pei Yutian vanished right after he finished his last word.

"He's so poor and desperate!" Qing Xiao smiled and shook his head.

Martial Saint Canglan frowned, looked to Qing Xiao and Zhang Ruochen and said, "Did you hear what I said?"

Qing Xiao shook his head and said, "A great being like that, we won't be able to see his real body even if he shows up."

Martial Saint Canglan looked to Zhang Ruochen and said, "You didn't see it either?"

"No." Zhang Ruochen shook his head as he didn't want to be questioned by Martial Saint Canglan anymore. He pointed at the fire behind and said, "Situ Fengcheng blew up his saint source and was burnt into ashes with Zhu Qingyi. Do you want to go look for your Fentian Sword?"

Martial Saint Canglan looked at them suspiciously as she reckoned they were definitely hiding something. She hummed, flapped her wings and rushed into the fire.

Qing Xiao turned to Zhang Ruochen with caution after Martial Saint Canglan had left and said, "I know you have lots of great beings helping you, and that you've established your power. Your secret is thrilling and terrifying. However, the imperial government is a very complicated organization, much more complicated than you think. Please don't flaunt yourself, and don't make yourself the target before everything's clear."

Zhang Ruochen sensed that Qing Xiao was hiding something. He asked, "When will everything be clear?"

"When the ten blood emperors have conquered the central region and the First Central Empire, or when all the blood emperors have been slaughtered."

Qing Xiao knew something, but he wasn't sure about it, so he could only be subtle.

Whoever jumped up before everything was clear would fall instantly.

Obviously, Qing Xiao saw that Zhang Ruochen was displaying his power too much, so he warned him, as he was worried.

Zhang Ruochen nodded as he understood what Qing Xiao meant. He said, "I'll keep a low-profile for a while."

"What're you going to do?" Qing Xiao asked.

Zhang Ruochen smiled and said, "I'll recruit people to make my sect stronger until everything's clear."

Martial Saint Canglan walked out of the fire, holding her Fentian Sword. She stroked the sword and couldn't contain her joy. Suddenly, she stopped smiling and said, "Recruit people to make your sect stronger? Are you planning a coup?"

"I just want a sect for my own, and I need enough power to deal with the possible turbulence," Zhang Ruochen said.

Martial Saint Canglan nodded and said, "Good for you. Remember, you'll never end well if you go against the imperial government. However, you've done well this time

and have made great contributions. I'll definitely report your merits, and perhaps it'll cancel out your crimes in the future, or even get you crowned."

Although Martial Saint Canglan had said it in an aloof way, Qing Xiao could still tell something different from that. He found it surprising that the head of the heavenly maidens who disdained everyone was willing to help Zhang Ruochen.

Even Qing Xiao knew that Zhang Ruochen was a person wanted by the empress, and there must be some deep reasons for it. Whoever pleaded on his behalf would be risking his or her life. There was no way Martial Saint Canglan didn't know the dangers of it.

However, what the head of the heavenly maidens said confused Qing Xiao.

Martial Saint Canglan and Qing Xiao left and headed to the headquarters of the Ministry of War.

"How complicated is the imperial government now?" Zhang Ruochen mumbled as he watched them leave, and then, he departed as well.

Sword Saint Mingdong and Ying Huo met up with each other at the border of Hongchuan Mansion after they fled.

The battle in Xianji Mountain was horrific, as if heaven and earth were being shattered. Ying Huo couldn't be more curious. She asked, "What happened after I fled?"

When the Sun-moon Crystal Coffin flew out of Zhang Ruochen's body, it moved very quickly, and besides, Sword Saint Mingdong stood very far away, so he didn't see who had made the attack.

Sword Saint Mingdong still had some lingering fear. He said, "A sun and a moon flew to the sky at the same time, which crushed the bony hand. They must be two emperor-level beings."

"A sun and a moon? Were they the martial lord from Martial Market Bank and the leader of the demonic sect?"

Ying Huo looked confused, mumbling.

Sword Saint Mingdong couldn't be sure, so he didn't answer that question directly. He said, "Anyway, some emperors made an attack, so we can't be blamed for the failure."

Ying Huo couldn't figure out the reasons behind it. She said, "Let's go back to the temple now. Perhaps our leader knows the answer."

...

The Sun-moon Crystal Coffin was still floating under the Divine Sky-connecting Tree, thirty feet above the ground. It was transparent and gleaming with light. There was an exquisite-looking female corpse lying inside, which seemed to be sleeping instead of dead.

There were thirty-four fragmented bones floating around the Sun-moon Crystal Coffin, and each bone contained great devil death Qi.

Every time they tried to gather together, a trace of light would be shot out of the coffin and break them.

Zhang Ruochen and Ghost King Bloodmoon stood under the Sun-moon Crystal Coffin. They tried everything to communicate with the female corpse in the coffin, but all their efforts were in vain.

She was still and silent. Only the sun mark and the moon mark kept absorbing the holy Qi from the Divine Sky-connecting Tree, forming two saint Qi bridges.

"Who is she?"

Even Ghost King Bloodmoon was confused.

Zhang Ruochen noticed that even Ghost King Bloodmoon wasn't able to communicate with her, so he released a trace of mind power and asked the Divine Sky-connecting Tree, hoping it might know something.

The Divine Sky-connecting Tree was indeed knowledgeable, however, the new seedling had only inherited a small part of the memories of the original tree, so it wasn't sure who that female corpse was either.

“We can confirm that the Sun-moon Crystal Coffin is a divine weapon of Moon Worship Demonic Sect, so perhaps we can find something about it on the ancient records of the demonic sect.” White Li Princess walked forward, showing up behind Zhang Ruochen and Ghost King Bloodmoon.

Zhang Ruochen agreed with what White Li Princess said. He mumbled, “Perhaps the Crazy Alcoholic and Gu Songzi know something about it.”

The Crazy Alcoholic and Gu Songzi had been chased by Ye Xiaoxiang to the deep of Xianji Mountain, and Zhang Ruochen wasn't sure whether they had survived that or not.

The Crazy Alcoholic knew how to make Six Saints to the Sky Wine, and Gu Songzi had the Hua Divine Pill. If he managed to recruit them into Secret Sect, it would quickly rise to a top-tier power in Kunlun's Field.

Unlike the demonic sect, Zhang Ruochen wanted this kind of talent more than anything.

Since that bony hand had been crushed, the deep area of Xianji Mountain wasn't as dangerous as before, so Zhang Ruochen decided to go there by himself.

Before departing, Zhang Ruochen asked the Divine Sky-connecting Tree a second question. “Why can I only mobilize the power of Kunlun's Field temporarily?”

“It's because your body hasn't integrated with Kunlun's Field perfectly yet, so your saintly way rules haven't integrated with those of Kunlun's Field. It'll take you a long time before you can utilize the power of Kunlun's Field with ease,” the Divine Sky-connecting Tree answered.

“I understand.”

Zhang Ruochen wasn't disappointed at all. He didn't care whether he could utilize the power at ease or not as he wouldn't utilize that power unless he was in a desperate situation.

The best power to rely on was his own power.

Zhang Ruochen brought Guoguo, monster ape and White Li Princess out of the Universe World. He brought them to Yuan Hu, smiled and said, “See that island at the center of that island? There’s an herb garden on the island which is filled with divine medicine. And now, it’s time for you to make up for your wrongdoings. Whoever gets more saint medicine will be rewarded instead of being penalized.”

“Really? Full of divine medicines?”

Guoguo’s eyes gleamed. It licked its lips.

Zhang Ruochen knew what Guoguo was talking about. He said, “You don’t need to go get the divine medicines, White Li. Just make sure they don’t take them again.”

White Li Princess was much steadier than Guoguo and Monster Ape. She asked, “How about you? Where are you going?”

“I’ll go to the deeper area of Xianji Mountain, but I’ll be back soon.”

Zhang Ruochen flew to Xianji Mountain immediately. He not only wanted to look for the Crazy Alcoholic and Go Songzi, but also wanted to figure out the secrets as well.”

After arriving at the top of a mountain, Zhang Ruochen took a look behind him. He saw Guoguo and Monster Ape roar at the same time as they rushed to Wuyuan Island.

Zhang Ruochen smiled and shook his head. He transmitted a message to White Li Princess through his mind power, telling her that there was a supreme saint formation left around Yuan Lake and Wuyuan Island, and that she was supposed to let them suffer a bit instead of being killed.

Chapter 1350 - Disordered Time and Space

Translator:

Larbre Studio

Editor:

Larbre Studio

Deep within Xianji Mountain was a sealed zone. It was filled with chaotic rules of the world, including disorderly time and space.

Zhang Ruochen was clearly going forward, but he kept retreating uncontrollably.

“Reversed space.”

Zhang Ruochen touched his chin and stopped. He walked in a different direction.

Thud!

He'd only taken one step and he suddenly lost balance dramatically. He fell into a spatial bubble.

Bolts of lightning flashed through the spatial bubble. They were so dense and countless. It was like a mini thunder world and was very dangerous.

Next, Zhang Ruochen encountered some other strange spaces. Thankfully, he was the Time and Space Descendant and a bit familiar with these spaces, so he could deal with them calmly.

If it were any other Saint, they would probably get lost here.

Exactly what kind of place is Xianji Mountain? The spatial structure changes so much and is so unstable. Could it be the bridge between the Kunlun's Field and another world?

Zhang Ruochen stopped walking. He didn't continue to venture on. He felt that there was a greater danger up ahead.

With his current cultivation, it was already a bit difficult to reach this point. If he continued, he'd probably be unable to return to Kunlun's Field.

Zhang Ruochen backtracked. He walked out of the chaotic space and reappeared in Xianji Mountain.

The rules of space and time are very active. This is a nice place for cultivation, but it's too dangerous. If I run into Death Race cultivators, it will be troublesome.

Zhang Ruochen didn't stay here for long. He returned to Yuan Lake.

Princess White Li stood at the edge of Wuyuan Island. She floated on a green seaweed as if she weighed nothing. Her long white cat tail moved softly, creating ripples in the water.

Seeing Zhang Ruochen walk across the water, she asked, "Any discoveries?"

Zhang Ruochen shook his head lightly. "I can't go in at all. It seems to be a path leading to another world, but it's isolated by the chaotic time and space. I discovered dozens of spatial bubbles. Each one is a small world filled with danger. What about you? How is the progress? Did they get any saintly medicine yet?"

"That rabbit picked 42 saintly medicines," Princess White Li said. "The Demon Ape picked 42."

"That fast?"

Zhang Ruochen was shocked. The divine medicine garden was filled with danger. There was also the Supreme Saint formation guarding the saintly medicines. Even picking one would take a lot of effort.

Zhang Ruochen had only spent half a day deep within Xianji Mountain.

How did they pick so much medicine in half a day?

Princess White Li was annoyed. Disdain in her eyes, she said, "They spent more than half a month and only picked that bit of medicine. And you think it's fast?"

“It’s already been more than half a month?” Zhang Ruochen’s eyes narrowed. After thinking carefully, he murmured to himself, “No wonder the flow of time felt strange.”

Princess White Li didn’t ask what Zhang Ruochen had encountered. Her snow-white ears twitched and she looked toward the forest. “They’re back!”

Guoguo and the Demon Ape rushed out of the forest. Guoguo carried a saintly flower with four petals. They were red, blue, white, and green and shone with light. They were like four saintly clouds.

The Demon Ape held a blade of silver saintly grass. The roots were very thick and shone with specks of silver light.

The two beasts were both injured. Some places were burnt, some had scarred over, and other places were still bleeding. It was clear that they’d suffered inside the divine medicine garden.

“Lord Chen, you’re finally back. That cat abused us. She forced us to pick medicine in the garden and hit us if we didn’t go. Half of my injuries are because of her.”

Guoguo threw down the saintly medicine and latched onto Zhang Ruochen’s leg, sobbing pitifully.

Princess White Li just scoffed. Without speaking, her eyes moved toward the sparkling lake. She seemed to have discovered something.

The Demon Ape shrunk to only three meters tall. It limped over to Zhang Ruochen and put on a pleading expression. “Master, we’ve already picked more than half of the saintly medicine in the garden. The rest is in the heart of the Supreme Saint formation. We can’t get close at all. If you keep having us go, we’ll most likely die in there.”

Guoguo knew that Zhang Ruochen was the mastermind and also knew the reason, so it said, “Lord Chen, we were wrong. We won’t ever dare to eat saintly medicines again! Never!”

“Master,” the Demon Ape followed. “With my current cultivation, I can attack a large clan or the saint pavilion. I can

rob them and make up for the saintly and spiritual medicine I stole.”

“I’ll go rob them too,” Guoguo said.

Zhang Ruochen chuckled. “Whatever! I’ll just forgive you two this time. You don’t have to go rob other clans of their saintly medicines. In the next few days, let’s stay low.”

Hearing that Zhang Ruochen would move on now, Guoguo and the Demon Ape let out relieved breaths. They nodded firmly. “Lord Chen, whatever you say.”

Princess White Li was staring somewhere on Yuan Lake. “Zhang Ruochen, someone is spying on us. They’re not weak either.”

Zhang Ruochen had already perceived that. He nodded and said, “He’s well-hidden and collected his aura to the max. Unfortunately, he had some emotions when I appeared. He must be a strong figure who knows me.”

Hearing Princess White Li’s conversation with Zhang Ruochen, Guoguo was filled with indignation. It stood by the water and yelled, “Who is it? Who dares to spy on Princess White Li? You are so shameless and perverted! Get out of there and take a hit from me, your Rabbit Lord!”

Princess White Li was embarrassed. Spying? How come it sounded weird when it came out of the rabbit’s mouth?

Slight Holy Qi waves appeared on the lake’s surface. The person hiding knew that he’d been discovered by Zhang Ruochen’s group, so he was fleeing quickly.

“Fool, where are you going?”

A dragon roar came out of Guoguo’s mouth. It transformed into a demonic dragon and rushed out from the safe zone. It caught up to the semi-transparent fleeing figure and reached out its hundred-meters-long dragon claw.

Kaboom!

The semi-transparent figure let out a muffled grunt. He blocked the hit, but his body was sent flying and crashed into a mountain in the near distance.

His body appeared fully. Surprisingly, it was Zhao Qilin, the leader of the Night Emissaries of the Moon-Worship Demonic Sect.

Zhao Qilin's cultivation was in the Heaven Pass Realm. He was a top figure but had been sent flying by a claw. How could he not be surprised?

"Fool, if you dare to spy on Princess White Li, you must pay for it."

Guoguo rushed over again. It struck with a dragon claw, pressing down on Zhao Qilin's head. Half of his body was sent underground.

Zhao Qilin was both furious and annoyed. He was the leader of the Night Emissaries, but he was being called a fool by a savage beast. How could he not be furious?

And...spying?

As a Saint, how could he be so perverted?

However, that savage beast's cultivation was terrifying. It suppressed and immobilized Zhao Qilin. His bones felt like they were about to fall apart.

Zhao Qilin pushed upward with both hands, fending off the dragon claws. "Zhang Ruochen," he said hurriedly, "we can talk..."

"Yes, we can talk, but I have some questions for you." Zhang Ruochen walked over to Zhao Qilin's side. "Where is Ye Xiaoxiang, lord of the Night Palace, and Xiao Mie, lord of the Zhenwang Palace?"

"Will you let me go if I tell you?"

Zhang Ruochen shook his head. "No. How can one question save your life? You must answer at least three of my questions."

"Do your words count?" Zhao Qilin asked.

"I'll spare your life if you answer honestly. How about that?"

"Okay," Zhao Qilin answered. "The two palace lords received a message from the High Priest to leave Xianji Mountain

immediately. I don't know where they went.”

Half a month ago, Xianji Mountain had indeed been a place of death. It was the center of the storm. Perhaps the High Priest had told Ye Xiaoxiang and Xiao Mie to leave for safety reasons.

Zhang Ruochen chuckled. “Then why are you still in Xianji Mountain?”

“The two lords told me to stay here and investigate Feng Zuisheng and Lord Ku's tracks. I must notify them as soon as I find anything.”

Hearing this, the worry in Zhang Ruochen's heart finally lifted. Those two old men really did escape death.

Zhao Qilin stared hard at Zhang Ruochen. “What is your third question?”

“There is no third question,” Zhang Ruochen said.

“You...” Zhao Qilin knew that he'd been fooled and instantly shook with anger.

Zhang Ruochen turned around and started walking toward the distance. “Make it quick for him,” he said to Guoguo. “Bury him after he dies and put up a stone tablet.”

“Okay.”

Guoguo unleashed all its power. Demonic fog poured out of its dragon claws and covered Zhao Qilin entirely. Guoguo forced it into his body to suppress his Holy Qi and prevent him from activating his saintly source.

In the fog, Zhao Qilin screamed, “Zhang Ruochen... Wait! There's something else... Something very important...about your mother...”

Zhang Ruochen stopped abruptly. He hit some Holy Qi out, dispersing the demonic fog.

Whoosh!

His body flashed and Zhang Ruochen appeared before Zhao Qilin. He grabbed Zhao Qilin's collar and lifted him up from

the ground. Raising him into the air, Zhang Ruochen said coldly, “What did you just say?”

“You must promise to spare me before I tell you,” Zhao Qilin said.

Zhang Ruochen tossed him onto the ground with a thud. “Speak! I’ll take it as your third question.”

Zhao Qilin lay on the ground and panted heavily. When his breathing steadied, he finally said, “Around a month ago, news that your meridians were disabled spread through the five human regions. Some people had their eyes on your treasures, so they searched for your trace. They wanted to kill you. Some people even wanted to kidnap your mother to force you to appear.”

Zhang Ruochen’s eyes turned even colder. It was tragic. No matter how much he did for the human race, there were still greedy people who would take advantage of his troubles and make things worse.

These people were even more detestable than the Immortal Vampires.

He’d planned on disappearing for a while to cultivate without distractions. However, Zhang Ruochen’s heart couldn’t stay calm now. He just wanted to hurry over to the Central Empire City.

Clenching his fists, Zhang Ruochen said, “Tell me, who are they?”

Chapter 1351 - Arrive in Central Emperor City

Translator:

Larbre Studio

Editor:

Larbre Studio

Zhao Qilin knew how powerful Zhang Ruochen's mind power was, so he didn't dare hide anything. He said, "One of the three subsidiaries of Thousand Buddha Way, Life-death Temple and Black Market, both instigated it.

"But the ones you should blame the most are the Ancient Ghost Cultivation Race and Ancient Necromancer Race. They used the name of our sect to redirect the hate to Concubine Lin who's living in Central Empire City."

Zhang Ruochen released a trace of cold Qi and said, "Used the name of the demonic sect?"

Zhao Qilin was afraid that Zhang Ruochen misunderstood him, and he immediately explained what he meant.

It turned out that there were spies from the Ancient Ghost Cultivation Race and Ancient Necromancer Race, and they were trying to exploit the feud between the deity of the demonic sect Ouyang Huan and Zhang Ruochen to instigate people.

"Rest assured, Lord Zhang. The saintess of my sect is going to Central Empire City to fight them. Concubine Lin will be fine."

Zhao Qilin was one of the leaders of Night Palace that was responsible for collecting information, so he knew a lot of information.

"The Ancient Ghost Cultivation Race and Ancient Necromancer Race."

Zhang Ruochen tried to control his emotions, then he asked, "Is the saintess of your sect still in Central Empire City?"

"She should be," Zhao Qilin said.

Zhang Ruochen closed his eyes and said calmly, "Okay, you can leave now!"

"Are you really letting me go?"

"Just go! Why are you even talking? Do you need me to crush all your bones then throw you away?"

Guoguo raised his furry fist and spoke fiercely.

Zhao Qilin was a bit scared of that savage beast that looked like both a dragon and a rabbit. He immediately stood up and flew away as fast as possible.

A mild wind flowed to Zhang Ruochen.

Princess White Li stared at where Zhao Qilin left and said, "Are you really letting him go?"

"Though he's already a saint, he doesn't have strong willpower. Perhaps it's better to spare his life for the future," Zhang Ruochen said.

Zhang Ruochen didn't like cowards. However, a person like that might be of better use if he stayed on the opposition side.

"Perhaps it's time to go to Central Empire City before the new year."

Zhang Ruochen looked at the foggy sky and started to recall Concubine Lin.

He was not only the crown prince of Sacred Central Empire, but also the ninth prince of Yunwu Commandery. Zhang Ruochen felt the motherly love from Concubine Lin the first time, and he had treated Concubine Lin as his true mother for a long time.

They hadn't reunited to spend the new year and to have new year's eve's dinner together for a long time.

When everyone was reuniting with their families, they were all alone.

Zhang Ruochen had been trying to hide from the hunting of the imperial government. He had either hidden in Yin and Yang Sect or Blood God Sect. He had been through lots of extreme dangers for resources and cultivation.

Concubine Lin was only an ordinary person who didn't have the willpower Zhang Ruochen did. Perhaps in her world, Zhang Ruochen was her everything.

She would definitely worry and cry like every other mother whenever she learned that Zhang Ruochen was in danger.

It wasn't because Zhang Ruochen didn't want to go see her, but rather that he didn't dare to do so.

Zhang Ruochen had way too many enemies, and if those enemies shifted focus to Concubine Lin, it would be her doom.

Now, things were different, as his enemies were already targeting Concubine Lin, so he had to go.

The Universe World had already come into being, turning into a stable and safe world. It was time to bring Concubine Lin in.

Zhang Ruochen left Xianji Mountain and headed toward Central Empire City.

Central Empire City used to be the capital city of Qingchi Central Empire, and after Emperor Qing and Chi Yao united the world, it became the city of the First Central Empire.

After Chi Yao rose to the throne, she led her saints and changed the spiritual meridian of the entire Kunlun's Field.

All the spiritual meridians gathered at Central Empire City, which made the Central Empire City richest of spiritual Qi across the entire Kunlun's Field. All the monks gathered in the city, which made it much more prosperous than the capital city of Chiqing.

Central Empire City was the embodiment of the prosperity of the human beings, and its birth was a great miracle.

To Zhang Ruochen, Central Empire City was a dangerous spot. However, now that the Immortal Vampires, Death Zen Sect and Yi Ghost Capital City were all causing chaos, most of the saints weren't in Central Empire City.

This was the best time to head to Central Empire City.

There was a space wormhole beside Hongchuan Mansion in the north that led straight to Central Empire City.

Both Zhang Ruochen and Huang Yanchen had practiced Traceless 36 Changes. They changed their bodies, faces, and forces, turning into an old man and an old woman.

Huang Yanchen's hair became white, and she was stooping because of her back. She said in a hoarse voice, "Sorry, I shouldn't have hidden it from you, but that was when your meridians were crushed. I was scared that you might..."

"No need to explain. I understand you perfectly."

Zhang Ruochen held Huang Yanchen's hands tightly and smiled. "Not many people will be genuinely nice to me. I'll cherish everyone who does that."

Huang Yanchen pouted, put her head against Zhang Ruochen's chest and then smiled with sweetness and bitterness.

Zhang Ruochen realized that she was very emotional, so he asked, "What happened?"

"Nothing."

Huang Yanchen tried to control her emotions, pounded Zhang Ruochen's chest gently and said, "I'm just wondering whether you disdain my ugly and aging face or not."

"Why would I do that?"

Zhang Ruochen stroked Huang Yanchen's wrinkled face and said, "You've given the youngest, and the most beautiful years of your life to me. In my mind, you'll always be youthful and pretty."

"When I really become old and ugly and you're still young, you might not say that anymore," Huang Yanchen said.

"If you get older by one year, then I'll grow older by one year too. As long as you're not leaving me, I'll follow you everywhere." Zhang Ruochen held her hands more tightly.

A familiar voice came from afar. "The love is still so strong at such an age. How adorable."

Martial Saint Canglan went to the space wormhole, followed by six female saints.

It was Martial Saint Canglan and Saintess Liu Li who had said that, and she adored the way Zhang Ruochen and Huang Yanchen embraced each other.

Zhang Ruochen feared that they might recognize them, so he dragged Huang Yanchen to the group.

After an hour, the space wormhole opened. Zhang Ruochen, Huang Yanchen, Martial Saint Canglan, and the other six saintesses all walked in.

As they walked out of the space wormhole, they arrived in Central Empire City, showing up on a square.

“Martial Saint.”

A team of royal golden-armored soldiers was waiting on the square, and they all groveled seeing Martial Saint Canglan show up.

Those monks standing around were also horrified. They groveled on the ground and didn't even dare to raise their heads.

Zhang Ruochen shot a glare at Martial Saint Canglan as he now understood why she was so filled with pride. Perhaps nobody in Central Empire City dared cross her.

At this moment, Zhang Ruochen noticed an exquisite being, and he quickly lowered his head.

Saint Lady was wearing a Confucius robe and walked out of the royal golden-armored army. She was wearing a bun on her head, dressed in male customs, though she still looked pretty.

However, her mind power was so great that almost nobody could see her face.

Saint Lady smiled and said, “Congratulations, Sister Canglan, for making it to the heaven pass realm and getting Fentian Sword back.”

Martial Saint Canglan only smiled after seeing Saint Lady. She said, “Why did you come here yourself, Nalan?”

“I came here to receive and congratulate you. Surprised?”
Saint Lady said.

Martial Saint Canglan found Saint Lady to be a bit weird today, but given that she had gained a lot in the north, she didn't overthink it.

Surrounded by the royal golden-armored army, Martial Saint Canglan and Saint Lady left together, heading toward Ziwei Palace.

Meanwhile, a trace of mind power was transmitted into Zhang Ruochen's mind. “Midnight tonight, Qinghong Pavilion.”

Zhang Ruochen smiled bitterly, watching Saint Lady leave. Saint Lady turned around and gave him a look as well.

“I got recognized anyway! That means she wasn't waiting for Martial Saint Canglan. Instead, she was waiting for me. Did she know in advance that I was coming to Central Empire City? I used the Buddhist beads of Buddha Emperor to cover my forces. How did she know about us being here?”

Zhang Ruochen got more and more worried.

If Saint Lady knew exactly where he was heading to, did the other Confucius great beings know as well?

Huang Yanchen asked, “Did she notice us?”

“Yes. She asked me to go meet up with her tonight.” Zhang Ruochen didn't hide anything from her.

Huang Yanchen said, “Then go!”

“You don't mind it?” Zhang Ruochen smiled.

“I have fight Saint Lady's morals and your principles. I reckon she might have something very important to tell you tonight,”
Huang Yanchen said.

Zhang Ruochen couldn't wait anymore. He said, “Let's go to the heir mansion first.”

Each heir had a mansion to themselves, and Concubine Lin was living in the mansion that belonged to Huang Yanchen.

Zhang Ruochen and Huang Yanchen managed to get in without being noticed by the guards at ease.

Zhang Ruochen saw Concubine Lin's stooping back. She was sitting on the threshold and staring at the sky.

Zhang Ruochen felt sad seeing that, and he started to tear up a bit. He called, "Mother."

Chapter 1352 - Murderous Intent Surges

Translator:

Larbre Studio

Editor:

Larbre Studio

As if shocked by electricity, Concubine Lin trembled and turned around slowly.

When her eyes fell upon Zhang Ruochen, she trembled even more. However, seemingly thinking that it was a hallucination, she looked back and shook her head, sighing.

Kong Xuan stood beside her. She was now a grown-up beauty. Seeing Zhang Ruochen and Huang Yanchen, her pretty face was filled with joy. She helped Concubine Lin stand up.

“Mistress, the Lord really has come back. Hurry and look. It’s not a hallucination. It really isn’t a hallucination.”

Zhang Ruochen walked to Concubine Lin. His eyes stung and he hugged her tightly. There were so many things he wanted to say, but he didn’t know where to start. In the end, he only said, “Mother, Chen-er is here to pick you up. We’ll never separate again.”

“Chen-er... You’re back, you’re back...”

Concubine Lin felt as if she was dreaming. It didn’t feel real. She hugged Zhang Ruochen tightly, afraid that he would disappear the next moment.

There were endless things to say since the mother and son were reunited. They didn’t leave the room and go to the dining hall until Qing Mo and Huang Yanchen finished cooking dinner.

“Kong Xuan, sit down and eat as well,” Zhang Ruochen said, chuckling. “If you don’t try Qing Mo’s cooking, you’ll definitely regret it for life.”

Kong Xuan was already a Half-Saint, but she still stayed beside Concubine Lin loyally as a servant. It was because of her care that Concubine Lin could move on from her depression every time.

Thus, Zhang Ruochen didn’t treat her as a servant either. Instead, he treated her like half a disciple.

“Thank you, Lord.” Kong Xuan bowed at Zhang Ruochen and sat down.

Reuniting after so long, Zhang Ruochen felt very happy. He wished this could continue and that he didn’t have to care about the battles and bloodshed of the world anymore.

However, peace wasn’t so easy. Conflicts were unavoidable.

Under the night sky, heavy murderous intent surged.

Whoosh!

Eerie wind blew past outside the Heir Mansion. Many black shadows appeared, standing in the dark.

An elder with sallow pallor held a dark red saintly staff. He stared at the well-lit Heir Mansion. “Spiritual King Saint Ancestor is distracting Ling Feiyu. Tonight is our best chance to act. We must capture Zhang Ruochen’s mother no matter what.”

“But there’s news from the north that Zhang Ruochen’s meridians haven’t been disabled,” a young cultivator said, worried. “Instead, he improved vastly and even killed people like Qi Zhenhuan and Blood Saint Miefeng. Wouldn’t we offend a great enemy by capturing his mother?”

“What do you know? Zhang Ruochen has already become our two races’ enemy. We can only remove future dangers by killing him. No matter how strong Zhang Ruochen is, can he be stronger than Spiritual King Saint Ancestor? Can he be stronger than Corpse Emperor Tianming?”

After scolding the cultivator, the elder added, “Princess Yinying already declared that if this mission fails again, all of us will be turned into ghost servants.”

The black shadows all trembled. Then heavy icy Qi radiated from them all. The elder waved his saintly wand. Thousands of ghostly shadows flew out, turning into eerie wind and rushing toward the Heir Mansion.

All the spiritual lights in the Heir Mansion shook violently and were extinguished.

As soon as the soldiers guarding the Heir Mansion sensed something wrong, many ghostly shadows rushed into them, taking over their bodies. In an instant, these soldiers were frozen in place. They couldn’t move and their expressions were dull. It was as if they’d been possessed.

Whoosh, whoosh.

The cultivators of the Ancient Ghost Cultivation Race and Ancient Necromancer Race transformed into dark shadows and snuck into the Heir Mansion.

People were eating in the dining hall. Huang Yanchen looked at the wavering lanterns and noticed that enemies had broken into the Heir Mansion. “Brother Chen,” she said coldly, “I’ll go out to welcome the guests.”

“Stay and tell Mother about our interesting stories in the Blue Dragon Void World, Yin Yang Sea, and the northern region. I’ll go welcome them.”

Zhang Ruochen patted Huang Yanchen’s shoulder and gestured for her to sit down. Then he smiled at the slightly unsettled Concubine Lin and walked out of the dining hall.

Standing on the stone steps, Zhang Ruochen turned around. He faced the dining hall and reached out. Heavy Spiritual Power surged out of his palms. It formed a sound barrier that wrapped around the entire dining hall.

“Look, there’s a figure standing outside the dining hall.”

“As long as it’s not Zhang Ruochen’s mother, kill them all.”

Two black shadows flew down from the rooftop like ghosts. They waved their swords at once, cutting down on Zhang Ruochen from two difficult angles.

Boom, boom.

Before their swords could fall on Zhang Ruochen, their bodies exploded into clouds of bloody mist.

Zhang Ruochen was furious. The Ancient Ghost Cultivation Race and Ancient Necromancer Race really dared to come and kidnap his mother. If he hadn't hurried back earlier, wouldn't they have succeeded?

He must give them a painful lesson.

"There's a strong cultivator protecting Zhang Ruochen's mother."

Seeing two pretty strong brethren die horribly, the cultivators of the Ancient Ghost Cultivation Race and Ancient Necromancer Race rushed over. Some stood in the yard; others stood on the rooftops. They surrounded Zhang Ruochen.

"It's only a junior. There's nothing to be afraid of." A balding elder sneered. He shook his bell violently.

Ding, ding.

Behind him, four Half-Saint battle corpses charged forward. They wore armor and held blood swords. The Corpse Qi that radiated from them was filled with decaying power. All the trees and flowers in the Heir Mansion wilted.

Zhang Ruochen huffed and pressed in the air. A gust of Holy Qi surged forward. The four Half-Saint battle corpses stopped in the air. The corpses exploded into yellow sand and filtered out of the armor, scattering on the ground.

Only four empty suits of armor fell onto the ground.

"Oh my. It's a Saint."

The cultivators of the Ancient Ghost Cultivation Race and Ancient Necromancer Race all gasped. The balding elder was especially terrified. He couldn't help but retreat, wanting to escape.

Zhang Ruochen pointed and sword waves flew out. They hit the balding elder's forehead. With a boom, his entire skull exploded.

The elder with sallow skin wielded his dark red saintly staff. Riding eerie wind, he appeared above the dining hall. Seeing the elder appear, the cultivators of the two races all let out relieved breaths. They bowed in unison.

“Greetings, Elder Lisheng.”

Elder Lisheng's eyes locked onto Zhang Ruochen. “Kid,” he said in a low voice, “you best mind your own business. If you go against the Ancient Ghost Cultivation Race and Ancient Necromancer Race, you won't have a good ending.”

Zhang Ruochen glanced at him. “Who is behind this? Tell me and I'll spare your corpse.”

The cultivators of the two races all thought that this young man was extremely arrogant. How dare he speak to a Saint Elder like this?

Saint Elder Lisheng noticed Zhang Ruochen's cold eyes. His heart tremored. Realizing that this young man wasn't simple, he asked cautiously, “Who exactly are you?”

“Who am I? Can't you tell that I'm the one you want to kill?” Zhang Ruochen removed his Spiritual Power, revealing his true appearance.

“Zhang Ruochen.”

Terrified cries sounded.

Nowadays, Zhang Ruochen's name had spread throughout the land. He was no longer a junior that could be butchered by anyone. Merely his status as the Hierarch of the Blood God Sect could scare cultivators to death.

The cultivators of the Ancient Ghost Cultivation Race and Ancient Necromancer Race trembled in fear. They fled in all directions, regretting coming to the Heir Mansion. Saint Elder Lisheng was no exception. He tried his hardest to escape. How did he dare to fight against Zhang Ruochen? Their cultivations were heavens apart.

“You want to go?”

Zhang Ruochen didn't attack yet. He just released his saintly might and enveloped the entire Heir Mansion.

The cultivators of the Ancient Ghost Cultivation Race and Ancient Necromancer Race all knelt on the ground in fear. No one could remain standing upright. Some even passed out directly.

At the same time, Zhang Ruochen reached out and grabbed into the sky.

A dozen-meter-long handprint appeared. It captured Saint Elder Lisheng at the border of the Heir Mansion and dragged him back, restraining him in the handprint.

Hands behind his back, Zhang Ruochen walked emotionlessly to Saint Elder Lisheng. “Tell me, who is in charge? Where are they?”

“Zhang Ruochen, you better let me go!” Saint Elder Lisheng roared. “Otherwise, you'll have a tragic ending.”

Zhang Ruochen stopped questioning him. He extended a hand, pressing down at Saint Elder Lisheng's forehead. He wanted to steal the man's memories and search for the answer himself.

Saint Elder Lisheng obviously knew Zhang Ruochen's intentions. Thus, he deactivated his Holy Qi and sent it into his saintly source. The next moment, destructive power poured out of him.

“You're deactivating your saintly source?” Zhang Ruochen furrowed his brows.

He retreated quickly and pressed down at the same time. He shattered the space around Saint Elder Lisheng, forming a zone of broken space.

Saint Elder Lisheng's body was swallowed by the space. After he deactivated his saintly source, the space only trembled slightly. It didn't cause much destruction.

Then Zhang Ruochen started asking the other cultivators. Unfortunately, their cultivations were too low and had limited knowledge. He didn't get many valuable answers.

He only confirmed one thing: they had followed Princess Yinying's orders. The two races seemed to have sent many Saints to the Central Emperor City too. Not only were they here to capture Concubine Lin, they'd also come to meet some powerful figures of the imperial court.

Princess Yinying was Feng Yinchuan's elder sister. Her main motive was probably to take revenge for Feng Yinchuan.

He killed all the cultivators of the Ancient Ghost Cultivation Race and Ancient Necromancer Race, crushing them into dust.

Then Zhang Ruochen took out the Buddha's sarira. He flew around the Heir Mansion, purifying the ghosts that had taken over the guards.

The guards didn't know what had happened. They thought that they'd just been dazed. Not thinking too much, they started patrolling and standing guard again.

Zhang Ruochen pushed open the dining hall's door. He walked in with a smile and sat back down. Smiling, he said, "Mother, how was your chat with Yanchen? The Blue Dragon Void World, Yin Yang Sea, and the north were all very interesting. It wasn't dangerous at all. That's all just nonsense."

Chapter 1353 - Qinghong Pavilion

Translator:

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Editor:

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The weather started to get colder as it was approaching the year's end.

Qinghong Pavilion was deep in the bamboo forest. Water flowed under the bridge, and it looked quiet and serene, which was in sharp contrast to the bustling Central Empire City.

Saint Lady was sitting in the attic, dressed in female costumes that were made of ice. Her skin was smooth and glossy, and her hair was perfectly brushed.

She was making tea, and her hands looked elegant. Every time she moved her fingers, they had lingering charm.

Countless monks in the world would do anything just to see the face of Saint Lady. If they could make tea and talk about Taoism with her, they might be willing to live a hundred years less.

Zhang Ruochen walked through the bamboo forest, arriving outside Qinghong Pavilion. He sniffed the tea and smiled. "Ancient Tea of Saintly Way. Can't believe that stingy Chu Siyuan would give you the tea leaves of this."

Saint Lady pouted and said, "He's indeed very stingy, so I actually got the tea leaves by climbing up the Ruzu Ancient Tree and picking them myself. He still glares at me every time he sees me."

Zhang Ruochen smiled as he could imagine how hilarious the look on Chu Siyuan's face was. And then, he walked into Qinghong Pavilion and sat down across from her.

Saint Lady picked up a teacup and gave it to Zhang Ruochen. She said in an incredibly gentle voice, “Try it.”

Zhang Ruochen took a sip, swirled it around in his mouth, nodded and said, “No wonder you’re Saint Lady. Even the tea you make is heaps better than others.”

“I thought you were praising the tea, but now you know how to praise others. No wonder so many girls in the world fall for you,” Saint Lady said.

Zhang Ruochen put down the teacup, smiled and said, “Although Ancient Tea of Saintly Way is precious, perhaps all the men in the world will focus on it when you’re in the picture.”

“So are you saying you need a favor from me?”

Saint Lady picked up the teapot and poured another cup for Zhang Ruochen.

Zhang Ruochen said, “Can’t I just praise you for no reason?”

“Is that really so?” Saint Lady asked back.

Zhang Ruochen stayed silent for a while, and then he said, “I want to know who from the Ancient Ghost Cultivation Race and Ancient Necromancy Race has come to Central Empire City, and I want to know about their cultivation, trump cards, and inhabitation.”

Saint Lady sighed and said, “You’re also so stiff. Can’t we just enjoy the tea and have some wholesome chats instead of thinking about those killings and hatred? You should know that with me in Central Empire City, those from the Ancient Ghost Cultivation Race and Ancient Necromancy Race can never hurt Concubine Lin, no matter how many of them come.”

“How about tonight?” Zhang Ruochen asked.

Saint Lady said, “That Elder Lisheng from the Ancient Ghost Cultivation Race? He blew up his saint source, but he was sucked into oblivion because of you.”

The fact that she could tell so many details of the story meant she had been nearby watching everything that happened in the

heir mansion.

However, Zhang Ruochen hadn't noticed that at all.

Zhang Ruochen stared at Saint Lady sitting across from him and asked, "Has your mind power reached level fifty-four?"

"You're a martial warrior who trains your body, yet even your mind power has reached level fifty-three. If mine hadn't reached level fifty-four, I'd be ashamed," Saint Lady smiled and said.

Zhang Ruochen then asked, "How did you know I was coming to Central Empire City?"

"I'm Saint Lady. I know everything about everyone, including where you were heading to."

Saint Lady looked smug on purpose, however, after seeing Zhang Ruochen's solemn face, she lost interest in teasing him. She stopped smiling and asked, "Do you know about the Heaven and Earth Chessboard?"

"I heard a bit about it," Zhang Ruochen said.

Saint Lady said, "Although you have the valuables to cover your forces and disciplines, you can't trick the Heaven and Earth Chessboard. I put your name on the chess piece myself, so I know exactly where you were heading to."

The Heaven and Earth Chessboard was a great secret of Confucius Way and the imperial government, so Saint Lady didn't say anything more about it.

Zhang Ruochen said, "You put the name 'Zhang Ruochen' on it?"

"If the name was Zhang Ruochen, do you really think you'd still be alive?" Saint Lady said.

"Thank you."

Zhang Ruochen knew the risk Saint Lady took to change the Heaven and Earth Chessboard. It was a traitorous act, and if she got caught, she would face a horrific result.

Zhang Ruochen said, "Then how can I dodge the inspection of the Heaven and Earth Chessboard?"

“Unless you leave Kunlun’s Field and hide yourself in another world, the Heaven and Earth Chessboard will have your saint soul on it always. There’s no way you can hide,” Saint Lady said.

“So the Heaven and Earth Chessboard focuses on saint souls,” Zhang Ruochen mumbled. And then, he said, “Change my name back after you go back. I don’t want to drag you down.”

Saint Lady said, “Are you leaving Kunlun’s Field?”

“Not yet, but I have a way to hide from the Heaven and Earth Chessboard,” Zhang Ruochen said.

The Universe World had been born, so Zhang Ruochen could totally put his saint soul inside so that the Heaven and Earth Chessboard wouldn’t be able to find him at all.

Saint Lady knew Zhang Ruochen had his way around, and she didn’t ask any further questions. She then said, “You shouldn’t have come to Central Empire City. It’s way too dangerous for you!”

“I didn’t want to, but I had to,” Zhang Ruochen said with his eyes glinting. “I don’t have any problems with them coming at me, but if they’re going after my families, I’ll have to make them pay.”

Saint Lady could tell Zhang Ruochen was determined, and that he wouldn’t give up until he reached his goal, so she said, “Feng Yinying, the oldest princess of the Ancient Ghost Cultivation Race, who is also the older sister of Feng Yinchan, has become an elementary true saint. You killed Feng Yinchan, so she’s definitely coming after you.”

“I reckon she doesn’t just want revenge. She might also want the valuables I have, doesn’t she?” Zhang Ruochen said.

“Don’t underestimate her. She’s very accomplished at ghost cultivation, and based on my knowledge, she has cultivated at least six ghost kings.” Saint Lady then said the second name. “Spiritual King Saint Ancestor, someone from the Ancient Ghost Cultivation Race that has been living for a thousand years with incredible cultivation. I heard that he went to the

second scale monument of Emperor Godly Ruler and comprehended for three days there.”

“Emperor Godly Ruler, one of the ten saint weapons, came out?” Zhang Ruochen was a bit surprised.

Saint Lady said, “Emperor Godly Ruler was always there, and it’s been preserved in Inscription Guild and guarded by the ten elders. However, only those who have become saint kings can sense the existence of Emperor Godly Ruler. Those below saint kings have no idea what it is.”

Zhang Ruochen had heard before that Emperor Godly Ruler was used to test the cultivation of emperors, and it contained supreme saintly way.

Aside from being taught by supreme saints, comprehending saintly ways at the Emperor Godly Ruler was the best way for saint kings to improve themselves.

Inscription Guild had always been the neutral power in Kunlun’s Field, and it had been recruiting mind power monks all the time. There were subsidiaries among not only human beings, but also savage beasts. It was the most mysterious and ancient power in Kunlun’s Field, and it had never meddled with any fights.

Any creature who had reached the level of saint king could go to Emperor Godly Ruler to comprehend the saintly ways.

If Spiritual King Saint Ancestor was able to comprehend the saintly way on the second scale monument, that meant he wasn’t someone who just became a saint king.

“Spiritual King Saint Ancestor is also in Central Empire City?” Zhang Ruochen asked.

Saint Lady nodded and said, “I think he’s still fighting the head of saintesses of the demonic sect, Ling Feiyu.”

Ling Feiyu must’ve also become a saint king to fight Spiritual King Saint Ancestor, and with her sword way accomplishments, normal saint kings wouldn’t be able to fight her, so Zhang Ruochen wasn’t worried about her much.

“Who else is here aside from Feng Yingyin and Spiritual King Saint Ancestor?” Zhang Ruochen asked.

Saint Lady said, “Tianming Corpse Emperor.”

“Emperor Tianming?” Zhang Ruochen asked.

Saint Lady said, “That’s right. However, Emperor Tianming died a long time ago, so even if he was revived, he still has some corpse Qi, which is why we call him Tianming Corpse Emperor. Tianming Corpse Emperor is refining in the Ancient Necromancy Race, so he’s also a part of the race.

“Also, there’s something else you need to know. Not long ago, Tianming Corpse Emperor wanted to get back his Tianming Summoning Rune, and he fought Wan Zhaoyi for that once and was able to rival him.”

Zhang Ruochen frowned and said, “He’s already strong enough to fight Wan Zhaoyi? He’s advancing too fast!”

“He used to be an emperor after all,” Saint Lady said. “His understanding of saintly way is much better than ours. I’d be surprised if he improved more slowly than us. Aside from those three, there’re also some ancient great beings from both races, but they’re not a threat to you, so I won’t bother you with the details.”

“Thank you.”

Zhang Ruochen said thank you the second time.

After telling Zhang Ruochen where Feng Yinying was hiding, Saint Lady took out a jade-made box and gave it to Zhang Ruochen. “I knew you were going to need this, so I procured one for you.”

Zhang Ruochen opened the box, and a tumbling Xuanhuang Qi was released, permeating Qinghong Pavilion. Saintly way rules also gushed out.

“Xuanhuang Pill.”

Zhang Ruochen was thrilled, and then, he quickly closed the box.

Legend had it that Xuanhuang Pill could help saints develop Xuanhuang Qi and reach Xuanhuang realm. It was a very scarce saint pill, and only mind power supreme saints could make them using saintly way rules.

Zhang Ruochen didn't ask Saint Lady where she had obtained Xuanhuang Pill, but he couldn't had appreciated it any more, as he wanted to make it to Xuanhuang Realm more than anything else.

“Are you going to thank me for a third time?”

Saint Lady smiled and stared at Zhang Ruochen. She was happy that Zhang Ruochen kept owing her favors, or she was just happy that she could help Zhang Ruochen as much as possible.

Certainly, Saint Lady was a clever girl, and she didn't want it to be Zhang Ruochen's mental burden. She then said, “Don't overthink. I'm just paying you back for saving my life before. I'm the one who's supposed to say thank you.”

Chapter 1354 - Sword Dancing In The Snow

Translator:

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How could Zhang Ruochen not understand the Saint Lady's intentions?

Zhang Ruochen didn't expose her. He just took out the remaining Blue Dragon Divine Dew and handed it over. "The dew from these divine medicines might not be as valuable as the Xuanhuang Pill, but it's very helpful for Spiritual Power cultivators. I hope it can help you improve."

It was very hard to keep improving after reaching the 54th level. However, Zhang Ruochen's Blue Dragon Divine Dew could help the Saint Lady go from the beginning to the middle of level 54.

The Saint Lady wasn't unreasonable. She accepted the dew and smiled. "The Blue Dragon Divine Dew and the Ancient Way of Saintly Tea is a perfect match. It seems like my Spiritual Power will improve vastly."

Drinking tea, discussing the Way, and having a beauty for company should be a joyful thing. But Zhang Ruochen wasn't in the mood. In the end, he left early.

Returning to the Heir Mansion, he took Princess White Li out of the Universe World. He explained the current situation and said, "Saint Elder Lisheng was killed. The Ancient Ghost Cultivation Race and Ancient Necromancer Race will definitely send strong figures to check tonight. Kill them all once you discover them."

Princess White Li crossed her arms over her chest. “Why don’t we go over now and destroy them?” she asked casually.

“Isn’t it better to kill them all when they’re all here?”

Zhang Ruochen had learned from the Saint Lady that only Feng Yinying guarded the place where the Ancient Ghost Cultivation Race and Ancient Necromancer Race were at. If he touched Feng Yinying, the other strong figures would definitely sense danger and escape from the Central Emperor City. Doing that would alert them too early on.

Zhang Ruochen also wanted to use this chance to improve his cultivation more.

Entering a secret room in the Heir Mansion, Zhang Ruochen started cultivating in seclusion.

He’d combined the memories and comprehension of the Saintly Way from six lives. Thus, Zhang Ruochen’s understanding far surpassed his current level. If he took some saintly medicine or pills, his cultivation would rise.

Now, I’m in the middle stage of the upper-level Saint Realm. I’ll cultivate to the pinnacle first, then take the Xuanhuang Pill. That way, I won’t waste the pill.

Zhang Ruochen took the Four-Color Cloud Lotus, a ten-thousand-year-old saintly medicine from the Universe World.

He activated the Jingmie Divine Fire and melted the Four-Color Cloud Lotus into a liquid of four different colors. He purified it until only the essence remained.

After swallowing the liquid, Zhang Ruochen’s body seemed to turn into four-colored divine stone. Four types of light interwove on his skin.

At the same time, his cultivation rose 100 times faster than normal. This was a speed only made possible by refining saintly medicine.

...

In the seventh zone of the Central Empire City was a manor that spanned thousands of acres.

Mingjing Manor.

The cultivators of the Ancient Ghost Cultivation Race and Ancient Necromancer Race gathered here. Even during the day, Mingjing Manor was eerie and dark. Ghosts wandered around and corpses practiced swordsmanship. Even the water in the lake was bloody.

Feng Yinying sat in the main hall. She stared at the Half-Saint kneeling before her. Cruelty appeared on her pale face. “What did you say? Elder Lingu also didn’t return? Starting with Saint Elder Lisheng, this is the fourth group of cultivators that went to the Heir Mansion to check, but none of them have returned. Has this Heir Mansion become a no-man’s land?”

“There must...” the kneeling Half-Saint said, trembling.

“There must be...a strong figure protecting the...Heir Mansion in the background.”

“Ling Feiyu is restrained by Spiritual King Saint Ancestor. What other strong figure can soundlessly kill three Saints and two Ghost Kings in a row?”

If Mingjing Manor didn’t need someone guarding it, Feng Yinying would’ve gone to the Heir Mansion personally. She really wanted to know just how dangerous it was.

Just then, she sensed strong Saintly Way ripples entering Mingjing Manor. The entire manor turned colder and eerier.

“Spiritual King Saint Ancestor is back!”

The frost on Feng Yinying’s face scattered. With a joyful expression, her body moved and vanished from her seat.

There was a blood-red river in the center of Mingjing Manor. Right now, a black coffin floated on it.

Strange ghostly words flowed across the coffin’s surface. Cold Qi emanated from each word. A regular Half-Saint would be frozen to death by the Qi even if they stood on the lakeside.

Spiritual King Saint Ancestor lay in the coffin.

Feng Yinying appeared at the lakeside. She was shocked to sense that Spiritual King Saint Ancestor’s condition wasn’t right. “Saint Elder, are you hurt?”

A weak voice came from the coffin. “No wonder Ling Feiyu was once an undefeatable pride of an era. She’s only reached the Saint King Realm, but she’s not any weaker than me. But even though I’m injured, she’s not any better.”

“In that case, please rest well. I will take care of what’s next.”

Feng Yinying left the blood lake. Returning to the main hall, she thought carefully. “The Saint Ancestor is hurt and an unknown figure appeared in the Heir Mansion. Seems like it’s time to invite Corpse Emperor Tianming back.”

With that, she carved a communication rune and sent it out.

In the Heir Mansion, Zhang Ruochen used the Jingmie Divine Fire and only spent three days to absorb all of the saintly medicine. His cultivation reached the later stage of the upper level. He’d improved vastly.

It was kind of a waste of medicine, but Zhang Ruochen was very satisfied with the improvement. It was practically a year’s worth of cultivation.

If I refine another saintly medicine, I should be able to reach the pinnacle.

He took out another saintly medicine. This one was even older than the Four-Color Cloud Lotus. It was close to 20,000 years old.

Zhang Ruochen melted it into liquid and swallowed it.

Only two hours later, burning heat came from his chest. His entire body was burning.

“What’s going on?”

He hurriedly stopped refining the liquid. Opening his collar, he saw that saintly lines were flowing across his chest. They wove into a rune.

“The Saint Figure Rune! Haha, it’s finally filled with Holy Qi and has shown itself.” Zhang Ruochen was very happy.

After Yan Liren, the Taishang Elder, had given the broken Saint Figure Rune to Zhang Ruochen, he’d used up all the saintly power after using it once. Then it melted into his body.

After that, it continuously absorbed the Holy Qi within him but never changed. It didn't appear until now.

In other words, Zhang Ruochen could use its power again.

With the Saint Figure Rune as his trump card, he was more confident in taking care of the Ancient Ghost Cultivation Race and Ancient Necromancer Race.

Just then, ripples appeared in his Spiritual Power. He sensed a familiar aura inside the Heir Mansion. A surprised look appeared in his eyes. "It's her."

Zhang Ruochen stopped cultivating and walked out of the secret room. He saw Ling Feiyu standing under a plum tree in a small yard of the Heir Mansion.

The plum blossoms on the tree were extremely vibrant, red like blood. White snowflakes floated in the air. They scattered onto the ground, landing on the branches, piling up on petals. They were white and pure, standing in stark contrast to the plum blossoms.

The red blossoms, white snow, and the red-clothed beauty under the tree formed a beautiful scene.

Ling Feiyu's back was to Zhang Ruochen. She seemed to be enjoying the flowers but also looked like she was waiting for someone.

"Meeting a comrade on a snowy day. Today is full of joys."

Seeing Ling Feiyu, Zhang Ruochen was extremely happy. He was a bit excited about reuniting after so long. Stepping through the snow, he hurried over, leaving a trail of footprints.

But before Zhang Ruochen could approach Ling Feiyu...

Whoosh!

A red figure flew out of Ling Feiyu. She held a long sword and stabbed toward Zhang Ruochen. It was only one sword, but there were thousands of sword shadows. It was filled with variations and difficult to figure out.

A translucent sword of Holy Qi formed in Zhang Ruochen's hand. He used the Nine-Life Sword Technique in reaction and

resolved the attack.

The red figure was Ling Feiyu's split form. Her sword technique was very sharp. By the fifth move, Zhang Ruochen could barely manage it.

“Zi Sword.”

He used the time sword technique and his speed increased more than ten times. With only one attack, he resolved all of the red figure's moves and started fighting back.

Instead of continuing to attack, the red figure retreated and overlapped with Ling Feiyu.

“Not bad. You're already very close to the Sword Saint Realm. The last move especially would be difficult for the typical Sword Saint to block.”

Ling Feiyu turned around and finally looked at Zhang Ruochen. Like an icy lotus, she seemed unapproachable.

The saintly sword in Zhang Ruochen's hand scattered into white smoke. He smiled. “You came at the right time. I have a question for you.”

“Speak,” Ling Feiyu said simply.

“How do I study the last level of Sword Seven, No Regret?” Zhang Ruochen asked. “I've spent a lot of time and effort but to no avail.”

“Have you done anything that makes you regretful?”

Zhang Ruochen shook his head. “Why should I regret what I've done personally?”

Even with Chi Yao's relationship, he only felt hate but no regret.

“You don't even know what regret means, so how can you be of no regret? It's just like if a person doesn't know what wrong is, they won't know what right is either. If you don't know love, you won't know hate. Every opposite object exists at the same time.”

How could one know light if there was no darkness?

Zhang Ruochen's eyes narrowed. "So you're saying that I haven't seen enough?"

"No regret means that you have a definite mindset. Even if you complete Sword Eight, you're still a fake Sword Saint if you can't reach this level."

Chapter 1355 - Halfway to Xuanhuang

Translator:

Larbre Studio

Editor:

Larbre Studio

Zhang Ruochen started to contemplate what Ling Feiyu had said.

To be a saint sword, one didn't just practice their sword techniques, but also their state of mind. If his or her state of mind couldn't be improved, they'd never become a sword saint.

Ling Feiyu said, "How many lifetimes of memories and saintly way comprehensions have you integrated?"

"Six," Zhang Ruochen said.

Ling Feiyu nodded calmly and said, "Not bad. With that experience, it'll benefit your future refining heaps."

Zhang Ruochen stayed silent for quite a while, and then, he said, "We spent three hundred years together in our sixth lifetime, and we made lots of unforgettable memories. Do you still remember them?"

Ling Feiyu was softened for a little bit, but then, she sharpened again. "Everything is illusory in 'Seven Lives and Seven Deaths Map.' What's the point of talking about this?"

"Have you ever liked me?"

Zhang Ruochen stared at Ling Feiyu's eyes, but Ling Feiyu dodged the eye contact immediately. She looked back to the plum blossoms and snow on the tree and said, "Why did you ask me this?"

"Because I did!"

Zhang Ruochen didn't want to lie to himself, and he said his true feelings.

Ling Feiyu clenched her fist very tightly, and she couldn't even breathe smoothly anymore. Apparently, she got really emotional.

Zhang Ruochen then said, "I didn't dare integrate the memories from the seventh lifetime. Can you tell me what happened between us in the seventh lifetime?"

"Then never do that, because there's no point."

Ling Feiyu couldn't stay calm anymore as she felt as if she were being dragged to the 'Seven Lives and Seven Deaths Map,' and the memories flooded back.

Puff!

Ling Feiyu spit blood out.

Only now did Zhang Ruochen realize how badly Ling Feiyu had been wounded. He held her waist, took out a Spring Pill and fed it to her.

Ling Feiyu felt the warmth coming from Zhang Ruochen's palm. She shot a glance at him, but she didn't try to get away in the end, nor did she attack Zhang Ruochen.

If it were another guy touching her waist, he might've been killed already.

"Did you get the wound from fighting Spiritual King Saint Ancestor?" Zhang Ruochen asked.

"I was hit by a four-trial ghost king he cultivated, but I annihilated that four-trial ghost king, and I stabbed him with my sword also, which means I'm still stronger than him."

Ling Feiyu was a very proud woman. Even if she was injured, she had to deduce who the winner was.

Ling Feiyu was injured because she was trying to protect Concubine Lin, so Zhang Ruochen still felt sorry. He said, "Spiritual King Saint Ancestor, isn't it? I'll go kill him tonight."

“Don’t be impulsive. He’s already lost the four-trial ghost king, so he won’t be my match after I heal.”

Only after becoming a saint king could one realize the gap between saint kings and saints. The gap couldn’t be bridged simply by body constitution and weapons.

Ling Fengyu was worried that Zhang Ruochen might lose his calm to get revenge.

“With Spring Pill, I’ll recover in three days’ time, then we’ll go annihilate all the powers the Ancient Ghost Cultivation Race and Ancient Necromancy Race left in Central Empire City,” Ling Feiyu said.

Spring Pills were indeed incredible healing medicines. However, to those who had greater cultivation, their healing power would diminish.

For saints, injuries would be healed in an hour after taking Spring Pills, no matter how severe the wounds were. However, for saint kings, it would take a much longer time.

“Okay, then we’ll let them live for a few days more,” Zhang Ruochen said.

With Saint Figure Rune, Zhang Ruochen was confident that he could defeat Spiritual King Saint Ancestor, but he wouldn’t be able to stop him from running.

If he did it after Ling Feiyu was healed, then they would have a much higher chance of killing Spiritual King Saint Ancestor together.

Fighting a saint king was a huge incident. If he was able to kill Spiritual King Saint Ancestor, it would shock the entire world and make the saints rethink ‘Zhang Ruochen.’

Zhang Ruochen asked Princess White Li to keep watch on Mingjing House and to tell him if the Ancient Ghost Cultivation Race and Ancient Necromancy Race made any move.

After three days, Zhang Ruochen refined the second saint medicine and reached the pinnacle level of an upper-class saint. He felt that he had countless powers inside his body.

Zhang Ruochen then took out Xuanhuang Pill and swallowed it, trying to make it to Xuanhuang Realm.

Only after comprehending Xuanhuang Qi and turning his saint Qi into Xuanhuang Qi could he reach Xuanhuang Realm.

Xuanhuang Qi was also called Xuanhuang Saint Qi, which was one of the saint Qi. However, it had better quality than ordinary saint Qi.

After swallowing Xuanhuang Qi, Zhang Ruochen didn't need to try to comprehend the essence of Xuanhuang Saint Qi. The saintly way rules that gushed out of the pill were the essence of Xuanhuang Qi, which merged with Zhang Ruochen's saintly way rules.

Xuanhuang Pill was made by a mind power supreme saint, which meant Zhang Ruochen was being guided by a mind power supreme saint now.

After comprehending the essence of Xuanhuang Saint Qi, the first trace of Xuanhuang Saint Qi was formed in Zhang Ruochen's body.

And then, the second trace, the third trace...

More and more Xuanhuang Saint Qi was formed in Zhang Ruochen's body, but it would take a longer time for him to convert his holy Qi into Xuanhuang Saint Qi.

"I reckon I'm halfway to becoming a Xuanhuang Saint now." Zhang Ruochen smiled.

The saint Qi in Zhang Ruochen's body was at the same level as Xuanhuang Saint Qi after being purified by Divine Fire Jingmie. Although he hadn't made a breakthrough yet, Zhang Ruochen had already had the power of Xuanhuang Realm.

Zhang Ruochen decided to go out since he couldn't reach Xuanhuang Realm temporarily. He invited Ghost King Bloodmoon, Guoguo, Monster Ape, Huang Yanchen, and Qing Mo out of the Universe World.

Everyone gathered together to discuss how to deal with the Ancient Ghost Cultivation Race and Ancient Necromancy Race.

Zhang Ruochen's plan was to take action tonight.

...

Inside Mingjing House, Feng Yinying had been wanting to take action a long time ago, yet he was stopped by Tianming Corpse Emperor.

Tianming Corpse Emperor had come back two days ago, but instead of helping Feng Yinying, he stopped her from going to the heir mansion, which pissed off Feng Yinying as she waited longer.

"If you're not going to do anything, then at least don't stop me."

Feng Yinying didn't want to wait anymore. She gathered all the great beings from the Ancient Ghost Cultivation Race and Ancient Necromancy Race and decided to make attacks tonight.

"I stopped you because I don't want you to get killed." Tianming Corpse Emperor finally started to explain himself and opened his shiny eyes.

He looked like an eighteen-year-old handsome boy, and his eyes looked like two blue jades. His skin was smooth and glossy, and there was spiritual Qi around him. Ordinary people couldn't sense the corpse Qi from him at all.

"Why?" Feng Yinying asked.

Tianming Corpse Emperor said, "If I'm correct, Zhang Ruochen should've arrived in Central Empire City already."

Feng Yinying was astounded. She said, "It was he who injured Lisheng Elder and Linggu Elder, wasn't it? How do you know he's arrived in Central Empire City?"

"If Zhang Ruochen has already learned that we're going after his mother, how could he not come back to Central Empire City? There's no news about him in the north anymore, which means he left the north. Isn't that quite obvious?" Tianming Corpse Emperor said.

Feng Yinying said, "Why is he still in the heir mansion instead of fleeing with his mother?"

“Obviously, he wants to fight us,” Tianming Corpse Emperor said.

“Him? Does he really think he’s able to fight us?”

Feng Yinying sneered and said, “If I were him, I would choose to escape Central Empire City to save my life.”

“Perhaps he has set up in the heir mansion to capture you,” Tianming Corpse Emperor said.

After calming herself down, Feng Yinying found that what Tianmint Corpse Emperor said made perfect sense. If Zhang Ruochen had really arrived and established lots of formations around the heir mansion, she would suffer if she just trespassed without serious considerations.

Feng Yinying said, “Are you saying what we’d better do now is to wait until Zhang Ruochen comes attack Mingjing House, then we’ll have the advantage?”

“That’s right. Now we’re just going to see who’s more patient,” Tianming Corpse Emperor said.

Feng Yinying smiled and said, “I’m not as patient as you. I’ll spread the news of him being here tonight and force him to make attacks.”

“Stupid. You’ll only scare him away by doing that. You’d better team up with some families from the Ministry of War to attack the heir mansion first,” Tianming Corpse Emperor said.

Feng Yinying said, “Team up with them? Even if we manage to capture him, they’ll get most of the valuables, and Zhang Ruochen will be thrown into jail, then we’ll gain nothing. Don’t you want Zhang Ruochen’s Five Elements Chaotic Body and God’s Destiny?”

“Which is why this is only a mediocre plan. The best plan is to wait until Zhang Ruochen makes his first move. I reckon Ling Feiyu is already healed, so tonight might be the night they make an attack.”

Tianming Corpse Emperor was almost impossible to figure out. It seemed that he could understand everything in the world.

Feng Yinying said, “Spiritual King Saint Ancestor isn’t healed yet. Perhaps he can’t fight Ling Feiyu.”

“Why are you scared? Do you think the formation around the house is only for decoration? Even saint kings might not be able to walk out safely if they trespass. Besides, I have a trump card with me. If they trespass in this place, they will never make it back,” Tianming Corpse Emperor said confidently.

Meanwhile, Zhang Ruochen had also fully prepared himself. First of all, he sent a signal flare to Martial Saint Canglan to tell her that Tianming Corpse Emperor was hiding in Mingjing House.

Huang Yanchen frowned and said, “Martial Saint Canglan indeed owes you a favor, but she works for the imperial government after all. Are you sure she’ll help you fight Tianming Corpse Emperor?”

“Martial Saint Canglan and Wan Zhaoyi work together, so they definitely wish that they can annihilate Tianming Corpse Emperor as soon as possible. All she needs to do is to break the formation protecting Mingjing House. She doesn’t need to fight Tianming Corpse Emperor herself. I reckon she’ll still help with such a small favor,” Zhang Ruochen said.

Huang Yanchen said, “What if she attacks both you and Tianming Corpse Emperor when we’re both crushed?”

“I’ve considered that. There’ll be someone powerful enough to hold her back.”

Zhang Ruochen put his hands behind his back, looked to the sky and said, “Now, we’re just going to wait until dawn. This will be a night of bloodshed.”

Zhang Ruochen needed to be extra careful as he was going to fight an emperor, so he mobilized all the powers he could.

Man proposes and God disposes.

Now it was time to see whose plan was better.

Chapter 1356 - Arrest The Rebels

Translator:

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Editor:

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The Ziwei Palace was gold and dazzling. Like scales, the layer after layer stretched for 500 miles. It was like a divine palace in the heavens.

Martial Saint Canglan radiated with a red saintly halo. It seemed that fire was burning on her beautiful body. Her slender fingers held a communication rune as she murmured, "This man has the guts to come to the Central Emperor City."

Crack.

After crushing the communication rune, Martial Saint Canglan stood up. She paced back and forth. A moment later, she got an idea and walked toward the military camp guarding the seventh region.

The general of the seventh region was Lin Yun. His cultivation was at the pinnacle of the Heaven Pass Realm. He was seventh of the generals of all the regions. His combat abilities were like a Heaven Pass Blood General's.

In the military, Lin Yun was from the Wan Family.

Seeing Martial Saint Canglan, Lin Yun's true form walked out to welcome her. "Greetings, Second Lady."

"Lin Yun, lead the army of the seventh region and come with me to capture the rebel hiding in the Central Emperor City." Martial Saint Canglan stood up tall. She released her strong might, giving Lin Yun much pressure.

Taking care of rebels wasn't Martial Saint Canglan's duty, but she proactively took this job. Lin Yun sensed that this was out of the ordinary.

Half an hour later, 50,000 soldiers charged out of the camp. They hurried to Mingjing Manor, surrounding it.

Outside the manor, Lin Yun finally realized Martial Saint Canglan's intent. "Mingjing Manor is where the Ancient Ghost Cultivation Race and Ancient Necromancer Race are gathered. Without a clear crime, we'll cause trouble by attacking them publicly. The Ancient Ghost Cultivation Race and Ancient Necromancer Race have a backing in the imperial court and army too. Many clans are friendly with them."

Lin Yun had heard that Corpse Emperor Tianming wanted to take back the Tianming Summoning Rune and fought an intense battle with Wan Zhaoyi. It was clear that Corpse Emperor Tianming was now a great enemy that the Wan Family needed to get rid of.

Thus, Lin Yun believed that Martial Saint Canglan's mission was targeted at Corpse Emperor Tianming.

"Don't think about all that," Martial Saint Canglan said. "Just follow my orders."

Zhang Ruochen stood in an abandoned yard. He looked in the direction of Mingjing Manor. Gazing at the murderous intent and Qi from the army, he smiled faintly.

Martial Saint Canglan indeed didn't disappoint me.

Then Zhang Ruochen continued setting a spatial maze in the yard. He planned on turning this into the second battlefield for emergencies.

After getting Martial Saint Canglan's command, Lin Yun led a battalion and attacked Mingjing Manor.

An elder of the Ancient Ghost Cultivation Race opened the door and walked out. He spat out a soundwave ripple. "Halt. This is the manor of the Ancient Ghost Cultivation Race and Ancient Necromancer Race. Who dares to break in?"

Lin Yun showed no fear. Holding a spear, he said coldly, “I received intelligence that a rebel of the Sacred Central Crypt is hiding in Mingjing Manor. I came to capture him.”

“You think the Mingjing Manor is somewhere you can enter whenever you want?” the elder roared.

With the heritage of the Ancient Ghost Cultivation Race and Ancient Necromancer Race, they wouldn’t respect an army general at all.

Lin Yun didn’t respect the elder either. “Does the Ancient Ghost Cultivation Race and Ancient Necromancer Race want to rebel as well? In that case, I will kill you all today.”

The elder’s heart quivered. This was the Central Emperor City, after all. If he was truly charged with the crime of rebellion, the consequences would be unimaginable.

Inside Mingjing Manor, Feng Yinying’s expression was dark. “Who gave this Lin Yun the guts to go against the two ancient races? Do they not want to live anymore?”

“They must be here for me,” Corpse Emperor Tianming said.

Feng Yinyang had a scornful expression. “How dare he capture you without a certain crime? He’s only the general of the seventh region. I won’t fear him...”

Boom.

The door of Mingjing Manor was forced open. It broke into pieces and fell into the yard. The elder of the Ghost Cultivation Race was also sent flying. He fell onto the ground like a straw man. Lin Yun had made a cup-sized hole in his chest.

Lin Yun held the spear and led a tide of soldiers into Mingjing Manor. “Everyone better follow my orders,” he yelled.

“Anyone who dares to stop the army from searching for rebels will be killed!”

Feng Yinying’s body flashed. She transformed into a gust of eerie wind and appeared before Lin Yun. The might of a True Saint spread out. “Who dares to become enemies of the

Ancient Ghost Cultivation Race and Ancient Necromancer Race?”

Lin Yun had the top combat ability below the True Saint Realm. But after meeting a real True Saint, he was still repressed to the point of suffocation. Icy power flooded into his body, slowing the flow of Holy Qi within him.

Just then, Li Yun felt the pressure lighten. Hot energy poured in from behind, dissolving the icy Qi.

Martial Saint Canglan, dressed in fiery armor, walked through the door. “The Ancient Ghost Cultivation Race and Ancient Necromancer Race are protecting rebels like this and going against the imperial court. Do you want to go extinct?”

Feng Yinying’s eyes narrowed. She sneered. “No wonder even a dog dares to break into Mingjing Manor. He has Martial Saint Canglan behind him.”

Martial Saint Canglan glanced at Feng Yinying and waved her hand. “Soldiers, listen. Go in and search. Search carefully. Don’t let any rebel loose.”

“You...”

Feng Yinying clenched her fists tightly. Icy light poured out of her eyes, but she didn’t continue to stop them.

If she did, she might really be made out to be a rebel. With Martial Saint Canglan’s status and the power she could manipulate, she was able to wipe out the Ancient Ghost Cultivation Race and Ancient Necromancer Race in the Central Emperor City.

Corpse Emperor Tianming sat calmly in the hall. He stared at Martial Saint Canglan, who was standing tall. He smiled. “I, the Corpse Emperor, am curious. How will you explain if you can’t find the rebel today?”

“Blasphemy!” Martial Saint Canglan said coldly. “The Empress is still the sovereign of the world. How dare you call yourself the emperor? It seems like the Ancient Ghost Cultivation Race and Ancient Necromancer Race truly want to rebel.”

Corpse Emperor Tianming's eyes narrowed. Murderous Qi flashed through his eyes. In the end, he stopped talking and swallowed it.

Martial Saint Canglan didn't really try to capture Corpse Emperor Tianming. If she really angered him, she probably wouldn't be able to walk out of Mingjing Manor alive today.

Anyway, there was someone who would kill him. Martial Saint Canglan didn't need to risk it.

The army was very barbaric in their searching. They tore down some of the buildings in Mingjing Manor and even dug up the ground in other places. Without anyone realizing, half of the manor's formation was destroyed.

In the end, they didn't find any rebels. All the soldiers retreated from the manor.

"It seems that there was a mistake in our intelligence. I am sorry for the disturbance!" Martial Saint Canglan turned and walked away.

Mingjing Manor returned to peace, but it was in ruins now.

With a whoosh, a ghost soul flew in from the outside. It consolidated into a solid ghost form. The 12-foot-tall Ghost King knelt on the ground and uttered in a strange language, reporting to Feng Yinying.

"All the soldiers retreated back to the camp?" Fen Yinying found it strange.

The Ghost King nodded.

Feng Yinying furrowed her brows. "What is Wan Canglan doing?" she murmured to herself. "She broke into Mingjing Manor with the excuse of capturing rebels and searched everywhere but didn't take anyone. She really just left like that?"

Corpse Emperor Tianming looked uncomfortable. "The three main offensive formations and two defensive formations were all destroyed. If I guessed correctly, a storm is coming."

"A storm? But didn't the army retreat... Are you saying Zhang Ruo Chen and Ling Feiyu? How is that possible? Martial Saint

Canglan is the head of the Nine Heavenly Maidens. She has a special status. How could she partner with a wanted criminal?"

Even though Feng Yinying couldn't accept this reality, she still had a bad premonition.

Just then, a repressive force swept through. Vast mantras sounded in the sky of Mingjing Mountain.

The dark night suddenly turned extremely bright. A sarira hovered in the air, shining with brilliant golden light. It suddenly struck downward.

Every beam of Buddhist light turned into the figure of a Buddha. They carried the origin power that only a Supreme Saint possessed.

"The Buddha's sarira. It really is Zhang Ruochen."

Cold light poured out of Feng Yinying's eyes. She took out a jade curse rune and pressed it into the sky. As Holy Qi poured into it, the rune grew bigger and bigger. Words appeared on it, transforming into a black cloud. It crashed against the sarira.

The sarira was blocked, but beams of golden Buddhist light shone through the cracks of the ghostly cloud, falling onto the ground.

Sizzle, sizzle.

The ghost soldiers and generals were all purified as soon as they touched the Buddhist light. Their souls scattered. The corpse soldiers and generals all let out pained cries. Their corpses were ignited and burned to dust.

Only the stronger Wuchangs, Ghost Kings, and Saint Corpses could fend off the sarira's Buddhist light.

Ling Feiyu attacked first. She used a saint sword and sent out a Ten-thousand-pattern Saint Sword.

Thousands of runes appeared on the blade. Terrifying destructive Qi burst forth. It hit the bloody lake at the center of Mingjing Manor, suppressing the Spiritual King Saint Ancestor who was healing there.

Boom!

The entire bloody lake was broken and had countless cracks.

Huang Yanchen and Qing Mo controlled the Heir Stamp at the same time, activating the Emperor Qi. The Heir Stamp became hundreds of meters long. It crushed down like a jade city.

Princess White Li struck with a saintly spell. A huge palm print appeared in the sky and pressed down.

Roar!

Argh!

Guoguo transformed into the Sky-swallowing Demonic Dragon. The Demon Ape grew to 1,300 feet tall. They charged at once, attacking Mingjing Manor.

In the span of a breath, the Mingjing Manor, having lost its defensive formations, was turned into rubble. Dust was everywhere. It was like a place of death.

In the distance, Martial Saint Canglan and Lin Yun stood on a tall platform, looking in the direction of Mingjing Manor.

Lin Yun's eyes were shocked. "Second Lady, what force are they from? How can they be this strong? Are they going to wipe out the Ancient Ghost Cultivation Race and Ancient Necromancer Race?"

"It's not beneficial for you to know too much," Martial Saint Canglan said coldly. "You only have to activate the formation in this area. Don't let the outside world know about the battle."

As the general of the seventh region, Lin Yun obviously knew how to control all the formations here.

When the soldiers surrounded Mingjing Manor, the surrounding formations had already been activated. No information could be sent out. The outside world had no clue what was happening inside.

Chapter 1357 - A Hero Saves One Person, An Emperor Saves Everyone

Translator:

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Editor:

Larbre Studio

Boom!

The Monster Ape crushed the walls around Mingjing House and slapped a fighting corpse with its giant demonic hand, turning it into pieces.

The Monster Ape had an enormous amount of power, and every time it wielded its hand, it made half the Mingjing House sink.

Feng Yinying couldn't be more furious. The Ancient Ghost Cultivation Race and Ancient Necromancy Race had suffered from a great loss before the fight had even begun. It was completely different from what she had expected.

“Hell Ghost King Claw.”

Yin Qi gushed out of Feng Yinying's body, and she clenched her fingers into a claw shape, hitting the belly of the Monster Ape.

The claw print flew out, which was cold and sharp and looked like a bone claw that was more than a hundred feet long.

Whoosh!

The Monster Ape's belly was torn apart, leaving five wounds that were more than a hundred feet long.

The power coming from the claw print knocked the body of the Monster Ape away, making a huge sound.

The Monster Ape wasn't killed. Instead, it climbed up and struggled to stand.

“Can't believe it survived my Hell Ghost King Claw.”

Feng Yinying was surprised, as even true saints would be annihilated by Hell Ghost King Claw, but obviously, the Monster Ape was nowhere near a true saint.

It only meant it had tremendous defense power.

“Again.”

Feng Yinying didn't give the Monster Ape a chance to stand up. She performed Hell Ghost King Claw again, aiming at the Monster Ape's head this time, trying to crush its head.

The bone claw print flew out, followed by a giant phantom of a ghost king, overlapping with the claw print.

“I'll fight you.”

The demonic dragon turned by Guoguo dived and clashed with the bone claw print with its dragon claw.

Bang!

The dragon claw was crushed and turned into a cluster of blood-red mist.

Guoguo screamed in agony and fell from the sky. It couldn't be more depressed, as it was able to heavily injure a heaven pass saint, yet it couldn't rival a true saint.

“Another Taigu remain.”

Feng Yinying was extremely hostile, and she reckoned that if she could manage to kill two Taigu remains, it would make up for the losses suffered from the two ancient races.

Feng Yinying pointed forward, and then, a finger force with a diameter of three feet was released, piercing through the body of that demonic dragon. Blood fell from the sky like rain.

Guoguo was heavily injured as it realized it was nowhere near as powerful as Feng Yinying. It immediately shrunk its body and turned back into a rabbit, falling on the ground and running out of Mingjing House.

“I’ll deal with you after I make a breakthrough, and after that I’ll skin you.”

Guoguo said the most provoking things, which infuriated Feng Yinying.

“Die!”

Feng Yinying formed another finger force again, and demonic Qi flowed around her arm, gathering at the tip of her finger.

Bang!

A deafening archery sound blasted, trembling the Spiritual Qi around it.

A white arrow was shot, leaving a trace of gleaming light, clashing with the finger force of Feng Yinying. Suddenly, an energy ripple blasted.

“Thank god...”

Guoguo took a deep breath, and then he looked forward. He saw Zhang Ruochen walking toward him holding the Clear Sky Bow.

“Lord Chen! Finally, you’re here! That she-devil almost killed me and the Monster Ape. Please use your power to capture her, then I’ll tie her up to the tree and splash her!”

Guoguo clenched its teeth as it spoke.

Feng Yinying was triggered half to death.

Zhang Ruochen pulled back his Shining Sun Arrow and drew his bow. He shot the arrow again and pierced through a two-trial ghost king close to the Monster Ape, turning it into ghost mist.

Feng Yinying stared at Zhang Ruochen and said, “There you are, Zhang Ruochen. Are you here to die?”

“I’m not here to die. I’m here to kill you.”

Zhang Ruochen reached forward with his arm and grabbed toward the space.

The Buddha Emperor sarira that was floating in the sky dived and flew back to Zhang Ruochen’s hand.

“You and those two Taigu remains?”

Feng Yinying shot a glance behind her, and she saw saint shadows walk out of the dust. There were at least six human saints.

There were mostly ghost kings and saint-level battle corpses.

The shiniest one was Tianming Corpse Emperor.

By only standing there, Tianming Corpse Emperor released great and commanding forces, thrilling the saints.

Tianming Corpse Emperor smiled and said, “Zhang Ruochen, we haven’t seen each other since Blue Dragon Void World.”

“Indeed. Unfortunately, the Tianming Corpse Emperor who’s worshipped and praised by countless human monks disappoints me by going after a commoner. This is not a moral thing to do, is it?” Zhang Ruochen said.

Tianming Corpse Emperor said, as if he were teaching a junior, “You’re still too young and naïve, Zhang Ruochen. Every emperor who manages to establish an empire does so by hook or by crook. Those moral emperors can’t even sustain an empire, not to mention establishing one. The empress nowadays is called ‘Holy Queen of Majesty and Morality,’ but perhaps she is more wicked than everyone else.”

Zhang Ruochen was rendered speechless and he couldn’t even argue against that.

Tianming Corpse Emperor said, “Only the wicked ones can become emperors. Those honorable ones can only be heroes. Heroes can only save a person or two, yet emperors can save the entire world.”

“We have different principles, so we’re bound to be on different paths. Today, we’ll decide who wins and who dies.”

Zhang Ruochen held Buddha Emperor sarira in one hand and the Abyss Ancient Sword in the other. His saint Qi, five-colored meridians and saint meridians flowed quickly in his body.

Whoosh!

The sarira gleamed brighter and brighter.

As for the Abyss Ancient Sword, sword Qi was released from it, and countless traces of it flew out of the blade.

“I’ll get your Five Elements Chaotic Body and God’s Destiny to be an emperor again, after which I can save this chaotic world.”

Tianming Corpse Emperor looked handsome with his hair waving in the air. Sword Qi and Buddha light bounced back because of his forces.

With every step Tianming Corpse Emperor took, Zhang Ruochen felt another mountain pressing on his back.

Feng Yinying smiled cruelly and said, “I told you that you’re only here to be killed.”

Suddenly, Tianming Corpse Emperor stopped walking and looked to Zhang Ruochen’s back. He noticed a great energy ripple.

Ghost King Bloodmoon walked out of the dark, and she looked to Feng Yinying and Tianming Corpse Emperor with her beautiful eyes. “Who’s going to die again?”

Feng Yinying’s face turned pale. She said, “Three-trial ghost king... Does Zhang Ruochen also know how to cultivate a ghost?”

“You’ll die for that.”

Ghost King Bloodmoon grabbed forward, and her force flew out, cracking the air around her.

Tianming Corpse Emperor shook his body and showed up in front of Feng Yinying, pressing forward with a finger.

An ancient phantom of a godly beast flew out of his fingers, roaring and clashing with the claw print of Ghost King Bloodmoon.

Boom!

The ground between Tianming Corpse Emperor and Ghost King Bloodmoon was cracked, which divided Mingjing House into two halves.

“Interesting. Finally, someone I’m keen to fight against.”

Ghost King Bloodmoon dissipated her ghost body, turning into wind and flying toward Tianming Corpse Emperor. There was a blood moon floating at the center of the wind, giving out bizarre red light.

Tianming Corpse Emperor then took out a jade, and after crushing it, he sprayed the powders and chanted, “Door of Life and Death, Hell Battlefield.”

The powders started to burn, turning into a fiery formation with a diameter of sixty feet.

Ghost King Bloodmoon rushed into the fiery formation, and the ground inside the formation started to sink, dragging Tianming Corpse Emperor and Ghost King Bloodmoon underground.

There was only an abyss with a diameter of sixty feet left.

Zhang Ruochen and Feng Yinying almost rushed to the edge at the same time, and they couldn’t feel the forces of Tianming Corpse Emperor and Ghost King Bloodmoon at all.

Feng Yinying laughed and stared at Zhang Ruochen. She said, “Without her protection, let’s see whether you can survive me or not.”

All the saints standing behind her were also laughing.

To them, Zhang Ruochen was only an upper-class saint halfway to becoming a Xuanhuang saint. Even if he could kill a heaven pass saint, he still didn’t stand a chance against a true saint.

“Actions. Kill them all.”

Zhang Ruochen had been wanting to fight a real true saint for ages to test his power, so he immediately mobilized the sword intent of Sword Seven, slashing forward.

“Zhang Ruochen will definitely regret attacking our princess.”

“Tianming Corpse Emperor was right. He’s too young and naïve. Our princess will knock some senses into him using the power of a true saint.”

...

Feeling the power coming from the Abyss Ancient Sword, Feng Yinying was dazed. She quickly performed Hell Ghost King Claw, confronting the sword. Two bony claws and two phantoms of ghost kings showed up.

Boom!

The Abyss Ancient Sword crushed the bony claws and the phantoms, hitting Feng Yinying's body, knocking her more than a hundred feet back. Even with a protection valuable, a long blood-red trace still emerged on her breast.

All the saints from the Ancient Ghost Cultivation Race and Ancient Necromancy Race were shocked. They looked to Zhang Ruochen again, and they were scared.

Chapter 1358 - Dust To Dust, Ashes To Ashes

Translator:

Larbre Studio

Editor:

Larbre Studio

Looking at the wound on her chest, the coldness in Feng Yinying's eyes grew heavier. "I heard long ago that your Abyss Ancient Sword was made from the same material as the Divine Blood Sword. It is indeed an incredible divine weapon. But today, this weapon might lose its owner."

Feng Yinying didn't think that Zhang Ruochen had the ability to defeat her. But with the Abyss Ancient Sword and Buddha's sarira, he was able to fight her. Thus, she put away her disdain.

Crackle, crackle.

Yin Qi spread out of the injury. It was actually healing slowly. At the same time, Holy Qi surged quickly within her. The power that burst from her grew stronger and stronger.

"If you don't run, I'll kill you within 20 strikes."

"I'd like to see who runs first today."

Zhang Ruochen activated his Holy Qi and sent it into the Buddha's sarira. A golden and dazzling Buddha appeared. The figure reached out a hand, like a five-fingered mountain, and pressed down on Feng Yinying.

Feng Yinying's long hair and robes fluttered without wind blowing. She took out a small black pagoda. Holding it in her hand, she cried out, "Even if you have a Supreme Saint's ancient weapon, you still can't defeat everything. Yin Pagoda opens, the six ghosts come out."

Six Ghost King flew out of the pagoda and stood at six points around her. The ghostly figures grew bigger and bigger. Each one was 100 feet tall and pushed up the golden Buddha hand.

The black pagoda in Feng Yinying's hand was very sharp. It looked like a spear and stabbed straight toward Zhang Ruochen.

Many purple patterns emerged on the pagoda's surface. The 72 doors were all open, releasing heavy ghostly Qi.

“The Yin Pagoda, second on the Thousand-pattern Saint Weapon List.”

Zhang Ruochen's expression didn't change. He activated the sword intent of Sword Seven again. Transforming into a streak of light, it crashed against the incoming Yin Pagoda.

Vast power flooded out of the tips of both the Abyss Ancient Sword and pagoda. The Saints of the two ancient races all flew out like leaves.

Zhang Ruochen was forced back too. Each step he took would collapse the ground.

Guoguo and the Demon Ape rushed forward. They each sent out a force against Zhang Ruochen's back to help him resolve the Yin Pagoda's force.

Feng Yinying held the Yin Pagoda and laughed. “This is a True Saint's power!”

“What a powerful bitch. Lord Chen, let Princess White Li take care of her!”

Guoguo's teeth chattered. It was afraid that Feng Yinying could come over.

Zhang Ruochen hadn't had the upper hand in the previous clash of power, but with his Natural Five Elements Chaotic Body, he took it full-on without getting hurt. Five-colored lights sparkled on his body. The chaotic Blood Qi within him calmed. The pain in his arm disappeared too.

“Princess White Li's mission is to stop the cultivators from the two races from escaping. As for this princess of the Ghost

Cultivation Race, I can take care of her. You two go kill the cultivators now.”

“Okay.”

An evil black cloud flooded out of the Demon Ape. It jumped up. The next moment, he was above the Saints of the two races.

Feng Yinying was very clear about the Demon Ape’s abilities. Once it got into the various Saints, it would probably cause many deaths. Thus, she sent the Yin Pagoda out, flying toward the Demon Ape’s head.

“Your opponent is me.” Zhang Ruochen waved his sword, blocking the Yin Pagoda.

“You dare to fight against me? I’ll disable you first today.”

Feng Yinying was filled with aggression. She clenched her hands into claws and pressed toward where Zhang Ruochen was. Rules of Saintly Way rushed out of her palms, like two huge nets. Even the space seemed to be freezing over.

In the distant abandoned manor, Qing Mo had a shocked expression. “The Rules of Saintly Way are showing. A True Saint is so scary.”

Princess White Li stood behind Huang Yanchen and Qing Mo. “If you want to go from the Heaven Pass Realm to the True Saint Realm, you must turn the Rules of Saintly Way from illusory to tangible. When you reach that step, your body will be a small world. The might that you can produce isn’t something other cultivators can imagine.”

Qing Mo was worried. “Then, isn’t the lord in danger now?”

Princess White Li chuckled. “Feng Yinying is a small world, but the sect leader is a large world. If he uses the power of the Universe World, he can kill Feng Yinying with one hit. However, he clearly doesn’t want to use that power. He’s building up experience in fighting with a True Saint.”

Zhang Ruochen watched the true Rules of Saintly Way flow out of Feng Yinying’s hands. His lips curled and he pushed his

hands forward too. Jingmie Divine Fire flooded out of his hands.

Sizzle, sizzle.

The true Rules of Saintly Way melted from the fire. The two were at a stalemate. Neither was able to defeat the other.

Booms and pained cries sounded behind Feng Yinying.

The Demon Ape and Guoguo had gotten into the group of cultivators from the two races. With their power, it was like entering a no-man's land. The cultivators were beaten into a pulp. All the ghosts were scattered.

Feng Yinying was caught up with Zhang Ruochen. She clenched her teeth in anger and ordered, "Cultivators of the Ancient Ghost Cultivation Race and Ancient Necromancer Race, listen. Leave Mingjing Manor immediately. Hurry to the residence of Heavenly King Douzhan. Report to him that Zhang Ruochen is in the Central Emperor City. Tell him to come arrest Zhang Ruochen."

The cultivators of the Ancient Ghost Cultivation Race and Ancient Necromancer Race immediately started fighting back and rushing out of the manor.

One of the Saint elders was the fastest. Not even the Demon Ape could catch up with his speed. He charged directly into the darkness.

Seeing an elder escape, Feng Yinying smiled menacingly. "Zhang Ruochen, you're still not fleeing? When Heavenly King Douzhan arrives, even Ling Feiyu won't be able to save you..."

"Ah!"

Abruptly, that Saint elder's cry sounded in the darkness. Princess White Li walked out of the darkness, holding the elder's corpse. She threw it onto the ground with a thud. Then her finger pointed in a few other directions.

The cultivators who were trying to escape all exploded into clouds of bloody mist.

Seeing this, capillaries showed within Feng Yinying's eyes. She was furious. "There are more strong figures?"

Princess White Li's body shone with sparkling white light. "Sect Leader," she said gently. "Do you need my help?"

Before Zhang Ruochen spoke, Feng Yinying had already taken a step back. She hurried into the distance. Clearly, Princess White Li's appearance gave her a sense of danger. She didn't have the powerful aura from before. She had to run.

"Come back."

Zhang Ruochen grabbed in the air. He used Spatial Twist and pulled Feng Yinying back from hundreds of feet away.

"Spatial power." Feng Yinying discovered that she was getting closer and closer to Zhang Ruochen.

Expression changing, she hurriedly pulled back the Yin Pagoda. She put all her power into sending Holy Qi into it. Runes interwove on the pagoda. Icy Destruction of the Thousand-patterns spewed out.

Zhang Ruochen's battle intent was vibrant too. He grabbed the hilt of the Abyss Ancient Sword. Closing his eyes, the territories of time and space appeared at the same time.

"Zi Sword! Chou Sword! Yin Sword!"

Splitting into three bodies, it was like three Zhang Ruochens rushed out, performing a move from the time sword technique at the same moment.

Whoosh!

The three swords cut down from different angles. They all hit Feng Yinying, sending her flying. There was an injury on her neck, back, and leg.

The injury on her neck cut her neck in half.

The injury on her back practically stabbed through her body.

The injury on her leg broke her left leg.

Of course, Zhang Ruochen was also injured by a beam of power from the Yin Pagoda. However, he was far from as hurt

as Feng Yinying.

Feng Yinying's entire body shook, knowing that she had estimated Zhang Ruochen's abilities incorrectly. The powers of time and space were too strange. One couldn't guard against them.

“Six Ghosts, come back.”

She summoned back the six Ghostly Kings and manipulated them to charge at Zhang Ruochen. At the same time, she flew in the opposite direction, wanting to escape right this moment.

The six Ghost Kings all screamed. Their bodies overlapped, radiating with dazzling golden light. Power comparable to a third-trial Ghost King burst from them. However, there were differences between third-trial Ghost Kings too.

Some were as strong as True Saints. Others could kill True Saints. Their abilities were more than ten times stronger.

The golden Ghost King formed by the six Ghost Kings were about the same as Feng Yinying. It was like the beginner True Saint and couldn't be compared to Ghost King Bloodmoon.

Zhang Ruochen held the Buddha's sarira with both hands. He activated the origin power. A shred of a Supreme Saint's power burst forth. It consolidated into a Buddha and golden dragon, crashing against the golden Ghost King.

The sarira could counter ghostly soldiers by itself. Now, it even had the Buddha and golden dragon's origin power. A true third-trial Ghost King might be able to block it, but the combination of the six Ghost Kings couldn't.

Kaboom.

The golden Ghost King was torn apart, turning back into six souls. Zhang Ruochen waved his hand. Jingmie Divine Fire flew out, burning the six souls. They were all destroyed.

Feng Yinying didn't escape. She was stopped by Princess White Li and sent flying back from a slap. She happened to run into the incoming Zhang Ruochen.

“Abyss.”

The Abyss Ancient Sword appeared between Zhang Ruochen's hands. It spun quickly, producing piercing screams. It flew out and penetrated Feng Yinying's body with a poof.

Her body flew back toward Princess White Li.

"Dust to dust, ashes to ashes."

Princess White Li used a handprint and slammed Feng Yinying to the ground. Her body shattered. Even her saint soul was destroyed.

Feng Yinying had reached the True Saint Realm. She could've become the next leader of the Ancient Ghost Cultivation Race. Unfortunately, she couldn't escape and died here.

Princess White Li walked to Feng Yinying's corpse. She picked up the Yin Pagoda and smiled beautifully. "This is a powerful saint weapon."

Kaboom.

Suddenly, the ground shook violently. Deep roars came from underground. Chilling Corpse Qi rushed out of the bottomless ten-meter-wide hole. It formed a vortex and swept through the entire Mingjing Manor.

Zhang Ruochen gazed over at the bottomless hole. He had a cautious expression. "Corpse Emperor Tianming and Ghost King Bloodmoon should have a result now. But how come the Corpse Qi flooding out of the ground doesn't seem like Corpse Emperor Tianming?"

Chapter 1359 - King of Saint Corpses, Royal Knight

Translator:

Larbre Studio

Editor:

Larbre Studio

The corpse Qi gushing out of the abyss became stronger and stronger, causing the surrounding space to tremble.

Even Zhang Ruochen and Princess White Li couldn't balance themselves. They felt that they were about to ascend from the earth and be sucked into the whirlpool.

“Something's wrong. The power of Tianming Corpse Emperor can't be this strong. Leave here immediately and get into the space formation. Quick!” Zhang Ruochen yelled.

Guoguo, the Monster Ape, and Princess White Li quickly rushed into that deserted estate and entered the space formation.

Zhang Ruochen left Mingjing House, but he didn't leave. Instead, he protected himself by holding the sarira of the Buddha Emperor.

Boom!

An iron arm that was around two hundred feet long and twenty feet thick extended from the abyss, crumbling the ground around the hole.

Zhang Ruochen bounced back dozens of feet because of it.

The iron hand was squeezing the body of Ghost King Bloodmoon, and each finger was as thick as a pillar with dragon-shaped lightning flowing on the surface, cracking the ghost body of Ghost King Bloodmoon.

Even Ghost King Bloodmoon was trying her best to survive this.

Howl!

Another yell came from underground.

The iron arm ascended gradually, and the ground became more shattered. An iron head that was as large as a palace showed up.

Inside the iron case was a rotten human head, and there were bones and flesh.

Boom!

The ground of the entire Mingjing House crumbled, and a huge corpse that was wearing iron armor walked out, showing its body that was around five hundred feet tall.

The forces coming out of it were greater than those of Lin Feiyu and Spiritual King Saint Ancestor.

Zhang Ruochen raised his head, took a deep breath and couldn't have looked more solemn. "King of Saint Corpses."

Princess White Li, Huang Yanchen and Qing Mo looked to Mingjing House as they all felt gigantic pressure. They immediately transmitted their voices to Zhang Ruochen, asking them to get into the space formation.

Even Lin Yun and Martial Saint Canglan were dazed.

Tianming Corpse Emperor stood on the left shoulder of that King of Saint Corpse with blood and wounds all over his body, yet he was still standing straight and said, "What a powerful three-trial ghost king, forcing me to use my trump card to suppress her."

"How can you be strong enough to control a king of saint corpses?" Zhang Ruochen found it difficult to believe.

Even if the Ancient Necromancy Race had the techniques to control battle corpses, those battle corpses still had some consciousness, and they might bite back at their masters. For example, it was very difficult for a half saint to control the battle corpse of a saint.

As for a saint king, its body would still have great consciousness even after being made into a battle corpse.

It was almost impossible for a saint to control a king of saint corpses. If someone tried it by force, it'd be bitten back by that king of saint corpses.

Tianming Corpse Emperor smiled and said, "It used to work for me. Seventy thousand years ago, it followed me to wars and established the first central empire of human beings. Now, it's going to follow me again."

Zhang Ruochen looked shocked. He observed that huge corpse in the iron armor again and said, "Is...is he one of the ten royal knights?"

Zhang Ruochen had been hearing about Tianming Emperor and the ten royal knights since he was just a kid, and there were detailed records about them in the documents of the Sacred Central Empire.

Each of them was a prominent being who conquered the south, and they were invincible.

Zhang Ruochen didn't even know how to feel, seeing Tianming Emperor and a royal knight.

Tianming Emperor said, "You're right, it's indeed a royal knight. Now you know your trump card is nothing against mine, Zhang Ruochen."

From Tianming Corpse Emperor's point of view, Ghost King Bloodmoon and Princess White Li were Zhang Ruochen's trump cards.

Lin Yun couldn't stop sweating. He said with his voice trembling, "Tianming Corpse Emperor made a royal knight into a king of saint corpses. Will there be a second, a third one? This is already out of our control, second madam. We might just..."

Martial Saint Canglan stopped him from talking and said, "It's, after all, a king of saint corpses turned from a royal knight. Although it still has some consciousness, there's a chance that it might bite back at Tianming Corpse Emperor. With his current cultivation, controlling one is the best he can do."

Lin Yun said, “Even just one of them is able to destroy everything. Second madam, you’re too important to have anything happen to you. Please leave now.”

“Ling Feiyu is still here. Why are you so afraid?”

Although Martial Saint Canglan put it this way, she was still staring at Zhang Ruochen and thought, Are you still not going to use your secret, Zhang Ruochen?

A forbidden and mysterious force crushed the bony hand of the ancestor of the death race in Xianji Mountain. Pei Yutian, Qing Xiao and Zhang Ruochen all refused to talk about it, which meant there was a huge secret, and Martial Saint Canglan suspected that the secret was hidden behind Zhang Ruochen.

That bone hand was able to crush a star outside Kunlun’s Field, yet it was shattered by another force, which meant that force was tremendous enough to threaten the entire First Central Empire.

Even facing a legend of the history of human beings, Zhang Ruochen wasn’t afraid at all. A fiercer sense of fight came out of his body, and he said, “A royal knight was indeed incredibly powerful. However, he’s, after all, dead already. How much power do you think he can still wield? Ten percent?”

“Even if it’s ten percent, don’t you think it can still easily kill you?” Tianming Corpse Emperor stared at Zhang Ruochen.

Zhang Ruochen said, “You should’ve treated him better instead of digging him out for your fight, given that he followed you before. Don’t you feel sorry for damaging his body?”

“It’s their dream to keep fighting for me, even after death.”

Tianming Corpse Emperor did feel sorry for exploiting the royal knight’s body, so he ended the conversation to prevent his state of mind from being affected. He said, “There’s only winning and losing. Only those who survive can talk. Daren Royal Knight, kill that three-trial ghost king.”

The king of saint corpses who was wearing metal armor had giant dragon-shaped bolts of lightning around his arm, and he

was going to annihilate Ghost King Bloodmoon.

Meanwhile, Tianming Corpse Emperor also pressed toward Zhang Ruochen, trying to suppress him and get his Five Elements Chaotic Body.

Seems like I need its power now.

Zhang Ruochen touched his chest, and at the next moment, the saint figure rune started to gleam, and light spots were spread.

And then, a great force gushed out of Zhang Ruochen's body.

Whoosh!

Zhang Rouchen surged to the sky and knocked through the handprint of Tianming Corpse Emperor, flying above the King of Saint Corpses. He was holding the Abyss Ancient Sword, and he triggered all of its inscriptions.

Bang!

The sword clashed with the metal armor worn by the king of saint corpses, making a clacking sound.

The dragon-shaped bolts of lightning flowing on the arm of King of Saint Corpses were annihilated by all the destruction coming from the Abyss Ancient Sword.

Without the suppression of the lightning, Ghost King Bloodmoon immediately dispersed her ghost body and turned into ghost fog, slipping out between the fingers of the King of Saint Corpses and rushing toward the space formation.

The King of Saint Corpses then roared, and a tumbling power gushed out of his arm, knocking Zhang Ruochen away.

However, Zhang Ruochen immediately balanced himself again, floating in the air and staring at the white trace on the arm of the King of Saint Corpses. "It's the Silver Royal Knight Armor. No wonder even the Abyss Ancient Sword can't break it."

Tianming Corpse Emperor got emotional for the first time. He said, "You have a saint figure rune? Is that your real trump card?"

The light spots became thicker and thicker on Zhang Ruochen's body, and the forces got stronger and stronger. A giant blood-red being was formed behind him.

It was 'Sun Saint Figure' of Yan Liren, also the real power of the saint figure rune.

Spiritual King Saint Ancestor and Ling Feiyu stopped fighting.
Whoosh!

A rugged coffin fell from the sky, hitting the ground and landing beside the King of Saint corpses.

Spiritual King Saint Ancestor stood up from the coffin with three bloody holes in his body. Saint blood flowed out of the wounds.

Ling Fenyu landed beside Zhang Ruochen. She was tall and aloof, and her Lightning Goddess Lilac Blouse gave out enormous forces, and hundreds of flashes of lightning crossed with the clouds.

Obviously, Ling Feiyu was much stronger, and the wounds on Spiritual King Saint Ancestor's body became more serious.

Ling Feiyu said, "Who dies first?"

"Tianming Corpse Emperor," Zhang Ruochen said.

Actually, Spiritual King Saint Ancestor was much more powerful than Tianming Corpse Emperor, however, he was more dangerous than Spiritual King Saint Ancestor, especially in the future, so he needed to be killed.

"You need to kill me first before you get to Tianming Corpse Emperor."

Spiritual King Saint Ancestor pressed the ground with his hands, and then, a rock that was three thousand feet tall ascended from underground, followed by a whooshing sound. It dashed toward Zhang Ruochen and Ling Feiyu.

Tianming Corpse Emperor shot a glance at Ghost King Bloodmoon and Princess White Li, and he caught them hiding in a weird formation. He thought about catching them and

holding them captive to threaten Zhang Ruochen until he ran out of the power of the saint figure rune.

“That’s bait of Zhang Ruochen. He wants to lure me there, and if I actually get into the formation, I’ll never get away.”

Tianming Corpse Emperor sensed the danger, so he didn’t go catch them.

“Can’t believe I was defeated by a youngster.”

Knowing that he had lost, Tianming Corpse Emperor said to Spiritual King Saint Ancestor, “Let’s go. There’s no need to fight anymore. The longer we’re here, the more dangerous it is going to be for us.”

Chapter 1360 - Sword Nine

Translator:

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Editor:

Larbre Studio

The King of Saint Corpse under Corpse Emperor Tianming turned and made great strides. It ran forward, charging into the darkness.

Many dozen-meter-long footprints were left on the ground.

On the other hand, the Spiritual King Saint Ancestor transformed into a gust of eerie wind and flew back into the coffin. The coffin was a Ten Thousand-pattern Saint Weapon. It shone with black light and flew up, chasing after the King of Saint Corpse.

“It’s not so easy to leave.”

Zhang Ruochen stood inside the red sun Saint Look. Controlling the power of the blood-red giant, he smashed a thousand-meter-tall mountain with a loud boom.

Then he took a step out. Zhang Ruochen and the blood-red giant passed through the broken rock and chased forward. With another strike, he hit the black coffin.

Boom.

The coffin had already been damaged by Ling Feiyu and obviously couldn’t withstand that force anymore. It actually splintered apart, turning into pieces of saintly weapon shards.

The Spiritual King Saint Ancestor cried out in pain. The surface of his skin exploded and thick bloody mist spread out.

Corpse Emperor Tianming looked back. He saw that the Spiritual King Saint Ancestor had been stopped by Zhang Ruochen and Ling Feiyu.

Right now, Zhang Ruochen and Ling Feiyu were at their peak states. They were practically able to kill whoever they met, whether god or Buddha. Who dared to go against them?

He didn't go back for reinforcements. He continued to control the King of Saint Corpse, shattering the layers of formations in this area and retreating.

“Sword Nine.”

Ling Feiyu stood 100 feet in the air. She raised her saintly sword above her head. Thousands of runes emerged on the blade. Countless beams of Sword Qi appeared in the sky.

The stones, tiles, leaves, and petals on the ground all radiated with sword intent, practically transforming into swords.

Even shreds of Spiritual Qi condensed into Sword Qi.

The Abyss Ancient Sword shook. It broke free from Zhang Ruochen's fingers and flew out, spinning around Ling Feiyu.

“The legendary Sword Nine... Such terrifying sword intent. Are there even five people in the entire First Central Empire who can cultivate the Sword Way to this extent?”

Sword Nine didn't only represent power. It was also attainment in the Sword Way.

Those who could complete Sword Nine were undoubtedly geniuses of the Sword Way. They were at the peak of the Sword Way of that era.

Sword Emperor Xue Hongchen had cultivated Sword Ten. It could be said that he was already a miracle and legend. There probably wouldn't be a beast like him within 10,000 years.

Zhang Ruochen released his Spiritual Power. He discovered that there were more than one million beams of Sword Qi and sword images in the surroundings.

“Little girl, I will fight you to the death!”

Even someone as ancient as the Spiritual King Saint Ancestor paled before Sword Nine. He directly started burning his saintly blood to use a God-connecting technique.

“Hell Ghost King Claw.”

As the saintly spell was cast, a skeletal Ghost King's image appeared behind the Spiritual King Saint Ancestor. It struck with a white bony hand.

At the same time, Ling Feiyu's saintly sword cut downward.

The two Saint King forces clashed violently with a boom. The white bone claw was torn apart by Sword Qi. The huge Ghost King apparition was destroyed too.

A pained cry followed, cutting across the night sky.

The Spiritual King Saint Ancestor's saintly body was ripped into a dozen pieces. A large amount of saintly blood poured out of the broken corpse. The blood contained terrifying heat. It dropped onto the ground and sizzled, melting the dirt and stone into red lava.

When the dust settled, Zhang Ruochen saw a dozen-meter-wide gash on the ground. It was like a canyon that went straight to the bottom of the earth. It cut this land in half and was more than 300 miles long.

The formation runes in the underground of the seventh region couldn't withstand this strike. They were all torn apart.

In the sword trail, beams of Sword Qi flowed without scattering.

The various Saints of the Central Emperor City were all shocked.

Various saintly images flew from the ground. Like stars, they shone with saintly light. They stood in the air and gazed toward the seventh region.

"It's a Saint King fighting."

"The Empress released the Saint Laws, stating that Saints are forbidden from fighting in the city. Whoever breaks the law will be killed. There are even more restrictions for Saint Kings. Who dares to overlook the Saint Laws?"

"Look, a blue battle cloud has risen over Heavenly King Douzhan. It's going toward the seventh region. Heavenly King Douzhan must be taking action."

“The Kill-All King and Lord Taizai are also hurrying toward the seventh region personally.”

In an instant, the entire Central Emperor City changed. Many famous figures appeared at the same time. The other Saints also used physical techniques and flew toward the seventh region. They wanted to know what was happening.

...

Zhang Ruochen glanced in the direction that Corpse Emperor Tianming had gone in and sighed. “We killed the Spiritual King Saint Ancestor, but we let Corpse Emperor Tianming escape. He will definitely become a great enemy in the future.”

Displaying Sword Nine greatly used up the Holy Qi within Ling Feiyu. She landed from the sky and used the sword to support herself. “That attack must have alarmed all the Saints in the Central Emperor City,” she said to Zhang Ruochen. “We must escape immediately.”

Zhang Ruochen knew that they were exposed too. Without thinking further, he reached out and grabbed Ling Feiyu’s wrist, pulling her toward him.

At the same time, the entrance to the Universe World opened.

“What are you doing?”

Ling Feiyu was shocked, her eyes wide and round. She didn’t know what Zhang Ruochen was doing. Suddenly, she realized that Zhang Ruochen’s arm had disappeared. After a dizzying spin, she opened her eyes and found herself in another spatial world.

Zhang Ruochen knew about the existence of the Heaven and Earth Chessboard. He was worried that the imperial court would find Ling Feiyu and harm her, so he let her into the Universe World temporarily.

After that, Zhang Ruochen put the Spiritual King Saint Ancestor’s remains and saintly origin into his spatial ring.

A Saint King’s corpse contained great power. If he turned it into nutrients for the Holy Carnivorous Flower to absorb, it

could definitely have another breakthrough.

Zhang Ruochen hurried to the abandoned yard that the spatial maze was in. He led Huang Yanchen, Princess White Li and the others into the Universe World.

“Here so soon.”

Zhang Ruochen raised his head and looked into the dark sky. He saw beams of white light fly toward this direction like shooting stars.

Each beam of light was a Saint.

In addition, a blue battle cloud was almost above Zhang Ruochen’s head. The power that radiated from the cloud consolidated the space. Zhang Ruochen felt like he couldn’t breathe.

“Great Spatial Move.”

Zhang Ruochen used the Great Spatial Move and left this area. He appeared on a busy street more than 200 miles away.

In an instant, he collected his Holy Qi to the max. His facial features and physique changed dramatically as well. He seemed to turn into an average cultivator and melted into the crowd.

Zhang Ruochen didn’t hurry and leave. He stayed to observe.

The surrounding cultivators were all discussing the event. “Such a terrifying battle. An entire region was turned into rubble. Dozens of defensive formations were destroyed. The center collapsed into the ground.”

“There must have been two huge forces fighting viciously. I heard that even Saint Kings took part.”

...

A moment later, a large group of Saints arrived at the seventh region. More detailed information was spread.

“Heavenly King Douzhan, the Kill-All King, and Taizai have entered the battleground to investigate. From what they can see now, it was the Ancient Ghost Cultivation Race and

Ancient Necromancer Race who were attacked. Their forces in the Central Emperor City were all wiped out.

“On the battlefield, they discovered pieces of the Spiritual King’s coffin and large amounts of a Saint King’s blood. Lord Taizai hypothesizes that the Spiritual King Saint Ancestor of the Ghost Cultivation Race has died.”

These two pieces of news were explosive and able to shock the entire world. It quickly spread through the Central Emperor City.

Each ancient race was the peak power of the human race. They had very great heritages.

Who dared to do this to them?

One Saint King had been killed, unable to escape. Just how strong were the people who attacked the Ancient Ghost Cultivation Race and Ancient Necromancer Race?

“The heir and a Saint King of an ancient race were wiped out. Who did the Ancient Ghost Cultivation Race and Ancient Necromancer Race anger?”

“These two races often dig other people’s tombs and have done many immoral things. They probably offended someone they shouldn’t have. You can count those people with a hand. There will probably be a result soon.”

Not long after, even more shocking news spread. “The attackers may possibly be Ling Feiyu, Saintess of the Demonic Sect, and Zhang Ruochen, the Time and Space Descendant.

“One Sword Qi cut through 300 miles of the city. The remnants of sword intent in the trail has reached Sword Nine. At present, only Ling Feiyu’s attainments in the Sword Way have reached this level in the Central Emperor City.

“A spatial maze was discovered in the battlefield. It must have been left by Time and Space Descendant Zhang Ruochen.”

All the cultivators in the city grew enthusiastic.

“Zhang Ruochen came to the Central Emperor City? Oh my, he’s my idol! Are you sure he’s here?”

The talented girls of some clans and sects were extremely excited. Like crazy fans, they hurried over to the seventh region.

Time and Space Descendant Zhang Ruochen had a mysteriousness about him. Not only was he the youngest human Saint, he was also extremely talented. He overpowered the nine Heirs. Other than that, he'd done many shocking things that terrified even the savage beasts and Immortal Vampires.

Zhang Ruochen was a household name, but very, very few people had actually seen him before.

Such a mysterious man was naturally attractive to young girls. After hearing that Zhang Ruochen had come to the Central Emperor City, the girls didn't treat him like a wanted criminal. Instead, they were excited.

"As expected of my idol. He can't be even more powerful than he is. It was right to teach the Ancient Ghost Cultivation Race and Ancient Necromancer Race a lesson."

"I guessed that my idol wouldn't fear the imperial court and would come to the Central Emperor City. He really didn't disappoint me. I wish there was a chance for me to meet him."

"The Saintess actually teamed up with Zhang Ruochen. Are they dating? Sob, so sad! One is my role model and one is my idol. How can it be like this?"

...

Zhang Ruochen stood in the crowd. Hearing the girls' words, he was embarrassed. He didn't expect this kind of scene. So his popularity was this high amongst human cultivators? No wonder his senior brother told him to lay low.

Chapter 1361 - Yao Pool

Translator:

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Editor:

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To the imperial government, this battle was horrible.

A wanted person had dared trespass in the empire city to commit slaughtering, overlooking the royal laws and the imperial government. This was reckless.

If the imperial government couldn't catch Zhang Ruochen, everyone would be laughing at it.

The guarding formation of Central Empire City was turned on, and then, light engraving chains surged to the sky, connecting the heaven and earth, locking down the entire city to stop Zhang Ruochen from running away.

Zhang Ruochen didn't plan to escape from the empire city. After all, everyone thought that he would be running away, so it'd be dangerous for him to do that.

Instead, it'd be better for him to stay in the empire city.

Obviously, he could go back to the heir mansion no more, so he needed to find somewhere else.

Zhang Ruochen left the seventh city region, walking on the street covered by snow. He had calmed himself down already. Even though Tianming Corpse Emperor managed to get away, the Ancient Ghost Cultivation Race and Ancient Necromancy Race still paid a huge price.

After that fight, the other powers would need to think twice if they wanted to go after him.

A seven-year-old kid yelled on the street, "Look, daddy! There's a moon in the sky."

“How come we can still see a moon in this kind of weather? Wait, it is indeed a moon, and it’s moving.” The middle-aged man standing beside the kid was a bit surprised.

Zhang Ruochen also raised his head, and he saw the gleaming moon hanging in the dark sky. The light from the ‘moon’ only shone upon a specific city region, which was the seventh city region.

Suddenly, the moon started to move toward another city region.

Only those who had reached the state of saint could see that it wasn’t a moon. Instead, it was a giant mirror.

“Is that the Revealing Mirror, the supreme saint weapon of the Confucius Way?”

Zhang Ruochen was a bit scared.

It was said that the Revealing Mirror was able to detect all the camouflage in the world. Zhang Ruochen wasn’t proficient in Traceless 36 Changes yet, so he would definitely be detected once he was reflected upon the mirror.

“Those old guys from the Way of Confucius are using the supreme saint weapon to capture me and Ling Feiyu. How marvelous.”

The Revealing Mirror was quick at capturing, and it only took it a breath to fully inspect a city region.

There were armies on the ground cooperating with them too.

After they finished inspecting one city region and making sure Zhang Ruochen wasn’t hiding inside, they immediately turned on the guarding formation, blocking the entire city region.

It would only take them a short while to find Zhang Ruochen if they kept searching like this.

“The one who’s using the Revealing Mirror has got to have incredible mind power to use the mirror so efficiently. What should I do now?”

Zhang Ruochen frowned, as he knew that nobody could save him if he was captured.

Where could he hide?

Suddenly, Zhang Ruochen came up with an idea. He mumbled, "Yao Pool."

An ancient but deep memory emerged in Zhang Ruochen's mind at this moment.

Eight hundred years ago, Yao Pool was a manor that belonged to Qingchi Central Empire, and it was also a garden that Emperor Qing gave to Princess Chi Yao. That was where Zhang Ruochen met Chi Yao for the first time.

Every time Emperor Qing and Emperor Ming met, it was there.

That being said, Yao Pool wasn't just a manor. Instead, it was a very special place where there was a formation made by Emperor Qing and Emperor Ming, which could block all inspection from the outside.

The two emperors were confidants and the heads of two central empires. Every time they met up, they would talk about everything for ages, and that was when Zhang Ruochen had a lot of chances to meet up with Chi Yao. There were many golden memories in Yao Pool.

Zhang Ruochen didn't want to go there at all if he had any other choice. The more beautiful the memories were, the most pain he would suffer thinking about them.

However, due to the threat of the Revealing Mirror, Zhang Ruochen went to that ancient manor, standing on the snow and looking at the manor's door.

It used to be a suburb of the empire city, but now, it was in the urban area.

The manor was still the same, and even the plaque on the door hadn't changed at all.

However, Yao Pool was completely dead now, and there were no guards or servants. There were two seals on the door, 'Forbidden' and 'Executed with no exceptions.'

It was a place that was off-limits.

The monks who walked past that place were all intimidated by the manor. They didn't even dare get close.

The two seals seemed to contain the secrets that the owner never wanted to reveal. Anyone who dared trespass in that place would be executed.

Zhang Ruochen walked toward the door, stayed still for a while and touched the seals with his hand.

Bang!

A tumbling force gushed out of the seals, knocking Zhang Ruochen away. He fell to the ground, splashing the snow.

Zhang Ruochen stood up and looked at his bloody arm, and then, he looked to those two rugged seals and whispered to himself, "Is that a warning?"

Zhang Ruochen took a deep breath. Holy Qi flowed in his body, and his wound gradually started to heal.

Zhang Ruochen put his arms behind his back and walked toward the left of the manor. He walked to the back door of the manor.

There weren't seals on the back door, but there was a formation boundary set up by two emperors.

This wasn't the first time Zhang Ruochen had come to Yao Pool, so he knew pretty well how to crack the formation boundary. He put his finger on the red door, drawing patterns on it.

Jzz!

The formation boundary disappeared, and then, Zhang Ruochen walked in.

There were weeds everywhere in the manor, and thick snow covered them. There wasn't a single living being in the manor.

It was lifeless and deserted.

Memories flooded back again, and Zhang Ruochen started to see things differently. There were attics, lakes, cranes and mist surrounding the bridges. Every step he took, he could see a different scene.

He felt like he was able to hear the laughing from the young boys and girls, who were practicing their sword techniques under the trees. Some of them were sitting beside the lake or sitting on the roofs looking at the stars and moon.

Everywhere was a memory to him.

“Brother Chen, you can definitely become a supreme saint and the next emperor of Sacred Central Empire in the future. As for me, I don’t have that much potential, so I might not be able to reach that level in my lifetime. I can’t take over the throne of Chiqing Central Empire.”

“Who told you only the talented ones can become supreme saints? Many supreme saints and gods in history only had mediocre potential, but they had very strong willpower.”

“Why are you so stiff? Why can’t you just tell me I don’t need to practice that hard and that I just need to be the empress of the next Emperor Ming?”

“Oh... Wait, Yaoyao, don’t leave. I’ll say that to you right now.”

“I don’t want to hear it anymore.”

...

The young guy and the young girl walked away, leaving a stone path covered with moss in front of him, with withered leaves and branches.

Zhang Ruochen shook his head mildly and smiled with bitterness.

And then, Zhang Ruochen walked into a deserted attic that was filled with cobwebs. At the center of the cobwebs was a chessboard.

There were still chess pieces on the board, black and white.

Zhang Ruochen recalled that Emperor Ming took him to Yao Pool three times, and every time he played chess with Emperor Qing, it would last for three days.

These rounds of the game went on three times, and it was nine days. Nobody won.

Zhang Ruochen could still see Emperor Ming and Emperor Qing sitting there. Emperor Ming was holding the white chess pieces while Emperor Qing was holding the black ones. They both looked solemn, and every move they made seemed like a huge decision.

Zhang Ruochen wiped away the cobwebs, walked toward the chessboard and looked at it.

And then, Zhang Ruochen's pupils gleamed, and he said, "Wait, this is not in the middle of the game. The whites lost. Father has lost. How is it possible?"

Zhang Ruochen could remember clearly that nobody had won the last time they played chess against each other.

And besides, Emperor Qing wouldn't play the same game with someone else.

There was only one possibility...that the last time they played chess was when Zhang Ruochen wasn't here, and they had finished, reaching the end game.

"How weird the way they played chess was..."

Even Zhang Ruochen could tell that the way the two emperors played chess was strange, but he couldn't tell how.

"Was father attacked by Emperor Qing the last time he played chess with him? Is that why he has been missing?"

Zhang Ruochen clenched his fist and got furious. He felt that the game finished on the chessboard had something to do with his father going missing.

"It just looks so strange. There has to be some secret behind it. Is that a trace left by father?"

However, there were saintly way rules on the chessboard, and each chess piece contained the power of a supreme saint. They were heavier than mountains.

Zhang Ruochen couldn't pick up the chessboard. Not even a chess piece.

In the end, Zhang Ruochen could only give up and memorize the game. He planned to find someone great at playing chess

to solve the mystery that had been left behind.

The manor was so quiet that even Zhang Ruochen was scared.

“Perhaps I shouldn’t have come here.”

Zhang Ruochen was standing beside the chessboard, where Emperor Ming used to sit. He felt lonely and tired, so he penetrated the Universe World with his mind power.

He really wanted to find someone to talk to, and the first one that came into his mind was Huang Yanchen.

Chapter 1362 - Reflecting On The Land

Translator:

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Editor:

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In the Universe World

Zhang Ruochen and Huang Yanchen walked along the riverbank. They followed the river down. In the distance, the Divine Sky-connecting Tree's silhouette towered on the horizon. The scene was divine yet beautiful.

“That’s my story with Chi Yao. At that time, she was only around 15 years old and was the most naïve and romantic. Who would’ve thought that she could be so heartless?”

Zhang Ruochen revealed to Huang Yanchen everything about his past with Chi Yao.

Huang Yanchen was clear that since Zhang Ruochen was willing to say these things, it meant she was the closest person to him. He’d opened the last line of defense in his heart, baring himself to her completely.

You could only do this if you truly loved someone, trusted someone, and completely treated her as the partner of your life.

“So, the person you loved was always Chi Yao,” Huang Yanchen said. “But she killed you, so now, you hate her the most as well? Or you also doubt why she suddenly killed you when you two were clearly in love?”

Zhang Ruochen nodded. “I shouldn’t have told you this.”

Huang Yanchen shook her head. “You should’ve told me sooner. Otherwise, how would I have known you have such

deep pain buried inside you? Humans aren't pieces of wood. Everyone has the most fragile part in their heart. I know that I can't compare to Empress Chi Yao, but I'm willing to try my best to support that fragile part of yours. Even if you only see me as Chi Yao's shadow."

Zhang Ruochen stopped walking. He held Huang Yanchen's hand and gazed at the clouds and smoke above the water. "Before, I indeed saw bits of Chi Yao on you. But we've gone through so much and become true husband and wife. Now, you are Huang Yanchen to me. You are my wife. You aren't anyone's shadow and no one can replace you."

A sweet smile appeared in Huang Yanchen's eyes. "In that case, don't think about these unhappy things anymore. Practice swordsmanship with me."

Whoosh!

Drops of silver flew out of her forehead, condensing into the Chaotic Universe Sword.

Then, like a beautiful butterfly, she flew to the center of the river. Standing on the water, she waved her sword and instantly produced nine identical figures.

"Nine Swords of Yin."

Zhang Ruochen smiled. He took out the Abyss Ancient Sword and also flew to the river. He split himself into nine and displayed the Nine Swords of Yang.

Eighteen figures in total stood in different directions, forming a circle. Their sword intents interwove, like a yin yang becoming one.

The sword formation that they were practicing was the strongest two-person formation in Kunlun's Field: Yin Yang Sword Formation.

There were quite a lot of people who cultivated the Yin Yang Sword Formation, but very few could fully express its power.

This was because the closer the two people performing the formation were and the higher their attainments in the Sword Way, the stronger the formation. They could even manipulate

the rules of the world to become their own power and utilize combat abilities that far surpassed their own cultivations.

Only by having extreme feelings could one have extreme sword skills.

“All the Spiritual Qi within thousands of miles has been pulled over to the sword formation. Their Yin Yang Sword Formation can actually unleash such strong might.”

Ling Feiyu stood below the Divine Sky-connecting Tree and looked into the distance. She gazed with some envy at Zhang Ruochen and Huang Yanchen who were practicing.

After a while, Zhang Ruochen and Huang Yanchen finally stopped.

Zhang Ruochen discovered Ling Feiyu standing under the Divine Sky-connecting Tree. His heart moved. He hurried over with Huang Yanchen.

Ling Feiyu had long looked away. With her hands behind her back, she stared at the hovering Sun-Moon Crystal Coffin. “I’m surprised to see an ancient saint weapon from my sect in the Universe World.”

Zhang Ruochen walked over. “I was going to ask you, who is buried in that coffin?”

Ling Feiyu shook her head lightly. “It was too long ago. Who knows? You might only be able to find clues by looking at related books of the middle ages. But I’m sure the woman inside has a shocking identity. She might be a sect leader from history, or even...”

Here, Ling Feiyu paused.

Zhang Ruochen’s expression flickered. “Or what?” he asked.

“The Moon Goddess.”

When Ling Feiyu said these words, her eyes were filled with respect and reverence. She continued, “The Moon-Worship Demonic Sect is called that because we worship the Moon Goddess. The Moon Goddess is immortal and beautiful. The Moon-Worship Demonic Sect wasn’t established by the Moon

Goddess, but according to records, the sect founder became a god with teachings by the Moon Goddess.”

Zhang Ruochen couldn't keep calm. He thought back to the Sun-Moon Crystal Coffin's frightening power. The woman inside couldn't be the legendary Moon Goddess, right?

Ling Feiyu chuckled. “You don't actually think she's the Moon Goddess, right? To be honest, there's barely any possibility.”

“Why?” Zhang Ruochen asked.

“The Moon Goddess doesn't belong to our world,” Ling Feiyu said. “She's not a god of Kunlun's Field. She lives on the moon.

“According to legends, the moon that we see on Kunlun's Field is a world as large as ours. It's called the Guanghan Field. However, it's extremely far from Kunlun's Field. It's deep within the universe. A Saint can use his entire life without reaching it. That's why it looks so small.

“So, the Moon Goddess is from Guanghan Field. She once traveled the universe and came to Kunlun's Field, but left long ago.”

The things that Ling Feiyu was talking about were secret myths of the Moon-Worship Demonic Sect. The outside world didn't know about it.

Of course, since they were myths, they couldn't be verified. The Moon Goddess and Guanghan Field could be things that the ancient people had made up.

“Since she's absorbing the Life Qi of the Divine Sky-connecting Tree,” Ling Feiyu said, “it means that she hasn't truly died. She may awaken one day. By then, you'll know her identity.”

“I hope that day really comes,” Zhang Ruochen said.

Ling Feiyu stared at Huang Yanchen, who was standing with Zhang Ruochen, and fell silent. After a pause, she said, “Send me out. I should leave!”

“The imperial court has already locked down the entire city,” Zhang Ruochen said. “They activated the Truth Mirror and are looking for us everywhere. Stay here for a while. You can leave after things die down.”

“The Central Emperor City is the city with the most humans,” Ling Feiyu said. “There are millions of cultivators going in and out every day. How long can the imperial court lock it for? They’ll remove the lock tomorrow morning.”

Zhang Ruochen knew why Ling Feiyu wanted to leave so quickly, so he didn’t try persuading her anymore.

The things that they’d experienced in the Seven Lives Seven Deaths Map were only destiny.

However, there were too many people who had destiny but no fate. They weren’t the only ones. They may have had feelings but had to stop due to morals. This was the best ending.

Zhang Ruochen clutched Huang Yanchen’s hand even tighter. He’d already decided not to meld the memories of the seventh life. He would leave it sealed in his mind forever and never touch it.

The next day, the Central Emperor City’s lock was indeed removed. Zhang Ruochen took Ling Feiyu out of the Universe World and watched her leave.

Zhang Ruochen glanced at Huang Yanchen. “Let’s leave the Central Emperor City as well!”

“Today is New Year’s Eve,” Huang Yanchen said. “How about we leave after New Year?”

New Year’s Eve was a day of reunions and the end of the year.

Zhang Ruochen thought of his mother. It might not be suitable to venture out on this special day. He should accompany his family and eat the New Year’s Eve dinner.

“That’s a good suggestion,” he said. “Today, let’s have Qing Mo cook us a feast. We’ll invite Mother and your parents. The family should celebrate New Year’s once.”

Zhang Ruochen’s true body couldn’t enter the Universe World, so he could only bring them to the Yao Pool.

Concubine Lin, Qianshui Commandery Prince, Half-Saint Liuli, Thirteenth Princess, Kong Xuan, Qing Mo, Guoguo, the Demon Ape, Princess White Li, and Shi Ren were all brought out by Zhang Ruochen.

To him, they were all his family. It was an extremely happy thing to get together and celebrate the New Year together.

Qing Mo started getting busy with preparing food. Guoguo and the Demon Ape cleared the weeds in the Yao Pool. The others worked on decorating this abandoned manor.

When night fell, the Yao Pool wasn't dilapidated anymore. It was surrounded by lights and filled with festivity.

Of course, there were also two emperor formations. The outside world couldn't see the amazing changes inside.

Qing Mo's New Year's Dinner naturally wouldn't disappoint. It was so delicious that they even wished they could swallow their tongues. Guoguo and the Demon Ape ate the most. They ate as if people would steal their food, and even broke a few plates.

They ruined the festivity and gave everyone headaches. In the end, Princess White Li punished them. Finally, the two beasts sat obediently in their seats and didn't fight for the food anymore.

After dinner, Zhang Ruochen brought everyone back into the Universe World. Only he and Huang Yanchen remained in the manor.

The two sat at the top of a pavilion and gazed at the lights of Central Emperor City. They leaned against each other, feeling each other's warmth. It was as if time had stopped.

Zhang Ruochen embraced Huang Yanchen's slender frame. "I haven't felt so happy in a long time," he said gently. "Why do I work so hard to cultivate? It's not to become some god or anything. Actually, being able to be with my family and lover is enough."

"That is harder than becoming a god," Huang Yanchen said. "The Immortal Vampires, netherworld, and Death Race can make chaos erupt in Kunlun's Field at any time, killing us all."

Zhang Ruochen smiled. “As long as I’m here, I’ll never let you get a scratch. I’ll work even harder on cultivating and make myself stronger. You just have to be my wife without worries.”

Hearing this, Huang Yanchen’s red lips curved slightly. She smiled with extreme joy and initiated a kiss.

A moment later, Zhang Ruochen carried Huang Yanchen and flew down from the rooftop. They entered a room in the manor. He laid Huang Yanchen down on the bed and they entangled.

Outside, it started snowing again.

But inside, it was like spring. A man and woman’s heavy breathing wove into a moving melody.

Thud! Thud! Thud!

Inside the imperial city, a bright bell resounded.

The new year was here!

Zhang Ruochen gradually woke up. His head hurt badly. He used a lot of energy to get out of bed. His mind was muddled.

He was the only one in the room. Huang Yanchen had disappeared long ago.

“What happened?”

Zhang Ruochen massaged his temple and thought back hard. “Last night was New Year’s Eve. Everyone ate dinner together. Then Yanchen and I...”

Suddenly, he remembered everything. Eyes widening, he hurriedly looked at the bed. There were drops of blood on the snow-white bedsheets.

It was the blood of a woman losing her virginity.

“How is this possible?”

Zhang Ruochen clenched his teeth. Gripping his fists, he closed his eyes and took a deep breath. Then he yelled, “Who are you?”

Boom!

His sound waves cracked the entire room, turning it into dust.

The entire manor was silent. No one replied.

Zhang Ruochen and Huang Yanchen had become husband and wife long ago. How could she bleed again?

This could only mean that this Huang Yanchen wasn't that Huang Yanchen.

However, Zhang Ruochen was sure that she was definitely Huang Yanchen.

A person's body could change, but not their saint soul. Zhang Ruochen had clearly felt the aura of Huang Yanchen's saint soul on her. How could she not be Huang Yanchen?

What was going on?

Zhang Ruochen hated deceit and betrayal the most. His eyes turned bloodshot. Hatred and anger arose in his heart.

"She left the Yao Pool. There are two emperor formations in there. How could she leave?"

Zhang Ruochen searched everywhere, but couldn't find any trace of the fake Huang Yanchen.

Zhang Ruochen thought of Qing Mo. She had appeared with the fake Huang Yanchen and must know her true identity. However, Zhang Ruochen sent his Spiritual Power into the Universe World and discovered that Qing Mo wasn't there.

Qianshui Commandery Prince, Half-Saint Liuli, and Thirteenth Princess had all vanished.

Clearly, something had happened when Zhang Ruochen was unconscious. Someone took them from the Universe World.

"Was it all a hallucination, a dream?"

Zhang Ruochen's gaze grew dull. He stood in the manor as if he'd lost his soul. It was like he was the only one left in this world.

The sky didn't lighten.

Snow continued floating and falling onto his hair, eyebrows, shoulders, and feet. It was about to swallow him up.

A seven-colored cloud appeared above his head. Brilliant divine light shone down. As the cloud expanded, it loomed over the entire Central Emperor City, First Central Empire, and the entire Kunlun's Field.

True divine light was shining on the land, enveloping the earth.

Boom!

A new statue rose up from the ground on all the altars around Kunlun's Field. It shone with seven-colored light.

In the heart of the Central Emperor City, a divine statue rose up too. It was huge—more than 3,000 feet tall. Like a celestial spire, it shot into the clouds and radiated with a domineering aura.

That moment, all the beings in Kunlun's Field were shocked. Among them, the Saints all uttered in unison, "A new god has been born, reflecting on the earth. The statue has been created and all will bow to it."

Only ancient scrolls had records of such a shocking phenomenon. It only happened when a god was born.

The middle ages were already 100,000 years ago. Was there finally a new god in Kunlun's Field?

Everyone in the world, including Saints, knelt onto the ground and kowtowed reverently.

"That is... The Empress! She has finally taken the last step."

In Lianzhu Mansion, Lord Taizai stared at the looming giant statue in the imperial city. He shook with excitement and knelt on the ground, bowing toward the statue.

Even an emperor would bow to this statue, let alone him.

"The Empress has become a god! The Empress has returned!"

The Spiritual Qi of the Central Emperor City grew heavier. It quickly became more than before. Gradually, the Spiritual Qi transformed into Saintly Qi. Shreds of seven-colored divine Qi poured out of the city center too.

Any cultivator who was shone upon by the divine light improved quickly in their cultivation. Many cultivators even had breakthroughs. Ecstatic, they rushed out of Ziwei Palace and knelt on the ground.

As a god was born, the Spiritual Qi throughout Kunlun's Field thickened. Spiritual and saintly medicine grew out of many barren places.

All the cultivators knew that a new era had arrived!

In the Yao Pool, Zhang Ruochen was naturally shone upon by the divine light too. The Xuanhuang Qi within him turned quickly. It escalated. He was about to break into the Xuanhuang Realm.

However, he couldn't feel any joy. His entire body shook. The coldness in his eyes grew stronger. "I see, I see... Chi Yao, it was you. I should've known it was you."

The fake Huang Yanchen was definitely Chi Yao. Perhaps Chi Yao had approached him to make up for the flaw in her heart and get past the last obstacle in becoming a god—the relationship trial.

And Zhang Ruochen was a stepping stone on her path to becoming a god. He was a tool to make up for her flaws.

Boom!

Zhang Ruochen's eyes turned red. A burst of Holy Qi gushed out of him. He rushed out of the Yao Pool with his long hair down and walked toward the Ziwei Palace at the city center.

The streets were filled with kneeling figures. Only Zhang Ruochen was walking. He stood out.

"Who is that? Instead of bowing to the god, he's even holding a sword. This is great disrespect to the Empress."

"How dare you!?" a Half-Saint yelled. "Hurry and kneel to bow to the god!"

Poof!

Zhang Ruochen's sword cut forward and sent the man's head flying. He continued walking.

“Stop him. He’s a demon.”

“How dare he kill on the day the Empress becomes a god?”

...

More people attacked Zhang Ruochen, but they were all killed by him. No one survived.

By the time he reached Ziwei Palace, his entire body was dyed red. Behind him, there was an 800-mile bloody trail. Countless cultivators had been killed. He’d even killed four Saints.

Everyone grew fearful. They didn’t dare stop him anymore.

“Is he a bloodthirsty monster?”

“He’s crazy! The Empress has become a god. This means that Kunlun’s Field will welcome a new era. And he still dared to kill so many people. He’s looking for death.”

“Look. How come he looks like Zhang Ruochen, the Time and Space Descendant?”

“I’ve seen Zhang Ruochen’s picture before. They do look similar. Could it really be him?”

...

The human cultivators knelt on the ground, not daring to speak loudly. They were all communicating with sound waves.

Zhang Ruochen’s appearance shocked everyone.

Holding his bloody Abyss Ancient Sword, Zhang Ruochen stood under the towering city walls and yelled, “Chi Yao, get out here!”

His sound waves echoed through the imperial city.

Countless important figures in Ziwei Palace were furious. They thought Zhang Ruochen was too disrespectful and wanted to kill him. However, they suddenly realized that something was wrong.

The Empress had to have known about Zhang Ruochen killing in the imperial city, but she didn’t stop him. Why was this?

The important figures of the imperial court were all very wise. They calmed down, realizing that things weren’t as simple as

they seemed.

Just then, the palace doors opened.

A beautiful figure in red appeared. She walked to the center of the palace entrance and stepped out, standing before Zhang Ruochen.

It was Huang Yanchen.

Seeing her, Zhang Ruochen's eyes reddened even more. Murderous intent flooded out. He stabbed her forehead as fast as possible.

Die, die, die.

Huang Yanchen held the Chaotic Universe Sword and blocked him.

Thud!

She slid dozens of feet back, leaving a long trail in the snow.

Zhang Ruochen's murderous Qi thinned a bit. Doubt appeared in his eyes. "You're not her. You're Yanchen?"

"Yes," Huang Yanchen uttered with an indifferent expression. Then she continued, "Master wants me to tell you that she doesn't want to kill you today. You can leave. If you don't cause trouble, she can spare your life."

"Spare my life... Does she think that I'm nothing after she becomes a god? That I can't threaten her no matter how I cultivate?"

Zhang Ruochen stared into Huang Yanchen's eyes, feeling hatred. It wasn't only toward Chi Yao, but also Huang Yanchen's attitude. She called Chi Yao "Master." This meant she was already on Chi Yao's side.

Zhang Ruochen closed his eyes. His heart wrenched. Finally, he asked, "Will you go with me?"

Huang Yanchen shook her head.

"Why?" Zhang Ruochen asked. "Is Chi Yao threatening you with your parents? Don't fear her. I can die with you."

“Master is already a god. How can she threaten a mortal? I... I’m staying with her voluntarily.” Huang Yanchen didn’t dare to meet Zhang Ruochen’s eyes, but she still said those words. Her expression was still indifferent.

Tears flowed out of Zhang Ruochen’s eyes as he asked his last question. “The one who cultivated with me in the Blue Dragon Void World, experienced those dangers in the Yin Yang Sea, and life-and-death experiences in Xianji Mountain... Was it you or Chi Yao?”

“It was me, and also her.” After a pause, Huang Yanchen said, “I lent my saint soul to her. Do you understand now?”

Zhang Ruochen felt like he’d lost all his strength and even life. But he still couldn’t accept this. “She forced you to do this?” he cried out.

Huang Yanchen’s eyes were a bit glazed. Finally, she shook her head.

“You actually lied to me with her. Why? Why is this? You should know that she’s my biggest enemy...”

Zhang Ruochen’s heart broke and blood rose up in his throat. He spat it out, dyeing the snow red.

If Chi Yao didn’t have Huang Yanchen’s saint soul, how could Zhang Ruochen not see through her disguise? Zhang Ruochen had always been suppressing his emotions, not daring to love anyone else.

Huang Yanchen had chipped away at his heart. Zhang Ruochen thought that he’d found true love. He could give up everything for her. And yet, he was lied to once again and betrayed once again. He was turned into a tool for Chi Yao to become a god.

Huang Yanchen’s saint soul was inside Chi Yao. This meant that she’d gone through the countless deathly experiences with Zhang Ruochen. She must know Zhang Ruochen’s feelings for her too.

But in the end, she still chose Chi Yao.

Zhang Ruochen was willing to die with her, but she...was unwilling.

Fake. Nothing was real.

Chapter 1363 - Anyone Who Dares Stop Me, Die

Translator:

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Editor:

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There was a mysterious force permeating the outside of the palace. Other monks couldn't hear what Zhang Ruochen and Huang Yanchen were talking about.

“Why would Zhang Ruochen spit out blood? Did her majesty injure him through the space?”

“Are you an idiot? Her majesty is the great God. She can annihilate Zhang Ruochen with one thought. If it was really her, he would've been long dead.”

...

Everyone was discussing as they wondered what Huang Yanchen had said to Zhang Ruochen to make him spit out blood.

At the top of Ziwei Palace were godly clouds. Among the seven-colored godly clouds was the Heavenly Pool.

The Heavenly Pool was thirty miles long and a hundred feet deep, and it was blue.

At the center of the Heavenly Pool was Saint Palace Yuanchu, where Empress Chi Yao lived.

The nine heavenly maidens were standing outside Saint Palace Yuanchu as if they were nine angels. They looked down on the ground at Zhang Ruochen and Huang Yanchen.

They didn't know what had happened, but they could tell that Zhang Ruochen was being so reckless that he dared offend a God.

Martial Saint Canglan was standing there, wearing fiery armor, engulfed in flames. Her facial expressions kept changing, and then, she made up her mind. She kneeled on the ground in front of Saint Palace Yuanchu and yelled, “Your majesty, Zhang Ruochen isn’t an all-evil guy! He saved me and the six saintesses in Xianji Mountain, and he killed more than ten blood saints, which is enough to make up for everything he did. Please, your majesty, spare his life.”

It was dead silent outside Saint Palace Yuanchu, and everyone was staring at Martial Saint Canglan with empathy. Doesn’t she know that it’s very dangerous to beg for Zhang Ruochen’s life now?

Saint Lady was much calmer than Martial Saint Canglan, so she knew for sure that the thing between Zhang Ruochen and the Empress was personal.

Which meant the Empress might still want to kill him no matter how many contributions Zhang Ruochen had made.

Although she understood that, she still felt pain seeing Zhang Ruochen bleed.

Dong!

Saint Lady kneeled on the ground.

All the heavenly maidens were shocked as they didn’t expect that the intelligent Saint Lady would also lose her chill.

Saint Lady stayed silent for a while. After deciding how to articulate her thoughts, she said, “Your majesty, Zhang Ruochen’s a hero of the human race. We can’t kill him.

“One, Zhang Ruochen went to the netherworld and brought back the stone rune of the Thousand-bone Empress and guarded the Corpse River, stopping billions of ghosts from getting into Kunlun’s Field. He’s the great hero who saved countless lives. If you kill him, everyone will talk.

“Two, Zhang Ruochen not only saved hundreds of thousands of human lives in the Blue Dragon Void World, but crushed savage beasts also. He’s the hero of the human beings, and no God in history would kill the hero of his or her race.

“Three, immortal vampires slaughtered countless when you were gone. Zhang Ruochen gave us ‘Vampire Secrets,’ but also killed many immortal vampires. If we kill him, there’ll be an uproar.”

Other heavenly maidens were all moved by what Saint Lady did, but they also found her too brave. On the surface, she was listing Zhang Ruochen’s contributions, but anyone with a brain could tell that she was threatening the Empress.

The empress was a God, the only God in Kunlun’s Field. Threatening her was just suicidal.

Dong!

Qing Mo’s face and body changed a lot, but she still looked very delicate and timid. She also kneeled on the ground, but she had no idea what to say.

She was Goddess Natty, one of the nine heavenly maidens.

The empress finally opened her mouth. “I couldn’t care less about killing a nobody, but if that nobody is offending me, how could I let him live? If you want to keep kneeling, then do it.”

...

Zhang Ruochen stopped crying and spitting out blood. He became more and more ferocious and said, “Go away. I need to see Chi Yao. I’ll ask her myself.”

Huang Yanchen stood in front of the palace door, shook her head and said, “You can’t see her. Go back.”

Zhang Ruochen squeezed out each word with hostility: “Anyone who dares stop me, die.”

“How dare you trespass in Ziwei Palace?”

A giant being showed up in front of the palace door. He was holding a Qilin Long Spear, stepping on the ground, wearing iron boots.

And then, Chi Wansui showed his face, walking toward Huang Yanchen.

Bei Gonglan, Xue Wuye, Monk Lidi, Ouyang Huan, Sui Han, Gai Tianjiao and another being in black all walked out.

They stood in a straight line in front of Zhang Ruochen. All of them were great human talents.

The one wearing a black robe was tall, holding a black scepter. It was a woman, but nobody had ever seen her real face, which made her the most mysterious heir. Everyone called her 'Mi Yingzi.'

The heirs would have been invincible in any other era, and each of them had made their own legends. They were able to kill those who were several levels more advanced than them. Although they were kind of outshone by Zhang Ruochen, they were still human legends.

It wasn't an easy task to see one heir, not to mention all nine of them, which caused a stir in Central Empire City.

"Amitabha! Mr. Zhang, I don't want to kill anyone today. As long as you don't trespass in Ziwei Palace today, I'll spare your life," Monk Lidi said.

Gai Tianjiao was muscular and masculine. However, while she stared at Zhang Ruochen, she was torn and said, "What kind of personal issues do you have with her majesty? Leave now! I don't want to fight you."

Beigong Lan was also a bit torn. She said, "Leave. Don't force us to fight."

"Anyone who dares stop me, die."

Zhang Ruochen only wanted to kill at this moment. He wielded the Abyss Ancient Sword in his hand, and the sword made an ear-piercing sound.

And then, his body started to gleam. Five-colored clouds were formed above his head. He trampled the ground and dashed toward the door of Ziwei Palace.

All the nine heirs, except Ouyang Huan and Huang Yanchen, all wielded their heir stamps.

The seven heir stamps looked like seven jade-made mountains, releasing Emperor Qi, forming a huge empress shadow,

crushing toward Zhang Ruochen.

After seeing Chi Yao, Zhang Ruochen couldn't be angrier. He wielded his sword.

Boom!

The seven empress reflections were all destroyed, and the seven heirs all bounced away, hitting the wall.

They were not Zhang Ruochen's match.

Chi Wansui knelt on the ground, covering his chest, staring at Zhang Ruochen in horror and saying, "How strong..."

Whoosh!

Nine traces of seven-colored godly light flew out of Saint Palace Yuanchu, and they went into the bodies of the nine heirs.

Their cultivation surged, reaching Zhang Ruochen's level.

Chi Wansui stood up again and vanished from the ground. When he showed up again, he was already right in front of Zhang Ruochen, wielding his Qilin Long Spear.

Howl!

A phantom of Qilin that was more than one hundred feet long emerged, dashing toward Zhang Ruochen, followed by a deafening sound.

Zhang Ruochen didn't stop marching forward. He clashed with the phantom with his own body. He held his sword in his right hand and clenched his left hand, confronting the Qilin Long Spear directly.

Boom!

Zhang Ruochen held the Qilin Long Spear with his arm.

Chi Wansui was shocked. Just as he tried to step back, he saw Zhang Ruochen wielding his sword toward his head. It was too late for him to dodge it, so he could only try and protect his head.

Clack!

Zhang Ruochen slashed Chi Wansui's right shoulder with the Abyss Ancient Sword, cutting his collarbone and four of his ribs. It was stopped only when it reached his chest.

It wasn't that Zhang Ruochen didn't want to cut Chi Wansui in half, but that he was stopped by Beigong Lan.

Zhang Ruochen shot a glare at Bei Gonglan. He let his Abyss Ancient Sword go and opened his hand and the seven apertures on his palm, forming a blood-red cloud, hitting toward her.

Beigong Lan was dazed. She retracted her saint sword and stabbed Zhang Ruochen's palm.

Even so, she didn't force Zhang Ruochen away.

Zhang Ruochen's palm was pierced through by her saint weapon, yet he acted like he didn't even feel the pain. He slapped down along the sword.

"You..."

Beigong Lan didn't expect Zhan Ruochen to be that ruthless against her.

Boom!

Zhang Ruochen slapped Beigong Lan to the ground and made her bleed everywhere. She could stand up no more.

Zhang Ruochen then raised his palm and hit Chi Wansui's head, crushing half his head and making him bounce away, hitting the city wall.

Zhang Ruochen kept marching forward.

Ring!

Xue Wuye showed up in front of Zhang Ruochen out of nowhere, and before his body emerged, a gleaming saint weapon reached the spot first, and thousands of traces of sword Qi became concentrated at one point.

The sword moved faster than the person.

Chapter 1364 - Fall Apart

Translator:

Larbre Studio

Editor:

Larbre Studio

Xue Wuye's strike was filled with incredible skills of the Sword Way. Not only that, his speed, sharpness, penetration and more than ten Saintly Ways were combined together.

As he stabbed the sword out, cold light shone in all directions. The snow flying in the air trembled slightly.

Zhang Ruochen's eyes were decisive. Sword intent no weaker than Xue Wuye's was unleashed from within him. He grasped the hilt of the Abyss Ancient Sword with both hands.

Countless Rules of Saintly Way melted into the blade. He struck forward, clashing against Xue Wuye.

Boom, boom.

The two of them were both top geniuses of the Sword Way. They attacked extremely quickly. There were clearly only two people, but there were hundreds of afterimages. The Sword Qi was even denser. Like a sword sea, it filled the entire space, making them unapproachable.

Suddenly, time in that space paused. All the figures, Sword Qi, and snowflakes froze. Only one bright beam of sword light passed through the space.

“Oh no, the time sword.”

Xue Wuye's eyes narrowed. His eyes were practically filled by the sword light. He hurriedly activated the time print on his palm and also performed a time sword move, facing the incoming sword light.

Xue Wuye's left and right palms had the marks of time and space. Saint Monk Xumi had given them to him.

Poof!

The Abyss Ancient Sword stabbed through Xue Wuye's body. At the same time, Xue Wuye's sword also stabbed through Zhang Ruochen.

Blood flowed out of both of them.

Xue Wuye froze. He didn't expect that Zhang Ruochen would rather hurt them both than move aside. Did he really no longer feel pain?

In that instant, Zhang Ruochen moved quickly. His fingers let go of the sword hilt and formed a palm print. He hit the Abyss Ancient Sword's hilt with full power.

Crack.

The Abyss Ancient Sword sank fully into Xue Wuye's body, all the way to the hilt. The power on the sword sent Xue Wuye flying out. He was nailed to the tall city wall by the Abyss Ancient Sword.

"Even Xue Wuye has lost."

"Xue Wuye has never lost before. He's already able to be tied with Monk Lidi. Plus, he defeated Sword Saint Wuji of the Immortal Vampires earlier. Even the Sword Emperor wasn't much stronger than him at this age."

"But Zhang Ruochen defeated him. He's impossibly strong."

...

Three Heirs in a row had been heavily injured. This scene was too shocking. Many people were dumbfounded. They started thinking that, perhaps, no one in this world was undefeatable. No matter how talented they were, they would fall one day.

And Zhang Ruochen was the one who kept overturning legends and defeating undefeatable people.

Because of him, the spotlights on the nine Heirs darkened.

The remaining Heirs realized that even if they were as strong as Zhang Ruochen, they couldn't defeat him one-on-one.

“Okay, as expected of the Time and Space Descendant. I will challenge you!”

Gai Tianjiao’s voice was very brusque. She roared and activated the strength of her Extreme Yang Body. Burning power and golden light radiated from her.

From a distance, it looked as if a bright light was shining with fire. Her body contained destructive strength.

The muscles on her body were like red-hot pieces of metal. When she punched, there was a mass of sparks. Even the space was shaking.

Five-colored light poured out of Zhang Ruochen. He struck with a palm print, clashing with Gai Tianjiao’s burning fist. A heatwave rolled out.

On the other end, Sui Han stood tall outside the palace. He pulled out a six-foot-long guqin.

He set the guqin vertically on the ground. Sui Han held it with one hand, the other hand dancing on the strings.

Music notes flew from the strings, forming figures holding swords. They were filled with Sword Qi and attacked Zhang Ruochen like thousands of swordsmen.

At the same time, a mysterious shadow covered in a black robe grabbed a black wand and pointed in Zhang Ruochen’s direction.

Whoosh!

Instantly, Spiritual Qi wove together above Zhang Ruochen’s head, forming a circular formation.

The formation turned quickly. Rings of light rushed out of the formation, landing on Zhang Ruochen. With each ring that fell, Zhang Ruochen seemed to be under more pressure. His feet kept sinking into the ground.

Each music note from Sui Han that landed on Zhang Ruochen either left a sword wound or dented his body. His injuries kept worsening.

Three Heirs attacked at once, making it so that Zhang Ruochen was unable to move. He could only get hit.

“You still won’t surrender?”

Sui Han sighed and shook his head.

The next moment, many overlapping shadows appeared on his fingers. They pressed onto the instrument strings at the same time and played thousands of notes at once.

The thousands of music notes overlapped, resonating. A deafening sound was produced at once.

The guqin trembled. Sui Han’s hands trembled as well. Even his eardrums had shattered and blood trickled out of his ears.

The thousands of music notes formed a semi-transparent sword that was dozens of feet long. It spun halfway in the air and cut down suddenly at Zhang Ruochen’s head.

Everyone knew that this was the point that would determine Zhang Ruochen’s life or death.

Zhang Ruochen took a deep breath. His chest rose and fell sharply.

Boom!

Jingmie Divine Fire poured out of all 144 apertures on Zhang Ruochen’s body. In that instant, Gai Tianjiao’s arms were burnt to a crisp. Other than the bones, all the flesh turned to dust.

Gai Tianjiao had already completed her Extreme Yang Body. She was the least afraid of fire. Even Wuliang Divine Fire could burn her for three days and nights without hurting a hair.

But she was very badly hurt under the Jingmie Divine Fire.

The formation hovering above Zhang Ruochen was also burned by the fire and lost its power.

However, the huge sword formed by music notes wasn’t burned by the Jingmie Divine Fire. It was only three feet above Zhang Ruochen’s head.

“Change the world, Spatial Twist.”

Zhang Ruochen let out a scream and hugged the air. Spatial power surged out instantly. The space around the huge sword's tip and hilt changed.

The sword tip that had been pointing at Zhang Ruochen became the hilt.

Even though it was music, it still couldn't break free from space.

Zhang Ruochen pretended to hold the sword hilt. Using spatial power, he controlled the sword of sound waves and struck, cutting a circle. Sui Han, Mi Yingzi, and Gai Tianjiao were all in the circle and attacked.

Thud!

The guqin in Sui Han's hands and the wand in Mi Yingzi's hands broke at the same time. The next moment, all three of them spat out blood and flew back. Their bodies were broken in half.

Zhang Ruochen wasn't much better than them. He was badly hurt, but the murderous intent in his eyes didn't weaken at all. Instead, it grew stronger.

"Amitabha," Monk Lidi uttered.

Zhang Ruochen didn't even look at him. He just waved an arm and a spatial crack flew out.

Monk Lidi's body flashed and moved horizontally. He avoided the spatial crack and advised, "You know it's impossible, so why bother?"

Zhang Ruochen's eyes were like two demonic lights. They were red as blood. He clenched his hands into claws and pounced at Monk Lidi. At the same time, he pressed in the air.

The entire space crackled and popped. Hundreds of fissures appeared.

All the spatial cracks extended to Monk Lidi. They surrounded him, wanting to swallow him.

Monk Lidi closed his eyes and put his hands together. Thousands of ancient yet mysterious Buddhist words appeared

on his body. Each one was filled with extreme power and shone with brilliant Buddhist light.

He uttered six words. “The Buddhist Way has no limits.”

In an instant, the world became extremely peaceful. The spatial cracks stopped extending toward him. The shreds of Buddhist light that shone from him entered the spatial cracks and actually filled them. The space turned smooth again.

At the same time, the figure of a huge Buddha appeared behind Monk Lidi. It radiated with mighty and divine Qi. He used a Dragon and Elephant Prajna Palm to press down on Zhang Ruochen.

Buddhist light also shone from Zhang Ruochen’s Sea of Qi, shining on the world. He raised his hands. One hand had a dragon; the other had an elephant. He seemed to transform into a Taigu divine elephant and demonic dragon of the deep abyss. He forced his palms out.

They were both using Dragon and Elephant Prajna Palms.

One had the Buddha Golden Body; one had the Buddha’s sarira.

“Elephants Galloping.”

“Flying in the Sky.”

“Dragon and Elephant to the Sky.”

“Dragon Shadows.”

...

“Dragon and Elephant Divine Furnace.”

“Dragon Traveling Nine Days.”

The two went head-on, using the same moves. Monk Lidi had the Buddha Golden Body, which was known to be indestructible. Zhang Ruochen had the Natural Five Elements Chaotic Body, known as the strongest body.

Each clash was like two iron mountains crashing. The explosive sound was about to shake people’s hearts to shambles.

Zhang Ruochen's injuries worsened. Even with his Natural Five Elements Chaotic Body, he couldn't really take it anymore. Cracks appeared all over his body as if it were porcelain. He could shatter at any time.

Just then, Jingmie Divine Fire appeared between his cracks.

In the following clash, Monk Lidi's hands would be burned red with every collision. Smoke rose up. If they kept going like this, the Buddha Golden Body might be destroyed by the Jingmie Divine Fire.

Once destroyed, the Buddha Golden Body would never be indestructible again.

Before, Monk Lidi had always been using his own power. The Buddha Golden Body was only a shell, an indestructible skin. Now, Monk Lidi had to borrow the Buddha Golden Body's strength to defeat Zhang Ruochen.

In other words, he had to use the Buddha's power.

“Amitabha!”

Monk Lidi opened his arms and flew into the sky. The runes on his body all turned into a Buddhist shadow. They flew from his body and hovered in the sky.

The area around the palace turned into a land of thousands of Buddhas. Vast chanting sounded.

Monk Lidi extended a hand and pressed down on Zhang Ruochen. At the same time, the thousands of Buddhas hovering in the sky also struck with a palm print.

Zhang Ruochen's long hair was loose. A hurricane seemed to occur in his Sea of Qi. Holy Qi surged violently. The next moment, the power of the Universe World flooded out.

“Die!” Zhang Ruochen screamed. He pressed up to the sky.

Pop, pop.

Like bubbles, the Buddhas filling the air all collapsed, turning into shreds of Buddhist Qi. Monk Lidi also spat out blood. He was thrown back, hitting a city wall and going straight through it.

Zhang Ruochen stepped toward the palace door. His entire body was a bloody mess. Before him, only Huang Yanchen remained.

Huang Yanchen's eyes were a bit red. Holding the Chaotic World Sword, she pointed it at Zhang Ruochen's chest. "Zhang Ruochen," she said, "do not go further. Once you enter the palace, the Empress will kill you."

"If I continue, will you kill me?" Zhang Ruochen stopped walking.

His heart was pressed against the Chaotic World Sword's tip.

Huang Yanchen's hands trembled. "No... Don't force me."

"When you pointed your sword at my heart, did you ever think about how much my heart would hurt..."

Before Zhang Ruochen could finish, a huge palm force hit his back, pushing him forward suddenly.

Rip!

Zhang Ruochen seemed to hear a sword penetrating a heart.

The one who'd struck with the palm behind Zhang Ruochen was indeed Ouyang Huan, who hadn't attacked the entire time.

Seeing Zhang Ruochen get stabbed by the Chaotic World Sword, Huang Yanchen was frightened too. Her almond eyes widened. She didn't expect Ouyang Huan would attack at this time.

She was about to go support Zhang Ruochen, when extremely aggressive power exploded from his body. It transformed into energy ripples and sent Huang Yanchen and Ouyang Huan flying.

It was Xuanhuang Qi.

Zhang Ruochen entered the Xuanhuang Realm at that moment.

Zhang Ruochen stood under the palace door alone. Looking at the sword in his heart, he smiled bitterly. He looked over at Huang Yanchen, who'd fallen in the distance.

Grabbing the sword hilt, he pulled the Chaotic World Sword out. Blood spurted out of his chest, splattering on the palace door.

With an angry roar, Zhang Ruochen cut down. He cut down a section of his robe with a loud rip. “From now on, our relationship is over. You are no longer my wife.”

Zhang Ruochen tossed the Chaotic World Sword out. His eyes darkened and his Spiritual Qi scattered. No longer going forward, he turned and walked out of the city. He left only a lonely and depressing silhouette, and a trail of bloody footprints behind.

Crash.

The Chaotic World Sword landed before Huang Yanchen.

Chapter 1365 - Hottest Fire and Coldest Water

Translator:

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Editor:

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“Why, master? Why? Why...”

Huang Yanchen groveled on the ground outside Saint Palace Yuanchu. She couldn't help crying, and she couldn't even stand up. The only thing in her mind was the cold look Zhang Ruochen gave her as he left.

The colder the look was, the more pain she felt.

The voice of Empress Chi Yao came out. “You have to make a choice in your life. Since you've decided to side with me, you were going to lose him anyway. Even I, as a God, can't balance both, not to mention you.”

“But...”

“There's no but. Once you've made up your mind, you can only go along.”

The voice of Empress Chi Yao couldn't sound more apathetic. Each word she spewed was like an iceberg, causing Huang Yanchen's heart to ache.

Prime Minister Wang Shiqi was wearing a purple official robe. He walked toward Saint Palace Yuanchu quickly, shot a glance at Huang Yanchen and knelt on the ground. He said, “Zhang Ruochen is indeed a peerless genius. If he can submit himself to the imperial government, he'll definitely be a great talent of the human race. I really appreciate him, however, his mind is a mess, and he couldn't hate your majesty more. He'll be a great threat to us all in the future. For the sake of the imperial

government, and world, and the peace in Kunlun's Field, I reckon we have to kill him.”

Saint Lady, Martial Saint Canglan, and Qing Mo, who were groveling on the ground, were all dazed.

They all knew that Wang Shiqi was very observant, and he was right that Zhang Ruochen was a peerless talent. He was able to defeat all nine heirs by himself. Once he really grew in power, he would be a great enemy against the imperial government for sure.

Which was why they were worried that Zhang Ruochen might get killed if he couldn't make it out of the empire city.

Empress Chi Yao said, “A great enemy?”

“That's right. We've been focusing on him a long time, and with his speed of advancing, perhaps it'll only take him fifty years to become a supreme saint, and three hundred years to become a God. I reckon Zhang Ruochen is actually far more of a threat than Death Zen Leader and Kong Lanyou. Your majesty, we have to be prepared. We have to kill him now,” Wang Shiqi said.

“Fifty years to become a supreme saint, and three hundred years to become a God. Has anyone in history ever achieved that?” Empress Chi Yao said very calmly, but everyone could tell that she said it with disdain.

“No, but Zhang Ruochen has super talents...”

Empress Chi Yao stopped Wang Shiqi from finishing his line. “So what? Are you saying nobody has the same potential Zhang Ruochen does?”

“Not quite... Although Zhang Ruochen has special talents, which makes him the most gifted person since ancient times, every one hundred thousand years, or hundreds of thousands of years, there will be someone who has that potential. For example, Thousand-bone Empress was just as gifted as him. And in the more ancient history, there might have been eight hundred, if not one thousand beings like them.”

Empress Chi Yao said, “Did they all become supreme saints or even Gods?”

“No. Even Thousand-bone Empress didn’t become a God,” Wang Shiqi said.

“Then why should I be intimidated by someone who’s still nothing?”

Empress Chi Yao said with majesty, “There’re countless hero bodies in Kunlun’s Field. He’s someone who doesn’t matter at all. Fifty years to become a supreme saint, and three hundred years to become a God? Wang Shiqi, how many years have you refined?”

Wang Shiqi felt gigantic pressure in front of a God. He couldn’t help sweating. He said, staring at the ground, “One thousand, two hundred and forty years.”

“What do you think about your talents?”

“I, I don’t think I’m any less talented than anyone else,” Wang Shiqi said.

Empress Chi Yao said, “Those who can reach your level all have the best talents and comprehension, but do you know why you still haven’t become a supreme saint after one thousand, two hundred and forty years?”

“Please tell me, your majesty,” Wang Shiqi said.

“Potential doesn’t mean anything if you want to become a supreme saint, especially a God. What matters is your will. When you kneel before me, you’re already doomed never to become a supreme saint,” Empress Chi Yao said.

Wang Shiqi sweated more heavily. He asked, “Why...”

Empress Chi Yao said, “Supreme saints are the kings of saintly way. Those who have the mind to become a king will never bow in front of others. Those who aspire to become gods have great perseverance. Those under supreme saints rely on their talents, and those who want to become supreme saints rely on their hearts.

“Those who aspire to become emperors will never bow in front of others, and those who aspire to become gods have great perseverance.”

“Never bow to others, and great perseverance.”

Wang Shiqi mumbled the words while trying to comprehend them.

“When you kneeled in front of me, you already lost your chance to become a supreme saint. You’re way weaker than Death Zen Leader and Kong Lanyou. They’re destined to be more accomplished than you,” Empress Chi Yao said.

Wang Shiqi said, “Your majesty, could you tell me how to train my will?”

“Training your will is like making weapons. You need to use the hottest fire and coldest water to make weapons, and with the best weapon maker, you can design an invincible weapon. However, if you want to withstand the hottest fire and coldest water, you need to find the best iron in the world. You need all of them to succeed.”

“What are the hottest fire and coldest water?” Wang Shiqi asked.

“The most blazing fire to train one’s heart is anger. As for the coldest water...” Empress Chi Yao stayed quiet for a while, then she said, “Go comprehend it yourself.”

The Empress started to mutter in Saint Palace Yuanchu, “Fifty years to become a supreme saint, and three hundred years to become a God. How is that even possible? Perhaps the hottest fire and the coldest water can’t do the trick.”

“That means there’s no need to be intimidated by Zhang Ruochen at all.”

Wang Shiqi thought for a while and said, “Another thing. The Heaven and Earth Chessboard indicates that the ten blood emperors and the leader of the Immortal Temple have fled the north, heading toward Manji Island.”

Empress Chi Yao looked disdainful. She said, “Those ten blood emperors are just arrogant fools. Even Lord Pluto, he only dared claim himself to be king, yet they dared claim themselves to be emperors. Well, better to be an arrogant fool than to be a pathetic nobody. I’ll go end their lives myself.”

Whoosh!

A seven-colored godly cloud flew out of Central Empire City, heading toward the north.

“Didn’t the Empress say she’s not going to kill anyone tonight? You never know what’s going on in a God’s mind.” Wang Shiqi shook his head, looking at the departing godly clouds. He mumbled again, “Those who aspire to become Emperors will never bow in front of others, and those who aspire to become gods have great perseverance.”

...

All the monks were thrilled after learning that Zhang Ruochen had managed to injure all the nine heirs by himself.

They saw Zhang Ruochen glaze over and walk toward the gate of the empire city, yet nobody dared attack him. They weren’t the nine heirs who had great body constitution. Even if their bodies were cut in half, they wouldn’t die.

However, if the same thing happened to them, they would die instantly.

“No need to rush. When he bleeds out, he’ll die for sure. After that, we can go seize his treasures.”

Many monks with malicious intents followed Zhang Ruochen just to wait until he fell.

As for those who admired Zhang Ruochen, they didn’t dare help him. The best they could do was to show some sympathy. After all, Zhang Ruochen had offended the Empress, the entire imperial government, even the entire world.

Nobody could deal with the repercussion of helping him.

Every step he took, Zhang Ruochen would bleed heavily from his chest. His face turned paler and paler, and his body got colder. The snow didn’t even melt after touching his face, instead, it was further frozen.

More and more monks followed Zhang Ruochen, but he didn’t fall down at all. He walked all the way out of Central Empire City.

“So disturbing. When is he going to fall?”

“Just die already. His heart has been pierced through, and he has almost bled out. How is he still alive?”

Someone had lost their patience, and they wanted to attack Zhang Ruochen.

Two elders rushed out of the clouds and landed in front of Zhang Ruochen.

One of the elders held Zhang Ruochen’s shoulder and said, “Finally we found you. Quick, give me Thousand Leaves Saint Core Grass. If it weren’t for the Crazy Alcoholic’s nose, we might’ve lost you forever. What happened? Why are you so injured?”

“Really? Is he dead?”

The Crazy Alcoholic was dazed. He put his ears against the wound in Zhang Ruochen’s heart, and then, he took a deep breath.

Both the elders had just arrived in the empire city, so they had no idea what happened.

After they escaped Xianji Mountain, they had been looking for Zhang Ruochen. After all, Zhang Ruochen had the recipe to make Six Saints to Heaven Wine and Thousand Leaves Saint Core Grass, both of which were things they had been craving, so they feared that Zhang Ruochen might keep them for himself.

“How amazing. He’s already bled out, yet he’s still breathing.” Gu Songzi stroked his beard and shook his head.

“What’re you waiting for? Save him now,” the Crazy Alcoholic said, urging him to act.

The Crazy Alcoholic hit Zhang Ruochen’s back, and a trace of thick saint Qi gushed out, flowing into Zhang Ruochen’s body.

The ice on Zhang Ruochen immediately melted.

Meanwhile, Gu Songzi took out three saint pills, a Blood Qi Saint Pill, a healing saint pill and a life saint pill, feeding Zhang Ruochen all of them.

Seeing the Crazy Alcoholic and Gu Songzi saving Zhang Ruochen, those monks who had followed Zhang Ruochen for a long time were all furious.

“Where did you come from? How dare you save Zhang Ruochen?”

“He offended the Empress. How dare you save him? I’ll kill you all for the Empress.”

The monks stopped waiting and rushed out, dashing toward the Crazy Alcoholic, Gu Songzi and Zhang Ruochen. They wanted to kill them first before seizing their treasures.

Chapter 1366 - Cousin, You've Been Through Hardships!

Translator:

Larbre Studio

Editor:

Larbre Studio

“What’s going on? Did that Zhang Ruochen offend all the cultivators in the world?”

The Crazy Alcoholic pressed a hand to Zhang Ruochen’s back. He turned around and was frightened when he saw the swarm of cultivators.

There were too many attacking and it was difficult to count them. Some attacked obviously while others were hidden in the darkness.

The ones in broad daylight were just average. However, the hidden ones were all very strong. They were at least Saints.

Some might want the treasures, but others wanted to kill Zhang Ruochen, not wanting to let him leave the imperial city.

“The Empress didn’t make a command, but I can guess her thoughts. She just wants to kill Zhang Ruochen and get rid of future threats. It’s just that she can’t do it herself.”

The higher-ups of the imperial court and Ministry of War were guessing the Empress’ thoughts. They wanted to cut off Zhang Ruochen’s head to get on the Empress’ good side.

“The Nine Heirs all suffered under Zhang Ruochen. We must kill Zhang Ruochen to take revenge for them.”

“The Empress has become a god. She will step down from the throne soon. The newest ruler of Kunlun’s Field will definitely

be one of the nine Heirs. Whoever kills Zhang Ruochen will be greatly successful in the future.”

Beams of Destruction of Thousand Patterns and saintly spells fell from the sky to kill Zhang Ruochen.

Gu Songzi’s Spiritual Power was very strong. He naturally heard some of the telepathic messages, so he understood what was happening. “No matter what,” he said darkly, “Zhang Ruochen saved many humans. Even I’m impressed by some of the things. The Empress is truly cruel to kill him completely.”

Gu Songzi already knew about the Empress forcing the Crazy Alcoholic to kneel down and make a vow back then. Thus, he also resented the Empress.

Gu Songzi was about to attack, when cold wind suddenly blew over. A woman with white hair suddenly appeared before them.

She had a head of white hair, but she didn’t seem old. She had extremely youthful and beautiful features. Her skin was milky white, her lips red, and her lashes long. She was elegant like a goddess that had walked out of a painting.

But cold force surged out of her body.

“Die.”

She didn’t do anything and just uttered this word from her red lips.

Boom, boom.

Many cultivators exploded into bloody mist. Some of the cultivators who were further away let out pained cries and fell from the sky.

Merely that one word cleared up a patch. Tens of thousands of cultivators died. A bloody odor hung in the air.

The sky turned red.

“She’s the Saint Elder of Sacred Central Crypt. Run!”

“Oh my, how come this demoness is at the Central Emperor City again? Hurry and leave this place. If you anger her, your body will be buried thousands of feet underground.”

“Oh no. Since the Saint Elder is here, Zhang Ruochen’s treasures will most likely be taken by her. If she gets his treasures, won’t her cultivation improve even more?”

Both the nobodies in clear daylight and the big figures hiding in the shadows were running now.

Whoosh!

A thousand-mile-long bridge of blue clouds flew out of the Central Emperor City. The bridge was densely covered in words.

Wang Shiqi stepped on the bridge and came to the outside of the city. He was hundreds of feet from the ground. Behind him stood ten Saints of the Confucius Way, including the leaders of the four sects.

In addition, Heavenly King Douzhan, Kill-All King, and other figures of the Ministry of War also appeared in other directions.

Wang Shiqi wore a Confucian robe and emanated a mighty aura. His voice traveled across the land. “Kong Lanyou, the Empress has become a god and you still dare to kill freely in the Central Emperor City? Do you really think the Empress won’t kill you?”

Two beams of sharp light shot from Kong Lanyou’s eyes. “So what if Chi Yao becomes a god? Someone will make her pay what she owes. Wang Shiqi, if you know your place, take the useless people of the imperial court and get out. Don’t force me to massacre you all.”

On the side, the Crazy Alcoholic and Gu Songzi exchanged glances. They both had strange expressions, thinking, The Saint Elder is so powerful. She dares to speak to Wang Shiqi like this. That’s the Saint Master of the Confucius Way and advisor of the First Central Empire. He’s a very important figure of Kunlun’s Field.

A Confucian with white whiskers and hair walked out from behind Wang Shiqi. “Blasphemy,” he said coldly. “A new god has been born and the world is at peace. How can we allow a demoness like you to continue succeeding?”

Kong Lanyou's phoenix-like eyes glanced at him. She extended a pale finger and pointed.

“Oh no.”

Wang Shiqi's expression changed and hurriedly released Spiritual Power.

The next moment, Spiritual Qi continuously streamed over. They transformed into various abstruse saintly words and formed the word “shield.”

Thud.

In an instant, Wang Shiqi's “shield” broke apart. An invisible beam of power flew from his neck and hit the white-haired Confucian.

Slice.

The next moment, the Confucian's body was split apart. The bloody corpse fell from the sky.

Many cultivators in the imperial city looked in that direction. Seeing a Confucian get killed, they all trembled.

The Saints present were all intimidated by Kong Lanyou's action.

Heavenly King Douzhan's eyes darkened. Holding a snake spear, he walked forward.

Wang Shiqi's expression was serious. He looked at Heavenly King Douzhan and roared, “Go back.”

“Lord, why do you stop me?”

Heavenly King Douzhan's eyes were filled with confusion.

“She must have crossed that last step. Her realm isn't the same as ours anymore. If you go, you will also...die...”

Wang Shiqi's body trembled. He clutched his heart. He felt that his heart had been shattered by Kong Lanyou's might. Kong Lanyou from before could never have given him such pressure.

Hearing Wang Shiqi's words, Heavenly King Douzhan's expression changed drastically and he hurried back.

The other strong cultivators of the imperial court all exchanged glances and had fearful expressions.

Kong Lanyou scoffed. She pressed down toward the Central Emperor City. Instantly, all the cultivators in the city felt extreme pressure.

Kaboom.

A handprint thousands of feet wide appeared. It slammed down, shattering the 3000-foot-tall statue in Ziwei Palace. It turned into broken pieces of rock.

At the same time, the Abyss Ancient Sword flew out of the city and landed in Kong Lanyou's hands.

“Let's go.”

Kong Lanyou turned around. She waved her hand slightly, releasing a thin layer of Holy Qi. It curled around Zhang Ruochen, Gu Songzi, and the Crazy Alcoholic. In an instant, they disappeared from outside the city.

A while later, they were far from the imperial city. They reappeared on a vast plain and didn't continue to escape.

The Crazy Alcoholic and Gu Songzi were both very nervous. Their bodies were tensed and they stared at Kong Lanyou as if seeing a huge enemy.

Even though Empress Chi Yao was cruel, the Saint Elder of the Sacred Central Crypt was also infamous.

Why would someone like her rescue Zhang Ruochen if she wouldn't gain anything?

“She must have her eyes on Zhang Ruochen's treasures,” Gu Songzi said telepathically to the Crazy Alcoholic. That was his guess.

The Crazy Alcoholic's expression changed. “Could she know that the recipe for the Six Saints to the Sky Wine is in Zhang Ruochen's hands?”

“She probably wants the Thousand-leaf Saint Heart Grass,” Gu Songzi replied.

To them, there was nothing more precious than the recipe for the Six Saints to the Sky Wine and Thousand-leaf Saint Heart Grass. They actually started arguing while discussing this.

“It must be the Six Saints to the Sky Wine recipe. With her cultivation, she wouldn’t want Thousand-leaf Saint Heart Grass at all.”

“Impossible. The Thousand-leaf Saint Heart Grass is saintly medicine with 100,000 years of history. Even a Supreme Saint would be tempted. How can she not want it?”

...

When they saw Kong Lanyou walk over, the Crazy Alcoholic and Gu Songzi stopped arguing. They both paled.

“Actually, I’m not close to Zhang Ruochen at all. If you would like Zhang Ruochen’s treasures, just take them... Just spare his life.” The Crazy Alcoholic bowed at Kong Lanyou and smiled.

“We don’t know anything. We didn’t see anything.”

Gu Songzi was afraid that Kong Lanyou would kill them. After speaking, he grabbed the Crazy Alcoholic and immediately hurried away.

Kong Lanyou stared at the two old men with confusion. Then she withdrew her gaze and walked to Zhang Ruochen.

Seeing Zhang Ruochen’s injuries and dull eyes, Kong Lanyou’s heart was in pain. She extended a translucent finger and touched Zhang Ruochen’s injuries lightly.

She bit her lips and tears flowed out of her eyes. Her finger trembled. She could almost feel the pain and bitterness of Zhang Ruochen’s body and heart.

“Don’t pull me,” the Crazy Alcoholic said. “We can’t leave Zhang Ruochen behind. That kid is pretty pitiful. We have to save him even if we risk our lives.”

“That’s the Saint Elder of the Sacred Central Crypt,” Gu Songzi said. “Before her, even Wang Shiqi, Heavenly King Douzhan, and the Kill-All King don’t dare to say anything. Who are we? If we could save him, I would do it. But we can’t even save ourselves now, so let’s just run!”

“Cousin, you’ve gone through such hardships!”

Hearing this, the Crazy Alcoholic and Gu Songzi both froze. Their mouths dropped open and they seemed to be fossilized.

“Cousin?”

A moment later, the two old men finally blinked. They turned and looked toward Kong Lanyou and Zhang Ruochen.

They saw the beautiful Saint Elder hugging Zhang Ruochen tightly. She convulsed with sobs like a girl who was extremely heartbroken.

The Crazy Alcoholic and Gu Songzi’s eyes were about to fall out of their sockets. As if someone was choking them, they couldn’t even say anything.

The Saint Elder who had killed people without warning in the imperial city was actually hugging Zhang Ruochen and calling him “cousin”?

Gu Songzi prodded the Crazy Alcoholic with an elbow. Lips moving, he whispered, “Could the Saint Elder have gone crazy from cultivating and mistaken Zhang Ruochen for her cousin?”

The Crazy Alcoholic rubbed his eyes. “It’s possible,” he said seriously.

“That’s good. This way, we have a chance to save Zhang Ruochen. I have an idea that we can try.”

Gu Songzi took a deep breath. He had to risk things once to save Zhang Ruochen. Combing his whiskers, a wise expression appeared in his eyes. He stepped forward steadily and appeared beside Zhang Ruochen and Kong Lanyou. Chuckling, he said, “Actually, I am Zhang Ruochen’s grandfather. You two don’t need to be so sad.”

Kong Lanyou raised her face from Zhang Ruochen’s chest. She stared at Gu Songzi through her tears.

Because her eyes were filled with tears, Gu Songzi couldn’t see her expression. He smiled benevolently and nodded.

“Yes,” he continued. “I am your grandfather.”

Chapter 1367 - Gateway to Hell

Translator:

Larbre Studio

Editor:

Larbre Studio

The Crazy Alcoholic saw what Gu Songzi was trying to do, and he admired that plan.

The Crazy Alcoholic then walked toward Kong Lanyou, and stroked her head as if a senior was comforting his child. He said, “Lanyou, I’m your great uncle.”

“What did you just say?”

Kong Lanyou shot a glare at the Crazy Alcoholic.

“I am... your great uncle...”

The Crazy Alcoholic’s hand was grabbed and squeezed by Kong Lanyou. Even if he was a saint king with great body constitution and solid bones, they were still being crushed.

The Crazy Alcoholic was so much in pain that his meridians burst. His face twisted, and he screamed in agony.

Gu Songzi cursed in his heart and he found the Crazy Alcoholic useless. He walked over to stop Kong Lanyou “He wasn’t lying. He really is your great uncle.”

Kong Lanyou shot a glance at Gu Songzi. Bang! She crushed the Crazy Alcoholic’s arm and hit his back, knocking him onto the ground.

After seeing that, Gu Songzi was afraid that the so-called Saint Elder of Sacred Central Crypt might’ve really lost his mind, so it’d be better to leave her alone.

He turned around and decided to leave.

However, Kong Lanyou hit his head the second he turned around, and the cold Qi gushing out of her palm froze her head.

Boom!

Gu Songzi was knocked into the mud as well.

Kong Lanyou didn't kill them, but she didn't give a damn about them either. She walked to Zhang Ruochen, grabbed his hand and said, "Cousin, follow me to Sacred Central Crypt. As long as I'm here, nobody can hurt you."

After taking three saint pills, Zhang Ruochen started to look better, and the wound in his heart had almost recovered.

"No."

Zhang Ruochen squeezed a word out.

Kong Lanyou could feel that Zhang Ruochen was trying to repel her, so she let his hand go.

The more she forced Zhang Ruochen, the worse it might get.

Zhang Ruochen glanced over everything with his eyes. He said, "Where can I even go now? I don't want to go anywhere. I just want to take a walk."

And then, Zhang Ruochen walked forward like a robot.

"I'll follow you."

Kong Lanyou knew how pained Zhang Ruochen was at the moment, and he could only walk out of that by himself. However, he still needed someone to be with him at his lowest moment.

Gu Songzi and the Crazy Alcoholic climbed up, covered with mud. They looked like beggars with disheveled hair. They held their breath and suppressed their forces, trying to flee.

"My cousin is very hurt, so he needs two servants. Are you willing to do it?" Kong Lanyou said with her back facing them.

Gu Songzi and the Crazy Alcoholic stopped walking and gave each other a look. They could see the indignation in each

other's eyes. One of them was a saint king, and the other was a Pill Saint, yet they were called to be servants?

They couldn't deal with this humiliation.

"Or you can die," Kong Lanyou added.

The Crazy Alcoholic took a deep breath, suppressed his anger and laughed. "Zhang Ruochen and I are the closest of friends. How can I just ditch him?"

"I was the one who reconnected Zhang Ruochen's meridians. We are closer," Gu Songzi said.

"Stop walking and lead the way."

The Crazy Alcoholic and Gu Songzi lost all their pride and walked forward, cleaning the brambles and stones in front of them.

...

The Northern Ocean was right outside the northern region.

The Northern Ocean was immeasurably deep, and there were countless savage beasts of the water race in the water, and some of them were giant saint beasts and Taigu remains.

It was just as dangerous as the Savage Barren Secret Region.

However, the water in the Northern Ocean had already been tainted red by blood, and it was the blood of those blood emperors of the immortal vampire race. Their blood contained great power, so when it was combined with the water, the water in the ocean started to boil.

The saint beasts and savage beasts were all so scared that they sank to the bottom of the ocean.

Nine of the ten blood emperors had been killed. The only ones left were Qitian Blood Emperor and the leader of the Immortal Temple, who were the strongest.

Their cultivation was much higher than the other nine blood emperors as they had truly become supreme saints. They were indeed qualified to become emperors.

The other blood emperors were only halfway to becoming supreme saints, and they were only semi supreme saints. Also, they could only wield the power of supreme saints temporarily.

As for Qitian Blood Emperor and the leader of the Immortal Temple, they were top-tier beings even compared to other supreme saints.

It was almost impossible to become a supreme saint. If someone within a race could become a supreme saint, that race would be the most top-tier race in Kunlun's Field. Immortal vampires were definitely one of the top five races in Kunlun's Field, as they had two supreme saints and nine semi supreme saints.

Certainly, the human race was the greatest race in Kunlun's Field.

However, human beings had way too many enemies. They not only needed to deal with immortal vampires, but also had to fight the land savage beasts in Savage Barren Secret Region and the water savage beasts in Square Ocean Region.

When the Empress was missing, the top-tier great beings of the human race all headed out. Some of them went to Savage Barren Secret Region to instigate conflicts among the savage beasts. Some of them went to Chaotic World Mountain to suppress all the void worlds. Some of them headed to Square Ocean Region to suppress the beast emperors.

It was already very impressive that the human race managed to balance all the powers.

What Qing Xiao said, 'The imperial government is very complicated,' meant that the real great beings in the imperial government all left the First Central Empire to balance all the major powers, waiting for the Empress to come back.

When the Empress came back, no other races would dare fight the human race anymore, and then everything would be clear.

If the Empress remained missing, the Central Empire City would be conquered, and the human beings would be annihilated by the other races, and everything would be clear.

Manji Island was deep in the Northern Ocean. It wasn't a small island, but rather a gigantic one that was a million miles long. Compared to the entire Kunlun's Field, it was a small island.

Immortal vampires used to be banished by Emperor Ming and the other human powers and got sealed in this poor land.

Qitian Blood Emperor and the leader of the Immortal Temple couldn't be happier as they arrived on Manji Island, and they headed toward the center of the island.

Suddenly, seven-colored godly light showed up above their heads. An exquisite being walked out of the godly light, looked down at them and said, "Where're you going? Hell Field?"

Empress Chi Yao stood there, wearing a white godly robe, and traces of godly light came out of her body, suppressing Qitian Blood Emperor and the leader of the Immortal Temple completely."

"She has just become a God, so her power hasn't been stabilized yet. I can hold her off for a while. Go to the entrance to Hell Field from Kunlun's Field. The second you get into that area, you'll be safe."

Boom!

The emperor blood inside Qitian Blood Emperor burned, and blood Qi started to tumble and permeate, covering an area of tens of thousands of square miles.

By burning his emperor blood, his forces surged, breaking the suppression of the godly might.

The leader of the Immortal Temple caught a break, so he rushed out and ran toward the center of Manji Island.

"Even if you sacrifice your emperor blood to the immortal vampire gods, you're not strong enough to ward off a random move from a true God."

Empress Chi Yao looked calm. She flicked her fingers, and a trace of godly light cut the blood Qi in half.

The body of Qitian Blood Emperor was also cut in half, and he died instantly, not being able to survive for a second against Empress Chi Yao.

Meanwhile, Empress Chi Yao stared at the leader of the Immortal Temple, and in the next moment, the leader screamed in agony, followed by the explosion of his body.

After killing the two supreme saints, Empress Chi Yao moved her body and showed up at the center of Manji Island.

At the center of Manji Island was bloody soil.

There was a space crack that was thousands of miles long, deep in the bloody soil, which connected the sky and the ground. Blood mist gushed out of the space crack.

This was an amazing scene, which was awesome even from afar.

“Is this the gateway to hell that was opened by Hell Field where Lord Pluto led the immortal vampires?”

Empress Chi Yao landed on the ground and walked toward the space crack. Each step she took was surrounded by seven-colored godly light, driving away the blood Qi.

She was still a thousand miles away from the gateway to hell, yet the rules of heaven and earth had changed, and an invisible force hit her. That force was strong enough to make even a God feel pressured.

Boom!

The gateway to hell trembled, and the blood Qi coming out of it became thicker and thicker. In the end, it was liquified and turned into blood water.

A giant blood-red hand reached out from the gateway to hell, and there were countless engravings on the giant hand, slapping toward Chi Yao.

Chi Yao's eyes glinted, and then, her body gleamed with endless godly light, retreating quickly from the gateway to hell.

However, the more quickly Empress Chi Yao stepped back, the larger the blood-red hand became. She couldn't escape it at all. In the end, the blood-red hand slapped her head as if an entire earth was crashing toward her.

The center of Manji Island started to crack, permeating a hundred thousand miles away.

Chapter 1368 - Covered In Holes

Translator:

Larbre Studio

Editor:

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Whoosh!

Just as the blood-red palm print fell down, a brilliant beam of sword light passed through it. It transformed into a beam of light and shot into the sky.

When the light stopped, it consolidated into Empress Chi Yao's beautiful divine figure.

Empress Chi Yao stood in the sky. Her long black hair fluttered in the wind. Countless runes interwove on the Divine Blood Sword in her hand. Her beautiful yet cold eyes radiated with undefeatable power.

The blood-red handprint below hit the ground and shattered, transforming back into boiling blood water.

It was like rivers of blood were on the ground. They were shocking.

Whoosh!

Blood water was still pouring out of the gates of Hell.

At the same time, a vast and deep voice came from another world. It appeared above Chi Yao's head. "One hundred thousand years ago, didn't all the gods die, and wasn't even the World Spiritual Root broken? How can there be a new god born?"

Chi Yao lifted her lashes and spoke to the voice coldly. "Since I could become a god, this means that Kunlun's Field is awakening."

“Awakening?” The voice from the other world contained a laugh. “One hundred years ago, Kunlun’s Field already became battered and covered with holes. If it wasn’t for that Xumi who used all his divine power to seal the holes, Kunlun’s Field would’ve become a part of Hell long ago, becoming part of the Immortal Vampire’s territory. You wouldn’t have been able to live until now.

“To be honest, you don’t have any hope. Why continue to struggle?”

“However, since you could become a god under Kunlun’s Field’s exhausted conditions, it’s obvious your talent and personality are quite good. Why don’t you follow me and work for the Immortal Vampires? At least, your life will be spared.”

Empress Chi Yao’s body sparkled with divine light. Sword Qi shot out of her as she mocked, “You can’t even destroy Saint Monk Xumi’s remaining power and you want me to submit to you?”

“You think you can overlook the entire world just because you’re a god? I can only say that you’re an ignorant fool trapped in Kunlun’s Field. I have cultivated for 134,000 years and I still hold reverence. How many years have you cultivated for?”

Empress Chi Yao’s expression didn’t change. Fearless, she just played with her long hair. “You don’t necessarily become stronger as you cultivate more.”

The voice from the other world sharpened as he huffed. “You really think I can’t descend upon Kunlun’s Field? One hundred thousand years have passed. Ninety percent of that Xumi’s remaining power has scattered. It became extremely fragile long ago. Today, I will descend upon Kunlun’s Field. I will first kill you and then destroy Kunlun’s Field.”

Kaboom.

The gates of Hell started shaking again. Rings of divine power surged out. Then a huge blood-red hand reached out of it.

Unlike before, this hand wasn't formed by blood water. It was a true hand.

The hand of an Immortal Vampire god had stretched from Hell to Kunlun's Field.

Merely the power from the hand was able to shake Manji Island crazily. The ground buzzed and tall waves lifted in the North Sea.

"In the end, Saint Monk Xumi's remaining power is no longer able to protect Kunlun's Field. This day has come a bit too soon, hasn't it?"

Empress Chi Yao's red lips opened slightly as she sighed. Then her eyes sharpened horribly. Holding the Divine Blood Sword, she decisively walked toward the gates of Hell and struck down.

As soon as the Divine Blood Sword went out, Blood Qi crossed 3,000 miles. Sword wind passed through the sky. The power that burst forth wasn't any weaker than that divine hand.

"Idiot. Fighting me with your cultivation is like an egg trying to fight a rock."

Overpowering divine force exploded from the red hand in the gates of Hell. It went toward the Divine Blood Sword, wanting to kill the new god of the human race.

Boom!

Divine power shot out of Empress Chi Yao's body. It became one with the Divine Blood Sword. The power she wielded actually stopped that blood-red hand.

The two bursts of divine power clashed violently. No one retreated at all.

"So what if you've cultivated for 134,000 years? You're only a hand that has reached into somewhere it shouldn't be. It should be cut off."

Empress Chi Yao's curvy body seemed to be made out of seven-colored divine jade. Dragging the Divine Blood Sword,

she tore a long bloody cut onto the hand. A large amount of divine blood flowed out.

Even though she couldn't cut off the hand, she'd still injured it.

“In your dreams! I'll let you see what true divine power is today. You're still far from it.”

The gates of Hell trembled again. Rings of divine power rippled out like a windstorm. The water of the North Sea went even crazier.

The next moment, a second giant red hand reached out from the gates of Hell.

The power that burst from the two hands instantly doubled.

The divine power that poured out of Manji Island turned the entire sky above the North Sea red. All the creatures in the sea were terrified.

Crackle.

Pop.

...

The space near the gates of Hell were shattering. Saint Monk Xumi's remaining divine power was quickly scattering.

“The battle from 100,000 years ago shall end today.”

The owner of the two giant red hands sent even stronger divine power through the gates. Clearly, he was about to fully descend upon Kunlun's Field soon.

At the same time, shocking changes were occurring elsewhere in Kunlun's Field.

Northern region.

Deep within Xianji Mountain, Saint Monk Xumi's remaining power was also collapsing. Deathly Qi poured out, covering the land.

Eastern region.

In the Tomb Forest, the Corpse River that separated the living and netherworld suddenly shook violently.

The Thousand-bone Empress' stone rune had stood in the Corpse River, sealing off the passageway. However, divine power from the netherworld suddenly poured out, cracking the stone.

Shreds of ghostly Qi surged out, extending through the entire eastern region.

The North Sea, northern region, eastern region, southern region, western region, central region, Savage Barren Territory... Even the void worlds around Kunlun's Field had similar phenomena.

Blood Qi, Death Qi, Ghost Qi, Evil Qi... Bursts of power from Hell seeped in through the pores of the world. They were about to rip apart the entire Kunlun's Field.

"My brethren are starving in Hell. Kunlun's Field is a granary with so many beasts and so much food. Six Plutos, where are you? Follow me, your father, and engage in war!"

The divine voice of that Immortal Vampire god rang out from the gates of Hell. He wanted to awaken the sleeping Plutos.

Two horribly huge Blood Qi wheels formed out of the palms of the two red hands. They crushed toward Empress Chi Yao. The entire sky was about to be ripped apart.

Empress Chi Yao waved her sword again. A thousand-mile-long Sword Qi flew out, shattering one of the Blood Qi wheels.

However, the other wheel hit her body. Dense cracks appeared all over the seven-colored divine body. She was about to shatter.

Empress Chi Yao half-knelt on the ground and slid back thousands of miles. Divine blood trickled out of the corner of her mouth.

"Why are you still struggling? You can't block me. Submit to me and I can allow you to continue to rule Kunlun's Field. You can watch over my livestock." The divine voice was approaching.

"Who did you say is...livestock?"

Empress Chi Yao stood up again. Her battle intent didn't weaken at all. Instead, her eyes grew even sharper. Her body automatically left the ground as she uttered, "To One."

She drew a circle with her Divine Blood Sword.

Instantly, the sky turned dark and black. Stars filled the sky above her head.

Whoosh!

That strike contained all her divine power and she struck with all her might.

The divine blood-red hands burst forth with all his might. He produced an even bigger Blood Qi wheel and struck out.

Kaboom.

Crackle.

Empress Chi Yao was once again hit by the Blood Qi wheel. Her entire body was bloody and mangled. Her divine body was tattered. She fell onto the ground, creating a huge hole.

However, the Divine Blood Sword also cut off the two divine hands.

A furious roar sounded at the other end of the gates of Hell. "You can't stop me. Today, Kunlun's Field will die!"

"No, it won't!"

Empress Chi Yao stood up again. She raised the Divine Blood Sword with both hands. Divine blood flowed out of her, transforming into various rivers of Blood Qi and rushing in all directions of Kunlun's Field.

"I've prepared for so many years. The Heaven and Earth Altars should be activated now."

One of the blood rivers flew toward the Yin and Yang Sect, rushing into a Heaven and Earth Altar.

Another blood river flew out of Kunlun's Field. It entered the Mujing Void World and also rushed into a Heaven and Earth Altar.

...

All the Heaven and Earth Altars started operating.

A beam of light flew out of each altar. They interwove, protecting the entire Kunlun's Field.

The Corpse River, Xianji Mountain, Manji Island... The holes that connected to Hell were all sealed again.

An eerie voice sounded within the gates of Hell. "So, you prepared beforehand. But merely the Heaven and Earth Altar can't stop us for long. You can continue to struggle to live. Next time my true body descends, it won't be this result..."

That voice faded gradually and finally disappeared.

Empress Chi Yao's divine body wavered slightly. She could no longer support herself and almost fell to the ground.

However, in the end, she used the long sword to support herself. She didn't fall down, because there was something even more important that she had to do personally.

"Saints of the imperial court, listen to me. I will leave Kunlun's Field soon. During this time, Huang Yanchen will be in charge of the First Central Empire's matters. Everyone must aid her with all their hearts. Whoever doesn't obey the orders will be killed by me when I return.

"Second, the World Spiritual Root has already awoken. If he has any requests, the imperial court must support him as much as possible.

"Third..."

...

She issued a dozen orders. Each one was like a god sending messages. Then Empress Chi Yao started caressing the Divine Blood Sword in her hands. Her gaze was complex. "Time, time, time is so tight and precious! Kill, kill, I must continue to kill! If I want true unity, I must wash Kunlun's Field with blood before I leave."

Chapter 1369 - One Year Later

Translator:

Larbre Studio

Editor:

Larbre Studio

After the Heaven and Earth Altar was opened, the evil death Qi, blood Qi and death Qi that permeated Kunlun's Field started to wither away.

To most of the creatures, they only saw some strange scenes, so they had no idea of what happened.

Only those who were standing at the top of the chain sensed the dangers.

The Crazy Alcoholic and Gu Songzi were relieved as they saw the blood Qi withering away.

When the blood Qi permeated the heaven and earth, even they felt that their saint souls were trembling, as that force was horrifying.

Gu Songzi took a look at Kong Lanyou who was standing at the top of the mountain. He jumped up, bowed toward Kong Lanyou and said, "Saint Elder, your cultivation is far superior to ours. Can you tell us what just happened?"

Kong Lanyou put her hands behind her back, and her white hair waved in the air. She stared at the sky and said, "A turbulence is coming, and no living beings in Kunlun's Field can get out of it."

Gu Songzi was confused, "Empress Chi Yao has already become a God. Nobody can rival her anymore. Ancestral Dragon Mountain, Nine Li Palace, or those beast emperors in Square Ocean Region? I don't think they dare cause any chaos."

Kong Lanyou shook her head. Suddenly, she raised her eyebrows a bit as she sensed someone.

“Take care of Zhang Ruochen. I’ll come back soon.”

Kong Lanyou moved her body and vanished from the mountain top.

At the next moment, Kong Lanyou was eight thousand miles away, landing on the shore of an ancient river. She stared in front of her, only to see Empress Chi Yao standing beside the water with her hands behind her back.

There were four beasts around Empress Chi Yao, and they looked like four pets. They lay on the ground. One of them looked like a dragon, one of them was a white cat with nine tails, one of them was a fish with wings, and one of them was a crocodile as large as a palm.

Kong Lanyou shot a glance at those four small beasts, and she was shocked.

Those weren’t just any four pets. Instead, they were the masters of the Savage Barren Secret Region and Square Ocean Region. She didn’t expect them to fall this low.

Kong Lanyou looked to Chi Yao again. She looked very cold and said, “Why did you hurt him again, Chi Yao? Why did you show up after hurting him?”

Empress Chi Yao was very nonchalant. She said with her back facing Kong Lanyou, “Are you really talking about hurting with me? Do you really know what it means to be hurt? I’ll ask you one question: would you feel more hurt by killing him or letting him kill you?”

Kong Lanyou was dazed as she didn’t know how to answer the question as she’d rather die than to hurt Zhang Ruochen.

Chi Yao looked very conflicted. She said, “My eight hundred years, eight hundred years. Each day felt like a year for me. As for him, eight hundred years is just like the blink of an eye. Do you really think you’re qualified to talk about being hurt?”

Kong Lanyou said, “But what’re you afraid of? Why didn’t you just meet him?”

Chi Yao closed her eyes and didn't respond.

Kong Lanyou said, "What are you doing? What were you conspiring in the past? My cousin is way smarter than I am. He'll be able to figure it out very soon. Should he kill you after he figures it out? Why did you torture him like that?"

"Death is going to be a release and a mercy to me. I've been waiting for that day to come. Being alive is cruelty and torture. If that day comes, I'll definitely give him a perfect reason to kill me, but he has to have the power to kill me first, otherwise, he'll be useless."

Chi Yao said, "I let you live because you were also useless and not worth my energies, but now, you've already become a supreme saint. You can claim to be an emperor, so you're becoming a larger threat to my First Central Empire. I can't let you roam free."

"Are you going to kill me?" Kong Lanyou asked.

The four little beasts on the ground all raised their heads and looked at Kong Lanyou with sympathy.

Chi Yao said, "You only have two choices. One, follow me and fight for a future that we're not sure of. Two, I'll kill you right now because you're going to die anyway. At least this way you can die with dignity."

Kong Lanyou didn't know what Chi Yao was implying here, but she could still figure out something.

In the end, Kong Lanyou chose to leave with Chi Yao. She didn't even go back to check on Zhang Ruochen as she didn't want to see his vulnerability and loneliness, which would haunt her forever.

One year later.

Kunlun's Field returned to being peaceful and prosperous.

The immortal vampires were crushed by the imperial government. Those who survived wouldn't be able to do anything anymore.

The Death Zen Sect in the north retreated to the outer region, and Death Zen Elder gave an order that their followers would

never enter Kunlun's Field if the Empress was still reigning.

Fengdu Ghost City was conquered, and more than ninety percent of the ghosts were annihilated.

The savage beasts from Savage Barren Secret Region and Square Water Race all surrendered to the First Central Empire.

This was a time of prosperity unlike anything before.

All the previous talents had grown to be overlords.

Xue Wuye became the leader of Fragrance City, Monk Lidi became the leader of Brahma Way, Chi Wansui became a heavenly king, Ouyang Huan became the vice leader of Demonic Sect, and Sui Han became the leader of Zither Sect.

Everyone was writing their own legends, trying to become stronger.

However, that Time and Space Descendant, Zhang Ruochen, who used to be invincible among his peers, disappeared for a year. Everyone thought he was dead.

Gradually, people started to forget about him and talk about new legends.

“The spiritual root, Divine Phoenix Tree in the south is amending the loopholes of Heaven and Earth rules in Kunlun's Field. I heard that many monks are rushing there.”

“It's a spiritual root of heaven and earth. If someone refines with him, he'll benefit a great deal. I heard many great beings from the imperial government keep sending refining resources there, hoping to be friends with him. I don't think he'll give a damn about you with your talents and cultivation.”

...

Among all the ancient races in Kunlun's Field, Fire Race was no doubt the most prominent one.

Fire Race had been guarding the Divine Phoenix Tree. They were mysterious and low-key, and people thought that they might have died out. However, after the Divine Phoenix Tree was revived, everyone started to pay attention to Fire Race again.

Their power also started to show.

Fengdu Ghost City was conquered by the monks of Fire Race, and they suppressed the city leader, 'Ghost King Shenchu.' They annihilated more than ninety percent of the ghosts in the east.

Fire Race harnessed a great reputation after that.

Qiu Yu, Divine Phoenix Tree, also became a renowned leader after that battle.

One day, Qiu Yu arrived at Peakless Mountain, with four elders of the Fire Race. They were received by the leader of Demonic Sect himself.

The entire Moon Worship Demonic Sect was thrilled, and countless monks wanted to see the face of Qiu Yu.

"Qiu Yu used to be ranked first on the 'Half-Saint Rank.' Even Monk Lidi and Xue Wuye were only ranked the second and the fourth."

"I heard that Qiu Yu was extremely handsome, at the same level as Xue Wuye."

"Qiu Yu is Divine Phoenix Divine Tree, which means he's a child of God. Chances are he can become a God in the future. If someone can be appreciated by him, his potential will surge."

At dawn, there came a piece of news that Qiu Yu went to Peakless Mountain to propose, hoping that the leader of Demonic Sect would marry him with the saintess Mu Lingxi.

Many girls got jealous after hearing about it.

"Mu Lingxi is so lucky that she's admired by Qiu Yu. Perhaps the vice hierarch needs to respect her now."

"It would be great if Mu Lingxi marries you. We might be benefited a great deal."

"The saintess has already finished refining her ice phoenix body, which matches perfectly with Qiu Yu."

...

After they confirmed the marriage, a large group of monks from the fire race and Moon Worship Demonic Sect went to where Mu Lingxi lived.

Qiu Yu wore a yellow robe. He was tall and handsome, but aloof. Female monks were all attracted to him everywhere he walked.

Qiu Yu then stopped walking and said, "Let's go tell her after everything's settled. She'll definitely be very angry. I need to prepare a gift for her."

Ouyang Huan, the vice hierarch of the demonic sect chuckled. "You saved Lingxi's life before. There's always been a strong bond between you two. She'll be nothing but exhilarated, right, Uncle Yun?"

Yun Zheng was ecstatic after hearing Ouyang Huan call him 'Uncle Yun.'

Before, Ouyang Huan would never call him Uncle Yun and he was a nobody in the sect.

However, with the wedding between Mu Lingxi and Qiu Yu coming, Yu Zheng's status was changed completely as he was the father of Mu Lingxi.

Even the vice hierarch had to call him Uncle Yun now, which meant all the monks in the sect needed to venerate him.

Yun Zheng smiled and said, "It's her honor to be liked by you, but she's been rebellious for her entire life. If she offends you in any way, you need to discipline her. She needs to change her temper as soon as possible."

Chapter 1370 - Swordsman

Translator:

Larbre Studio

Editor:

Larbre Studio

“Elder Zhi,” Qiu Yu said. “Give me a ten-thousand-year Nether Winter Ice. I want to give it to Lady Mu as compensation.”

An elder with a fire mark on his forehead stood behind Qiu Yu. Rules of Saintly Way interwove on his entire body. The flame on his forehead burned like a divine furnace.

The elder hesitated slightly. “The Nether Winter Ice is so precious. It’s useful for you too...”

Qiu Yu smiled faintly. “Compared to Lady Mu, a mere ten-thousand-year Nether Winter Ice is nothing.”

The cultivators of the Moon-Worship Demonic Sect all exchanged glances. All of them were moved.

The ten-thousand-year Nether Winter Ice was definitely an incredible treasure. It was far more valuable than typical saintly medicines. Any Saint with the Ice Body would want it, but Qiu Yu just gave it to Mu Lingxi so casually.

He is so magnanimous, the elders of the Moon-Worship Demonic Sect thought. The average person can’t compare to him. If the Saintess marries him, she is indeed reaching a higher status.

The elder with the flame mark finally took out a blue ice box and handed it to Qiu Yu.

Qiu Yu, Ouyang Huan, and Yun Zheng walked to the front. Everyone followed them. The group of people walked to the mountain where the Saintess Palace cultivated—Mount Tianshui.

The Saintess Palace only accepted female disciples. Along the way, one could see some beautiful girls flying through the mountain. When they saw Qiu Yu and Ouyang Huan, they all blushed and their hearts beat faster. They hurriedly reported to each other, creating a commotion.

News that Qiu Yu and Ouyang Huan had arrived at Mount Tianshui quickly spread throughout the Saintess Palace.

Not only did regular disciples hurry over, even the Saintesses who were cultivating in isolation hurried to greet them.

They naturally knew the reason why Qiu Yu and Ouyang Huan were here. They were all envious and jealous.

Everyone passed through the deep forest and the surroundings suddenly opened up. A cultivation residence appeared. Before it was a green spiritual lake.

“Greetings, Vice Sect Leader.”

Mu Lingxi’s maids all knelt on the ground and kowtowed to him.

With Qiu Yu as the leader, the three walked straight to the cultivation residence. Everyone else stayed at a distance. They didn’t step into the area.

Just then, a cold voice rang out over the spiritual lake.

“Without the residence owner’s permission, any cultivator who takes another step will be given the death sentence.”

It wasn’t an amiable voice.

Right then, Qiu Yu finally realized that someone was fishing in the spiritual lake. He didn’t kneel down and this was surprising.

Qiu Yu glanced at Ouyang Huan. Chuckling, he said, “Brother Ouyang, doesn’t the Moon-Worship Demonic Sect have strict regulations? How come there are cultivators who don’t kneel down to you?”

The man at the bank of the spiritual lake was around 20 years old. His cloth robe was faded from washing too much, but it was very clean. He held a fishing rod with one hand and a rusty sword in the other.

Ouyang Huan glanced at the robed man. A deep look appeared in his eyes. “Le,” he said, “don’t be impolite to Lord Qiu Yu.”

“I’m only saying the rules here,” Le said. “Everyone must act according to the rules.”

Ouyang Huan furrowed his brows. “This is the Saintess Palace. It’s not for you to stay in. Leave immediately.”

“This is where I should stay!” Le said calmly. “Please go back. The Saintess doesn’t want to see anyone today.”

“Are you in charge? I am her father. Who can stop me?”

Yun Zheng was annoyed. It was such an honor that his daughter could catch Qiu Yu’s eyes. How could someone dare to get in the way?

Whoever dared must die.

Yun Zheng was afraid of offending Qiu Yu and ruining the marriage, so he grew murderous. The Holy Qi within him started spinning quickly. It consolidated into a palm force that was sent toward Le.

Yun Zheng’s cultivation was also in the Saint Realm. Once he attacked, it was naturally shocking. Gusts of wind and thunder shook the entire Mount Tianshui.

Le sat steadily at the fishing platform. His expression was still blank, but his arm shook.

Whoosh—

The fishing rod flew out of the water and cut a beautiful arc. Sharper than any sword, it sliced Yun Zheng’s hand and wrapped around his neck.

I can’t even dodge a fishing line.

Yun Zheng was extremely shocked.

The next moment, his shock turned to horror.

Crack, crack.

The fishing line wrapped around his neck was actually tightening. It cut through his body’s defenses, creating a

blood-red mark. Drops of saintly blood flowed down the line. It was about to cut his head off.

“Le, don’t kill him.”

Mu Lingxi’s gentle voice sounded from the distant cultivation residence.

Hearing this, Le’s fishing rod swung lightly. Then, Yun Zheng flew up and dropped headfirst into the lake with a plop.

“You...”

Yun Zheng felt humiliated and roared angrily. But when he saw Le’s emotionless eyes, it felt like someone was choking him. He couldn’t utter a single word.

Seeing this, a faint smile actually appeared on Qiu Yu’s face. He nodded. “Le, not bad. You’re interesting. You’ll cultivate with me from now on!”

“You don’t qualify.”

Le continued fishing without glancing at Qiu Yu.

Even with Qiu Yu’s refinement, annoyance appeared in his eyes too. “Your cultivation isn’t bad, but you can’t stop me. You should know that I was once first on the Half-Saint Rank. There are very, very few people of the same generation who can take a hit from me. Becoming my enemy is certain death. In contrast, be my friend and you’ll receive endless benefits.”

Qiu Yu clearly appreciated Le. He wanted to have Le under him or for them to even become friends.

This was a chance that so many cultivators wished for but would never have.

“My life was given to me by someone else,” Le said. “If I die, I’m just returning it to him.”

“Pity, a pity.”

Seeing that Le was determined, Qiu Yu knew that he couldn’t tempt the man, and sighed softly. He didn’t try anymore. Instead, he strode toward Mu Lingxi’s cultivation residence.

“Die,” Le uttered.

At the same time, the fishing line flew out of the water again. It cut a dozen arcs. Sharp gales spread out. The arcs all crushed down on Qiu Yu.

“So powerful. Each arc is a tangible attack, containing the most extreme Rules of Sword Way.”

Even Ouyang Huan was surprised. It was only one strike, but it was difficult for him to block it with his cultivation.

Ouyang Huan glanced at Le. He was curious what level the man was at.

“You dare to attack me. You don’t know your own place!”

Qiu Yu smiled faintly. With a disdainful expression, he pressed his fingers forward. Fire surged out immediately, burning all the arcs into smoke. He dissolved them easily.

Le’s eyes hardened. Powerful murderous Qi poured out of his body. He picked up the metal sword and rushed out in an instant.

He stabbed the sword at Qiu Yu’s heart.

Crackle, pop.

The sword was shockingly fast and produced a string of bursts.

Of course, the speed of sound was much slower than Le’s speed, so Qiu Yu didn’t even hear the noises.

However, he felt an icy aura that he hadn’t felt in a long while. As a Chinese parasol tree who grew in a fire region, he hadn’t felt coldness in a long time.

Eyes narrowing, he glanced at Le.

What shocked Qiu Yu was that, with his cultivation and eyesight, he could only see an afterimage. He couldn’t see the sword clearly at all. It was evident how skilled Le was at the sword.

Qiu Yu was forced to activate all the Holy Qi within him. Seventy-two layers of red saintly fire poured out.

However, Le’s sword kept going forward. It didn’t retreat no matter how menacing the tide of fire was.

Boom, boom.

It passed through all 72 layers of fire waves. Le's sword hit Qiu Yu's chest.

Of course, Qiu Yu was also very fast. His palm hit Le's head.

Poof.

The rusty metal sword actually broke through Qiu Yu's defenses. It passed through, poking out of Qiu Yu's back.

At the same time, Qiu Yu's palm hit Le's head. It directly caused many cracks to open up on Le's skull.

Qiu Yu widened his eyes. They were filled with disbelief. "If..." he said, "if I were human, I really would've been injured seriously by you. Unfortunately, I don't have a heart."

Crack, crack.

Tree branches sprouted from Qiu Yu's palm. They passed through Le's skull. Each branch was burning with fire, burning Le's head.

Before, Qiu Yu had appreciated Le and wanted to win him over.

Now, Qiu Yu felt that he couldn't control Le. This man was very dangerous and must be cleared as soon as possible so he wouldn't become an enemy.

Rip.

Le's intent wasn't affected. He moved his arm again and the metal sword cut horizontally across Qiu Yu's chest. It cut his body in half.

Half of Qiu Yu's body turned to wood. He almost reverted to his original shape.

Using up the last of his power, Le had no more vitality left. He stood there, still holding his metal sword without moving. His head was melted by the flames.

Qiu Yu's entire body shook. He kicked Le's corpse. Gritting his teeth in anger, he said, "No wonder you are the top of the seven ancient sects. You're filled with hidden figures. Even a

random swordsman can be so powerful. How many of the Nine Heirs could block that kind of attack?”

Plop.

Le’s corpse fell into the spiritual lake, dyeing a patch of the water red with blood.

“Le...”

Mu Lingxi rushed out of the cultivation residence. Seeing the corpse in the lake, she fell to her knees. Her tears streamed down. “Sorry... Sorry, I killed you... I’m sorry...”

In the distant forest, Captain Rat’s head poked out of the dirt. Seeing this scene, it was shocked. “Oh no, oh no, even Le is dead! Who will protect the Saintess now? I’m no match for Qiu Yu. I’ll report to Blackie first.”

Immediately after, Captain Rat dug back into the dirt. It left the headquarters of the Demonic Sect and hurried for the Savage Barren Territory.

Author’s note: Captain Rat is the first of the demonic rats. And does everyone remember Le?

Chapter 1371 - Luo Water

Translator:

Larbre Studio

Editor:

Larbre Studio

Heavenly Devil Mountain was on the boundary of the east, bordering the Eastern Ocean and Savage Barren lands. It was a territory that was far from First Central Empire.

There were thousands of commanderies on this land. Even if they had submitted themselves to First Central Empire, they still had their own imperial governments and royalty.

There were originally thirty-six commanderies in Heavenly Devil Mountain. However, they had already been united as an upper-class commandery, Yunwu Commandery.

Half of the territory of Yunwu Commandery was occupied by human beings, and the other half was primitive forests where almost nobody set foot. Only monks who practiced the martial way would enter it.

There was a river flowing between the human civilization area and the primitive forests, and the water flowed smoothly and slowly in the wide area.

It was called Luo Water.

Rumor had it that Luo Water had descended from heaven, and turned into a river, nurturing millions of people, which turned the originally infertile soil rich.

A blue boat was sailing on the water.

A man with messy hair was lying at the end of the boat, and there was a huge beard covering his face. He was holding a wine gourd and binge drinking.

An elegant girl was standing on the bow of the boat, rowing it with a bamboo pole.

That girl wasn't just exquisite looking, but also had an extraordinary identity. She was the greatest being in Yunwu Commandery, and she was also the sister of the commandery, Zhang Yuxi.

If people knew that she was rowing the boat for a drunkard, everyone in Yunwu Commandery would be shocked.

Zhang Yuxi looked very concerned, but she didn't want to say anything alarming. After pondering it for a while, she said, "How long are you going to keep drinking? Are you going to be decadent forever and never pursue your saintly way anymore?"

Zhang Yuxi was glad that her ninth brother was back, but she was very concerned seeing him so beaten.

"Saintly way? What saintly way? Enjoy every day like it's the last. Isn't that heaps better than some saintly way? I don't need to worry about anything, and I can just tour around, appreciating all the natural beauty. Isn't that better than the saintly way? Even Gods don't have as good a good time as I do."

Zhang Ruochen sipped the wine again, licked his lips and said, "the Crazy Alcoholic is indeed the master of winemaking. He's never disappointed me."

Zhang Yuxi sighed, as she didn't even know how to feel.

There was mist flowing on Luo Water, which made the place look like heaven.

Zhang Ruochen finished the wine in the gourd and threw it away. He climbed up and said, "Ninth sister, I'll teach you Fist Technique. Do you want to learn it?"

Zhang Yuxi saw that Zhang Ruochen wanted to practice fist techniques again, so her eyes gleamed, and she nodded and said, "Of course! You should've taught me ages ago. I want to learn every day."

"Every day? How are you so greedy? I'll only teach you once, so it'll be up to you as to how much you can learn."

Zhang Ruochen reeked of alcohol, and he was obviously wasted. His body leaned from side to side. He raised his arms and performed a fist technique. “First move, Separation of Heaven and River.”

“Second move, Nine twists.”

“Third move, Cutting Heavenly Roads.”

...

Zhang Yuxi saw Zhang Ruochen staggering, so she frowned. She was sure that Zhang Ruochen was very drunk, and he was just messing with her.

“What kind of fist techniques are you performing, Ninth brother?”

Zhang Ruochen performed his fist techniques and said, “Luo Water Fist Technique.”

Zhang Yuxi knew that it was Luo Water Fist Technique, which had been invented by Luo Xu. It was mysterious with a tremendous amount of power, and it was renowned even in First Central Empire. However, Zhang Ruochen was performing it like it was a childish game.

“Ninth brother, let’s go back... Wait... What’s happening...”

Before Zhang Yuxi could finish talking, the blue boat started to spin, and she almost bounced away.

However, Zhang Yuxi was strong enough to immediately balance herself. She took a look down at the river, and she saw a giant whirlpool.

She wasn’t sure whether the whirlpool had always been there, or if it had just come into being.

Zhang Ruochen immediately stopped performing the fist technique.

And then, the whirlpool gradually withered away.

Zhang Ruochen seemed to have noticed something. He stared at the water, and his eyes finally stopped glazing over.

“What happened? How did that spinning power suddenly vanish?” Zhang Yuxi was dazed.

And then, they heard a laughing sound coming from the shore.

It was Zhang Shaochu, Yunwu Commandery Prince. He was wearing a royal golden robe, looking at Zhang Ruochen and Zhang Yuxi on the boat. He shouted, “Ninth brother, ninth sister, how could you not ask me to join you guys? I’m your brother!”

Since becoming the commandery prince, Zhang Shaochu had become much chubbier. He looked like a ball, and his face twitched when he smiled.

“Glad you’re here, fourth brother. Send an army here and help me do something,” Zhang Ruochen said.

Zhang Shaochu asked, “What kind of things?”

“Dig the river.”

Zhang Shaochu was dazed, then he said, “Dig what river?”

“Under this boat. Let’s see whether you can dig something out or not.” Zhang Ruochen lay on the boat and said, “Also, send me another pot of wine. Remember, it’s got to be the wine made by the Crazy Alcoholic. The strongest wine.”

The commandery prince ordered an army nearby to rush into Luo Water, starting to dig at the bottom.

There were three thousand people in the army, and each of them had drunk Six Saints to Heaven Wine made by the Crazy Alcoholic, which gave them body quality far superior to others.

Zhang Ruochen hadn’t left Yunwu Commandery since he came here a year ago.

The Crazy Alcoholic and Gu Songzi didn’t have anything to do, and they were worried that Saint Elder of Sacred Central Crypt would hold them accountable if they left Zhang Ruochen, so they chose to stay in Yunwu Commandery as well.

They then decided to make Six Saints to Heaven Wine and Hua Saint Pills.

Neither of them was difficult to make. They both needed a lot of experimentation to confirm their validity.

The army in Yunwu Commandery became their guinea pigs.

For what it's worth, even semi Six Saints to Heaven Wine and semi Hua Saint Pills were immensely beneficial to ordinary monks.

After half a day, there came a bustling noise from Luo Water.

“Ninth brother, ninth brother. We did dig out something. Come see!”

Zhang Shaochu was excited, like a child rather than the prince of a commandery.

Zhang Yuxi looked confused, and she mumbled, “They did dig out something. Is ninth brother really being dispirited, or is he just pretending to be? I feel like he's not just here to tour around.”

Zhang Ruochen and Zhang Yuxi went ashore. They saw a group of soldiers dragging six chains, picking up a stele from the bottom of the river.

It was actually a broken stele.

It was twenty feet tall, twelve feet long and seven feet thick. It took three hundred soldiers to drag it ashore.

Zhang Shaochu smiled. “How convenient is that? We dug out the broken stele from where your boat just passed by.”

After they cleaned the stele, Zhang Ruochen walked toward it.

“Those characters are really ancient. I've seen them before.”

“It's so heavy. Is it really made of stone?”

...

The soldiers kept talking with each other, as they found it amazing.

Zhang Yuxi was also observing the stele. She frowned and said, “What kind of characters are they. I've never seen them

before.”

“There’re billions of language systems in the world. Nobody can learn all the languages. However, we can crack the meanings using mind power.”

Zhang Ruochen started to observe the stele using his mind power.

After a while, Zhang Ruochen walked back. He felt a giant pain in his brain, and he almost fell on the ground.

Zhang Yuxi immediately held him and asked, “What happened, ninth brother?”

Zhang Ruochen recovered quickly. He said, “Those characters have immense power. Even I am not able to crack the code.”

“Even you can’t do it? What the hell are they?”

Zhang Shaochu was stunned, as he knew better than everyone else how powerful his ninth brother was. His ninth brother was a saint.

Even a saint wasn’t able to crack it?

“Perhaps there’s someone who is able to decode it.”

Zhang Ruochen sent a message to Gu Songzi using his mind power.

Gu Songzi and the Crazy Alcoholic arrived and landed beside the broken stele.

“Haha, dude. After a year, finally something that has you interested. Let me see what that is.”

Gu Songzi shot a glance at the broken stele, and then, he was astounded. He stopped smiling and walked toward the stele. He couldn’t stop looking at it.

Gu Songzi became extremely serious. He stroked the characters on the stele, and the more he read, the more shocked he became. He mumbled, “Rebellious...God...Stele...”

The Crazy Alcoholic was also kind of astonished. He asked, “Hey, what’s on the stele?”

Gu Songzi closed his eyes, and his entire body was shaking.

The Crazy Alcoholic was very anxious. He said, “Hey, say something.”

Gu Songzi took a long breath, waved his hands and said, “Everyone, go away.”

Zhang Shaochu immediately realized that what they had dug out of Long River was incredible. He gave an order.

“Everyone, retreat.”

All the soldiers went away.

Gu Songzi shot a glance at Zhang Shaochu and Zhang Yuxi.

“You guys need to leave as well.”

“Even... I... can't... know...”

Zhang Shaochu pouted, but he still chose to leave seeing Gu Songzi's facial expressions.

After Zhang Shaochu and Zhang Yuxi left, Gu Songzi said, “This stele doesn't belong in Kunlun's Field. It might have fallen from the Heaven World.”

Chapter 1372 - Rebellious God Stele

Translator:

Larbre Studio

Editor:

Larbre Studio

“Heaven World?” the Crazy Alcoholic asked curiously. “What kind of place is that?”

Gu Songzi pointed at the broken stele and said, “According to the records on the stele, a huge change occurred in the world around 100,000 years ago. The various worlds of the vast universe almost all turned to dust. It was because of this huge change that the various worlds united to form a saintly world and fend off the troubles. The name of the saintly world is the Heaven World.”

The Crazy Alcoholic was part of the group of figures who stood at the top of the world. He knew many secrets about Kunlun’s Field, but right now, his face was filled with confusion. “The saintly world, Heaven World. How come it sounds so absurd to me? I’ve never heard of these secrets before. What if it’s made-up?”

“Judging by the horrible cultivation of the one who carved this stele, how can it be made-up?”

Gu Songzi rolled his eyes at the Crazy Alcoholic. His expression was one of disgust, thinking that the Crazy Alcoholic was stupid.

“That also means that there are other large worlds in the universe other than Kunlun’s Field?” the Crazy Alcoholic asked.

“It’s not impossible,” Gu Songzi said. “The universe is vast and boundless. The world we see now may only be a corner of

the sea.”

“One hundred thousand years ago, a huge storm occurred in Kunlun’s Field too. All the gods died. Could it be related to that change?” Zhang Ruochen furrowed his brows. After a pause, he said, “Does the stele record what exactly happened 100,000 years ago?”

Gu Songzi shook his head. “The words on the stele are incomplete. It doesn’t have the record.”

“Then who is the one that carved this stele?” Zhang Ruochen asked again.

“Doesn’t say,” Gu Songzi answered. “But that person must be a powerful existence. It’s hard to decode it even with my Spiritual Power.”

“Earlier, you mentioned Rebellious God Stele. What does that mean?” Zhang Ruochen asked again.

“Those are the three words at the top of the stele. I don’t know what it means either.” Gu Songzi combed his whiskers. He was in deep thought too.

“Could it be that this stele is able to go against gods?”

The Crazy Alcoholic widened his eyes. With a hot gaze, he reached out his hands and pressed on the stele. Holy Qi flowed into it continuously.

Unfortunately, the stele was still ice-cold. It didn’t change at all.

Next, the Crazy Alcoholic cut open his finger and let a drop of saintly blood fall onto the stele. Unfortunately, the stele was still dead.

“Stupid stele, it’s just a broken piece of rock. The name is pretty impressive, huh.”

The Crazy Alcoholic kicked the heavy broken stele and sent it flying. Then he punched the stele.

With the Crazy Alcoholic’s cultivation, any random hit was strong enough to destroy the world. However, he couldn’t damage the stele at all. It was extremely strange.

“How did the Rebellious God Stele fall to Kunlun’s Field? Who shattered it?”

Zhang Ruochen had Zhang Shaochu order more people to continue digging. He wanted to find more broken steles. If he could collect them all, he should be able to understand the true meaning of “Rebellious God Stele.”

Luo Water was thousands of miles long. A regular person wanting to find a remnant stele was no doubt like searching for a needle in the sea.

Gu Songzi was also curious about the Rebellious God Stele. He used his Spiritual Power to investigate. He searched the river but unfortunately found nothing.

After searching three times without finding anything, Gu Songzi felt defeated too. After returning, he found Zhang Ruochen drinking wine under a tree. Frowning, he walked over. “Do you want to be an alcoholic like the Crazy Alcoholic from now on?”

“Is there anything bad about that?” Zhang Ruochen asked.

Gu Songzi naturally knew what had happened a year ago. He also knew how much it had impacted Zhang Ruochen, so he said, “The statues of Empress Chi Yao are still shining with divine light in all the temples. However, the Saintly Qi of the Central Emperor City is thinning greatly.”

“What are you trying to say?” Zhang Ruochen drank some wine.

“The Empress has left the Central Emperor City. She even left Kunlun’s Field.”

“So?”

“Now, the ruler of the First Central Empire is...your ex-wife, Huang Yanchen. Do you find this to be unexpected?”

Gu Songzi watched Zhang Ruochen’s expression while speaking.

However, Zhang Ruochen’s expression didn’t change at all. It was as if he’d heard a stranger’s name. “Not unexpected.”

“This woman betrayed you for honor and riches and followed your enemy. Don’t you want to kill her?” Gu Songzi had a cruel look in his eyes and mimed slitting someone’s throat.

He wanted to stimulate Zhang Ruochen with this and make him recover his motivation and vigor, instead of just waiting for death like this.

“I do,” Zhang Ruochen said carelessly. “But she became dead to me one year ago outside Ziwei Palace.”

“Why didn’t you kill her?” Gu Songzi asked.

“Ending all connections means we have no more relationship. We’re no different from strangers. Why should I kill someone who has nothing to do with me?” Zhang Ruochen asked in return.

“That’s true. After all, she once owed you and you felt love towards her. Killing her would make you seem too heartless. After ending all connections, you don’t have to feel a burden anymore.”

Gu Songzi nodded. Then he narrowed his eyes and asked tentatively, “How about I take a risk and go to the Central Emperor City to kill her?”

“If you’re that bored, you can go try.”

Zhang Ruochen picked up his flagon and stood up. He gazed at the setting sun; his gaze was a bit deep.

“Never mind. The imperial court is filled with strong cultivators and the waters are deep. Unless the Saint Elder acts personally, there won’t be any possibilities of success. No one can return, no matter who they are. But it’s weird. The Saint Elder said to wait for her to return a year ago, but she never returned. What if she ran into trouble? Could the Empress have killed her?” Gu Songzi was provoking Zhang Ruochen again.

Right now, sharp light indeed shone from Zhang Ruochen’s eyes.

Gu Songzi realized that Zhang Ruochen’s trouble wasn’t actually focused on Huang Yanchen, but on the Empress

instead. Thus, he continued on and said animatedly, “The Saint Elder is the Empress’ great enemy. After the Empress became a god, she killed ten Blood Emperors in a row and washed the Savage Barren Empire and the four seas with blood. How could she not kill the Saint Elder?”

“Enough!” Zhang Ruochen roared coldly. “If Lanyou dies, I’ll destroy Chi Yao’s entire clan.”

“If you want to kill a god’s clan, you have to first be able to counter a god, right?” Gu Songzi said. “If you numb yourself with wine, you’ll only become more and more of a failure. Even I could beat you horribly, let alone a god.”

“Really?”

Zhang Ruochen’s eyes turned dark red. His aura changed and formless cold Qi surged on him. He flashed and crashed toward Gu Songzi.

He was clearly a human, but when he charged, he actually transformed into a sword that stabbed at Gu Songzi’s chest.

Gu Songzi was shocked. He hurriedly activated his Spiritual Power, forming a two-meter-long formation print in his palm. He pressed forward, blocking Zhang Ruochen’s attack.

However, Zhang Ruochen’s sword had extremely consolidated power.

Boom.

The sword passed through the formation, stabbing Gu Songzi’s chest.

The defensive rune on Gu Songzi exploded. It blocked the sword, but he was also sent flying by the sword’s force.

He landed on the ground. Clutching his chest, he stared at Zhang Ruochen, who’d turned back into a human. “Sword intent into a sword,” he said, shocked. “You’ve already become a Sword Saint?”

“How come you’re fighting all of a sudden?”

Carrying the Rebellious God Stele, the Crazy Alcoholic hurried over. He appeared between Zhang Ruochen and Gu

Songzi, separating them.

The Crazy Alcoholic was actually very surprised to see that Zhang Ruochen could force Gu Songzi back.

Gu Songzi wasn't skilled at fighting, but he had great attainments in formations. Any random formation print was difficult for a typical Saint to penetrate.

"Isn't it a good thing that we can fight?" Gu Songzi asked in return. Suddenly, his eyes hardened and he scoffed. "Such powerful infiltration skills. You're only within a few hundred feet and I just noticed you."

At the same time, Zhang Ruochen and the Crazy Alcoholic sensed something too. They both looked at the ground.

The red light in Zhang Ruochen's eyes scattered gradually. Stepping on the ground, he sent a gust of strong Xuanhuang Qi into the ground. It was like a wave.

Kaboom.

A pained cry came from underground. Then, an extremely ugly, short, and thin man flew out of the ground. He landed heavily.

"Lord Chen, Lord Chen, it's me, the demonic rat. I'm the Captain Rat from the Moon-Worship Demonic Sect. I'm on your side..."

The short and thin man climbed up from the ground and bowed respectfully to Zhang Ruochen. He smiled submissively. "Congratulations Lord Chen on becoming a Sword Saint. This calls for celebration."

Zhang Ruochen's attack from earlier had made Captain Rat feel great pressure. He was undoubtedly a Sword Saint. He no longer acted as casual as before. He had to be respectful toward a Sword Saint.

Zhang Ruochen picked up the flagon. He sat on the ground and began drinking again. "How did you find this place?"

"Blackie told me that you're here," Captain Rat said.

Some vigor reappeared in Zhang Ruochen's eyes. "Blackie? How does it know I'm here?"

"Blackie said that it's everywhere, knows everything, can kill everything, and can do everything. It can know information of the world in an instant."

As Captain Rat spoke, his eyes shone with reverence and worship.

Zhang Ruochen could tell that Captain Rat must've been brainwashed by Blackie. "Where is it?" he asked.

"Didn't I say already?" Captain Rat said.

In the distance, the Crazy Alcoholic and Gu Songzi were taken aback. When did he say it?

"It's everywhere?" Zhang Ruochen asked.

"Indeed," Captain Rat said seriously.

Hearing this, the Crazy Alcoholic and Gu Songzi felt very done. They'd heard bullshit before, but not as dramatic as this.

More importantly, even a Taigu Remain in the Saint Realm believed the bullshit. The Crazy Alcoholic and Gu Songzi both thought that the disciples of the Demonic Sect were getting worse each year.

"Why did it tell you to come?" Zhang Ruochen asked.

Chapter 1373 - Nostalgia and Melancholy

Translator:

Larbre Studio

Editor:

Larbre Studio

Captain Rat told them everything about what had happened in Moon Worship Demonic Sect. He cried while talking. “Lord Chen, Le died in such a tragic way. His head was crushed by Qiuyu, and his skull was burning.”

Zhang Ruochen still appeared to be calm. As for the Crazy Alcoholic, he couldn't be more furious after hearing that. He grabbed Captain Rat and said, “A saint was killed by someone outside in the headquarters? This is a slap in the face to Moon Worship Demonic Sect. What was Shi Qianjue doing?”

Captain Rat felt that its saint Qi was being suppressed. It was shocked. “My cultivation has reached the state of saint, and I'm a Taigu Remain, yet I don't even have the power to fight back. That old alcoholic is just too powerful.”

It might have been an elder from the demonic sect.

Captain Rat had great cultivation, but it wasn't brave enough. It said with a trembling voice, “Qiu Yu is a seedling of the Divine Phoenix Tree. He might become a spiritual root and the second God in Kunlun's Field. Whoever befriends him will be benefited a great deal in the future. Even the hierarch won't hamper a relationship with him because of a saint.”

Gu Songzi had departed from the demonic sect a long time ago, yet he still had a strong lingering bond with the demonic sect. He said, “The demonic sect was prominent when the last hierarch reigned. Even facing Chiqing Central Empire, it'd attack them directly. Someone dared kill a saint and forced a

saintess to marry him, even if he were a saint, the demonic sect would say no to that.”

Captain Rat found it shocking as it saw the two elders being so furious. Shouldn't Zhang Ruochen be the angriest one?

However, Zhang Ruochen acted as if nothing had happened. He started to drink again.

Captain Rat said, “Lord Chen, you won't just let it slide, will you? You should know that the saintess has had her eyes on you forever. If someone forces her to marry someone else, she might as well just die. You must know her feelings for you, right?”

Zhang Ruochen said, “Did Blackie tell you to say that?”

Captain Rat didn't expect Zhang Ruochen to be that perceptive. It then said in a low voice, “Blackie said you're going to have to keep your promise.”

“My promise...,” Zhang Ruochen mumbled, and then he recalled something that had happened before...

Mu Lingxi was telling him about Luo Xu and Lin Suxian, and she teared up. “Just want you to know that my hierarch might force me to marry you, and I hope that someone can also rush to Peakless Mountain for me someday. If someone did that for me, I'd be willing to die for him.”

“Zhang Ruochen, you should know that the saintess of the demonic sect is just a tool used by the hierarch for publicity, and he'd be willing to give her to a saint at any time.”

“Don't you worry. If that day comes, there'll definitely be someone who rushes to Peakless Mountain for you. Nobody from the demonic sect can stop him.”

...

Mu Lingxi lay on the ground. She thought that Zhang Ruochen was already dead. “If you're dead, what's the point of me living?”

...

“Sister Duanmu, what're you doing?”

“Where did you go? I thought...”

“Don’t ever do anything stupid again. If I were late, even a little bit...”

“As long as you’re alive, I won’t do anything stupid.”

...

“Those from the Mu family don’t like you?”

“Please, if those elders really like me, they wouldn’t have sent me to Martial Market Academy, which is an extremely dangerous thing. If I got exposed... You know what’s going to happen to me.”

...

Zhang Ruochen was really conflicted. He mumbled, “I need to keep my promise.”

He couldn’t keep the happy life forever.

For Mu Lingxi, or for Le, he needed to go to the headquarters of the demonic sect. He needed to climb up Peakless Mountain for a promise, or an explanation.

If it weren’t for Le, Zhang Ruochen’s mother would’ve been killed by Zhang Tiangui.

Le protected Concubine Lin and brought her out of the palace of Yunwu Commandery.

Le was only a sword warrior who was suffering from emotional pain, and he was someone who didn’t care about his own life. Aside from his sword, Zhang Ruochen was his only friend.

Le was a real friend to Zhang Ruochen. Even if they hadn’t seen each other for ages, he would risk anything just to see him.

Zhang Ruochen didn’t have that many friends, yet Le was literally beaten to death. Even if he still managed to stay calm, he was already very belligerent.

After getting confirmation from Zhang Ruochen, Captain Rat couldn’t have been more excited. It yelled, “With you and lord

Blackie, the saintess will be saved.”

Zhang Ruochen shot a glance at him and said, “Where is Blackie now?”

“Lord Blackie said that it would annihilate all enemies when it’s necessary,” Captain Rat said.

Zhang Ruochen knew better than everyone else that he couldn’t count on Blackie. If it could really defeat everyone else, it would’ve taken Mu Lingxi away given their friendship instead of sending Captain Rat to him.

The Crazy Alcoholic couldn’t be angrier, and he said, “I’ll follow you to Peakless Mountain, Zhang Ruochen. Those brats from the demonic sect are getting more and more disappointing. I need to teach them a lesson.”

Zhang Ruochen had much better long-term thinking than the Crazy Alcoholic. He said, “There’s no need for you to come with me. You’d better stay in Yunwu Commandery and make Six Saints to Heaven Wine.”

“Do you think I’ll be of no use?” the Crazy Alcoholic yelled.

Gu Songzi walked toward him and said, “Zhang Ruochen is right. There’s no need for you to go. Do you really think the demonic sect will make itself an enemy against the fire race and Divine Phoenix Tree? Perhaps the demonic sect will capture you and investigate you or interrogate you about where I am.”

“Shi Qianjue is a great overlord. His cultivation and ambition can’t be envisioned by us. The relationship between you two is nothing compared to Hua Saint Pills.”

The Crazy Alcoholic finally calmed himself down and said, “We both know how mighty the demonic sect is. Are we really letting Zhang Ruochen go there by himself? He’ll definitely get killed.”

“Zhang Ruochen is heaps smarter than you. How will he be killed?”

Gu Songzi shook his head and took out three yellow runes. He gave them to Zhang Ruochen and said, “I’m not very good at

formations, however, I'm very proficient at making runes. These three runes should be enough to ensure your survival."

Zhang Ruochen knew better than everyone else that Gu Songzi was very sneaky. He was just saying that because he didn't want the Crazy Alcoholic to take any risks.

Actually, Gu Songzi also believed that Zhang Ruochen was throwing himself toward a load of dangers.

Gu Songzi managed to survive because of his caution.

It was Zhang Ruochen's own business anyway, so there was no need for them to take any risks. Giving him the three runes was already the best Gu Songzi could offer.

"Thank you."

Zhang Ruochen took the three protection runes.

After saying goodbye to Zhang Shaochu and Zhang Yuxi, Zhang Ruochen headed to Central Region with Captain Rat.

After two days, they arrived in Tonglu Plain. They could see the contour of that towering mountain.

"That's Peakless Mountain," Captain Rat said.

Peakless Mountain was gigantic. It looked more like a plateau than a mountain. Normal monks wouldn't even be able to tell where the peak was.

Only monks with immense cultivation could see the contour of Peakless Mountain.

Captain Rat was following Zhang Ruochen. It said, "Lord Chen, let's head to the headquarters directly?"

"Okay," Zhang Ruochen said.

Captain Rat swallowed its saliva and said, "We'd better wait until late in the night. I know a secret portal to Peakless Mountain."

Zhang Ruochen took a sip of his wine and said, "Were you saying you couldn't take me to Peakless Mountain?"

"Please spare my life, Lord Chen! I still want to be in the demonic sect and work for you and Lord Blackie... I'm very

loyal, and I don't want to die yet..."

Captain Rat kneeled on the ground and kept begging. It stared at Zhang Ruochen pitifully.

"Okay. I don't want to pester you. I'll ask someone else to lead my way."

Zhang Ruochen waved his hand.

"Thank you! Lord Chen!"

Captain Rat dived underground and went toward Peakless Mountain.

...

There was a city called Moon Worship City under Peakless Mountain.

It was where the disciples of Demonic Sect exchanged their pills and weapons. After ten thousand years, it became a city.

"Sister Qi, I haven't seen you for a while."

Qi Feiyu came here to buy some pills. After hearing that voice, she was dazed. She immediately turned around and looked to a bar. She saw a familiar but distant being.

That person had messy hair and was dressed in plain customs. However, the forces coming from him gave her great pressure.

Qi Feiyu was the daughter of the vice leader of Saintess Palace, and she used to refine in Yin and Yang Sect. She used to have a complicated relationship with Zhang Ruochen who pretended to be 'Lin Yue.' Also, Lin Feiyu was a saintess of Demonic Sect.

"You are, Lin Yue... Wait... You're Zhang Ruochen?"

Qi Feiyu looked shocked as she'd never expected Zhang Ruochen to be here.

Zhang Ruochen turned around and looked to her. "Can't believe you still remember my voice, Sister Qi. You must know why I am here, right? I want to go to the headquarters of Demonic Sect. Lead the way, sister!"

Qi Feiyu found that all the monks from Demonic Sect had disappeared. She and Zhang Ruochen were the only ones left. Obviously, she was dragged into the space domain by Zhang Ruochen.

Nobody would be able to hear her even if she screamed.

Zhang Ruochen was able to kill her like crushing a bug.

Chapter 1374 - Taichi Life-Death Print

Translator:

Larbre Studio

Editor:

Larbre Studio

Someone who had disappeared a year ago, someone that everybody thought had died, suddenly reappeared.

Anyone would be shocked by this.

Two hundred years ago, Lin Suxian had been known as the “top beauty of Kunlun’s Field.” As her daughter, Qi Feiyu inherited all her beauty. Standing on the streets, she was like a fairy from a painting.

Qi Feiyu’s intelligence and talent were all top-level. She quickly calmed down. “Are you here for Junior Sister Mu? Actually, you should continue to live in disguise and not let anyone know that you’re still alive. Some things can’t be changed once the result is out.”

“Just like your mother and Senior Luo Xu back then?” Zhang Ruochen asked.

Qi Feiyu sighed softly. “Back then, Senior Luo Xu at least had my mother and Palace Lord Ling to save his life. That was why he could leave the Peakless Mountain alive.

“But if you want to imitate Senior Luo Xu, no one will be able to save you. Qiu Yu isn’t Qi Xiangtian. The fire tribe isn’t the Qi Family. The Sect Leader of the Moon-Worship Demonic Sect isn’t the Sect Leader from before. You aren’t Senior Luo Xu either. The current condition is more than 100 times more dangerous than 200 years ago.”

Zhang Ruochen learned many things from Qi Feiyu’s words.

“The Sect Leader of the Moon-Worship Demonic Sect isn’t the Sect Leader from before” didn’t mean that the sect leader was replaced. Instead, she meant that Shi Qianjue was completely different from 200 years ago.

If 200 years ago, the Moon-Worship Demonic Sect hadn’t recovered yet and Shi Qianjue didn’t have his current cultivation, he would still feel restricted and have some worries.

But now, no one in the Demonic Sect could counter Shi Qianjue. The Demonic Sect’s power was far stronger than before too.

“Since I’m here, I won’t turn back,” Zhang Ruochen said.

“Fine! Since I can’t dissuade you, then follow me. I’ll lead you into the Peakless Mountain.”

Qi Feiyu was as gentle as jade. As she walked in the front, she emanated a soft fragrance and suppressed the smell of alcohol on Zhang Ruochen.

With her status, it was easy to bring someone into the Peakless Mountain. No one dared to ask questions.

At the same time, it was likely that no one could recognize Zhang Ruochen unless they were cultivators who’d seen him before.

“Take me to the Saintess Palace,” Zhang Ruochen said.

“Junior Sister Mu isn’t in the Saintess Palace anymore,” Qi Feiyu said. “The Mu Family brought her back to Mount Tianmu.”

“I want to go to the Saintess Palace and meet your Palace Lord,” Zhang Ruochen said.

Qi Feiyu naturally knew that Zhang Ruochen had an unusual relationship with Ling Feiyu. Thus, without speaking further, she brought Zhang Ruochen to Mount Tianshui and went to a palace at the peak.

Once outside the palace, Qi Feiyu stopped. She looked at the open doors thoughtfully. “The Palace Lord has been

cultivating in isolation. She rarely opens the doors voluntarily. It seems that she already knows you're here.”

Ling Feiyu sat on a hovering island at the back of the palace. She wore an electric purple robe. Electric currents flowed all over her body, like hundreds of purple flood-dragons flying around her.

Zhang Ruochen and Qi Feiyu walked in at the same time and stood under the hovering island.

“Greetings, Palace Lord.” Qi Feiyu bowed at Ling Feiyu.

“You can leave!” Ling Feiyu said indifferently, eyes still closed.

Qi Feiyu bowed again before retreating. At the same time, the two saintly doors of the palace closed heavily.

The pavilion darkened. Only the purple electric currents were still shimmering.

“I thought you would stay in Yunwu Commandery forever,” Ling Feiyu said.

Zhang Ruochen found a jade chair and sat down. He clutched a flagon. “So this means that you've been to Yunwu Commandery?”

“Yes,” Ling Feiyu said.

“Coming and leaving quietly isn't your usual style.”

“Did you come to the Peakless Mountain to see me or take Mu Lingxi away?” Ling Feiyu asked.

“Is there a difference?”

“Of course. If it's the former, I can save your life. If it's the latter, no one will be able to protect you. With the Founder's current cultivation, he sensed you the moment you set foot on the Peakless Mountain. Are you surprised?” Ling Feiyu asked.

“No,” Zhang Ruochen said nonchalantly. “Before stepping onto the Peakless Mountain, I already noticed the Spiritual Qi was starting to turn into Saintly Qi. It reaches the clouds and connects to the abyss. Without a doubt, Shi Qianjue has reached the Supreme Saint Realm and can become the newest

Demonic Emperor. When one becomes the emperor, the world will be in uproar. The current Moon-Worship Demonic Sect will soon recover to its prime.”

After all, a Supreme Saint was someone who could laugh at the world. One utterance could sentence billions to death.

The birth of every Supreme Saint was a big event that influenced an entire era.

Eight hundred years ago, there were nine human emperors and three empresses, but that was the accumulation of thousands of years. Eight hundred years ago, the oldest Emperor Dao and Emperor Wen were already 4,000 years old.

If not for the changes in the rules of the world, Shi Qianjue and Kong Lanyou would need hundreds of years more to reach the Supreme Saint Realm, no matter how talented they were.

Shi Qianjue reaching the Supreme Saint Realm had an unusual significance.

“You knew it was futile, but you still broke in without worry. Do you really not value your life?” Ling Feiyu opened her eyes. Her gaze carried gentleness and confusion.

“Right now, you must be the one who understands me the most. You should know that I’ll carry my decision to the end once I make it.”

Ling Feiyu was quiet for a bit. Then she said, “Then why did you come find me? You should know that this is outside of my abilities. I can’t help you at all.”

“I’m here for someone’s body.”

“Whose body?”

“Le,” Zhang Ruochen said.

Ling Feiyu stared deeply at him. Then she rose, her body producing crackles. Vast power flooded out of her.

The entire time, Zhang Ruochen’s eyes were calm and devoid of any changes.

“You are calm and unmovable like a mountain. It seems that your heart has changed during this year, far surpassing the

results of other people's cultivations for 1,000 years. Since you are confident, then follow me!"

Ling Feiyu transformed into a bolt of lightning and flew outside the pavilion. The next moment, she landed outside the residence that Mu Lingxi had cultivated in before. She stood beside a spiritual lake.

Whoosh!

At almost the same time, ripples appeared in the space beside Ling Feiyu. Zhang Ruochen walked out of the ripples.

He looked at the water below his feet. The lake was blood-red and was actually boiling. It bubbled.

"The corpse sank to the bottom," Ling Feiyu said.

"Did no one collect his body for him?" Zhang Ruochen asked.

"The divine tree's flames are still burning in the water," Ling Feiyu said, hands behind her back. "All cultivators under the Saint Realm will turn to ash if they touch the water. Who above the Saint Realm would collect a stranger's body and offend Qiu Yu?"

Plop.

Zhang Ruochen jumped into the lake and disappeared below the surface.

A moment later, he broke through the surface, carrying a corpse, and flew to the bank.

Ling Feiyu's eyes narrowed in shock. "I heard that his head was shattered and melted by the divine tree. How come it regrew?"

Zhang Ruochen's hand was under Le's back. He could feel white Life Qi and black Death Qi were intertwining within the body, forming a strange Taichi mark.

However, the Life and Death Qi was relatively weaker. Only someone with strong Spiritual Power could sense it vaguely. Otherwise, they would think that this was just a dead corpse.

"Have you heard of the Nine-Circle Life-Death Code?" Zhang Ruochen asked.

“He cultivates this strange technique?” Ling Feiyu asked.

“I taught him back then,” Zhang Ruochen continued. “When he was cultivating the fifth circle, he already produced the Life-Death Qi. As long as that doesn’t dissipate and his will doesn’t die, then he won’t truly die. Now, the Tachi Life-Death Print has appeared in his body. The Life-Death Qi isn’t extinguishing. He should be close to the seventh circle.”

“What do you mean, close to the seventh circle?”

Zhang Ruochen’s eyes grew troubled. “If he lives, it’ll be the seventh circle. If he doesn’t live, then it’s death.”

Zhang Ruochen didn’t put Le’s body into the Universe World. He was worried that the Founder would discover it when he opened the Universe World.

Thus, he carried Le’s corpse and left Mount Tianshui. He headed straight toward Mount Tianmu.

The Moon-Worship Demonic Sect was the leader of the seven ancient sects. Their force was grand and spread throughout the world. There were 12 middle-age clans in the sect, hundreds of Saint Clans, and countless Half-Saint Clans and even smaller clans.

The Mu Family was one of the 12 middle-age clans. Mount Tianmu was where the core figures cultivated. It was rich with Spiritual Qi and comparable to the practice fields of the nine palaces.

Zhang Ruochen stood at the foot of Mount Tianmu. Looking up at the many majestic buildings, he called out, “Senior Sister Duanmu, Zhang Ruochen is here to fulfill the promise from before. Could you show yourself to me?”

His sound waves passed through, traveling throughout the entire Mount Tianmu and shocking the Mu Family. All of the Saints were awoken at practically the same time.

The Demonic Sect disciples closer to Mount Tianmu were shocked too.

“Who? Zhang Ruochen? Which Zhang Ruochen?”

“Who’s Senior Sister Duanmu?”

...

Many cultivators hurried to Mount Tianmu, thinking that something big was about to happen.

“Zhang Ruochen, he’s really here!”

Inside an iron pavilion on Mount Tianmu, Mu Lingxi also heard Zhang Ruochen’s voice. Her eyes filled with excitement and joy. She immediately rushed outside.

But before she could get out, Mu Lingxi was stopped by Yun Zheng.

“Where are you going?”

Expression dark, Yun Zheng glared at Mu Lingxi.

Mu Lingxi’s sparkling eyes were filled with emotion and longing. “Zhang Ruochen is here! I knew he’d come. He always lives up to his words and would never lie to me. Father, let me go see him...”

“You still want to see him? You’re Qiu Yu’s fiancée now. You better collect yourself. As for Zhang Ruochen, he’s here looking for death. The Vice Founder and Family Leader have both hurried over. You’ll see his head soon.”

Seeing how his daughter was so disappointing, Yun Zheng was so angry that he slapped her. With a crack, he sent Mu Lingxi to the ground.

What if she angered Qiu Yu by continuing to interact with Zhang Ruochen?

Yun Zheng didn’t dare to imagine the terrifying consequences. He shut the heavy iron gates and activated an imprisonment formation. Then he immediately hurried down Mount Tianmu. No matter what, he had to kill Zhang Ruochen. The Mu Family’s glorious future couldn’t be destroyed because of him.

“Father... Let me out... You can’t treat Zhang Ruochen like this... How can you do this...”

Mu Lingxi’s helpless and tragic voice traveled out of the pavilion. It was very different from her previous cute and

optimistic side. But no matter how she cried, she didn't hear any reply.

Chapter 1375 - Promise

Translator:

Larbre Studio

Editor:

Larbre Studio

Saintly way forces emanated from Saint Wood Mountain, trembling the space around them.

Aside from them, the core members of the Mu family also went down the mountain, staring at Zhang Ruochen like he was the greatest threat. Even the weakest monks from the Mu family had already become half saints, which indicated the power of an ancient family.

Zhang Ruochen looked at the great beings from Mu family, holding Le's body. He looked to Yun Zheng and said, "How have you been, Senior Yun Zheng?"

Yun Zheng walked out with layers of saint light flowing around him. He said, "Don't even, Zhang Ruochen. We're not friends."

Zhang Ruochen said, "I want to see Sister Duanmu."

"Lingxi is the fiancé of Lord Qiu Yu of the fire race now, and they'll get married on the seventh day of next month. You shouldn't have come to Saint Wood Mountain, boy, and Lord Qiu Yu isn't someone you want to offend. You'd better stay away from Lingxi from now on," Yun Zheng said.

"I know... It's not up to you to decide..." Zhang Ruochen said.

"You..."

Yun Zheng couldn't be more embarrassed. He ground his teeth due to anger.

Zhang Ruochen raised his head, staring at the two saint clouds, and said, "Ouyang Huan, don't you want to come meet your

old friend?”

A silver saint carriage flew out of the saint clouds, landing on the ground.

Ouyang Huan was sitting in the silver saint carriage, wearing a stainless saint robe. His hair was perfectly brushed, and he looked young, handsome and elegant as if he were an angel.

The half saints from Mu family and the elders at the state of saint all saluted him. “Vice hierarch.”

Ouyang Huan stared at Zhang Ruochen, smiled and said, “Can’t believe you’ve fallen this far in just a year.”

“I have you to thank for that,” Zhang Ruochen said.

Ouyang Huan shook his head and said, “Do you even know why we risked our lives to stop you a year ago? We didn’t try to kill you. Instead, we were trying to save your life. If you actually got into Ziwei Palace, you’d been long gone now.”

Zhang Ruochen said, “Lidi, Xue Wuye, Gai Tianjiao, Beigong Lan, Sui Han, and even Chi Wansui might have been trying to save me, but not you. You attacked me because you were trying to get me killed, by the woman I used to love. You’re a snake, Ouyang Huan.”

Ouyang Huan was rendered speechless. He then said, “You’re smart. Unfortunately, you’re too impulsive. It’s foolish of you to climb up Peakless Mountain like before.”

“I don’t need you to judge me.”

Zhang Ruochen said, “Where is Qiu Yu?”

“Qiu Yu isn’t here. If you can give me back my heir stamp, I’ll invite you to the wedding on the seventh next month, then you’ll see him,” Ouyang Huan said.

“Seventh day of next month? Okay! I’ll definitely be here.”

Zhang Ruochen looked to the Saint Wood Mountain and shouted, “Sister Duanmu, please don’t give up on your life. I promise you that I’ll save you on the seventh day next month. No one can force you to do things you don’t want to do.”

Zhang Ruochen squeezed every word out, and his voice was transmitted a thousand miles away.

Zhang Ruochen came here because he wanted to give Mu Lingxi hope, otherwise she might kill herself before the wedding.

Mu Lingxi was lying on the ground in an iron palace in Saint Wood Mountain. She was incredibly moved by Zhang Ruochen's promise. She could die happily after hearing that.

“That's more than enough... Zhang Ruochen... You don't need to come anymore. You don't need to fulfill that promise...”

Mu Lingxi mumbled with tears in her eyes, yet there was a smile on her face.

Unfortunately, nobody could help Mu Lingxi send a message to Zhang Ruochen, nor could Zhang Ruochen hear her voice.

Lin Suxian was standing at the top of a spiritual mountain near Saint Wood Mountain. She was wearing a veil, looking at the saint light down in Saint Wood Mountain. She looked very conflicted and said, “See, another young guy who overestimates himself, just like Luo Xu before. Unfortunately, nobody can fight the reality. It'll end in tragedy anyway.”

Qi Feiyu stood behind Lin Suxian and said, “You've always said you'd die for someone like Senior Luo Xu who's willing to sacrifice his life for you. Isn't it adorable that Mu Lingxi met Zhang Ruochen?”

Zhang Ruochen prepared to leave with Le's body.

Yun Zheng then transmitted his voice to the saint leader of Mu family. “Zhang Ruochen is the soft spot of Lingxi. If he's still alive, Lingxi will never give up.”

And then, a deafening sound was transmitted from the saint clouds. “Do you really think you can come and go from Saint Wood Mountain whenever you want?”

Zhang Ruochen looked to the sky, and he saw a fifty-year-old man standing at the center of the saint clouds. He was definitely a top-tier great being.

Tens of thousands of saint light chains fell from the sky, and each of them was made of saintly way rules.

“The saint leader of Mu family, also the saintly way overlord that gained his fame hundreds of years ago, will attack some young boy. Aren’t you afraid of being shamed by all the monks in the world?” A trace of gleaming sword light flew from afar, and it formed the body of Ling Feiyu.

Seeing Ling Feiyu, all the monks from the demonic sect kneeled down and saluted her.

The saint leader of Mu family sneered and said, “Leader Ling, are you meddling with my family’s business?”

Ling Feiyu’s eyes glinted fiercely. She said, “I owe Zhang Ruo Chen a huge favor, so I’ll make sure he leaves Peakless Mountain safely today.

The saint might coming from the saint king intimidated everyone, and even a saint like Yun Zheng felt that he had ten mountains on his back.

Saint kings were the kings of saints. Any random move from them could kill a saint.

Who dared go against a king of saintly way?

At this moment, another force of saint might that was just as mighty as Ling Feiyu’s was transmitted from Saint Wood Mountain. The two saint mights clashed with each other, making the space windy.

Ling Feiyu looked to the distance, and she saw a being in black standing at the center of the tornado like a black hole, sucking all the light around him.

“Are you interfering, Ye Xiaoxiang?” Ling Feiyu asked.

The being in black was the palace leader of Dark Night Palaces, Ye Xiaoxiang.

Ye Xiaoxiang chuckled and said, “I just reckon you’re treating Mu family unfairly, so I want to speak for them.”

“How so?” Ling Feiyu asked.

Ye Xiaoxiang said, “Zhang Ruochen isn’t a disciple of the demonic sect, yet he trespassed on Saint Wood Mountain and threatened to ruin the wedding of a junior from the Mu family. That was definitely provoking. If the Mu family let him go so easily, how are they going to posit themselves in the sect? You can’t let them be humiliated just because you owe Zhang Ruochen a favor.”

The saints from the Mu family all said, “That’s right, we need an answer.”

“Leader Ling, our family is an ancient family after all. Please, at least spare us some dignity.”

...

Ling Feiyu said, “Just name your price. How do you think it’s fair?”

“If Zhang Ruochen can handle three moves from the saint leader of Mu family, then I’ll make sure he can walk out of here alive,” Ye Xiaoxiang said.

“No. Mu Qingtian is already an upper-class true saint. Zhang Ruochen’s not going to survive three attacks from him,” Ling Feiyu said.

Ling Feiyu could tell that Zhang Ruochen had not been slack about improving his cultivation even though he was drinking every day, and his power had reached pinnacle Xuanhuang Realm.

It took Ling Feiyu five years to reach pinnacle Xuanhuang Realm.

Zhang Ruochen improved himself just as fast as Ouyang Huan who took countless saint pills.

However, the gap between a lower-class true saint and a middle-class true saint, and that between a middle-class true saint and an upper-class true saint, was gigantic.

It was unrealistic for a saint at Xuanhuang Realm to handle three moves from an upper-class true saint.

Zhang Ruochen didn’t want Ling Feiyu to be conflicted. After all, she was already having a hard time in the demonic sect. He

stepped forward and said, "I'll do it."

"Marvelous. You're indeed a Descendant of Time and Space."
Ye Xiaoxiang smiled.

Ouyang Huan curved his lips and said, "Zhang Ruochen's so overestimating himself. There's no comparison between lower-class true saints and upper-class true saints."

Ling Suxian also shook her head and said, "I was planning to see how he was going to save Mu Lingxi next month, yet he's not even going to survive the day."

Chapter 1376 - Sword Saint Ruochen

Translator:

Larbre Studio

Editor:

Larbre Studio

Ling Feiyu's eyes were extremely grave as she said seriously, "The way of the True Saint is the way of turning the intangible Rules of Saintly Way tangible. If your Rules of Saintly Way are like loose dirt, then the rules of a True Saint are sturdy rock. The Rules of Saintly Way of a True Saint in later stages are indestructible steel. How can dirt fend off steel?"

Zhang Ruochen had fought with Feng Yinying, who was in the early stages of the True Saint Realm. He knew how strong they were, but he wasn't like he'd been before now. He wasn't afraid, even when facing a later-stage True Saint.

"If I can't fend it off, then I won't."

As Zhang Ruochen spoke, he put Le's body gently onto the ground. Then he straightened himself and stared at the Saint Leader of the Mu Family in the clouds.

Ling Feiyu was slightly shocked. She thought about what Zhang Ruochen meant.

The Saint Leader didn't waste any time. He activated his Holy Qi and attacked directly.

Beams of icy Rules of Saintly Way and Holy Qi poured out of him at the same time. They converged at his palms, forming a brilliant battle sword.

The Saint Leader was very clear about Zhang Ruochen's records. This man could defeat the nine Heirs by himself. Thus, he was already using all his might with the first attack.

“Cold Light Welcoming Sword.”

“Mu Qingtian is indeed careful. He immediately used a saint spell. He wants to kill Zhang Ruochen with this strike, not giving him any chance of survival.”

...

The power from this saint spell forced countless cultivators under the Half-Saint Realm to their knees.

Zhang Ruochen, standing at the center of the spell, clearly suffered from even more pressure.

Ling Feiyu couldn't keep calm anymore. She wanted to help, but Ye Xiaoxiang stopped her.

“Palace Lord Ling should trust Zhang Ruochen,” Ye Xiaoxiang said. “It's only three strikes. What if he can take it?”

A storm rose up around the Saint Leader. “Die,” he uttered.

He pressed his hands down. The Cold Light Welcoming Sword struck forward. Instantly, the brilliant battle sword fell down like a sword-shaped mountain.

Everyone's eyes were on Zhang Ruochen. They wanted to know how the Time and Space Descendant would block this attack.

Instead, they saw Zhang Ruochen's aura change dramatically in an instant. Beams of sword intent poured out, forming sword images.

Then the sword images gathered, forming a 30-foot-long saint sword.

It was a sword formed by sword intent.

“This...”

Ling Feiyu and Ye Xiaoxiang's expressions both changed slightly.

With their cultivations, they naturally discovered immediately that Zhang Ruochen had reached the Sword Saint Realm.

Whoosh!

Zhang Ruochen and the 30-foot-long sword transformed into a sharp beam of light. They rushed into the air, crashing against the Cold Light Welcoming Sword.

The sword light powerfully shattered the Cold Light Welcoming Sword. A string of explosions sounded.

“I finally understand what he meant. If he can’t fend it off, then he won’t. He’ll attack directly. He’d completed Sword Seven, becoming a true Sword Saint.”

A rare smile appeared on Ling Feiyu’s pale and flawless face.

Seeing the incoming sword light, the Saint Leader’s mouth twitched. He recognized that Zhang Ruochen was using Sword Seven.

A complete Sword Seven.

With Sword Seven’s terrifying penetrative abilities, even the Rules of Saintly Way of a later-stage True Saint would find it difficult to block.

“Redmoon Mirror.”

A black vortex appeared in the Saint Leader’s forehead. It was like a black hole and an ancient red mirror flew out of it.

This was a treasure of the Mu Family. There were 13,000 runes carved inside the mirror. It was a Ten-thousand-pattern Saint Weapon.

It was countless times stronger than a Thousand-pattern Saint Weapon.

Boom!

The 30-foot-long saint sword in Zhang Ruochen’s hands crashed against the Redmoon Mirror, shaking the world. Rings of waves rippled out, crashing into the ground.

Thankfully, Ling Feiyu and Ye Xiaoxiang were two Saint Kings and could dissolve that force. Otherwise, the shockwaves that seeped out would definitely cause a great number of deaths.

“Such a strong sword technique. He shattered the Cold Light Welcoming Sword with one strike.”

“Zhang Ruochen’s abilities are so terrifying that they forced the Saint Leader to use the Redmoon Mirror to block the strike.”

“Sword Seven. It must be a complete Sword Seven. From now on, we might have to call him Sword Saint Ruochen.”

...

The cultivators of the Demonic Sect couldn’t even see Zhang Ruochen and the Saint Leader. They only saw a red moon and brilliant sword light.

A middle-age clan’s family leader attacked personally but couldn’t suppress a younger figure. How could this not be shocking?

The Saint Leader was clearly embarrassed. He huffed coldly and slapped a hand onto the Redmoon Mirror. Holy Qi spewed out within him.

Looking from the ground, it was like a red moon shining brilliant light and dyeing the land within thousands of miles red.

Boom.

The 30-foot-long saint sword couldn’t take the Redmoon Mirror’s light and shattered.

Joy appeared on the Saint Leader’s face. He pressed the other hand on and pushed the Redmoon Mirror down.

Zhang Ruochen’s expression didn’t change. The moment that the sword intent saint sword exploded, the Abyss Ancient Sword flew out. It appeared in his hands.

“Strike!”

He struck with the sword.

In an instant, the time flow around Zhang Ruochen and the Saint Leader slowed down. The Abyss Ancient Sword cut an arc. With a crack, it broke the headpiece on the Saint Leader’s head.

The Saint Leader retreated hurriedly. He didn’t steady himself until he got to the peak of Mount Tianmu. His long hair was

scattered, hitting his face messily.

The entire world was in silence. The cultivators of the Demonic Sect all stiffened. They were too shocked to speak.

If Zhang Ruochen could slice off the Saint Leader's headpiece, then how far was he from cutting off the man's head?

"Three strikes have ended. I'm leaving!"

Zhang Ruochen looked coldly at the Saint Elder. He landed on the ground, collected the Abyss Ancient Sword, and picked up Le's corpse again. He used the Great Spatial Move and was 300 miles away in an instant.

After using the Great Spatial Move many times, Zhang Ruochen was already gone from the Peakless Mountain, disappearing in the vast world.

The cultivators of the Demonic Sect finally realized what had happened. They were all gasping.

Shock appeared in Qi Feiyu's pretty eyes too. "So powerful," she said. "The Saint Leader has such great cultivation but he actually lost to Zhang Ruochen."

Lin Suxian found it to be unexpected too. "He completed Sword Seven and became a Sword Saint at his young age. How could he comprehend the realm of No Regret with his age?"

"No matter what," Qi Feiyu said, "Zhang Ruochen's name will probably shake the entire world after today's battle."

Lin Suxian nodded as well. "I'm finally starting to anticipate the seventh of the next month."

Under Mount Tianmu, Ling Feiyu glanced at Ye Xiaoxiang. "It seems that Zhang Ruochen doesn't want Palace Lord Ye to send him off. I hope you still have a chance in the future."

With that, Ling Feiyu transformed into a beam of sword light and flew back to the Saintess Palace.

Ye Xiaoxiang clenched her fists. Her eyes extremely sharp, she scoffed coldly. Her figure faded and finally disappeared from the spot.

Yun Zheng knew that Zhang Ruochen was strong, but he didn't think he was this strong.

He quickly walked to the silver Luan chariot. "Vice Sect Leader, you can't let Zhang Ruochen leave. That man has already become a Sword Saint. He'll definitely be our great enemy in the future."

Ouyang Huan's eyes were grave. After a moment of thinking, he said, "In that case, then you go stop him."

Yun Zheng's expression changed. "I... How can I be a match for him?"

Ouyang Huan sneered coldly. "It's good that you know. It's not easy to stop a Saint who wants to leave. There's higher chance of a Saint King succeeding, but Palace Lord Ling wants to protect him. Palace Lord Ye made a promise. If we go after Zhang Ruochen now, wouldn't we be offending both of them?"

"But Zhang Ruochen is so strong," Yun Zheng said. "What if he causes trouble on the seventh?"

"Zhang Ruochen is very smart," Ouyang Huan said. "He didn't break into Mount Tianmu or forcefully take Mu Lingxi away. That's why he could leave the Peakless Mountain alive. But if he dares to cause trouble on the seventh, he would be damaging the sect's core interest. The big figures wouldn't let that happen."

"So that means if he dares to enter Peakless Mountain on the seventh, he'll definitely die? What if... Palace Lord Ling continues to protect him?"

"If Ling Feiyu still dares to step out at that time, the entire Ling Family will be killed, let alone her."

Ouyang Huan chuckled. Sinister light flashed past his eyes.

News of Zhang Ruochen breaking into the Peakless Mountain spread throughout the world. It caused a storm in the cultivation world.

"Zhang Ruochen actually used three strikes to defeat Mu Qingtian and cut off his headpiece? Really? Mu Qingtian is a

horrible old demon. How could he fail like this?"

"The Time and Space Descendant Zhang Ruochen hasn't died and instead improved greatly?"

"I heard that Zhang Ruochen will climb the Peakless Mountain again on the seventh and steal the bride."

"That crazy? Zhang Ruochen really lays down low but creates a storm whenever he appears."

"Guess whose bride he's stealing. It'll definitely scare you."

...

News spread extremely quickly. That night, the Saint Lady also received the information in the Ziwei Palace.

She held the communication rune. A faint smile appeared on her delicate and flawless face. "He finally walked out of his depression, but... Going to steal a bride from the Moon-Worship Demonic Sect isn't a wise choice. Is there a difference between becoming the enemy of Qiu Yu and the entire Kunlun's Field?"

Qiu Yu was the divine parasol tree. He may become the World Spiritual Root of the Kunlun's Field in the future. He never became enemies with any forces. Instead, countless forces were friendly with him.

If Zhang Ruochen stole Qiu Yu's bride, then he was undoubtedly becoming enemies with the entire world.

The Saint Lady pondered for a bit. Then she took out the communication rune and walked to Saint Palace Yuanchu. She would tell Huang Yanchen for her to decide.

Chapter 1377 - The Group Needs A Leader

Translator:

Larbre Studio

Editor:

Larbre Studio

One year ago, Kong Lanyou had crushed the godly statue of the empress in Ziwei Palace.

Now, the statue had been erected again, and it was giving off seven-colored godly light that permeated the entire Central Empire City.

As long as the empress was alive, and the statue remained intact, the godly power could shine upon the heaven and earth.

Saint Palace Yuanchu was closest to the godly statue, which filled the place with godly Qi, making it the best place to refine in all of Kunlun's Field, and monks could also comprehend the way of Gods.

Huang Yanchen sat in Saint Palace Yuanchu, receiving the Saint Lady.

After reading the signal flare, Huang Yanchen was rendered speechless. After a while, she said, "Master told me that Qiu Yu is the greatest hope for Kunlun's Field before she left, as he might become the new spiritual root. The imperial government must give him the best assistance we can."

"That's right," the Saint Lady said.

Huang Yanchen said, "You're the most intelligent woman in the world. What do you think I should do?"

The Saint Lady said, "It's all up to you, heir."

Huang Yanchen frowned, and she looked a bit bitter.

Huang Yanchen knew for sure that the Saint Lady was a close female confidant of Zhang Ruochen, and she was still a bit mad at her because she stabbed Zhang Ruochen's heart with her sword.

Which was why the Saint Lady asked her to decide on such a difficult issue.

Huang Yanchen pursed her lips and sighed. "If you were me, what would you do?"

The Saint Lady shook her head without saying anything.

"Battle Heavenly King, Lingxiao Heavenly King, and Southern Region King are all very close with Qiu Yu, and they married their kids to the fire race. They have a very tight bond now. If I don't try and stop them, they'll definitely help Qiu Yu and the fire race suppress Zhang Ruochen. However... Should I follow the godly order of my master, or should I help him..."

Huang Yanchen seemed to be talking to herself, but she wanted to ask the Saint Lady as well.

The Saint Lady still remained quiet.

At this moment, a fiery saint shadow of a phoenix flew into the palace, forming the body of Martial Saint Canglan. She was wearing crimson saint armor, and the wings on her back looked like two fiery clouds.

"Your highness, the fire race and Moon Worship Demonic Sect sent us two signal flares, inviting you to attend the wedding in Peakless Mountain on the seventh day of next month. You'll receive an official invitation soon."

Martial Saint Canglan gave two signal flares to Huang Yanchen.

Huang Yanchen became stiffer after seeing the two signal flares. She said, "It isn't my wedding, yet they pushed me to the front. Oh, Ouyang Huan... Oh, Qiu Yu... They're trying to use me to deal with Zhang Ruochen. Perhaps many prominent beings in the imperial government also received the invitations to see how I'm going to confront Zhang Ruochen. You two also think they're trying to put on a show, right?"

The Saint Lady and Martial Saint Canglan gave each other a look. They both shook their heads and said, "If you don't want to go, nobody can force you."

Huang Yanchen stood up, and a sense of ferocity emanated from her.

Saint Lady and Martial Saint Canglan were both dazed. They seemed to see Empress Chi Yao in Huang Yanchen. It had nothing to do with her cultivation, but her look.

...

Sacred City in Central Region.

Sacred City used to be the empire city of Sacred Central Empire where there were great talents and spiritual meridians. Even though the empire had already fallen, the city was still bustling, and there were traces of saint Qi surging to the sky.

In the western suburb of Sacred City was the grave of the royalty.

Zhang Ruochen went to Sacred City after leaving the headquarters of the demonic sect. He entered the grave and performed a memorial ritual for his mother.

The leader of Phoenix Dance Palace, Granny Bai Su, and most beautiful woman of Sacred City, Qin Yutong, were both standing behind Zhang Ruochen. They were also kneeling in front of the tombstone.

Granny Bai Su was a maidservant following Zhang Ruochen, and now, he was working for the twelfth brother of Emperor Ming, 'Lord Mingjiang.' Her cultivation was strong enough to make her the leader of Phoenix Dance Palace.

After the memorial, Granny Bai Su said, "Your highness, I need to go visit twelfth uncle. Can you make an arrangement?"

Zhang Ruochen didn't want to meet Lord Mingjiang because it wasn't time, but now, he had to meet his twelfth uncle.

"Sure. I'll go notify Lord Twelve and tell him to come to Sacred City."

Granny Bai Su and Qin Yutong left the royal grave.

Zhang Ruochen looked in the direction of the grave and said, “Come out.”

An elder walked out of the space in the next moment, took a bow to Zhang Ruochen and said, “Your highness, I’m Zhao Fu, one of the thirty-six heavenly kings from Guarding Dragon Pavilion.”

Zhao Fu followed the order of the leader of Guarding Dragon Pavilion to guard the royal grave of Sacred Central Empire. Zhang Ruochen and Kong Lanyou had seen him here before.

Zhang Ruochen said, “I want to visit the leader of Guarding Dragon Pavilion.”

Zhao Fu said, “There’re more than one leader of Guarding Dragon Pavilion. All the thirty-six heavenly kings are human monks, and they follow the orders of Heavenly Pavilion Leader. The seventy-two earth demons are savage beasts, plants, and mutants, and they follow the order of Earth Pavilion Leader and the two empire totems.”

“Which leader can you get in contact with?” Zhang Ruochen asked.

Zhao Fu said, “Only Heavenly Pavilion Leader.”

Zhang Ruochen gave an order. “Tell him to meet me in Sacred City in three days.”

“Sure. I’ll go tell him now.”

Zhao Fu bowed at Zhang Ruochen again and vanished. He was so fast that even Zhang Ruochen couldn’t even see how he left.

“That guy’s cultivation is superior to the saint leader of Mu family, yet he’s guarding the grave here. Guarding Dragon Pavilion...if you hadn’t left Sacred City before, perhaps Sacred Central Empire would have been able to survive longer. What kind of orders did my father give you?”

Zhang Ruochen mumbled, shook his head and smiled sarcastically.

Zhang Ruochen entered Phoenix Dance palace after leaving the royal grave.

Qin Yutong knew who Zhang Ruochen was, so she immediately received him to the inner mansion and treated him like the most important guest.

“Granny went to see Lord Twelve. She should come back soon,” Qin Yutong said.

She used to talk to Zhang Ruochen like a friend, but now, she had to serve Zhang Ruochen like a maid. After all, Zhang Ruochen’s cultivation was already a great pressure on her, not to mention he was the crown prince of the empire.

Zhang Ruochen sat beside the desk with his legs crossed. He then took out a signal flare, mobilizing his mind power and saint Qi to write on it.

Qin Yutong stood beside him like a flower in the hollow.

Zhang Ruochen raised his head and shot a glance at him. “Do you know how to give a haircut?”

Qin Yutong looked at Zhang Ruochen’s messy hair and beard and said, “I can definitely try if you need it, your highness.”

Zhang Ruochen said, “Thank you.”

Qin Yutong’s hands were beautiful. She had long and smooth fingers, and she started to shave Zhang Ruochen’s hair.

Zhang Ruochen said, “There’re no real bonds in the royal family. Siblings will turn against each other for power and benefits. Do you think my twelfth uncle will hand the empire to me after running it for eight hundred years?”

Qin Yutong’s hands started to shake, and her face turned pale.

“No need to be anxious. That was just a random question.”

Zhang Ruochen smiled.

Actually, Zhang Ruochen had investigated the civil war in Sacred Central Empire eight hundred years ago after Emperor Ming had gone missing.

Aside from Kong Shangling, Zhang Ruochen’s royal uncles and royal aunts all joined the power grab, which threw the entire Sacred City into chaos.

And because of that, a once-giant empire fell within decades.

The root cause of that was Emperor Ming going missing and the crown prince being killed, leaving the empire with no leader.

Qin Yutong suddenly kneeled in front of Zhang Ruochen and said with her head down, “Your highness, Granny asked me to try to convince you to leave if you came to Phoenix Dance palace.”

Zhang Ruochen understood where she was coming from. He said, “You guys owe Twelfth Uncle a favor, and he’s also your new master. I can tell that you’re still loyal to Sacred Central Empire, as you told me that.”

Qin Yutong said, “Are you still staying here?”

“Why would I leave? I came here to see my twelfth royal uncle. I’m confident that I can make him submit to me, and that I can make sure that we have a leader soon.”

Zhang Ruochen looked calm and infused the signal flare with a trace of saint Qi.

Whoosh!

Characters emerged on the signal flare, and they were gleaming.

Qin Yutong shot a glance at the signal flare and yelled, “Death Zen!”

“That’s right. Death Zen Elder owes me a favor. Now, it’s time for me to cash it in.”

Zhang Ruochen waved his sleeves, then the signal flare flew out like a trace of light.

Zhang Ruochen stroked his chin and looked in the mirror, making sure that his beard was well-shaved. He said to Qin Yutong, “Go get a pen and some silk brocades.”

Qin Yutong said, “May I ask what you’re going to use them for?”

“I’ll write a decree. A ‘Crown Prince Decree.’”

Zhang Ruochen’s eyes gleamed, and he said, “The empire needs a leader. It’s time for the old members of Sacred Central

Empire to come back now. I'll go worship God and the dead on the seventh day of next month, holding Kaiyuan Deer Cauldron.”

Chapter 1378 - Shake The World

Translator:

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Editor:

Larbre Studio

After bathing, changing, and burning incense while being served by Qin Yutong, Zhang Ruochen finally picked up his brush to write.

The Emperor Ming Nine-Sky Scripture operated in Zhang Ruochen's body as he wrote.

Each stroke carried unique and strong power of the Saintly Way. The surrounding air trembled.

It was the Crown Prince Edict, and the saint decree that contained all of Zhang Ruochen's saintly power.

The content of the imperial edict was simple and straightforward. One, it described Zhang Ruochen's identity as the Crown Prince of the Sacred Central Empire. Two, it called for the officials and old followers of the Sacred Central Empire to gather and pray to the gods at the Peakless Mountain on the seventh of the next month.

Whoosh.

After he finished writing, the silk scroll on the table shone with brilliant saintly light. It illuminated the entire Phoenix Dance Palace.

The Royal Capital was the capital of the Sacred Central Empire. Every Emperor Ming would pray to the gods and heavens there each year.

The ancestor of the Zhang Family was a god, known as Unmovable Emperor Ming.

In addition, there had been more than one Supreme Saint in the Zhang Family's history.

After being washed endlessly by the power of the prayers and the Unmovable Emperor Ming and various Supreme Saints' changes to the rules, the Royal Capital had long since evolved. It contained the power of the Qi fate and fortune of the country.

Even now, this power still hadn't scattered.

Zhang Ruochen had written the edict with the power of the Emperor Ming Nine-Sky Scripture. Naturally, it would resonate with the fortune and fate of the Sacred Central Empire. It produced an unusual phenomenon.

Boom.

A burst of Emperor Qi radiated from the Crown Prince Edict. It flew off of the table and broke through the roof, flying to the clouds.

The silk exploded into dust.

The various words from the Saintly Way lined up and became printed on the sky. They shone with brilliant golden light.

In an instant, the entire Royal Capital turned gold from the reflection. Almost all the cultivators were alarmed. They rushed to the streets and looked up at the sky.

The edict was like stars in the sky.

Deep within the residence of the ancient Cai Family, there was an ox-shaped spiritual mountain. Powerful saintly might traveled out and a shred of Holy Qi scattered out.

It was only a shred of Holy Qi, but it wrapped around the mountain like a large river.

An ancient old woman climbed out of the ground in the mountain. She stood at the center of the huge Holy Qi river. Looking up at the sky, she said in a trembling voice, "The Crown Prince Edict, it really is the Crown Prince's edict. Eight hundred years ago... Didn't the Crown Prince die from an assassination?"

Seeing their ancestor come out, the patriarch and Saints of the Cai Family all hurried to the ox-shaped mountain. They all bowed in respect.

“Ancestor,” the patriarch of the Cai Family said. “The Sacred Central Empire has been destroyed. Even if the Crown Prince returns, the empire still can’t be recovered.”

“Shut up. Are you qualified to comment on the Crown Prince?” the ancestor roared. Rings of sound waves flooded out, hitting the family leader like dozens of heavy fists.

The family leader spat out blood and knelt onto the ground.

The ancestor had once been an elder of the Sacred Central Empire. She had great authority and deep feelings for the empire.

However, after Emperor Ming went missing, huge changes occurred in the imperial court. Killing and conflicts had been endless. The Cai Family ancestor had felt disappointed and voluntarily left the imperial court. Afterward, she stayed hidden and cultivated in isolation.

Afterward, to protect the billions of people in her clan, the Cai Family ancestor was forced to surrender to the First Central Empire. However, she didn’t accept any of the titles from the new empire.

It wasn’t only the Cai Family. The entire Royal Capital seemed to have gone crazy.

“Zhang Ruochen, Crown Prince of the Sacred Central Empire from 800 years ago, is actually still alive. He even issued an edict to collect the old officials.”

“Zhang Ruochen? That name...is actually the same as that Time and Space Descendant. It can’t be that coincidental, right?”

“Seventh of the next month, praying to the gods and souls at the Peakless Mountain. Why is he going to the Demonic Sect’s headquarters instead of the Royal Capital?”

“The Peakless Mountain was also part of the Sacred Central Empire 800 years ago. Why can’t he go there to pray?”

“The seventh is the Demonic Sect Saintess and Qiu Yu’s wedding... Oh gods, the Crown Prince must be Zhang Ruochen.”

...

Even the stupidest cultivators now realized that the Crown Prince of the Sacred Central Empire and the Time and Space Descendant were the same person.

This news spread with the fastest speed throughout the First Central Empire.

The leaders of the various human forces were all shocked by this news.

The Saint Lady had long since guessed Zhang Ruochen’s identity, but she was still moved when she received this news.

A moment later, the Saint Lady finally recovered. “Zhang Ruochen,” she murmured to herself. “What are you doing? Are you really going to overturn the First Central Empire just for a woman?”

In the Wan Family, Wan Zhaoyi and Martial Saint Canglan received the news at the same time. They exchanged glances and could see the shock in one another’s eyes.

Wan Zhaoyi’s eyes moved and then smiled. “I finally understand the rivalry between the Empress and Zhang Ruochen. I see, I see...”

Martial Saint Canglan sighed. “One year ago, I even begged the Empress to forgive Zhang Ruochen. Thinking back, it’s so laughable. How could their conflict be resolved like that?”

In the eastern region, the Taishang Elder of the Murong Family walked out of an ancient mansion. He gazed toward the central region with Murong Yue.

Murong Yue’s eyes were filled with joy. “Ancestor, His Highness finally revealed his identity. Should we act now?”

The Taishang Elder of the Murong Family was called Murong Yefeng. Eight hundred years ago, he was the top talent of the Murong Family. He had been both Zhang Ruochen’s only

friend and his page boy. He often studied with Zhang Ruochen, Kong Lanyou, and Chi Yao.

Because Murong Yefeng was the youngest, Zhang Ruochen, Kong Lanyou, and Chi Yao called him “Little Yezi.”

Murong Yefeng had lived for 800 years, but he didn't seem old. He only looked to be around 30 years old. A nostalgic and bitter smile appeared in his ancient eyes. “Your Highness, since you chose to go back to being the Crown Prince, I will continue to serve you.”

In Tiantai State of the central region, the Shangguan Clan and Blood God Sect were also shocked too.

The Saints of the Blood God Sect obviously knew that Zhang Ruochen was their sect leader. How could they not be shocked by this great event?

That day, two Saint Elders immediately held an Elder Council to discuss this.

Because of the Crown Prince Edict, the Shangguan Clan was also pushed into the spotlight.

Saint King Que, the ancestor of the Shangguan Clan, was the Crown Prince Master of the Sacred Central Empire.

The Crown Prince Master was the Crown Prince's teacher.

Since the Crown Prince had issued the Crown Prince edict, what should his teacher do?

Western region, Brahma Way.

After Sikong One and Two received this news, they were ecstatic. They hurried toward one of the ancient temples.

While running, Sikong One said, “Master, Senior Uncle is doing something big this time. He's practically going to crush the Demonic Sect. We must join in on the fun.”

“The Demonic Sect is filled with strong cultivators. The Fire Race has an even greater heritage,” Sikong Two said. “Senior Uncle is fighting a hard battle. Master, we can't just watch.”

Master Yintuoluo sat on a cushion like a clay statue. He didn't budge.

Sikong One had a shady aura. Arms bare and face red, he said, “Our grandmaster was killed by the Empress. We have a great rivalry with her. Master, why don’t we rebel with Senior Uncle?”

“Shut up,” Master Yintuoluo roared. “The Empress has already become a god. Who dares to rebel?”

“The Empress has already left Kunlun’s Field,” Sikong One mumbled. “She might’ve gone to the divine world, and it’s possible she won’t even return again.”

After reaching Yintuoluo’s state, one would be clear on how terrifying a god’s power was. Even if Empress Chi Yao had left Kunlun’s Field, her divine power remaining here could still crush everyone.

Sikong Two was a bit calmer. “Senior Uncle is always careful. He knows the Empress has become a god but still dared to publicize his identity. This can only mean that he has a hidden card that can protect everyone.”

“Has the Universe World been born?” Sikong One cried out. “The Divine Sky-connecting Tree is in the Universe World. The cultivation environment is much stronger than Kunlun’s Field. If we go there to cultivate, we won’t need to hide around anymore.”

Sikong One and Two had both helped Zhang Ruochen capture the World Spirit in the Blue Dragon Void World. They’d once heard Zhang Ruochen say that he wanted the World Spirit to evolve the scroll world into the Universe World.

In an upper void world outside the region, the Death Zen Elder also received Zhang Ruochen’s communication rune.

The Death Zen Elder chuckled. “It’s really hard to repay Zhang Ruochen.”

Buddha Xinshu stood below. He caught the communication rune, read the content, and was quiet for a while. “The Demonic Sect and Fire Tribe are such great forces. They’re second only to the imperial court. Master, it’s best not to get involved.”

“If I don’t repay Zhang Ruochen, my saint heart will have a flaw. I’ll never be able to make that last step.” The Death Zen Elder was helpless as well.

Actually, even if Zhang Ruochen didn’t send a communication rune to the Death Zen Elder, he would’ve gone to find Zhang Ruochen to repay him anyway.

“But you’ve already vowed never to set foot in the Kunlun’s Field again,” Buddha Xinshu said.

“My true body can’t enter Kunlun’s Field, but I can use a clone. The clone can carry the divine corpse in. Zhang Ruochen should be satisfied with the combat ability of the divine corpse. If I can resolve this matter earlier, I can truly enter the Great Way sooner.”

The Death Zen Elder chuckled again. He put down the communication rune and his body shone with Buddhist light. Then a clone walked out of his body.

Even though it was a clone, it felt like it was made of flesh and bone. It was extremely divine and shone with Buddhist light all over. It was no different from his true body.

Chapter 1379 - Spring of Lives

Translator:

Larbre Studio

Editor:

Larbre Studio

In the southern region.

After the Divine Phoenix ignited itself, a region that was hundreds of thousands of square miles in size remained. There were flames that were gleaming on the ground.

The fire race inhabited the Fiery Territory.

At the center of the Fiery Territory, the mud was burnt golden by the fire, and each piece of the mud could be used to make weapons.

A withered trunk of the Divine Phoenix Tree was planted in the ground.

The trunk had a diameter of more than one hundred miles, and it was more than thirty thousand feet tall. It looked more towering than mountains, and the divine light gushing out of the trunk looked like waterfalls flowing from the sky.

Qiu Yu laughed inside the withered trunk. “Zhang Ruochen, as in Sacred Crown Prince... You didn’t disappoint me at all. You were not qualified to fight me until now.”

An elder of the fire race stood under the tree, and there was a flame mark on his head. He said, “A hundred thousand years ago, Saint Monk Xumi dug out the root of the Divine Phoenix Tree because he wanted to wake up the tree. Now, Saint Monk Xumi is dead, but Zhang Ruochen is likely to know where the root is as he’s the descendant of Saint Monk Xumi.”

Qiu Yu turned into human shape, wearing a blue robe. He said confidently, “Time and Space Descendant or Sacred Crown Prince, he’s destined to be my foil. I’ll become a God in the future, and now, I look forward to marrying the ice phoenix from the Mu family in front of Zhang Ruochen, and the Divine Sky-connecting Tree is only going to make me grow stronger.”

Peakless Mountain, the headquarters of Moon Worship Demonic Sect.

The revelation of Zhang Ruochen’s identity was a bomb, astounding everyone.

Yun Zheng, Mu Lingxi’s father, was so scared that his face paled. He had severely underestimated Zhang Ruochen before. He would’ve never realized he was the Sacred Crown Prince.

Zhang’s family had to have a solid force to establish a central empire. Even though Sacred Central Empire had been destroyed, Zhang Ruochen, as its crown prince, was certainly able to mobilize great forces.

The saint leader of Mu family shot a glance at Yun Zheng and said, “Why’re so you worried? Our hierarch is already a supreme saint, meaning he can suppress everything. The fire race could annihilate Fengdu Ghost City, not to mention a crown prince of a fallen empire. Besides, there’s no way the imperial government will just sit and watch Sacred Central Empire rise to power again. Even if Zhang Ruochen is the crown prince of Sacred Central Empire, he won’t be able to stir up anything.”

Yun Zheng then calmed himself down. He said, “Saint leader is right. Our hierarch is strong enough to be an emperor, ruling everyone in the world. If that Zhang Ruochen dares trespass on Peakless Mountain, he’ll no doubt be killed.”

...

The saintly way characters floated in the air in Sacred City as if they were stars shining down upon the ground.

A deafening sound came out of Lingxiao Heavenly King Mansion, which used to be the royal palace of Sacred Central

Empire. “Dregs of Sacred Central Empire, how dare you show up?”

Boom!

A trace of golden light shot out of Lingxiao Heavenly King Mansion.

The golden light formed a giant fist the size of a mountain, hitting the imperial edict of the crown prince that was floating in the air.

Sacred City was where the dregs gathered, which was why the imperial government sent Lingxiao Heavenly King to guard this place. Lingxiao Heavenly King was trusted because of his great cultivation and vicious skills.

Just now, Lingxiao Heavenly King had taken actions himself, trying to destroy the imperial edict.

The second Lingxiao Heavenly King let out his saint might, and a large group of monks in Sacred City fell down as the forces coming from Lingxiao Heavenly King tormented them so harshly that they found it difficult to breathe.

Qin Yutong stood behind Zhang Ruochen. Her lips were sparkling and sexy, and there was light flowing in her eyes. She said, “Among the royalty of First Central Empire, Lingxiao Heavenly King was the most powerful being, aside from Chi Yao. He’s been garrisoning Sacred City, and he’s killed countless officials of Sacred Central Empire. He’s ruthless and cunning. Lots of innocent people were killed as well. He was our biggest enemy, yet none of us can touch him because he’s too strong.”

“Saint Elder of Sacred Central Crypt didn’t take any actions?” Zhang Ruochen asked.

“Saint Elder of Sacred Central utilized his full strength to seriously injure Lingxiao Heavenly King before, however, when he tried to attack him the second time, Empress Chi Yao performed a saint spell to save him.”

Being able to survive an attack of the full strength of Kong Lanyou meant Lingxiao Heavenly King was at least as powerful as Zhongying King.

Zhang Ruochen squinted as he realized something was happening. He looked to the royal tome forest.

Tumbling saint mist gushed out of the tombstones of every generation of Emperor Ming, forming thousands of dragon shadows. They surged to the sky and echoed with the crown prince imperial edict in the air.

The handprint of Lingxiao Heavenly King clashed with the crown prince imperial edict.

Boom!

The crown prince imperial edict was still floating in the air, yet the handprint of Lingxiao Heavenly King was dismantled. It couldn't damage a single word.

The ancestor of Cai's family yelled, "All the previous emperor Mings showed their power, which meant it is the imperial edict of the true crown prince. Our crown prince is back. Does that mean Emperor Ming is back too?"

Meanwhile, a saint order was sent from Lingxiao Heavenly King Mansion. "Turn on the guarding formation and close the city gate. Nobody is allowed to get out. Capture the Sacred Crown Prince and the dregs of Sacred Central Empire."

All the city gates were covered by the guarding formation of Sacred City.

Meanwhile, large groups of troops started to patrol the streets, which made the entire Sacred City panic-stricken.

Granny Bai Su walked in, bowed toward Zhang Ruochen and said, "Aren't you leaving, your highness?"

"I've already given the crown prince imperial edict, how could I leave?" Zhang Ruochen said.

Granny Bai Su saw that Zhang Ruochen had already made up his mind, so she gave up on convincing him. She said, "Lord Twelve will arrive in Sacred City tomorrow. Your highness, Lord Twelve went through a lot these past several years for the empire. I really hope you can team up to fight the imperial government instead of turning against each other."

Zhang Ruochen said, “Turning against each other is the last thing I want. I want to team up with Royal Uncle Twelve as well, so it all depends on his choice. You guys can leave now, I’m going to refine. Notify me when Uncle Twelve is here.”

Zhang Ruochen sat down with his legs crossed after Bai Su and Qin Yutong left. He mobilized his techniques, formed a dividing self and sending it into Universe World.

In the past year, Zhang Ruochen had gradually integrated his saintly way rules into Universe World while drinking.

And now, Zhang Ruochen had integrated thirty percent of his saintly way rules into the heaven and earth rules of Universe World.

Which meant it would be easier for Zhang Ruochen to mobilize the power of Universe World; he now had a ten percent success rate.

As for before, his success rate might have been lower than one-hundredth of a percent.

However, his ability to mobilize the power of Universe World didn’t mean he was invincible.

First of all, Zhang Ruochen was only able to mobilize more World Power after he improved his cultivation and mind power.

Also, the stronger his body constitution was, the more World Power he was able to handle. For example, if a half saint tried to perform the power of a saint, his or her meridians, saint meridians, and body would all be crushed.

Which meant the amount of World Power Zhang Ruochen was able to use depended on his cultivation, mind power, and his body constitution. He could only better utilize World Power after he improved all three of them.

It was no easy task to be invincible.

Besides, he couldn’t just use the world power of Universe World any time he wanted. If other people knew that Zhang Ruochen had a world inside his body, perhaps supreme saints would attack him.

He didn't have the cultivation to protect the world inside his body yet, so he needed to be careful.

A well emerged in the trunk of Divine Sky-connecting Tree.

The Spring of Lives flowed out of the well, and each drop of Spring of Lives contained great life forces. If a dying monk drank one drop of it, he would be able to live for several years more.

Being able to breed the Spring of Lives meant Divine Sky-connecting Tree was already immensely powerful.

Certainly, it was nothing compared to that during the ancient times. It was only able to produce thousands of drops, and now, there was only a small pond of it.

The Spring of Lives during the ancient times was a huge river.

The life expectancy during that time far surpassed that of now. Even ordinary human beings could live for more than one hundred years.

The corpse of Le was lying on top of the Spring of Lives, and it kept absorbing the water into his body. Taichi Life and Death Print spun faster and faster, and his life forces started to boom.

“Lord Chen, he's going to drink all the Spring of Lives. Can you spare me some of it? Just a sip! I haven't even tried it yet.”

Guoguo kept slobbering, standing beside the Spring of Lives. He couldn't be more tempted.

However, every time it got close to the spring, Divine Sky-connecting Tree would whip it away.

“Why're you so pushy? There's only so much Spring of Lives available. It's reserved for people who need it the most. As Divine Sky-connecting Tree grows, there'll be more and more Spring of Lives in the future. Guard this place, and tell me immediately after Le wakes.”

Zhang Ruochen then walked toward the Sun and Moon Crystal Coffin.

Demonic Race and Fire Race must have had a great foundation to survive until now.

Zhang Ruochen knew clearly that there would be a difficult fight on the seventh day of next month.

Zhang Ruochen summoned the previous officials to bring them into Universe World instead of letting them be killed. He wanted to show them a new future to create a brighter Sacred Central Empire.

He needed a tremendous source of power to protect his previous subjects, and that power must be strong enough to rival the supreme saints from the imperial government and the demonic sect, even Chi Yao who had become a God.

Zhang Ruochen was way too weak to provide that now.

And the same went for Divine Sky-connecting Tree.

Zhang Ruochen stared at the Sun and Moon Crystal Coffin and said, "I brought you back from the netherworld, and you've been absorbing the life forces from the Divine Sky-connecting Tree, yet you still refuse to talk to me. You're indeed powerful, and I'm nothing compared to you, but as the leader of Universe World, I've got to talk to you today."

Zhang Ruochen mobilized his holy Qi fiercely, pushed his hands forward, and then, two fire pillars of Divine Fire Jingmie were shot toward the Sun and Moon Crystal Coffin.

She chose to stay silent, yet Zhang Ruochen tried to force her to speak.

Chapter 1380 - Use Fire To Burn A God

Translator:

Larbre Studio

Editor:

Larbre Studio

Blue Jingmie Divine Fire surged over, distorting the space with the heat. It scattered the cold power around the Sun-moon Crystal Coffin.

Whoosh—

Mysterious power spread from the Sun-moon Crystal Coffin. It controlled the dozens of Death Race ancestor bones and arranged them in a starry formation. It actually formed an invisible force that blocked the Jingmie Divine Fire.

With Zhang Ruochen's current cultivation, he could even melt some Thousand-pattern Saint Weapons with the Jingmie Divine Fire, but he couldn't defeat a few bones.

It was obvious how incredible the bones were. They may have been divine bones.

“My clone is still too weak.”

Zhang Ruochen pulled his arms back. Then he pointed at the sky with his right forefinger. Strong Spiritual Power burst forth. It rushed out of the Universe World, guiding the Jingmie Divine Fire in his Sea of Qi.

The next moment, the clouds above Zhang Ruochen's head spread apart. A waterfall of fire dropped from the sky and kept pouring toward the Sun-moon Crystal Coffin.

Seeing this, Princess White Li was shocked. “Sect Leader,” she advised, “aren't you being too extreme? What if you anger her?”

“Times like these, you must use extreme methods.”

After burning for around six hours, a gust of icy Qi poured out of the Sun-moon Crystal Coffin like a tidal wave.

Kaboom.

Like leaves in the wind, Zhang Ruochen and Princess White Li were sent countless miles away. The power was too astounding. They couldn't even control their bodies.

After steadying himself, Zhang Ruochen looked back at the Sun-moon Crystal Coffin. His eyes narrowed instantly. A beautiful lady covered in brilliant moonlight stepped gracefully out of the flames.

Her figure was slender and her skin seemed to be carved from jade. There was the mark of a blood moon on her forehead. Cold power flowed through her body, turning the surrounding 10,000 miles into a tundra.

The Jingmie Divine Fire was swallowed by the wind and snow. All of it scattered.

“Ghost King Bloodmoon...” Zhang Ruochen said. “No... You're the woman in the coffin.”

The woman under the Divine Sky-connecting Tree was indeed Ghost King Bloodmoon, but the aura radiating from her was countless times stronger.

Zhang Ruochen and Princess White Li were both able to counter later-stage True Saints. But facing the woman, they felt extreme pressure.

An extreme force was pressing them down to their knees.

Zhang Ruochen and Princess White Li kept sweating. They pushed up with all their might, not wanting to kneel before anyone.

Each step that Ghost King Bloodmoon took would double the pressure on them. She wasn't using power to restrict them. She was restricting their will.

Meow!

Princess White Li's legs trembled. Meowing, she turned back into her original shape—a brilliant little white cat.

Finally, Ghost King Bloodmoon didn't continue walking. She stopped 100 feet before Zhang Ruochen and Princess White Li. "You two have very strong wills," she said coldly. "You don't surrender to anyone and have the potential to become Supreme Saints."

Zhang Ruochen was slightly relieved. "If you continue walking, we might not be able to take it anymore."

"A Supreme Saint's heart doesn't surrender to any human, but that doesn't mean they won't surrender to a god. If I continued, even a Supreme Saint might not be able to withstand the pressure."

Zhang Ruochen was incredibly shaken. "You're a god?"

"One hundred thousand years ago, I used up practically all of my divine power and vitality. I could only sleep inside the Sun-moon Crystal Coffin. Now, I've finally recovered a bit."

After a pause, Ghost King Bloodmoon continued, "You're the first Saint who has dared to use divine fire to burn a god."

She really was a god.

Even a Supreme Saint would probably be terrified, let alone Zhang Ruochen.

Right now, Zhang Ruochen felt his hands and feet go cold. It would be a lie to say he wasn't afraid. A female corpse in the coffin and a living god before him were two completely different concepts.

Zhang Ruochen worked to suppress his negative emotions. He kept calm and bowed to the figure. "I accidentally offended you," he said, not submissively. "But..."

"No need to be so afraid," Ghost King Bloodmoon said. "You dared to burn a god with fire. That means you have the heart and courage to go against gods. That is also why I sent a branch of my consciousness to meet you."

The goddess' divine corpse was still lying inside the Sun-moon Crystal Coffin. It was absorbing the Life Qi and Saintly

Qi from the Divine Sky-connecting Tree. Clearly, her consciousness had flown out and taken over Ghost King Bloodmoon.

“I already know why you want to speak to me,” Ghost King Bloodmoon continued. “I promise to help you once when you need me. But you must agree to a condition.”

“What condition?” Zhang Ruochen asked.

“After this ends, visit the Heaven World with me.”

Zhang Ruochen was taken aback. “With my current cultivation, you can probably do whatever I can do with just a thought. Why would you need my help?”

“Every creature has their own value,” Ghost King Bloodmoon said. “Your value is much bigger than you could imagine.”

Zhang Ruochen fell into deep thought. “Okay, I agree.”

No matter how strict her conditions were, a Saint and a god’s exchange was still worth it for Zhang Ruochen.

“You better think carefully,” Ghost King Bloodmoon said. “Once you agree, you’ll be making a vow to a god. You cannot regret it.”

Zhang Ruochen sensed that what the goddess wanted him to do wasn’t as simple as he imagined. So he asked, “What exactly is it?”

“I can’t tell you now. You’ll naturally understand after you go to the Heaven World. I do not like to force people, so you can choose not to agree.”

“I agree,” Zhang Ruochen said firmly. “But I must say this clearly. I represent only myself, not the entire Universe World.”

“I will remember that!”

Ghost King Bloodmoon turned, walking back to the Sun-moon Crystal Coffin.

“Wait!” Zhang Ruochen said. “Are you the legendary Moon Goddess?”

“No god gives themselves a title. In the end, she’s whatever goddess the people call her.” With that, a shred of divine light flew out of Ghost King Bloodmoon, rushing back into the Sun-moon Crystal Coffin.

In an instant, the powerful saintly might vanished.

Princess White Li transformed back into human shape. She bowed reverently at the coffin. Then she said to Zhang Ruochen, “She must be the Moon Goddess from Guanghan Field.”

“Yes.”

Zhang Ruochen nodded.

If she wasn’t the Moon Goddess, she would’ve denied it directly, instead of saying that confusing sentence.

Zhang Ruochen walked to Ghost King Bloodmoon. “Earlier, the Moon Goddess took over your body. Did she say what your relationship is with her?”

“A thought,” Ghost King Bloodmoon said.

Zhang Ruochen gasped. “A thought gave birth to you? If she had a billion thoughts, wouldn’t there be a billion strong figures like you?”

“It’s not that simple,” Ghost King Bloodmoon said. “The more thoughts she has, the heavier the burden. It would instead affect her cultivation. If a god’s thought becomes independent, there must be a special reason and motive.”

“What was the motive for splitting you out?” Zhang Ruochen asked.

“To take her away from the nether world,” Ghost King Bloodmoon explained. “There is no Life Qi in the nether world. If she couldn’t absorb Life Qi, she would sink into an eternal slumber and die when her divine power was used up. Even sleeping, her divine power would still slip away. It would just be slower.”

Clearly, the Moon Goddess had told Ghost King Bloodmoon some things so she knew her mission.

Of course, that mission wasn't important anymore.

Zhang Ruochen's clone retreated from the Universe World and melded back into his body. He cultivated with all his might, wanting to break into the Absolute Land Realm as soon as possible.

During the past year, the Buddha's sarira had been releasing Buddhist Qi and Spiritual Power at every moment. They melded into Zhang Ruochen's body, causing his cultivation speed to be ten times faster than cultivators of the same realm.

It was because of this that he could drink and play every day but still cultivate as fast as the Heirs, reaching the peak of the Xuanhuang Realm.

Knock, knock.

Someone knocked on the door.

Next, Qin Yutong's voice sounded outside the door. "Your Highness," she said softly. "Twelfth Lord has already reached Phoenix Dance Palace and set up a glorious banquet. He wishes for me to bring you there."

Zhang Ruochen opened his eyes and smiled. Twelfth Royal Uncle didn't come to meet me. Instead, he wishes for me to go greet him. He wants to intimidate me as soon as he comes. As expected, he's unwilling to hand over his authority.

Whoever goes to see the other would seem to be lower than the other.

Lord Mingjiang had come to the Royal Capital personally. This already made him seem lower than Zhang Ruochen. Now that he was at Phoenix Dance Palace, he naturally wanted to make up for that.

"Okay! I'll go see Twelfth Royal Uncle with you."

There were very few direct members of the royal family. They should be more united to face the outside instead of fighting inwardly.

As the junior, Zhang Ruochen decided to take a step back and save some face for Lord Mingjiang.

If Lord Mingjiang didn't accept that or wanted to defeat Zhang Ruochen, then Zhang Ruochen wouldn't be polite with him either.

Respect was mutual.

Qin Yutong was slightly relieved. Before coming, she was afraid that the two men would both be too domineering and unwilling to take a step back. That way, it would be impossible to continue talks.

In Phoenix Dance Palace, there was a pavilion in the center of the spiritual lake. It was filled with lights. Beautiful servants danced and lovely music streamed out.

Under Qin Yutong's guidance, Zhang Ruochen entered the pavilion. He finally saw Emperor Ming's 12th brother, Lord Mingjiang.

"Your Highness."

Granny Baisu walked over and bowed to Zhang Ruochen.

"Greetings, Crown Prince."

All the cultivators below the Saint Realm in the pavilion knelt down before Zhang Ruochen. They seemed very respectful.

However, Lord Mingjiang and the Saints under him remained sitting. It didn't seem like they intended to bow.

Chapter 1381 - Intimidation

Translator:

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Editor:

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There were twelve saints present in total, and they were all the descendants of the officials of Sacred Central Empire. They were the top-tier great beings of Mingjiang King.

There were some other saints who couldn't make it back in time as they were too far from Sacred City.

“Is it really you, Ruochen? It's been eight hundred years. Where were you for the past eight hundred years?”

Mingjiang King suddenly stood up, excited, and walked toward Zhang Ruochen.

Mingjiang King looked like a fifty-year-old, and he was around eight feet tall. He had broad shoulders and was wearing a silver-dragon crown and a silver robe. There was thick saint Qi and blood Qi inside his body as if a dragon were hibernating inside.

Mingjiang King's forces became stronger and stronger as he walked toward Zhang Ruochen.

A king of saints. Royal Uncle Twelve has indeed become a saint king, Zhang Ruochen thought.

If it were another saint, or even a true saint, he would be intimidated by the saint might of a saint king. He would be scared, step back, bow or even kneel.

This was the difference between saints and saint kings.

Zhang Ruochen drew his Abyss Ancient Sword and stuck it in the ground. He released a great sword intent, tearing the saint might of the saint king apart.

“Uncle twelve, you’re a saint king who has refined for almost a thousand years, yet you still can’t control your saint might at ease?” Zhang Ruochen said coldly.

Zhang Ruochen wanted to treat Mingjiang King like family, yet he had tried to intimidate, or even suppress Zhang Ruochen.

Zhang Ruochen then decided to show his forces as a crown prince after seeing that.

“How dare you talk to Lord Twelve like that!?”

An elder wearing saint armor scolded Zhang Ruochen.

That elder was called Yan Kaixuan and had become a true saint. He was known as ‘Kaixuan True Saint,’ and was one of the top three saints who served Mingjiang King.

Kaixuan True Saint stood up and said, “How dare you show your weapon in front of a saint king? Fortunately, there’s a chance that you’re the son of Emperor Ming, otherwise, you’d have been killed already.”

Zhang Ruochen shot a glance at Kaixuan True Saint and said, “What do you mean by ‘there’s a chance’? Are you questioning my identity?”

“That’s right. I was questioning your identity. Everyone knows his highness was killed in the coup eight hundred years ago, and many officials in the imperial government saw his body. Even if his highness managed to survive, he should be more than eight hundred years old instead of a child,” Kaixuan True Saint said bluntly.

Another being at the state of saint said, “You’re nothing but a prince from a small commandery at the border, yet you claim to be the crown prince of Sacred Central Empire. Do you think of us as fools?”

Granny Bai Su snorted and said, “Yan Kaixuan, Wang Ji, if your fathers were still alive, they would need to salute the crown prince, yet you dare talk to his highness like that? You aren’t getting away easily.”

Zhang Ruochen stopped Granny Bai Su from making attacks, and then he walked toward Kaixuan True Saint, took a look and said, “You’re practicing ‘Shenzhao Heavenly Technique,’ meaning you’re a descendant of the Yan family. Who’s Yan Xuanto to you?”

Kaixun True Saint was a bit shocked as Zhang Ruochen was able to tell the technique he was practicing with one look.

Kaixuan True Sant said with a straight face, “He’s my father.”

Whoosh!

Zhang Ruochen grabbed the handle of the Abyss Ancient Sword, and instantly, the flow of time in the palace became extremely slow.

Inscriptions of force emerged on the sword, making the blade over ten million pounds. He wielded the sword against the neck of Kaixuan True Saint.

Kaixuan True Saint would have never expected Zhang Ruochen to attack him.

He wasn’t fast enough to ward it off as he was trapped in the sword master domain and the time domain.

Crack!

Zhang Ruochen crushed the saint armor using his Abyss Ancient Sword, and he hit Kaixuan True Saint in his neck, breaking his collarbone, forcing him to kneel on the ground.

Boom!

The ground started to crack, as even the guarding formation of the underground couldn’t handle the strength.

Zhang Ruochen had only reached the third level of his time sword technique, so he could only maintain the time domain for an instant.

The flow of time returned to normal speed after that instant.

Tumbling saint light gushed out of Kaixuan True Saint’s hands and feet, shaking the entire palace.

“Zhang Ruoche, how... How dare you attack me...”

Kaixuan True Saint grabbed the blade of the Abyss Ancient Sword, trying to stand up again.

Zhang Ruochen's strength was greater than Kaixuan True Saint, and he kept pressing the blade of the Abyss Ancient Sword down as if he were about to cut Kaixuan True Saint's body in half.

All the other saints in the palace were shocked.

Yan Kaixuan was a true saint, yet he was forced to kneel on the ground by Zhang Ruochen. His strength was terrific.

All the other saints looked to Mingjiang King.

Mingjiang King might have been the only one who had the power to suppress Zhang Ruochen and rescue Kaixuan True Saint.

However, Mingjiang King didn't do anything, as he knew for sure that the Zhang Ruochen standing in front of him was the crown prince of the Sacred Central Empire.

The empire fate and fate Qi of Sacred City and the will of every generation of emperor Ming had already recognized him. There wasn't any fraud.

If the crown prince of Sacred Central Empire was suppressed by his royal uncle right after he issued a crown prince edict, Zhang Ruochen and Mingjiang King would definitely become a joke in Kunlun's Field.

Mingjiang King had originally only wanted to intimidate Zhang Ruochen a little bit to keep him from seizing his power, yet he gave Zhang Ruochen a chance to flex his strength.

Mingjing King suppressed his anger, walked forward and said, "Ruochen, it is indeed inexcusable for Yan Kaixuan to disrespect you, but his father, Yanxuan King, led fourteen million soldiers of Sacred Central Empire and conquered Savage Barren lands with your father before. They battled immortal vampires, and he made great contributions to the empire. Every generation of Yan's family was loyal to Sacred Central Empire. Could you spare his life in light of that?"

“If it weren’t for that, I would’ve killed him already. I managed to cut the hair crown of Mu Qingtian in three moves. Royal uncle twelve, how many moves of Mu Qingtian’s do you think Yan Kaixuan can take?”

Zhang Ruochen put back his Abyss Ancient Sword, wielded his hands toward the ground and splashed the saint blood, tainting the floor red.

At this moment, all the saints realized that this young man in front of them wasn’t just the crown prince of Sacred Central Empire, but a sword saint who had managed to defeat Mu Qingtian and suppress Yan Kaixuan.

Zhang Ruochen walked to the top of the palace, carrying the fighting sword, and sat on the throne.

That throne used to belong to Mingjiang King.

Mingjiang King twitched his lips, and then, he laughed.

“Something amazing must’ve happened to you, Ruochen. All the monks in Kunlun’s Field say that Saint Monk Xumi saved your life and brought you to eight hundred years later. Anyways, I’m ecstatic that you could come back, but I have to say that you were being too reckless this time. You shouldn’t have issued that crown prince edict before talking about it with me.”

Zhang Ruochen asked, “Why?”

Mingjiang King said, “Things are different now. The empress has become a God, and she killed all the ten blood emperors. Every race in Kunlun’s Field has submitted to her. The demonic race, black market, and Death Zen Sect either left Kunlun’s Field or surrendered to her. You’ve made yourself and the entire Sacred Central Empire the target by issuing that crown prince edict.”

Zhang Ruochen said, “Are you worried the imperial government will annihilate us, Uncle Twelve? Are you saying we should hide all the time and live like rats who never have a place to live?”

Yan Kaixuan said, “It’s called hiding our capabilities and biding our time!”

“Biding our time? Chi Yao has become a God, and she’s likely to live for another one hundred thousand years. How much time do you think we’re going to bide?”

Everyone was rendered speechless.

Zhang Ruochen said, “We might as well submit to the imperial government and First Central Empire.”

Wang Ji said, “We’ve been fighting the imperial government for eight hundred years, and the feud between us has been piling up. We’ll only suffer worse if we submit to them.”

“Countless members of the Bai family were ruthlessly slaughtered by the imperial government, and lots of women became the playthings of the officials of the imperial government. I’d rather die than submit to them.”

Zhang Ruochen said, “Are you saying we should muddle along from day to day? We can neither avenge ourselves nor submit to the imperial government, and if we’re captured, we’ll suffer a fate worse than death. Is that what you mean?”

Everyone was silent.

Some wanted to argue against Zhang Ruochen, but they couldn’t say a word.

It was obvious that Zhang Ruochen had touched a sore spot.

“Why don’t you just follow me instead of living like nothing? Perhaps I can offer you guys a different fate. Perhaps we can rebuild Sacred Central Empire, a brighter empire,” Zhang Ruochen said.

Yan Kaixuan bit his lips and said, “You’re being too confident, your highness. Everyone can be a great talker, and it’s always easier said than done.”

“If I can annihilate Lingxiao Heavenly King Mansion, will you have faith in me?”

Zhang Ruochen’s eyes glinted fiercely, and he glared at Lingxiao Heavenly King Mansion. His Abyss Ancient Sword gleamed.

All the saints were dazed hearing that.

Chapter 1382 - Guardian Dragon Pavilion

Translator:

Larbre Studio

Editor:

Larbre Studio

Zhang Ruochen's words were honestly too shocking. He actually wanted to destroy the Lingxiao Heavenly King Mansion.

The Lingxiao Heavenly King Mansion was in the Royal Capital. Not only did it suppress Lord Mingjiang and the Crypt of Sacred Central, it also controlled the Black Market, Demonic Sect, Blood God Sect and many more forces... It was so terrifying. How could it be destroyed so easily?

The Lingxiao Heavenly King Mansion was a sharp sword used by the imperial court to punish the remaining followers of the Sacred Central Empire. It could use bloody tactics to kill everyone.

It could be said that for Lord Mingjiang, Bai Su, and Yan Kaixuan, the person they hated and wanted to kill the most had always been Heavenly King Lingxiao.

Chi Yao was only second.

Of course, both Heavenly King Lingxiao and Chi Yao were both too strong. They couldn't counter the two at all. It was already a feat that they could survive until now under Heavenly King Lingxiao's killing and pursuit.

Qin Yutong brought Zhang Ruochen back to the cultivation residence. She couldn't stay calm. Staring at the handsome, upright, and cold figure before her, she couldn't help but ask, "Your Highness, are you really going to attack the Lingxiao Heavenly King Mansion?"

“Why?” Zhang Ruochen asked.

“I want to join,” Qin Yutong said.

Zhang Ruochen stopped walking. He turned around and stared at her beautiful yet spirited eyes. Known as the top beauty of the Royal Capital, there was obviously nothing to complain about regarding her features.

“Even Twelfth Royal Uncle fell silent when he heard me say that,” Zhang Ruochen said. “He clearly doesn’t believe I can defeat the Lingxiao Heavenly King Mansion. But you aren’t even a Saint and you dare to join the battle?”

Qin Yutong lowered onto a knee and raised her beautiful face. “Even if there’s little chance of survival, I still want to join. I cannot keep taking this and dancing for my enemy. I only want to take revenge for my parents and grandfather. Your Highness, please allow me.”

Zhang Ruochen saw that her eyes were very determined and fell into deep thought. He took a saintly source and ten-thousand-year-old saintly medicine from his spatial ring and tossed it to her.

“If you can reach the Saint Realm within ten days, I will allow you to join the battle.”

“Thank you, Your Highness. Thank you for your gifts.”

Qin Yutong bit her red lip with her white teeth. Her eyes glimmered. When she raised her head again, Zhang Ruochen’s figure had disappeared from the end of the hallway.

It must be said that the Crown Prince was too attractive. Not only was he handsome, he was also extremely talented and generous. He had a strong side but also an emotional side.

I must work hard on cultivating and not disappoint His Highness.

Qin Yutong vowed in her mind.

The various Saints in the central pavilion gradually calmed down. They were all thinking about what hidden card Zhang Ruochen had that made him say he could destroy the Lingxiao Heavenly King Mansion.

“The Guarding Dragon Pavilion... It must be the Guarding Dragon Pavilion...”

That was what Lord Mingjiang said.

“The Guarding Dragon Pavilion has always been a legend,” Yan Kaixuan said. “No one has ever seen them before. They might just be an imaginary organization.”

Lord Mingjiang shook his head. “The Guarding Dragon Pavilion very possibly exists. When my brother went missing, two of the empire’s defensive totems and a spiritual ancestor also went missing. I suspect that they are members of the Guarding Dragon Pavilion.”

The empire’s totem was the Golden Ni.

According to legends, the Unmovable Emperor Ming, ancestor of the Zhang Family, had ridden a golden Ni beast.

Only the direct royal family knew that 800 years ago, there were still two golden Ni beasts guarding the Sacred Central Empire. They were the descendants of the divine golden Ni and lived for thousands of years.

The truly powerful divine beast descendants and Taigu Remains lived much longer than humans. They might not die even after living for tens of thousands of years.

The spiritual ancestor was a plant. It had protected the Zhang Family since even before the middle ages.

Of course, the spiritual ancestor was only a legend. It was difficult to prove its existence, because in legends, each generation’s Emperor Ming could only see it after inheriting the throne.

Only the Emperor Ming of each generation would know if the spiritual ancestor was real or not.

Lord Mingjiang had also flipped through some ancient records. He discovered that whenever the Zhang Family ran into trouble, a mysterious force would appear to help resolve the problem. Thus, the Zhang Family wasn’t wiped out even in the disaster at the end of the middle ages.

The mysterious force was sometimes a petal falling from the sky, protecting the members of the Zhang Family. Other times, it was a root rushing out of the ground, killing the strong enemy.

Thus, Lord Mingjiang suspected that the mysterious power was possibly the spiritual ancestor.

Wang Ji was a bit convinced. “What if Zhang Ruochen really recalled the members of the Guarding Dragon Pavilion and defeated the Lingxiao Heavenly King Mansion? What should we do?”

“If he really can defeat the Lingxiao Heavenly King Mansion, then he qualifies to be the Crown Prince of the Sacred Central Empire,” Lord Mingjiang said.

...

In the next two days, Zhang Ruochen was cultivating with all his might to reach the Absolute Land Realm.

The Xuanhuang Realm was still a bit too low. He could fend off regular True Saints, but if he met a stronger True Saint, it wouldn't be so easy to succeed.

Even though Zhang Ruochen had used three strikes to defeat Mu Qingtian, he'd used Sword Seven and the time sword technique. He'd used all his might.

He'd used all his might and only sliced off Mu Qingtian's headpiece instead of his head.

From this, it was obvious that it wasn't as easy to defeat a later-stage True Saint as what outsiders thought.

Plus, after the later stage of the True Saint Realm, there was still the pinnacle of the True Saint Realm.

“It is indeed as difficult as stepping into heaven to make a breakthrough after the Saint Realm. No wonder even with Ling Feiyu's talent, she still cultivated in the Saint Realm for 300 years before becoming a Saint King. Senior Brother, Pei Yutian, and Situ Fengcheng were all top prides. But they still cultivated for 100 years and are still in the Heaven Pass Realm. They didn't truly reach the True Saint Realm.”

The further he went, the more Zhang Ruochen felt that each breakthrough was like climbing a mountain. He couldn't charge through in a day and night.

Probably only the nine Heirs could have breakthroughs quickly, because they received unimaginable support in the Half-Saint Realm. They used up a great amount of Kunlun's Field's resources.

It was already a feat for Zhang Ruochen to match the nine Heirs' speed and keep ahead of them.

Suddenly, Zhang Ruochen's Spiritual Power sensed something cold and his eyes shot open. He saw a figure standing before him in the cultivation room.

The figure wore a white robe. Each thread on the robe seemed to be one with the rules of the world. It fell to the ground like a white waterfall and shimmered with light.

He wore a translucent mask that covered his entire face. There were no holes. Even the eyes were covered.

Inside the mask was like a starry sky. It was deep and dark, but specks of light scattered from it.

When Zhang Ruochen opened his eyes and discovered him, the man nodded softly. "Vice Leader of the Tiangang Pavilion, Guarding Dragon Pavilion, greets Your Highness."

Zhang Ruochen remained calm and didn't panic at all. "How long have you been here for?"

"I already waited for you outside for six hours." A wispy and raspy voice traveled out of the mask.

Zhang Ruochen gasped. This man had stood before him for six hours but even with his Spiritual Power, he still hadn't sensed anything.

"Where is Zhao Fu?"

"Zhao Fu and the other Tiangang are outside waiting."

The Vice Leader of the Tiangang Pavilion's tone was very steady and monotone. He didn't sound lower than Zhang Ruochen but also showed his respect.

Zhang Ruochen knew that this lord's identity was special, so he didn't mind.

"They're all outside?"

Zhang Ruochen's Spiritual Power didn't notice Zhao Fu's aura at all. It was a bit odd. He stood up and walked to the window, looking outside.

There truly were many figures standing under the moonlight. They all wore waterfall-like white robes and starry-like masks. Some stood in the streets, some atop pavilions, and others hovered in the sky.

However, the cultivators of the Dancing Phoenix Palace didn't seem to see them. They treated the cultivators as air. It was very odd.

It must be that their robes and masks have a special power to avoid people's Spiritual Power and saintly senses, Zhang Ruochen thought.

There were 34 white figures in total. They stood all around the house like stars around a moon.

Seeing Zhang Ruochen open the window, all the members of the Guarding Dragon Pavilion bowed. "Greetings, Crown Prince."

Zhang Ruochen looked back at the Vice Leader of the Tiangang Pavilion. "Why didn't the pavilion lord come personally?"

"Don't you know where he went?" the Vice Leader asked.

Zhang Ruochen narrowed his eyes. "Why should I know?"

"He was the one who gave you the Vampire Secrets," the Vice Leader said. "You should've met him."

"The Vampire Secrets... Pavilion Lord... Taishang Elder, Yan Liren. He's the lord of the Guarding Dragon Pavilion?"

Zhang Ruochen was taken aback. It suddenly made sense.

When Yan Liren had given Zhang Ruochen the Vampire Secrets, he'd claimed to know the lord of the Guarding Dragon

Pavilion. He said he'd received the handwritten copy of the Vampire Secrets from the pavilion lord.

At that time, Zhang Ruochen had grown doubtful.

Why would the pavilion lord tell his identity to someone else?

The so-called handwritten copy was definitely the original.

Zhang Ruochen found it unbelievable, but he had to accept this truth. "Why is the pavilion lord the Taishang Elder of the Blood God Sect?"

"The members of the Guarding Dragon Pavilion are scattered around the world," the Vice Leader said. "They're hidden among the various forces. Some are even leaders of bigger clans. We will only regroup as the Guarding Dragon Pavilion when we receive Emperor Ming's edict. Only the emperor of each generation qualifies to know our identities."

The look on Zhang Ruochen's face hardened. "Then what is your identity? I should be able to know, right?"

Chapter 1383 - Golden Dragon Carriage

Translator:

Larbre Studio

Editor:

Larbre Studio

The Vice Leader pondered in silence for a while, and then, he said, “For sure, but could you answer two of my questions first, your highness?”

“Sure,” Zhang Ruochen answered.

The Vice Leader said, “First question, you’re going to Peakless Mountain to offer sacrifices to the heavens. Are you going there just for a woman?”

Zhang Ruochen knew why the Vice Leader asked this. He said, “I guess you are saying I’m being too immature and impulsive, aren’t you?”

“Just answer my question, your highness,” the Vice Leader said.

Zhang Ruochen walked around in the room with his hands behind his back. “I’m going to fulfill a promise.”

The Vice Leader didn’t respond to that question. Instead, he asked the second question. “Have you thought about protecting them before summoning the previous officials of Sacred Central Empire? Have you ever thought about how to lead them in the future?”

“I wouldn’t have done that if I didn’t have the ability to protect them and to give them a brighter future.”

Zhang Ruochen became fierce. He reached out his hand and said, “Do you dare follow me somewhere, Vice Leader?”

“Why not?”

A space ripple emerged in the room, and the World Door to the Universe Map opened.

Zhang Ruochen entered the Universe World with the Vice Leader, looking down at the enormous world.

“An entire world... There’s an entire world inside your body...”

The Vice Leader was moved when he saw the Divine Sky-connecting Tree. He said, “Since you know what you’re going to do, I can rest assured.”

The Vice Leader took off his astral sky mask with his hand that was gleaming with saint light after getting back to the room in Phoenix Dance Palace.

Zhang Ruochen’s eyes popped when he saw the face of that elder. He said, “Patriarch Taiyi... It’s... It’s you...”

The elder who was standing in front of Zhang Ruochen was Patriarch Taiyi from Yin and Yang Sect with white hair and a beard on his wrinkled face.

Zhang Ruochen saw Patriarch Taiyi once, and he had impressed him greatly.

Patriarch Taiyi said calmly, “I was admitted into Yin and Yang Sect with your father, and we followed Tao Master Yuanfa together. I’m a couple of years younger than your father, so I call your father ‘senior brother.’”

Zhang Ruochen immediately bowed. “Greetings, royal uncle.”

Zhang Ruochen saluted Patriarch Taiyi out of veneration. When he was still in Yin and Yang Sect, his real identity might’ve been exposed without the protection of Patriarch Taiyi.

Perhaps Patriarch Taiyi had already seen through him before.

Patriarch Taiyi was very frank. He waved his hand and said, “I owe my senior brother a huge favor, which is why I joined Guarding Dragon Pavilion as the Vice Leader of Tiangang Pavilion. There’re also some other reasons, but it’s not the time to tell you yet. You’ll understand it in the future.”

Zhang Ruochen asked, “Senior uncle, is my father still alive? Where did he go?”

Patriarch Taiyi shook his head, sighed and said, “Actually, I also want to know whether senior brother is still alive or not.”

Zhang Ruochen was a bit frustrated. He then asked, “I heard that when father went missing, he summoned all the members from Guarding Dragon Pavilion who took everything from the treasury of Sacred Central Empire. Is that true?”

“That’s right.”

“Where is the treasury of Sacred Central Empire now?” Zhang Ruochen kept asking.

Patriarch Taiyi said, “It’s been emptied.”

“How is that possible?”

Zhang Ruochen found it hard to believe.

Patriarch Taiyi said, “Senior brother asked us to build something, which exhausted all the resources in the treasury.”

“What thing could exhaust the treasury of a central empire?” Zhang Ruochen asked.

Patriarch Taiyi said, “Senior brother forbade us from telling anyone before the time was right.”

“Including me?” Zhang Ruochen asked.

Patriarch Taiyi said, “Including you.”

Zhang Ruochen knew that Patriarch Taiyi was unwilling to answer him, so it didn’t matter how he asked. “I want to destroy Lingxiao Heavenly King Mansion before going to Peakless Mountain to worship the heavens. What do you think, senior uncle?”

Patriarch Taiyi put his astral mask back on, and his forces went away completely. He said, “You’re the crown prince. No matter what decision you make, we’ll support you with our greatest strength.”

The entire Sacred City was chaotic these days.

The crown prince edict kept floating in the air. All the officials from Sacred Central Empire flocked to Sacred City, which led to one battle after another.

The army from the imperial government rushed to Sacred City first, which strengthened the defense of Sacred City.

Unfortunately, Lingxiao Heavenly King Mansion didn't manage to find Zhang Ruochen after spending a couple of days looking for them. Lingxiao Heavenly King even asked the prime minister Wang Shiqi to look for Zhang Ruochen using the Heaven and Earth Chessboard, yet they still couldn't find anything.

Seven days after Zhang Ruochen issued the crown prince edict, some disciples from Lingxiao Heavenly King Mansion started to spread rumors in public. "That so-called Sacred Crown Prince is nothing but a coward. He only issued the crown prince edict to sacrifice the dregs of the Sacred."

"Can't believe that Zhang Ruochen tried to seize the fiancé of Lord Qiu Yu. He so overestimated himself. Those dregs are nothing but a mob. They can't do anything."

...

Obviously, someone was ordering them to trigger Zhang Ruochen.

A golden dragon carriage rushed out of Lingxiao Heavenly King Mansion. The carriage was pulled by nine white dragons that had reached the state of saint, and the forces coming out of the carriage shook the entire Sacred City.

Tumbling emperor Qi spread everywhere like golden waves.

"That's the Golden Dragon Carriage for Emperor Ming. It used to be a true treasure of Sacred Central Empire." A saint recognized that ancient carriage, and he was amazed.

Emperor Ming used to ride that carriage to conquer the immortal vampires, which instilled horror among them. The Golden Dragon Carriage had very special meanings.

"He dares patrol the city on the Golden Dragon Carriage? He's humiliating Emperor Ming and Zhang Ruochen. Isn't he afraid

the dregs from the Sacred will attack him?”

A young man in his twenties walked out of the Golden Dragon Carriage in a golden cape. The saint might he released changed the color of the heaven and earth.

He said, “He’s nothing but the crown prince of a fallen empire. If he shows up, I’ll cut off his head within ten moves.”

“Doesn’t he know that Zhang Ruochen has become a sword saint and that he managed to defeat Mu Qingtian?”

“Perhaps only one person from Lingxiao Heavenly King Mansion is that bold, aside from Lingxiao Heavenly King.”

“Is that... Chi Dufeng?”

“Aside from Sword Saint Dufeng, no one would dare claim that he can chop off Zhang Ruochen’s head within ten moves.”

“Two hundred years ago, Chi Dufeng was an unrivaled talent in Lingxiao Heavenly King Mansion. He managed to fight Luo Xu for a long time. God knows what level of power Chi Dufeng has attained now.”

Chi Dufeng caused a commotion by showing up.

He patrolled Sacred City in the Golden Dragon Carriage, and all the monks were intimidated by the might from the carriage.

He looked like an emperor going on a journey, followed by a large group of soldiers.

Eventually, a previous official from Sacred Central Empire couldn’t handle the arrogance of Chi Dufeng anymore. He led three thousand soldiers, formed a formation and dashed toward the Golden Dragon Carriage.

The leader had already become a saint. He yelled, “You’re nothing but a kid from the Chi family. How dare you ride the carriage of Emperor Ming?”

The great being at the state of saint mobilized the power of the formation, waved a battle flag and dashed toward the Golden Dragon Carriage.

Whoosh!

A trace of sword shot out of the carriage.

Boom!

All the soldiers, including that great being at the state of saint, were killed at the same time. The only thing left was rugged corpses lying on the ground.

The monks who witnessed this were horrified.

Chi Dufeng said in Golden Drago Carriage, “Indeed nothing but a mob. Are the dregs from the Sacred all this weak?”

And then he rode the Golden Dragon Carriage and crushed those corpses.

At the top of Phoenix Dance Palace, Yan Kaixuan, Wang Ji and the others were all furious. They all wanted to attack Chi Dufeng, but they were all stopped by Granny Bai Su.

“That Chi Dufeng wanted to instigate us to fight him, and then he’ll seize the chance to annihilate us,” Granny Bai Su said.

“This is so annoying! Didn’t that crown prince claim that he could annihilate Lingxiao Heavenly King Mansion? Many previous officials and their descendants have gathered in Sacred City to fight him. Why is he hiding now? Is he scared?”

Yan Kaixuan couldn’t be angrier. He rushed to Zhang Ruochen’s refining room and yelled, “Your highness, Chi Dufeng is patrolling Sacred City in Emperor Ming’s Golden Dragon Carriage and slaughtering the previous officials of Sacred Central Empire. How long are you going to hide inside?”

Zhang Ruochen was sitting beside a brass desk. He looked so calm, as if he couldn’t hear Yan Kaixuan’s voice.

Qin Yutong was standing in the room and reporting to him. “We’ve been building in Sacred City for hundreds of years, and Granny Bai Su is already fully prepared. Once you give us an order, the guarding formation of Sacred City will be terminated, and it won’t be able to make attacks anymore.”

Qin Yutong was highly gifted. After getting the saint pills and saint sources from Zhang Ruochen, she became a saint in three

days.

“Great job.” Zhang Ruochen nodded.

Qin Yutong smiled after being praised by his highness. She then said, “Your highness, the world is in a turmoil already. When are we going to attack Lingxiao Heavenly King Mansion?”

“Tonight,” Zhang Ruochen said.

Editor’s Note:

“The Sacred” is often used to refer to the new order of the Sacred Central Empire and its members. These groups often include the same people, with one simply being a more recent iteration of the same empire. Because the Sacred Central Empire technically doesn’t exist anymore, the new term, “the Sacred,” is often used.

Chapter 1384 - Fight, Fight, Fight

Translator:

Larbre Studio

Editor:

Larbre Studio

Creak.

Qin Yutong opened the door and walked out with Zhang Ruochen.

Seeing this, Yan Kaixuan, who was standing outside, grew even more frustrated. “Because of your Crown Prince Edict,” he said in a low voice, “so many old officials have hurried to the Royal Capital. Now, blood flows through the city like a river, but you’re still mesmerized by beauty. Today, I will kill her!”

Qin Yutong had extremely mesmerizing looks and aura. Even Saints would be obsessed with her.

It was natural that Yan Kaixuan had this misunderstanding.

He took out a saint broadsword with beast patterns, dragging out a brilliant sword tidal wave. Then a terrible destructive force swept toward Qin Yutong to kill her.

Zhang Ruochen’s eyes hardened. He extended a right hand and Holy Qi poured out wildly. It condensed into the huge shadow of a divine elephant.

His palm spun and the divine elephant rushed down.

Boom!

Yan Kaixuan was forced to lower himself onto one knee under the elephant. He couldn’t even move. He shared at Zhang Ruochen in shock. “How is this...possible...”

An early-stage True Saint was actually restrained by Zhang Ruochen with one strike.

A few days ago, Zhang Ruochen had used the time-sword technique and Abyss Ancient Sword to injure Yan Kaixuan with one hit.

If he didn't have the help of time, Yan Kaixuan believed that he could counter Zhang Ruochen for a while. Even if he lost, he could still protect himself and leave safely.

In a few short days, Zhang Ruochen's abilities had more than doubled. Even if Zhang Ruochen didn't use the time sword technique, Yan Kaixuan was still unable to counter him.

Granny Bai Su ran over to plead forgiveness for Yan Kaixuan. "Your Highness, he doesn't know about your plan to attack the Lingxiao Heavenly King Mansion. Please forgive him this once."

Even though Yan Kaixuan had offended Zhang Ruochen, he was still a loyal person who had reached the True Saint Realm. Zhang Ruochen could tolerate someone like that.

He retracted his saintly power and scoffed. "There won't be a third time."

Just yesterday, Zhang Ruochen had successfully reached the Absolute Land Realm. Naturally, it wasn't hard if he wanted to restrain an early-stage True Saint.

Yan Kaixuan gazed over at Granny Bai Su. "What plan to attack the Lingxiao Heavenly King Mansion?" he asked.

Granny Bai Su rolled her eyes at him. "You think everyone is as impulsive as you? If one wishes to attack the Lingxiao Heavenly King Mansion, one must first damage the Royal Capital's city defensive formation. Otherwise, once the formation is activated, our men will die no matter how many strong cultivators we send."

Yan Kaixuan's eyes widened. He finally realized that this Crown Prince really did want to attack the Lingxiao Heavenly King Mansion. "When are you attacking?" he asked. "I wish to join."

Zhang Ruochen's eyes narrowed slightly. He gazed to the northwest and saw that the fake mountain beside Lord Mingjiang was shining with golden light.

"Twelfth Royal Uncle, are you interested in visiting the palace tonight and praying to the ancestors in the shrine?" Zhang Ruochen asked.

"Tonight," Lord Mingjiang said. "If you can destroy the Lingxiao Heavenly King Mansion, I will vow before all of our ancestors to be loyal to you and rebuild the Sacred Central Empire. If you wish to fight, then overturn the world."

The people of the Lingxiao Heavenly King Mansion naturally knew that Zhang Ruochen wouldn't keep holding up. He was definitely brewing a storm.

Thus, there were soldiers stationed everywhere in the city, in waiting. As long as Zhang Ruochen acted, they would immediately be dispatched to suppress him.

Dusk at the Royal Capital that day was extremely repressive and depressing.

Close to 30,000 cultivators were gathered in the Phoenix Dance Palace, all elites under Lord Mingjiang. They all had the words "The Sacred" on their armor. They'd come from all over and had all at least completed the Heavenly Realm.

In addition, with Granny Bai Su and Yan Kaixuan as the leaders, a total of ten Saints formed a line. Battle intent radiated off of them.

Zhang Ruochen brought out the dozen Saints of the Sacred Sect from the Universe World. This included Ghost King Bloodmoon, Princess White Li, Guoguo, the Demon Ape, and Le, who'd woken up. They were all strong figures among the Saints.

Granny Bai Su clutched a foot-long metal casket. Standing on a platform on a spiritual mountain, she called out, "The battle flag from 800 years ago will finally flutter in the wind again. Who will carry it?"

The flag carrier would definitely rush to the front and guide the army.

“I shall carry it personally.”

Zhang Ruochen strode forward and took the battle flag out of the box. Shaking his arm, the flag with the words “The Sacred” on it opened with a thud.

He activated his Holy Qi and poured it into the flag.

Crackle, pop.

There was a string of explosions within the flag. The flag pole grew longer and thicker. Finally, it was a hundred feet long and as thick as a pole. It rushed out of the Phoenix Dance Palace’s invisibility formation and fluttered.

Roar!

In the distance, the Demon Ape roared. It grew to 300 feet tall. Even though it wasn’t at the biggest state, it was still impressive. The strong demonic Qi that rolled off of it shrouded the entire city, alarming countless cultivators.

Zhang Ruochen grasped the battle flag. He flew to the Demon Ape’s right shoulder and pointed to the Lingxiao Heavenly King Mansion. “Fight!”

“Fight! Fight! Fight!”

The cultivators of the Phoenix Dance Palace flooded out with the fastest speed under the guidance of the 20 Saints. They charged toward the Lingxiao Heavenly King Mansion.

The ground shook and thundered. Black clouds covered the setting sun in the sky.

In an instant, strong battle intent spread to more than half of the Royal Capital.

“Unrest. Great unrest has occurred. The Canglong Army will go suppress it immediately.”

An army dressed in white armor was the closest to the Phoenix Dance Palace. There were 80,000 soldiers. Some charged on the ground on savage beasts; others flew in the sky, riding demon birds. They charged toward the Sacred army.

The two huge armies clashed.

The Canglong Army was crushed. In an instant, the 20 Saints cleared out a large patch.

The remaining Canglong soldiers on the ground were killed by the Sacred army soon after. They left behind a large mass of corpses and bloodied streets.

In the sky, Guoguo turned into a Sky-swallowing Demonic Dragon. Its body was miles long. It swallowed one-third of the Canglong soldiers flying in the sky merely by opening its mouth.

The remaining Canglong soldiers rode their demon birds and fled back toward the Lingxiao Heavenly King Mansion in fright.

A Saint of the Canglong Army actually ran while yelling, “Zhang Ruochen is rebelling! He’s leading an army to attack the Royal Capital! Hurry and ring the Indefinite Bell... Ah...”

Zhang Ruochen stood on the Demon Ape’s shoulder. He took out the Clear Sky Bow and Shining Sun Arrow and fired a shot.

With a boom, the Saint’s body exploded into a cloud of bloody mist. A large amount of saintly blood fell to the ground.

Boom, boom, boom.

The Indefinite Bells in every region rang out. This announced that, after 800 years, the Royal Capital would once again have a battle that could overturn the world.

“Even a Saint’s battle wouldn’t sound the Indefinite Bell. What exactly is happening? Why are hundreds of bells ringing?”

All the cultivators in the city were alarmed. After learning the truth, they were all shocked.

In one short hour, the Sacred army was only a dozen miles from the Lingxiao Heavenly King Mansion. The armies from all regions hurried over for reinforcement.

The Canglong Army, Chilong Army, Heilong Army, Qinglong Army, and Bailong Army had more than two million soldiers

in total. They protected the Lingxiao Heavenly King Mansion like a swarm of insects.

Both the sky and ground were densely covered in black dots.

“Today, the Crown Prince will return to the palace. Anyone who blocks him will die. Anyone who greets him with a bow will live.”

Granny Bai Su’s cultivation had reached the Absolute Saint Realm. She was part of the group that was the strongest under the Saint King Realm.

She took out a Thousand-pattern Saint Weapon with 8,000 patterns. All the patterns were activated in an instant. A red sea of fire rushed out, charging at the five imperial court armies.

After the sea of fire flooded out, the imperial court soldiers were burned to ashes in patches like stalks of grass.

“Such big guts. Is the Lingxiao Heavenly King Mansion somewhere you can break into?”

The leader of the Chilong Army led three Saints to strike with a weapon with close to ten thousand patterns. They attacked Granny Bai Su together, wanting to stop her.

Kaboom.

Granny Bai Su’s cultivation was extremely robust. She attacked 16 times in a row, tearing apart the three Saints of the Chilong Army. Not even a bone was left.

Only the leader of the Chilong Army escaped death. He fled back into the army.

He was badly hurt. Blood trickled out of his mouth and his saintly armor was tattered. He stared at Granny Bai Su with some terror while yelling, “It’s an Absolute Saint! An Absolute Saint! Hurry and activate the ten-thousand-soldier formation to kill her.”

Whoosh!

Zhang Ruochen shot another Shining Sun Arrow, hitting the Chilong Army general’s chest. The power from the arrow sent

the injured body flying back. With a boom, it crashed against the city gates of the Lingxiao Heavenly King Mansion.

The general's cultivation was extremely high. He'd reached the pinnacle of the True Saint Realm. He actually withstood the Shining Sun Arrow and didn't die.

Roar!

The Demon Ape felt no fear. Like a huge mountain, it charged forward wildly and crushed into the army. Two large hands containing the power of the Demonic Way swatted in all directions.

Like swatting flies, the Demon Ape's every hit could crush a large mass of soldiers.

Princess White Li, Guougo, and Ghost King Bloodmoon hurried forward. They forged on with the Demon Ape and Zhang Ruochen.

Princess White Li wielded the Yinkong Tower. Every activation could clear a large patch. She took abstruse steps, leaving behind a trail of afterimages, and charged at the Chilong Army general. She wanted to kill him completely while he was still hurt.

Ghost King Bloodmoon was even more terrifying. With her ghostly body as the center, thousands upon thousands of ghost shadows appeared. They transformed into eerie wind and swept forward.

The soldiers of the imperial court fell down like rain.

True Saints and Absolute Saints were all able to be the leaders of a middle-age clan. They were definitely big figures of the top level.

Today, many of these figures appeared one after another. Within 15 minutes, 100,000 soldiers were crushed into ground flesh. They piled thickly on the ground. Their blood formed a small creek.

The scene was extremely ghastly. The imperial court soldiers who'd experienced hundreds of battles blanched in fear.

Thankfully, other armies streamed in to reinforce them. Otherwise, they probably would've started fleeing.

“Zhang Ruochen really dared to start a war. He actually dared to attack the Lingxiao Heavenly King Mansion. That's crazy!”

In the Royal Capital, many cultivators paled in fear. They all started escaping from the Lingxiao Heavenly King Mansion, afraid that they would be affected.

“The Crown Prince has already put up the Sacred battle flag. What are you waiting for? Hurry and fight alongside His Highness. Kill Heavenly King Lingxiao, kill the soldiers of the imperial court. Take revenge for your family and friends.”

“Today, we must take down the Lingxiao Heavenly King Mansion and reestablish the Sacred Central Empire. Go, kill them all...”

...

When the descendants of the old followers and officials in the Royal Capital saw the Sacred battle flag, they all rushed out, going toward the Lingxiao Heavenly King Mansion.

The night that the war began was destined to create mountains of corpses and rivers of blood.

Chapter 1385 - Manic Killings

Translator:

Larbre Studio

Editor:

Larbre Studio

People in Crypt of Sacred Central were also thrilled after the crown prince edict was issued. A large group of great beings flocked to Sacred City and gathered in Spiritual Mountain, which was engulfed in white mist.

The leader of the Crypt of Sacred Central, Kong Sheng, stood at the top of Spiritual Mountain. He looked into the distance at the war with his green eyes. He said, "They actually dare attack Lingxiao Heavenly King Mansion. Don't they know how heavily guarded Sacred City is?"

Kong Hongbi was standing behind the leader of the Crypt of Sacred Central, wearing blood-red saint jade armor. He snorted, "He's just overrating his abilities. He's going to get all the previous officials from Sacred Central Empire killed."

Kong Hongbi couldn't be more upset. He spread the rumor in Sacred City to try to get Zhang Ruochen killed by the hands of the imperial government, yet he had never realized Zhang Ruochen was really the crown prince of the Sacred Central Empire.

The Crypt of Sacred Central was put in an awkward position after the crown prince edict was issued.

The crown prince of Sacred Central Empire was the real descendant. If they didn't follow the edict, some of the officials from the Crypt of Sacred Central would definitely be upset. However, if they followed the edict, that meant they were going to submit to Zhang Ruochen.

If they submitted to Zhang Ruochen, Kong Hongbi would be infuriated.

A senior saint from Crypt of Sacred Central said, “I can understand Zhang Ruochen is reckless as he’s still a young man. That Mingjiang King is almost a thousand years old, yet he’s still following Zhang Ruochen. Don’t they know how powerful the formation in Sacred City is? Don’t they know the cultivation of Lingxiao Heavenly King?”

Wan Huayu stood at the top of the Little Saint God Mansion. She saw traces of fighting saintly way ripples and whispered, “Zhang Ruochen has decided to make attacks after all. God knows how many people will be killed this time.”

“Your highness, should we send an army to help Lingxiao Heavenly King Mansion?” a silver-haired elder asked.

Wan Huayu shook her and said, “Lingxiao Heavenly King Mansion is strong enough to defend itself against everyone. It doesn’t need our help at all. Father isn’t in the mansion, so we need to be extra careful. Turn on the guarding formation to prevent the Sacred soldiers from attacking Little Saint God Mansion.

Sacred City was a city that had been around for more than one million years. Countless ancient empires established their capital cities here. It was an enormous city that was tens of thousands of square miles in size.

There was a metal formation tower that was more than two thousand feet tall at each of the eighty-one directions of the ancient city.

A voice came out from every formation tower. “The heavenly king has given an order. Turn on the guarding formation of the city and kill the dregs of Sacred City.”

At this moment, the officials and formation masters started to mobilize their saint Qi and mind power to trigger the guarding formation.

Boom!

All the eighty-one metal formation towers gleamed, releasing horrifying power ripples.

The entire city started to shake.

It could be seen in the city that there were eighty-one light spots that were gleaming like eighty-one stars.

Even saints were horrified at this moment.

“Once the guarding formation is turned on, it can kill all the dregs from Sacred City.”

A voice came from Lingxiao Heavenly King Mansion. Suddenly, the morale of the soldiers from the imperial government was boosted, and they started to counter-attack the monks from the Sacred.

There would be inevitable bloodshed by attacking Lingxiao Heavenly King Mansion.

Meanwhile, some of the previous officials from Sacred Central Empire who had hidden in the imperial government also started to make attacks. There were battles in half of the formation towers.

“The guarding formation has been destroyed. It’s not a threat to us anymore. Let’s go and break the gate of Lingxiao Heavenly King Mansion.”

Mingjiang King drew a golden saint sword, and the saint Qi in his body was tumbling. He then wielded his sword.

Howl!

There came a deafening dragon sound.

Followed by the sound were ten dragon phantoms, and each of them was at least ten miles long.

Those were the phantoms of the ten divine dragons.

Boom!

The ground outside the city was cracked by the sword Qi, and the formation underground was also crushed. Sun and Moon Door also started to crack.

Lingxiao Heavenly King Mansion used to be the royal palace of Sacred Central Empire, and the guarding formation had been around since the ancient times.

Even with the guarding formation, Sun and Moon Door was stilled cracked, which only showed the power of Mingjiang King's move.

“Ten Dragon Sword.”

“It's the sword that belonged to Emperor Ming.”

...

Emperor Ming had four battle weapons in total. They were Eight-dragon Umbrella, Nine-dragon Carriage, Ten Dragon Blade, and Hundred-dragon Emperor Ming Armor.

It was said that Eight-dragon Umbrella, Nine-dragon Carriage, and Ten Dragon Blade were all incredible ten-thousand-patterns saint weapons, and there were eighty thousand, ninety thousand and one hundred thousand inscriptions on those weapons, respectively.

Hundred-dragon Emperor Ming Armor was a supreme saint weapon which dated back to the ancient times. It had tremendous power, and was the greatest true treasure of the royalties.

Mingjiang King was the most talented one out of all Emperor Ming's siblings, so Emperor Ming gave him Ten Dragon Sword.

Ten Dragon Sword was far superior to other ten-thousand-patterns saint weapons, and after Mingjiang King used all his strength to wield it, it shook the guarding formation of the palace. Even the city wall of Sun and Moon Gate started to crack.

“We can only attack Lingxiao Heavenly King Mansion after breaking the palace-guarding formation. Where are the people from Guarding Dragon Pavilion? Why aren't you making a move yet?” Zhang Ruochen yelled.

Whoosh!

A trace of white light shone in the night.

Everyone in the white light was wearing white robes and astral sky masks.

“Heaven Erosion Finger.”

The Vice Leader formed a fingerprint and pointed forward, performing a saint spell.

There were three levels of saint spells, low-level saint spells, mid-level saint spells and high-level saint spells.

Heaven Erosion Finger was a high-level saint spell, whose power far surpassed the low-level saint spelled practiced by saints.

The power of Heaven Erosion Finger hit the palace-guarding formation, and millions of traces of light fell as if a God were making attacks. The light enveloped the entire Lingxiao Heavenly King Mansion, which intimidated countless soldiers from the imperial government.

The palace-guarding formation was burnt red by that saint way power.

Part of the power of Heaven Erosion Finger was transmitted to Lingxiao Heavenly King Mansion through the guarding formation, blowing up palace after palace and making mountains collapse.

“God! What kind of power is that? Who has arrived?”

“A high-level saint spell. Definitely a high-level saint spell. Is there a pinnacle saint king among the Sacred dregs?”

...

Only those who had reached the level of pinnacle saint king could perform a high-level saint spell.

Every pinnacle saint king was a prominent being, and his showing up shocked everyone in the battle.

The descendants of Lingxiao Heavenly King weren't as aggressive as before, as they were all horrified by the power of Heaven Erosion Finger.

After the vice leader performed Heaven Erosion Finger, dozens of members from Guarding Dragon Pavilion made attacks against the guarding formation by wielding their saint weapons.

There were more than thirty saint weapons, and even the weakest one had six thousand inscriptions, and there were three ten-thousand patterns saint weapons.

Every saint weapon was able to destroy an entire city.

Destruction of thousand patterns and destruction of ten thousand patterns intertwined with each other, tearing the guarding formation apart.

Bang!

Sun and Moon Door, one of the eight major doors of Lingxiao Heavenly King Mansion, was melted immediately.

The palace-guarding formation was damaged in the battle eight hundred years ago. Although it was repaired by the imperial government, it still couldn't rival the power from before.

“Guarding Dragon Pavilion does exist! Fantastic!”

Mingjiang King's eyes gleamed, and he became more ferocious. He rushed through Sun and Moon Door, holding his Ten-Dragon Sword.

Meanwhile, the vice leader released a trace of mind power. “I'll go deal with Lingxiao Heavenly King.”

And then, the vice leader rushed through the door like a trace of light as well.

After a short while, a battle among saint kings took place, and the light coming out of the saint spells painted the dark sky bright.

“Sun and Moon Door has already been crushed. Let's go it and avenge our families and friends! Fight for the Sacred! Clear the shame from eight hundred years ago!”

Zhang Ruochen held the battle flag of the Sacred in one hand and Abyss Ancient Sword in the other. He dashed in like an arrow and killed like a maniac as if he were releasing all the hatred he had accumulated for eight hundred years.

Ghost King Bloodmoon, Le, Monster Ape and Sky-swallowing Demonic Dragon were all following Zhang

Ruochen, annihilating the monks from the imperial government attacking in all directions.

“You’re that crown prince from the Sacred Central Empire. I’ll kill you today.”

An elder who had reached the state of true saint walked out of Lingxiao Heavenly King Mansion. He trampled on the ground, and an earth-shattering power spread, dragging Zhang Ruochen into his battle circle.

The empress didn’t have any descendants, so Lingxiao Heavenly King Mansion was the most powerful army for First Central Empire. Many incredible human monks were recruited by Lingxiao Heavenly King Mansion.

That elder was one of them.

He had refined for more than five hundred years, which made him someone as powerful as a saint leader of an ancient family.

“You’re nothing. Die!”

Zhang Ruochen released time domain, space domain, and sword way domain at the same time, dragging that true-saint elder inside the domains.

Boom!

Zhang Ruochen infused the Abyss Ancient Sword with his saint Qi, mobilized the sword intent of Sword Seven, and swung his sword more than thirty times, knocking that elder away and making him bleed everywhere.

Eventually, Zhang Ruochen crushed his saint source and lower abdomen, killing that elder.

The blood of that true saint tainted Zhang Ruochen’s hair and cape red.

“Kill!”

Zhang Ruochen yelled and picked up the corpse of that true saint with his battle flag. He rushed forward as if he were the king of the world.

Chapter 1386 - Cruel War

Translator:

Larbre Studio

Editor:

Larbre Studio

“Fight for the Crown Prince! Long live the prince! Long live the prince!”

“We’ve suffered for centuries. It’s time to use the Chi Family’s blood to wash away our humiliation. Fight and die without any regret.”

More and more old followers of the Sacred Central Empire gathered in the Royal Capital from all over. Soon, there were more than one million people. Their aura was overpowering and their battle cries shook the sky. They followed the “Sacred” battle flag and fought intensely with the five imperial court forces.

After the Guarding Dragon Pavilion appeared, they used strong methods to break through the Sun-Moon Gate. Their morale rose instantly. Even the ground caved in under their fighting.

In the Royal Capital, the cultivators who didn’t participate in the battle were moved and shocked.

“The Guarding Dragon Pavilion, the legendary Guarding Dragon Pavilion, actually has terrifying figures at the peak of the Saint King Realm. I’m afraid Heavenly King Lingxiao has met his match today.”

“Does Zhang Ruochen want to rise up today, take over the Royal Capital, and rebuild the Sacred Central Empire?”

...

Some people wanted to spread the news, but they found that a strange force enveloped the city. No news could pass.

Twelve unfamiliar stars appeared in the sky above the city.

These stars were in a ring and perfectly circled around thousands of miles of the city.

They were the 12 Buddhist pearls that the Buddha had created. Zhang Ruochen gave them to the sub-pavilion lord. The man used his strong cultivation in the Saintly Way to personally manipulate them and seal the entire Royal Capital.

The battles around the Lingxiao Heavenly King Mansion was extremely intense. More than 200 Saints were at each other's throats. It was like a peerless Saint battle. If this took place outside a city with no defensive formations, the land would have shattered long ago and turned red.

The imperial court was filled with strong figures. All the Saints of the local authorities, Ministry of War, and Lingxiao Heavenly King Mansion were fighting. They had a great advantage in number of Saints.

However, the Sacred side had a large group of True Saints and Absolute Saints. Each one was able to command an area.

Princess White Li was a Taigu Remain and had undergone the baptism of the world. She held the Yinkong Tower and stirred up a storm while fighting with the injured Chilong Army general.

The Chilong Army general could take Granny Bai Su's hit without dying. His cultivation was naturally very advanced.

"Following Zhang Ruochen will lead to death!" the general thundered coldly. "Why don't you follow me and become my mount?"

"How dare you speak like that to me? Today, I will kill you and not leave a complete corpse."

Terrifying cold light flowed out of Princess White Li's eyes. She put all her Holy Qi into the Yinkong Tower. Instantly, the 72 doors all opened.

The Yinkong Tower spun while flying up. It transformed into a metal mountain and pressed down on the Chilong Army general.

The Yinkong Tower was second on the Thousand-pattern Saint Weapon List. It was able to counter some weaker Ten-thousand-pattern Saint Weapons.

Boom.

The Chilong Army general couldn't block the Yinkong Tower. His saintly body split into pieces. His flesh shattered and only a translucent skeleton remained. He was more dead than dead.

Forcefully using the half-complete power of the Yinkong Tower, Princess White Li also used up much of her Holy Qi from the hit. She paled and entered a weak stage.

“In legends, only Saint Kings can use all the power of a Ten-thousand-pattern Saint Weapon. It is true. The Yinkong Tower is like a Ten-thousand-pattern Saint Weapon. I only used half of the power, but I can barely manage one hit.”

Princess White Li hurriedly took a recovery pill. Then she started killing toward the Sun-Moon Gate, following closely after the battle flag.

Of course, she didn't dare use half of the Yinkong Tower's power anymore. She only activated 3,000 runes and continued to fight.

“The general has died!”

“The Chilong Army general was killed by the Sacred rebels. An army legend has actually fallen, transformed into a skeleton.”

The death of the Chilong Army general sent the imperial court army into panic. They all felt fear.

The Canglong Army general stepped out to steady them. “Activate the Half-Saint warships and refining warriors!” he roared. “Kill the Sacred rebels!”

Many warships flew out of the various regions of the Royal Capital.

The warships were made out of Darksteel. Strong formations rotated around them, projecting large shadows on the ground.

These were Half-Saint warships and forbidden weapons of the army. Not only did they have strong defensive powers, they could also kill Half-Saints.

If only one Half-Saint warship appeared, there was nothing to be afraid of. But now, more than 1,000 warships appeared at the same time. The sight was extremely shocking and intimidating.

“Oh my, it’s the Half-Saint warships again. The Royal Capital actually has more than a thousand ships.”

“The imperial court must have hidden these underground. It’s a hidden tactic targeted specifically at us.”

...

To the old followers, Half-Saint warships were their nightmares.

Once a Half-Saint warship appeared, it signaled that many people would lose their family and relatives. Usually, ten Half-Saint warships appearing meant that it was a large-scale event. Now, there were more than 1,000 approaching. One could imagine that many cultivators would be killed.

At that moment, the strength of the Ministry of War was shown completely.

“Kill. Kill all the Sacred rebels, make great achievements, and gain the title of lord.”

The fire god formation on the 1,000 Half-Saint warships was activated by spiritual crystals and saintly stones. They fired hundred-foot-wide fireballs that fell to the ground.

Kaboom.

Each fireball that dropped down would kill a large mass of Sacred followers, turning them into dust.

A moment later, the outside of the Lingxiao Heavenly King Mansion was turned into a sea of fire. Countless followers of the Sacred had died, killed by the Half-Saint warships.

Closely after, each Half-Saint warship started firing metal balls.

Each metal ball that landed would transform into a three-meter-tall metal soldier that attacked the Sacred followers from behind.

This was another forbidden weapon of the army: refining warriors.

Refining warriors had the combat abilities of Fish-Dragon cultivators. Tens of thousands of them appearing together, uniting with the Saints of the imperial court and Half-Saint warships in the sky, was practically like a death god army from Hell. They cut down the Sacred followers wildly.

Plus, the Half-Saint warships were still releasing metal balls. The number of refining warriors was increasing quickly.

There were soon 100,000 refining warriors.

The appearance of the Half-Saint warships and refining warriors turned the tides. The Sacred army sank into a dangerous situation. They may be wiped out completely.

“The imperial court of the First Central Empire is the strongest force of Kunlun’s Field. That is no lie. The other ancient sects, races, and middle-age clans are nothing compared to the imperial court.”

The cultivators of the Royal Capital were all stunned by the Half-Saint warships and refining warriors. They thought that Zhang Ruochen shouldn’t have attacked the Lingxiao Heavenly King Mansion. His army would lose and all die today.

The Lingxiao Heavenly King Mansion naturally had strong abilities to guard the Royal Capital and repress the old followers for so long. It definitely wasn’t easy to conquer it.

Just then, a member of the Guarding Dragon Pavilion struck with a Ten-thousand-pattern Saint Weapon. He activated the full power.

Kaboom.

With one hit, more than 100 Half-Saint warships were destroyed, even melting into liquid. It was like a huge metal mountain falling from the sky.

Next, the full power of the Ten-thousand-pattern Saint Weapon burst forth again. Another mass of Half-Saint warships fell down.

That Guarding Dragon Pavilion member contained a sweeping aura. It was like he could destroy a Half-Saint warship fleet by himself.

“You need to be at the peak of the Absolute Saint Realm to use the full power of a Ten-thousand-pattern Saint Weapon twice. The Sacred followers actually have such a terrifying figure.”

The peak of the Absolute Saint Realm represented the strongest power under the Saint King Realm. Someone like that possessed great intimidating power. He held the Ten-thousand-pattern Saint Weapon, terrifying the battle Saints.

“Destroy this scrap metal as quickly as possible.”

A dozen more Guarding Dragon Pavilion members used saintly spells and Thousand-pattern Saint Weapons. They attacked the Half-Saint warships flying in the sky.

Kaboom.

In merely 15 minutes, the more than 1,000 Half-Saint warships all fell down. It was like thousands of metal mountains lying in the city. They were all raggedy.

The soldiers of the imperial court stood in the battle fire, dumbfounded. They felt even more fear inside.

The members of the Guarding Dragon Pavilion stood in a line and pushed forward. Thousands of refining warriors were thrown all over. Some melted while others were pulled apart.

They were too fierce and aggressive. The Guarding Dragon Pavilion only had a dozen members, but they were undefeatable and found success everywhere.

Zhang Ruochen’s group fought into the Sun-Moon Gate, but ran into an obstacle.

A corner of the ancient defensive formation had indeed been destroyed, but 99% was still fine. The combat power it could activate could kill a Saint.

The defensive formation was even stronger at the center of the Lingxiao Heavenly King Mansion. It could kill a Saint King.

Right now, Yan Kaixuan was hit by a formation attack outside the Lingxiao Heavenly King Mansion. His chest was penetrated and he was badly hurt.

Even a True Saint couldn't take it. One could imagine the consequences if other cultivators were attacked by the formation.

“Go to the royal shrine,” Zhang Ruochen said decisively. “Use the Supreme Saint runes left by the Emperor Mings of each generation to counter the defensive formation.”

The royal shrine was a forbidden zone of the royal Zhang Family. The emperors of each generation would carve a Supreme Saint rune there. It was supported by the powers of all emperors. Even Chi Yao couldn't break into it before she became a god, or destroy it.

Of course, as the Crown Prince, Zhang Ruochen naturally knew how to enter the shrine and activate the Supreme Saint runes.

Only by breaking into the shrine could they take victory.

Zhang Ruochen handed the Sacred battle flag to the Demon Ape. Then he summoned the Buddha's sarira. Holding it in his hand, he activated the origin power, fended off the defensive formation, and strode forward powerfully.

Chapter 1387 - Royal Princes Who Sleep Underground

Translator:

Larbre Studio

Editor:

Larbre Studio

Zhang Ruochen, Le, Ghost King Bloodmoon, Monster Ape and Guoguo were all incredibly powerful. Everywhere they went, the palaces and spiritual mountains were turned into ruins, leaving a trail of corpses.

They stepped into an area where there were dozens of spiritual mountains, getting closer and closer to the shrines of all the previous emperors.

Boom!

A cloud was formed above all the spiritual mountains.

Inscriptions emerged on the palace-guarding formation. They gathered and formed a trace of white light, dashing toward them.

Buddha sarira was a supreme saint ancient weapon, but Zhang Ruochen wasn't strong enough to fully utilize its real power.

It consumed too much saint Qi, so Zhang Ruochen only used it to intimidate his enemies instead of fighting them.

Le and White Li Princess wielded two traces of saint Qi pillars and infused them into the Buddha sarira. They combined their strength to mobilize more of the original power of the sarira, defending against the shock waves from the palace-guarding formation.

“Do you really think no one in Lingxiao Heavenly King Mansion can fight you?”

An elder with silver hair flew out of the saint Qi ripples among the spiritual mountains.

He was wearing a rugged saint robe which was covered with mud. It seemed that he had just climbed out from underground. He was emanating horrific saint might, and he mobilized the saint Qi in his body, making a deafening sound.

“Prince Seven.”

“Prince Seven is still alive! Fantastic! Help us fight Zhang Ruo Chen and the dregs from the Sacred, Prince Seven!”

The royal members of Lingxiao Heavenly King Mansion all groveled toward that elder.

“Those dregs from the Sacred dared enter Lingxiao Heavenly King Mansion? Who gave them the courage?”

Two lanky elders also walked out of a crack from another spiritual mountain.

“Prince nineteen is also alive.”

“Prince Forty-six.”

...

The royal members would be crowned as princes when they became saints.

Chi family was a huge family, much more prominent than the ancient families.

The three elders who walked out from underground were all senior members of the royalties. The royal descendants all thought that they were dead, yet they didn't expect them to be revived from the spiritual mountains outside the shrines of the spiritual mountains.

Seven hundred and twenty years was the life expectancy for saints. Even supreme saints would find it difficult to live longer than that.

Granny Bai Su managed to live for more than eight hundred years all because of the life-prolonging saint pills, otherwise, she would've been long gone.

There were two reasons why those three royal elders chose to stay in a slumber underground.

One, they would greatly slow down their aging process after the slumber.

Which meant they chose to fall into a sound sleep when they reached seven hundred years old and found it impossible to become saint kings. They originally only had twenty more years to live, but now, they might be able to live for two more centuries.

Which made them incredibly useful when a crucial moment came.

Even some saint kings would choose to fall into a deep slumber when they reckoned they were dying. By doing so, they could keep guarding their families. Saint kings were a source of protection of their families.

Two, the shrines of the emperors were an incredible place where they could absorb the saint Qi and fate Qi left by Sacred Central Empire, which could improve their cultivation and prolong their life expectancy.

Prince Seven, Prince Nineteen and Prince Forty-six were all over eight hundred years old, but instead of withering away, they were energetic and vigorous.

Obviously, they had benefited a lot by their slumber underground.

“They were absorbing the saint Qi from my ancestors? I’ll slay you all here today and bury you here forever.”

Zhang Ruochen waved his arm, cracked the space in front of him and attacked the three elders at the same time.

The three princes sensed the space ripples, so they dodged his attack as fast as possible.

And then, they waged attacks and performed three different saint spells, crushing against Zhang Ruochen.

Le and Princess White Li infused their saint Qi into the Buddha Emperor sarira again, teaming up with Zhang Ruochen to trigger the original power of the sarira

Whoosh!

A golden dragon and thousands of golden Buddha characters flew out, breaking the three saint spells, forcing the three princes to step back.

“Buddha Emperor sarira! It’s the Buddha Emperor sarira!”

Prince Nineteen’s eyes gleamed, as he wanted the sarira Zhang Ruochen had more than everything.

If he could get the Buddha Emperor sarira, he would easily become a saint king and have a much longer life instead of sleeping here.

“Qingtian Print, Mieyu Technique.”

An ancient blue print emerged on the forehead of Prince Nineteen, and saintly way rules gushed out of his right palm, spreading to three miles away.

Those saintly way rules formed a print technique, trying to oppress Zhang Ruochen.

Prince Nineteen was a supreme saint, so the saint spell he performed had incredibly destructive power.

“Give me Yinkong Tower,” Ghost King Bloodmoon said.

Princess White Li took out Yinkong Tower and handed it to Ghost King Bloodmoon.

Two traces of cold ghost Qi gushed out of Ghost King Bloodmoon’s hands, infusing Yinkong Tower, and all the inscriptions emerged on the tower, which turned into a metal ghost tower that was thousands of feet tall, crushing toward Prince Nineteen.

Yinkong Tower clashed with Qingtian Print that was three miles long, and the tower crumbled all the saintly way rules.

“Half the power.”

Prince Nineteen recognized Yinkong Tower. He knew how strong the tower was, especially after it was half utilized.

“Prince Nineteen was forced to retreat? Where does that ghost king come from?”

“What a powerful ghost king. She must’ve passed the third ghost trial... The ghost Qi from Yinkong Tower is getting stronger and spreading here... Is she going to utilize all the power from Yinkong Tower?”

Dozens of royal members from Lingxiao Heavenly King Mansion fell on the ground and turned into pus and blood. Their saint souls were extracted, turning into ghost Qi.

Both Ghost King Bloodmoon and Yinkong Tower were surrounded by black ghost Qi, turning into a ghost cloud. There was a blood moon dimming inside.

Prince Nineteen looked shocked and said, “She’s going to trigger the complete power of Yinkong Tower. Team up and ward it off, everyone.”

True saints and supreme saints all knew the real power of a ten-thousand patterns saint weapon, which was strong enough to destroy everything. They wouldn’t be able to ward it off without another ten-thousand patterns saint weapon.

The three princes mobilized holy Qi and performed three forceful saint spells.

Meanwhile, Yinkong Tower flew out of the ghost cloud, suppressing toward Prince Nineteen.

Whoosh!

Half of Prince Nineteen’s body was crushed, and his right hand and right leg were turned into pus. Even supreme saints weren’t able to ward off the complete power of Yinkong Tower.

Ghost King Bloodmoon then slapped Prince Nineteen, breaking his body into three pieces and extracting his saint soul, refining it into a ghost pill.

“Prince Nineteen... Prince... Was killed...”

“How did the Sacred dregs become so powerful?”

...

The royal members of Lingxiao Heavenly King Mansion were all horrified after they saw a supreme saint get killed.

Ghost King Bloodmoon also paid a huge price killing Prince Nineteen. The saint spells performed by Prince Seven and Prince Forty-six hit her ghost body, dispersing it twice.

Ghost King Bloodmoon immediately took a ghost pill to recover while making up the consumption of her body, preparing to trigger the complete power of Yinkong Tower again.

Suddenly, Zhang Ruochen sensed a power that trembled his saint soul, and the force itself was about to crush his saint soul.

“Careful! A king of saints is waking up!” Zhang Ruochen shouted.

Ghost King Bloodmoon immediately stopped and stepped back as she also sensed the dangers coming.

A huge whirlpool emerged in a spiritual lake, making whooshing sounds.

Boom!

A gleaming light ball flew out of the whirlpool, ascending into the sky and hanging hundreds of feet above the ground like a blue moon.

Inside the light ball stood an old woman in silver with silver hair, and each hair was emanating terrific power ripples.

Her eyes gleamed with blue saint light, and her saint might shook the heaven and earth.

“Blue Moon Ancestor. It’s Blue Moon Ancestor! Those Sacred dregs are so gonna die. The dignity of the royalties can’t be offended like that.”

“Blue Moon Ancestor and Emperor Qing were born in the same era. She is a cousin of Emperor Qing. Can’t believe an elder like her is still alive.”

“She’s been sleeping underground and absorbing loads of saint power from all the previous emperors of Sacred Central Empire. She’s the real deal.”

A silver hair of the Blue Moon Ancestor started to wave, and saintly way rules flowed around the hair. It turned into a silver

blade that was dozens of miles long, crushing against Ghost King Bloodmoon.

She said, “You’ll pay for killing a royal prince.”

Although it was only a silver hair, it had terrifically destructive power, which crushed all the defense techniques performed by Zhang Ruochen, Le, and Princess White Li, even the original power of Buddha Emperor sarira.

Just as Zhang Ruochen tried to mobilize the power of Universe World, a righteous Qi blew away the silver hair of Blue Moon Ancestor.

All the destructive power was dispersed instantly.

Blue Moon Ancestor said, “There’s a saint king of the Way of Confucius among the Sacred dregs. Why don’t you show yourself?”

Among the righteous Qi stood someone in white wearing an astral sky mask. Even though he was completely covered, he still looked regal and elegant like a great Confucius scholar.

Chapter 1388 - Confucius Way Saint King

Translator:

Larbre Studio

Editor:

Larbre Studio

After the establishment of the First Central Empire, they greatly supported the Confucius Way to restrict the Taichi Way and Thousand Buddha Way. These three forces reached a type of equilibrium.

This was why the Confucius Way and First Central Empire had many close connections. The scholarly officials were practically all chosen from the heirs of the Confucius Way.

Even in the entire Confucius Way, there were only a few who could reach the Saint King Realm for Spiritual Power. Each one was an outstanding figure and definitely a grandmaster of the Confucius Way.

There was actually a Confucius Way Saint King among the Sacred rebels. The Confucius and battle Saints of the Lingxiao Heavenly King Mansion were naturally extremely shocked.

“Not even the sect leaders of the four Confucius Way lands have reached the Saint King Realm. This man is even stronger than them. Who is he? Why is he rebelling with Zhang Ruochen?”

It wasn't only them. Even Zhang Ruochen was a bit surprised. He didn't think that there would be another Saint King among the Guarding Dragon Pavilion, other than Patriarch Taiyi.

No wonder they were the heritage of the empire. The Guarding Dragon Pavilion's abilities were a bit too strong.

“Who are you?” Blue Moon Ancestor asked.

The Confucius Way Saint King's voice was very indifferent. "Why are you asking so much? Someone like you should've died long ago. Why sleep underground and try to fool death?"

"The Empress has already become a goddess," Blue Moon Ancestor said. "Her divine power covers the entire world. She can determine your life or death with one word. Are you not afraid of dying?"

"Some things are more important than your life. How can someone like you, who hides underground to live a few more centuries, understand this? A life can be just one moment, but you must be fearless. Even if it's futile, like moths going to fire, you will still be able to shine."

"Okay, I'll make it easy for you."

Blue Moon Ancestor activated the rules of ice. The sky above turned blue and the ground underfoot was sealed in ice. Dozens of spiritual mountains turned into snowy peaks.

The rules in that space seemed to have changed, forming some shocking phenomena. Blue dragon shadows rushed out of the ground. Waterfalls fell from the sky. Various saintly images flew around Blue Moon Ancestor.

"Lord Laozu is undefeatable. He can definitely kill the Sacred rebels."

"Only a Saint King can change the power of the world like this."

Blue Moon Ancestor raised a hand and cut down. Various blue dragon rushed out with the strike, shattering the mass of Great Spirit.

"The world contains spirit. All will thrive with the spirit."

The Confucius Way Saint King uttered that phrase. Instantly, bright white light poured out of his body, transforming into even heavier Great Spirit.

"Below are the rivers and mountains, above are the sun and stars."

The Great Spirit shrouded the land, forming mountains and rivers under his feet. Above him, it formed a starry sky.

“It is known as the Great Spirit in the world. It fills the heavens and land.”

...

The Saint King recited a line from the Great Spirit Song with each step he took. The Great Spirit grew thicker and thicker. One could almost see the looming mountains and hear the roaring river.

Every word was a star.

The blue dragon shadows and handprints from Blue Moon Ancestor were shattered by the Great Spirit.

Crackle, crackle.

The stars in the sky fell down, forcing Blue Moon Ancestor to spit out blood. She stumbled back as bloody holes appeared on her body. She looked so pitiful.

This was a royal ancestor who'd lived more than 1,000 years, but she was suppressed by a nameless Saint King. Both the imperial court and Sacred army were shocked.

“The Crown Prince actually has such a powerful figure under him. No wonder he dares to attack the Lingxiao Heavenly King Mansion.”

“Today, we must conquer the Lingxiao Heavenly King Mansion no matter what. Make the Chi Family and imperial court pay for the blood debt from 800 years ago.”

...

In the heat of the battle, more and more soldiers from the imperial court and the Sacred army killed each other. Tens of thousands died every moment. Blood flowed through the streets, turning into a bloody river.

“Heavenly King Huben is here. Who dares to wreak havoc in the Lingxiao Heavenly King Mansion?”

A city that was hundreds of feet wide flew over from the distance. Along the way, it crushed down. More than 30,000 Sacred soldiers were killed in an instant. This even included two Saints.

Heavenly King Huben was just so strong. It seemed that he could destroy everything in the world.

Boom, boom.

The saintly city already flew past before the Sacred soldiers and Saints exploded into clouds of bloody mist.

The saintly city flew into the Lingxiao Heavenly King Mansion, crashing directly at the Confucius Way Saint King to stop him from attacking Blue Moon Ancestor.

The Saint King didn't seem worried at all. He formed a handprint and continued reciting the Great Spirit Song. "When one follows the sun and moon, life and death can be determined."

A blazing sun and moon appeared at the same time. They crashed against the incoming saintly city. Energy waves flooded out crazily, tearing apart some of the runes in the ancient defensive formation.

After 16 activations, Zhang Ruochen finally activated the World Power of the Universe World. He protected Ghost King Bloodmoon, Princess White Li, Le and the others behind him, blocking the shockwaves from the two Saint Kings' battle.

Zhang Ruochen raised his head. He saw a bearded man sitting in the saintly city. He wore white tiger armor and seemed like a descending war god.

The Lingxiao Heavenly King Mansion wasn't the only one in the Royal Capital. Some other Heavenly Kings had their residences here too.

Heavenly King Huben was one of them. He happened to be in the Royal Capital and sensed the major changes in the city. He immediately rode a city over as reinforcements.

He was an upper figure of the Ministry of War and usually ruled over the Chaotic World Mountain. He only returned to Kunlun's Field after the Empress became a goddess.

"Thank you, Heavenly King Huben, for coming to help. This Confucius Way Saint King definitely isn't only at level 55. He's incredibly powerful. Please stop him for a moment while

I activate the ancient defensive formation and use its power to kill him.”

Blue Moon Ancestor’s injuries healed quickly. Then he transformed into a blue moon and flew into the depths of the Lingxiao Heavenly King Mansion.

“If you want to activate the defensive formation, you must pass me first.”

The patriarch of the Cai Family held a golden sword. He shattered the ground with his steps as he waved his sword at Blue Moon Ancestor. “Crown Prince!” he roared. “Cai Yuanxi of the Inner Pavilion has come to aid you in killing enemies and reestablishing the might of the Sacred.”

Blue Moon Ancestor and the Cai Family patriarch had similar cultivations. However, Blue Moon Ancestor had been hurt by the Great Spirit earlier, so he had a disadvantage. The Cai Family patriarch sent her flying with one strike.

Blue Moon Ancestor was extremely furious. “Cai Yuanxi!” she roared. “You old cockroach, how dare you go against the First Central Empire?”

“Back then, if Emperor Ming hadn’t gone missing, if the Crown Prince hadn’t gotten assassinated, if the imperial court hadn’t gone out of control, turning the Royal Capital into a bloody storm, how could I have surrendered to you? Since the Crown Prince has returned, the Sacred Central Empire has legitimacy again. Naturally, I will help the Crown Prince for Emperor Ming. Otherwise, how could I repay Emperor Ming for helping me?”

The Cai Family patriarch’s long hair flew and his face was red. Holy Qi circulated crazily within him. The golden sword in his hand transformed into a sword mountain and crushed down at Qingyue Laozi.

This elder who had one foot in the grave had become excited when seeing the Sacred battle flag. He was even more hotblooded and fanatic than many younger cultivators.

Soon, the cultivators of the Cai Family joined an army outside the Lingxiao Heavenly King Mansion and charged.

Zhang Ruochen knew that time was tight. The waters of the First Central Empire were deep and there were many strong cultivators. The longer things dragged out for, the more disadvantageous it was for the Sacred army.

Even if the 12 Buddha pearls could seal the entire city, the Confucius Way still had the Heaven and Earth Chessboard. They could look into the world and know the big events of Kunlun's Field.

He must fight quickly and end things quickly.

He must control the Supreme Saint runes in the royal shrine to lock down the victory.

Le was fighting the Seventh Lord. Ghost King Bloodmoon was battling the Forty-sixth Lord.

With them fending off the old figures of the royal family, Zhang Ruochen used the fastest speed to charge into a spiritual mountain from a crack in the battlefield. He wanted to enter the shrine as quickly as possible.

“Where are you going? You better stay!”

A roar thundered from underground. Saintly light flowed out.

Yet another lord of the royal family woke up from his slumber underground. He used a saint spell fist print and struck up. Of course, his cultivation wasn't as scary as Seventh Lord and the others. He was just a True Saint who was half-dead.

Zhang Ruochen struck with ten Dragon and Elephant Prajna Palms. Countless dragon and elephant images appeared. They frantically hammered on the lord, shattering the body.

Deep within the spiritual mountain, an invisible force weighed on Zhang Ruochen. He was forced to the ground. He couldn't continue flying.

He was already outside the royal shrine. The spatial structure became extremely stable. Strange changes occurred to the rules as well. No creature was able to fly here.

Suddenly, a dragon's cry sounded. Nine flood-dragons in the Saint Realm rushed out from amidst saintly light.

The power from nine Saint dragons running at the same time even shook the stable ground.

Behind the nine dragons, there was brilliant golden light. One could vaguely see a chariot inside the golden light.

“Golden Dragon Carriage.”

Zhang Ruochen’s eyes narrowed. He recognized his father’s battle chariot. It was known as the Golden Dragon Carriage, and also the “Nine Dragon Carriage.” It was a very powerful Ten-thousand-pattern Saint Weapon.

The nine dragons all turned red and radiated with blazing heat. Immediately after, they spat out saintly fire from their mouths at the same time. The fire twisted together and flooded toward Zhang Ruochen.

The fire was like tidal waves and had the terrifying ability to burn the sky and seas.

Zhang Ruochen put up his spatial territory and used the Spatial Twist. The flames that were surging toward him actually turned back when they were ten feet from him.

A young yet arrogant voice traveled from the Golden Dragon Carriage. “You are indeed the Time and Space Descendant. You do have some skills.”

Chapter 1389 - Celestial Way Sword Technique

Translator:

Larbre Studio

Editor:

Larbre Studio

Zhang Ruochen seemed to have recalled something. He said, “You’re the peerless talent from Chi family two hundred years ago?”

“That’s right,” Chi Dufeng said confidently inside the Golden Dragon Carriage.

He was a royal member who had become a sword saint. He was definitely one of the strongest beings and a leader among his peers. He was even stronger than many older saints who had refined for half a millennium.

Chi Dufeng said, “Seems like there’re many great beings among the Sacred dregs since you can make it all the way here. The fight is brutal out there, isn’t it?”

“Indeed. Many people from Chi family were killed, including those who’ve lived for hundreds of years,” Zhang Ruochen said.

Chi Dufeng knew how powerful Lingxiao Heavenly King Mansion was, and it definitely took those Sacred dregs a lot to get into the mansion.

However, he reckoned it was impossible for them to have damaged Lingxiao Heavenly King Mansion.

Chi Dufeng sneered, as he didn’t believe anything Zhang Ruochen said. “You came to the Emperor Shrine because you want to control the supreme saint inscriptions to turn the tables around, don’t you? Unfortunately, you’re fighting me now, which means the Sacred dregs will be annihilated today.”

Zhang Ruochen didn't want to waste time talking to him anymore as he wanted to kill Chi Dufeng as quickly as possible. He then mobilized the power of the Universe World.

After mobilizing it nine times, a tumbling force gushed out of the Universe World from the five saint meridians of Zhang Ruochen.

Zhang Ruochen then wielded the Abyss Ancient Sword.

“How terrific... That power...”

Chi Dufeng realized something wrong with Zhang Ruochen's power, and then, he pushed his hands forward and infused the nine chains with his saint Qi, passing it to the nine dragons.

“Nine Dragon in One, Sweeping across Everything.”

Gleaming light gushed out of the dragons, shining upon the sun and land.

A phantom of a godly dragon showed up above the dragons as if it was the combination of all the nine dragons.

Boom!

After mobilizing the world power of the Universe World, Zhang Ruochen was able to activate the complete power of the Abyss Ancient Sword. There was black light gushing out of the sword, smashing the phantom of the divine dragon.

The sword cut off the bodies of all the nine saint dragons, and the dragon blood fell like nine blood-red falls, and nine giant dragon heads flew away.

Others would be horrified.

Zhang Ruochen also knocked the Golden Dragon Carriage over. However, it was indeed an incredible treasure that warded off the waves of the sword Qi.

Zhang Ruochen killed all nine of the saint dragons.

Chi Dufeng was shocked.

In the Demonic Sect headquarters, Zhang Ruochen barely defeated Mu Qingtian after three moves, but the power he just showed was more than ten times stronger.

“Wait. His power is quickly dwindling.”

Chi Dufeng suddenly realized that wasn't Zhang Ruochen's power.

He calmed himself after realizing that.

Those who were using outer power must've paid a great price for that, and they weren't able to use that power any time they wanted. Otherwise, everyone would resort to using outer power.

Chi Dufeng also had outer power to help him, but he wouldn't use it unless his life was threatened.

“How strong you are, Zhang Ruochen. You have a trump card indeed. Unfortunately, you're already being self-destructive. Using outer power is never good for a real talent.”

Chi Dufeng could see that Zhang Ruochen was a great enemy, so he wanted to crush his mind first. “I thought you'd be able to become a supreme saint like Emperor Ming, but I've overestimated you.

“Talents and comprehension are important for those under supreme saints, but if you want to become a supreme saint, you need to have a strong heart.

“You've already caved when you used that outer power and wasted your potential. You've destroyed your entire refining path.”

He didn't know that Zhang Ruochen was well aware of that.

Everything was a double-edged sword, and he would certainly pay a great price for great power.

He wouldn't use the world power of the Universe World if he didn't want to get into the Emperor Shrine as soon as possible.

“You have a much weaker mind than me.”

Zhang Ruochen then tried to utilize the world power again, but he failed.

Chi Dufeng seized the chance to rush out of the Golden Dragon Carriage carrying a saint sword, performing

‘Qingzhao Godly Technique’ using the sword intent of Sword Seven.

“Heaven and Earth Three Swords.”

The first move was like a tornado, and thousands of wind blades followed the sword Qi.

The second move was followed by thunder and lightning, forming a vast lightning ocean, and the sound could destroy the eardrums of the saints.

The third move was like rain, sword Qi merging with the tornado and lightning with its power surging.

Heaven and Earth Three Swords was created following three kinds of heaven and earth, which could merge with heavenly way rules.

Only sword saints were able to merge all the three sword techniques so that their combined power would be multiplied.

Zhang Ruochen had to use all his power fighting a great being like Chi Dufeng. He released sword intent and performed True-Thunder Fire Sword Technique.

“Shenxiao True Thunder.”

The sky turned black, and hundreds of lightning bolts fell and merged with the Abyss Ancient Sword, confronting the Heaven and Earth Three Swords.

Boom!

Two sword intents and sword Qi clashed with each other. It was a fight between two sword saints, but to normal monks, it looked like a fight between Gods.

Zhang Ruochen took dozens of steps back, and there were dozens of cracks on the robe.

Chi Dufeng looked dashing wearing that golden cape, and he released a trace of blue saint Qi, crushing the sword Qi around him.

He looked at Zhang Ruochen, smiled and said, “Do you know why I was waiting for you here? Because the space and time in the shrine are very stable, which can suppress your time and

space power. You only have your ancestors to blame for all those inscriptions they made.”

Chi Dufeng was obviously a meticulous and intelligent person even though he was incredibly arrogant. Otherwise, he would've died a long time ago.

Chi Dufeng had been trying to crush Zhang Ruochen's mind the whole time.

He knew that a fight between sword saints was more of a matter of mind instead of sword techniques. Crushing one's mind meant crushing that person.

Chi Dufeng'd been invincible after merging Heaven and Earth Three Swords, so he was actually shocked that Zhang Ruochen was able to ward them off.

Chi Dufeng walked forward with his sword in one hand and his other hand behind his back. “To be honest, your power is indeed beyond my expectations. Unfortunately, you're still going to be killed within ten of my moves.”

Zhang Ruochen said, “Your power is also beyond my expectations.”

“Really?”

Chi Dufeng smiled.

Zhang Ruochen said, “I heard that two hundred years ago, you could fight Luo Xu for dozens of moves, but now, Luo Xu can kill you with one strike. You've been lagging behind these recent years.”

Chi Dufeng stopped smiling and said, “It seems I need to show you my real power now.”

“Heaven Intent Three Swords.”

Followed by a whooshing sound, ten thousand traces of sword Qi flew around this place.

Zhang Ruochen was dazed and thought, Has Chi Dufeng finished Sword Intent Three Swords?

Both Heaven and Earth Three Swords and Heaven Intent Three Swords were sword techniques within 'Heaven Way

Sword Techniques,’ and on top of both of them was ‘Heaven Way Three Swords.’

They could be performed either individually or combined.

If someone could merge all the nine moves in ‘Heaven Way Sword Techniques,’ he could rival the power of Sword Nine.

“Irresistible Heaven Intent.”

“Unpredictable Heaven Intent.”

“Determined Heaven Intent.”

Tens of thousands of traces of sword Qi and sword shadows dashed toward Zhang Ruochen as if they were going to annihilate him.

“Nine Nine to One.”

Zhang Ruochen didn’t try to dodge it at all, instead, he mobilized the sword intent of Sword Seven performing the greatest technique of True-Thunder Fire Sword Technique.

And then, Zhang Ruochen’s body was divided into nine parts, and then eighty-one parts.

All those eighty-one parts lined up in a strange way, and ten thousand lightning bolts hit the ground, surrounding Zhang Ruochen like a cluster of fiery clouds.

All those eighty-one parts wielded the sword at the same time, clashing with Heaven Intent Three Swords.

Chapter 1390 - Undefeatable War Chariot

Translator:

Larbre Studio

Editor:

Larbre Studio

The True Thunder Fire Sword Technique was at the same level as Ling Feiyu's Nine-Death Nine-Life Nine-Circle Sword Technique. It definitely didn't lose to the Heavenly Sword Technique.

However, the two had very big differences in cultivation.

Zhang Ruochen used Nine Nine to One, but he still couldn't block the Celestial Three Sword. He was about to get stabbed through by all the Sword Qi in the sky.

“Spatial Twist!” Zhang Ruochen roared.

The spatial structure outside the royal shrine was very stable. Zhang Ruochen used all his might, but the space only distorted a little bit. The Sword Qi that were flying towards him changed directions and circled around him.

“You can still use spatial power?”

Chi Dufeng's eyes narrowed. Holding the sword in one hand, he placed the forefinger and middle finger of his other hand together. They slid down the sword and he instantly entered the Human Sword state.

Whoosh!

Chi Dufeng transformed into a beam of sword light and crashed toward Zhang Ruochen.

Sword Seven!

This sword carried extreme penetrative abilities. It could affect the space to some extent.

Zhang Ruochen's eyes hardened. Even with his current control of space, he probably still couldn't resolve Chi Dufeng's Sword Seven. This man's cultivation was too strong. He might already be in the True Saint Realm.

Different people had extremely different combat abilities after entering the True Saint Realm.

For example, Qingxiao could defeat a group of True Saints by himself even when he was only an early-stage True Saint.

The five on the Five Heroes List—Pei Yutian, Wan Zhaoyi, Chen Wutian, Buddha Xinshu—would be even stronger than Qingxiao once they reached the True Saint Realm.

Chi Dufeng's talent and body were a bit weaker than Qingxiao. However, his talent for the Sword Way was shocking. Reaching the Sword Saint Realm, his combat abilities were unparalleled, so his power wasn't any weaker than Qingxiao.

Someone like this would even give Absolute Saints headaches after reaching the True Saint Realm.

For example, Pei Yutian had only reached the Half-True Realm. He was still a step away from the True Saint Realm, but he was already undefeatable below the Absolute Saint Realm. He could defeat any True Saint.

“Kaiyuan Deer Cauldron.”

Zhang Ruochen took out the empire-guarding weapon of the Sacred Central Empire. He pressed forward, hitting the bronze tripod. Holy Qi poured crazily out of his Sea of Qi.

The many golden words on the ancient tripod shone brilliantly.

Boom.

Chi Dufeng's saint sword crashed against the bronze tripod, emitting a loud clang.

Power of the Sword Way poured out of his body. It sent the Kaiyuan Deer Cauldron and Zhang Ruochen retreating to a

dozen miles away.

Zhang Ruochen felt that Chi Dufeng's sword power was quickly weakening. Thus, he grasped the chance and used all his might. He pressed the Kaiyuan Deer Cauldron with both hands, activating a bit of its origin power.

The Unmovable Emperor Ming's shadow instantly appeared above the huge bronze tripod.

The shadow pushed a palm toward Chi Dufeng.

“Your grasp of time is quite accurate.”

Right now, Chi Dufeng's sword power was weakening. He was forced to use some remnants of power to use the Celestial Three Sword again. Defending by attacking, he cut down on the golden palm print.

Boom, boom, boom.

The Unmovable Emperor Ming's handprint shattered the Celestial Three Sword and slammed into Chi Dufeng's chest. He spat out blood on impact and flew back like a kite with a broken string.

He couldn't block an ancient weapon's power.

Zhang Ruochen took advantage of this. He entered the Human Sword state as well and displayed the completed Sword Seven. He stabbed forward.

Chi Dufeng clenched his teeth. He forcefully twisted his body and stopped flying backward. He attacked with his sword, crashing into Zhang Ruochen's attack.

Boom!

The two separated quickly again, putting ten miles between them.

Both were injured. Blood trickled from their mouths.

“No wonder you can defeat the nine Heirs by yourself. You're only in the Absolute Land Realm, but you could injure me. Not even a young god can be as strong as you.”

Chi Dufeng wiped the blood from his mouth. Flames appeared in his eyes and his battle intent grew stronger.

Zhang Ruochen didn't say anything. He just activated the power of the Universe World again, wanting to kill Chi Dufeng as quickly as possible.

“You have the empire-guarding weapon, but I have Emperor Ming's Golden Dragon Carriage. You should be clearer than anyone about how strong that is, right?”

Chi Dufeng saw that Zhang Ruochen wanted to use that mysterious power again, so he quickly retreated and flew into the Golden Dragon Carriage. Then his Holy Qi poured out, entering the carriage.

Nine huge golden dragons rushed out of the carriage. They lined up neatly in the front, shining with golden light. The power of the nine dragon shadows were even more terrifying than the nine Saint flood-dragons.

This was the true form of the Golden Dragon Carriage!

Of course, with Chi Dufeng's cultivation, he couldn't support the nine dragon shadows for long. Thus, he had to work quickly and kill Zhang Ruochen as soon as possible.

Kaboom.

Chi Dufeng steered the Golden Dragon Carriage and crushed forward wildly. He flattened a spiritual mountain. The dirt on the mountain kept falling down.

Zhang Ruochen couldn't activate the Universe World's power, so he grabbed the Kaiyuan Deer Cauldron. Ignoring the usage of Holy Qi, he activated the tripod's origin power with all his might.

A shadow of the Unmovable Emperor Ming, hundreds of feet tall, appeared. It overlapped with Zhang Ruochen's body. Then he strode forward to crash against the Golden Dragon Carriage.

Chi Dufeng stood on the Golden Dragon Carriage. Seeing the incoming Zhang Ruochen, he smiled menacingly. “Looking for death.”

The Unmovable Emperor Ming shadow crashed against the nine dragons. Zhang Ruochen slammed into the Kaiyuan Deer Cauldron at the same time, going hard against the Golden Dragon Carriage.

An earth-shaking boom spread out.

Zhang Ruochen's biggest advantage was that he had a strong physical body. He didn't fear crashes.

He grabbed the Kaiyuan Deer Cauldron like it was a small bronze mountain and kept smashing the Golden Dragon Carriage. Rings of golden saint light poured out.

"How can this kid be so strong? Does he have unlimited power?"

Right now, Chi Dufeng was getting exhausted from supporting the Golden Dragon Carriage, but Zhang Ruochen was still vigorous.

The upper half of Zhang Ruochen's robes had turned to dust from the collisions, revealing his beautiful muscles. His long black hair fluttered. Stepping from the ground, he jumped up and slammed down on the Golden Dragon Carriage.

At the same time, the Holy Carnivorous Flower rushed out of his back. It turned into a vine that wrapped around the four chariot wheels.

Boom.

Suffering from the two attacks, the Golden Dragon Carriage suddenly lost balance and flew back.

Chi Dufeng fell out. He landed on the ground, seeming a bit pathetic. He was no longer as handsome and easygoing as before.

Zhang Ruochen let go of the Kaiyuan Deer Cauldron. He couldn't really support it either. He panted heavily and his body was covered in sweat, but his battle intent was still boiling. He was very spirited.

"So the Kaiyuan Deer Cauldron is actually an ancient divine weapon. People misjudged it before." Chi Dufeng huffed coldly.

“You think the Golden Dragon Carriage lost because it’s not as strong as the Kaiyuan Deer Cauldron?” Zhang Ruochen asked.

“Lost? How can I lose to you? Next is when you will die.”

Chi Dufeng put his hands together. Holy Qi spun furiously within him. Many blue runes appeared on his chest, releasing more and more power.

“Saint Figure Rune,” Zhang Ruochen said.

“Yes. This is the Saint Figure Rune that Heavenly King Lingxiao gave me. You forced me to use my hidden card. Even if you die, you should be proud,” Chi Dufeng said with a laugh.

A blue cloud appeared in the sky above him. Heavenly King Lingxiao’s Saint Figure appeared. His head was in the sky, feet on the ground. He gave off the feeling of a towering mountain.

Naturally, Zhang Ruochen understood that the Saint Figure Rune was powerful. However, he didn’t panic. Instead, he rushed into the Golden Dragon Carriage and uttered, “Today, I will show you the true power of the Golden Dragon Carriage.”

The moment he entered the chariot, he felt the aura left by Emperor Ming. That aura was compatible with Zhang Ruochen’s Emperor Ming’s Nine-Sky Scripture. His Holy Qi circulated twice as fast.

Right now, he seemed to have become one with the chariot.

“Spirit of the Golden Dragon Carriage, I have come to undo your seal. Continue to fight for the Sacred Central Empire.”

Zhang Ruochen pressed down on the golden dragon head at the front of the chariot and released the Jingmie Divine Fire. The fire poured out. First, it hit the golden dragon head. Then it enveloped the entire chariot.

The nine weapon spirits in the chariot were nine dragon souls.

They only listened to Emperor Ming. Thus, the Chi Family couldn’t control the spirits at all, so they had to seal them. This way, Chi Dufeng wasn’t able to use the true power of the chariot.

Poof, poof.

The divine fire burned the seals away.

Instantly, deafening dragon roars sounded within the chariot. The nine dragon souls became lively, releasing intimidating dragon might.

“The Crown Prince has returned. Fight for him.”

“Eight hundred years. I’ve been sealed for eight hundred years and am finally free today.”

“Fight. Conquer the world with the Crown Prince and reestablish the glory of the Sacred. I will travel nine million miles per day. Everyone I pass must kneel before the chariot.”

...

The nine dragon souls were roaring angrily. Each roar could shake the heavens.

“This time, I must succeed.”

Zhang Ruochen activated the Universe World’s spirit again. He tried 17 times in a row. Suddenly, boundless power flooded out of the Universe World. Through Zhang Ruochen’s hands, it poured into the Golden Dragon Carriage.

Roar!

The nine dragon souls appeared before the Golden Dragon Carriage. Each soul had a tangible body, no different from a true golden dragon.

Kaboom.

Under the pulling of the nine dragon souls, the chariot rushed forward like an undefeatable war chariot.

Chi Dufeng was very shocked. He didn’t expect that the Golden Dragon Carriage could unleash such strong power. It was like nine divine dragons and a divine chariot was crashing toward him.

He activated the power of the Saint Image Rune and waved his sword. He attacked.

The Golden Dragon Carriage crashed over, shattering Heavenly King Lingxiao's Saint Image. It also crushed Chi Dufeng's saintly body into a cloud of bloody mist, his bones into dust. An extremely talented Sword Saint died on the spot without even a body.

Only a bloody saint sword remained, stabbed down beside the Golden Dragon Carriage.

Yet another legend had been ended by Zhang Ruochen.

Chapter 1391 - Emperor Shrine

Translator:

Larbre Studio

Editor:

Larbre Studio

Zhang Ruochen put away the Kaiyuan Deer Cauldron and Golden Dragon Carriage, and swallowed a spring pill to recover while walking into the Emperor Shrine.

The more he walked, the more solid the time and space structure became.

There were more and more inscriptions left by the supreme saints of the Zhang family. Some of them were carved underground while others were carved in the air.

He might get killed if he took one wrong step.

Zhang Ruochen had been to the Emperor Shrine to worship his ancestors, so he knew how to get in.

Every mile he walked, he would stop by a nameless stele and bow. "Zhang Ruochen, the descendant of the seven hundred and seventy-fourth generation."

Every time he finished that sentence, he could feel a mysterious trace of power sweeping through his entire body.

Zhang Ruochen had been a bit scared when he first entered the shrine as he thought there were ghosts passing through his body.

Now, the fear was gone.

Emperor Ming told Zhang Ruochen that the mind power was the saint intent left by all the ancestors.

When someone became a supreme saint, he or she could create lots of abstruse mysteries. Even after supreme saints died, their saint intent would still remain. If they put their saint intent somewhere special, they would remain forever.

The Emperor Shrine was built to store the saint intent of all the ancestors.

Gradually, a towering saint mountain emerged in front of him.

Each emperor that was made of jade represented a supreme saint of the Zhang family, and there were dozens of them in front of Zhang Ruochen now.

If someone became a supreme saint, his or her family would become a giant, or even an empire. The resources and skills left by a supreme saint could help the family last for tens of thousands of years.

Zhang family was created by a God, and there were dozens of supreme saints throughout their history. Ancient families and ancient races were no match for it.

Guarding Dragon Pavilion was one of the resources of the Zhang family.

Ordinary ancient families and ancient races wouldn't be able to cultivate a power like Guarding Dragon Pavilion or some other mysterious organizations to guard the families eternally.

Only the ancestors who became supreme saints were qualified to leave their saint jade statues and spirit tablets in the saint mountain.

Zhang Ruochen walked past all the emperors and deep into the saint mountain.

There was thick saint mist in front of him, and traces of saint light surged to the sky.

The spirit tablets of each ancestor were put on an altar.

“According to father, the royal grave is Yin, and the Emperor Shrine is Yang. One stands for death and the other stands for life. They're located on two special spots in Sacred City, and they reinforce each other, bearing the fate Qi of Zhang family. As long as the ancestors' saint intent is still around, Zhang

family will live forever. However, Zhang family declined and fell eight hundred years ago. What happened?”

Zhang Ruochen put his hands together and bowed at the spirit tablets above.

Just as he bowed, he saw a coffin floating in the area covered by saint light.

“How come? All the coffins of Zhang family have been buried in the grave or Emperor Shrine. Why is there a coffin? Whose is it?”

Zhang Ruochen closed his eyes and used his heavenly eyes to look at it again.

This time, he could see the coffin more clearly this time, and he saw a name, ‘Chen,’ at the top of the coffin.

Seeing that word, Zhang Ruochen came up with an assumption that was irritating.

Could it be...

Zhang Ruochen immediately abandoned that thought. He didn't want to overthink, nor did he go open the coffin. Instead, he prepared to trigger the supreme saint inscriptions to fight the palace-guarding ancient formation in Lingxiao Heavenly King Mansion.

Finishing this battle was the priority.

“Unmovable Emperor Ming Saintly Look.”

Zhang Ruochen immediately mobilized his techniques and brought out a saint look from his lower abdomen, and that saint shadow looked exactly like Zhang Ruochen.

The white saint shadow rushed into the altar, and all of a sudden, every spirit table started to gleam with saint light.

And then, supreme saint inscriptions emerged, centering on the altar, and they spread everywhere like humans' veins.

Supreme saint inscriptions were activated, and they spread toward Lingxiao Heavenly King Mansion.

The Sacred armies and the armies from the imperial government all looked to the Emperor Shrine. They could see the contour of that saint mountain where supreme saint sculptures stood, and they were giving off divine forces.

“All the emperors from the Sacred Central Empire have woken up. The empire will shine again! Chi’s rule will be ended!”

“The palace-guarding formation has been suppressed by supreme saint inscriptions. Attack!”

“Destroy Lingxiao Heavenly King Mansion.”

“Long live his highness the crown prince!”

...

Without the palace-guarding formation, the armies from the Sacred could finally focus on fighting their enemies.

Le looked ruthless, and the iron sword he held looked plain.

Whoosh!

He pierced through Prince Forty-six’s head and killed him instantly.

That was Le’s sword way, death sword way.

Death sword way wasn’t an orthodox sword way, as it didn’t need a solid foundation or any sorts of sword way mysteries. It was a unique sword way.

The user could defeat someone stronger than him with that technique.

Death sword way only had one move, and the user either killed his enemy instantly or got killed.

Even Zhang Ruochen couldn’t guarantee he’d be able to ward off a move from Le, and if he failed to do so, he would be killed.

Zhang Ruochen wouldn’t risk his life doing so.

Without the suppression from the palace-guarding formation, the great spirit from the saint king became more powerful. He wielded a sun and moon print, beating Hu Bi Heavenly King and causing him to bleed.

Hu Bi Heavenly King's chest was crushed, and blazing power flowed in the wound, which burned his entire body.

Hu Bi Heavenly King pressed onto his chest, trying to protect the wound. He yelled with his eyes popping, "Who are you? There're less than five people from Confucius Way who're this powerful."

"That only means you're not well-informed. Confucius Way is one of the three major ways, and its power is unfathomable to you."

That saint king from Confucius Way read the latter part of 'Great Spirit Cloud Song,' and a saint piece emerged in the sky, diving toward Hu Bi Heavenly King.

Hu Bi Heavenly King roared, and a white tiger saint soul rushed out of his body which tore all the saint characters apart.

It was the soul of a supreme saint savage emperor, which was bestowed upon him by the empress. He refined that soul saint into his body and turned it into a fighting soul.

After activating the white tiger saint soul, Hu Bi Heavenly King was able to rival that saint king from Confucius Way.

However, Blue Moon Ancestor didn't have the cultivation of Hu Bi Heavenly King or the vigorous blood Qi.

She was already a dying person, so she couldn't fight for a long time. It was already a difficult task for her to fight the Cai Family Ancestor, and after Mingjiang King joined the fight, she was in grave danger.

"You're nothing even after absorbing the saint power from my ancestors. I'll kill you now."

Mingjiang King wielded his Ten Dragons Sword.

Bang!

Half the saint body of Blue Moon Ancestor was annihilated. Her face twisted and she shouted, "Even if I die, I'll bring you two down with me."

The saint body of Blue Moon Ancestor exploded.

A trace of terrifically destructive power gushed toward Mingjiang King and the Cai Family Ancestor.

Supreme saint inscriptions gushed out of the saint mountain, dispersing the destructive power from Blue Moon Ancestor.

Even so, Mingjiang King and Cai's Family Ancestor were still severely injured.

It was a miracle that they could survive the explosion of a saint king.

“Ancestor... Died...”

“Gosh! Even Blue Moon Ancestor was killed. There'll be a huge earthquake among the royalty. The empress will definitely kill all the Sacred dregs.”

...

All the royal members from Lingxiao Heavenly King Mansion were crying after seeing a saint king being killed. They finally felt that a catastrophe was going against them.

They wouldn't have provoked Zhang Ruochen if they'd known Zhang Ruochen's power.

But now, it was too late for them to regret it.

They all rushed toward the saint palace where Lingxiao Heavenly King lived as they hoped Lingxiao Heavenly King could protect them.

However, just as they arrived, they found that the saint palace was in ruins, and there was an island floating in the sky where Lingxiao Heavenly King stood.

“Where does that island come from?”

“That floating island must be the center of that palace-guarding formation. Perhaps it'll only show after the palace-guarding formation is fully operated.”

...

The Vice Leader of Guarding Dragon Pavilion stood as high as the floating island, stepping on a saint cloud, and said, “You could barely rival me even with the palace-guarding

formation. Now, his highness has activated the supreme saint inscriptions and suppressed the palace-guarding formation. Your advantages will be gone soon.”

Lingxiao Heavenly King was a middle-aged man in his fifties, and there was white hair on his head. He said, “I’ve already figured out who you are.”

“I would’ve been surprised if you couldn’t,” the Vice Leader of Guarding Dragon Pavilion said.

Lingxiao Heavenly King snorted, “I’m indeed not your match, but there’re still a couple of people from the imperial government who’re stronger than you. Aren’t you afraid of losing all your family after this coup?”

The Vice Leader said, “We both know the real great beings aren’t in the imperial government anymore. Of course, the Sacred isn’t as powerful as you think. Guarding Dragon Pavilion is only the tip of the iceberg.”

Chapter 1392 - Might Of The Supreme Saint Destroys The World

Translator:

Larbre Studio

Editor:

Larbre Studio

Looking at the battle from the Lingxiao Heavenly King Mansion, one could only see that the Saints of the imperial court kept dying. He smiled bitterly and said, “You won this battle! But since the Empress has become a goddess, you will die no matter how you try to rebel.”

Whoosh!

The Saint armor on Heavenly King Lingxiao shone with brilliant light. A burst of terrifying power of the Saintly Way spewed out. Then he transformed into a beam of blue light and rushed out of the Lingxiao Heavenly King Mansion.

At the same time, Heavenly King Huben knew that the advantage was over. He rode the white tiger beast soul and rushed out of the mansion as well.

Two dominating Heavenly Kings were actually fleeing.

In the royal shrine, Zhang Ruochen activated the Supreme Saint runes. It transformed into a celestial river of runes that rushed out of the saintly mountain. It cut toward Heavenly King Lingxiao and Huben.

“Leave with the army. Retreat as far as you can.”

Heavenly King Lingxiao’s eyes were dark and cold. He formed a print with his hands and attacked the incoming rune river. He actually wanted to counter the Supreme Saint runes by himself.

Heavenly King Huben and Lingxiao weren't really escaping. They would first retreat outside the core of the Supreme Saint runes and then start killing.

Clearly, Heavenly King Lingxiao was going to activate some powerful method. He might even want to destroy this land. Thus, he had Heavenly King Huben take the army away.

“All soldiers of the imperial court, listen and retreat.”

Heavenly King Huben was very decisive. He kept pouring out Holy Qi and enveloped the million soldiers. He led them all to fly toward the Royal Capital as quickly as possible.

With a Saint King's strength, it was even easy to pick up 100 mountains. Carrying one million soldiers was obviously easy too.

Poof, poof.

The Supreme Saints of the royal shrine were terrible. Even when Heavenly King Lingxiao retreated outside the core, he still couldn't block it.

The rune river struck out, shattering Heavenly King Lingxiao's print technique and hitting him.

Crack, crack.

His saintly armor kept exploding and dense cracks appeared. His burly saintly corpse fell from the sky. He smashed a hundred-meter-wide ditch in the city.

All the cultivators in the Royal Capital paled. They were so afraid their hearts were about to burst.

“The imperial court army was actually defeated. Even the Heavenly Kings are escaping. Zhang Ruochen's summoning power is too strong. Where did he get so many strong cultivators from?”

“Heavenly King Lingxiao is known as the second strongest of the royal family. He's guarded the Royal Capital for 800 years. Today, he was actually forced out of the sky.”

...

The Vice Leader of the Guarding Dragon Pavilion wasn't so optimistic. He stopped the Confucius Way Heavenly King that wanted to chase after Heavenly King Huben. "Immediately have the Guarding Dragon Pavilion bring the Sacred army away from here, or into the core of the Supreme Saint runes."

The Confucius Way Heavenly King stopped. Following the Vice Leader's orders, he went to arrange it, because he also felt something amiss.

The Vice Leader turned into a white streak. He reached above the ditch and pointed down, sending out a finger force.

Heavenly King Lingxiao hadn't been killed by the Supreme Saint runes. He stood in the ditch and screamed. He raised his hands slowly, pushing up a thousand-foot-long defensive shield. Then hundreds of blue dragons rushed out of the ground, wrapping around him.

Kaboom.

The finger force shattered the hundreds of dragons powerfully, turning them into blue saintly mist.

With poofs, Heavenly King Lingxiao's body was penetrated by the force. A bowl-sized bloody hole appeared. His organs were all ripped apart. It was unspeakably pitiful.

Clearly, the Vice Leader's cultivation was way above Heavenly King Lingxiao. He wasn't only at the peak of the Saint King.

The Vice Leader flew down. He reached out a hand and pressed onto Heavenly King Lingxiao. Rules of Saintly Way appeared, weaving into a celestial net that loomed down.

"Blue Sky Hovering Tower."

Heavenly King Lingxiao took out a nine-inch-tall jade tower and held it in his hands.

This was the top treasure of the royal family. The Blue Sky Hovering Tower was an Ultimate Saint weapon. It looked very small and delicate.

As runes continued to appear, the power that rolled off of the tower grew stronger.

With a whoosh, a layer of blue light surged. It crashed against the descending net of rules. It tore the net apart and crashed against the Vice Leader.

Boom.

The blue light carried a bit of Supreme Saint power and sent the Vice Leader flying back. Red blood flowed out of the Vice Leader's saintly robes. Clearly, he was injured quite seriously.

The moment that the Supreme Saint force exploded, everything within 100 miles of the Blue Sky Hovering Tower all exploded into red mist. Other than the Vice Leader, no one survived.

All the buildings on the land turned to dust.

In the Lingxiao Heavenly King Mansion, Lord Mingjiang's expression changed dramatically, filling with fear. "Oh, no. That's the Blue Sky Hovering Tower, the top Ultimate Saint weapon of the royal family."

Anyone familiar with Ultimate Saint weapons paled, losing all color.

Once an Ultimate Saint weapon was out, every being would turn to dust.

The strongest weapons of Kunlun's Field were definitely the ten divine weapons.

But the ten divine weapons were all from legends. They would only appear occasionally and then disappear from the world.

They came and left without a trace. It was like no one could truly grasp a divine weapon.

Other than the ten divine weapons, the strongest weapons were definitely Ultimate Saint weapons.

There were less than 100 Ultimate Saint weapons.

Like divine weapons, most Ultimate Saint weapons had gone missing too. Only a dozen or so weapons were still preserved somewhere and people knew who they belonged to.

It could be said that these dozen Ultimate Saint weapons were the most terrible murderous weapons of Kunlun's Field. Any

one that was activated could destroy the world.

For example, the Blue Sky Hovering Tower of the royal family, the Life-Death Furnace of the Moon-Worship Demonic Sect, the Nine Phoenix Tripod of the Black Market, the Blood God Mace of the Blood God Sect, the Void Sword from the Thousand-bone Empress...

As for super sects like the Yin and Yang Sect, they actually didn't have Ultimate Saint weapons.

Ultimate Saint weapons were very difficult to produce. They were practically all passed down from 100,000 years ago and created by deities. In the 100,000 years after the middle ages, only the Empress had the amazing abilities to create the Divine Blood Sword and make it reach the Supreme Saint level.

“The Blue Sky Hovering Tower has been activated. Everyone, run. Run as far away as possible.”

The cultivators in the Royal Capital had already retreated to the distance. Now, as the Blue Sky Hovering Tower burst forth, they started running toward even further areas.

The Sacred followers who were still alive also rushed into the Lingxiao Heavenly King Mansion. They entered the core of the Supreme Saint runes.

Perhaps, only the Supreme Saint runes could fend off the Ultimate Saint weapon.

Heavenly King Lingxiao carried the Blue Sky Hovering Tower and walked out of the ditch. He walked toward the Lingxiao Heavenly King Mansion. “I can destroy all of the Sacred by myself,” he said coldly.

Above him, the sky had turned blue. A powerful aura naturally burst forth.

Whoosh!

A beam of blue light flew out of the tower and sliced two Guarding Dragon Pavilion members. They turned into two bloody corpses fallen on the ground.

Zhang Ruochen manipulated the Supreme Saint runes with all his might to stop Heavenly King Lingxiao.

Many bright beams of rune light emerged from underground. They transformed into dozen-foot-tall waves of runes, crashing down on Heavenly King Lingxiao.

“Junior, you’re looking for death!”

Heavenly King Lingxiao sent out the Blue Sky Hovering Tower. The nine-inch-tall tower spun quickly, increasing in size. The might that it released grew even stronger.

The billions of cultivators in the city were all sent to the ground by the tower’s aura. Some even fainted from bleeding all over.

Boom.

The dozen-foot-tall wave was torn apart by the Ultimate Saint power.

At the same time, the dozen-mile-long city walls of the Lingxiao Heavenly King Mansion collapsed. Thick dirt and sand rushed into the sky.

Poof.

Inside the royal shrine, Zhang Ruochen spat out blood. He collapsed onto the ground.

It wasn’t that the Supreme Saint runes weren’t strong enough. Zhang Ruochen’s cultivation was just much weaker than Heavenly King Lingxiao. Naturally, he couldn’t block the tower.

“One Qi into three clear.”

The Vice Leader stood at the gate of the Lingxiao Heavenly Palace. He raised his hands. Immediately, three hundred-foot-tall god images appeared behind him.

Like three supreme gods coming to the world, they were very serious and filled with sacred feelings.

This was the Vice Leader’s strongest method. As if three of him had appeared, each image was as strong as himself.

The three images formed a handprint and attacked Heavenly King Lingxiao.

At the same time, the members of the Guarding Dragon Pavilion also attacked with dozens of Ten-thousand-pattern and Thousand-pattern Saint Weapons. They fought alongside the Vice Leader.

Lord Mingjiang and the Cai Family Patriarch also struck with their strongest attacks.

“I have the Ultimate Saint weapon and am undefeatable. Who dares to block me?”

Heavenly King Lingxiao’s aura was overwhelming. Blood poured out of his injuries and flowed into the tower. He activated the strongest power with all his might.

The Blue Sky Hovering Tower was like a blue mountain. The Ultimate Saint power that burst forth shook the million-mile-wide Royal Capital. This land seemed close to sinking underground.

Boom.

Dozens of Thousand-pattern Saint Weapons shattered, turning into scrap metal.

The Vice Leader stood at the front. He withstood the strongest force. He spat out blood and his saintly body turned ragged. He flew back and landed in the rubble.

The Guarding Dragon Pavilion members, Lord Mingjiang and the Cai Family Patriarch were all hit by beams of Ultimate Saint power. Bloody holes opened up on them.

Yet another Guarding Dragon Pavilion member fell in a puddle of blood. His flesh body was shattered.

Unless it was another Ultimate Saint weapon, no other force could block the Ultimate Saint power.

In the previous clash, Heavenly King Lingxiao was also hurt seriously. His body was covered in cracks like a broken piece of porcelain.

However, with the Blue Sky Hovering Tower, his aura was still unmatched. He stepped into the Lingxiao Heavenly King Mansion again and said domineeringly, “Since the Sacred Central Empire could be destroyed once, it can be destroyed again. As long as I’m still here, all of you must die.”

“I must stop Heavenly King Lingxiao, or else the old followers truly will all die.”

In the royal shrine, Zhang Ruochen used his strong willpower and stood up with difficulty. Then, riding the Golden Dragon Carriage, he rushed out of the Lingxiao Heavenly King Mansion. “Twelfth Uncle!” he roared. “Lend me your saintly blood and let us kill Heavenly King Lingxiao together!”

Chapter 1393 - The Sacred Are Back!

Translator:

Larbre Studio

Editor:

Larbre Studio

Lingxiao Heavenly King couldn't be more furious. The imperial government and the royalty had suffered a huge loss tonight. Dozens of saints were killed, including a saint king ancestor.

If he couldn't annihilate all the dregs from the Sacred, he couldn't be the leader of his mansion anymore.

The only choice he had now was to use a supreme saint weapon to level this place.

“Unfortunately, the supreme saint weapon of our family, Hundred Dragons Emperor Ming Armor, also disappeared when royal brother went missing. Otherwise, we could use it to fight Blue Sky Pagoda.”

Mingjiang King felt anguished as he looked at Lingxiao Heavenly King walk into the mansion. It couldn't have looked more like the scene in which the palace had been conquered eight hundred years before.

They could only watch their enemies invading the palace, helpless.

At this moment, Mingjiang King heard Zhang Ruochen's voice. He turned around and looked to the saint mountain. He saw Zhang Ruochen rush out, sitting in the Golden Dragon Carriage. Mingjiang King yelled, “Don't come out and hide in the Emperor Shrine. Lingxiao Heavenly King has a supreme saint weapon. Nothing can stop him.”

Boom!

The Golden Dragon Carriage didn't stop. Instead, it kept running forward and rushed into the saints of the Sacred.

Zhang Ruochen jumped off the carriage, took out Kaiyuan Deer Cauldron from his space ring and positioned it at the center of all the corpses and blood. He said, "My original plan was to use this ancestral device only when I go to Peakless Mountain. Now that Lingxiao Heavenly King has a supreme saint weapon, I'll use it to make a sacrifice today for those fallen soldiers and people who were killed eight hundred years ago."

Zhang Ruochen melted the bronze cover of Kaiyuan Deer Cauldron using Jingmie Divine Fire, after which the appearance of the cauldron changed sharply. Only after that did Mingjiang King recognize it.

"Kaiyuan... Deer Cauldron... Is that the guarding weapon from the past?"

Mingjiang King stroked the cauldron as he could feel the power ripples coming from it. It was definitely an incredible weapon.

Kaiyuan Deer Cauldron was nothing but an ordinary cauldron used to make sacrifices.

It had changed too much!

"This is an ancestral weapon given to us by our ancestors. If we use royal blood and 'Emperor Ming Nine-sky Scripture,' we can utilize its incredible power," Zhang Ruochen said.

Mingjiang King knew what Zhang Ruochen was talking about. He said, "I won't let what happened eight hundred years ago happen again."

He sliced his wrist and infused the cauldron with his saint blood.

Zhang Ruochen put his hands on the cauldron, mobilized all his leftover saint Qi and infused the cauldron with it. He yelled, "Subjects of the Sacred, worship the ghosts of those fallen soldiers with me."

The armies of the Sacred surrounded Zhang Ruochen and groveled.

Even the saints kneeled down on one knee. They put one of their hands on the ground and the other on their chests. They looked very serious and full of grievances and respect for the dead.

Lingxiao Heavenly King sneered and said, “Useless. Everything will be crushed by a supreme saint weapon... Everything...”

Whoosh!

The ancient golden characters blinked, and the golden light spread across Sacred City and pierced the eyes of Lingxiao Heavenly King.

Kaiyuan Deer Cauldron ascended from the ground and floated in the air.

Blood Qi tumbled on the battlefield.

Traces of blood Qi surged to the sky and turned into blood-red clouds, covering Kaiyuan Deer Cauldron. Dirges spread across the heaven and land as if billions of ghosts were weeping.

All the previous officials of the Sacred Central Empire were exhilarated. They immediately infused Kaiyuan Deer Cauldron with their saint Qi.

Lingxiao Heavenly King realized that the cauldron might be dangerous. He then mobilized his saint Qi and infused Blue Dragon Pagoda.

Tumbling supreme power exploded.

“What guarding ancestral weapon? It’ll be destroyed by the Blue Sky Pagoda immediately.”

Blue Sky Pagoda, which was as large as a mountain, kept spinning and dashed toward Kaiyuan Deer Cauldron.

Meanwhile, Kaiyuan Deer Cauldron shook fiercely and clashed with Blue Sky Pagoda. The cauldron suppressed the supreme power and knocked Blue Sky Pagoda away.

“How is that possible...”

Lingxiao Heavenly King couldn't believe what he just saw. He was so shocked that he couldn't even move.

Kaiyuan Deer Cauldron and Blue Sky Pagoda hit Lingxiao Heavenly King at the same time and knocked him underground.

There were cracks all over the ground, and most of the inscriptions of the palace-guarding formation and supreme saints crumbled. Almost half of Lingxiao Heavenly King Mansion sank.

The world was extremely quiet as everyone stared at the space that had been annihilated by Kaiyuan Deer Cauldron and Blue Sky Pagoda.

The vice leader of Guarding Dragon Pavilion was covered with saint blood. He said, "Lingxiao Heavenly King's life forces are gone. A thousand-year-old overlord was killed after all."

Zhang Ruochen tried his best to stand up, suppressing his wounds and feebleness.

Only a standing crown prince was convincing to the previous officials of the Sacred Central Empire.

Lingxiao Heavenly King's body had been destroyed.

Even he couldn't handle the combined power of Kaiyuan Deer Cauldron and Blue Sky Pagoda.

Whoosh!

Even without its leader, Blue Sky Pagoda flew up from the ground and tried to fly out of Sacred City.

The Vice Leader led the members of Guarding Dragon Pavilion using layers of saint power to seal it.

The weapon spirit of Blue Sky Pagoda was immensely powerful, and besides, it had devoted its allegiance to Chi family, so other people weren't able to use it at all, unless a supreme saint tried to domesticate the weapon spirit.

"Thank God! Lingxiao Heavenly King was killed! You can finally rest in peace now, grandpa!"

“All these years, Lingxiao Heavenly King Mansion committed all the crimes in the name of getting rid of the officials of the Sacred. We finally have our revenge.”

“We’re back, Sacred palace!”

“Father, we’ve fulfilled your dream now. We conquered Lingxiao Heavenly King Mansion and killed Lingxiao Heavenly King. We’ll put flags of the Sacred everywhere on these grounds.”

...

All the previous officials from the Sacred Central Empire were ecstatic. They shouted as loudly as possible to let their emotions out.

They had been bearing their sorrow with forbearance and were suppressed by the imperial government, and today, they finally felt that they had become men.

Even if they were going to be killed tomorrow, it would be worth it!

The Cai Family Ancestor’s face glowed. He grabbed the battle flag of the Sacred from Monster Ape and walked up the city wall. He yelled, “The Sacred are back!”

The voice spread everywhere in Sacred City. [Read comics on our ReadReadReadNovelFull.live](#)

The saints who worked for Mingjiang King originally had some strong opinions against Zhang Ruochen. They looked at each other, then they walked toward Zhang Ruochen, kneeled down on one knee and said, “Your highness.”

Other Sacred officials also kneeled down and shouted, “Long live the crown prince! Long live the Sacred!”

“Your highness! Long live the Sacred!”

...

Over one million monks kneeled at the same time. It was a magnificent scene, and their voices spread everywhere.

“All rise and go collect the bodies of your families and friends first. I have something more important to arrange later,” Zhang

Ruochen said.

Mingjiang King guffawed and walked to Kaiyuan Deer Cauldron. He stroked the cauldron and said, “No wonder it’s the guarding weapon of Zhang family. It’s able to suppress a supreme saint weapon. Is it a supreme saint weapon as well?”

After checking it, Mingjiang King shook his head and said, “Supreme saint weapons have supreme inscriptions on them, yet I can’t inspect the inner area of Kaiyuan Deer Cauldron.”

“Is it a divine weapon?”

Guoguo’s eyes gleamed. It rushed toward Kaiyuan Deer Cauldron and tried to touch it as it was very interested.

Yan Kaixuan, who was standing behind Mingjiang King, yelled with indignation and threw Guoguo away.

All the other saints were thrilled. They kept looking at Kaiyuan Deer Cauldron curiously.

“It’s definitely an incredible saint weapon as it managed to suppress a supreme saint weapon. Perhaps it’s indeed a divine weapon. One of the ten divine weapons is a cauldron.”

“Divine weapons are only legendary objects, and nobody has seen them before. Some of the so-called divine weapons are just supreme saint weapons, but they became divine weapons in rumors.”

‘Kaiyuan Deer Cauldron must be a godly remains ancient weapon left by Unmovable Emperor Ming, and it can rival a supreme saint weapon. As long as we have that in our pocket, nobody can stop us next month when we head to Peakless Mountain.’

...

Everyone was enjoying the delight after their victory, however, Zhang Ruochen was a bit dismayed looking at those corpses.

He walked to the corpses of the three members from Guarding Dragon Pavilion and bowed deeply to them.

All three of the great beings had been protecting Zhang family with their lives, and few would know who they were and how

they contributed even after they died.

They deserved all the respect from Zhang Ruochen.

The Vice Leader walked to Zhang Ruochen and said, “As long as there’re killings, there’ll be casualties. No matter how powerful someone is, he might get killed, but only continuous battles can sharpen a great being’s mindpower. Only after all those battles could a true great being be born.

“I’ll arrange for people to take care of their families, but there’s one thing that you need to do yourself, your highness.”

“What’s that?” Zhang Ruochen asked.

The Vice Leader said, “Tiangang Pavilion is always made of thirty-six people. Though each member will pick a disciple who will inherit his or her position, these three didn’t have the time to pick their disciples yet. You might need to pick three people to fill the positions. Do you have any candidate in mind, your highness?”

Zhang Ruochen looked around, and then, he looked to Le.

Chapter 1394 - A New World

Translator:

Larbre Studio

Editor:

Larbre Studio

Clearly, it wasn't the time to choose three Guarding Dragon Pavilion members now. This could be put to the side. Zhang Ruochen had more important things to do.

Qin Yutong stepped over the bloodied land. She went before Zhang Ruochen and bowed. "Your Highness, we have calculated the casualties and injuries of the imperial court and the Sacred."

Unlike usually, Qin Yutong wasn't wearing a sexy dance costume. Instead, she wore bloody armor. Though badly injured, she seemed extremely excited. She looked at Zhang Ruochen with a gaze of worship and reverence.

After this battle, Qin Yutong's mindset had changed greatly. Basically, if Zhang Ruochen needed her to, she was willing to die for him.

Conquering the Lingxiao Heavenly King Mansion, killing Heavenly King Lingxiao, badly hurting the imperial court army, and taking revenge for their fathers and ancestors were all things they didn't dare to or couldn't do before.

Only the Crown Prince had the power to unite and summon them. It wasn't only because of his status. It was also because he rushed to the front and didn't fear any dangers. It was also why the fearful people became brave again, why the people repressed by the imperial court dared to rebel.

It was the guts and courage!

When everyone became numb and terrified by the Empress becoming a goddess, they needed someone like him to step out.

Thus, Zhang Ruochen could make history with one battle, uniting the Sacred followers even more, but Lord Mingjiang couldn't do it.

It wasn't because Lord Mingjiang wasn't legitimate enough but that he was already old. He was already intimidated by the imperial court. If one felt fear, one wouldn't be able to go all out.

Zhang Ruochen glanced at Qin Yutong. "Speak," he said.

"Many of the cultivators don't even have corpses remaining, so we could only get an estimate," Qin Yutong said. "For the imperial court, they lost two Saint Kings, 56 Saints, and more than 700 Half-Saints. Around 2.4 million soldiers under the Half-Saint Realm died as well.

"For the Sacred, 14 Saints, more than 150 Half-Saints and one million soldiers will forever remain in the land."

Zhang Ruochen didn't even blink when he heard those shocking numbers. Raising his head, he looked at the sky and murmured to himself, "So many Saints and Half-Saints have died. The Heaven and Earth Chessboard must have sensed something. Why hasn't Lord Taizai and leader of the Earth God Temple attacked?"

"Your Highness, what is the Heaven and Earth Chessboard?" Qin Yutong asked.

"Nothing."

Zhang Ruochen shook his head softly. Looking at Qin Yutong's eyes, he continued, "Why do you think we fought this battle?"

"Your Majesty obviously did it so we could take revenge. After today, I am willing to die for you."

Zhang Ruochen's eyes narrowed. He stared at her.

Qin Yutong's eyes were a bit red. Biting her lips, she said, "Your Majesty might not know, but 800 years ago, after the Sacred Central Empire was destroyed, our ancestors met horrible ends. Many families were completely wiped out. The living ones were turned into the lowest of slaves, sold into

brothels as sex slaves, died of exhaustion after working in mines, or were fed to savage beasts. During the dark times, any ragged slave from the market could have once been the pride of a powerful family.

“We wanted to rebel. We didn’t want to be slaves and be stepped on, but each rebellion ended in failure. More and more people died. Our hatred grew over the generations through the protests.

“As long as we could defeat the Lingxiao Heavenly King Mansion, it would be worth it, even if we’ll be killed by the imperial court’s siege tomorrow morning.”

Zhang Ruochen sighed and patted her shoulder. “There is nothing wrong with taking revenge, but we can’t make it our life goal. We live to welcome a more beautiful world, instead of walking toward the abyss of death and living in darkness forever, understand?”

Qin Yutong thought about what Zhang Ruochen meant. What was welcoming a more beautiful world?

To her, conquering the Lingxiao Heavenly King Mansion would definitely cause the imperial court to strike back furiously. The coming days would be even more difficult. Bloody battles would come continuously. In the end, she may even die here.

But, so what?

While preparing to conquer the Lingxiao Heavenly King Mansion with the Crown Prince, Qin Yutong had already been ready to die.

“Send the order. All Saints and Half-Saints of the Sacred gather outside Xuanyuan Pavilion. In addition, each family and organization must send a representative. I have something important to announce.”

Qin Yutong spread the message. Every cultivator who qualified hurried to the Xuanyuan Pavilion. There were actually more than 1,000 people.

In addition to humans, there were also Half-Humans.

Eight hundred years earlier, 300 Half-Human Clans were under the Sacred Central Empire. Even now, many of them were still loyal.

After the Crown Prince sent the order, they all swarmed over immediately.

“Long live the Crown Prince!”

“Long live the Crown Prince!”

...

One must admit that Zhang Ruochen had completely made his name after the Lingxiao Heavenly King Mansion battle.

Though he didn't reach the late Emperor Ming's reputation, he could still intimidate the people below him.

He stood outside the dilapidated pavilion gates and looked down on everyone. His eyes moved past the figures. Suddenly, he saw someone familiar.

It was a woman. She stood in a cloud of black saintly smoke. Her figure was slender but very blurry. He couldn't see it clearly.

Even so, Zhang Ruochen recognized her immediately. It was Han Qiu.

Her beautiful face showed through the black smoke and she smiled eerily at Zhang Ruochen.

Expression unchanging, Zhang Ruochen announced, “We have already conquered the Lingxiao Heavenly King Mansion. We have killed Heavenly King Lingxiao. What do you think we should do now?”

The Saints knew that Zhang Ruochen had plans, so they kept quiet.

However, the people under the Saint Realm were all divided. Someone said, “The Crown Prince should immediately claim the throne and reestablish the Sacred Central Empire in the Royal Capital. Fight to the end with the First Central Empire. I am willing to die for the Crown Prince.”

“We should go conquer the Peakless Mountain, destroy the Demonic Sect, and help the Crown Prince steal back the Saintess.”

“Yes, yes. How can our Crown Princess marry a tree? Destroy the Demonic Sect, destroy the fire tribe, and kill the tree.”

...

After the chaos died down, Zhang Ruochen finally said, “With the Sacred’s current abilities, are we able to counter the First Central Empire?”

Everyone fell silent.

Eight hundred years. In eight hundred full years, it was the first time the old followers of the Sacred Central Empire could stand up with straight backs and speak. Everyone was still excited, but Zhang Ruochen crushed the excitement.

Actually, they were all clear that going up against the First Central Empire now was like an egg hitting a rock. But they were in high spirits. How could he say something that lowered his own power and prestige?

“The most important reason why I issued this edict was to unite everyone,” Zhang Ruochen continued. “I don’t wish to see everyone continue to hide here and there, or become slaves. Even more, I don’t wish to see you all die.

“If you want to live, we must live well and with dignity.

“It was the Zhang Family’s fault that the Sacred Central Empire was destroyed. We affected you all. But today, I, Zhang Ruochen, am back to reestablish the Sacred Central Empire. I will open my protection again and help push up a dignified space for you all.

“But the new Sacred Central Empire won’t be in the Royal Capital. It will be elsewhere.”

Using spatial power, Zhang Ruochen pushed forward. He opened the gates of the Universe World. A hundred-foot-tall door of light appeared outside the Xuanyuan Pavilion.

All the Saints, Half-Saints, family lords, and leaders of organizations walked through the light door and entered the

Universe World.

“Oh my, this is actually another world. The Spiritual Qi is much denser than the Kunlun’s Field. That poor world can’t compare.”

“Are my eyes lying? That’s the Divine Sky-connecting Tree. Wasn’t the legendary World Spiritual Root cut already? How could it be growing in this world?”

“The Spring of Life, Spring of Life. If we can always cultivate in this world, everyone’s lifespans will increase too.”

“The Sacred Central Empire will be established here? This is great! The Cai Family will establish a saintly city.”

“This world is so vast and filled with resources. Does this all belong to the Sacred Central Empire?”

“Cultivating here, I will definitely reach the Saint Realm. I’m not leaving. I won’t leave even if you kill me. It would be even better if my entire clan could move to this world!”

...

In the Universe World, all the cultivators were going crazy with excitement, even the Saints. Many people just sat down below the Divine Sky-connecting Tree and started cultivating.

Outside the Xuanyuan Pavilion

Whoosh—

A black spot of light appeared out of nowhere.

It spun quickly and enlarged. Finally, it transformed into a 30-foot-wide black hole.

Han Qiu stood in the center of the black hole. The power of darkness spreading from her seemed to be enough to swallow all the surrounding light. “You actually dared to send them all into the Universe World. Aren’t you afraid that they have spies from the imperial court and will spread the news?”

Zhang Ruochen was calm. “You think a spy would be willing to risk their lives to conquer the Lingxiao Heavenly Kingdom with me? Plus, the Universe World and Divine Sky-connecting Tree aren’t any secrets. Doesn’t the top authority of the

imperial court already know about this? So what if news spreads to them?”

Hearing this, a cold smile appeared in Han Qiu’s eyes. “I told you long ago that Huang Yanchen is a bitch. She isn’t good enough for you at all. Next time I see her, I’ll kill her for you.”

There was no change in emotion on Zhang Ruochen’s face. He was extremely calm.

Han Qiu collected the coldness and evil Qi. She walked out of the black hole. A slender hand hooked onto Zhang Ruochen’s wrist and she fell into Zhang Ruochen’s arms. “Earlier,” she said sweetly, “I killed five imperial court Saints. Crown Prince, what kind of reward will you give me?”

Having a beautiful and soft woman in his arms, Zhang Ruochen didn’t push her aside like before. “You should know that I’m never one to be stingy. If you work for me and have achievements, you will definitely receive the best cultivation resources. Since you chose to come back, don’t leave and go report to the Guarding Dragon Pavilion!”

Chapter 1395 - Han Qiu's Plot

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Translator:

Larbre Studio

Editor:

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Some dark power flowed out of Han Qiu's body. She said, "Am I nothing but a subordinate to you? You should know what I want. If you agree to that, I'll do anything for you."

Zhang Ruochen said calmly, "The members of Guarding Dragon Pavilion are all very independent, so technically, you guys are not my subordinates, but my protectors. You can even refuse to follow some of my orders, and you don't need to salute me unless you want to. As long as you can become the leader of Guarding Dragon Pavilion, you'll be at my level. Of course, when my descendants and I need you, you need to show up for them in time."

"So what? I want..."

Han Qiu paused, smiled and said, "Protectors? Sure, I can agree to that."

Han Qiu changed her narrative because Huang Yanchen and Zhang Ruochen had become strangers, so this was her best chance.

If she chose to leave Zhang Ruochen now, some other girl might swoop in and become the second Huang Yanchen, like that saintess from the demonic sect.

If Zhang Ruochen realized her worth and became dependent on her, she would become the crown prince wife, and that so-called Mu Lingxi wouldn't be her match.

Han Qiu blinked her eyes and said, "I heard you're going to Peakless Mountain on the seventh day next month for Mu Lingxi. Are you going there to fulfill a promise?"

"That's right," Zhang Ruochen said.

Han Qiu said, "If you want me to join Guarding Dragon Pavilion and become a protector of the royalty, you must give me a promise as well."

"Which is?" Zhang Ruochen asked.

Han Qiu pressed her breasts against Zhang Ruochen's chest, looked up at Zhang Ruochen's face with her glinting eyes, and said, "If I become stronger than the leader of Guarding Dragon Pavilion one day, then I'll not only become the leader of the pavilion, but also be a member of the royal family. Do you know what I'm implying?"

"If you can actually become that strong, you'll certainly become a member of the royal family," Zhang Ruochen said.

Han Qiu's eyes glinted with joy. She said, "Okay, I'll be willing to do everything for you given what you've just promised. You only need to know that I'm the one who loves you the most. As long as you treat me well, I'll never betray you like Huang Yanchen did, which is why there's got to be a place for me in the royal palace of the Sacred Central Empire. The fight against Fire Tribe and Demonic Sect will be tough, but I have an idea for how to kill half of the Fire Tribe beforehand."

1

Zhang Ruochen's eyes glinted, and he said, "What idea?"

Han Qiu said, "The Fire Tribe was conquered by Fengdu Ghost City, and all the ghosts were killed. Even Ghost King Shenchu was suppressed. I was also in Fengdu Ghost City, and I saw Ghost King Shenchu captured."

Zhang Ruochen said, "Ghost King Shenchu was already a pinnacle six-trial ghost king, making it one of the most powerful great beings under supreme saints, yet Fire Tribe was able to suppress it? Impressive."

“Fire Tribe used a supreme saint weapon, Saint Refining Pot, to suppress Ghost King Shenchu,” Han Qiu said.

Zhang Ruochen said, “Incredible that Fire Tribe also has their hands on a supreme saint weapon. No wonder they’re so proud.”

Han Qiu continued, “I heard that Ghost King Shenchu is being detained in the territory of the Fire Tribe, Fiery Territory. If we can release it, there’ll be chaos throughout the entire territory. I reckon at least half of those in the Fire Tribe will get killed.”

Zhang Ruochen was a bit curious and said, “Why didn’t they refine Ghost King Shenchu if they have Saint Refining Pot?”

“From what I heard from the Fire Tribe, Ghost King Shenchu is a trace of the will of a God, which became a six-trial ghost king, which is why it’s way stronger than other six-trial ghost kings, and it’s able to fight a supreme saint temporarily. Fire Tribe captured and imprisoned it because they wanted to know how to become a God,” Han Qiu said.

Han Qiu was obviously well-prepared before coming to see Zhang Ruochen. She wanted to show Zhang Ruochen by bringing up Ghost King Shenchu that she was someone who could actually help him, not like other girls.

Zhang Ruochen thought for a while and said, “Fire Tribe will definitely guard someone like Ghost King Shenchu very strictly. Do you really think you can release it?”

“I’ll take any risk for you, and besides, I can open the door to the netherworld using my darkness body and darkness way. I have a thirty percent chance to succeed,” Han Qiu said.

“Only thirty percent? Do you even know what would happen to you if you failed?”

Zhang Ruochen was very meticulous, so he never took chances.

Thirty percent was too low for him.

Han Qiu smiled and said, “It doesn’t matter how high the chance is. As long as I can seize the chance, I can succeed even if it’s only ten percent.”

“Just wait for a while. When that person comes, ask him to go there with you. Perhaps your chance will get to seventy percent.” Zhang Ruochen looked to the sky expectantly.

Han Qiu didn't know who Zhang Ruochen was referring to, but it had to be someone huge.

He needed to fight both the Demonic Sect and Fire Tribe, who would be helped by a large group of great beings next month, which was indeed a stressful thing.

If he could manage to ravage the Fire Tribe beforehand, Zhang Ruochen would have less pressure.

Besides, it was also a good chance to test the power of the Fire Tribe and whether they had some supreme saints with them.

Zhang Ruochen then summoned all the previous officials from the Sacred and gathered them in front of Xuanyuan Palace.

Zhang Ruochen said, “The world you were living in is called Universe World. Sacred City will definitely be ravaged by First Central Empire starting tomorrow, so everyone, bring your people into Universe World, inside which you can reestablish your families, and build your sects and cities. All the spiritual mountains will be open to you.”

Some people asked as they found it hard to believe, “Really? All my people can get into Universe World?”

“That's right,” Zhang Ruochen said.

The master of Cai family was a bit worried. “But our Cai family is enormous. There're at least one hundred million people everywhere in Tiantai Continent. It's impossible to gather all of them.”

“Same for our Yan family...”

Zhang Ruochen said, “There's no need to rush. Please go gather all your people in the next half a month, and I'll bring them into the Universe World, but please be quick. If you can't gather them in half a month, we can only meet in Peakless Mountain next month.”

All the leaders of their families and organizations rushed out and started to notify their people, and they also sent signal

flares to their mansions.

The world door of Universe World was put in front of Xuanyuan Palace, and monks walked through the door and into that new land.

Zhang Ruochen asked Princess White Li to take charge of the order in Universe World, and then, he walked to the Emperor Shrine with Mingjiang King.

“Do you really trust me that much? Aren’t you afraid I’ll kill you in the Emperor Shrine?” Mingjiang said with his hands behind his back.

Zhang Ruochen said calmly, “Do you think the saint intent of our ancestors will spare you if you kill me? Those previous officials from the Sacred Central Empire are not people it would be possible for you to suppress.”

Mingjiang King smiled gently. “Haha! You’re a grown-up now, and I can’t intimidate you anymore. You’re able to support an empire now. You’re now much more revered by those previous officials of the Sacred Central Empire after the battle in Lingxiao Heavenly King Mansion. The leader of the Crypt of Sacred Central.”

“What’re they saying?” Zhang Ruochen asked.

Mingjiang King smiled. “Obviously they’re also thrilled by that battle, and they want to come see you through me.”

“Did you say no?” Zhang Ruochen asked.

Mingjiang King nodded and said, “They didn’t help us at all when we were fighting Lingxiao Heavenly King Mansion. We can’t let people like that into Universe World and the Sacred.”

Zhang Ruochen said, “They will have another chance on the seventh day next month. Let’s see whether they can seize the chance or not.”

As long as the Crypt of Sacred Central was willing to fight with Zhang Ruochen, he would definitely receive them for the sake of Kong Lanyou.

Universe World and Divine Sky-connecting Tree would no longer be a secret tomorrow.

It would be up to them to choose.

Zhang Ruochen and Mingjiang King walked into the sacred mountain and bowed toward the spirit tablets of all their ancestors.

Zhang Ruochen then looked to the coffin under the altar, and he looked more and more serious.

Mingjiang King also noticed that coffin. “Whose coffin is it? Why is it in the Emperor Shrine?”

“Perhaps we can only get the answer after opening it.”

Zhang Ruochen released saint Qi and wound the coffin with it, and he dragged it from the saint light.

Mingjiang King was dazed seeing ‘Chen’ on the coffin. “My brother wrote it. It was brother who wrote it.”

“Father.”

Zhang Ruochen was confused, excited, and also a bit afraid.

Chapter 1396 - New World Spiritual Root

Chapter 1396: New World Spiritual Root

Translator:

Larbre Studio

Editor:

Larbre Studio

Lord Mingjiang obviously guessed something. He had an expression of disbelief. “Is it your corpse in the coffin?”

Zhang Ruochen was clearly standing across from him. Saying those words felt a bit strange.

Zhang Ruochen’s five fingers grasped the coffin lid tightly. Thinking of how Chi Yao had killed him back then, his heart still hurt.

“Twelfth Uncle,” he asked. “Where was I buried when I died?”

Lord Mingjiang sighed. “It is quite regretful. After you died, the imperial court was all fighting for the throne. Endless battles erupted. It was truly bloody and everyone was in danger. When I went to check your corpse three days later...it was already gone.”

Zhang Ruochen’s eyes hardened. He looked back at the coffin. Pushing strongly, the lid flew off instantly. It landed on the ground with a thud.

The two looked over at the same time.

Empty.

“How is this possible?”

Zhang Ruochen reached a hand into the coffin. He didn’t discover any spells or formations. It was indeed empty.

Lord Mingjiang was also confused. “It is already strange for a coffin to appear in the royal shrine. It is even odder that it has words left behind by my brother. But why is it empty?”

There were too many suspicious points.

Each point was hard to understand.

First, it was impossible for a coffin to appear in the royal shrine.

Second, Emperor Ming’s words shouldn’t appear on the coffin.

Third, if Emperor Ming had gone through the trouble to place it here, it shouldn’t be empty.

These three things were impossible, but they had all happened.

“There’s blood.”

Zhang Ruochen discovered some bloodstains on the bottom of the coffin. It was evident that there had once been a corpse here. However, the corpse was moved later.

Zhang Ruochen and Lord Mingjiang both fell silent, thinking carefully.

“What happened back then is getting more and more confusing,” Lord Mingjiang said. “I cannot understand it.”

“Whatever. Let’s do the task at hand first!”

Zhang Ruochen closed his eyes. When he opened them again, they’d become extremely sharp. “We must move the royal shrine and cemetery into the Universe World. We cannot keep them in the Royal Capital. Twelfth Uncle, I will hand this to you. I’ll have the Guarding Dragon Pavilion help you.”

A vast migration was happening secretly. Millions of cultivators were hurrying to the Royal Capital from all over, streaming into the Universe World.

What was the most important thing to a world?

Without a doubt, civilians were the most important.

Neither martial artists, Saints, nor gods were born out of thin air. They were born among billions of civilians.

Civilians were the soil. Without them, the Universe World would never become a strong world—a world that could counter Kunlun's Field.

Right now, the thing Zhang Ruochen lacked the most was people.

When the next morning came, the 12 Buddha pearls hovering around the Royal Capital had disappeared. At the same time, all the old followers of the Sacred had vanished as if having evaporated from the world.

News of the Lingxiao Heavenly King Mansion being conquered and Heavenly King Lingxiao getting killed spread out with the fastest speed. It shocked the world.

“It must be fake! How can this happen?”

“Heavenly King Lingxiao was killed? Haha, that's so funny. Who spread that rumor?”

“With the Lingxiao Heavenly King Mansion's abilities and the imperial court, they can sweep through the entire southeast of the central region. Who can fight them?”

In the beginning, no one believed the news. But as more information came, the details of the shocking battle were also exposed. All the forces sank into dead silence.

They had to admit the truth. Last night, Zhang Ruochen had led the old followers of the Sacred to conquer the Royal Capital. They defeated the Lingxiao Heavenly King Mansion and were horribly powerful.

Demonic Sect Headquarters

The Saints of the Mu Family all turned pale from fear after receiving news from their branch in the Royal Capital.

The Saint Leader gasped. “Heavenly King Lingxiao and Blue Moon Ancestor actually both died... Who of the Sacred could kill them?”

“I heard it's the legendary Guarding Dragon Pavilion.”

Mu Lingxi's father, Yun Zheng, was a bit pale. “Zhang Ruochen is completely fearless when acting. He doesn't care

about the consequences. Now, he has such a powerful force under him. On the seventh of next month, there will probably be a cruel battle at Peakless Mountain too.”

“Why should we fear him? If Zhang Ruochen truly dares to come to Peakless Mountain, we won’t have to act at all. Naturally, the Fire Tribe will fight him. The Fire Tribe might be able to repress the Sacred.”

...

In the Saintess Palace, Qi Feiyu also told Lin Suxian this news.

Lin Suxian’s eyes narrowed slightly as she laughed.

“Powerful. As expected of the Crown Prince. Powerful and courageous, haha. Now, Shi Qianjue will definitely pay greatly on the seventh of the next month. Good, good.”

“Will Zhang Ruochen really dare to come to Peakless Mountain?” Qi Feiyu asked.

“Zhang Ruochen even dares to destroy the Lingxiao Heavenly King Mansion,” Lin Suxian said coldly. “What in the world does he not dare to do? With this battle, he can sit firmly on the throne as the Crown Prince!

“Plus, with the prestige from this battle, there will definitely be even more old followers of the Sacred on the coming seventh.

“Now, I’m curious what Shi Qianjue’s expression will be like after he learns of this. Will he regret giving Mu Lingxi to Qiu Yu? Zhang Ruochen isn’t like Luo Xu, stupid enough to go to Peakless Mountain alone on a suicide mission. Zhang Ruochen controls millions of soldiers. With one command, he can summon the entire world. The people in the sect must be feeling pressured now!”

...

The cultivators in Central Emperor City were also shocked. Every official in all six departments of the imperial court was shocked.

One lord of the royal family was incredibly furious. “What is this? How did we not receive any news when something so major happened? Is someone secretly helping that Crown Prince, suppressing the news to destroy the Chi Family?”

“Right now, the person sitting on the throne is the Crown Prince’s ex-wife,” someone said deliberately. “Even if she helps the Crown Prince secretly, it’s still logical.”

“She’s only a Saint, but she actually holds all the authority in Kunlun’s Field. If the Empress hadn’t issued the divine law to listen to her, I would’ve cut her down long ago.”

...

In the Yuanchu Saint Palace, Huang Yanchen saw the communication rune from the Saint Lady. She also heard the voices of the royal lords and Heavenly Kings outside the palace. Involuntarily biting her lips, she said, “He... Does he want to overturn the world? Doesn’t he know that going against the imperial court will only end in death?”

The Saint Lady could understand Huang Yanchen’s current emotions. She was actually frightened when she had just received the news too.

After destroying the Lingxiao Heavenly King Mansion, he’d undeniably angered the imperial court. With the abilities and heritage accumulated through the centuries, no matter how many strong cultivators the Sacred had, they still couldn’t fend off the imperial court.

Plus, he’d killed so many elders and lords of the royal family. How could the Empress let him go free when she returned?

“I just received news that Zhang Ruochen didn’t reestablish the empire in the Royal Capital,” the Saint Lady said. “Instead, he brought the old followers into a place called the Universe World. There are even rumors that the Divine Sky-connecting Tree is there. Of course, we still can’t verify this.”

Huang Yanchen worked to straighten her back. She didn’t break down from this news. “Such a major event happened, but the Heaven and Earth Chessboard didn’t give any warning,” she said seriously. “If we’d discovered it

beforehand, we might have been able to stop him. He wouldn't have gone completely to the other side, becoming enemies with the entire Kunlun's Field."

"Someone used unparalleled techniques to conceal it," the Saint Lady said. "That is why the Heaven and Earth Chessboard didn't sense anything. This person has very strong Spiritual Power, even surpassing that of the Immortal Pavilion's lord. Even I cannot guess how such a terrifying figure appeared in Kunlun's Field."

"Then what should we do?" Huang Yanchen asked. "Even if Zhang Ruochen goes into hiding, he'll still appear on the seventh of next month. The royal family, the Heavenly Kings of the Ministry of War, the officials of the Confucius Way... How could the imperial court let him go? Do I really have to lead the imperial court's army to personally kill him?"

The Saint Lady sighed deeply. "Before the Empress left, her first order was for the entire imperial court to listen to you. The other orders were all after that. Thus, the decision lies in your hands. Perhaps, the Empress already understood some things and guessed this day would come. She's purposely testing you."

The Saint Lady left the Yuanchu Palace, leaving Huang Yanchen alone in the empty palace.

Walking out of Ziwei Palace, the Saint Lady wore a Confucian robe. She looked like a handsome and beautiful scholar. She walked toward the Qinghong Pavilion.

The Saint Lady had met Zhang Ruochen here one year before.

The environment here was quiet and clean. Many green bamboo shoots were planted here. Compared to the loud outside world, it was like a different world here.

She didn't stop until she came to a peach tree deep within the pavilion.

Whoosh!

The Saint Lady took another step. Ripples of water appeared at her foot. Then she passed through the water ripples and entered a strange world.

Right now, there was also a peach tree before her.

However, this tree was huge. The trunk was miles wide and it reached into the clouds. One couldn't even see how tall it was. It might even reach outer space.

“Grandpa, the outside world is completely upended. The Empress isn't here. Won't you go out and do something?” The Saint Lady put her hands together and bowed deeply to the tree before her eyes.

An ancient voice sounded, traveling throughout the space. “It's just a group of juniors play fighting. I have lived for thousands of years. Wouldn't it be laughable if I went to care about these small matters? Plus, my responsibility is to guard the new World Spiritual Root of Kunlun's Field, the peach tree. Everything else is up to you all. Eight hundred years. It has been 800 years. It is time for some figures to be born from you juniors to hold up the sky independently.”

Chapter 1397 - Emperor Wen

Chapter 1397: Emperor Wen

Translator:

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Editor:

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An elder wearing a Confucius robe walked out of a cottage. He didn't have any forces. Instead, he looked very simple and down-to-earth.

He was the grandfather of the Saint Lady, Nalan Mo.

Everyone in Kunlun's Field knew about that name, as he had been one of the nine emperors eight hundred years ago, Emperor Wen.

Emperor Wen was more than three thousand years old eight hundred years ago. He was arguably the oldest person in Kunlun's Field.

Emperor Wen looked like an elder who was around seventy years ago. He was gentle and solemn. He looked to the Saint Lady who was standing near him and said, "Martial Way prospered in the past eight hundred years, and ten people became supreme saints, led by the empress. They're strong enough to replace the previous nine emperors. I'll be laughed at if I go interfere with the affairs among the young people."

The Saint Lady smiled and said, "The ten people you mentioned are not a thousand years old, but only you would consider them young people."

Emperor Wen smiled kindly like a normal old person. "What're you here for, my granddaughter?"

The Saint Lady said, “The crown prince of Sacred Central Empire showed up, conquered Lingxiao Heavenly King Mansion, and killed Lingxiao Heavenly King and Blue Moon Ancestor.”

Emperor Wen smiled. “Nothing to be surprised about. He’s just a crown prince, not Emperor Ming himself. Are you asking me to deal with a child? I’m definitely not going.”

1

Saint Lady rolled her eyes and said, “I’m certainly not asking you to attack him. Something strange happened. When they were fighting Lingxiao Heavenly King Mansion, a terrific person sealed Tianji and concealed the entire thing from the Heaven and Earth Altar. Uncle said that person’s mind power is stronger than that of the leader of Immortal Palace.”

“Are you suspecting me?” Emperor Wen could tell what Saint Lady was thinking about.

Saint Lady squinted her eyes and said, “Who else except for you has better mind power than the leader of Immortal Temple?”

Emperor Wen said, “There’re many powerful beings that you’ve never learned of. Even I don’t know everything about Kunlun’s Field, not to mention you. I can tell you for sure that I had nothing to do with it.”

“How come...”

The Saint Lady frowned and started to ponder.

Meanwhile, the branches of the legendary peach tree shook, and traces of saint light turned this place into a wonderland.

The Saint Lady bowed at the legendary peach tree and said, “Grandpa Legendary Peach.”

A hoarse voice came from the legendary peach tree. “It’s Seven-color Begonia. I can sense her forces.”

“Seven-color Begonia?”

The Saint Lady looked more confused.

Obviously, Emperor Wen knew much more than the Saint Lady. He asked, "I heard that Granny Begonia has been staying in the sword pavilion the entire time. How come she walked out of the sword pavilion?"

Legendary Peach Tree said, "She owed an ancestor of Zhang family for something that happened hundreds of thousands of years ago, and then, she became the protector of Zhang family, and she was named Begonia Spiritual Ancestor. As for me, I was born in the same era as her, but I'm the protector of Chi family."

"I always thought the guarding spirit race of Sacred Central Empire was also a myth. Can't believe they actually exist."

The Saint Lady felt that a door to a new world had been opened to her. She always thought that she already knew all the secrets of the world, but now, she realized how little she actually knew.

Umm?

Emperor Wen seemed to have sensed something. He looked up at the sky.

Whoosh!

A trace of seven-color light spread across the space, followed by a dimming fragrance.

A silver-haired old woman in red walked out of the red light. She looked very old and hunchbacked, and her skin was also wrinkled. It seemed that she was about to die.

Emperor Wen smiled. "No wonder you're Begonia Spiritual Ancestor. You can break my mind power heaven and land and get it with no problem."

The Saint Lady pouted, as she was seeing someone who was as ancient as Legendary Peach. A creature like that was no different from a living fossil.

Granny Begonia walked to Emperor Wen and said, "That girl from Chi family has already left her Star Soul God Constellation and become a God. Peach, Nalan Mo, should we also join and comprehend the way to become Gods?"

Emperor Wen looked to the sky, and he saw thirty-three gleaming stars.

Any creature with strong enough mind power could see the thirty-three stars being connected, which formed the shape of Empress Chi Yao.

That was Empress Chi Yao's Star Soul God Constellation.

Every creature that had become a God would leave a Star Soul God Constellation like that in the universe.

The godly light coming from Star Soul God Constellation shone upon Kunlun's Field and made the spiritual Qi in Kunlun's Field thicker. Her Star Soul God Constellation was also protecting Kunlun's Field.

The light from Star Soul God Constellation could spread to astral domains that were far away so that all the worlds in the universe could know that a God had been born.

Emperor Wen said, "Danqing, you should leave now. Don't let anyone know what's going to happen here."

The Saint Lady nodded and walked out.

"Let me ask two more people to join us."

Granny Begonia reached out her hand, and a ripple showed up around her finger. She then reached into the space.

The leader of Earth God Temple, 'Living Bodhisattva,' was an old monk that was gleaming with golden Buddha light. He was sitting in a holy palace, but then, he was awakened by an enormous power.

"Who's that?"

Living Bodhisattva looked up, and he saw a hand diving toward him.

As he chanted, a holy shadow of Buddha emerged behind him. It became larger and larger, three hundred feet tall, three thousand hundred feet tall, thirty thousand feet tall...

In the end, the golden Buddha shadow was one hundred thousand feet tall.

However, the golden Buddha shadow was crushed bit by bit by that huge hand.

Living Bodhisattva sighed and stopped resisting. He chanted, “Amitabha.”

In the next moment, Living Bodhisattva was dragged to the mind power heaven and earth of Emperor Wen by Granny Begonia. He sat on a lotus stand like a real Buddha in the secular world.

Granny Begonia then dragged another person into the mind power heaven and earth.

He was wearing black armor and holding a heavy sword like a God of War. The hostility coming out of him formed a blood-red cloud.

He was the leader of the Ministry of War, Chaos General, who was also the master of Chaotic World Mountain.

Both Living Bodhisattva and Chaos General were prominent beings. Though they were shocked to see Granny Begonia, Legendary Peach Tree, and Emperor Wen, they still remained calm.

Living Bodhisattva and Chaos General stood in Buddha light and saint light, respectively, and said, “Emperor Wen.”

They only knew Emperor Wen out of the three of them.

Emperor Wen stroked his beard and said, “You’ve invited both the supreme saints from the imperial government. Do you want them to hold us all up, Granny Begonia?”

Granny Begonia looked calm and said, “Supreme saints should pursue what supreme saints are destined to pursue. There’s nothing good about interfering with the battles among the youngsters, and besides, there’ll only be new supreme saints born from the youngsters after they battle.”

“What you said makes sense. Let’s start discussing ideas!”

It was a once in a lifetime chance to discuss ideas with Emperor Wen, so Living Bodhisattva and Chaos General walked toward them.

Granny Begonia shot them a glance and said, “You guys aren’t strong enough to discuss ideas with us yet. Just stand aside and watch. You’ll benefit a lot from it.”

Living Bodhisattva and Chaos General gave each other a look. They weren’t offended by it at all, and they walked back to the edge.

...

Tiantai Continent.

Qin Yutong gave Zhang Ruochen a list which documented the large amount of resources they’d gained after conquering Lingxiao Heavenly King Mansion.

After checking the list, Zhang Ruochen said, “Give the top-tier saint weapons to Guarding Dragon Pavilion. As for the others, distribute them based on military credits.”

Almost all the weapons held by Guarding Dragon Pavilion were crushed by Blue Sky Pagoda, so naturally, Zhang Ruochen needed to give them the best saint weapons.

Qin Yutong walked out, and then, Han Qiu showed up and put her hands on Zhang Ruochen’s shoulders. She smiled and said, “Refining resources are the best thing to win people over with, regardless of the powers you belong to. Are you really giving such an important task to her instead of me? I can definitely do a better job.”

“Aren’t you going to the Fiery Domain to release Ghost King Shenchu?”

Zhang Ruochen then looked out from the camp, smiled and said, “The person I was waiting for is here now!”

Yan Kaixuan walked over rapidly. He said, stressed, “Your highness, a monk is waiting outside to see you. He said he’s Death Zen Elder. I reckon he’s a hostile person.”

Chapter 1398 - Body Of True God

Chapter 1398: Body Of True God

Translator:

Larbre Studio

Editor:

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The Death Zen Elder wore a red cassock and rode a strange beast.

The reason why the beast was strange was because it had the head of a tiger, the ears of a god, a lion's body, and four dragon claws. It was like a hybrid.

The Saints in the temporary tent all rushed out as if facing a great enemy. They surrounded the Death Zen Elder, worried that he would hurt Zhang Ruochen.

There weren't many people in the entire Kunlun's Field who could take a hit from the Empress and still survive. The Death Zen Elder happened to be one of them. With this one achievement, he could look down on the entire world.

Of course, that was 500 years ago.

Now, no one in the entire Kunlun's Field could take a hit from the Empress.

Lord Mingjiang's eyes were filled with fear, but he still stopped the strange beast. "Death Zen Elder," he called out. "Didn't you swear never to set foot in Kunlun's Field again?"

The Death Zen Elder smiled. He didn't have any evil Qi on his body. Like an advanced monk, he put his hands together and said, "A split body. This isn't my true body."

Lord Mingjiang was doubtful, because even with his cultivation, he couldn't tell that this wasn't the true body.

Plus, only a split body gave him great pressure already.

Right then, Zhang Ruochen walked out of the tent in a golden royal robe. He was extremely handsome. “The elder is a friend I’ve invited. Everyone, step down and continue to do what you should do.”

All the Saints present, including the leaders of clans and organizations, all exchanged awkward glances. They were in disbelief.

This Crown Prince truly had great connections. It was reasonable that he could summon the Guarding Dragon Pavilion. Now, he’d actually invited someone like the Death Zen Elder. One had to be impressed.

After entering the tent, the Death Zen Elder praised, “Sir Zhang, you are actually the son of Emperor Ming, the Crown Prince of the Sacred Central Empire. No wonder you didn’t want to become the Buddha of the Death Zen Sect.”

Zhang Ruochen didn’t want to make small talk. “You should know why I invited you here, correct?” he said straightforwardly.

The Death Zen Elder smiled. “In order to repay what you owe, you stir up a storm in the world, just for a smile. To repay what I owe, I will naturally help as much as possible.”

Zhang Ruochen was still calm, even when before someone as strong as the Death Zen Elder. He didn’t feel any pressure. “You only sent a split body here. Does that count as helping as much as possible too?”

“I have already turned a divine corpse into a battle corpse,” the Death Zen Elder said. “I can use the Death Zen Buddhist techniques to control it. The power of a divine battle corpse may be even stronger than myself.”

Zhang Ruochen’s eye twitched. He couldn’t help but be impressed by the Death Zen Elder.

After all, even if a god was dead, there was still strong divine intent remaining in the corpse. How could it be willing to be turned into a battle corpse and enslaved?

However, the Death Zen Elder had done it!

Since the Death Zen Elder brought the divine corpse to Kunlun's Field, Zhang Ruochen actually could accept this. He called Han Qiu out and had her tell the plan of attacking the Fire Tribe to the Death Zen Elder.

After listening, the Death Zen Elder stared deeply at Han Qiu. A different look flashed past his eyes. "There's actually someone in this world who can really comprehend the Way of Darkness. Not easy. Truly not easy."

Han Qiu just chuckled coldly. She folded her arms before her chest, not feeling any pressure at all.

"Elder, could you visit the Fiery Territory with her?" Zhang Ruochen asked.

The Death Zen Elder chuckled. "Ghost King Shenchu and the divine battle corpse are the soul and corpse of a god. They have the same origin. If I have the chance, I would like to take it as well and combine it with the divine battle corpse. Perhaps, I might be able to improve the battle corpse's strength."

"In that case, I will wait for your good news in the central region."

Actually, Zhang Ruochen also wanted to visit the Fiery Territory and personally meet Qiu Yu, the so-called "number one of the same realm." Unfortunately, he really couldn't leave. He had to visit many places every day, bringing large amounts of the old followers into the Universe World.

After the Death Zen Elder and Han Qiu left, Zhang Ruochen went to find Le. He told him about joining the Guarding Dragon Pavilion.

Le sat by the lake and fished. According to him, he wasn't fishing but capturing life. It was because he knew how to capture life that he could live successfully after dying each time.

Other people were passively awaiting death. He was studying how to proactively capture life.

“Okay.”

Le’s reply was only one word.

Zhang Ruochen sat down beside him and stared at the rapid currents. “The water is too fast. The fish don’t even come. How will they have the chance to take your bait?”

“That means the water is alive,” Le said.

Zhang Ruochen chuckled. He knew that the world he saw was completely different from what Le saw, so he didn’t question it any further.

“You fought with Qiu Yu before. How are his skills?” Zhang Ruochen’s expression was serious.

“Very strong.”

Le said, “Before the seventh turn, I wasn’t his match at all. I didn’t have a chance of winning. Now, I at least have a 50% chance of killing him and 50% chance of getting killed.”

Le was able to kill someone at the pinnacle of the True Saint Realm with one strike. His abilities were probably comparable to an early-stage Absolute Saint. But Qiu Yu was half-and-half with him. His abilities were honestly a bit too crazy.

Zhang Ruochen squinted. “From what I know, you were able to injure him greatly before reaching the seventh turn.”

“First, he was too careless at that time. Second, I’d given up my life, but he was only heavily injured.”

Le continued, “My Death Sword Way only has one strike. He could take my strike without dying. That can only mean that he was much, much stronger than me.

“Plus, I’ve only completed the seventh turn now. I need to go through at least ten life-or-death experiences before reaching the peak of the seventh turn. With each experience, my abilities will improve greatly. Give me some time to go through one or two experiences. If I’m still alive, I will kill him for you.”

Zhang Ruochen patted Le’s shoulder and chuckled. “Since Qiu Yu is the divine parasol tree, then he is also the true body of a

god. He's a young deity and quite a good opponent. If you killed him, where would I find another opponent?"

Then Zhang Ruochen stood up and walked back.

Le's voice came from behind. "Killing a tree and a person aren't the same. There are many ways to kill a person, but you have to cut the trunk to kill a tree and destroy the roots."

"I hear you!"

Zhang Ruochen didn't stop walking. He'd already disappeared from the horizon.

One must admit that Qiu Yu was indeed a powerful opponent. In the Blue Dragon Void World, only he, Qi Sheng, and Corpse Emperor Tianming could counter Zhang Ruochen.

His title as number one in the same realm wasn't unfounded.

Right now, Zhang Ruochen needed to improve his cultivation the most. Fortunately, it was also the easiest for him.

Zhang Ruochen's current understanding of the Saintly Way far surpassed the beginning of the Absolute Land Realm. He only needed to refine saintly medicines or pills to improve quickly.

He'd received many pills and medicine by conquering the Lingxiao Heavenly King Mansion.

Zhang Ruochen sent out a beam of Spiritual Power. A moment later, Qin Yutong came personally with a saintly pill to improve cultivation. She placed it on Zhang Ruochen's table.

Zhang Ruochen picked up the pill and recognized it. "It's actually a Spirit-Charging Pill. The Lingxiao Heavenly King Mansion has such treasures."

The Spirit-Charging Pill was a middle-grade saintly pill. It could greatly help a True Saint and Absolute Saint improve their cultivation.

Even a low-grade saintly pill was extremely rare and uncommon.

Even a force like the Lingxiao Heavenly King Mansion could only have one middle-grade saintly pill. It was evident how valuable a Spirit-Charging Pill was.

In the following time, Zhang Ruochen cultivated while rushing to all the counties to bring old followers in. He didn't stop day and night. He didn't even dare to rest for a moment.

...

South region, Fiery Territory

Many days ago, Qiu Yu had already received news that Zhang Ruochen had led an army to destroy the Lingxiao Heavenly King Mansion. However, he still seemed composed. It didn't affect his daily rhythm at all. He worked on cultivating day and night.

He also understood that if he didn't improve, then he would be overtaken.

The Nine Heirs, Zhang Ruochen, Corpse Emperor Tianming, and the top Taigu Remains in the Savage Barren Territory were all creatures who could fight an entire era.

If he relaxed for a moment, he would be surpassed.

An elder of the Fire Tribe walked in and appeared below Qiu Yu. "There is definite news that Zhang Ruochen indeed has a world. The Divine Sky-connecting Tree is rooted in that world and has sprouted."

Qiu Yu paused his cultivation. A smile appeared on his handsome face. "Great! Did you find out where the world is?"

The elder shook his head. "We've already asked Heavenly King Douzhan to use the Ministry of War's power to check all the major void worlds, but he still doesn't have any news."

"No problem," Qiu Yu said indifferently. "Anyway, Zhang Ruochen will appear on the seventh of the next month. At that time, won't we be able to find the Divine Sky-connecting Tree after capturing him?"

"Zhang Ruochen was able to destroy the Lingxiao Heavenly King Mansion," the elder said. "He must possess a huge force. The Fire Tribe will pay greatly to capture him."

Qiu Yu touched his nose softly and smiled. "Why should we act personally? Spread the news and see that I can double my growth speed by using the Divine Sky-connecting Tree as

fertilizer. I will become the World Spirit of Kunlun's Field soon.

“Whoever can help us capture Zhang Ruochen and take the Divine Sky-connecting Tree will be the Fire Tribe's friend forever. When I become the World Spirit, he'll be able to bring his tribesmen to cultivate in the place closest to the divine tree and be protected by me.”

The elder smiled. “Once this news spreads, many forces will fight for the chance to go against Zhang Ruochen next month, haha.”

“Of course...”

Boom!

Suddenly, the entire world shook violently. The Fire Tribe Elder and Qiu Yu almost fell to the ground.

“What happened?”

Qiu Yu's expression darkened. He looked up and saw thick Ghost Qi cover the sky. Even the blazing Fiery Territory became a bit chilly.

Chapter 1399 - Fire Tribe's Disaster

Chapter 1399: Fire Tribe's Disaster

Translator:

Larbre Studio

Editor:

Larbre Studio

“You dared imprison me. I'll turn this place into ruins today.”

A cold voice came from the underground, shaking the earth fiercely.

Meanwhile, a crimson roc mountain exploded in the Fiery Territory, and ghost Qi that was dark like ink gushed out with lava.

Elder Zhixin and Elder Zhixu, who were guarding Ghost King Shenchu, gave each other a look, and they both looked horrified.

Both elders were more than one thousand years old and had become saint kings. They were ranked top ten in the Fire Tribe.

“God, no! Ghost King Shenchu broke out.”

Elder Zhixin and Elder Zhixu both mobilized fire rules, and then, the fire within ten thousand square miles of them all gathered toward them and formed a fiery saint tower, putting it inside the tower.

Boom!

A ghost sound came out of the fiery saint tower.

The sound waves spread like water ripples, crushing all the crimson mountains. The monks of the Fire Tribe weren't able

to handle that power at all. They exploded and turned into bloody mist.

Even those monks who were lucky to even survive were bleeding like hell. They covered their ears, rolled on the ground and made blood-curdling screams.

Elder Zhixin and Elder Zhixu couldn't even stand still. They looked horrified and couldn't stop stepping back.

Bang!

The fiery saint tower exploded, and the pieces turned into fiery rain, crashing into the ground and leaving giant pits.

Ghost King Shenchu laughed, standing on the ghost clouds.

And then, a ghost claw that was hundreds of feet long hit Elder Zhixin's head, which crushed all the bones of Elder Zhixin.

As for his saint soul, it was sucked up by Ghost King Shenchu.

Elder Zhixu didn't survive either. His soul was swallowed by Ghost King Shenchu.

Two saint kings were killed at once, which showed how great Ghost King Shenchu's power was. Those monks of the Fire Tribe were all horrified.

“Die! You're all going to die!”

Ghost King Shenchu drove the ghost cloud that was a thousand miles long and flew to where all the monks of Fire Tribe lived. It opened its mouth and swallowed tens of thousands of souls.

And then, tens of thousands of people of the Fire Tribe fell to the ground, lifeless.

Death Zen Elder rode the strange animal and stood in a domain that was built by mind power. He looked empathetic and bowed at those corpses. He chanted, “Amitabha!”

A black light spot emerged and turned into a black hole that had a diameter of ten feet.

Han Qiu walked out and glanced at Death Zen Elder and said, “You dare chant Amitabha as a devil monk who practiced

Death Zen Buddha Technique?”

Death Zen Elder wasn't angry at all. He said, “As long as you have Buddha in your heart, it doesn't matter what techniques you're practicing.”

Meanwhile, Han Qiu shockingly found out that all the corpses had climbed up.

There were Buddha prints on their foreheads.

Tens of thousands of corpses of the Fire Tribe rushed out and killed other people of the Fire Tribe, and those people who got killed also climbed up and became more walking corpses.

“Your Buddha technique is so interesting. No wonder you dare challenge Empress Chi Yao,” Han Qiu said.

Death Zen Elder said, “I don't have the guts to challenge Empress Chi Yao. I just want to perfect my Buddha techniques in Kunlun's Field. And after five hundred years of refining, improvements and confirmations, I've finally perfected it. I can teach you that if you want to learn.”

Han Qiu sneered and said, “Your Death Zen techniques can't compare with the Way of Darkness. Let's just massacre the entire Fire Tribe.”

Han Qiu pointed with her finger.

And then, a trace of pure devil Qi, a trace of pure demonic Qi and a trace of pure death Qi gushed out of her body at the same time, and her beautiful eyes became demonic, like two hells.

“Door to the netherworld, open.”

The door to the netherworld opened at the tip of Han Qiu's finger.

An army of ghosts walked out of the netherworld.

More than ten giant dragon corpses flew in the sky, and a large group of corpse generals riding death spirit beasts dashed forward, holding bone spears. Ghosts flew out and made horrifying sounds.

Ghost Qi and corpses filled the entire Fiery Territory, turning the place into hell.

Qiu Yu walked out of the Divine Phoenix Tree. He looked at the people of the Fire Tribe who fell on the ground and yelled with indignation. He said, "Who was it that released Ghost King Shenchu? Do you want to die?"

A supreme power burst out in Fiery Territory and pierced through the ghost cloud.

A gleaming light pillar connected the sky and land.

The supreme saint weapon of the Fire Tribe, Saint Refining Pot, flew up and started to gleam like a sun hanging in the sky.

The ghost Qi and ghost souls immediately withered away.

Boom!

A trace of supreme power gushed out of Saint Refining Pot and hit the ground. All of a sudden, tens of thousands of ghosts crumbled and were turned into ashes.

An activated supreme saint weapon was strong enough to annihilate everything.

After a while, the ghosts in Fiery Territory were all destroyed by the Saint Refining Pot.

"This is nothing," Qiu Yu sneered.

Ghost King Shenchu was extremely powerful as it wasn't afraid at all. It flew to the central region of Fiery Territory, trying to kill the master of Saint Refining Pot.

Boom!

Boom!

It clashed with Saint Refining Pot twice, but even Ghost King Shenchu had his ghost Qi dispersed.

Without the protection of ghost Qi, Ghost King Shenchu would have a huge disadvantage clashing with the Saint Refining Pot.

Ghost King Shenchu rushed to the center of the Fiery Territory and saw the three saint ancestors of the Fire Tribe, who

wielded saint Qi and triggered the supreme power of the Saint Refining Pot.

Ghost King Shenchu waved its ghost claws and hit the two saint ancestors of the Fire Tribe.

“Suppress!”

The three saint ancestors of the Fire Tribe yelled at the same time. They operated the Saint Refining Pot and dashed toward Ghost King Shenchu, and a gleaming supreme power exploded.

Bang! The ghost body of Ghost King Shenchu exploded and turned into a cluster of ghost mist.

The region shook.

Han Qiu was also shaken by the leftover supreme power even though she was standing thousands of miles away.

“Now.”

Death Zen Elder smiled and jumped down. He formed a handprint.

Whoosh!

The ground cracked.

The continents on two sides of the crack moved away, forming a canyon that was bottomless, and then, lava gushed out of the ground.

A horrific godly power spread across the entire Fiery Territory.

The corpse of a God walked out from the bottom of the canyon wearing black armor. Its body was enormous.

It opened its mouth and inhaled.

Ghost King Shenchu had already formed half of its body. However, all its ghost Qi and soul Qi were swallowed by the godly corpse.

The godly corpse swallowed Ghost King Shenchu and dashed toward the three saint ancestors. It slapped the head of one of the saint ancestors.

Bang!

The saint ancestor was swallowed after a breath, and its body turned into a blood-red meatball, falling underground.

The other two saint ancestors were both horrified and infused the Saint Refining Pot with their saint Qi.

However, before they could wield the power of the Saint Refining Pot, the godly corpse waved its fist and knocked the Saint Refining Pot away.

The ground was melted after the Saint Refining pot dropped there, turning into an ocean of lava.

Howl!

The Godly corpse yelled at the sky and slapped toward the remaining two saint ancestors.

A voice that sounded like a bell came out of the underground. “Stop!”

The force became stronger after the sound.

The fire in the sky and land quickly rushed toward the two saint ancestors, and all of a sudden, a fiery screen was formed in front of the two saint ancestors.

Boom!

The godly corpse hit the fiery screen, yet it didn't manage to pierce through it. Instead, it formed two giant whirlpools.

Two strands of destructive Qi knocked away the two saint ancestors through the fiery screen, but they didn't manage to kill them.

Death Zen Elder missed a breath.

“What kind of being is able to ward off an attack from a godly corpse?” Han Qiu asked.

“Just leave with me.”

Death Zen Elder became dazed. He shook his hands and put his elk and Han Qiu into his sleeve, then he disappeared.

The fight in the Fiery Territory shocked all the powers in Kunlun's Field.

The Fire Tribe was ranked the first out of all the ancient races. It had a large number of great beings, yet now it suffered a huge loss, including more than one saint king ancestor.

The leaders of the powers in Kunlun's Field all sent signal flares to Qiu Yu as they were worried the spiritual root of heaven and earth was destroyed before it could grow.

“Is the Divine Phoenix Tree cut off?”

“Is Lord Qiu Yu still alive?”

Qiu Yu looked at the signal flares, and he just got angrier. He slapped at the desk and crushed it.

Not long after, Qiu Yu showed up in a city in the south and shouted, “Death Zen Elder came back to Kunlun's Field and went on a massacre in the Fiery Territory. I hope the imperial government can take action against this evil monk since he has broken his promise. If he shows up again and kills me, it'll be a catastrophe for all of Kunlun's Field.”

Chapter 1400 - Leaving The Homeland

Chapter 1400: Leaving The Homeland

Translator:

Larbre Studio

Editor:

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News of the disaster of the Fire Tribe was spread to the Moon-Worship Demonic Sect's headquarters. They instantly fell silent.

Everyone thought that the Fire Tribe was too unlucky. If they'd killed Ghost King Shenchu before, something this major wouldn't have happened.

No one suspected Zhang Ruochen. They all thought that Ghost King Shenchu was the source of this trouble.

That day, Shi Qianjue, Demonic Sect Patriarch, had sent the Mu Family Saint Leader to the Fiery Territory to ask whether they would continue with the wedding next month.

Would they first hold a funeral or the wedding?

The Fire Tribe replied that the wedding date wouldn't change. On the seventh of the next month, Lord Qiu Yu of the Fire Tribe would definitely go to Peakless Mountain personally and marry the Saintess.

In the Yuan Mansion, Zhang Ruochen met with the Death Zen Elder and Han Qiu again. He asked about their experience in the Fiery Territory.

After listening, Zhang Ruochen's expression grew more serious. "The Fire Tribe's abilities are indeed a bit frightening. Five Saint Kings had actually appeared at once. Even the Moon-Worship Demonic Sect might not be at that level.

“Unfortunately, already three have died. They have suffered greatly.”

Han Qiu smiled darkly, feeling quite proud.

But the Death Zen Elder sat on the side without moving, his eyes closed. There was no smile on his face.

“Elder, you seem to have some worries?” Zhang Ruochen asked.

“The legendary Fire Lord truly exists,” the Death Zen Elder said. “Sir Zhang, the situation isn’t optimistic at all.”

“The Fire Lord?” Zhang Ruochen asked.

Han Qiu’s expression changed. “Is it that mysterious figure who came out to stop the divine battle corpse in the end?”

The Death Zen Elder nodded. “Around 200 years ago, extremely strong Saintly Way ripples came from the Fiery Territory, sweeping through the entire southern region. All the Saints in the region felt those ripples and were all terrified. Everyone guessed that someone in the Fiery Territory had reached the Supreme Saint Realm.

“After that, there was a mysterious figure behind each major event in the south. Everyone calls him the Fire Lord.”

Zhang Ruochen had heard of the Fire Lord’s legend before, but he always thought it was only a Saint King.

How was it easy to reach the Supreme Saint Realm?

But hearing the Death Zen Elder’s description, Zhang Ruochen also fell silent. A moment later, he finally asked, “Did that Fire Lord reach the Supreme Saint Realm or not?”

The Death Zen Elder shook his head. “One can become an emperor or god at the Supreme Saint Realm. One cannot measure their level without also being at that level.

“No matter how strong one is under the Supreme Saint Realm, you can only take a few hits from a Supreme Saint. Only the tenth emperor Yan Liren from 800 years ago used his strong physical body to fight a long battle with a Supreme Saint without losing. As for winning, it’s impossible.

“According to my guesses, that Fire Lord must have reached the Supreme Saint Realm.”

Zhang Ruochen inhaled sharply. The Fire Tribe actually had a Supreme Saint.

After all, the previous Sacred Central Emperor only had one Supreme Saint—Emperor Ming. But with him in power, no force dared to go against the Sacred Central Empire.

A Supreme Saint’s fury could wipe out an entire sect or race.

Even a Saint could cause immeasurable casualties to a super force, let alone a Supreme Saint.

“Could the divine battle corpse fight with the Fire Lord?” Zhang Ruochen asked.

“It is a dead god, after all,” the Death Zen Elder said. “Using a divine battle corpse against regular Saints is naturally very easy, like swatting a fly. But against a Supreme Saint... Ha... Do you think a god’s corpse can defeat Emperor Ming?”

Zhang Ruochen shook his head.

“Of course, with a divine battle corpse’s combat ability, it’s not hard to delay the Fire Lord for two or three hours.”

The Death Zen Elder opened his eyes and continued, “Let’s just say this. I will try my best on the seventh of next month to stop the Fire Lord for four hours. After that, I won’t owe you anymore. As for how to deal with the Moon-Worship Demonic Sect and Shi Qianjue, that’s up to you.”

“Okay,” Zhang Ruochen agreed.

It obviously wasn’t easy to block a Supreme Saint for four hours. The Death Zen Elder immediately left to start helping the divine battle corpse refine Ghost King Shenchu.

Time passed in a blink. It was soon the fourth. There were only three more days before the seventh.

All the forces of Kunlun’s Field sent representatives. They hurried to the Peakless Mountain of the Demonic Sect with their invitations, ready to witness the marriage between the top ancient sect and top ancient race.

The cultivators who were attending the banquet were all top figures. They were clear that the seventh wouldn't be peaceful.

All the Saints gathered at the Peakless Mountain. It was even livelier than the Heir Banquet or Sword Technique Conference. It also gave everyone the feeling that a storm was coming. The atmosphere was strange.

The names of Zhang Ruochen, Qiu Yu, Mu Lingxi, and even Huang Yanchen were getting spread louder and louder.

For the past half month, Zhang Ruochen was even busier. He hurried around every day, leading the old followers of the Sacred Ming into the Universe World.

Today, Zhang Ruochen went to the library of the Linjian Mansion.

The entire library had close to one million old followers gathered there. Some were cultivators and martial artists. Some were regular civilians who didn't even cultivate.

"Hurry, hurry, why are you so slow? The Crown Prince has something big to do later. His time is very precious. How can you waste it?"

"If you don't go, I'll tie you up and drag you out."

...

A burly man in the Fish-Dragon Realm rode on a savage beast. He was yelling at the slowest commoners of the group.

These commoners were mostly relatives of the Sacred's old followers. They kept looking back, unwilling to leave the home they'd lived in since childhood.

The Fish-Dragon Realm man jumped off of the back. He hit the back of a white-haired elder. "What are you looking at?" he roared. "The Universe World is 100 times better than here. What can you miss?"

"I won't go no matter how good it is. Just let an old man like me die here. Don't keep forcing me."

"If I leave, I'll never be able to come back. My son's body is buried in the mountain. Who'll go burn incense and sweep his

tomb every year?”

“These are the mountains and rivers I’m familiar with. I won’t leave even if the imperial court finds and kills me.”

...

The lives of regular people were different from cultivators. They didn’t keep chasing stronger power. Instead, they lived the simplest lives. They had special feelings toward their homes and people and were unwilling to part with them.

“You failures who don’t know what’s good for you! You’re just dead weight! Why should I keep you?”

The Fish-Dragon Realm man pulled out a four-foot-long sword and went to cut down on them.

During the past few weeks, Zhang Ruochen had been cultivating with all his might when he wasn’t hurrying around. Today, he finally saw this scene. He realized that not everyone was willing to leave their home and go to an unfamiliar world.

This scene moved him greatly, like he’d suddenly sensed something.

Whoosh!

Seeing the Fish-Dragon Realm man brandish his sword, Zhang Ruochen flashed and appeared before the group of commoners in the next moment.

The Fish-Dragon Realm man hurriedly put his sword away. His legs weakened in fear and he knelt onto the ground. “Gr... Greetings, Your Majesty.”

“Greetings, Your Majesty.”

The surrounding commoners were even more terrified and in panic. They fell down in masses.

“No need to bow. Hurry and rise.”

At the same time, Zhang Ruochen hurriedly went to help the old woman closest to him. “Elder, why aren’t you willing to go to the Universe World?”

Tears streamed down the old woman's face. She knelt down again. "Your Majesty, please let an old hag like me go. My son was killed by the imperial court and buried in the mountain. If I leave, he'll become a lonely ghost!"

Another old woman nearby knelt before Zhang Ruochen too. "Crown Prince," she begged. "We all know that you're doing this for us, wanting us to live somewhere safer and richer. But this is our home. We have our land, familiar people, and the memories of when we were young."

"Your Majesty, just let us die here. We don't want to leave."

...

Right now, Zhang Ruochen felt very troubled.

He could wave his sword fearlessly before any strong enemy. But faced with the pleading of a group of weak commoners, he had to ask himself if he'd done something wrong.

He thought that he was doing this to help them.

But had he asked if they were willing?

Were there differences between forcing his own wishes onto them and imprisoning, enslaving, and torturing them?

"Your Majesty," the Fish-Dragon Realm man said in fear. "I was just scaring them. I wouldn't really hurt them. There are honestly too many people like them. If I don't scare them, they won't leave at all. How can the imperial court let them live if they stay in Kunlun's Field?"

Zhang Ruochen was a bit dispirited. Half a beat later, he finally said, "Ask for their opinion. If they're unwilling to leave, don't force them. I'll think of another way to protect them."

Hearing his words, all the commoners started cheering.

The white-haired elder prostrated himself on the ground. Staring at Zhang Ruochen's back, he asked, "Crown prince, will you still return to Kunlun's Field in the future?"

Even an idiot could tell that the Crown Prince would leave Kunlun's Field soon and may never return.

After all, the Empress had become a goddess. Who dared to go straight against a deity?

Zhang Ruochen's entire body shook. Stopping, he smiled and said, "Yes. I will. As long as you're still living on this land, I will come back to see you. Kunlun's Field doesn't belong to that Empress. It belongs to all of us."

Leaving was involuntary.

If one could choose, who would be willing to leave their home? Who was willing to leave the place that had given birth to and nurtured them, and go to a completely unfamiliar world?

It was true that it was difficult to leave home.

Humans, after all, weren't cold-blooded animals. They weren't rocks or plants either. They had feelings, thoughts, and memories.

Zhang Ruochen thought of his mother, Concubine Lin. He kept her by his side but very rarely accompanied her. Now, she was taken to yet another unfamiliar place. Did she truly feel happy?