

Chapter 1801 - Yanshen's Leg

Chapter 1801: Yanshen's Leg

Feng Chengdao was stepping on a dense array of precepts under his feet. Those precepts stirred up an air current, which formed into a millstone-like cloud as it rolled and crushed downward.

On the other end, the disheveled Venerable Hiddenheart lunged out of the woods with a roar.

With the flick of his hand, a corpse eater with silver wings flew straight toward Zhang Ruochen.

The corpse eater devoured all the vegetation on the ground wherever it went, leaving even the rocks densely dotted with holes.

Facing the two Nine-step Saint King-level veterans, Zhang Ruochen appeared fearless. He summoned the Yi Huang Bone Scepter and held it in his hand.

The black skeleton lunged up and broke up the millstone-like cloud in the air with a punch.

The skeleton's punch did not stop there. It clashed with Feng Chengdao's finger and sent Feng Chengdao flying backward into the air.

It shocked the cultivators to see a skeleton blow away a Nine-step Saint King, whose cultivation base was close to the Greater Precept World.

Zhang Ruochen had fed all the soul remnants that he had collected to an evil spirit during his two-year closed-door cultivation.

Besides, the evil spirit had consumed two-hundredths of Qing Jin's soul. Having such strength was not something of a surprise anymore.

In fact, Zhang Ruochen was worried that his cultivation base was too low and that he could not keep the evil spirit under his control. So he had been feeding it very slowly to keep its strength under the control of the Greater Precept World.

Using Divine Purification Flame, Zhang Ruochen burned all the corpse eaters into ashes.

Before Venerable Hiddenheart could react to it, Zhang Ruochen had lurched up in front of him and came down with his Ancient Abyssal Blade. The Sword Way Xuangang and Venerable Hiddenheart's white-bone armor collided with a loud grating sound.

The collision sent Venerable Hiddenheart flying backward, crashing into a cliff. The impact caused half of the mountain to collapse.

A bone-chilling air rushed out from the crumbled mountain and froze everything within a thousand miles.

Boom!

Venerable Hiddenheart flew out from the underground with an icy mountain of thousands of meters rose behind him.

“Zhang Ruochen, I will give you a taste of what a Nine-step Saint King is capable of!”

“Dark Ice Storm!”

The thousand-meter icy mountain shattered at once. Ice crystals gathered like snow and formed into a creature that was called Ice Phoenix, which then swooped down at Zhang Ruochen.

With the flap of the Ice Phoenix's wings, a vast area of the earth under Zhang Ruochen's feet caved in.

Storm of Dark Ice was an intermediate Saint technique of the Dacheng Realm that Venerable Hiddenheart had acquired after spending over four hundred years in cultivation. This incredibly powerful move ranked in the Fane of Youshen's top-ten collection of intermediate Saint techniques.

The eleventh move of Zhang Ruochen's Dragon-Elephant Prajna Palm Strike, which was also an intermediate Saint

technique, was supposedly better than Dark Ice Storm.

However, the thing was, the number of chilly ice precepts that Venerable Hiddenheart had infused into Storm of Dark Ice was 160,000, which was more than the just-over 8,000 that Zhang Ruochen had with his Precepts of the Palm.

Taking Venerable Hiddenheart head-on with his Saint technique, what Zhang Ruochen did was no different from suicide.

Venerable Hiddenheart stood on the body of the Ice Phoenix, his face looking hideous. “Hey, kid. Go home and practice for a few more years. You still have a long way to go.”

As the Frost Phoenix approached, the air current in the surroundings became colder and colder. Even Zhang Ruochen’s body was frozen in ice. His Saint Qi could do nothing to protect him from the cold draft.

A Divine Purification Flame suddenly burst out of him and broke the ice.

“Yanshen’s Leg!” Zhang Ruochen raised his left leg and roared.

Boom!

Streaks of red pattern appeared on his left leg as a horrific divine power burst out and shattered the Ice Phoenix, which was a few-dozen-mile long.

Venerable Hiddenheart gave out a horrified cry as his body went up in flames and flew backward.

While still in the air, Venerable Hiddenheart’s body disintegrated and turned into particles of red ashes.

The kick was so powerful that even the aftershock of the move could annihilate the Nine-step Saint King. Those cultivators not-in-the-know thought it was the move of a Supreme Saint.

While the black skeleton and Feng Chengdao were still fighting in the distance, the shock wave swept past them, causing them to lose their balance and tumble backward.

Sensing the mighty divine power in the center of the shock wave, Feng Chengdao was shocked.

Could Zhang Ruochen have really gotten his hand on a divine ancient artifact, using the Godstone to trigger this destructive power?

Feng Chengdao thought.

Only by using the Godstone to trigger the divine ancient artifact could a Saint King perform such horrific divine power.

Feng Chengdao could never have expected Zhang Ruochen to have such a divine leg.

Meanwhile, in the Royal Mountain, the Purple-Gold Bagua Mirror shot out a purple light beam, which was Power of Supremacy, to hit the black altar.

Boom!

Flags flying on the black altar formed a Ninth Stratum Array, blocking Power of Supremacy.

The black altar continued to fly toward the Royal Mountain and was about to breach the Dimensional Labyrinth and Time Array.

Faceless laughed as he stood on the altar. “That’s all a supreme artifact has got?”

Feeling belittled, Awesome, the Little Taoist, gritted his teeth. “If not for the defect on the Purple-Gold Bagua Mirror, I could have killed you anytime I want.”

Faceless laughed some more. “Boast as you want until I go in and neutralize you. A hundred-thousand-year-old sacred herb should be enough to be made into a top-quality sacred elixir.”

Awesome, the Little Taoist, was even more furious. “On the altar of yours is not a complete but a rudimentary Ninth Stratum Array. Do you really think I couldn’t take that down?”

He flew up suddenly, landed on the Purple-Gold Bagua Mirror, and sat cross-legged on the mirror surface.

The mirror surface seemed like a liquid surface as Awesome, the Little Taoist, slowly sank and became one with the Purple-

Gold Bagua Mirror.

A purple gaseous substance instantly leaked out of the Purple-Gold Bagua Mirror and permeated the air, covering a 1,500-mile area within the Royal Mountain.

Zhang Ruochen was beyond shocked at seeing what happened. “The Purple-Gold Bagua Mirror is a sacred artifact of Immortal Luotian, while Awesome is just a sacred herb. How did he become one with the Purple-Gold Bagua Mirror? What secret does he hold?”

The Supreme Power from the Purple-Gold Bagua Mirror was even more powerful. It flew toward and collided with the black altar. The resulting light was so bright that the sun in the sky seemed pale in comparison.

The power of the Purple-Gold Bagua Mirror penetrated the Ninth Stratum Array and hit the altar head-on.

Boom!

The black altar fell out of the sky after the purple light tore it in half.

This attack killed over half of the Fane of Youshen’s cultivators, and those who survived were suffering from severe injury.

But something was not right.

Faceless had something protecting him; he was unharmed and rapidly falling toward the Purple-Gold Bagua Mirror in a streak of lightning.

Awesome, the Little Taoist had exhausted all his strength to perform that move. He was falling with the Purple-Gold Bagua Mirror to the Royal Mountain. This was his most fragile moment, and no way could he survive the attack from the faceless man.

After performing his Yanshen’s Leg, Zhang Ruochen had exhausted nine-tenths of his Saint Qi. His combat strength was less than half of when he was at his peak. All he could do was rush into the Royal Mountain; he must not let the faceless man

get Awesome, the Little Taoist and the Purple-Gold Bagua Mirror.

The Mastodon-Devouring Rabbit, Demon Ape, and Xie Chengzi were also lunging out to stop the faceless man.

“Ow!”

The Mastodon-Devouring Rabbit summoned the power of Heaven-Devouring Instruction and turned into a Heaven-Devouring Demonic Dragon, looking as if it could gobble up the mountains and rivers.

On the other hand, as the Demon Ape’s body continued to swell, it turned into a giant ape that was as tall as a mountain. It charged at the faceless man with his iron fists.

Two years of closed-door cultivation and having consumed a large number of sacred herbs in the Royal Mountain had pushed his cultivation base to the Seven-step Saint King level. Needless to say, his strength was brutal.

With the whisk of his sacred staff, the faceless man summoned a thunderstorm and struck out Mastadon-Devouring Rabbit and Demon Ape. Their massive bodies crashed down to the Royal Mountains down below.

“I am a spiritual-power Saint King of the 59th order. One more step I would be a Supreme Saint. You two low lives cannot stop me!” The faceless man sneered.

Xie Chengzi performed a Bloodthirsty Ring and finally stopped the faceless man, forcing him to trace one step backward.

The cultivation base of Xie Chengzi had reached the Seven-step Saint Kingdom.

The fact that he used to be the Proud One, the leader of the younger generation of the Thousand Evils Realm, he was naturally far more powerful than Mastadon-Devouring Rabbit and Demon Ape.

Such a figure of the Seven-step Saint Kingdom was powerful enough to challenge a Nine-step Saint King.

Of course, he could barely match the strength of a Nine-step Saint King and not defeat him. There was still a slight difference in strength between them.

As such, Xie Chengzi was at an absolute disadvantage when fighting the faceless man. Ten moves into the fight, Xie Chengzi was hurt. A bloody, deep cut in his abdomen nearly ripped him in half.

The faceless man ignored Xie Chengzi and flew straight at Awesome, the Little Taoist and the Purple-Gold Bagua Mirror. Whether it was the hundred-thousand-year-old ancient sacred herb or the supreme artifact, he absolutely craved for them.

It was a trip worth his while, so long as he got these two items.

Right then, a faint flowery scent came from the forest.

Petals were falling from the sky, and flowers of different colors grew on the ground. In a matter of moments, that entire desolate mountain had turned into a sea of flowers.

Sensing something was wrong, the faceless man summoned his mighty spiritual power to form a spiritual-powered defense tower to shield his body.

With this spiritual-powered defense tower, not even a Nine-step Saint King could hurt him.

“Who is it? Come out in the open!” said the faceless man cautiously.

A beautiful shadow walked out of the sea of flowers and broke through the spiritual-powered defense tower of the faceless man as if tearing a sheet of paper away.

The next second, the faceless man dropped dead on the ground. In his chest was a hole oozing with blood, his robe

Just then, Zhang Ruochen arrived. When he saw the graceful shadow beside a dead body, his nervous face calmed down and he smiled.

“Just an early 59th order spiritual-power Saint King, yet he thought he was invincible,” said the fairy-like beautiful lady faintly.

She still looked elegant and out-of-this-world, even though she had just killed a man.

Zhang Ruochen walked up to her. “I guess your spiritual power must be above that of the faceless man since you could break through Dimensional Labyrinth and Time Array, Fairy.”

As a Lotus of Divine Reflection that had lived from the Hadean until now, no matter how high Ji Fanxin’s spiritual-power achievement was, would not surprise Zhang Ruochen.

Chapter 1802 - Fairy Asks

Chapter 1802: Fairy Asks

Ji Fanxi was wearing a snow-white long dress, her slim, trim body soft as the willow with her black hair cascading down her back. It was a sight to behold as she appeared in the petal rain.

“I couldn’t believe there is such a beautiful woman in this world.”

Her beauty stunned every cultivator, including the Saintesses on Royal Mountain. They could not take their eyes off Ji Fanxin.

Zhang Ruochen was probably the only soul who would remain unexcited in front of Ji Fanxin.

“Your Dimensional Labyrinth and Time Array are overly simple. Any Saint King with 59th order spiritual power could have breached them.” Ji Fanxin’s voice sounded extremely pleasing to the ear.

Zhang Ruochen nodded his admission.

Earlier, when the cultivators from the Fane of Youshen were trying to dig out the remains of Jinglong, he had only haphazardly put up the arrays and rushed to Tongming River to stop them.

The Yi Huang Bone Scepter flew back in Zhang Ruochen’s hand.

As Zhang Ruochen communicated with the evil spirit, he looked up at the sky in the west and frowned.

“It’s a shame that Feng Chengdao has gotten away.”

“Feng Chengdao’s cultivation base is very close to the Greater Precept World. Killing him isn’t that easy. Unless you could perform the move you used to kill Venerable Hiddenheart again, you might have a slightly higher chance,”

said Ji Fanxi in her mind.

Up until now, Zhang Ruochen had only fine-tuned about three thousand red precepts in his left leg. He still had a long way to go before he could perform Yanshen's Leg at will.

Due to the its uncontrollability, he almost exhausted all his Saint Qi when he used Yanshen's Leg to kill Venerable Hiddenheart.

Besides, he had to lure his opponent closer to perform Yanshen's leg for a sure-kill. But by doing this, he was taking an enormous risk. His opponent could have killed him before coming into the strike range of Yanshen's Leg.

So when Zhang Ruochen decided to use this move, it had come to a kill-or-be-killed situation.

Zhang Ruochen's thinking was positive.

"Feng Chengdao might have gotten away, but on the bright side, the other small fries won't dare to mess with Yunwu Commandery again, saving me the trouble of dealing with them."

"No doubt that Feng Chengdao is strong. But he is barely a third-tier figure in the Fane of Youshen. The truly powerful ones are Cang Long and Ruan Ling, Youshen's direct disciples. Had the two come in person, the entire Yunwu Commandery would have sunk underground. And you would be just a sitting duck in front of them."

"Are they that powerful? Could it be that they have attained the Path Field?"

asked Zhang Ruochen.

Ji Fanxin nodded lightly.

"I fear that is not all."

Zhang Ruochen sucked through his teeth. It seemed that the enemy was far more terrifying than he had imagined.

Ji Fanxin continued.

"But Cang Long and Ruan Ling have something more important to do and would not come for you for now. After all,

you are just a small fry in their eyes. They could have simply sent some other people to take you out. Coming for you personally is just a waste of their time.”

“What important thing?”

asked Zhang Ruochen.

“As the Kunlun Realm is awakening, many rare, precious things and ancient traditions will be born. Cang Long and Ruan Ling would naturally want to take this opportunity to make their physiques stronger, laying a solid foundation for condensing immortal bodies. The deeper the foundation and more precious the articles they get, the more powerful their immortal bodies would become,”

said Ji Fanxin.

“Besides, the Infernal Court has been very aggressive. Cang Long and Ruan Ling need to prepare themselves to fight. Otherwise, once their foes from the Infernal Court arrive at the Kunlun Realm, they will surely give them a hard time.”

A sense of urgency rose within him.

Defending Yunwu Commandery has been a struggle for Zhang Ruochen, who was only a Six-step Saint King. If he wanted to fight the elites from the Celestial Court and the Infernal Court, he would need a higher cultivation base.

He would have to be a Seven-step Saint King at the minimum. Even if he could not defeat the Precept Domain cultivators, he should be able to get away from them with ease.

“Did you bring the Godstones this time, Fairy?”

asked Zhang Ruochen.

Ji Fanxin shook her head lightly.

“We don’t need the Godstones with our level of cultivation base. So we are not carrying them with us. But don’t get disappointed. I have sent men back to the Qianhui Realm. They may bring some.”

She continued.

“In fact, I am curious. You are only in the Saint Kingdom, yet Yueshen have appointed you as a Divine Envoy. She must have been thinking highly of you. It shouldn’t be difficult for you to get some Godstones from her, I guess?”

“The thing is, she hasn’t given me a single goddamn Godstone.”

Zhang Ruochen laughed as he shook his head.

“No one could know what God is thinking. Maybe Yueshen wants to toughen me and test my capability.”

Side-by-side, Ji Fanxin and Zhang Ruochen walked deeper into the Royal Mountain, looking like a pair of fairy lovers.

Every place they walked past, plants in the vicinity would flourish, and sacred herbs glow even more brilliantly.

“I heard a lot about you the moment I arrived at the Kunlun Realm. I didn’t know a rational person like you could lose control of your emotion for the sake of a woman,”

said Ji Fanxi in her mind.

Zhang Ruochen laughed.

“What else have you heard?”

“I heard that you and the empress of the Kunlun Realm used to be a couple, then turned to become enemies. Frankly, I think you have a legendary past.”

Ji Fanxin suddenly stopped in her tracks and stared at Zhang Ruochen.

“I also heard that you have a world under your control. The Divine Sky-connecting Tree of the Kunlun Realm hasn’t been cut and is growing in that world of yours.”

Zhang Ruochen did not deny it. He knew that Ji Fanxi came for the Divine Sky-connecting Tree.

“The Divine Sky-connecting Tree has been cut. The one growing in my world is just a sprout from the root,”

said Zhang Ruochen.

Ji Fanxi’s eyes brightened up.

“Could you introduce it to me? I have some questions about the Path of Life to ask it.”

“The sprout of the Divine Sky-connecting Tree is still in its growth stage. Many memories and sentiments are missing. It might not be able to teach you.”

“As a being having traveled the farthest in the Path of Life, its understanding of the Path of Life isn’t something that the mortals could imagine. Even if it is just a sprout,”

said Ji Fanxi in her mind.

“All right! Since we are allies, I think I should grant you this little favor and not upset our relationship. But, who about the price of the Godstones?”

“If you could introduce me to the Divine Sky-connecting Tree, I would give you three Godstones as a gift,”

said Ji Fanxi.

“Deal!”

“I can bring you to that world. But let me tell you, even with your cultivation base, I can still easily defeat you in that world,”

said Zhang Ruochen.

“If you trust me, I will naturally trust you,”

said Ji Fanxin.

This lady was really enchanting. She was not only beautiful but also comfortable to be with. There was not the slightest sense of rejection or loathing.

There was no wonder so many elites were ready to kiss her shoestrings.

Ji Fanxin turned into a light particle and disappeared into Zhang Ruochen’s brow.

His spiritual power and Saint Soul formed into a shadow. Together with Ji Fanxin, he reappeared below the Divine Sky-connecting Tree.

The trunk of the flourishing Divine Sky-connecting Tree was larger than a mountain. Each leaf looked like a cloud, green, glittering, and translucent, inhaling and exhaling the Saint Qi of Heaven and Earth.

Ji Fanxin looked with awe, bowing at the Divine Sky-connecting Tree before initiating communication with its consciousness.

Both of them were cultivating the Path of Life and sharing many common languages.

Zhang Ruochen stood at a distance and waited. When he saw that both the Divine Sky-connecting Tree and Ji Fanxi had no intention to stop, he left behind a clone of his spiritual power while his Saint Soul and consciousness returned to his body.

Using the Spring of Life, he helped Xie Chengzi heal his injury.

Meanwhile, Mastadon-Devouring Rabbit and Demon Ape had apprehended the captives of the Fane of Youshen and brought them in front of Zhang Ruochen, seeking his advice on how to deal with these prisoners.

There were twelve prisoners, whose cultivation base was Four-step Saint Kinghood and above.

“The Fane of Youshen has many capable figures. They are not going to give up but surely make a comeback. First, keep these men in prison. Who knows, they would be of use one day?” said Zhang Ruochen.

Saint Devourer had brought back dozens of Abominations, most of which were still intact.

After the death of Venerable Hiddenheart, these Abominations lost their wills and were no different from normal corpses.

“These Abominations were impressive in combat. Especially War Dragon and War Tiger. They were as powerful as a Nine-step Saint King. It is a shame that no one in the Royal Mountain knows how the secret technique of controlling the Abominations. Destroy them for good!” said Zhang Ruochen.

“Lord.”

Xie Chengzi emerged and bowed to him. “I used to practice the Abomination secret technique. Would you allow me to try?”

Zhang Ruochen agreed. “It will be a good thing if you can control them. It will increase our strength by many folds.”

Awesome, the Little Taoist had brought back the black altar that the Fane of Youshen cultivators drove.

The black altar was not an ordinary piece of equipment. It could resist the power of space and time. Besides, even the Supreme Power had a hard time defeating it. But now, it had been torn into half and was terribly damaged.

“Can you repair it?” asked Zhang Ruochen.

“It is not easy, but surely, I can if you could bring me one alchemist to assist me. I can not only repair it but also increase its power some more,” said Awesome, the Little Taoist.

“Alchemist?” Zhang Ruochen mumbled thoughtfully.

“First, let’s forget about this black altar for now. Our priority is to enhance the defensive ability of the Royal Mountain. I have gotten all the materials you want. Next, it will be your show to see if you can put up a Ninth Stratum Array.”

“Really? I am afraid that with my current cultivation base, putting up a real Ninth Stratum Array is still beyond my ability. But making a prototype of it is easy-peasy,” said Awesome, the Little Taoist with a smile.

So Zhang Ruochen left all the materials necessary for setting up a Ninth Stratum Array to Awesome, the Little Taoist.

Meanwhile, he came to the outer perimeter of the Royal Mountain and set up a better Dimensional Labyrinth and Time Array. He was going to make the Royal Mountain an absolutely safe and secure base camp, where he could protect more people.

Chapter 1803 - An Old Pervert

Chapter 1803: An Old Pervert

Over the following three days, Zhang Ruochen set up a vast number of Marks of Time and Dimensional Trap.

There was a multiple-fold increase in not only defensive capability but also attack ability, especially the Dimensional Trap, where even a Nine-step Saint King of the Greater Precept World could not escape from if he fell into it.

Next, it was Awesome, the Little Taoist's turn to set up the Ninth Stratum Array prototype. If successful and combined with the Dimensional Labyrinth and Time Array, Royal Mountain would become an impenetrable fortress.

News of Zhang Ruochen returning to the Yunwu Commandery had spread far and wide in the Kunlun Realm for the past few days.

News of the death of Yuan Che and Venerable Hiddenheart in Yunwu Commandery had struck a chord with many cultivators. It had not only shocked the outside world but also put a remote place like Yunwu Commandery on the crest of a wave.

Zhang Ruochen received a dozen communication talismans sent from Luo Shuihan, Kong Lanyou, Murong Yefeng, and others. They were all his old acquaintances.

Some of them were asking what had happened, and some asking if he needed any help. Kong Lanyou went a step forward: she asked to meet him at the Ming Hall as she could help him solve the problem with the Fane of Youshen.

Zhang Ruochen replied with communication talismans. He had learned that their situations were not looking too good, too.

The powerful warriors from the Celestial Court and Infernal Court had come to the Kunlun Realm. Of all the major forces in the Kunlun Realm, who could stay aloof from this situation?

Even a top-tier figure like Kong Lanyou, who dropped from the Supreme Sainthood to Saint Kinghood, had to go all out to deter the advance of the strong ones from the other realms to keep the Ming Hall safe.

The major forces of the Kunlun Realm appeared especially weak in the invasion's wake. All they hoped now was to guard their territories and not to kowtow to anyone.

But during the communication, Zhang Ruochen finally heard news of the Godstones.

Kong Lanyou told him that there were eight Godstones in storage at the Ming Hall. She could give him four, and the remaining four were a backup for the Ming Hall.

There was a divine ancient artifact in the Ming Hall, which needed the Godstones to activate it.

Besides, refining Heavenly Divine Pill required the Godstone powder.

So giving four of the Godstones to Zhang Ruochen was the best she could do.

Zhang Ruochen was overjoyed nevertheless. These four Godstones might be instrumental in helping him achieve the Seven-step Saint Kinghood.

He recorded another communication talisman:

The Ming Hall is the most powerful force in the Kunlun Realm. Why has it only stored eight Godstones?

The precepts of Heaven and Earth of the Kunlun Realm became incomplete and resources depleted a hundred thousand years ago. All the major veins could no longer nurture any Godstones.

Kong Lanyou quickly replied.

The Godstones that the major forces of the un Realm had in possession are leftover from the ancient period. There are few

left after a hundred thousand years.

Seeing Kong Lanyou's message, Zhang Ruochen finally understood why a person of stature like Luo Xu could only buy two Godstones.

If that was the case, there might not be many Godstones left in the Martial Market Bank.

At last, Kong Lanyou told him that the Kunlun Realm had recovered and that those veins from the ancient period could restart nurturing Godstones.

Following immediately, Murong Yefeng replied, telling him he could buy four Godstones from the black market.

Ling Feiyu was a little late in reply. "If you want the Godstones, come to Mount Topless. I can give all the Godstone stock in the Demonic Sect of the Moons to you."

Zhang Ruochen forced a smile at reading this communication talisman.

Feiyu, the Sword Saint, was still as bossy as ever.

Since Ling Feiyu was inviting him to Peekless Mountain and willing to see him, it meant that she had no more hard feelings toward him.

Zhang Ruochen knew he had hurt Ling Feiyu before. He wanted to go to Peekless Mountain to visit her.

For now, Royal Mountain's defensive array had yet to be completed, and the strong ones from the Fane of Youshen could make a comeback anytime. He could not leave just like that.

The only thing he could do now was to wait.

So long as Kong Lanyou and Murong Yefeng gave him the Godstones, he could surely achieve a greater height in his cultivation base.

Following that, Zhang Ruochen took out the Heavenly Polars Geomantic Compass that he got from the Venerable Hiddenheart. Holding it in his hands, he walked around on Royal Mountain.

The Heavenly Polars denoted the “good” and the “bad”.

With the Heavenly Polars Geomantic Compass in hands, one could court good fortune and dispel bad luck.

Of course, the compass was just an inanimate object; it could not completely get a person out of trouble. Had it been, it would have given Venerable Hiddenheart an early warning that Zhang Ruochen would launch a surprise attack on him.

But courting good fortune-wise, it had been proven to work in Zhang Ruochen’s hand.

Every time when a sacred herb appeared, the needle on the compass would flick slightly and emit a faint glow.

Since Royal Mountain is a land of enlightenment, the birthplace of the sacred herbs with flowing sacred spring, could there be veins underground?

Zhang Ruochen thought to himself and mobilized more Saint Qi into the compass to survey the ground underneath.

In the following days, he had combed the entire area surrounding Royal Mountain.

He found one vein, which was a big one. The thing was, it had only nurtured some spiritual crystals and saint stones, as well as a trace amount of Saint jades and exotic metals.

It looked like only the particular area where the ancient spirits had mined could produce Godstones. Zhang Ruochen sighed and was disappointed

There were no more than ten such veins in the entire Kunlun Realm.

In the other realms in the Celestial Court, none of them had such a vein. So no way they could produce the Godstones.

Those few ancient vines in the Kunlun Realm would be the main subject in the War of Merit this time. With Zhang Ruochen’s current cultivation base, his chances of getting a piece of the action from the battle were next to zero.

Most probably, the cultivators of the Kunlun Realm could do nothing but watch the other major realms take away the

resources in the veins.

It was the reality that the weaker ones had to endure.

Right then, Ji Fanxi's voice sounded in his mind.

“You can let me out now, Zhang Ruochen. I have something important to discuss with you.”

A particle of light emerged from his brow and reformed into the beautiful body of Ji Fanxin.

“So how things were going? What have you got after consulting with the Divine Sky-connecting Tree?”

asked Zhang Ruochen with a smile.

“By listening to his words, I have gained more in nine days than the nine hundred years of hardcore cultivation.”

She paused for a while, then continued,

“He said his body is in a secret location somewhere. If I could find his body, it would greatly help in cultivating my immortal body. I supposed you know where the secret location is, don't you?”

Zhang Ruochen nodded.

“I do, but now is not the time.”

“Why?”

asked Ji Fanxi.

“That place is too dangerous. I would have to attain the Seven-step Saint Kinghood before I could bring you there.”

Ji Fanxin's brows were knitted together slightly.

“You have just reached the Six-step Saint Kinghood not long ago. Even though this land of enlightenment has many sacred herbs that you could refine into divine pills, that would take at least several years before you could reach the Seven-step Saint Kinghood. I'm not ready to wait that long.”

“Why don't you tell me where the secret location is, and I will go there by myself.”

Zhang Ruochen smiled and shook his head.

“I can give you additional three Godstones,”
said Ji Fanxin.

Zhang Ruochen still shook his head.

“The value of the Divine Sky-connecting Tree isn’t something like the Godstones could be compared with. Even if I bring you to take the Divine Sky-connecting Tree, I couldn’t possibly give it all to you.”

“If you don’t mind, Fairy, please wait for a few more days on Royal Mountain. You don’t have to wait for years. So long as the Godstones arrive, I will make it to the Seven-step Saint Kingdom in no time.”

Right then, a piercing scream was heard in the forest.

Zhang Ruochen and Ji Fanxin turned into two streams of light and hurried in the direction from where the scream came.

A skinny, gray-haired old man was lying on the ground, crying. “You are killing me, man! You broke my arms! Can’t you all be nice to an old man like me? Someone, anyone, please say something about this injustice!”

When Zhang Ruochen walked over, that old man was still crying aloud. A group of Saintesses surrounding the old man were gritting their teeth in anger.

When Zhang Ruochen saw that old man, he had no word for it.

Isn’t he the tomb robber coming out of the Zhang family’s tomb? How did he get here on Royal Mountain?

“What is going on?” Zhang Ruochen asked a saintess.

“I don’t know how this old man sneaked into Royal Mountain. All I know is, he came into our cultivation hall and tried to steal Sister Qianyue’s clothes. We were lucky to spot him and apprehend him in time,” said the saintess named Lanlian, forcing her words through her teeth.

Zhang Ruochen was even more struck dumb now.

“Pervert!” A shy, embarrassed-looking saintess scolded in a low voice.

“This pervert should be beaten to his death!”

“The thing is, no one has beaten him. Yet, he lies on the ground and cries like a baby as if we all have bullied him!”

...

Zhang Ruochen felt a bit angry now. He took out the Yi Huang Bone Scepter, rolled up his sleeves, and walked over to the skinny old man.

The old man sensed something amiss. “What are you doing, Zhang Ruochen?”

“What am I doing?”

Zhang Ruochen raised the Yi Huang Bone Scepter and struck it out.

The old man reacted as quickly as a civet. He bounced up at once and dodged the scepter.

With Zhang Ruochen’s cultivation base, not every ordinary cultivator could dodge his move.

This was just too strange.

Ji Fanxin stared at the old man from a distance with a weird look in her eyes. “Interesting!”

“I do this for the sake of you, Zhang Ruochen. Can’t you see?” said the old man as he dodged another attack of the scepter.

“For my sake? There is nothing between you and me, yet it is all for me? Is there anything more perverted than stealing women’s clothes?” Zhang Ruochen had never met such a shameless person before.

“It is not what you think! I would rather die than enduring such an insult at my age! I was just thinking of putting some drug in their clothes. Never have I thought of stealing them. Do I look that sleazy to you?”

Zhang Ruochen was a little stunned, then became angrier.

“You were trying to drug them? Looks like I have underestimated you earlier.”

This old man would be the scourge of Royal Mountain if not gotten rid of immediately.

While they spoke, Zhang Ruochen and the old man had exchanged over a hundred moves. That old man cried and screamed, seemingly disorganized in his movement, yet Zhang Ruochen's Yi Huang Bone Scepter could not even touch the fringe of the old man's clothes no matter how hard he tried.

Chapter 1804 - Only The Stars but No Moon

Chapter 1804: Only The Stars but No Moon

“It is not for me but you and the Zhang Clan!” said the gray-haired old man argumentatively.

Zhang Ruochen stopped attacking. “What do you mean?”

“The Zhangs are going to be left without offspring. Don’t you know that? There are three things which are unfilial, and to have no posterity is the greatest of them. As one of the few men left in the Zhang Clan, your foremost priority should be to produce offspring and multiply. One good thing about you is, you have a strong bloodline, and your children would be no less potent than you are. I was relieved and thought you knew what you were doing when I saw there were tons of beautiful women around you. They were all of top-notch quality. I have been observing all this while. Yet you have never touched any of them. You are making me worry!”

The old man shook his head in disappointment as he reproached Zhang Ruochen.

Qianyue, the Saintess, took a sacred robe and carefully examined it. Sure enough, she found some powder-like substance on the robe. She wiped her finger against the fabric to pick up the powder. The substance instantly permeated into her skin.

She felt her finger unbearably itchy. Something strange was happening to her body.

Her face blushed. She bit her lips and gritted her teeth as she nodded at Zhang Ruochen.

“You have successfully made an evil drug that could affect the Saints, you old fart? Not bad, huh?” Zhang Ruochen pressed his fingers against the temples.

“Not only that, but it also works on the Saint Kings. I can make some more if you want to try. Keep a large pack with you so it will come in handy when the opportunity arises,” said the gray-haired old man triumphantly.

Zhang Ruochen summoned his spiritual power and injected it into the Yi Huang Bone Scepter so it turned into a black skeleton. Using this, he launched an all-out attack against the gray-haired old man.

At the same time, he took out eighteen flags of the Conflagration of Heaven and Earth Formation to block off the land and air in the entire area.

“Stop pretending already, old man. Who are you, really? Why did you intrude into the Royal Mountain?” Zhang Ruochen performed a Dimensional Shift and a joint-lock Saint technique. But each time, he was one step behind the gray-haired man, failing to catch him.

The gray-haired old man suddenly stopped running. “All right! Let me tell you, I am the guardian of the Zhang Clan. I have been living in the Royal Mountain for the past one hundred thousand years, guarding the tomb of the Zhang Clan.”

Zhang Ruochen frowned. “Bullsh*t! The Zhang Clan only founded Yunwu Commandery over four hundred years ago. Where did the one-hundred-thousand-year history come from?”

“Heck, you’re an ignorant little kid,” said the gray-haired old man. “You sounded as if the Zhang Clan was born out of thin air four hundred years ago. Or did they just come from a piece of rock? Let me tell ya, everyone who lives could trace back their family roots to thousands of years ago.”

Zhang Ruochen had to admit that this old man had a point.

“I suppose your cultivation base must be above the Lesser Precept World of a Nine-step Saint King?” said Zhang Ruochen.

“So what if I am?” The gray-haired old man stood proudly.

“The Zhangs are just a small clan. Even giving birth to a Fish-dragon-Realm cultivator wasn’t something easy. How could

we have a Saint King-level guardian?” asked Zhang Ruochen.

“Aren’t you a Saint King yourself?” The Gray-haired old man looked at him with his eyes wide open.

“I—”

However, the gray-haired old man did not allow Zhang Ruochen the chance to speak. “The Zhang Clan has declined for sure. But during the medieval period, they were at their most glorious days. Many great figures and talents had risen among them. The clan was growing and their members were scattered all over the Kunlun Realm. Yes, the key was the clan was growing.”

The gray-haired old man’s eyes brightened up as he spoke.

Yet, Zhang Ruochen did not believe him. “As much as they grew, they could never surpass the Zhangs from the Central Region, could they?”

“Hey, kid! You are right. The Zhangs from the Central Region is a branch of our Zhang Clan. This is where their ancestral land is,” said the gray-haired old man unashamedly as he pointed at the land under his feet.

How he wished he could give the old man a good beating. But Zhang Ruochen held his anger back. “You look like no ordinary man. Why do you want to poke fun at a junior like me? If you leave the Royal Mountain now, I would pretend nothing has ever happened before.”

The gray-haired old man quickly put up his hand. “I can’t leave the Royal Mountain. Otherwise, I will be exposed.”

So he was determined to stay no matter what?

Zhang Ruochen quickly contacted Ji Fanxin through spiritual power.

“This man’s cultivation base is unfathomably high. I fear that he has come up to no good. I hope you, Fairy, could help me apprehend him.”

As if the gray-haired old man had overheard their telepathic communication, his sneaky eyes brightened up as they landed on Ji Fanxin. “Not bad, not bad at all! A Lotus of Divine

Reflection has cultivated into such a perfect body. She is definitely out of this world, straight out of the fairytale. If she could marry into our Zhang Clan, the looks of the offspring definitely won't go wrong. Who knows, she could even give birth to some badass figures.”

While speaking, the gray-haired old man flew toward Ji Fanxin.

“Watch out!”

Zhang Ruochen warned.

Ji Fanxin saw it coming. She extended her white hand and tapped her finger in the air.

A sea of petals appearing out of thin air formed a pink petal array, producing a mighty power of the Path as it spun.

Bang!

The gray-haired old man crushed the petal array and came in front of Ji Fanxin.

Just when Ji Fanxin was still in her shock, the gray-haired old man sprinkled a powdery substance at her, then turned around and disappeared into the woods like a wild rabbit.

“I can only help you so much, Zhang Ruochen!” The voice of the gray-haired old man was heard coming from the woods.

“Help my foot!”

Zhang Ruochen could not help but swear. He quickly performed a Dimensional Shift to give chase into the woods.

But the gray-haired old man had disappeared without a trace.

After failing to locate the old man, Zhang Ruochen gave up the search.

“Did the old man hurt you, Fairy?”

asked Zhang Ruochen.

Ji Fanxin nodded her head, her beautiful face carrying a hint of a strange expression.

“Something is not right with the white powder that the strange man threw at me. It has permeated my protective Saint Qi into

my body. But I managed to dodge most of it. I should be fine. Find me a clean and quiet place. I will use a Divine Netherflame to cleanse out the substance.”

“Okay.”

Ji Fanxin was an important ally of Zhang Ruochen; he did not hope to see this incident to affect their relationship.

A 400-mile-long sacred lake had formed in the Royal Mountain.

Ji Fanxin loosened her waist belt and took off her white dress, revealing her slim, curvy body, the skin of which was soft, the bosoms of which sleekly full, and the waistline of which so small that one could curl around with one hand. Moving her slender legs deeper into the sacred lake, she then submerged herself into it.

Fully bloomed, beautiful flowers grew out of the water. Their beauty and seductive scents started to attract birds, butterflies, and bees as if they were here to protect their fairy.

Zhang Ruochen sat with his back facing the lake, guarding her by the lakeside in case that perverted old man returned all of a sudden.

Luckily, that old man never came back.

Half a day had passed, and the sky started to dim. Stars appeared in the sky like the sand on the beach.

As ripples formed in the water, Ji Fanxi reappeared from the water. She was otherworldly, beautiful like a water lily.

Seeing Zhang Ruochen sit with his back facing her, she walked on water toward him. Without feeling fear or embarrassment, she came up behind him and put on her clothes on the spot.

“You can turn around now, Zhang Ruochen!”

said Ji Fanxin in her mind.

He spun around and saw Ji Fanxin standing under the starry sky, beside the sea of flowers. Her long hair was still a little

damp with beads of water rolling down her skin. She was so incredibly beautiful that it stunned him beyond words.

“You surely deserve the nickname Fairy of a Hundred Flowers. Your beauty almost has me conquered,”

said Zhang Ruochen with a smile.

Ji Fanxin could see that there was only admiration and compliments in his eyes.

“I have neutralized the drug in my body. I have to say that the old man is badass. We have got to take extra precaution.”

Zhang Ruochen looked up at the starry sky up above. “There are only the stars but no moon...” he mumbled to himself.

“What is in your mind?”

asked Ji Fanxin.

“In fact, there is another land of enlightenment near Yunwu Commandery. The place is even weirder than the Royal Mountain, and quite dangerous, too. But the sacred medicine made from there could directly boost the number of precepts in a cultivator’s body,”

said Zhang Ruochen.

“Isn’t that works similar to the sacred medicine of the Divinity Bestowment Altar, although they are different?”

Ji Fanxin became interested.

“You are right.”

A few moments later, Zhang Ruochen and Ji Fanxin rode in the Golden Dragon Carriage and headed straight to Luoshui.

Instead of waiting for the Godstones at the Royal Mountain, he was as well going looking for sacred herbs in Luoshui. Who knows, he might find favor in the lucky god’s eyes and achieve his breakthrough.

Many cultivators knew that a night with stars without the moon was the best time to get deeper into Luoshui. That was the reason a large group of cultivators had gathered here when Zhang Ruochen and Ji Fanxin arrived.

Zhang Ruochen put on a mask while Ji Fanxin concealed her aura. She changed her appearance a little; although still beautiful, she did not look as eye-catching as before.

“Cloud ship.”

A man with long, red hair exhaled, his breath turning into a cloud in the shape of a ship. He got on board the cloud ship and hurried toward the depth of Luoshui.

A tiger Saint King with scales on his body spread his fleshy wings and flew into the white fog above the water.

“It looks like there are many cultivators here. They surely know this is the land of enlightenment and want to keep this place for themselves,”

said Zhang Ruochen.

“These cultivators won’t pose a threat. They are the only ones having the capability to take the land of enlightenment in their hands,”

said Ji Fanxin in her mind.

Zhang Ruochen’s eyes followed her finger and saw a sacred ship made of pure white jade. A flag flying on the ship was printed with the words: Imperial Origin.

“The Dizu Divine Dynasty has even sent its cultivators to Luoshui.”

Zhang Ruochen was amazed.

The Dizu Divine Dynasty was one of the three great divine dynasties of the Macroworld of the Imperial Path, which was ranked among the top-one-hundred most powerful realms in the universe, a tad higher than the Qianhui Realm where Fairy of a Hundred Flowers came from.

A teenager who appeared to be a student called out from the white-jade ship toward the shore, “The White-Jade Sacred Ship of the Dizu Divine Dynasty could resist every danger of Luoshui. By just paying one thousand saint stones, each of you will be allowed on board to follow us to the deep-water area of Luoshui.”

Chapter 1805 - The 14th Prince

Chapter 1805: The 14th Prince

“One thousand saint stones for a ride aboard the White-Jade Ship? That sounds too good to be true!”

Zhang Ruochen chuckled.

“Agreed. That sounds fishy,”

said Ji Fanxi in her mind.

Zhang Ruochen understood what trick they were trying to play. Who did not want to keep the sacred herbs growing in Luoshui for themselves? Not to mention that endless opportunity in the deep-water region.

It made little sense that the Imperial Origin Divine Dynasty would want to share all that with everyone.

Unless they were up to something else.

“That white-jade ship is no ordinary vessel,”

said Zhang Ruochen.

The ship was just a few hundred feet long by eye measurement; its size and appearance were incomparable to the Demi Saint battleship made by the First Central Empire of the Kunlun Realm.

However, there were many elusive arrays covering the surface of the deck, columns, and hull. Some of the arrays had complex patterns. They made Zhang Ruochen dizzy when he tried to study them.

“The Immortal of the Imperial Origin Divine Dynasty has over a thousand children. But only twelve of the children showed signs of vision incarnation during birth,”

said Ji Fanxin.

“So Immortal Dizu ordered the use of mysterious gold and sacred jade with the addition of one of the world’s top materials, the Divine-made matter, to make the twelve white-jade objects. Those things would continuously improve in grade. He let them choose whichever objects they liked and use them, and see which white-jade object had a higher grade and bigger changes.”

“So Immortal Dizu is selecting his future successor?”

asked Zhang Ruochen.

“I am not sure, but there must be some connection,”

replied Ji Fanxin.

She then continued,

“The one choosing the white-jade sacred ship is Zhuo Chi, the 14th prince.”

“What level of cultivation that 14th prince has attained?”

asked Zhang Ruochen.

“Should be the Seven-step Saint Kingdom.”

“Only Seven-step Saint Kingdom?”

Ji Fanxi shook her head.

“Don’t you underestimate him. He may not be as talented as a rare genius like Shang Ziyan, but he is not far behind either. With only the Seven-step Saint Kingdom, his strength challenges that of a Nine-step Saint King.”

“I mean with his cultivation base of Seven-step Saint Kingdom, he could not possibly elevate the grade of the white-jade ship. I might not have tried it before, but I am dead sure that even a figure of the level of the Greater Precept World could not defeat the defense of the white-jade sacred ship,”

said Zhang Ruochen.

“That is because you don’t know who the mother of this 14th prince is. His mother used to be the Saintess of the Nebula Sect, which was one of the oldest sects in the Macroworld of

the Imperial Path. For the sake of the sect, how could the Nebula Sect not throw their support behind the 14th prince?”

The truth suddenly hit Zhang Ruochen.

By the looks of things, the notion that success lies not only on personal strength but also on one’s background applied everywhere.

“Why don’t we board the white-jade sacred ship and see who the 14th prince really is?”

said Zhang Ruochen.

“Aren’t you afraid of an ambush?”

“I’m not some low-hanging fruit. Ambushing me isn’t that easy,”

said Zhang Ruochen.

After paying two thousand saint stones, Zhang Ruochen and Ji Fanxin boarded the ship.

Cultivators dressed in different styles of Saint robes had gathered on the deck. All eyes were on Zhang Ruochen and Ji Fanxin as soon as they stepped on board. Specifically, they were ogling Ji Fanxin.

As the famous Fairy of a Hundred Flowers, her aura was unmistakable even though she had changed her appearance.

A young man who looked like someone of importance immediately came forward and introduced himself to Ji Fanxi. “I am Kong Yu of the Wind Realm. You are?”

Kong Yu’s cultivation base had reached the Five-step Saint Kingdom, which was considered pretty powerful.

Following immediately, a few others came up and introduced themselves.

“My name is Kong Hongyi of the Wind Realm.”

“I am Ka Er of the Cha Realm. Can we be friends, lady?”

...

Obviously, they were all after Ji Fanxi.

Little did they know that Fairy of a Hundred Flowers had a high expectation of men and was cold. Except for Zhang Ruochen who could get along well with her, no other cultivators could get a chance to talk to her.

She had tons of admirers; the men who wished to approach her were many.

Nonetheless, Ji Fanxin could not have cared less about them.

“If I had known this would happen, I would not have come on board.”

Zhang Ruochen stepped forward, his powerful sense of presence causing those cultivators to step aside. “Get the hell out of here. Don’t you all notice that she is apparently annoyed?”

“He has a powerful cultivation base.”

Kong Yu, Kong Hongyi, and others knew that they had underestimated him earlier and now quickly stepped aside.

The teenager who looked like a student was Ling Tong. He had a pair of smartly penetrating eyes. After staring hard at Zhang Ruochen and Ji Fanxi for a second, he quickly entered a light door and disappeared from the deck.

A while later, Ling Tong appeared in a colorful confined space. As if he was standing under a starry sky, he cupped his hands in respect. “Your Highness, two powerful figures are among us outside.”

Zhuo Chi, the 14th prince, was drinking with a man carrying a broadsword behind his back and a lady wearing a Nebula robe.

The 14th prince looked very young and handsome, wearing a seven dragon-patterned, purple Saint robe. “What do they look like? Which realm did they come from?”

“It’s a man and a lady. The man is wearing a mask that could block spiritual power. The lady has changed her appearance; there is no way to tell what her true form is,” said the student-looking teenager.

The lady wearing a Nebula robe was Nie Qingli, an outstanding disciple of the Nebula Sect of the Imperial Path

Macroworld.

“Tong Ling, you have got the most badass vision in the entire Macroworld of the Imperial Path. Even you couldn’t tell who the two are. I guess their backgrounds aren’t that simple.”

“Sister Nie, Brother Bai, let me go out to meet them.” The 14th prince rose to his feet slowly.

Nie Qingli and Bai Shang got to their feet in unison and walked out of the light door with the 14th prince.

A cloud of nebula had formed in the air above the white-jade sacred ship. It was round, bright and beautiful.

Driven by the nebula, the sacred ship started to sail.

Zhang Ruochen and Ji Fanxin stood on the deck, staring at the sparkling water surface.

There were stars, but no moon tonight.

The water surface reflected the starlight as if a long stretch of the bright and beautiful galaxy was inlaid on the Eastern Region.

Ji Fanxin suddenly discovered something.

“The starlight reflection on the water should be the guide to enter the deep-water part of Luoshui.”

Zhang Ruochen raised his finger and gestured something in the air before letting out a smile.

“Indeed. It is a star path. And this white-jade sacred ship is moving on it. That 14th prince is somebody, and he must have quite a number of capable men around.”

A burst of laughter came from not far away. “Thank you for the compliment. I am really flattered.”

Zhang Ruochen looked in the direction where the voice came from. A young man, dressed in a seven dragon-patterned purple robe, was coming in his direction. His aura told Zhang Ruochen that this guy was of utmost importance.

Kong Yu, the noble disciple from the Wind Realm, was pale in comparison in terms of aura.

This aura was lofty yet not prideful and distasteful. Needless to say, this young man must be the 14th prince of the Dizu Divine Dynasty.

Ji Fanxin was still gazing at the starlight reflection and ignoring the presence of the 14th prince. Zhang Ruochen forced a smile and came up to meet him. “There is something that I don’t understand, Your Highness. Why do you want to bring everyone to the deep-water part of Luoshui?”

“You must be a forthright man. Otherwise, you wouldn’t have asked this question so bluntly. But I am as bad as you think. I am just doing something that everyone would benefit from,” said the 14th prince with a smile.

“Eh?”

With his hands behind him, the 14th prince gazed into the depth of Luoshui. “In fact, Luoshui doesn’t belong to the Kunlun Realm. It fell from the outer universe. Somewhere deep down under Luoshui is the grave of a god. Have you sensed that?”

Zhang Ruochen closed his eyes and carefully scanned with his perception.

After the white-jade sacred ship entered the deep-water area of Luoshui, the Precept of Heaven and Earth had undergone obvious changes. The precept of many aspects had become incomplete.

Right then, a faint sense of divine energy permeated the air, engulfing and suppressing Zhang Ruochen’s cultivation base.

Indeed, only a phenomenon like this could appear in the death place of the god.

When Zhang Ruochen reopened his eyes, the white-jade sacred ship had passed through the white fog. Far ahead was several islands. They all were black and round like balls.

As the ship approached closer, the black-ball islands became even bigger in view, looking like massive mountains growing out of the water.

The white-jade sacred ship looked like a speck of dust in comparison.

It was a mind-boggling scene with several black planets floating on the water.

On the planets were mountains and rivers, and lakes, and oceans.

Above some of the planets, rocky mountains and smaller continents were circling around the planets.

“There is dimensional perturbation above the water. The dimensional structure of this place is complex. In a journey that is only a thousand miles, you may easily get lost traveling across the water if you are not following the star path during the voyage. I fear that the actual width of this water is no less than 5 million miles.”

Zhang Ruochen was a little puzzled, wondering what kind of place Luoshui really was.

They had seen many sacred herbs along the way, but the cultivators of the Dizu Divine Dynasty did not take a single one of them. They had left them to the other cultivators, who were the passengers of the ship.

Zhang Ruochen looked like he had a thousand questions in his head. And he could really read who the 14th prince was.

The white-jade sacred ship sailed toward one of the floating planets. It was roughly 2,150-mile in diameter, with two-third of it underwater.

On the top of the planet was a million-meter sky-soaring stone column, which was so huge and tall that it was beyond description.

On the stone column was a strange creature that almost grew together with the column. Its body was so huge that it surpassed that of the column it grew on. Looking closely, there were thousands of iron chains bound to the strange creature and the stone column.

The creature was dead, but the energy it emanated was making the Saint King cultivators nervous. They even went weak at

the knees.

Just then, Zhang Ruochen saw some fast-moving shadows on that planet. Obviously, some other cultivators were one step ahead of them.

Chapter 1806 - Landing

Chapter 1806: Landing

Fifty miles from the planet, the water's surface was no longer calm. The current was strong and waves were hundreds of feet high.

Palaces and rocks the size of a mountain were flying along the waves at ten times the speed of sound, forming an isolation zone.

Even the Saint Kinghood cultivators were wary to pass through as it was too dangerous.

The wind screamed past with a horrific howl as if it was going to blow away all the cultivators.

The round nebula above the white-jade sacred ship suddenly swelled to ten times its original size. It shrouded the ship within it. The ship passed through the dangerous zone safely and arrived below the planet.

The cultivators on the sacred ship looked up to study the black planet.

Two beams of golden light suddenly rose above the planet's atmosphere. They then turned into two figures wearing gold-threaded sacred armor and looked down at the white-jade sacred ship.

Judging by their armor and accessories, Zhang Ruochen recognized them. There was a strange look in his eyes. "The golden-armored imperial guards of the Dizu prince."

He finally understood the 14th prince's intention.

One of the golden-armored imperial guards seemed to fail to recognize the white-jade sacred ship. "Whoever you are, turn away. This planet now belongs to the prince of the Dizu Divine Dynasty."

Bai Shang, the guy carrying the broadsword on his back, stood on the ship and sneered. "His Highness is rather too assertive.

This is Kunlun Realm, not his little manor in Giant Pluto. What makes him think he could take whatever he wants here?”

“That’s right. We are going to land on the planet and start harvesting sacred herbs,” said Nie Qingli.

A commotion rose among the cultivators on the ship as they condemned the Dizu prince for overstepping the bounds.

Right then, someone brandished a sacred sword and struck with a mile-long trail across the sky, hitting the two gold-armored imperial guards into the water. No one knew if they were still alive.

Following immediately, the white-jade sacred ship rose into the air. It then flew into the black planet’s atmosphere and landed on the rock-covered surface.

The planet grew with many sacred herbs that gave out a strong herbal aroma.

Those cultivators on the ship became ecstatic. They faded into streams of light as they lunged out of the ship in all directions.

But they returned quickly. In fact, they were forced to return.

There was a loud rumble in the air. Nearly one hundred gold-armored imperial guards, carrying halberds and riding on golden-glitter, giant deer beasts, had come surrounding them. Each of these imperial guards was in their Saint Kingdom and emanating a powerful shock wave of the Path.

Their sacred armors and halberds had the same array of inscription. Once activated, they would form a massive array.

The more the people, the more powerful the array would become.

When the nearly one hundred gold-armored imperial guards came together, even a Nine-step Saint King would have to beat a retreat.

Zhang Ruochen sucked through his teeth.

“The Dizu Divine Dynasty is really a force to be reckoned with. Even a prince could command such an army of sacred imperial guards,”

said Zhang Ruochen through telepathy.

For comparison, there were only about 3,000 Saint Kings in the entire Guanghan Realm.

And the number was even lesser in the Kunlun Realm.

To put it into perspective, so long as the Supreme Kings and gods did not interfere, a prince of the Dizu Divine Dynasty had the ability to conquer half of the Kunlun Realm.

Of course, after the recovery of the Kunlun Realm, the number of Saint Kings and Saints had skyrocketed. Many cultivators, who failed to make ascension previously, had become Saint Kings.

“The Dizu prince’s mother is Immortal Dizu’s wife and the daughter of Sky Sect’s leader. Besides, the prince’s uncles are also influential figures of the dynasty. How hard could it be to take charge of an army of imperial guards with such a background?”

said Ji Fanxin, also through telepathy.

Zhang Ruochen chuckled.

“What a man! That Immortal Dizu could marry both the Saintess of the Nebula Sect and daughter of the Sky Sect’s leader.”

“Let us look at it this way: it is because of his marriage to the Saintess of the Nebula Sect and the daughter of the Sky Sect’s leader that Immortal Dizu could reign the Dizu Divine Dynasty and become an Immortal,”

said Ji Fanxin.

This kept Zhang Ruochen thinking.

So Ji Fanxin continued,

“Immortal Dizu’s aptitude and intelligence must be extraordinary since he was small. But without the support of the various ancient forces, he couldn’t have developed and become an Immortal.”

“The best way to amass support is to through marriage.”

“When Immortal Dizu ascended to the helm, he was representing the interests of these various forces that supported him. Of course, Immortal Dizu isn’t someone to be sniffed at. After achieving immortality, he has gradually gotten rid of the influence of the Nebula Sect and Sky Sect. Instead, he has turned around to exert his influence over them to consolidate his ruling power.”

Zhang Ruochen sighed.

“I didn’t know that a prominent figure like Immortal Dizu had to rely on compromises and someone else before his rise.”

Ji Fanxi seemed to have read what was on Zhang Ruochen’s mind.

“If you want to rebuild the Shengming Central Empire and the glory days of the Kunlun Realm, your only choice is to leverage on the major forces to succeed.”

“I am no longer a cultivator of the Kunlun Realm. Their glory and decline have nothing to do with me,”

said Zhang Ruochen.

“The future is always cruel. How would you run away when you alone have to decide the life and death of a billion people?”

Looking from an outsider’s perspective, Ji Fanxin could see much more clearly than Zhang Ruochen.

Boom!

Boom!

...

The earth trembled as four gold-armored giants, each a hundred-meter-tall, stepped out from among the army of gold-armored imperial guards.

One of the gold-armored giants looked murderous. “Get out or die!”

The faces of the Saints and the Saint Kings turned pale instantly. Some even quivered in fear, almost on their knees.

The 14th prince walked out of the white-jade sacred ship and scanned the surroundings.

“We all are the Celestial Court’s cultivators and comrades in this Battlefield of Merits. Are you going to defy the laws of the Celestial Palace and Fane of Merit?”

The cultivators at the scene knew that the 14th prince was using them.

But they could not give up the sacred herbs on the planet and leave just like that.

So some cultivators came to heel. “This planet belongs to the Kunlun Realm, not the private property of the Dizu prince. Who gives you the authority to drive us away?”

“Over my dead body! I am the son of Emperor Yun of the Wind Realm.”

“Everyone gets a share of the abundance of opportunities in the Kunlun Realm. Not even the Dizu prince could keep it all to himself.”

...

The four gold-armored giants looked like some ancient vicious beasts; rumbles of thunder rose inside their bodies.

Apparently, they were summoning their Saint Qi and about to attack.

The mighty energy burst out from their bodies caused some Saint-level cultivators to go weak at the knees and fall to the ground.

The 14th prince watched on with a smile on his face. Beside him, Ling Tong was holding a scroll and ready to record what happened at the scene.

“Adjunct!”

A skinny old man with four arms flew out to stop the four gold-armored giants.

This old man was Que, the Eunuch. He was the first elite fighter of the Dizu prince.

The 14th prince cupped his hands and greeted Eunuch Que.

“Be at ease, Your Highness. Since these cultivators are the men you bring, they are of course allowed to stay on the planet. But don’t say I didn’t warn you. This planet reeks of dangers. Don’t simply loiter around or you will get yourself killed,” said Eunuch Que creepily.

The 14th prince just shrugged with a smile. “Why are you alone here? Where is my elder brother? I miss him pretty badly after so long.”

“His Highness isn’t on this planet. I’m afraid that Your Highness would have to wait for some time,” said Eunuch Que.

“Looks like my elder brother is courting that princess again. I wish him all the best. Let’s go.”

The 14th prince tucked away the white-jade sacred ship and brought Ling Tong, Bai Shang, Nie Qingli, and others out of the encirclement of the gold-armored imperial guards.

The other cultivators onboard the white-jade sacred ship were no idiots. They did not follow the 4th prince but performed a skill and disappeared into the black mountains.

“Those guys are ungrateful lots! They didn’t even say their goodbye before leaving!” said Ling Tong.

The 14th prince shrugged it off with a smile. “Each of us just took what we needed. Do you really think they are so dumb as to go against the prince of the Dizu Divine Dynasty?”

Nie Qingli let out a smile. “Those guys must be thinking His Highness’s men dared not kill him. If not for Your Highness, those gold-armored imperial guards would have killed every single one of them.”

The 14th prince looked as if he was deep in thought. “My brother must have gone to visit the Heavenly Lady of the Tianchu! I heard that the Heavenly Lady was in Luoshui. She must have occupied one of the planets here.”

“I heard that not long ago, the Heavenly Lord of Tianchu Civilization had recovered from his injury and passed the Yuanhui Tribulation. His cultivation base has gotten an enormous boost. With the blessing of the Heavenly Lord, the

Tianchu Civilization would only get better and stronger during the next Yuanhui Tribulation,” said Tong Ling matter-of-factly.

“If His Highness finds favor in the eyes of the Heavenly Lady of Tianchu, he would essentially have the support of the entire Tianchu Civilization behind him. That would mean he will become even more powerful than ever.”

The 14th prince’s expression was unchanged. “The Heavenly Lady of Tianchu is one of the fairies in the

Portrait of the Nine Beauties

. Even if she isn’t the Heavenly Lady, it is worth meeting her.”

But Nie Qingli disapproved. “The so-called Nine Fairies Painting is just a painting drawn by Hua Chunqiu, the wanderer. It doesn’t mean that those nine girls are the most beautiful women in the entire Celestial Court.”

The 14th prince, Tong Ling, and Bai Shang knew what Nie Qingli was thinking, and they all laughed.

Zhang Ruochen and Ji Fanxi did not follow the 14th prince but headed straight to the polar region of the planet. That million-meter-tall stone column was right at the center of the polar region.

“We have company,”

said Ji Fanxin.

Zhang Ruochen snickered.

“Those must be the gold-armored imperial guards of the Dizu prince. By the looks of them, they are coming to expel us.”

Zhang Ruochen and Ji Fanxin stopped and waited for a moment. Sure enough, beams of golden light arrived from the horizon with a series of loud sonic booms.

There were twenty-seven gold-armored imperial guards and a gold-armored giant.

Apparently, they must have known how powerful Zhang Ruochen and Ji Fanxi were and had sent a quarter of their men to intercept them.

Chapter 1807 - Encountering the Immortal Vampires

Chapter 1807: Encountering the Immortal Vampires

The gold-armored giant stood in front of Zhang Ruochen and Ji Fanxin with an overpowering aura. “You two have one last chance to leave this planet. Or else, die.”

“By taking the law in your own hands, aren’t you afraid that Emissaries Vigilants will find out and inflict heavenly punishment on you?” said Zhang Ruochen.

“Luoshui is a strange place beyond your imagination. The Emissaries Vigilants will not see this place,” said the gold-armored giant.

Zhang Ruochen nodded. “There is an abundance of sacred herbs and underground minerals on this huge planet. Yet the prince of Dizu wants to keep everything to himself. Isn’t this overly avaricious of him?”

It was worth noting that the sacred herbs on this planet could directly boost the number of precepts in a cultivator’s body. Anyone who had control of this thing could nurture a large number of Saint Kings.

But the thing was, Luoshui belonged to the Kunlun Realm.

Zhang Ruochen was not too happy at seeing the cultivators from other macroworld occupy this land of treasure.

“This place belongs to His Highness and Dizu Divine Dynasty.”

While speaking, the armor of the twenty-seven gold-armored imperial guards glowed. Lines of inscription appeared and joined into one.

Zhang Ruochen hissed. On his right arm, the Fire God’s Gauntlet and Fire God’s Bracers ignited and turned into a cloud of fire.

Boom!

Waves of fiery fire spread in all directions as his hand struck the ground.

The twenty-seven gold-armored imperial guards were forced to retreat, their formation disintegrating in an instant.

Zhang Ruochen followed immediately with a serial rapid move, striking out with his palms at the gold-armored imperial guards, sending them flying like the poor scarecrows.

Those fearsome imperial guards turned into sitting ducks in front of Zhang Ruochen.

The gold-armored giant furiously roared as he raised his golden poleax and struck down from above Zhang Ruochen's head. Behind the giant, thunder, and lightning intertwined with loud bangs and rumbles.

But Zhang Ruochen did not dodge. He used the source power of the Fire God's Gauntlet and struck with both his palms. A faint divine power rushed out and collided with the golden poleax.

He intercepted it.

Boom!

A powerful saint shock wave burst out between Zhang Ruochen and the golden poleax, sending the earth trembling and rocks and gravel flying.

The dozen gold-armored imperial guards that remained were instantly sent flying backward and crash-landing several miles away.

“Awesome!”

Zhang Ruochen had used all his strength and barely to parry the poleax of the gold-armored giant.

It showed, in terms of strength, the gold-armored giant could challenge a Nine-step Saint King.

On the other hand, the gold-armored giant also realized that this little human in front of him was not someone whom he

could easily defeat. So he summoned even more power and retracted the thunder and lightning on his back to his arms.

From Zhang Ruochen's perspective, he was seeing a stream of thunder and lightning charging at him.

He immediately performed a Dimensional Shift and disappeared from the spot.

The poleax impacted the ground, creating a ten-mile-long crack in the earth. The lightning busting out of the poleax was purple, looking like a dragon traversing within ten miles in the vicinity.

Zhang Ruochen reemerged above the gold-armored giant and struck down his palm in full force. The strike made a dent in the golden armor and sent half the giant's body into the ground.

But the gold-armored giant had a solid defensive capability. He just took the blow from Zhang Ruochen with a hiss and some minor injuries.

“Power of Dimensions!”

The eyes of the gold-armored giant moved in his sockets. From a gemstone the size of a millstone in his chest, golden Sanskrit text flew out and covered an area of several thousand feet across.

The dimension within this area instantly stabilized multiple-fold.

This made the use of Dimensional Shift and Dimensional Fissure much more difficult. In fact, several times more difficult.

The gold-armored giant dragged himself out of the ground. Like a golden hill, the earth shook with every step he took.

“Make it quick! The other three gold-armored giants will arrive soon.”

Ji Fanxin looked into the horizon and quickly warned Zhang Ruochen.

“Got it.”

Zhang Ruochen no longer held back. He summoned the Ancient Abyssal Blade and charged at the gold-armored giant.

In a state of frenzy, the gold-armored giant sent out flashes of lightning. The earth under his feet started to melt. A shock wave of the sacred power burst out of his golden poleax at full Six-Radiance strength as he struck the poleax at his enemy.

Sensing the danger, Zhang Ruochen did not want to take this attack head-on. So he dodged.

As he came within 200 feet of the gold-armored giant, the Ancient Abyssal Blade and he became one. Sword Way Xuangang turned into a light beam and hit the gemstone in the giant's chest.

Boom!

The gemstone shattered as the Ancient Abyssal Blade penetrated the golden armor.

The giant must have not expected that his golden armor was penetrable. His express changed, and he quickly summoned all the lightning he could to his chest.

But the Ancient Abyssal Blade continued to sink half a foot deeper into his chest.

Forged from natural materials, the Ancient Abyssal Blade was a Seven-Radiance Thousand-Inscription Sacred Artifact-class weapon. Its penetrating ability had increased. Ordinary Six-Radiance Thousand-Inscription Sacred Artifact-class weapons would shatter instantly when clashed with the Ancient Abyssal Blade.

Tic-tac.

Sacred blood oozed out beneath the golden armor.

Again, the Ancient Abyssal Blade sank another half a foot into his chest. The gold-armored giant struggled.

More sacred blood flew out of his body.

Zhang Ruochen suddenly pulled out the Ancient Abyssal Blade and flew back before landing a thousand feet away.

The gold-armored giant fell on the ground, going down on one knee as he pressed his hand on his chest, panting relentlessly as if he had just come back from death.

Zhang Ruochen hissed. "I don't mean to make the prince of Dizu my enemy. But if anyone dares provoke me again, do it at your own risk."

After saying so, Zhang Ruochen and Ji Fanxin left before the gold-armored giant's eyes.

After a while, Eunuch Que and the other three gold-armored giants arrived. Seeing the battle marks at the scene, they were all stunned.

"That man and woman are so fearsome that even you are not their match?"

The gold-armored giant with magic marks on his face said, then took out a golden pill and handed it to the giant half-kneeling on the ground.

After taking the golden pill, the gold-armored giant dragged himself up slowly. "He is terrific. His sacred sword forged from natural material could penetrate my golden armor and body. I would have died had he not held back his sword."

The other three giants listened on and were startled.

The golden armor and body were the two things that they were very proud of.

With this golden armor and body, they could go wherever they wanted and do whatever they wished. Only Nine-step Saint Kings of the Greater Precept World could defeat their defense and strike fear in them.

"By the looks of things, there is something more to the man and the woman than meets the eye. Let us wait for the prince. Only then we will deal with them. Our biggest enemy right now is the Fourteen Prince," said Eunuch Que.

...

"Why didn't you kill those gold-armored imperial guards and that giant? You must understand that the prince of Dizu will not allow any other cultivators in his territory,"

said Ji Fanxin.

“Right now, the 14th Prince is the prince of Dizu’s biggest rival. I am afraid that he will not have time for me. But had I killed those golden armored imperial guards, I would have instantly become their public enemy No.1. When fights break out between us, the 14th Prince would be the biggest winner,” said Zhang Ruochen with a smirk.

“Harvest the sacred herbs and enhance our cultivation base first. Had I been in the Seven-step Saint Kingdom, I wouldn’t have been bound by my limitations.”

As soon as his voice trailed off, 128 spiritual power-clones of his flew out of his body into the black mountains.

A while later, those spiritual power-clones returned with the sacred herbs.

Zhang Ruochen mobilized the Divine Purification Flame, refined the sacred herbs into translucent liquid droplets, and consumed it.

He immediately felt the number of precepts in his Sea of Qi grew rapidly.

It increased to over 2,000 precepts in under an hour.

He enjoyed the process. If this process could continue, he would definitely attain Seven-step Saint Kingdom in half a month.

Just when he thought so, a sharp pain hit him on his brow, his expression changing.

“One of the spiritual power-clones has shattered! Who—who did this?”

He quickly pulled back his spiritual power. If a few more spiritual power-clones got destroyed, it hurt his spiritual power badly.

Zhang Ruochen performed a Dimensional Shift at once.

He wanted to find out what really had happened to that spiritual power-clone of his.

After traveling about a hundred miles, he came under a blood-red cliff.

The cliff measured about ten-thousand-feet high, growing with huge stalagmites and mushroom rocks, the structure of which was nothing but strange. On the cliff were groups of light, and each group was shrouding a sacred herb in its light.

Zhang Ruochen immediately knew that if he could harvest all of them, then refine and consume them all, it would definitely give a big lift in his cultivation base.

But he was not in a hurry. Instead, he released his spiritual power to scout the surroundings carefully. His spiritual power-clone must have encountered something dangerous before it was shattered.

He found something strange behind a mushroom rock.

Those things were well concealed. Zhang Ruochen could not even notice the presence of them with his 57th order of spiritual power. Instead, he only discovered them using the Spatial Domain.

“Reveal yourselves! No point hiding anymore!”

As Zhang Ruochen walked up the front of the mushroom rock, vines of silver color grew out from behind the rock and quickly covered the entire space.

“Don’t attack. We are the gold-armored imperial guards of the prince of Dizu.”

A man and a woman slowly emerged from behind the mushroom rock.

“The gold-armored imperial guards? Did you two destroy my spiritual power-clone?” Zhang Ruochen stared at the man and woman with a strange look in his eyes.

Had he not read the book

Immortal Vampire Secrets

before, these two people would have bluffed their way through.

But with his knowledge of the Immortal Vampires, only a transformed vampire emperor of Supreme Sainthood could have fooled him. No Saint-Kinghood Immortal Vampires could evade his eyes.

Chapter 1808 - Qi Sheng and Ying Huo

Chapter 1808: Qi Sheng and Ying Huo

The male gold-armored imperial guard looked rugged. He appeared calm and was not argumentative as he cupped his hands. “It was us who shattered the spiritual power-clone of yours, sir. We are willing to pay you 20 sacred herbs as compensation and hope you, sir, will let us go for the sake of the prince of Dizu.”

Zhang Ruochen walked up to him, his eyes looking past them at the cliff behind them. “Twenty sacred herbs? You must be kidding me! There are over twenty of them just on the cliff in front of me.”

“You must not have known, Sir. The sacred herbs are widely scattered throughout this planet. The cliff you see here is a rare land of treasure. Collecting twenty sacred herbs in one place isn’t something easy,” replied the male imperial guard unhurriedly.

While speaking, he took out a wooden box and handed it in front of Zhang Ruochen.

A sacred glow accompanied by a strong herbal aroma hit him as soon as the wooden box was opened.

Apparently, they were canny. When they knew that they could not get away from Zhang Ruochen, they quickly offered the sacred herbs to him while pressuring him with the prince of Dizu’s name.

Zhang Ruochen took the wooden box. Using a Divine Purification Flame, he refined the sacred herbs into liquid droplets and consumed it.

The male and female imperial guards stood in front of Zhang Ruochen and would not dare to do anything stupid.

They knew that this cripple in front of them was powerful. Neither a surprised attack nor fleeing would work.

Half an hour later, Zhang Ruochen reopened his eyes, his body glowing with sacred light.

“Not bad. I gained seven thousand precepts this time.”

He nodded in satisfaction. “You two collect all the sacred herbs from the cliff for me.”

The female imperial guard appeared displeased. “We are the imperial guards of the Dizu Divine Dynasty. What makes you think you can order us to work for you? Just kill us. We won’t be your slaves.”

“The prince of Dizu? He is nobody to me. Let alone you two! Since you two ask for death, I would be happy to oblige,” said Zhang Ruochen.

The female imperial guard gritted her teeth. As she was about to kill herself, the male imperial guard stopped her.

He then cupped his hands in respect. “We will do as you say, collecting the sacred herbs for you.”

“Very well.”

Zhang Ruochen looked on as the two went to do what they were told, a smile flashing across his face. “Don’t hurt the roots of the sacred herbs. Who knows, they might regrow next time.”

After the two gold-armored imperial guards harvested all the sacred herbs from the cliff, Zhang Ruochen continued to refine the herbs on the spot and ignored the two. Another one hour had passed when the number of precepts in his Sea of Qi increased by over 19,000.

“Amazing!”

His body could not have felt better. The Saint Qi was full to the brim and every drop of his blood was boiling.

Following immediately, he once again looked at the two imperial guards. “You two must have stayed in Luoshui for a

long time, haven't you? With the help of the sacred herbs, no wonder your cultivation base has improved so quickly.”

The two imperial guards' faces changed subtly.

“Our cultivation base is not worth mentioning, sir,” said the male imperial guard.

Zhang Ruochen snickered, then struck at lightning speed at the male imperial guard's chest with this finger

Having a high alertness, the male imperial guard bounced backward at almost the same time as Zhang Ruochen made his move.

At the same time, he summoned a small golden shield in front of his body.

Earlier, when Zhang Ruochen attacked the other gold-armored imperial guards of the Dizu Divine Dynasty, they did not even have time to react and were blown away.

Compared with the two imperial guards in front of him, they were many times weaker.

But the little golden shield could not withstand the energy beam shot out of Zhang Ruochen's finger. It flew backward upon impact, crashing straight on the imperial guard's chest, sending him flying backward.

The heart was one of the weak points of the Immortal Vampires.

Once wounded, it would defeat the Shapeshifting technique of the Immortal Vampires.

The male imperial guard half-kneeled on the ground, his body and appearance changing. He was now young and handsome, his facial features sharp. He was none other than Qi Sheng, the prince of Qitian.

Ying Huo, the Immortal Goddess, knew that she could no longer hide herself. So she revealed her true appearance and struck several needles that were as small as cow hair at Zhang Ruochen.

Bang! Bang!

Zhang Ruochen parried with an Armor of Words, deflecting all the needles.

He then put his hands behind him and walked over. “Qi Sheng, the prince of Qitian. Ying Huo, the Immortal Goddess.”

“Zhang Ruochen!” Qi Sheng looked at him.

“Not bad! You have even found out who I am!” Zhang Ruochen was somewhat surprised.

Qi Sheng saw that Zhang Ruochen looked like a cripple. “Not that hard to find out. Who doesn’t know that a cripple who practices Path of Dimension has appeared nearby Luoshui?”

“You look like a smart man.”

In the blink of an eye, Zhang Ruochen had shifted beside Qi Sheng.

A streak of blood marks appeared on Qi Sheng’s face. Qi Sheng struck his hand out but missed the target.

Before he knew it, Zhang Ruochen already appeared beside Ying Huo.

Just when Ying Huo tried to parry, Zhang Ruochen had returned to the spot where he had been standing.

The entire process happened in the blink of an eye, as if Zhang Ruochen had never left the spot where he stood. Now, Zhang Ruochen was holding something in his hands: a bangle and a ring. Both were storage devices.

The faces of Qi Sheng and Ying Huo could not have looked graver.

Zhang Ruochen examined the bangle and ring, then took out from within wooden boxes filled with over three hundred sacred herbs.

But since Zhang Ruochen had taken the sacred herbs earlier, consuming more would not help increase the precepts.

Ying Huo took a Thousand Beast Treasure Mirror. “Give us back the sacred herbs, Zhang Ruochen!” she snapped.

He shot Ying Huo a look, then took out yet something else from the bangle and ring. It was cauldron after cauldron of blood.

Human blood.

Zhang Ruochen's face turned frosty. "You two have killed the mortals living on the shore of Luoshui?"

Ying Huo and Qi Sheng had sensed a murderous intention within Zhang Ruochen. So they decided to act.

Lines of inscription appearing on the The Compendium of Thousand Beasts shimmered in bloody-red glow. A large swarm of vampire bats rushed out of the mirror toward Zhang Ruochen.

"How dare you resist!"

Divine Purification Flame spurted out of Zhang Ruochen's mouth and set those vampire bats on fire in a cloud of flames. All vampire bats of Saint Kingdom and below were burned to ashes, the rest beating a hasty retreat and fleeing into the distance.

Just when Ying Huo was about to summon other sacred beasts, Zhang Ruochen had shifted beside her and struck her right shoulder with his hand.

She fell to the ground, half of the bones in her body shattered.

"God Exterminator!"

Qi Sheng had already attained Five-step Saint Kingdom in his cultivation. Raising his hand to prop up a Godslayer Cross-Shield, he struck it down at Zhang Ruochen.

The shield was over one thousand feet tall. The Origin of Divinity power given out by the shield turned the sky within a few hundred miles of the shield red.

This was a move that not even a Seven-step Saint King could take.

Qi Sheng had always been a genius. Also, he had a divine ancient artifact like the Godslayer Cross-Shield. This enabled

him to fight cross-border battles, making him many times more powerful than many elites in the Celestial Court.

Yet Zhang Ruochen grabbed the shield barehanded and neutralized all the power Qi Sheng was using.

“How could he be this powerful?” Qi Sheng was in disbelief.

Bang!

Zhang Ruochen gripped the shield and yanked it at Qi Sheng, sending him crashing into the cliff.

Qi Sheng was badly injured, losing all his combat strength.

Zhang Ruochen then used a Divine Purification Flame to consume the The Compendium of Thousand Beasts and Godslayer Cross-Shield.

His expression changed halfway, and he quickly called it off. He had just sensed something in the Godslayer Cross-Shield; the shield contained an implement spirit.

The aura of the implement spirit was strong, and he felt like a speck of dust in front of this power.

But the implement spirit in the shield seemed to be still in hibernation. He had not been attacked simply because he had not woken it up.

On the other hand, the The Compendium of Thousand Beasts appeared even stranger. The mirror had many powerful sacred beasts confined within. Among them, Zhang Ruochen had even sensed the aura of a Supreme Saint Beast Emperor.

He should not have messed with these two things.

However, what perplexed him was why Ying Huo did not summon a Nine-step Saint King sacred beast or even a Supreme King Beast Emperor. Could it be that her cultivation base was not good enough and that she could not remove the seal that confined those powerful sacred beasts?

No wonder Blackie used to say that the Compendium of Thousand Beasts was a super badass weapon, and that it had always wanted to lay its hand on it! Zhang Ruochen thought to himself.

He kept the two sacred weapons into the Qiankun Realm. After calming his excited emotion, he wanted to tie up the loose end by finishing off Qi Sheng and Ying Huo with his Sword Way Xuangang.

“Wait-Wait a second!”

Qi Sheng shouted as he dragged himself out of a pile of rocks. “Spare Ying Huo’s life. I was the one who killed those mortals.”

“Who are you to negotiate with me? Every Immortal Vampire should be killed.”

Qi Sheng laughed. “Don’t you know that your stepmother is also an Immortal Vampire, and your veins are flowing with the blood of the Immortal Vampire?”

Zhang Ruochen faded into a series of afterimages and came in front of Qi Sheng, lifting him up with one hand. “Who told you that?”

Meanwhile, Ying Huo pulled herself up to her feet. “The Fane of Immortality has an entire collection of the various forbidden secrets of the Kunlun Realm. When the imperial government attacked the temple, I stumbled upon a sealed book. It contains the record that eight hundred years ago, Emperor Ming of Shengming Central Empire and the then Immortal Queen of the Immortal Vampires were lovers. And they had a son—you.”

Qi Sheng chimed in. “Zhang Ruochen. Eight hundred years ago, the woman you loved the most must have found out that you had the Immortal Vampire bloodline. That was why she betrayed and killed you. Eight hundred years have passed since, and now she has become a queen, and a deity worshipped by billions. But look at you! You not only have lost your family but also become a fugitive, fleeing from the Kunlun Realm to the far side of the Celestial Court.”

“So the humans are your enemy. You and us are of the same kind. So long as you are willing to return to the Immortal Vampires, you would surely receive special attention and nurturing considering the talent you possess.”

But Zhang Ruochen was unmoved. “My veins might have flown with the Immortal Vampire blood in the past life, but in this life, I am a human. A real human. You lot and I are not the same.”

Qi Sheng frowned when he realized that it was difficult to delude Zhang Ruochen. “Ying Huo and I are only pawns for others. Even if you kill us, the one Immortal Vampire behind us will still continue to slaughter and harvest the blood of the humans in the Kunlun Realm. He wants to refine a kind of blood pill that could help propel him to the Precept Domain-level of cultivation.”

Chapter 1809 - Floral Scent

Chapter 1809: Floral Scent

“The powerful Immortal Vampire behind you is Qi Xiaotian?” asked Zhang Ruochen.

“That is right.”

“What blood pill is he making?” asked Zhang Ruochen thoughtfully.

“The Millennium Blood Pill. It requires the blood of three thousand three hundred and thirty-three humans and a vast number of sacred herbs to make that thing,” said Qi Sheng.

“Once the pill is successfully made, attaining the Precept Domain level would be like a walk in the park for Qi Xiaotian. By then, no one around the Yunwu Commandery and Qianshui Commandery would be his match, and he would start making them even more potent Mega Blood Pill.”

“The amount of blood needed to make the Mega Blood Pill is ten times that of the Millennium Blood Pill.”

“So, Zhang Ruochen, your enemy is him, not us. If you want to kill Qi Xiaotian and take the semi-finished Millennium Blood Pill, we can be your guide. We just hope you would spare our lives.”

Ying Huo knew what Qi Sheng was thinking: he was actually leading Zhang Ruochen into a death trap.

Zhang Ruochen was powerful now, no doubt. But compared to Qi Xiaotian, the difference was still too huge.

Knowing what Qi Sheng was up to, Zhang Ruochen shot him a sideways glance. “The Millennium Blood Pill is invaluable to the Immortal Vampires. But it is the root of all evils in my eyes. Even if I got it, I would only destroy it.”

He used to refine the blood of the Supreme Kings and divine blood, but things made from the blood of thousands of

ordinary people really disgusted him. He would destroy it. He could not imagine consuming it.

“I guess Kai Shi is also with Qi Xiaotian?” asked Zhang Ruochen.

There was a fleeting sense of delight in Qi Sheng’s eyes, and he saw that Zhang Ruochen was not killing them at the moment. “He is. Qi Xiaotian has found Kai Shi an ancient vein to help heal his wound and break through into Nine-step Saint Kingdom.”

“An ancient vein? Where?” Zhang Ruochen’s heart skipped a beat.

“In Dark Wasteland, east of Luoshui.”

Almost every cultivator of the Yunwu Commandery knew that Dark Wasteland was a piece of desolate wilderness on the far side of the Eastern Region. It was said that it bordered the East Sea.

If Dark Wasteland has an ancient vein, Zhang Ruochen would definitely want to check it out.

He was not going to kill Qi Sheng and Ying Huo for now, but just blocked off their meridians and bloodline and held them into his Qiankun Realm. He then headed straight to the polar region to rendezvous with Ji Fanxin.

As he approached the polar region, the stone column erected on the earth started to block his field of vision.

The column stood like a wall towering into the sky.

The giant beast bound on the stone column still looked incredibly powerful. Zhang Ruochen felt some invisible force was suppressing his strength, preventing him from even using a tenth of his power.

Dimension was also becoming denser as he kept going.

He could not perform a Dimensional Shift here. All he was left of was riding the Golden Dragon Carriage to move ahead.

As he rode the Dragon Carriage and carefully observed the patterns on the stone column, he found that those patterns

contained some mysterious Path, just like the gods' engravings in the Celestial Domain of Truth.

But he knew for sure that these were not the Path of Truth.

250 miles from the stone column, beautiful flowers suddenly grew out of the black earth. Green leaves and gorgeous colorful petals made the place look like a dreamland.

Ji Fanxin, wearing a white dress, gracefully walked out of the sea of flowers and then hopped onto the Golden Dragon Carriage.

“Why are you appearing in your true form, Fairy?”

Zhang Ruochen looked at her with surprise.

Ji Fanxin pressed her lips together and let out a smile of boundless elegance. Zhang Ruochen was awestruck and could not take his eyes off her.

Many figures of higher stature than Zhang Ruochen in the Celestial Court were trying to court this Fairy of a Thousand Flowers, yet they all hit a brick wall with her. The biggest accomplishment of any man was to get Fairy to smile at him.

Seeing Ji Fanxin getting closer, and as the tip of her hair fluttered past his face with a light floral scent, Zhang Ruochen became restless.

“Fairy... you...”

“Shh, don't say anything.”

Her soft voice came as her soft body leaned in his arms. Her soft hand touched his face while the other curled around his waist.

His every muscle stiffened.

“Fairy, did-did you get rid of the drug of that old man from your body?”

“That drug is too strong. You gotta help me...”

Her pink lips moved closer to his ear, and her enticing breath was rubbing against his skin, exciting his every nerve.

At that moment, her hands turned into petals, extending from his face and waist and wrapping around his body.

As he could not move a muscle, he suddenly came to his senses.

This is not right. She is not Ji Fanxin. Who is using spiritual power against me?

Boom!

A scorching Divine Purification Flame burst out of his body, blowing the petal wrapping around him away. The petals went up in flames and were burned to ashes.

Following immediately, he lunged up in the air and went several hundred feet away.

As soon as he landed, he saw Ji Fanxin standing not far away.

She looked different this time. Not that alluring anymore, but in the exact look of after she changed her appearance.

“Who are you?”

The roar of a dragon rose from within his arm as he struck his palm.

There was a fleeting sense of puzzlement in Ji Fanxi’s eyes. She raised her two fingers to his palm.

Boom!

A powerful energy storm burst out between them, causing heaven and earth to rumble.

Ji Fanxin and Zhang Ruochen broke away.

“Why are you attacking me?”

Is she really Ji Fanxin?

Zhang Ruochen’s brows were knitted together tightly as he activated his Heaven’s Eye, trying to see the true form of this woman in front of him.

Ji Fanxin looked upset. She raised her hand and a spiritual power-vortex formed in the air, blocking the preying vision of Heaven’s Eye.

She knew that using Heaven's Eye, Zhang Ruochen could see through her sacred clothes.

She was really upset.

“How could you do this, Zhang Ruochen?”

He realized that using Heaven's Eye on her was not a decent thing to do, but he was still wary.

“Who are you, really?”

Things suddenly hit her. She had probably figured out what Zhang Ruochen was experiencing just now and looked at the Golden Dragon Carriage not far away.

She saw a demonic tulip on the roof of the Dragon Carriage releasing its pollen to engulf the carriage.

Zhang Ruochen also looked over at the Golden Dragon Carriage. But what he saw was Ji Fanxin, dressed in white clothes, sitting on the carriage with a sensuous smile on her face.

Now he knew that it was a trap, yet he still could not calm himself down.

He could not help it. The woman on the carriage was so different from the ethereal version of Ji Fanxin he used to know. This one was too irresistibly tantalizing.

“Break!”

As Ji Fanxin raised her finger and tapped lightly in the air, a spiritual power-storm shot out.

All illusions disappeared from Zhang Ruochen's eyes.

The woman who sat on the carriage and appeared to be Ji Fanxin had disappeared and turned into a demonic tulip.

Zhang Ruochen forced a smile and did not know what to say.

“Don't feel frustrated. This demonic tulip has a spiritual power of 59th order. It was normal that you failed to see through it.”

Ji Fanxin paused, then continued. “You looked nervous and anticipatory just now. What illusion did the thing make you see?”

Zhang Ruochen was embarrassed.

“I accidentally inhaled its scent. It must have weakened my judgment and self-control. Erm, anyway, we should first think of a way to get rid of it.”

This demonic tulip was not the same one that he encountered the last time he came to Luoshui. It had yet attained the hundred-thousand-year-level kind of ancient sacred herb.

So Ji Fanxin could harvest it easily with her spiritual power.

With his level of cultivation base, Zhang Ruochen was confident of getting away, even if he was not as good as Ji Fanxin. But Ji Fanxin’s spiritual power was unfathomably powerful—so powerful that even a 59-order spiritual power-cultivator looked like a sitting duck in front of her.

She had cultivated the Path of Truth to a level higher than what Zhang Ruochen had done. She was truly a force to be reckoned with.

Ji Fanxin handed the demonic tulip to Zhang Ruochen.

“I went to the polar region just now and found a blood lake under the stone column. It should be the Lake of the Divine Blood specifically.”

“The Lake of the Divine Blood?”

Ji Fanxin looked back over her shoulder at the corpse of the giant beast on the stone column, her expression grave.

“That’s right. It was formed by the blood flowing out of that beast, which seemed to be a legendary sub-divine beast. But... it is hard to understand. Really hard to understand.”

“Did you collect the divine blood from the lake, Fairy?”

Ji Fanxin shook her head.

“I left before reaching the blood lake.”

“Why was that?”

“There are many sacred herbs growing on the shore of the lake. They all look like a beast in shape. Those sacred herbs could attack the saint souls and spiritual power of the

cultivators. Among the sacred herbs are the hundred-thousand-year ancient sacred herbs, the spiritual power attack of which is terrifyingly powerful.”

“With your level of saint soul and spiritual power, they wouldn’t have posed a threat to you, Fairy.”

Ji Fanxin shook her head again.

“Besides, there is also an army of corpses and skeletons roaming around the shore. Among them are the corpses of the Supreme Kings. The beast-shaped sacred herbs release their souls and spiritual powers and put these corpses and skeletons under their control.”

Zhang Ruochen’s expression turned serious at hearing this strange phenomenon.

How could sacred herbs control the corpses of the Supreme Saints? The pertinent question was, how the corpses of the Supreme Saints ended up here, and who killed them?

“Have you ever thought about a question, Zhang Ruochen? How did those sacred herbs attack the saint souls and spiritual power of the cultivators? And why are they in the shape of beasts?”

asked Ji Fanxin in her mind.

“You suspect that the divine soul hasn’t entirely left the beast’s corpse bound to the stone column, Fairy? And those sacred herbs have absorbed the divine soul, and that is why they have become this horrifying?”

asked Zhang Ruochen.

“Whatever the reason, we mustn’t mess with them for the moment. In fact, there is an abundance of sacred herbs on this planet. As long as you could collect more of them, you will attain Seven-step Saint Kinghood in no time,”

said Ji Fanxin.

“I wouldn’t go there too since even you, Fairy, are wary of them.”

He paused, then continued,

“Could you go somewhere else with me, Fairy?”

It was equally urgent to stop Qi Xiaotian from making the Millennium Blood Pill and to search for the Godstones in the ancient veins. If Ji Fanxin could lend him a hand, then things would be a lot easier for him.

Chapter 1810 - The Ancient Vein

Chapter 1810: The Ancient Vein

As starlight flickered in the night sky and fog hovered over the earth. In between Heaven and Earth flew streams of Saint Qi.

Nine gigantic dragons were hauling an ancient golden carriage flying across the sky, leaving behind the heart-shaking energy of the Path.

Zhang Ruochen was sitting inside the carriage. He had consumed the demonic tulip and achieved a breakthrough in his spiritual power. He was now in the 58th order of this spiritual power, of which every cultivator was dreaming.

Cultivators with 58th order spiritual power were as powerful as the Seven-step Saint Kings and even the Eight-step Saint Kings.

Zhang Ruochen felt his saint heart undergoing tremendous changes. It seemed to have turned into a boundless, small universe. When he opened his hands, saint and spirit Qi flew into his hands. These Qis materialized into thunder and lightning, and then fire, wind, and crystals.

As he willed it, wind gathered the clouds and blocked off the starry sky.

He cupped his hands.

“Thank you, Fairy.”

“You’re welcome. That demonic tulip is of no use to me, anyway.”

She was in the middle of her cultivation, holding a translucent flower in her hands to study the patterns on the petals.

That flower was no ordinary flower but an Imperial Artifact of Precept.

Wi Sheng and Ying Huo were sitting in the dragon carriage and glancing at Ji Fanxin from time to time. They were speculating about who she was.

Ying Huo said to Qi Sheng through telepathy.

“Could she be more powerful than Zhang Ruochen? If this is the case, even if we lure him to Qi Xiaotian and Shi Kai, no way they could kill him.”

“If she is really that powerful, we might as well use her to get rid of Qi Xiaotian and Shi Kai. We will have a chance to escape when they knock the daylights out of each other,” said Qi Sheng.

Compared to Zhang Ruochen, Qi Xiaotian was the one whom Qi Sheng wanted to get rid of more.

Ji Fanxin suddenly opened her eyes and stared at them.

Ying Huo and Qi Sheng’s hearts skipped a beat, wondering if this lady could hear them talking through telepathy.

“You should properly seal their spiritual power, Zhang Ruochen!”

said Ji Fanxin, also through telepathy.

Judging by her tone of voice, Zhang Ruochen had more or less figured out that Ying Huo and Qi Sheng were using telepathy to talk to each other.

The thing was, he had never learned how to block off spiritual power.

“You think it is that easy?”

asked Zhang Ruochen.

“All right. Let me teach you Heart-locking Touch. See carefully!”

Ji Fanxin’s finger moved like a phantom as spiritual power was flowing in her finger. She then focused it into an energy beam to hit on the chest of Ying Huo.

Ying Huo hissed, and instantly her mind slackened.

“See that?”

asked Ji Fanxin.

Zhang Ruochen nodded. He then emulated what Ji Fanxin had done, hitting Qi Sheng's chest with a Heart-locking Finger.

His learning speed increased as his spiritual power improved.

Before this, if he were to learn a skill like Heart-locking Touch, it would have taken him several hours to master it. But now, he could understand and master it almost instantaneously.

From now on, his speed in learning the Precepts would increase tremendously.

The Golden Dragon Carriage flew for one and a half hours in the Dark Wasteland when the Heavenly Polars Geomantic Compass in Zhang Ruochen's hand glowed. As the glow increased in intensity, a majestic ancient hill appeared up ahead.

The Golden Dragon Carriage swooped down and then landed on the plain under the ancient hill.

Still, with the Heavenly Polars Geomantic Compass in his hand, Zhang Ruochen alighted. He looked up at the hill effusing with colorful lights and became excited. "That ancient vein should be beneath this ancient mountain."

"Someone has mined this vein a long time ago,"

said Ji Fanxin.

Zhang Ruochen carefully studied the ancient hill and found ancient patterns on the hill's surface.

Most of the patterns were blurry, probably because of the weathering. But judging by the complexity of these patterns, he could almost see that danger still existed on this ancient hill. If any ordinary cultivators encroached into the hill, death would be their only outcome.

On the north side of the ancient hill, Zhang Ruochen discovered a mine that was the source of those colorful lights. The density of saint Qi around this place was much higher than that of other places.

The Heavenly Polars Geomantic Compass glowed to its maximum intensity, so bright that it illuminated half of the ancient hill.

“Mamma Mia! The brightness of this intensity means that something precious is definitely underground. Do you think we will find the Godstones here?”

As Zhang Ruochen excitedly ran into the mine, the glow of the Heavenly Polars Geomantic Compass suddenly dimmed.

Light is good. Darkness is bad. Not good, danger ahead.

He tucked away the compass and immediately pulled back out.

A chunk of black mineral rock the size of an ordinary house flew out like a beam of light from the mine with a loud swoosh.

If Zhang Ruochen had not reacted quickly enough, the mineral rock would have crushed him. As strong as he was physically, the impact would have at least inflicted some injury upon him.

Boom!

The black-mineral rock fell to the ground about two hundred miles away, creating a thousand-foot-wide impact crater.

Just then, Zhang Ruochen sensed the presence of Shi Kai. He quickly activated Armor of Words to engulf himself in it. The Fire God’s Gauntlet and Fire God’s Bracers glowed in his arms.

Some invisible forces were lifting the rocks around the mine. The rocks then formed into a giant stone blade and struck at Zhang Ruochen from above.

The stone blade measured several thousand feet in length.

Thinking of testing his newly attained Six-step Saint Kinghood power, Zhang Ruochen did not dodge. Instead, he summoned a palm to take on the stone blade.

Boom!

Powerful saint energy exploded, sending dust into the air all over the ancient hill.

“Zhang Ruochen must have bumped into Shi Kai. With his current cultivation base, he is no match for Shi Kai. You should go and help him, Fairy.” Outside the hill, Ying Huo told Ji Fanxin.

But Ji Fanxin had no intention to intervene. “As long as Shi Kai hasn’t attained Nine-step Saint Kinghood, he may be no match for Zhang Ruochen.”

“Shi Kai might not be a Nine-step Saint King, but he could definitely change a Nine-step Saint King. Don’t you know that the Stone Clan is one of the Three Upper Races in the Infernal Court?” said Qi Sheng.

Ji Fanxin appeared nonchalant. “So what if he is from the Three Upper Races? Unless the guy with the body of dark matter comes, Zhang Ruochen could still defeat the Saint King of the Stone Clan even if he was two levels behind.”

Ji Fanxin was apparently confident that Zhang Ruochen could win, even when facing a figure of the level of Shi Kai.

But Qi Sheng and Ying Huo thought this lady in front of them had misplaced confidence. They feared that Zhang Ruochen would eventually die in the hand of Shi Kai.

Flames shooting out from Zhang Ruochen’s palm melted the thousand-foot stone blade. It turned it into lava and dripped down to the earth, turning a vast area of the hill red.

“It has only been a few days, yet your cultivation base has improved so much, Cripple?”

Shi Kai emerged from the mine and looked down at Zhang Ruochen.

“So confident! You must have recovered from your injury, I suppose?” said Zhang Ruochen.

“Since you know, why don’t you run for your dear life?”

Zhang Ruochen shook his head. “This ancient vein is in my territory. Why would I want to flee when I am here to clean up the encroacher?”

“Your territory?”

“That’s right. The entire Dark Wasteland belongs to me from now on,” said Zhang Ruochen.

“I think you must have thought too highly of yourself. Since you are here to seek death, I would be happy to help.”

Shi Kai struck his hand, intertwining with 50,000 precepts of the Palm. The energy of his palm could be felt 250 miles away, more powerful than the wind in the stratosphere.

This was the move of an Eight-step Saint King, the energy of which was astoundingly powerful.

Knowing that Shi Kai’s attainment in the precept of Palm was above him, Zhang Ruochen would not want to underestimate him. He raised his palms and gathered all his power to take on Shi Kai’s move.

The Fire God’s Gauntlet shot out a divine power, forming a cloud of fire.

Boom!

Zhang Ruochen was blown away, flying backward for dozens of miles before crash-landing on the plain. But his body’s momentum was keeping him sliding on the ground, leaving behind a three-hundred-foot-long gully on his path.

Shi Kai did not allow Zhang Ruochen the chance to react. He flew out of the mine with his second round of attack.

This time, he had upped his power.

“Dragon-Elephant Divine Furnace!”

A muscular aura a-hundred-thousand-time more powerful than ordinary humans surged out of Zhang Ruochen’s body, making him look like a fiery furnace. Thirteen dragon souls appeared on his left hand and thirteen mastodon souls on his right.

He took Shi Kai head-on again.

Boom!

The earth under his feet collapsed in an instant.

The strike from Shi Kai blew Zhang Ruochen into the ground.

But before he knew it, Zhang Ruochen reemerged from the ground. Other than looking bedraggled, he suffered no injury.

Shi Kai was surprised. “Not bad, Cripple. With only Six-step Saint Kinghood, you could still withstand two blows from me. Even the top geniuses of the Stone Clan surpass you by a bare margin. I didn’t know that there is such a powerful warrior like you in the Celestial Court. I should have learned about you long ago.”

“Stop the crap. Show me what you have got. Otherwise, it will be my turn.” Zhang Ruochen looked a sight, but he could hold his own.

“Heck, what an arrogant cripple!”

Shi Kai finally found Zhang Ruochen his worthy opponent. Unlike earlier, he was ready to crush him with full force. His body curled up, then turned into a massive stone ball, suspended and whizzing in the air.

Grass and gravel were sucked up from the ground and flying around the fast-spinning stone ball.

It suddenly moved in a direction, hurling toward Zhang Ruochen.

Seeing the stone ball fast-approaching, Zhang Ruochen slowly raised his arms. Over twenty-thousand Precepts and Precepts of the Palm gathered in his arms.

“Is he trying to take the strike from Shi Kai head-on?”

Ying Huo looked on, wide-eyed, thinking Zhang Ruochen was seeking death.

Shi Kai was going after him with full force, the attack of which was not something that a Six-step Saint King could withstand.

Boom!

His power increased six-fold as he summoned his Precepts to meet the stone ball. The strike blew the stone ball away, sending it crashing into the cliff of the ancient hill.

The ancient inscription inside the hill was triggered. A thousand streaks of bolt struck down from heaven, turning the cliff into a sea of lightning.

“Shi Kai... was blown away by Zhang Ruochen!”

Qi Sheng and Ying Huo were stunned, warmth draining from their bodies. They had seriously underestimated Zhang Ruochen.

Chapter 1811 - Under Mount Wanwu

Chapter 1811: Under Mount Wanwu

When the lightning finally subsided, Shi Kai dragged himself out of the cliff.

His body of rock was charred, still billowing with smoke.

If it had not been for the protection from the Saint King's inscription, Shi Kai would have died in the sea of lightning earlier.

"You truly are the most talented figure in the entire Celestial Court. You have achieved such attainment in the Path of Truth's cultivation. However, if not for the Precept of Truth, you wouldn't have defeated me with your raw combat strength."

"The Path of Truth is also part of my strength," said Zhang Ruochen.

Shi Kai felt embarrassed for losing to a Six-step Saint King. He was extremely indignant. "Tell me your name. I will surely come back for a rematch when I attain Nine-step Saint Kinghood."

"You won't have the chance."

Zhang Ruochen summoned his Ancient Abyssal Blade, on which Sword Way Xuangang condensed.

"Defeating me is one thing, but killing me is another. You still have a long way to go."

As soon as his voice trailed off, he sank into the ground and his body became one with the earth. His shadow and scent had disappeared without a trace.

All Stone Clan beings were capable of earth-tunneling, which was a sacred technique to blend one's body with the soil,

wiping off any trace of existence, including scent, to escape to several hundred miles away in an instant.

It was because of this that killing the Stone-Clan beings in this land was next to impossible.

“Conflagration of Heaven and Earth Formation!”

Zhang Ruochen sent out all eighteen flags and planted them within a one-hundred-and fifty-mile radius to form an array.

Heaven and earth within this boundary would be locked down.

Following immediately, he released the Spatial Domain to locate Shi Kai.

The Earth-tunneling Sacred Technique of the Stone Clan could evade the spiritual power and Heaven’s Eye. But inside this confined dimension, he would somehow or other leave some clues behind.

Boom!

The Ancient Abyssal Blade shooting out from Zhang Ruochen’s hand turned into a black light column and drove into the ground.

A loud cry was immediately heard coming from underground.

Shi Kai burst out of the ground, apparently injured. But he could not have cared less in a time like this. All he wanted was to run toward the edge of the array.

Zhang Ruochen retrieved his Ancient Abyssal Blade. “He is all yours. Don’t let him get away.”

“Got it, my lord.”

The Saint Devourer lunged out from Zhang Ruochen’s back. It turned into Moyin, and before long, caught up with Shi Kai.

Dozens of lightning-discharging vines flew out of Moyin’s hands and curled around Shi Kai to immobilize him.

Following immediately, sharp roots grew around Shi Kai’s body and used him as nutrients.

Zhang Ruochen entered the mine. He was careful to avoid the ancient inscriptions as he headed underground.

Inside the mine, the air was glowing with saint Qi.

On the ancient stone walls were different sparkling mineral rocks, most of which were spirit crystals.

The mine was large, very much like an underground meridian. Even after traveling several hundred miles, Zhang Ruochen had still not reached the end. Someone had mined this vein a long time ago. It was divided into dozens of mining sections with a complex structure. As powerful as Zhang Ruochen's spiritual power was, he nearly got lost inside.

In one section of the vein, it was all sacred jades.

It was here that Zhang Ruochen found signs of life: The Sacred-Jade Elves.

He did not disturb but went around them.

Another few hours had passed when he finally reached the center of the mine where all veins converged. Streams of air of different properties met here and intertwined to form a den of tens of miles across.

Each stream of air behaved like a river, flowing into and out of the den.

On the edge of this confluence of thousand veins, Zhang Ruochen discovered a large amount of spiritual Qi crystal, the Godstone, an item in the wish list of every cultivator of the Path.

All the sacred stones formed into a stalactite-like, tall stone column. Some of the Godstones were inlaid in the mineral rocks, forming a crystal wall flowing with light.

Zhang Ruochen was seeing so many natural Godstones for the first time in his life.

But he did not mine them in the first instant. Instead, his attention was on the confluence of the thousand veins. He lunged into confluence by performing a Dimensional Shift.

Once inside, he immediately sensed hints of spiritual Qi of heaven and earth. Delighted, he quickly moved toward the center of the confluence.

Sure enough, the spot was filled with spiritual Qi of heaven and earth. There were dozens of light spots blinking in the spiritual Qi, and each light spot contained incredibly powerful waves of energy.

Those were the Godstones.

His hands were shaking as he wanted to harvest those Godstones.

He then discovered that those Godstones had not materialized. Most of them were still in gaseous form. Inside a dozen light spots, however, liquid-form Godstones had formed.

There was only one light spot that had solidified into a Godstone.

He took the one and only solid-state Godstone in his hand, carefully studying it before tucking it in his clothes.

He was half-excited and half-disappointed when he emerged from the mine to meet up with Jin Fanxin and the Saint Devourer.

“How were things going? Did you get anything?”

asked Ji Fanxin in her mind.

Zhang Ruochen nodded and looked at Moyin.

Moyin had devoured Shi Kai; her cultivation base had gotten a slight boost. “May I help you, my lord?” she asked when she saw Zhang Ruochen looking at her.

“Stay here and guard this vein. Do not allow any Saint-level beings to come close.”

Following immediately, he summoned from his Qiankun Realm a batch of Tianji-Realm and Fish-dragon-Realm cultivators. They were to follow Moyin’s command to mine the minerals in the vein.

The spiritual Qi of heaven and earth in the vein was dense. It would be of great help in their practice of cultivation.

This ancient vein was priceless. As long as he had it under his control, he would have endless cultivation resources and wealth.

Of course, the more important thing was that this vein could nurture Godstones.

What Zhang Ruochen needed most for the moment was the Godstone.

After leaving the ancient vein, he let Qi Sheng and Ying Huo lead the way as they headed toward the hiding place of Qi Xiaotian.

In Zhang Ruochen's mind, Yunwu Commandery and Dark Wasteland had been demarcated as his territory. The existence of Qi Xiaotian naturally posed a serious threat to him.

Qi Xiaotian wanted to make the Thousand Age Blood Pill, and even the Ten-Thousand Age Blood Pill. In the processing of achieving this, he was going to slaughter countless innocent human lives. No way Zhang Ruochen was going to allow him to live.

In the mountain range on the eastern shore of Luoshui.

As the morning sun first rose, the Golden Dragon Carriage arrived at the foothill of a mountain covered in a blanket of fog and stopped right there. Other than the occasional roar of the beasts on the beautiful mountain, there were no signs showing that this was the hiding place of the Immortal Vampire.

Qi Sheng and Ying Huo exchanged a look and let out a veiled smile.

Qi Xiaotian was unlike Shi Kai. He was the son of an emperor, his cultivation base reaching Nine-step Saint Kinghood cum the Greater Precept World. He was multiple times more powerful than Shi Kai.

Not only that, there were a dozen large arrays on this mountain.

With Zhang Ruochen's current cultivation base, going against Qi Xiaotian was akin to suicide. Perhaps the only variable right now was the lady beside Zhang Ruochen.

Could she challenge Qi Xiaotian?

Ji Fanxin looked up from the foothill and found something.
“There should be an array master on the mountain.”

Using Heaven’s Eye, Zhang Ruochen found some marks of array inscription.

“There are three Eight Stratum Arrays, and fourteen Seven Stratum Arrays. They are definitely the works of the array master—a very badass array master.”

“Can you take them down?”

asked Ji Fanxin in her mind.

“I can try.”

He sent out the eighteen flags and planted them in eighteen different spots. This would seal off the area to prevent any Immortal Vampire from escaping.

Following immediately, he gathered all his power into the Fire God’s Gauntlet. The weather suddenly changed as dark clouds gathered and a strong wind formed.

Meanwhile, a fire-red glow burst out of his body as if the god of fire had possessed him.

Powerful divine energy shot out of the Fire God’s Gauntlet.

Boom!

With a strike of his palm, a one-thousand-foot-long flaming palm broke through the white fog and hit the mountain.

Boom! Boom! Boom!

His palm consecutively shattered three layers of light arrays.

Following immediately, twelve blood eyes flew out from the mountain. Each blood eye was as large as a pond of blood. They hovered in the air and combined into one body, on which thousands of array inscriptions intertwined to stop the flaming palm.

The bright light of the flames illuminated the entire heaven and earth.

Those Immortal Vampires hiding deep on the mountain rushed out, flapping their wings as they looked out of the mountain.

Their eyes were on Qi Sheng and Ying Huo.

“How dare you bring the cultivators of the Celestial Court here, Qi Sheng! Are you trying to betray the son of the emperor Honorable Qi Xiaotian?” An Immortal Vampire, whose attainment had reached Eight-step Saint Kinghood, chided.

“Honorable Qi Zeng, we are being threatened and having no choice,” said Ying Huo.

This Immortal Vampire named Qi Zeng did not give a hoot to what Qi Sheng and Ying Huo said. “How dare two cultivators from the Celestial Court to intrude Mount Wanwu. I will kill you two, harvest your saint blood for Xiaotian to make his Thousand Age Blood Pill.”

At this moment, all the arrays on the mountain came alive at once.

Ice crystal hills flew out of one of the Eight Stratum Attack Array in the direction where Zhang Ruochen and Ji Fanxi stood, smashing impact craters out of the earth.

The land within tens of miles from the impact craters instantly froze.

...

Two hundred and fifty miles away, a fool and a butcher stood by a small lake, looking in Mount Wanwu’s direction.

“Your Highness Heavenly Lady, it looks like someone has gone to stamp out Qi Xiaotian, saving us the hassle,” said Fool, giggling.

Butcher saw the flags planted around Mount Wanwu and rubbed his chin. “That cripple is too daring to challenge Qi Xiaotian. Didn’t he know that there is an absolute gap of cultivation base between them?”

“Didn’t Cripple have a helper?” Fool asked.

Butcher shook his head. “Among the Nine-step Saint Kings of the Greater Precept World, Qi Xiaotian’s cultivation base is of the highest. That poor cripple must have underestimated Qi Xiaotian’s strength. Today is going to be a bad day for him.”

A lady standing by the lakeside was shrouded by rings of spirit Qi. Her face was veiled. So it was difficult to make out her appearance. The only thing that seemed to stand out was a vertical eye in her brow.

“Who is that cripple?” asked the lady.

“Just a busy body, but Cripple has his strength. He is a rare cultivator of Dimension.”

Following immediately, Butcher told the Heavenly Lady the stories of his encounters with Cripple, Black Phoenix, and White Zhuque.

Chapter 1812 - Qi Xiaotian Versus Fairy of a Hundred Flowers

Chapter 1812: Qi Xiaotian Versus Fairy of a Hundred Flowers

The Heavenly Lady at the lakeside was Luo Ji, the Fairy of Tianchu Civilization.

She stared at the few people under Mount Wanwu from 250 miles away, her eyes flowing with changing colors. “That cripple has cultivated the Path of Dimension?”

“That’s right. Your Highness, Heavenly Lady, you know who he is?”

Butcher had a good impression of Cripple, his face telling it all.

After a few moments of silence, the Fairy of Tianchu shook her head. “His mental power is extremely strong, which is rare considering he is not a Supreme Saint. I have only seen three cultivators with such robust mental power.”

Butcher and Fool knew that the Heavenly Lady could see how potent the mental power of a cultivator was.

So they were surprised when they heard the Fairy of Tianchu had such a high regard for the cripple.

“So the cripple isn’t an ordinary human for sure. Could it be that he is a disciple of some deity?” said Butcher.

A thought came to mind, reminding the Fairy of Tianchu the man whom she had met at the Divinity Bestowment Altar. He was also a cultivator of the Dimensions, having the same level of mental power as the cripple.

That heartless guy disappeared after giving the Divine Spring to her, though. He never appeared again since then. No matter how hard she tried, she could not find him.

It was as if he had disappeared from this world.

Perhaps, he thought after giving the Divine Spring to her, they would owe each other nothing, and that there was no need to see each other again.

After a long while, the Fairy of Tianchu came out of her thoughts. “The helper of the cripple is no slouch, too. Her mental power is just as strong as the cripple’s.”

Fool was stunned. “Really? It is extremely rare to have two such a figure appear at the same time. Who is that helper? Is she an elite on the Saint King Merit List?”

“She changed her appearance. I can’t know her true form. But someone like her must be a renowned, powerful figure. I will find out when I test her.”

“With these two figures here, Qi Xiaotian is in trouble for sure.” Butcher chuckled.

...

Zhang Ruochen performed a Dimensional Shift and dodged several ice hills. He then lunged up in the air above Mount Wanwu, his spiritual Qi surging in him. He followed by gathering the Precepts of Dimension in his arms.

“Get rid of it!”

At that moment, a dimensional fissure appeared. At several miles long, it struck at the Eight Stratum Attack Array.

Boom!

As powerful as the Eight Stratum Array was, it could not withstand the power of dimensions. Many array inscriptions were severed by the dimensional fissure.

The array was broken and could no longer stop Zhang Ruochen.

Back on the ground and carrying his Ancient Abyssal Blade, Zhang Ruochen ran as fast as he could toward the top of the mountain.

“Let’s stop him!”

“He must not be allowed to trespass Mount Wanwu!”

...

Led by Qi Zeng, the Immortal Vampires launched a saturated attack to stop Zhang Ruochen.

There were so many Immortal Vampires that they looked like the locusts as they flew above Zhang Ruochen, blocking the sun and the sky. Some of them used sacred bolts, some sacred artifacts, and some blood palms.

But Zhang Ruochen feared none of them. Saintly might burst out of him, his fighting spirit high.

He would show no mercy at those Immortal Vampires.

“Thousand Dragon-Elephant Hands!”

He carried the bloody Ancient Abyssal Blade in one hand and struck with his left toward the sky. Instantly, thousands of palms appeared and struck the Immortal Vampires.

Bang, bang, bang!

The Immortal Vampires dropped like flies, their bodies mutilated. There was a high casualty.

Zhang Ruochen faded into a shadow. Lunging up to a Saint King Immortal Vampire, he thrust his sword. The sword pierced through the vampire’s forehead. He then pressed the sword in a downward motion, cutting the vampire in half.

“How dare you!”

Qi Zeng roared as he lunged down from the mountain. His body turned into a river of blood Qi, came behind Zhang Ruochen in the blink of an eye, and struck out with a punch.

He was draped in sacred blood armor and summoning his sacred power. This punch was so powerful that it could shake heaven and earth.

Those Immortal Vampires knew how badass Qi Zeng was. They quickly stepped back lest the shock wave of his punch would hit them.

Zhang Ruochen struck out his sword to meet Qi Zeng’s punch.

Boom!

Blood Qi and sword Qi burst out in all directions, the resulting shock wave causing a large part of the mountain to crumble.

Qi Zeng was blown away, his arm in tearing pain and he was beyond shock.

He had summoned all his strength to perform that move, yet his opponent had parried it with a sword.

Zhang Ruochen summoned the will of Eighth Sword, then the Ancient Abyssal Blade flew out of his hand, turning into a stream of black light toward Qi Zeng.

The sword was covered in a layer of sword Qi.

Qi Zeng used a Power of a Hundred Saints again. The shadows of a hundred Saints stood around him with all the power gathered in his hands, ready to meet the Ancient Abyssal Blade.

Boom!

The blood armors on his arms shattered as the sword Qi mutilated his arms and almost cut them off.

Qi Zeng was shocked at seeing the Ancient Abyssal Blade turning back in the air. His body turned into blood mist as he fled toward the top of the mountain.

“Help me, son of the emperor!”

A stream of black light was following behind the blood mist. It was getting closer and closer and was about to hit Qi Zeng.

In that life and death moment, a blood-red cauldron flew out of the mountain. The cauldron hit the Ancient Abyssal Blade and sent it flying back out, finally hitting the other mountain on the other side.

The blood mist condensed and Qi Zeng reappeared. He was panting heavily.

When he saw the cauldron suspended in the air, he breathed a sigh of relief.

That cauldron belonged to Qi Xiaotian, called the Sacred Cauldron of Blood Sacrifice. It was not only a Supreme Saint ancient artifact but also an Eighth Radiance Thousand-Inscription sacred artifact.

Once activated, it would shoot out a light beam and blow that cripple into pieces.

The appearance of the Sacred Cauldron of Blood Sacrifice caused the sky to turn red. Powerful energy covering the earth, making breathing difficult for Zhang Ruochen.

Those cultivators of the Immortal Vampire went down on their knees and kowtowed. “Son of Emperor, we, the Saints of Kunlun, are at your service.”

“Son of Emperor, we are at your service!”

...

“Does Qi Xiaotian really think he is invincible?” Zhang Ruochen pulled back his Ancient Abyssal Blade. At the same time, he took out the Yi Huang Bone Scepter and held it in his hand.

Qi Xiaotian emerged and stood at the highest point of Mount Wanwu with many Precepts flowing on his body.

He looked like a matchless demonic god.

An old man, stooped and wearing a bagua robe, was holding a metal staff beside Qi Xiaotian. On the tip of the sacred staff was a golden three-headed bat.

That three-headed bat was giving out a powerful aura, its body flowing with three different energies.

That old man was Zhu Xia, his spiritual power at the peak of 58th order.

What was even more terrifying was that his attainment in Path of Array was higher than many masters.

Qi Xiaotian’s eyes locked on Zhang Ruochen. “How dare you come looking for trouble, Cripple? I can see that you have a respectable level of strength. Let me give you two choices:

one, be my blood slave, or two, I will turn you into sacred blood and consume you.”

Qi Xiaotian was arrogant. Zhang Ruochen was feeling the pressure.

With his current level of cultivation base, he would surely lose to Qi Xiaotian.

But if he could flee using his Power of Dimensions, Qi Xiaotian could have done nothing about it.

So Zhang Ruochen was not afraid of him. He laughed. “Qi Xiaotian, according to

The Maleficent Records of the Infernal Court’s Ten Clans

, your danger index is only five. More people are more dangerous than you are. What makes you think you can behave so arrogantly?”

Qi Xiaotian was really upset about

The Maleficent Records of the Infernal Court’s Ten Clans

. He was an elite of the Greater Precept World, at least. How the hell he had only a danger index of five? He felt it was an insult.

Many other cultivators of the same level already had a danger index of six.

Qi Xiaotian was furious and issued his last warning. “Bow to me, or die.”

The word “die” exuded a powerful sound wave, causing many Immortal Vampires under the mountain to bleed through their mouths, ears, and nostrils.

Zhang Ruochen was also forced to retreat five steps backward. Only after thrusting the Yi Huang Bone Scepter to the ground that he could stop the backward momentum. That was how potent someone of Greater Precept World; even a sound wave could inflict such terrifying damage.

Zhang Ruochen suddenly smelled a faint floral scent. He looked back over his shoulder and saw the beautiful body of Ji Fanxin.

“Qi Xiaotian’s life could be exchanged for quite an amount of merits.”

With an elegant motion, she took down a golden hairpin from her hand and held it in her hand. Her black long hair instantly cascaded down like waterfalls on both sides of her face.

Layers of sacred-power light appeared on the golden hairpin with the full strength of the Fourth Radiance, then Fifth Radiance and Sixth Radiance bursting out.

When the full strength of the Seventh Radiance exploded out of the golden hairpin, the air around Mount Wanwu became thousands of times heavier as if it had solidified.

Cultivators of Saint Kinghood and below were all immobilized.

Qi Xiaotian’s expression changed. He knew that a cultivator who could use the full strength of the Seventh Radiance was no amateur.

He raised his hands and two blood columns flew out of his palms into the Sacred Cauldron of Blood Sacrifice.

However, Ji Fanxin did not allow Qi Xiaotian the chance to activate the Sacred Cauldron of Blood Sacrifice. She shot out the golden hairpin from her hand.

The golden hairpin looked like a phoenix on fire. As it traveled through the air, it produced a loud sonic boom that could be heard from a few hundred miles away. It sounded as if it was going to rip the sky apart.

At the lakeside 250 miles away, the Fairy of Tianchu’s eyes lit up. “It is her. Why did a figure like her come to Luoshui?”

As the power of the Sacred Cauldron of Blood Sacrifice had yet been activated, no way Qi Xiaotian could withstand the explosive power of the full strength of the Seventh Radiance.

With a sorry expression on his face, Qi Xiaotian shot out a talisman.

Bang!

The talisman exploded and turned into a thirty-foot-tall black cauldron before colliding with the golden hairpin.

It was now apparent that the talisman was a precious defense device. It blocked the attack from Ji Fanxin, saving Qi Xiaotian from a disaster.

Taking this opportunity, Qi Xiaotian took control of the Sacred Cauldron of Blood Sacrifice and yanked it down to the spot where Ji Fanxin and Zhang Ruochen stood.

“Get a taste of this Sacred Cauldron of Blood Sacrifice!”

Chapter 1813 - Zhu Xia, the Array Master

Chapter 1813: Zhu Xia, the Array Master

The Sacred Cauldron of Blood Sacrifice was as large as a typical palace, layers of blood appearing on the surface with the full strength of the Seventh Radiance.

Its shock wave was a tad more powerful than that of the golden hairpin. Before it hit the ground, the land around Mount Wanwu cracked open and swallowed up a large area of vegetation.

Since Mount Wanwu had the protection of the inscription array, it was spared from the destructive energy of the Sacred Cauldron of Blood Sacrifice.

Nevertheless, Zhang Ruochen's bones were crackling loudly. He was seemingly losing control of his legs as they sank into the ground. He felt as if the terrifying energy was going to shatter his body.

“Holy moly! The full strength of the Seventh Radiance is powerful enough to kill a Nine-step Saint King!”

Zhang Ruochen quickly summoned and injected his spiritual power into the Yi Huang Bone Scepter.

It exuded strong, evil energy. As the scepter turned into a black skeleton, it roared into the sky.

But Ji Fanxin made the move first, chanting something in her mouth. “Mirror of the Moon in the Water and Heavenly!”

She then pointed at the sky with her white finger.

A large number of Precepts intertwined. Combining with the spiritual Qi, it turned into a white sacred mirror, which looked like a moon thousands of feet in diameter. It then collided with the Sacred Cauldron of Blood Sacrifice.

The sacred mirror was just a thin layer of light. Zhang Ruochen was worried that it would shatter at once.

But he was surprised. The Sacred Cauldron of Blood Sacrifice equipped with the full strength of the Seventh Radiance had failed to defeat the sacred mirror.

The status of The Heavenly Light Technique in the Qianhui Realm was akin to the importance of the six great books of the Kunlun Realm.

Mirror of the Moon in the Water and Heavenly Light was the most powerful intermediate defense technique in The Heavenly Light Technique book. The more Precepts it infused, the more powerful its defense capability.

Other than that, Ji Fanxin had also mobilized the Precepts of Truth to boost the defensive capability of Mirror of the Moon in the Water and Heavenly Light several folds.

“How could it be?” Qi Xiaotian was stunned.

In Qi Xiaotian’s eyes, that lady seemed to have so effortlessly stopped the Sacred Cauldron of Blood Sacrifice in its tracks. This move of Ji Fanxin had indeed applied great pressure on him.

The golden hairpin took an about-turn and came back toward Qi Xiaotian.

He was forced to pull the cauldron in front of him to block the golden hairpin.

After dozens of rounds of the collision, Mount Wanwu was almost flattened with many parts of it crumbling. Even with the protection of the Eight Stratum Defense Array, it could not withstand the continuous impact of the full strength of the Seventh Radiance.

Qi Xiaotian was thinking of retreating. He knew that he would most likely lose to the lady. If the combat were to drag on, things were going to end up bad for him.

So he ordered Qi Zeng to retreat first with the cultivators of the Immortal Vampire.

“Trying to flee?”

Zhang Ruochen performed a Dimensional Shift, traveling across the void and reemerged among the cultivators of the Immortal Vampire. Immediately, a Divine Purification Flame burst out of his body.

“Run! It is the Divine Purification Flame!”

“It is Chenyan-class Divine Purification Flame. My blood saint body... I-I don't want to die!”

Those cultivators of Immortal Vampire turned into balls of fire and fell out of the sky.

Immortal Vampires of Saint Kingdom and below would be burned to ashes if they encountered the Chenyan-class Divine Purification Flame. Twelve of them survived and were running for their dear lives.

“Go to hell!”

Qi Zeng was full of hatred, his eyes were bloody red.

Shooting out of his bloody eyes were two beams of light, aiming straight at Zhang Ruochen.

It was Crimson Demonic Eyes, an intermediate saint technique of incredible power. It could cut mountains and rivers in half and kill its targets from hundreds of miles away.

Zhang Ruochen summoned all his spiritual Qi. Using the Ancient Abyssal Blade in his hand, he drew a circle of swords to block the two beams of Crimson Demonic Eyes.

Following immediately, he mimed a sword with his fingers and pointed at the sky.

A powerful sword Qi exploded, triggering a change in the Precepts of Heaven and Earth.

Thunder and lightning suddenly appeared above Qi Zeng.

Streaks of lightning intertwined and turned into a sword of lightning. It struck down, hitting Qi Zeng on the head. Immediately, lightning ran through him and shrouded his body like a spider web.

Some runaway lightning struck the ground and spread out in all directions like a purple wave, scorching the ground in its path.

Zhang Ruochen's move was the True Thunderflame Sword Technique, one of the top sword techniques in the Kunlun Realm.

Qi Zeng half-kneeled on the ground, badly wounded as even his Hundred-Saint Blood Armor could not protect him. His body had been mutilated underneath the Blood Armor.

Boom!

Zhang Ruochen summoned a massive palm and crushed Qi Zeng into minced meat.

Even the Hundred-Saint Blood Armor had shattered.

While Zhang Ruochen was dealing with Qi Zeng, the other Saint Kings of the Immortal Vampire had fled. Some of them had gone as far as 250 miles away.

Can't underestimate the damage a Saint King of the Immortal Vampire could inflict. They all have to die.

Zhang Ruochen took out the Azuresky Bow and Whitesun Arrow and killed every Immortal Vampire that tried to flee, turning them into clouds of blood mist.

Qi Xiaotian roared furiously at seeing what happened, looking as if he would devour anyone standing in his way. "I will kill you, Cripple!"

"Let's see if you can."

Zhang Ruochen aimed the Whitesun Arrow at Qi Xiaotian.

As he shot out the bolt, a powerful shock wave traveled out in all directions, sending dust and gravel several thousand feet in the vicinity flying.

The Whitesun Arrow turned into light, dragging its long tail as it flew toward Qi Xiaotian's forehead.

Qi Xiaotian struck with a punch and blew the Whitesun Arrow away.

"This arrow of yours looks like the wooden bolt shooting from a child's hand." Qi Xiaotian sneered.

Zhang Ruochen pulled back the Whitesun Arrow and shrugged. “It is a miracle that an arrogant person like you could survive until now.”

With Zhang Ruochen’s current cultivation base, his power was limited. It was only natural that he failed to kill an elite like Qi Xiaotian.

But there was Marks of Time on the Whitesun Arrow.

The bolt itself might have failed to kill. But so long as the Marks of Time had landed on the enemy’s body, it would reduce the health of the enemy and make the enemy weak.

Zhang Ruochen could see that the Mark of Time had landed on Qi Xiaotian’s body.

At first, Qi Xiaotian was belittling Zhang Ruochen. But the next moment, he suddenly went weak at the knees, shivering with sweat all over his body. He seemed to lose control of the Sacred Cauldron of Blood Sacrifice.

“What’s going on? Am I poisoned? Oh, no! This is...”

Ji Fanxin shot out a golden hairpin, piercing through Qi Xiaotian’s abdomen, leaving behind a through-and-through wound.

Like a leaking hot-air balloon, Qi Xiaotian became weaker and weaker, a sense of powerlessness hitting him. Before this, he thought it was pure bad luck to bump into the cripple and the mysterious lady who appeared to be worthy opponents.

But now, he felt that he was dying.

Flee!

Right now!

After taking a mouthful of Supreme Saint blood, Qi Xiaotian regained some strength. He then quickly retrieved the Sacred Cauldron of Blood Sacrifice, flapped his wings, faded into a streak of light, and lunged into the clouds.

At the same time, Zhu Xia, the array master, activated all the arrays on Mount Wanwu.

He wanted to use these arrays to bog down Ji Fanxin, buying himself some time.

Ji Fanxin looked back and shot Zhang Ruochen a look.

“I will leave the array master to you while I go after Qi Xiaotian.”

“No problem,”

said Zang Ruochen with a smile.

Zhu Xia was riding on the back of the three-headed bat and fleeing. When he heard the conversation between Zhang Ruochen and Ji Fanxi, he sniggered.

That cripple is thinking too highly of himself. I am unlike Qi Zeng. If he comes after me, I will overpower him and turn him into a vampire's slave.

Zhu Xia's major concern was not Zhang Ruochen, but Ji Fanxin.

Since Ji Fanxin was tied up with the arrays in Mount Wanwu, she would not come out of it until a few hours later.

Boom!

A loud noise rose in Mount Wanwu's direction.

Zhu Xia's expression changed, and he glanced back. A mysterious lady had breached the layers of arrays, flying up into the clouds like a flying fairy to go after Qi Xiaotian.

How-How could it be? Yuanguang Golden Turtle Array and Yellow Sancai Array are Eighty Stratum Arrays. There are also the Seven Stratum Arrays. Yet they are useless against her. Who is she, really?

Zhu Xia quickly instructed the three-headed bat to change its course, fleeing in another direction.

That mysterious lady would surely go after him after killing Qi Xiaotian.

Before that happened, he must flee as far as he could.

Before this, Ji Fanxin had only used the Power of the Path to fight Qi Xiaotian. It gave Zhu Xia the impression that they

were equal in strength.

Little did he know that Ji Fanxin's attainment in spiritual power was far higher than that.

She had used her spiritual power to defeat the arrays.

"Where are you trying to flee?"

A voice came from above Zhu Xia.

Zhang Ruochen emerged from the void, striking down with a thousand-foot-long sword at Zhu Xia. Thousands of streaks of sword Qi formed and shuffled in the air.

Zhu Xia quickly raised his sacred staff and pointed it into the air.

An array disc appeared. It spun slowly and collided with the sword Qi, blocking the attack from Zhang Ruochen.

"I will kill you if you come after me, Cripple!"

A hideous smile spread across the wrinkled face of Zhu Xia. "Spectral Chains of Thousand Ways!" he chanted softly.

A noise came within the array disc, then tens of chains the thickness of a bucket shot up into the air toward Zhang Ruochen. The chains looked like countless steel dragons went after its target in a spiral motion.

This array master is nasty, not easy to deal with!

Zhang Ruochen performed a Dimensional Shift again. When he reappeared behind Zhu Xia, he thrust the sword forward.

Zhu Xia spotted him from the corner of his eye. He quickly spread his arms, and immeasurable inscriptions appeared on the bagua robe to form a golden array.

The Ancient Abyssal Blade struck the array inscriptions. It felt like it had fallen into a vortex, pulling the sword and Zhang Ruochen into it.

Zhu Xia quickly took off the Bagua robe and chanted "close!", capturing Zhang Ruochen in his robe.

"You have thought too highly of yourself, Cripple! How could you fight an array master like me?"

The bagua robe in Zhu Xia's hand was made of the skin of the Black Hou, the king of beasts. The material was so robust that even Thousand-Inscription sacred artifacts could not tear it apart. It was a robe when it was opened, and a bag when folded. It had many inscriptions intertwined on the surface, capable of enclosing elites of Nine-step Saint Kingdom.

Zhu Xia landed on the back of the three-headed bat and continued to flee toward the horizon.

That aside, the bag in his hand continued to wriggle and stretch, some time in a big way, some time small, into different shapes. It was as if it was going to burst.

Chapter 1814 - Ashuran

Chapter 1814: Ashuran

Zhu Xia smacked the cloth bag with his hand. “Safe your breath. This bag is made of black hou skin, engraved with the remnant of the ancient Nine Stratum Array. When you hit it, things will fall back on you. Stop fighting back and be my blood slave.”

Zhu Xia was confident of the bagua robe, which was his favorite rare item. He had used it to kill countless powerful enemies.

The cloth bag suddenly swelled. It became larger and larger, almost the size of a typical house.

And then it swelled to the size of a mountain.

Zhu Xia was shocked, his narrow eyes wide open. He scrambled to summon his spiritual power into the bag to activate the array of inscriptions on the bagua robe.

“How does the cripple grow to become this big? Could it be that he isn’t a human but a wild giant beast in his true form?”

Zhu Xia was shocked, but still confident of the bagua robe.

His belief was based on the fact that when the black hou was still alive, it was some thirty-thousand-foot tall, when it opened its mouth, it could gulp down the water of an entire river, and it could trample a towering mountain to the ground.

Gradually, the cloth bag swelled ten times in size in the shape of a gourd.

The mountains in the surroundings looked like mounds in comparison.

A few hundred miles away, Fool and Butcher looked struck dumb. At first, when they saw Zhu Xia got the cripple and put him in the cloth bag, they thought of going to rescue him.

Now they stopped in their tracks and looked at each other.

“It’s a giant gourd!” Fool exclaimed.

As the cloth bag was stretched bigger and bigger, the bagua robe finally gave way and burst. A loud bang followed by a violent air current spread in all directions.

A gourd was suspended in the air.

Lightning was dancing on the surface of the gourd.

The area surrounding the gourd was affected by a strange energy. Water vapor gathered and formed into clouds, then came the drizzle.

The thing that tore the bagua robe apart was the Mercury Gourd.

Mercury Gourd grew on the Mercury Vines, which attached and intertwined around Divine Bajiao Tree, the water spirit root in the Kunlun Realm. Each Mercury Gourd could grow as large as a star.

In a sense, Mercury Gourd was something growing out of nothing. If extremely agitated, it could grow to several miles in diameter and crush billions of lives to their death as it rolled on the earth.

However, Zhang Ruochen had still not fully mastered the ability of the Mercury Gourd.

Before Zhu Xia knew it, Zhang Ruochen had appeared behind him. He thrust his sword into Zhu Xia’s heart from behind, and sword Qi shattered the saint soul in his saint heart.

It did not matter if it was the array master or the cultivators of the spiritual power, their biggest weakness had always been their fragile bodies.

“No, no, no... I-I want a rematch...”

Zhu Xia’s head fell back and plunged toward the earth.

Bang!

His body hit the ground and smashed.

Zhang Ruochen landed beside the smashed body and collected the saint soul.

Zhu Xia was a prominent figure among the Immortal Vampire. Killing him could earn him a lot of merit points.

He could exchange merit points for merit treasure at the terminals of merit. Merit treasure could elevate one's cultivation base and spiritual power, improve a cultivator's physique, increase one's wisdom, and many more. All in all, it had many benefits.

“Retrieve!”

Zhang Ruochen grabbed with his hand in the air and retrieved the Mercury Gourd. “Excellent stuff! Wait until my spiritual power achieves the 59th order and my attainment in the Path of Dimension and Path of Time elevates to a higher level, I will refine you into a dimensional treasure.”

The three-headed bat that Zhu Xia was riding on earlier was circling in the air, looking down at Zhang Ruochen with a murderous look in its three pairs of eyes. A strange shrill came out of its mouths. It formed into rings of ripple and broke apart the clouds within thousands of miles in the surroundings.

Not good!

Without time to react, Zhang Ruochen was hit by the sound wave. He felt his head was going to explode, his vision turning dark and losing his body balance. Who could have known that a bat used as a transport possessed such a level of strength?

The three-headed bat's cultivation base was of the Nine-step Saint Kingdom. Its voice could directly attack the saint souls of the cultivators. It was a very scary species of being.

Qi Sheng and Ying Huo had fled to a thousand miles away. But the sound wave still hit them. They dropped to the ground, hugging their heads with their hands, and screamed in pain.

Meanwhile, Fool and Butcher were much farther away. Coupled with their high level of cultivation base, the sound wave had little effect on them.

“No wonder Zhu Xia has a danger index of five in

The Maleficent Records of the Infernal Court's Ten Clans

. His pet is such a nasty creature!”

Butcher hissed and pulled out the machete he carried on his back. With the machete in his hand, he then rapidly swung his arm like a windmill.

The machete was flung out several hundred miles and cut off one of the three heads of the bat with precision.

The three-headed bat cried in pain. It became even madder as it plunged toward the ground.

Claws growing on the edge of its golden flesh wings were sharp and glinting like cold sharp blades. When the claws pierced through the air, aiming at Zhang Ruochen, the air suddenly went up in flames.

The power of this move was equal to the full strength of a Nine-step Saint King.

In this life-or-death moment, a huge shadow lunged out and stopped in front of Zhang Ruochen. A skeleton hand struck the three-headed bat, sending it flying out and crashing to the ground.

That shadow was the Yi Huang Bone Scepter that had transformed into a skeleton.

The black skeleton lunged out again, pressed the three-headed bat on the ground, and started eating it, swallowing its saint soul in the process.

Losing its saint soul, that bat's body convulsed a couple of times before gradually turning cold.

As that happened, the pain slowly left Zhang Ruochen's head. He finally recovered.

“That was a close call. Luckily, the Chaotic Space-time Lotus has enhanced my saint soul. Otherwise, it would have been broken up.”

He took a pill that could heal his saint soul, then walked over to the three-headed bat and collected a drop of saint blood from its body.

“Is this three-headed bat coming from the Ashuran Clan of the Infernal Court?” he mumbled to himself with his hand prodding his chin.

“You are right. It is Ashuran.” The pleasant voice of a lady came from the clouds.

Three shadows descended from the sky and appeared in front of him.

He recognized them all. They were the Fairy of Tianchu, Butcher, and Fool.

Zhang Ruochen was startled for a second when he saw Butcher and Fool standing behind the Fairy of Tianchu. But he quickly figured out why. “Apparently Her Highness Heavenly Lady whom they mentioned was you, Luo Ji.”

Zhang Ruochen had a mixed feeling when he saw Luo Ji again this time.

One of them was the Heavenly Lady, who was a figure of importance, talented and beautiful. And one was the prince of a perished kingdom of a declining macroworld.

They were not supposed to have any relationship, but fate had it they were destined to meet.

Zhang Ruochen thought after giving her the Divine Spring, they would have nothing to do with each other again. But fate was playing tricks with them and let them meet again, right here, this time.

Butcher retrieved his machete from the ground and guffawed. “Hey, mate, you are badass! The three-headed bat is a nasty species in Ashuran. Yet you could survive its sound wave attack. Your saint soul must be no less powerful than that of a Nine-step Saint King.”

Zhang Ruochen did not look at the Fairy of Tianchu, but he could sense that she was staring at him.

Zhang Ruochen pretended not to know her. “Thank you for lending me a hand, Butcher.” He cupped his hand in a sign of respect.

“I didn’t manage to kill the thing. Why thank me? It was your skeleton that was badass. With just the strike of its hand, it pinned the thing on the ground. By the way, what is that skeleton of yours?” asked Butcher curiously.

“Yi Huang Bone Scepter.” Before Zhang Ruochen could open his mouth, the Fairy of Tianchu spoke.

Zhang Ruochen finally looked at her. “You have a keen eye, lady. You are right, it is the Yi Huang Bone Scepter.”

“So you are the Divine Envoy of Yueshen, Zhang Ruochen?”

The Fairy of Tianchu stared at him, carefully observing his every subtle expression and movement.

Her eyes seemed to have seen through him.

Zhang Ruochen’s expression became a little unnatural.

Could it be that she has found out who I am? But that is not possible. No matter how good her eyes are, she could not have possibly seen through my Thirty-six Formless Transmogrification.

Zhang Ruochen did not answer her question. He just let out a smile and walked over to the black skeleton, retrieved it, so it transformed back into the bone scepter.

Sensing the awkward atmosphere, Butcher quickly guffawed. “Apparently you are the renowned The Scion of Time and Space Zhang Ruochen. I heard that you killed the divine clone of Blackheart Demonlord? That was awesome, man! Oh, let me introduce; this is the Fairy of Tianchu, the Heavenly Lady whom I have mentioned to you last time. She is one of the fairies in the

Portrait of the Nine Beauties.”

The atmosphere was still awkward as Zhang Ruochen and the Fairy of Tianchu were still silent.

Butcher was like ‘What the heck?’. Supposedly, any male cultivator who saw the Fairy of Tianchu would be awestruck by her beauty and tried to chat her up. At least all eyes would be on her and saying something to compliment her.

But this Zhang Ruochen had none of those reactions. Was he still a man?

Butcher hemmed to clear his throat. “Frankly, Fool and I are the cultivators from the Tianchu Civilization.”

“I heard that Tianchu Civilization and Ashuran Clan of the Infernal Court had been at war for a long time. You must know one or two about the Ashuran Clan, I guess?” Zhang Ruochen asked Butcher.

“I do, naturally.”

“The three lower clans of the Infernal Court. The Immortal Vampires feed on the blood of the livings to enhance their cultivation base. The Rakshasas feed on the flesh of the livings to boost their cultivation base. And the Ashurans, on the other hand, feed on the will and Qi of war to elevate their cultivation base,” Butcher explained in length.

“So the three lower clans of the Infernal Court have to resort to killing and destruction to grow stronger.”

“The Immortal Vampires and the Rakshasas are races in their truest sense. But the Ashurans comprise different living beings, and many of them are beings ascending or sneaking from the macroworld into the Ashuran planet.”

“Those who love killing, destruction, and war could transform into Ashuran. Of course, they need to go through the baptism of the Ashuran Sea of Warring Souls to become a true Ashuran and a member of the Infernal Court.”

Chapter 1815 - Invitation from the Endless Abyss

Chapter 1815: Invitation from the Endless Abyss

Petals fell from the sky like rain.

With each petal touching the ground, a new flower would grow. In just the blink of an eye, the earth had turned into a sea of flowers.

Ji Fanxin descended from the sky and landed beside Zhang Ruochen. She was in her true form, her beauty almost unparalleled, only rivaled by the Fairy of Tianchu standing on the opposite.

Two of the fairies of the

Portrait of the Nine Beauties

appeared in Luoshui at the same time. If this news got out, it would surely cause a stir and men would swarm like bees.

Ji Fanxin was dragging the Sacred Cauldron of Blood Sacrifice in her hand.

It was obvious that she had killed Qi Xiaotian.

Zhang Ruochen did not want to linger around here any longer, fearing he might inadvertently blow his cover, and the Fairy of Tianchu would recognize him.

“I have sealed the cultivation base and spiritual power of Qi Sheng and Ying Huo, yet they could get away. They must have some secrets I have yet to find out. I have got to get them back.”

“Worry not. They have contact with my pollen. I could find them even if they are thousands of miles away,” said Ji Fanxin confidently, as if she had everything under control.

In the Fairy of Tianchu’s presence, Ji Fanxin became more assertive without herself knowing it.

“Give chase with the Dragon Carriage. We must not let them get away.”

Zhang Ruochen took out the Dragon Carriage and placed it on the ground.

Qi Sheng and Ying Huo knew Zhang Ruochen too well. There would be no end of trouble if they got away.

Jin Fanxin climbed in and sat inside the Golden Dragon Carriage. After Zhang Ruochen followed suit, nine golden dragons flew out of the Golden Dragon Carriage into the sky.

Fool watched on and appeared admiring. “They are a perfect match. Who could have known that The Scion of Time and Space Zhang Ruochen and the Fairy of a Thousand Flowers are together?”

A smile spread across the rugged face of Butcher. “They both are smart and talented. One is the disciple of the Mandala Goddess, and the other is the Divine Envoy of Yueshen. If they study the Path and train together, their future would be immeasurable. It is not impossible that they could become gods together.”

The Fairy of Tianchu remained silent until the Golden Dragon Carriage disappeared into the horizon.

“If you two have time, be my guest on the Planet of the Nine Chorus in the depth of Luoshui,”

she said through telepathy.

Inside the Golden Dragon Carriage, Zhang Ruochen and Ji Fanxin had heard the soft and pleasing voice.

“You are avoiding her,”

said Ji Fanxin to Zhang Ruochen in her mind.

Her brusque words startled him, and he forced a smile.

“I am surprised you have noticed that!”

“If I could notice it, I am sure she could, too. Don’t underestimate women’s intuition.”

“You are right. She is pretty smart. It is impossible to hide things from her,”

said Zhang Ruochen.

“Why is that?”

“It is complicated. I still don’t know how to face it. Perhaps it was because of the same reason she didn’t expose me.”

He sighed softly.

Ji Fanxin knew that Zhang Ruochen and the Fairy of Tianchu must have an unusual relationship in the past. So she refrained from asking further.

“Hope she won’t misunderstand us lest things become unpleasant. I don’t want to create an enemy for no reason.”

“She has hundreds, if not thousands, of admirers. She has many better choices. Why would she want to fall out with you because of me?”

Zhang Ruochen shook his head and became silent.

There were tons of divine sons and heavenly sons trying to court her. Some of them were extraordinary, talented, handsome, and virtuous.

Would she accept any of them?

If so, Zhang Ruochen thought he would surely get jealous. After all, men were possessive.

The only thing was, he did not know if the Fairy of Tianchu was also jealous when he and Ji Fanxi left together. Were women not possessive?

...

Earlier, the sound wave of the three-headed bat had injured Qi Sheng and Ying Huo’s saint souls. They were suffering from great pain.

But they were no slouch. After they recovered, they quickly flapped their wings, continuing to flee.

They knew very well that it did not matter who won the battle; neither Zhang Ruochen nor Qi Xiaotian could let them go.

Flee...

Fleeing was the only way.

However, things did not go as planned. As soon as they arrived at the shore of Luoshui, they saw the Golden Dragon Carriage of Zhang Ruochen was already there, standing in their way.

Qi Sheng forced a smile, knowing he would surely die today. "Not bad, huh? You won, Zhang Ruochen! I have lost."

Zhang Ruochen got out of the Golden Dragon Carriage, stood straight as his eyes landed on the two of them. "Tell me, how did you defeat my seal?"

"It's simple, because there is divine blood hidden in my Sea of Qi. I could break the seal with the help of this divine blood."

Zhang Ruochen nodded. "Okay. I have cleared my doubt. I am going to take your lives. It will be quick."

Qi Sheng and Ying Huo exchanged a glance with a determined look on their faces.

They immediately summoned their saint Qi, ready to detonate their sainthood source to kill themselves and Zhang Ruochen.

"Wait a second!"

A soft voice suddenly came from the surface of the Luoshui.

A boat made of rosewood sailed out of the fog and appeared in front of the eyes of everyone. As the boat slowly came toward the shore, breaths of blood mist were drifting like a gauze in the air.

Qi Sheng and Ying Huo saw the light of hope and appeared overjoyed. The aura permeating on the rosewood boat was of the same ancestral root as theirs. It was obvious that there were the Immortal Vampires on the boat.

"Help us, we are from the Qitian tribe!"

Qi Sheng and Ying Huo cupped their hands in unison as they called out for help at the rosewood boat.

Creak!

The hatch of the boat opened. Two figures emerged and stood on both sides of the hatch.

One of the figures was dressed in a monk robe, holding a string of skull praying beads.

The other had the head of a crocodile, dressed in black magic armor.

Judging by the energy exuding from their bodies, both of them were Nine-step Saint Kings.

Ji Fanxin seemed to have also sensed something unusual in those people. She got out of the Golden Dragon Carriage, exuding a powerful spiritual power and aura.

The Nine-step Saint King dressed in a monk's robe extended his hand at Zhang Ruochen. "Your Highness Prince of Shengming, our master would like to meet you."

"Don't go. There is savage energy in the boat. Those people inside must be of Nine-step Saint Kingdom. I fear that their master is a notorious figure of the Immortal Vampires,"

warned Ji Fanxi through telepathy.

"Don't worry. Let me just check it out."

Zhang Ruochen leaped up and then landed on the rosewood boat, then headed into the cabin.

Ji Fanxin furrowed her brow, wondering why Zhang Ruochen wanted to take the risk.

But she knew that he was a very circumspect person. So she did not stop him further.

Once into the cabin, Zhang Ruochen saw a lady lying listlessly on a couch. Her skin was as fair as snow, wearing an ice-sculpture mask. She was none other than the lady wearing an imperial court maid's dress at the battle when the Kunlun Realm attacked the Xumi Dojo.

It was this lady who led eight Nine-step Saint Kings to bog down Shang Ziyang, creating an opportunity for Zhang Ruochen and others to take the Xumi Dojo.

So it was hard to tell whether this lady was a friend or foe.

Zhang Ruochen got down to brass tacks. “Who are you?”

“Since you want to know, Your Highness, I can only oblige.”

The lady in an imperial maid’s dress took off her ice-sculpture mask slowly, revealing her beautiful, enchanting face.

Seeing her face, Zhang Ruochen took a deep breath. He was surprised. “It is you, the missus of the Sect of the Blood God leader?”

“I am flattered that you still remember me. In the Sect of the Blood God back then, I didn’t know Your Highness’s identity. I apologize if I did anything that offended you.”

The lady in the imperial maid’s dress got to her feet, putting the ice-sculpture mask on the table. Anyone who looked at her could get lost in her mesmerizing eyes.

This lady was Qiu Yichi, the missus of the Sect of the Blood God leader, used to be the one who pulled the strings behind the helm.

Zhang Ruochen used to see Qiu Yichi as a demon-like existence. Especially her battle with the Art Saint Chu Siyuan. It left a lasting impression on Zhang Ruochen.

Chu Siyuan was a leading figure of his time, but he was still pale in comparison to her.

Of course, with Zhang Ruochen’s current cultivation base, he was not afraid of her. He was cool, calm, and collected.

“After drinking this cup, we will let bygones be bygones. How is that?”

Qiu Yichi picked up a wine cup from the table and handed it to Zhang Ruochen, seemingly a gesture of apology.

That wine looked fiery red and stank of blood.

Zhang Ruochen did not take the cup. “With just a cultivation base of a Six-step Saint King, you could command an army of Nine-step Saint Kings. Very impressive indeed. Probably only the Beguiler Demon could rival you.”

“You are right. I am the Beguiler Demon.”

Qiu Yichi put the cup to her lips and took a sip.

Zhang Ruochen had long been suspicious of it. But he was still pretty surprised when his suspicion was confirmed to be true.

But then again, when Qiu Yichi was still in her ordinary sainthood, she could already make the Saint King-level leader of the Sect of the Blood God her puppet.

Controlling Nine-step Saint Kings was not something impossible, considering her current level of cultivation base.

Qiu Yichi let out a faint smile. “Have Your Highness ever heard of the Path of the Mind?”

Zhang Ruochen’s heart skipped a beat. He bounced to his feet and wanted to step back.

He had heard of it before, of course. Legend had it that the cultivators of the Path of the Mind could read and control the mind of any living beings.

Qiu Yichi continued. “Have Your Highness ever heard of Soul Bewitching Blood Art?”

“It seems that I have underestimated you last time.”

“Relax, Your Highness. Even if I know the Path of the Mind and Soul Bewitching Blood Art, I wouldn’t dare to use them against Your Highness,” said Qiu Yichi.

“Let’s cut the cackle. Why do you want to see me?”

“Someone wants to see you. Hope you could make a trip to Endless Abyss.” Her smile faded from her face, replaced by a solemn expression.

“Endless Abyss...”

Something came to mind, and he became suspicious. “Who?”

“Your Highness will find out once you get there.”

Zhang Ruochen was restless. He gritted his teeth. “What makes you think I will go?” he shouted.

Qiu Yichi took out a golden brocade ribbon and handed it to him with both hands. “She said when you see this ribbon, you will know.”

There was an embroidered character 'Chen' on the golden brocade ribbon.

Emperor Ming had told him in his past life that it was his mother who made this embroidery brocade ribbon. So Zhang Ruochen had been wearing it all the time. Supposedly, this brocade ribbon should be on the dead body of his past life. How did it end up in Qiu Yichi's hands?

Chapter 1816 - Breakthrough of the Seven- Step Saint Kingdom

Chapter 1816: Breakthrough of the Seven-Step Saint Kingdom

Zhang Ruochen's fingers clenched the golden brocade ribbon tightly as he stood by the shore of the Luoshui, watching as the rosewood boat flew up and disappeared into the clouds.

Qiu Yichi had taken away Qi Sheng and Ying Huo. Zhang Ruochen did not stop her.

Right now, Zhang Ruochen was on pins and needles.

The appearance of this brocade ribbon had stirred her emotions. He was anticipatory as well as fearful.

He knew what he was afraid of.

“Endless Abyss... Who? Could it be her?” Zhang Ruochen mumbled to himself.

Meanwhile, Ji Fanxin was standing on the side, as if she had blended in with the surroundings.

She did not ask Zhang Ruochen who the person on the rosewood boat was. She just had a gut feeling that he was in trouble—pretty big trouble.

Endless Abyss was an inauspicious place. Even a powerful figure like Yan Liren, the Tenth Emperor, went to the place and never returned.

With Zhang Ruochen's current level of cultivation base, it would be too reckless and dangerous to go there.

He would be in deep shit if that was a trap.

He needed to be at least a Nine-step Saint King and fully master Yanshen's Leg, only then he had a higher probability of

survival.

After thinking long and hard, Zhang Ruochen tucked away the golden brocade ribbon.

“After killing Qi Xiaotian, did you find any Godstone on his body, Fairy?”

Qi Xiaotian was the earliest being who found the ancient vein. He would have most likely taken the materialized Godstones from the vein.

Ji Fanxin took out a box and handed it to him.

When he opened it, a bright divine light shone out of it. The intense divine Qi surged out like dragons.

There were three Godstones inside the box.

“I found these inside the Sacred Cauldron of Blood Sacrifice. Qi Xiaotian must be thinking of adding some Godstone powder to the Thousand Age Blood Pill, supposedly to enhance the efficacy of the pill.”

He quickly closed the box back, chuckling.

“Great. With these three Godstones, I would attain the Seven-step Saint Kinghood in no time. Since it was you who killed Qi Xiaotian, these three Godstones should rightfully belong to you. Offer me a price and I will buy them up.”

“I promised to give you three Godstones when you brought me to see the Divine Sky-connecting Tree. Have you forgotten?”

“Okay. But thanks for it anyway.”

Zhang Ruochen kept the Godstones and invited Ji Fanxi to Royal Mountain.

“I am planning to scout out Luoshui again. I don’t think I can go to Royal Mountain with you.”

Ji Fanxin gazed out at the fog-covered Luoshui, seemingly fascinated by it. Her beautiful body flew up in the air like a white petal, landed on the water, and then walked into the depth of the fog. She looked very much like Fairy Lingbo.

Fairy of a Hundred Flowers is really gutsy. She dares go to Luoshui without needing to wait for the night with stars, but no moon.

Zhang Ruochen knew how thoughtful Fairy of a Hundred Flowers was. She had an unfathomably high level of cultivation. So he did not stop her.

Ji Fanxin was probably looking for an opportunity to find a breakthrough in her current cultivation base.

If not for having a time device like the Sundial, he would have also gone to explore Luoshui, collect sacred herbs, and toughen himself in the process to elevate his cultivation base.

When thinking of the high cultivation base of Ji Fanxin, he could not help but feel the pressure.

Every cultivator in the Kunlun Realm was working very hard on and trying to find the opportunity to elevate their cultivation base. If he failed to catch up with them, he would be left behind.

Back on Royal Mountain, Zhang Ruochen went to see Awesome, the Little Taoist.

Awesome's attainment in the Path of Array was phenomenal. He had successfully set up the prototype of the Nine Stratum Array in just a short span of a few days.

Zhang Ruochen did a little test on the array. With his current cultivation base, he could hardly withstand the attack from the Nine Stratum Array.

This array, named Luotian Evil Purging Array, covered the entire Royal Mountain.

Awesome, the Little Taoist was thrilled with his little creation. "I am not exaggerating. Once a complete Luotian Evil Purging Array is finished, it will cover an area of fifty-thousand-mile across, putting the entire Yunwu Commandery within its protection. By then, even the Supreme Saints would be forced to retreat, let alone those Eight-step Saint Kings or Nine-step Saint Kings."

Zhang Ruochen was thrilled. “How much materials are needed to set up a fully functional Luotian Evil Purging Array?”

“Not much, just a hundred times more than what this prototype needs.”

Zhang Ruochen was struck dumb.

He had spent a large part of his wealth in buying the materials for this prototype.

He would not have afforded a hundred times more materials. Even if he could, he might not find enough materials in the Kunlun Realm.

Besides, Awesome, the Little Taoist might have high attainment in arrays, but he had yet achieved the Dishu-level and could not have possibly created a full-version Luotian Evil Purging Array.

“Let’s go! I have got a few more Godstones. We can activate the Sundial again. Will you be able to attain Nine-step Saint Kinghood in the closed-door cultivation this time?” asked Zhang

Awesome, the Little Taoist first appeared excited, then sighed. “After attaining Seven-step Saint Kinghood, every subsequent step requires the understanding of millions of Precepts. It is not that easy to ascend to Nine-step Saint Kinghood in such a short time.”

When the number of Precepts reached around one million, he would have a chance to achieve Seven-step Saint Kinghood.

But going from Seven-step to Eight-step Saint Kinghood, he needed three to four million Precepts.

Simply put, the difficulty of going from Seven Step to Eight Step was multiple times higher than going from One Step to Seven Step combined. Naturally, the time needed would be much longer.

The higher he went, the difficulty and time needed would be multiple times higher.

Because of this, the difficulty of cross-border battle would become higher.

Zhang Ruochen might be capable of challenging a Nine-step Saint King of the Lesser Precept World by using Precepts of Truth.

However, even if he could attain Seven-step Saint Kinghood, he could only challenge the Nine-step Saint King of the Lesser Precept World. He still had a long way to go before he could go against the Nine-step Saint King of the Greater Precept World.

If he could make breakthroughs in Path of Dimension and Path of Time, he would have more cards in hand.

After gathering most of the cultivators in Royal Mountain, the Sundial was once again activated.

The closed-door cultivation would be four-year-long this time.

Zhang Ruochen's primary goal during these four years was to attain Seven-step Saint Kinghood. He could spend most of his effort in ensuring his success. He could only realize a leapfrog improvement in his strength once he attained Seven-step Saint Kinghood.

Three years into the closed-door cultivation, the number of Precepts in Zhang Ruochen's Sea of Qi had surpassed one million. His Heavenly Stream had grown a size larger, and his cultivation base had successfully entered Seven-step Saint Kinghood.

He had consumed and refined all the sacred pills he had taken from others. His spiritual power had risen to the middle-stage of the 58th order.

Aside from this, his sword skill had also improved, his insight of Ninth Sword at the initial phase.

He was overjoyed after getting such enormous accomplishments in just a few years.

Zhang Ruochen clapped his hands together in a sword gesture, then summoned the sword will that existed all over his body.

Gradually, the soul of the sword will condense, forming into a three-inch little figure. This little figure looked identical to Zhang Ruochen.

This was the sword soul.

Only after the Ninth Sword was at the initial stage could a cultivator form a sword soul.

Sword soul was ten times more powerful than sword qi. It was invisible yet having powerful attack capability. It could travel thousands of miles to attack the saint soul of any cultivators directly.

When the saint soul was exterminated, the enemy would die.

None-Supreme Saint cultivators could not defeat Supreme Saints. Most probably, the reason was that they could not defeat the immortal body of the Supreme Saints. Even if a Supreme Saint stood unmoved, no Saint King could have harmed him.

But when a sword cultivator attained the ultimate phase in Ninth Sword, he could bypass the immortal body and directly attack the saint soul of a Supreme Saint.

In a sense, the mastery of Ninth Sword created the possibility of challenging the Supreme Saints for the Saint Kings.

Of course, it was only a small possibility.

How could the saint soul of the Supreme Saint be weak? Even less likely was the possibility of finding a way to attack the saint souls.

Nevertheless, the formation of a sword soul meant that Zhang Ruochen had officially entered a new realm of Sword Way.

Other than the sword skill, he had also gotten a tremendous breakthrough in his palm skill. He had also crossed the threshold in his cultivation of Heavenly Dragon-Elephant, the twelfth move of Dragon-Elephant Prajna Palm Strike.

Of course, to achieve the initial phase and even the ultimate phase, he would need to attain the Supreme Saint-level dragon and elephant souls.

It was hard. Very hard.

Zhang Ruochen had refined over ten-thousand red precepts in his left leg. He could not have preliminary control of the

power of Yanshen in his leg. He still walked like a cripple. But it was much better than last time where he would leave behind deep footprints on one side of his leg whenever he walked.

Achieving this meant that Yanshen's Leg became one of the biggest trump cards of Zhang Ruochen.

He had also learned an intermediate saint technique, legwork called Nine-Heaven God's Step as a supplement to his Yanshen's Leg.

Zhang Ruochen had gotten vast improvements in many aspects during the four years of cultivation.

His calculation told him that with his newly improved strength, he could evenly match Shang Zhiyan, who was at the peak of Seven-step Saint Kinghood when they met back then. Probably, he could even win by a slight one to two-tenths' margin.

The reason he could not completely crush Shang Zhiyan was that Shang Zhiyan had cultivated Way of the Three Corpses and Path of Flowing Light.

Besides, Zhang Ruochen was slightly not-up-to-par in terms of his weapons.

The Ancient Abyssal Blade, Eight-Dragon Fan, and Golden Dragon Carriage might be the weapons that many Supreme Saints coveted, but compared to what Shang Zhiyan used: Merit Stele, Tower of a Thousand Temperings supreme artifact, and Bloodbairn that fed on the blood of 8,888 babies, they still lost by a whisker.

It was a shame that Yueshen had borrowed the Kaiyuan Deer Cauldron.

“Had I possessed a supreme artifact, I would have been unrivaled in the Kunlun Realm considering my current cultivation base. Supreme artifact...”

His eyes suddenly brightened up as the thought of the Azuresky Pagoda came to mind. The pagoda was currently being held in the Kunlun Realm.

The Azure Pagoda was a supreme artifact of the Chi Clan of the First Central Empire. It was passed down from generation to generation, having a great power of destruction. Back then, during the battle in the Lingxiao Heavenly Palace, Zhang Ruochen had leveraged on the forces of the entire Guardian Dragon Pavilion, activating the Kaiyuan Deer Cauldron and suppressing it.

Back then, Zhang Ruochen's cultivation base was too low. He could not have controlled the Kaiyuan Deer Cauldron.

But now, he was eager to try it out with his Seven-step Saint Kinghood.

If he could fully master a supreme artifact, he would be free to do many things he had not dared to do last time.

Chapter 1817 - The Return of the Powerful Ancient Kunlun

Chapter 1817: The Return of the Powerful Ancient Kunlun
Beneath the Divine Sky-connecting Tree in the Qiankun Realm.

A nine-inch green jade tower was suspended in the air with a faint green glow.

A loud voice came as the branches of the Divine Sky-connecting Tree swayed lightly in the air. “If you remove the seal now, you may not be able to suppress the Azuresky Pagoda with your current cultivation base.”

“I would like to try. If I fail to subdue it, I hope you could lend me a hand,” said Zhang Ruochen calmly.

After saying so, he started to remove the layers of seal on the Azuresky Pagoda.

The tiny pagoda started to shake violently.

Ripples appeared in the air as heaven and earth trembled. Zhang Ruochen felt as if he was standing in the middle of a dimensional storm. If he lost his balance, that violent force would rip his body apart.

He took away the last layer of the seal.

Boom!

A supreme power rushed out and hit Zhang Ruochen.

But he had come prepared. An Eight-Dragon Fan propped up and spun at high speed, blocking the supreme power while he retreated tens of miles away.

He then moved the Eight-Dragon Fan aside and looked ahead.

The Azuresky Pagoda had become as massive as a mountain. A green glow that carried terrifying energy struck down at him.

But he was not afraid. He was no longer what he used to be. Using the Eight-Dragon Fan to shroud his body, he turned into a stream of golden light and lunged at the pagoda.

The Eight-Dragon Fan stormed into the pagoda through the door with a loud bang, with Zhang Ruochen following closely behind it.

Inside the pagoda was a misty world, with stars suspended above in a strange formation.

As Zhang Ruochen stepped out, ripples spread under his feet. “I heard that the implement spirit of the Azuresky Pagoda had long been missing. Now there is only the consciousness of the implement spirit left here. If you are to fight me, things will not end up well for you.”

“Young man, I may be just an implement spirit’s consciousness, but I have been in existence for one hundred thousand years.”

The next second, the stars above plunged from the sky.

They were as if the actual stars, becoming larger and larger as they fell with an immeasurable amount of energy. Even the Supreme Saints would probably be crushed to their death, let alone a Seven-step Saint King like Zhang Ruochen.

“Lend me your power, Qiankun Realm!”

As Zhang Ruochen raised his right hand in a palm, the entire Qiankun Realm raged with storms and dark clouds blocking the sky. The energy of the entire world was focused on the Azuresky Pagoda.

The falling stars vanished, turning into tiny pieces of rock as they plunged toward the ground.

A green Bi-an magical beast appeared behind these falling stars.

“So you are the implement spirit’s consciousness of the Azuresky Pagoda?”

Zhang Ruochen sent out his sword soul.

The three-inch-tall sword soul appeared on the black hou's head, holding a long sword, and was ready to strike.

The sword soul could attack not long the saint souls of the cultivators but also the implement spirits of sacred artifacts.

But the sword soul did not strike.

Because the Azure Sky Pagoda that kept the consciousness of the implement spirit would be much more powerful than without the implement spirit.

If can, he would like to bring it under his control.

The green Bi-an suddenly sighed. "Your speed of growth is twice as fast as what I expected, Zhang Ruochen."

"So you are not going to resist?" asked Zhang Ruochen.

"You have the power to destroy me. Why would I still want to resist?"

Zhang Ruochen almost wanted to call it a coward. But at last, he let out a smile. "As far as I know, the implement spirit of the Azure Sky Pagoda is the guardian of the Chi Clan. And I am an enemy of the Chi clan. Aren't you afraid that once I take control of the Azure Sky Pagoda, I would wipe out the Chi Clan?"

"You can't do that. When the implement spirit returns, no one can control the Azure Sky Pagoda. I could already smell the aura of the implement spirit. It should return very soon," said the green Bi-an.

The implement spirits of all the Supreme Artifacts in the Kunlun Realm had been missing, which had perplexed Zhang Ruochen for a long time.

Today, it seemed that he would find the answer here.

"Where did the implement spirit of the Azure Sky Pagoda go?" asked Zhang Ruochen.

"I have no idea."

The green Bi-an shook its head. “But once we sense each other, it means that it will be born very soon.”

Since the Azuresky Pagoda’s implement spirit was not destroyed, it would be born again.

But what about the implement spirits of other supreme artifacts?

Would they be born again at the same time?

Where did they go for the past one hundred thousand years?

Why would they want to leave the artifacts?

Zhang Ruochen shot out green and white-patterned Divine Purification Flame. It turned into a massive fire to engulf and control the green Bi-an.

He then withdrew from the pagoda and spread out his hands.

The Azuresky Pagoda landed on his palm. This pagoda that was as huge as a mountain earlier had returned to just nine-inch in height.

“With this supreme artifact in hand, there will be no place where I can’t go in the Kunlun Realm.” He placed his hand behind his back and looked like a king as confidence rose within him

He immediately started studying the Godslayer Cross-Shield and the Compendium of Thousand Beasts.

As soon as his spiritual power entered the Godslayer Cross-Shield, it came back out immediately. The Godslayer Cross-Shield’s implement spirit was an actual implement spirit, not its consciousness.

It was in hibernation.

Yet the energy it exuded felt so terrifying.

It was hard to predict what would happen once it was woken up.

Most probably, it would exterminate Zhang Ruochen before he had time to summon the power of the world from the Qiankun Realm.

He laid a layer of shackling power over the Godslayer Cross-Shield's surface, then asked the Divine Sky-connecting Tree to bind it on the ground using its root. Only then he was relieved.

The Compendium of Thousand Beasts was a badass artifact, inside of which were layers of dimensional structures. Each layer of dimension was further divided into small dimensions the size of typical palaces.

These beasts were not ordinary but sacred beasts in the third dimension.

In the fourth dimension, there were the eight-order, Saint King-level savage beasts.

Zhang Ruochen's spiritual spirit could not enter the fifth dimension. But looking down through what might look like a layer of ice of the fourth dimension, he could see the shadows of savage beasts.

Most probably, sealed within the small spaces of the fifth dimension were savage, ninth-order beast kings. He felt a chill run up his spine by just thinking of it.

His spiritual-power clone stopped in the fourth dimension, standing outside a cell with a vampire bat inside.

That Vampire Bat's cultivation base was at Nine-step Saint Kinghood. It looked hideous as it shrilled at Zhang Ruochen, spurting blood mist from its mouth.

A dimensional wall was separating the Vampire Bat from him.

Of course, the dimensional wall could stop the other cultivators, but not him. He was a master in dimensions.

Performing a Dimensional Shift, he crossed the dimensional wall over to the other side, appearing in front of the Vampire Bat.

The Vampire Bat shrilled and got even more pissed with flames rising from its wings. Its claws turned fiery red as it charged at Zhang Ruochen.

He tried to communicate with it but failed.

At last, he had to use violence to end violence. Again, he performed a Dimension Shift. He reappeared above the head of the Vampire Bat and struck it down to the ground. It passed out at once.

By right, mastering the Compendium of Thousand Beasts should have given me the ability to control the savage beasts here.

Zhang Ruochen was puzzled.

At the end of the day, it all boiled down to his inadequate understanding of the compendium. If Blackie were here, it could surely answer his questions.

Maybe I should ask the Divine Sky-connecting Tree.

He withdrew his spiritual power from the Compendium of Thousand Beasts and stood under the Divine Sky-connecting Tree.

A branch of the Divine Sky-connecting Tree reached down and shrouded the compendium. After a few moments, a voice came. “Zhang Ruochen, the Compendium of Thousand Beasts is a unique artifact of space and time. You should have noticed that the time flow inside it is different from the outside world. It is almost static. It is exactly because of this that deity of the middle ages is still alive and inside the savage beast until today.”

But if you want to control that savage beast, you have got to first meet two conditions.”

“Which two conditions?”

“One, there is a seal in every small dimension inside the compendium. You have got to use your power to remove the seals, only then you could summon the savage beasts.”

“Two, you must become the master of the Compendium of Thousand Beasts. Only then you can summon its power and control the savage beasts imprisoned inside.”

“How can I become the master of the Compendium of Thousand Beasts?”

“The Compendium of Thousand Beasts has an implement spirit. It will automatically choose its master.”

“But I didn’t find any implement spirit in the compendium,” said Zhang Ruochen.

“That is because it already has a master. Besides, the implement spirit and its master’s saint soul have become one.”

Zhang Ruochen thought of Ying Huo, then things became apparent to him. “Now I know why,” he mumbled to himself.

Had he known earlier that the Compendium of Thousand Beasts had taken Ying Huo as its master, he would not have let Qiu Yichi her away, no matter what.

“Damn it!”

He then continued. “That is to mean, I must kill the existing master of the compendium, only then I can become its new master?”

“That is how it works.”

Divine Sky-connecting Tree quickly continued, “But there are pros and cons in commingling with the compendium’s implement spirit. So I don’t recommend you to do so. If you can control the master of the compendium, you would have all the savage beasts inside the compendium under your control.”

Zhang Ruochen had no idea what were the cons, but the Divine Sky-connecting Tree had vast knowledge. It should have its reason for saying so.

Just as Zhang Ruochen was about to leave the Qiankun Realm with the Azuresky Pagoda, the Divine Sky-connecting Tree suddenly spoke again. “Something came to my mind recently. One hundred thousand years ago, some smart ones from the major ancient sects survived and went into hibernation. Their saint souls seem to be preserved with a special method, waiting for the right moment to wake up.”

“What?”

Zhang Ruochen’s heart skipped a beat. He was beyond stunned by this news. Things suddenly kept flashing through his mind.

“Hibernation... saint souls...”

He thought of the Mount Gushen of the Liangyi Sect, the Blood Good Altar of the Sect of the Blood God, and those ancient corpses floating on the water and frozen inside the icebergs in the Ying Yang Sea.

He used to fight with Xue Lingxian, the first disciple of the Blood God, on the Blood God Altar one hundred thousand years ago.

At the time, he thought it was just an empty spirit of Xue Lingxian. But now, hearing what Divine Sky-connecting Tree said, a horrifying thought came to mind. Could it be the saint soul of Xue Lingxian?

Mount Gushen of the Liangyi Sect seemed capable of preserving the ancient saint souls, too.

He would not have believed that people could come back from the dead had he not witnessed the power of the Chaotic Space-time Lotus. Now he knew that as long as body and soul were still there, resurrection was not something impossible.

Did Blackie not return from the dead this way?

So there would be many powerful figures from the major ancient sects and clans coming back to life again? During this chaotic, wartime?

Chapter 1818 - Seeking Help

Chapter 1818: Seeking Help

A hundred thousand years ago, when the Kunlun Realm was at its most glorious era, it had many saints and everyone was like a dragon; surpassing all of the heavens as the most powerful realm.

And even in the face of a massive disaster, not all of their powerful people would fall at the same time, that was not normal.

It was like a massive vessel sailing in the sea of gods, and even if it was crushed and sunk, the remaining mass of the ship was still formidable and was not something those tiny little boats could compare to.

Was the vessel that had sunk about to resurface?

Zhang Ruochen's heart could not be calmed for a long time.

"It's a good thing," he said.

"If all those major sects, schools, and families have some really incredible people reappearing in the world, or walking out from history, then the rise of the Kunlun Realm would come sooner than later.

"Did anyone from the Zhang Clan survive, though?"

Zhang Ruochen took a silent guess, and even if there was a group of elites from the Middle Ages who did not die, and would soon awaken, their numbers would be few.

After all, not many would survive a great catastrophe, to begin with.

As the Kunlun Realm continued to recover, Royal Mountain's cultivation environment got better and better.

Many types of sacred medicines grew across the entire woods, as saint springs flowed between the mountains, and even the

birds and wild rabbits gained spirituality and could speak human language.

Cultivating here for a year gained him more than what he did in the past ten years.

Moreover, the defensive arrays protecting Royal Mountain had been completed, and Zhang Ruochen was no longer afraid of any challenges.

Be it the various realms of the Celestial Court, or the Ten Clans of the Infernal Court, anyone that dared to trespass Royal Mountain would die.

So, Zhang Ruochen quickly wrote a Communication Light Talisman, and sent a message to Mu Lingxi, asking her whereabouts alongside the cultivators of Guanghan Realm.

If possible, Zhang Ruochen wanted to bring all of them to Royal Mountain.

After waiting for a moment, Mu Lingxi sent him back a message.

“I’m at the ancestral Phoenix Lake of the Mu clan. This is an awakened sacred land. Senior Gu and Senior Feng, and many other saints of the Guanghan Realm are stationed here. It’s very safe...”

Mu Lingxi sent a lot of information over and allowed Zhang Ruochen to understand her current situation.

Concubine Lin, Zhang Shaochu, and Zhang Yuxi were indeed picked up by Mu Lingxi and were all now at Phoenix Lake.

In addition, Gu Songzi, and the Crazy Drunk had gotten a large number of God’s Will and God’s Soul from Yueshen and were collecting sacred medicine all over the place as they prepared to refine a kind of heavenly sacred pill and a type of top-notch wine to help the cultivators of Guanghan Realm quickly increase their cultivation level.

Even the Guanghan Realm also wanted to rise again amidst the chaos of the world.

This was really an age of perils and opportunities!

Zhang Ruochen knew that after the Battle of Mount Yueshen, Yueshen not only repelled gods like Yanshen and Bloodlord Erjia, she had also taken away almost ninety percent of their divine will and souls.

By infusing a god's will, one could refine sacred pills that enhanced spiritual powers.

By infusing god's soul, one could instead refine sacred pills that promoted one's saint soul.

Moreover, when Yueshen took away the Kaiyuan Deer Cauldron and faintly revealed her preparation to slay a god. Should it work, Guanghai Realm would be received a steady stream of divine-level medicinal materials.

“It seemed like those old coots have actually gotten quite the number of benefits from Yueshen.”

Zhang Ruochen sent a message to Mu Lingxi and asked her what other sacred medicines she needed.

There was a large amount of sacred medicine on Royal Mountain that came in many varieties, and they might be of help to them.

Not long after, a Communication Light Talisman with a list of items needed flew into Zhang Ruochen's hand.

Zhang Ruochen gave the list to a female Saint and asked them to immediately collect them.

While Guanghai Realm was weakened, it still had three thousand Saint Kings, and many of them were as strong as Su Jing.

So, Zhang Ruochen did not need to worry about their safety for the time being. It was not too late to pay the Phoenix Lake of the Mu clan a visit once he had collected enough sacred medicines.

“It had been a while now, and by right, the Godstones sent by Murong Yefeng and Kong Lanyou should have arrived. Did something happen?”

Just as the idea popped up in Zhang Ruochen's head, a light talisman flew over from the horizon.

Grabbing it, Zhang Ruochen held the talisman in his hand as he read it.

Zhang Ruochen's expression suddenly sank.

“Your Highness, the Godstones have been seized. I was set upon by a group of rather powerful cultivators and is heavily wounded. I'm not hiding in the Holy City of the Eastern Region, and they are after me.”

It was a message from Murong Yue, and there were bloodstains on the Communication Light Talisman.

“Who is it who dare to snatch the Godstones that I wanted?”

Zhang Ruochen immediately set out to the Holy City of the Eastern Region with his Golden Dragon Carriage. This time around, he only brought Xie Chengzi, who was clad in thick armor to drive the carriage for him.

The rest of the cultivators stayed back on Royal Mountain.

There was something odd about this.

Zhang Ruochen sat in the carriage and calculated the various possibilities.

“Murong Yue is a cultivator native to the Kunlun Realm, she is very smart and has the Black Market as her front. Who could accurately track her whereabouts? And who actually knew that she was escorting a Godstone?”

As he thought about it, Zhang Ruochen finally locked onto the Fane of Youshen.

Zhang Ruochen had once sent a message to Murong Yefeng and Kong Lanyou, but it was intercepted by the Fane of Youshen.

After Feng Chengdao escaped, the Fane of Youshen knew that Zhang Ruochen was in urgent need of Godstones and his people would definitely focus their efforts on monitoring every single move Murong Yefeng and Kong Lanyou made.

“This is really a case of letting a tiger back to the mountains, and for it to cause me endless troubles.”

Zhang Ruochen immediately sent a message to Kong Lanyou and asked if the person escorting the Godstone had reached the Eastern Region.

But after a long while, Zhang Ruochen did not receive any replies from Kong Lanyou.

“Lanyou used to be a Supreme Saint, and while her immortal Saint Body was shattered, her cultivation base was still quite rare. The strongest duo of the Fane of Youshen, Cang Long and Ruan Ling are probably not her match.” Zhang Ruochen comforted himself that way.

After a moment of silence, he took out a Communication Talisman and wrote his message down.

This was a communication talisman meant for the Holy Scripture Maiden.

“Miss Nalan, I am Zhang Ruochen. Please use the Chessboard of the Realms and help me look for Kong Lanyou’s position. Plus, I want to know the movements of the cultivators of the Fane of Youshen, the more detailed the information is, the better. Thank you.”

If it had not been a last resort, Zhang Ruochen would not have wanted to ask the Holy Scripture Maiden for a favor.

However, whether it was for Kong Lanyou, or for the Godstone, before rushing over to the Eastern Region Holy City, he needed to have everything investigated. Only by knowing himself and his foes that he could defeat them.

Two hours later, a message came back from the Holy Scripture Maiden. “The Chessboard of the Realms is unable to capture Kong Lanyou’s location. It is very possible that she had entered a certain awakened land or ancient ruins.”

“The information held by the First Central Empire of the Fane of Youshen is incomplete, and it’s difficult to find their specific locations. I can only do my best to organize it for you the positions of the cultivators of the Fane of Youshen that had already been entered into the Chessboard of the Realms. Give me half a day.”

On the light talisman was a list of the well-known elites of the Fane of Youshen, and Zhang Ruochen quickly scanned through it.

After passing through the teleportation array of the Qianshui Royal City's Terminal of Merits, and several other wormholes later, Zhang Ruochen arrived at one of the eight main crossings outside the Holy City, the Tiankun Crossing.

Each crossing itself was a city.

One needed to register their identity and name at the crossing first, before taking the White Dragon Ferry into the Holy City itself.

The Holy City of the Eastern Region was a planet descended from the heavens in ancient times. With a diameter of over tens of thousands of miles, it towered over the lands of the Eastern Region.

As the Kunlun Realm recovered, the Holy City of the Eastern Region became more and more sacred, as it was completely enveloped by the holy Qi of the heavens and earth, illuminating both the skies and the land as if it was the abode of the gods.

The Holy City of the Eastern Region was a treasured star with a large number of spirit crystals and saint stones in it as well as various precious materials for refining.

In the Middle Ages, the Holy City of the Eastern Region had a massive reputation in both the Celestial and Infernal courts. Now that the Kunlun Realm had been weakened, there were countless of cultivators who wanted to grab the resources within the Holy City for themselves.

Just like that, many greedy folks from various realms have gathered here.

At Tiankun Crossing, Zhang Ruochen saw a lot of saint-realm beings, some of them were domineering, arrogant, and had a haughty air about them. If not for the ancient wards of the Holy City, they would probably have rushed right in.

"I've heard that 100,000-year-old ancient medicines are born in the Holy City every day. If I can get my hand on them, my

cultivation will definitely improve by leaps and bounds.”

“Yesterday, a 100,000 year old Nine-colored Glazed Coral was born in the Ximang Sea of the Holy City and was snatched away by the elite of the Heavenly Realm, Ni Canghai. Some speculate that with the Nine-colored Glazed Coral, Ni Canghai had an eighty to ninety percent chance to form his Immortal Saint Body.”

“It shouldn’t be that easy, right? While Ni Canghai is strong, he should be still quite the distance away from forming an Immortal Saint Body.”

“The day before, in the Bronzebeard Continent of the Holy City, a 100,000-year-old Longevity Fruit was born, and the light of the fruit shined over thousands of miles, and attracted countless of saint-realm beings to take it. The battle lasted a full day and night, and in the end, it was taken by one of the Ashuran Heavenly Kings. That Ashuran Heavenly King was extremely cunning and disappeared without a trace soon after. Some powerful people had used their Supreme Saint Artifacts but were still unable to locate him.”

...

Zhang Ruochen had heard a lot of news. The Holy City today not only had a gathering of various cultivators from the Celestial Court, but it seemed like even the elites from the Infernal Court were hiding in the dark to seize resources.

A hundred thousand-year-old sacred medicine would be born in the Holy City of the Eastern Region every day, and that interested Zhang Ruochen quite a bit as he wanted to seize one or two for himself to prepare for his breakthrough into the realm of an Eight-step Saint King.

Of course, the first thing he had to do was to go to Murong Yue’s hiding place.

Sitting on the White Dragon Ferry, a voice of resentment rang out not too far away from Zhang Ruochen. “The sacred medicines born in the Holy City should belong to the cultivators of the Kunlun Realm, but they were all snatched away by outsiders. A shame, a colossal shame.”

Zhang Ruochen wore a mask, as he turned his head and saw a man in his thirties.

He wore a cyan brocade, and a jade emblem hung on his waist with the character 'Chen' branded on it.

That represents his identity as a member of the Chen clan of the Eastern Region.

The Chen clan, who sat on the throne of the Saint King Palace in the Eastern Region was the overlord of the land since ancient times.

The former overlord was now reduced to nothing but a foil, and could only survive within the cracks of various cultivators of the macroworlds. The difference was just too great, and no wonder he was so angry.

A laugh rang out. "Kunlun Realm trash like you can stop the Infernal Court? Boy, you have to understand the truth, that we are here at the Kunlun Realm to help you resist the incursion of the Infernal Court. Taking some resources away is nothing but just recompense."

Another cultivator added, "Instead of letting the Infernal Court get their hands on it, might as well give it to us. Plus, how precious are the sacred medicines born in the Kunlun Realm. Giving them to you, Kunlun Realm cultivators is no different than feeding them to the pigs, a total waste."

The cultivation bases of the two cultivators were the realm of a Saint King and were not ordinary persons.

It was because of this that they were arrogant and did not put the member of the Chen family in their eyes, and regarded him no better than native livestock.

This scene was very familiar to Zhang Ruochen.

Once, when the cultivators of the Kunlun Realm fought against the Badland Realm, didn't they too bore the same look when they looked at the indigenous cultivators of the Badland Realms.

There was a message in their eyes. "All of you are mere natives, and you are not qualified to negotiate terms with me."

Only by surrendering to me, and being my slaves will you survive.”

Chapter 1819 - Hua Cangying

Chapter 1819: Hua Cangying

The Kunlun Realm cultivators on the White Dragon Ferry were the majority.

Hearing the two men belittling the Kunlun Realm that much, all of them let out a furious gaze.

It was the same for that member of the Chen Clan.

However, he seemed to have something important to attend to and did not want to cause trouble, so he restrained himself.

However, the two people from Shengze Realm seemed to be very interested in him and continued to verbally attack him.

“The main battlefields of the Kunlun Realm will need us as the main force to stop the armies of the Infernal Courts. Those outstanding talents of the Kunlun Realm in your eyes are just escorting refining materials in the rear or being responsible for evacuating the beings of the Kunlun Realm, and were pretty much useless.”

“Even if a cultivator from the Kunlun Realm were to be on the battlefield, he would be nothing but cannon fodder.”

“Therefore, it is only right that we take the resources of the Kunlun Realm.”

“Actually, you Kunlun Realm cultivators should go to work the mines, and hand those materials to use on a silver platter to us.”

Tuo Yan and Xue Chou of the Shengze Realm talked and laughed with unspeakable arrogance.

That member of the Chen clan finally could no longer restrain himself and spat, “A group of avaricious bandits have the cheek to claim that they are here to help the Kunlun Realm?”

“Who are you scolding?”

The smile on Tuo Yan’s face disappeared in an instant as a bone-chilling aura radiated out of his body.

“You two of course. Since you are here to participate in the Kunlun Realm War of Merit, why aren’t you at the main battlefields, and instead in the Eastern Region Holy City? What is your purpose?” the Chen clan member sneered.

“All right! A mere saint daring to insult a Saint King, you really think a Saint King care not about his dignity?”

A sinister flash gleamed in Tuo Yan’s eyes, as he blasted out with a palm strike.

The strike was fast as the wind and quick as lightning.

The Chen clan member’s expression immediately changes as he shot out a talisman.

Immediately afterward, he mobilized his Saint Qi and infused it into the Saint Armor on his body. The Saint Armor exuded a dazzling light as a series of defensive wards emerged from the armor.

Yet, the difference in the cultivation levels between the two was just too great. Tuo Yan’s almost whimsical palm strike was enough to smash all of the defensive measures aside and land the strike on the Chen clan member’s body.

“Ouuufff.”

The chest of the Chen clan member was pierced through as his ribs were all broken and his organs shattered. He fell heavily onto the ground and could no longer get up.

In an instant, there was no sound on board the White Dragon Ferry.

The cultivation base of the Kunlun Realm cultivators was just too low.

Just now, the moment Tuo Yan unleashed his saint aura, all of them were crushed onto the deck and could not move.

While they were resentful and furious, they had no means of resistance in the face of absolute power.

“You are killing the Kunlun Realm saints at will in the Holy City of the East Region. Are you still fighting for the Kunlun Realm? You are nothing but butchers and bandits. I will report this to the Fane of Merits, and the Celestial Palace, and bring divine retribution upon you two.” A young man of the Demi-Saint realm gritted his teeth and roared angrily.

This young man, his true age was no more than thirty years old, and he was already a Seventh-Order Demi-Saint.

Such a talent was definitely top-notch among the new generation of the Kunlun Realm’s heavenly scions and could be called outstanding.

Tuo Yan sneered, “Kiddo, you need to be sure of one thing. He insulted me first, for this disaster to befall him. Even if you were to report to the Celestial Palace, the truth is on my side. By the way, did you just insulted me earlier?”

Xue Chou said, “Forget it, why even bother with a Demi-Saint? We have business to attend to!”

Tuo Yan nodded lightly and said via telepathy to Xue Chou, “That thing is really on him.”

Just now, when Tuo Yan struck the member of the Chen Clan with his palm, he had taken the opportunity to snatch the latter’s storage pouch. With the speed of a Saint King, few present could clearly see that minute movement.

But Zhang Ruochen not only saw through everything, but he also heard Tuo Yan’s telepathic message to Xue Chou.

“Sure enough, something is fishy. The true goal of the two Saint Kings is probably something on the Chen-clan member’s body. What item was it that it needed a Saint to escort it personally, and had also attracted the two Saint Kings to snatch it away?”

Zhang Ruochen pondered for a moment before walking over to the dying Chen clan member, and took out a sacred healing pill, and fed it to him.

The medicinal properties of the sacred pill radiated out, and formed a layer of saint light, enveloping him.

The wound on his chest quickly healed.

The cultivators from the Kunlun Realm were stunned at first as they saw the scene, before feeling a little moved.

“It seemed like not all of the cultivators from the Celestial Court are bastards, and some are still kind, upstanding folks.”

But Tuo Yan and Xue Chou’s eyes were cold.

They had pursued this man for thousands of miles just right before this Chen clan member was about to return to the Holy City just to kill him. It was fine earlier, but now someone wanted to save him?

This was something they absolutely could not allow.

Tuo Yan quietly said, “Sir, you are too much of a busybody! Those who insult a Saint King must die.”

“Be forgiving,” Zhang Ruochen said faintly.

Tuo Yan could not see the depth of this crippled man’s power and did not dare to act rashly as he said, “I am Tuo Yan of the Hall of Deific Scions, may I know who you are?”

“The Hall of Deific Scions is the first-rate holy grounds of the Shengze Realm. Its name resounded like thunder, but I’ve never heard of you before, so you might be a nameless goon, right? A nameless goon does not deserve to know my name,” Zhang Ruochen said.

Tuo Yan’s eyelids twitched, as a black murderous aura radiated from his eyes.

Zhang Ruochen stood there with his hands on his back, yet he gave Tuo Yan a feeling of an imposing mountain, and the latter did not dare to make a move.

All of the surrounding Kunlun Realm cultivators cheered in secret.

A moment later, the member of the Chen Clan made a faint sound, as if he was about to wake up.

Tuo Yan and Xue Chou did not dare to dally any longer as the two struck at the same time.

Tuo Yan mobilized a large number of Saint Path Precepts all over his body as he blasted out a palm strike. The palm force and the Saint Path Precepts transformed into a vortex of flowing wind, locking Zhang Ruochen in place.

Xue Chou shot out like lightning as he shot out an almost invisible saint needle toward the center of the brow of that Chen clan member.

Their true purpose was to kill and silence that man.

Ding!

A crisp noise rang out.

The saint needle was flicked away by Xie Chengzi's finger.

At the same time, Tuo Yan let out a scream, as he collapsed onto the ground, his head was missing and blood was gushing out of his neck.

Bam!

A moment later, a bloody head fell like a leather ball.

No one present saw how Tuo Yan's head got lopped off, as everything happened within a flash.

But what was certain was that it was that masked cripple who had killed him.

This was a true powerhouse, killing a Saint King as easily as he was killing dogs or pigs.

Xue Chou was frightened as his face turned pale. He could not help but step back as his eyes looked behind him as if he was looking for something.

Zhang Ruochen ignored him, as he moved his lips slightly, and gave Xie Chengzi an order.

Immediately after, Xie Chengzi walked to Tuo Yan's corpse and pulled out a storage pouch.

Seeing Xie Chengzi taking away the pouch, Xue Chou's expression darkened even more.

Bam!

Suddenly, the pouch in Xie Chengzi's hand exploded as it turned into a faint blue spectral flame.

The fragments of the pouch, like flaming butterflies, fell onto the deck and turned into black dust.

Out of nowhere, a figure stood beside Xue Chou holding a bone fan. It turned out to be a pretty young man, and traces of spectral flames loomed about on the bone fan.

It was him who had destroyed the pouch.

Seeing the beautiful young man, Xue Chou felt confident as his expression gradually returned to normal. As he was about to use his spiritual powers to report something, he was stopped by the beautiful young man.

The beautiful young man laughed and said, "Your spiritual power is too weak, and others can hear what you are saying."

An uproar then ensued among the crowd as someone recognized the identity of the beautiful young man.

"Hua Cangying, the supreme elite of the Hall of Deific Scions. How could it be him?"

"Hua Cangying had reached the realm of a Nine-step Saint King a hundred years ago. I have no idea how stronger he had gotten now?"

"For Hua Cangying to go to the Eastern Region Holy City, he is probably after one of those hundred-thousand-year-old sacred medicines."

...

Hua Cangying's name was so great that many cultivators had heard of him before.

Xie Chengzi was furious. The thing that his master had asked him to take was ruined. How does it explain to his master?

"Soulterror Finger."

A monstrous evil Qi exuded from the five fingers of his right hand and covered the entire White Dragon Ferry.

Bam!

Hua Cangying stood still on the spot and only just opened the white bone fan in his hand to block Xie Chengzi's all-out finger strike.

The ferocity of the clash was quite terrifying and shattered the White Dragon Ferry.

It was comparable to the clash between Nine-step Saint Kings. Forget Demi-Saints or Saints, even a Saint King may not be able to withstand the aftershock of the battle.

As a result, Zhang Ruochen stretched out both palms and formed a massive Saint Qi Mudra. The Mudras were like two sacred clouds that wrapped all of the cultivators on the ferry into the center of the palm, preventing them from being killed by the aftershock.

A moment later, Zhang Ruochen, Xie Chengzi, Hua Cangying, and Xue Chou fell from the sky and landed on the ground of the Eastern Region Holy City.

Zhang Ruochen dismissed his Saint Qi, and immediately, all of the people in the two giant mudras fell onto the ground.

Hua Cangying stared at Zhang Ruochen and Xie Chengzi as he smiled and said, "Most unexpected. For me to meet two hidden masters just by taking a ferry ride. Pardon my rudeness earlier! How do I address you two?"

"You are not qualified to know the master's name!" Xie Chengzi spat.

A bizarre light flashed in Hua Cangying's eyes. He clearly did not expect that this master with a combat power comparable to a Nine-step Saint King was just a servant of that cripple.

"No matter what your identities are, the grudge for killing Tuo Yan will not be forgotten by the Hall of Deific Scions. Considered this grudge formed!"

As he said that, Hua Cangying swept his white bone fan as a spectral flame wrapped around him and Xue Chou as they disappeared.

On the ground, there were only burning flames left.

"Master, I will go after him," Xie Chengzi said.

Zhang Ruochen shook his head and said, “Hua Cangying is very powerful. Even if you were to use the Precepts of Truth, you may not be his match. Let’s not get distracted and get on with our business first.”

Chapter 1820 - The Black Market's Stronghold

Chapter 1820: The Black Market's Stronghold

Hua Cangying's distinctive Flame Escape Technique was both mysterious and unparalleled. In a blink of an eye, he had brought Xue Chou with him to a desolate area of the city thousands of miles away.

Hua Cangying gently shook the White Bone Fan and was a little moved as he said to himself, "They did not pursue us."

"They were probably very wary of you, My Lord, and dared not take the risk," Xue Chou said with a smile.

Hua Cangying was quite confident with his own strength and nodded gently.

Xue Chou then continued, "Unfortunately, that Saint from the Chen Clan survived. Our strike against the Chen Clan will definitely be exposed. Once the Chen Clan is on guard, it will be much difficult for us to succeed!"

Hua Cangying smiled. "That Chen Clan Saint would have already sent word back to the Eastern Region's Saint King Manor. It would be meaningless even if he was killed."

"That's true, as long as that thing is destroyed, we can sit back and relax," Xue Chou said.

Rustle.

A gentle wind then blew on Hua Cangying's face.

He noticed a faint trace of Saint Force within it and immediately turned his gaze to the right side of the ruins.

He then saw a white-robed monk standing on the wall since who knows when.

The white-robed monk seemed to have an unconventional temperament, and his white hair was styled in a crew cut.

“Such a powerful technique in hiding one’s aura. For me to only discover him after he was twenty feet of me.” Hua Cangying was extremely shocked.

Hua Cangying remained calm as he asked, “May I know who you are?”

“Those who come do not come, those who go do not go,” the white-robed monk said solemnly.

A look of sudden realization dawned upon Hua Cangying’s eyes as he said, “Ah, it’s Senior Wayfarer. My apologies.”

“Master Hua, I’m here to pick you up. Let’s go, everyone is waiting for you at Tianjue Pavilion,” the white-robed monk named Wayfarer said with a smile.

...

The Hailruin Continent, one of the five largest continents of the Eastern Region Holy City.

The 31st City District was located at the northwest edge of the Hailruin Continent and was close to the polar region. It was covered in snow all year long. While it was within the Eastern Region Holy City, it was unusually desolate, and the mountains were pristine and unsullied.

The Black Market’s stronghold in the area was built beneath the 31st City District. Those who are not of the Black Market’s Hall of Excellence would never know of its location.

On that day, when Murong Yue was attacked and the Godstone was snatched away, she had used a Life-Preservation Escape Talisman to flee and hid in that place to heal her wounds.

She sat cross-legged on a bed of sacred jade, with her upper body exposed. Her skin was as white as cream, but under her right shoulder was a bloody hole the size of a wine cup.

In the blood hole, black mist continued to radiate out of it like a meandering horned dragon as it spread all around.

Extremely evil energy was afflicting her, and her wounds could not heal. Instead, they worsened.

“Kuhkk!”

She spat out a mouthful of dark red Saint Blood from her mouth.

The ground crackled as a half a foot wide pit was corroded upon it.

“What powerful demon technique, and even with my Jiyin Body would be afflicted by it with no way to refine it out of my system. If it was another Saint King with a different body type, that person would be long dead, reduced to a pool of blood.”

A figure appeared in Murong Yue’s mind.

The figure was extremely thin, with a face as pale as paper and chains wrapped all around the body like a zombie.

It was that person who destroyed all of her defenses and wounded her with just a point of the finger.

In recent years, Murong Yue did not compete for the position of the Lord of the Black Market’s Hall of Excellence. She was instead taken by a mysterious person to an awakened land and had obtained a supreme opportunity. Her cultivation improved by leaps and bounds, reaching the level of a Seven-step Saint King.

Even so, in the face of those elites from the Celestial Court, she was still so vulnerable.

She had a sense of powerlessness and felt rather lost.

“Am I really a Chosen One? Why can’t I do anything in this chaotic world?”

Murong Yue thought of that mysterious man, and the words he told her when he brought her to the awakened land.

“You are a Chosen One, and whether the Kunlun Realm could rise again, you will bear a very important responsibility.”

What was a Chosen One?

Who was she chosen by?

And who was that mysterious person?

Murong Yue's heart was full of doubts. The other party did not tell her anything. He only let her experience the world and temper herself amidst the struggle to form her Immortal Saint Body and become a Supreme Saint.

“It was ultimately a difficult thing to nurture a true powerhouse by helping them, and only through cultivation by one step at a time would there be unlimited possibilities for the future. But I have no choice but to do this. There is not much time left for the Kunlun Realm.”

Murong Yue knew that she was one of those cultivators that were given a helping hand, and perhaps she would only be of use at the most important moment, but she was definitely not someone that would turn the tide.

By giving cultivators a helping hand was to invest in potential. The people who would decide Kunlun's future must definitely be a lifeform that had cultivated one step at a time.

Boom!! Boom!!

Suddenly, the underground chamber shook violently as a series of array inscriptions appeared on the wall.

Murong Yue's expression changed as she immediately grabbed a layer of black yarn to cover her delicate and petite body as she stood up and got ready to fight.

A black-robed elder rushed into the place Murong Yue was healing her wounds with a shocked look on his face. “Miss, there are powerhouses of the Saint King realm attacking the stronghold. I'm afraid that the stronghold's defensive wards will not hold any longer.”

“They have caught up so quickly?”

Murong Yue knew that she was by no means a match for her pursuers, and took out an ancient device from the awakened land as she prepared to activate it to escape again.

The ancient device was shaped like a crescent moon and exuded a cyan luster as a faint divine force radiated out of it.

Boom!! Boom!!

A terrible shock wave tore through the stronghold's defensive wards, and suddenly the world suddenly collapsed.

A series of cries rang out underground as the Black Market cultivators in the secret stronghold suffered massive casualties. The shock wave smashed the bodies of many into a paste and their bones into dust.

The force was chilling, and not only did it tore the ground apart, but it also froze everything within hundreds of miles in ice. Its power terrifying.

“Miss, run away... Argh...”

The black-robed elder standing before Murong Yue was frozen by the cold air and was turned into an ice sculpture before Murong Yue's eyes.

A cold sword-like glint appeared in Murong Yue's eyes as she yelled out, “This is too much!”

A thin man wrapped in chains, with a face as white as paper, stood in the air above the Black Market stronghold. He held a silver bowl in his hand and gathered the full power of the Sixth Radiance as he prepared to launch a second wave of attack.

The person was Bai Yuejun, and he was the senior of one of the Fane of Youshen's Fatal Six, the Drifter. He had been a Nine-step Saint King for over a thousand years, and his accumulation was impressive as an ancient monster that had lived for over two thousand years.

Whoosh!!

A blue moon blasted out of the ground and slashed at him.

Bai Yuejun let out a cackling laugh, as he let the blue moon cut into him.

Bai Yuejun's body shattered and turned into a white robe that instead wrapped around the blue moon.

The next moment, Bai Yuejun's body reappeared in another location.

Whoosh.

The chains flew out and wrapped around the white robe and the blue moon as he dragged it to his side and suppressed it whole.

Murong Yue flew out of the bottom of the underground chamber, as a demonic moon appeared above her head. Right then, a surge of Demonic Qi enveloped the area, as she tried to recall the Ancient Blue Moon Artifact.

Suppressing the Blue Moon was also not an easy task for Bai Yuejun, as he said, “How unexpected. For the Kunlun Realm to have a young master like you, who is much stronger than the few chess pieces Empress Chi Yao had placed on the surface.”

Feng Chengdao stepped out of the void and appeared behind Murong Yue as he smiled and said, “She has a Jiyin Body and has also cultivated the Demonstone Engraving that is on the Taiyi Divine Techniques Rank. She must be a secret piece nurtured by some big figure of the Kunlun Realm.”

Bai Yuejun guffawed and said, “A Jiyin Body, eh? Just happen that I also have a cold constitution, and it is just very fine to capture her and use her as long-term nourishment. By taking her, she could even help me attain Supreme Sainthood.”

Bai Yuejun’s potential had been long exhausted, and under normal circumstances could no longer to make any further progress, and is stuck at the realm of a Nine-step Saint King for his entire lifetime.

But, the appearance of a Jiyin Body gave him hope.

Feng Chengdao smiled and said, “Heavens know how much resources the Kunlun Realm spent to raise her up. For her to reach the realm of a Seven-step Saint King at such a tender young age. If you do that, you will piss off many of the Kunlun Realm’s great figures.”

Murong Yue was surrounded on all sides and was in a desperate situation.

Nonetheless, she still remained calm, as the blood in her body circulated in a frenzy, as she used a forbidden technique that

burnt saint blood, and the aura exuding from her body grew stronger and stronger.

Feng Chengdao frowned and was no longer keen to spectate as he blasted a finger seal at Murong Yue.

Boom!! Boom!!

With a point of the finger, a terrifying, oppressive beam as bright as day blasted out.

Murong Yue waved her arm, as a shadow of a Demonic Steele appeared, and clashed against the finger blast Feng Chengdao had shot out, and actually managed to block the attack.

“Girl, not bad!”

A demonic light appeared between Bai Yuejun’s eyebrows.

Suddenly, the black mist inside Murong Yue’s body became active. The faster her Saint Blood circulated, the faster the affliction of the black mist.

In an instant, the black mist had entered Murong Yue’s Sea of Qi and causing confusion in her consciousness.

Murong Yue knew that she could not last any longer as she said to herself, “Your Highness, where are you... Please hurry... or I can only blow up my Saint Source and take them along with me...”

At that moment, all of Murong Yue’s hopes were pinned on Zhang Ruochen.

A sharp laugh left Bai Yuejun’s mouth as he turned into a series of afterimages and rushed toward Murong Yue. He struck his finger out at the center of her brows, wanting to control her Saint Soul and take her as his slave.

Whoosh!!

The space trembled a little.

A masked figure appeared out of thin air beside Murong Yue as he struck forward with a palm-full of flames.

Crack.

Bai Yuejun’s fingers were caught.

Just as Bai Yuejun was stunned, the masked man broke his fingers, and with a blur, struck his chest with a palm strike and sending him flying.

Bai Yuejun's body crashed into the snow, creating a groove that was several miles long.

The masked man stared at Feng Chengdao and snorted. "It's really the Fane of Youshen. Snatching my stuff, and hurting my people. I will destroy all of you today."

Chapter 1821 - Slaughter

Chapter 1821: Slaughter

Feng Chengdao was shocked, and immediately held up layers of protective Saint Light.

At the same time, three shield wards flew out of the center of his brow, and all of them suspended around his body, each three feet wide.

Bai Yuejun climbed up from the ground and felt pain all across his body with a trace of blood on his lips. His fingers were mush as he pointed angrily at the masked man.

“How dare you sneak up and attack me, are you looking for your doom?”

The masked man laughed. “Sneak attack? I had struck your head on without any tricks, it was you who could not block the attack.”

Bai Yuejun trembled with anger, as he swallowed a healing sacred pill and the Saint Qi in his body circulated rapidly. Suddenly, the iron chains wrapped around his body blast out and flew in the sky as they let out a rumbling roar.

There were tens of thousands of inscriptions on the chains, some forming a dragon’s shadow while some forming shadows of ghosts, while others took the form of blades...

In an instant, a domineering Saint Force flooded the land.

Feng Chengdao seeing that the man using Dimensional Shift and determined his identity as he reminded his comrade, “Watch out. He is the Scion of Time and Space Zhang Ruochen. He can control dimensions.”

Just as the reminder left his mouth, a series of precepts of dimensions appeared across the entire space around Zhang Ruochen and Bai Yuejun, freezing it in place.

The violently flailing iron chains stayed still in the air.

Boom!

Zhang Ruochen's punch landed on Bai Yuejun's chest, and his Saint Robe tore apart like paper as his body sunk inwards. Fine blood lines appeared on his tempered Saint Body and were about to shatter like a broken ceramic.

Bai Yuejun flew out once again and crashed into a snowy mountain dozens of miles away.

Bai Yuejun had a wealth of accumulation, and many tricks up his sleeve. In fact, even when using the power of time and space, it was not an easy matter for Zhang Ruochen to defeat him.

Nevertheless, Bai Yuejun underestimated him too much, and that was the reason he appeared so vulnerable before Zhang Ruochen's power of dimensions.

Now, he had been severely injured, and he no longer had the ability to fight against Zhang Ruochen.

The power of time and space were only able to be used to their fullest potential when they were used unexpectedly.

If the enemy knew that he was a master of time and space, then they would be extremely careful, and even prepare treasures to ward against time and space. And this, for Zhang Ruochen at least, would greatly diminish his advantage.

Zhang Ruochen held his two fingers together into a sword form and summoned the Ancient Abyssal Blade.

Whoosh!!

The Ancient Abyssal Blade blasted a black light as it flew out with full intent to kill Bai Yuejun.

A shield ward rotated and flew out, smashing against the blade, and deflecting it sideways.

The Ancient Abyssal Blade slammed into the other side of the snow mountain.

Boom!!

The snow-capped mountain collapsed with great momentum.

Zhang Ruochen's gaze looked sideways as he glanced at Feng Chengdao.

Feng Chengdao retracted the shield ward and said with a serious look, "Zhang Ruochen, what sort of secret is hidden on Royal Mountain that you had progressed so quickly?"

Feng Chengdao had fought against Zhang Ruochen three times in total, and each time, Zhang Ruochen's strength had improved drastically. But most importantly, only a month had passed in between.

A month ago, he could severely injure Zhang Ruochen with a finger blast.

Yet now, even before Zhang Ruochen could make a move, he already felt tremendous pressure.

This was the reason Feng Chengdao would guess that Zhang Ruochen's rapid progress might have something to do with the awakened land within Royal Mountain.

"There is an incredible secret on Royal Mountain. Hand over the God Stone and I'll tell you." Zhang Ruochen held both hands behind him, as he smiled and said.

Feng Chengdao laughed and said, "Seems like your rapid progress is likely to be related to the God Stone."

With a bang, Bai Yuejun rushed out of the snow mountain, with his hair disheveled and his face menacing as he let out a harsh roar.

A dull grunt rang out of Murong Yue's mouth as she fell to the ground on one knee. Her pretty face turned pale and black in intervals as her delicate body trembled slightly.

The black mist that had afflicted her was sweeping across her blood, meridians, and Saint Meridians.

"Brilliant, a godsend opportunity."

Feng Chengdao was overjoyed, and he quickly said, "If you don't save her, I'm afraid the Yinjue Demonic Qi will afflict her Saint Soul. By then, if she's not a demoness who's going berserk, she'd be nothing but a pool of black blood."

If Zhang Ruochen chose to rescue her, then with his and Bai Yuejun's strength, they could easily kill Zhang Ruochen.

Without any hesitation, Zhang Ruochen pressed his palm on the wound on Murong Yue's right shoulder as he continuously drew the black mist from her body into his own.

"Your Highness... no... this Demonic Qi is quite powerful... The Demonic techniques of the Demonstone Engravings I've cultivated could not refine it..." Murong Yue was worried that Zhang Ruochen would fall for the trap and dissuaded him from saving her.

"Be quiet. A mere Yinjue Demonic Qi can't do anything to me."

Zhang Ruochen's calm sentence, in Murong Yue's ears, sounded like a decree, with an absolute will in it.

"Zhang Ruochen, you sought your own doom, and you have no one else to blame."

How could Feng Chengdao let this rare opportunity go? He mobilized a large amount of Saint Path Precepts and focused them into his fingertips as he pointed out and chanted, "Finger of Dawn."

Finger of Dawn, the number one intermediate-level finger strike technique of the Fane of Youshen. With Feng Chengdao's cultivation, he could kill a Saint King across the void of thousands of miles.

At that moment, Zhang Ruochen and Feng Chengdao was merely a few miles apart.

The power of the Finger of Dawn came rushing at him like a falling sun.

Zhang Ruochen pressed one hand against Murong Yue's right arm, while his other hand took a palm strike form, as thirteen dragon soul phantoms appeared, he blasted them out.

The thirteen dragon soul phantoms then coiled together and turned into a giant dragon.

Fusing with the Precepts of Truth, the dragon exploded in six times its offensive power and collided against the oncoming

finger strike.

The two forces annihilated each other at the same time.

“How is that possible?” Feng Chengdao’s eyes widened.

One needed to know that Feng Chengdao was not any ordinary Nine-step Saint King, and his cultivation base was already close to the Greater Precept-World. That finger strike earlier, he had gone all out, how could it be blocked by a mere youngster.

On the other hand, Xie Chengzi controlled two Battle Corpses with the strength of a Nine-Step Saint King and intercepted Bai Yuejun, pinning him in place.

Zhang Ruochen pulled back his palm that was pressing against Murong Yue’s right shoulder and took a deep breath.

The black mist flowed in his body, and after a while, it merged with his body. Zhang Ruochen, who possessed a Five-Element Chaotic Body could accept all sorts of powers, and the so-called Yinjue Demonic Qi could not affect him at the slightest.

Feng Chengdao had a grim expression, and he immediately sent a telepathic message to Bai Yuejun.

“The situation is a little bad, let’s retreat for now.”

“It’s just a mere Zhang Ruochen, and he scared you to this point? If you want to flee, flee by yourself. I was only injured because I underestimated my foe. If we really fight, I can deal with him with just a single hand,”

Bai Yuejin spat.

Feng Chengdao felt that Bai Yuejun had been dazed by fury, and the consequences would be disastrous if he were to let him continue to fight Zhang Ruochen.

Without any recourse, Feng Chengdao shot out a Communication Light Talisman and sent a message to a great person of the Fane of Youshen in the Eastern Region Holy City. That person’s cultivation level had reached Greater Precept-World.

If he could rush here in time, Zhang Ruochen would not be able to escape.

However, just as the light talisman was blasted out, it was intercepted and taken away by Zhang Ruochen using a Spatial Move.

“It seems like the Fane of Youshen still have a powerhouse in the Holy City.”

Zhang Ruochen read the content of the light talisman and instantly understood who Feng Chengdao was sending the message to. It turned out it was for the Fatal Six of the Fane of Youshen, the Drifter.

For an elite like the Drifter to appear in the East Region Holy City, it was extremely unusual, and Zhang Ruochen frowned deeply.

The sense of crisis in Feng Chengdao’s heart grew even stronger, and he no longer bothered about Bai Yuejun as he deployed an escape technique, and fled alone to the heavens beyond.

If a Nine-step Saint King wanted to leave, normally it would be very difficult to keep them from leaving. Even someone of the Precept Domain realm would not be able to land an absolute killing blow.

Therefore, Feng Chengdao had absolute confidence to escape.

“For Zhang Ruochen to rush over to the Holy City, and with great advancement of his cultivation, he has the ability to fight on equal footing with a Nine-step Saint King. I must notify both the Drifter and the Wayfarer. Only with one of them intervening will we be able to take on Zhang Ruochen with full confidence.”

Suddenly, Feng Chengdao’s heart tightened.

An almighty, supreme power fell upon him, and it suppressed him so hard that he could not circulate his Saint Qi and fell straight into the ground.

After Feng Chengdao crashed into the ground, he looked up.

He only saw an azure pagoda falling from the sky, and carrying with it a boundless blue air current that smashed into him. That was the last thing Feng Chengdao saw.

Boooooom.

The earth quaked violently and shook almost half of the Hailrun Continent.

Zhang Ruochen recalled the Azuresky Pagoda, and on the ground was just a bloody pile of mashed flesh.

Not only Feng Chengdao's Saint Body, but even the various Saint Artifacts on his body were also shattered into pieces, and they were all powerless against the blow of the Supreme Sacred Artifact.

Bai Yuejun was startled by the power erupting from the Azuresky Pagoda, as he turned into a white light and fled.

It was terrifying!

Zhang Ruochen actually had a Supreme Sacred Artifact on him? How could he fight?

Zhang Ruochen used the Dimensional Shift and caught up with Bai Yuejun, and blocked his path. Holding the Azuresky Pagoda in his palm, he icily said, "Surrender, or die."

"Boy if you want me to surrender, you must be dreaming."

Bai Yuejun spat out a mouthful of Saint Blood into the silver bowl in his hand. At that very moment, rings of Saint Force halos radiated from the bowl, erupting in a more and more powerful Saint Force.

The bowl flew toward Zhang Ruochen, and wherever it passed, the precepts of heaven and earth buckled violently.

At this moment Bai Yuejun deployed his Saint technique, the Frost Phoenix, and turned into a phoenix of ice and snow, and with a flap of its wings, it flew hundreds of miles away.

Zhang Ruochen gently shook his head, and once again roused the power of the Azuresky Pagoda.

Bam!!!

The Azuresky Pagoda smashed the silver bowl, and caught up with the fleeing Frost Phoenix, and smashed into a bloody mist.

With that blow, a Nine-step Saint King with such a profound background perished and was turned into dust.

Zhang Ruochen took away the Saint Source of both Feng Chengdao and Bai Yuejun, and carefully searched the area where they perished. When he could not find any God Stone he could not help but to feel a bit disappointed.

The battle earlier had shaken the entire East Region Holy City.

Especially the power that erupted from the Supreme Sacred Artifact, it could be sensed from tens of thousands of miles away and could not be hidden. It was not inconceivable that so many powerhouses would rush over because of that.

Knowing that, Zhang Ruochen took Murong Yue and Xie Chengzi and immediately fled.

For the time being, Zhang Ruochen did not want anyone to know that he had come to the Eastern Region Holy City.

Chapter 1822 - The Crisis of the Eastern Region Saint King Manor

Chapter 1822: The Crisis of the Eastern Region Saint King Manor

On this day, the Hailruin Continent was in an uproar. Heavens knew how many cultivators were shocked by the Supreme Power that came from from the 31st City District.

Many thought that it was a great battle caused by the birth of a hundred-thousand-year-old sacred medicine.

So, many Saint King powerhouses rushed over.

Soon after, a piece of news spread out, causing a stir in the Hailruin Continent, and even the entire East Region Holy City itself.

“Nine-step Saint Kings were killed by Supreme Sacred Artifact with no corpses left behind. The power of the Supreme Power covered an area of hundreds of miles and has not dispersed after a long time.”

“The two Nine-step Saint Kings killed were Feng Chengdao and Bai Yuejun of the Fane of Youshen.”

...

The fall of a Nine-Step Saint King was not a trivial matter. For a powerful realm like the Ruiya Realm, the impact may be smaller. However, for weaker worlds, the fall of the Nine-step Saint King was akin to a major earthquake.

Suddenly, people were panicking.

“Could they have been killed by the elites of the Infernal Court?”

“The Holy City is the place where the cultivators gather. If an elite of the Infernal Court were to be hidden within the city

with a Supreme Sacred Artifact, and he starts killing without compunction, a river of blood will flow.”

The destructive power of a Supreme Sacred Artifact was just too terrifying. It could wipe out the cultivators within a city in a short period of time.

It was because of that that everyone was in danger.

“Don’t worry, there is an Array Master from the Celestial Palace who is leading a group of masters to repair the ancient sacred wards of the Holy City. Once the repairs are completed, even if the cultivators of the Infernal Court have a Supreme Sacred Artifact, it would not be able to cause too big a calamity...”

The Eastern Region Holy City was an important place of the Kunlun Realm War of Merits. The Celestial Palace would naturally focus on reinforcing it, and will not allow it to be easily destroyed by the Infernal Court.

Every single district and street in the city were protected by inscription arrays, and should any combat breaks out in any street, the wards will be activated to limit the battle within a certain range.

Once the ancient sacred wards were completely restored, the defense power of every city district of the Holy City would be greatly improved.

One of the Fatal Six of the Fane of Youshen, the Drifter, stood in the 31st City District on the broken snowy ground. His entire body was intertwined with lightning as he furiously spat, “No matter if you are a cultivator of the Infernal Court, or a being of the Celestial Court, to strike against the cultivators of the Fane of Youshen means death.”

For them to lose several Nine-step Saint Kings in less than a month after coming to the Kunlun Realm, the loss Fane of Youshen had suffered was extremely heavy.

Even if the Fane of Youshen had a profound background and elites in large numbers, it still suffered a rather mortal blow.

The Drifter was collecting the residual aura of the Supreme Sacred Artifact on the battlefield. As long as the artifact was

activated again, he would be able to find the perpetrator.

The Eastern Region Saint King Manor.

All of the Saints of the Chen Clan had left their positions and gathered together.

Everyone was solemn, and the atmosphere of the great hall was grim, making everyone feel a little pressured.

The Chen Clan Saint that Zhang Ruochen previously saved had returned to the East Region Saint King Manor. He stood at the center of the hall as he reported the entire incident that had happened.

The Prince of the Eastern Region, Chen Yin sat on the golden throne with his body radiating Saint Qi, and the aura he released was breathtaking.

The heir to the Eastern Region Saint King Manor, Chen Wutian stood up and said, “Meaning, the scroll has been destroyed by Hua Cangying of the Shengze Realm?”

The Chen Clan Saint was heartbroken, and he said, “Yes, it was due to my incompetence.”

The various Saints of the Chen Clan began to appear shocked and panicked.

An elder of the Chen Clan said, “These Saint cultivators are just too shameless. On the surface, they claim to have come to help the Kunlun Realm resist the incursion of the Infernal Court, but in reality, they are here for plunder. We should report it to the Celestial Palace right away.”

Chen Wutian was very calm. “The scroll has been destroyed, and without any evidence, those cultivators from those realms will definitely attack the Eastern Region Saint King Manor. So what if we report it to the Celestial Palace? How would they believe our one-sided words?”

“It’s all my fault.”

The Saint from Chen Clan said, “There was evidence of their conspiracy on the scroll. If not for me being too careless, and allowing the cultivators from the Shengze Realm to destroy

the scroll, using the reflections on the scroll would have been enough for the Celestial Palace to act against them.”

“Now is not the time to hold anyone accountable, but instead, we should think of a way to deal with that imminent crisis.”

Immediately after, Chen Wu Tian said, “For them to attack the Eastern Region Saint King Manor, it’s undoubtedly for the Four-Nine Mystic Arts. We need to think of a way to take it out of the city. Whatever happens, it cannot fall into the hands of other realms.”

The Four-Nine Mystic Arts was a technique that was passed down from generation to generation and was the first half of one of the 81 Divine Techniques Tomes on the Taiyi Divine Techniques Rank, the Eight-Nine Mystic Arts.

It was important to note that many Divine Techniques of the top hundred strongest realms did not even manage to get into the Taiyi Divine Technique Rank.

If one were to get their hands on the Four-Nine Mystic Arts, one would certainly be able to increase the overall strength of a realm and shoot his or her ranking up.

This was a strategic treasure and was many times more precious than a hundred-thousand-year-old sacred medicine, as it could determine the fate of a macroworld. Due to this, many of the cultivators in the Holy City eyed the Saint King Manor and wanted to snatch the Four-Nine Mystic Arts for themselves.

However, the Eastern Region Holy City was a key point under supervision by the Emissaries Vigilant, and no one dared to act rashly.

Plus, the Chen Clan was in control of the Great Orbital Array that covered the entire city. It was not an easy thing to take down the Chen Clan without them noticing. This required the cooperation of many forces to achieve that.

Chen Wutian continued, “The Celestial Palace is not absolutely fair and just. It is composed of all of the macroworlds, and the stronger the world is, the greater its speaking rights in the Celestial Palace. So don’t think that the

Celestial Palace would side with us. For them not to be an accomplice is already good enough for us to fend for ourselves.”

“Now, I’m afraid that we can only seek help from the Imperial Court, but... the Imperial Court itself is too preoccupied. I’ve heard that the battle within the Central Imperial City is even more vicious than the one here.”

Someone then added, “But regardless, we need to give it a shot.”

Chen Wutian ‘s gaze looked at Chen Ying on the throne.

Chen Ying nodded as he roused his Saint Qi, and infused it into the Regional King’s Seal on the Golden Table to make contact with the Central Imperial City.

The one standing guard in the Central Imperial City was Prime Minister Wang Shiqi. In addition, the Six Heavenly Kings, and the Holy Scripture Maiden all appeared as they stood in the Purple Palace and spoke with Chen Ying.

Sure enough, the Central Imperial City was now in a very tense situation, with countless powerhouses gathering there, and massive unrest could break out any moment.

After all, the imperial treasury of the First Central Empire had the most mystical martial arts tomes and other treasures. All of the great realms were looking to take it for their own.

As the light on the seal disappeared, all of the Chen Clan Saints fell into silence.

The Imperial Court could not render any help, and they could only rely on themselves to face the imminent crisis. But, how would they be able to withstand the enveloping attacks by so many elites of various macroworlds with just the Chen Clan’s power alone?

A moment later, Chen Ying made a very difficult decision. “Wutian is right, we need to send the Four-Nine Mystic Arts tome away. As long as the tome is within the hands of the Chen Clan, then there will be hope for us to rise again. We cannot let our legacy be broken by them.”

A Chen Clan Saint said, “The entire Saint King Manor must have been closely monitored by now. Taking the Four-Nine Mystic Arts tome out is impossible.”

“Let us not be so desperate. The Chen Clan has been in control of the Eastern Region Holy City for hundreds of thousands of years, and our roots run deep there, how can we fall that easily? We still have some trump cards that we can use. If they want to destroy the Chen Clan, then they would see half of them annihilated first.”

As he said that, the Prince of the Eastern Region, Chen Ying brought Chen Wutian in tow while they walked out of the great hall toward the deeper parts of the manor.

“My lord, do you want me to take the Four-Nine Mystic Arts tome and leave?” Chen Wutian asked.

Chen Ying walked in front and said, “Your skills and aptitude could be said to be the first amongst the Chens beyond the Middle Age period. If the Chen Clan were to be destroyed, only you could revive the Chen Clan again.”

Chen Wutian’s will was iron. “My lord, you should know that Wutian will live or die with the Chen Clan. I will never escape alone.”

Chen Ying suddenly stopped and patted Chen Wutian on the shoulder as he solemnly said, “The Chen Clan cannot perish, and the Four-Nine Mystic Arts must never fall into the hands of other realms.”

Chen Wutian was silent for a long while before saying, “Even if I want to leave, I’m afraid that I will not be able to. The Saint King Manor now is likely to have no means of exit.”

Chen Ying continued to walk forward and came to the depths of a holy mountain deep within the manor. On the cliff face of the mountain was a stone gate.

“Beneath the Saint King Manor is an ancient teleportation array. Its creation was personally done by Saint Monk Xumi’s eldest disciple, Master Fangcun at the behest of our ancestors. It could teleport you to the Chen Clan’s ancestral land. Now that the ancestral land has recovered, perhaps there is a

supreme opportunity awaiting you there. Go and pick the most outstanding disciples and clansmen of the Chen Clan, and take them with you. Once all of you have left, I will destroy the array myself.”

...

At the same moment, Zhang Ruochen brought Murong Yue and Xie Chengzi to the Jinhong Continent of the Eastern Region Holy City. The mountains before him stood tall, with Saint Qi flowing about, looking like a sacred area.

Not too far away stood a stone monument, engraved with ancient writings that spelled, “Sword Sanctum”.

The former master of the Sword Sanctum was the sixth disciple of Emperor Ming, Lu Yuanzi, who was also Zhang Ruochen’s sixth senior.

But his sixth senior had died many hundreds of years ago.

Now, the master of the Sword Sanctum was probably the grandson of his sixth senior, Lu Huaiyu, or better known as the Jade Saint.

The Sword Sanctum’s strength may not compare to the Eastern Region Saint King Manor, or the three orders and seven sects, but their achievements on smelting artifacts could be ranked in the top three in the Kunlun Realm.

The broken Ancient Abyssal Blade too was reforged there.

For Zhang Ruochen to come to the Sword Sanctum, naturally he was here to help the sword spirit of the Ancient Abyssal Blade to take form. If possible, he wanted to take all of the smiths in the entire Sword Sanctum to Royal Mountain.

Having a group of smiths would be helpful in his quest to rebuild the Shengming Central Empire.

However, the moment he arrived at the monument, Zhang Ruochen sensed a strange aura and an inexplicable hunch materialized in his heart.

Murong Yue stood behind Zhang Ruochen in a moon-white robe. Her waist was slim, and her legs were beautiful and slender while the hood on the robe covered her head, masking

half of her beautiful face. She then said, “Your Highness, someone has used a talisman to cover the entire place. There might be a crisis... in the Sword Sanctum...”

Chapter 1823 - The Crisis in the Sword Sanctum

Chapter 1823: The Crisis in the Sword Sanctum

There were 18 spirit mountains in the Sword Sanctum. Their vegetation was as verdant as jade, white mist drifted between the mountains with waterfalls falling from the sky, and strange demon-like rocks, as well as auspicious light, glimmered everywhere.

During the Sword Sanctum's heyday, there were over tens of thousands of disciples and clansmen living in these mountains.

At one point, however, the skies above the Sword Sanctum were smothered by dark clouds.

The eighteen spirit mountains were soaked in blood, and corpses floated inside the stream and lakes. Some of the spirit mountains had suffered the brunt of a terrifying attack; their defensive wards were broken, and the mountains themselves collapsed. Meanwhile, some of the spirit mountains burned as their temples emitted black smoke.

At least half of the Sword Sanctum clansmen and disciples died, while the remainder were taken to the Jade Saint Spirit Mountain.

The Jade Saint Spirit Mountain was the chief of all spirit mountains in the Sword Sanctum. At the top of the spirit mountain, there was a square paved with white stone. Thousand of Sword Sanctum's disciples and clansmen, be it dead or wounded, lay strewn. Those who were still alive, were all compelled to kneel on the ground by a powerful Saint Aura.

Even those determined Saints had their legs broken and lay on the ground.

The Young Master of the Warhammer Citadel, Bloodhunt Hongdong, wore a dark star armor with a crimson cloak as he

stood on the tall steps. His five-meter-tall frame made him look unusually burly, and naturally had an oppressive aura about him.

Beneath him, there were over a hundred Saint cultivators of the Warhammer Citadel, and each of them was like a giant.

The master of the Sword Sanctum, Lu Huaiyu, was nailed onto the purple-black steele, and blood continuously flowed out of his body.

“This is the two hundred and third, if you do not speak, it will be the two hundred and fourth,” Bloodhunt Hongdong said icily.

Lu Huaiyu smiled as he coughed out blood. “Drea... mm... on...”

Bloodhunt Hongdong’s eyes shrank fiercely as his hands tightened loudly.

The Ninth-rank Elder of the Warhammer Citadel, Fu Yan snorted coldly. “Young master, I don’t think we should waste time bantering nonsense with him anymore. Let’s use the Soul Quelling Steele to wipe out his willpower, and take his memories. I don’t believe we cannot find

The Records of Heavenly Works

.”

The purple-black steele was one of the spiritual treasures the Warhammer Citadel had created, the Soul Quelling Steele.

Not only could the Soul Quelling Steele suppress the will of a cultivator, but it could also take the cultivator’s memories by force, and stop them from exploding their Saint Source. Of course, if a Supreme Saint or a god had placed a sealing technique in the cultivator’s body, they would not be able to obtain any memories or information even with the Soul Quelling Steele.

Bloodhunt Hongdong knew every well that the Soul Quelling Steele was not omnipotent.

If the cultivator’s will was too strong, it would eventually cause the Saint Soul to shatter and no memories would be left

behind.

The Records of Heavenly Works

was of great importance. This was his main task in the Kunlun Realm, and there must not be any complications.

Now, he did not seem to have any other way, so Bloodhunt Hongdong nodded and said, “Activate the Soul Quelling Steele, and take his memories. We need to find out where

The Records of Heavenly Works

is.”

The Ninth-Rank Elder Fu Yan let out a dry laugh.

With his withered hands, he blasted out a powerful Saint Qi and infused it into the Soul Quelling Steele.

Whoosh!!

Suddenly, series of dense circuits appeared on the Soul Quelling Steele. The circuits, like iron threads, stabbed into Lu Huaiyu’s head while the rest pierced into his body.

Bloodhunt Hongdong was a little nervous and worried that the Soul Search would fail.

One needed to know that the Warhammer Citadel was known for refining tools and was well-known across the macroworlds. Nevertheless, compared with the top refining sects, it was a whole level behind.

The Records of Heavenly Works

was a precious tome for refining that could rank at the top during the Middle Ages. If the Warhammer Citadel could obtain it, it could definitely improve their skills in refining.

This matter was related to whether he could secure his position as the Young Master of the Warhammer Citadel, and he could not allow any mistakes.

“Ah...”

Lu Huaiyu’s spirit and Saint Soul suffered inhuman torture, as heartbreaking screams rang out from his mouth.

All of the disciples and clansmen of the Sword Sanctum were furious.

“The Sword Sanctum has no grudges against you. Why did you attack us?”

“

The Records of Heavenly Works

is not in the Sword Sanctum. Please let the Jade Saint and us go. Everything can be discussed.”

“Let go of the Jade Saint, point your spears at me.”

“Fight them!”

...

Dushh!!

All of the cultivators that wanted to resist were all smashed into a pulp by the Warhammer Citadel’s cultivators with their heavy warhammers.

A Sixth-Rank Elder of the Warhammer Citadel looked at the kneeling cultivators as if they were insects and smiled. “Who told you that a grudge is needed for killing? Wherever there are people, there will be fighting. If there’s any interest to be secured, there will be war and conquest.”

Immediately after, that Sixth-Rank Elder walked before a Saint of the Sword Sanctum as he stretched his palm out and pressed against the latter’s head, extracting his memories.

It was obviously easier to extract the memory of a Saint.

That Saint was screaming and resisting, yet he could not escape the grasp of that elder as if he was a doll.

While a Saint may have limited knowledge of refining tools, there was always something worth learning and drawing lessons from. As long as he absorbed that Saint’s memories, it was also an improvement to himself.

Dushh!

A giant black blade flew over from the horizon and pierced through the chest of the Sixth Rank Elder, who was a Six-step

Saint King and carried his body by momentum all the way before slamming into a bronze pillar behind Bloodhunt Hongdong.

There was a loud thud.

The Sixth Rank Elder slammed against the bronze pillar before sliding and falling onto the ground, as he was reduced to a corpse.

Bloodhunt Hongdong's face sank, as he looked at the black blade that was flying away and said, "What a powerful sword will, that it straight up shattered Elder Blueblood's Saint Soul."

"Who goes there?"

All of the cultivators of the Warhammer Citadel were elites, and they immediately entered combat stance.

Some activated the inscriptions of the sacred artifacts, some created defensive formations, some opened their Heaven's Eye to look for the intruder...

Whoosh!!

The space above Bloodhunt Hongdong trembled.

Three figures flew out of the void, attacking both Bloodhunt Hongdong and Elder Fu Yan.

The one striking at Bloodhunt Hongdong was the masked Zhang Ruochen.

Zhang Ruochen deployed the technique of the Dimensional Prison and covered Bloodhunt Hongdong within it.

Immediately after, he used his footwork to close the distance as he roused the power of the Fire God's Gauntlet and slammed a fist out, carrying with it a trace of divine power.

Zhang Ruochen was very clear that his primary objective was to rescue people.

To rescue someone, he must first gain some bargaining chips.

So, he could only subdue the bandits by taking their leader.

Bloodhunt Hongdong was no ordinary foe, and the speed of his reaction was extraordinary as he struck out like a thunderbolt, and countered with a palm strike, before sending Zhang Ruochen stumbling back seven steps.

But Bloodhunt Hongdong was pushed back even more...

Sixteen steps in total.

Zhang Ruochen only felt a fiery pain in his right arm. That counter palm strike was like him hitting a divine steel wall, and all of his bones felt like they had been slightly dislocated.

Note that the counterstrike was done in haste before the two came to this stage.

If his opponent had time to prepare, Zhang Ruochen may not necessarily be able to gain an advantage.

“His physical strength is not below mine,” Zhang Ruochen said to himself.

Fortunately, on the other side of the battlefield, Murong Yue and Xie Chengzi joined forces, and not only they managed to push Elder Fu Yan back, they even managed to rescue Lu Huaiyu from the soul Quelling Steele.

Zhang Ruochen knew the strength of Bloodhunt Hongdong had exceeded his estimations and could not be taken down so easily. He glanced sideways and stared at Elder Fu Yan as he prepared to change his his target.

While Bloodhunt Hongdong may look like a brute, but for him to become the Young Master of the Warhammer Citadel, how could he be a fool?

He was extremely shrewd, and the moment he saw Zhang Ruochen’s eye movement, he immediately guessed Zhang Ruochen’s next move and roared, “Elder Fu Yan, watch out!”

Bloodhunt Hongdong’s judgment was not wrong, but he underestimated Zhang Ruochen’s strength and speed.

However, before the words “watch out” could even leave his mouth, Zhang Ruochen’s Ancient Abyssal Blade was already pointed at the center of Elder Fu Yan’s brows.

Elder Fu Yan was extremely shocked. He was also a Nine-step Saint King but he could not even see his foe's shadow before he was restrained. Could it be that the person who came here had cultivated to the realm of the Precept Domain?

Not long after, when he felt the spatial fluctuations around him, he immediately understood what had happened.

No wonder he was so fast. It turned out that this person had directly crossed the space and appeared before him.

Elder Fu Yan tried his best to remain calm as he said, "Sir, are you also here for the Records of Heavenly Works? I'm afraid that you will be disappointed. We have not found it yet."

Bloodhunt Hongdong said, "He is not here for the records but to rescue people."

Zhang Ruochen could not help but reassess his opinion of Bloodhunt Hongdong. This person was really sharp and could see through his intentions in such a short time. If he were to give him more time, wouldn't the latter be able to guess Zhang Ruochen's identity?

"Since you know I'm here to rescue people, why don't you release them immediately?" Zhang Ruochen said.

"That's unfair."

Bloodhunt Hongdong shook his head and said, "I'm holding so many lives in my hand, and you only have one in yours. If want me to release them, who should I let go then?"

"Is a life of a Nine-step Saint King that cheap for the Warhammer Citadel?" Zhang Ruochen asked back.

Zhang Ruochen still had some understanding of the various major forces in the Celestial Court. It was not difficult to deduce that they were cultivators from the Warhammer Citadel.

Bloodhunt Hongdong said, "I don't need to tell you how serious are the consequences if you were to kill a Ninth Rank Elder of the Warhammer Citadel, right?"

"Are you threatening me?" Zhang Ruochen asked.

Bloodhunt Hongdong replied, “No, I’m just reminding you to think twice before doing anything.”

“Thank you.”

A strange smile appeared on Zhang Ruochen’s face as his powerful sword will erupted.

Dushh!!

Contrary to everyone’s expectation, Zhang Ruochen was decisive as he stabbed his blade through the center of Elder Fu Yan’s brow. The Sword Spirit on the edge of the blade erupted, shattering the latter’s head into a cloud of bloody mist.

Bloodhunt Hongdong’s eyes widened suddenly. A raging fury burned with him as he shouted, “Kill them!”

Suddenly, a divine light radiated out of Zhang Ruochen’s eyes as his aura expanded greatly like that of a dominating emperor. With his hands spread out wide, all of the Precepts of Space blasted out, and covered the entire square on top of the Jade Saint Spirit Mountain as he shouted, “Dimensional Freeze!”

In an instant, a layer of white light rushed out of Zhang Ruochen’s body as the power of space swept across the place.

From afar, the people on the square seemed to be enclosed within a huge jade stone and became unmovingly still.

However, under Zhang Ruochen’s control, Murong Yue and Xie Chengzi were not affected by the power of space as they launched attacks against the cultivators of the Warhammer Citadel.

Murong Yue then struck against Bloodhunt Hongdong.

Xie Chengzi released a large number of Battle Corpses, and was frantically harvesting the lives of the cultivators of the Warhammer Citadel, and in the blink of an eye, half of them fell.

Chapter 1824 - Forging the Altar of Saints

Chapter 1824: Forging the Altar of Saints

Translator:

EndlessFantasy Translation

Editor:

EndlessFantasy Translation

The area covered by the Dimensional Freeze was too wide to completely suppress Bloodhunt Hongdong.

The Precepts of Fire and Ice gushed out of his body, causing subtle changes in the precepts of heaven and earth as the powerful force erupting out of him shook the entire dimension.

Murong Yue's Bluemoon Blunt Crescent Slash found its mark, but the shadow of a flaming beast rushed out of Bloodhunt Hongdong's back and blocked her attack.

“Roarrrr!!!”

The flame beast let out a roar, and with a wave of its claws, a powerful force blasted out, and send Murong Yue flying.

“So strong. Even when His Royal Highness has used the power of space to suppress him, I'm still far from being his opponent. His strength is probably no weaker than an elite of a Greater Precept World,” Murong Yue said to herself.

“Break!”

Bloodhunt Hongdong summoned a sacred artifact of the Seventh Radiance, the Seven Star Warhammer and swung it about as the brilliant light of the stars rushed out in all directions.

The mother hammer of the Seven-star Warhammer was like a hill, teeming with spikes.

Around the mother hammer were seven dazzling light orbs, and within each light was a smaller hammer. The seven smaller hammers and the mother hammer, while separated from each other, were connected together in a formation array.

The frozen dimension was bombarded into smithereens by the power of the Seven-Star Warhammer.

Zhang Ruochen glanced at the square and saw that Xie Chengzi and his band of Battle Corpses had already slain the Warhammer Citadel cultivators to the last man, as piles of bloodied Saint corpses lay on the ground.

“Killing the disciples of the Warhammer Citadel, I shall tear you all to pieces!”

Bloodhunt Hongdong’s eyes were bloodshot with fury as he suddenly took three steps and rushed before Zhang Ruochen. A series of explosions broke out within the originally frozen dimensional

The Seven-Star Warhammer flew up and appeared above Zhang Ruochen’s head.

Murong Yue knew how powerful Bloodhunt Hongdong was. Worried that Zhang Ruochen would not be his match, she exclaimed, “Your Highness, be careful!”

Zhang Ruochen twisted his feet, and the space around him twisted along with it. Immediately after, a dimensional vortex formed and swept Bloodhunt Hongdong and the Seven-star Warhammer within it.

“Move.”

Zhang Ruochen dragged Bloodhunt Hongdong along as both of them disappeared from the Jade Saint Spirit Mountain.

By the time they reappeared, they were already on a spirit mountain that had been leveled.

Zhang Ruochen’s right fist mobilized his Saint Qi and Canon of Truth before unleashing the power of the Fire God’s Gauntlet. At the same time, he blasted out a cloud of flames to clash with Bloodhunt Hongdong.

Boom!! Boom!!

Zhang Ruochen's body fell down, and his landing caused the ground to shatter.

“Bloodhunt Hongdong's strength is really powerful. I can't face him head-on.” The thought quickly flashed past Zhang Ruochen's mind.

A howling force wind came from above his head.

Zhang Ruochen looked up and saw seven black stars were circling a mountain and was quickly falling toward him. The air was compressed and became extremely dense.

That was...

The Seven-star Warhammer Bloodhunt Hongdong had wielded.

The Seven-Star Warhammer was not only a Ten Thousand Marks Sacred Artifact of the Seventh Radiance, but it was also an ancient artifact of a Supreme Saint and had the power of one.

Whoosh!!

Zhang Ruochen held up the Eight-Dragon Umbrella as eight golden dragons rushed out of the umbrella and circled upwards as they collided with the Seven-star Warhammer.

Bam! Bam!!

Eight explosions were heard as all eight golden dragons burst into pieces, and turned into eight separate showers of golden light.

“An Eighth-Radiance artifact in your hands is like letting jade collect dust. It's better off given to me.” Bloodhunt Hongdong seized the advantage and continued to attack Zhang Ruochen.

Zhang Ruochen used his Dimensional Shift and constantly moved about as he dodged the Seven Star Warhammer time and time again.

At the top of the Jade Saint Spirit Mountain, the disciples and clansmen of the Sword Sanctum looked at the shocking battle in the distance and were all worried for Zhang Ruochen.

After all, the Saint Path Aura unleashed by Bloodhunt Hongdong was just too powerful as if he was a God of War. That Seven-Star Warhammer continued to exude the power of a Supreme Saint and shook all of the Spirit Mountains.

For such a terrifying character, who else but a Supreme Saint could be his match?

Lu Huaiyu's injury had been stabilized as he saluted Murong Yue and Xie Chengzi as he thanked them and worriedly said, "There may be a gap in the strength of our savior compared to the Young Master of the Warhammer Citadel. How about we strike as one, and help him?"

Murong Yue too was hesitating whether if she should intervene, as she said, "His Royal Highness' strength is not as simple as it looks. The reason he had used the power of space to drag the Young Master of the Warhammer Citadel to a distant place, was for us to not join the fight. Let's wait, the tide of this battle may still be turned."

Murong Yue knew that Zhang Ruochen had a Supreme Sacred Artifact with him, and once its used, even the Young Master of the Warhammer Citadel would not be his match.

"The tide still can be turned?"

Lu Huaiyu was worried.

After pondering for a moment, Lu Huaiyu said, "If I may, are Miss, you, and our savior, cultivators of the Kunlun Realm?" Murong Yue's lips curled as she said, "Senior Jade Saint, you don't have to be so reserved, we are all on the same side..."

"The same side..."

Lu Huaiyu was stunned for a moment before he caught onto something before suddenly raising his head and looked at the masked man that was fighting the Young Master of the Warhammer Citadel in the distance with a look of disbelief on his face.

"Proficient in the power of space... Could it be him? But, has his strength already reached such a stage?"

All of the disciples and clansmen of the Sword Sanctum were restless at this moment.

Some suggested for them to immediately withdraw, in order not to be a burden to their savior. Some wanted to stay and fight with their savior, and jointly slay the powerful foe.

Lu Huaiyu saw that Murong Yue had confidence in the masked man, and so he went to calm the emotions of the Sword Sanctum cultivators down.

Bloodhunt Hongdong could not slay his foe even after a long while and could not help but to become impatient. He mobilized the Saint Qi of his whole body and activated the full Seventh Radiance power of the Seven-star Warhammer.

Suddenly, the Seven-star Warhammer became extremely huge, as the mother hammer and the seven smaller hammers each radiated different power fluctuations.

The sky became dark as various powers flooded the area the Sword Sanctum was at.

“It’s over. Die!”

Bloodhunt Hongdong yelled as he swung the Seven-Star Warhammer out.

Standing on top of a spirit mountain, Zhang Ruochen’s form was proud and his eyes sharp as he took out the Azure Sky Pagoda and held it on his palm, rousing the Supreme Power within it.

A layer of blue clouds instantly covered the sky.

The Azure Sky Pagoda flew out and collided against the Seven-Star Warhammer.

Boooom!

All of the seven smaller hammers all exploded into pieces and were reduced to scrap iron.

Even the mother hammer was sent flying out of the Sword Sanctum and landed who knows where.

The armor on Bloodhunt Hongdong’s body was a sacred artifact that far surpassed the Seven-Star Warhammer, and had

a terrifying defensive power as it took managed to take the brunt of the Azuresky Pagoda's attack.

But he still suffered grievous injuries and was bleeding all over his body.

This Saint Body within the armor was covered with blood marks, if the Azuresky Pagoda was to hit him another time, it could very well tear him apart.

“The grudge today, I, Bloodhunt Hongdong have taken to heart. When I borrow a Supreme Sacred Artifact next time around, I will definitely fight with you again, until one of us is dead.”

Bloodhunt Hongdong was very resentful, but he dared not continue to fight with Zhang Ruochen as he pulled out a talisman and crushed it, turning into a beam of light as he flew out of the Sword Sanctum before disappearing into the clouds.

“Where you think you're going?”

Zhang Ruochen used the Great Dimensional Shift to pursue.

After chasing for over thousands of miles, beyond the Golden Rainbow Continent, and entering the sea region of the Eastern Region Holy City, suddenly Bloodhunt Hongdong's aura suddenly disappeared without a trace.

As he was worried that something might happen at the Sword Sanctum, Zhang Ruochen did not do a thorough search as he hurried back.

After rushing back, Zhang Ruochen took all of the clansmen and disciples of the Sword Sanctum into the Qiankun Realm.

“Salutations, Your Royal Highness.”

Lu Huaiyu put his fist to palm and bowed respectfully before Zhang Ruochen.

Lu Huaiyu had lived for hundreds of years and was a well-known figure within the Kunlun Realm. He bowed in salute to Zhang Ruochen, not because of Zhang Ruochen's identity, but also because of Zhang Ruochen's current strength.

“Salutations, Your Royal Highness.”

“Salutations, Your Royal Highness.”

...

All of the core members of the Sword Sanctum too bowed in salute.

After knowing that their savior was the Shengming Crown Prince Zhang Ruochen, all of the cultivators of the Sword Sanctum were extremely excited, as if they had found a backing in this chaotic world.

That’s right, Zhang Ruochen was their backer.

Zhang Ruochen understood from Lu Huaiyu’s mouth about the whole incident and asked, “So is

The Records of Heavenly Works really in the Sword Sanctum?”

The Records of Heavenly Works

was a mystical book amongst the world of craftsmanship. In the eyes of craftsmen, it was as valuable as the divine technique tomes on the Taiyi Divine Technique Rank. Therefore, it was natural that Zhang Ruochen was somewhat curious about it.

Lu Huaiyu said, “

The Records of Heavenly Works

was indeed in the Sword Sanctum, but not too long ago, grandfather took it away.”

A sharp light appeared in Murong Yue’s eyes. “Grandfather? As far as I know, Senior Jade Saint’s grandfather should have been Emperor Ming’s sixth disciple, Lu Yuanshi. He fell hundreds of years ago.”

Although Zhang Ruochen was shocked on the inside, he still maintained a calm look as he waited for Lu Huaiyu to give him a reasonable explanation.

Lu Huaiyu stared to the left and right, motioning for the cultivators of the Sword Sanctum to leave.

In the end, only Zhang Ruochen, Lu Huaiyu, and Murong Yue remained in the hall.

Only then did Lu Huaiyu whisper, “Grandfather was one of the members of the Guardian Dragon Pavilion. And after grandfather died, I took over his identity.”

“So, is Senior Lu Yuanzhi dead or not?” Murong Yue was a little confused.

Lu Huaiyu sighed. “He is dead and not dead.”

“What the hell is going on?” Zhang Ruochen asked.

“Eight hundred years ago, Emperor Ming secretly ordered the members of the Guardian Dragon Pavilion to take away the imperial treasure of the Shengming Central Empire and build an Altar of Saints in the Sword Sanctum. For eight hundred years, the Saint Souls of the deceased Kunlun Realm Saints will mostly be brought back by the members of the Guardian Dragon Pavilion and kept within the altar. Grandfather’s Saint Soul is also inside the altar.”

Zhang Ruochen was shocked and eagerly asked, “Why was the altar built? Why could the altar preserve the Saint Souls? Where is the altar?”

Lu Huaiyu could understand Zhang Ruochen’s current emotions, as this matter was indeed rather bizarre.

He said, “The construction of the altar was a secret order by Emperor Ming. The blueprints of the construction were also provided by Emperor Ming himself. As for how could the altar preserve the Saint Souls of the various Saints, with my current cultivation, I am unable to understand the principles and mysteries behind it.”

“Is the Altar of Saints still in the Sword Sanctum?” Zhang Ruochen asked.

Lu Huaiyu shook his head and said, “Before the Infernal Court broke through the Altar of Heaven and Earth, several senior members of the Guardian Dragon Pavilion had been ordered to take the altar away. I don’t know where they have taken it.”

Zhang Ruochen revealed a disappointed look, but soon, he grasped a key point and said, “Ordered? Whose order was it? And those senior members of the Guardian Dragon Pavilion, what are their identities?”

Chapter 1825 - Tianjue Pavilion

Chapter 1825: Tianjue Pavilion

Lu Huaiyu replied, “They have been ordered by a Pavilion Master of the Guardian Dragon Pavilion.

Zhang Ruochen revealed disappointment in his eyes and said, “Which Pavilion Master was it?”

Lu Huaiyu shook his head.

The Guardian Dragon Pavilion was actually divided into the Heaven Spirit Pavilion and the Earth Demon Pavilion, and both the Heaven Spirit and Earth Demon Pavilions each had their own Pavilion Master as well as deputy. With Lu Huaiyu’s status, he was still unable to access the top secrets of the Guardian Dragon Pavilion.

However, Lu Huaiyu gave Zhang Ruochen a clue. “One of the senior members of the Guardian Dragon Pavilion is Your Highness’ Royal Tutor in your past life, Royal Tutor Shangguan Que. If Your Highness really wants to know about the secrets of the altar, you can pay him a visit.”

“Sure enough.”

Zhang Ruochen was not surprised by Shangguan Que’s identity.

Be it in the previous life, or this one, many of his doubts were all pointed at Shangguan Que.

Zhang Ruochen had figured out a lot of things, but at the same time, it also gave birth to more doubts.

In the past, the Holy Scripture Maiden had paid Shangguan Que a visit. He had given her a clue, and the spear point of the clue pointed toward the Endless Abyss.

It was that time that the Holy Scripture Maiden almost perished within the abyss.

Zhang Ruochen could not understand what kind of relationship Shangguan Que and that person within the Endless Abyss had. How did he survive unscathed when Emperor Qing and Chi Yao destroyed the Shengming Central Empire, and why had the Shangguan Clan prospered to this day?

“Once I get the Godstone back, I must pay the Central Region a visit,” Zhang Ruochen said to himself.

Whoosh!!

A Communication Light Talisman flew from the eastern skies and landed in Zhang Ruochen’s hands.

It was a message from the Holy Scripture Maiden.

Through the Chessboard of the Realms, the Holy Scripture Maiden had managed to locate the positions of several cultivators from the Fane of Youshen and informed Zhang Ruochen using the talisman.

Zhang Ruochen was silently surprised. “The Fatal Six of the Fane of Youshen, the Drifter and the Wayfarer are actually in the Eastern Region Holy City? What are they doing here?”

Given how vast the Kunlun Realm was, any one of the Fatal Six could stand strong alone, so why did two of them appeared at the same place?

If it was only to snatch the Godstone, there was no need for people like the Fatal Six to show up, and instead sending a Nine-step Saint King like Feng Chengdao or Bai Yuejun was more than enough.

“The Godstone that Feng Chengdao and Bai Yuejin have snatched is probably in the possession of either the Drifter or the Wayfarer. This will be tricky.” Zhang Ruochen frowned deeply.

The Drifter and the Wayfarer were elites of the Greater Precept World, and their accumulation was powerful and deep-rooted. Be it their offensive or life-saving abilities were not comparable to the average Nine-step Saint Kings.

Even if Zhang Ruochen had a Supreme Sacred Artifact, it did not seem like he would be able to suppress them.

Moreover, Zhang Ruochen could not just strike with impunity and needed to keep away from the Emissaries Vigilant. If he was discovered, the consequences would be disastrous, and by then, those who want him dead would be innumerable.

The Holy Scripture Maiden's second talisman arrived.

“There's another thing that I don't know if I should be telling you or not. But since you are in the Eastern Region Holy City, I decided to tell you anyway. There will be a crisis happening in the Eastern Region Saint King Manor soon...”

On the light talisman, the Holy Scripture Maiden explained the crisis the Eastern Region Holy City was facing in detail to Zhang Ruochen.

After reading it, Zhang Ruochen fell into a long silence.

The Eastern Region Holy City had been reigning over the Eastern Region for over a hundred thousand years. It was normal for the great realms to have their eyes on the wealth and resources they had accumulated. But their true goal was the famous Four-Nine Mystic Arts.

Not only was the Four-Nine Mystic Arts divided into four volumes, but it was also divided into thirty-six skills, thirty-six techniques, and thirty-six transformations.

Whether it was skills, techniques, or transformation, it was a treasure that would allow a cultivator to soar.

The Thirty-six Shapeless and Formless Transformations Zhang Ruochen had cultivated were just the tip of the iceberg when compared with the Four-Nine Mystic Arts.

The true Thirty-six Transformations could not only transform appearances, but also transform into mountains, waters, air, and even divide oneself into thirty-six, unleashing a variety of techniques.

The cultivators of other macroworlds, even if they were to seize a cultivator of the Eastern Region Saint King Manor and were somehow able to steal their memories, they would only

be able to get a small glimpse of the Four-Nine Mystic Arts. That was at best useful for mere reference.

It was like the thirty-six engravings of the Demonstone Engravings from the Blackdemon Realm.

The thirty-six rub marks were all created personally by a god, but there were still many defects while cultivating the rub marks, and was incomparable to the True Marks.

So, they would need to seize the true marks of the Four-nine Mystic Arts in order to truly master the divine technique.

While Zhang Ruochen's current strength was indeed strong, but he did not think that he had the strength to destroy the Eastern Region Saint King Manor. After all, the Saint King Manor had been rooted in the Holy City for hundreds of thousands of years, it was very deep-rooted with all sorts of means at their disposal.

Yet, the Holy Scripture Maiden mentioned that there was a danger of the Eastern Region Saint King Manor being annihilated, and that meant that the enemies attacking the manor would be quite terrifying.

Normally, once Zhang Ruochen learned of this, he would smartly choose to protect himself and immediately flee the Eastern Region Holy City.

However, upon learning that the Fane of Youshen was a participant in this operation, Zhang Ruochen decided to stay for the time being. If he was not able to change anything with his own power, he would need to take the Godstone back, no?

“The Tianjue Pavilion.”

Zhang Ruochen looked at the name of a place that the Holy Scripture Maiden had given him and immediately left for it with Murong Yue and Xie Chengzi in tow.

The Tianjue Pavilion was located at the edge of the Golden Rainbow Continent in the Eastern Region Holy City and was situated on the Tianjue Island.

The Tianjue Island floated over the sea and was one of the busiest and liveliest places in the Eastern Region Holy City.

Standing on the island, a Saint could use their extraordinary eye power to see almost half of the Golden Rainbow Continent, and the vast, borderless sea.

If there was a birth of a hundred thousand-year-old sacred grounds medicine being born, those on Tianjue Island would be able to see the auspicious light radiating from the medicine at the very first moment.

Based on the news brought by the Holy Scripture Maiden, both the Drifter and the Wayfarer was at Tianjue Pavilion on Tianjue Island.

Zhang Ruochen changed his appearance and became a handsome, stout figure as he wore a dragon scale armor and a dragon robe. He exuded an aloof temperament as he stepped into Tianjue Pavilion.

Due to the long cloak, it was difficult to notice that one of his legs was a little lame.

Murong Yue and Xie Chengzi follow behind him like a maidservant and a guard.

As soon as he walked into the Tianjue Pavilion, the gaze of countless pairs of eyes landed on Zhang Ruochen. Everyone could see that his armor was expensive, and his cultivation base deep, guessing that he was probably someone with an amazing background and identity.

“What you looking at? I’ll gouge your eyes out.”

Xie Chengzi exuded a chilly Qi aura, and revealed his undoubtedly powerful cultivation, shocking all of the cultivators in the area.

“So powerful, who is that person?”

“Never seen him before, perhaps he might be one of the Dragon Princes of the Tianlong Realm. In any case, he is not someone we can afford to offend.”

...

Zhang Ruochen pretended to be aloof and seemed to be disdainful of the cultivators in the pavilion. But, in reality, he

had already observed everyone, and to his surprise, he had noticed several familiar figures.

One of them was the Young Master of the Ming Hall, Kong Hongbi.

Speaking of which, there were no small grievances between Zhang Ruochen and Kong Hongbi. He wondered how Kong Hongbi would feel if he found out that Zhang Ruochen was the Shengming Central Empire's crown prince and the Saint Patriarch of Ming Hall's cousin.

“Why did Kong Hongbi come to the Eastern Region Holy City? Lanyou wouldn't be sending him to deliver the Godstone, right?” Zhang Ruochen said to himself.

On that same note, Kong Hongbi's talent and aptitude were quite good and definitely at the top in the Kunlun Realm.

With the vigorous cultivation provided by Ming Hall, plus the recovery of the Kunlun Realm, the precepts of heaven and earth had changed. Hence, his cultivation base had advanced by leaps and bounds, surpassing the rank of a Saint King.

Aside from Kong Hongbi, Zhang Ruochen also saw Xiang Chunan.

Xiang Chunan was seated in a corner, and there was a large jar of liquor on his table. He was gorging liquor down in large swigs as he chatted with a man sitting opposite of him. His voice was so loud that only his voice could be heard across the entire Tianjue Pavilion.

The man opposite him was fair and extremely handsome. He wore a big red Saint Robe, and his movements were elegant. It was a sharp contrast to Xiang Chunan's brutish appearance.

“This man... why do I have a feeling that I knew him before...” Zhang Ruochen frowned.

Zhang Ruochen did not know the man sitting opposite Xiang Chunan, but the former gave out a feeling of familiarity. Did this person change his looks?

“That black fool, he really dares to make friends with anyone.” Zhang Ruochen shook his head gently.

A steward of the Tianjur Pavilion walked over and respectfully greeted Zhang Ruochen. “The first floor is only for ordinary cultivators. For an honored guest like you, please head to the private rooms upstairs.”

That steward may not be able to see through Xiang Chunan’s cultivation, but shouldn’t he know about Kong Hongbi’s identity?

If Kong Hongbi was merely an ordinary cultivator in his eyes, how distinguished were the cultivators inside the private rooms?

Zhang Ruochen looked up and noticed that in addition to a suspended holy jade platform at the center of the pavilion, there were also layers upon layers of private rooms spiraling upward. It was just that the private rooms were warded with inscriptions arrays, and he could not sense the identity or aura of those within the rooms.

“All right, give me the best private room,” Zhang Ruochen said proudly.

“Please.”

The steward followed Zhang Ruochen and saw him observe the suspended holy jade platform, so he smiled and said, “That is the auction platform of the Tianjue Pavilion. If you have anything precious, you can put it up for auction there.”

Immediately after, he whispered, “The treasures auctioned by Tianjue Pavilion are all first-rate treasures. A few days ago, a person sold a hundred-thousand-year-old sacred medicine that he had just harvested here for a sky-high price.”

Zhang Ruochen silently clicked his tongue and was surprised.

As the cultivators from various worlds continued to enter the Kunlun Realm, the Tianjue Pavilion seemed to be more and more sophisticated.

The steward brought Zhang Ruochen to a private room on the fourth floor and said, “My Lord, we have arrived!”

“This is only the fourth floor. I noticed that there are rooms on the fifth floor as well, and the environment there seemed to be

better,” Zhang Ruochen said.

The steward looked conflicted and quickly said, “The four private rooms on the fifth floor are already occupied, and all of them are people who should not be provoked...”

“Should not be provoked... Haha, there’s not a single person that this prince cannot provoke. And today, I want to go to the private rooms on the fifth floor.” Zhang Ruochen laughed arrogantly.

Zhang Ruochen guessed that the Drifter and the Wayfarer were likely to be in one of the private rooms on the fifth floor, but he had no idea which one they were in.

So, he planned to cause a ruckus and find them.

Chapter 1826 - Tianjue Pavilion's Master

Chapter 1826: Tianjue Pavilion's Master

“My Lord...”

The Tianjue Pavilion steward wanted to stop Zhang Ruochen but he was immediately halted by Murong Yue's finger as he stood in place, unable to move.

Zhang Ruochen looked majestic as he strode toward the fifth floor.

The cultivators in the four private rooms on the fifth floor were clearly startled as the door of one of the private rooms opened and a Saint King walked out.

That Saint King's gaze was locked onto Zhang Ruochen. “The fifth floor is not a place where you should come. There are some people whom you truly cannot afford to provoke.”

This Saint King turned out to be Xue Chou of the Shengze Realm.

Zhang Ruochen was slightly surprised, and stared at the private room behind Xue Chou, a calligraphy screen blocking his vision.

The words on the screen were in the hand of a cultivator with a very high cultivation base, and Zhang Ruochen's eyes could not see through it.

He could only see several shadows behind the screen.

Since Xue Chou was here, it was very possible that Hua Cangying was in the room as well.

Sure enough, he was a very distinguished figure.

Zhang Ruochen deliberately showed contempt as he said, “Who are you? Having the guts to block this prince's path. Get lost or I'll break your leg.”

“My Lord, aren’t you being too arrogant? I am a Saint King of the Shengze Realm’s Hall of Deific Scions. You better make sure if you can afford to offend the Hall of Deific Scions,” Xue Chou said brusquely.

Xie Chengzi’s figure flickered, and like a ghost, reappeared before Xue Chou.

Xue Chou was shocked as he quickly mobilizing the Saint Qi in his body...

It was too late!

Xie Chengzi slashed his arm out like a sword of Saint Steel and slammed it against Xue Chou’s waist, sending him flying sideways.

A loud crash followed.

Xue Chou’s body slammed against the door of the private room on the southside, knocking open two top-grade Moon Oak doors as he rolled into the room.

Before coming to Tianjue Pavilion, Xie Chengzi had changed into a Saint Armor that wrapped around his body, covering his face and aura, so Xue Chou did not recognize him.

The blow by Xie Chengzi was so powerful that Xue Chou’s waist was reduced into a mush, and his spine was close to being broken.

“Insolence!”

Hua Cangying yelled as he appeared outside the private room.

Xie Chengzi let out a grinning laugh as he raised both of his hands and two blobs of dark evil powers appeared in his palms.

At the same time, a burly figure walked out of the southside private room, carrying the bloodied Xue Chou in his arm and tossed him down the Tianjue Pavilion, before turning back into the room without a word, and closed the wooden door.

Although the burly figure did not use any power, both Zhang Ruochen and Hua Cangying could feel the scorching energy fluctuations in his body.

He was a powerhouse of the Greater Precept-World realm.

This was the reason Hua Cangying restrained himself and did not provoke that person.

For a random person to walk out with the room being of a Greater Precept-World realm, who knows if there were any other even more terrifying powerhouses inside the room?

Bam!!!

Xue Chou fell all the way from the fifth floor to the first and crashed into a daze.

The cultivators on the first floor were dumbfounded as they looked up at the fifth floor.

“The cultivators on the fifth floor are all really distinguished persons.”

“For him to pick a fight with Hua Cangying of the Shengze Realm, that arrogant person must’ve slammed into a brick wall this time around.”

...

“What the hell are ye’ doing, fighting? Didn’t Tianjue Island prohibited cultivators from fighting?”

Xiang Chunan, who was drunk, raised his head and looked at the fifth floor. His gaze then landed on Zhang Ruochen.

“Eh?!”

Xiang Chunan’s drunkenness went down by a few notches as he rubbed his eyes and looked again. When he confirmed it was Zhang Ruochen, he was overjoyed and laughed. “Big Brother, I’ve finally found you!”

Xiang Chunan was a freak and had the Eyes of Clairvoyance. Even Zhang Ruochen’s transformation techniques could not fool his eyes.

The handsome man in red sitting across Xiang Chunan heard the latter yell out like that, and a strange look appeared in his eyes as he unexpectedly raised his eyes and looked at the private rooms on the fifth floor.

“Brother Luo, let’s go, let’s go. I’ll bring you to meet my big brother. My big brother is a really incredible person.” Xiang Chunan reached out to grab the man in red’s wrist.

However, the man in red deftly avoided his grasp and stood up as he laughed. “Since you, Brother Xiang have called that person Big Brother, I’m sure he must be a very impressive hero. It seems like I should get to know him.”

Xiang Chunan rushed to the fifth floor with gusto, and just as he was about to ascend to the fifth floor, two cultivators dressed in luxurious robes walked out and blocked his path.

“Sir, please do not rush randomly in the Tianjue Pavilion,” one of the noble cultivators said with a smile.

These two people were actually cultivators of the Tianjue Pavilion.

However, their cultivation base was extremely powerful, and they used their Saint Path Power to block Xiang Chunan who was about to forcefully break into the fifth floor.

With Xiang Chunan’s temper, and the copious amount of alcohol he drank earlier, was naturally irritable. He took out a demonic metal crown that was a Supreme Sacred Artifact and prepared to send the two Tianjue Cultivators flying.

A gentle voice rang out. “Jiang Feng, Jiang Cheng, let that guest in!”

The two cultivators in luxurious robes immediately retracted their Saint Aura and retreated to the side as they bowed in salute to a white-clothed young man.

The young man in white looked about seventeen or eighteen and was quite young. Yet, neither Zhang Ruochen nor Hua Cangying had noticed how he appeared on the fifth floor of the pavilion, which was extremely bizarre.

“Tianjue Pavilion sure has many crouching tigers within it, and I have no idea how many more powerhouses are gathered here.”

Zhang Ruochen dared not be careless and was even more cautious.

The young man in white clasped his fist around his hand and was very polite as he said with a smile, “I am the current Pavilion Master of the Tianjue Pavilion, Jiang Yunchong, can I get both of you to give me some face, and not fight in the Tianjue Pavilion?”

The other party could be said to have given Zhang Ruochen and Hua Zangying plenty of face.

Jiang Yunchong’s cultivation base could not be predicted. In the event of a fight, even if Zhang Ruochen and Hua Cangying were to join forces, they might not be his match.

This was truly a terrifying character!

Zhang Ruochen bowed and saluted in return as he asked, “My Lord, you are probably not a Kunlun Realm cultivator, how did you become the master of the Tianjue Pavilion?”

Jiang Yunchong did not directly answer Zhang Ruochen’s question but said with a smile, “Because the Tianjue Pavilion is a nice place!”

This Jiang Yunchong must be a top-tier powerhouse from a very powerful realm, and most likely had cultivated to the Precept Domain, or even stronger. For a figure like him to claim Tianjue Pavilion for his own, was not a particularly difficult thing to do.

Zhang Ruochen pondered as he said, “I would of course need to give face to the Pavilion Master. Let’s go. We’ll head to the private room on the fourth floor.”

With Murong Yue and Xie Chengzi in tow, Zhang Ruochen chose to step back.

Jiang Yunchong smiled. “It’s just a private room. Since you like it, I will let out my own private room for you.”

“That’s not really nice, right?” Zhang Ruochen was a little surprised.

“A visitor is a guest, and since you’re a guest, as long as you can afford the Saint Stones, we should be providing the best environment for our guest.”

As he said that, Jiang Yunchong made his way to the fourth floor with his hands behind his back.

“For him to be so powerful yet so humble, this person is not that simple,” Zhang Ruochen said to himself.

The man in red following behind Xiang Chunan, also looked at Jiang Yunchong curiously, as he showed a thoughtful look.

“Big Brother, I’ve finally found you. Hahaha, we’ll be drinking till we’re smashed today.”

Xiang Chunan rushed toward Zhang Ruochen like a black bear at full charge. It would have been strange if Zhang Ruochen did not fall down upon being pounced upon by the former.

Thankfully, Murong Yue stopped him.

“What are you stopping me for? He is my big brother,” Xiang Chunan said.

Zhang Ruochen motioned for Murong Yue to stand down, as he patted Xiang Chunan’s shoulder and said, “I never thought that you would be here in the Kunlun Realm. Let’s go into the private room and catch up on old times.”

Hua Cangying was obviously wary of Jiang Yunchong. He suppressed the anger in his heart while he stared viciously at Zhang Ruochen and the rest. “I will remember this grievance!”

Zhang Ruochen spat back, “If it weren’t for the Tianjue Pavilion, you’d be dead!”

“Hear that You better keep your heads down. Angering my big bro only means death.” Xiang Chunan was even bolder than Zhang Ruochen as he revealed his row of large teeth with a sneer at Hua Cangying.

Hua Cangying’s upbringing was good, but he was so pissed off by Zhang Ruochen and Xiang Chunan that his face turned pale.

Zhang Ruochen, Xiang Chunan, Murong Yue, and the rest did not say anything else as they went into one of the private rooms on the fifth floor, and closed the wooden door.

Whoosh!!

A series of white lines appeared on the floor and walls of the private room.

The wall facing the sacred jade auction table gradually became transparent, allowing them to see everything outside.

“Big bro, let me introduce you to a good friend I’ve just made. Luo Yi from... Uh Brother Luo Yi, where were you from again?” Xiang Chunan looked at the man in red.

The man in red smiled as he adjusted his long hair as he said, “I am the disciple of the Shangyuan Sect of Yuan Realm, Luo Yi.”

Zhang Ruochen was wary of the red-robed man named Luo Yi. “The Yuan Realm is one of the Celestial Court’s top ten powerful realms. The Shangyuan Sect is also an ancient sect. Brother Luo Yi, for you to be its disciple, your cultivation must be very strong, right?”

“It’s all right.”

Luo Yi smiled as he shook his head.

Xiang Chunan was the one who bellowed, “Brother Luo Yi is really powerful. When I saw him on the battlefield, there were many corpses of the Rakshasa around him, and the number of Infernal Court cultivators that died in his hands is innumerable.”

“Impressive.”

Soon after, Zhang Ruochen dragged Xiang Chunan to another room inside the private room, and released the Domain of Space, and covered the entire place, preventing Luo Yi from listening to their conversation.

Zhang Ruochen’s face appeared serious as he said, “Chunan, tell me the entire story of how to got to know Brother Luo Yi.”

Since Xiang Chunan had recognized Zhang Ruochen as his big brother, he would obey whatever he said, so he told the story, “After coming to Kunlun Realm, I went to the frontlines of the War of Merits and fought the cultivators from the Infernal Court until the skies turned upside down. Once, I ran into Brother Luo Yi who was heavily wounded on the battlefield

and took him back to the camp. After that, we got to know each other!”

Zhang Ruochen then asked again, “Why did both of you come to the Eastern Region Holy City?”

“I heard that you returned to the Kunlun Realm, so I rushed over to look for you, heh.” Xiang Chunan guffawed.

“Then, why did Luo Yi come along?” Zhang Ruochen asked.

“I have a deep bond with Brother Luo Yi. The reason I brought him to meet you is to take the vow of brotherhood with you. Brother Luo Yi, be it his strength or character, is impeccable, and he is totally worthy of being our brother.” Xiang Chunan patted his chest assuredly.

“Perhaps so!”

Zhang Ruochen’s gaze turned serious as he brought Xiang Chunan back and sat with Luo Yi, Murong Yue, and the rest.

As Zhang Ruochen asked Luo Yi about the matters of Yuan Realm, and Shangyuan Sect, his eyes were, however, fixated on Kong Hongbi and the rest, as he focused his spiritual powers to eavesdrop on their conversation.

A moment later, Zhang Ruochen pointed his finger at Kong Hongbi and said to Xie Chengzi, “Take him to me. If he doesn’t comply, use force.”

Chapter 1827 - A Nine-step Saint King Kneeling

Chapter 1827: A Nine-step Saint King Kneeling

Kong Hongbi and two of the Ming Hall's one hundred and eight Saint Generals—Guo Song and Yuan Che—sat close to the main door. Although their cultivation bases were strong, there were no weaklings in Tianjue Pavilion.

Therefore, the three of them were not particularly conspicuous.

All these years, Kong Hongbi had suffered plenty of setbacks, and his defiant personality had seemingly transformed a lot as he spoke with a serious face. “There are too many strong folks in the Eastern Region Holy city, and it's a dangerous place. We better hurry to Yunwu Commandery, and not stay here for a long time.”

Guo Song whispered, “Sir, are you really that willing to hand the Godstone to Zhang Ruochen?”

After breaking through the realm of a Saint King, Kong Hongbi was promoted to the Deputy Hall Master of the Ming Hall.

He was already one of the powerful persons in Ming Hall.

Kong Hongbi was naturally very reluctant. One needed to know that the first time he saw Zhang Ruochen, the latter was as weak as a flea. Who would have thought that Zhang Ruochen would be so powerful now? He was like an insurmountable divine mountain, blocking Kong Hongbi's path and leaving him to only look upward.

Yuan Che smiled and came up with an idea. “Why don't we hide the Godstone and say that it was taken away by the cultivators from another realm. Now that the Ming Hall needs all the manpower it has, the Saint Lord will definitely not punish us heavily.”

“That will work. The Ming Hall’s Godstone should never be handed to an outsider,” Guo Song said in a righteous tone.

“You think the Saint Lord is so gullible?”

Kong Hongbi stared at Yuan Che and Guo Song before he slowly said, “Zhang Ruochen may not have seen a Godstone yet.”

“What do you mean?” Guo Song and Yuan Che asked at the same time.

“Even for me, this was the first time I saw a Godstone. Legend has it that Zhang Ruochen’s cultivation had reached a rather terrifying level, but it happened in a very short period of time. His accumulation of knowledge is far from comparable to that of mine. There is a possibility that he may have not seen a Godstone before,” Kong Hongbi said.

Yuan Che let out a contemplative look as he smiled.

“Understood, so Deputy Hall Master, you mean that we hand Zhang Ruochen a fake Godstone since he won’t recognize it. But, it won’t be easy to do fake it. After all, Zhang Ruochen is not a fool.”

Kong Hongbi replied, “In this world, there is a kind of unusual stone called the Godlight Stone. This stone is born from a place where a god had fallen. The Godlight Stone is very similar to the Godstone, but the difference in their value was like the gap between Heaven and Earth.

“So, we will use the Godlight Stone in place of the Godstone to give it to Zhang Ruochen. Brilliant, Deputy Hall Master, your idea is simply brilliant.” Yuan Che laughed in a flattering manner.

A self-satisfied smile unwittingly formed at the corner of Kong Hongbi’s mouth. “Previously, I went to the Black Market just to purchase the Godlight Stone. Let’s go, we’ll head to Yunwu Commandery now, and hand it to Zhang Ruochen, so that the Shengming Crown Prince would be happy for nothing. He must be dreaming to get his hands on our Ming Hall items.”

Before Kong Hongbi and the others could even leave Tianjue Pavilion, they were stopped by Hua Cangying.

“Sirs, how about we have a talk in one of the private rooms upstairs?”

With a smile on his face, Hua Cangying made a gesture of invitation.

Kong Hongbi frowned as he said, “We don’t seem to know one another, though?”

“Won’t we get to know each other after the get-together?” Hua Cangying asked.

Kong Hongbi knew that his opposite number was a very powerful person, so he dared not offend him. So, while he joined hands in a salute, he said, “Thank you for your nice intentions. But I still have some important business to attend to, we can get together next time.”

As he said that, Kong Hongbi walked around Hua Cangying toward the exit.

When walking past Hua Cangying, be it Kong Hongbi, Yuan Che or Guo Song felt extremely nervous, and their hearts were beating faster.

For Hua Cangying to invite them into the private room upstairs, it was definitely not something good.

Could it be that Hua Cangying knew that they were carrying a Godstone on them?

Hua Cangying wore a strange smile as the White Bone Hand in his hand gently flapped. Suddenly, a dark wind swept past Kong Hongbi, Yuan Che, and Guo Song.

“Sh*t.”

Kong Hongbi’s expression changed suddenly, and just as he was about to escape, the scene before his eyes underwent an earth-shaking changes.

The skies darkened and dark winds bellowed as a unit of white-bone soldiers surrounded the three of them as they bellowed a thunderous roar before charging toward them.

In the clouds, Hua Cangying's figure appeared, standing hundreds of feet tall and looking down at them like a giant.

"Where do you three think you are going?"

Hua Cangying stretched out a pale white bone arm and pressed it on their heads as he was about to capture them.

Kong Hongbi, Yuan Che, and Guo Song were extremely fearful. They wanted to resist, but Hua Cangying's powerful cultivation had suppressed them and rendered them immobile.

"Shatter."

At this moment, a loud voice rang out.

Suddenly, the roiling clouds and tens of thousands of white-bone soldiers all disappeared.

Kong Hongbi, Yuan Che, and Guo Song felt the pressure on their body lightened as they looked around, and found that they were still inside Tianjue Pavilion. Clearly, Hua Cangying had used a spiritual attack to send them into a mirage world.

Someone had saved them.

Kong Hongbi and his entourage looked at the man who had saved them as they gaze landed on Xie Chengzi.

Hua Cangying too glared at Xie Chengzi, and the anger in his heart was irrepressible. "Enough is enough. Why do you go against me every single time?"

Xie Chengzi said, "My Lord is inviting them to go to his private room upstairs for a get-together."

Hua Cangying faced off against Xie Chengzi as he said, "There's the etiquette of first and seconds. I invited them first."

"So, this means that we can only fight to determine who they belong to?" Xie Chengzi sneered.

"That's right up my alley."

Hua Cangying had been holding back for long enough, if not for the fact that he was wary of the Pavillion Master of the

Tianjue Pavilion, he would have fought them long ago, and instead of taking steps back.

Since the other side offered to fight, it was an opportunity to teach them a hard lesson.

“If it is a fight you want, it is a fight you will get.”

Xiang Chunan jumped from the fifth floor, roaring as he landed, the impact sending a deafening bang across the entire Tianjue Pavilion.

He immediately took out the demonic metal crown and held it in his hand as he was about to smash it on Hua Cangying.

The red-robed man, Luo Yi chased him to the first floor, and stopped Xiang Chunan. “Brother Chunan, don’t use a Supreme Sacred Artifact unless as a last resort. Let me talk to him.”

“Don’t stop me. Let me end him!” Xiang Chunan bellowed.

“Calm down, calm down.”

Luo Yi blocked Xiang Chunan and appeared before Hua Cangying.

A look of horror appeared in Hua Cangying’s eyes, as he stared at the demonic crown in Xiang Chunan’s hand, wondering if that was a Supreme Sacred Artifact?

Luo Yi performed a fist-palm salute and smiled. “My brother there is a little short-tempered. Please don’t take it to heart.”

Hua Cangying thought that both his seniors, the Drifter and Wayfarer were still sitting upstairs, and even if they did indeed have a Supreme Sacred Artifact, it was not something terrifying.

Hua Cangying calmed himself and puffed his chest up as he said, “I don’t want to cause too much trouble in Tianjue Pavilion, naturally, I won’t take issue with a black fool like him. But those three, I have to take them away, and anyone who tries to stop me will die.”

Just when everyone in the Tianjue Pavilion thought that Hua Cangying had the upper hand...

Without any warning...

A thud rang out, as Hua Cangying knelt before Luo Yi.

“Look, Hua Cangying is kneeling on the ground!..”

“Goodness, I’m not seeing things, am I?”

...

The change in Hua Cangying’s attitude was just too great, and countless cultivators were so shocked that their tongues were tied and their jaws dropped.

Note that this was a Nine-step Saint King, and even a Supreme Saint might not have been able to compel the former to kneel. But now, Hua Cangying was kneeling like a subservient person and kowtowing nonstop.

What was going on?

On the fourth floor of Tianyue Pavilion, the Pavillion Master, Jiang Yunchong smiled as he looked at Luo Yi with his hands on his back.

Jiang Hai, who was standing behind Jiang Yunchong, was rather surprised. “My Lord, what did he do? Was it the Way of the Soul?”

No one thought that a strong person like Hua Cangying would really kneel before Luo Yi, and he must have been blindsided and was afflicted with some sort of technique.

Jiang Yunchong shook his head. “It’s not the Way of the Soul, but probably Soul Manipulation.”

“For him to control a Nine-step Saint King with Soul Manipulation, how powerful are his spiritual powers? Could he be that legendary demon?”

Jiang Yunchong gently tapped his finger on his nose. “I’m not sure whether he is the demon or not, but he had definitely used Soul Manipulation, and had used a dark-cold artifact for him to succeed. That artifact is not any simple artifact, and this person is quite dangerous.”

“Should we remind Zhang Ruochen?” Jiang Hai said.

Jiang Yunchong shook his head. “What sort of trials and tribulations that Zhang Ruochen had not encountered before?”

He's not that feeble, and perhaps, he had already seen through somethings, including our identities.”

“Why are you kneeling now? Kid, are you afraid of Daddy Xiang now?” Xiang Chunan walked to Hua Cangying's side and kicked him over onto the ground.

Luo Yi smiled and shook his head, speaking while looking at Kong Hongbi and the others. “Come with me.”

It was a very casual sentence, but Kong Hongbi and the others dared not even have a contrarian thought.

Kong Hongbi and his entourage were not fools like Xiang Chunan. They had been totally terrified by Luo Yi's techniques. If this person could get Hua Cangying to kneel, then getting rid of them was an even more simple thing.”

Kong Hongbi followed obediently behind Luo Yi and asked, “Sir, what do you want to see us for?”

“Not me, but the crown prince upstairs wants to see you,” Luo Yi said.

What sort of terrifying figure this crown prince was, why were there so many powerful people around him? Kong Hongbi's heart was even more disturbed.

The Drifter and Wayfarer of the Fane of Youshen had walked out of their private room, as they stood behind the railing on the fifth floor of the Tianjue Pavilion as they stared at Luo Yi, Xiang Chunan, Xie Chengzi, and the rest who were climbing the stairs.

Hua Cangying being restrained by someone else was something beyond their expectations.

However, the two did not do anything. The pavilion master of the Tianjue Pavilion had placed a lot of pressure on them. If things were to escalate, it would be odd if the pavilion master did not act.

“What have you seen through the origins of this person?” the Drifter asked.

The Wayfarer's eyes shone with a golden gleam, and he shook his head gently. “It's weird. There seems to be a layer of mist

on his body, and I could not find any clues.”

The Wayfarer said, “Then forget it. We will just bear it for a while and settle everything with them once Mister Godcliff arrives. By then, we should also get a grip on the identity of the Tianjue Pavilion’s master. Such an elite powerhouse cannot just pop out of thin air.”

Chapter 1828 - The Array Master Appears

Chapter 1828: The Array Master Appears

Inside the private room, Zhang Ruochen's gaze stared at Kong Hongbi and his two followers.

All three of the Ming Hall people, Kong Hongbi included, were trembling as an invisible pressure made them unable to breathe. There was no way, due to the vast difference in cultivation level, it would have been weird if they were not terrified.

After exerting enough pressure, Zhang Ruochen faintly said, "Hand over the Godstone!"

Yuan Che and Guo Song's psychological aptitudes were slightly poorer, and their faces turned pale as paper as soon as they heard those words.

Kong Hongbi's heart thumped hard, as his breathing became disordered as he said. "What do you mean, my lord?"

"If you're asked to hand over the Godstone, hand over it quickly. What are you pussyfooting about?" Xiang Chunan snarled in annoyance.

"If it weren't for the Godstone, would Hua Cangying of the Hall of Deific Scions invite you in person? If not for us saving you earlier, you would have been a dead man," Murong Yue said icily.

Kong Hongbi was unable to keep his composure as he said in disbelief. "Impossible. How do they know that I have a Godstone on me?"

Murong Yue replied, "You don't need to know about that! Since the Godstone is with you, hand it over immediately and present it to His Royal Highness."

How could Kong Hongbi give away the Godstone willingly?
“I’m the deputy hall master of the Central Region, and I cannot offend anyone of you. Nevertheless, the Saint Lord of Ming Hall is also not someone you can trifle with,” he said.

“You dare to threaten us!”

Xiang Chunan slammed the table as he stood up, and he walked toward Kong Hongbi with a clenched fist the size of a casserole.

Bam!!!

A fist slammed into Kong Hongbi’s face and sent him flying before he collided with the corner wall.

Kong Hongbi’s face swelled instantly and looked like a swine’s head.

Xiang Chunan walked over again and prepared to continue the beating.

“I’ll give... I’ll give it...”

Kong Hongbi felt a fiery pain on his face. As he got up from the ground, and took out an Ice Jade box, and handed it to Xiang Chunan.

Since the matter of him having the Godstone had been exposed anyway, it was better to just hand it over straight away.

However, what Kong Hongbi handed over was obviously the Godlight Stone, which was very similar to the Godstone. He only hoped that the other party would not recognize the genuineness of the Godstone.

“If you had handed it over sooner, wouldn’t you have avoided getting beaten?”

Xiang Chunan took the Ice Jade Box and opened it, suddenly a dazzling brilliance filled the room, and radiated a palpable divine might.

“It really is a Godstone. Where did these guys get their hands on such awesome stuff?”

A look of wonder appeared on Xiang Chunan's face as he held the Godstone and walked toward Zhang Ruochen.

Kong Hongbi was overjoyed in his heart. Sure enough, they did not recognize the Godstone, and it seemed like using the Godlight Stone was enough to befuddle them.

"Sir, I've handed you the Godstone. Can you let us go now?"
Kong Hongbi bowed and saluted Zhang Ruochen.

Zhang Ruochen on the chair, and stretched out a hand to grab the Godlight Stone, and pinched it between his fingers.

Crack!

With his five fingers exerting force, the Godlight Stone cracked.

Xiang Chunan showed a look of surprise and said, "The legendary Godstone is so easily crushed?"

Kong Hongbi, Yuan Che, and Guo Song all realized that the other party had seen through their tricks, and their legs suddenly became weak as their whole body trembled, almost falling to a kneel on the ground.

"We have given you a chance, yet you have not cherished it. Death would be too kind for you."

Chilling demonic energy radiated from Murong Yue's body as the Bluelight Blunt Crescent appeared in her hand.

Xiang Chunan also snapped back as he realized that he had been bamboozled. He was so furious that his lungs almost exploded as he cursed, "You dare to lie to me! Let us see if I can beat you three to a pulp or not."

Xiang Chunan clenched his two iron fists tightly and rained blow after blow on the three of them.

Bam! Bam!!

The sound of broken bones and screams rang out as if a pig was getting slaughtered.

A moment later, Kong Hongbi and the other two were so beaten up they could no longer get up. Their faces and body were now deformed.

“Enough!” Zhang Ruochen said.

Xiang Chunan pulled back his fists as he glared at the three and spat, “If you three don’t tell the truth now, I’ll smash your bones to dust.”

Immediately after, Xiang Chunan found a storage pouch on Kong Hongbi’s body.

“Big Brother, is the Godstone within this pouch?” Xiang Chunan tossed the storage pouch over to Zhang Ruochen.

Zhang Ruochen used a technique of space and tore the pouch open as he searched it, but he did not find the Godstone.

“Where’s the Godstone?” Zhang Ruochen asked.

Kong Hongbi did not dare to look at Zhang Ruochen as he lowered his head and stayed silent.

“Tough bones eh, seems like I need to use Marrow Extraction and Soul Refinement to get all of you to submit obediently.” Xie Chengzi was proficient in many dark arts and was ready to use them on Kong Hongbi and his clique.

Kong Hongbi’s expression moved slightly and said, “We have been instructed to deliver the Godstone to Yunwu Commandery and hand it to the Scion of Time and Space, Zhang Ruochen. You should have heard of him, right? He’s a killing machine, a person who would challenge a god. If you were to take his Godstone, you think he’d let all of you go?”

Kong Hongbi knew that Zhang Ruochen had gained quite the reputation in the Celestial Court, and most cultivators would not dare to provoke that evil star.

Using Zhang Ruochen’s name was probably even more useful than the Saint Lord of Ming Hall’s.

Xiang Chunan was stunned at first, before laughing as he quickly helped Kong Hongbi up, as he said. “So it turns out to be a misunderstanding. Haha, Brother, don’t take it to heart. If you had told me that earlier, would Ole’ Xiang here have beat you up that hard?”

Kong Hongbi was overjoyed. It turned out Zhang Ruochen’s name was that useful.

If that was the case, he would make good use of this trump card.

Kong Hongbi continued, “Truth be told, Zhang Ruochen has a deep connection with the Ming Hall. The Saint Lord of Ming Hall is his childhood friend. That’s the reason why the Saint Lord agreed to give him the four Godstones.”

“So, it turns out there was such a relationship.”

Xiang Chunan patted Kong Hongbi’s shoulder lightly as he made an inviting gesture with a smile. “Come, sit. We can slowly talk about this.”

Kong Hongbi smiled and said, “No, I need to send the Godstone to Yunwu Commandery, and there can be no further delays.”

“What Yunwu Commandery? My big brother is right in front of you. Just give him the Godstone then?” Xiang Chunan bellowed.

Kong Hongbi was stunned at first, before realizing what was going on. His entire body felt like it was being struck by lightning while his lips trembled. “Zhang... Zhang Ruochen...”

“Yes, it’s me.”

Zhang Ruochen took off his mask and stared at Kong Hongbi.

Yuan Che and Guo Song fainted from the shock and fell back onto the ground.

Kong Hongbi took a deep breath, as he tried to keep himself calm and forced a smile that was even more hideous than a crying face as he said, “That... That’s... good! I’ll hand the Godstone over to you right away.”

Kong Hongbi quickly took out the four sealed Godstones from the sea of Qi at the center of his brow and carefully presented them to Zhang Ruochen.

Zhang Ruochen played around with the Godstone as he asked, “Where is the Ming Hall’s Saint Lord now?”

Kong Hongbi answered, "The Saint Lord has gone to the former site of the Peacock Villa."

"The Peacock Villa has also become a land of awakening?" Zhang Ruochen asked.

Kong Hongbi dared not hide the fact and said, "Yes."

Zhang Ruochen nodded and said, "Take your people and return to the Central Region. If you are robbed again, you know what to say, right?"

"Understood, understood."

As if he had received a royal pardon, Kong Hongbi fled from the Tianjue Pavilion with Yuan Che and Guo Song in tow.

After escaping, Kong Hongbi felt regretful again. He had just embarrassed himself before Zhang Ruochen like a fool. Why was he so afraid of him? What was so great about him?"

"Damn it, Zhang Ruochen must be deliberately toying with me." Kong Hongbi gritted his teeth as anger and hatred roiled in his heart.

At this moment, a group of cultivators walked past Kong Hongbi and entered the Tianjue Pavilion.

The moment these group of cultivators arrived, they presence immediately calmed the noisy Tianjue Pavilion down as all of the cultivators were restrained by their aura, and dared not even breathe out loud.

The Drifter and the Wayfarer of the Fane of Youshen, Hua Cangying of the Shengze Realm, and several other cultivators no less famous than them all walked out of the private room on the fifth floor. Then, they went to the first floor to welcome those cultivators.

Zhang Ruochen naturally noticed this group of cultivators and said, "What sort of people would need to be personally greeted by the Drifter, the Wayfarer, Hua Cangying, and the like? Hey, it's King Daxi of the Soul Realm.

King Daxi, name Lian Xi, was one of the fairies of the Nine Immortal Beauties. and had once tried to surround and kill Zhang Ruochen with Shang Ziyang and the others. If not for

Zhen Yuan and Fairy Cihang intervening to rescue him, Zhang Ruochen would have definitely perished.

The nine fairies on the Nine Immortals Beauties were not only beautiful, but all of them were powerful and with profound backgrounds.

The same was true for King Daxi.

Xie Chengzi said, “Even Xie Canghai of the Blackdemon Realm is with them. It’s incredible.”

“Who is Xie Canghai?”

Before Xie Chengzi could speak, Luo Yi replied first, “The cultivation techniques practiced by the cultivators of the Blackdemon Realm are all from the thirty-six Demonstone Engravings, representing thirty-six different types of legacies. Xie Canghai is, below a Supreme Saint, the cultivator that had cultivated most profoundly the Demonstone Blood Axe engraving, and is extremely powerful. Even that amazing King Daxi, was nothing but a little girl, before him.”

“That powerful?” Xiang Chunan said.

Luo Yi nodded as he continued, “Demonlord Blackheart has given thirty-six cultivators, including Xie Canghai, a special task and asked them to find the thirty-six stone tablets of the Demonstone Engraving, and bring them back to the Blackdemon Realm. Accordingly, before they came to the Kunlun Realm, Blackheart Demonlord gave them all sorts of techniques and abilities. In short, none of these thirty-six cultivators are easy prey.”

“So this Xie Canghai person is the one they are meeting?” Xiang Chunan asked.

“No. In front of Xie Canghai, there’s another person... that person...” Zhang Ruochen frowned.

The person standing before Xie Canghai was extremely mercurial. He was clearly just standing there, and he could see his figure and appearance. But the moment he had a good look, Zhang Ruochen would forget about everything and have a tough time recalling exactly how he looked like.

Even Luo Yi, who could make Hua Cangying kneel, had a very difficult look on his face. Clearly, that person made him extremely leery.

“I still don’t believe it!”

Luo Yi mobilized his spiritual power, and opened his Heavenly Eyes directly, as he stared at that person.

At this moment, the person noticed it and no longer talked with the Drifter, The Wayfarer, and the likes as he raised his head and stared at the fifth floor, as a divine light flashed in his eyes.

Suddenly, Luo Yi made a muffled grunt in his mouth, as blood flowed out of his eyes, and almost fell headfirst onto the ground.

Zhang Ruochen hurriedly stretched out a hand to hold Luo Yi, feeling horrified in the process.

One needed to know that Luo Yi’s spiritual powers were definitely far beyond his, yet he could not block a single gaze from that person. How was this possible?

Who was that person below?

Luo Yi clutched his chest as pain permeated his Saint Heart and spoke quiveringly. “A Master... A Master...”

Chapter 1829 - Auction

Chapter 1829: Auction

“Master?”

All of the cultivators in the private rooms were surprised.

“It’s an Array Master.”

“There were a lot of light circuits in his gaze earlier. All of them came together and condensed into a Fatal Array, which wounded me across the distance.”

Luo Yi took out a sacred pill the size of a dragon’s eye and swallowed it into his mouth as he started to meditate.

That gaze had injured his Saint Heart.

On the first floor of the Tianjue Pavilion.

The figure standing in front of King Daxi, Xie Canghai, and the rest, was named Mister Godcliff.

There was a soft sound of surprise from Mister Godcliff’s mouth.

“What’s wrong, Mister?” King Daxi asked.

Mister Godcliff smiled. “Interesting, to think there’s such a powerful spiritual master in the Tianjue Pavilion.”

To be able to withstand his Gaze of Divine Light and not die, that meant the other party was formidable.

The Drifter looked in the same direction as Mister Godcliff and appeared to be in deep thought before he said, “That person is indeed a spiritual power master. Hua Cangying has suffered humiliation under his powers.”

A cold sneer rang out as a handsome yet bizarre man asked, “Cangying, what’s going on?”

This handsome man, was Jueyan Hu, Hua Cangying’s elder senior, and was an elite of the Halls of Deific Scions.

He may look young, but he was actually an ancient monster and had been cultivating for more than five thousand years.

As it was not human, Jueyan Hu's life was much longer than most human Supreme Saints.

Immediately after, Hua Cangying told the whole event to him.

After listening to it, Jueyan Hu let out laughter born out of anger. "To think that there are such insolent folks in this world, and did not put the Hall of Deific Scions in their eyes. It seems like they have not suffered much before, and I would need to fix that by giving them a very expensive lesson."

Mister Godcliff stopped Jueyan Hu and said, "Brother Jueyan, let's talk business first."

"All right, I'll deal with them later."

While Jueyan Hu's seniority was high, and his cultivation base mercurial, but before Mister Godcliff, he was still a little more restrained. He restrained his aura and followed behind Mister Godcliff, as they headed to the private room on the fifth floor.

Zhang Ruochen gently touched his chin as he looked at the group of extraordinary cultivators and said to himself, "Could it be them who are planning to act against the Eastern Region Saint King Manor?"

"But how did they manage to rope in an Array Master? What sort of things is in the Eastern Region Saint King Manor that was worth an Array Master personally showing up?"

With the present, even if the Godstone was really with the Drifter and the Wayfarer, Zhang Ruochen could never take it back.

Moreover, Zhang Ruochen was worried that they would strike first instead.

An Array Master, alongside powerful ancient monsters like Xie Canghai and Jueyan Hu, and they could completely ignore the rules of Tianjue Pavilion.

"Let's go." Zhang Ruochen made a decision.

It was obviously delusional if he wanted to walk straight out of Tianjue Pavilion. Only by using the Dimensional Teleportation Array would they be able to leave as fast as possible.

Zhang Ruochen was inscribing the runes of space within the private room to set up the teleportation array.

At this moment, a beautiful woman in purple robes stood on the sacred jade platform at the center of the Tianjue Pavilion.

She looked no more than eighteen or nineteen years old, but her cultivation level had already reached the rank of a Seven-step Saint King.

She was named Zi Lan.

Zi Lan was tall with a long neck and white skin. “It’s auction time. The treasures that will be auctioned tonight are rarer than the ones before. Have you readied your Saint Stones?” she asked with a smile.

“The Saint Stones are ready, but isn’t the key to see what kind of treasure Tianjue Pavilion is putting on sale?”

“Are there any hundred-thousand-year-old sacred medicines for us to see tonight?” a cultivator on the first-floor hall asked.

Zi Lan smiled gently. “Treasures much more precious than a hundred thousand-year-old sacred medicine will appear on the auction table.”

No one knew if Zi Lan had simply jested, or there was a veritable treasure that would indeed be put on auction. Regardless, a single short ‘treasure more precious than a hundred-thousand-year-old sacred medicine’ was enough to whet the appetite of many cultivators present.

“Big Brother, do you think it’s true or not that the Tianjue Pavilion can pull out a treasure more precious than a hundred thousand-year-old sacred medicine? would it be a Supreme Sacred Artifact or a Divine Medicine?” Xiang Chunan kept licking his lips.

Zhang Ruochen was inscribing the teleportation array and ignored him.

The first treasure was placed on the suspended sacred jade platform.

The treasure was placed in a transparent crystal box, it was a roll of black bamboo slips.

Zi Lan began to introduce the treasure. “This is an intermediate-level Tongxuan Saint Art treasure,

The Seal of Annihilation

.”

This sentence alone was enough to get the cultivators below to gasp loudly as many were excited and shocked in equal measure.

An Intermediate-level Saint Art was divided into three categories: normal, Jingmiao, and Tongxuan.

The vast majority of the Saint Kings cultivated only normal intermediate-level Saint Arts.

If they were able to master an Intermediate-level Jingmiao Saint Art, when fighting a cultivator of the same realm, they would have a massive advantage over their foe.

An Intermediate-level Tongxuan Saint Art was even more remarkable. By mastering any single technique from that level, a cultivator would almost definitely be qualified to fight beyond realms.

For example, the Eleventh Palm of the Dragon-Elephant Prajna Palm was an Intermediate-level Tongxuan Saint Art, which was extremely powerful. Within the same realm, there was almost no one that could match it.

The higher one’s cultivation level, the Saint Path Precepts cultivated would be more, and the advantage a cultivator that had mastered an Intermediate-level Tongxuan Saint Art would be even greater.

But an Intermediate-level Tongxuan Saint Art was not available to every sect.

So it was not inconceivable that those sects without Intermediate-level Tongxuan Saint Arts would definitely go

crazy for it and purchase

The Seal of Annihilation

to me no matter how much Saint Stones they would need to spend.

This was a strategic-level treasure, and not only it would be able to enhance one's own strength, but also the strength of an entire sect as well.

But, Zi Lan's next words immediately doused the fiery gaze of the cultivators present.

“

The Seal of Annihilation

to me is incomplete. There are only mental techniques and a move set manual, but there is no Saint Qi circulation diagram. You will need to explore and make up for it yourself.”

One needed to know that every Saint technique had different Saint Qi circulation pathways.

Zi Lan's finger tapped on the surface of the transparent crystal box.

A surge of Saint Qi penetrated into the bamboo slips.

Whoosh!!

Suddenly, blast mist rushed out of the bamboo slips.

The mist condensed into dozens of human shadows and performed a variety of exquisite seal techniques. But these demonstrations were only for a moment before they disappeared.

“

The Seal of Annihilation

to me that details Intermediate-level Tongxuan Saint Art; its starting price is 30 million Saint Stones, and each increase in the bid shall be no less than 1 million Saint Stones.”

“Thirty-five million Saint Stones.”

“Thirty-six million Saint Stones.”

...

After dozens of rounds of bidding, in the end,

The Seal of Annihilation

was bought by a female Devilkin cultivator from the private room on the third floor for 170 million Saint Stones.

This was an authentic work of Intermediate Tongxuan Saint Art and was not a rub-copied version. So it had great research value, and even if it was incomplete, it could still be sold at a very high price.

“If the first item on auction is already an Intermediate-level Tongxuan Saint item, the treasures that come after it will not be cheap.”

“Perhaps, there are really treasures even more precious than a hundred-thousand-year-old sacred medicine.”

...

The atmosphere of the entire Tianjue Pavilion was boiling with excitement.

After the second auction item was presented, many of the cultivators in Tianjue Pavilion exclaimed once again, as a look of avarice appeared in the eyes of many cultivators.

It was a ninety-thousand-year-old sacred medicine, a Greater Sunjade Fruit. Even if it was directly refined and absorbed, it could greatly improve the cultivation level of a cultivator, and strengthen their body. If it was used to create a sacred pill, its value would be even greater.

After a brief introduction, Zi Lan said, “The starting price is 40 million Saint Stones. And the increase in each bid shall be no less than 1 million Saint Stones.

“Forty million Saint Stones.”

“Forty-three million Saint Stones.”

...

The difference in price between a ninety-thousand-year-old sacred medicine and a hundred-thousand-year-old one, even

though there was only a difference of ten thousand years, the value fetched was heaven and earth.

Of course, a ninety-thousand-year-old sacred medicine was still very precious, especially for a Nine-step Saint King, as it would allow the accumulation of a Nine-step Saint King to be even more powerful.

The deeper one's accumulation was, it would be easier to cultivate to the realm of Precept Domain and form one's immortal body.

In the end, the Greater Sunjade Fruit was bought by the Drifter of the Fane of Youshen at the price of 100 million Saint Stones, and no one dared to raise the bid.

The Drifter's cultivation level was extremely high, and he was preparing to cultivate the realm of Precept Domain, and would naturally not let go of this Greater Sunjade Fruit.

Zhang Ruochen was finally done creating the layout of a basic teleportation array, as he let out a long sigh and said, "It is really tiring trying to create a temporary teleportation array. It seems like it is time to refine the Dimensional Teleportation Array Print.

The so-called Dimensional Teleportation Array Print was to inscribe the teleportation array onto a picture scroll.

When people needed to use it, they could deploy the scroll, and the teleportation array would appear. It could send Zhang Ruochen to hundreds of thousands or even millions of miles away.

For a cultivator of space, the Dimensional Teleportation Array Print was probably the best way for self-preservation.

In the past, Zhang Ruochen's attainments of space were not enough, and could not refine a Dimensional Teleportation Array Print, but now, there was a possibility of successful refinement.

By deploying a teleportation array, meant that he could attack while advancing, or defend while retreating, and so Zhang Ruochen made a determined decision.

At this moment, the sacred jade platform was putting the sixth item on for auction.

The items auctioned were packed in jade bottles engraved with inscriptions, and the number of jade bottles on sale was actually thirty.

“What is being auctioned?” Zhang Ruochen asked.

Xiang Chunan was obviously not interested in the auction item and said, “Tears of... something something...”

“Tears of the Void,” Murong Yue said.

Zhang Ruochen was stunned for a bit before revealed a look of pleasant surprise.

The reason why he had not helped the Ancient Abyssal Blade condense its sword spirit was that the number of Tears of the Void was insufficient. For him to run into such a difficult-to-find item in Tianjue Pavilion, how would he let them pass him by?

There were thirty drops of Tears of the Void that Tianjue Pavilion was auctioning.

At this moment, the price of thirty drops of Tears of the Void had already been raised to 170 million Saint Stones.

“Two hundred million Saint Stones.” Zhang Ruochen raised the bid.

Many cultivators looked to the private room on the north side and knew that there was a very domineering powerhouse in that room with many masters around him, so no one dared to provoke him.

All of the sounds of bidding died down within Tianjue Pavilion, and the place became silent.

Zi Lan stood on the suspended sacred jade platform, and glanced at the private room on the north side of the fifth floor and asked, “Two hundred million Saint Stones; are there any higher bids?”

There were no calls for raising the bid after a while.

Just as Zi Lan was about to announce it as “sold”, Hua Cangying’s voice rang out from the private room on the east side of the fifth floor. “Three hundred million Saint Stones.”

A playful smile appeared on the faces of the cultivators within the Tianjue Pavilion.

Since when did Hua Cangying want to buy the Tears of the Void, and was obviously jacking up the price to avenge the humiliation he suffered earlier.

For him to add 100 million Saint Stones in a single bid was such a dastardly move.

Zhang Ruochen frowned deeply, as an icy glint appeared in his eyes, as he raised the bid. “Three hundred and fifty million Saint Stones.”

Chapter 1830 - Fragment of a Supreme Sacred Artifact

Chapter 1830: Fragment of a Supreme Sacred Artifact

Seeing that the other party increasing the bid, Hua Cangying was elated, as he realized the importance of the Tears of the Void to the former.

“Four hundred million Saint Stones.” Hua Cangying raised the bid.

While The Tears of the Void were rare and not easy to collect, their usage was relatively single-purpose, and the price was not without limits.

In fact, 400 million Saint Stones had far exceeded the true value of thirty drops of Tears of the Void.

Seeing that the other party had not increased the price after a while, Hua Cangying panicked a little and was fearful that the 30 drops of Tears of the Void would fall into his hands.

Four hundred million Saint Stones was not a small sum. It would take his years of savings and sale of sacred artifacts as well as medicines for him to barely make that number.

So, Hua Cangying sneered and mocked, “You were too arrogant earlier, and I thought that you a deep background with wealth that could rival a country. How did 400 million Saint Stones stump you? If you can’t afford it, don’t come out to embarrass yourself.”

In the private room, a chilly expression appeared on Murong Yue’s face, and he said, “Your Highness, if you don’t have enough Saint Stones, I can transfer some from the Murong Clan.”

Zhang Ruochen shook his head and said, “It’s not that I cannot afford it. It’s just not worth spending 400 million Saint Stones to buy them. Just know that even if Hua Cangying were to buy

the Tears of the Void now, there will be opportunities in the future to take it back from him, with interest.”

“I don’t want them anymore. You can have it,” Zhang Ruochen said.

As he heard that, Hua Cangying’s heart fell, and he almost cursed.

What should he do now? Did he really have to sell all of his belongings to purchase the Tears of the Void?

If he had made a bid and then refuse to purchase it, he would undoubtedly offend the Tianjue Pavilion, and that mysterious pavilion master of Tianjue Pavilion was not any simple character.

In the end, Hua Cangying borrowed 200 million Saint Stones from Jueyan Hu and bought the third of Tears of the Void with an extremely dejected mood.

Hua Cangyang was a little skeptical, was the bid for the Tears of the Void a pit his opposition had dug for him, and they had simply waited for him to jump into it himself? The more he thought of it, the angrier he got.

He, Hua Cangying, was not a fool, yet today he had been toyed around and screwed over today many times over, and he was on the verge of breaking down.

“Have your fun now, once you leave Tianjue Pavilion, I’ll make sure neither life nor death will be easy for you.” Hua Cangying gritted his teeth as he thought of this in his heart.

In fact, Zhang Ruochen too was a little dejected himself, but he was much more sensible. He had suffered a loss in Tianjue Pavilion today, but he could take it back some time later.

“The next item on the block is possibly a fragment of a Supreme Sacred Artifact.”

As Zhang Ruochen was preparing to leave with Xiang Chunan, Murong Yue, and the rest, he heard that and decided to stay.

One needed to know, that the power of a Supreme Sacred Artifact was infinite, and even if it was just a fragment, it was

also a rare treasure.

“Whoaaa!”

The cultivators within Tianjue Pavilion broke into rancor.

“Is it true? They would put up a piece of a Supreme Sacred Artifact on for sale?”

“If I can get my hands on a fragment of a Supreme Sacred Artifact, my combat strength will increase by many times over, and killing someone above my rank will not be too difficult from then on.”

“For a refiner, the fragment of a Supreme Sacred Artifact has great research value.”

...

The fragment was presented, and placed on the suspended sacred jade platform.

It was a fragment of tortoiseshell with two human-shaped patterns engraved on it, alongside a dozen ancient script. Aside from an ancient aura, there was nothing special about it.

One needed to know that a true fragment of a Supreme Sacred Artifact, even when not activated with Saint Qi, would still emit an aura that would one find it difficult to breathe.

Yet, there was nothing on this fragment of a tortoiseshell.

“Is this really a fragment of a Supreme Sacred Artifact?” a cultivator asked.

Zi Lan told the truth and said, “In fact, it is very likely a piece of a Supreme Sacred Artifact as the Tianjue Pavilion had used a ten-thousand-circuits sacred artifact of the Tenth Radiance and could not harm it at all.”

“In other words, it may not be a fragment of Supreme Sacred Artifact?”

“Yes,” Zi Lan replied.

Suddenly, many cultivators were disappointed.

The main reason for their rushed desire for the fragment of a Supreme Sacred Artifact was mainly to improve their combat

strength.

If it was just a sturdy tortoiseshell, and whether it was a Supreme Sacred Artifact or not was uncertain. Its attraction to them would naturally decrease a lot.

Zhang Ruochen revealed a look of surprise and immediately became elated.

It was because the tortoiseshell fragment was very similar to the tortoiseshell on the back of the Purple-Gold Bagua Mirror that Awesome, the Little Taoist had. It was very likely a missing part of the artifact.

“This tortoiseshell fragment must be bought.” Zhang Ruochen secretly made up his mind.

Zi Lan then announced, “The starting price of the tortoiseshell fragment is 300 million Saint Stones, every bid shall be no less than 10 million Saint Stones.”

Three hundred million Saint Stones... Even a Nine-step Saint King might not be able to come up with such an amount. So naturally, many of the cultivators were simply stopped dead in their tracks.

The entire Tianjue Pavilion became quiet, and there were very few cultivators were bidding.

“I’ll bid 300 million Saint Stones.”

The first bid came from a private room on the fourth floor.

Zhang Ruochen called, “Three hundred and ten million Saint Stones.”

“Three hundred and fifty million Saint Stones,” the voice in the fourth floor’s private room called out again.

“Three hundred and sixty million Saint Stones.”

...

In the entire Tianjue Pavilion, only the two of them were bidding, and soon the price of the tortoiseshell fragment had been raised to 600 million Saint Stones.

The person in the fourth-floor private room hesitated. Obviously, the price of 600 million was already approaching his limit.

The onlookers in Tianjue Pavilion all secretly guessed, “It’s just a fragment. For someone to be willing to pay 600 million Saint Stones to buy it, is it really a fragment of a Supreme Sacred Artifact?”

In the private room on the east side of the fifth floor, Mister Godcliff smiled and said, “That is indeed a fragment of a Supreme Sacred Artifact. If you are interested, you can buy it.”

Mister Godcliff’s eyes far exceeded all of the cultivators present.

Xie Canghai said, “My goal is the second last item on auction. I’m not interested in the rest.”

Jueyan Hu smiled. “Fairy Lian Xi, you seemed to be very interested in that Supreme Sacred Artifact fragment?”

“Who isn’t interested in a Supreme Sacred Artifact?” King Daxi replied.

“If that is the case, this handsome one will purchase it and give it to you.”

For an old monster like Jueyan Hu to call himself a “handsome one”, all of the cultivators present were revolted, but they dared not speak out. With Jueyan Hu’s cultivation, who would dare to offend him?

“One billion Saint Stones.”

Suddenly, the entire Tianjue Pavilion became silent.

One billion Saint stones, even for a Saint King, was an astronomical number.

“F*ck.”

Zhang Ruochen burst into foul language, the cultivators of the Hall of Deific Scions were really looking for trouble. Seeing that he was about to successfully bid on the tortoiseshell

fragment, not only did they raised the bid, but they also did it in such a dastardly manner.

Zhang Ruochen did not have a billion Saint Stones with him, but he had many treasures in his possession. If he sold them, it would not be too difficult for him to collect a billion Saint Stones.

“1.1 billion Saint Stones,” Zhang Ruochen called.

Jueyan Hu raised the bid. “1.2 billion Saint Stones.”

“1.3 billion Saint Stones,” Zhang Ruochen called a bid again.

While Jueyan Hu had accumulated a large amount of wealth after thousand of years of cultivation, but it was still a difficult thing for him to spend billions at a time. If that brat over there kept raising the bid, he would not be able to keep up.

Jueyan Hu unleashed his Saint Aura and said in a threatening tone, “Youngster, getting your hands on a Supreme Sacred Artifact fragment, you aren’t afraid of inviting death?”

“Since you know it is a fragment of a Supreme Sacred Artifact, then its value is naturally worth more than 1.2 or 3 billion Saint Stones. I’ll pay 1.5 billion Saint Stones.” Before Jueyan Hu could increase the bid, Zhang Ruochen called again for an astronomical bid.

This price was enough to purchase a Planet of Life or the Ruined Realms.

Jueyan Hu was furious. 1.5 billion Saint Stones would need him to empty his entire assets to get such an amount.

At this moment, Jueyan Hu was caught between the sea and a hard place, if he was to let the other party take the Supreme Sacred Artifact fragment, won’t he be laughed to death by all of the cultivators present?

“Senior Jueyan, this Supreme Sacred Artifact fragment is too precious. Let Lian Xi purchase it for herself.”

King Daxi seemed to have seen through Jueyan Hu’s predicament and made a personal bid. “Two billion Saint Stones.”

King Daxi dared to call out such a price because she had seen Awesome, the Little Taoist use the Purple-Gold Bagua Mirror in the Celestial Domain of Truth. Therefore, no matter how high the price of that tortoiseshell fragment was, she would need to buy it.

Jueyan Hu had an embarrassed look on his face. He had never expected King Daxi to be richer than him, a senior who had lived for thousands of years. It seemed like today, whatever dignity his old face possessed had been totally lost.

“This Fairy Lian Xi sure is rich and powerful. For her to call 2 billion Saint Stones the moment she spoke...” Zhang Ruochen shook his head and smiled bitterly.

Two billion Saint Stones was comparable with the value of a hundred-thousand-year-old sacred medicine and was beyond the limits Zhang Ruochen could bear.

It seems like he could only give up.

Luo Yi recovered as he opened his eyes, and he smiled slightly. “Which of the Nine Immortal Beauties isn’t extraordinary? Lian Xi’s background is very profound, and collecting two billion Saint Stones isn’t difficult for her.”

No one thought that a mere fragment would fetch such an outrageous price.

If a complete Supreme Sacred Artifact was on sale, a Supreme Saint would not necessarily be able to afford it either.

After not getting any additional bids, Zi Lan announced, “Two billion Saint Stones. First call.

“Two billion Saint Stones. Second call.

“Two billion...”

Suddenly, a clear and melodious voice came from outside the Tianjue Pavilion. “I’ll bid 3 billion Saint Stones.”

A white, slim figure walked into Tianjue Pavilion. Saint Light circled around the delicate body, as dark, silky hair swayed in the wind, as a faint fragrance was emitted from all over her body.

The Butcher and the Fool followed in.

In the hall, a cultivator recognized the peerless beauty and exclaimed, “It’s Fairy Tianchu!, it’s Fairy Tianchu!”

“Goodness, for two supreme beauties to appear at Tianjue Pavilion at the same time.”

The appearance of Fairy Tianchu sent Tianjue Pavilion into a frenzy, and none of the cultivators could keep calm.

Even those who kept their composure too looked at each other, showing an expression of great interest as they want to see what sort of sparks will come out as the two fairies bid on the same item?

For her to raise the bid by 1 billion Saint Stones in a single call, everyone could see that Fairy Tianchu was bound to win the tortoiseshell fragment.

How about Fairy Lian Xi?

Would she continue to raise the bidding price?

Chapter 1831 - Mister Godcliff's Goal

Chapter 1831: Mister Godcliff's Goal

“This is troublesome! The wealth the Fairy Tianchu, Luo Ji could mobilize is not something we can compare. Fairy Lian Xi, why not just give the fragment of the Supreme Sacred Artifact to her?” The Drifter said.

The Wayfarer added, “Our goal is the Eastern Region Saint King manor. We do not need any more complications at this juncture.”

Fairy Lian Xi did not intend to stop and continued to bid. “3.5 billion Saint Stones.”

“Four billion Saint Stones,” Fairy Tianchu called.

“Five billion Saint Stones.”

...

It was just a fragment of a Supreme Sacred Artifact, and the price had been raised at a frenzied level by these two scions of heaven to over 8 billion Saint Stones.

Most of the cultivators in the Tianjue Pavilion were already dumbfounded.

“Spending 8 billion Saint Stones for a fragment, are they insane?”

“With so many Saint Stones, if I were to purchase resources for cultivation, it will be more than enough to speed up my cultivation progress by leaps and bounds, and in reach the rank of a Nine-step Saint King in a short period of time.”

Inside the private room, Xiang Chunan's eyes lit up as a burning crimson brilliance emitted from his eyes as he said, “Big Brother, how about we go and rob them, we will definitely make a fortune.”

“Among the Saint King cultivators, who would bring so much Saint Stones on their person? I’m guessing both King Daxi and Fairy Tianchu would need to mobilize the Soul Realm and the Tianchu Civilization in order to get such a huge amount of Saint Stones,” Zhang Ruochen said.

Zhang Ruochen knew why Fairy Tianchu did not hesitate the astronomical cost to purchase the tortoiseshell fragment. It was because she had seen Awesome the Little Taoist’s Purple-Gold Bagua Mirror.

Now, King Daxi, Jueyan Hu, and Xie Canghai, all these ancient monsters were very close. For Fairy Tianchu to go up against her, even if she wins the bid, and gets the tortoiseshell fragment, she would suffer revenge attacks.

At this moment, Fairy Tianchu called another astronomical raise in the bid. “Ten billion Saint Stones.”

As soon as the bid was raised, Fairy Lian Xi fell silent, and a moment later, she softly said, “Since you are so persistent, Fairy Tianchu, I’ll give this fragment to you!”

Fairy Tianchu did not speak, and she waited until Zi Lan on the sacred jade platform called out “Sold”. The Butcher, who was behind Fairy Tianchu, went straight to negotiate with the manager of Tianjue Pavilion. It was clear that they were discussing the terms of payment.

Fairy Tianchu was taken by a steward of Tianjue Pavilion to a private room on the fourth floor.

Luo Yi said, “Brother Ruochen, the situation in Tianjue Pavilion now is very complicated, and there might be a massive conflict that will spiral beyond control erupting here. It’s better for us to leave now.”

Zhang Ruochen pondered for a moment before he said, “All of you leave first, I have something to do, and need to wait.”

“No, the Teleportation Array Your highness had inscribed is one-use only. If we leave now, how would you leave?”
Murong Yue said.

Zhang Ruochen replied, “If I want to leave, aside from a Supreme Saint, there are not many who can keep me behind.”

“How about that Array Master? The means available to an Array Master is not something we could imagine. Your Highness, let’s go, what are you staying behind for? Is it to snatch the Tears of the Void and the tortoiseshell fragment? We can always find other ways.” Murong Yue was quite worried about Zhang Ruochen’s safety.

Luo Yi added, “I think Miss Murong’s words are reasonable. Jueyan Hu and his ilk are very powerful. They are not people we can contend with. They probably already know that the God Stone on Kong Hongbi had already fallen into our hands. If chaos were to erupt in Tianjue Pavilion, we are bound to be attacked. When that time comes, can we withstand the attacks?”

The suspended sacred jade platform started to auction the next treasure.

Zhang Ruochen demurred for a moment before saying, “Wait for me in the room first. I’ll meet that Fairy Tianchu. If there’s chaos, don’t need to wait for me, activate the teleportation array, and leave.”

Immediately after, despite Murong Yue and the others trying to dissuade him, Zhang Ruochen walked to the private room on the fourth floor.

“I have long been admiring of Fairy Tianchu’s name, and am here to visit with hopes to speak to the Fairy,” Zhang Ruochen said.

The gaze of many cultivators in Tianjue Pavilion cast their eyes on the fourth floor of the private room.

“Everyone, take a guess if that arrogant bastard has fallen head over heels over the fairy’s absolute beauty, and so he paid her a visit for the tortoiseshell fragment?” a cultivator said jokingly.

“Whatever the reason, it is absolutely impossible for Fairy Tianchu to want to see him.”

“Fairy Tianchu does not bother herself with worldly matters, and is extremely pure, how would she agree to meet an arrogant fellow like that guy?”

“In the past, when Divine Scion Shiqing pursued Fairy Tianchu and used a heaven-grade sacred pill, the Kunxu Pill as a meeting gift, he did not even get an opportunity to see how she looked like.”

...

As the crowd gossiped, the door of the private room on the fourth floor opened.

The Butcher walked out and smiled at Zhang Ruochen as he said, “The Fairy invites you.”

Amidst the stunned looks in the eyes of the cultivators present, Zhang Ruochen walked into the private room.

Immediately after, something even more shocking happened, the Butcher and the Fool who had been following Fairy Tianchu actually walked out of the room and stood guard on both sides of the door.

In other words, Fairy Tianchu was actually willing to meet that arrogant bast*rd alone.

In the hall, god knows how many cultivators were mad with envy and jealousy, if not for the tyrannical aura emanating from both the Butcher and the Fool had restrained them, they would probably have rushed to the private room on the fourth floor.

Walking into the private room, Zhang Ruochen caught a whiff of a familiar faint fragrance, and in his mind, the various things that had happened at the Altar of Divinity Bestowment appeared, and an enchanting feeling appeared.

Fairy Tianchu sat behind a layer of moon-white curtain, revealing a beautiful, alluring outline of her figure.

“Were you here for the tortoiseshell fragment?”

The clear and melodious voice came from behind the curtain.

Zhang Ruochen stood still, and his eyes deep as he said, “In the near future, the Eastern Region Holy City will undergo an upheaval, and the source of that upheaval is probably inside Tianjue Pavilion. I’m here to advise you to leave as soon as possible.”

As the candlelight swayed gently, the figure behind the curtain appeared looming.

After a while, the figure stood up and stretched out a fair, jade-like hand as she opened the curtain.

It was the most beautiful hand in the world, with five long fingers, and skin most smooth and fair. Even a gentle movement had enough beauty to touch one's soul.

Fairy Tianchu walked out from behind the curtain without a veil nor being wrapped in Saint Light.

There were very few cultivators who had seen her true face.

However, not a single cultivator who had seen her true face did not find it difficult to breathe and have their hearts confused. This was not the first time Zhang Ruochen had seen her true face, yet even he felt a little difficult to breathe as ripples formed in his calm heart.

“It was precisely because I've caught wind that an upheaval might happen in the Eastern Region Holy City, that I rushed over. Perhaps, you would need my help.” With her delicate eyes, Fairy Tianchu stared at Zhang Ruochen who was facing her.

“She had seen through my real identity? Should be. She could see the spiritual strength of every cultivator, and even if I were to use the 36 Formless Transformation, I won't be able to fool her.”

Zhang Ruochen did not deliberately admit his identity and said, “The situation in the Eastern Region Holy City is not something we can sway. If Fairy is able to trust me, let's go to the private room on the fifth floor. I have already set up a teleportation array there, and we can leave together.”

Fairy Tianchu gently shook her head as she said, “Do you think that you can use a single dimensional teleportation array to escape the eyes of a master?”

“It turns out that Fairy also knows that there is a master in Tianjue Pavilion.” Zhang Ruochen was slightly surprised.

Fairy Tianchu continued, “Not only I know that he is a master, but I also know that he is an Array Master. He is also the person sent by the Celestial Court to the East Region Holy City to repair the ancient wards in the Holy City.”

“What? It’s him that is responsible for repairing the ancient wards of the Holy City?” Zhang Ruochen was shocked.

One needed to know, that if this person was in charge of repairing the ancient ward inscriptions of the Holy City, then he must know all of the ancient wards in the city, and could mobilize wards to suppress everything within the city.

In other words, in the Eastern Region Holy City, he was a god.

Aside from a Supreme Saint, there was unlikely anyone could contend with him.

Fairy Tianchu said, “This person’s name is Mister Godcliff, a cultivator from the Heavenly Realm. It may be better if you don’t reveal your identity. If you were to activate the teleportation array, your identity will undoubtedly be revealed, and by then, Mister Godcliff will definitely focus all of his attention on you. Do you have the confidence to escape alive from the hands of an Array Master?”

Zhang Ruochen’s eyes were extremely solemn, as he gently shook his head.

Fairy Tianchu continued, “Based on my guess, the person behind the coming upheaval is none other than Mister Godcliff himself.”

“Now, only the Eastern Region Saint King Manor and Mister Godcliff could control the ancient wards and the Orbital Array in the Holy City. If the Eastern Region Saint King Manor is taken out, no one would be able to restrain Mister Godcliff.”

“By then, Mister Godcliff will be the master of the entire Eastern Region Holy City, and all of the rules will be set by him, and all of his interests fulfilled first.”

“The Eastern Region Holy City is awakening, who knows how many resources and treasures will be born here. Even with just one hundred thousand-year-old sacred medicine being born

here every day, it will be a terrifying amount of wealth after a long period of accumulation.”

“Moreover, you should know better than me that the Eastern Region Holy City is the central hub of the entire Eastern Region. By controlling the Holy City, controlling the entire Eastern Region would be quite easy.”

Zhang Ruochen got more and more terrified as he heard that. “So that’s how it is.”

Originally, Zhang Ruochen had only taken the attitude of a bystander on the oncoming upheaval in the Eastern Region Saint King Manor and did not plan to interfere. However, upon listening to Fairy Tianchu’s analysis, he realized what he needed to do.

First, was because Zhang Ruochen and the cultivators of the Heavenly Realm were at the point of not resting until the other side is dead.

Secondly, if Mister Godcliff was to become the lord of the Eastern Region Saint King Manor, all of the living beings in the Eastern Region would have to be his slaves, and all of the treasures and resources of the Eastern Region would be squeezed dry by the Heavenly Realm.

“How could we fight against the Array Master?” Zhang Ruochen frowned deeply.

An Array Master can challenge a Supreme Saint, not to mention that the Eastern Region Holy City is Mister Godcliff’s home ground, and it was almost impossible to fight against him.

Even a Supreme Sacred Artifact would be taken out by him unless a Divine Artifact was revealed.

Fairy Tianchu had a thoughtful look as she faintly said, “In terms of spiritual power, there’s one person who may be able to compete with Mister Godcliff, she should be with you, right?”

Chapter 1832 - The Demonic Blood Ax Engraving

Chapter 1832: The Demonic Blood Ax Engraving

Zhang Ruochen knew that the person Fairy Tianchu referred to was Ji Fanxin.

Unfortunately, in seeking a breakthrough, Ji Fanxin had entered Luoshui alone and was not in the Holy City.

Luoshui was mysterious and shrouded in a bizarre power. Even if Zhang Ruochen was to send a message to Ji Fanxin, she would probably not be able to receive it. A distant well cannot put out a nearby fire.

Zhang Ruochen touched his chin lightly with his fingers. “Seems like we can only pin our hopes on the Eastern Region Saint King Manor.”

The Eastern Region Saint King Manor had been in operation for so many years in the Holy City, and had a very profound background, with advantages in location and manpower, trying to take it down was not an easy thing to do.

It was like an old tortoise lying on the ground, while its offensive power may be far less than an alpha lion, but it was still difficult for that alpha lion to break its shell and eat it.

Fairy Tianchu took out the box containing the tortoiseshell fragment and held it out on her fair palm as she handed it to Zhang Ruochen, saying, “I know that this is of great value to you. Even though it is nowhere as good as a hundred thousand drops of Divine Spring, you... shouldn't refuse my kindness.”

“Sure enough, she has already guessed that I'm Lin Yue. She's just that intelligent.”

Zhang Ruochen smiled awkwardly as he took the box and weighed it twice in his hand before he put it into the Dimensional Ring and said, “Please leave the Eastern Region Holy City. This has nothing to do with you. You are the

Celestial Maiden of the Tianchu Civilization, so they will not dare to fight you openly.”

“Since you know what I’m the Celestial Maiden of the Tianchu Civilization, you should understand that provoking a Celestial Maiden only leads to bad things. If I want to leave, even an Array Master cannot stop me. Anyone that dares to attack me will pay a very heavy price.”

Fairy Tianchu leaned forward and stood under the candle. The candlelight shining on her face made it look like a layer of white fluorescence was on her skin, as if it was flesh made out of ice and bones out of jade, extremely alluring.

She might have looked elegant and meek, but whenever she got tough, no one could change her mind.

As the heir to an ancient civilization, be it her state of mind, or the cards at her disposal, she would definitely far exceed cultivators of the same rank.

Zhang Ruochen did not attempt to persuade Fairy Tianchu any more, as he walked out of the private room, and returned back to the room on the fifth floor of Tianjue Pavilion.

“Big Brother, you’ve gotten the tortoiseshell fragment?” Xiang Chunan asked with concern.

“Yeah.”

Zhang Ruochen did not hide anything and nodded softly.

Xiang Chunan laughed out loud. “I just know that if Big Brother shows up, he will get the job done.”

Luo Yi was quite surprised, and he asked, “You were able to guess that?”

Xiang Chunan patted his chest as if he had seen through everything, and he said, “My big brother’s looks are top notch, like a literal tree of jade in the wind, and that whatever Fairy Tianchu, is as ugly as a sow. As long as my brother uses his Pretty Boy scheme, she won’t fall head over heels for him? My big brother’s charm, is nothing ordinary, no?”

“Pretty Boy scheme? I did not expect Brother Ruochen to have such a technique at play.” Luo Yi laughed.

Zhang Ruochen felt his head ached. Xiang Chunan, this damned fool, forget his distorted sense of aesthetics, he actually looked at his big brother with such distorted lenses.

He, Zhang Ruochen had always depended on his strength to take on the world, since when did he relied on his face?

Plus, wanting to conquer a woman like Fairy Tianchu, how can he succeed with just a mere Pretty Boy scheme?

With Fairy Tianchu's state of mind, their meeting by chance on the Altar of Divinity Bestowment probably held an even lesser position in her heart than the favor of Zhang Ruochen gifting her a hundred thousand drops of Divine Spring.

Those hundred thousand drops of Divine Spring was "Lin Yue" who had fought desperately for it.

Plus, 'Lin Yue' kept his promise and personally handed the one hundred thousand drops of Divine Spring to her hands, before leaving just like that and disappeared into the world.

Forget Fairy Tianchu, any woman who had experienced that would find it hard to forget.

Luo Yi's expression became serious as he said, "Since we have the tortoiseshell fragment in our hands, should we activate the teleportation array and leave now?"

"No, unless as a last resort, we cannot activate the teleportation array."

Zhang Ruochen explained the identity of Mister Godcliff.

After hearing that, the hearts of everyone sank to the bottom.

"What do we do now? Are we going to sit here and wait for our deaths?" Luo Yi said.

Zhang Ruochen took a deep look at Luo Yi and said, "Brother Luo, you are a disciple of the Shangyuan Sect, and your status is distinguished, as long as you don't get too close to us, they won't dare to lay a hand on you. How about you leave first, Brother Luo?"

Luo Yi's eyelids twitched as he slammed the table a little angrily. "Brother Ruochen? Do you take Luo Yi as a person

who is afraid of trouble? Since Chunan regards me as a brother, we will go through it together, for better or worse.”

“Good man. My judgement of you isn’t wrong,” Xiang Chunan said.

“Brother Luo, please don’t be angry. I did not mean anything else, but now the situation in Tianjue Pavilion is just too delicate, and no one knows what will happen. I only said that because I don’t want to drag you down with me.”

As he said that, Zhang Ruochen closed his eyes as he thought about how to break out of this situation.

The auction outside was coming to an end.

Four cultivators with buff bodies carried the last auction item onto the suspended sacred jade platform. As it was too heavy, the platform sank by three feet.

The item on auction was several feet high, and was covered by a black cloth that could block any spiritual power surveying, and gave out a sense of mystery.

“They have sold many rare treasures earlier, and this final auction item is definitely not a simple thing.”

“Say, could it be a complete piece of Supreme Sacred Artifact?”

“Definitely not. Even a god wouldn’t auction a Supreme Sacred Artifact. However, peerless materials for refining a Supreme Sacred Artifact is possible.”

...

As the auction item was moved up, Zi Lan’s emotions became a little uncontrollable as her voice trembled. “The last item for auction is the legendary... Demonstone Engraving.”

Whoosh!!

The black cloth was pulled down, revealing a black stone tablet several feet tall.

The stone tablet exuded a shocking demonic aura, as the powerful aura permeated across the heavens and earth, causing

demonic Qi to gather in the skies above Tianjue Island, forming demonic clouds and covered the stars and moon.

At this moment, the cultivators on Tianjue Island, and even a good part of the Golden Rainbow Continent were all shocked.

The aura of an unsealed Demonstone Engraving was just too powerful. It was not only a stone tablet, a training engraving, but also a powerful weapon in itself.

It was like an explosion had ripped across Tianjue Pavilion as all of the cultivators went crazy about it, unable to suppress the excited emotions in their hearts.

In a flash, over a dozen cultivators could no longer suppress the greed in their hearts, and they flew toward the Demonstone Engraving, wanting to snatch it away.

One of them was an elder of the Saint King rank.

“Mine! That Demonstone Engraving is mine!”

That elder exuded a powerful Saint Aura and tore off all of the window paper with its force.

The pavilion master of Tianjue Pavilion, Jiang Yunchong walked out as he stretched a palm out, and clutched it.

Bam! Bam!!

The dozen or so cultivators in the air all burst into pieces, turning into clouds of blood mist.

Such a bloody scene shocked the cultivators below back to their senses, as all of them trembled and slowly stepped backwards.

Jiang Yunchong’s figure blurred, and the next moment, he reappeared on the suspended sacred jade platform.

He had his hands behind him as if he was standing at the center of the universe and scanning the cultivators below. “If you are in the Tianjue Pavilion, you must abide by the rules here. Anyone who dares to break the rules here is an enemy of mine.”

In the private room on the fifth floor, Mister Godcliff gasped in amazement. “I’ve heard that Tianjue Pavilion’s master is

very powerful, and indeed, seeing is believing.”

“That move was not so straightforward. Everyone thought that he launched a palm strike, but in fact, he merely raised his hand gently,” Xie Canghai said solemnly.

In the private room, a cultivator of the Six-step Saint King rank was quite puzzled. “He just killed over a dozen incompetent cultivators. What’s so mysterious about it? If I give it my all, I can turn all of them into blood mist with a palm strike across the distance.”

Jueyan Hu laughed. “Jiang Yunchong did not launch any palm strikes. The moment he lifted his hands, the precepts of heaven and earth changed. So, it was not the palm strike that killed those dozen of cultivators, it was the precepts of heaven and earth that killed them.”

The Six-step Saint King was taken aback and said, “How is that possible? It is said only a Supreme Saint can mobilize the precepts of heaven and earth to perform mystical techniques beyond the imagination of a Saint King. Is Jiang Yunchong a Supreme Saint?”

Jueyan Hu snorted. “Who says that one needs to reach Supreme Sainthood to be able to mobilize the precepts of heaven and earth? Actually, once someone reaches the realm of Precept Domain, that person can do a preliminary power mobilization of heavenly and earthly precepts. But of course, within the realms of a Precept Domain. ”

Mister Godcliff looked at Xie Canghai and asked, “Brother Xie, you have also cultivated up to the Precept Domain. Compared with Jiang Yunchong, who’s stronger and who’s weaker?”

“I’m not as strong as him,” Xie Canghai said.

Jiang Yunchong stood at the center of the sacred jade platform calmly yet all of the cultivators in Tianjue Pavilion had been restrained, as if a god had descended upon the mortal realms, making people fearful and wary.

Zhang Ruochen’s gaze was staring dead at the Demonstone Engraving.

Engraved on the stone tablet was a demon king with disheveled hair. He was holding a blood ax and splitting a galaxy apart. The stars in the galaxy were like shining gemstones before him.

The engraving was extremely powerful and shocking. It caused people to suspect if someone actually had such destructive powers; that was the image the Demonstone Engraving reflected.

Splitting a galaxy with an ax, destroying all life, and becoming a supreme demon...

“How did the Demonic Blood Ax Engraving Print fall into the hands of Tianjue Pavilion? This is bad. An unparalleled inheritance of the Kunlun Realm will probably be bought by cultivators of another realm. “Murong Yue squeezed her fingers tightly in anger.

One needed to know that the Demonstone Engraving was not only a mystical tome on the Taiyi Divine Techniques Rank but also one of the six mythical tomes of the Kunlun Realm. It represented the knowledge of Kunlun’s ancestors and the hope for the rise of the Kunlun Realm.

To become an unparalleled elite, it was essential to cultivate a powerful technique.

Just like Zhang Ruochen, who cultivated the The Empyrean Emperor Ming’s Scripture, and with every increase in level, the grade of his Saint Qi would increase by leaps and bounds, far surpassing the cultivators of the same realm. It was because of this he was able to kill foes beyond realms and was not afraid when encountering a Nine-step Saint King.

If Zhang Ruochen had been cultivating an ordinary technique, it was impossible to cultivate an ultimate perfect physique, and it was even more impossible for him to fight beyond realms.

Each technique and Saint Art was the culmination of the wisdom of countless ancestors before him and a precious wealth left behind for future generations.

If they could not hold on to this wealth, the realm would only continue to decline.

If the various mystical tomes of the Kunlun Realm were taken away by the other macroworlds, their legacy would end like a broken lineage, and the chances of regaining their glorious days would become extremely remote.

Chapter 1833 - Jiang Yunchong Is a Kunlun Realm cultivator?

Chapter 1833: Jiang Yunchong Is a Kunlun Realm cultivator?

If it was something on for auction, so be it.

Nevertheless, the Demonstone Engraving was the Kunlun Realm's heritage. How could the realm's treasure be lost to the hands of cultivators from another realm?

That was something Zhang Ruochen will never tolerate!

Jiang Yunchong said, "This Demonic Blood Ax Engraving Print is deposited by a cultivator in Tianjue Pavilion for auction. He does not need saint stones, but wants to exchange items that he needs now."

"What items?" someone asked.

Jiang Yunchong said. "A Divine-class sword technique manual, hundred thousand year old sacred medicines, heaven-grade sacred pills, king-grade sacred pills, ancient sacred relics, Supreme Sacred Artifacts, or materials to create a Supreme Sacred Artifact. Anyone who can produce something that would satisfy him, the Demonic Blood Ax Engraving Print will belong to that person."

All of the cultivators present shook their heads and sighed like a wilted eggplant.

The treasures Jiang Yunchong had mentioned were all extremely rare items, how could they even produce one out?

From a private room on the third floor, a red-skinned man with broad shoulders and frame walked out, holding a jade box in his hand, saying. "I have a heaven-grade sacred pill, the Guihong Pill."

Whoosh!!

YunchongThe red-skinned man opened up the emerald box, and soon the powerful fragrance of the pill filled the entirety of Tianjue Pavilion.

In the box, that Guihong Pill, was like a pearl, full of luster and warmth as thousands of inscriptions flowed within it.

Amidst the resounding admiration and exclamation, there were also many avaricious gazes being cast.

Jiang Yunchong said. “If sir, you only have one Guihong Pill, it won’t be enough to exchange for the Demonic Blood Ax Engraving Print.

The red-skinned man looked rather disappointed as he put away the Guihong pill, and returned to his room.

A ghastly looking old man came out from a private room on the fourth floor and took out a crystal spar half a foot tall. Inside the spar was a strange silver flower.

“I have a hundred-thousand-year-old sacred medicine, could it be used to exchange for the Demonic Blood Ax Engraving Print?” the ghastly old man said.

Jiang Yunchong stared at one of the private rooms on the fifth floor, appearing to be communicating with someone.

A moment later, Jiang Yunchong shook his head, saying. “A single hundred thousand-year-old sacred medicine is obviously insufficient. If sir, you have more hundred-thousand-year-old sacred medicines, perhaps we can consider it.”

Even more hundred-thousand-year-old sacred medicines?

Those ancient sacred medicines were not Chinese cabbages, you know.

But, based on Jiang Yunchong’s gaze, everyone guessed that the seller of the Demonic Blood Ax Engraving Print is probably in the west side private room on the fifth floor.

What they did not know was, how could a figure like Jiang Yunchong, with his peerless cultivation, make such an elementary mistake?

After that, cultivators from the various private rooms showed up one after another. Some took out one-hundred-thousand-year-old sacred medicines, some took out top swordsmanship tomes, while some even took out a small piece of material for refining a Supreme Sacred Artifact.

It was like a Battle of Treasures, with each showing their own wares, opening the eyes of all of the cultivators present.

Of course, there were also a few low-key powerhouses that silently took note of those cultivators and treasures, as the thought of killing and seizing the treasures appeared in their minds.

A single Demonic Blood Ax Engraving Print had revealed the treasures hidden in many cultivators, and one could imagine, after tonight, a storm of blood will blow over the Eastern Region Holy City.

Zhang Ruochen stared at the private room to the east as he muttered to himself. “It seems like Xie Canghai had appeared at Tianjue Pavilion for the ‘Demonic Blood Ax Engraving Print. He should be making a bid I suppose?”

Sure enough, a moment later.

The door of the private room on the east side opened as Xie Canghai’s tall and proud figure walked out.

In an instant, all of the light and heat within Tianjue Pavilion were swallowed by Xie Canghai as all of the cultivator’s gaze all gathered onto him.

“I have three hundred thousand-year-old sacred medicine, and another Taiyi Primordial Stone, could it be used to exchange the Demonic Blood Ax Engraving Print?” Xie Canghai said.

“My goodness! Three hundred thousand-year-old sacred medicines?”

“Who is this person, to be such a loudmouth, he can’t be just bragging right?”

“Most hundred-thousand-year-old sacred medicine would generally gain intelligent sentience with powerful cultivation, how could a Saint King have three of them?”

There were people in Tianjue Pavilion who were knowledgeable and explained Xie Canghai's identity.

Suddenly, deep breaths could be heard, as many cultivators showed expressions of awe and fear.

Jiang Yunchong asked. "The seller wants to know how big the Taiyi Primordial Stone Mr. Xie is?"

Xie Canghai clicked the edge of his mouth, knowing that something was at play, so he took out a stone the size of a millstone.

The stone exuded golden brilliance, and unlike gold, there was no metallic luster. The light was extremely dazzling, and every light was like a razor-sharp sword.

All of the cultivators present closed their eyes and dared not look at it directly.

Zhang Ruochen held his breath and said. "Such a huge Taiyi Primordial Stone is enough to refine the initial form of a Supreme Sacred Artifact."

Taiyi Primordial Stone was one of the ultimate substances of Five Elements.

The Ultimate Substances of the Five Elements is one of the top ten substances of the entire universe.

With three hundred thousand-year-old sacred medicines plus a Taiyi Primordial Stone, that seller was obviously tempted.

Zhang Ruochen did not wait any longer, as he pushed open the door of the private room. As he stood by the edge of the railing, he called out. "This prince also has a treasure, and I wonder if it can be exchanged for the Demonic Blood Ax Engraving Print?"

Immediately after, Zhang Ruochen took out Qi Sheng's Godslaying Cross Shield and threw it below.

BAM!

The heavy Godslayer Cross Shield, like a cross made out of white boulder, with ancient divine blood stained upon it,

slammed into the center of the hall. It was five stories tall and was extremely awe-inspiring.

The spirit of the Godslayer Cross Shield was tyrannical, and Zhang Ruochen could not control it, plus there were so many other unstable factors that made him decided to use it to exchange the Demonic Blood Ax Engraving Print.

“This treasure... is really quite something...”

Jiang Yunchong appeared under the Godslayer Cross Shield and gently touched it, a series of bloody lines appeared on the surface of the shield.

“For it to unleash such powerful divine aura without any saint Qi to rouse it, it is definitely a weapon with a profound background.”

“Could it be a Supreme Sacred Artifact?”

...

Jiang Yunchong’s ears twitched slightly, as he folded his fist and smiled. “Congratulations, the seller thinks that your weapon fits his needs quite well, and had agreed to exchange with you.”

“He agreed so quickly?” Zhang Ruochen was a little surprised.

The Godslayer Cross Shield itself was extraordinary, so much so that even a Supreme Saint would want to snatch it for himself, thus it was not strange that the other party was eager to exchange.

Xie Canghai was determined to win the Demonic Blood Ax Engraving Print, how could he let it fall into other’s hands?

A killing intent surged out of Xie Canghai’s body, causing all of the cultivators in Tianjue Pavilion to feel like they had fallen into an ice grotto, and all of them were trembling with fear.

“Youngster, what you have done today is overstepping your bounds!” Xie Canghai’s tone was extremely sullen.

Although the gap of cultivation between him and Xie Canghai was huge, Zhang Ruochen was not afraid of him, as he looked

back at him, saying. “We are all buying treasures here using our financial resources and abilities, where did this prince overstep his bounds? Xie Canghai, you are in any case an elite of the Precept Domain realm, how are you that petty?”

BAM!!!

Xie Canghai slammed his fist on the railing, and suddenly the defensive wards and inscriptions within Tianjue Pavilion were all activated.

A powerful surge of saint force blasted out in all directions.

Zhang Ruochen was hit by one of the shock waves, and his body felt like it had been hit by a divine mountain as he took two steps back, his hair crown shattered, and his long hair rolled down.

Zhang Ruochen roared. “You old coot! I’m a secret disciple of Yanshen, you think I’m afraid of you?”

WHOOSH!!

Zhang Ruochen activated the crimson precept circuits from his leg left and roused it to both of his hands, and suddenly two burning clouds of flame appeared in his hands.

Xie Canghai retracted his saint aura and was a little surprised. “You’re a secret disciple of Yanshen?”

Zhang Ruochen snorted and said with a tough tone. “Xie Canghai, if you want to strike, I’m not afraid of you at the slightest. If you wish for a fight, then one of us will not leave to see another day.”

Yanshen was a god of the Fane of Merits and was also an authority in himself in the Heavenly Realm.

The Blackdemon Realm behind Xie Canghai was in the end, just a minor follower of the Heavenly Realm, and if he were to meet a Heavenly Realm cultivator of the same realm, Xie Canghai would need to lower his head.

A secret disciple of Yanshen itself was a lofty status, and naturally could not be offended.

Xie Canghai used telepathy to speak to Mister Godcliff and King Daxi. “Is this person really a disciple of Yanshen?”

Mister Godcliff frowned and said, “The number of direct disciples of Yanshen is so large that it is hard to say.”

King Daxi said. “The aura of this person is exactly the same as Yanshen. Moreover, that aura had divine power in it, and I suppose Yanshen had bestowed him an incredible treasure.”

“Was he a direct disciple of Yanshen?”

“Shang Ziyan is the only direct disciple of Yanshen, how did a second one pop up?”

A moment later, Xie Canghai retracted his killing intent as a smile appeared on his face, saying. “Since Your Highness is a secret disciple of Yanshen, we are all on the same side, and everything can be discussed.”

Zhang Ruochen smiled inwardly.

Pretending to be Yanshen’s secret disciple was Zhang Ruochen’s way to break out of this situation.

This move carried a great risk and had undoubtedly pushed him to the cusp of the storm, and he was in danger of being crushed at any moment.

“Your Highness, can we speak for a moment?” Xie Canghai initiated an invitation to Zhang Ruochen.

“I don’t think it is necessary.”

Be it the old coots like Mister Godcliff, Xie Canghai, Jueyan Hu, or King Daxi, a scion of heaven, all of them were extremely shrewd. If Zhang Ruochen were to come into close contact with them, he would definitely be exposed, and by then, he won’t even know how he had died.

So everything was touch and go.

Zhang Ruochen’s gaze landed on Jiang Yunchong below and asked, “Deal?”

“Deal.” Jiang Yunchong replied with a smile.

However, the moment he said the word “deal”, another voice from Jiang Yunchong rang out in Zhang Ruochen’s mind.

“The Demonic Blood Ax Engraving Print is used to fish Xie Canghai out. To break the crisis in the Eastern Region Holy City, give the print to him. An Array Master is here and can hear our conversation. Don’t use telepathy to ask me why.”

A color of surprise flashed past Zhang Ruochen’s eyes.

His expression did not change, but a tidal wave seemed to have been kicked up in his heart.

“Is Jiang Yunchong really...”

Zhang Ruochen had this hunch when he first encountered Jiang Yunchong.

At this moment, Zhang Ruochen was even more certain that Jiang Yunchong was most probably a Kunlun Realm cultivator

What Zhang Ruochen was uncertain was if he was a reclusive powerhouse of Kunlun Realm, or was a scion of heaven that had woken up from his slumber from a hundred thousand years ago.

Chapter 1834 - Daylight Robbery

Chapter 1834: Daylight Robbery

In an instant, plenty of thoughts flooded Zhang Ruochen's mind.

But, there was one thing he could not figure out.

Since the Demonic Blood Ax Engraving Print was used to fish out Xie Canghai, why did Jiang Yunchong chose not to deal with Xie Canghai directly, and instead took a liking to the Godslayer Cross Shield instead?

Could it be...

The settler was not Tianjue Pavilion at all, and was someone else?

Zhang Ruochen had a lot of questions in his mind, but he could not immediately ask, for fear of being eavesdropped by Mister Godcliff's powerful spiritual powers. Now, he could only choose to trust Jiang Yunchong.

From the private room on the west side of the fifth floor, rays of brilliant lights radiated out of it and enveloped the Godslayer Cross Shield.

Immediately after, the Godslayer Cross Shield turned into a light spot, and was taken away.

"What a powerful move, it seems like the seller is also a very terrifying powerhouse," Zhang Ruochen said to himself.

A storage bag flew out the western private room on the fifth floor, and fell into Jiang Yunchong's hands.

"Pavilion Master Jiang, good doing business with you. When I have treasures next time, this old one will still bring them to Tianjue Pavilion for the auction."

The voice was rather hoarse, and became more and more distant. It was clear that the mysterious seller of the Demonic Blood Ax Engraving Print had left Tianjue Pavilion.

Jueyan Hu wanted to pursue, but was stopped by Mister Godcliff.

Mister Godcliff looked on solemnly. "You are not his match."

"The Godslayer Cross Shield is an ancestor weapon of the Immortal Vampires, and is extremely powerful. Once there was a god that nailed to death on it, how could we let this treasure slip us by?"

Jueyan Hu recognized the origins of the Godslayer Cross Shield, and a strong greed grew in his heart.

Mister Godcliff said, "The most important thing now, is to take over the Eastern Region Saint King Manor. At this juncture, there is no need to create any other enemies."

Jueyan Hu was extremely reluctant, but he finally nodded.

"The value of the Demonic Blood Ax Engraving is probably far above the Godslayer Cross Shield. Is it really necessary to let the guy who claims that he is the disciple of Yanshen take it?" the Drifter said with a smile.

"We will leave this matter to Xie Canghai to deal with himself. If he could not even secure a single Demonic Blood Ax Engraving, then I would have to wonder if his capabilities is sufficient to deal with the matter that he will be tasked to do," Mr Godcliff said calmly with a strategizing demeanor.

Xie Canghai approached Zhang Ruochen and once again tried to negotiate with him.

"Your Highness, name your price, what does it take for you to let the Demonic Blood Ax Engraving go?" Xie Canghai said.

Zhang Ruochen was worried about raising Xie Canghai's suspicions, so he did not immediately change his attitude. He still wore that contemptuous look and said. "I'm not really lacking in anything."

Xie Canghai thought for a bit before he said, "It seems like Your Highness is rather interested in the Tears of the Void?"

Zhang Ruochen was about to push the door and enter the private room as he heard that. His movements slowed down, and he said, "I am a little interested."

Xie Canghai felt that he had grasped Zhang Ruochen's weakness, and he was elated as he said, "I can take those thirty drops of Tears of the Void out as part of the bargaining chips to exchange the Demonic Blood Ax Engraving with Your Highness." Zhang Ruochen turned around, and stared at Xie Canghai with a cautious look. "Mister Xie, I think you are cultivating the Demonic Blood Ax Engraving, right? No... It should be the rubbed engraving print."

Xie Canghai's expression was a little awkward while he said, "That's right."

"In this case, the Demonic Blood Ax Engraving should be regarded as a priceless treasure for Mister Xie right? Immediately after, Zhang Ruochen continued. "If you want the Demonic Blood Ax Engraving, Mister Xie, I think you need to show sufficient sincerity."

If it weren't for the fact that this person claimed to be a secret disciple of Yanshen, Xie Canghai would have killed him with a single slap, how could he allow the former to be so arrogant?

Xie Canghai said, "Three-hundred-thousand-year-old sacred medicine, a Taiyi Primordial Stone, plus thirty drops of Tears of the Void. They should suffice, right?"

"Not enough."

Zhang Ruochen shook his head and said, "Add another 10 billion Saint Stones to that."

Xie Canghai's heart almost jumped out as his arms trembled, and he was just that bit away from lashing out and turning Zhang Ruochen into mush.

This was clearly taking advantage of him, and was deliberately trying to squeeze him dry.

"If Mister Xie, you think that I'm trying to make things difficult for you, then I can only bring the Demonic Blood Ax Engraving to the auction house in the Celestial Court to sell it.

By then, the number of Saint Stones I'd obtain would not just be 10 billion Saint Stones," Zhang Ruochen said with a smile.

Xie Canghai snorted and said to himself, "If you auction off a treasure like the Demonic Blood Ax Engraving, it would be strange if your master did not kill you himself. You clearly know that by taking the Demonic Blood Ax Engraving back to the Celestial Court you would need to hand it over, and would not gain any benefits. That's why you are trying to swindle me."

He had no choice, so Xie Canghai finally chose to compromise.

"All right then, deal! But 10 billion Saint Stones is just too huge an amount, and I don't have it with me. Could you give me a month's time to transfer the Saint Stones from Blackdemon Realm and hand it over to Your Highness personally?" Xie Canghai said.

A month?

A month was enough for Xie Canghai to get a grip on Zhang Ruochen's identity, how would he agree to that?

Zhang Ruochen shook his head. "It seems like Mister Xie, you aren't sincere enough. I will look for another buyer then. There are many cultivators in Blackdemon Realm who are cultivating the Demonic Blood Ax Engraving, and there will bound to be someone who can afford it."

"Wait, I'll think of another way."

Xie Canghai turned around and walked into the east side private room.

Seeing Xie Canghai's frustrations turning into anger, yet he was unable to vent them out, Zhang Ruochen felt quite comforted and happy.

"All those people have profound backgrounds. It shouldn't be difficult for them to come up with 10 billion Saint Stones, right?" Zhang Ruochen was looking forward to this.

One needed to know that 10 billion Saint Stones was already close to the total sum of wealth of a poorer Supreme Saint.

A moment later, Xie Canghai handed three hundred thousand-year-old sacred medicines, the Taiyi Primordial Stone and thirty drops of Tears of the Void to Zhang Ruochen.

Immediately afterwards, he pulled out another storage bag, and handed it very reluctantly, with trembling hands, to Zhang Ruochen.

Zhang Ruochen opened the storage bag and used his spiritual powers to scan through it. It was actually filled with a huge amount of Saint Stones, piled into a mountain.

There were at least 3 billion pieces.

Zhang Ruochen was not someone who had never seen the world before, but his emotions were still roiling, and almost failed to keep a straight face. With this many Saint Stones, how many cultivation resources can he purchase?”

“Not enough. Why are there only 3 billion Saint Stones?”

Zhang Ruochen said with a straight face, his tone displeased.

Xie Canghai felt his heart ache, as he pulled out a black metal box, and spoke to Zhang Ruochen via telepathy. “There are four God Stones in there, and each is worth a billion Saint Stones each.”

Zhang Ruochen could not help but to swallow his saliva. Could it be, for the initial effort he had expended to search for the God Stones, only to have them fall effortlessly into his hands now.

As he opened the black metal box, Zhang Ruochen carefully inspected it, and determined that they were real God Stones. He then kept them in his Dimensional Ring, and said impassively. “There’s still quite a bit left!”

“What insatiable greed.”

Xie Canghai cursed all eighteen generations of Zhang Ruochen’s ancestors, before pulling out a jade box engraved full with patterns.

The jade box was blood-colored, and one could tell that it was not an ordinary item at first glance.

“This is... a half-done King-grade sacred pill. the Thousand-Revolution Path-Peering Pill.” Xie Canghai’s voice trembled as he spoke.

One needed to know this, Thousand-Revolution Path-Peering Pill was the first treasure he had prepared to break into the realm of Supreme Sainthood.

“Could it really be a King-grade sacred pill?”

Zhang Ruochen had seen a handful of Heaven-grade sacred pills, but a King-grade Saint Pill was like a legendary object. He had never seen one before.

One need to know, once a sacred pill had reached a certain grade, it could produce a pill spirit.

And the pill spirit of a heaven-grade sacred pill was no less weaker than a Saint King.

What sort of power would the pill spirit of a King-grade sacred pill have? A Nine-step Saint King? Or a Supreme Saint?

“This Thousand-Revolution Path-Peering Pill is still in a half-done state, and needs to be kept in the blood jade box until it undergoes a final transformation before it turns into a true King-grade sacred pill. Before that, do not take the pill out, don’t ever do that.” Xie Canghai exhorted.

“If I don’t take it out, how would I know if it’s real or not?”

As he said that, Zhang Ruochen was about to break the seal on blood jade saint box and take the Thousand-Revolution Path-Peering Pill out.

“Insolence...”

Xie Canghai’s aura became tyrannical before it immediately vanished again. “I, Xie Canghai, am an elite of the Precept Domain realm, how would I come up with a fake pill to lie to you? Before the Thousand-Revolution Path-Peering pill is matured, taking it out will see its effects greatly reduced,” he said.

“What does this old coot mean to say? He’s both advising and threatening me at the same time. Is he preparing to snatch the pill away in secret?” Zhang Ruochen said to himself.

His identity as a secret disciple of Yanshen could only be used to hold Xie Canghai back on the surface.

However, if it was somewhere no one else was, forget being Yanshen's disciple, even if he was Yanshen's own son, he would still die if he was to step on Xie Canghai's personal benefits.

“Well, I'll believe you then.”

Zhang Ruochen held his hand out and patted Xie Canghai on the shoulder as he spoke with a smile. “The Demonic Blood Ax Engraving is yours. Good doing business with you.”

As he returned to the private room, Xie Canghai's expression was extremely cold, but he was restraining himself. He knew that there were many cultivators present were from the Heavenly Realm.

There were so many people there, and someone might say something to the outside world.

Even if he had a killing intent, he had to endure it.

King Daxi said, “The identities of both Yanshen's secret disciple and Tianjue Pavilion's master are both odd. Should we test them?”

“I agree,” Xie Canghai said.

A smile appeared on Mister Godcliff's face as he said, “I understand how you two feel. But, in six hours time, it will be the time for us to attack the Eastern Region Saint King Manor.”

“That Chen Clan has sent up a total of 81 Saint King Manors in the East Region Holy City.”

“Each Saint King Manor is a base in itself.”

“When all eighty-one bases are connected together, it will form a Great Orbital Array, and could mobilize the power of the entire Eastern Region Holy City. To take down the Saint King Manor, we need to first break through the Great Orbital Array.”

“So, everyone has an assigned task, and it is best that we don’t court unnecessary trouble.”

“This old one promised everyone of you, as long as we take the Eastern Region Saint King Manor, every treasures that you fancy is yours to take. Anyone that you want to kill, is yours to kill. Including the persons and treasures within this Tianjue Pavilion.

At that moment, Mister Godcliff was like a god standing above all living beings, and as life and death were determined by his very words.

Chapter 1835 - The Man With Blood Hair

Chapter 1835: The Man With Blood Hair

As the auction ended, some of the cultivators left Tianjue Pavilion, while others stayed behind.

On the surface, everything looked normal.

In reality, however, due to all sorts of supreme treasures being exposed, the atmosphere was rather bizarre.

In the private room, Zhang Ruochen sat at the table, motionless.

Zhang Ruochen knew that his identity as “the secret disciple of Yanshen” had been the focus of Mister Godcliff’s attention. While there were inscriptions and wards on the wall, but they could not stop an Array Master from surveying.

Luo Yi was obviously quite the shrewd person, and every time Xiang Chunan was about to speak, he would interrupt the latter, and then they would drink and chat.

On the table, the soft brilliance from the copper lamp illuminated the entire private room.

The only exception was a small dark area beneath the lamp.

At this moment, a small insect that looked like a mosquito emerged from the hole on the floorboard as it flapped its wings and flew to the dark area under the lamp.

No one would have paid attention to every move of a mosquito the size of a needle tip.

Zhang Ruochen may look like he was studying the three-hundred-thousand-year-old sacred medicines he had just obtained, but in fact, all of his attention was focused on the mosquito.

If one were to observe carefully, you will see that the mosquito was somewhat unusual.

Its head looked like a snake, and its neck was longer than the length of its body.

“A Primordial species, a Snake-necked Mosquito.”

The Snake-necked Mosquitoes used its claws and gestured towards Zhang Ruochen with one word after another in the unlit area.

“The time of the offensive against the Eastern Region Saint King Manor will commence six hours from now, and it’s a simultaneous assault against 80 sub-cities, and the main city itself.” The Snake-necked Mosquito must have been sent by Jiang Yunchong over to inform him.

The Array Master’s spiritual power was just too strong, and it seemed that Jiang Yunchong was also quite cautious.

“For them to act so soon, I really don’t have any time to make any preparations.”

Zhang Ruochen suddenly stood up, as he said to the people in the private room. “I have gained a lot in this trip to the Eastern Region Holy City. It’s time to go back to the Celestial Court, and purchase a batch of sacred pills, and reach a higher level of cultivation. Let’s go.”

With Zhang Ruochen in the lead, Luo Yi, Xiang Chunan, Murong Yue, and the rest all walked down the stairs step by step.

Jiang Yunchong stood in the lobby of the first floor and looked at Zhang Ruochen as he said with a smile. “Your Highness, leaving Tianjue Pavilion so soon? Why not stay here for a few more days? Both Fairy Lian Xi and Fairy Tianchu, both unparalleled scions of the heavens are here as guests!”

“Beauties are the burial mound of a hero. No matter how beautiful those two fairies are, they are flawless clouds in the heavens, and would not be a consort of a mortal prince. Rather than thinking about it, it’s better to kill such thoughts before it takes root. Sir, I hope we will meet again.”

Zhang Ruochen stared deeply at Jiang Yunchong and then walked out of Tianjue Pavilion.

Jueyan Hu smiled and said, “That madman has some self-awareness, if he dared to have any ideas on Fairy Lian Xi, his senior brother, Shang Ziyan would surely teach him a painful lesson. Fairy, I’m correct on this, right?”

“Something is not right.” King Daxi’s eyebrows frowned slightly.

Jueyan Hu asked, “What’s wrong?”

King Daxi said. “Those cultivators who had revealed their treasures were all staying at Tianjue Pavilion and dared not leave, because they fear being targeted by someone, and would be intercepted and killed. Why did this person leave at this moment?”

“With him being so arrogant, is there anything he dares not do?” Jueyan Hu sneered.

King Daxi shook her head and said. “Although he is arrogant, from him nicking and dimming Mister Xie earlier, showed that he is quite shrewd. How would a shrewd person do such a stupid thing?”

Xie Canghai asked, “How about I pursue him to check him out?”

The moment Zhang Ruochen walked out of Tianjue Pavilion, Mister Godcliff’s spiritual power had been locked onto him.

At this moment, Mister Godcliff frowned and said. “After five hundred miles away from Tianjue Island, his aura had suddenly disappeared. Even my power cannot clearly find where he is. Those cultivators that had coveted the hundred-thousand-year-old sacred medicines and the Taiyi Primordial Stone were all thrown off by him.”

“This person is definitely problematic, we cannot let him leave.” Xie Canghai said.

Even Mister Godcliff felt something was off, and said. “Go! But we only have six hours left before the general attack is

commenced. Before that, deal with that massive threat, and don't cause any delay to our main goal.”

“Don't worry, there are just a group of insignificant youngsters. I just need to lift a finger to deal with them.

Xie Canghai transformed into a black demonic light as he flew out of Tianjue Pavilion toward the vast sea region.

Jiang Yunchong took a look at the black demonic light that had disappeared into the sky, an unnoticeable smile appeared at the corner of his mouth as if everything was within his expectations.

After flying five hundred miles away from Tianjue Island, Zhang Ruochen activated the power of the Bodhi Emperor's Buddhist Beads and concealed his aura as he hid inside a small island.

Immediately afterward, he activated the precepts of space and formed a massive Dimensional Domain that enveloped the island, causing it to disappear from the surface of the sea.

“Why did he suddenly disappear?”

“He must be hiding nearby. It is impossible for him to escape far. Everyone, look for him. After finding him, we'll kill him together, and divide the treasures on him equally.”

...

Those cultivators that wanted to seize the hundred thousand-year-old sacred medicine and Taiyi Primordial Stone were numerous as they scattered and searched for Zhang Ruochen's trace.

About three hundred miles away, Zhang Ruochen stood on the tallest part of the island as he looked out into the sea, saying. “No matter what, we cannot let Mister Godcliff and those cultivators take full control of the Eastern Region Holy City. Since they want to take all eighty-one Eastern Region Saint King Manors, then we should find ways to stop them, or to intercept and kill the cultivators they send out.”

“Now, the enemy is in the open and we are hidden, we should make good use of this advantage.”

Xiang Chunan said. “Since Big Bro wants to do it, I, Xiang Chunan will naturally join in, and fight till the heavens collapse. Brother Luo Yi, are you in?”

Luo Yi said. “If Mister Godcliff takes control of the Eastern Region Holy City, it will not be in the interest of the Shangyuan Sect. So tonight, I shall go crazy with all of you with my life on the line.”

Zhang Ruochen said solemnly. “The battle tonight, we can only fight separately. Remember, we don’t need all of you to fight to the death, we just need to harass them from the dark. If you run into an unstoppable powerhouse, retreat immediately. Regardless of whether the Saint King Manors stand or fall, by noon tomorrow, all of us will meet at the Tiankun Crossing.”

Xiang Chunan, Luo Yi, Murong Yue, Xie Chengzi, Lu Huaiyu... all of the saint realm masters that Zhang Ruochen could call upon each took a Bodhi Emperor’s bead and rushed out as they disappeared above the sea.

Zhang Ruochen stayed on the island and waited quietly.

A moment later, a black demonic light broke through the clouds and descended upon the sea region three hundred miles away.

It was Xie Canghai.

Above the sea, all of the saint cultivators were all stunned by the saint path aura emanating from Xie Canghai’s body, as the look of fear appeared in their eyes.

“If you don’t want to die, scram.” Xie Canghai said.

Who dared to provoke Xie Canghai?

The group of saint cultivators all fled away and disappeared completely.

No...

There was another person who had stayed on the surface of the sea, sitting on a small boat with long, blood-red hair. His long hair was like strands of wicker, dropped into the water, and turning the surrounding seawater blood red.

He was extremely noble-looking, with an unusually handsome appearance, it was not the sort of masculine beauty, but instead looking rather feminine.

If he had pretended to a woman, his beautiful face was comparable to the fairies on the Nine Immortals Beauties painting.

But, he was indeed a man.

He held a roll of bamboo slips in his hand and studied it carefully. On the surface of the sea beneath the stars, he looked magnificent and would be able to conquer the hearts of all of the women in the world.

After all, Xie Canghai was an old monster, and his powerful eyesight could tell that the blood-haired man was extraordinary. “Sir, did you not hear what I said?” he asked.

“I heard you. Can you soften your voice, it’s too noisy.”

The blood-haired man’s voice had a magnetic feel to it, and was extremely alluring.

Xie Canghai said. “That guy is probably hiding nearby. I will find him soon enough. I don’t suppose you want to compete with me for his treasure, do you?”

“Of course not.”

The blood-haired man raised his head and finally stared at Xie Canghai as he said. “I just want to take my belonging back.”

“Your belongings?” A puzzled look appeared on Xie Canghai’s face.

The blood-haired man’s voice suddenly became hoarse, as he said. “The Demonic Blood Ax Engraving.”

The voice was exactly the same as the mysterious seller of the Demonic Blood Ax Engraving in Tianjue Pavilion.

“Oh, so it’s you.”

Xie Canghai’s eyes widened, and he was quite shocked.

If not for the fact that Xie Canghai still had important matters to attend to tonight, he did not mind fighting with this person.

But not now.

Xie Canghai's eyes moved quickly as he smiled and said. "Unfortunately, the Demonic Blood Ax Engraving is not with me, I'm afraid you have found the wrong person."

The blood-haired man said, "Really? Jiang Yunchong told me that the Demonic Blood Ax Engraving is with you. So is he lying to me, or are you lying to me?"

"Jiang Yunchong..."

Xie Canghai gritted his teeth and hissed. "So you are from the Tianjue Pavilion. Well, well, Tianjue Pavilion, you guys sure are crafty, doing proper business on the surface, yet it's dog eat dog underneath, eh."

The blood-haired man shook his head and said. "You misunderstand! I'm not someone from Tianjue Pavilion. I just happened to have the opportunity to cooperate with them once. Otherwise, do you think I'd put the Demonic Blood Ax Engraving up for sale? Are you stupid, or I'm stupid?"

"Then, sir, you are going to seize the Demonic Blood Ax Engraving?" Xie Canghai asked.

The blood-haired man said, "That's right."

Xie Canghai laughed. "I have an Array Master behind me, aren't you afraid?"

"Unfortunately for you, the Array Master is in Tianjue Pavilion, and Jiang Yunchong had already made arrangements long ago, and naturally will have a way to contain him." The blood-haired man said.

Xie Canghai felt something was not right. While they were planning to attack the East Region Saint King Manor, it seemed that another force was secretly working against them.

"Do you really think I, Xie Canghai, am someone that you can toy with? To provoke an elite of the Precept Domain is to invite disaster."

The blood-haired man shook his head and said, "Not buying it."

“Then I’ll let my strength speak, and beat you up until you buy it.”

Xie Canghai called out a ten-thousand pattern sacred artifact of the Ninth Radiance, the Xuantian Battle Ax, and unleashed monstrous demonic energy all over his body, covering hundreds of miles over the sea region. The thick demonic energy turned into a column of air several feet wide in diameter as it rushed straight into the sky.

Xie Canghai raised the Xuantian Battle Ax above his head and struck the blood-haired man in a deadly stroke.

“Whoosh!”

The seawater in the sea region kicked up waves dozens of feet high as they surged forward alongside the shadow of the battle-ax .

Chapter 1836 - Pursuing Xie Canghai

Chapter 1836: Pursuing Xie Canghai

In the Eastern Region Holy City, even its sea regions had a large number of inscriptions, and could contain the destructive power of a cultivator within a certain range, and will not cause a city to be destroyed due to the battle between Nine-step Saint Kings.

Even so, when Xie Canghai's ax struck out, the sea region within hundreds of miles kicked up huge waves.

The blood-haired man looked calm and stood up, as his slender fingers pointed upwards.

Whoosh!!

Thousands upon thousands of saint path precepts blasted out from his finger and turned into an arc-shaped shield ward with a diameter spanning hundreds of meters, like a huge mushroom sprouting out in the sea.

The Xuantian Battle Axe bit into the surface of the shield ward, and a terrifying energy storm erupted.

The surrounding seawater was squeezed upwards, forming kilometers-high ring-shaped mountains of water.

Immediately after, the ring-shaped mountain of water rushed out in all directions, submerging islands in the area.

Three hundred miles away, the island Zhang Ruochen was hiding in was also not spared.

The island shattered within an instant, and sank to the bottom of the sea.

Zhang Ruochen fell into the sea, and his entire body hurt, as if he had been struck by a palm strike by a powerful elite of the Precept Domain realm. Fortunately, his body was strong, otherwise he would definitely be wounded.

“A cultivator of the Precept Domain realm is too terrifying. Even hundreds of miles away, the shock wave of the battle almost wounded me.”

This battle made Zhang Ruochen realize that within a hundred miles of the battlefield between cultivators of the Precept Domain realm is a death zone, and breaking into it would have disastrous consequences.

As for a cultivator below the saint realm, the forbidden area of a battle between cultivators of the Precept Domain realm would be thousands of miles wide.

At this moment, Xie Canghai was extremely shocked.

He had went all out with the axe attack, and it was easily neutralized by his foe. Other than a Supreme Saint, this was the first time Xie Canghai had met such a terrifying character, and there was a hint of flight that was born in his heart.

“It would be discourteous for me to receive and not return the favor. Have a taste of my sword.”

The blood-haired man did not draw his sword, and instead stood still on his boat.

A dazzling Sword Light flew out of his body.

If there was a Supreme Saint on the sides, he would clearly see that the Sword Light was actually a fast-flying figure that looked exactly the same as the blood-haired man.

It was however difficult for any beings beneath a Supreme Saint to see this clearly.

Xie Canghai was after all an old monster of the Precept Domain realm, and could guess the true essence of the Sword Light as he exclaimed. “A Sword Soul, for you to cultivate such a terrifying Sword Soul.”

That Sword Light, was the blood-haired man’s Sword Soul.

Only by comprehending the Jianjiu to a certain level that one would be able to cultivate a Sword Soul.

The deeper the enlightenment, the stronger the Sword Soul was.

Xie Canghai deployed a defensive intermediate-level saint technique as a layer of stone skin grew on the surface of his skin, and covering his entire body. The stone skin grew thicker and thicker, and finally transformed into a stone mountain a hundred feet tall.

BAM!

The Sword Light collided with the stone mountain.

The stone mountain burst into pieces.

The Sword Light entered from Xie Canghai's chest and through his body.

There was not a single trace of wounds on Xie Canghai's body, yet his saint soul was severely wounded by the blood-haired man's Sword Soul. Not only his head felt like it was about to burst, he even could not control the saint Qi and saint path precepts in his body.

Both his saint Qi and saint path precepts had become disordered.

On the other hand, the small boat beneath the blood-haired man's feet shot out like an arrow towards him. As his blood-red hair fluttered in the wind, he looked like a peerless immortal.

"Gotta run."

There was only that thought in Xie Canghai's mind now.

"Thousand Mile Demonic Step."

Xie Canghai held the Thousand Mile Demonic Step talisman between two fingers, and pressed it against his chest.

The Talisman melted away, and condensed into a layer of demonic light that enveloped Xie Canghai's body.

The blood-haired man frowned tightly as he clutched the bamboo slips tight with his left hand while raising his right. Suddenly, the sea water within hundreds of miles solidified and turned into sword-shaped white ice crystals; cold light gleamed at the tip of the swords.

It was just sea water earlier, and now it was a forest of swords.

The number of ice swords were beyond counting.

VOOSHH!

Countless ice swords flew up, and flew towards Xie Canghai with deadly abundance.

“Move.”

Xie Canghai roared, and turned into a beam of light, blasting away at the speed thousand time the speed of sound as he shot through the layers of rain of swords. A moment later, he had fled thousands of miles away.

The Thousand Mile Demonic Step Talisman was Xie Canghai's most important life-saving means, and even if he were to encounter a foe of a Supreme Saint realm, he still had a glimmer of hope to escape.

After all, even the speed of a Supreme Saint could not reach a thousand times the speed of sound.

“He's quite capable. And it really won't be easy to take the Demonic Blood Axe Engraving back. Then, let's catch that mysterious little guy first.”

The blood-haired man said something to himself, and then drove his small boat to the vicinity of the small island Zhang Ruochen had been hiding in. Of course, the island had sank.

He did not really have a deep friendship with Jiang Yunchong, and just happened to cooperate just this once.

The blood-haired man not only wanted to take the Demonic Blood Axe Engraving back, he also wanted to seize the hundred thousand year-old sacred medicine and the Taiyi Primordial Stone, and capture Zhang Ruochen to interrogate him about the secrets of the Godslayer Cross Shield.

“He's really perceptive, and had already escaped.”

The Blood-haired man laughed at himself, after troubling himself for almost half a day, he ended up with nothing.

Xie Canghai was seriously injured, and the saint Qi in his body became more and more chaotic.

“Although the time of me fighting with that blood-haired man was short, but the shock wave of the battle was still extremely powerful. With Mister Godcliff’s spiritual power, he would have been able to detect it. Why did he took no action, and suppress that man?” Xie Canghai was quite puzzled.

He did not know that Jiang Yunchong had deployed means in Tianjue Pavilion and on Tianjue Island to blind Mister Godcliff’s perception.

At this moment, Jiang Yunchong was talking and laughing with Mister Godcliff as they tested each other out.

“No, I cannot go back to Tianjue Island...”

Xie Canghai stopped as his eyes looked around.

That blood-haired man would definitely wait for him near Tianjue Island.

Xie Canghai would most certainly to be intercepted long before he meet Mister Godcliff and the rest, and with his current state, was there another chance for him to escape?

Xie Canghai sent out a Communication Light Talisman to Mister Godcliff before escaping into the bottom of the sea and went all out to heal his wounds.

Of course, the light talisman he had sent out, before it could even fly into Tianjue Island, it was shot down by an invisible force, and was reduced to powder as it scattered into the sea.

“Xie Canghai is seriously injured. Now is the best time to get rid of time, and take the Demonic Blood Axe Engraving back.”

Zhang Ruochen kept on using the Greater Dimensional Shift as he pursued the aura left behind by Xie Canghai, as he searched for his trace.

Zhang Ruochen was naturally no match against Xie Canghai at his peak, but now, with the Azuresky Pagoda, Zhang Ruochen had some confidence in taking down the seriously wounded Xie Canghai.

After using nine Greater Dimensional Shifts in a row, Zhang Ruochen had pursued him for over thousands of miles.

Suddenly, Xie Canghai's aura disappeared.

After searching for an hour, Zhang Ruochen tried all sorts of methods without success. Clearly, Xie Canghai had some treasures that could restrain his aura and hide his tracks.

No wonder the blood-haired man did not pursue him, or perhaps he had expected this long ago.

Zhang Ruochen did not want to give up, if he missed the opportunity today, it was very possible that Xie Canghai would take the Demonic Blood Axe Engraving back to Blackdemon Realm, and an ultimate legacy of Kunlun Realm, would really be lost.

“Chunan, come and meet me.”

Zhang Ruochen shot out a light talisman, and called Xiang Chunan back.

Another hour later, Xiang Chunan rushed back and asked. “Brother, has the situation changed?”

Zhang Ruochen shook his head, and said. “Is your Eye of Clairvoyance reliable?”

Xiang Chunan was immediately confident as he patted his chest in assurance. “Aside from the past and the future, there is nothing my Eye of Clairvoyance can't detect or see through. I still have this bit of confidence.”

“I'll give you two hours time. Find Xie Canghai for me.” Zhang Ruochen said.

As the time of the attack against the Eastern Region Saint King Manor grew closer, the time left for Zhang Ruochen was not much.

“Leave me to me, if I cannot find that old coot, I'll gouge these eyes out myself.”

“Powers beyond take my body, and stare into the void a thousand miles away.”

Xiang Chunan flew to a position thousands of feet above the sea, as he stood on top of a cloud, and shot out two beams of light from his eyes, as he surveyed across all direction.

Next, Xiang Chunan and Zhang Ruochen searched area by area as time ticked on.

Two hour later, Xiang Chunan still failed to find Xie Canghai.

Xiang Chunan was a little crazy, as he had used his Eye of Clairvoyance for too long, his eyes started to bleed. But he knew the importance of finding Xie Canghai, so he gritted his teeth and pressed on.

Zhang Ruochen's heart was no longer as calm as he was earlier, yet he did not put pressure on Xiang Chunan.

Another hour had passed, and Zhang Ruochen said. "Chunan, forget it! It's too late now, let's head back to the Eastern Region Saint King Manor."

"Found him!"

Xiang Chunan laughed maniacally as he pointed south. "Xie Canghai is rushing towards the Sixth District of the Golden Rainbow Continent. There is a sub-manor there. It is most likely his target..."

After saying that, Xiang Chunan closed his eyes, and fell straight down.

Zhang Ruochen caught him, and found that Xiang Chunan had activated the Eye of Clairvoyance for far too long, and the saint Qi in his body had been exhausted. Moreover, there were two lines of blood beneath his eyelids.

"Thank you, brother. Leave the rest to me."

Zhang Ruochen sent Xiang Chunan into the Qiankun Realm, and immediately after, flew towards the Sixth District.

The main city of the Eastern Region Saint King Manor was located at the center of Golden Rainbow Continent, and belonged to the First District.

The Saint King Manor on the Sixth District was the closest to the main city, and its importance was self-evident. For Xie Canghai to rush over there while his wounds had yet to recover, it meant that he had an extremely important task at hand.

“Could it be that there is something special about the Saint King Manor in the Sixth District?”

Zhang Ruochen rushed to the outside of the Saint King Manor and found that the manor was brightly lit with patrolling soldiers and maidservants walked along the sidepaths. Everything was calm and peaceful, and the slaughter in his mind was no where to be found.

“Could it be that Xie Canghai did not rush to this sub-manor at all?”

Zhang Ruochen stood at the edge of a pool, and gently stroked his chin, and prepared to fall back, and rush to the main city of the Eastern Region Saint King Manor at the First District.

That was the main battlefield tonight.

At this moment, from the depths of the Saint King Manor, a mighty and boundless aura spread out, and suppressing all of the cultivators in the manor onto the ground.

“Sure enough, there’s something wrong.”

Like a phantom, Zhang Ruochen cautiously sneaked into the depths of the Saint King Manor.

Chapter 1837 - Chen Yuhua

Chapter 1837: Chen Yuhua

There were various wards and restrictions within the Saint King Manor, and it was impossible for ordinary people to sneak in.

Deep within the Saint King Manor was a steep, towering spirit mountain. Colorful saint light radiated from the ground.

A thirty-three-story ancient tower was built within the mountains, and gave out a mystical feeling.

Xie Canghai had consumed a heaven-grade healing pill that was worth hundreds of millions, and managed to recover sixty to seventy percent of his strength before rushing here immediately.

It was because Mister Godcliff had told him that this Saint King Manor, that sat above all of the nodes of all of the ancient wards in the holy city, was a key location.

The node of the ancient wards was not in the main city of the Eastern Region Holy City, but here instead, this itself was an unusual thing.

Xie Canghai stepped into the spirit mountain, and like passing through a layer of water curtain, and came into a vast microworld.

The spirit mountain was still standing before him.

However, the true appearance of the ancient tower within the spirit mountain revealed its true form. It was actually a three hundred and thirty-three storey tall tower, and pierced directly into the sky, its majesty was awe-inspiring. Compared to its appearance outside, it was ten times taller and thousand times larger. A smile appeared on Xie Canghai's face. "So this is the tower's true form. The form outside is just an illusion. It should be the main control hub of the Holy City's ancient wards. Mister Godcliff's calculation was on point."

Suddenly, the smile on his face froze, as he saw an old man with silver hair sitting beneath the tower.

The old man was plainly dressed, with wrinkles all over his face and his eyes cloudy.

Before him was a decayed tree root, and the root was so thoroughly rotten that a gentle touch would have shattered it.

Yet, the old man seemed reluctant to give up, as he carved on it with a small knife in his hand, as if trying to carve out a masterpiece.

Tap, tap.

Xie Canghai walked over one step after another, as his tall form stood opposite the old man saying. “Decayed wood cannot be carved, you’d be better off changing a new tree.”

The old man did not raise his head, as he was immersed in his world of carving, saying. “There will be a carving method for decayed wood. That saying of decayed wood cannot be carved only serves to show the carver’s insufficient skills.”

That old man’s hand, though thin as a stick, and seemingly unable to hold onto the knife steadily. However, each pattern he had carved out was wondrous, with the similar traces of the precepts of heaven and earth. Each carve had precepts of heaven and earth attached to it.

He was both carving, and understanding the path of heavens at the same time.

Most cultivators could not see the mystical part of it.

However Xie Canghai could see the oddities, and was inwardly shocked. “The notch was in harmony with the path. This person’s understanding of the precepts of heaven and earth is above me. Kunlun Realm still have a master like this?”

“How may I address you, sir?” Xie Hong’s said with a calm look.

The old man said. “Chen Yuhua.”

Zhang Ruochen, who was hiding in the distance, was stunned when he heard the name.

Chen Yuhua was still alive?

Chen Yuhua was an ancestor of the Chen Clan, and had assisted Emperor Qing to pacify the Eastern Region eight hundred years ago. After the establishment of the First Central, Chi Yao named him as one of the twelve founding lords.

Eight hundred years ago, Chen Yuhua was a first-rate powerhouse under the Nine Emperors.

And just now, the moment an emotional fluctuation appeared in Zhang Ruochen, both Xie Canghai and Chen Yuhua's gaze turned to his hiding place.

Yet both of them ignored him.

Clearly, in the eyes of both Xie Canghai and Chen Yuhua, their opposite number was the enemy.

Xie Canghai folded his hands in salute, saying. "Ah, so you are an ancestor of the Chen-clan. Pardon my rudeness. I want to enter the tower, and have a look of the scenery of the Eastern Region Holy City. I wonder if you would be able to make way?"

The scenery of the Eastern Region Holy City belongs to Kunlun Realm, and not to a foreign realm."

Chen Yuhua's voice became rather hoarse, as he continued. "This old man is staying here to guard the tower. You will not get in. Please leave, and don't disturb this old man carving this decayed wood.

Xie Canghai smiled and said. "Although your cultivation realm is high, but due to your advanced age, you are long past your prime, and your vitality is declining, your body is unlike before. If we really fight, you will definitely fall within a hundred blows. So why don't you pull back now, and even possibly save your life?"

"I don't have long to live anyway, so what's the difference if I retreat or not?" Chen Yuhua said impassively.

Xie Canghai shook his head and sighed as he said. "What a pity, a pity indeed. Your aptitude is just that bit too short, and you are destined to never be able to enter the realm of a Supreme

Sainthood. Otherwise, you would at least be able to extend your lifespan for another thousand years.”

Upon hearing this, the knife in Chen Yuhua’s hand stopped.

The lines that were being carved were broken.

Clearly, Chen Yuhua’s calm heart was disturbed by Xie Canghai’s words.

Eight hundred years of severe cultivation, yet his progress was slow. In fact, Chen Yuhua had long known that he had already reached his upper limits, and there was no hope in becoming a Supreme Saint in this life.

Being restricted by his aptitude was the biggest regret in his life.

At this moment, Xie Canghai seized the opportunity, as demonic Qi exploded out his body, and a black demonic dragon formed in his palm, letting out an earth-shaking roar as it rushed towards Chen Yuhua.

The sound of air exploding, the earth buckling, and the demonic Qi surge all intertwined like a rolling thunder, and shook Zhang Ruochen, who was hiding in the distance, so hard that his eardrums was about to burst.

Zhang Ruochen could no longer care about exposing himself, as he activated the divine pattern engraved in him by Yueshen, before he was able to withstand the shock of the attack.

By the time he looked at the ancient tower again, he saw the small knife in Chen Yuhua’s hand had transformed into a huge flaming blade, and cut the head of the black demonic crown off with a slash.

WHOOSH!!

Xie Canghai had already launched his second attack, as he held the Xuantian Battleaxe in both hands and slashed downwards.

Not only the battle axe unleashed the full power of the Seventh Radiance, but also a divine power that could split the world apart.

This axe strike, if it was delivered elsewhere, it would have split thousands of miles of land apart, and exterminate thousands upon thousands of life within that area.

A solemn look appeared on Chen Yuhua's face as a seven-layer saint light wave appeared on the flaming blade in his hand, and clashed against the Xuantian Battleaxe.

BAM!

Countless of ancient wards in the spirit mountain were activated, as a colorful light rushed into the air and neutralized both Chen Yuhua and Xie Canghai's power, without letting them seep outside.

The battle that followed was even more brutal.

The full power of the Seventh Radiance kept emanating, and caused Zhang Ruochen eyes to be wrecked with pain, as he saw a small half of the spirit mountain was enveloped in light as two figures were fighting fiercely, with brutal abandon.

"That's terrifying. How did Xie Canghai recover so quickly after being wounded so badly earlier? Did he had a heaven-grade healing pill?" Zhang Ruochen became a little nervous.

If Chen Yuhua was defeated, then Xie Canghai would control the ancient tower, and through it, control the ancient wards of the Eastern Region Holy City.

The two most important trump cards for the Chen Clan to be the master of the Eastern Region was the control of the ancient wards, and the Greater Orbital Array. The control hub of the ancient wards was this tower itself.

The hub for the Greater Orbital Array was in the main city of the Saint King Manors.

By controlling the ancient wards, one could restrain the Greater Orbital Array.

BAM!

Chen Yuhua was pushed back violently, all the way until the bottom of the tower, with saint blood flowing from the corner of his mouth.

Xie Canghai's figure appeared like a demonic god carrying a battleaxe as he laughed out loud. "I've told you, that you are long past your peak, and now you're as old as a piece of decayed wood. You may be able to withstand a hundred blows, but anything after that will be your death. Old man, time to enter your grave!"

CRACK!

The huge flaming blade in Chen Yuhua's hand shattered, and turned into pieces of scrap metal as they fell onto the ground.

A Seventh Radiance sacred artifact was destroyed just like that.

"It seems like Chen Yuhua is really too old, and is not as powerful as his heyday, I guess he won't be able to stop Xie Canghai."

Zhang Ruochen summoned the Azuresky Pagoda and rushed towards the ancient tower as he prepared to join forces with Chen Yuhua to fight against Xie Canghai.

Xie Canghai glanced sideways, and recognized Zhang Ruochen as a strange smile appeared at the corner of his mouth. "For all the effort I made to look for you, only for you to serve yourself up on a silver platter. Youngster, you really are problematic."

Xie Canghai dared not tarry as he took out a battle portrait from his sleeve.

The battle portrait was refined from the skin of a Thicketbeast.

As the battle portrait unfolded, on the picture scroll was a picture of a menacing Thicketbeast with horns and claws.

Xie Canghai's palm pressed against the portrait, and suddenly the Thicketbeast from the portrait rushed out, with a body tens of feet tall, as it charged towards Zhang Ruochen while unleashing its monstrous saint aura.

It was not a real Supreme Saint level Thicketbeast, but a soul shadow that had been incorporated with various special inscriptions by a master of the art.

"Dragon-Elephant Divine Furnace."

Zhang Ruochen did not have the time to rouse the power of the Azure Pagoda, and could only use the Dragon-Elephant Prajna Palm as his whole body was aflame. With a counter-palm strike, he clashed against the Thicketbeast.

The Thicketbeast was so powerful that it knocked Zhang Ruochen away.

Divine patterns flickered all over Zhang Ruochen's body, and neutralizing over 90 percent of the Thicketbeast's power. So, after falling to the ground, Zhang Ruochen slammed his palm against the ground before darting forward as he charged again.

Chen Yuhua wiped the blood from the corner of his mouth, and said. "You are indeed very strong, but this is the turf of the Chen Clan, and as long as I activate the ancient wards, your death is all but assured."

Xie Canghai sniggered. "Since I'm here, I naturally have means to deal with with the ancient wards."

"Pearl of Circuit Suppression. Formation Break."

Xie Canghai took out a pearl the size of a human head and tossed it upwards. The pearl then suspended itself in the air.

Within the spirit mountain, all of the saint Qi in the area were absorbed by the pearl, as if it had become a vacuum.

Whether it was ward or arrays, the power that could be unleashed from them does not appear out of thin air, and required saint Qi for it to be activated, and saint stones, or even God Stones in order to operate.

The ancient tower was indeed the hub that controlled the ancient inscription wards, but with all of the surrounding saint qi being sucked away, the ancient tower had temporarily lost its function.

Xie Canghai laughed. "You should feel desperate now, eh?"

Chen Yuhua was still calm, as his eyes gradually became fierce and unrelenting, and was no longer the doddering old man he was earlier, but instead he was energetic and imposing.

"Weren't you lot just want to seize the Chen Clan's Four-Nine Mystical Arts? I will let you witness today, how powerful a

technique of the Four-Nine Mystical Arts is.”

Xie Canghai did not believe that Chen Yuhua could reach his peak form again, and was sure that he had used some sort of secret technique to burn off his remaining lifespan, and wanted to fight him to the death.

Chapter 1838 - Ten-foot-two Golden Body

Chapter 1838: Ten-foot-two Golden Body

Pitter-patter...

Chen Yuhua's skin, flesh, and meridians all turned golden as his body swelled up and transformed into a ten-foot-two golden giant.

This technique was one of the thirty-six techniques of the Four-Nine Mystic Arts.

The Ten-foot-two Golden Body Technique.

The thirty-six techniques were all unpredictable.

However, most of it had been lost, and barely a few survived. A genius of the Chen Clan that could successfully cultivate a technique was even rarer.

Chen Yuhua had been cultivating the Ten-foot-two Golden Body technique for more than a thousand years and had reached the point of perfection long ago.

Xie Canghai sensed danger, and so he struck first as he raised the Xuantian Battleax, and unleashed its full power. He immediately swung the ax at Chen Yuhua as he spat out a word. "Die."

The Xuantian Battleax crashed onto Chen Yuhua's head, and a deafening sound of gold and stone crashing into each other thundered.

"How is that possible?"

Xie Canghai's pupils widened and his face was shocked.

How could a human flesh directly resist a chop from the Xuantian Battle-ax?

WHOOSH!!

A golden wave rippled out from Chen Yuhua's head.

Xie Canghai was quaked by a huge force and was sent flying to the bottom of the spirit mountain. He staggered back and looked so sorry as he almost collapsed onto the ground.

The arm wielding the battle-ax was numb with pain, trembling as it was about to break.

On the other hand, Chen Yuhua was totally unharmed.

“How can there be such a terrifying martial art technique in this world?”

At this moment, the fear in Xie Canghai's heart was even stronger than when he was fighting against the blood-haired man.

If not for the fact he knew that Chen Yuhua's time was short, and would not be able to maintain this state indefinitely, he would have fled long ago.

With a scream, Chen Yuhua jumped off the spirit mountain and shot out a punch towards Xie Canghai, the force of his punch was extremely powerful.

Xie Canghai's expression changed in shock as he raised the Xuantian Battle-ax to meet the blow.

BAM!!!

Xie Canghai flew out like a scarecrow, his hands bloodied.

As for the Xuantian Battle-ax it flew out of his hand and slammed into the ground, smashing a large area around apart.

“Terrifying... I must get that Four-Nine Mystic Art, and even if I just managed to learn a single technique, my combat ability will increase by a lot.” Xie Canghai said to himself.

The golden light on Chen Yuhua's body faded a little as if he was unable to keep going on.

One needed to know that Chen Yuhua had reached the end of his lifespan, and was about to die of old age, his vitality greatly declined. And the Ten-foot-two Golden Body technique was an extremely powerful and oppressive saint

technique. Using this technique was very damaging to his body and meridians.

Moreover, Chen Yuhua had been injured previously.

“Those who invade the Kunlun Realm, die.”

Chen Yuhua, as if he had been revived, once again exuding a dazzling golden light as he landed another fist on Xie Canghai’s body.

Knowing that he could not block it, Xie Canghai used a life-saving talisman and formed a nine-layer light screen to block the blow.

BAM! BAM!!

Three of the light screen layers were shattered, leaving only six left.

On the light screen were large numbers of interwoven wards, and each layer was comparable to a great defensive array.

Xie Canghai’s heart ached extremely. The Thousand-Mile Demonic Step Talisman, the Heaven-grade healing pill, and this talisman were all of his life-saving trump cards, and he would not use it unless as a last resort.

The two battles were very frustrating, and he had used all of his life-saving trump cards.

“Those who meddle with the Eastern Region, die.”

Chen Yuhua roared to the sky, as his golden hair flew in the air as the second fist struck out. Another three-layer of light screen shattered and was reduced to light spots.

Xie Canghai was staggered and kept moving backward as he vomited blood from his mouth.

“Those who covet the Chen Clan, die.”

Chen Yuhua was in a frenzy as his fist, the size of a water tank smashed the last remaining three light screen layers on Xie Canghai’s body.

His fist landed square on Xie Canghai’s body.

Xie Canghai knew how terrifying Chen Yuhua in his Ten-foot-two Golden Body form, and was extremely scared. The scene of his body being torn apart appeared in his mind.

BAM!!!

Xie Canghai's body slammed against the spirit mountain.

As he fell into a pit of blood and mud, Xie Canghai looked at his bloodied chest, after taking a deep breath, he laughed.

While he was seriously injured, he was not dead.

At the very last moment, Chen Yuhua's burst of power dropped sharply, as the golden light on his body disappeared, his body shrank, and returned to his old, dour look.

"This is the will of the heavens... the will of the heavens... cough cough..."

Chen Yuhua's figure became rickety, as his eyes became hollow and blank, with saint blood constantly dripping out of his mouth, and dyeing his robes red with blood.

Xie Canghai stood up and walked over with an arrogant attitude of a victor as he said. "That's right, it's the will of the heavens. If the heavens want the Chen Clan to die, then the Chen Clan will die. If the heavens want Kunlun Realm to die, then it will die. Kunlun Realm had its glorious past, but it ended a hundred thousand years ago, and now it is only good for being trampled and plundered by us."

"One hundred thousand years ago, the ancestors of the Blackdemon Realm came to Kunlun Realm to learn the path, and what did we learn? Just a rubbed print. Your ancestors hid the true tomes away and did not show them to outsiders at all. What narrow-mindedness."

"Thankfully, the cultivators of Blackdemon Realm had continued to strive for self-improvement. And even if they had only cultivated a rubbed print, they were able to rise successfully."

"Times have changed."

"Now, the cultivators of Blackdemon Realm have returned to Kunlun Realm, to take away what had belonged to us. Chen

Yuhua, is the Four-Nine Mystic Arts tome with you?”

Chen Yuhua giggled. “The Blackdemon Realm sure is greedy. The reason Kunlun Realm thought you the path, was in hopes that you would become stronger so that your world could defend themselves after being discovered by the Infernal Court. But I did not expect the ancestors of the Kunlun Realm had adopted a group of ingrates. What a farce.”

Chen Yuhua was undoubtedly the number one elite of the Chen Clan, and Xie Canghai had suspicions that the Four-Nine Mystic Arts tome was on him.

Just as Xie Canghai was about to strike and take down Chen Hua Yu, an aura of supreme power came from a distance and shook the entire place.

Both Xie Canghai and Chen Yuhua were shocked.

BAM!!!

They only saw an azure tower hundreds of feet tall crashing down from the heavens, smashing the Thicketbeast from the battle portrait into smithereens and reducing it to a soul mist.

It was important to note that the Thicketbeast’s combat power was comparable to a Nine-step Saint King of the Greater Precept-World realm.

“A Supreme Sacred Artifact.”

Xie Canghai was a little surprised but also excited at the same time.

“The Azuresky Pagoda.”

Chen Yuhua trembled all over, as a glint of elation appeared in his gray deathly eyes as he knew that an elite of Kunlun Realm had arrived. If he could stop a foreign realm from taking control of the ancient tower, he would die without regrets.

Amidst the rolling dust, Zhang Ruochen’s figure walked out.

Zhang Ruochen held his right hand over his head, as he propped something up.

Above his palm, the Azuresky Pagoda the size of a mountain slowly rotated. Series of supreme power radiated like blue

mist dragons as they coiled around the tower.

Xie Canghai had not paid any attention to Zhang Ruochen and regarded him as an insect, but now, the latter had a Supreme Sacred Artifact in his hand, and that made him wary.

“Youngster, who are you?”

“The one who will kill you.”

Zhang Ruochen sneered as he continued. “Are all cultivators from the Blackdemon Realm as shameless as you? Why should the Kunlun Realm show you their true tomes?”

Xie Canghai’s eyes narrowed as he said. “You’re a cultivator of Kunlun Realm?”

“You don’t deserve to know.”

While Zhang Ruochen had left the Kunlun Realm, he was still quite pissed off when he heard Xie Canghai’s words.

The saint Qi throughout his whole body rushed towards the Azuresky Pagoda, he then blasted it out towards Xie Canghai. The mighty supreme power erupted, causing the saint Qi of this microworld to be extremely chaotic.

“Ashuran Godfall.”

Precepts of palm rushed out of Xie Canghai’s body, as both palms blasted out at the same time, as he used an Intermediate-level Tongxuan sacred art.

The Azuresky Pagoda had suppressed him, and Xie Canghai gritted his teeth and used all of his strength for him to be able to hold it at bay. However, Xie Canghai was already seriously injured, and the saint blood constantly poured out of his chest wound.

“DIE!!”

Zhang Ruochen darted over like a thunderbolt, and landed a palm strike on Xie Canghai’s chest wound, and caving the latter’s body in.

The Divine Purification Flames gushed out from his palm and into Xie Canghai’s body, causing his entire body to immolate.

“ARRRGHHHH!!”

Xie Canghai was so furious he let out a roar.

And no one knew what sort of secret technique he used, but in an instant, Xie Canghai's power increased by several folds as he sent the Azuresky Pagoda flying.

Immediately afterward, Xie Canghai formed a palm mark, as tens of thousands of precepts gathered around his finger, as he struck at Zhang Ruochen.

Zhang Ruochen's fighting spirit was surging high and he was fearless as he struck both of his palms out, and thirteen dragon souls and thirteen elephant souls appeared as they met Xie Canghai's attack.

BAM! BAM!!!

“You're courting death.”

Xie Canghai continued to draw upon his power, as all of the demonic Qi in his body gathered at his hands.

Both of his palms turned black.

“The one that will die, is you.”

Zhang Ruochen roused the precepts of truth and erupted in six times the strength as he sent Xie Canghai flying hundreds of miles away. As he half-knelt on the ground, a large number of cracks appeared on his saint body and was about to shatter like ceramic.

Zhang Ruochen recalled the Azuresky Pagoda and walked over with an icy gaze.

Xie Canghai knew that he had been beaten, and if he continued to fight, he was in danger of being killed.

“If not for me being seriously wounded, even if you had a Supreme Sacred Artifact, it will still be your death.” Xie Canghai said as he thought of a way to escape.

Zhang Ruochen said. “Hand over the Demonic Blood Ax Engraving, and I'll make it quick.”

“All right, I'll give it to you.”

Xie Canghai took out an object from his storage container and tossed it over at Zhang Ruochen. Immediately after, he turned into a streak of demonic light and rushed into the night sky.

And the object flying towards Zhang Ruochen was not the Demonic Blood Ax Engraving, but an iron seal of the ten-thousand markings sacred artifact level.

BAM!!!

A layer of light gushed out from the surface of the Azuresky Pagoda and shattered the iron seal.

At the same time, the fleeing Xie Canghai stopped, as he stared ahead in shock. “You... You are a cultivator of space...”

Zhang Ruochen, with both hands behind his back, stood before him and blocked his escape.

“Where do you think you are going?”

Zhang Ruochen’s finger pointed and tapped at the Azuresky Pagoda.

The blue pagoda, hundreds of feet high, came crashing from the sky and slammed against Xie Canghai’s body, shattering his body into pieces, and reducing his bones to dust.

On the ground, there was only a mess of pulped flesh.

Zhang Ruochen found a Saint Source and a Dimensional Ring from the pulped flesh.

He infused his spiritual power into the Dimensional Ring and found the Demonic Blood Ax Engraving alongside a large number of sacred artifacts, sacred medicines, and other treasures. A look of joy finally appeared on Zhang Ruochen’s face.

Chapter 1839 - Passing on the Flames

Chapter 1839: Passing on the Flames

“The explosive power when an elite of the Precept Domain realm dies sure is terrifying. Even a Supreme Sacred Artifact is unable to suppress it.”

As he recalled the battle with Xie Canghai, Zhang Ruochen felt a tinge of fear.

If not for both the blood-haired man and Chen Yuhua wounded Xie Canghai twice back to back, even with a Supreme Sacred Artifact, Zhang Ruochen would have to avoid him.

But, in the end, he still killed Xie Canghai, and had removed a great foe.

Zhang Ruochen stared at Chen Yuhua and walked over.

Chen Yuhua was looking feeble, and no longer had the aura of an unparalleled saint king, nor the hegemonic air that once swept across the entire Eastern Region.

He was nothing but a dying old man at the twilight of his days.

“Zhang Ruochen... I knew... you would.... come back... to Kunlun...”

Chen Yuhua was weak, as a smile appeared on his weak, parched face.

Zhang Ruochen said. “You actually recognized me.”

As he said that, Zhang Ruochen figure, appearance and temperament changed rapidly as he returned to his original look. After years of trials and tribulations, Zhang Ruochen was no longer a pretty boy like before, and instead, a fierce aura radiated naturally from his body.

“A cultivator who can master both the Azuresky Pagoda and the power of space, aside from you... who else? It’s good that

you came... very good... If you become the Lord of the Eastern Region Holy City, I... Even if I die.... I can die peacefully...cough...cough...”

“The Lord of the Eastern Region Holy City?”

Zhang Ruochen shook his head and said. “I’m afraid that you may have misunderstood the reason of me coming here. I’m not a cultivator of Kunlun Realm. I’m here to take something off Xie Canghai.”

“The purpose of you coming here...it doesn’t matter.... whether you are a culti..vator of Kunlun Realm.... it doesn’t matter. What’s important is that the Eastern Region Holy City, and the Eastern Region...cough...cough.... need you. Only you can be become the Lord of the Eastern Region...” Chen Yuhua spat out a gout of flame from his mouth.

Within the flame was a flame-shaped command seal.

“This is the Seal of Flames, handed down from times ancient... it’s the symbol of authority of the Lord of the Eastern Region. With this command seal, you can command all of the major sects and clans in the Eastern Region.”

Chen Yuhua passed him the Seal of Flames, and held it tremblingly in the air.

Zhang Ruochen did not take it.

The identity of the lord of the Eastern Region was indeed prominent, but also it meant a heavy responsibility.

Chen Yuhua continued, “Remember... the Seal of Flames... is the key to unlock the Tower of Flames. As long... As long as you master the Tower of Flames, you can control the ancient wards of the Eastern Region Holy City, and through it, the entire Eastern Region.”

“The Tower of Flames.”

Zhang Ruochen repeated the words as he looked up and stared at the towering three hundred and thirty-three-story building in the spirit mountain. That was probably it.

“Sir, you are handing the position of the Lord of the Eastern Region to a cultivator of a foreign realm, aren’t you afraid this

would rouse the anger of the Empress against the Chen Clan?”
Zhang Ruochen asked.

Chen Yuhua smiled bitterly and said. “If I don’t pass the Seal of Flames to you, then tonight shall be the day the Chen Clan is exterminated. Besides...besides... aside from you... who else in Kunlun now that could bear such a burden... who would have the backbone to support the entire Eastern Region?”

“Zhang Ruochen, take the Seal of Flames... save the Chen Clan... save the Eastern Region... this old one... will be forever grateful.”

As he said that, Chen Yuhua’s voice already had a pleading tone.

He was afraid.

He was afraid that Zhang Ruochen would refuse.

Being Zhang Ruochen was obviously easier than being the Lord of the Eastern Region. For a cultivator that was forced to flee Kunlun Realm, there was really no need for him to bear all of this.

BAM!

The earth trembled violently as a bright beam of light appeared in the night sky.

There was a reaction from the Tower of Flames as the bottom three-stories lit up as cobweb-like lights shot out in all directions, and activated the ancient wards in the air and the ground.

“What happened?” Zhang Ruochen’s expression changed.

Chen Yuhua said. “They have struck... they have struck... Zhang Ruochen, take the Seal of Flames... only you can stop them... If the Eastern Region Holy City falls, the cultivators and civilians of the Eastern Region will be slaves, humiliated and killed... This old one begs you!”

...

...

Tianjue Island.

With a loud bang, Tianjue Pavilion was shattered by a powerful saint path force, and was reduced to ruins with wooden splinters and debris flying all over.

Mister Godcliff stepped on a white array disc as he flew into the air, his eyes brimming with fury.

Behind him was a group of elites of the Saint King realm, among them the Drifter, the Wayfarer, King Daxi, and Hua Cangying.

Mister Godcliff raised his head, as a saint glow appeared in his eyes, he saw through the formation array that covered Tianjue Island and snorted. “The Great Firmament Array! You actually deployed a Great Firmament Array to blind my senses. Impressive, impressive, there should be a powerful Array Master in Tianjue Island, right?”

Jiang Yunchong and a group of cultivators in brocade robes walked out from the ruins, and appeared opposite of Mister Godcliff.

Standing beside Jiang Yunchong was a beautiful figure in a long cyan dress, with a delicate face as she held an umbrella over his head.

She was a translucent shadow, like a ghost, or a phantom.

Mister Godcliff guessed that the Array Master was probably her, Yin Ruo.

Jiang Yunchong smiled and said. “Being able to deceive an Array Master for so long. Yin Ruo, your attainment on formation arrays seemed to have some progress. It seems like it won’t be long before you will reach the realm of an Array Master.”

The beautiful soulshadow smiled slightly, and her smile was extremely beautiful, like a spring breeze upon one’s face.

The Drifter whispered. “Mister, we have been delayed. What should we do now? Should we still proceed with tonight’s plan?”

Mister Godcliff's eyes were sharp, and he said. "We have been arranging for this for so long, we cannot cancel it just because of a small accident. Follow the original plan, and leave here to me."

The Drifter, the Wayfarer and the rest turned into beams of saint light as they rushed out of Tianjue Island.

Yin Ruo stretched out a translucent hand, as she pointed upwards, and said softly. "Formation, activate."

Countless of light spots flew out from the palm of her hand.

The formation on Tianjue Island were activated and the skies were covered with dark clouds as thunder and lightning boomed, as a series of attacks fell, and blocked the path of the Drifter, the Wayfarer and the rest.

"Using a formation array before an Array Master. What impudence."

Mister Godcliff's index finger pointed and tapped at a point to the southwest of the array, and suddenly there was an explosion in the sky.

The Great Firmament Array that covered the entire Tianjue Island, was shattered at that point.

IN the place where the formation had collapsed, the dark clouds receded and formed into massive hole, with moonlight shining through it.

The Drifter, the Wayfarer, King DAXI... all of them flew out of the hole, and towards all directions of the Eastern Region Holy City.

At the same time, the cultivators in charge of attacking the eighty-one Eastern Region Saint King Manors all struck, as they launched a thunderous offensive, and sank the entire Eastern Region Holy City into the flames of war.

Jiang Yunchong raised both of his hands, as the saint Qi of heaven and earth quickly converged, and formed into a bird that was tens of miles long. The bird flapped its wings and rushed out of Tianjue Island to pursue King Daxi and the rest.

"Perish!"

With a wave of his sleeve, Mister Godcliff sent out an array mark hundreds of meters in diameter out, and struck the bird, tearing it apart.

Immediately afterwards, Mister Godcliff pointed his finger and struck at Jiang Yunchong.

With that finger, formed a twelve-layered circle formation, and each layer locked onto Jiang Yunchong, and completely sealing his path of retreat.

In other words, if he could not ward off this twelve formation circles, Jiang Yunchong will die.

“By just pointing a finger, he could stimulating the airflow and formed a twelve chain-linked array. The means of an Array Master is just too terrifying.”

There was no fear on Jiang Yunchong’s handsome face. He held his hands, and a large amount of saint path precepts rushed out, forming into a white wheel before him, and blasted against the Twelve Chain-linked Array

BAM! BAM!!

A series of explosions rang out and the white wheel destroyed of ten chain-linked arrays.

But the last two layers of the circular array landed on Jiang Yunchong, and sent him and Yin Ruo, to a distance of hundreds of feet away.

Yin Ruo’s attainment on formation arrays was very high, and she utilised the remaining arrays on Tianjue Island to block the two layer circular arrays.

“Pavilion Master.”

The group of brocade-robed cultivator all pulled out their sacred artifacts as they rushed before Jiang Yunchong.

“All of you, immediately stop them from attacking the Saint King Manors. Leave this place to me.” Jiang Yunchong may look like a young man, but he had the aura of an emperor.

No one dared to disobey his orders.

All of the brocade-robed cultivators pulled back, and flew away from Tianjue Island.

Mister Godcliff glanced at those brocade-robed cultivators, and showed a contemptuous look as he pointed to the sky. Suddenly, a massive array appeared in the sky, and covering the skies within the radius of 100 miles.

From the formation array, series of dragonsnake shadows rushed out, and crashed against the bodies of the brocade-robed cultivators.

DUSHH!!

A series of cries rang out.

In just a breath's time, half of those powerful brocade-robed cultivators were killed.

“You're courting death.”

A raging flame burned within Jiang Yunchong's pupils as he yelled. “Gates of the Six Harmonies, sweep the land.”

In six directions around Jiang Yunchong, six hundred-foot-high gates of light appeared, as a large amount of saint path precepts and saint Qi of earth and heaven all converged towards the gates of light.

With Tianjue Island as the epicenter, the entire area within thousand of miles turned dark, with only the six gates exuding a dazzling brilliance.

Mister Godcliff's face stiffened, and felt that the saint art that Jiang Yunchong was using felt familiar, yet for a time, he could not remember where he had seen such a saint art.

In his impression, this was a high-level saint art, and its power was quite terrifying.

A saint could only cultivate low-level saint arts.

A Saint King, could cultivate intermediate-level saint arts.

Only a Supreme Saint could successfully cultivate high-level saint arts. But of course, there are exceptions, as some extraordinary, otherworldly characters among the Saint Kings

were also able to cultivate a high level saint art to full completion.

“Jiang Yunchong, what realm are you from? Why are you preventing me from taking control of the Eastern Region Holy City?” Mister Godcliff’s yelled out in anger.

Jiang Yunchong said. “The faction of the Heavenly Realm’s desire to take control of the Eastern Region Holy City had violated the interests of many forces. You may very well take a guess where I’m actually from?”

“Six Harmonies, The Gate of Tao”

Without giving Mister Godcliff any time to think, Jiang Yunchong blasted one of the light gates out.

A high-level saint art, even an Array Master did not dare to underestimate it.

Mister Godcliff deployed nine black array flags, and formed a combat array.

The combat array revolved and flew out and crashed against the light gate. The two forces collided, and with a loud explosion, Tianjue Island was shattered.

On the island, god knows how many cultivators were reduced into dust in an instant.

Before elites on the level of Jiang Yunchong and Mister Godcliff, the lives of ordinary holy saint cultivators were quite fragile, just like a paper people.

Chapter 1840 - The Prince of the Eastern Region

Chapter 1840: The Prince of the Eastern Region

“Jiang Yunchong is powerful, and even the Nine-eyed Wind Array cannot do anything to him.”

Mister Godcliff was secretly surprised, aside from a Supreme Saint, he had seldom encountered such a powerful person like Jiang Yunchong.

One need to know, for the average Nine-step Saint King, Mister Godcliff could kill them with just a single gaze.

“Nine-eyed Tempest.”

A large amount of spiritual power rushed out from the center of Mister Godcliff’s eyebrows, and rushed into the nine array flags. Suddenly, the Nine-eyed Wind Array began to change, as the formation became a hundred times larger, and enveloped Jiang Yunchong within it.

“Ughh.... Yunchong...”

Yin Ruo could not withstand the spiritual power impact of the Nine-eyed Wind Array, as her translucent body faded somewhat, as if a strong wind could blow her away.

“Yin Ruo, it’s too dangerous here. Go back into the Precept Soul Vial.”

With a look of concern in Jiang Yunchong’s eyes, he pulled out a dark purple porcelain vial, and put Yin Ruo into it.

At this moment, force winds from the Nine-eyed Wind Array converged together, and formed nine ferocious dragons as their meandering bodies rushed towards Jiang Yunchong.

Inside each dragon was millions of force winds.

And each force winds had enough power to split mountains apart.

“Six Harmonies. Dao, Li, Qian, Kun, Wang and Jue. All Six Gates, rise together, and break the void.”

Jiang Yunchong launched all six light gates, to meet the attacks from the nine dragons.

The dragons continued to crumble away, as the light gates became increasingly dim.

As the roar continued to ring, both of the nine dragons and six light gates shattered at the same time and disappeared.

The remnant of the tempest impacted against Jiang Yunchong, leaving more than a dozen wounds on his body as he was sent flying.

Jiang Yunchong knelt on one knee, with his right hand propping him against the ground. There was a blood-red line on his cheek, dripping blood, as he said. “As expected of an Array Master. With my current cultivation level, it’s still quite difficult to fight him.”

Mister Godcliff stood at the center of the Nine-eyed Wind Array, and looked down at Jiang Yunchong below, saying. “Go. I will let you live today.”

Jiang Yunchong laughed as he stood up, and raised his voice. “Not going anywhere.” Mister Godcliff’s gaze suddenly turned sullen.

If he did not get tangled here to attack the Eastern Region Saint King Manor, how would Mister Godcliff spare Jiang Yunchong?

Now it seemed like Jiang Yunchong was desperately wanting to keep him here.

No...

Mister Godcliff realized something was not right, why did Jiang Yunchong want to keep him back here so desperately?

Even if he wanted to prevent him from controlling the Eastern Region Holy City, he should not be fighting to the point of disregarding his own life, right?

“You’re a Kunlun Realm cultivator?”

Mister Godcliff's gaze became sharp.

Mister Godcliff finally remembered where he had seen the records of the 'Gate of Six Harmonies.', it was an ancient tome about the records of Kunlun Realm.

The Gates of Six Harmonies was a high-level saint art of the Jiang Clan, one of the eighteen ancient clans of Kunlun.

"Seems like you've seen through it. That's right, I'm indeed a Kunlun Realm cultivator."

Saint light flickered on Jiang Yunchong's body, as all of his wounds had recovered.

"Then you must die."

A powerful killing intent appeared in Mister Godcliff's eyes, and condensing into a blood-red sea of murderous intent.

"It won't be that easy to kill me."

Jiang Yunchong once again summoned the Gates of Six Harmonies, and confronted Mister Godcliff.

Before the two even struck, the power of the Gates of Six Harmonies and the Nine-Eyed Wind Array had already collided with each other, setting off a thunderous explosion.

Mister Godcliff's face suddenly turned gentle, as he let out a smile. "If it was elseway, I may require a lot of effort to kill you. But in the Eastern Region Holy City, killing you is like slaying swines."

Mister Godcliff was responsible for restoring the ancient wards of the Eastern Region Holy City, and naturally had left some handiworks behind.

With those handiworks, even without taking control of the Tower of Flames, he could still mobilize some of the ancient wards, and unleash unparalleled power.

The nine array flags around him all flew out, and some flew into the sea, and planted itself in it, while some flew into the Golden Rainbow Continent, and stuck themselves deep into the treacherous valleys.

Nine streams of spiritual power gushed out from Mister Godcliff's body, and connected with the nine flag poles.

The next moment, the nine flag poles activated the ancient wards, and cause a series of spiderweb-like marks of light to appear across the skies and ground of the Eastern Region Holy City, the patterns were dense and innumerable.

Using the ancient wards, Mister Godcliff had drew all of the power of the Eastern Region Holy City into his hands.

Suddenly, the skies within thousands of miles changed, as a depressed aura descended upon the body of every cultivators, leaving them feeling suffocated.

“Die!”

Mister Godcliff shot out the energy orb in his hand, and destroyed the Gates of Six Harmonies.

Jiang Yunchong was hit by the energy orb, and like a broken kite, he was sent flying. His body bloodied, and a large amount of saint blood fell into the sea. The saint blood contained powerful energies, and set the seas aflame.

An Array Master, coupled with the ancient wards, that sort of power was enough to confront a Supreme Saint.

No matter how powerful a foe was, trying to stop him was futile.

Mister Godcliff was like a god as he stood above the sea, and said with a loud voice. “From now on, I am the Lord of the Eastern Region, anyone who dares to stop me, will be killed without question.”

...

...

It was at this moment, the bottom most three floors of the Tower of Flames suddenly lit up in brilliant light. Those light then turned into strands of light as they rushed out in all directions.

For something like this to happen without using the Seal of Flames, was because, Mister Godcliff had used some special

means to activate part of the ancient wards.

The brighter the flames within the Tower of Flames burned, the more powerful the power the ancient wards could unleash.

“Zhang Ruochen, don’t hesitate, the fate of the Eastern Region in all tied to you...cough...cough...” Chen Yuhua said.

Zhang Ruochen unleashed his spiritual power, and covered the Sixth District.

The bustling and prosperous city had become extremely chaotic.

While the flames of war had not spread here yet, but all of the cultivators were panicking as if the end was coming.

BAM!

A fireball flew from another city district and landed on the streets, creating a massive crater tens of feet wide, and causing all of the buildings around it to collapse.

The District’s defensive array had been activated, but in the face of an attack by Saint Kings, these level of formation array was simply too fragile to resist.

In the main city of the Eastern Region Saint King Manor, the Prince of the Eastern Region, Chen Yin activated the Great Orbital Array.

The eighty-one Eastern Region Saint King Manors across the Holy City all activated their arrays, and connecting into a whole one. Immediately after, light pillars shot up from each Saint King Manor as they broke through the clouds, and into the sky.

however, before the Great Orbital Array had fully activated, some of the formations within the Saint King Manors were destroyed, and the light pillars disappeared.

Not long later, the Great Orbital Array stopped functioning, as the entire formation collapsed.

The fighting in the East Region Holy City became more and more intense, as the sound of slaughter rang out everywhere.

Zhang Ruochen clenched his hands, as his thoughts fought against one another.

For him to be unwilling to take the Seal of Flames, was not because he was afraid of being enemies of Mister Godcliff and the rest, nor was he afraid of taking on responsibilities.

But, it was because, upon taking the Seal of Flames, and becoming the Lord of Eastern Region, it was equivalent to returning to the Kunlun Realm, and become a member of Kunlun Realm once again. As long as Chi Yao was still the empress of Kunlun, Zhang Ruochen was repelled by the thought of returning to Kunlun.

After a long while, Zhang Ruochen stretched his hand out, and took the Seal of Flames. “Alright, I will temporarily be the Prince of the Eastern Region. But in the future, if there is a suitable candidate from the Chen Clan, I will hand the Seal of Flames to him.”

A beam of joy appeared in Chen Yuhua’s eyes. “Even if you were to have the Seal of Flames, your spiritual power needs to be level fifty-nine before you can gain initial control of the Tower of Flames.”

“Why didn’t you tell me earlier?”

Zhang Ruochen was speechless, and wanted to throw the Seal of Flames back onto Chen Yuhua’s head.

Zhang Ruochen’s spiritual power had only recently reached level fifty-eight, and was still miles and miles away from level fifty-nine. That is to say, the Seal of Flames now was no different than a paperweight.

Chen Yuhua fell onto the ground as he looked up into the sky, he seemed to be speaking to Zhang Ruochen, and also to himself at the same time. “In order to cultivate my spiritual powers, I had delayed my saint path cultivation, and resulted in me never being able to reach Supreme Sainthood in this life. If there is another opportunity, I will never be the Lord of the Eastern Region...Zhang Ruochen...I’ll leave... the Eastern Region...to you... now...”

The life force within Chen Yuhua's body was being lost rapidly, Zhang Ruochen took out the Spring of Life and gave him a sip, even that could not save him.

Man, would die in the end.

It was just that the higher the cultivation, one could live a while longer.

Zhang Ruochen stretched his hand out, and closed Chen Yuhua's eyes. His heart was conflicted, as if there was a mountain on his shoulder, and he had to carry it.

“When a day comes that the life and death of billions is up to you, could you still escape then?” Something someone had said to him in the past suddenly rang out in Zhang Ruochen's ears as he recalled.

Zhang Ruochen smiled bitterly, and said to himself. “There are some things that I really cannot escape from.”

“A fifty-nine level spiritual power. Where am I supposed to find a spiritual power Saint King at this time?”

Zhang Ruochen stared at the Circuit Suppression Pearl floating in the air, and a gleam appeared in his eyes. Perhaps with it, he could use to counteract Mister Godcliff.

Zhang Ruochen took the Circuit Suppression Pearl, and then used the Seal of Flames to open the Tower of Flames, and entered it.

He then released a steady stream of saint Qi from his palm into the Circuit Suppression Pearl.

The light from the Circuit Suppression Pearl got stronger and stronger, as it sucked away the saint Qi within the Tower of Flames, and at the same time, the wards in the tower seemed to be suppressed by a mysterious force.

Suddenly, the light from the bottom three storeys of the Tower of Flame gradually became dim.

“What's going on?”

Mister Godcliff was unable to mobilize the ancient wards, and an expression of shock appeared in his eyes. He then looked

towards the Sixth District, and said to himself. “Something happened to Xie Canghai?”

Jiang Yunchong got up from a pool of blood, and laughed. “Xie Canghai is most likely dead. Your plan, is now missing the most important link. I will declare in advance, that your plan to take over the Eastern Region Holy City, had failed!”

“Hmph! Even if something happened to Xie Canghai’s side, it won’t affect anything. I alone, am enough to wipe all of you out, and the first to die is you, Jiang Yunchong.”

Mister Godcliff recalled the nine flag poles, and once again deployed the Nine-eyed Wind Array. Suddenly, nine enormous black vortex formed as they spun rapidly, and bombarded Jiang Yunchong’s position.

Jiang Yunchong had been seriously wounded, and Mister Godcliff believed that this blow was enough to kill him.

“What a braggart, if it’s you alone, you won’t be able to kill us all.”

A powerful voice came from the clouds, and kicking up waves on the sea across thousands of miles.

A tall, burly man, with thick armor rode a beast that look like a Flamelion broke through the clouds, and struck out a palm strike across the distance against the Nine-eyed Wind Array.

A thunderous boom rang out, and all of the nine flag poles were sent flying into the sea.

“Who are you?” Mister Godcliff’s voice sank.

The man on the back of the Flamelion Beast, stepped on a flaming cloud as he walked towards Mister Godcliff, and said with a loud voice. “The Household Guard Captain of the Shengming Central Empire’s Crown Prince, Murong Yefeng, is here to witness your skills.”

Chapter 1841 - Meeting Liuli Again

Chapter 1841: Meeting Liuli Again

An Array Master was, beneath a Supreme Saint, an existence that could be described as invincible.

Murong Yefeng who had appeared half way through the bout, did not disturb Mister Godcliff at all, and he only felt that he would be delayed a while longer here.

Mister Godcliff sneered. “There seemed to be plenty of people in Kunlun Realm who are not afraid of death. Don’t you know, that you should stay far away when you encounter an Array Master?”

Murong Yefeng’s battle robe fluttered in the air, as he said. “After today, you will understand a truth. When you meet me, it is you that should stay far away.”

Aside from a Supreme Saint, this was the first cultivator who had spoke to him in such a tone. Mister Godcliff smirked. “There are no Array Masters in Kunlun Realm, so you don’t know how powerful an Array MAster is. Understandable, understandable. Today, I will let you know how ignorant you were.”

“Seven-Star Sepulchural Moon.”

Mister Godcliff hand formed a complicated hand sign.

Suddenly, seven bright stars flew out from the center of his eyebrows, and floated onto the surface of the sea.

The size of the stars was at least as huge as a palace, and the largest one was like a meteorite suspended in mid-air, as it exuded a thick suffocating aura.

The actual volume of the seven stars had, in fact, not been fully revealed.

Their true size were no smaller than the Eastern Region Holy City.

“Divine power... the seven stars are radiating divine power... they are...”

Murong Yefeng’s eyes were solemn, as he felt that the surrounding space had become as heavy as iron.

With his cultivation base, it was like being trapped in a swamp, and it became extremely difficult to raise his hand and feet. The giant Flamelion Beast under him was anxious as it felt an unprecedented dangerous aura.

Mister Godcliff smiled. “These seven stars are all Divine Stars, and I had bought them from the various holy cities at high price. With these seven stars as base, and engraving them with the inscriptions of a Ninth-rank Formation Array, so they are connected as a whole.”

“With the power of the seven stars, even if they are not comparable to the divine star of a true god that reflects upon the universe, but beneath a Supreme Saint, it is enough to sweep everything aside.”

“No matter how many elites were to come, they are nothing but fodder, and could be easily crushed.”

An Array Master, could at times determine the outcome of a Battle of Merits, and this words were no mere boast.

Mister Godcliff, who had summoned the seven divine stars, was no different than a god in the eyes of a normal cultivator.

The difference between a Divine Star of a true god and his is that the former can reflect the stars across the universe, while his can only illuminate an area tens of thousands of miles.

At this moment, even with thousands of Saint Kings were to attack him at the same time, it was likely it would not result in anything.

“Not necessarily.”

The saint Qi in Murong Yefeng’s body turned into a torrent as it rushed into the sky, and breaking into the clouds.

BAM!

The clouds was set aflame, and became crimson red.

At the center of the flame clouds, a burst of supreme power blasted out, and the aura spread across the entire Eastern Region Holy City. Slowly, a nine-legged ancient cauldron appeared from the flame clouds, and shook the skies.

There were nine life-like phoenix patterns on the cauldron , as if nine ancient divine phoenixs were being sealed inside the cauldron, and wanted to rush out from it.

There were many cultivators in the Eastern Region Holy City who saw the ancient nine-legged cauldron, they let out a series of exclamations.

“The Nine-Phoenix Cauldron... it’s the Nine-Phoenix Cauldron. I’ve never expect to see this Supreme Sacred Artifact would appear in the Eastern Region Holy City once again. Which elite of the Black Market had come?”

“There are no more than five people in the entire Black Market that could rouse the Nine-Phoenix Cauldron to such an extent.”

...

The Nine-Phoenix Cauldron was one of the battle arms of the Evil Emperor eight hundred years ago. After Chi Yao killed the Evil Emperor, she had sealed the Nine-Phoenix Cauldron within the sacred mountains in the Eastern Region Sacred Court. It was later taken away by the Jiuyou Sword Saint, the Phantom Saint, and the Master of the Black Market’s Hall of Excellence, and was brought back to the Black Market.

Murong Yefeng knew every well how complicated the situation at the Eastern Region Holy City was, so before he came, he had borrowed the Nine-Phoenix Cauldron.

Murong Yefeng’s cultivation base was extremely powerful, and his combat ability unparalleled, being able to fight against a Supreme Saint for a short period of time. Now with a Supreme Sacred Artifact supporting him, he was even more powerful, and did not fear Mister Godcliff at all.

Jiang Yunchong appeared behind Mister Godcliff, as his long hair fluttering in the air, as he held six cities in his hand.

Each of the six cities were made out of saint iron, and within each side was the saint corpse of a Supreme Saint, providing the cities a steady stream of energy. The six cities combined with his Gates of Six Harmonies, and slowly revolved around him.

“Mister Godcliff, we will let you understand today, that coming to Kunlun Realm, even an Array Master must learn to keep his head down, or else death awaits.” Jiang Yunchong gritted his teeth, as he blasted the six cities out and attacked Mister Godcliff.

At the same time, Murong Yefeng roused the Nine-Phoenix Cauldron to its maximum potential, and the cauldron bombarded downwards as nine flaming phoenixes rushed out of the cauldron, and let out a screech that rang across thousands of miles.

BAM!

After coming under attack the two elites in Murong Yefeng and Jiang Yunchong, even Mister Godcliff had to get serious. His face was extremely serious as he controlled the seven divine stars to fight against them.

The battle was extremely violent, and the entire Eastern Region Holy City shook.

...

...

The Tower of Flames was three hundred and thirty-three-storeys tall. At the center of the tower was a patio that left from the bottom of the tower to the top.

A flame was burning at the center of the patio.

The brighter the flames burned, the more of the ward inscriptions were being activated.

At this moment, Zhang Ruochen used the Circuit Suppression Pearl to firmly suppress the flames at the first level.

As a fifty-eighth-level spiritual power Saint King, Zhang Ruochen's heavens eye could see thousands of miles away, and saw Jiang Yunchong and Murong Yefeng fighting fiercely with Mister Godcliff.

"Mister Godcliff's strength is just too terrifying, I need to suppress the flames, and not allow him to use the ancient wards."

WHOOSH!!

Zhang Ruochen felt a faint saint path fluctuation was closing in on him quickly.

The person bore a strong killing intent, as a sword light stabbed out, and aimed at the center of Zhang Ruochen's back. Suddenly, sword Qi rampaged throughout the tower as the sound of swords rang out.

Zhang Ruochen wanted to call out the Ancient Abyssal Blade and kill the attacker, but upon recognizing the person's identity, Zhang Ruochen halted the thought.

BAM!!!

The point of the saint sword landed on Zhang Ruochen's back.

Zhang Ruochen stood still on the spot, and the armor on his body blocked all of the attack's force.

The armor formed into a powerful counter force, and sent the beautiful figure flying away.

The beautiful figure, dressed in palace costume, looked about twenty-eight or twenty-nine, with a long royal blue hair, and a cold and proud face.

When she saw Zhang Ruochen's side profile, she was startled and said. "Zhang Ruochen?"

A wry smile appeared on Zhang Ruochen's face as he turned around, with a complicated look in his eyes. "Greetings, Saint Liuli."

The palace-costumed beauty was a new generation of saints of the Chen Clan, Chen Liuli.

Of course, she also had another identity. The princess consort of Qianshui Commandery, and Huang Yanchen's mother.

Upon seeing Zhang Ruochen, Chen Liuli's heart was conflicted, and there were many things that she wanted to say, but she could not say a word. Once, this young man before her was the son-in-law whom she admired and most proud of.

But now, things were different, and only a mess of past grudges and gratuities.

Chen Liuli said. "Did the lord ancestor died in your hands? Are you back here for revenge?"

"Revenge? What revenge?"

Zhang Ruochen said. "Do you think that, when your daughter stabbed me that other time, that my resentment will only be sated after I destroy the entire Chen Clan? I always thought of myself as someone who knows who my enemies are, and I'm not that cruel."

"No...Zhang Ruochen, why are you here? And in whose hands did the lord ancestor died in?" Chen Liuli asked.

Zhang Ruochen did not blame Chen Liuli either. After all, Chen Yuhua's body was lying outside, and any cultivator who saw him appearing within the Tower of Flames would naturally treat him as the murderer.

Zhang Ruochen said, "If I were to tell you that elder Chen Yuhua did not die in my hands, would you believe me or not?"

"I will." Chen Liuli replied.

A surprised look appeared in Zhang Ruochen's eyes.

Chen Liuli said. "Yanchen's judgement is never wrong, I believe her."

"Please don't mention her in front of me. We are strangers now, our love and bond had been broken." Zhang Ruochen looked away and stared out of the tower.

No one could understand the pain in his heart, and hearing Huang Yanchen's name was a like spike piercing into his heart.

Letting go, easier said than done.

After a long while, Zhang Ruochen asked. “You’re here to seek help, right?”

“Yes.”

Chen Liuli nodded.

Immediately after, a look of despair appeared in her eyes.

The main city of the Eastern Region Saint King Manor was under attack by a large number of cultivators from foreign realms, and was in grave danger.

Chen Liuli had fought tooth and nail to break out of the siege, and rushed here to get Chen Yuhua to activate the Tower of Flames, and use the ancient wards to kill the invading foes.

Chen Yuhua was the number one elite of the Chen Clan, and the last hope of the Chen Clan.

But the moment she saw Chen Yuhua’s body, Chen Liuli’s heart had already sank to the bottom, knowing that the Chen Clan was clearly done for, and there was no longer any hope.

Zhang Ruochen took out the Seal of Flames, and held it in his hand as he said. “Before Elder Yuhua died, he passed me the Seal of Flames, and asked me to the the Prince of the Eastern Region.”

A bright light appeared in Chen Liuli’s desperate eyes, and she said. “Then hurry up and use the Seal of Flames to activate the Tower of Flames, mobilize the ancient wards and suppress the chaos in the Holy City.”

Zhang Ruochen shook his head, and said. “One’s spiritual power must be of the fifty-ninth level to activate the Tower of Flames.”

In the entire Kunlun Realm, the number of cultivators that had reached the spiritual power of fifty-nine level could be counted with ten fingers.

At this juncture, where could they find them?

“It seems like the heavens wants the Chen Clan, and the Eastern Regions to perish.” Chen Liuli smiled bitterly, as a

mist appeared in her eyes, as she finally felt the feeling of powerlessness.

At this moment the clansmen of the Chen Clan were being mercilessly slaughtered by the enemy, yet she could not change anything.

Zhang Ruochen said, "Since I'm now the Prince of the Eastern Region, I will not allow anyone to do as they please in my domain. I will follow you back to the main city of the Eastern Region Saint King Manor."

"You?" Chen Liuli asked.

Zhang Ruochen smiled and said. "What? Are you doubting my strength?"

Chen Liuli's eyes softened a little, as she said earnestly. "Don't needlessly go to your death. Take advantage of the fact that they had yet to control the Great Orbital Array and the ancient wards, and flee the Eastern Region Holy City."

As she said that, Chen Liuli walked out of the tower with a look of grim determination.

Zhang Ruochen stared at her back, and had to say, just by her back alone, Chen Liuli and Huang Yanchen were too similar. He then asked. "Why aren't you fleeing?"

"The Eastern Region Saint King Manor is my home. I want to live and die with it."

Chen Liuli did not look back.

In the face of impending death, she seemed to be not at all afraid.

"With such a group of cultivators with a determined mind, Kunlun Realm will eventually rise again." Zhang Ruochen said.

The next moment, Chen Liuli returned to the Tower of Flames, as an anxious look appeared on her face as she said. "They are here. Zhang Ruochen, you should escape now."

"They...are here?"

Zhang Ruochen calmly looked out of the tower.

He only saw a gloomy ghost fog rushing it from the night into the spirit mountain, and soon surrounded the entire tower. The fog mist revolved around the Tower of Flames, and the howling of thousands of ghosts rang out from the fog, and was extremely terrifying.

Chapter 1842 - Battle Against King Daxi

Chapter 1842: Battle Against King Daxi

BAM!

Two figures dressed in dark robes rushed out from the ghost fog and landed outside the Tower of Flames, sending soil and stones flying in their wake.

The one on the left was more than ten foot tall, with a trident in hand and covered in iron-like muscles, its eyes burning with green flames.

The one on the right, had a pair of dragon horns on its head, with black dragon wings on its back. Yet it was human shaped, and walked on both feet as it held a bone whip, looking like a fearsome killer.

They were two Ghost Lords that had went through Six Thunder Tribulations, and had devoured hundreds of millions of spirits to have their cultivation level as of now.

Among the Ghost tribe of the Ten Infernal Tribes, the Ghost Lord of Six Tribulations was the most powerful existence beneath a Supreme Saint. They had cultivated a solid ghost body, and had the same intelligence as a human Saint King.

One step further was a Ghost Lord of Seven Tribulations, who can challenge a Supreme Saint.

The aura from the two Ghost Lords of Six Tribulations made Chen Liuli's face pale. It was a kind of fear and deterrent someone of a higher realm gave to someone lesser.

The gate of the tower was now being blocked, and escaping became as difficult as trying to climb the heavens.

Chen Liuli took a deep breath, as she gradually calmed down, saying. "The Tower of Flames must never fall into the hands

of a cultivator of a foreign realm. Zhang Ruochen, use your power of space to protect yourself later, I will deal with them.

Zhang Ruochen could guess what Chen Liuli wanted to do, and sighed slightly. “Forgive my bluntness, but even if you were to self-destruct your saint source, you won’t be able to kill the Ghost Lords of Six Tribulations.

“At least it will destroy the Tower of Flames.”

Zhang Ruochen said. “The Tower of Flames had been standing in the Holy City for god knows how many years now. If it could be destroyed that easily, it would have been long gone.”

Chen Liuli bit her lip tightly, as a self-deprecating smile appeared on her face, as she said. “Is reality so cruel, that I cannot even take my enemy down with me.”

“Reality is indeed cruel, but because of that cruelty that a person’s will can be tempered.” Zhang Ruochen’s both arms lit up in flames, as crimson lines appeared on the Fire God’s Gauntlet and Bracers.

WHOOOSH!!

Two Ghost Lords of the Six Tribulations rushed into the Tower of Flames like jets of black light.

Along with them were a large number of ghost shadows.

Those ghost shadows exuded a dark aura of death, wailing as they flew within the tower.

The Ghost Lord of Six Tribulations holding the trident glanced at Zhang Ruochen and Chen Liuli, and said hoarsely. “Master Canghai died in your hands?”

With just a look, the Ghost Lord of Six Tribulations made Chen Liuli felt like she had fallen into an ice cavern, and her delicate body trembled slightly.

The difference in their cultivation level was just too big, and the fact that Chen Liuli had not been suppressed to the point of kneeling was testament to her ironclad willpower.

Zhang Ruochen’s body emitted rays of flame from his body, blocking the ghostly aura from the two Ghost Lord of Six

Tribulations, as he said faintly. “Since you know that Xie Canghai had died outside, you two dared to come in to meet your doom?”

“HMPH!”

The Ghost Lord of the Six Tribulations on the right ignited the ghostfire on the trident, and struck at Zhang Ruochen’s heart.

BAM! BAM!!

The sound of air exploding rang continuously, so much so that the air current in the Tower of Flames trembled violently.

Zhang Ruochen blasted out a palm strike, and his palm met the tip of the trident, knocking all of the ghostfire back, recoiling against the Ghost Lord of Six Tribulations.

In addition, the power of the Fire God’s Gauntlet was also unleashed along with Zhang Ruochen’s palm strike, and send the Ghost Lord of Six Tribulations flying out of the Tower of Flames.

“Ahh..fire... what sort of flame...”

Before that Ghost Lord of Six Tribulations could even land, it was incinerated by the flames of the Fire God’s Gauntlet, and its soul scattered.

The Ghost Lord of Six Tribulations with the long dragon horns was shocked, and rushed out of the Tower of Flames in a hurry, and back into the swirling ghost mist outside.

“WHIRRRR!”

A white arrow light chased after it from the tower, and flew into the ghost fog.

BAM!!!

The Ghost Lord of Six Tribulations with long dragon horns could not dodge in time, and was hit by the Whitesun Arrow, its ghost body was shattered, and reduced into a ghost fog as black as ink.

It did not die, and soon it reformed its ghost body, but compared to before, it was much weaker now. Its gaze landed on Zhang Ruochen who was standing outside the Tower of

Flames as a look of fear and trepidation appeared on its face, and no longer dared to show any contempt.

That young man was just too powerful!

“Zhang Ruochen had grown to such a powerful level?”

A look of disbelief appeared in Chen Liuli’s eyes.

To kill a Ghost Lord of Six Tribulations with just a palm strike, and severely wounding another with an arrow. Such a battle outcome was totally unimaginable. How many years had passed since then?

No wonder Lord Ancestor Yuhua would hand him the Seal of Flames. In today’s world, perhaps only Zhang Ruochen could fully bear the Eastern Region upon his shoulders.

WHOOSH!!

The whitesun Arrow flew back, and fell back into Zhang Ruochen’s hands.

Zhang Ruochen eyes were focused as he drew the bow again. Where the arrow was pointed at, the ghost mist immediately retreated backwards.

“Fairy Shadowless, still not showing yourself?” Zhang Ruochen called.

In the air thirty feet above ground, the ghost fog split apart, and formed a path.

King Daxi, who had the title of Fairy Shadowless, appeared before Zhang Ruochen’s field of vision.

King Daxi, was a new generation leader of the Soul Realm. She was beautiful and extremely talented, with a mysterious temperament about her. Even when she stood before Zhang Ruochen, the feeling she gave Zhang Ruochen was that she would disappear with the wind at any moment.

Whoosh!

The sound of a the arrow being loosed rang out.

Zhang Ruochen struck decisively, as the Whitesun Arrow shot out, as it left an arrow trail tens of meters long as it was aimed

at King Daxi's chest.

The graceful figure of King Daxi shattered like a broken ceramic, and became one with the surrounding ghost fog.

But the next moment, King Daxi's figure came out from the ghost fog again, her fingers, as white as jade, held the Whitesun Arrow in her hand. "Zhang Ruochen, the speed of your progress is really astounding. If you don't die, your future achievements will be unlimited."

"Thank you for your praise." Zhang Ruochen replied.

A cold air rushed out from King Daxi's hand, and froze the Whitesun Arrow as she put into the necklace at her neck.

She sighed softly, and said. "It's unfortunate. You should not have been born in Kunlun Realm. Kunlun Realm is destined to be destroyed, and you will be nothing but dust in this part of history. Perhaps tens of thousands years later, even I won't remember, that I had killed a great man called Zhang Ruochen. If you don't become a god, you will not be eternal."

Zhang Ruochen let out a smile. "Fairy, I'm afraid that you are being overconfident. Do you really think I'm still that weak like I was back in the Celestial Domain of Truth? Plus, even there, you didn't seem to be able to do much to me. It was thanks you to that I had obtained Qingjin's Soul, and had fed it to the Evil Spirit."

There was no change in emotions in King Daxi's face, but a cold glint flashed across her eyes.

At this moment, Zhang Ruochen formed a palm mark, and blasted across the void.

Two flaming clouds flew out, and blasting the ghost fog away, and no one knew how many ghost souls had been scattered because of it.

King Daxi summoned a crystal saint staff, the end of the staff was shaped like the tail of a phoenix, while the other end was as sharp as spear, and a God Stone was embedded in the tail of the phoenix.

She held the crystal saint staff and stabbed into the ground.

Suddenly, a densely packed inscriptions rushed out of the staff like earthworms, and formed a formation array 33 feet in diameter.

The surrounding ghost fog all converged towards the formation array, and turned into a Thousand Ghosts Formation.

The two crimson flame clouds collided with the massive ghost array, and in an instant, the rampaging flames were swallowed by the ghost fog, and disappeared like two pebbles thrown into a pond.

“The strength of King Daxi’s spiritual power is probably of the fifty-ninth level, and she’s definitely beyond the elementary level.

King Daxi was a spiritual power Saint King, and was a master of ghost manipulation.

But, any spiritual power cultivators were afraid of close combat, and if he got close to her, she may not be able to withstand his attacks.

But, she had the protection of the formation array, and it was not easy to get close to her.

Zhang Ruochen strode forward, crossing ten feet with each step, as he charged towards that 33 feet long ghost formation. As he approached the formation, he grabbed into the void, and with a rip, he tore open a dimensional rift tens of foot long.

The dimensional rift was like a mouth of a behemoths, dark, empty, and extremely dangerous.

King Daxi seemed to have anticipated that Zhang Ruochen would use the power of space. Her five fair fingers on the right hand grabbed the air, as a word was spat out from her crystalline red lips. “Rejoin.”

Just as the dimensional rift that was tens of feet long got into the ghost array, it was suppressed by powerful force and closed again.

That power is extremely chilly.

“While the path of dimensions is powerful, but there are powers that would work against it. Zhang Ruochen, if you want to fight me, you need to show your true abilities, otherwise, this battle will end within ten bouts.” King Daxi’s voice was vast-sounding and long.

“Sure, I will let you see my true power today.”

Zhang Ruochen broke into the ghost formation, and instantly everything before him turned dark, and could hardly see his fingers.

A series of ferocious ghosts attacked him.

“A mere ghost dares to block my path?”

Zhang Ruochen unleashed the Divine Purification Flames and covered his whole body with it.

Immediately after, a ring of flames roared outwards, as all of the attacking ghosts screamed and burned.

Gradually, his vision became clear and Zhang Ruochen saw the beautiful figure standing at the center of the ghost array, and beside her, was more than fifty Ghost Lords.

There were as many as five Ghost Lords of Six Tribulations among them.

Under the leadership of the five Ghost Lords of Six Tribulations, all of the Ghost Lords attacked Zhang Ruochen.

They were not bare-handed, and all carry powerful ghost weapons.

“Thunder of the Nine Heavens.”

Zhang Ruochen held the Ancient Abyssal Blade in his hand, and pointed at the city, as a powerful sword will rushed out, and suddenly dozens of lightning snakes appeared in the sky. Those lightning snakes tore through the skies as they rushed down and struck the Ghost Lords.

In an instant, thirteen Ghost Lords were totally annihilated.

One of the Ghost Lords of Six Tribulations got into within five feet of Zhang Ruochen, and shot out a chain that was fully

engraved with ghost marks. The chain spun in the air, and formed seven circles.

The ghost mark chain could chain a cultivator's saint soul, and once trapped, the cultivator will lose all ability to fight.

“Sword of Time, Fourth Level, Orbital Reincarnation.”

Zhang Ruochen lifted the Ancient Abyssal Sword, and marks of time were formed around the blade.

Dozens of mark of time moved around with the heavy blade like light spots.

Suddenly, the ghost mark chain, and that Ghost Lord of Six Tribulations stood motionless, as if they had been subjected to a petrification technique.

DUSHH!!

The Ancient Abyssal Blade split the ghost mark chain into sections, as the tip of the blade bit into the center of the Ghost Lord's eyebrows.

Divine Purification Flames rushed out of Zhang Ruochen's palm, and through the blade, poured into the Ghost Lord of Six Tribulations' ghost body, incinerating it into smoke.

Chapter 1843 - Life or Death —You Choose

Chapter 1843: Life or Death—You Choose

As powerful as the Six-Tribulation Ghost Lord was, it suffered an instant death under Zhang Ruochen's sword. This struck fear in the hearts of other ghost lords.

They had high intelligence and were pragmatic. So, they dared not fight Zhang Ruochen one-on-one for fear that they would be crushed one-by-one.

“You have finally performed a Power of Time. It was awesome.”

King Daxi looked calm on the surface, but deep inside, it was not as calm as she looked.

Bear in mind that subduing a ghost lord was not something easy, especially the Six-Tribulation Ghost Lord, which was definitely hard to tame. Most of them were cultivated since they were weak, and they required a lot of resources.

The death of each Six-Tribulation Ghost Lord was akin to the loss of billions of Saint Stones.

King Daxi tried to keep calm. A pair of divine seals appeared in her black pupils as she carefully observed Zhang Ruochen's every move, trying to find weaknesses of the Sword of Time.

While doing that, she commanded the other ghost lords. “Fall into formation!”

Led by four Six-Tribulation Ghost Lords, over forty ghost lords walked in enigmatic steps and fell into formation.

Ghostly air gushed out of their bodies to combine with the formation's inscription.

Zhang Ruochen instantly felt increased pressure.

“Not half bad, King Daxi! The fact that you could control ten powerful ghost lords proved that the power you could use is greater than many ancient sect masters.”

A person was as good as a sect.

Over forty ghost lords directed their ghostly air to the center of the formation.

Following immediately, a blood-red millstone formed, rumbling as if a celestial body was spinning on its axis.

“If you surrender now, Zhang Ruochen, you will still have a chance. Otherwise, when the Doomsday Millstone flies out, you will be ground into mincemeat, your body and soul will be annihilated.”

King Daxi was controlling the blood-red millstone with one hand. The blood-red glow shone on the spotless skin of her face in a strange shade of dark red.

Zhang Ruochen was a five-elemental hybrid, and also the Scion of Time and Space; it was not easy to find such a talented person like him. Instead of killing him, King Daxi would prefer to rope him in for her own use.

The Doomsday Millstone was one of King Daxi’s most important trump cards, which she could use to kill a Nine-step Saint King effortlessly.

It was exactly because of this that she needed to be careful before she struck out the Doomsday Millstone.

The Doomsday Millstone spun and turned the ghost formation into a vortex, sweeping up everything into the air. Zhang Ruochen had to plant his Ancient Abyssal Blade into the ground to stabilize himself.

“I tell you what; I will give you a chance to surrender and you will live,” said Zhang Ruochen.

Of course, King Daxi did not think that Zhang Ruochen could defeat the Doomsday Millstone. She looked at him nonchalantly. “Show me what you got. I would die with no regrets if I lose.”

“You got it.”

Zhang Ruochen gathered all his Saint Qi in his left leg.

Like a red-hot iron rod, his left leg became crimson with over ten-thousand precept patterns on it.

A ring of fire burst out under his feet with a boom and spread out in all directions, shaking the ghost formation violently.

King Daxi sensed a powerful might in Zhang Ruochen, her expression abruptly changing.

That mightiness had an extreme resemblance to that of Yanshen. In fact, it was identical.

“So you were the person in the Tianjue Pavilion. The impression of Yanshen’s secret disciple was just a hoax.”

King Daxi had no idea what power Zhang Ruochen had used, but she could clearly sense extremely dangerous energy. With no more hesitation, she struck out the Doomsday Millstone with the forty-two ghost lords.

“Nine-Heaven God’s Step!”

Zhang Ruochen lifted his left leg. He was not only summoning a Yanshen’s Leg but also performing the intermediate leg technique that he had learned not long ago.

As his foot came down, earthshaking divine energy rushed out, trampling the ghost formation to the ground.

The forty-two ghost lords in the formation cried in agony as their bodies crumpled. The qi of the fire incinerated them. Only four Six-Tribulation Ghost Lords survived, but with serious injuries.

King Daxi had a protective item with her. The thing looked like a backscratcher hanging on her lovely slim and supple waist.

When the divine power of the flames hit her, a white glow appeared on the backscratcher to protect her. She was able to stabilize herself and only suffered a minor injury.

However, Zhang Ruochen had killed half of the ghost lords she had taken much effort to cultivate. She gritted her teeth as

she could no longer keep calm. “Today, I will gouge your soul out and reduce it to a warring soul to make up for my loss!”

“That sounds frightening, Fairy,” said Zhang Ruochen.

King Daxi’s chest heaved. “Where did you learn the power of Yanshen?” she hissed.

“If you surrender to me, I will tell you”

Zhang Ruochen’s biggest enemy now was Shang Ziyan.

If he could capture King Daxi, she would become his trump card against Shang Ziyan.

Zhang Ruochen had always been on the defensive in his conflict with Shang Ziyan, who was doing all the attacks. Zhang Ruochen could only react to it, and every time, he just narrowly escaped.

But this time, Zhang Ruochen wanted to keep the ball in his court.

Zhang Ruochen raised his left leg slightly.

Opposite him, King Daxi quickly fell back a hundred feet to keep a distance from him.

“You are so afraid of my leg, Fairy?” asked Zhang Ruochen.

In reality, Zhang Ruochen was not too satisfied with his last move; it did not manage to kill the four Six-Tribulation Ghost Lords, and King Daxi had gotten away with it.

It all boiled down to the deficiency in his cultivation base.

Besides, he had only refined ten thousand crimson precepts on his left leg, falling short of achieving the true potential of Yanshen’s Leg.

But in King Daxi’s eyes, that leg was not trivial. The damage it could cause was equal to that of Precept-Domain cultivators. That was why she was wary of him.

“No wonder Shang Ziyan sees you as his biggest threat. It seems that I have underestimated you.”

King Daxi took out a talisman and held it between her two slender fingers. “This talisman was intended for the enemies

of the Precept Domain. But now it looks like I have no choice but to use it on you.”

The talisman suddenly burst out in flames, turning into a fireball.

There was a skull inside the fireball.

It released evil energy that hit directly at Zhang Ruochen’s Saint Soul. His vision went dark as if he had plunged into hell, his body getting numb and cold.

The flaming skull flew up above Zhang Ruochen’s head with its mouth open, about to swallow his Saint Soul.

Zhang Ruochen looked up all of a sudden, the Shenwu Mark of Time and Dimension rapidly spinning on his brow. As he shrieked, a Divine Purification Flame shot out of his mouth at the flaming skull.

The flaming skull was splintered instantly before disappearing into thin air.

“I can’t believe she uses Saint-Soul attack technique again! Didn’t she learn the lesson last time?”

Zhang Ruochen roared, performing a Dimensional Shift and appearing in front of King Daxi to grab at her snowy white neck.

Facing such a dangerous situation for the first time, King Daxi’s face appeared a little pale. She performed a move that brought her rapidly falling back. She was not only a 59th Order spiritual-power Saint King but also an Eight-step Saint King in martial arts practice.

What shocked King Daxi, though, was no matter how fast she retreated, Zhang Ruochen’s hand seemed to stick to her like glue, becoming closer and closer.

“Mmm... Zhang-Zhang Ruochen...”

He had gotten his hands on her.

Zhang Ruochen was not getting any gentler because King Daxi was a girl. He clutched her neck like a civet biting into a prey’s throat and lifted her up. He locked his five fingers onto

the Saint Veins and Meridians around King Daxi's throat, severely limiting her Saint Qi from working properly.

“Let me go!”

“Die!”

...

Two wounded Six-Tribulation Ghost Lords lunged up from behind and struck out their ghostly weapons a hundred feet from Zhang Ruochen.

Zhang Ruochen struck out his left palm.

The shadow of a gigantic dragon lurched out, hitting the two Six-Tribulation Ghost Lords, sending them flying back out. They were crushed, and as result, suffered even more serious injuries.

“If all of you take one more step, I am going to snap her neck.”

Zhang Ruochen raised King Daxi in the air, her toes not touching the ground. Her long hair cascaded down her back, looking like an extremely beautiful ghost lady.

King Daxi waved her hands frantically, using a crystal Saint Scepter to attack him.

Bang!

Zhang Ruochen summoned his strength and smashed King Daxi to the ground, leaving a spiderweb of cracks in the ground.

King Daxi groaned in pain, her body weakening as her Saint Qi and spiritual power were crushed. She had lost the ability to fight back.

Nearby, the four wounded Six-Tribulation Ghost Lords stared at Zhang Ruochen with a grave expression.

Zhang Ruochen took out the Yi Huang Bone Scepter and struck it out. “They are all yours!”

Evil laughter rose within the Yi Huang Bone Scepter as it turned into a black skeleton, excitedly lunging toward the four

Six-Tribulation Ghost Lord.

The evil spirit's strength could now challenge that of the Greater Precept World of Nine-Step Saint Kings. Dealing with these four Six-Tribulation Ghost Lords was just a piece of cake.

Zhang Ruochen wrapped his arms around King Daxi's waist and lunged into the Tower of Flames.

Bang!

Using a Begirding Shackle to bind her up, he threw her to the ground under the impluvium.

Zhang Ruochen held the Begirding Shackle in one hand and the Ancient Abyssal Blade in another, pointing at King Daxi's forehead. "Life or death, you choose!"

There was a streak of blood in the corner of her mouth. Her delicately beautiful face was covered in dust, her eyes dead cold. "Death... Just kill me... Don't tell me you are afraid!"

Zhang Ruochen knew she was asking for death.

After all, a girl as beautiful as a fairy like her would get the most horrible humiliation in the hand of her enemy.

Death was the only way of getting away.

"Since you wish to die, I am not going to let you get it. But I am the one to decide how you are going to live. Maybe I will sell you to the vice dens in the Kunlun Realm or strip you naked and bring you before Shang Ziyan, enslaving you in the most humiliating way. How about that? Are you afraid?" said Zhang Ruochen.

He showed no mercy to his enemy.

There was a frosty look in King Daxi's eyes; it was a mix of rage and fear.

"Of course, if you surrender to me, or do me a favor, I will let you live or die with dignity."

"What is it?" asked King Daxi.

Chapter 1844 - The Tower of Flames Is Lighting Up

Chapter 1844: The Tower of Flames Is Lighting Up

The patio was at the center of the Tower of Flames, built of unknown materials. It was jade green, covered with ancient patterns of exotic beasts, weapons, herbs, and whatnot.

A divine pearl sealed the patio at the 333rd level of the Tower of Flames.

It was irregular in shape as if a ten-foot monolith. It had golden-colored metals inlay that formed the wriggling patterns, giving a mysterious feel to it.

Coming below the divine pearl, the dimension was congealed. Movement was difficult.

King Daxi stood behind Zhang Ruochen and looked in surprise. "It's a Divine Core Pearl! What a surprise to find such a treasure here!"

Chen Liuli stood at one side. "What is Divine-Core Pearl?"

King Daxi just kept mum.

She was Fairy Shadowless, most famous throughout the Celestial Court. So even though she was now a captive, she still had her pride. Why would she want to answer a question from a mere Saint?

She submitted to Zhang Ruochen because he had defeated her with his capability.

"The Divine-Core Pearl is mined from underground. It is rich with divine power and born with a large number of mysterious precepts. It is a precious treasure," said Zhang Ruochen.

"Some scholars speculate that Divine-Core Pearl is a gemstone formed by the body of an ancient god. After the body was buried, compressed by the earth, forged by the heat in the earth and nourished by the divine energy of heaven and earth and

light from the sun, moon, and stars, it became a treasured stone, the hardness of which is comparable to a supreme artifact.”

“Of course, another theory suggests that Divine-Core Pearl is life nurtured by the earth. Someday, an inborn divinity will burst out of the peal and rule over the earth.”

“This Divine Core Peal must be the inscription center of the Tower of Flames or the entire Eastern Region Sacred City.”

Zhang Ruochen found on the Divine-Core Pearl a recess that shaped exactly like the Seal of Flames. He took out the Seal of Flames and put it into the recess.

The seal matched the recess perfectly.

The flames were starting to become active on the patio.

Zhang Ruochen took three steps back and looked at King Daxi beside him. “Next, do what I say. Don’t do anything stupid. Otherwise, you are going to regret it.”

King Daxi was smart enough to know what he wanted her to do.

She had to obey because the consequence was not something she could afford.

She could only roll with the punches while thinking of a strategy to turn the tables and escape. She did not think that Zhang Ruochen would let her go after she helped him activate the Tower of Flames.

However, Zhang Ruochen had instructed Chen Liuli to take away all her gadgets and sealed her Saint Veins and Meridians with an occult technique.

It was impossible for King Daxi to rely on her spiritual power to get away.

Zhang Ruochen removed the seal to King Daxi’s spiritual power. “Infuse your spiritual power into the Divine-Core Pearl, activate the Tower of Flames, and control the ancient inscription.”

King Daxi's perception instantly became clear; she could sense the physical structure and the precepts of heaven and earth in the surroundings.

She moved her slender fingers. "You are overconfident, don't you think so, Zhang Ruochen? Do you really think I couldn't fight back with only my spiritual power?"

"Well, you can try," said Zhang Ruochen.

It was not his first time meeting King Daxi. He knew her ability very well.

The only thing that surprised Zhang Ruochen was her cultivation base in the Nine-Step Saint Kingdom.

King Daxi could probably challenge a Nine-Step Saint King of the Precepts of Heaven and Earth with her martial arts alone. If not for Zhang Ruochen's breakthrough in Path of Dimension and usage of a Dimensional Grappling, he might not be able to apprehend her.

King Daxi's spiritual power was potent, but she depended heavily on attacking the Saint Souls and controlling the ghosts. As long as Zhang Ruochen killed all the ghosts around her, and coupled with his powerful Saint Soul, she would not pose a threat.

Just like Gu Songzi, who had high spiritual power and expert in alchemy, was helpless in front of a One-Step Saint King.

If not for King Daxi encountering Zhang Ruochen, she could have defeated any fighters of the Precept Domain.

Spiritual power had some inevitable weaknesses.

This was the reason when Zhang Ruochen practiced martial arts, he did not choose to specialize in spiritual power.

King Daxi hesitated for a long while and gave up at last. Following Zhang Ruochen's instruction, she struck out her right-hand fingers, and a mighty spiritual power rushed out at the Divine-Core Pearl.

A golden glow emanated from the golden metal inside the Divine-Core Pearl.

Following immediately, a large number of mysterious patterns that looked like tadpole text appeared and moved on the Divine-Core Pearl's surface.

The flames in the patio became larger and rose higher.

The flames lit up the first level of Tower of Flames.

Following immediately, the second level lit up.

Then, the third level was also illuminated. At this time, a large number of ancient inscriptions appeared on the wall in the patio.

The ancient inscriptions started to spread in all directions from the Tower of Flames, and before long, it engulfed the entire Eastern Sacred City.

The cultivators in the city looked up and saw a light shield above the clouds.

Shadows of divine beasts were forming in the clouds and emanating powerful energy. They were winged dragons, gray wolves, golden pythons, and many others. The entire Eastern Region Holy City seemed to have traveled back to ancient times.

It did not take long before the fourth, fifth, and sixth level of the Tower of Flames lit up too.

There were more ancient inscriptions activated, and the air exuded by those shadows of the divine beasts became even more terrifying.

Meanwhile, at the sea, Mr. Shenya, Murong Yefeng, and Jiang Yunchong had stopped fighting and retreated to three different directions.

The array master was so powerful that even Murong Yefeng had to join hands with Jiang Yunchong and use the Cauldron of the Nine Phoenixes to rival him.

“This is great! It seems that King Daxi has made it; she has activated the ancient inscriptions. Eastern Region Holy City is under our control now. You two had better run!” Mr. Shenya stroke his long beard, his moodiness disappeared instantly.

Facing the frenzied attack of Murong Yefeng and Jiang Yunchong, Mr. Shenya had performed all his skills and barely stopped their advances.

If the battle continued, there was no telling what would happen.

But now, the die was cast.

Mr. Shenya began to think about how he was going to get rid of Murong Yefeng and Jiang Yunchong and send the Kunlun Realm into eternal doom.

“Are you sure it is your people that control the ancient inscriptions?” asked Murong Yefeng.

A triumphant smile spread across Mr. Shenya’s face. “You need at least 59-order spiritual power to drive the ancient inscription of Eastern Region Holy City.”

“Except for me and King Daxi, where do you find any other 59-order spiritual-power cultivators in Eastern Region Holy City? Even if you can find one, you don’t know where to find the ancient inscriptions.”

“Not good!” Murong Yefeng and Jiang Yunchong’s hearts skipped a beat.

...

There were 200,000 elite soldiers stationed in the principal city of Eastern Region Holy City, and the protection of the Nine Stratum Array left behind by the Chen ancestors. It was impregnable and one of the most secure areas of Eastern Region Holy City.

A city that even the Supreme Saints found it hard to take down was now reduced to a ruin. Thousands died and blood was dyeing the earth red.

Beautiful palaces went up in flames, engulfed in fire and black smoke.

Some Chen disciples were immobilized and kneeling on the ground. Some were stabbed to death and nailed on the walls with blood splattering all over the place. Some had formed a

Joint-Attack Array and were struggling to resist the Saint-level fighters.

Mr. Shenya and others had been planning for this for a long time. Before the Chen Clan knew it, he had sent fighters infiltrating the royal court of the Eastern Region. With the collusion of the insiders, he successfully breached the Nine Stratum Array protecting the city.

Battle cries, screams of agony, voices of pleading combined to form a mournful song. There were three Precept-Domain fighters attacking the East Region Sacred City; each of them was akin to a demon. They hid in the dark and never revealed their true identities.

Apparently, they were not ordinary beings. They did not want to be identified.

Yet, when they struck, the gigantic palm could kill an army of cultivators at once.

Many forces in the Eastern Region Sacred City were coming to help, but the Precept-Domain fighter hiding in the dark ambushed them, killing nearly all of them with bodies piled up like mountains.

Other than the three Precept-Domain fighters, there were the Goers, Comers, and many more Nine-Step Saint Kings.

Without the protection of the Cosmic-orbit and the Nine Stratum Arrays, any Nine-Step Saint King could easily defeat the Chen Clan.

Nevertheless, Mr. Shenya had been taking serious precaution by sending a dozen Nine-Step Saint Kings, who were escorted by three mysterious Precept-Domain fighters. He was determined to wipe out the royal court of the Eastern Region.

There was a mountain about 100 miles from the principal city of Eastern-Region Sacred City.

Right now, the Fairy of Chutian, Butcher, and Fool[1] were standing at the top of the mountain, overlooking the battlefield in the distance.

Fool shook his head and sighed. “Why is there no one mediating? Where are the Emissaries Vigilant?”

The Fairy of Chutian seemed nonchalant. “Mr. Shenya has a solid backing of the Celestial Palace. Since he is determined to conquer Eastern Region Sacred City, he must have paid off the Emissaries Vigilant.”

“Justice for the weak is just an illusion. Only power can secure justice. It all boils down to the lack of powerful figures in the Kunlun Realm,” said Butcher.

“Imagine if Yan Wushen were a Kunlun cultivator; those buggers would not have dared to come to the Kunlun Realm with unbridled brutality.”

Fool quickly pressed his hand on his chest. “Stop mentioning Yan Wushen. My heart can’t take it! If not for the four heavenly kings of the Celestial Palace, I would not have dared to come to the Kunlun Realm.”

“Unfortunately, the War of Merits in the Kunlun Realm has come a little too early. If it were to happen a few years later, maybe they could—”

Before she could finish her sentence, she felt the Saint Qi of Heaven and Earth shake and quickly looked up at the sky.

[1] Formerly translated as Dumbo

Chapter 1845 - Frenzied Killing

Chapter 1845: Frenzied Killing

Chen Yin, the prince of Eastern Region, was holding a bloody halberd, standing on the top of a crumbling mountain. He was injured after a bloody battle.

He scanned around. Everywhere he looked, there were tragic scenes of bodies and blood.

Most of the surviving Demi Saints and saints in the royal court of the Eastern Region were severely wounded. The Saint Bodies of some were on the verge of collapse.

The Saint cultivators, led by the Wayfarer and the Drifter were dressed in black robes. Their bodies and faces were shrouded by black mist.

Apparently, they did not want to be identified and leave behind any evidence to prevent being summoned before the Celestial Court and the Fane of Merits.

Black shadows were standing under the mountain. They did not continue their attack.

There was a hint of wariness in their eyes.

Earlier, Chen Yin had used a talisman to form a Light of Slaughter, killing a Nine-Step Saint King.

Light of Slaughter was so horrible that even figures as powerful as the Wayfarer and the Drifter had no confidence to counteract it.

The talisman was passed down by the ancient ancestors of the Chen Clan. It was one of the fundamentals of the Chen clan, and these fundamentals were slowly being exhausted with each use.

Hua Cangying was flicking his white bone fan slowly as he stood like a gentleman in midair. "You will only bring extermination to the Chen clan by continuing resisting, Chen

Yin. Why don't you hand over the Four-Nine Mystic Arts, and we will spare your life as well as the Chen Clan?"

Chen Yin burst into laughter. "Spare our lives? You really think I am so naïve and will buy your crap? Let me tell you, you won't be able to exterminate the Chen clan. Even if I die, someone will revenge my death!"

"Pigheaded!"

A bald man, standing at nine feet tall, hissed. "Bring up the direct disciples of the Chen Clan. I am going to eat them alive in front of this prince of Eastern Region."

As per his instruction, dozens of Chen Clan's direct disciples were brought in front of the bald man.

The bald man's cultivation base was no less powerful than the Wayfarer and the Drifter. This overpowering air of mightiness was forcing those direct disciples to kneel on the ground.

As the bald man shrieked, an ugly water chestnut grew on his head and became a beastly head the size of a millstone.

The beast head stretched out above those Chen Clan's direct disciples, baring its fangs with a horribly bloody smell coming out of its mouth.

A young disciple of the Chen Clan became so afraid that he shivered and cried. "Help me, my Prince. I don't want to die yet..."

Chen Yin looked furious. "All of you will pay for all this!" he roared.

But his protest sounded too weak and ineffective.

The nine-foot-tall half-human, half-beast being bit at the skull of that disciple, shook it before wolfing it down his neck.

It was a bloody scene.

"I will kill you!"

A Saint from the Chen Clan lunged out at the half-human, half-beast being despite Chen Yin had tried to stop him.

As he leaped into the air, his body ignited with golden crack lines appearing on his skin.

“A lower-rank Saint self-destructs the Sainthood source? Do you really think this suicide attack works? Dream on!”

The half-human, half-beast sneered, then summoned a silverish white bangle and hit that Saint from the Chen Clan, shattering his body.

The energy released from the shattered Saint Body changed direction and hit the direct disciples of the Chen Clan.

Boom, boom!

Those direct disciples were obliterated in a series of explosions, leaving behind a cloud of blood mist in the air.

Huo Cangying smiled and shook his head. “This is horrible! But you made your choice.”

Chen Yin’s eyes were bloodshot. He clenched his fists so hard that his fingers dug into his flesh and blood oozed out. He had never been this enraged since he became the prince of the Eastern Region. He was going to kill every enemy in front of his eyes, whatever it took.

But he could not because his enemy was too powerful for him.

A rumble came all of a sudden as the Saint Qi and Precepts of Heaven and Earth shook violently.

Ancient inscriptions that looked like a spider web emerged from the ground beneath the palace of the prince of the Eastern Region.

The Wayfarer; the Drifter; half-human, half-beast being; Hua Cangying, and others were shocked. They quickly summoned their Saint Armors and robes to protect their bodies.

Then came Hua Cangying’s laughter. “Don’t worry, all of you. Mr. Godcliff must have been the one who triggered the ancient inscriptions. The Eastern Region Holy City is in our—”

Pang!

A bolt of lightning from heaven struck the head of Hua Cangying and pulverized him.

This Nine-Step Saint King died instantly. Even his protective Saint Robe had been turned to ashes.

The only thing left of him was his broken white-bone fan. It dropped to the ground and went up in black smoke.

The other cultivators were quaking in their boots.

How could this be happening?

“Could it be that the person controlling the ancient inscriptions isn’t Mr. Godcliff?” When those Saint-level cultivators attacking the palace of Eastern Region thought of this, their hearts sank, knowing that something was wrong.

On the other hand, the cultivators of the Eastern Region palace were overjoyed.

“It must be Lord AncestoYuhua who lights up the Tower of Flames and activates the ancient inscriptions. That’s great! Kill them all!”

“With the activation of the ancient inscriptions, all enemies are doomed.”

...

Right then, a majestic Saint Tower appeared above the Eastern Region Holy City.

Zhang Ruochen stood on top of the tower, overlooking the boundless land below. The terrains of Eastern Region Holy City looked like a map in his field of vision.

At the moment, he seemed to be above all the living beings.

When the other cultivators on the ground looked up at the Saint Tower, they were all surprised to see a small shadow of what appeared to be a human on top of the tower.

“It-It is Zhang Ruochen!”

Someone exclaimed when his keen eyes saw it was Zhang Ruochen.

“It’s him! Isn’t that Saint Tower under his feet the legendary Tower of Flames?”

“Zhang Ruochen is a cultivator from the Kunlun Realm. Since he has come, he is not going to allow any foreign cultivators to keep doing whatever they want in the Eastern Region Holy City.”

“Zhang Ruochen used to be my schoolmate in the Saint School of Eastern Region. We were in the same faculty.”

The Drifter and the Wayfarer exchanged a look.

They made their moves at the same time.

The Drifter spat out a purple glow from his mouth. Inside the purple glow was a fusiform sacred artifact.

Layers of sacred-power light wave burst out of the surface of the fusiform sacred artifact.

In a matter of just three breaths, the layers of lightwave had reached seven when the full strength of the Seventh Radiance burst out of the fusiform sacred artifact.

The Wayfarer clapped his hands together in a finger gesture, then he pointed it outward.

It was Xiaokuntun Finger, an Intermediate Saint technique that had over 100,000 precepts of the fingers infused in it.

The power of the ancient inscriptions materialized in the void, forming into two shadows of three- or four-foot-long golden pythons. Two golden pythons flew out and clashed with the fusiform sacred artifact and finger light of the Buddha’s Path.

The collision sent the fusiform sacred artifact shaking and crashing to the ground, shattering the seven-layer light waves.

Meanwhile, the finger light of the intermediate Saint technique turned into golden light particles.

But the two golden pythons did not disappear. They flew down from heaven to attack the Drifter and the Wayfarer.

“Zhang Ruochen can control the ancient inscriptions?”

“Fall back! The ancient inscriptions are unstoppable!”

The Drifter and the Wayfarer’s faces changed. They summoned their best defense technique and tried to dodge the

two shadows of the golden pythons as quickly as possible.

Boom!

Boom!

Two earth-shattering loud booms rose from the palace of Eastern Region, followed by two mushroom clouds rising in the air and a shock wave of the Saint Power ravaging the land.

The right half of the Drifter's body was gone. It was lucky for him because he still kept his head, which meant he could still live.

The lower half of the Wayfarer's body was smashed into mincemeat from the waist down.

“Zhang Ruochen has control over the ancient inscription. Kill him, or all of us will die in Eastern Region Holy City.” The Drifter shouted as he fled out of the Eastern Region palace.

The ancient inscriptions quickly gathered above the palace of the Eastern Region, becoming a storm vortex formed by the astral wind.

Each gust of astral wind was sharper than the Saint Blade.

The astral wind came down at high speed toward the half-human, half-beast Nine-Step Saint King. It brought out a silverish white bangle to form a silverish light curtain to protect itself.

Yet, the curtain could only withstand the blow for a moment before the astral wind penetrated it.

“How is this possible?”

The Saint Body of the half-human, half-beast being was ripped apart, turning into a cloud of blood mist. Even its bones were crushed to ashes.

The astral vortex kept going and moved toward the other Saint-level cultivators. Whoever got sucked into the vortex, their bodies would pulverize, no matter how high their cultivation base was.

In just a matter of moment, a dozen Saint-level cultivators had died in the astral vortex.

“How dare you!”

A three-hundred-foot-long blood palm struck down from the clouds, breaking the astral vortex.

It was a mysterious, powerful figure, whose strength was in the region of Precept Domain.

This person stood in the cloud, so it was hard to tell his appearance. His four large vampire wings were the only features of him vaguely visible.

Tornado formed when the vampire wings flapped.

“Who is he?” asked Zhang Ruochen.

King Daxi bit her lips and did not answer.

“Is it that difficult to do something for me? You have killed so many Saint-level cultivators of the Celestial Court. What secret couldn’t you talk about?” said Zhang Ruochen.

King Daxi gritted her teeth and glared at him.

Zhang Ruochen was a demon in her eyes, as he was slowly bringing her deeper into the abyss.

Zhang Ruochen must have recorded the scene of her manipulating the ancient inscriptions to the Saint-level fighters of the Celestial Court. Even if she could get away, she would have difficulty in shaking off his control.

Zhang Ruochen was slowly opening a scroll in his hand.

King Daxi had guessed it correctly; Zhang Ruochen had indeed recorded the scene.

Her ample bosom heaved quickly, then she finally compromised. “He is Tian Chen, a previous-generation four-winged Scarlet Angel of the Fane of Bloody War. His cultivation base has reached the level of Greater Precept World.”

“You fought the current-gen Four-winged Scarlet Angel before; you should know how badass they are.”

“Tian Chen’s cultivation may not have reached the realm of Precept Domain yet, but he has defeated Xie Canghai of the

Precept Domain realm before. So you cannot afford to offend a figure like him.”

Chapter 1846 - Spellbreaker

Chapter 1846: Spellbreaker

Once every one hundred years, the Fane of Bloody War would select ten best fighters and nurture them into Scarlet Angels.

Scarlet Angels cultivated the Blood Valiant War Portrait, the greatest fighting technique of the Fane of Bloody War that was listed in the

Taiyi Divine Techniques Rank

. Anyone who cultivated this technique would have their combat strength surpassing the other cultivators of the same realm.

Besides, the Scarlet Angels of the Fane of Bloody War had an opportunity to cultivate in the Celestial Domain of Truth and gain insight into the Precepts of Truth.

It was exactly the reason Tian Chen was still more powerful than many cultivators of Precept Domain despite not cultivating Precept Domain himself.

Due to the deep hatred between the Fane of Bloody War and Zhang Ruochen, Tian Chen could not wait to kill Zhang Ruochen the moment they met.

Tian Chen spread out his four vampire wings as if four blood clouds that blocked off heaven and earth.

He flapped the vampire wings, lifting off into the clouds to attack Zhang Ruochen standing on top of the Tower of Flames.

All the cultivators from the Golden Rainbow Continent could sense the Saintly might of Tian Chen. The cultivators from the Kunlun Realm were worried about Zhang Ruochen, despite knowing that he had mastered the ancient inscriptions.

After all, only a small part of the ancient inscriptions had been activated; Zhang Ruochen might not be invincible.

Did those foreign cultivators not defeat the Nine Stratum Array of the palace of the Eastern Region?

Seeing the four blood clouds approaching from below, Zhang Ruochen looked at King Daxi. “With my current cultivation base, I am indeed no match for a figure like Tian Chen. But you can, right?”

King Daxi’s beautiful almond eyes looked coldly at Zhang Ruochen.

She knew he wanted to use her to defeat Tian Chen. If she used the ancient inscription to kill Tian Chen, it would be a road of no return for her because the Heavenly Realm and the Fane of Bloody War would definitely hunt her down.

Tian Chen was not a character like Hua Cangying.

If he dies, the Fane of Bloody War will want my head on a platter.

Yet, Zhang Ruochen merely looked her in the eye. “Tian Chen is about to breach the ancient inscription. What are you waiting for?”

King Daxi stared at Zhang Ruochen for a long while, then finally performed her spiritual power to operate the Divine-Core Pearl.

“Spellbreaker!”

Tian Chen formed a finger seal with his hands, then a Shenwu Mark of Time and Dimension appeared and rapidly spun on his forehead.

Shooting out of his forehead was a streak of blood-red light.

There were dozens of types of precept tangling together in the blood-red light, puncturing the ancient inscriptions one layer after another.

“Not good! Spellbreaker is a powerful intermediate Saint Technique in the Blood Valiant War Portrait. The ancient inscription of the Eastern Region Holy City may have problems stopping it. Should we give Zhang Ruochen a hand, Maiden?”

Most cultivators could only use a single precept in their intermediate Saint Technique.

For example, an intermediate Saint Palm Technique could only combine with the precepts of the palm to produce an ideal increase in strength.

The more precepts of the palm were infused, the more powerful the Saint Technique.

However, Spellbreaker could infuse multiple precepts, and the level of power it produced far surpassed other intermediate Saint Techniques.

The Fairy of Tianchu shook her head slightly. “Some deity must have left behind this ancient inscription of Eastern Region Holy City. Only a part of it has been activated, but it is not what Tian Chen could defeat. What makes me curious is, with the spiritual-power strength of Zhang Ruochen, he couldn’t have activated the tower. Who is he getting help from?”

The Fairy of Chutian would never have thought it was King Daxi who helped Zhang Ruochen against people from the Heavenly Realm.

If the cultivators from the Heavenly Realm saw this, they would go bananas.

In the clouds, an astral vortex was building up to an even more massive scale than last time.

The blood-red lights from the astral vortex and Tian Chen’s forehead collided in a loud rumble, the entire sky turning red.

The astral vortex had stopped Spellbreaker and was pressing down slowly.

“I can’t believe this!”

The expression on Tian Chen’s face turned grave, knowing that he mostly could not defeat the ancient inscription with him alone. He quickly contacted the other two Precept Domain-class fighters through telepathy.

“Let’s join hands to defeat the ancient inscription. We could only control Eastern Region Holy City if we control that

tower.”

The other two Precept Domain-class fighters came out of their stealthy state from the void.

One of them had hundreds of white chains floating around him, forming into a giant sphere of ten thousand feet across. He stood in the middle of the sphere, wearing fine clothes with an extraordinarily polished look.

However, due to his position inside the sphere, no one at the scene could see his face clearly.

The other fighter had a relatively weaker sense of presence. He stood on the ground with a demonic air on his body. He had five white tails floating in the demonic air.

“They are Jueyan Hu from the Shengze Realm and Si Han from the Soul Realm,” said King Daxi before Zhang Ruochen asked this time.

“Soul Realm?”

King Daxi was the pride of the Soul Realm. She was a new-generation leader.

Si Han, however, was not of the new-generation cultivator. He was much more senior than King Daxi.

“Si Han and I are from the Soul Realm, but we don’t really know each other. I guess you don’t know every single cultivator from the Kunlun and Guanghan Realms, do you?” King Daxi tried to ease Zhang Ruochen’s suspicion.

“Perish the thought of getting away.” Zhang Ruochen did not answer her directly.

While he spoke, he put his hand on King Daxi’s shoulder, sending fiery Saint Qi into her body to infiltrate her Saint Veins and Meridians.

That fiery Saint Qi was Divine Purification Flame, which he cultivated by combining the power of the Fire God’s Gauntlet and the crimson inscription of Yanshen’s Leg.

The flaming Saint Qi turned into tiny winged flaming bugs that were as small as light particles, and they resided in King

Daxi's various Saint Veins and Meridians.

The flaming bugs had even entered her Sea of Qi and Saint Heart through her Saint Meridians and Veins. That way, Zhang Ruochen could burn her to ashes with just the will of his mind.

Even if she escaped and tried to get rid of the flaming bugs inside her, the flaming bugs would attack her from the inside and wipe out all her cultivation base the moment she tried to do that.

“You-You are horrible, Zhang Ruochen!” King Daxi was shivering slightly.

“Horrible? Wasn't it horrible when you used Qing Jin's Saint Soul to possess my body?”

At first, King Daxi was still thinking about pushing her luck; if she yielded to his demand temporarily, she might find a chance to escape later or even kill him when he let down his guard.

However, Zhang Ruochen was too careful. She did not get the chance. Instead, she was falling into his trap.

This man was definitely Shang Ziyan's formidable foe. For the first time, she felt that the biggest mistake she ever made was previously underestimating Zhang Ruochen.

...

On the sea.

Mr. Godcliff's expression did not look too good. In fact, he was furious.

At first, he thought with the skills of an array master and the help from Canghai, Jueyan Hu, and the others, taking Eastern Region Holy City would just be a piece of cake.

But in reality, things had not been going as he had wished.

Jiang Yunchong laughed. “It looks like the person who controls the ancient inscription is a cultivator from our Kunlun Realm. Why don't you join the Kunlun Realm and you may live, who knows?”

Mr. Godcliff hissed. “In the principal city of the Eastern Region palace, there are three elite fighters whose strength

rivalled that of the Precept Domain-class cultivators. If Zhang Ruochen wants to get to me, he will have to go through them first, and all of you will be dead before that.”

Mr. Godcliff knew how powerful the ancient inscription was. Tian Chen, Si Han, and Jueyan Hu could only hold Zhang Ruochen back for just a while. He was the only one who could rival the ancient inscription.

So he must get rid of Jiang Yunchong and Murong Yefeng as quickly as possible.

A battle broke out on the sea once again. It was even more brutal than last time, and beneath them, the sea rose as great mountains.

Above the principal city of Eastern Region palace, the ancient inscription formed a dense web of sword qi in the air to attack Tian Chen, Si Han, and Jueyan Hu.

The Sword Qi was so sharp that one of Jueyan Hu’s tails was cut off when coming into contact, and he bled profusely.

Tian Chen was wearing a divine legacy, ancient artifact-class blood armor. He broke through the sword qi and quickly approached Zhang Ruochen above the clouds. That blood armor, once fully activated, seemed to increase his combat strength by multiple folds.

“The ancient inscription won’t stop me, Zhang Ruochen. Be prepared to die!” Tian Chen roared.

On top of the Tower of Flames, Chen Liuli half-crouched with his hands covering his ears to protect them from Chen Tian’s roar. He looked in extreme pain.

Zhang Ruochen took out his Azuresky Bow and shot out a Whitesun Arrow.

It hit Tian Chen’s chest with a massive amount of impact sparks.

The blood armor had stopped the Whitesun Arrow. Tian Chen’s body had only jolted a bit and completely neutralized the energy of the arrow.

“You couldn’t even shake me a bit even if I stand on the spot —”

Tian Chen’s expression collapsed as he plunged all of a sudden.

Just a second earlier, his strength started to leave his body. A strong sense of frailty hit him, spreading throughout his body and giving him a horrible feeling.

“Some-Something is wrong with that arrow!”

Tian Chen finally realized that he had been too careless.

With his level of alertness, he should have dodged the Whitesun Arrow and not let it hit him.

The Mark of Time on the Whitesun Arrow could shorten a cultivator’s life. Tian Chen did not even bother to parry the attack. It just showed how overly confident he was. He did not even treat Zhang Ruochen as a worthy opponent.

Zhang Ruochen glared at King Daxi. “You better dial up the attack. Otherwise, I promise I will strip you naked and throw you down from here. I am sure those cultivators will scramble to lay their hands on you.”

“You jerk!”

But King Daxi knew very well that Zhang Ruochen was desperate and in a life-and-death situation. If she overplayed her hand, he could do anything.

So she decided not to mess with him and drove the ancient inscription as hard as possible.

A dozen shadows of divine beast formed and hit Tian Chen head-on, crushing him to the ground.

After enduring a series of attacks, Tian Chen was badly wounded, if not dead. He would not have the ability to counterattack for now.

One down, two to go.

Shadows of the divine beasts, astral vortex, and lightning struck Si Han and Jueyan Hu repeatedly. Jueyan Hu, being the

weaker one, lost all five of his tails, his demonic body mutilated with bones exposed.

Sensing death was coming to him, his blood ran cold, and he was thinking of fleeing.

Just when he thought so, the horizon lit up as seven stars appeared accompanied by a powerful charisma.

Mr. Godcliff stood on one of the stars and rapidly went toward the Tower of Flames.

“Mr. Godcliff has arrived. Zhang Ruochen could not no longer do whatever he wanted.”

“It was Mr. Godcliff who restored the ancient inscription. He must have something up his sleeve. Let’s see how Zhang Ruochen will meet his end.”

The cultivators of the Heavenly Realm were overjoyed. They gritted their teeth, eager to see how Mr. Godcliff would rip Zhang Ruochen into pieces.

They could not have hated Zhang Ruochen more. He was against them, causing tremendous damages and killing many of their elites.

Chapter 1847 - The Stage Is Set

Chapter 1847: The Stage Is Set

Zhang Ruochen's heart sank when he saw seven Divine Planets and Mr. Godcliff flying toward him.

At first, he thought of fighting a quick battle by tackling the crisis in the Eastern Region palace to prevent Jueyan Hu and others from controlling the Great Orbital Array, then only would he go to help Murong Yefeng and Jiang Yunchong kill Mr. Godcliff.

However, Mr. Godcliff's combat strength was beyond Zhang Ruochen's expectation. Murong Yefeng and Jiang Yunchong had failed to hold him back.

There was a fleeting sense of delight in King Daxi's eyes.

"It was Mr. Godcliff who restored the ancient inscription of Eastern Region Holy City with a group of array masters. Don't blame me for not giving my best if he defeats the ancient inscription," said King Daxi.

"Stop dreaming of Mr. Godcliff will come to your rescue. It is still unknown if he could reach the Tower of Flames."

Zhang Ruochen looked down at the city below, from where shot out a sacred saber. The brilliant light of the saber left behind a trail of afterimage as it slashing toward Mr. Godcliff sideways.

That saber belonged to Butcher.

It emanated the power of the Supreme Saint as if it was going to slash heaven and earth in half.

"There are elites of the Precept Domain in the Kunlun Realm?"

Mr. Godcliff's face sank when he saw the incoming saber. He summoned a Divine Planet to clash head-on with the saber.

At the same time, Dumbo performed a giant palm. At one-thousand-foot-long and woven with precepts, the palm turned into a palm-shaped mountain, crushing down on Mr. Godcliff.

“They are not from the Kunlun Realm. It is them. Tianchu Civilization is sticking its nose where it doesn’t belong. They are asking for trouble.”

Mr. Godcliff could not remain calm. Anger boiled within him. He struck out a Divine Planet to crush the palm-shaped mountain, then flung another two at the Tower of Flames and the Fairy of Chutian and others.

Layers of protective light shields appeared on the Tower of Flames’ surface with dense inscriptions flowing on it.

Boom!

The energy released from the Divine Planets was equal to what an asteroid impacted the earth. The light shield was just as good as it was not there.

“Mr. Godcliff is terrific!”

Zhang Ruochen summoned the Azuresky Pagoda with all his might.

Not that he was afraid that the Divine Planet would destroy the Tower of Flames. He was worried that the impact would affect the normal operation of the Tower of Flames. Even if it just stopped for a second, the consequences could be disastrous.

The Azuresky Pagoda spun slowly. It grew as large as a mountain, then collided with the incoming Divine Planet.

The energy released from the collision destroyed all the buildings on the ground.

Zhang Ruochen grabbed the Azuresky Pagoda as it flew back to him. But he lost control of his body and crashed into the wall of the tower.

King Daxi had been quietly observing Zhang Ruochen. Seeing that he was only suffering from a minor injury, she looked disappointed.

Zhang Ruochen had intercepted the Divine Planet and bought him some precious time.

Murong Yefeng and Jiang Yunchong caught up with and intercepted Mr. Godcliff.

“Six Harmonies of Heaven and Earth: Resplendent Radiance!”

Jiang Yunchong was going all out, releasing his Sainthood Source outside his body so it hovered above his head.

At that moment, the Saint Qi and Precepts of the Sainthood Sources rushed toward the six holy cities and coalesced with the six bodies of the Supreme Saints, successfully suppressed six out of the seven Divine Planets.

Obviously, that was strenuous for Jiang Yunchong. He looked paler and paler, and he was not going to hold up for very long.

“Nine Phoenixes Out of Void!”

Murong Yefeng was also stressing himself to the max. He summoned his strength and his arms burst open with two loud booms. All that was left of his arms were bones.

The blood from his arms turned into two clouds of blood mist and rushed into the Nine-Phoenix Cauldron.

Heaven and earth dimmed instantly as clouds gathered. The Nine-Phoenix Cauldron was suspended in the air, releasing depressive Supreme-Power shock waves that could suffocate the Saint Kings.

Mr. Godcliff’s expression changed, and he quickly yanked out thirteen talismans.

The talismans were valuable. Each one could stop an attack of the Supreme Saint. He would not have used it if not for his life was in threat.

His use of all thirteen talismans at the same time showed how frightened Mr. Godcliff was as if a Supreme Saint was pursuing him.

Nine phoenixes flew out of the Nine-Phoenix Cauldron, circled around it for a while before attacking Mr. Godcliff.

His first talisman shattered, turning into a 1,000-foot-long, 70-foot-thick shield to clash with the Nine-Phoenix Cauldron.

Bang! Bang! Bang!

After three collisions, the shield exploded into pieces.

Mr. Godcliff immediately shattered a second talisman, turning it into another shield.

“Kill Zhang Ruochen. Destroy the ancient inscription!” Mr. Godcliff roared.

Si Han, Jueyan Hu, and other Saint cultivators sensed the seriousness of the situation. They realized they would only have a chance of victory only if they killed Zhang Ruochen and got rid of the ancient inscription.

Si Han, who was standing in the center of the chain sphere, lunged toward the Tower of Flames.

Zhang Ruochen shot out a Whitesun Arrow. But before the arrow could get near to Si Han, a chain struck it away.

Jueyan Hu held the fragment of a supreme artifact to attack the Tower of Flames from another direction.

Due to his injury, though, his combat strength was only slightly better than a Nine-Step Saint King of the Greater Precept World. Defeating the ancient inscription was not an easy task for him.

A thin streak of light suddenly rose from the ground into the air, penetrating the bodies of five Saint cultivators.

The light vibrated for a second, and the five Saint cultivators cried out, their bodies burst into chunks the size of a palm before plunging to the ground.

That streak of light was actually a sword.

“Rain Sword! How dare you intervene, Luoji! Aren’t you afraid of getting yourself into great trouble?” Jueyan Hu recognized that sword that looked like a streak of light. He knew who was the owner of the sword.

“Why should I? It is not like I am intervening in the Heavenly Realm’s business for the first time.”

The Fairy of Chutian held the Rain Sword in her hand and charged at Jueyan Hu at once. Her sword qi engulfed Jueyan Hu like a net, keeping him busy so he would not have time to attack the Tower of Flames.

Zhang Ruochen glanced at the Fairy of Chutian, his lips curling up in a smile.

He could not help but admit that this Fairy of Chutian was full of stamina, and she was gutsy enough to make the Heavenly Realm her enemy. Besides, she had a strong sense of amity. It was probably because she wanted to return the favor that she intervened.

But it was not clear if she had a crush on Zhang Ruochen.

He knew very well that with his current cultivation base; he was no match for Si Han. So he took out and opened up the Secret Tome of Time and Space.

Multiple dimensions appeared and engulfed the Tower of Flames.

“Dimensional Rift!”

“Dimensional Collapse!”

“Dimensional Vortex!”

...

Using the

Secret Tome of Time and Space

, Zhang Ruochen struck out his Dimensional techniques to attack Si Han.

He wanted to buy some time, even though he knew he could not stop Si Han.

As soon as Murong Yefeng and Jiang Yunchong killed Mr. Godcliff, he would have victory in his hands. Right now, both sides were pulling out all the stops to see who could last longer.

Bang, bang!

Si Han's combat strength was way above that of the ordinary Precept Domain-level Saint Kings. He dodged the dense dimensional attacks and came to the edge of the multi-dimensions.

"Defeat it!"

Thirty-six chains flew out of the chain sphere. They tangled and formed into a single long steel chain, breaking through the multi-dimensions to attack Zhang Ruochen.

"Not good!"

Zhang Ruochen immediately performed a Dimensional Shift, moving to the side to dodge the chain attack.

But he was still one step too late.

The shock waves from the chain hit him, leaving behind a wound in his abdomen. His Armor of Word had sunk into his skin because of the blow.

The Armor of Word's defense was still a little too weak and ineffective during the battle with the Precept Domain-level fighter.

Luckily, there is the Divine Mark's protection to neutralize nine-tenths of Si Han's attack. Otherwise, my body would have been cut in half.

Zhang Ruochen quickly got back to his feet and ready to counterattack. But he saw that the thirty-six chains had caught King Daxi's body and rescued her from the Tower of Flames.

King Daxi and Zhang Ruochen's eyes met as they were getting farther and farther apart.

Right now, Zhang Ruochen could have commanded the flaming bugs in King Daxi's body to burn her to ashes. But at this moment, a thousand thoughts flashed across his mind; he did not activate the flaming bug's attack at last.

The escape of King Daxi might be a blessing in disguise.

First, it was not easy to get rid of the flaming bugs inside her body. This was one way Zhang Ruochen controlled her.

Second, King Daxi had used the ancient inscription to kill many cultivators from the Heavenly Realm. He had all this recorded. This was another way that Zhang Ruochen could use to control her.

Besides, he had also taken away those treasures from King Daxi.

Some items were very important to her.

She would definitely want to get it back, and she would have no choice but to compromise.

She thought she could just escape that way?

Escape was only a temporary relief. When Zhang Ruochen's cultivation base improved again, when he could crush her with his actual strength, she would learn what hopelessness meant.

But right now, Zhang Ruochen would be her nightmare.

She would be afraid of her own shadow as long as Zhang Ruochen was still alive.

Without King Daxi, the flames started to die out.

The ancient inscription covering the entire Eastern Region Holy City started to fade away.

Si Han revealed his true face. He was handsome, with sharp facial features and a pair of frosty eyes. "Your Highness, how would you like Zhang Ruochen to die?"

Before King Daxi said anything, a loud boom was heard in the distance.

Under the intense attack of Murong Yefeng, the Nine-Phoenix Cauldron had destroyed Mr. Godcliff's thirteen talismans. He was badly wounded and the seven Divine Planets plunged to the earth.

The battle took an about-turn.

Murong Yefeng was covered in blood. He carried the burning Nine-Phoenix Cauldron and lunged toward the Tower of Flames. "Over my dead body if you want to hurt His Highness the Prince! I will anyone who tries to do that!" he roared.

Murong Yefeng's cultivation base was far higher than that of Si Han. With a supreme artifact in hand, he could easily kill anyone he wanted.

Nothing much could be done now with the defeat of Mr. Godcliff. No way Si Han was going to continue the fight.

His priority now was to keep himself alive and flee Eastern Region Holy City, not killing Zhang Ruochen.

Chapter 1848 - Holding Your Head Up High

Chapter 1848: Holding Your Head Up High

The chains spun with a loud howl as they shrouded Si Han and King Daxi, carrying them into the air, turning into a streak of light to break free from the Eastern Region Holy City's atmosphere.

Murong Yefeng gave chase, fading into a black dot and disappearing into the clouds.

Mr. Godcliff's condition was so frail now that he was weaker than many martial-art demi-saints.

He was badly wounded from the last battle. Half of his head was crushed, and his skull was exposed. Saint Path Power penetrated his abdomen, shattering his organs. He was bleeding and wretched.

What made things worse was, he suffered trauma to his saint heart, from which his spiritual power was leaking.

“Let's get the hell out of Eastern Region Holy City!”

Mr. Godcliff said aloud.

He took out an escape talisman and stuck it on his body. It instantly gave him the ability to fly at a-thousand-time the speed of sound as he fled Eastern Region Holy City.

When even Si Han and Mr. Godcliff was fleeing, the other saint-level cultivators who attacked the Eastern Region Holy City could not help but scramble to get away. Some of the smarter ones, knowing that fleeing was impossible, performed a highly stealthy technique to hide inside the city.

If they lay low, it was nearly impossible to detect them in Eastern Region Holy City, especially when there were so many cultivators around.

“Trying to flee? It's not that simple!”

As Zhang Ruochen struck out his Yi Huang Bone Scepter, it turned into a thousand-foot-tall black skeleton in the air.

After devouring four Six-Tribulation Ghost Lords, it had become even stronger. Although not as powerful as a Precept Domain-level cultivator, it was considered powerful among the Nine-Step Saint Kings of the Greater Precept World.

Boom!

The black skeleton struck out a punch and hit two Saint Kings out of the sky.

It devoured the saint souls of the two saint kings and broke out of Eastern Region Holy City's atmosphere to pursue the fleeing saint-level cultivators.

As Zhang Ruochen looked into the distance, he saw what might look like the shadow of Luo Yi.

He was a self-proclaimed cultivator of the Shangyuan Sect from the Yuan Realm. Yet he was so ruthless that he killed a cultivator from the Heavenly Realm with each strike. He was also lunging out of the atmosphere as if he would not give up until he killed everyone.

Zhang Ruochen could not help but frown in suspicion.

It was understandable why the cultivators from the Kunlun Realm hated the Heavenly Realm so much. It was because the Heavenly Realm had been attacking the Kunlun Realm ruthlessly. There were deep-rooted grudges between them.

In contrast, there should not be any bad blood between the cultivators of the Shang Yuan Sect and the Heavenly Realm.

“That guy is really questionable.”

Zhang Ruochen just reminded himself to be wary of this man.

Not far away from the Tower of Flames, Jueyan Hu had broken away from the sword net of the Rain Sword. Saint blood spurted out of his mouth, and his injury worsened, sword wounds all over his body.

He was still in human form, but handsome no more.

Jueyan Hu gritted his teeth and shot a glare at the Fairy of Chutian. “You will pay for what you have done today, Luo Yi! After recovering from my injury, I promise I will make you pay a thousand times for what you did to me!”

“Thousand-Illusion Escape Technique!”

Jueyan Hu performed an intermediate saint escape technique. His body split into a thousand clones of himself in the air.

Each clone was flying in different directions.

It was hard for ordinary cultivators to spot which was which, and Jueyan Hu would have gotten away.

But his opponent was the Fairy of Chutian.

She activated her vertical eye on her forehead and found Jueyan Hu’s body. With the flick of her hand, Rain Sword shot out and struck Jueyan Hu like the tail of a dragon.

Jueyan Hu groaned in pain when he lost his left leg.

Yet, he did not stop but kept going. His face was hideous, while his roar was filled with anger, pain, frustration, and many other emotions.

If he got away today, he would surely take revenge against her next time.

Jueyan Hu was already in midair, nearly leaving Eastern Region Holy City’s atmosphere. He was elated. “No one can stop me as soon as I leave the atmosphere.”

Right then, the atmosphere above him suddenly burst into flames, turning into a sea of crimson fire.

A gigantic foot appeared and crushed down as if heaven was collapsing.

Jueyan Hu appeared as small as an ant under the gigantic flaming foot.

“No, no...”

Jueyan Hu roared, and his voice was filled with indignity.

Boom!

The flaming foot came down on Jueyan Hu and crushed him to the ground and sent a shock wave through the earth.

The flames rose like waves that were several dozen feet high, carrying with it dust and debris as it spread in all directions.

When the flames finally subsided, a ten-thousand-foot footprint appeared on the ground. The earth surrounding the impact crater had risen as high as a thousand feet from the impact.

The impact center had turned into a pool of golden lava.

Zhang Ruochen dragged Jueyan Hu out of the crater. He stood on the crest and looked around. “I, Zhang Ruochen, will be the King of the Eastern Region from now on. I am in charge. Whoever breaks my rules will receive death!”

He raised his sword and struck down. Jueyan Hu’s head flew up as it was separated from his body.

Zhang Ruochen immediately performed a palm, striking at the head and shattering it into a cloud of blood mist.

Executing a Precept Domain-elite in front of other cultivators sent a clear and powerful message to other cultivators.

“Your Majesty, the King of Eastern Region!”

“Your Majesty, the King of Eastern Region!”

...

Starting from the Eastern Region palace, all cultivators from the Kunlun Realm came down on one knee to bow to Zhang Ruochen.

These people submitted to Zhang Ruochen not just because they feared him, but also because Zhang Ruochen was the only one fit to become the Eastern Region’s king. Zhang Ruochen was the only person who could protect them from the bully and threats from foreign cultivators.

They believed power was the foundation of having the right to live. So they worshipped the powerful.

At that moment, Zhang Ruochen saw something. The Fairy of Chutian was leaving. Her white dress fluttered in the air as if a

fairy walking through the battlefield. Her shadow slowly faded into the distance.

“She didn’t even want to talk to me. Does she think that after helping me defeat Mr. Godcliff and other enemies, she has paid off her debt and that now we are even?”

Zhang Ruochen felt sad.

Fool cupped his hands to say his goodbye, then carried Butcher, who had passed out on his shoulder and quickly caught up with the Fairy of Chutian.

“Go after her if you like her. She wouldn’t have risked her life to help you if she doesn’t have a feeling for you. You should know that we were the underdog. We could have been completely annihilated.”

Jiang Yunchong’s voice came beside Zhang Ruochen.

He was looking at the Fairy of Chutian, admiring her beauty.

Zhang Ruochen was moved. But just when he was about to make a move, he suddenly shook his head. “I shouldn’t force it. Our feelings for each other haven’t reached that point yet.”

“Screw it, you don’t lack women surrounding you anyway,” said Jiang Yunchong with a smile.

Jiang Yunchong might have only known Zhang Ruochen less than a day, but it seemed as if he knew him very well.

“Who are you, really?” asked Zhang Ruochen.

“Jiang Yunchong, from Jiang Clan of the Kunlun Realm.”

“You are no older than a hundred years ago,” said Zhang Ruochen.

“That’s right.”

“But the Kunlun Realm only started to awaken two years ago. Before this, the precepts of the Kunlun Realm were incomplete. Attaining sainthood in just a hundred years is extremely difficult. It is impossible to achieve what you have achieved within a hundred years,” said Zhang Ruochen.

“What are you trying to say?”

Jiang Yunchong put his hand behind him.

“You are not of this era,” said Zhang Ruochen.

“You are right. I don’t belong to this era. Nevertheless, it is a secret that no one should know,” said Jiang Yunchong after a long silence.

“Why?”

“Because the outside world doesn’t know the actual strength of the Kunlun Realm. By keeping them underestimating us, the Kunlun Realm could reap the most benefits in this chaotic era.”

“But if people know that the cultivators of the Kunlun Realm are awakening, it would surely arouse fear. If that happens, what lies ahead for the Kunlun Realm will not be the Battle of Merits but a war of destruction.”

Jiang Yunchong let out a long sigh and continued, “Right now, you have to be the Kunlun Realm’s frontman. I know this is unfair to you, but we have no choice. The Kunlun Realm before us is no longer at its glorious days; it is declining. If we delude ourselves, it would be no different than handing the realm to others on a silver platter. I would rather die than see that happen.”

“How many cultivators like you are there?” asked Zhang Ruochen after a long while.

“I am not sure.”

Jiang Yunchong shook his head. “We are hibernating in different locations. But by the looks of things, I must be one of the cultivators waking up the earliest. All those hibernators would only wake up when the Kunlun Realm fully recovered. It is not easy to get up from hibernation. Many cultivators die in their hibernation.”

“You are not alone, Zhang Ruochen. Some selected elites, the Chosen Ones, are fighting alongside you in this era.”

“The Chosen Ones?”

Zhang Ruochen thought of Murong Yue. Could she be one of the Chosen ones?

“Some living beings in the Kunlun Realm have been living since the Middle Ages to this day.”

“They are not humans. They have a long lifespan.”

“They were the ones who selected the Chosen Ones to bear the heavenly mandate and sent them into some special training ground. They used the power of time as an aid to train the Chosen Ones as Supreme Saints and even God. When they finally emerged, they will be your best comrades in arms.”

“But I am no longer a cultivator of the Kunlun Realm,” said Zhang Ruochen.

“Aren’t you back now?” Jiang Yunchong asked with a smile.

They both fell into silence.

After a long while, Jiang Yunchong patted Zhang Ruochen on his shoulder. “Fleeing and refusing to return to the Kunlun Realm is something a coward would do. Real men should return and take up the responsibility to revive the Kunlun Realm and do something that not even Empress Chi Yao could achieve. You will be a real man who can hold your head high after you force Empress Chi Yao down the throne and rule over the Kunlun Realm.”

Chapter 1849 - : Reunion

Chapter 1849: Reunion

The Battle of Eastern Region Holy City had finally ended, and those cultivators from the Heavenly Realm, led by Mr. Godcliff, had lost and escaped.

Zhang Ruochen, Murong Yefeng, and others had risen to fame after the battle. They had become the role model of the Eastern Region cultivators.

It was because of them that the cultivators from other macroworlds realized that the Kunlun Realm was not a lame duck that they could bully. There were still some kick-ass figures there.

Xie Canghai and Jueyan Hu were killed.

Tian Chen was captured, while Mr. Godcliff was wounded but had escaped.

...

Such a track record was terrific enough to deter them.

Peace and serenity returned to Eastern Region Holy City.

During this sensitive period, the Saint-level cultivators of the major macroworlds went silent and were cautious not to do anything.

The palace of Eastern Region.

Zhang Ruochen and Chen Yin, Prince of the Eastern Region, were sitting face-to-face.

Prince of Eastern Region was a title given by Empress Chi Yao as an official position. Meanwhile, Zhang Ruochen who held the Seal of Flames was the real deal, the king of the region.

Zhang Ruochen told him of his encounter with Chen Yuhua.

After hearing all that, Chen Yin's reaction was unusually calm, sighing. "Father finally found someone who could continue to carry the Seal of Flames before he died. I am sure he left in peace."

"But I still couldn't control the Seal of Flames," said Zhang Ruochen.

He was still a long way to go before he could attain 59-order spiritual power.

There was a hint of worry in Chen Yin's eyes.

The Great Orbital Array was badly damaged by Mr. Godcliff and his gangs. It could no longer protect Eastern Region Holy City until it was fully restored.

Even the Nine Stratum Array guarding the principal city of the Eastern Region suffered damage.

Under such circumstances, if the ancient inscription could not be activated, Eastern Region Holy City would be in danger. If the cultivators from the Infernal Court came to attack, it would be a disaster for the city.

Besides, the cultivators from the Heavenly Realm, Shengze Realm, Blackdemon Realm, and other macroworlds were also posing a threat.

They were not going to give up unless they got their revenge.

Jiang Yunchong put his hands behind him as he stood at the window. "If you trust me, Zhang Ruochen, I can take control of the seal on your behalf temporarily."

"You have attained 59-order spiritual power?" asked Zhang Ruochen.

Jiang Yunchong spun around and smiled. "My spiritual power isn't that powerful. But someone else is."

"Yin Ruo."

A dark purple Commandment Soul Jar appeared in Jiang Yunchong's hand.

An extremely beautiful lady flew out of the jar, her body translucent and immersed in a rain of light.

Zhang Ruochen used his spiritual power to summon lightning from the void to strike at Yin Ruo.

The lady was all smiles as she extended her hand, drawing a circle in the air with her finger. The circle spun, formed into a large vortex, and devoured the lightning attacking her. Zhang Ruochen then nodded, believing she possessed 50-order spiritual power.

“Who is she?”

“Yin Ruo.”

Jiang Yunchong held Yin Ruo’s translucent hand, sounding melancholy. “Back then, we were entering hibernation together. But when I woke up, I found that someone had taken away Yin Ruo’s body. I still couldn’t find it until today. Perhaps, it has been destroyed a thousand years ago.”

All cultivators kept their spiritual power in their Saint Hearts.

Yin Ruo was only a Saint Soul, yet she was as powerful as a 50-order spiritual-power Saint King. If her physical body were still here, how powerful her spiritual power would be when her Saint Heart awakened?

As Zhang Ruochen knew very little about Jiang Yunchong, he could not say he trusted him.

But after the last battle where Jiang Yunchong had risked his life to protect Eastern Region Holy City, he would not believe that Jiang Yunchong was a foreign cultivator.

There was still a question in Zhang Ruochen’s mind. “Who is that mysterious seller of the

Demonic Blood Ax Engraving

?”

“His name is Xia Wenxin, but I know nothing about his background.”

Jiang Yunchong continued. “Two days ago, he brought along the

Demonic Blood Ax Engraving

to the Tianjue Pavilion, asking us to auction it for him. At the time, I got intel of Mr. Godcliff, Xie Canghai, and others wanting to destroy Eastern Region palace and wrest control of Eastern Region Holy City.”

“So I made a deal with him, using him to counter Xie Canghai.”

“He knew he was being used but still agreed to the deal. All that man cares about is profit and result and doesn’t give a shit about the means.”

“One thing is sure, though, is that he is not a Kunlun Realm cultivator.”

“Why are you so sure?” asked Zhang Ruochen.

“How could a Kunlun Realm cultivator sell the Demonstone Engraving

, one of the six great books? It will surely earn the wrath of all Kunlun Realm cultivators,” said Jiang Yunchong.

“Didn’t you say all he cared about was profit and result? Would he care about what people say?”

“Err...”

Jiang Yunchong was struck dumb, putting his fingers to his chin.

Yin Ruo put her hand to her mouth and giggled. This was probably her first-time seeing Jiang Yunchong being asked a question and could not find a word to respond.

“But I agree with your conjecture. This man isn’t a Kunlun Realm cultivator,” said Zhang Ruochen.

“Why did you say so?” asked Jiang Yunchong.

“Do you still remember the auction earlier? Xia Canghai took out three one-hundred-thousand-year-old ancient sacred herbs and Taiyi Primordial Stone, but he chose my Godslayer Cross-Shield.”

“The Godslayer Cross-Shield is a treasure. But even I could not know whether it was valuable or not. So why did Xia

Wenxin choose it?”

“Unless... he knew it very well.”

Zhang Ruochen’s eyes looked grave.

The Godslayer Cross-Shield was the treasure of the Qitian Clan, one of the ten clans of the Immortal Vampires. It was interesting that Xia Wenxin had placed such importance on it.

After much consideration, Zhang Ruochen decided to place the Seal of Flames in Jiang Yunchong’s custody.

Zhang Ruochen did not have much choice here. He needed to use the ancient inscription to protect Eastern Region Holy City.

When Murong Yefeng finally came back, he and Zhang Ruochen looked at each other from a distance and they both smiled.

Eight hundred years had passed since, and Murong Yefeng was no longer Little Ye, the greenhorn he used to be known. Now he looked about thirty, well built with stubble under his mouth and jaw. He must have gone through countless baptisms of blood to become the mature man he was today.

The last time they met, they were seeing each other from a distance on Peakless Mountain.

But because of the appearance of Chi Yao, Zhang Ruochen had to follow Yueshen and leave the Kunlun Realm for the Celestial Court.

So this was the first time they were meeting each other in the truest sense since eight hundred years ago.

Zhang Ruochen had a thousand and one things to say, his eyes almost welling up. “Little Ye, you have not let me down. Your achievement deserves the highest rewards as a prince. Let alone a general or something!”

A scene that happened eight hundred years ago came to mind. “I want to be the First Warrior of Shengming Central Empire one day. Come to bid farewell on the day of my departure.”

“Your Majesty!”

Murong Yefeng's eyes reddened, but he was beaming.

Zhang Ruochen saw Murong Yefeng's arms; all that was left were bones. His sleeves were soaked in his own Saint Blood. Zhang Ruochen quickly took out a bottle of Spring of Life and tossed it to him.

Murong Yefeng caught the wooden bottle in his hand and gulped half of the content down his neck.

Zhang Ruochen was struck dumb. "You think that is wine? It's the Spring of Life, for goodness' sake. It is so precious that a few droplets would be sufficient to heal your wounds and grow your flesh back. And you downed half a bottle of it?" said Zhang Ruochen half-jokingly.

"Never mind. I can always get resupply from Your Majesty when I finish," said Murong Yefeng with a smile.

The Spring of Life was a highly potent healing substance. Flesh was rapidly growing on Murong Yefeng's arms.

"What a shame, Mr. Godcliff and others got away. There will be no end of trouble." Murong Yefeng suddenly turned serious.

"It is not easy to kill an array master. Probably not even the Supreme Saints," said Zhang Ruochen.

"You may be right. But since Mr. Godcliff is wounded, it is the best time to get rid of him. Otherwise, when he recovered from his injury, he would come back for revenge. By then, we might find ourselves on the defensive. Your Majesty, why don't you ask Divine Scripture Maiden? She could use the Chessboard of the Heavens to locate Mr. Godcliff, and I will go to finish him off."

"How do you know I could ask Divine Scripture Maiden?"

Murong Yefeng chuckled. "Everyone knows how close Your Majesty and Divine Scripture Maiden are. It is an open secret."

Zhang Ruochen shook his head. Murong Yefeng was right; this was the best time to get rid of Mr. Godcliff.

Putting down his ego, he summoned a communication talisman, asking Divine Scripture Maiden for help.

He also summoned another communication talisman, asking Awesome, the Little Taoist, who was in Yunwu Commandery, to hurry to Eastern Region Holy City right now.

Mr. Godcliff might have gotten away, but his Nine-Flag Array and seven Divine Planets were left here in Eastern Region Holy City and retrieved by Zhang Ruochen.

Awesome had a deep understanding of arrays. If he could control the Nine-Flag Array or the seven Divine Planets, it could increase their strength tremendously.

“How are you going to deal with Tian Chen, Your Majesty?”

Tian Chen was a Scarlet Angel from the Fane of Bloody War. His combat strength was higher than the ordinary Precept Domain cultivators, definitely a top figure of the Heavenly Realm in the Kunlun Realm.

Zhang Ruochen had imprisoned him in the Qiankun Realm right now.

“No way the Heavenly Realm will just sit by and watch when we have captured one of their top fighters. I believe someone will come to negotiate,” said Zhang Ruochen with a smile.

Divine Scripture Maiden had replied; a light talisman flew to Zhang Ruochen’s hand.

“That is a rather quick reply, Your Majesty. It seems that Your Majestic occupies an important place in her heart.” Murong Yefeng chortled.

Zhang Ruochen shot a glare at him before checking the message on the talisman.

“What does she say? She agrees?” asked Murong Yefeng.

“The situation in the Central Imperial City is pretty tense. She is going from place to place to placate the cultivators of major macroworlds. It would be a few days before she could come.”

Murong Yefeng nodded his understanding of the situation faced by Divine Scripture Maiden. “Without the Spring of

Life, Mr. Godcliff's injury won't heal that quickly. We can still afford to wait for a few days."

"I will take this opportunity to raise my cultivation base to Eight-Step Saint Kingdom," said Zhang Ruochen.

Murong Yefeng was startled. "A few days are enough to make a breakthrough?"

Back then, Murong Yefeng had spent 60 years to get from Seven-Step to Eight-Step Saint Kingdom.

Chapter 1850 - Reactivating the Sundial

Chapter 1850: Reactivating the Sundial

Awesome, the Little Taoist arrived at East Region Holy City the next day. Coming with him was Guoguo, Mastadon-Devouring Rabbit.

The Demon Ape, however, stayed put on the Royal Mountain.

Awesome, the Little Taoist's eyes lit up the moment he saw the Nine-Flag Array of Mr. Godcliff. "Excellent stuff! Excellent stuff! A set of flag arrays made from cold tungsten is super rare. Let me take a closer look!"

He put his hand on one of the flagpoles and touched the surface with his fingers. He was totally infatuated as if he was stroking the white, beautiful leg of a woman.

"Awesome. It is really awesome! There are seven different array inscriptions in the Nine-Flag Array. Five of them are Eight Stratum Array. Whose work is this? This is awesome!"

"Who is better when compared to your array skill?" said Zhang Ruochen.

"He is a little better than me. But in theoretical terms, I am still far ahead of him. As soon as my cultivation and spiritual power are elevated, my array setup and technique would easily defeat him. You have got to understand, Zhang Ruochen, that it needs a tremendous amount of spiritual power to author array inscriptions."

It was a theoretical talk again.

Blackie also used to boast his theory was invincible.

"I tested the Nine-Flag Array and didn't get good control of it. It didn't matter if I used spiritual power or Saint Qi for activation, the seven array inscriptions would appear, clashing

with and neutralizing each other. The result was none of the arrays worked,” said Zhang Ruochen.

Awesome, the Little Taoist chortled. “There is only one array in a normal flag array and control is pretty straightforward. Even cultivators without particular knowledge of it could use it. But this set of flag arrays has seven array inscriptions. It needs at least an array master to control it, like this.”

With the wave of his hand, he struck the nine flag poles up in the air to form an array, engulfing Zhang Ruochen in it.

“All-round Illusion Array!” Awesome, the Little Taoist chanted softly.

A vast amount of white fog appeared around Zhang Ruochen.

It looked as if the entire world had turned white. Zhang Ruochen could not see through the white fog, even though he had opened his Heaven’s Eye.

Just then, a white armored knight formed inside the white fog.

The white-armored knight carried a dragon lance. As he struck it out, the Path’s energy caused the dimension to distort. Ripples formed and struck at Zhang Ruochen’s chest.

Zhang Ruochen immediately summoned the Eight-Dragon Umbrella to parry the dragon lance as he was forced to retreat a dozen steps.

“Spatial Domain!”

After releasing Spatial Domain, Zhang Ruochen could finally see through the illusion.

The Eight-Dragon Umbrella rapidly spun. Its powerful air current blew the white fog away to reveal the position of the Nine-Flag Array.

Elated, Zhang Ruochen lunged toward one of the flagpoles.

the entire array would lose its effectiveness as soon as one flag pole was destroyed.

“Nine-Eye Wind Array!” Awesome, the Little Taoist chanted as he controlled the Nine-Flag Array.

Something changed. With the Nine-Flag Array in the center, nine massive vortex formed and released astral winds around the array.

Zhang Ruochen plunged into the vortex and the astral wind hit him as if knives slashed his body. Lucky for him he had the Divine Mark protecting him. Otherwise, he would have been badly injured.

He performed a Dimensional Shift and got out of the array.

“Awesome flag array! Even a Nine-Step Saint King with Greater Precept World-level of cultivation could die inside,” said Zhang Ruochen.

Awesome, the Little Taoist, retrieved the array. “It depends on who is controlling the flag array. If it is me, not even the Precept Domain elites would get stuck inside, let alone a Nine-step Saint King with Greater Precept World.”

“Then I will count on you to take care of the flag array for now,” said Zhang Ruochen.

“With this set of flag arrays in hand, I will be invincible in the Kunlun Realm. What are we waiting for, Zhang Ruochen? Let us attack the awakening Saint Lands and Divine Lands.”

Murong Yefeng stood not far away with his arms folded in front of his chest. “Don’t get too cocky. There are tons of other powerful figures in the Kunlun Realm, and the cultivators from the major macroworlds are eyeing a piece of the action, too. Our current level of strength is only sufficient for self-defense. But if we bump into the real elites, we will struggle to defend ourselves.”

“Who is that guy, Zhang Ruochen?”

“For you, he is only a junior.”

“Ahh, a junior.”

With the flick of his hand, Awesome, the Little Taoist, struck out the Nine-Flag Array in nine different positions around Murong Yefeng. Nine-Eye Wind Array was activated as soon as he directed his spiritual power into the flag array.

Murong Yefeng stood motionless on the spot. He was shaking his head lightly.

Boom!

He stomped his right foot down and a powerful Saint Path power burst out, sweeping the Nine-Flag Array away, sending Awesome, the Little Taoist, flying backward, crashing through a wall before hitting the ground.

“You still have a long way to go before you could seek hegemony in the Kunlun Realm,” said Murong Yefeng.

Awesome, the Little Taoist, clambered up to his feet. He did not want to admit his defeat. “What is the big deal? Wait until I attain 50th order in my spiritual power to become an array master and we will have a rematch. How about that?”

Zhang Ruochen came and stood in between Murong Yefeng and Awesome, the Little Taoist. “Once you achieve 50th order in your spiritual power, can you become an array master?”

“Of course... not that easy.”

Awesome became diffident. “Well, there are differences in the 59th order itself. The beginning stage and the peak of 50th order are a world apart.”

Feeling a little disappointed, Zhang Ruochen brought Awesome into the Qiankun Realm.

He had kept Mr. Godcliff’s seven Divine Planets in the Qiankun Realm. They looked like seven divine mountains with a brilliant glow in the desert.

Awesome could not control his excitement when he saw the seven Divine Planets. “You—you raided some divine treasure vault, Zhang Ruochen? How did you get these things? Are these seven Divine Planets possessing the inscription of the Nine Stratum Array?”

“You have good taste. Can you control these seven Divine Planets?”

“It’s not that easy. You have got to wait until I get to the fifty-ninth order of spiritual power, only then I can completely control them,” said Awesome, the Little Taoist.

Zhang Ruochen looked Awesome, the Little Taoist, in the eyes. “You can single-handedly set up a Nine stratum Array prototype. I guess your spiritual power isn’t that far from fifth-ninth order?”

“It’s the peak of fifty-eighth, just a step away from fifty-ninth.”

Zhang Ruochen nodded. “I have collected eight Godstones recently, enough for us to activate the Sundial for eight days.”

“Really? Godstones are so rare. Where did you get them from? Hold on a second. Eight Godstones... that means I can cultivate for eight years in the Sundial’s power of time? Attaining fifty-ninth order in eight years shouldn’t be difficult. What are we waiting for? Let’s activate that thing!”

The Sundial was activated inside the Eastern Region palace.

Awesome, Murong Yue, Xie Chengzi, Guoguo, Xiang Chunan, and Lu Huaiyu started to cultivate around the Sundial.

Meanwhile, Murong Yefeng entered Eastern Region Holy City to find and kill the enemies, including those Saints and Infernal Court cultivators hidden in the city.

His cultivation base was at the peak of Saint Kinghood, just one step away from Supreme Sainthood. Closed-door cultivation meant very little to him.

In fact, when the Kunlun Realm was revived, he would achieve Supreme Sainthood in no time.

Just that he purposely suppressed his cultivation base, choosing to stay to fight for the right of survival for the living beings of the Kunlun Realm.

Zhang Ruochen’s mission this time was to attain Eight-Step Saint Kinghood during the closed-door cultivation.

Eight years might seem a long time, but in the world of cultivation of the Path, it was just a short while.

Many Saint Kings spent 30 or even 50 years in closed-door cultivation and that did not even guarantee they would achieve any breakthrough.

Even with a talent like Empress Chi Yao, she had to leverage on the Seal of the Celestial Wheel to attain Supreme Sainthood in one hundred years. In fact, the actual cultivation took over 500 years.

Jiang Yunchong was no older than one hundred years old. But his actual cultivation time was several hundred years.

You can't rush the cultivation of the Path.

The only shortcut was using the power of time to change the flow rate of the time.

The major forces of the Celestial Court had sought help from the Fane of Time to set up their respective time arrays. Otherwise, people like Shang Ziyan, King Daxi, the Fairy of Tianchu, and Maiden of a Thousand Stars would not have achieved so speedy cultivation. Sacred herbs and pills would not help much.

They relied on the gods and sects to lay the path for them, saving time and allowing them to get to their destination quicker. In contrast, Zhang Ruochen depended on himself solely. He had to work hard so as not to be left behind.

He might have the backing of Yueshen. But she owed Zhang Ruochen more than Zhang Ruochen owed her. That did not help either.

He took out a translucent crystal bottle that was filled with some colorful liquid.

It was the Spiritual extract of Merits, a precious liquid refined using the Power of Merits of the Fane of Merits to enhance the spiritual power of cultivators. A droplet of this extract worth a vast amount of merits.

And this bottle contained over a thousand droplets of Spiritual extract of Merits.

It was a booty Zhang Ruochen got from King Daxi, who probably got it from Shang Ziyan because of their relationship.

“Here you go. Take it!”

Zhang Ruochen threw the bottle of Spiritual extract of Merits to Awesome, the Little Taoist, to help him in his 59th order

ascension.

Awesome, the Little Taoist would be of great value to Zhang Ruochen only if Awesome could control the seven Divine Planets. If Awesome could become an array master, they would become unbeatable in the Kunlun Realm.

Of course, Zhang Ruochen had some other things to help himself elevate his cultivation base. Right now, he took out a one-hundred-thousand-year-old ancient sacred herb.

Chapter 1851 - : Inscribing the Dimensional Scrolls

Chapter 1851: Inscribing the Dimensional Scrolls

Zhang Ruochen had traded the

Demonic Blood Ax Engraving

for three one-hundred-thousand-year-old ancient sacred herbs with Xie Canghai.

This was only a small part of them. He had also taken eight of these herbs from the saint-level cultivators like Tian Chen, King Daxi, Jueyan Hu.

For Supreme Saints, the one-hundred-thousand-years-old sacred herb was a precious medicine.

It was in the Kunlun Realm during its recovery period that produced such an amount of sacred herbs.

It was also an attraction for the elites from the Celestial Court and Infernal Court and the reason behind the chaotic situation.

With Zhang Ruochen alone possessing eleven sacred herbs, it would surely arouse jealousy among the Supreme Saints.

The one-hundred-thousand-year-old sacred herbs that Zhang Ruochen possessed was called Hundred-Root Fern. It was feather-light and cold in nature, easily drifting in the air.

Hundred-Root Fern appeared lush-green and full of vitality.

As if the plant knew what Zhang Ruochen was going to eat it, a fearful voice came from within the Hundred-root Fern.

“Your Honorable Saint King, please spare my life and I will repay the debt of gratitude.”

Unlike Awesome, the Little Taoist, not every one-hundred-thousand-year-old sacred herb possessed cultivation methods and saint techniques.

In fact, the one-hundred-thousand-year-old ancient sacred herbs born in the Kunlun Realm were catalyzed to the level of one hundred thousand years along the revival of the macroworlds. It did not mean that they had lived for one hundred thousand years. So few of them possessed intelligence.

Not that there were not any ancient sacred herbs that had lived for one hundred thousand years. It was just that they were rare.

The demonic tulip that Zhang Ruochen encountered in Luoshui was one such an ancient herb. It could perform a spiritual power attack.

“Don’t worry. I will not eat you,” said Zhang Ruochen.

Devouring a one-hundred-thousand-year ancient sacred herb was a wasteful behavior.

A more sustainable way was to culture it, and plucked its leaves, fruits, petals, roots, and even the dewdrops on the leaves as medicine when needed.

Each ancient sacred herb could be an important heirloom of a sect or an empire.

Zhang Ruochen planted the Hundred-Root Fern in the herb garden. He then plucked a leaf from it, put it in his mouth and started to consume and refine it.

The battle of Eastern Region Holy City had let Zhang Ruochen get not only eleven ancient sacred herbs but also a vast amount of thousand-year-old sacred medicine and various grades of sacred pills and treasures of merit that could enhance one’s cultivation base.

With the Canon of Truth in hands, Zhang Ruochen could deepen his insight of the Precept.

On top of that, he also had various sacred pills and herbs to speed up his cultivation.

Five years into the closed-door cultivation, the amount of Precepts in Zhang Ruochen’s Sea of Qi had surpassed 2 million, entering the peak of Seven-Step Saint Kinghood. He was on his way to attaining Eight-Step realm.

He spent another two years and successfully made a breakthrough.

2 million Precepts gushed inside the Heavenly Stream of his.

The saint qi in his Sea of Qi started to compress and undergo changes.

In a short period of a day, the increase in quality of the saint qi in Zhang Ruochen's body became unprecedented, as if it had undergone an intensive distillation process.

At the same time, he had also inhaled a vast amount of saint qi and exhausted a few million Godstones.

It came to a point where his saint qi was out of control and started to leak out of his body. The leaked saint qi turned into white saint clouds and floated above the palace of Eastern Region.

Jiang Yunchong stood inside the Tower of Flames and looked at the saint clouds in the distance. "He is truly the Scion of Time and Space. Seven days! Just seven days and he achieved the ascension. At Eight-Step Saint Kingdom, how powerful is Zhang Ruochen now?"

"With his current level of cultivation, he is still not an unbeatable figure in the Kunlun Realm. But I am sure few saint-level cultivators in the Kunlun Realm could pose a lethal threat to him," said Yin Ruo.

It was another year of cultivation.

Zhang Ruochen had completely strengthened his cultivation base. The number of Precept in his Sea of Qi had each a staggering 2.8 million, more than doubling his previous number.

Yet he was still considered in the beginning stage of the Eight-Step Saint Kingdom.

If he wanted to attain the Nine-Step Saint Kingdom, even just of the Lesser Precept World, he would need to increase the number of Precept in his body to at least 7 million before he could even try.

During the eight years of cultivation, he had not only achieved ascension but also made improvement in the Sword Path, Path of Truth, Path of Dimension, and Path of Time.

With only a level away, his insight of Ninth Sword almost made it to the ultimate stage.

That realm was called the Seamless Return of the Soul.

Wheel of the Law's Rebirth, the fourth dimension of Sword of Time, was complete. This had boosted Zhang Ruochen's combat strength to another level.

Path of Dimension had gained even bigger improvement. This was a confidence boost for him, and he decided to refine the Dimensional Scroll, in case he needed it later.

There were many categories of Dimension scroll such as Dimensional Teleportation Scroll, Dimensional Storm Scroll, Dimensional Chaos Scroll, Multi-Dimensional Scroll, and Dimensional Collapse Scroll.

There were differences in difficulty, too. For example, the refining process of Dimensional Collapse Scroll was relatively easier, and Multi-Dimensional Scroll was the most difficult.

So Zhang Ruochen chose to first refine Dimensional Collapse Scroll.

It was a two-step process. One, Refining the scroll; two, engraving the dimensional inscription.

To refine the Dimensional Scroll, special materials such as void silk, Taiyi Primordial Stone powder, and Wood of Origin were needed.

These materials were not indispensable, however. There were substitute materials.

For example, Wood of Origin could be substituted with the wood of Divine Sky-connecting Tree, which would not impact the quality much.

On the other hand, the Void Silk was the most difficult-to-find material.

The so-called Void Silk was silk produced by the Void Silkworm.

The Void Silkworm only lived in the void that only formed when a macroworld was born or destroyed, providing a conducive environment for Void Silkworms.

Besides, only Haishi Star Bastion was the only place where Void Silkworm could be found.

Zhang Ruochen took out a dimensional storage container. After a careful search, he finally found some Void Silk inside.

The Void Silk was stored inside a ring, about two pounds in weight, thinner than hair, shimmering and appearing to be in solid and sometimes gaseous form.

He remembered he got this ring from a dimensional cultivator during the attack of the Xumi Dojo.

With the Void Silk, Taiyi Primordial Stone powder and the wood of the Divine Sky-connecting Tree in hands, Zhang Ruochen had quickly gathered all the materials he needed as the other materials were not that difficult to find.

He invited Lu Huaiyu over and together; they refined the Dimensional Scroll.

Lu Huaiyu had studied The Record of Heavenly Work before. He might not be the top alchemist in the Kunlun Realm, but his skill was top-notch.

With the help of Lu Huaiyu, it only took Zhang Ruochen ten days to make his first Dimensional Scroll.

As the alchemical process got better and better, Zhang Ruochen had made dozens of Dimensional Scrolls in the following one month, completely exhausting the stock of the Void Silk.

Next, he would write the Dimensional Inscriptions on the blank scroll.

With Zhang Ruochen's current level of dimensional cultivation, inscribing the simple Dimensional Collapse was just a five-finger exercise. Before long, he had finished writing the first scroll.

Following that, he had finished inscribing another ten Dimensional-Collapse Scrolls, eight of which were successful and the other two were spoiled. The success rate was considered high.

The Dimensional Teleportation Scroll is more useful. It is a lifesaving method. More of it is better.

The so-called Dimensional-Teleportation Scroll was the inscription of a teleporting array on a scroll. The difficulty in achieving this was several times higher than setting up a physical one.

It was not a small challenge for Zhang Ruochen.

“With this Dimensional-Teleportation Scroll, I can evacuate easily, even if I encounter a Supreme Saint. And I can go anywhere I want and poke anyone I like in the Kunlun Realm. I have to get this done!”

Zhang Ruochen took a deep breath, opened a blank scroll, and concentrated on the inscription. He could not afford to make any mistake.

But halfway during the process, he started to lose control.

Boom!

The Dimensional Teleporting inscription shattered the scroll, turning it into streaks of light before dissipating in the air. What was left of the scroll were some fragments.

Zhang Ruochen did not give up, however. He took out a second blank scroll and continued the inscription.

Boom!

This time, the scroll went up in flames and was burned to ashes only after he had done two fifths of the work.

After a while of silence, he decided to stop the inscription. Taking out the

Secret Tome of Time and Space

, he carefully studied the chapters that detailed the setup of a Dimensional Teleportation Array.

Next, he flipped to the chapter containing the information about the refinement of the Dimensional Scroll.

Two days later, Zhang Ruochen picked up the inscription pen again, and started to inscribe the Dimensional Teleportation Scroll.

As the inscription slowly took shape, Zhang Ruochen became nervous. He forced his mind and stabilized his fingers until he finished inscribing the last bit of it, only then he breathed a sigh of relief.

Looking at the Dimensional Teleportation Scroll, a smile finally spread across his face.

Until now that he realized beads of sweat had popped up on his forehead.

It could be because of my spiritual power; I couldn't focus enough. If I could enhance my spiritual power, I could increase the success rate.

With his success on the first scroll, the following inscription process became much easier.

Zhang Ruochen used up twenty scrolls and successfully produced six Dimensional Teleportation Scrolls at one go.

He then used the remaining sixteen blank scrolls to make the Dimensional Chaotic Scroll, and seven were successful.

Zhang Ruochen was excited after completing the refining process. He was ready to find someone to experiment with these three types of scrolls

The bull-sized Mastadon-Devouring Rabbit ran up to him. "Could you please give me more one-hundred-thousand-year ancient sacred herbs? I have finished those that you gave me last month."

Surprisingly, Mastadon-Devouring Rabbit had elevated his cultivation base the quickest for the past eight years. He was now in the Nine-Step Saint Kingdom.

It was mainly because he was gluttonous, and could digest anything. He ate Godstones as if he was eating candies. He had even swallowed a few divine bones.

That was not all; he had helped himself to the sacred herbs from the Royal Mountain, collecting a vast amount of it as if all that belonged to him.

Such ravenous appetite could have bankrupted Zhang Ruochen in no time.

Zhang Ruochen carefully examined him, then nodded with a smile. “Sure. But first, you have got to do me a little favor.”

“Really?”

Mastadon-Devouring Rabbit’s eyes lit up instantly, surprised by how generous Zhang Ruochen was. But he ignored the last part of the sentence.

Chapter 1852 - What a Small World

Chapter 1852: What a Small World

Zhang Ruochen brought Mastadon-Devouring Rabbit out of the Eastern Region Holy City and came to the wilderness.

He took a Dimensional Chaos Scroll and struck it out at Mastadon-Devouring Rabbit all of a sudden.

“What do you want me to do? Hey, hold on a second, what the heck is that?”

Mastadon-Devouring Rabbit was shocked, its hair standing on end as it quickly bounced back at once at seeing a scroll hurling toward it.

Thousands of dimensional inscriptions rushed out of the scroll to combine with the Precepts of Heaven and Earth. Something changed in the dimensional structure and the earth's tectonic plates shifted.

A moment later, an area of a hundred miles turned into a chaotic dimension.

The Mastadon-Devouring Rabbit panicked in front of these sudden changes.

It ran frenziedly inside the chaotic dimension, trying to get out of this strange place.

But it was useless. It kept running in a straight line and still found itself moving at the same spot.

The Mastadon-Devouring Rabbit bored into the ground and went deeper and deeper. It came out of the earth within a few breaths.

It felt as if somewhere underground, the dimension suddenly inverted.

“I don’t want the ancient sacred herb anymore. Let me go!”
The Mastadon-Devouring Rabbit pleaded.

Zhang Ruochen put his fingers to his chin and smiled. “If you could get yourself out of this chaotic dimension, I will give this scroll to you, on top of the ancient sacred herb.”

“Really?”

The Mastadon-Devouring Rabbit was not dumb. It realized that Zhang Ruochen was using it as a lab rat to experiment with the scroll.

Its body swelled and looked hideous, emanating a strong demonic air as it turned into a massive demonic dragon.

The energy it released rivalled that of the Greater Precept World cultivators.

Demonic Dragon charged toward Zhang Ruochen, trying to take him by force. But a few miles away from Zhang Ruochen, it flew off course to the right, then back to the original spot.

It found itself unable to unleash its strength.

Demonic Dragon tried to spit its demonic flames at Zhang Ruochen, but the flames went off-course and came back at Demonic Dragon itself.

“Aah—”

After trying for an hour, Demonic Dragon panted like a dog and it transformed back into a Mastadon-Devouring Rabbit.

His body was full of bruises. Its rabbit hair on some part of its body was burned, looking really awkward.

“I give up! I give up! Let me go! I don’t want anymore!” The Mastadon-Devouring Rabbit begged.

Zhang Ruochen knew that the Mastadon-Devouring Rabbit had tried all it could but still failed to defeat the chaotic dimension. Judging by this, he knew that suppressing a Nine-Step Saint King of the Great Precept World with the Dimensional Chaos Scroll was easy.

Just that he was not sure if this would work on the Precept Domain elites.

The biggest advantage of the Dimensional Chaos Scroll was that it could form a chaotic dimension in the blink of an eye.

When Zhang Ruochen set up a Dimensional Chaos Array last time, it needed time to do that. And during battles, no enemy would be so stupid to give him the opportunity to set up an array.

He struck out his hand and retrieved the Dimensional Chaos Scroll in the air.

The surrounding dimensional structure returned to normal in the blink of an eye.

The dimensional inscription on the scroll had faded somewhat. It would still be good for another two times of use before the inscription disappeared entirely.

“A Dimensional Chaos Scroll is good for three times of use,” said Zhang Ruochen quietly to himself.

He waved at the Mastadon-Devouring Rabbit. “I still have another two scrolls. Come here and help me with the experiment.”

“No, no. Find someone else. My cultivation base is too low for this. You are not going to have any meaningful test on me.” The Mastadon-Devouring Rabbit stepped back.

Zhang Ruochen shook his head lightly.

The Dimensional Collapse Scroll and Dimensional Teleportation Scroll were dangerous. So Zhang Ruochen would not be prepared to risk the life of the Mastadon-Devouring Rabbit.

He struck out a Dimensional Collapse Scroll and flew up thousands of feet in the air.

Boom!

The scroll exploded, and a vast number of dimensional inscriptions flew out in all directions.

A dimensional inscription could tear open a dimensional fissure. Soon, a large hole appeared in the sky, inside which it

was pitch dark. The dimension within a few hundred miles from it was shaking.

The Mastadon-Devouring Rabbit was hiding in a bush, looking up at the black hole in the sky, and shivered. “Lucky for me; I didn’t agree to it. Otherwise, I would have been dead by now. He must be thinking I have eaten too much sacred herbs and want to kill me. I have got to prove to him I can do something for him, and not a freeloader.”

Zhang Ruochen looked at the sky and smiled; the dimensional hole stayed there and did not close back up. “The Dimensional Collapse Scroll will probably pose a grave threat to the Precept Domain elites. It could even kill them.”

The powerful dimensional shock wave had attracted the attention of the saint-level cultivators in the vicinity.

They must think some precious stuff had emerged, and they must be peeking from a distance in this direction somewhere, waiting for an opportunity to snatch it away.

As Zhang Ruochen released his spiritual power, he sensed a familiar energy to his surprise. His heart missed a beat, and he quickly performed a Dimensional Shift, disappearing into thin air.

150 miles away.

The young master of the Warhammer Palace, Bloodhunt Hongdong, was peeking out from behind a rocky mountain, staring at Zhang Ruochen. He gritted his teeth with a murderous look in his eyes.

“What a small world!”

Bloodhunt Hongdong knew very well that Zhang Ruochen was controlling the ancient inscription of Eastern Region Holy City. If Zhang Ruochen kept staying inside the city, he would have no chance of seeking revenge.

But now, Zhang Ruochen had left Eastern Region Holy City and was alone. This was a heaven-sent opportunity.

Bloodhunt Hongdong took out a half-foot-long bronze sword. Holding it in his hand, he started to divert his saint qi into the

sword.

Instantly, flaming patterns appeared on the blade.

The bronze sword was a Seventh Radiance Thousand-Inscription Sacred Artifact-class weapon.

What made it so special was that there was inscription flow inside it. The speed of the sword might not be at the speed of light, but it could shoot out at 500 times the speed of sound.

During a surprise attack, not even the Nine-Step Saint King with the Greater Precept World could dodge. Nine out of ten of them would be hit.

Bloodhunt Hongdong had fought with Zhang Ruochen in Sword Sanctum before and knew his strength, which was still below that of the Nine-Step Saint King with the Greater Precept World. Zhang Ruochen had defeated him only because of a supreme artifact he used.

“Not good!”

Bloodhunt Hongdong suddenly sensed a spiritual power flew past him, and Zhang Ruochen had disappeared from where he stood.

“Zhang Ruochen must have spotted me!”

Bloodhunt Hongdong was ready to flee. He spun around, only to find Zhang Ruochen standing there with his hands behind him.

He froze on the spot and glared at Zhang Ruochen. “Here we meet again! Why don’t you wear your mask this time?”

“It seems you have found out my identity,” said Zhang Ruochen.

“I found it out when you used a supreme artifact in Eastern Region palace. It was you who attacked me in the Sword Sanctum.”

“Since you know who I am, you should also know my relationship with the Sword Sanctum. You will have to answer for the wrongs you made in the Sword Sanctum,” said Zhang Ruochen nonchalantly.

Bloodhunt Hongdong was not afraid of Zhang Ruochen but the supreme artifact that he wielded. So he was not going to give Zhang Ruochen the chance to use it. He struck out the bronze sword at once.

The bronze sword shot out at warp speed. But Zhang Ruochen's reaction was quicker than he had expected.

Zhang Ruochen struck out a punch with a brilliant cloud of fire, colliding head-on with the bronze sword.

Boom!

Zhang Ruochen was forced three steps back. He immediately planted his left foot firmly to the ground and shifted the energy of the bronze sword down to the ground.

The earth under his left foot sank, turning into a massive pit.

Meanwhile, the bronze sword was sent flying back out.

“How could this be possible?”

Bloodhunt Hongdong was in disbelief. At this short distance and this speed with this level of power, how could Zhang Ruochen neutralize these so easily?

Not even he had the confidence to do this.

While Bloodhunt Hongdong was still in shock, Zhang Ruochen had come within a hundred feet, striking out a palm of a hundred-foot-long at him.

“Severing Fist!”

Bloodhunt Hongdong summoned all his saint qi and Precept of the Fist, taking on Zhang Ruochen's palm with both fists. He wanted to use his strength to his advantage and forced Zhang Ruochen back.

Boom!

A violent and heated energy hit Bloodhunt Hongdong. Zhang Ruochen's strength was beyond what he had expected.

The expression on Bloodhunt Hongdong's face collapsed. He was forced back, and with each step he took, the ground under his feet would sink. He retreated for several thousand feet

before he could completely neutralize Zhang Ruochen's palm energy.

Saint blood spurted out of his mouth.

"You.. you have achieved a breakthrough in your cultivation?"

There was fear in Bloodhunt Hongdong's eyes.

The last time they fought, Bloodhunt Hongdong had an absolute advantage over Zhang Ruochen. He basically overwhelmed Zhang Ruochen. But this time, Zhang Ruochen had hurt him with just a palm.

It was only a few days, and even if Zhang Ruochen did not use a supreme artifact, his combat strength had far surpassed Bloodhunt Hongdong's.

Bloodhunt Hongdong dared not to fight him anymore. He took out a talisman and stuck it on his body. He instantly faded into a streak of light and lunged up into the clouds. He was about to get away.

"Trying to get away again?"

Zhang Ruochen frowned. Just as he was ready to perform a Dimension Shift to give chase, he sensed an energy of the dragon in the clouds. He stopped and a smile spread across his face.

A demonic dragon the size of a mountain roared inside the clouds and struck out its sharp claws, hitting Bloodhunt Hongdong, sending him flying backward.

"Hey, kid! How dare you flee when he wants you to stay?"

Guoguo wanted to prove its worth that it was not a freeloader. So it went all out to attack Bloodhunt Hongdong, who was no match for it and was forced to retreat.

Bloodhunt Hongdong had a talisman that could enable him to move at warp speed.

But Guoguo had transformed into a demonic dragon, the body of which was over ten miles long, not to mention its speed. As quick as Bloodhunt Hongdong was, he still found himself within the striking range of the dragon claws.

Those saint-level cultivators hiding and looking from a distance had their hearts in their mouths.

“Zhang Ruochen has so many powerful fighters, and he has occupied Eastern Region. It looks like our lives will only get harder.”

“We all know how powerful Bloodhunt Hongdong is. Yet he couldn’t hold a candle to Zhang Ruochen. We have to reconsider and think twice if we want to do anything in Eastern Region.”

An earth-shattering roar came from inside the clouds.

“Get the hell back down there!”

A black claw of the dragon struck Bloodhunt Hongdong and pressed him from the sky down to earth. A cloud of dust rose into the air as the claw impacted the earth.

...

Chapter 1853 - : Emissary Vigilant

Chapter 1853: Emissary Vigilant

The demonic dragon transformed into a giant rabbit. It then stretched out its claws, which teemed with Demonic Qi, as it crushed Bloodhunt Hongdong's body, deliberately showing a menacing gaze. "Master Chen, I've taken him. How should I deal with him?"

"Cough, cough."

Bloodhunt Hongdong's internal organs were almost completely shattered, and his meridians, Saint Meridians included, were extensively damaged.

He coughed and vomited blood.

The pain of his body was secondary, what made him extremely depressed and resentful, was that the dignified Young Master of the Warhammer Palace was defeated by a rabbit. If this news spread out, he would surely become a joke within the Warhammer Palace.

Of course, at this moment, what he should have thought of more, was how to save his life.

Zhang Ruochen grabbed the air and took away the storage bracelet from Bloodhunt Hongdong's wrist. Infusing his spiritual powers into it and exploring it, he found that the bracelet contained a lot of precious refining materials.

Some of those materials could not even be bought from the market.

"Kill him," Zhang Ruochen said indifferently.

"No, Zhang Ruochen, you can't kill me. I'm the Young Master of the Warhammer Palace. If you take me back to the Warhammer Palace, you will surely be able to exchange a lot

of sacred artifacts. I'm the great-grandson of the Grand Elder of the Warhammer Palace," Bloodhunt Hongdong said.

"Not interested, I still want to kill you," Zhang Ruochen spat.

The cultivators of the Sword Sanctum was the foundation of his sixth senior brother, Lu Yuanzhi, and the latter was one of the loyal subjects of the Central Shengming Empire, Zhang Ruochen owed them a response to the grudge.

"No, no..."

Bloodhunt Hongdong's face turned purple as his mind went blank. He had never thought that he would one day have to face death himself.

"When you kill other cultivators, you should also have the mental preparation of being killed yourself. I have that, so should you," Zhang Ruochen said faintly.

Boooooom!

A powerful aura of a Supreme Saint came from the sky and shook the clouds within a thousand miles apart, scattering them.

On this land, all of the Saint's expression changed as they looked up into the air.

On the empyrean above, stood a great figure clad in silver armor. He was extremely far away from the surface of the Kunlun Realm, more than a million miles away. Only the Saint Eyes of a Saint King could see his figure.

"Salutations, Emissary Vigilant."

All of the Saint cultivators on the ground saluted the silver-armored Emissary Vigilant."

The so-called Emissary Vigilant is a Supreme Saint sent out by the Celestial Palace to patrol and supervise the War of Merits from the heavens.

If the cultivators of the Celestial Court were found to be fighting among themselves to the point of death and injury, the Emissary Vigilant would need to stop it and punish the perpetrators.

Of course, if they were to discover the appearance of an Infernal Court Supreme Saint and the breaking of the War of Merits' rules, the Emissary Vigilant would need to report it immediately or to strike the Supreme Saint down.

An Emissary Vigilant could not manifest their true forms in the Kunlun Realm, but they could still bring upon divine retribution.

It was Zhang Ruochen's first time seeing an Emissary Vigilant. When he saw three pairs of white wings on the silver-armored man's back, his expression sank slightly.

"An angel, someone from the Heavenly Realm faction."

The voice of the silver-armored Emissary Vigilant that transmitted onto the ground carried with it a powerful Supreme Saint pressure. "Zhang Ruochen, the War of Merits does not allow infighting. You dare to ignore the rules of the Celestial Court and kill your comrades-in-arms. Today, I shall bring upon divine wrath upon you."

Zhang Ruochen was not afraid of the other side's Supreme Saint pressure, and there was nary a trace of respect on his face as he raised his voice. "You're deliberately accusing me there?"

"Are you saying that I've wronged you? The silver-armored Emissary Vigilant said.

Even an Emissary Vigilant could not do as they please, if they were reported and subsequently stripped of their position, they would lose everything.

After all, there were several other factions in the Celestial Court that were always ready to crush the Heavenly Realm faction and push their own people up.

There were many cultivators on the ground, and Zhang Ruochen was the divine envoy of Yueshen, his identity was extraordinary. Even the silver-armored Emissary Vigilant dared not casually bring upon divine retribution upon him.

Zhang Ruochen had nothing but despise in his heart. When the Sword Sanctum was slaughtered, where were the Emissaries

Vigilant? When the Eastern Region Saint King Manor came under a large scale attack, where were they?

Zhang Ruochen could not be bothered to argue with him, because it was pointless.

Zhang Ruochen said, “Bloodhunt Hongdong has massacred a large number of Kunlun Realm cultivators in the Sword Sanctum of the Eastern Region Holy City. He deserves to die. The cultivators of the Sword Sanctum are the descendants of my senior brother. I have the right and reason to avenge them. Even if I’ve not killed him yet, killing Bloodhunt Hongdong is to enact justice for the heavens.”

“Insolence. Even if Bloodhunt Hongdong were to commit crimes against the rules of heaven, only the Celestial Palace can punish him. Killing him means you are also ignoring the rules of heaven and should be punished,” the silver-armored Emissary Vigilant replied angrily.

“Then the rules of heavens of the Celestial Court should be changed! It should be made stricter, especially for the members of the Celestial Palace.” Zhang Ruochen’s eyes were sharp.

“You...”

Dark clouds suddenly charged in the sky as a large amount of lightning flashed across the realm.

The Saint Aura emanating from the Emissary Vigilant was extremely powerful and domineering. It was as if he was about to call upon a power that could destroy a world. The aura caused extreme pressure on the Saint cultivators, and every one of them was terrified. Some even knelt down on the ground.

Zhang Ruochen summoned the Azure Pagoda and held it in his hand as he unleashed the Supreme Power within it. “Divine retribution is not something you can call upon willy-nilly. Killing me when I have not even killed Bloodhunt Hongdong yet... Aren’t you going against the rules of heavens?”

The silver-armored Emissary Vigilant froze for a short moment and realized that he had been a little too hasty.

In the event, there were cultivators of the Pangu Faction or the Yaoshen Realm were to use this as a reason to lodge an impeachment complaint to the Celestial Palace. Forget if he could preserve his position, if Yueshen were to kill her way to the Celestial Palace, he might not even protect his own life.

Furthermore, this time around, not only did he need to deal with Zhang Ruochen, he also needed to rescue someone.

Dealing with Zhang Ruochen slowly after rescuing his quarry was still not too late.

The silver-armored Emissary Vigilant recalled the lightning and formed a projection as it descended upon the Kunlun Realm, standing in the air hundreds of feet above ground.

Although it was just a projection, the aura it exuded was still extremely powerful, powerful enough to kill a normal Saint King.

“You said that Bloodhunt Hongdong has massacred the Kunlun Realm cultivators in the Eastern Region Holy City. Do you have any evidence? If there is none, I can cripple you and take you back to the Celestial Palace for severe punishment,” the projection said.

“Of course, I would have evidence.”

While Zhang Ruochen was not afraid of the Emissary Vigilant, he did not want to cross the Celestial Palace.

So, he took out a scroll.

On the scroll was the traced image of Bloodhunt Hongdong conducting a massacre in the Sword Sanctum, and could be said to be conclusive evidence.

The Emissary Vigilant narrowed his eyes. “This Bloodhunt Hongdong, he’s digging his own grave. Even if he wants to take the Records of Heavenly Works, he shouldn’t have been so blatant about it.”

With this scroll as evidence, even if Bloodhunt Hongdong was to be sent to the Celestial Palace for punishment, he would probably end up dead.

“Zhang Ruochen, you are the divine envoy of Yueshen. You should know that the rules of heaven are inviolable. Even if you have evidence, and kill Bloodhunt Hongdong, it still means your death,” the Emissary Vigilant’s projection said.

Zhang Ruochen’s gaze kept changing, as he thought of countermeasures.

In short, it was impossible for him to hand over Bloodhunt Hongdong to the Emissary Vigilant. In the unlikely event that the Warhammer Palace made some moves behind the scene, and rescue Bloodhunt Hongdong, how would Zhang Ruochen explain that to the cultivators of the Sword Sanctum?

A moment later, Zhang Ruochen said, “Thank you for your reminder.”

Seeing that Zhang Ruochen would compromise, the silver-armored Emissary Vigilant gave a satisfied nod before speaking sternly again. “I received word that the Scarlet Envoy of the Fane of Bloody War, Tian Chen has been taken captive by you. Is that true?”

“Nope.”

Zhang Ruochen continued, “Given how powerful Tian Chen is, how am I his opponent? Are you joking with me?”

“Joking?”

The voice of the silver-armored Emissary Vigilant was transmitted into Zhang Ruochen’s mind.

“Zhang Ruochen, name your price. What does it take to for you to let Tian Chen go?”

“For them to get an Emissary Vigilant to negotiate terms with me. It seems like the Heavenly Realm really does pay attention to me.” Zhang Ruochen laughed to himself.

To be precise, the Heavenly Realm was paying special attention to Tian Chen.

After all, there was a great possibility that Tian Chen would reach Supreme Sainthood.

Zhang Ruochen responded via telepathy,

“Bring Mr. Godcliff to me in tethers, or send King Daxi to me.”

A cold aura exuded from the body of the silver-armored Emissary Vigilant, causing a layer of ice to condense on the ground hundreds of miles wide. “Insolence.”

“You asked for my terms, these are my terms,” Zhang Ruochen said.

The silver-armored Emissary Vigilant threatened, “As an Emissary Vigilant, I have many ways to kill you, and it is not necessary to invoke divine retribution. If you hand over Tian Chen now, perhaps you may live a little longer.”

“It’s not like I’ve never seen how the Heavenly Realm operates, but aren’t I live and well now? Tell Shang Ziyang that if he wants to rescue Tian Chen, then come and fight me. If he wins, I’ll hand Tian Chen over. If he loses, his life is mine,” Zhang Ruochen said.

The silver-armored Emissary Vigilant gaze turned sullen. “Is this a declaration of war?”

“Yes, it is a declaration of war. A decisive battle between us is long overdue.”

Only Shang Ziyang was a great foe of the same rank as Zhang Ruochen. Now that he had stepped into the rank of an Eight-step Saint King, Zhang Ruochen finally possessed the strength to avenge his senior brothers and sisters. So naturally, he was eager to fight Shang Ziyang...

In a battle to the death.

Zhang Ruochen walked toward Bloodhunt Hongdong step by step.

The silver-armored Emissary Vigilant sensed Zhang Ruochen’s motive, and the projection immediately flew over and reached out to grab Bloodhunt Hongdong.

“Dimensional Rift.”

With a stroke of his finger, Zhang Ruochen sent a dimensional rift out and forcing the projection of the silver-armored Emissary Vigilant back.

Whoosh.

The next moment, Zhang Ruochen appeared beside Bloodhunt Hongdong and slammed his palm against him.

“Zhang Ruochen, you dare.”

The silver-armored Emissary Vigilant’s projection roared, as his arm stretched out to the void, and a white sword flew from the sky and landed into his hands.

Like a meteor, the sword ripped through the air toward Zhang Ruochen.

The palm strike that Zhang Ruochen delivered toward Bloodhunt Hongdong did not land. Instead, it turned into a claw, and grasped the latter’s right shoulder, before raising him up high, and turned him to his back to block the attack.

Dushh!!

The sword in the projection’s hand pierced Bloodhunt Hongdong’s at the center of his brow.

After all, it was just a projection, and not the Supreme Saint himself, his reaction speed was naturally incomparable to Zhang Ruochen now.

Seeing that he had killed Bloodhunt Hongdong, a color of shock flashed past the eyes of the silver-armored Emissary Vigilant.

Chapter 1854 - Mr. Godcliff Went to Luoshui

Chapter 1854: Mr. Godcliff Went to Luoshui

A smile flashed past Zhang Ruochen's eyes, as he deployed a Dimensional Teleportation Scroll, and slapped it onto the back of Bloodhunt Hongdong.

Carried by the force, Bloodhunt Hongdong's corpse flew towards the silver-armored Emissary Vigilant's projection.

Whoosh!! Whoosh!!

A bright light appeared from the Dimensional Teleportation Scroll, as a large number of inscriptions of space spread all around.

The space trembled slightly, forming water-like ripples.

Both the projection and Bloodhunt Hongdong disappeared at the same time.

Zhang Ruochen raised his head and looked up at the silver-armored Emissary Vigilant before he said, "Help me test whether the Dimensional Teleportation Scroll works, thank you."

Dimensional Teleportation had a certain degree of danger, and any mistakes would cause the teleported ones to fall into the void.

The use of a Teleportation Scroll was even more dangerous, and it needed to be tested before it could be used.

At that moment, the silver-armored Emissary Vigilant was extremely furious and wanted to call upon divine retribution to kill Zhang Ruochen regardless of the cost.

A slither of Zhang Ruochen's spiritual power flew thousands of miles, and into his ears. "The image of you killing Bloodhunt Hongdong had been seen by many cultivators. Perhaps they have even rubbed and traced the image down."

“I can hand you evidence of Bloodhunt Hongdong’s massacre of the Sword Sanctum to you, and give you an explanation to the Celestial Palace.”

As he said that, Zhang Ruochen raised the scroll, and gently shook it at the silver-armored Emissary Vigilant.

The silver-armored Emissary Vigilant who had wanted to call upon divine retribution restrained his emotions and said, “Hand it to me.”

“Answer me first. Have your projection managed to teleport successfully?” Zhang Ruochen asked.

Ever since the silver-armored Emissary Vigilant had become a Supreme Saint, he had never been toyed by a being beneath a Supreme Saint like that. The anger in his heart was enough to burn the heavens and earth.

“It worked!”

The bare few words hissed out between the silver-armored Emissary Vigilant’s teeth.

Zhang Ruochen said calmly: “I want to know the exact numbers.”

“The teleportation distance is 360,000 miles. Zhang Ruochen don’t push your luck. Beware of the day you fall into my hands,” the silver-armored Emissary Vigilant hissed.

“Catch.”

Zhang Ruochen threw the roll-up scroll over, and took the Mastadon-Devouring Rabbit along with him, as he used the Great Dimensional Shift and disappeared.

The silver-armored Emissary Vigilant created a projection and descended upon Kunlun Realm and grabbed the scroll.

Bam!!!

Suddenly, the scroll exploded as powerful energy was unleashed, and destroying the projection.

The surrounding dimension collapsed and became a broken space.

The Emissary Vigilant's fury exploded, and he roared, "Zhang Ruochen, you're courting death!"

Zhang Ruochen, who had already returned to the Eastern Region Holy City, and smiled faintly as he heard the Emissary Vigilant's furious roar.

Zhang Ruochen did not believe that that Emissary Vigilant would blatantly call upon divine retribution upon him. After all, he did not kill Bloodhunt Hongdong, and there was no evidence that he had captured Tian Chen.

As long as divine retribution was not unleashed, Zhang Ruochen did not fear the other means available to the Emissary Vigilant. After all, Zhang Ruochen, aside from Supreme Saints, had entered the preliminary ranks of the top-ranked elites.

After that, it was the Emissary Vigilant's headache on how to explain to the Celestial Palace why he had killed Bloodhunt Hongdong.

All eight Godstones were exhausted, and the Sundial stopped working.

In fact, Zhang Ruochen still had a Godstone with him. That Godstone was inlaid in the King Daxi's Divine Crystal Staff.

But a single Godstone could not run the Sundial, so Zhang Ruochen did not take it off.

"With a Godstone inlaid in it, this Divine Staff must be something special."

"But that day, King Daxi did not use the Godstone or activate the staff. Was it because she could not rouse it with her current spiritual power? Or was it because she had no time?"

In any case, this Crystal Staff was definitely something special and needed proper safekeeping.

When Lu Huaiyu learned that Zhang Ruochen had killed Bloodhunt Hongdong, he immediately brought a group of cultivators from the Sword Sanctum to meet the latter.

Without a care of offending an Emissary Vigilant to seek justice for the Sword Sanctum, all of the cultivators of the

Sword Sanctum were really moved.

In the past, they only regarded Zhang Ruochen as a former prince and did not have much sense of belonging.

But now, they would gladly take the knee, as they were both admiring and grateful to Zhang Ruochen.

“Your Highness, the Black Altar has been restored,” Lu Huaiyu reported.

A tinge of joy appeared on Zhang Ruochen’s face. “Bring me to have a look.”

The Black Altar was an artifact that Zhang Ruochen had snatched from a Level 59 Fane of Youshen spiritual-power Saint King, but it was split in half by Awesome, the Little Taoist with the Purple-Gold Bagua Mirror and was severely damaged.

In the past eight years, both Lu Huaiyu and Awesome, the Little Taoist were not only cultivating, but they also spent time on refining tools.

The Black Altar was hundreds of feet high and was divided into six floors. There were steps built on it, with 18 array flags fluttering in the wind.

The 18 array flags were refined by Blackie, which he called the ‘Conflagration of Heaven and Earth Array’, a part of a Nine-Rank formation array. Both Lu Huaiyu and Awesome, the Little Taoist then combined the 18 array flags, and the Nine-rank formation inscription inside the Black Altar together.

Inside the Black Altar was a simple Nine-Rank formation.

Awesome, the Little Taoist stood at the top of the altar, looking quite proud. “Zhang Ruochen, see, this one never brags, unlike that owl. The power of the Black Altar is much stronger than before. Want to give it a try?”

Zhang Ruochen ascended the Black Altar, and stood at the center of it, as he released the spiritual power from his Saint Heart.

Voosh!

A series of blood-red circuit lines appeared on the surface of the Black Altar like the blood vessels of a living being. The array flags inserted in eighteen different positions made a fluttering sound as flames appeared and formed into eighteen flame clouds.

Even when it was not completely roused, all of the cultivators in the region were startled by the aura erupting from the Black Altar.

All of them looked at each other, wondering in their hearts if Zhang Ruochen had obtained another peerless treasure.

Zhang Ruochen did not continue to rouse the Black Altar as he withdrew his spiritual power, a satisfied look appeared in his eyes as he asked. "How many Saint Stones are needed to activate the Black Altar once?"

"About a million pieces," Lu Huaiyu's said.

Zhang Ruochen nodded slightly, it was within the range of his limits.

One needed to know that he had an ancient arcane mineral vein and could continuously dig out Saint Stones from it.

Zhang Ruochen asked again, "I've given you the fragment of the tortoiseshell, have you refine it together with the Purple-Gold Bagua Mirror."

The tortoiseshell fragment cost Fairy Tianchu 10 billion Saint Stones, and it weighed heavily in terms of bonds and honor.

When he handed it to Awesome, the Little Taoist, Zhang Ruochen originally wanted Awesome, the Little Taoist to pay 10 billion Saint Stones for it.

However, Awesome, the Little Taoist went on crying about how awesomely broke he was, and in the end, Zhang Ruochen still handed him the tortoiseshell fragment.

He had already given him seven Divine Planets, so Zhang Ruochen would naturally not be stingy with a piece of a Supreme Sacred Artifact.

Awesome, the Little Taoist sniggered while he took out the Purple-Gold Bagua Mirror and said, "It's just a small piece

short and the Purple-Gold Bagua Mirror can be restored into a complete Supreme Sacred Artifact. When that time comes, who would be my match? ”

“But perhaps that little piece may never be found,” Zhang Ruochen said.

Awesome, the Little Taoist looked indifferent and said, “It doesn’t matter. If you really cannot find it, I’ll use other materials to replace and complete it.”

“A Supreme Sacred Artifact would need a vessel spirit to unleash its true power. The Purple-Gold Bagua Mirror doesn’t have a vessel spirit, right?” Zhang Ruochen said.

“Well, about that!”

The corner of Awesome, the Little Taoist’s mouth twitched as a smile appeared. “If it was before, I would not have told you this. But since you regard me as one of your own, and I will reciprocate it as well. Actually, if I am desperate, I can merge together with the Purple-Gold Bagua Mirror, and at that time, I will be the vessel spirit.”

Zhang Ruochen was not surprised.

At Royal Mountain, Awesome, the Little Taoist merged with the Purple-Gold Bagua Mirror to unleash unparalleled power and broke the simple Nine-rank array, splitting the Black Altar in half.

Turning oneself into a vessel spirit when there wasn’t one, perhaps only Awesome, the Little Taoist dared to pull that stunt.

Zhang Ruochen said, “There’s one more thing that I’m quite curious about. The Purple-Gold Bagua Mirror was in the hands of Lord Luotianzhen, how did you take it away? Where is his body?”

Awesome the Little Taoist’s eyes spun around as he evasively said, “What are you suspecting? The corpse of Lord Luotianzhen is of course still at the Altar of Divinity Bestowment. Could he resurrect himself and run away?”

Zhang Ruochen was about to continue questioning it, but he suddenly sensed something and raised his head.

He saw a light talisman flying over from the horizon.

It was a message from the Holy Scripture Maiden.

“Mr. Godcliff went to Luoshui before he disappeared from the Chessboard of the World. Zhang Ruochen, be careful. Even an array master, even if wounded, cannot be underestimated.”

“Luoshui...”

Zhang Ruochen squeezed the light talisman tightly, his expression changed suddenly.

Mr. Godcliff knew that he would not be able to do anything in the Eastern Region Holy City, so he must have gone to Luoshui to exact vengeance upon Fairy Tianchu. It was possible that he would go to Royal Mountain as well and destroy Zhang Ruochen’s base.

“Tell Xiaoyezi, that things are extremely urgent, and meet me at Luoshui immediately.”

Zhang Ruochen gave an order to Lu Huaiyu, before he drove the Black Altar into the air and flew out of the Eastern Region Holy City, and toward the dimensional wormhole outside of the Holy City.

“What the hell is going on?” Awesome, the Little Taoist asked.

Zhang Ruochen’s expression was extremely cold as he said, “We’re going to kill the master of the seven Divine Planets.”

Going through the dimensional wormhole and the teleportation array, Zhang Ruochen sped up to the fastest he could, and in less than half a day, he arrived at Luoshui.

The sun was shining bright.

White mist floated on the surface of Luoshui, layered on top of each other, blocking all line of sight, and making it difficult to see what was going on in the depths.

It was important to note that there were many dangers in Luoshui. Only during a starry night without moonlight would one enter the depths according to a special star path.

“Mr. Godcliff must have entered Luoshui. We cannot wait any longer.”

Zhang Ruochen did not have the time to wait for a starry night without moonlight, and he drove the Black Altar toward Luoshui.

Even Ji Fanxin dared to break into Luoshui alone, as the scion of time and space, why would he dared not do the same?

However, just before he reached the skies above Luoshui, four golden figures appeared from the waters and blocked the Black Altar. One of the golden figures said loudly, “His Royal Highness has ordered for Luoshui to be sealed. No entrance is permitted to unauthorized persons.”

Zhang Ruochen recognized them, there were the Goldscale Imperial Guards under the Dizu Crown Prince.

Zhang Ruochen did not have the time to blather with them as he let out a rasping cry. “Get lost.”

Boom!

Four thunderbolts flew out of the Black Altar and hit the four Goldscale Imperial Guards, and sending them flying into the water.

“Who dares to attack the Imperial Guards of the Dizu Divine Dynasty?”

Several powerful figures appeared on the surface of Luoshui.

One of them was an old man with four arms. Zhang Ruochen recognized him. He had seen that person on one of the planets in deep within Luoshui, he was named Eunuch Que and was the number one elite under the Dizu Crown Prince.

Chapter 1855 - Gongming

Chapter 1855: Gongming

Zhang Ruochen stood straight at the center of the Black Altar like a spear, his posture heroic with a terrifying aura about him as he said, “Zhang Ruochen.”

“Here I was thinking who was that unruly lout, it turned out to be the self-styled Prince of the Eastern Region, Zhang Ruochen.”

“It seems like he really regards himself as the master of the Eastern Region, and did not even put the Dizu Divine Dynasty in his eyes.”

...

Several contemptuous waves of laughter rang out from Luoshui.

One of them, named Yue Gongming, stood beside Eunuch Que.

Four streams of Saint Qi blasted out from Yue Gongming’s palm.

The Saint Qi condensed into chains and rescued the four Golden Imperial Guards out of the water.

Yue Gongming smiled slightly. “Who said Zhang Ruochen did not put the Dizu Divine Dynasty in his eyes? As a Prince of a region, for him to not kill the four Goldscale Imperial Guard outright, it shows that he dares not offend the Dizu Divine Dynasty.”

Zhang Ruochen had long expected that the moment he announced himself as the Prince of the Eastern Region, there would be many elites who would not accept it. Either laughing at him for being too self-presumptuous or did not even look at him as the Prince of the Eastern Region at all.

It did not matter.

All powerhouses only became invincible after being tempered by constant challenges.

Zhang Ruochen was not afraid of challenges nor provocations, but at this moment, he was not in the mood to fight the cultivators here, so he drove the Black Altar straight toward Luoshui.

“For him to actually ignoring our prohibition, get down here.”

Yue Gongming’s gaze focused as he lifted his hand, and a large amount of saint path precepts rushed out from his body across all directions and changed the precepts of heaven and earth in the area.

Freezing winds kicked up within a radius of hundreds of miles, forming into a massive tornado and enclosing the Black Altar.

This person wanted to use the wind force to forcefully pull the Black Altar down.

Yue Gongming was one of the twelve Gongmings of the Shentian Sect, and his cultivation was quite powerful. He was not a weakling.

First of all, the Shentian Sect was one of the top ancient sects of the Imperial Path Macroworld, and its leader was a supreme true god with hundreds of millions of disciples spread across many macroworlds.

The so-called “Gongming”, was chosen from the Nine-step Saint Kings of the Shentian Sect that consisted of talented people who had the best chance to reach Supreme Sainthood.

Each of the twelve Gongmings could dominate a single area alone.

The God Queen of the Dizu Divine Dynasty, that was, the Queen Mother of the Dizu Crown Prince was the daughter of the Supreme Leader of the Shentian Sect, and her position was lofty.

Thus, it was not something strange that Yue Gongming would be together with Eunuch Que. He must have been called upon by the Dizu Crown Prince.

“Break!”

Zhang Ruochen tore open a dimensional rift that was dozens of meters long and tore the tornado aside as he drove the Black Altar, rushing out of it.

“Heh, his usage of the power of space is quite skillful at the very least.”

Yue Gongming transformed into a stream of light and overtook the Black Altar as he formed a hand seal. “Heavenfall Seal.”

Nearly one hundred thousand Saint Path Precepts gushed out of both of Yue Gongming’s palm, as the Saint Qi of heaven and earth were constantly drawn over, and formed a blinding seal mark.

It was just a seal, but the brilliance that came out of it was even more dazzling than the sun, and even a Saint King dared not look directly at it.

“Knowing that I’ve slain Jueyan Hu, and he still dared to provoke me. This person sure has some real ability.” Zhang Ruochen said to himself.

If not for the fact Zhang Ruochen was in a hurry, he perhaps would have stayed behind and fought him.

Zhang Ruochen infused his spiritual power into the Black Altar, and instantly the 18 array flags that were deployed on the altar all unleashed dazzling flames. Eighteen pillars of flames rushed into the air as they converged together, and struck the seal Yue Gongming had made.

Boom!

Two powerful forces collided against each other in the air.

Half of the sky were flashed white, while another half was turned into a sea of flames. The scene was extremely awe-inspiring.

Yue Gongming fell back and dropped onto the surface of the water as he glided several hundred feet on the surface before managing to stabilize himself.

He raised his head and looked at the disappearing Black Altar. There was no longer any smile on his face. “I thought that Zhang Ruochen had only managed to kill Jueyan Hu by using

the power of the ancient wards. I never thought that even without it, he was actually not weak at all.”

Eunuch Que said. “Forget it. Since Zhang Ruochen does not want to be our enemy, let’s not provoke him, especially in this sensitive period.”

“Is there any use for us guarding here any longer? I suspect that that Blood Wasp from the Infernal Court had already entered Luoshui,” Yue Gongming said.

Eunuch Que’s face was solemn as he said, “Our task is to seal Luoshui. Even if that Blood Wasp enters Luoshui, His Royal Highness and the two Gongmings should be enough to deal with it.”

...

The Black Altar flew into Luoshui, and a few hundred miles in, the fog on the water got thicker and thicker.

In the air, ancient inscription wards appeared, and if contact was made, the wards will call upon a destructive force to attack the Black Altar.

The formation array inside the Black Altar activated, forming a black sphere with a diameter of hundreds of feet.

A purple thunderbolt as thick as a water barrel struck against the black light screen outside the Black Altar. On the surface of the light screen, ripples appeared and nullified the power of the thunderbolt.

But the deeper he went into Luoshui, the more terrifying the attack power was.

A wind blade a hundred miles long, like an aurora, struck from the horizon, and the black light screen trembled violently as if it was about to shatter.

Awesome the Little Taoist was a little anxious as he took out the Purple-Gold Bagua Mirror and held it in his hand, saying, “The defensive power of the Black Altar is at its limits, right? There must have been someone powerful that had deployed a killer inscription ward here. It’s not something we can

breakthrough. How about... we head back first, and find another way? ”

Zhang Ruochen shook his head. “The Black Altar is too big a target, and it will easily trigger the interwoven inscriptions in the air and earth. We need to find another way.”

A large number of flames emerged before the Black Altar.

The flames converged together, and turned into a flame dragon tens of miles long before slamming into the Black Altar, and causing it to fly backward.

Voosh!

While the flame dragon was destroyed, the flames continued to burn and immolated the defensive screen of the Black Altar as it got thinner and thinner.

“Activate the power of the Purple-Gold Bagua Mirror.” Zhang Ruochen’s expression changed a little.

The flames were too terrifying, and even if Zhang Ruochen had cultivated the Divine Purification Flames, he was not sure if he could stop it.

What was more handicapping was that the dimensional structure of Luoshui was quite complicated, and he could not simply use Dimensional Shift at will. If he was not careful, he would be lost in these waters.

Only by using the protection of the Supreme Sacred Artifact would they have a chance to escape.

Awesome the Little Taoist had already infused Saint Qi into the Purple-Gold Bagua Mirror, and as soon as Zhang Ruochen’s voice rang out, a Bagua Seal appeared in the mirror and floated above their heads.

Voooshhh!!

Zhang Ruochen and Awesome, the Little Taoist hid behind the Bagua Seal. Then, they flew up, broke through the flames, and landed smoothly on the surface of the water.

Tens of miles away, the Black Altar was still suspended in the air, still in flames.

After burning for a whole two hours, only did the flames dissipated.

The Black Altar was burnt to golden red and became scorching hot. Fortunately, its material was of high quality so it was not damaged.

Zhang Ruochen kept the Black Altar into the Qiankun Realm and did not fly it again.

Awesome, the Little Taoist looked around carefully and asked, “Zhang Ruochen, where are we going actually? It’s too dangerous here! How about we go back?”

Zhang Ruochen said, “This is an awakened divine land here, and there are many amazing treasures in the depths of the water, ten-thousand-year-old holy medicines, a lakeful of god blood, and even corpses of the gods.”

“Awakened divine land... divine corpses...”

Awesome the Little Taoist swallowed his saliva as he licked his lips and said, “What’s so terrifying about danger? It’s not like I’ve not seen trials and tribulations before, what’s there to be afraid of an awakened divine land?” Don’t you have a Teleportation Scroll? We can teleport directly to the awakened divine land.”

Zhang Ruochen opened his heavens eye and unleashed the domain of space as he carefully explored his surroundings and shook his head. “It’s not that simple. Within Luoshui are countless of folded dimensions. The waters are probably tens of millions of miles wide, and if we get lost inside there, we might not be able to get out even after a hundred years.”

Awesome, the Little Taoist took a deep breath and said, “Aren’t you the scion of time and space? Are you afraid of getting lost in dimensional pockets?”

“I’m of course not afraid.”

Zhang Ruochen took a step out as he stepped on the water and headed in a direction. “Follow behind me, be careful.”

After walking almost a good half of the day on the water’s surface, he did not see the planet floating on the water. Zhang

Ruochen's heart could barely remain calm, as he became more and more anxious.

He was worried that Mr. Godcliff had already found Fairy Tianchu.

If an Array Master wanted to kill someone with the means he had...

Then that person was almost certain to die.

"Even with my learning of space, it is difficult to enter the depths of Luoshui. No matter how strong Mr. Godcliff's spiritual powers are, it should not be easy for him to break into it." Zhang Ruochen comforted himself.

"Eh?! Zhang Ruochen, look. There's a floating corpse there."

Awesome, the Little Taoist stood on Zhang Ruochen's right shoulder and pointed to the left before them.

Zhang Ruochen released his Saint Qi and condensed it into a thin thread. It then flew several miles away and wrapped around the floating corpse, as he dragged it to his side.

"The Fool!"

Zhang Ruochen was rather shocked, as he quickly grabbed the Fool's arm and probed around. "He's badly wounded, but he's still alive."

There were dense blood holes all over the Fool's chubby body, all of his internal organs, including his heart, were all penetrated by the blood holes, and his body was turned into a sieve.

About 90% of the Saint Blood in his body was lost.

Him being alive only showed that his will to survive was extraordinary.

Zhang Ruochen took out the Fountain of Life and fed him ten drops.

As the Fountain of Life entered his body, the weak life fluctuations within the Fool became a little stronger.

"Could it be that Mr. Godcliff had struck?"

Zhang Ruochen exuded a cold aura from his body, but soon, he was sure that it was not Mr. Godcliff who had severely wounded the Fool.

The reason was, some Ashuran Battle Qi remained in the fool's body.

It was the erosion of the Ashuran Battle Qi that caused the blood holes on the Fool's body to be unable to heal itself, and could only continuously lose the Saint Blood in his body.

Zhang Ruochen pressed his palm onto the Fool's chest, and absorbed all of the Ashuran Battle Qi, into his body, and merged it with the Five-Element Chaotic Qi.

Gradually, the blood holes on the Fool's body began to heal, and his life signs became stronger and stronger.

“He's saved!”

Zhang Ruochen heaved a sigh of relief.

Awesome, the Little Taoist smiled. “Fortunately, he's a portly one. He could float even after falling into the water, and just happened to run into us.”

Chapter 1856 - The Nine Carols Star

Chapter 1856: The Nine Carols Star

The Mercury Gourd floated on the boundless surface of the water. Zhang Ruochen sat on the gourd as he used his Heaven's Eye to observe his surroundings, looking for a route into the depths of Luoshui.

The Fool woke up, and a look of joy appeared in his eyes as he saw Zhang Ruochen beside him. He then blurted out, "Zhang Ruochen, why are you here at Luoshui?"

Zhang Ruochen closed his Heaven's Eye and said, "Shouldn't you be curious about why you're still alive?"

"What's there to be curious about? You must have saved me. Thanks, heh."

The Fool broke into a nonchalant smile as he stood up with a look that said he could not have cared less.

"Who wounded you?" Zhang Ruochen asked.

The Fool stopped smiling while he began recalling, and his eyes gradually sharpened. "The Blood Wasp Ashuran King."

Zhang Ruochen took out

The Maleficent Records of the Infernal Court's Ten Clans and quickly browsed through it before he found the Blood Wasp Ashuran King's name in it.

The person's danger level was actually at a seven.

"Two hundred years ago, the Blood Wasp Ashuran King ascended from the Yeluo Realm to the Ashuran Xingzhu Realm. Without an influential background, he experienced no less than a thousand bloody battles and survived them all. His cultivation base reached the rank of a Nine-step Saint King.

“The Blood Wasp Ashuran King’s most terrifying feat was that he raised a swarm of Blood Wasps. Aside from the Supreme Saints, he fears no one.”

Zhang Ruochen closed

The Maleficent Records of the Infernal Court’s Ten Clans

and muttered to himself, “Qi Xiaotian’s cultivation has reached the peak of the Greater Precept-World realm, and his danger level is only at a five. For the Blood Wasp Ashuran King to have a danger rating of seven, how strong could he be?”

Awesome, the Little Taoist appeared to be full of disdain. “So, his most powerful technique is to raise a swarm of Blood Wasps. I just need to spit out some flames and incinerate them.”

The Fool hurriedly said, “Don’t look down on his Blood Wasps. It’s like their bodies are made out of arcane cast iron, and normal flames cannot do anything to them. I was so badly wounded because I was surrounded by hundreds of Blood Kingwasps.”

Zhang Ruochen frowned. “Did the Blood Wasp Ashuran King not attack you himself?”

“If he did, how could I be alive now?” the Fool said.

The Fool’s combat power was far greater than that of Qi Xiaotian, yet he was no match for a swarm of hundred Blood Wasps?

“Are the Blood Wasps stronger than a Three-Legged Corpsegorgger?” Zhang Ruochen asked.

The Fool pondered for a moment. “Be it the Blood Wasp or the Three-legged Corpsegorgger, all of them need to grow continuously to become stronger. Of course, when push comes to shove, the Three-legged Corpsegorgger is more powerful.

“The Blood Wasps can only absorb blood to grow, while the Three-legged Corpsegorgger gorges on everything. Its ability to gnaw and swallow is quite horrifying.”

“However, legend has it that once a Blood Wasp absorbs enough divine blood, coupled with some unique conditions, it is possible for it to create an immortal Saint Body and grow to a level comparable to that of a Supreme Saint. At this point, the Blood Wasp would be a true Blood Kingwasp.

“Of course, it is extremely difficult to reach that stage, and it would only exist in legends.”

Zhang Ruochen continued to ask. “The hundreds of Blood Wasps that attacked you, what level were they?”

“A single Blood Wasp has the power to kill a One-step Saint King.”

The Fool felt some fear in his heart, as he paused before continuing. “The most terrifying thing about the Blood Wasp is its tail. While it is not venomous, its penetrative power is terrifying.”

“If they were to use their tail needle at the cost of their lives, even an armor of the ten-thousand weave sacred artifact level would be pierced through.”

Speaking of that, the Fool immediately asked. “Zhang Ruochen, do you have any Saint Armor? Give me a set, best be something that is of sacred artifact level of Fifth Radiance and above. This time, I ran into the Blood Wasps and suffered greatly because I did not have a decent armor.”

Awesome the Little Taoist spat. “You sure aren’t shy about this.”

“We are on the same side right? Why do I need to be shy about this?” The Fool asked back.

Awesome the Little Taoist responded. “Do we even know you that well? We have just saved you earlier, shouldn’t you be repaying us first?”

The Fool paused for a moment before looking at Zhang Ruochen. “At the Eastern Region Holy City, I’ve also helped you myself. Since we are equal, doesn’t that mean that we know each other well enough?”

Zhang Ruochen smiled slightly, as he took out a Saint Armor of the Fifth Radiance grade, and handed it to the Fool. “It’s just a Saint Armor, I can afford that much.”

The Fool smiled as he took the Saint Armor and put it onto his body, exclaiming. “Not bad, not bad. Zhang Ruochen is a generous one. Zhang Ruochen, with our friendship, if you want to pursue our Lady Fairy, I can help you out.”

Zhang Ruochen put his smile away and said. “Brother Fool, I’m afraid you have a misunderstanding there!”

“It doesn’t matter, I just said it casually. You don’t have to take it too seriously.”

Immediately after, the Fool talked to himself. “There are so many heroes who want to pursue her Highness, and many had come to my door, giving me all sorts of treasures, in hopes that I could show them a clear way. But I’ve never taken any of it. Frankly speaking, this is the first time I wanted to help someone pursue her Highness. Do you know why?”

“Why?” Zhang Ruochen asked.

The Fool smiled. “It’s because I can see that her Highness seemed to have that bit of interest in you. Plus, your character is good, and I like that.”

A moment later, the Fool put away his smile, saying. “The purpose of the Blood Wasp Ashuran King coming to Luoshui must be her Highness. We need to quickly return to the Nine Carols Star.”

“The target of the Blood Wasp Ashuran King is Fairy Tianchu?” Zhang Ruochen asked.

“Most likely.”

The Fool continued. “Our Tianchu Civilization is adjacent to the Ashuran Xingzhu Realm, separated by only a narrow space, so there is constant fighting, and both sides have deep hatred against each other.”

“If the Blood Wasp Ashuran King captures or kills her Highness. Then it will be a marvelous achievement, and he will be able to get huge rewards and a large number of fiefs.”

“For the Blood Wasp Ashuran King who is without any foundations or background, a reward and fiefs are just too important for him!”

“This Fool, he’s not foolish at all, and his mind is sharper than anyone else.” Zhang Ruochen said to himself.

The Fool had gone in and out of Luoshui many times and knew several safe routes.

With him leading the way, the party soon crossed the danger zone and entered the depths of Luoshui.

In fact, the path that Zhang Ruochen had found himself, was one of the correct routes.

They only needed to walk another hour’s time to go through it.

The Nine Carols Star was a massive planet floating above the waters of Luoshui, with a diameter of dozens of thousands of miles. Its surface was snowy white as if it was a massive piece of jade.

When sunlight shone on the surface of the Nine Carols Star, a jade luster would be reflected.

Not only did the Nine Carols Star contained a potent Saint Qi of heaven and earth, but also exuding a powerful divine aura. Even when Zhang Ruochen was standing tens of thousands of miles away, he could feel an almost imperceptible pressure.

As they closed in onto the Nine Carols Star, Zhang Ruochen could see that nine rivers were flowing from the part of the star that was exposed to the water’s surface.

Nine divine rivers coiling around the star one after another, each higher than the last.

If one were to take the Nine Carols Star as a mountain, then the nine divine rivers were like nine waterfalls flowing down from the top of the mountain.

“How can a planet be suspended in the water? It must be an extraordinary star, it must be.”

Awesome, the Little Taoist was overjoyed as it took out the Purple-Gold Bagua Mirror, and prepare to snatch the Nine

Carols Star away.

“The Nine Carols Star is a legacy left behind by one of the gods of the Tianchu Civilization. Many cultivators of the Tianchu Civilization are stationed there, to learn the supreme ways of the gods. So calm down, Master Taoist.” The Fool stopped Awesome, the Little Taoist and spoke very seriously.

Zhang Ruochen looked at the nine divine rivers in the distance, and a palpitation appeared in his sea of Qi.

A soul shadow automatically appeared in his sea of Qi, and slowly practiced the Luoshui Fist.

The soul shadow was a piece of Zhang Ruochen’s consciousness.

But, at this moment, Zhang Ruochen could hardly control that consciousness.

“Interesting, the Nine Carols Star is definitely a sacred ground for enlightenment. Could it be that both Luo Xu’s and Luo Shuihan’s opportunities came from here?” Zhang Ruochen said to himself.

The Fool frowned a little, and after pondering for a moment, he said. “We cannot land on the star from the front just like that. If the Blood Wasp Ashuran King had already taken the star, aren’t we throwing ourselves into a trap?”

Obviously, the Fool was quite wary against the Blood Wasp Ashuran King.

One needed to know that the Blood Wasp Ashuran King controlled a large amount of Saint King-level Blood Wasps, and the number of Saint Kings he lorded over was comparable to a macroworld. For such a character to cultivate to the point of godhood, he would be able to shake an entire generation. He could open up new domains, and become the master of a realm.

Against a demonic foe of such a level, who would not be afraid?

The Fool continued. “I know a dimensional wormhole that can directly lead to the Nine Carols Star.

An hour later, Zhang Ruochen, the Fool and Awesome the Little Taoist passed through the dimensional wormhole and had arrived quietly onto the surface of the Nine Corals Star.

Fortunately, there was no major turmoil on the Nine Carols Star, and it seemed like the Blood Wasp Ashuran King had not arrived here yet.

“That’s great. Seems like we have managed to rush back in advance. Let’s report to her Highness now.” The Fool was overjoyed, and he smiled like the Laughing Buddha.

“By the way, Zhang Ruochen, why on earth did you come to Luoshui for?” The Fool asked again.

Zhang Ruochen fell silent, and after a while, he said. “I want to see Fairy Tianchu, there is a very important thing that I want to tell her.”

“Hahaha!”

The Fool guffawed. “And you said that you did not want to pursue her Highness, didn’t you just exposed yourself? If you want to go, I’ll definitely take you there. Her Highness is currently comprehending the path by the banks of the third divine river.”

As expected, there were many cultivators of the Tianchu Civilization on the Nine Carols Star. On the way to the third divine river, Zhang Ruochen had seen more than a dozen.

They were all training in the divine river.

The third divine river was thousands of miles long, and hundreds of meters wide. The current was turbulent, and water vapors rose, forming a mist of purple, white, and blue.

The Fool asked Zhang Ruochen to wait in place as he reported to Fairy Tianchu.

Standing by the riverside, Zhang Ruochen looked at the following water, and every wave was like a path, every water pattern a precept.

A soul shadow formed in his sea of Qi again and started practicing the Luoshui Fist Technique.

Then came the second soul shadow, and the third...

Without him noticing, Zhang Ruochen stepped into the divine river, stepping onto the surface of the waters as he closed his eyes, looking quite intoxicated as he also practice the Luoshui Fist, and entered a state of heightened consciousness.

Until a sweet voice interrupted him.

“Who are you, how did you enter the Nine Carols Star?”

Zhang Ruochen was rudely awakened, and a disappointed look appeared on his face.

Earlier, while he was only just punching, but the Saint Path Precepts of the Heaven River was increasing rapidly, and was much faster than an Imperial Enlightenment Artifact.

He was training his fist and comprehending at the same time.

The speed of his enlightenment was many times faster than anywhere else.

Zhang Ruochen lightly shook his head and looked downstream as he saw a graceful figure in blue. She was extremely beautiful, her skin fair and white, her eyes bright and her teeth immaculately white, the blue silk looked like a waterfall, and caused her to look like she was surrounded by a spiritual aura.

Zhang Ruochen recognized her. He had met her at the Altar of Divinity Bestowment.

She was the disciple of Fairy Tianchu, Li Miaohan, who was almost as famous as Feng Yan, Wang Xu, and the Thousand Star Maiden, ranking 19th on the Saint Merit List. Her talents were extraordinary.

In terms of cultivation talent, she was definitely at the top level among the cultivators across the various realms.

Chapter 1857 - Showing Off and Jealousy

Chapter 1857: Showing Off and Jealousy

Just now, in just half the time to burn a jostick, the saint path precepts in Zhang Ruochen's sea of Qi increased by more than a thousand.

If this state continued, he could easily increase the amount of saint path precepts by more than tens of thousands.

The speed of enlightenment was almost terrifying.

Seeing that Zhang Ruochen did not respond, Li Miaohan thought that he was an infiltrator. Suddenly, a fierce aura was exuded from her body, as her slender fingers pointed towards Zhang Ruochen chest.

A sword force was condensed and turned into a finger blade.

WHOOSH!!

The piercing power of a sword force was extremely powerful, and was not something mortal flesh could block.

But when the finger blade sword force flew before Zhang Ruochen, it slid away automatically, and flew away from his side, and hit the jade-like cliff wall behind him, leaving a hole the size of the bowl with no end to it.

In Li Miaohan's aura-filled eyes, a glint of shock appeared as she immediately summoned the Meteorite Storm Sword.

Five layers of saint power waves appeared on the sword blade.

The semi-transparent sword Qi was automatically condensed, and surrounded Li Miaohan's body, making her look like a sword fairy.

Just as Zhang Ruochen was about to open his mouth to explain, the sword light had already reached his eyes, and the small holes had been cut open on his robes. Without any

recourse, he formed a finger sword, and clashed against the Meteorite Storm Sword.

As he was wearing the Fire God's Gauntlet, Zhang Ruochen was not afraid of his fingers being cut off.

BAM! BAM!!

Li Miaohan's dozens of strikes were all easily nullified by Zhang Ruochen.

Zhang Ruochen put two fingers together as he caught the Meteorite Storm Sword, and the power of the Fire God's Gauntlet was unleashed, as he shattered the five layers of saint light waves into mist.

"Miss Miaohan. Please listen to me." Zhang Ruochen said.

Li Miaohan's eyebrows furrowed, as a sword path precept stream came out from the center of her brows, which combined with the Meteorite Storm Sword.

BAM!!!

The Meteorite Storm Sword erupted and transformed into thousands of silver light.

Each silver light was a sword the size of an embroidery needle.

Thousands of silver light transformed into a rain of swords, and rushed at Zhang Ruochen.

The Meteorite Storm Sword was a combination of 1,763 swords, and the power when they are separated was even more powerful.

"For Li Miaohan's cultivation to reach such a level. It seems that the Nine Carols Star is really a sacred ground for enlightenment."

At the Altar of Divinity Bestowment, both Li Miaohan and Zhang Ruochen were Half-step Saint Kings.

The reason Zhang Ruochen was able to reach the realm of an Eight-step Saint King in a short period of time was because of the aid of the Sundial and the Canon of Truth.

Li Miaohan's cultivation had already reached the realm of a Five-Step Saint King, or even a Six-step Saint King.

Such a speed in her cultivation only showed that she too had extraordinary adventures.

With the world as wide as it is, nothing was impossible.

The Sundial and the Canon of Truth may not be the most powerful supporting treasures. Everyone has their own opportunities, and ways to reach godhood.

Zhang Ruochen took out the Eight-Dragon Umbrella and opened it. Golden brilliance radiated from it, and blocked all of the flying swords. The flying swords clashed against the umbrella, making a series of loud bangs, like rain upon plaintain leaf.

“So strong.”

Li Miaohan released a sword soul, a tiny figure that looked exactly like her. It flew above her head, like a beautiful fairy.

“For her to actually cultivated a sword soul.” Zhang Ruochen was even more surprised.

Seeing the strength of Li Miaohan's sword soul, and her learning of her sword technique, she had already reached the state of minor-completion of her Jianjiu.

“STOP.”

A beautiful and melodious sound rang out from the distance.

Li Miaohan quickly recalled her sword soul and Meteorite Storm Sword, and saluted towards the direction of the voice.

“Master.”

Fairy Tianchu and the Fool slowly walked over, and appeared by the bank of the divine river.

“This man...”

Just as Li Miaohan was about to open her mouth, she was interrupted by Fairy Tianchu with a raise of the latter's hand. “He's the divine envoy of Yueshen, Zhang Ruochen. He came to the Nine Carols Star with the Fool.”

“Zhang Ruochen.”

Li Miaohan looked at the man standing on the water, as a look of surprise, curiosity and a variety of emotions appeared on her eyes.

Whether it was his identity as the scion of time and space, or the various legends surrounding Zhang Ruochen, it was enough to make any cultivator being curious about him.

“The news of Zhang Ruochen coming to Nine Carols Star should not be spread out for the time being. What are you doing here for?” Fairy Tianchu’s eyes never landed on Zhang Ruochen from the beginning to the end.

Li Miaohan said. “Shiqing Shenzi had came to the Nine Carols Star. He said that the Blood Wasp Ashuran King had come to Luoshui, and was worried about your safety, so he specially came to help.”

“The news sure spread quickly, for him to know that soon.” Fairy Tianchu said to herself.

Li Miaohan immediately continued. “Master, you should rush over and have a look. Otherwise the Dizu Crown Prince and Shiqing Shenzi might fight against each other. The two have deep grievances against each other.”

Fairy Tianchu nodded gently before looking at Zhang Ruochen with clear eyes, saying. “The Fool said that you have a very important thing to tell me? May I know what is it?”

Zhang Ruochen saw Fairy Tianchu’s eyes, and knew that she probably only took him as a worthy friend, and did not have any idea of furthering their relationship.

The nine fairies of the Nine Beauties portrait, were sure enough, all cold and proud. None of them will easily fall into a vortex of emotions and affect their own cultivation.

BOOOOOM!

A deafening explosion rang out from the skies above, and the entire Nine Carols Star shook slightly.

Immediately, the sky was painted gold by a golden sun.

Zhang Ruochen looked up and saw a remarkable figure there. It was just that the saint light radiating from his body was too bright that made him look like a sun.

“They actually fought.”

Fairy Tianchu frowned, and then said. “Zhang Ruochen, we’ll talk about the matter you have later.”

Whoosh!! Whoosh!!

Fairy Tianchu and the Fool transformed into two streams of light and broke through the clouds as they flew towards the horizon like a meteor.

An apologetic smile appeared on Miaohan’s delicate face. “Young Master Ruochen. I’ve long been admiring of your name. I’m really sorry just now. You’ve called my name out earlier, have we met before?”

Of course they had.

But, at that time, Zhang Ruochen did not look like what he did now.

Zhang Ruochen said. “There are only a few proud scioness of heaven in the top twenty the Saint Merit List. What’s more, Miss Miaohan, your beauty is not inferior to your master, how could I not know you?”

And it was proof that praising a woman’s beauty was always much more useful than praising her abilities.

Li Miaohan’s lips curled up slightly as she smiled. “For Elder Fool to bring you here, that means you are trustworthy, and can be a friend of the Tianchu Civilization. May I know what’s the reason you want to meet my master?”

“There’s one important matter.” Zhang Ruochen said.

Seeing that Zhang Ruochen did not say anything about his purpose. A look of understanding appeared in her eyes as she guessed that the so-called important thing was probably just an excuse to see Master alone.

After following Fairy Tianchu to cultivate, she had seen who knows how many proud sons of heaven using similar excuses.

Suddenly, the image of Zhang Ruochen in her heart fell by a few points.

The so-called scion of space and time, the divine envoy of Yueshen, was nothing but a mortal that lusts for beauty.

Li Miaohan even guessed that the real reason Zhang Ruochen was pursuing her Master was for him to climb up the vines of the Tianchu Civilization. After all, both Guanghan Realm and Kunlun Realm was not in a good situation.

“Elder Fool sure is foolish, he must’ve been used by Zhang Ruochen.” Li Miaohan said to herself.

Zhang Ruochen looked at towards the clouds above, and was rather worried as Mister Godcliff too had arrived near the Nine Carols Star, and said. “Let’s go and have a look as well.”

“Young master, please wait.”

Li Miaohan stopped Zhang Ruochen, saying. “Young Master Ruochen... Master does not seem to want the news of you coming to the Nine Carols Star to spread, if we rush over, Master will definitely admonish me.”

Zhang Ruochen frowned and began to think.

“Young master, please don’t overthink. The Tianchu Civilization isn’t afraid that your identity will cause us trouble. It’s because there are just too many proud sons of heaven that are after Master’s affection. But all of them were rejected by her, and did not allow them to step into the Nine Carols Star.”

“If young master, you were to appear in the Nine Carols Star, what would those proud sons of heaven think? It will be quite detrimental to you.”

Zhang Ruochen said to himself. “No wonder she was a worthy talent to entire the top 20 of the Saint Merit List. Her mind is keen, and if she grows further in the future, she will not be any inferior than Fairy Tianchu.”

“I will not cause trouble to Fairy Tianchu and Miss Miaohan.”

As he said that, Zhang Ruochen’s body shook a little, and transformed into a handsome man with similar looks to Li Miaohan.

Zhang Ruochen smiled and said. "I wonder if I could be Miss Miaohan's elder brother for the time being?"

Li Miaohan stared at Zhang Ruochen and was secretly shocked. Zhang Ruochen's transformation technique had no flaws at all.

If he was to be an enemy of Tianchu Civilization, he only needed this transformation technique to cause a total mess there.

Li Miaohan nodded, saying. "Since you insist... alright."

Both Zhang Ruochen and Li Miaohan flew out of the atmosphere of the Nine Carols Star.

Less than a thousand miles away from the Nine Carols Star, there was an island floating on the water.

On the island, there were silhouettes of many people, each radiating terrifying saint aura.

When Zhang Ruochen and Li Miaohan landed on the island, both Dizu Crown Prince and Shiqing Shenzi had stopped fighting.

Fairy Tianchu, with her unparalleled style, stood at the center of the island with saint light surrounding her. The saint aura emanated from her body actually suppressed the aura of the other cultivators.

"Fairy Tianchu's cultivation had gotten even stronger!" Zhang Ruochen said to himself.

Fairy Tianchu's voice rang all across the island. "If you want to fight, go somewhere else and stay away from the Nine Carols Star."

A burly, handsome-looking man said. "since the Fairy had spoken, I will naturally not make another move. But of course, if someone else were to initiate a provocation, I will not be afraid, and will fight until the world falls apart."

This person, was the famous Shiqing Shenzi.

The Dizu Crown Prince sneered coldly. "With the enemy before us, I can't be bothered to be stoop to your level. Fairy,

I've sent out elites to lockdown Luoshui. The Blood Wasp Ashuran King have not shown up, if he dares to, this will be a one-way trip for him."

Shiqing Shenzi laughed. "HAHAHA!! Do you know what sort of terrifying existence the Blood Wasp Ashuran King is, the few people you sent isn't enough to even scratch him. Fairy, against an elite like the Blood Wasp Ashuran King, we need to focus on defense. I've hired an elite who is well-versed in formation arrays, and could create a top-level Eight-Rank Array for the Nine Corals Star.

Chapter 1858 - : Crone Qushan

Chapter 1858: Crone Qushan

“Pffft!”

Awesome the Little Taoist, who was sitting on Zhang Ruochen’s shoulder, could not help but laugh.

“Who’s laughing?”

Shiqing Shenzi glanced sideways, as he stared coldly at Awesome the Little Taoist.

Awesome the Little Taoist raised a hand and said apologetically. “Sorry... I’m sorry... I just could not hold back...”

God knows how many pairs of eyes on the island were all focused on Awesome the Little Taoist and Zhang Ruochen.

Shiqing Shenzi’s tone was rather unkind. “Is it that funny?”

Awesome the Little Taoist shook its head quickly and said with a serious expression, “It’s not funny, but I think that if the ancient wards of Luoshui cannot stop the Blood Wasp Ashuran King, then an Eight-Rank Array would definitely not be able to stop him.”

When the Tianchu Civilization cultivators saw Zhang Ruochen, all of them looked at each other, as they thought to themselves. “Who is that man who looks like Saint King Miaohan? Could be a Tianchu Civilization cultivator? But why we have not seen him before?”

“Ignorance.”

A white-haired old man with antlers on his head slowly walked out from behind Shiqing Shenzi’s back as he said with a hoarse voice. “There are differences in level between the Eight-Rank Formation Arrays, a true top-level Eight-Rank Array, once activated, even a Supreme Saint could not easily

dismantle it, and could easily suppress and kill elites of the Precept Domain realm.”

“Elder Lu.”

Shiqing Shenzi took three steps back and helped to steady, the white-haired old man with antlers, the wild aura around him diminished somewhat.

Zhang Ruochen could feel his saint heart shrank a little as if his spiritual powers were sealed, he then said to himself. “So powerful, this old man’s spiritual power must be of the Fifty-Nine level, and moreover, it is not at the early stage of that level.”

Elder Lu immediately continued. “While the ancient inscription wards of Luoshui are powerful, but they cover too vast an area, and there will always be some loopholes. It is not unsurprising if it was not able to stop a true elite.”

“But, the Eight-Rank Formation Array that I will be deploying, only needs to cover the Nine Carols Star.”

Awesome the Little Taoist could tell that the old man called Elder Lu was not someone to mess with, so he restrained himself somewhat as he said. “I have also studied formation arrays before, and know that the more powerful an array, the more time is needed to deploy it. By the time you cover the entire Nine Carols Star with the formation, the Blood Wasp Ashuran King may have already killed everyone on the star.”

“Seems like your attainments on formation arrays are not that accomplished. Don’t you know that I have already refined all of the formation plates in advance?” Elder Lu sneered.

A gleeful look appeared on Shiqing Shenzi’s face. “Fairy, the defensive formation that Elder Lu lays is indestructible by any lifeform under a Supreme saint. As long as you agree to allow us into the Nine Carols Star, we only need two days to complete the deployment of the Eight-Rank formation array.”

Against an elite like the Blood Wasp Ashuran King, Fairy Tianchu too had to be cautious and did not immediately reject Shiqing Shenzi.

Even if she did not think of herself, she needed to consider the safety of the many cultivators of the Tianchu Civilization there.

Awesome the Little Taoist, send a telepathic message to Zhang Ruochen. “That Shiqing Shenzi punk is totally predictable. If he enters the Nine Carols Star, he definitely will be coiling himself around your Fairy Tianchu no? How about you tell her that you could deploy a Dimensional Labyrinth Array and the Array of Time which is many times more practical than that who-knows-that defensive Eight-Rank array?”

Zhang Ruochen rolled his eyes at Awesome the Little Taoist. “Do you know how long does it take to cover the entire Nine Carols Star with the Dimensional Labyrinth Array and Array of Time?”

“How long?”

“It may not even be completed even after half a year.” Zhang Ruochen said.

“Uh...”

Awesome the Little Taoist strokes its beard and said, “Don’t we have the Seven Divine Planets? The Seven Divine Planets can be turned into nine protective stars around the Nine Carols Star, and won’t their defensive power be any inferior to an Eight-Rank formation array?”

Zhang Ruochen shook his head and said, “The seven Divine Planets were personally made by Mister Godcliff. He must be very aware of the flaws of the Divine Planets, and the Ninth-Rank formation array. I need to remind you, whenever Mister Godcliff is around, you better not use it. We’ll lose big time if they get taken away!”

“Neither this or that would work, are we going to just watch them show off and steal the limelight?” Awesome the Little Taoist said resentfully.

“We are not here to show off in the first place.”

Zhang Ruochen continued. “Plus, with both the Blood Wasp Ashuran King and Mister Godcliff eyeing this place, letting Shiqing Shenzi bring his men into the Nine Carols Star, isn’t

necessarily a bad thing. Better still, if there are more elites...
Eh, did I hit the jackpot?"

In the distance, where the water and sky meet, three saint birds flew over, emitting one purple, one black, and one white, three different brilliances.

The three saint birds had magnificent feathers and powerful auras. Soon, they were already flying close to the island.

Whoosh!! Whoosh!!

The three saint birds transformed into three human figures as they descended from the sky and landed on the island.

Seeing the three figures, a strange look appeared on Zhang Ruochen's face.

It was because he knew two out of the three, Black Phoenix and White Zhuque.

Before Black Phoenix and White Zhuque, was an old woman in her sixties. Her hair was white but was neatly combed. Even if she did not deliberately release her aura, the power emanating from her body was enough to make all of the cultivators present keep quiet.

"Why is this old monster here!" Li Miaohan frowned deeply.

That old woman's hearing was extremely acute, and she stared at Li Miaohan with hawk-like eyes.

"Watch out." Fairy Tianchu called out.

Zhang Ruochen too noticed danger, as his figure flashed, and appeared before Li Miaohan as he blasted a palm strike out.

BAM!!!

A needle as thin as cow's hair struck Zhang Ruochen's palm.

One needs to know, the smaller a sacred artifact was, the stronger its penetrating power, but its impact was far inferior to a larger sacred artifact.

However, the force of the needle far surpassed Zhang Ruochen's imagination, as if a meteorite had struck his palm.

Zhang Ruochen was sent backward by more than ten feet away before he managed to neutralize the power of the needle.

Zhang Ruochen thought that such a powerful needle must've been a high-grade sacred artifact. However, the needle had just dissipated in his palm and turned into a purple mist.

“It's not a physical needle?”

Zhang Ruochen's expression changed, looking quite grim.

The cultivation of the old woman was just terrifying!

A flash of surprise appeared in the eyes of the old woman, as she said harshly. “For you to be able to block my Optical Spike, it means your eyesight and reaction speed is not bad. Of everyone here, your strength can be ranked in the top five!”

To receive such a high evaluation from the old woman, all of the cultivators present looked at Zhang Ruochen, with a hint of awe in their eyes.

“Since you have managed to block my Optical Spike, this old one will spare that lassie over there. If she dares to offend me again, I will kill her without mercy.” The old woman said coldly.

Li Miaohan hurriedly flew to Zhang Ruochen's side as she raised his arm. After confirming that he was not injured, she heaved a slight sigh of relief.

“Thank you...”

Just as Li Miaohan was about to speak, Zhang Ruochen interrupted her with a smile. “Isn't it right for a brother to protect his sister?”

In that situation earlier, only the position Zhang Ruochen had stood in could have saved her.

Otherwise, Li Miaohan would have either died or become crippled.

Li Miaohan's snow-white face blushed a little.

While she knew that Zhang Ruochen was only donning a disguise, but a strange feeling still surfaced in her heart.

Zhang Ruochen asked through telepathy. “Her cultivation is insanely strong, who is she?”

Li Miaohan stared at the back of the old woman who was walking away and cautiously said, “You don’t even know Crone Qushan?”

Zhang Ruochen shook his head.

Li Miaohan said, “Crone Qushan was one a Supreme Saint of the Taibai Realm, due to her offending the Fane of Youshen, her immortal saint body was shattered by Youshen, and her saint source taken away, obliterating her cultivation.”

“Why is she so strong even with her cultivation being obliterated?” Zhang Ruochen was puzzled.

Li Miaohan replied. “While her cultivation was crippled, but Crone Qushan’s body was still powerful, far surpassing the average Saint King. Using her powerful body, and her past cultivation experience, she had reformed her saint source and cultivated all the way to this state. It is said that it is very possible for her to form an immortal saint body again, and become a Supreme Saint once again.”

Zhang Ruochen said. “That’s just too overpowered right?”

“Who said she isn’t? If it was another person, they’d long given up and will not have the perseverance to cultivate again.” Li Miaohan sighed as she continued. “But, because of this, Crone Qushan’s personality changed drastically. Becoming quite extreme and cruel. You may be killed even if you offend her slightly.

This sentence, Li Miaohan used her spiritual power to transmit it, for fear of being heard by Crone Qushan again.

“For a character like Crone Qushan to come to the Nine Carols Star, things are getting more and more interesting.”

Zhang Ruochen rubbed his chin and felt that this storm was not something he could control any longer.

He only hoped that Murong Yefeng could come to meet him sooner.

“I want to enter the Nine Carols Star to enlighten my saint path. Your Highness, I suppose you don’t have anything to say against that?”

Crone Qushan’s aura was imposing, and even overshadowed Fairy Tianchu’s.

Before her, Fairy Tianchu was just like a little girl, all of her saint aura was reduced to nothing.

The cultivators of the Tianchu Civilization would naturally not agree to this.

If they let Crone Qushan enter the Nine Carols Star, and prevent the others from entering, then won’t those cultivators kick up a fuss?

The Butcher’s voice was guttural. “The Nine Carol Stars is an ancestral relic of the Tianchu Civilization, how could we let outsiders in?”

“Ancestral relic of the Tianchu Civilization? Heheheh, this old one could say, it is an ancestral relic of the Taibai Realm. The awakened divine land of Kunlun Realm is open to everyone. What right does the Tianchu Civilization have to monopolize it?” Crone Qushan spat coldly.

On the surface of the water.

A white jade saint vessel arrived, as the Fourteenth Prince of the Dizu Divine Dynasty stood on the deck and said with a loud voice. “What the old crone said is very true, and this prince thinks so too.”

“The Nine Carols Star is located in Kunlun Realm, and us cultivators from the various realms have the right to land on the star to seek out opportunities. Yet, the Tianchu Civilization wants to monopolize this place for themselves. This is just too much.”

As he spoke, the Fourteenth Prince, and Nie Qingli and Bai Shang of the Nebula Sect landed on the island.

Chapter 1859 - The Human Heart Is Unpredictable

Chapter 1859: The Human Heart Is Unpredictable

The Fourteenth Prince had his arms at his back, his eyes were clear and handsome-looking, his bearing dignified yet he did not appear domineering at all, instead, he wore a spring-like smile on his face.

As he walked to the side of Crone Qushan, the Fourteenth Prince folded his hands together in salutation, as he said politely. "Greetings, Elder Qushan."

With Crone Qushan and the Fourteenth Prince standing before them, the other cultivators who had been eyeing the cultivation resources of the Nine Carols Star all came forward, as they protested against the Tianchu Civilization.

"Tianchu Civilization to monopolize the Nine Carols Star, and not permitting outsiders to enter, that means that the planet has some amazing opportunities on it."

"All of us are also seeking the path, Fairy, you should not turn us away."

"Such a huge planet definitely has endless resources, the Tianchu Civilization isn't afraid of gorging themselves to death?"

...

Even Shiqing Shenzi and the Dizu Crown Prince fell silent, as a mysterious glint appeared in their eyes.

While both of them were after the affection of Fairy Tianchu, they also had other goals. From the beginning, they had placed their cultivation first. They could see that within a short time of coming to Kunlun Realm, Fairy Tianchu's cultivation had progressed extremely quickly, and had reached an incredible level.

If they were told it had nothing to do with the Nine Carols Star, they would definitely not buy it.

If they could enter the Nine Carols Star, perhaps not only they could encounter a supreme opportunity, they may also take a beauty home.

Everyone was being obviously calculating, as they wanted to seize all of the benefits.

“I dare anyone to break into the Nine Carols Star today?.”

The Butcher pulled out his cleaver and held it in his hand as a massive wind force was immediately formed. To be precise, that was no wind, but instead a series of sharp sword Qi.

The Butcher’s cultivation was above the Fool’s.

A simple ‘blade draw’ was enough to cause the space to tremble slightly.

“Hmph!”

Crone Qushan only spat out a ‘hmp’, yet in the ears of the cultivator’s on the island, it was like a thunderclap, and countless were dazed and their heads raking with pain.

The Butcher, who was attacked, staggered about a dozen steps back. His face had become extremely pale, as blood dripped out from his ears.

Even so, the Butcher was not at all afraid, as he roused his entire saint Qi, wanting to strike at Crone Qushan.

“Cease.”

Fairy Tianchu called out softly.

“Your Highness, we, the cultivators of Tianchu Civilization fear no one.”

Everyone, including the Butcher, the Fool, and the eight Great Elders of the Tianchu Civilization said in unison.

Fairy Tianchu stopped them, as she stared at Crone Qushan, saying. “Since everyone is insisting on going into the Nine Carols Star to cultivate, then it will be ill manners for Luo Ji to stop you. But, after going in, please do not be disappointed.”

As she said that, Fairy Tianchu turned around, and flew back to the Nine Carols Star.

A cold light appeared in Li Miaohan's eyes. "Damn it, these guys were usually like a group of lovestruck loons hounding Master and giving her all sorts of flattery. But at the critical moment, all of them still focused on their own interests."

Zhang Ruochen smiled and said. "You don't need to be so angry. On the surface, Fairy may be compromising to them, but isn't it also a method to drive away the hounds. It may not be a good thing that they enter the Nine Carols Star, and perhaps they may come to regret it in the future."

All of the cultivators on the island were overjoyed as they rushed to fly to the Nine Carols Star.

Before Fairy Tianchu flew into the Nine Carols Star, the Dizu Crown Prince took the opportunity and raised his voice. "For Fairy Tianchu to allow everyone to enter the Nine Carols Star, and obtain supreme fortune together, it is due to her generosity. If anyone dares to cause trouble at the Nine Carols Star, then don't blame me for being unkind."

As he said those words, the Dizu Crown Prince stared towards the Fourteenth Prince with a deep gaze.

The Fourteenth Prince smiled slightly and bowed. "Imperial brother."

The Dizu Crown Prince snorted, as he flicked his sleeve and transformed into a golden light as he flew away from the island.

Zhang Ruochen and Li Miaohan both returned to the Nine Carols Star, to pay Fairy Tianchu a visit.

The Dizu Crown Prince, Shiqing Shenzi, and several other distinguished sons of heaven all stood outside Fairy Tianchu's cultivation chamber, yet all of them were blocked outside by the Butcher and the Fool.

The Dizu Crown Prince looked solemn as he said, "Fairy, Crone Qushan's cultivation is very profound, and her saint techniques powerful. We had no choice but to come to a compromise earlier."

Unexpectedly, Shiqing Shenzi did not argue with the Dizu Crown Prince and said, "I'm not afraid of Crone Qushan, but if we fight, both sides will definitely lose. If the Blood Wasp Ashuran King is lurking nearby, then he will certainly reap all the benefits. If things progressed till that state, the situation will be even more unfavorable to us."

The Dizu Crown Prince continued right after. "Letting Crone Qushan and the rest into the Nine Carols Star isn't necessarily a bad thing. If the Blood Wasp Ashuran King dares to come, even if it was only for merits, Crone Qushan will definitely act."

From the chamber, there was no response at all.

The Butcher's expression was unfriendly, as he spat. "I'm holding back a stomachful of vengeful flames, if you lot dares to disturb the Fairy's cultivation here any longer, don't blame me for being rough on you."

Both Li Miaohan and Zhang Ruochen walked over.

Zhang Ruochen said. "Sirs, for you to come to the Nine Carols Star, weren't all of you looking for opportunities on this planet? Why are you still wasting time here?"

The eyes of those proud sons of heaven at the chamber sank.

If it was someone else who dared to spout such barbs at them, they'd long reduce him into a pile of paste.

However, Zhang Ruochen's identity at the moment was Li Miaohan's elder brother. And even if it was to show Fairy Tianchu their demeanor and upbringing, they had to restrain themselves.

Moreover, Crone Qushan had a very high evaluation of Zhang Ruochen, and the Dizu Crown Prince and the others dared to act rashly.

Zhang Ruochen said, "I would like to meet Her Highness alone."

The anger on the Butcher's face faded a little, as he nodded gently, opening the stone door of the chamber, and let Zhang Ruochen walk in.

Li Miaohan originally wanted to go in with him, but as she got to the stone door, she heard Zhang Ruochen's voice. "Sister, wait for me outside."

A puzzled look appeared on Li Miaohan's face, and she stared at the Fool.

The Fool smiled at her and said. "Miss Miaohan, please wait outside for a moment. I guess your brother and Her Highness have some important things to discuss."

The stone door closed again.

The Fool was actually willing to let Zhang Ruochen meet Master alone, and this showed that her previous thoughts were absolutely wrong. Zhang Ruochen was probably not as simple as pursuing Master's affection, and it was very likely that Master and Zhang Ruochen had known each other for a long time.

Li Miaohan was not stupid, but instead, her mind was very keen.

It was precisely because of her sharp mind that she felt that things were unusual.

Of course, Li Miaohan did not think that her immaculate Master would have an emotional relationship with Zhang Ruochen. She was guessing whether if Master had already formed an alliance with Zhang Ruochen?

"Who is he, and how could he meet Fairy alone?"

"Perhaps he is Miss Miaohan's brother? But why have I never seen him before?"

"It seems like that man's relationship with Fairy is not normal. No wonder our various pursuits could not get Fairy to look at us. It seemed like someone had gotten there first."

...

The proud sons of heaven outside the chamber could not calm themselves down, and many bore an angry expression.

The moment he entered the chamber, Zhang Ruochen heard the gentle sound of flowing water.

A seven-colored holy spring radiated colors of purple, white, blue, black, red, green, and gold as they trickled down and formed a colorful mist, making the entire cultivation chamber looking rather dreamy.

Fairy Tianchu stood by the holy spring. Her posture straight, her black hair long and flowing, her figure slender, looking as beautiful as a breathtaking painting.

She did not wear a veil, nor did she have a saint light screen around her. Zhang Ruochen could clearly see her almost flawless face, with a gentle outside, her curly lashes, her skin looked soft and nourished like an ice crystal jade, with grains of light radiating out from it.

“Isn’t it ridiculous?” Fairy Tianchu said.

Zhang Ruochen knew exactly what she was referring to and said, “It’s not. Everyone after all has their own selfishness. Besides, I don’t believe that you will be angry, depressed, or annoyed because of the choice they made.”

Fairy Tianchu’s beautiful eyes finally looked at Zhang Ruochen, as a smile appeared on her face. “Zhang Ruochen! Zhang Ruochen! We have only met a few times before, do you really understand me?”

Zhang Ruochen continued. “For you to be willing to give up your life to save your Lord Ancestor; for you to compromise with people you hate for the continuity of the Tianchu Civilization; for you to face a powerful foe to repay a debt of kindness. I don’t think the relationship between men and women would affect a person like you. Your heart is much stronger than most men, and the likes of the Dizu Crown Prince may not even have a place in your eyes.”

Fairy Tianchu demurred for a moment, before saying. “What you see is only one side.”

Zhang Ruochen frowned. Did he say something wrong?

“What you see is only the strong side of a person and not the weak side.” Fairy Tianchu wanted to say this out, but she did not.

For some reason, Fairy Tianchu did not want Zhang Ruochen to see her weak side.

Fairy Tianchu then said. “What important matter do you have?”

“Mister Godcliff had come to Luoshui,” Zhang Ruochen replied.

Fairy Tianchu’s gaze froze, as she slowed down and said to herself. “Seems like I’ve made the right choice. It is a good thing to allow them to enter the Nine Carols Star.”

Fairy Tianchu seemed to have thought of something as she suddenly raised her head and said. “You should stay in the Eastern Region Holy City. Mister Godcliff hates you more than me, and if he knows that you have come to Luoshui, he will do whatever it takes to kill you first.”

Zhang Ruochen said, “You should know that I came here because of you.”

Fairy Tianchu turned around, her back facing Zhang Ruochen as she blinked twice. “What do you mean?”

“Literally.”

Zhang Ruochen said, “A person told me before, a lady that would endanger herself to help me definitely would not do it because she wants to repay a debt of gratitude. So if danger were to befall this lady, how could I simply just stand aside?”

As he said that, Zhang Ruochen walked out of the chamber.

“What... What does he mean by that?”

Fairy Tianchu bit her lips lightly, her heart was in a slight flux.

Looking at Zhang Ruochen’s fading silhouette, Fairy Tianchu noticed that this guy was indeed somewhat different compared with the Dizu Crown Prince and the rest.

Chapter 1860 - Heaven Stream Fist

Chapter 1860: Heaven Stream Fist

By the time Zhang Ruochen walked out of the chamber, the Dizu Crown Prince and the others had already left.

Whoosh...

A faint fragrance flew over, and Li Miaohan's picturesque figure appeared before him and asked. "Will Young Master Ruochen be leaving the Nine Carols Star or staying behind to look for opportunities?"

"With a powerful foe like the Blood Wasp Ashuran King coming to Luoshui, how can I leave now?"

After a pause, Zhang Ruochen asked. "What sort of opportunities are there in the Nine Carols Star?"

Many cultivators have come to the Nine Carols Star, and naturally, that meant the opportunities on the planet were now opened to the outside world.

Li Miaohan said with a smile. "If you are talking about opportunities, actually, the outsiders will never get them."

As the two talked, they walked toward the first divine river.

"In a sense, the Nine Carols Star is a planet of enlightenment. Just like a Divine Planet, it could quickly help cultivators comprehend the Saint Path Precepts, and allow their cultivation to progress by leaps and bounds. Of course, the Nine Carols Star is even stronger than a Divine Planet."

The Divine Planets that Li Miaohan mentioned were ones that existed when the gods were still alive. They could brighten the stars and have such a cultivation environment.

For example, the seven Divine Planets that Awesome, the Little Taoist controlled were left behind by the ancient gods.

The ancient gods had long fallen, and they were naturally unable to help the cultivators with their enlightenment.

As the two spoke, they came to the first divine river.

A pair of bright wings appeared on Li Miaohan's back, as she flew above the azure divine river.

Here, the waters were as calm as a still lake.

Li Miaohan seemed to be standing over a huge jade mirror. As her abilities were roused within her body, a spirit bead appeared from her abdomen, exuding a dazzling brilliance.

“That's... a Swordsphere.”

Zhang Ruochen was slightly surprised.

Not every sword cultivator cultivated the Wordless Sword Enchiridion, and clearly, Li Miaohan had cultivated a different sword path that could produce a Swordsphere.”

To her, the importance of the Swordsphere was no less than her Saint Source.

The Saint Meridians and Veins in Li Miaohan's body were like sacred rivers, all converging at her abdomen and constantly purifying the Swordsphere.

The techniques that Li Miaohan practiced were in combination with her sword path.

As her techniques ran faster and faster, Zhang Ruochen could keen perceive that the Precepts of Heaven and Earth were all quickly converging toward her. Some passed through her, some staying in her body, and were converted into Saint Path Precepts.

Zhang Ruochen thought for a moment and activated the Scripture of Emperor Ming's Empyrean.

But, the speed of his enlightenment did not increase by much, and it seemed to be of little use.

A quarter of an hour later. Li Miaohan stopped and returned to the shore with a smile. “The techniques that Young Master Ruochen cultivates should be very powerful, but it will not be of much use at the Nine Carols Star.”

“How come?” Zhang Ruochen asked.

Li Miaohan said, “The Nine Carols Star is an ancestral relic left behind by one of the ancestors of the Tianchu Civilization. Only the techniques of the Tianchu Civilization could conform to the Precepts of Heaven and Earth here. The higher the degree of conformity, the faster the speed of enlightenment while cultivating in the divine river.”

“Assume the Saint Path as a fruit hanging up high. Then, the techniques and abilities of Tianchu Civilization are the tools to pick the fruit. The better the tools, the faster you’ll be able to pick more fruits.”

“Without the techniques and abilities of the Tianchu Civilization, means one is without a tool, and could only stand on the ground and sigh.”

“Just now, in just a quarter of an hour, the number of Saint Path Precepts I’ve managed to comprehend was six hundred. Such a speed is difficult to achieve in the Fane of Truth. Of course, that’s because the Fane of Truth is mainly to help cultivators comprehend the Path of Truth.”

“I see.”

Zhang Ruochen recalled the Luoshui Fist he had practiced at the third divine river. In just half a joss stick’s burning time, he had cultivated more than a thousand Saint Path Precepts.”

The Luoshui Fist was most likely a top Saint Technique of the Tianchu Civilization.

And Luo Xu’s opportunity may have been obtained at the Nine Carols Star.

Li Miaohan said, “If Young Master Ruochen wants to enlighten the path, I can teach you a Saint Technique of the Tianchu Civilization. As long as you cultivate that technique to full completion, you will be able to conform to the Precepts of Heaven and Earth of the Nine Carols Star, and the speed of your enlightenment will definitely increase.”

“You’re not afraid of being admonished by your Master by teaching me a Saint Technique of the Tianchu Civilization?” Zhang Ruochen asked.

Li Miaohan replied with a smile. “As long it’s not those top-tier techniques, even if the Saint Techniques of the Tianchu Civilization isn’t propagated to outsiders, the Supreme Saints of the other realms could still analyze it. So It’s not really a secret. As for the top-tier techniques, I can’t teach you even if I wanted to!”

“I’m actually practicing a fist technique, that is possibly a Saint Technique of the Tianchu Civilization.”

Zhang Ruochen wanted to learn more about the Luoshui Fist through Li Miaohan.

Currently, he had only practiced the Luoshui Fist until the tenth level and was equivalent to an intermediate-level Saint Technique. Perhaps only the Tianchu Civilization had the cultivation method of the eleventh level.

Zhang Ruochen and Li Miaohan came to the third divine river.

Stepping into the river, Zhang Ruochen could faintly feel the Precepts of Heaven and Earth, as he slowly practiced the Luoshui Fist.

They came to the third divine river because Li Miaohan told him that the Precepts of Heaven and Earth in each divine river were not the same, and was not compatible with any techniques or Saint Arts.

In the beginning, Li Miaohan thought that even if Zhang Ruochen had cultivated a technique of the Tianchu Civilization, it must have been an ordinary low-level technique.

However, after Zhang Ruochen displayed the Luoshui Fist, she appeared more and more surprised.

Although Zhang Ruochen’s punches were slow, the resulting momentum was getting greater and greater. The mist over the divine river got thicker and thicker, transforming into a python, a dragon, a war beast as they ran around Zhang Ruochen.

Zhang Ruochen’s condition got better and better, as the veins and meridians in his body were like a rapidly flowing river.

A very mysterious state appeared out of thin air, and at this moment, Zhang Ruochen actually learned the cultivation technique of the eleventh level of the Luoshui Fist.

However, the cultivation technique of the eleventh level was extremely mysterious and was not something he could comprehend in a moment's time.

Almost instantly, Zhang Ruochen returned to reality. As he opened his eyes, he found that he was still standing on the surface of the third divine river, and the Saint Path Precepts in his body had increased by nearly ten thousand.

However, what he did not understand was that when he continued practicing the Luoshui Fist, he could no longer find conformity with the Precepts of Heaven and Earth.

“Why did that happen?” Zhang Ruochen said to himself.

Li Miaohan said, “It's because you have already practiced for six hours.”

“What do you mean, Zhang Ruochen asked.

Li Miao sighed. “While the enlightenment environment of the Nine Carols Star is far beyond other places. However, ordinary cultivators can only do it for two hours. Any more than that, the speed of enlightenment will decrease sharply.”

“Only Master and I can do it for six hours a day. Unexpectedly, you, a cultivator not of the Tianchu Civilization could also practice for six hours.”

Zhang Ruochen smiled and said. “Perhaps because I have a bond with this place.”

In fact, earlier on, Zhang Ruochen had been practicing for half a joss stick's time on the third divine river. So the length of time of his enlightenment was slightly longer than that of Li Miaohan and Fairy Tianchu.

“Zhang Ruochen.”

Suddenly, Li Miaohan called out Zhang Ruochen's name, as she asked with a serious look. “Where did you learn the Heaven Stream Fist?”

“Heaven Stream Fist... Miss Miaohan, you’re referring to the Luoshui Fist?” Zhang Ruochen replied.

Li Miaohan continued. “The Heaven Stream Fist is a top-tier fist technique cultivated by Lord Luoshen at the Heaven Stream. He has used the Heaven Stream Fist to kill a demon god from the Infernal Court before. It’s one of the ultimate techniques of the Tianchu Civilization and has never been passed on to outsiders.”

“Furthermore, the cultivation of the Heaven Stream Fist is extremely difficult. Of all beings beneath a Supreme Saint of the Tianchu Civilization, only Master has successfully cultivated it.”

“Is it that difficult? I think it’s rather easy to cultivate.”

Zhang Ruochen had never run into any difficulties while cultivating the Luoshui Fist, and everything was done in one go.

Li Miaohan frowned deeply and felt that Zhang Ruochen was a freak. How was the Heaven Stream Fist easy to cultivate. She had spent a lot of time and energy in the past, and could not even get past the elementary stage.

Zhang Ruochen did not want to be misunderstood, so he told the story of how he came to cultivate the Luoshui Fist.

Li Miaohan did not doubt Zhang Ruochen because the Tianchu Civilization had long been in contact with Luo Xu.

It even suspected that Luo Xu was the scion of Luoshen and had gotten part of Luoshen’s legacy.

“I’ve seen Luo Xu practiced the Heaven Stream Fist before, and yours does not seem to be beneath him. Amazing, how is that possible? You know, for Luo Xu to have such a high level of accomplishment, that’s because...”

Li Miaohan shook her head, and could not understand why. In the end, she could only think that Zhang Ruochen’s comprehension ability was just too terrifying.

“Someone’s here!”

Zhang Ruochen's spiritual power tingled, and he looked toward the south.

He only saw the silhouette of several people flying over and landed by the banks of the third divine river. All of them exuded a powerful Saint Aura, as Saint Light flowed around their body.

The person leading the group was the Dizu Crown Prince.

“Miss Miaohan.”

The Dizu Crown Prince smiled as he folded his hand and saluted Li Miaohan, before turning his eyes to Zhang Ruochen, and asked with a look of surprise. “How may I address you, sir?”

“My brother, Li Ruohan,” Li Miaohan said.

The Dizu Crown Prince smiled and said. “So it's brother Ruohan.”

Behind the Dizu Crown Prince, a red-haired, and golden browed cultivator walked out and said. “Earlier, Brother Ruohan, you have blocked Crone Qushan's Optical Spike with just a palm. I am quite impressed by your cultivation. Since we have the chance to meet here, I don't know if brother Ruohan can teach me a few things?”

Li Miaohan saw that the Dizu Crown Prince and the rest came with ill-intentions, and hurriedly said. “Xian Gongming of the Shentian Sect is a distinguished elite and a high disciple of the Shentian Sect Master, how would my brother dare to fight with you?”

“As my little sister said.”

Zhang Ruochen did not want to court trouble, as he smiled and nodded.

He was secretly impressed by Li Miaohan, as she had put a tag of “distinguished elite” on Xian Gongming beforehand.

If Xian Gongming insisted, it would be fine if he won, but if he lost, his reputation would be in tatters.

Naturally, since that person was a Gongming of the Shentian Sect, his combat power was considerable.

Xian Gongming said, “You don’t have to be humble. Even Crone Qushan said that he was a first-rate elite, and that means he is qualified to fight against me.”

Zhang Ruochen smiled faintly. “Xian Gongming’s cultivation is great, and the Nine Carols Star is too small. If you make a move, you will definitely cause the realm to shudder. If you were to startle the Fairy, you might court her anger.”

“Then let us head out and fight outside the Nine Carols Star.” Xian Gongming said.

It seems like this battle was unavoidable.

Zhang Ruochen pondered about it, as he said, “Since Xian Gongming insists on competing. To preserve harmony, how about we release our Saint Aspects to fight?”

“This Li Ruohan is looking to humiliate himself. Doesn’t he know that Saint Aspects are my specialty? Heh.” Xian Gongming smiled to himself.

Xian Gongming immediately said. “All right, we shall fight with our Saint Aspects. But a mere duel is rather dull don’t you think? How about we add a wager to it?”

Chapter 1861 - Contest of Saint Aspects

Chapter 1861: Contest of Saint Aspects

“What wager?” Zhang Ruochen asked.

Xian Gongming said, “The Blood Wasp Ashuran King must have already entered Luoshui. If he comes to the Nine Carols Star, the loser of this battle must take the vanguard.”

Everyone knew how powerful the Blood Wasp Ashuran King’s cultivation was, and his danger rating was level seven. Whoever took the vanguard was in danger of dying.

What sort of wager was this?

They clearly wanted Zhang Ruochen dead.

Zhang Ruochen pondered for a bit and nodded. “This is a good idea, there must be someone to take the vanguard.”

Xian Gongming glanced at the Dizu Crown Prince, as the glint of glee that his ploy was successful flashed in his eyes.

Li Miaohan saw that both Xian Gongming and the Dizu Crown Prince harbored ill intentions, and she spoke out. “Brother, don’t you know that senior Xian Gongming cultivates the ‘Fortune of Heaven and Earth’ technique, and have cultivated two great Saint Aspects?”

Xian Gongming seized the advantage and smiled. “A gentleman shouldn’t go back on his word. For a master like brother Ruohan, you aren’t going back against yours, right?”

“Twin Saint Aspects.”

Zhang Ruochen said gently as he then smiled. “Of course not.”

“Brother,” Li Miaohan said.

Zhang Ruochen said calmly. “Don’t worry, it’s just a friendly duel, and even if I lose to senior Xian Gongming, it’s nothing shameful.”

“This guy, can't he see that this is a trap?”

Li Miaohan felt that she could not see through Zhang Ruochen. It stands to reason that he was not an irrational person, but dueling Saint Aspects against Xian Gongming meant certain defeat.

Zhang Ruochen, Xian Gongming, and the rest flew away from the third divine river and came to a vast wilderness on the Nine Carols Star.

The ground was made out of sturdy jade. It was barren and spanned hundreds of miles, making it a good place for a duel.

Li Miaohan had already sent a message to Fairy Tianchu and stood worriedly on the outskirts of the wilderness. While she and Zhang Ruochen had only known each other for less than a day, yet she was so concerned about his safety, and even Li Miaohan found that a little baffling.

“Have I really taken him as an older brother?” she said to herself.

The Dizu Crown Prince walked to Li Miaohan's side and smiled. “Miss Miaohan, you don't need to worry about your brother too much. Xian Gongming knows his limits, and will not go any further.”

At the center of the wilderness, Zhang Ruochen sat cross-legged as he closed his eyes.

Whoosh!!

From his back, a dense stream of sword path precepts flew out of his body and turned into a Saint Sword measuring tens of feet long.

The Saint sword floated above his head and radiated Saint Light.

A large amount of Sword Qi was formed and flew around Zhang Ruochen and the Saint Sword.

“He's actually a sword cultivator, and have cultivated a sword aspect” Xian Gongming put away his contempt.

A sword cultivator had the strongest offensive power against someone of the same realm.

The attack himself of a sword aspect was naturally quite terrifying and was by no means comparable to any ordinary Saint visages.

Of course, Xian Gongming was not afraid at all, as he stood at the top of a rocky hill, with his arms above his head, shouting, “Heavenly Aspect!”

Saint Path Precepts gushed out from the top of Xian Gongming’s head like rain, and rushed into the air, transforming into a dragon horse. The Saint Path fluctuations emitted by the dragon horse caused the atmosphere of the Nine Carols Star to gently shudder.

“Earthly Aspect.”

At Xian Gongming’s feet, a giant green tortoise the size of a hill formed, with a large number of mysterious ley lines flowing on its back.

Zhang Ruochen and Xian Gongming were both first-class elites, and after the two released their Saint visages, almost all of the cultivators on the Nine Carols Star sensed it.

Some of the cultivators, due to not finding any opportunities, rushed over to the place where the two were facing off.

The Dizu Crown Prince was worried that Zhang Ruochen would not honor his word after defeat, and he said to the cultivators who came, “The duel between Li Ruohan and Xian Gongming is not just a simple duel. Whoever loses will be the first to face the Blood Wasp Ashuran King. In any case, both are men of courage, and is admirable.”

“For someone to duel Xian Gongming with Saint Aspects, isn’t this asking for trouble?”

“Don’t say that, didn’t you notice that person as a sword-shaped aspect.”

“So what if he has the sword aspect? Can he beat Xian Gongming’s Aspects of Heaven and Earth?”

“Who cares who wins, when the Blood Wasp Ashuran King comes, it is a good thing to have someone to lead the vanguard.

...

Just as everyone was discussing, Zhang Ruochen controlled the sword aspect, and transformed it into a meteor-like path, as it flew and slash at the dragon horse in the sky.

“You think you can gain the advantage by striking first?” Xian Gongming sneered.

Boom!

The dragon horse flying in the air spat out a beam of light and clashed against the sword-shaped Saint Aspect.

As expected of one of the twelve Gongmings of the Shentian Sect, he only needed a single heaven aspect to resist the attack of the sword aspect.

On the ground, the giant green tortoise crawled toward Zhang Ruochen. Although it was very slow, it was able to cross the distance of hundreds of meters with every step.

Li Miaohan said, “Isn’t this a duel of aspects? Why is he attacking the real body?”

The Dizu Crown Prince smiled. “It is indeed a duel of Saint Aspects, but if your brother’s Saint Aspect cannot block Xian Gongming’s aspects and his life is threatened by the aspect, he will lose!”

“Miss Miaohan, don’t worry, it’s only a duel. Xian Gongming only wants to win. He will not really kill your brother.”

Zhang Ruochen looked at the dust clouds before him. In the clouds of dust, the silhouette of the giant green tortoise appeared, and it was closing in on him.

“Return.”

Zhang Ruochen held a sword finger and wanted to recall the sword aspect.

However, the dragon horse in the air suddenly transformed into a giant dragon that was dozens of miles long, and it

actually entangled the sword aspect.

The scales of the giant dragon were like they were made of Saint Iron, and no matter how the sword aspect tried to escape, it could not break free.

Xian Gongming laughed out loud. “Young Master Ruohan, your cultivation does not seem to be very high, and even your sword aspect did not unleash much power. It seems like even Crone Qushan would have moments of error in judgment.”

Zhang Ruochen was an Eight-step Saint King, while Xian Gongming had reached the realm of Greater Precept-World.

The Saint Path Precepts that Xian Gongming had cultivated were many times more than Zhang Ruochen. The more precepts integrated into the Saint Aspect, the power that the aspect could unleash would naturally be stronger.

What’s more, Xian Gongming was no ordinary cultivator of the Greater Precept-World, and his strength was not beneath Tian Chen. A powerhouse of the Precept Domain may not necessarily be his match.

Seeing that the giant green tortoise was about to reach Zhang Ruochen, a satisfied smile appeared on the Dizu Crown Prince’s face, and he said, “It looks like your brother should be surrendering soon!”

Voosh!

Suddenly, a dazzling golden light burst out of Zhang Ruochen’s body.

The eyes of the Dizu Crown Prince was so dazzled by the light and only heard the deafening roar of a dragon and the wail of the elephant from the direction where Zhang Ruochen was.

By the time he opened his eyes again, he was surprised to find that a dragon and an elephant had appeared before Zhang Ruochen.

The golden dragon wrapped around the giant elephant and collided with the giant green tortoise.

A vast clamor rang out, and clearly, no one had expected Zhang Ruochen to actually have a second Saint Aspect.

Li Miaohan's eyes lit up as her lips curled. "No wonder he dared to offer Xian Gongming a duel. It turns out that he actually has this hidden hand. This way, it won't be easy for Xian Gongming to win."

Xian Gongming's gaze became a few degrees colder, saying, "So, it turned out that you have two Saint Aspects. Unexpected, but if you only have these many abilities, defeat still awaits you."

"Of course not."

Zhang Ruochen smiled, as a third Saint Aspect rushed out of his body.

The third aspect was the aspect of the fist, and it transformed into a divine river tens of miles long as it flew in the air, and let out the sound of flowing water, which was no different from a real river.

What surprised Zhang Ruochen was with the emergence of the divine river, the water vapors on the Nine Carols Star were converging madly, and making it even stronger.

Boom!

The divine river transformed into an overwhelming torrent, and crashed against the body of the giant green tortoise, pushing it back with the force.

The force of the torrent was not diminished as it gushed toward Xian Gongming's real body.

"Three Saint Aspects. He sure is a deep schemer and has been plotting against me since the beginning."

The fortunes of battle suddenly changed.

Now it was the Dizu Crown Prince's turn to get worried as he squeezed his hands tightly. If Xian Gongming was defeated, not only would Xian Gongming's reputation be in tatters, it was also a severe slap to him.

Li Miaohan felt an unverballed joy in her heart as she said, "Your Royal Highness, this is not right, no? Even if he was plotting, you lot were also plotting against my brother."

However, he is much smarter than you, and you might have your scheme backfire against you.”

“Miss Miaohan, your words should be kept for later. The outcome is still difficult to tell,” the Dizu Crown Prince said.

Sure enough, the battle in the wilderness changed again.

The dragon flying in the air dragged the sword aspect and turned into a beam of light as it rushed towards Zhang Ruochen’s real body.

For Zhang Ruochen and Xian Gongming at this moment, whoever defeats the opponent’s true body first wins.

Due to the green tortoise blocking it, the rush of the divine river was not fast, but the beam of light formed by the dragon and the sword aspect was about to strike Zhang Ruochen’s true body.

“Amazing, amazing. As expected of Xian Gongming, for you to force me to use my trump card,” Zhang Ruochen said in awe.

“What? He still has cards to play?!”

“No... could it be, a fourth Saint Aspect?”

“Impossible, that would be too abnormal.”

As if to confirm their guess, a thousand-foot-tall golden body rushed out from Zhang Ruochen’s body, like a giant god-king looking at the ground beneath his feet.

It was the Saint Aspect of the Immovable Wisdom King.

The Immovable Wisdom King’s aspect could also be called Zhang Ruochen’s true aspect. It looked the same as his real body, and the aura it exuded was much, much stronger than the sword-shaped sword aspect, dragon-elephant-shaped palm aspect, and the divine river-shaped fist aspect.

The Immovable Wisdom King’s aspect stretched out a big golden hand, and like the palm of a Buddha, directly grabbed the flying dragon.

Boooom!

The Immovable Wisdom King's aspect stepped forward before the giant green tortoise, and with a fist, it easily crushed the tortoise into the ground.

Xian Gongming was so shocked that he had to means to respond, as he looked up, only to see that the aspect of the Immovable Wisdom King was standing before him, staring at him as if he was an ant.

This was a duel of Saint Aspects and not a real confrontation.

At this point, Xian Gongming was naturally completely defeated by Zhang Ruochen.

Chapter 1862 - The Trail of the Blood Wasp Ashuran King

Chapter 1862: The Trail of the Blood Wasp Ashuran King

Xian Gongming's gaze went through several changes as he very reluctantly said, "I've... lost!"

He had no choice. With so many eyes staring at him, if Xian Gongming was a sore loser, and attacked with his own body, not only would he lose face, but also greatly damage his reputation.

"You have cultivated four great Saint Aspects... Forget me, even Crone Qushan may not be your match."

Immediately after, Xian Gongming continued, "But, if this was a battle of life and death, the gulf between us is still very wide."

Zhang Ruochen knew that Xian Gongming was very bitter about the loss and smiled. "What you said is true. If it is an all-out fight, the difference between me and senior Xian Gongming is not minor."

Xian Gongming said, "I only need to use 50 percent of my strength to be able to defeat you."

For him to take advantage when Zhang Ruochen had given him room to step back.

Zhang Ruochen hid his smile and solemnly said, "According to our agreement before the duel. You have lost to me. Then when the Blood Wasp Ashuran King appears, you must be the vanguard and take point."

Who would want to be the first to challenge the Blood Wasp Ashuran King?

However, he had no choice. Xian Gongming could only swallow his wounded pride and coldly said, "I naturally will fulfill my promise, and you don't need to remind me."

Putting away his heaven and earth aspects, Xian Gongming returned to the Dizu Crown Prince's side and angrily said, "Li Ruohan is a very scheming person, and not an easy character to deal with. Your Royal Highness, you must be careful."

The Dizu Crown Prince nodded and said, "Senior brother Xian, how about you find an excuse to temporarily leave Luoshui. It would be quite detrimental to you should the Blood Wasp Ashuran King show up."

For Xian Gongming to become one of the twelve Gongmings of the Shentian Sect, he was naturally not an impulsive fool and said, "Now, I can only avoid the headwinds."

"A man should be able to stand tall or submit as required, and staying alive is much more important than anything else."

As the Dizu Crown Prince was thinking about what excuse he should give to let Xian Gongming leave the Nine Carols Star, at this moment, a cloud of blood rushed through the atmosphere and slammed heavily against the ground.

Boom!

In the direction where the blood cloud fell, a storm of dust was kicked up.

"It's the aura of Junior Brother Yun."

Xian Gongming stared into the distance with a surprised look on his face.

The Dizu Crown Prince's expression changed as he said. "Yun Gongming had stayed behind at the Warsoul Star. Why is he here at the Nine Carols Star, and he seemed to have been seriously injured.

"Let's have a look."

The Dizu Crown Prince and Xian Gongming was worried deep down, and lead a group of cultivators from the Dizu Divine Dynasty and immediately flew over, as they rushed to the place the blood cloud fell.

Zhang Ruochen, Li Miaohan, and others also rushed over.

Yun Gongming was Xian Gongming's junior, but his combat power was actually slightly higher than that of Xian Gongming's. He was a renowned genius in the Imperial Path Macroworld. Even the Dizu Crown Prince with his extraordinary status would need to be wary of him.

But at this moment, Yun Gongming had collapsed at the bottom of a massive pit hundreds of meters in diameter, and could not stand up.

On his body were dozens of blood holes.

One of the blood holes was as huge as the mouth of a bowl, puncturing through his abdomen, and broke his spine. The saint blood in his body continuously flowed outwards, turning into blood clouds.

The moment Zhang Ruochen saw Yun Gongming, he was able to conclude that the latter was wounded by the Blood Wasp Ashuran King.

That's because his injuries were exactly the same as the Fool's.

Moreover, there were also Ashuran Battle Qi escaping from his body.

It was due to the Ashuran Battle Qi that his wounds could not close, and his saint blood continued to flow outward.

The Dizu Crown Prince took out a healing pill and fed it to Yun Gongming.

Yun Gongming's injuries improved slightly but soon continued to deteriorate. The Ashuran Battle Qi in his body was rampaging across his body, and destroying his body tissue, blood vessels, and meridians.

Whoosh!!

Fairy Tianchu descended from the sky and appeared at the edge of the bloody pit. She struck a talisman out and suspended it above Yun Gongming's body.

A white brilliance radiated from the talisman.

The Ashuran Battle Qi in Yun Gongming's body slowly escaped and were gushed towards the talisman.

When the Ashuran Battle Qi had fully dissipated, the wounds on Yun Gongming's body began to slowly heal, as he regained consciousness.

Zhang Ruochen said to himself, "The Tianchu Civilization had been fighting with the Ashurans for so long now, and seems like they have refined many methods to deal with them."

A smile appeared on the Dizu Crown Prince's face, as he said. "Thank you, Fairy, for the help. I will definitely repay this favor back in the future."

When Yun Gongming woke up, he said in haste, "Your Highness... the Blood Wasp Ashuran King had gone the Warsoul Star..."

The Warsoul Star was also a planet floating on the surface of Luoshui and was occupied by the Dizu Divine Dynasty.

There were many sacred medicines, saint stones, saint metals, and many other valuable resources on the planet, and could be seen as the Dizu Crown Prince's main base in Kunlun Realm.

Li Miaohan smiled and transmitted a telepathic message to Zhang Ruochen. "The Dizu Crown Prince must be pissed. He wanted to seize a supreme opportunity in the Nine Carols Star, but his own lair fell instead."

Zhang Ruochen could not laugh as his expression was grim, saying. "At the polar point of the Warsoul Star is a lake made out of divine blood, there's also a divine corpse there. If the Blood Wasp Ashuran King seized all of this and use it to feed his Blood Wasps, then how powerful would those Blood Wasps get?"

"You're right."

Li Miaohan took a deep breath and realized the seriousness of the situation.

The cultivators on the Nine Carols Star started to discuss loudly.

Some advocated to stay and defend the Nine Carols Star, deploying formation arrays to deal with the Blood Wasp Ashuran King's attack, and the main representative was this faction was Shiqing Shenzi.

Some argued that they should rush over to the Warsoul Star, and seize the initiative to attack the Blood Wasp Ashuran King, this faction was represented by the Dizu Crown Prince and the Fourteenth Prince. This was because, in their view, all of the resources on the Warsoul Star belonged to the Dizu Divine Dynasty.

On this point, the two of them actually saw eye to eye.

There were also some cultivators who say Yun Gongming was beaten to the point of dying, and fear grew in their hearts as they prepared to escape Luoshui.

After arguing for a long while, it was to no avail.

In the end, all of the cultivators looked at Fairy Tianchu, hoping that she would help them make up their minds.

There were advantages in staying behind at the Nine Carols Star because the Tianchu Civilization had deployed many means across the star.

It could deal with the Blood Wasp Ashuran King. If they were to include the Eight-Rank array that Shiqing Shenzi and Elder Lu were to deploy, then at least they could remain invincible.

However, if they were to go to the Warsouls Star, and attack the Blood Wasp Ashuran King, then the deployed arrays on the Nine Carols Star would be useless.

Moreover, the advantage will be with the Blood Wasp Ashuran King, and they will be the disadvantaged side.

A decision that could mean the life and death of many cultivators, Fairy Tianchu would need to be cautious with her decision-making.

“We have so many cultivators with us, even if the Blood Wasp Ashuran King had three heads and six arms, he is still a dead man,” the Butcher said.

Clearly, the Butcher was one of the hawks.

Zhang Ruochen's fingers stroked his chin, as he raised his head and looked around, seemingly looking for something.

Fairy Tianchu noticed Zhang Ruochen and asked, "Ruohan, what do you think?"

In fact, Fairy Tianchu had long arrived at the place where Zhang Ruochen and Xian Gongming dueled, so she knew that Zhang Ruochen was now under the alias of 'Li Ruohan'. However, she had confidence in Zhang Ruochen's abilities, so she did not stop him from dueling Xian Gongming.

"Master is asking you something." Li Miaohan whispered.

Zhang Ruochen snapped back, and pondered for a moment, before saying with a smile. "Everything shall be decided by Your Highness."

"You are one of the masters of the Tianchu Civilization. I want to hear your opinion." Fairy Tianchu said.

The eyes of all of the cultivators present all landed on Zhang Ruochen, as they said to themselves. "This Li Ruohan's bears considerable influence in Fairy Tianchu's heart, and for her to ask his opinion in such a critical moment."

Zhang Ruochen pondered for a moment, and his tone became firm. "I advocate for attacking the Warsoul Star."

"Why?" Fairy Tianchu asked.

Zhang Ruochen said, "Because the Warsoul Star has a divine blood lake and a divine corpse. It is very possible those could help all of the Blood Wasps the Blood Wasp Ashuran King has to evolve into the realm of a Nine-step Saint King. By then, no matter how strong the Nine Carols Star's defenses are, they will not be able to stop him. Staying in the Nine Carols Star is as good as waiting for our doom."

Shiqing Shenzi sneered, "You think it's that easy for the Blood Wasp to evolve into a Nine-step Saint King realm? Even if he could do it, it will take a very long time."

Zhang Ruochen said, "He doesn't even need to get them to the realm of Nine-step Saint King, he only needed to evolve them to the realm of a Four-step Saint King for the Blood Wasp

Ashuran King to be able to lock the entirety of Luoshui down. By then, we cannot even leave the Nine Carols Star, and stepping out means death.”

Shiqing Shenzi wanted to refute, but he had to admit that what Zhang Ruochen said was the truth.

“I say now is the best time to escape Luoshui. If we wait any longer, we won’t be able to escape,” a cultivator said.

The Dizu Crown Prince snorted coldly. “Escape? we have so many cultivators gathered here, and we are talking about escaping, and then handing all of the cultivation resources in Luoshui to the Blood Wasp Ashuran King on a silver platter? Aren’t you lot afraid of being the laughing stock of the various realms in the Celestial Court once word gets out?”

The Fourteenth Prince stood out and said. “This battle is unavoidable. Fairy, the matter of besieging and taking down the Blood Wasp Ashuran King, we shall follow your lead.”

“No rush.”

Zhang Ruochen said. “I think we should invite elder Crone Qushan. If she is willing to act, even if we cannot kill Blood Wasp Ashuran King, we have a very good chance of pushing him back.”

“Crone Qushan is not at all afraid of the Blood Wasp Ashuran King. She only wants to cultivate to the realm of Supreme Sainthood as soon as possible, how would she dirty her hands on this matter?”

“Inviting Crone Qushan may sound easy, but if you make a mistake, you might die!”

“It’s said that Crone Qushan had cultivated the path of souls. Just by exchanging a few words with her, she could see through the heart of another person. As long as it is a treacherous person, she will kill him immediately.”

...

Whispers then rang out.

All of the cultivators present hoped that Crone Qushan would join the battle, but all of them knew that it was very risky to

invite Crone Qushan.

If they were to accidentally anger her, their end would be terrible. Plus, who had never done anything wrong before, and if they were found out by Crone Qushan, would they not lose their lives?

Who dared to invite her?

Fairy Tianchu wanted to get rid of the Blood Wasp Ashuran King but did not hope to see the Tianchu Civilization suffer heavy losses, so she said, "I'll go and invite elder Crone Qushan."

Li Miaohan wanted to follow along but was stopped by Zhang Ruochen. "Help me keep an eye on Xian Gongming. Don't let him slip away!"

Immediately after, Zhang Ruochen caught up with Fairy Tianchu and said, "I'll go with you."

The two then walked side by side as they disappeared before everyone's eyes.

The Fool let out a sly smile as he said towards the Butcher. "I was right, no? He is really a good man. You see, aside from him, who else dared to go into danger with Her Highness?"

"I did not say he wouldn't do. I always felt that Her Highness lacked such a person beside her." The Butcher glared back at him.

Chapter 1863 - The Horrible Crone Qushan

Chapter 1863: The Horrible Crone Qushan

Crone Qushan went to the ninth celestial river, sat cross-legged at the source of the stream, and thoughtfully pondered about the precept of heaven and earth. A crimson-red glow with a six-winged sacred crow floating inside appeared above her head.

The source of the divine stream was right under a 70-foot-tall massive rock.

Black Phoenix and White Zhuque were sitting by the streamside, one on each side, trying to achieve enlightenment.

Black Phoenix and White Zhuque stopped their cultivation and rose to their feet when Zhang Ruo Chen and the Fairy of Tianchu arrived at the ninth celestial river.

“This is Mistress Qushan’s place of cultivation. You two had better leave.” A smile spread across Black Phoenix’s face.

“You all really think Nine Carols Star is a sacred place of cultivation?” said the Fairy of Tianchu.

“No?”

Black Phoenix laid her eyes on the Fairy of Tianchu, carefully studying her.

Black Phoenix was one of the most, if not the most, beautiful women in Taibai Realm. Countless cultivators treated her as their dream woman. So she was confident about her appearance and aptitude in cultivation.

However, once she compared herself with the Fairy of Tianchu, she suddenly felt outclassed and a crushing sense of frustration.

That was the peculiarity; the more she knew she was outclassed, the more she felt the need to compare.

“It has not been a year since leaving the Celestial Domain of Truth, and you have already attained the Nine-Step Saint Kinghood. This could not have been if you were still in the Fane of Truth. I don’t believe that this has nothing to do with Nine Carols Star,” said Black Phoenix with her white chin raised.

“Then have you achieved any enlightenment here in Nine Carols Star?” asked the Fairy of Tianchu.

“Don’t you think it is still too early to talk about enlightenment when we have been here just for a few hours?” said White Zhuque faintly.

“It will not work if all of you can’t fit in with the precepts of heaven and earth of Nine Carols Star; your speed of cultivation will not be any faster than in other places,” said the Fairy of Tianchu.

“Then how can we fit in?” Crone Qushan suddenly opened her eyes upon hearing that.

The Fairy of Tianchu cupped her hands at Crone Qushan as a sign of respect. “Blood Wasp Ashuran King has come to Luoshui, trying to feed his blood wasps with the divine blood in Warsoul Star. I hope Ma’am and us could work together to get rid of him, after which I will surely tell Ma’am how to fit in with eh precepts of heaven and earth of Nine Carols Star.”

Crone Qushan burst into laughter, her voice getting colder and colder.

Her laughter possessed a horrible sound-wave attack. Even persons with such a high cultivation base as the Fairy of Tianchu and Zhang Ruochen were feeling pain in the ears as if thunder was roaring inside their heads.

“Are you threatening me or trying to use me?”

Crone Qushan’s voice was powerful and sharp. She faded into a piece of frosty dark cloud as she charged at the Fairy of Tianchu.

“Watch out!”

Zhang Ruochen shouted his warning. But too late, Crone Qushan had come in front of them.

A wrinkled hand struck out at lightning speed, aiming at the Fairy of Tianchu's throat. But the Fairy of Tianchu was no slouch; she performed a Rain Sword and summoned a protective talisman at once.

Rain Sword formed into a web of light and struck at Crone Qushan.

Yet, Crone Qushan disregarded the attack of Rain Sword. Six translucent wings protecting her against Rain Sword's attack as translucent feathered formed around her body.

Just when Crone Qushan was about to apprehend the Fairy of Tianchu.

Bang!

The talisman suddenly exploded and turned into 36 globs of light, as if 36 stars circling and protecting the Fairy of Tianchu in the center.

Crone Qushan's finger and the 36 globs of light clashed.

The resulting sparks were so bright that it became a giant light ball illuminating the land within 50 miles radius.

Those cultivators in the far distance were uneasy.

"Not good! They must have angered Crone Qushan."

"Judging by Crone Qushan's temperament, she wouldn't care less if you are the Fairy of Tianchu. You will die if you anger her."

"No way Crone Qushan is afraid of the Fairy of Tianchu when she isn't even afraid of Youshen."

...

As Zhang Ruochen spread out his arms, 13 dragon souls and 13 elephant souls flew out of his body in a Sky Soaring Dragon-Elephant, which was the 13th move of Dragon-Elephant Prajna Palm Strike.

He summoned the Precepts of Truth, boosting his attack strength seven times higher.

His number of Precept of Truth had surpassed 60,000 after his cultivation practice in the Sundial.

He used to have six-time attack strength. Now, it was seven times.

Crone Qushan shot a glare at Zhang Ruochen as her hand formed into claws with a powerful Qi of Path, forcing Zhang Ruochen to fly out backward.

His body crushed into and smashed a small hill before grounding to a halt a few dozen miles away.

Yet he was still standing, his feet stepping on the cracked earth. He almost could not feel his arms as an excruciating them hit them.

His injury was not fatal as he had Divine Mark shielding his body. Without any delay, he flew toward the Fairy of Tianchu to save her before Crone Qushan defeated her protective talisman.

Black Phoenix stared at Zhang Ruochen's legs, her black pearl-like pupils lighting up. "Look at his left leg. Isn't it crippled?" she quickly said to White Zhuque.

Zhang Ruochen had refined over 20,000 crimson-red inscriptions on his left leg.

He could fully control it while walking, and it would not look unnatural unless one looked at his leg carefully.

But that disability was more obvious during combat, where he could not spare his effort to control his left leg.

"It really looks his left leg is crippled. Could it be... it couldn't be!" White Zhuque shook her head.

Black Phoenix let out a smile of confidence. "Cripples of Saint King-level cultivation are rare. You will not find one in Lushui, let alone two. Besides, he looks just like a cripple with a high level of Path of Truth cultivation."

“If he is Cripple, why is he pretending not to know us?” asked White Zhuque.

“Then you have to ask him,” said Black Phoenix.

Bang!

Crone Qushan defeated the 36 globs of light protecting the Fairy of Tianchu at last.

Silverish metal feathers shot out of Crone Qushan’s sleeves.

The metal feathers were as sharp as swords, but their energy was more brutal.

The Fairy of Tianchu had many protection techniques up her sleeves. She summoned a light shield to block those metal feathers as she fell back and struggled to keep the attack at bay.

“Tell me the method of fitting in with Nine Carols Star’s precepts of heaven, you rascal. Otherwise, I will extract your memories by force.” Crone Qushan’s voice sounded hoarse.

“Stop!” Zhang Ruochen had just made it back in time.

Crone Qushan and the Fairy of Tianchu looked at Zhang Ruochen in unison.

The Fairy of Tianchu looked surprised; she did not expect that Zhang Ruochen would rush back for her.

It also amazed Crone Qushan to see Zhang Ruochen standing back to his feet again—more so because he was risking his life by coming back for the fairy.

“Get the hell out of my sight, or I will kill you first!” Crone Qushan snapped.

But Zhang Ruochen was not intimidated. “Ma’am Qushan, please listen to what I have say.”

Crone Qushan controlled her silverish metal feathers with one hand and formed a glob of black light with the other. The shadow of a divine beast released destructive energy from inside the light glob.

“Getting cocky already because you have withstood my attack? You aren’t dead only because I didn’t want to kill you yet.”

Zhang Ruochen had sensed danger, and this danger was so close to death.

Apparently, Crone Qushan was really furious and having a murderous intent.

What a grumpy old woman! No wonder no cultivators dare to invite her. Zhang Ruochen thought to himself. He got his Spatial Domain out, getting ready to use the Power of Dimension to take on Crone Qushan’s attack.

Black Phoenix and White Zhuque had sensed the dimensional perturbation and were sure that it was Zhang Ruochen.

“Mistress Qushan, please hold on a second,” the two of them called out in unison.

Crone Qushan looked at them with an inquisitive look on her face.

“He saved me and White Zhuque before. We owe him a debt of gratitude,” said Black Phoenix.

Crone Qushan looked even more curious, and at last, she glanced at Zhang Ruochen. “What is going on here?”

“He is that cripple we have been talking about,” said White Zhuque.

Crone Qushan closed her fingers and retrieved the divine beast shadow from the light globe back into her body, followed by pulling back her silverish metal feathers.

The Fairy of Tianchu let out a sigh of relief after the silverish metal feathers were gone. She swept her eyes over Zhang Ruochen, Black Phoenix, and White Zhuque curiously.

“I am a personable person. Since the two of them owe you a debt of gratitude, and they have been putting in a kind word for you in front of me not once but multiple times, I will give you a chance to speak. But be careful of what to say and what not to say.”

Zhang Ruochen looked at Black Phoenix and White Zhuque in gratitude, then without being too submissive, he followed Crone Qushan and climbed to the source of the ninth celestial river.

“I guess you haven’t been to Warsoul Star, have you, Ma’am? There is a corpse of a divine beast on Warsoul Star. It is dead, but its divine soul seems to be still alive and chained up,” said Zhang Ruochen.

“Really?” Crone Qushan’s heart skipped a beat.

“I will and dare not lie to you, Ma’am.”

Zhang Ruochen knew very well that Crone Qushan could not care less about Blood Wasp Ashuran King, whether alive or dead. What was more important was she wanted to regain her immortal body and attain Supreme Sainthood.

However, for those cultivators who had their immortal bodies destroyed and wanted to regain Supreme Sainthood, it was close to impossible. They could only achieve that with incredible luck.

Apparently, that divine corpse on Warsoul Star was the luck she was looking for.

If he asked Crone Qushan to kill the Blood Wasp Ashuran King, she would think that he was using her. But he was doing Crone Qushan a favor by telling her that the luck she needed badly was in Warsoul Star.

Chapter 1864 - Haiku Flowers

Chapter 1864: Haiku Flowers

Crone Qushan agreed to go to Warsoul Star with Zhang Ruochen.

The Fairy of Tianchu was walking beside Zhang Ruochen. “How did you persuade Crone Qushan? She is such an eccentric and suspicious person,” she could not help but ask.

“It’s a secret,” said Zhang Ruochen with a smile.

“Thank you,” she whispered, creasing her brow and stopped asking.

“Why thank me suddenly?”

It just felt weird when he heard the Fairy of Tianchu saying that.

“You know what I am talking about.”

The Fairy of Tianchu shot a glance at him, then faded into a streak of light and disappeared from his field of vision.

But he was none the wiser. For him, getting Crone Qushan to come was a matter of course. He did this not entirely because of her. He just could not bear to see Infernal Court cultivators invaded and took Luoshui as their own territory.

Out of the eight great elders of the Tianchu Civilization, four were staying put on Nine Carol Star. The other four followed the Fairy of Tianchu, flying out of the planet and taking the 14th Prince’s white-jade sacred ship to hurry toward Warsoul Star.

Of the many powerful cultivators onboard the white-jade sacred ship, over twenty of them were Nine-Step Saint Kings. Each was overlord of their respective regions.

...

Standing far ahead in the distance were three figures in the center of a stealth array that had completely blended in with the seawater and the air above.

These three figures were none other than Mr. Godcliff, Drifter, and Wayfarer.

Drifter and Wayfarer had fully recovered from their injuries. Not only that, their cultivation base had increased tremendously, their auras soaring like towering mountains and unfathomable as the ancient sea.

They were quietly observing the white-jade sacred ship sailing toward Warsoul Star.

Mr. Godcliff looked pale. “You took the Path of Merit Pill and attained the Precept Domain cultivation realm. Capturing the Fairy of Tianchu shouldn’t be a problem with such level of strength.”

“We owe you our lives, Mr. Godcliff. If not, the two of us would have been dead in Eastern Region Holy City,” said Drifter.

“You had only two Path of Merit Pills, which are priceless. We owe you a great debt of gratitude, Mr. Godcliff,” said Wayfarer.

He then changed the conversation. “But there are four elders of the Tianchu Civilization always stay by the Fairy’s side. I can see that they are formidable opponents. It is not capture her.”

Mr. Godcliff coughed a couple of times.

Because he hurt his saint heart, his recovery was not as speedy as Drifter and Wayfarer. His strength had yet recovered to its peak.

“Don’t worry, we will not clash with them head on, but lying in wait for the best opportunity. They must be going to kill Blood Wasp Ashuran King in Warsoul Star. It is going to be a brutal battle. We can just wait until they finished killing each other, only then we emerge to finish them off,” said Mr. Godcliff.

The Fairy of Tianchu, Dizu Prince, the 14th Prince, Shiqing Shenzi and others had landed on Warsoul Star.

Massive craters covered the planet, and in each crater was a corpse.

These dead bodies were the cultivators of Dizu Prince and the 14th Prince. They all had died.

Dizu Prince had sent over a hundred golden-armored imperial guards. Each of them was a Saint King, yet none of them survived. Dizu Prince was furious, his eyes bloodshot.

How was he going to answer to the divine emperor and empress when he was back to Dizu Divine Dynasty?

The 14th Prince had found Ling Tong, one of his most powerful men with an almost-Precept-Domain-level cultivation base. He had now become a corpse, his face contorting, body filled with holes. He must have died a painful death.

“Blood Wasp Ashuran King must die. This man is Celestial Court’s grave threat.”

The mild smile disappeared from his face, replaced by a grimly murderous look.

What Blood Wasp Ashuran King did was too horrible; he single-handedly wiped out the forces of Dizu Prince and the 14th Prince, striking fear in the heart of even the Precept Domain-realm elites.

But since they had the number, they were not afraid and still heading toward the polar region.

The one who looked melancholy was Xian Gongming.

Back at Warsoul Star, he had made every attempt trying to get away but did not get a chance; Zhang Ruochen and Li Miaohan were monitoring him.

When he arrived at Warsoul Star and saw dead bodies were all over the place, he was even more wary.

“They are heroes of Dizu Divine Dynasty, we shouldn’t let their bodies exposed in the wilderness. Let me bury them

now,” said Xian Gongming.

Zhang Ruochen went over to him. “We should gather our strength to kill Blood Wasp Ashuran King now. As soon as Blood Wasp Ashuran King dies, you will have time to bury them. No rush.”

Just when Xian Gongming was thinking of rebutting, Dizu Prince chimed in.

“Kill Blood Wasp Ashuran King first; leave this to another time.”

Dizu Prince could not be angrier. How he wished he could kill Blood Wasp Ashuran King right now. He would not allow Xian Gongming to leave.

Xian Gongming could do nothing about it. Not that he had to obey what Dizu Prince said. If he left now, he would become a laughingstock in the whole of Celestial Court.

Not to mention that Li Ruohan was following him everywhere. It was impossible for him to leave with no one knowing.

There was a stone pillar at the polar region of Warsoul Star. Standing at millions of feet tall, it looked like a weapon of god and a divine mountain propping up heaven and earth.

If laid horizontally, it would measure thousands of miles long.

Chained on the stone pillar was a gigantic, strange beast. It was half the size of Warsoul Star, dead, but the air that it emitted was suffocating.

The closer they got to the polar region, the more horrible the air of the gigantic beast and stone pillar.

When Crone Qushan saw that gigantic beast, her expression looked grave as if she was deep in thought.

“Master Quchan, are you all right?” asked White Zhuque.

Crone Qushan’s attitude toward Black Phoenix and White Zhuque was gentle. “If I am not wrong, that giant beast is a demigod beast, the Celestial Gator.”

Black Phoenix was shocked. “The Celestial Gator? Legend has it that the Celestial Gator were roaming around the universe,

feeding on planets that contained spiritual Qi. It didn't belong to the Celestial or Infernal Court. How did it end up dead here in the Kunlun Realm?"

"Died in the Kunlun Realm?"

Crone Qushan shook her head. "The Celestial Gator has only been dead for a few hundred years. No gods in the Kunlun Realm could have killed it a few hundred years ago."

"That means the Celestial Gator only fell to this place after it was killed?" asked White Zhuque.

"Even if this was the case, who chained it on the stone pillar? By the looks of things, there are a lot of secrets in Luoshui," said Crone Qushan.

At 250 miles from the polar region, an invisible force was suppressing all the cultivators. They could not even summon one tenth of their strength.

What made Zhang Ruochen uneasy was the dense dimension here. It was making tearing the dimension or performing a Dimensional Shift extremely difficult.

"Look! A field of flowers!"

"My gosh, that are the sacred herbs, Haiku Flowers. All of them have lived for over thirty-thousand years, some even over seventy- or eighty-thousand years."

"Let's collect them. Consuming the sacred herbs of Warsoul Star could increase the Precepts in the body and speed up cultivation."

A group of cultivators rushed toward the field of flowers.

"Be careful of those sacred herbs; they are aggressive," warned Zhang Ruochen.

But no one listened.

They were elite cultivators and confident that they could handle those sacred herbs.

A Six-Step Saint King took the lead and lunged into the field of flowers, aiming his eyes on a 80,000-year-old Haiku Flower

with excitement. “This Haiku Flower will make me attain Seven-Step Saint Kinghood in no time.”

A rusty saber suddenly flew out of the ground and cut that Six-Step Saint King into half, his body flung into the air.

The hand holding the saber was rotten with bones exposed on the thumbnail and index finger.

The next moment, a rotten corpse wearing broken body armor climbed out of the ground in the field of flowers and slashed another cultivator who came into the field of flowers in half with the rusty saber.

The rotten corpse emitted a strong, disgusting dead air.

“It is a corpse king!”

“A trap! It must be a trap! Run!”

...

The air of that rotten corpse frightened the cultivators. They were scrambling to flee the field of flowers.

More rotten corpses climbed out of the ground in the field of flower. Each of them was a corpse king, their bodies emitting a strong corpse smell as they harvested the lives of those cultivators.

Zhang Ruochen had never been to the polar region of Warsoul Star, but Ji Fanxin did, and she had told him about the situation there. Some sacred herbs were controlling a large number of corpses, making them extremely aggressive.

It was possible that a sacred herb was controlling those corpse kings in the field of flower.

Xian Gongming, the subordinate of Dizu Prince, and a Precept Domain-realm elder of Shiqing Shenzi, hurried over and suppressed those few dozen corpse kings.

Roar!

The corpse king wielding the rusty saber roared, its body emitting a bone-chilling cold wave as it summoned the might of a Supreme Saint.

That Precept Domain-realm elder of Shiqing Shenzi was flying back out and slashed in the right shoulder, leaving behind a long cut wound.

“Not good! That is a corpse king formed by a dead, Neverwilt-Realm Supreme King.”

Neverwilt Realm was the first realm of Supreme Sainthood that signified immortality of the body.

A corpse king with an immortal body and the remnant power of a Supreme Saint was definitely a terrifying killing machine that even ordinary Precept Domain-realm elites wanted to avoid.

What was puzzling was that since there was immortality, why did its body still rot so horribly?

“Keep calm, everyone! That thing might used to be a Supreme Saint, but it is dead. It may not be our match.”

The Fairy of Tianchu was cool, calm, and collected, unintimidated by the might of the Supreme Saint. She brought her Four Great Elders and lunged toward the field of flowers. Each of them struck out a sacred artifact at the Supreme-Saint corpse king.

The Fairy of Tianchu performed a Rain Sword, binding the Supreme-Saint corpse king as if she was using a chain.

But as sharp as her Rain Sword was, it could not cut into the skin of the Supreme-Saint corpse king. Remember Rain Sword was something not even Crone Qushan dared to take on with her body.

Chapter 1865 - The Powerful Li Ruohan

Chapter 1865: The Powerful Li Ruohan

While the Supreme-Saint corpse king had not freed itself from Rain Sword, the Four Great Elders of Tianchu Civilization shot their sacred artifacts at the corpse king.

Boom!

The Supreme-Saint corpse king suddenly took off and charged straight at Fairy Tianchu.

Vapor rushing out of the Supreme-Saint corpse king formed an extremely sticky, corrosive dark cloud. When this corpse cloud flew, heaven and earth were trembling, scaring the hell out of those few cultivators near Fairy Tianchu.

“Watch out, Fairy!”

Shiqing Shenzi and Dizu Prince made their moves simultaneously, striking out a semicircular battle-ax and a talisman, respectively.

This battle-ax, heavier than a mountain, combined with the strength of Shiqing Shenzi’s arm, carried a massive amount of energy. But the corpse aura of the Supreme-Saint corpse king bounced the battle-ax away before it could even hit its body.

Meanwhile, Dizu Prince’s talisman exploded in front of the Supreme-Saint corpse king in the form of searing Heavenfire.

Heavenfire was an extremely high-class attack skill—so powerful that it could burn a Nine-Step Saint King to death.

Yet, it could not even penetrate the corpse aura around the Supreme-Saint corpse king.

The frigid corpse aura seemed to be capable of putting out any types of flames in this world.

Li Miaohan summoned his Meteorite Storm Sword, trying to lend Fairy Tianchu a hand, but Zhang Ruochen stopped him. “Don’t intervene. If they couldn’t even handle a corpse king, how could we expect them to kill Blood Wasp Ashuran King?”

“But that corpse king was a Supreme Saint!” said Li Miaohan.

“So what? The Supreme Saint is dead, and now it is only a corpse king.”

Zhang Ruochen with his current cultivation base and combat skills was not afraid of that corpse king, much less Fairy Tianchu. With a bunch of powerful fighters with her, she had more than enough ability to deal with that corpse king.

When Fairy Tianchu was still ranked a Seven-Step Saint King, she had fought a Supreme-Saint evil being in the Divinity Bestowment Altar.

Let alone now.

“Crimson River Portrait!”

Fairy Tianchu calmly raised her left hand, and a scroll appeared on her palm.

As the scroll opened, it transformed into a celestial river that was a few dozen miles long divine stream and a crimson-red sun.

The light of the red sun illuminated the entire Warsoul Star—it was so bright that it looked like a dazzling red light when looking from thousands of miles away from the planet.

The Crimson River Portrait was a jewel of the Tianchu Civilization, containing over 100,000 precepts and a top Supreme-Artifact weapon.

Boom!

The red sun and the Supreme-Saint corpse king clashed.

The impact sent the Supreme-Saint corpse king flying out backward with a howl, its corpse aura breaking up.

As Fairy Tianchu directed the celestial river with her finger, it flew like a wavy water dragon. It went after the Supreme-Saint corpse king by coiling it up and pulling it into the scroll.

“Do it now!”

The Four Great Elders drove the sacred artifacts to their maximum power before striking them at the Supreme-Saint corpse king in the Crimson River Portrait. The Supreme-Saint corpse king let out a series of ear-shattering howls.

They could defeat the immortal body with powerful enough strength.

The large saber of Butcher was a Supreme-Saint ancient weapon. It was fully charged and struck into the scroll, slashing a wound in the neck of the Supreme-Saint corpse king.

The other cultivators’ eyes were on stalks at seeing this.

“Fairy Tianchu and the Four Great Elders are working seamlessly as a team. With the help of the Crimson River Portrait, they could probably defeat Blood Wasp Ashuran King on their own.”

“They could even suppress a Supreme-Saint corpse king, let alone Blood Wasp Ashuran King!”

“Have you all seen Blood Wasp Ashuran King in action? His strength could be above that of the Supreme-Saint corpse king.”

Meanwhile, Xian Gongming had crushed the other corpse kings except for the Supreme-Saint corpse king.

Xian Gongming was powerful, without a doubt. Just that the opponent was Blood Wasp Ashuran King, he could not help but feel intimidated earlier.

While all those cultivators were looking at the Crimson River Portrait*, * Zhang Ruochen looked at the field of Haiku Flowers and stepped out, walking toward it.

“It is dangerous, Zhang... Li Ruochen!” Li Miaohan called out.

“It’s okay.”

Zhang Ruochen carefully observed and searched the field of flowers with the Heaven’s Eye on his forehead.

A perturbation of the Path suddenly caught his attention.

That perturbation came from below an 80,000-year-old Haiku Flower. The perturbation became stronger as he approached.

Just when Zhang Ruochen was three steps away from that Haiku Flower, a civet lunged out like a stream of green light out of the ground before landing a thousand feet away.

The civet emitted an herbal scent, and its fur was green, looking like leaves.

“What is that?” Li Miaohan, who was following Zhang Ruochen from behind, was startled at seeing that creature.

“A zoomorphic sacred herb,” said Zhang Ruochen.

This civet stared menacingly at Zhang Ruochen, revealing its sharp fangs.

“Beware of spiritual attack!”

Zhang Ruochen warned Li Miaohan. He quickly struck out six Pearls of Vanity, forming a hexagonal array spinning in front of him to block out half of the spiritual attack coming from the civet’s eyes.

“Meteorite Storm!”

Li Miaohan performed a Meteorite Storm Sword, which turned into a thousand small silverish swords and rained down at the civet.

The civet’s greenish leaves flew out and collided with the silverish swords with a series of explosions.

Zhang Ruochen hissed and formed a sword with his fingers.

The civet let out a shriek as the finger sword hit it and left behind a bloody wound on its belly.

The sacred herb was bleeding?

The civet looked even more ferocious as it stared dead at the Crimson River Portrait, its eyes turning golden and emitting a strong spiritual power.

The Supreme-Saint corpse king suddenly howled inside the Crimson River Portrait.

It became unprecedentedly powerful. It slashed open the celestial river, emerged from the Crimson River Portrait, and lunged toward the civet.

Apparently, the civet-shaped sacred herb was controlling the Supreme-Saint corpse king.

Zhang Ruochen glanced back over his shoulder and saw the Supreme-Saint corpse king was striking its saber down at his head.

Everyone knew that Zhang Ruochen was fighting back the civet's spiritual power. He could not spare any effort to deal with the Supreme-Saint corpse king's attack.

Xian Gongming and Yun Gongming from Dizu Prince's camp could have intercepted the Supreme-Saint corpse king, but they did nothing.

Not only that, Xian Gongming was gloating over it, hoping to see the Supreme-Saint corpse king slashing Zhang Ruochen in half.

Meanwhile, the Precept Domain-realm elder on Shiqing Shenzi's camp wanted to intervene, but Shiqing Shenzi shook his head at him.

Black Phoenix looked at Crone Qushan with a pleading expression. "Mistress Qushan."

But Crone Qushan was staring at Zhang Ruochen. She was unmoved. "You two are still too young to read people. There is more to that cripple than meets the eyes."

Sure enough, as soon as Crone Qushan's voice trailed off, something happened. A tortoise-shaped bagua seal appeared on the Zhang Ruochen's back. It released a powerful supreme power to clash with the Supreme-Saint corpse king's saber.

That attack move came from Awesome, the Little Taoist, using the Purple-Gold Bagua Mirror. He was hiding under Zhang Ruochen's saint robe.

The combined Saint Path power of Zhang Ruochen and Awesome, the Little Taoist, together with the Purple-Gold

Bagua Mirror, had blocked the saber of the Supreme-Saint corpse king.

The Supreme-Saint corpse king has been wounded badly inside the Crimson River Portrait. It is far weaker than before. This is the time to get rid of it.

A thought flashed across his mind. Zhang Ruochen grabbed Li Miaohan's hand and brought him to retreat quickly until they were out of the range of the civet's spiritual-power attack.

The next moment, Zhang Ruochen lunged up in the air like a bolt of lightning, delivering a powerful punch at the Supreme-Saint corpse king.

“Soulbreaker Storm!”

It was the 10th move of the Luoshui Fist technique.

Boom!

The powerful punch, combined with the seven-time attack power formed by the Precepts of Truth, sent the Supreme-Saint corpse king flying out backward and crashing to the ground.

“Spirit Influx!”

Next, Zhang Ruochen flipped his body around in the air and struck down with the 18th move of Luoshui Fist.

Not only there was a sound of flowing water around him but also two shadows the size of mountains came down with his fist.

Boom!

A cloud of dust rose from the spot where the Supreme-Saint corpse king had fallen, and cracks spread from the spot into the far distance.

Everyone at the scene sucked through their teeth at seeing Li Ruohan pinned down the Supreme-Saint corpse king and beat it.

How powerful was he, really?

Unknown to them, the Supreme-Saint corpse king had not only suffered an injury inside the Crimson River Portrait but also lost half of its corpse aura when it cut open the scroll. It was at its weakest temporarily.

Zhang Ruochen had seized on this opportunity to attack the corpse king, giving it no time to recover its strength.

This astonished the Four Great Elders of the Tianchu Civilization. They looked at Fairy Tianchu as if asking how Zhang Ruochen had learned and mastered Heaven Stream Fist.

They all were thinking the same thing: The Fairy must have taught Heaven Stream Fist to Zhang Ruochen.

How could Heaven Stream Fist be taught to an outsider?

“Damn it! Li Ruohan has a supreme artifact with him!” Xian Gongming was furious.

He had never thought he was weaker than Zhang Ruochen, and that he would surely beat Zhang Ruochen in combat. But his self-confidence took a beating when he saw how good Zhang Ruochen was, not to mention Zhang Ruochen had a supreme artifact with him.

In a life or death battle, his chances of winning were less than one third.

Sensing that things were not looking up, the civet was trying to summon the Supreme-Saint corpse king to flee.

But Fairy Tianchu had released the Crimson River Portrait to suppress it from above.

The celestial river captured the civet and imprisoned it inside the scroll.

Meanwhile, Zhang Ruochen was using his Luoshui Fist Technique. His punches rained down on the Supreme-Saint corpse king and broke up its corpse aura.

While he was doing it, Yi Huang Bone Scepter quietly sucked in that corpse aura.

As the corpse aura was gone, the Supreme-Saint corpse king lay motionless on the ground.

What frustrated Zhang Ruochen was that his punches did not leave any bruises on the corpse king's body.

In another word, with Zhang Ruochen's current cultivation base, he could still not hurt a Supreme Saint unless he used a supreme artifact and Power of Dimensions.

The immortal body was not something that living being below Supreme Sainthood could defeat.

Legend had it that Qing Jin, the first person on the Saint King Merit List, used to crush a Supreme Saint, and that Yan Wushen, the top Saint-King fighter from the Infernal Court, used to kill a Supreme Saint.

How did they do that?

Chapter 1866 - The Ninth Son of the Ghost Master

Chapter 1866: The Ninth Son of the Ghost Master

When Zhang Ruochen dragged the body of the Supreme Saint out, he discovered that there was still a trace amount of divine power emanating from the body, especially the rotten parts.

That made him think.

That demigod beast must have swallowed this Supreme Saint alive. His body wasn't decaying naturally but broken down by the demigod beast's power in the stomach.

He took the saber from the dead Supreme Saint's hand and summoned flames out of his palm to purify it.

Rust disappeared from the saber; it was now shiny with a cold glancing light.

This saber was a true Supreme Saint's weapon, which possessed a rich amount of Supreme-Saint power.

Zhang Ruochen released his spiritual power to examine the number and grade of the inscriptions on the saber. A high-pitch, harsh sound suddenly came from the saber just as he injected his spiritual power into the weapon.

The saber vibrated violently. It got free from Zhang Ruochen's fingers, turned into an ice dragon, and flew toward the polar region of Warsoul Star.

Zhang Ruochen kneaded his painful wrist in surprise. "That's a powerful implement spirit. Could it be one from a Ten-Radiance Thousand-Inscription Sacred Artifact?"

"Who cares if it is. Let's subdue it first. Having this saber will increase my combat strength tremendously," said the evil spirit inside the Yi Huang Bone Scepter.

The Yi Huang Bone Scepter had absorbed Qing Jin's soul mist during the eight years of closed-door cultivation in Eastern

Region Holy City. It now could challenge the Precept Domain-realm fighters.

Its strength just got an enormous boost after absorbing the Supreme-Saint corpse king's aura.

Other cultivators had also seen that the saber was an extraordinary weapon. They all faded into streaks of light as they gave chase to the saber toward the polar region.

“These guys are chickens in front of the enemy yet eager beavers in fighting for treasures.”

With no delay, Zhang Ruochen kept the Supreme Saint's body and gave chase.

The soil appeared blood-red as he got closer to the polar region. The blood-red fog in the air was blocking the vision of the cultivators.

Those cultivators in pursuit of the saber had disappeared from his field of vision. His spiritual power could only extend a few miles from him because of the suppressive power of the demigod beast.

“Not good. Blood Wasp Ashuran King will kill us one by one easily.”

Zhang Ruochen had a bad feeling and wanted to turn back to meet up with the Fairy of Tianchu.

At this moment, he heard a series of footstep sounds.

He tensed up and quickly hid behind a large rock while summoning the power of Bodhi beads to conceal his aura.

As the footsteps got closer, a bone-chilling ghostly air that looked like dark-red dust loomed from a far distance

It was from the dust that the footsteps came.

A group of ghosts emerged from the dark-red dust. About a hundred of them had formed material bodies. Those were the ghost kings, and each looked like a messenger of hell.

Some ghost kings looked like handsome men, some beautiful ladies, and some elders and children.

Apart from that, some ghost kings were riding corpse king-class battle beasts with a bloody dagger-ax in their hands.

Zhang Ruochen was bated breath. Had he not been sure this was Luoshui, he would have suspected he had come to hell.

Even if he was in hell, the chances of seeing so many ghost kings at once were rare.

Four thirty-foot-tall ghost kings were carrying a palanquin made of white jade in the middle of the convoy.

The curtains of the palanquin were made of strings of bone beads, which made a pleasant sound when these strings collided with each other.

Zhang Ruochen could barely see the figure through the bone-bead curtain. He knew that it was slender, but he could not see its face, or know its gender. He could not even be sure whether it was human or ghost.

There was a saint flower on the white-jade palanquin.

He recognized that flower; it was the demonic tulip, a 100,000-year-old sacred herb that he encountered when he first came to Luoshui back then.

This demonic tulip possessed a potent spiritual power. It was a highly dangerous, vicious plant.

What aroused Zhang Ruochen's curiosity was whether it was that demonic tulip that drove those ghosts, or it was the black figure in the palanquin who had control over the demonic tulip.

The blood fog in the air suddenly rose in turbulence as a tall and slender figure crashed down there with a loud boom.

That figure was Yun Gongming, one of the twelve Gongmings of the Sky Sect.

Yun Gongming was holding the saber of the Supreme-Saint corpse king.

But it seemed that he had not subdued it yet. It must be the implement spirit of the saber that dragged him there.

A human and a saber were fighting against each other.

“I don’t believe I can even subdue the implement spirit of a saber—”

Yun Gongming suddenly sensed the unusually chilly air in the surroundings. Next, his heart skipped a beat when he saw a group of ghosts in his peripheral vision.

The saber got away from his hand, out of his control.

He dared not keep pursuing the saber. Instead, he was fearful and summoned all his strength to flee as quick as he could into the distance.

Why are there so many ghost kings here? Could it be that another powerful figure from the Ghost other than Blood Wasp Ashuran King has come to Luoshui?

“Capture him. I want his saint soul.” An old voice came from inside the palanquin.

A group of ghost kings faded into a ghost cloud and caught up with Yun Gongming.

Of all these ghost kings, the thirteen ghost kings riding the corpse king-class battle beasts were the quickest and leading the way.

With Yun Gongming’s strength, the thirteen ghost riders were no match for him if they were to fight one-on-one. He moved like a streak of light and smoked those ghost kings behind him.

“Apparently he is as powerful as a Precept Domain-realm cultivator. His saint soul must be delicious.”

The melodious sound of a flute came from inside the palanquin.

The sound waves of the flute formed into vortexes, flying at 1,000 times the speed of sound to catch up with Yun Gongming.

Each of the sound-wave vortex was several dozen-foot in diameter. They joined and formed a massive vortex of a few hundred feet, trapping Yun Gongming in the center. The earth cracked open wherever the vortex moved.

“Sound-wave attack could achieve such a horrible level.”
Zhang Ruochen was stunned.

The thirteen ghost-king riders came outside the vortex and struck their dagger-axes at Yun Gongming mercilessly.

“Go away!”

Yun Gongming roared. Precepts rushing out of his body formed a seal. The seal struck a ghost-king rider and smashed it into a cloud of ghost mist.

Just as Yun Gongming was ready to lunge out of the sound-wave vortex, the other ghost kings charged forward and surrounded him.

Yun Gongming struck out his Saint Path power continuously and smashed the ghosts. But his condition was getting worse. He was bleeding profusely and covered in in his own saint blood.

The struggle did not last long. At last, several ghost-king riders struck out their dagger-axes and killed Yun Gongming.

Nine dagger-axes pierced through Yun Gongming’s body and kept him kneeling on the ground. His mouth, chest, abdomen and back were bleeding profusely.

Before Yun Gongming died, he looked up at the sky and howled. He tried to get up, but a ghost-king rider thrust a dagger-ax into his skull.

Yun Gongming’s strength was a notch above Xian Gongming, yet he died in such a humiliating way. Zhang Ruochen, who hid at a far distance, got the chills.

A ghost-king rider extracted Yun Gongming’s saint soul, held it in its hands, and moved back toward the white-jade palanquin.

The slender black shadow in the palanquin took the saint soul over the air and swallowed it.

A powerful ghost aura rushed out of the white-jade palanquin and swept out in all directions. The energy emanating from the black figure had increased in just a moment.

“Where has the saber gone? A cultivator from the Celestial Court must be hiding nearby. Find him!” The black figure seemed to sense something.

Just as those ghost kings were ready to move, a large group of cultivators of the Path were coming their way with a red sun and a celestial river clearing the path in front.

The black figure in the white-jade palanquin was apparently intimidated. It did not keep searching for the saber, but brought the ghost army and disappeared into the blood fog.

After the ghost army was gone, Zhang Ruochen emerged from behind the large rock with the Azure Pagoda in his hand.

Earlier, while those ghost kings were pursuing Yun Gongming, he quietly hid the saber of the Supreme-Saint corpse king into the Azure Pagoda.

The Fairy of Tianchu and her Four Great Elders had come with

The Crimson River Portrait.

The powerful might of

The Crimson Rover Portrait

broke up the blood fog. They now saw Zhang Ruochen, and the body of Yun Gongming in a pool of blood.

Dizu Prince, who came with the Fairy of Tianchu, rushed up to the body of Yun Gongming and checked his vital sign. He roared in anger and his face contorted, looking hideous.

“It was you who killed Gongming?” He instantly glared at Zhang Ruochen.

Xian Gongming and a few other saint-level cultivators of the Dizu Divine Dynasty appeared beside Dizu Prince. They brandished their weapons and glared at Zhang Ruochen.

“Not that you all don’t know Yun Gongming’s cultivation case. Do you really think I can kill him with my ability?” Zhang Ruochen had tucked away the Azure Pagoda long ago.

The Fairy of Tianchu intervened to stop the cultivators from the Dizu Divine Dynasty. “What’s going on here?”

The death of one of their Gongming elites not long after they arrived at the polar region was a heavy blow to their morale.

Zhang Ruochen was cool. He told of everything he saw.

Those cultivators’ faces changed.

If what Zhang Ruochen said was true, did it not mean that there was another powerful figure from Infernal Court had come to the polar region of Warsoul Star?

That powerful ghostly aura still lingering in the air must belong to the ghost kings, then.

Those cultivators of the Dizu Divine Dynasty finally calmed down and tucked their weapons.

“Since you were hiding nearby, why didn’t you help Yun Gongming? Is this how you are supposed to treat your ally?” said Dizu Prince coldly.

Zhang Ruochen found it funny. When the Supreme-Saint corpse king attacked him, none of the Dizu Divine Dynasty’s cultivators came forward to help him.

He was not a saint. He was not ready to risk his life to save a cultivator who wanted him dead.

Black Phoenix came up beside Zhang Ruochen. “I hurried over as quick as I could when I heard the battle earlier. But it was still too late to save Yun Gongming, as the enemies killed him quickly. Judging by this, the enemy is definitely terrifyingly powerful. If Li Ruohan were to intervene, he would have also been killed, don’t you think?”

Dizu Prince did not want to argue with Black Phoenix because she was a disciple of Crone Qushan’s fellow. “We are at the disadvantage right now. We can’t afford to make any mistake from now on.”

Every cultivator felt depressed for the horrible death of Yun Gongming.

Nevertheless, they moved on toward the polar region.

Black Phoenix appeared beside Zhang Ruochen.

“Mistress Qushan said that person you encountered earlier was most likely Chang, the ninth son of the ghost master,”

said Black Phoenix through telepathy.

“The ghost master is a powerful figure of the Ghost in the Infernal Court. He has attained a Primordial Ghost body. Those gods in the Celestial Court are all wary of him. Probably only elites like Yueshen could challenge him.”

“Chang is the youngest offspring of the master. He uses a magic flute that could hook souls thousands of miles away.”

“Who is more powerful—Chang or Blood Wasp Ashuran King?”

asked Zhang Ruochen.

“They tie in terms of strength. Besides, Blood Wasp Ashuran King keeps a swarm of blood wasps, and blood wasp is as powerful as a saint king. On the other hand, Chang has an army of ghost-king followers. If they were to fight, it is hard to tell who will win. Probably Blood Wasp Ashuran King will have an upper hand if you ask me,”

said Black Phoenix.

Zhang Ruochen had never seen Blood Wasp Ashuran King in a fight before. But Chang, on the other hand, was definitely a force to be reckoned with judging by his ability to reign in the nasty demonic tulip.

The Fairy of Chutian was glancing at Black Phoenix and Zhang Ruochen from time to time behind her white veil. She was curious to know what they were talking about.

This curiosity was killing her.

But she fought it back, forcing herself not to ask.

The convoy pressed on, and saw bodies of the saint-level cultivators, who died in their pursuit of the saber of the Supreme-Saint corpse king. Some unknown being must have killed them.

They also bumped into some zoomorphic sacred herbs. Dizu Prince, Shiqing Shenzi, and the 14th Prince had subdued and harvested them all.

Now there were five additional cultivators among them.

These five cultivators were Eunuch Que, Yue Gongming, and three other Nine-Step Saint Kings. Dizu Prince had sent them to seal off Luoshui earlier. Knowing that something had happened on Warsoul Star, he had quickly hurried back.

Dizu Prince was leading the way as his confidence had risen with more powerful forces with him.

That would mean they were the first harvesting the zoomorphic sacred herb, too.

Zhang Ruochen did not compete with them for the zoomorphic sacred herbs. Instead, he was deep in thought, wondering if Mr. Godcliff had also come to Warsoul Star.

He knew the answer, apparently: Mr. Godcliff would be here.

Not long after, a blood lake appeared ahead of them.

It was a lake formed by the blood of god.

The million-foot-tall stone pillar stood right in the center of the lake. It was so huge that it looked like a wall popping up the sky, blocking the view of everyone.

The divine blood in the lake was so red that it struck fear in the heart by just looking at it.

Chapter 1867 - Blood Wasps Appearing

Chapter 1867: Blood Wasps Appearing

Translator:

EndlessFantasy Translation

Editor:

EndlessFantasy Translation

There were many zoomorphic sacred herbs near the blood lake, some looking like rabbits, some snakes, and some

Taotie

looking like dragon-tiger crossbred with strong spiritual power.

The cultivators had subdued and consumed many zoomorphic sacred herbs along the way, allowing their cultivation base a tremendous boost.

It was exactly because of this that they could not control their excitement when they suddenly saw so many zoomorphic sacred herbs. Their eyes lit up with greediness, and they forgot why they were coming to the polar region.

“If I harvest them, I will surely attain the Precept Domain realm.”

“It is worth the risk if I can attain Nine-Step Saint Kinghood in the shortest possible time.”

“No risk, no return. Opportunity always lies in the most dangerous places.”

...

As the saying goes, the wages of avarice is death.

“Be careful, everyone. These zoomorphic sacred herbs can attack your Saint Souls and Spirits,” warned Fairy Tianchu.

“Fret not, Fairy! I have Nine-Aperture Suppressive Beads and am not afraid of the attack.”

Dizu Prince was confident of his ability. He brought Yue Gongming, Xian Gongming, and Eunuch Que toward the bloody lakeside to harvest those zoomorphic herbs.

Not to be outdone, other cultivators also joined them in collecting the zoomorphic herbs.

Knowing that she could not stop them, Fairy Tianchu sighed softly. She then summoned her Saint Qi and opened her vertical eye to search for the Blood Wasp Ashuran King.

Unfortunately, because of the suppression from the divine corpse’s remnant power, her vertical eyes could not work at their full potential.

“Something is wrong!” said Fairy Tianchu.

“What is wrong, Mistress?” asked Li Miaohan.

“Since the Blood Wasp Ashuran King has come to Warsoul Star, he surely won’t miss this divine blood lake. But why is he not here?” said Fairy Tianchu.

“Probably he has sensed our arrival and fled,” said Li Miaohan.

Butcher nodded in agreement. “This is entirely possible. We have the advantage in number. With so many powerful fighters here, as nasty as the Blood Wasp Ashuran King is, he wouldn’t dare to clash with us.”

“If so, what are waiting for? Come on, let us harvest those zoomorphic sacred herbs! Earlier, a cultivator has attained Eight-Step Saint Kinghood from Seven-Step Saint Kinghood after consuming the zoomorphic herb! Those guys will have all the sacred herbs for themselves if we don’t hurry up. We mustn’t come here and leave empty-handed!” an elder said hurriedly.

However, Fairy Tianchu was aware of the danger. She shook her head. “No. We can’t let all the cultivators go out there to collect the sacred herbs. We’ll be done for if the enemies launch a surprise attack.”

Li Miaohan cast his eyes toward the divine blood lake and was a little shocked. “He-He has gone to the divine blood lake! What is he doing there?”

Fairy Tianchu followed Li Miaohan’s eyes and saw Zhang Ruochen, whose back was facing her. “This guy must be thinking of getting something for himself,” she mumbled to herself, furrowing her brow.

“Divine blood has more uses than zoomorphic sacred herbs. With such a vast lake, he will be rich overnight even if he just takes a hundredth or even a thousandth,” said Li Miaohan with a smile.

Dumbo’s eyes lit up instantly. “Should we also harvest some, Your Highness Fairy?”

“Divine blood contains a higher level of energy. One drop can penetrate the ordinary vessel. Without a special vessel, how are we going to hold the divine blood?” said Fairy Tianchu.

“Besides, I am sure this divine blood carries something impure. We won’t be able to refine it directly.”

Dumbo rummaged through his body for a long while but found no suitable vessel for the divine blood. At last, he let out a sigh of disappointment and stayed beside Fairy Tianchu.

Zhang Ruochen was using six Pearls of Vanity to protect himself as he went toward the divine blood lake slowly.

As he was getting near, he felt the pressure between heaven and earth increasing, and saw some strange visions.

The blood lake had become a boundless body of blood, and skeletons emerging out of the blood lake were screaming in a heart-wrenching manner.

The aura of some skeletons was as powerful as that of the Supreme Saints. They were holding sharp bone spears and thrusting at his chest.

But Zhang Ruochen was unperturbed. When those bone spears hit him, they went through his body as phantoms.

Everything was an illusion.

It was due to his strong spiritual power that he could resist the illusion. Had this happened to the other cultivators, they would have been scared to death as soon as the Supreme Saint's aura emerged.

“Are you overlooking the danger because of the divine blood, Zhang Ruochen?” said Awesome, the Little Taoist. He was a bundle of nerves.

“Do you really think I am after the divine blood?”

“You are not?”

Zhang Ruochen came to the edge of the divine blood lake. He opened his Heaven's Eye and scanned the lake's surface. After a long while, he wore a confused expression. “Could I have been mistaken?”

“What are you looking for?” asked Awesome, the Little Taoist.

Zhang Ruochen walked along the lakeside and searched every corner that one could hide in. “The Blood Wasp Ashuran King.” He only gave his reply when Awesome asked for the fifth time.

“Damn, I thought you were searching for something else!”

“The way I see it, the Blood Wasp Ashuran King must have fled a long while ago. How can he be still here? Can he hide in the lake? This is the divine blood we are talking about; no Saint King can withstand its energy. The divine blood will turn any living beings into pus and blood,” said Awesome, the Little Taoist.

“Maybe you have a point,” said Zhang Ruochen.

“Since we are here with an entire lake of divine blood in front of us, how can we pretend not to see?”

Awesome, the Little Taoist took out the Purple-Gold Bagua Mirror, activated it, and then cast it out over the lake.

The divine blood in the lake flew up as droplets and disappeared into the bagua mirror.

“The Purple-Gold Bagua Mirror has an internal dimension?” Zhang Ruochen was surprised.

“Your face tells me you are shocked. Is it something strange for a supreme artifact having an internal dimension?”

Awesome, the Little Taoist paused, then continued. “It’s not as if we can be here every day. Maybe you should also take out your Azure Pagoda and start to collect the divine blood. You will need a lot of it should you want your body to attain the Supreme Saint rank. You won’t find it anywhere else if you miss this opportunity.”

But Zhang Ruochen had a bad feeling about it. He somehow sensed that a pair of dangerous eyes were staring at him.

He took out three talismans and kept them in his left hand, just in case. After that, he took out the Mercury Gourd and tied it with a Thousand-Inscription Sacred Artifact-class chain before casting it into the divine blood lake.

The next moment, the mercury Gourd swelled to the size of a typical palace as the divine blood gushed into the gourd with a vortex formed near the opening.

Awesome, the Little Taoist complained as soon as he saw this. “Using the Mercury Gourd is unfair!”

The Mercury Gourd was essentially a bottomless container; it was impossible to fill it up.

The Purple-Gold Bagua Mirror could only suck in ten drops of divine blood each time; it was too slow in comparison.

While those cultivators were harvesting the zoomorphic sacred herbs, they saw what Zhang Ruochen was doing and wanted a piece of the action.

Just then, the most feared danger happened.

Someone screamed from the field of zoomorphic sacred herbs.

“Blood-Blood wasps!”

A Nine-Step Saint King belonged to Dizu Prince’s camp lunged out of the field, his body covered in several dozen blood wasps. Some wasps had penetrated into his body with many thumb-sized bloody holes on his skin.

Attacked by blood wasps, that Nine-Step Saint King immediately gathered his Saint Qi and resisted the attack with his physical defensive ability.

But his skull exploded before he could leave the sacred herbal field.

A wasp the size of a fist emerged from the top of his skull.

It was a wasp king, blood red with streaks on the body. The aura it emitted rivaled that of the Precept-Domain elite.

Following that, a large swarm of blood-red wasps flew out of an earthworm-like sacred herb. The wasps turned into a cloud of blood and dispersed in all directions.

“Blood wasps! They are blood wasps!”

“It’s a trap! Get out of the sacred herbal field! Now!”

A swarm of blood wasps surrounded five or six Saint-level cultivators, stinging their bodies and sucking their blood dry in a matter of seconds.

The blood wasps, over a thousand, had caught them unawares.

Fairy Tianchu and her Four Great Elders immediately cast out the Crimson River Portrait to attack the blood wasps. The energy released shattered several dozen blood wasps and turned them into clouds of blood mist.

Those fleeing Saint cultivators had finally collected themselves and launched their counterattack.

Zhang Ruochen knew that things had gone wrong when he saw the appearance of the blood wasps. He quickly summoned his strength to pull back the Seven-Radiance Thousand-Inscription Sacred Artifact-class chain.

The Mercury Gourd flew out of the lake into the air in an arc trajectory.

Right at this moment, a black light appeared on the stone pillar at the middle of the lake, about 300 feet above the surface.

That black light was ejecting an overwhelming amount of energy toward the Mercury Gourd.

“I knew it. He really was hiding nearby.”

Zhang Ruochen gazed at that black light, his pupils contracting as he cast out a talisman from his left hand.

The talisman shot out like a flying sword and collided with the black light.

Boom!

Over a hundred bolts of lightning crisscrossed in the sky above the divine blood lake, sending shock waves through the air as the talisman exploded.

Behind the lightning stood a figure draped in black body armor with a pair of black wings on its back. It emerged from the lightning with a broadsword in his hand, staring dead at Zhang Ruochen.

He is unharmed! This man’s defensive ability has just gone through the roof!

Zhang Ruochen was quietly stunned.

He had retrieved the Mercury Gourd. Two more talismans shot out of his left hand right after that.

That dark shadow was lunging at the Purple-Gold Bagua Mirror, but the second and third talismans intercepted him.

Boom!

Boom!

Two bolts of lightning lit up the sky above the divine blood lake.

The dark shadow lunged out of the lightning, his bloodshot eyes staring dead at Zhang Ruochen.

This shadow was none other than the Blood Wasp Ashuran King.

“I didn’t know there is such a smart cultivator in the Celestial Court. You predicted my movements correctly twice and launched preemptive strikes with the talismans. Interesting.”

The Blood Wasp Ashuran King flapped his wings and flew like a bolt of lightning toward Zhang Ruochen with the

broadsword in his hand. He had to get rid of Zhang Ruochen first, lest he became a pain in the ass.

Chapter 1868 - : Unbeatable

Chapter 1868: Unbeatable

Blast waves already hit Zhang Ruochen while the Blood Wasp Ashuran King was still a few hundred feet away.

Each blast wave carried as much energy as a Nine-Step Saint King's full-power attack.

Zhang Ruochen's expression changed. He performed a Divine Purification Flame to block out the blast waves. "Purple-Gold Bagua Mirror!" he shouted.

Awesome, the Little Taoist injected his Saint Qi into the bagua mirror, which rapidly spun as it hovered above him and Zhang Ruochen, bursting with Supreme Power.

All orifices on Zhang Ruochen's body opened as Saint Qi gushed out and went into the Purple-Gold Bagua Mirror.

Purple patterns appeared on the mirror and an energy stormed formed.

Layer after layer of bagua seal flew out of the mirror to attack the Blood Wasp Ashuran King.

The Purple-Gold Bagua Mirror became more powerful after the addition of the tortoiseshell fragments.

It shocked the Blood Wasp Ashuran King to see that Zhang Ruochen and Awesome, the Little Taoist, held a supreme artifact each. He immediately gathered all his strength. Battle aura exuded from the black wings on his back formed into a stalwart demonic shadow.

It was the shadow of a Supreme Saint.

Apparently, the Blood Wasp Ashuran King had devoured the Saint Soul of a Supreme Saint, turning it into a Battle Soul that he could use.

Was this still a technique of Supreme Saints?

Boom!

The broadsword and the bagua mirror collided with an earth-shattering explosion.

The ensuing shock wave hit those cultivators standing a thousand feet away, throwing them off their feet to the ground.

The Purple-Gold Bagua Mirror blocked the Blood Wasp Ashuran King's broadsword. Zhang Ruochen and the Blood Wasp Ashuran King stared at each other at close range, the looks in their eyes as sharp as a needle and as cold as a sword.

The next moment, a massive divine power burst out of the blade, forcing Zhang Ruochen and Awesome, the Little Taoist, sliding out backward before they could stop the momentum ten thousand feet away.

The motion plowed a gully in the ground under Zhang Ruochen's feet.

"This is crazy. Our supreme artifacts couldn't even withstand his attack!" said Awesome, the Little Taoist.

"We can't help it. The Purple-Gold Bagua Mirror has no implement spirit, and it is fragmentary, which means it can't produce the full power of a supreme artifact," said Zhang Ruochen.

"Don't forget that the sword in his hand is no ordinary weapon. It must be a remnant of an ancient weapon with divine power."

"Why don't you become the implement spirit, and I will use the Purple-Gold Bagua Mirror to fight him?"

Awesome, the Little Taoist kept shaking his head. "It is vitality-consuming to become an implement spirit of the bagua mirror with my current level of cultivation. Not to mention that I will be only good for a couple of bursts of energy. Let us get real and calm down. I think even if you have an implement spirit-possessed bagua mirror, you may not be his match."

"That man must be the Blood Wasp Ashuran King. His danger index is at seven. Come on, there are so many other elite fighters here, why should we be the ones to fight?"

"You are right," said Zhang Ruochen.

It was stupid of him to fight the Blood Wasp Ashuran King alone with his current cultivation base.

The Blood Wasp Ashuran King took a long hard look at Zhang Ruochen. His years of combat experience told him he might have met his match.

He did not attack again but flew toward the swarm of blood wasps.

Among the massive number of blood wasps were six wasp kings, the strength of which rivaled that of the Precept Domain-realm elites.

The Blood Wasp Ashuran King had killed a dozen Precept Domain-realm elites just to nurture these six wasp kings. He had used an ancient Ashuran technique to refine their Saint Souls and Sainthood sources into the body of the blood wasps.

Only six were successful.

Saying that these six wasp kings were a product of the Blood Wasp Ashuran King's blood, sweat, and tears was no exaggeration.

On the other hand, the Fairy of Tianchu, Dizu Prince, and the others were no slouch. They had killed over a hundred blood wasps in a matter of a few breaths.

Six Precept Domain-realm elites were holding back the six wasp kings.

“All of you will pay a heavy price for killing the blood wasps!”

The Blood Wasp Ashuran King strode over and raised his broadsword over his head. A beam of black light appeared on the tip of the sword, a powerful battle aura filling heaven and earth.

He struck the sword sideways, dragging a 300-foot-long Sword Force behind it.

The Fairy of Tianchu and her Four Great Elders cast out The Crimson River Portrait.

The red sun and divine river clashed with the Sword Force.

The impact cut off the divine river and shattered the red sun.

The Sword Force forced the Fairy of Tianchu and her four elders back. They had to use the original energy of the Crimson River Portrait to neutralize the Sword Force.

When they finally got a hold of themselves, it shocked them to see that the Blood Wasp Ashuran King had come in front of the 14th Prince and was striking the sword down at him.

“Watch out, Your Highness!”

Bai Shang from the Nebula Sect was using a broadsword, too. He triggered the inscription of the sword. Performing the full strength of the Seventh Radiance, he took on the Blood Wasp Ashuran King.

As a Precept Domain-realm cultivator, Bai Shang was a top fighter of the Nebula Sect. His mission was to protect the 14th Prince.

Bang!

The first clash forced Bai Shang to fall seventeen steps back, leaving behind seventeen deep footprints in the ground.

The soil here differed from that of the outside world; it could hold an entire lake of divine blood. It needed some seriously powerful force for anyone to leave behind these seventeen pits of footprint in the ground.

Blood spurted out of Bai Shang’s mouth.

He had only taken the blow with his sword, and it had inflicted some serious injury on him.

“Brother Bai Shang!”

Nie Qingli quickly rushed to Bai Shang’s aid. He took out a healing pill and put it into Bai Shang’s mouth.

At this time, the 14th Prince had retreated to beside Nie Qingli and Bai Shang. Taking out the white-jade sacred ship, they jointly injected their Saint Qi into the ship.

The white-jade sacred ship grew to become several hundred feet long, with dense inscriptions appearing on the ship’s surface.

Meanwhile, in another direction, another divine river and a red sun flew out of the Crimson River Portrait. The red sun was even brighter than the last one.

All the elites had gathered around the 14th Prince and the Fairy of Tianchu, yet fear was still written over all their faces.

In contrast, the Blood Wasp Ashuran King looked cool, calm, and collected. His murderous air, battle aura, and blood vibe became even more intense.

Zhang Ruochen looked at the Blood Wasp Ashuran King's stony expression and felt depressed. "The Blood Wasp Ashuran King has such a powerful murderous air and blood vibe because he has gone through countless brutal battles. In contrast, the 14th Prince and the Fairy of Tianchu are still too immature despite their combat experience."

"This battle isn't looking good for us."

Awesome, the Little Taoist smiled. "Don't forget that Crone Qushan hasn't made her move yet. The Blood Wasp Ashuran King may not be her match."

Crone Qushan did not intervene, her pair of aging eyes glancing at the blood fog behind everyone, as if she was looking out for something.

"Get the array up. Suppress them!"

Elder Lu, the array master of Shiqing Shenzi, was holding a tungsten sacred scepter. He used his powerful spiritual power to control 49 sacred-jade array discs to form an Eight Stratum Array. At ten thousand feet across, the array engulfed all the blood wasps inside it.

Each sacred-jade array disc was an array, a thirty-foot, circular array pattern.

As the array was fully activated, thousands of light beams shot out from the array discs and subdued all the blood wasps and the six wasp kings.

Those cultivators at the scene were overjoyed at seeing this.

The Blood Wasp Ashuran King lost a good part of his combat strength without the blood wasps.

Shiqing Shenzi broke out in triumphant laughter. “You should flee for your dear life if you still have any self-awareness, the Blood Wasp Ashuran King! What makes you think you can fight so many cultivators of ours alone?”

The Blood Wasp Ashuran King looked unperturbed. “That array master has some skill. But it is very naïve of you to think I will lose without the blood wasps.”

“Boast as much as you like. You will not only lose but die here today!” Anger was boiling inside Dizu Prince.

“So who will come to kill me first?” asked the Blood Wasp Ashuran King.

None of the cultivators said a word.

Who wanted to be a vanguard in fighting the Blood Wasp Ashuran King, who could beat a Precept Domain-realm elite fighter with just a blow?

The Blood Wasp Ashuran King would surely thrash those who stuck out their heads first.

But if no one made a move, the situation could change very quickly against them.

“Elder Xian Gongming.” Zhang Ruochen shot Xian Gongming a look.

As if everyone had thought of something, all eyes were on Xian Gongming.

Shiqing Shenzi burst into laughter. “I almost forgot. Xian Gongming used to say that he would be the first to kill the Blood Wasp Ashuran King.”

“I will use the power of the white-jade sacred ship to aid you once you fight, Xian Gongming,” said the 14th Prince.

Xian Gongming glared at Zhang Ruochen, fury filling his eyes.

Running away was impossible; he could only bite the bullet in this situation.

“Listen, all the cultivators from the Dizu Divine Dynasty. We will fight with Xian Gongming, and I don’t believe that the

Blood Wasp Ashuran King can beat us all.” Dizu Prince looked frosty.

“I appreciate that, Your Highness.” Xian Gongming breathed a sigh of relief somewhat.

Forces comprised Dizu Prince, Xian Gongming, Eunuch Que, Yue Gongming, and a dozen Saint-level cultivators charged at the Blood Wasp Ashuran King at once.

A light flashed in his eyes as the Blood Wasp Ashuran King faded into a shadow. His movements were so quick that even a Nine-Step Saint King’s eyes could not catch up with him.

“Sword of Slaughter: Spiritdread Draw!”

The broadsword in the Blood Wasp Ashuran King’s hand turned from black to blood-red.

Then, a blood-red cloud formed above him as murderous air, blood vibe, and battle aura blended together.

Boom!

The sword came down at once, pressing down on the Xian Gongming’s Seven-Radiance Thousand-Inscription Sacred Artifact-class war hammer, which struck himself on the shoulder.

Unable to withstand the enormous pressure, Xian Gongming’s legs buckled, and he dropped to his knees, which sank deep into the ground.

The Blood Wasp Ashuran King immediately followed with a sideway slash, striking the war hammer with sparks bursting out on contact.

The strike severed Xian Gongming’s head from his body, sending it up into the air.

The Blood Wasp Ashuran King again performed a reverse slash and cut the skull, together with the Sea of Qi inside it, in half without even looking at it.

Sword of Slaughter killed a Precept Domain-equivalent cultivator with ease.

Besides his combat strength, the Blood Wasp Ashuran King's reflexive speed, combat technique, and mastery of timing were top-notch.

He was a god of slaughter by nature born for combat; he was unbeatable.

While all other cultivators were still in their shock, the Blood Wasp Ashuran King struck his sword at Dizu Prince. Each strike of the sword was meant to kill, sparing its opponent no mercy.

Chapter 1869 - The Situation's Getting Dangerous

Chapter 1869: The Situation's Getting Dangerous

“Watch out, Your Highness!”

Eunuch Que shouted his warning as he lunged up to stand in front of Dizu Prince. Raising one of the four arms, a bright glow burst out as five ancient symbols appeared.

He had refined five weapons, which merged with the five symbols and giving out five different colors of purple, blue, white, yellow, and green.

“Five-Ordinance of Heaven and Earth!”

He performed a palm technique with the loud rumbling sound of a thunderstorm, hitting the broadsword of Blood Wasp Ashuran King.

Five-Ordinance of Heaven and Earth was a Tongxuan-class intermediate saint technique.

The five weapons possessed the power of Supreme Saints. It made a superb combination when the sacred weapons and saint techniques came together.

Eunuch Que had lived up to his reputation as the top fighter of Dizu Prince. He had thwarted Blood Wasp Ashuran King's attack. Although it was just for a moment, he had bought enough time for Dizu Prince to pull away at a safe distance.

“Heavenfall Seal!”

Thousands of precepts flew out of Yue Gongming's brow, forming a seal that shone brighter than the sun to strike at Blood Wasp Ashuran King's abdomen from below.

Meanwhile, the Fairy of Tianchu and the Four Great Elders of Tianchu Civilization were directing the Crimson River

Portrait, crushing down at Blood Wasp Ashuran King from above.

The 14th Prince, Bai Shang, and Nie Qingli cast out their saint Qi into the white-jade sacred ship. The inscriptions on the ancient ship gathered at the sails, forming a few dozen lightning dragons to charge at Blood Wasp Ashuran King.

With so many top fighters joining hands, they had finally held back the opponent.

But Blood Wasp Ashuran King had not lost yet; he swung the sword in his hand and performed a chop. It formed a spherical Sword Force and blocked off the attack from the cultivators.

“This is sick! How did he do that? He is fighting a dozen Nine-Step Saint Kings single-handedly! Half of those Nine-Step Saint Kings are as good as the Precept Domain-realm cultivators!” said Awesome, the Little Taoist.

“Kill Blood Wasp Ashuran King now or never, everyone!”

“We will make a name for ourselves if we kill the Blood Wasp Saint King.”

“His head is worth tons of merits. We will split the merits and exchange them for items of merit. It will be enough for us to ascend into the next level of cultivation.”

...

Those cultivators were in excitement when they thought of the enormous benefits that they would reap after killing Blood Wasp Ashuran King.

The mysterious sound of a flute came from the blood fog in the distance.

It followed by a creepy noise resounding throughout heaven and earth as a large group of maleficents lunged out of the blood fog.

Some maleficents had a material body. They had gone through the Ghost Tribulation and become Ghost Kings. Some were riding corpse-king battle beasts, some with wings on their backs, and some holding some strange ghostly weapons.

The faces of the cultivators at the scene collapsed.

The situation took a sudden turn when they saw a large group of Ghosts coming from behind while they were busy fighting Blood Wasp Ashuran King in the front. They would have to fight on two fronts.

Zhang Ruochen knew how nasty those ghost kings were, as he had witnessed firsthand how they killed Yun Gongming in a matter of a few breaths.

Since things had come to such a pass, he could no longer sit idle.

“Let’s stop those ghost kings!”

Two groups of Divine Purification Flame appeared on his arms. He performed two palm strikes, aiming at the two ghost-king riders in the front.

Those two ghost-king riders sensed the imminent danger and drew their dagger-axes.

Bone-chilling ghost mist gushed out of the dagger-axes and clashed with Divine Purification Flame head-on.

The two forces dissipated after neutralizing each other.

No wonder a dozen ghost kings could kill Yun Gongming in an instant. These ghost kings are nasty! Zhang Ruochen was shocked.

A dozen ghost kings, led by another four, left the group and charged at Zhang Ruochen.

A few dozen corpse kings lunged out from the bottom of the divine blood lake at the sound of the flute.

One of the corpse kings possessed an immortal body. It was a Supreme King when it was still alive. The body was perfectly preserved with no signs of decay, except for the golden soft scales that had turned black from corrosion on the body.

The aura of this Supreme-Saint corpse king was even more powerful than the one Zhang Ruochen had killed earlier.

Its aura was a combination of that of the corpse and Supreme Saint. It could form an ear-shattering rumble and cause the air

to vibrate violently with just a breath.

The spot from where the Supreme-Saint corpse king emerged was less than 100 feet from where Elder Lu was.

Elder Lu was directing his Eight Stratum Array to subdue the blood wasps. His face changed when he saw this.

Shiqing Shenzi and others standing beside Elder Lu reacted at once, performing their respective attack techniques to strike at the Supreme-Saint corpse king.

But their weapons and saint techniques could not even get close to the Supreme-Saint corpse king. This thing had the Supreme Saint Qi protecting it.

It steadily strode toward Elder Lu.

Crone Qushan looked at Black Phoenix and White Zhuque. "The situation is worse than I have imagined. I shouldn't have brought you two here. Don't go anywhere else but follow the cripple."

After saying so, Crone Qushan spread her wings and flew toward the flute sound in the blood fog.

Black Phoenix and White Zhuque knew that they were in an extremely dangerous situation right now. Even Precept Domain-realm fighters could die, let alone them.

Since Crone Qushan instructed them to follow the cripple, it meant that their survival rate would be higher.

The older you get, the wiser you are. Crone Qushan must have seen something extraordinary that they did not notice on the cripple.

Black Phoenix and White Zhuque immediately hurried toward Zhang Ruochen.

Because of worrying of Mr. Godcliff hiding nearby and blowing his cover, Zhang Ruochen did not use his Azure Sky Pagoda. Instead, he and Awesome, the Little Taoist, used the Supreme Power of the Purple-Gold Bagua Mirror to hold back those ghost kings attacking him.

The bagua mirror might be defective, but it was still powerful enough.

Each strike of the Supreme Power could shatter the ghostly body of a ghost king.

The ordinary ghost kings would vanish once their bodies shattered. But not the four ghost-king riders. Their bodies reformed as soon as they shattered as if they were unkillable.

“They have Ghostly Cores in their bodies. They will not die unless the Ghostly Cores shatter,” said Awesome, the Little Taoist.

One of the ghost-king riders, over six-foot-tall, wearing red, sneered. “I’m surprised that you even know about Ghostly Cores. It seems you are really well-informed.”

The ghost-king rider in red struck its dagger-ax down at an angle in a streak of black light, aiming at Awesome, the Little Taoist.

Zhang Ruochen summoned his precepts to perform a punch at seven times of his strength, sending the ghost-king rider in red together with its dagger-ax flying out backward. The body of the ghost-king rider cracked.

Looking through the cracks, Zhang Ruochen could see a dark-green glow in the ghost-king rider’s chest.

If it had any Ghostly Core, that dark-green glow must be it.

“What the heck is Ghostly Core, really?” asked Zhang Ruochen.

“Something refined from the sainthood source of a cultivator of the Path. It is a secret method that few ghost cultivators knew about,” said Awesome, the Little Taoist.

“Refining the Ghostly Core with the sainthood source of a cultivator of the Path? Those ghost cultivators with a Ghostly Core could resist the supreme artifact? How could it be possible?”

“I am not so sure about that. As far as I know, the refining method of the Ghostly Cores has something to do with the

Path of Darkness, which is one of the nine Paths of the Ancients,” said Awesome, the Little Taoist.

Asking no further, Zhang Ruochen abruptly lunged at the ghost king in red, whose ghostly body had not fully recovered.

Seeing Zhang Ruochen approaching, it quickly cast out a talisman.

Dark-green ghost patterns appeared on the talisman and formed a thick layer of light barrier.

“What? Ghost can make talismans, too?”

Zhang Ruochen summoned the original power of the Fire God’s Gauntlet, striking through the light barrier. Without affecting the momentum of the palm, he hit the ghost king in red on its chest.

A crackling sound came.

Zhang Ruochen’s hand thrust into the body of the ghost king and pulled out its walnut-sized bead from its chest.

“My Ghostly Core!”

The ghost king let out a bitter shrill as it swung its dagger-ax, chopping at Zhang Ruochen’s head.

With the flick of his body, Zhang Ruochen came beside the ghost king, performing a Flaming Palm to burn the ghost king into ghost mist.

“What a waste! You should have let me eat it!” The Yi Huang Bone Scepter spoke into Zhang Ruochen’s ear.

“Don’t get out now. I have a feeling that another cultivator is still hiding in the dark. It could be Mr. Godcliff. If he knows that I am here, he will surely come after me,” said Zhang Ruochen.

By then, Black Phoenix and White Zhuque had come over, and they were helping Awesome, the Little Taoist, to power the Purple-Gold Bagua Mirror.

The bagua mirror got an enormous boost of power and crushed the other three ghost-king riders. Zhang Ruochen moved like a

phantom to harvest their Ghostly Cores, then suppressed them inside the Azuresky Pagoda.

Before Zhang Ruochen and others could celebrate their victory, a horrible scream suddenly came from the divine blood lakeside.

A Supreme-Saint corpse king had defeated the Eight Stratum Array and smashed Elder Lu, turning him into a cloud of blood mist.

The 49 array discs plunged to the ground as the Eight Stratum Array crumbled.

Freed from the Eight Stratum Array's suppression, the blood wasps started to attack those cultivators of the Path at the lakeside. At the same time, several dozen corpse kings and an army of ghost kings were surrounding Shiqing Shenzi, Dizu Prince, the Fairy of Tianchu, and the others.

Facing attacks from the front and the rear, they had to defend themselves, no time pursuing Blood Wasp Ashuran King.

“We have to get out of here!”

“Run, or we will all die here!”

Blood Wasp Ashuran King faded into a beam of sword Qi, breaking through the suppression of The Crimson River Portrait, and flew several hundred feet up in the air.

His hair fluttered in the wind as he struck down with his sword with high battle spirit.

An elder of the Tianchu Civilization standing beside the Fairy of Tianchu did not see it coming; the sword slashed him in half. The power Sword Force had even cut a long slit in the solid earth.

Saint blood splattered from the elder, dyeing the Fairy of Tianchu's white dress red.

Chapter 1870 - Blowing the Cover

Chapter 1870: Blowing the Cover

Following the escape of the blood wasps and ghost kings and corpse kings joining the battle, the Fairy of Tianchu, Dizu Prince and other cultivators of the Path were in a dangerous situation.

“Go now, Your highness Fairy. We will hold back Blood Wasp Ashuran King.”

Butcher roared and covered his eyes with a saber in his hand. His body muscles swelled, emanating a violent aura that only the primordial beasts possessed as golden hair growing on his body.

He struck the saber at an angle, colliding with Blood Wasp Ashuran King’s sword.

Sparks flew as the saber and the sword clashed.

The powerful Saint Path Power turned into ripples and spread in all directions.

Butcher’s strength increased tremendously, almost as powerful as a Precept Domain-realm cultivator when he transformed into a semi-beast. But he still could not hold a candle to Blood Wasp Ashuran King. The powerful Sword Path energy hit him, forcing him to fall back as blood continued to spurt out of his mouth.

“You are not bad in terms of strength. Surrender and you will live.”

Blood Wasp Ashuran King struck his sword and hit Butcher on the shoulder, dragging with it several hundred feet of Sword Force. Butcher’s saber had intercepted the sword, yet the pressure was immobilizing him.

There were only two choices for him: surrender or die.

“Surrender my foot!”

Butcher cursed. He gathered all his strength in his arms as he gritted his teeth and roared.

But he could still not move Blood Wasp Ashuran King’s sword a bit.

“Since you choose death, I will have no choice but to oblige.”

Blood Wasp Ashuran King struck the sword sideways at Butcher’s head with the twist of his hand; he was cold and merciless.

“Butcher...”

The Fairy of Tianchu cast out a Rain Sword. It clung to Blood Wasp Ashuran King’s neck but did no harm to him. A layer of bloody luster appeared and formed into what might look like scales on his neck.

Blood Wasp Ashuran King’s sword abruptly stopped an inch from Butcher’s throat.

Time came to a standstill at this moment.

Zhang Ruochen moved like a bolt of lightning. He came in front of Blood Wasp Ashuran King, striking the sword blade with one hand and Blood Wasp Ashuran King’s chest with the other.

Blood Wasp Ashuran King took the hit. He was not hurt but just fell three steps back and ground to a halt 200 feet away.

“You all go first. I will bring up the rear.”

Zhang Ruochen took out a bundle of talismans and held them in his left hand as he fixated his eyes on Blood Wasp Ashuran King, just in case.

Butcher thought he would die. Little did he expect Zhang Ruochen to come to his rescue in the nick of time. He was deeply grateful of him.

He picked up his saber and held it in front of him as he stood beside Zhang Ruochen. “If we leave, we all leave together. If we die, we all die together.”

The Fairy of Tianchu retrieved her Rain Sword and stood on the other side of Zhang Ruochen. "I couldn't agree more."

Dumbo and the other Great Elder of Tianchu Civilization came up and stayed with Zhang Ruochen.

Blood Wasp Ashuran King shifted his attention on Zhang Ruochen. "No wonder I have a strange feeling about you. It turns out that you are a cultivator of Time. But it's a shame that your cultivation base is still not up to snuff. Otherwise, you could be a worthy opponent."

Before his voice trailed off, his sword had come right up in front of Zhang Ruochen.

Zhang Ruochen was no slouch. He had a vast experience in combat and his speed was no slower than Blood Wasp Ashuran King.

He cast out a dozen talismans at almost the same time as Blood Wasp Ashuran King thrust his sword at him.

The talismans exploded to release a violent energy, which had not only intercepted the sword but also engulfed Blood Wasp Ashuran King in it.

By the time the energy of the talismans subsided, Blood Wasp Ashuran King found that Zhang Ruochen and his gangs had gone.

"Who that guy is, and where did he get so many powerful talismans? But as powerful as they are, talismans are just extraneous. They couldn't change the fact that you are going to die under my sword."

Blood Wasp Ashuran King received a message from a wasp king; a swarm of blood wasps were pursuing Zhang Ruochen, the Fairy of Tianchu and others, not letting them get away.

Blood Wasp Ashuran King flew into the blood fog immediately.

Blood wasps were flying faster than Zhang Ruochen expected. They were right on their tails, no matter how fast they ran.

The Fairy of Tianchu used

The Crimson River Portrait

to summon the power of the red sun and divine river to ward off the blood wasps' attacks and keep them from coming close.

“We can leave using the Dimensional Teleportation Scroll as soon as we are out of this blood fog,” said Zhang Ruochen.

The dimensional structure inside the blood fog was rigid. Not even the Dimensional Teleportation Scroll worked in this environment, let alone Dimensional Shift.

So they had to get out of the area first.

The blood fog was getting thinner as they went, and their visions started to clear up.

Butcher, Dumbo, Zhang Ruochen, and the Fairy of Tianchu felt relieved.

But their relief did not last long; their faces collapsed the next moment.

Two shadows with a powerful aura were standing in their way at the edge of the blood fog.

“It is them. I knew it! Mr. Godcliff has come to Warsoul Start, too.” Zhang Ruochen's heart sank.

When Drifter and Wayfarer saw the beautiful Fairy of Tianchu, they exchanged a look with each other and chuckled.

“I said it long ago that the maiden of Tianchu Civilization surely had something up her sleeve. No way she would die easily in Blood Wasp Ashuran King's hand,” said Wayfarer.

Drifter nodded in agreement. “Follow us, Fairy of Tianchu. We can save you. Otherwise, you and your men will die when Blood Wasp Ashuran King catches up.”

“Damn it! How come are they here?”

Dumbo and an Elder of Tianchu Civilization performed an intermediate saint technique each as they charged at Drifter and Wayfarer, respectively.

Boom!

Boom!

Blood spurted out of Dumbo and the Elder's mouths as their opponents struck them back, crashing to the ground.

Dumbo clambered to his feet, pressing his hand on the bloody wound in his chest, looking in disbelief. "You all have attained Precept Domain realm!"

Smelling blood, the swarm of blood wasps immediately surrounded Dumbo and the Elder.

Butcher gritted his teeth in fury. "Instead of working together to fight the Infernal Court, these two bastards are fishing in troubled waters! How I wish I can chop them into pieces now."

Zhang Ruochen appeared calm. "You go save the two Elders, while Butcher and I take care of Drifter and Wayfarer."

"Be careful. They have attained the Precept Domain realm," said the Fairy of Tianchu.

If not for her needing the Crimson River Portrait to hold back the blood wasps, she would use it against Drifter and Wayfarer.

She worried about Zhang Ruochen, who had many tricks up his sleeves and could challenge Precept Domain-realm cultivators. But because his cultivation base was still not up to snuff, it was very dangerous to fight the Precept Domain-realm cultivators.

"Don't worry, Fairy. Brother Ruohan only needs to engage Wayfarer. I will come to his aid after I kill Drifter."

Butcher made his move first to engage Drifter. They both performed a Precept Domain skill and clashed, sending a tremor through heaven and earth with dust rising into the air.

Wayfarer did not recognize Zhang Ruochen. Hearing what Butcher said, he thought Zhang Ruochen was just a young cultivator from Tianchu Civilization and did not treat him as a worthy opponent.

Zhang Ruochen wanted to fight a quick battle. So he held back no more and summoned the Azure Sky Pagoda.

Wayfarer was wearing a monk's robe, all smiles as he fiddled a string of prayer beads in his hand. "Why choose death over life, gentleman? Why don't you bring the Fairy of Tianchu and defect to the Fane of Youshen... Supreme Power..."

The Azuresky Pagoda became several hundred feet tall, glowing green. It rotated rapidly in the air and crashed down like a divine mountain down at Wayfarer.

Wayfarer was almost wide-eyed as if he had seen ghosts. He quickly performed a Precept Domain and cast out the string of prayer beads in his hand.

The prayer beads scattered in the air as they formed into thirty-six bright Buddha beads.

Lunging out of each Buddha bead was a white-robed Buddha statue.

Thirty-six Buddha statues sat cross-legged and performed different seals to fight back the Azuresky Pagoda.

The Azuresky Pagoda was a complete piece of supreme artifact, several times more powerful than the Purple-Gold Bagua Mirror of Awesome, the Little Taoist. The thirty-six Buddha beads exploded into tiny white fragments upon impact.

The Azuresky Pagoda hit the ground with an earth-shattering loud boom, leaving behind a massive crater in its place.

A powerful shock wave blast through Butcher, Drifter, the Fairy of Tianchu and others, forcing them all back.

After attaining the Eight-Step Saint Kinghood, Zhang Ruochen's power was in a different league compared to the last time when using the Azuresky Pagoda.

The only thing was, Wayfarer was still alive with minor injury as he had bounced thousands of feet away in the nick of time.

Wayfarer anguished over the loss of the thirty-six Buddha beads, crushed by the supreme artifact. "Where did you get this Azuresky Pagoda? Who are you, really?"

Zhang Ruochen retrieved the Azuresky Pagoda and held it in his palm. He looked Wayfarer in the eyes, trying to provoke

him further. “You are in no position to talk to me with your current cultivation base. Ask Mr. Godcliff to talk to me.

“You—”

Wayfarer was now sure that this guy in front of him was none other than Zhang Ruochen.

Right at this moment, a burst of laughter came from afar.

“Why come to seek death in Luoshui when you could have stayed back at Eastern Region Holy City, Zhang Ruochen? But fret not. I’m not going to kill you, but I make sure your fate will be worse than death.”

It was Mr. Godcliff’s voice, which came from thousands of miles away, and it was getting closer.

“We need to leave the blood fog immediately. Give me a hand, everyone. Let’s power the Azuresky Pogoda together.” Zhang Ruochen knew that he had to leave before Mr. Godcliff arrived. Otherwise, they could never have.

Butcher, Dumbo, and the Great Precept World-realm Elder of Tianchu Civilization summoned their saint Qi and injected it into the Azuresky Pagoda.

A large number of inscriptions appeared on the pagoda, the supreme power of which doubling than before.

Drifter and Wayfarer sensed the supreme power, their faces collapsing, and they quickly retreated.

At this time, Blood Wasp Ashuran King flew out of the blood mist and saw the Azuresky Pagoda getting brighter and brighter. Instead of fear, he looked excited. “Yet another supreme artifact. It seems there is a ton of good stuff in the Kunlun Realm. This supreme artifact will set to boost my combat strength to another level if I could get my hands on it.”

Blood Wasp Ashuren King spread his wings wide as he faded into a beam of black light toward Zhang Ruochen below the pagoda.

Sensing the presence of Blood Wasp Ashuran King, the Fairy of Tianchu cast out a translucent jade talisman with the flick of her finger. The talisman turned into a jade stele in the air.

Over 300,000 runes gushed out of the jade stele to form a semicircular light shield.

Boom!

Blood Wasp Ashuran King collided with the light shield, and the impact sent him flying back out.

Blood Wasp Ashuran King was an ardent believer in his own strength, and he had never bothered to use any talismans or arrays.

But today, Zhang Ruochen and the Fairy of Tianchu, who possessed a ton of talismans, became a real pain in his ass.

The Azuresky Pagoda flew up and released a layer of several-hundred-foot-tall supreme power to dispel the blood fog. Zhang Ruochen did not go after Drifter and Wayfarer. Instead, he directed the Azuresky Pagoda and struck at Blood Wasp Ashuran King.

But Blood Wasp Ashuran King was unperturbed. He clenched the sword with both hands and struck at the supreme artifact.

Boom!

The Azuresky Pagoda sent Blood Wasp Ashuran King flying back out before he plunged to the earth, causing the ground to sink and leaving behind a thousand-foot-tall mountain.

Chapter 1871 - A Floral Scent in the Air

Chapter 1871: A Floral Scent in the Air

The Blood Wasp Ashuran King stood with his back against the mountain, holding his sword to push back the Azure Pagoda while earthworm-like dense patterns squirmed on his sacred armor.

The sacred armor had neutralized half of the supreme power.

“Impossible! Even the supreme artifact can’t kill him?”

Butcher was in disbelief.

The Blood Wasp Ashuran King roared and a tall and burly Supreme-Saint War Soul lunged out of his body.

The mountain behind the Blood Wasp Ashuran King exploded into gravel and dust in the air when his power overloaded it.

It was common to see cultivators make the souls of vicious beasts their War Souls.

Zhang Ruochen was one of them. He possessed thirteen dragon souls and thirteen elephant souls in his body.

However, it was rare for a Supreme-Saint cultivator to make another Supreme Saint’s Saint Soul his War Soul. This was as difficult as killing a Supreme Saint.

The Blood Wasp Ashuran King apparently still could not hold a candle to Supreme Saints.

But his physical strength and willpower far surpassed that of Precept-Domain cultivators.

The Blood Wasp Ashuran King broke free from the Azure Pagoda’s suppression with the help of the Supreme-Saint War Soul. He lunged up and over the Azure Pagoda and charged at Zhang Ruochen and others.

He knew very well that he could not fight the Azure Sky Pagoda, and that their vulnerabilities were themselves.

“We have got to stop him!”

Zhang Ruochen took out a stack of talismans and held them in his hand as he directed the Azure Sky Pagoda, readying to launch a second attack.

The Blood Wasp Ashuran King could withstand a round of attack, but might not hold up against ten.

Fairy Tianchu’s Saint Qi formed into a white divine river and flowed into that jade stele in the air, making the semicircular light shield even brighter.

“Sword of Slaughter: Cross Slash!”

“Crush it!”

The Blood Wasp Ashuran King waved the sword in his hand, summoning the original divine power in the sword to combine with Sword of Slaughter to perform a Cross Seal.

The semicircular light shield broke apart and the jade stele pulverized.

“It is coming. What are we going to do?” Butcher looked over at Zhang Ruochen.

The few cultivators from the Tianchu Civilization looked upon Zhang Ruochen as their leader unconsciously.

“Drifter and Wayfarer are standing in our way. We couldn’t possibly get out of the blood fog soon enough. The only way forward is to take the Blood Wasp Ashuran King head-on,” said Zhang Ruochen.

“Damn those two bastards! I swear I will cut them into pieces later!” said Butcher in anger.

“Don’t let the Blood Wasp Ashuran King come near. Otherwise, none of us could withstand his sword attack.”

Zhang Ruochen’s face looked grave. He cast out all the talismans from his hand in a saturation attack.

“Do you really think you can stop me by performing the same trick the second time?” said the Blood Wasp Ashuran King.

He and the sword in his hand became one as he broke through the attack range of the shattered talismans, coming within a hundred feet from Zhang Ruochen and others.

“Eat this!”

The Blood Wasp Ashuran King made his first sword strike at Zhang Ruochen.

Since the Azuresky Pagoda was a distance away, no way Zhang Ruochen could use it against the Blood Wasp Ashuran King. He quickly gathered the Saint Qi in his left leg.

Flames bursting out of his left leg released a searing heatwave.

Before Zhang Ruochen could make his move, a beautiful figure flew up and stood in front of him. She was none other than Fairy Tianchu. She was graceful even looking from behind, her dark long hair fluttering in the air, her curvy body alluring.

Not that Zhang Ruochen was looking at her from behind for the first time.

But at this moment, he found himself gazing at her in the little world of his own.

“She...” His eyes seemed a little unfocused right now.

Fairy Tianchu performed an Orchid Finger, and her vertical eyes opened. Her pupils were gleaming with brilliant starlight as if the inside was a vast starry sky.

The Blood Wasp Ashuran King found the scene disappeared before him as he had entered a world of a starry sky.

As a colorful nebula rapidly spun and turned into a vortex, a beam of light shot out from the center of the nebula and hit him.

He fell backward and crashed to the ground several miles away.

Blood was dripping out of Fairy Tianchu’s vertical eyes. She closed her eyes, her beautiful face pale and her body shivering.

That strike she made earlier had cost her a lot of vitality.

Zhang Ruochen found himself becoming furious. Summoning the power of Yanshen's Leg, he leaped forward and approached the Blood Wasp Ashuran King from above.

Looking up, the Blood Wasp Ashuran King saw a cloud of fire coming down with a giant foot.

“Supreme-Saint War Soul!”

The Blood Wasp Ashuran King planted the sword in the ground and summoned the Supreme-Saint War Soul, lunging up with his hands striking upward.

Yanshen's Leg crushed him back down into the ground. His black wings were scorched, and his sacred armor turned red hot.

He had suffered injuries when he fought with Fairy Tianchu earlier.

Now that Zhang Ruochen had struck him with Yanshen's Leg in full force, his injuries became worse with blood spurting out of his mouth.

Yet, shockingly, he still did not buckle but pushed up against Yanshen's Leg with his arms.

As the power of Yanshen's Leg subsided, he roared. “Go to hell!”

Zhang Ruochen felt powerful energy traveled up his leg, forcing him to fall back. The bones in his leg crackled as if they were falling apart.

There is still a vast cultivation gap between us. Even Yanshen's Leg was useless against him.

Zhang Ruochen forced a smile.

Drifter and Wayfarer looked on from afar in astonishment.

“Zhang Ruochen... He has hurt the Blood Wasp Ashuran King. Is he really just an Eight-Step Saint King?”

“No way. The Blood Wasp Ashuran King could easily crush a Precept-Domain cultivator. An Eight-Step Saint King couldn't

have hurt him.”

Right then, Mr. Godcliff descended from the air and landed in front of Drifter and Wayfarer.

Seeing Mr. Godcliff there, Drifter and Wayfarer were delighted. They were not as worried as before.

“Good to see you, Mr. Godcliff.”

Drifter and Wayfarer cupped their hands as a sign of respect.

With his hands on his back, Mr. Godcliff looked into the distance and laughed. “So much for the notorious Blood Wasp Ashuran King. Even a little kid from the Celestial Court is putting you to shame. If news of this battle leaks out, I am afraid your reputation will go down the drain.”

The Blood Wasp Ashuran King looked bitter. He wiped the blood from the corner of his mouth and looked at Mr. Godcliff with a never-before-seen wary expression.

He was not in a hurry to make his move. “Look who has come! Mr. Godcliff is here in Luoshui. What a surprise! If you are making me your target, you had better perish the thought.”

Mr. Godcliff had still not fully recovered from his injuries yet. So he did not want to provoke a formidable rival like the Blood Wasp Ashuran King now. “You may leave now.”

The Blood Wasp Ashuran King knew better than to fight a two-front battle with an array master and Zhang Ruochen at the same time. So he picked up his sword and retreated into the blood fog.

They all may be cultivators from the Celestial Court. But by the looks of them, there must be bad blood between them. Let them fight, and once one of them kills the other, it is still not too late for me to make my move.

The Blood Wasp Ashuran King was eyeing Zhang Ruochen’s supreme artifact and Fairy Tianchu; he would not want to leave empty-handed.

Mr. Godcliff shifted his attention to Zhang Ruochen and Fairy Tianchu, his smile fading, replaced by a grim expression. “You shouldn’t have gotten so close to Zhang Ruochen, Fairy. Less

so against me. Did you ever imagine what your fate would be today when you made your move in Eastern Region Holy City?”

Fairy Tianchu looked pale, but she was principled and stubborn. “Who knows how the end will turn out today?”

“If you all think of relying on the supreme artifact to get away from me, you are sorely underestimating what an array master could do,” said Mr. Godcliff.

Zhang Ruochen sniffed; there was a faint floral scent in the air. Has she arrived?

There was a sense of delight in Zhang Ruochen’s eyes.

Mr. Godcliff’s spiritual power was higher than every other cultivator at the scene. He had also sensed it, and he spun around and looked.

Flowers bloomed on the barren earth as a beautiful shadow exuding an otherworldly aura emerged from the horizon.

“Ji Fanxin, Fairy of a Hundred Flowers,” said Drifter.

“How come she is here in Luoshui, too?” said Wayfarer.

Mr. Godcliff frowned. But he quickly eased up and looked at Ji Fanxin with a smile. “I have been hearing about you, Fairy of a Thousand Flowers. I wonder what makes you come to Warsoul Star, Fairy?”

“I am not interested in you. I just want to earn some merits in Warsoul Star.” Ji Fanxin pressed her lips together.

Mr. Godcliff seemed to have guessed her intention. “Are you trying to kill the Blood Wasp Ashuran King, the mortal malady of the Celestial Court? Don’t say I didn’t warn you; the Blood Wasp Ashuran King is too powerful for you, Fairy. Why don’t we work together?”

What Mr. Godcliff did not know was, Ji Fanxin had been hiding her true capability all this while, making him think that she was just another talented cultivator of the Path with a strength no higher than of the Precept-Domain cultivators.

“What’s your suggestion?” Ji Fanxin was getting closer.

“I will help you get rid of the Blood Wasp Ashuran King as long as you look the other way, pretending to see nothing today. You can exchange many merits with the Blood Wasp Ashuran King’s head, Fairy,”

said Mr. Godcliff to her through telepathy.

Mr. Godcliff’s target was to get rid of Zhang Ruochen and Fairy Tianchu to avenge what they had done to him in the Eastern Region Holy City.

So he had to silence the Blood Wasp Ashuran King by killing him.

He did not want to kill Ji Fanxin because if two fairies of the Portrait of the Nine Beauties died on Warsoul Star at the same time, it would draw too much attention.

By then, the Celestial Palace would surely investigate the matter.

If they found something, not even an array master like Mr. Godcliff could escape death.

However, if he could drag Ji Fanxin into this, using her as a witness to testify that it was the Blood Wasp Ashuran King who killed Fairy Tianchu and the others, it would free him from all suspicions.

There was a faint smile on Ji Fanxin’s face. “I appreciate that, Mr. Godcliff. But I already have an ally. Unfortunately, this ally of mine is also your enemy.”

Chapter 1872 - Bowing

Chapter 1872: Bowing

“Ally?”

Mr. Godcliff was startled for a second. He could not help glancing at Zhang Ruochen and Fairy Tianchu, realizing that there was more to the coming of Ji Fanxin than met the eye.

Zhang Ruochen was all smiles. “I wonder why a respectable figure such as Mr. Godcliff likes to make shady deals. The Fairy of a Thousand Flowers is my confidante. If you think of trying to lay your hand on her, you had better perish the thought, Mr. Godcliff.”

“I guess you know what side your bread is buttered on and will not make me your enemy, right, Fairy?” Mr. Godcliff looked frosty.

Ji Fanxin shot a look at Zhang Ruochen. “If you leave Warsoul Star now, then we are not enemies.”

“What if I insist on taking away Zhang Ruochen and Fairy Tianchu?”

Mr. Godcliff snickered as his spiritual power gushed out, circling above him as it turned into a cloud of array.

The powerful force was overwhelmingly oppressive. It engulfed the entire area as if it was threatening Ji Fanxin. If she was to interfere in his business, she would be relentlessly attacked.

“Then we are enemies.” Ji Fanxin was unperturbed.

“You have guts, Fairy. Let’s hope you won’t regret it later.”

Mr. Godcliff said nothing more, and he raised his hands.

The earth shook in a loud rumble as nine small hills, each about two-thousand feet high, rose from below to engulf Zhang Ruochen, Ji Fanxin, and the cultivators from the Tianchu Civilization.

A bright light was shining on the top of the nine hills.

Light beams connected them together to form an array inscription.

“Mr. Godcliff could set up an array in just the blink of an eye. It seems he has reached the pinnacle of array attainment.”

Zhang Ruochen looked grave. He was not so sure if Ji Fanxin could handle Mr. Godcliff. So he opened the World Gate of the Qiankun Realm to summon Awesome, the Little Taoist, whose attainment in arrays was top-notch and who could probably keep Mr. Godcliff in check to a certain extent.

Awesome, the Little Taoist and Ji Fanxi saw the nine small hills standing on the earth and immediately recognized them. “It’s the Earth Heart Array!”

Mr. Godcliff lifted off and stood in the array cloud in the air, looking down haughtily. “It is still not too late to change your mind, Fairy.”

“The Earth Heart Array is powerful, no doubt. But it requires spiritual power to drive it. This array will be good for nothing once I suppress your spiritual power.” Ji Fanxin was unmoved.

“Are you saying that an array master’s spiritual power is weak, Fairy? Other than Spiritual-Power Supreme Saints, no one has ever defeated me in spiritual power. It is a shame that there is no Spiritual-Power Supreme Saint in the Kunlun Realm.” Mr. Godcliff chuckled.

“Let me try.”

Ji Fanxin drove a blanket of floral rain and rose into the air with a lotus seal appearing on her brow.

The lotus seal glowed and illuminated the entire Warsoul Star, the energy so overpowering that it shook the array cloud under Mr. Godcliff’s feet.

At first, there was still a smile on Mr. Godcliff’s face.

Gradually, however, his smile disappeared, and his expression became grave. He had to gather his strength to deal with Ji Fanxin’s spiritual-power attack and no strength left to control the Earth Heart Array.

Zhang Ruochen was seeing for the first time how terrific Jin Fanxin's spiritual power was when she used all her strength.

"The Fairy of a Thousand Flowers is truly the ancient Lotus of Divine Reflection; she could actually challenge Mr. Godcliff single-handedly. What say we kill Mr. Godcliff now?" said Fool.

"I couldn't wait. Let's do it!"

Zhang Ruochen summoned his Ancient Abyssal Blade and gathered Eighth Sword's Sword Will to cover the sword blade.

Following immediately, the Ancient Abyssal Blade faded into a beam of black light and struck at Mr. Godcliff in the air.

"How dare you!"

Drifter made his move by taking out a wheel-shaped sacred artifact and striking the Ancient Abyssal Blade.

The Ancient Abyssal Blade was Seven-Radiance Thousand-Inscription Sacred Artifact, extremely sharp. One strike caused the wheel-shaped sacred artifact to crack, nearly half broken.

Drifter was shocked and casting out five more sacred artifacts, each was of superior grade.

While Zhang Ruochen and Drifter were fighting, the Blood Wasp Ashuran King emerged from the blood fog. Surrounding him were a thousand blood wasps.

Besides, there were four more figures.

They were Dizu Prince, Yue Gongming, the 14th Prince, and Shiqing Shenzi. None of them had made it out of this place.

There were a few dozen blood wasps on their bodies.

The Blood Wasp Ashuran King had surely known how powerful the Fairy of a Thousand Flowers' spiritual power was. If Zhang Ruochen and others were to kill Mr. Godcliff, he would be at the disadvantage.

It was important to maintain a balance in a three-cornered fight.

So he could find an opportunity in the balance to get rid of the other two parties.

“If you want me to spare their lives, Luoji, ask Zhang Ruochen to hand me the Supreme Artifact,” said the Blood Wasp Ashuran King.

Dizu Prince, the 14th Prince, and Shiqing Shenzi was badly wounded, looking at Fairy Tianchu for help.

Not that they were afraid of death. They just did not want to die on Warsoul Star like this.

They were all talented with an aptitude for Supreme Sainthood. A bright future was waiting for them.

Fairy Tianchu frowned. “You must have been mistaken, Blood Wasp Ashuran King. I am I, Zhang Ruochen is Zhang Ruochen. Get the Supreme Artifact by yourself if you want it. Don’t dream of me getting it for you.”

“Is it?”

With the snap of the Blood Wasp Ashuran King’s fingers, a few dozen blood wasps entered the 14th Prince’s body and sucked his blood.

He could not even self-ignite his Sainthood Source because the Blood Wasp Ashuran King’s spiritual power was suppressing his willpower.

The 14th Prince’s body was mutilated and shriveling in front of Fairy Tianchu and others.

At last, a blood wasp devoured the 14th Prince’s Sainthood Source.

As arrogant as Dizu Prince and Qingshi Shenzi were, their bodies unwittingly trembled while their faces turned pale.

While fighting Drifter with the Ancient Abyssal Blade, Zhang Ruochen spun around and shot a glance at the Blood Wasp Ashuran King.

Not that Zhang Ruochen liked the 14th Prince, just that the sudden death of the Celestial Court’s divine son, who sat in the high heavens, was depressing.

“You don’t have to resort to such an underhanded method if your target is the Supreme Artifact, Blood Wasp Ashuran King. You have the strength. But by doing this, aren’t you afraid it will taint your good name?” said Zhang Ruochen.

The Blood Wasp Ashuran King was not afraid of Zhang Ruochen and gangs. In fact, he did not see them as worthy opponents.

What he was worried about was that if he killed Zhang Ruochen and Fairy Tianchu, it would upset the equilibrium of the three sides. If that happened, Mr. Godcliff and Ji Fanxin might stop fighting each other and turn against him instead.

So, the Blood Wasp Ashuran King just needed to keep Zhang Ruochen and Fairy Tianchu in check while waiting for Mr. Godcliff and Fairy Tianchu to fight each other. Better still if there was a mutual annihilation.

The Blood Wasp Ashuran King could care less of Zhang Ruochen, pointing at Dizu prince. “On your knees and bow to me. Or else, your fate will be the same as the 14th Prince.”

“You, I...”

Dizu Prince gritted his teeth, his ego disallowing him to bow to anyone else.

“On your knees!”

The Blood Wasp Ashuran King roared, shaking Dizu Prince’s Saint Soul, almost shattering it.

Dizu Prince felt a blood wasp crawling on his forehead. The next second, sharp pain from a bite hit him.

He dropped to his knees, cold sweating drenching in his body.

Indignation and fear of death crushed his ego, finally.

“Let me go... I can... bow to you...” His voice shivered.

The Blood Wasp Ashuran King nodded in satisfaction, then did the same thing to Shiqing Shenzi and Yue Gongming, who buckled and bowed in front of his feet.

Fairy Tianchu shook her head in disappointment.

“Cowards like you all are dreaming of courting Her Highness Fairy. It feels disgusting just thinking of it.” Butcher spat.

“They are not even qualified to be Her Highness Fairy’s followers,” said Fool.

“Unbelievable. Absolutely unbelievable. I am going to record this scene down.”

Awesome, the Little Taoist, clapped his hands and smirked. He took out a scroll and used his spiritual power to print the scene of Dizu Prince, Yue Gongming, and Shiqing Shenzi bowing to the Blood Wasp Ashuran King on the scroll.

Dizu Prince and the others were as humiliated as they were furious.

The Blood Wasp Ashuran King looked nonchalant. “You all are big boys in the Celestial Court and should know what the consequence will be if they tell others what happens today. Now, I order you to kill them.”

Dizu Prince, Shiqing Shenzi, and Yue Gongming slowly got to their feet hesitatingly.

First of all, bowing to the Blood Wasp Ashuran King was just an expedient measure. They planned to avenge their humiliation later once their cultivation base was up to snuff.

However, just as the Blood Wasp Ashuran King said, if they did not get rid of the cultivators from the Tianchu Civilization and let the news leak out, the consequences would be unimaginable.

“Don’t you all want to get your hands on Fairy Tianchu? Whoever captures her will own her. Don’t worry, as long as they all die, no one is going to know you all have bowed to me, and you all still the divine son and prince as usual. A bright figure awaits you,” said the Blood Wasp Ashuran King.

Dizu Prince, Shiqing Shenzi, and Yue Gongming had shaken their last bit of hesitation away. Together with a swarm of blood wasps, they attacked Zhang Ruochen, Fairy Tianchu, and the others.

The Blood Wasp Ashuran King did not trust them completely, however. He still left dozens of blood wasps on three of their bodies to kill them if necessary.

“Interesting. This is really interesting.”

The Blood Wasp Ashuran King watched on with a plastic smile on his face.

A sense of calmness replaced the disappointment on Fairy Tianchu’s face. “Let’s do it—kill them all.”

Chapter 1873 - Overpowering Precept Domain

Chapter 1873: Overpowering Precept Domain

The Crimson River Portrait had unfolded, floating several hundred feet high in the air with the red sun giving out a brilliant glow. The wide celestial river flowed around the Fairy of Tianchu and other blocking out blood wasps outside.

Zhang Ruochen had suddenly figured out why Blood Wasp Ashuran King was wary of making his move. “Protect Fairy of a Thousand Flowers from the other cultivators,” he instructed Awesome, the Little Taoist.

Following immediately, Zhang Ruochen called out Black Phoenix, White Zhuque, and Li Miaohan from the Qiankun realm, letting them join hands with the Fairy of Tianchu to fight against the blood wasps, Dizu Prince and others.

Next, Zhang Ruochen crossed the celestial river to go after Mr. Godcliff.

“Zhang Ruochen!”

The Fairy of Tianchu called out, worrying about Zhang Ruochen having to fight Drifter and Wayfarer alone.

“Fairy of a Thousand Flowers holds to the key to the outcome of today’s battle. I have to help her. As soon as we kill Mr. Godcliff, the god of victory will be on our side,”

Zhang Ruochen said to the Fairy of Tianchu through telepathy.

She knew what Zhang Ruochen said was true, but hearing him say “Fairy of a Thousand Flowers holds to the key to the outcome of today’s battle” made her jealous. She could not help but gnaw her lip.

The Fairy of Tianchu was a heavenly maiden of an ancient civilization. But she was also a woman, having the same emotions like any other women.

Not to mention that Fairy of a Thousand Flowers was of the same stature as she was.

Besides, the person who said that phrase was Zhang Ruochen, on whom she had a crush before. She had already felt jilted when Zhang Ruochen mentioned earlier that Fairy of a Thousand Flowers was his confidante.

But the Fairy of Tianchu was no ordinary lady. She had quickly reigned in her emotions, directing the winding celestial river to strike at Shiqing Shenzi, wounding him.

Blood Wasp Ashuran King shot a glance at Zhang Ruochen, who was lunging out of the celestial river, and ignored him.

His thinking was that Drifter and Wayfarer were more than capable to handle Zhang Ruochen, who could not pose a threat to Mr. Godcliff.

Sure enough, Wayfarer stayed at Mr. Godcliff's side while Drifter charged at Zhang Ruochen.

Drifter was using five sacred artifacts as protection. Gushing out of his body was black fog, from which emerged a hundred-foot-long demonic hand.

Zhang Ruochen summoned his Azuresky Pagoda to shatter the demonic hand, then struck at Drifter.

Knowing how powerful the supreme artifact was, Drifter spat a mouthful of saint blood onto a white bone.

It was the skull of a deity. Once coming into contact with Drifter's saint blood, a potent divine energy gushed out of the skull.

Wayfarer, who was standing beside Mr. Godcliff, summoned a giant Buddha hand the size of a mountain to crush down at Zhang Ruochen from the air.

Boom!

The Azuresky Pagoda and the deity's skull clashed with earth-shattering Saint Path Power spreading in all directions.

Drifter performed a mysterious technique to stop the supreme artifact. His body swelled like a balloon to several hundred feet tall, almost looking like a hill.

Even then, Drifter was still forced a dozen steps back.

Zhang Ruochen had wanted to pursue him, but Wayfarer was striking his golden Buddha hand down at him from above. He was feeling the pressure.

He directed the Azuresky Pagoda to strike, shattering the Buddha hand into a rain of golden light particles.

Next, he cast out the Yi Huang Bone Scepter. "I will find you enough divine blood and Supreme Saint's sainthood source and make you a new body if you kill Drifter."

"Deal!"

The evil spirit in the bone scepter cackled, turned into a black skeleton, and attacked Drifter.

Drifter performed a Precept Domain, a Buddha finger striking out at the black skeleton.

A powerful gush of energy shot out of the fingertip, shooting through the air with a loud sonic boom.

The black skeleton performed a punch to meet the finger energy.

Down below.

Drifter's heart sank as he was not confident of taking on Zhang Ruochen, who had a supreme artifact at his disposal.

Without giving Drifter the time to think, Zhang Ruochen directed the Azuresky Pagoda to attack ferociously.

Bang!

The blow defeated the divine power on the deity's skull.

Drifter was bleeding on both hands. They were so painful that it almost felt numb, and the deity's skull nearly slipped out of his hands.

“So much for a Precept Domain-realm cultivator!”

Zhang Ruochen was high in fighting spirit, murderous air rising as the Azure Pagoda glowed green and illuminated the entire earth.

Drifter felt the overwhelming pressure of the supreme power and quickly performed a Precept Domain, casting out the deity's skull and five sacred artifacts to take on the Azure Pagoda.

The five sacred artifacts exploded as if porcelain hit against the rock in front of the supreme artifact.

Blood spurted out of Drifter's mouth. He stumbled backward; his hair windswept.

Standing far away, Blood Wasp Ashuran King did not expect Drifter to lose so quickly and felt disappointed. He gestured with his fingers.

Following immediately, over 300 blood wasps, led by two wasp kings, charged at Zhang Ruochen.

Each wasp king had the combat ability of a Precept Domain cultivator. Not only that, they were as intelligent as humans.

Beams of blood-red light shot out of the wasp swarm at Zhang Ruochen.

Each beam was a wasp stinger, having as good penetration ability as the swords of sword saints. No matter how high one's cultivation base was, the wisest thing to do was to avoid these stingers, especially when they shot out in hundreds.

Zhang Ruochen moved in a flash and hid behind the Azure Pagoda.

The stingers hit the Azure Pagoda in a rapid firing fashion, causing the pagoda to sway.

The next moment, Zhang Ruochen emerged from behind the pagoda and took out the Eight-Dragon Umbrella. “Retrieve!”

The umbrella caught all the blood wasps, including the two wasp kings, into itself.

Zhang Ruochen knew very well that with his current level of cultivation, he still could not suppress so many wasp kings. The best thing to do was to throw the Eight-Dragon Umbrella into the Qiankun Realm to let the Divine Sky-connecting Tree to deal with the wasps.

Drifter seized the opportunity, summoning his Precepts of the Palm and the Lightning. Catching thousands of lightning in his hands, his body flew out with the lightning as he struck his hands out, aiming at the back of Zhang Ruochen.

Zhang Ruochen spun around abruptly and struck out his hands to meet Drifter's attack.

Without using Precept of Truth, Zhang Ruochen was much less powerful than Drifter. He was sent flying backward and hit into the hill behind him.

His body penetrated the hill.

“Go to hell!”

Drifter pursued with another attack, coming down from above with thunder and lightning.

Before his palms came down, the earth had started to sink.

Boom!

Zhang Ruochen was lying on the ground while he met the incoming attack with both hands.

But this time it was different; he was using the Precepts of Truth, boosting his strength seven times, making his strength on par with that of Drifter.

After a short standoff, the Ancient Abyssal Blade, under the control of a sword spirit, shot out of Zhang Ruochen's body into Drifter's chest.

But the Precept Domain intercepted the blade.

But it did not stop the blade that was still inching toward his chest.

Drifter's heart missed a beat, and he quickly pulled back his hands and retreated.

Zhang Ruochen bounced up from the ground and grabbed the Ancient Abyssal Blade. He performed a Ninth Sword and thrust it in a beam of light at Drifter.

The Precept Domain intercepted the Ancient Abyssal Blade again. Drifter performed this Percept Domain by combining the precepts in his body with the precepts of heaven and earth in the area. The result was incredibly powerful attack and defense capabilities.

At the moment the blade and the Precept Domain collided, a shadow lunged out of Zhang Ruochen's body into the Precept Domain, thrusting a sword at Drifter's forehead.

“You have mastered a sword soul?”

Drifter was stunned, having no time to ward off the sword soul.

The sword soul penetrated Drifter's skull.

His head was intact, but the sword shattered his saint soul.

The Precept Domain disappeared.

Drifter stood on the spot, motionless and lifelessly.

The sword soul returned to Zhang Ruochen's body, and Zhang Ruochen kept Drifter's body. He then looked up and saw the black skeleton was overpowering Wayfarer. It was just a matter of time before Wayfarer lost.

Blood Wasp Ashuran King locked on Zhang Ruochen with his spiritual power, giving him no chance of attacking Mr. Godcliff.

Blood Wasp Ashuran King's spiritual power was not as powerful as that of Ji Fanxin and Mr. Godcliff, but this was by no mean weak when he could control a large swarm of blood wasps.

“Not half bad! An Eight-Step Saint King could already overwhelm two Precept Domain cultivators. I wouldn't have been confident enough to kill you had your cultivation base improved further,” said Blood Wasp Ashuran King.

“You think you can kill me now?” said Zhang Ruochen with a smirk.

“Your cultivation base is still not up to snuff. You can’t stop me even with your supreme artifact if I were to kill you.”

“Then let’s find out if this is true.”

Zhang Ruochen threw down the gauntlet by extending his hand.

Blood Wasp Ashuran King quietly glanced at Ji Fanxin and Mr. Godcliff. He could see that they had entered the crucial stage of battle and they were not going to stop.

This was the best time to make his move.

“Then show me what you have got, the Scion of Time and Space!”

Blood Wasp Ashuran King faded into a shadow and appeared right in front of Zhang Ruochen, behind him the trail of a sword on the ground.

Zhang Ruochen had been holding

The Secret Tome of Time and Space

in his hand and was ready to unfold it.

A powerful shadow suddenly lunged out from behind Zhang Ruochen. The broad-shadow, burly figure struck with a palm and hit the sword of Blood Wasp Ashuran King.

A powerful energy burst out and sent Blood Wasp Ashuran King flying back, crash-landing on the ground before grinding to a halt after sliding backward for one and a half miles.

Blood Wasp Ashuran King steadied himself, feeling pain over all his body. It shocked him that someone could use the power of pure martial arts to defeat him.

He looked up at that man, who was cupping his hand to greet Zhang Ruochen. “Your Highness Princess, I have come late. Please forgive me.”

Chapter 1874 - The Fairy's Mortal Heart

Chapter 1874: The Fairy's Mortal Heart

“Your Highness Princess, I am late. Please forgive me,” said Murong Yefeng.

The palm move that Murong Yefeng performed just now shocked Dizu Prince, Shiqing Shenzi, and Yue Gongming.

Who was that guy?

Why did such a peerless fighter still have to bow to Zhang Ruochen?

Butcher was elated and burst into laughter. “We have reinforcements. All of you—be it Infernal Court's Ashurans or Celestial Court's traitors—will have to die today.”

He lunged out of the celestial river and struck his saber horizontally, leaving a foot-long, bloody cut on Yue Gongming's abdomen.

Wayfarer, who was in the other direction, had his heart in his mouth. He sensed an imminent danger when he saw Murong Yefeng.

He looked up at Mr. Godcliff, who was floating in the air. Beads of sweat popped up on Mr. Godcliff's forehead, his face twitching uncontrollably as he was resisting with his spiritual power. By the looks of him, Mr. Godcliff was on the losing side.

“Things are not looking good. Run.”

Wayfarer took out a talisman and stuck it on his chest. The next second, he flew at a thousand times the speed of sound, trying to escape Warsoul Star's atmosphere.

“Over to you!”

After saying to this Murong Yefeng, Zhang Ruochen lunged out of the blood fog, performed a Dimensional Shift to come behind Wayfarer.

“Stop running!”

It shocked Wayfarer to hear Zhang Ruochen’s voice behind him.

But he quickly calmed down. Perhaps he could turn the tables today by capturing Zhang Ruochen.

With an evil look on his face, Wayfarer spun around and charged at Zhang Ruochen at one thousand times the speed of sound.

Sanskrit text covered his entire body, which had become golden, and a sacred Buddha glow was on his head.

His body was almost unassailable right now. Not to mention he was moving at one thousand times of the speed of sound, the momentum alone could be unimaginably destructive.

Zhang Ruochen had to perform a Spatial Domain to distort the dimension to dodge the attack.

When Wayfarer approached, his trajectory warped, sending him flying out from the right and crashing to the ground.

Boom!

As solid as the earth on Warsoul Star, Wayfarer had managed to leave behind a thirty-foot-wide crater in the ground from the impact.

Zhang Ruochen descended on the edge of the crater, releasing his spiritual power as he looked down at the crater billowing smoke.

Zhang Ruochen suddenly summoned the Azure Sky Pagoda and placed it in front of him.

Wayfarer flying at great speed hit the Azure Sky Pagoda, sending Zhang Ruochen flying backward at a thousand times of the speed of sound, during which he sent his saint Qi into the pagoda so the supreme power appeared on the pagoda.

Zhang Ruochen struck his palm on the pagoda, and a layer of translucent energy hit Wayfarer, forcing him to fly backward and crash to the ground like a scarecrow.

Following immediately, the Azuresky Pagoda crushed down on Wayfarer, rupturing his internal organs, fracturing a dozen of saint bones, and nearly shattering his saint soul.

Zhang Ruochen did not immediately kill Wayfarer. Instead, he took out a Begirding Shackle, tied him up, and then threw him into the Qiankun Realm.

Over the other end, Murong Yefeng and the Blood Wasp Ashuran King were having a standoff, none of them making a move.

The cultivators from the Tianchu Civilization were apprehending Dizu Prince, Yue Gongming, and Shiqing Shenzi, who were wounded and lost their combat ability. Meanwhile, The Crimson River Portrait had suppressed the blood wasps.

The situation was definitely in Zhang Ruochen's favor right now.

He summoned the Ancient Abyssal Blade, readying to help Ji Fanxin kill Mr. Godcliff.

It was pointless to talk about ethics to an enemy like Mr. Godcliff, who should be killed the earlier, the better.

Before Zhang Ruochen could make his move, the spiritual-power battle between Mr. Godcliff and Ji Fanxin ended with Mr. Godcliff plunging from the sky, blood spurting out of his mouth.

Meanwhile, Ji Fanxi was wounded, too, with her beautiful body flying out backward.

Fairy Tianchu shot out a damask, reaching out a dozen miles to catch Ji Fanxin.

But dimensional ripples had already appeared beside Ji Fanxin as Zhang Ruochen emerged from within to catch her by wrapping his hand around her waist.

The two descended slowly with petal rain falling around them.

Fairy Tianchu quickly retrieved her damask and jealously stared at them.

Butcher guffawed beside her. “Fortunately, Fairy of a Thousand Flowers came in time. Or else, we will be in deep shit.”

“Fairy of a Thousand Flowers has wounded Mr. Godcliff, and this is enough to shift the attitude of the world’s cultivators toward her. She is not just an otherworldly fairy but also a powerful, Supreme Saint-level fighter,” said an elder of the Tianchu Civilization.

Dumbo nudged the elder with his arm, reminding him he had just complimented another fairy in front of Her Highness Fairy. How would Her Highness Fairy feel?

Dumbo guffawed and steered the conversation away. “Did you guys see that Fairy of a Thousand Flowers and Zhang Ruochen are unusually close? It seems they are really like soulmates.”

That elder came to his senses and echoed. “Absolutely. Fairy of a Thousand Flowers would not have made Mr. Godcliff her enemy had it not been for her relationship with Zhang Ruochen.”

“I told you; Fairy of a Thousand Flowers and Zhang Ruochen are a match in heaven. Who knows, after the War of Merits in the Kunlun Realm, Yueshen would go to the Qianhui Realm to propose an engagement on his behalf?” said Butcher aloud.

Everyone was in a jovial mode right now.

Little did they realize that Fairy Tianchu felt as if she had been stabbed in the chest instead of feeling happy. She clenched her slender fingers, feeling upset.

Not that she was a petty woman; she had never thought of fighting with other women for anything. For some reason, though, she resented Ji Fanxin at the moment.

Descending on the ground, Ji Fanxin shook her head at Zhang Ruochen. “I’m fine, just a little exhausted.”

“I have a sacred herb that helps spiritual power recovery.”

Zhang Ruochen took out a bottle and handed it to her.

Ji Fanxin had her own sacred herb for her spiritual power, too. But she was happy to accept Zhang Ruochen's kindness. She took the bottle from him, dripped a drop of the potion on her fingertip, and consumed it.

On the other side, Fairy Tianchu performed a Rain Sword, killing Mr. Godcliff by piercing through his saint heart.

Zhang Ruochen and Ji Fanxin looked over and were stunned.

Why did Fairy Tianchu kill Mr. Godcliff while she had only subdued Dizu Prince, Shiqing Shenzi, and Yue Gongming?"

Noticing the questioning looks of Zhang Ruochen and Ji Fanxin, Fairy Tianchu performed another Rain Sword, killing Dizu Prince, Shiqing Shenzi, and Yue Gongming by decapitating them.

This even surprised Butcher, Dumbo, and Li Miaohan, who were her long-time followers. Fairy Tianchu had told them earlier that she would send Dizu Prince, Shiqing Shenzi, and Yue Gongming to Celestial Palace for trial.

Why did she change her mind suddenly?

Her about-face was quicker than they could turn the page.

Noticing everyone's puzzled expression, Fairy Tianchu had to explain herself. "Mr. Godcliff is an array master. Celestial Place will not sentence him to death, even if I sent him there. There would be no end of trouble for us if he were still alive.

"Since Mr. Godcliff is dead, the three witnesses would have to die, too."

She was right on this one. Zhang Ruochen would not spare their lives even if she did.

But was it appropriate for the fairy to kill them personally? She could have just instructed Butcher and Dumbo, who would be more than happy to carry out the task.

Ji Fanxin looked at Zhang Ruochen. She leaned close to him and spoke into his ear as if she had figured out something.

"What is your relationship with Fairy Tianchu?"

Zhang Ruochen's heart missed a beat, wondering if Ji Fanxin had found out anything.

"She owed me a favor in when I was at Divinity Bestowment Altar. But she already returned the favor in Eastern Region Holy City,

" he said through telepathy.

Zhang Ruochen was careful not to say anything wrong because things between Fairy Tianchu and him could have affected her good name.

"Just like that?"

asked Ji Fanxin.

"You don't trust me, Fairy?"

"No. Just that Fairy Tianchu isn't too happy because we are too close."

Ji Fanxin smiled.

"Didn't you notice that she would glance at us whenever we communicate through telepathy?"

Zhang Ruochen was only observant toward his enemies. Not when he was looking at women.

"It seems that the innocent, otherworldly Fairy Tianchu has a crush on you, but she is afraid to express it. Do you want to be a prince consort of the Tianchu Civilization, Zhang Ruochen? I can help,"

said Ji Fanxin.

"Please, don't interfere with things between her and me. It is complicated."

"What is so complicated about it? You are hiding something from me."

Zhang Ruochen mimed a spare-me gesture. Ji Fanxin was too smart to lie to; it was a futile attempt to even try.

He did not want Ji Fanxin to harp on the issue.

"Why you were so wary of Yanshen and Empress Ling in the Celestial Domain of Truth when your spiritual power was so

impressive?”

“My spiritual power was suppressed back then in the Celestial Domain of Truth. It is semi-sealed; I could only remove part of the seal,”

said Ji Fanxin.

It was still semi-sealed?

How powerful her spiritual power would be if without the seal? Supreme Saint-level spiritual power?

An experienced fighter, the Blood Wasp Ashuran King remained calm even though he knew he was in danger. He summoned his Supreme Saint soul, his body glowing bright blood-red as he charged at Fairy Tianchu.

The odds were against him.

Fleeing was impossible.

Only by apprehending an important figure could he escape.

The Blood Wasp Ashuran King’s targets were Zhang Ruochen and Fairy Tianchu. He was cautious about Zhang Ruochen because Ji Fanxin was with him. So he would go after Fairy Tianchu instead.

“How dare you!”

The three Great Elders of the Tianchu Civilization cast out their sacred artifacts as they lunged out to stop the Blood Wasp Ashuran King.

Chapter 1875 - Kill in Five Moves

Chapter 1875: Kill in Five Moves

The Blood Wasp Ashuran King greeted the three Great Elders with all his might, defeating their sacred artifacts with his sword, some plunging to the ground, some breaking into half.

That sword seemed to possess the ability to destroy every matter in the world.

The three Great Elders could not even withstand the Blood Wasp Ashuran King's attack for even a breath and were immediately sent flying backward. Sword Qi penetrated Fool's body, leaving behind a translucent bloody skeleton. He was badly wounded.

In the moment of life and death, the Blood Wasp Ashuran King's strength was three times his usual level.

"I am your opponent!"

A shout came above the Blood Wasp Ashuran King.

Murong Yefeng had caught up to him, raising his palm in the form of a Demon Stele Seal Technique to charge at the Blood Wasp Ashuran King.

"That was quick!"

The Blood Wasp Ashuran King was quietly shocked. He had never met a Supreme Saint-level opponent like this. It was definitely at the pinnacle of Supreme Sainthood in terms of strength and speed.

"Sword of Slaughter: One with the Heavens!"

The Blood Wasp Ashuran King clenched the sword with both hands. The Supreme-Saint War Soul behind him swelled to become a gigantic shadow.

He parried the Demon Stele Seal Technique with his sword.

Boom!

The Blood Wasp Ashuran King's arms were nearly dislodged. His opponent forced him to fall a thousand feet backward before he could stop. Unlike his overwhelming superiority earlier, he looked awkwardly on the defensive.

His opponent had not only defeated but crushed him. It was simply too formidable.

Butcher pulled himself up from the ground, looking in awe. "I can't believe that the Blood Wasp Ashuran King couldn't even defend himself. Where did Zhang Ruochen invite such a powerful fighter from?"

"Let us apprehend the Blood Wasp Ashuran King together. We can't afford to let him escape."

The cultivators at the scene took out their sacred artifacts and surrounded the Blood Wasp Ashuran King, not giving him any chance of escaping.

Right now, Ji Fanxin had recovered some of her spiritual power.

As she slowly raised her slender hand, green leaves started to sprout and beautiful flowers of various colors grew on the earth within a few hundred miles radius.

A powerful spiritual power was surging in flowers, ready to suppress the Blood Wasp Ashuran King.

If the Blood Wasp Ashuran King tried to flee, the spiritual power would form an attacking field to stop him.

However, if he tried to achieve mutual destruction by detonating the Sainthood Source, Ji Fanxin could use her spiritual power to suppress his will.

It was because of this that the Blood Wasp Ashuran King was feeling the threat of death for the first time. He had never felt so powerless, not even when thousands of Saint cultivators surrounded him during the War of Merits.

"Do you need the Azuresky Pagoda, Yefeng?" asked Zhang Ruochen.

Murong Yefeng did not carry any supreme artifact as he had returned the Nine-Phoenix Cauldron to the Black Market.

“Don’t underestimate me, Your Highness. Do I look like I need a supreme artifact to fight the Precept-Domain Ashuran King? Would you believe me if I tell you I could kill him in just five moves?”

“All right. If you could kill the Blood Wasp Ashuran King in five moves, his skull is yours. I will not compete with you. And to sweeten the deal, I will give you more gifts,” said Zhang Ruochen.

The Blood Wasp Ashuran King’s skull could be exchanged for many merits, which could be used to buy treasure of merits.

Murong Yefeng’s cultivation base was at the pinnacle of Supreme Sainthood. But it was difficult to achieve an invulnerable body because of the previously incomplete Precepts of Heaven and Earth in the Kunlun Realm.

So he needed to buy treasure of merits with merits to enhance his body and combat strength.

However, Murong Yefeng was not the only one who could defeat the Blood Wasp Ashuran King. Ji Fanxin could too.

Zhang Ruochen knew that Murong Yefeng needed the merits and let him be the one to kill the Blood Wasp Ashuran King. Ji Fanxin would have to wait until Murong Yefeng performed his first moves before she could make her move.

With no hesitation, Murong Yefeng gathered all his Saint Qi. It was as if there were streams flowing inside his body as Saint Qi gushing out of his body and formed into a lead cloud.

Thousands of Precepts of the Palm intertwined inside the lead cloud, which turned into a Mount Wuzhi to crush the Blood Wasp Ashuran King.

This Mount Wuzhi was ten-thousand-foot tall, having little different from the real ancient divine mountain. The overpowering energy felt suffocating to those Nine-Step Saint King cultivators.

“Five-Finger Qiankun Hand!” exclaimed Zhang Ruochen.

It was the ultimate technique of the Murong family.

Zhang Ruochen had learned that eight hundred years ago, the head of the Murong family did not succeed in cultivating this technique. Shangguan Que, Zhang Ruochen's master, used to comment on this Saint Technique: once this technique attained the ultimate phase, it could rival Hand of Stellar Radiance of the Shengming royalty.

However, Zhang Ruochen's cultivation base had been too low eight hundred years ago. He did not have the chance to lay his hands on an ultimate technique like the Hand of Stellar Radiance.

The thousands of volumes of martial art manuals of the royalty had been missing. Probably Central Chiqing Empire had looted them. It was also possible that the Guardian Dragon Pavilion had moved them somewhere else I advance, or even in the Ming Hall.

Boom!

The Five-Finger Qiankun Hand crushed the Blood Wasp Ashuran King into the ground. His skin was torn open and Saint Blood splattered all over the place.

The Blood Wasp Ashuran King was fearful. He thought of escaping underground as he did not want to fight Murong Yefeng again.

“Don't you think of running away!”

Murong Yefeng performed a Precept Domain skill to engulf an area of several dozen miles in radius, including Zhang Ruochen and others.

Zhang Ruochen felt that the dimension seemed to have solidified as he could even move his finger. Not only that, he had even difficulty in performing the Power of Time.

He had never encountered this situation when he battled Drifter and Wayfarer.

Probably Drifter and Wayfarer had just attained the Precept Domain realm. Their cultivation base was not powerful enough.

In contrast, Murong Yefeng's Precept Domain far surpassed theirs in terms of strength and size.

He locked on to the Blood Wasp Ashuran King with his Precept Domain and wrenched him out of the ground.

Murong Yefeng performed a move in the form of a palm, striking the Blood Wasp Ashuran King in the chest and his sword, sending him flying backward.

In Precept Domain, Murong Yefeng was extremely quick. Before the Blood Wasp Ashuran King hit the ground, Murong Yefeng had struck the Blood Wasp Ashuran King for the third time on his back.

The Blood Wasp Ashuran King had also cultivated the Precept Domain, but his was no way near that of Murong Yefeng. He was totally suppressed. Even with the help of the Supreme-Saint War Soul, he could do nothing to save himself.

After a while, the Blood Wasp Ashuran King's body armor shattered, his body exploded with body parts and blood raining down from the sky.

Murong Yefeng carried a mutilated corpse and descended on the ground, smiling at Zhang Ruochen. "How is that? Exactly five moves!"

Zhang Ruochen clapped his hands with delight. "Awesome! I would have to work harder before I could challenge you."

"With your unparalleled aptitude, it is only a matter of time before Your Highness surpasses me. In fact, I am embarrassed of myself. I have cultivated for eight hundred years, yet still not much higher than Your Highness's attainment," said Murong Yefeng.

"I will keep the Blood Wasp Ashuran King's body and sword. If all of you have a problem with that, talk to His Highness."

Of course, no one was going to question that. After all, they had done little in this case.

"What about the present that you have mentioned, Your Highness?"

Murong Yefeng looked at him in anticipation.

“The battle is still ongoing. Let us first finished off the enemies on Warsoul Star, then we will talk about that.”

The Crimson River Portrait was still holding several hundred blood wasps, including four wasp kings.

Ji Fanxin was interested in the blood wasps. She walked toward Fairy Tianchu. “I have a sacred flower, the floral scent of which could control the blood wasps. You could only contain them but not control them. Give them to me. Let me have them. How about that?”

Butcher, Fool, and Li Miaohan were delighted, thinking that it was a good idea.

“I am impressed by your ability, Fairy. However, controlling blood wasps is not a problem at all. I just need some time,” said Fairy Tianchu.

Everyone knew that both Fairy Tianchu and Ji Fanxin were throwing down the gauntlet. It seemed that they both wanted to defend their feelings of pride.

“I am afraid that these two fairies have some grudges between them. It will be interesting to see them fighting!”

said Murong Yefeng to Zhang Ruochen through telepathy.

“Don’t you have anything better to say?”

Zhang Ruochen wondered if what Jiang Yunchong and Ji Fanxin said was true: he had a place in Fairy Tianchu’s heart.

The image of Fairy Tianchu flashed across his mind.

At that time, it was this beautiful maiden in front of him who warded off the Blood Wasp Ashuran King on his behalf.

Fairy Tianchu opened her vertical eyes with the colorful light of the nebula shining within.

She could see the thoughts and wills of everything through this eye, and at the same time, release strong willpower. Using the power of this vertical eye, she wiped the Blood Wasp Ashuran King’s spiritual will clean, then implanted a new one in him.

The only thing was, she could only use her vertical eye once a day.

If she tried to use it the second time, the eye would bleed, and her beautiful face would turn pale like porcelain.

After keeping the blood wasps under control, Fairy Tianchu's bosom heaved up and down. Her vision turned dark, and she nearly fainted to the ground.

Zhang Ruochen wanted to lunge forth to hold her, but Li Miaohan was one step ahead of him.

Zhang Ruochen looked at Fairy Tianchu for a while, fighting the urge to go to her. "Brother Butcher, Brother Fool. Please stay and look after Her Highness. Yefeng, Fairy, let us finish off the fighter of the Ghosts."

Zhang Ruochen, Murong Yefeng, and Ji Fanxin entered the blood fog. They came to the divine blood lake and saw the body fragments of corpse kings all over the place.

The body of the Supreme-Saint corpse king was frozen inside an icy mountain.

Crone Qushan was standing in a field of body parts, looking at them with a grim expression. "You all are too late. Chang is gone. If not for these corpses holding me back, I would have torn his ghost-king body apart and shattered his soul."

Chapter 1876 - Python Vine

Chapter 1876: Python Vine

Jin Fanxin used her spiritual power to search the entire Warsoul Star but found no trace of Chang.

“Most likely, Chang must have found out that Fairy and Yefeng have come to Warsoul Star and fled,” said Zhang Ruochen.

There will be no end of trouble with his escape. What a shame.

Ji Fanxin thought to herself.

Fairy Tianchu and Fool took some sacred healing pills, and their injuries stabilized.

Everyone came to the divine blood lakeside and continued to collect zoomorphic sacred herbs again.

Each zoomorphic herb was precious. It could not only enhance the cultivation base but also increase the strength of the Saint Soul and spiritual power, a treasure that all Supreme Saints would scramble to get their hands on.

Four 100,000-year-old zoomorphic sacred herbs had aroused the interest of Crone Qushan, Murong Yefeng, and Ji Fanxin. With the help of Zhang Ruochen’s Azure Sky Pagoda, they joined hands and had the sacred herbs under control.

Crone Qushan, Murong Yefeng, Ji Fanxin, and Zhang Ruochen got one each.

After they were done with collecting the zoomorphic sacred herbs, Zhang Ruochen came to the divine blood lakeside, took out the Mercury Gourd, and collected the divine blood.

The divine blood in the lake contained extremely aligid power, which meant he could not consume and refine it directly. But he could use it as ink for the top-grade talismans, and to help evil spirits to form material bodies.

It had a vast variety of uses, extremely valuable.

Ji Fanxin, Fairy Tianchu, and Awesome, the Little Taoist, also took out their special containers to collect the divine blood.

The lake of the divine blood was just about a divine-class treasure.

As they continued to extract, the divine blood level continued to drop in the lake, and blood-red gemstones began to surface.

“It is Divine Blood Crystal!”

Awesome, the Little Taoist’s eyes brightened up. He picked up a Divine Blood Crystal the size of his fist. Its mass was so dense that it weighed over 300,000 pounds.

The so-called Divine Blood Crystal was a crystal formed by divine blood and a vast amount of Heaven and Earth Saint Qi. It was a precious alchemic substance for making Ten-Radiance Thousand-Inscription Sacred Artifact-class weapons.

Murong Yefeng had collected several dozens of them. “I could make a Ten-Radiance Thousand-Inscription Sacred Artifact-class Saint Body Armor with this Divine Blood Crystal!” He guffawed.

Zhang Ruochen had also gathered some, which he would refine into the Eight-Dragon Mountain and the Nine-Dragon Carriage to enhance their fineness.

Just when the divine blood in the lake became lesser and lesser, on the stone column, a purple vine grew out of the head of the Celestial Gator.

The vine was in the shape of a python, but instead of having scales on its body, there were purple flowers.

Each purple flower represented a scale.

As the Python Vine stretched down along the stone column, it became thicker and bigger.

Before Zhang Ruochen and his gangs knew it, the Python Vine was less than 3,000 feet from the ground.

“Not good! There is another big one!” shouted Crone Qushan.

“This zoomorphic sacred herb looks a bit weird. Step back, everyone!”

Ji Fanxi looked grave, as she could sense something suppressing her spiritual power.

The howl suddenly came from the Python Vine as it moved down with even greater speed, the bright glow of the purple flowers on its body illuminating half of Warsoul Star purple.

Zhang Ruochen quickly hid Li Miaohan, Black Phoenix, White Zhuque, and the others, whose cultivation bases were relatively weak, into the Qiankun Realm. Awesome, the Little Taoist, was still busily collecting the divine blood. Zhang Ruochen dragged him back and brought him to lunge out of the blood mist.

The Python Vine had come down on the ground, kicking up clouds of dust into the air as it moved.

The Python Vine moved so quickly that none of them would get away if they were to flee at once. So Murong Yefeng, Ji Fanxin, and Crone Qushan stayed back and summoned their most powerful attack moves.

A breath of spiritual-power storm came out of the Python Vine's mouth and crushed Ji Fanxin's twelve spiritual-power defenses.

Zhang Ruochen glanced back and cast out his Azure Sky Pagoda. "Take it, Yefeng!"

Murong Yefeng caught the Azure Sky Pagoda and pressed his hand on it. The pagoda instantly became as big as a mountain, releasing an endless Supreme Power to clash with the spiritual-power storm.

Meanwhile, Crone Qushan and Ji Fanxin came behind Murong Yefeng and each performed a palm to strike the Azure Sky Pagoda.

The Supreme Power shooting out of the pagoda instantly became even more intense.

With three of them joining hands and using the Azure Sky Pagoda, they could resist a Supreme Saint.

As the spiritual-power storm clashed with the Supreme Power, the planet Warsoul Star trembled, waves of hundreds of feet

rising on the water on the edge of the planet.

The three of them knew that even with a supreme artifact, they were no match for the Python Vine. So they retreated.

Only by retreating outside the blood fog could they get away.

A dark-purple mist came out of the Celestial Gator's mouth into the Python Vine, which rapidly grew with bucket-sized vines branching from the trunk in all directions. Some smaller vines went around the Azure Sky Pagoda and came behind Murong Yefeng, Crone Qushan, and Ji Fanxin.

“What kind of living thing is that, and what does it have to do with the Celestial Gator?” Crone Qushan had a bad feeling that they might not get to get out of Warsoul Star today.

“Hang on for a little longer, we are about to leave the blood fog,” said Ji Fanxin.

“Not good! The vine has stretched outside the blood fog and blocked our way out,” said Murong Yefeng.

Ji Fanxin and Crone Qushan glanced back and saw several dozen vines were intertwining between heaven and earth, each a massive python breathing with terrifying air.

The area where they were in now seemed to become a cage for them.

Boom!

They shattered many of the vines with the Azure Sky Pagoda and finally made it out of the blood fog.

But more Python Vines came out of the ground, waiting and surrounding them ahead. Getting out of Warsoul Star was no longer possible.

Looming behind them was a vast blanket of light fog, in which a pair of soul-sucking vicious eyes were visible.

A dimensional ripple appeared beside them as Zhang Ruochen suddenly emerged and yanked out a scroll.

“Let's go!”

The scroll opened and formed a dimensional teleportation array.

The four of them disappeared from Warsoul Star in a flash and reemerged hundreds of thousands of miles away.

Standing on a vast piece of water, Murong Yefeng, Ji Fanxin, and Crone Qushan were still shaking like a leaf. Finally, they could breathe a sigh of relief.

They had made it out.

Later in the day, when Zhang Ruochen and others came to the vicinity of Warsoul Star again, they found that the purple vines glowing purple had covered the entire planet.

The planet was shaking with an ear-shattering rumble coming out of it.

The sound wave was so terribly damaging that Zhang Ruochen could feel pain in his ears even standing thousands of miles away.

“Could it be that the Celestial Gator is still alive and trying to get away?” Ji Fanxin looked on with a grave expression on her face.

Everyone looked depressed.

Legend had it that the Celestial Gator could swallow an entire planet. Would it not own the entire Luoshui if it came back to life again?

“I have got to hurry back to Nine Carols Star and evacuate the cultivators of the Tianchu Civilization.” Fairy Tianchu looked worried.

“Hang on a second. Something else is going on,” said Zhang Ruochen.

At the polar region of Warsoul Star, a large number of golden texts appeared on the million-foot-tall stone column, glowing so brilliantly that it illuminated the body of water within tens of thousands of miles from it.

The roar gradually dissipated, and the tremors on Warsoul Star stopped.

But since the purple vines still shrouded the planet, Zhang Ruochen and his mates dared not step foot on the planet.

They observed from the waters for three days and found no changes on Warsoul Star.

“It looks like that stone column is something extraordinary that it could suppress the Celestial Gator.” Crone Qushan no longer looked nervous. Calm had returned on her face.

But Zhang Ruochen was still frowning. “Is that Celestial Gator dead or still alive?”

“God isn’t our realm of cultivation, not something we can understand. It is said that even a god dies, there is still a divine soul and will lingering in between heaven and earth, existing in eternity in this world. Not only that, their divine souls and wills could integrate with the Innate Element, enter the embryos, and reincarnate,” said Ji Fanxin.

“There is no need to chain up the Celestial Gator if it is dead.”

They returned to Nine Carols Star to recuperate. Some of them went into closed-door cultivation, digesting what they had gotten from Warsoul Star to elevate their cultivation base further.

Zhang Ruochen had gathered a ton of zoomorphic sacred herbs and took many sacred pills, herbs, and treasure of merits from Drifter and Wayfarer.

He could not wait to refine all of them.

Zhang Ruochen entered the inner dimension of the Space-Time Crystal, where time flowed four times quicker than the outside world. He then took out a 70,000-year-old, blue wolf-shaped sacred herb.

Performing a Divine Purification Flame in his hands, he refined the blue wolf into blue droplets before consuming them.

A layer of blue glow appeared on his body. He felt a refreshing energy rushing into his Saint Heart and his spiritual power increasing. His already strong Saint Soul became even more powerful.

Instead of plant the zoomorphic sacred herbs in the Divine Herbal Garden, Zhang Ruochen refined them all.

The reason was, for one, these zoomorphic sacred herbs possessed a strong vicious consciousness. They could devour the other sacred herbs inside the Divine Herbal Garden.

Two, Zhang Ruochen thought that the reason these sacred herbs zoomorphized and possessed strong Saint Souls and spiritual power probably had something to do with the Celestial Gator.

They could be a time bomb if he let them live.

After refining about a hundred zoomorphic sacred herbs, the number of precepts in his Sea of Qi had increased by a million to 3,700,000, the improvement to his cultivation base was equal to five to six years of cultivation.

His Saint Soul had gained an even bigger improvement than before, doubling in strength.

The spiritual power had the most significant elevation, reaching the pinnacle of the 58th order, a stone throw away from the 50th order.

Zhang Ruochen took out the last zoomorphic sacred herb, which was in the shape of a phoenix, tens of yards in height, and glowing brilliantly.

The energy of the phoenix sacred herb could rival that of a Precept-Domain fighter. Zhang Ruochen took it out only because Ji Fanxin had engraved an inscription of its body.

His zoomorphic sacred herb was 100,000 years old.

Zhang Ruochen did not refine this one. Instead, he kept it, thinking of giving it to Mu Lingxi as a gift as it suited her more. He was already planning to go to the Central Region.

With his level of cultivation now, he could investigate the palace revolt of the Shengming Central Empire happening eight hundred years ago.

It did not matter what the truth was; he was going to demand an answer from those who were involved in the incident.

Chapter 1877 - Opportunity

Chapter 1877: Opportunity

Translator:

EndlessFantasy Translation

Editor:

EndlessFantasy Translation

Zhang Ruochen took out his Azuresky Pagoda, summoning his Saint Qi to drive it. So now it had turned into a massive pagoda of hundreds of yards tall.

As soon as he stepped inside the pagoda, a blade with Supreme Power attacked him.

That was the saber of the Supreme-Saint corpse king.

Zhang Ruochen saw it coming and unfolded the

Secret Tome of Time and Space

to create multiple dimensions. Using the Power of Dimensions, he caught the saber.

A silverish light burst out of the saber with an ear-piercing sound.

The energy formed by the clank of the saber could tear a Saint cultivator into pieces.

“I will melt you in the fire if you resist!” said Zhang Ruochen.

A silverish centipede emerged from the saber. It was about 70-yard-long, its exoskeleton made of white silver. When it crawled on the saber, it made a grating sound with sparks flying everywhere.

This was the saber spirit that had formed a body.

The energy emanating from the centipede could rival that of the Precept-Domain fighters.

“I have come into being after three years of True Flames of Tribulations. Do you think you can burn and refine me?” said the centipede.

“What is the big deal with the True Flames of Tribulations?”

Zhang Ruochen performed a Yanshen’s Leg, flames appearing on his leg filled the inside of the Azure Pagoda, turning it into a furnace.

The power and aura of Yanshen scared the centipede stiff.

“The—the power of Yanshen?” It stammered.

“Do you still think I can’t refine you?” said Zhang Ruochen.

The silverish centipede became silent, afraid of challenge Zhang Ruochen again.

“Hand over your Element of Consciousness and bow to me,” Zhang Ruochen demanded.

After all, as a saber, the silverish centipede was still looking for a new master who could make it more powerful.

The man in front of it might not be as powerful as it would like to be and not in the same league as its original master, but he had a supreme artifact and could manipulate the power of dimensions. This man’s future was bright.

Bowing to him was not too bad after all.

“I bow to you, my master.”

The silverish centipede spat out a silverish bead and let it fly slowly toward Zhang Ruochen. This bead was its Element of Consciousness.

Zhang Ruochen caught the silverish bead in his hand and studied it for a while. He then absorbed it into his Sea of Qi, using the power of the Qiankun Realm to contain it.

As he reached out his hand in the air, the silverish saber flew into his hand.

Summoning his spiritual power, he examined the saber and found the number of inscriptions inside the blade had reached 103,400. It was a Ten-Radiance Thousand-Inscription Sacred Artifact-class weapon indeed.

This saber was as good as the Ten-Dragon Saber that Emperor Ming used to wield.

“This is a fantastic saber. It is a shame that I am not cultivating the Path of Saber.

There was a void dimension inside the saber that stored a vast amount of the power of the Supreme Saints.

Just because the silverish centipede could summon the power of the Supreme Saint, it could challenge a Precept-Domain fighter. But on its own, its power was not powerful enough to do that.

If it could hand this saber to a cultivator with a high Path of Saber attainment, the power of this saber would be even higher.

“How about letting me have the saber, Zhang Ruochen?” The voice of the evil spirit came from the Yi Huang Bone Scepter.

Zhang Ruochen took the scepter out. “You’re a Path of Saber cultivator?”

“I used to be a Supreme Saint who was excellent in all Paths of cultivation, and my cultivation in the Path of Saber was one of my top three abilities,” said the evil spirit.

“You can have it,” said Zhang Ruochen.

The combat strength of the evil spirit was at the Precept Domain realm. With the addition of this Ten-Radiance Thousand-Inscription Supreme Artifact-class saber, his combat strength would only rise to a new height.

“The Supreme Saint’s sarira inlaid in the bone scepter is about to run out of juice. You have got to help me find a body as soon as possible. I could regain the Supreme Saint rank only if I have a body.”

“Why don’t you consider taking the route of the Path of Ghost?” asked Zhang Ruochen.

“It is not as simple as you think. Each time you want to transcend, you need to undergo a Ghost Tribulation, failing which death is assured. Besides, my skull and spine are still

there. If you will, please ask Yueshen for help. I am sure she will be happy to help me make a body.”

“Why need Yueshen for this?” asked Zhang Ruochen.

“It is nature-defying to make Supreme Saint a new body. It is not that easy. Only an ancient great deity like Yueshen has the means to change my destiny,” said the evil spirit.

“I am not returning to the Celestial Court any time soon. You would have to wait a bit. If the Bodhi Emperor’s sarira runs out of juice, I can give you a Supreme-Saint Sainthood Source or even a Godstone.”

While saying, Zhang Ruochen took out the rotten corpse of the Supreme Saint, readying to cut open the immortal Saint Body with the Azuresky Pagoda by force for the Sainthood Source.

“Hold on a second,” said the evil spirit.

“Why is it?”

The evil spirit let out an evil smile. “I still couldn’t make myself a body, but I could borrow this one instead.”

The Yi Huang Bone Scepter flew out of Zhang Ruochen’s hand and landed on the Saint Body of the Supreme Saint. A cloud of mist as black as ink gushed out of the bone scepter and formed into an air cocoon.

The air cocoon rose slowly in the air.

“Lend me a hand, Zhang Ruochen!” said the evil spirit urgently.

Zhang Ruochen quickly summoned his Saint Qi into his left leg, then performed a Yanshen’s Leg. Intense flames engulfed the air cocoon to refine the Yi Huang Bone Scepter and the Supreme Saint’s body.

This went on for a day and a night. Zhang Ruochen had lost count of how much Saint Qi had been exhausted.

At last, the Yi Huang Bone Scepter and the body of the Supreme Saint were fused into one, becoming a living dead.

The Supreme-Saint corpse opened its eyes, but there were no eyeballs in the sockets, just a pair of burning flames. It looked

at its arms and guffawed. “Finally, a body! Better yet, it is an immortal Saint Body. Not half bad at all!”

The defense capability of the immortal body of a Supreme Saint was just about invincible.

The evil spirit clenched its fists and summoned its evil energy. Patterns of the Supreme Saint instantly appeared on its skin, making the Precepts of Heaven and Earth in the surroundings swirling around it.

The corpse of a Supreme Saint was akin to a mysterious weapon.

The evil spirit continued to extract the mystery inside the Supreme Saint’s corpse. As soon as it could master enough mysteries, its combat strength would increase tremendously and it would have no problem fighting a top fighter like Blood Wasp Ashuran King.

Zhang Ruochen gave the evil spirit some Spring of Life, and after consuming it, new flesh would grow out on the rotten part of its body, and it would no longer look so hideous.

“Controlling the Supreme Saint as a slave is dangerous.” Ji Fanxin’s voice was heard coming from the forest.

The fragrant scent of the flowers drifted into Zhang Ruochen’s nostrils as Ji Fanxin’s beautiful body appeared in front of him. Her refreshing aura seemed to blend well with the trees and plants in the surroundings.

The evil spirit looked at Ji Fanxin, eyes cold. It emanated a hostile air as evil energy rushed out from its back.

Ji Fanxin shot a glance at the evil spirit. A potent spiritual power came and suppressed the evil spirit.

The evil spirit was not a true Supreme Saint. It was fearful of Ji Fanxin’s spiritual power as if it had encountered its most dreaded nemesis.

“Step down!” Zhang Ruochen chided.

Not daring to defy Zhang Ruochen’s command, the evil spirit left.

Zhang Ruochen looked at Ji Fanxin. “By the looks of thing, you must have achieved another attainment in your cultivation, Fairy.”

“That is right,” said Ji Fanxin.

“Congratulations! With your current level of strength, I am surprised if you could suppress some Precept-Domain cultivators with only the power of martial arts,” said Zhang Ruochen with a smile.

“Didn’t you improve even faster than I did? You are now an Eight-step Saint King, mind you.”

Ji Fanxin was surprised and suspecting that Zhang Ruochen must have possessed some treasure of time to achieve this level of attainment in such a short time.

“You surely have no problem beating a Precept-Domain fighter with your level of strength. Shall we now go to see the true body of the Divine Sky-connecting Tree?” said Ji Fanxin.

“Since you are desperate, I am happy to oblige.”

The Divine Sky-connecting Tree was also important to Zhang Ruochen.

It did not only represent a divine corpse but also have other uses, such as alchemy and weapon-making.

The sprout of the Divine Sky-connecting Tree once said there was a mysterious treasure inside the true body of the Divine Sky-Connecting Tree. It had been nurtured for billions of years and could help cultivators achieve enlightenment, act as a source of longevity, and even provide the secret to achieving divinity.

“The cultivators of the Qianhui Realm have sent the Godstones to the Qianshui Royal City. We can collect them on the way,” said Ji Fanxin.

So off they went to say goodbye to Fairy Tianchu.

At this time, Fairy Tianchu was sitting cross-legged at the bank of the third Heavenly Stream, her long hair dipping inside the water, her skin as delicate as the suet jade.

Those cultivators who had survived the Warsoul Star trip had received immense benefits.

Knowing the purpose of Zhang Ruochen and Ji Fanxin's coming, a strange expression flashed in Fairy Tianchu's eyes. "You two are leaving?"

"I and Zhang Ruochen have to go Northern Region. It is something very important that we have been planning for a long time. If Your Highness is interested, you can join us. Who knows, there might be an opportunity there," said Ji Fanxin without waiting for Zhang Ruochen to speak.

Zhang Ruochen frowned, thinking how could Ji Fanxin invite Fairy Tianchu to go to Northern Region? She was just looking for trouble.

With one of the fairies from the Portrait of the Nine Beauties walking with him, it was enough to cause much envy and hate from the world's cultivators.

He could not imagine what would happen if two fairies were with him. It would surely cause a stir, those cultivators would see him as a thorn in the flesh.

Fairy Tianchu did not immediately decline Ji Fanxin's invitation. She was deep in thought. "Can I have a moment with Zhang Ruochen, Fairy?"

Ji Fanxin nodded and let out a meaningful smile at Zhang Ruochen before she left them.

Zhang Ruochen stood quietly behind Fairy Tianchu. Seeing her not saying anything, he decided to break the silence.

"Fairy of a Thousand Flowers and I are just allies. Our relationship isn't as close as Your Highness thinks."

"You guys... are still pretty close."

Fairy Tianchu got to her feet slowly, black hair cascading down on her dress, looking as pure as it was innocent. She was looking at the Heavenly Stream in front of her. "No need to go to the Northern Region. There is an opportunity that I would like you to have now."

Chapter 1878 - : Divine Gate

Chapter 1878: Divine Gate

“What opportunity?” Zhang Ruochen asked.

Fairy Tianchu moved lithely and stepped into the third divine river.

As her legs stepped on the surface, with her step she took, a white lotus and emerald-like green leaves would grow on the surface. The white lotus was crystal clear and was made out of saint path precepts.

She walked until the center of the divine river and stopped, saying. “You should already know that, only by cultivating the techniques and arts of the Tianchu Civilization, would you be able to able to harmonize with the precepts of heaven and earth of the Nine Carols Star, and gain a large amount of saint path precepts.

“Miss Miaohan had told me about this.” Zhang Ruochen said.

“Actually, there is an even bigger opportunity.”

Fairy Tianchu looked up. “The Nine Carols Star is the place where the ancestor of the Tianchu Civilization, Luoshen fell. If your harmonization with the precepts of heaven and earth is high enough, you can open the divine gate, and obtain the divine treasure Luoshen had left behind.”

“What divine treasure?” Zhang Ruochen asked.

“I don’t know.”

Fairy Tianchu shook her head, saying. “That said, when I was meditating by the bank of the divine river, I have faintly perceived a divine will of Luoshen. It was that will that told me that. Perhaps, the legacy of Luoshen is a Supreme Sacred Artifact, or it may be the Galactic Treasure that Luoshen and the Celestial Gator had fought for many years back.”

“Back then, all of them fell in the fight for that Galactic Treasure, and fell from space into Kunlun Realm.”

A thought appeared in Zhang Ruochen. “Have Your Highness opened the divine gate?”

“No, my harmonization is still a bit short.” Fairy Tianchu said.

Zhang Ruochen continued. “Can’t the harmonization overlap? Why don’t you let the Fool, the Butcher, and the rest help you?”

Fairy Tianchu sighed softly and explained. “The Tianchu Civilization’s legacies stretches very far back, and have given birth to many gods across history. Each god would create a type of Great Unparalleled Path. And because of that, the Tianchu Civilization had spawned many different types of saint path. The saint path that the Fool and the Butcher cultivates, is not from Luoshen.”

“How about Miss Miaohan?” Zhang Ruochen asked.

“Her cultivation level is a bit too low.”

Fairy Tianchu then pivoted. “However, in the Warsoul Star, I obtained the Beast-shaped sacred medicine, and after refining it, my cultivation had increased significantly. Perhaps now, I might have enough strength to open the divine gate.”

“If I’m still a little short, then I hope you will be able to use the Luoshui Fist to help me. After opening the divine gate, both you and I are sure to get a great opportunity.”

Zhang Ruochen said. “I naturally will not let such a good thing pass me by.”

Half an hour later, Li Miaohan also rushed over and stood with Zhang Ruochen.

At the center of the third divine river, Fairy Tianchu was like a white lotus upon a lake, pure and immaculate. Her slow breathing, and the pace of it, resonated with heaven and earth.

Suddenly, the precepts of heaven and earth came together, and gradually took a liquid form, and becoming a river, as they flowed around her.

Fairy Tianchu was using some sort of extremely arcane technique, as she tried her best to harmonize with heaven and earth. Luoshen too had cultivated this technique in the past.

The next moment.

The wind and clouds above the third divine river changed rapidly.

Fairy Tianchu lithely stepped on the water's surface as she exercised the Luoshui Fist.

“Divine River Split.”

“Nine-Fold Twist and Turns.”

“Heaven-path Render.”

...

With every fist, the liquid precepts of heaven and earth around Fairy Tianchu moved a little faster, and let out a more and more deafening sound.

Zhang Ruochen carefully observed Fairy Tianchu's fists, and compared to his, hers was much more gentle, like a spirit snake in the mist, or a startled bird deploying its wings.

“Her Luoshui Fist had already passed the tenth level.” Zhang Ruochen said.

Next to him, Li Miaohan said. “Only after coming to the Nine Carols Star did Master managed to reach the eleventh level of the Luoshui fist. But it is only a minor completion now and is still far away from great completion.

The power of the eleventh level Luoshui Fist was comparable to a high-level saint art, and its destructive power could destroy the heavens and earth.

Zhang Ruochen had also learned the cultivation technique of the eleventh level on the third divine river, but Fairy Tianchu was ahead of him, and her understanding deeper.

Hundreds upon thousands of precepts of heaven and earth streams gathered around Fairy Tianchu, twisting and coiling around each other, and crashing into the void.

BOOM!!

An illusory gate of light appeared.

The gate of light was three feet tall, translucent, and ephemeral.

Zhang Ruochen and Li Miaohan were excited. They did not expect that the divine gate Fairy Tianchu had talked about actually existed.

The gate of light was more and more condensed as a purple light escaped from the gate.

Fairy Tianchu displayed the Luoshui Fist and struck the gate of light again and again, yet she could not get it to full form. Instead, the light from the gate became a little dimmer.

“Let’s strike together, we need to open the gate of light.”

Zhang Ruochen and Li Miaohan rushed to the third divine river and formed a triangle where Fairy Tianchu stood.

Li Miaohan activated her techniques and displayed her sword techniques.

Suddenly, the precepts of heaven and earth were roused, and following the sword technique she displayed, rushed towards the gate of light.

At the same time, Zhang Ruochen deployed Luoshui Fist, and the precepts of heaven and earth he had roused, condensed into a raging river, and crashed against the gate of light like a furious dragon.

BOOM!!

The gate of light was knocked open.

A divine purple light rushed out from the gate and painted the skies above the Nine Carols Star completely purple.

Zhang Ruochen, Fairy Tianchu, and Li Miaohan, all three of them felt a suffocating force. Standing before that force, the three of them was as insignificant as an ant.

“Let’s go.”

Fairy Tianchu took the lead, and flew up, transforming into a stream of white light, and rushed into the divine gate.

Immediately afterward, Zhang Ruochen and Li Miaohan also flew in and came to the shore of a purple divine sea.

Zhang Ruochen unleashed his spiritual power to search the divine sea.

Suddenly, an even more powerful spiritual power surged back like a roaring tide and shocked Zhang Ruochen so much that he quickly recalled his spiritual powers, and dared not act wilfully. If the spiritual power within him got swept away, then his spiritual attainments of many painstaking years would be gone.

Fairy Tianchu let out a look of joy and said to herself. “Sure enough, the image that appeared in my dreams really does exist.”

Zhang Ruochen paced around the beach, and after many tests, and upon confirming that there was no danger, he stretched his hand out and tested the water.

“Whoosh~”

Suddenly, refreshing energy poured in from his pores into his fingers, and then into his blood vessels and meridians.

At first, Zhang Ruochen was quite cautious, but gradually, he discovered that power was actually strengthening his physical body. The seven acupuncture points on his palm got even brighter, and the power contained within became even stronger.

Moreover, the spiritual power from the purple sea poured into his mind was not trying to consume him, but instead was strengthening his spiritual power.

“Awesome, this is a great opportunity!”

Zhang Ruochen, Fairy Tianchu, and Li Miaohan walked directly into the purple divine sea, the sacred power from the sea continuously poured into their bodies.

After reaching a point about tens of meters deep, most of Zhang Ruochen and Li Miaohan’s body had already sunk into the sea.

If they were to go further on, they would fully be submerged underwater.

On the other hand, Fairy Tianchu still stood on the surface of the water without sinking as she walked towards the center of the divine sea.

“Master.” Li Miaohan whispered.

A misty brilliance appeared in Fairy Tianchu’s eyes, as if she had been called by something, and could not hear Li Miaohan’s voice at all.

The center of the divine sea was shrouded in purple mist.

There were strands of golden brilliance gushing out from the purple mist.

A moment later, Fairy Tianchu’s beautiful figure was swallowed by the purple mist as her figure became fainter and fainter before disappeared completely.

Zhang Ruochen and Li Miaohan wanted to chase after her, but their bodies kept sinking and dared not take a step forward.

Zhang Ruochen showed a thoughtful look and asked. “Is Her Highness a descendant of Luoshen?”

Li Miaohan shook her head and said. “Luoshen had no children but had brothers and sisters. Master was one of the descendants of Luoshen’s elder brother, so their blood relationship was very close.”

“It should be! A great opportunity that can only be obtained by Her Highness, it must have been left behind by Luoshen for her.”

Zhang Ruochen did not have a trace of jealousy and was very calm. Because even in the periphery of the purple divine sea, he could reap huge benefits, and his cultivation base would make rapid progress.

Next, Zhang Ruochen abandoned all distracting thoughts, and activated his Qi techniques, as he practiced the Luoshui Fist.

All 144 acupuncture points across his whole body all opened up, forming into 144 vortexes that continuously absorbed the

purple energies within the purple divine sea into his body.

His body felt like a chaotic space, with one hundred and forty-four stars twinkling about.

The precepts of heaven and earth surged into Zhang Ruochen's body like silk threads and were transformed into saint path precepts, entering his sea of Qi, and to the Heavenly Stream, making it wider and wider.

No one knew how long had passed, but the precepts of heaven and earth rushing into Zhang Ruochen's body gradually decreased, and finally stopped completely.

Zhang Ruochen opened his eyes and noticed the color surrounding the purple divine sea had become very light.

Looking into the distance, only the central area of the sea was still covered in purple.

"You're cultivation is done? How was it, how was the harvest?" Li Miaohan stood on the shore and staring at him with a smile.

Zhang Ruochen closed his eyes, and explored his sea of Qi, and found that the number of saint path precepts in it had grown by three million, reaching a total of 6.7 million.

The results were comparable to more than ten years of hard cultivation.

However, the flow rate of the Heavenly Stream did not increase, and from there, it could be judged that Zhang Ruochen had not broken through the realm of the Nine-step Saint King, and fell a little bit short.

The progress of the spiritual power was quite huge, with it reaching the fifty-ninth level. Furthermore, it was not at the initial stage of the fifty-ninth stage and should have reached the intermediate-level of the fifty-ninth stage.

With such powerful spiritual power, even if he were to encounter a spiritual power master like Mister Godcliff launching a spiritual power attack, he would have enough power to protect himself.

The one with an even greater improvement was his body.

Zhang Ruochen's physical strength had increased by several folds. His every muscle and bone seemed to contain endless power. That made him wonder if he had already forged an immortal saint body in advance? Or if his body had already become a Supreme Saint?

After some verification, Zhang Ruochen discovered that he still had a long way to go before he cultivates an immortal saint body.

Of course, Zhang Ruochen was not disappointed.

If an immortal saint's body was so easy to form, then the world would be full of Supreme Saint a long time ago.

“If you want your flesh to become a Supreme Saint, all 144 acupuncture points in your body need to be turned into a saint lake. Each acupuncture point is a lake that could provide a steady flow of energy to the flesh.”

“Every acupuncture point in my body is almost like a saint pond. Although it is not comparable to a saint lake, among the beings under a Supreme Saint, I should be ranked within the top level.”

Zhang Ruochen squeezed his and felt confident that he could shatter an elite of the Precept Dominion realm like the Drifter and the Wayfarer with just a fist.

Compared to before entering the divine gate, Zhang Ruochen's combat power had increased by leaps and bounds.

Chapter 1879 - : Heaven's Reach, Path's Anterior

Chapter 1879: Heaven's Reach, Path's Anterior

Translator:

EndlessFantasy Translation

Editor:

EndlessFantasy Translation

Zhang Ruochen then asked, "How long have we been cultivating in this divine sea?"

"I've been cultivating for seven days, and you, thirteen," Li Miaohan said.

Zhang Ruochen walked out of the divine sea and looked toward the depths of the sea. "Her Highness hasn't come out?"

Li Miaohan shook her head and said, "Master must have encountered a great opportunity, and would not be able to come out after a short while. Young Master Ruochen, do you want to stay here and wait?"

"No, I still have very important things to attend to."

Zhang Ruochen and Li Miaohan walked out of the divine gate and returned to the Nine Carols Star.

He then wrote a letter, and handed it to Li Miaohan, and asked her to pass it to Fairy Tianchu. Then, Zhang Ruochen, Murong Yefeng, Ji Fanxin, and Awesome, the Little Taoist left the Nine Carols Star.

As they piloted the white jade Saint Vessel, everyone headed outside of Luoshui.

"Leaving without saying goodbye, are you sure that Fairy Tianchu will not be angry?" Ji Fanxin teased.

Awesome, the Little Taoist sniggered. “If a high-ranking Fairy like her got angry, she’d be capable of doing anything.”

Zhang Ruochen said, “You guys don’t have to be such alarmists. Even if she’s a Fairy, she is still a woman, after all, not a scourge, right?”

“Sometimes, women are more terrifying than a scourge.”

Murong Yefeng walked over from the bow of the ship.

His body exuded a dazzling multicolored Saint Light, and a Qilin was faintly visible in the Saint Light, letting out a low howl.

Zhang Ruochen’s eyes narrowed. “Have you managed to refine the Supreme Qilin Fruit?”

“Just the preliminary refinement. It will take some time to fully absorb the fruit. Even so, my physique has taken a massive leap. Compared with the Secondary Perfect Physique, it is incredible.” Murong Yefeng was in a good mood, and he wore a smile on his face.

The great gift that Zhang Ruochen had given Murong Yefeng, was the Supreme Qilin Fruit that he had taken from the Altar of Divinity Bestowment.

Before other ordinary cultivators, Murong Yefeng’s physique was at the top. However, compared with the most powerful people from the various walks of the Celestial Court, he was much weaker.

Limited by his body, while Murong Yefeng had a profound cultivation base, and outstanding accomplishments in Saint Arts, but he could not defeat a powerhouse like Mr. Godcliff.

After getting the Supreme Qilin Fruit, Murong Yefeng’s combat power would definitely increase by leaps and bounds.

Murong Yefeng said, “With my current strength, if I have a Supreme Sacred Artifact, I can fight on even footing with Mr. Godcliff at his peak.”

Zhang Ruochen smiled. “You are now only a Secondary Perfect Physique, once you have completely absorbed the Supreme Qilin Fruit, you will be able to cultivate the Perfect

Physique and maybe even a chance to cultivate the Supreme Perfect Physique. By then, your combat power will increase by many folds.”

Murong Yefeng obviously knew this and nodded with a smile.

On the way to Qianshui Royal City, Zhang Ruochen released the Wayfarer who was imprisoned in Qiankun Realm and tossed him onto the deck of the white jade Saint Vessel with a thud.

“Tell me, Where is Cang Long and Ruan Ling?” Zhang Ruochen asked.

The Wayfarer was chained up with Saint Fetters, and could not stand still as he fell onto the ground. In the face of Zhang Ruochen’s interrogation, not only his expression did not change, his eyes were rather indifferent. “You’d be better off not wishing to meet them, or else you will regret it.”

Youshen had personally ordered that the cultivators of the Fane of Youshen kill Zhang Ruochen.

Cang Long and Ruan Ling, as the most powerful elites of the Fane of Youshen, were naturally Zhang Ruochen’s two major threats. If he knew their exact location and could strike first, then he could take the initiative and kill them off first.

Awesome, the Little Taoist said, “Why bother wasting words with a master of the Precept Dominion realm? Do you think he would just tell you everything by asking? Might as well just search his soul outright.”

Whoosh.

Awesome, the Little Taoist transformed into a purple light and landed on the top of the Wayfarer’s head as its hands turned into dense purple filaments that pressed onto the top of the latter’s head.

The brilliance emanating from the purple filaments grew more and more dazzling as they stabbed into the head of the Wayfarer.

“Aaaahh...”

The Wayfarer endured great pain as he let out a roar.

A moment later, the Wayfarer stopped screaming, as he fainted and were bleeding from all orifices.

Awesome, the Little Taoist retracted its hands and solemnly said with a frown, “I’ve looked into the Wayfarer’s memories and seen the scene of Cang Long and Ruan Ling’s battle. I’m afraid their strength isn’t something we can contend with right now.”

Ji Fanxin said, “Cang Long and Ruan Ling were always first-rate powerhouses, and their cultivation base is beyond the realm of Precept Dominion. Be it their cultivated techniques, their physical attributes, or the Saint Arts and Saint Artifacts they have, everything’s top level. They can even fight against a Supreme Saint of the Neverwilt realm.”

Zhang Ruochen then asked, “What are the realms above the Precept Dominion realm?”

“Heaven’s Reach and Path’s Anterior.” The speaker was Murong Yefeng.

There were five sub-realms within the Nine-step Saint King realm.

Lesser Precept World, Greater Precept World, Precept Dominion, Heaven’s Reach, and Path’s Anterior.

The Lesser Precept World referred to when the Saint Path Precepts had reached a certain level, and it would evolve and activate itself within the Sea of Qi, filling the Sea of Qi and forming a lesser-precept world.

The Greater Precept World referred to the point when the Saint Path Precepts rushed out of the Sea of Qi and spread all over the body along the meridians, blood vessels, and Saint Meridians, forming a greater-precept world.

Precept Dominion pointed to when the Saint Path Precepts rushed out of the body and created a dominion of its own outside the body within the Precepts of Heaven and Earth. This allowed the mobilization of the Precepts of Heaven and Earth, unleashing unparalleled power.

Heaven’s Reach, was when a Nine-steps Saint King could already mobilize the Precepts of Heaven and Earth and draw it

into his body, and tempering his flesh and blood in preparation for forming the immortal Saint Body.

Path's Anterior was when the physical body had been tempered to a certain degree and was only a step away from forming an immortal Saint Body. As long as a cultivator of the Path's Anterior realm was willing, he could step over at any moment.

A Nine-steps Saint King who had cultivated the realm of Precept Dominion meant that he had a 10% chance of cultivating the realm of Supreme Sainthood.

A Nine-step Saint King of the Heaven's Reach realm had a 30% chance of attaining Supreme Sainthood.

A Nine-step Saint King of the Path's Anterior realm had a 100% chance of reaching Supreme Sainthood. It was dependent on the cultivator's willingness to take the final step or not.

Even the Blood Wasp Ashuran King was only a cultivator of the Precept Dominion realm.

However, the Blood Wasp Ashuran King was a top-level powerhouse of the Precept Dominion realm, so killing someone of the same realm was quite easy. Just like Zhang Ruochen, if he was to reach the realm of Precept Dominion, he could kill other powerhouses of the same realm with just a flick of his finger.

Awesome, the Little Taoist said, "I've found Cang Long and Ruan Ling's whereabouts. Cang Long had gone to the Mountains of Fallen Gods, trying to vie for a demigod medicine. Ruan Ling had gone to the Hidden Barrens to look for artifacts of ancient gods. How about we take advantage of the fact the two are separated and take them out individually?"

Zhang Ruochen pondered for a moment and shook his head, saying, "The Mountains of Fallen Gods and the Hidden Barrens are both endlessly vast, finding the two is like finding a needle in a haystack. Plus, even if a Supreme Saint were to act, he would not necessarily be able to kill them. With our strength, we are still a bit short."

Zhang Ruochen then threw the Wayfarer to the Evil Spirit.

The Evil Spirit swallowed the Wayfarer's soul, and its cultivation base increased again.

The group arrived at the Qianshui Royal City and entered a Saint Shop opened by the Qianrui Realm.

The cultivator who sent the Godstone was Ji Fanxin's senior, the King Danling.

King Danling was captured by the Fane of Yinyang and suffered various tortures before. It was Zhang Ruochen and Ji Fanxin who had rescued her. Later on, as she was targeted by the assassins of the Tiansha Organization, so she returned to the Qianrui Realm to hide.

Since she was an old acquaintance, Zhang Ruochen skipped the pleasantries and directly asked her how many Godstones she had brought to the Kunlun Realm.

King Danling smiled. "Zhang Ruochen, what's the hurry? If you can afford the price, the quantity of Godstones will definitely satisfy your needs."

Zhang Ruochen was wealthy so he asked indifferently. "How many Saint Stones for one?"

King Danling said, "One billion pieces."

Hearing this price, even Murong Yefeng frowned.

Zhang Ruochen calmed down as a smile appeared on his face, and he said, "Miss Danling, we have such a close friendship, can't it be a little cheaper? One billion Saint Stones is just the market price, right?"

"Friendship is one thing; the price, however, is not determined by me."

King Danling smiled beautifully and looked at Ji Fanxin, seeking her opinion.

Ji Fanxin said. "Zhang Ruochen, I've already given you three Godstones. If you want more, you need to purchase them with Saint Stones. How about this, we are allies, so I'll give you a friendly rate of 900 million Saint Stones for one Godstone. Of

course, you can also use sacred medicines and springs of life to exchange for it.”

For Ji Fanxin who was cultivating the Path of Life, the spring of life was very attractive to her.

“Nine hundred million Saint Stones then,” Zhang Ruochen agreed.

With the two battles in the Eastern Region Holy City, and the Warsoul Star giving Zhang Ruochen a huge harvest of high-grade Saint Artifacts, sacred medicines, techniques... If he was to sell these off, it was enough to make him richer than some Supreme Saints.

However, Zhang Ruochen would just never sell those treasures that were truly precious.

This time, King Danling came to Kunlun Realm with a total of ten Godstones.

Zhang Ruochen sold all of the sacred artifacts and sacred medicines to the Qianrui Realm. He then also took out a batch of spring of life, before he bought all of the ten Godstones.

After getting the ten Godstones, the days of Zhang Ruochen breaking through into the realm of a Nine-step Saint King was just around the corner, so he was naturally quite excited.

However, Zhang Ruochen did not immediately activate the sundial, instead, he prepared to activate it when the sword spirit of the Ancient Abyssal Blade creates its material form.

It was because the forging of a sword spirit's physical form was a very long process, and needed the support of the Sundial.

“Can we set off to the Northern Region, and seize the Divine Sky-connecting Tree?” Ji Fanxin asked.

Zhang Ruochen shook his head.” The location of the Divine Sky-connecting Tree is located at the heads-on battlefield between the Celestial and Infernal Court. There are many powerhouses there, and it is extremely perilous. We need to make some more preparations. I want to go back to Lord Ming's Sword Temple in the Central Region. There, I want to

cast the material form for the Ancient Abyssal Blade's sword spirit, plus I can get the cultivators of the Lord Ming's Sword Vault to create for me a batch of Blood Suppressant Talisman."

"What's a Blood Suppressant Talisman?" Ji Fanxin asked.

Zhang Ruochen smiled and said, "Once it's made, you will naturally know what it is for."

Chapter 1880 - The Nine-Eyes Heavenly King

Chapter 1880: The Nine-Eyes Heavenly King

Murong Yefeng said, “If we are going to Lord Ming’s Sword Temple, then we need to rescue one person.”

“Who?”

Murong Yefeng said, “Warlord Bao Lie.”

“Brother Bao Lie... he’s still alive?”

Zhang Ruochen was both shocked and eager.

Bao Lie was the third disciple of Emperor Ming and was a Warlord of the Shengming Central Empire.

Eight hundred years ago, Bao Lie’s cultivation had already reached the realm of Saint King.

Zhang Ruochen had looked up the historical data eight hundred years ago, and the records said that Bao Lie and Princess Chi Yao each led armies of tens of millions, and started a protracted war at Mingguo County.

In the end, the Shengming army was defeated.

Bao Lie, who had the title of Warlord, died in that war.

Murong Yefeng continued, “As far as I know, Warlord Bao Lie did not die but was imprisoned by Chi Yao in the Nether Dungeon inside Lord Ming’s Sword Vault. Of course, it had been eight hundred years, it’s hard to say whether Warlord Bao Lie is still alive or not.”

“In any case, we have to pay the dungeon a visit. If Senior Bao Lie is still alive, then we must save him. If he had perished, then we need to take his remains out, and give it a proper burial.” Zhang Ruochen said.

The Nether Dungeon had 18 levels, and since ancient times, the most vicious of humans and beasts would be captured and

imprisoned within it.

Zhang Ruochen and his party left the Qianshui Royal City and went to the Eastern Region Holy City to meet up with Xiang Chunan, Murong Yue, and the rest.

During their stay at Luoshui, many great things had happened in Kunlun Realm.

There were World Rifts in five of the regions ruled by The First Central Empire.

A World Rift equated to a cruel battlefield, and was the gateway for the Infernal Court to invade Kunlun Realm, and was at the same time, the location where the Celestial Court established their defensive fortresses such as the Godfall Cryptwoods in the Eastern Region, the Mountains of Immortal Promise in the Northern Region.

The World Rift in the Central Region was the Darkmourn Mountains.

Just two days ago, the armies of the Celestial and Infernal Court met in a fierce battle.

The Infernal Court broke through the defense fortress of the Celestial Court, and a large number of Immortal Vampires and Netherkin cultivators entered the Kunlun Realm.

Previously, it was only a smattering of Infernal Court cultivators that slipped through, like the Blood Wasp Ashuran King, Chang..., their ability to cause damage was limited and would be killed very quickly.

But this time around, there was a surge of Infernal Court cultivators, and the consequences were unimaginable.

It was bad news for all life on the Kunlun Realm, and also the cultivators of the Celestial Court.

Fortunately, the defensive fortress at the Darkmourn Mountains had been resealed by a large number of elites of the Celestial Court, and it did not completely fall. Or else, the entire Central Region would be plunged into a continuous war, and becoming a literal hell on earth.

Zhang Ruochen realized the seriousness of the situation and said, “The Immortal Vampires entering the Kunlun Realm will certainly go and rescue Lord Ming. We need to rush to the Sword Vault.”

Just as they were about to set off, Murong Yefeng received a Communication Light Talisman, and his expression immediately changed as the air around turned chilly.

“What’s wrong?” Zhang Ruochen asked.

Murong Yefeng said. “The Murong Clan came under attack by strong enemies. The initial inference is that the foe maybe the Angels.”

“Angels? Is the Heavenly Realm retaliating?” Zhang Ruochen asked.

Murong Yefeng replied. “In the battle of the Eastern Region Holy City, the Heavenly Realm suffered grievous casualties, but there must have been some who had escaped. They must’ve identified me, so they are retaliated against the Murong Clan.”

“I’ll rush back to the Clan Manor now, and kill the foes from the Heavenly Realm.” Murong Yue said.

Murong Yefeng shook his head. “There are many elites in the Heavenly Realm. With your current cultivation, you may not be able to protect the Clan Manor. I need to personally rush back for that. Yue’er, stay with His Highness and protect him. There can be no slips.”

After Murong Yefeng left, Zhang Ruochen and his group also left the Eastern Region Holy City, and through a dimensional wormhole, they rushed as fast as possible to Lord Ming’s Sword Vault.

They were accompanied by Xiang Chunan, Murong Yue, and Luo Yi, who claimed to be a cultivator from the Shangyuan Sect.

As for this person, Zhang Ruochen still was somewhat wary, so he got Awesome the Little Taoist to keep an eye on him all the time.

Arriving in the Central Region, Zhang Ruochen received Shi Ren who had been cultivating inside the Qiankun Realm.

Shi Ren was the young chief of the ancient Zhenyu Clan and was Zhang Ruochen's sworn friend.

In Qiankun Realm, Shi Ren had been asking for advice and learning from the Divine Sky-connecting Tree and could be called a somewhat-disciple of the Divine Sky-connecting Tree. So be it his attainments in terms of spiritual power or the Path of Runes, all saw great progress.

After passing through into a vast wilderness, Zhang Ruochen and his group entered the depths of a wild mountain.

Gradually, the mountain became grander and grander and was full of the Saint Qi of Heaven and Earth. Ancient rivers flowed rapidly in the mountains, kicking up mists, giving it a very mysterious atmosphere.

Be it the ground or the air, mysterious, complex, esoteric ward patterns appeared, painting a strange color in the sky, and any living being that came here had to be careful.

Luo Yi followed the crowd from behind, and while observing those ward inscriptions, he asked. "These inscriptions are ancient and arcane, it is probably a relic from the Middle Ages?"

"That's right." Shi Ren said.

Awesome the Little Taoist sniggered. "And it's very incomplete, its power limited. If it could be restored, it may be able to match the ancient wards in the Easter Region Holy City."

"Only an Array Master could repair the wards here." Shi Ren said regretfully.

This was not the first time Zhang Ruochen came to the Lord Ming's Sword Vault. Compared to the last few times, this time it gave him a different feeling.

On the left side in front, there was a broken stone forest, and by opening his Heavenly Eye, he could see that there were crimson inscriptions intertwined within the stone forest.

Zhang Ruochen pointed his finger at the direction of the stone forest.

A sword wave flew out.

Boooooom!!!

The piece of stone forest was like a disturbed hive as a large number of crimson energies surged out, exuding an awful energy wave. That power was enough to kill a Saint King.

After a few breaths later, the stone forest returned to calm again.

Zhang Ruochen said, “The remnants of the Sword Vault’s wards are much more powerful than before.”

Shi Ren said. “In the past, Kunlun Realm had yet to recover, and the wards in the Sword Vault was roused by the spiritual pulse underground. Now, with saint veins had grown underground, with the saint Qi of the veins activating the wards, the power that it could unleash is naturally much stronger than before.”

“It is almost impossible for a being beneath a Supreme Saint to break into the Sword Vault.”

Zhang Ruochen was not as optimistic as Shi Ren. “The Immortal Vampires may not be able to destroy the ancient wards in the vault, but they are proficient in masquerading and sneaking into the vault itself is not a difficult thing to accomplish.”

Shi Ren nodded and said. “I can only hope that father had closed the Sword Vault.”

On the periphery of the Sword Vault, above the white clouds, there was a large mountain of white bones hidden in it. Streams of blood-red air streams whizzed across the white bone mountain.

On the white bone mountain, was a white bone platform.

Three Shenzi and Seven Imperial Sons and Daughters of the Immortal Vampires stood on the white bone platform as they looked at Zhang Ruochen and his ground disappeared among the mountains.

“They can actually pass through that area without incident?” Prince Wujie said in surprise.

A long-faced Princess smiled and said. “Obviously, they have mastered the way to enter the Sword Vault. We should capture them directly so that we don’t have to wait here any longer.”

The three Shenzi of the Immortal Vampires were all extraordinary, with silver wings on their backs.

One of the Shenzi had nine eyes, five on his face, two on his chest, and another two on each of his palms. Few people knew his real name, and the Immortal Vampires all honor him as ‘The Nine-eyes Heavenly King’.

In the eyes of many divine scions of the Immortal Vampires, the Nine-Eyes Heavenly King was a first-class powerhouse.

He said. “Don’t act rashly. There’s a very powerful character in that group, with very strong spiritual powers. If not for the divine bones inside the mountain had been inscribed with concealment runes by an Array Master, we would have been detected by her.”

The seven princes and princess present were all-powerful Precept Dominion elites, but after the Nine-Eyes Heavenly King spoke, all of them closed their mouths and listened quietly, not daring to be disrespectful.

“For such a powerful spiritual power master to go into the Sword Vault is not a good thing for us. Will Baihuan Shenzi’s guise be seen through by her?”

The Nine-Eyes Heavenly King shook his head and said, “Even a Supreme Saint may not be able to see through the disguise of an Immortal Vampire. Moreover, Baihuan Shenzi is adept at illusions, bewitchment, and disguise. No matter how powerful her spiritual power is, it’s impossible for her to see any flaws in that.”

“Baihuan Shenzi had already snuck into the Sword Vault for a day and a night, why isn’t he out yet? Could it be that something happened?” a princess said with some worry.

Standing next to the Nine-Eyes Heavenly King was a seven-meter-tall Shenzi, and the latter laughed. “Who in the Sword

Vault could do anything to him? I think he plans to destroy the entire Zhenyu Clan, rescue Lord Ming, and then claim all of the credits by himself.

The Nine-Eyes Heavenly King said. “The Lord Ming’s Sword Vault had always been one of the most mysterious places in the Kunlun Realm. A hundred thousand years ago, even the gods of my people dared not wilfully enter the place. The Nether Dungeon is an even more dangerous place, and locked within it are all extremely wicked people. Even Lord Ming is only locked in the fifteenth level. There are three more levels after the fifteenth level and are all forbidden grounds in Kunlun Realm. No one knows if there are much more terrifying creatures locked inside there. If Baihuan Shenzi is greedy for achievements, then it will not end well for him.”

“Then what should we do now? Just wait like this?” A prince asked.

There was a deep thought in the eyes of the Nine-Eyes Heavenly King. “We shall continue to wait. But the person we are waiting for is not just Baihuan Shenzi, but also Ming Xian.”

“Ming Xian?”

“That Netherkin pervert is also coming here?”

...

The Immortal Vampires present were all surprised and somewhat appalled.

The Nine-eyes Heavenly King was calm, and he spoke indifferently. “The Shen family, one of the three main families of the Zhenyu Clan holds the tome of Kunlun Realm’s first-class array, the Stellar Tapestry. The inscription array outside of the Sword Vault was deployed by the ancestors of the Shen family. From that, you can see how arcane the Stellar Tapestry is.”

“Ming Xian’s goal is the Stellar Tapestry, and we shall take what we need.”

Chapter 1881 - Baihuan Shenzi

Chapter 1881: Baihuan Shenzi

The Zhenyu Clan was ruled by three main families, namely the Wang family that focused on swords, the Shi family that focused on talisman-making, and the Shen family that was proficient in formation arrays.

The Zhenyu Clan was one of the eighteen ancient clans of the Kunlun Realm, and at the same time, they were also the wardens of the Nether Dungeon. The clan too had its heyday in the past. At that time, the areas outside the clan's holdings had god-level inscription arrays, and any living being can forget breaking into the Sword Vault.

As the Kunlun Realm fell, so did the Zhenyu Clan.

It was not until the recovery of Kunlun Realm that the Zhenyu Clan saw the birth of a few Saint King realm elites. The head of the Shen family, Shen Jia, was one of them.

When Zhang Ruochen and the others entered the grounds, it was Shen Jia who came out to greet them.

Shi Ren asked, "Uncle Shen, where's the patriarch?"

"The patriarch is in the Sword Vault Palace, let's go, we'll head there together." Shen Jia said with a smile.

A color of doubt flashed past Shi Ren's eyes, as he walked he asked, "I've heard that a large number of Immortal Vampires have rushed out of the Darkmourn Mountains, they will certainly aim for the Sword Vault. Has anything happened in the Sword Vault recently?"

"The Sword Vault has ancient wards protecting it. It won't be easy for the Immortal Vampires to break in." Shen Jia said.

Shi Ren and Shen Jia walked in the front and spoke, while Zhang Ruochen at the back, his expression became a little

heavy as he noticed something wrong.

“The air isn’t flowing. Fairy, you know what’s going on?”
Zhang Ruochen sent a telepathic message to Ji Fanxin.

Ji Fanxin’s spiritual power was much stronger than Zhang Ruochen’s. The things that he could not see through, perhaps Ji Fanxin could.

Ji Fanxin looked on straight, as she transmitted a voice into Zhang Ruochen’s mind. “It’s an illusion. Everything you see before you is an illusion.”

Zhang Ruochen was secretly surprised. “To transform a whole place to an illusory world, and to be able to hide it from a spiritual saint king of the fifty-ninth level. Beneath a Supreme Saint, there’s someone whose attainment in illusions have reached such a point?”

Ji Fanxin said. “To deploy a real-world illusion, the biggest flaw would be wind. So the illusionist who had deployed the illusion here had stopped the wind, so naturally, the air will stop flowing as well.

“Wouldn’t it make the flaw even more glaring?” Zhang Ruochen asked. Ji Fanxin continued. “Perhaps, that illusionist had taken us for budding young cultivators. Or perhaps, our arrival was too sudden that he had no chance to set up a more elaborate illusion.”

As they spoke, they had come to the square outside of the Sword Vault Palace.

The Sword Vault Palace was eight hundred meters high and occupied an area in a ten miles radii. It was made out of carved boulders like a pyramid.

“The patriarch is in there, distinguished guests, please.”

Shen Jia stood before the Sword Vault Palace, and made a welcoming gesture, trying to get Shi Ren, Zhang Ruochen, and the rest to enter the palace door.

Shi Ren did not budge and looked at Shen Jia with a quizzical gaze. “The Sword Vault Palace is an important place of the

Zhenyu Clan, there should be many of our clansmen guarding here. Why isn't there anyone here today?"

Shen Jia said. "Sir, you may not know that the Zhenyu Clansmen had all went to the Sword Vault."

"Sir? Uncle Shen. You don't know that I'm the young chieftain of the Zhenyu Clan?" Shi Ren asked.

Shen Jia's eyelids twitched a little, as he mumbled. "Young chieftain..."

Duuushh!!

Murong Yue, like a phantom, appeared behind Shen Jia and used the Bluelight Blunt Crescent to slash through his chest.

A grunt slipped out of Shen Jia's mouth.

However, there was no blood flowing out of Shen Jia's body, and instead, his expression became strange as his body slowly dissipated.

"It's just an illusion."

Murong Yue pulled back the Bluelight Blunt Crescent out and looked at the surroundings on guard.

"Shatter."

Zhang Ruochen raised his left foot and stomped the ground violently

Immediately, billowing flames burst out and torched the illusory realm into cinders.

The real world reappeared again.

It was still the square outside the Sword Vault Palace, however, the square was wrecked with broken stone and ruined walls, with bloodstains all over.

The Sword Vault Palace disappeared, and in its place was a three-hundred-foot-tall monster.

The monster had a menacing face, with blood-red scales, razor-sharp fangs, and a strong bloody scent coming from its mouth. It had been laying in front of Zhang Ruochen and the

rest. If they had stepped into the Sword Vault Palace earlier, they would have been swallowed by the blood beast.

The beast let out a powerful aura which sent chills down everyone's spine.

Zhang Ruochen immediately released his saint Qi and enveloped the group as they rapidly pulled back.

BAAM!!

Just as they pulled back, a bloody claw slammed at the position they were standing earlier, sinking the ground, and sending a large number of soil and stones flying into the distance.

After retreating all the way to the edge of the square, Zhang Ruochen and his group stopped and looked at the monster.

“A Bloodhunch Netherbeast. One of the war beasts raised by the Immortal Vampires.” Ji Fanxin said.

Zhang Ruochen's eyes fell onto the top of the Bloodhunch Netherbeast, and he saw a two-meter-tall sharp-eared man standing there, with a glittering gemstone in his hand.

The surrounding area was enveloped by the light from the gemstone and reflected an illusory realm.

A loud voice came out of the sharp-eared man's mouth. “It turned out to be a group of elites, I have underestimated you lot.”

Shi Ren rumbled. “Who are you? Where are the Zhenyu Clansmen?”

“HAHAHA!”

The sharp-eared man smiled and spoke slowly. “Young chieftain, you're too late! All of the Zhenyu clansmen have already been eaten by my mount.”

“Impossible... No... you are looking for death.”

Shi Ren gritted his teeth, furious, as dense blood lines appeared in his eyes. He charged towards the sharp-eared man and blasted out twelve talismans.

Each talisman was like a white beam, which flew out very fast.

The sharp-eared man did not block the talismans, but instead stood on the top of the Bloodhunch Netherbeast's head, and staring contemptuously at Shi Ren.

BAM! BAM!!

The talisman fell upon the Bloodhunch Netherbeast and the sharp-eared man's body and instantly tore apart, unleashing a large amount of lightning and enveloping them within it.

After so many years of cultivation, Shi Ren's spiritual power had already reached the fifty-eighth level, and the offensive talismans he created were of a certain threat to a Nine-step Saint King.

The twelve talismans burst open, and tore the Bloodhunch Netherbeast and the sharp-eared man into pieces, reducing them into blackened ash.

"That weak?" Shi Ren was doubtful.

"HAHAHA!"

The Bloodhunch Netherbeast and the sharp-eared man reappeared in another position and said in a mocking tone, "You can't even find my true body, and you seek revenge?"

Shi Ren was completely enraged by the sharp-eared man's words and blasted out another flurry of talismans as he continued his attack.

Zhang Ruochen opened

The Maleficent Records of the Infernal Court's Ten Clans

, and on one of the pages found a portrait that looked exactly like the sharp-eared man.

"Baihuan Shenzi, danger index level seven, the 37th son of Jiwu Blood God of the Immortal Vampires' Azuresky Tribe..."

After reading through Baihuan Shenzi's information, Zhang Ruochen kept

The Maleficent Records of the Infernal Court's Ten Clans

, and his gaze became solemn. “Be careful everyone. This is a person with a danger index level of seven. The mount he’s on, the Bloodhunch Netherbeast has power matching an elite of the Precept Dominion realm, and it’s a rather powerful foe.”

Murong Yue, Xie Chengzi, Xiang Chunan, Luo Yi all flew over, each taking out their most powerful saint artifacts, and was at the ready to attack.

At the same time, Zhang Ruochen deployed the Domain of Space and found Baihuan Shenzi’s true form.

“Dragonform.”

Zhang Ruochen’s body transformed into a golden dragon and flew out. He then blasted out a dragon claw the size of a house and smashed down towards a position in the void.

In the void, Baihuan Shenzi and the Bloodhunch Netherbeast’s true form appeared.

Baihuan Shenzi’s expression changed slightly and was quite surprised that someone could see through his illusions. However, his reaction was not slow, and he immediately lifted the gemstone in his hand and created a translucent crystal wall.

BOOOMMM!!!

The dragon claw collided against the crystal wall, as a powerful energy storm blasted out in four directions.

With a crack, the crystal wall broke.

The strength of the dragon claw was undiminished and continued to smash downwards.

Baihuan Shenzi’s eyes shrank, and with a gentle stomp, the Bloodhunch Netherbeast under him stretched out a blood claw and clashed against the dragon claw.

The Bloodhunch Netherbeast let out a mighty roar, as its massive body was pushed backward by the dragon’s claws.

After refining the beast-shaped sacred medicine, and also obtaining a great opportunity within the divine gate, Zhang Ruochen’s strength had increased by several magnitudes, and

even if he was to face a being with a danger index of seven, he still had a fighting chance.

Baihuan Shenzi said. "That's rather strong. Who are you, tell me your name?"

"If you can leave the Sword Vault alive, then you will naturally know who I am."

Zhang Ruochen returned to his human form, and once again blasted out the Dragon-Elephant Prajna Palm Strike, at the same time, he mobilized the precepts of truth into it, unleashing seven times the offensive power.

BAAAMMM!!

Baihuan Shenzi's form was destroyed and turned into a cloud of blood.

The palm strike landed on the Bloodhunch Netherbeast, and piercing through its scale, leaving a massive bloody pit in its wake.

The Bloodhunch Netherbeast screamed in pain and landed heavily on the ground.

"Human, you have angered me."

Baihuan Shenzi was not dead, and instead, he appeared above Zhang Ruochen with his arms unfolded. Thousands of figures appeared and struck at Zhang Ruochen at the same time.

Each figure was like the true body and had the power to kill Zhang Ruochen.

Zhang Ruochen dared not let any of the figures to get close to him, and could only mobilize his saint Qi before infusing them into his left leg.

"Yanshen's Leg."

Zhang Ruochen raised his left leg, and suddenly the heaven and earth changed.

The skies suddenly turned red, and flaming clouds were roiling.

While the lava burst out of the ground and was as hot as a furnace.

BOOOMM.

With a stomp, a powerful divine power gushed out.

All of the figures attacking Zhang Ruochen were all shattered and turned into grains of sands.

Baihuan Shenzi's true form appeared, and he was struck by the waves of flame and sent flying backward. After landing in a spot over ten odd miles away, he looked at Zhang Ruochen standing in the flames, as if he was looking at a god of fire, and his eyes were full of horror.

“That leg of his, it can't be a leg of a god, right?”

Baihuan Shenzi was pretentious and had never put any cultivators of the Celestial Court in his eyes.

At this moment, this mindset was finally changing.

Even the Celestial Court seemed to have incredible powerhouses.

Seeing Zhang Ruochen walking out of the flames, Baihuan Shenzi's eyes moved quickly as he glanced at Ji Fanxin and the others. A bad premonition appeared in his heart, this group of people was would not be easy to deal with.

A single person alone had already made him feel the situation was sticky.

Who knew if there were any other stronger existence among that group?

He was outnumbered, and the situation was extremely unfavorable to him.

Baihuan Shenzi was decisive and did not rescue the Bloodhunch Netherbeast, and instead turned around and rushed into the distance before disappearing into the horizon.

Zhang Ruochen looked at the direction Baihuan Shenzi escaped, pulled out the Azuresky Bow and the Whitesun Arrow, and drew the bow.

With Zhang Ruochen current saint path cultivation, and physical strength, his arm strength had increased by several times, and the power of the Azure Sky Bow and Whitesun Arrow was naturally far beyond before.

Just as he drew the bow, the skies that were thousands of miles away all turned turquoise, while a dazzling white light appeared on the ground.

Chapter 1882 - Once Again at the Sword Vault

Chapter 1882: Once Again at the Sword Vault

Vvvoosh!!

The Whitesun Arrow blasted out, and turned into a dazzling white beam of light, and caught up to the fleeing Baihuan Shenzi.

Baihuan stopped and looked back. Upon recognizing the arrow clearly, he said to himself. “Why is Lord Whitesun’s arrow in the hands of a human?”

“All greatest mountains rise from the ground.”

Baihuan Shenzi formed a finger technique, and with the gemstone in his hand, pressed against the ground.

Suddenly, the land in front of him shook violently, as one mountain rose one after another.

The mountains were at least a kilometer high, formed out of rocks, and was as hard as iron.

The sound of explosions rang out.

The Whitesun Arrow shot through the mountains, and was closing it onto Baihuan Shenzi, with just inches away from striking him.

Baihuan Shenzi’s figure blurred, and then disappeared.

The Whitesun Arrow hit the ground, leaving a trench tens of miles long on the ground.

WHOOSH!!

Baihuan Shenzi reappeared again, and spread out three pairs of silver wings, while holding a crimson grinding disc in his hand as he appeared above the Whitesun Arrow.

“Come.”

A large number of inscription appeared on the crimson grinding disc, forming a powerful vortex that pulled the Whitesun Arrow.

“Lord Whitesun was the number one God of War among the Azuresky Clan, and his Azuresky Bow and Whitesun Arrow are both treasures that surpassed sacred artifact of the tenth radiance. If I can get the arrow, then I could command the Immortal Vampires of the Whitesun Star, and then I will be the king of the Whitesun Star.”

Baihuan Shenzi knew very well the value of the Whitesun Arrow, and so he was very excited and tried to take it away with all his might.

Zhang Ruochen noticed that Baihuan Shenzi was trying to take the Whitesun Arrow, so he mobilized all of his Saint Qi and infused it into the Azuresky Bow, using the connection between the Azuresky Bow and the Whitesun Arrow to retrieve the Whitesun Arrow. The two fought fiercely and one tried to seize it while another tried to retrieve it.

“Big bro, let me help you.”

Xiang Chunan took the metal demon crown, and activated its supreme power. He then lifted his hand, and the demon crown flew out.

A moment later, the metal demon crown flew to the sky above Baihuan Shenzi, and formed a thick demonic cloud and suppressing everything beneath it. The air in the area where Baihuan stood suddenly became denser and denser, as the space seemed to be frozen.

At the same time, Murong Yue blasted out her Bluelight Blunt Crescent while Xie Chengzi unleashed its Bloodthirst Ring as the two attacked Baihuan Shenzi from two directions.

Baihuan Shenzi looked up, and muttered. “A Supreme Sacred Artifact.”

Immediately afterward, he saw the Bluelight Blunt Crescent, and his eyes sank again. “An Ancient Divine Relic. Who are these cultivators, why do they have so many top-tier combat artifacts with them?”

Baihuan Shenzi gave up taking the Whitesun Arrow, and put his hands together.

Immediately, his body shrank, and finally turned into a light spot, and disappeared.

BOOOOMMM!!!

The metal demon crown, the Bluelight Blunt Crescent, the Bloodthirst Ring all bombarded the area one after another and shattered that piece of land. Dust were kicked up into the heavens as the entire area was filled with chaotic energies.

Zhang Ruochen used the Domain of Space to protect him as he rushed to the periphery of the shattered earth. With a swipe of his sleeve, and a rip in the air later, he retrieved the Whitesun Arrow.

“Sure enough, he ran away again.” Zhang Ruochen frowned.

Baihuan Shenzi’s combat power may be weaker than The Blood Wasp Ashuran King, but his skills in illusion conjuration was nothing trivial. It would be much more difficult to kill him than to kill the Blood Wasp Ashuran King.

What was even more troublesome was that Baihuan Shenzi could transform his appearance and body shape, and was unpredictable. If he deliberately planned to assassinate a cultivator, then that cultivator will most likely be dead.

“Letting Baihuan Shenzi escape means there will be endless troubles later on. We need to be extremely careful after this.” Murong Yue said worriedly.

“He won’t escape.”

Xiang Chunan grunted, as he used his Eye of Clairvoyance and began to look for Baihuan Shenzi’s tracks.

On the other end, Ji Fanxin used a spiritual power technique to tame the Bloodhunch Netherbeast, and stood beautifully on its back, as both of them came to Zhang Ruochen.

Shi Ren squeezed his hands tightly, and rushed to the Bloodhunch Netherbeast as he pulled out the Seven Tribulations Saint Suppressant Talisman, saying. “Fairy, this

beast have devoured my clansmen, I want to kill it to avenge my people.”

Ji Fanxin wore a veil, and gave out a mysterious, nebulous beauty, as her melodious voice said. “I’ve asked the Bloodhunch Netherbeast earlier, it did not devour your people. In fact, the cultivators of the Zhenyu Clan only fought Baihuan Shenzi for a moment before retreating into the black plains deep within the ancient clan holdings.”

Shi Ren was stunned for a moment, before revealing joy on his face. “They must’ve retreated back to the Sword Vault.”

In the depths of the clan holding was a Black Wilderness that was shrouded by dark clouds all year round.

That wilderness was extremely cold, and mortals would have frozen to death within an hour if they were there. However, for such a cold place, it had a lot of active volcanoes, and the areas near the volcanoes were extremely hot.

In this land where fire and ice intertwined, there were countless swords and corpses of sword cultivators buried within it.

Zhang Ruochen came to the outskirts of the Black Wilderness, stopped and did not move on.

Xiang Chunan flew to the edge of one of the volcanoes, and looked into the distance. “I’m pretty sure Baihuan Shenzi had entered the Sword Vault from here. However, the precepts of heavens and earth in the Sword Vault are somewhat special. My Eye of Clairvoyance is being interfered by a mysterious force, and can only see the tracks left by Baihuan Shenzi, but not his real body.”

Zhang Ruochen had been to the Sword Vault before, and naturally knew of the vault’s special environment.

“The precepts of heaven and earth in the Sword Vault is different from other places. This place is filled with many precepts of the path of sword, and the others are all pushed out. When a sword cultivator comes here, their strength will increase by many folds. Anyone who is not a sword cultivator,

their strength will be weakened by many times.” Zhang Ruochen said.

Murong Yue said. “Your Highness is a sword cultivator, killing Baihuan Shenzi in the Sword Vault would be easy. How about we pursue him, and get rid of this great foe first?”

Zhang Ruochen shook his head gently and said, “If it was just Baihuan Shenzi alone, then he is nothing to be afraid of. I’m worried that there are much more powerful Immortal Vampires that have entered the Sword Vault.”

“Killing Baihuan Shenzi is a secondary matter, the most important thing is that they must not be allowed to release Lord Ming from the Nether Dungeon.”

“Let’s meet with the cultivators of the Zhenyu Clan first, as long as we refine the Blood Suppressant Talismans, it will be much easier to deal with the Immortal Vampires.”

Shi Ren agreed with Zhang Ruochen’s decision, nodding and said. “I have a secret method to make contact with my clansmen.”

Shi Ren took out a piece of talisman, and cut his index finger, using his saint blood to draw a strange pattern on the talisman.

He then lit the talisman up and burned it into ashes.

“This is the secret method you mentioned?”

Xiang Chunan scratched his head, somewhat puzzled.

Shi Ren held his hands on his back, as he smiled and nodded. “Yes, we just need to wait here. The elders of the Zhenyu Clan will come to meet us soon.”

After waiting for about the time an incense stick would burn out, two old man clad in mysterious garbs appeared from the ground not too far away from Zhang Ruochen.

The two elders, upon seeing Shi Ren, were both overjoyed as they stepped forward to greet him. “Oh! Young chieftain, is it really you? You are finally back!”

“Elder Xuanfeng, Elder Xuanhai.”

Shi Ren's cultivation had surpassed both elders, yet he still folded his fists and bowed to them.

Elder Xuanfeng, whom had a black mole at the center of his eyebrows, glanced at Xiang Chunan and the others warily, asking. "Young chieftain, who are these people?"

"Elder Xuanfeng, long time no see." Zhang Ruochen stepped out.

Elder Xuanfeng saw Zhang Ruochen, and immediately recognized him, as he exclaimed in surprise. "Zhang Ruochen."

Zhang Ruochen smiled and said. "For one of the six great Swordbearers of the Zhenyu Clan to appear in the Sword Vault, I'm sure Elder Xuanfeng don't have to be that surprised?"

Zhang Ruochen's cultivation base was unlike before, and even if Elder Xuanfeng had lived in seclusion in within the Zhenyu Clan's holdings, he would have heard the news, and dared not regard Zhang Ruochen as a mere junior.

Standing before Zhang Ruochen, the two elders even felt a little nervous, and a lot of pressure.

Shi Ren said. "Please don't be suspicious, dear elders. They are all friends of mine and Zhang Ruochen. Naturally, they are also friends of the Zhenyu Clan."

"Young chieftain, you may not know, the Immortal Vampires are proficient with the art of transformation, and can hide among the cultivator we know, and that is impossible to guard against. Not too long ago, a top-tier Immortal Vampire elite had tried to sneak into the Zhenyu Clan, and if not for the patriarch seeing through his guise in advance, the entire Zhenyu Clan would have been annihilated." Elder Xuanhai said with lingering fear.

Shi Ren said. "That top powerhouse of the Immortal Vampires have been repelled by us."

"How can that be?"

Elder Xuanfeng and Elder Xuanhai exclaimed at the same time.

Immediately afterward, Elder Xuanfeng said, "I have seen that Immortal Vampire's moves with my own eye. It is almost the level of unpredictable. Even when compared the Azuresky Blood Emperor of yore, he is not much weaker."

"But he had indeed been defeated by Zhang Ruochen," Shi Ren said.

Upon hearing this, Elder Xuanfeng and Elder Xuanhai looked at each other, with an ecstatic expression in their eyes.

To them, Baihuan Shenzi's existence was like a nightmare. The entire Zhenyu Clan could not do anything to him, so they could only retreat back into the Sword Vault. Zhang Ruochen's ability to defeat him, was naturally a happy event, for them who were worried and fearful.

Elder Xuanfeng and Elder Xuanhai looked at Zhang Ruochen again. Their eyes became awed and respectful as they both bowed to him. "We beseech you, Swordbearer, to protect the Zhenyu Clan."

"Please, don't be so polite, elders, take us to meet the patriarch!"

Zhang Ruochen raised his hand, and the two elders stood up straight again.

The Sword Vault Palace was not just a palace, but also a very powerful sacred artifact.

The patriarch of the Zhenyu Clan, Shi Qiankun, had used the Sword Vault Palace to take away all members of the Zhenyu Clan, and flew into the Sword Vault to hide. It was only through this that they avoid being annihilated by Baihuan Shenzi.

The Sword Tomb Palace.

The cultivators of Zhenyu Clan stood on the right, headed by Shi Qiankun.

Zhang Ruochen, Ji Fanxin, Xiang Chunan... and the others all were seated on the left side of the palace.

Zhang Ruochen took out the imprint of the Saint-King Blood Suppressant Talisman and handed it to Shi Qiankun. “With this talisman, the Zhenyu Clan should be able to resolve this crisis.”

Zhang Ruochen had once asked Shi Qiankun to refine Demi-Saint and Saint-level Blood Suppressant Talismans, so Shi Qiankun was no stranger to them.

After receiving the pattern, Shi Qiankun studied it carefully and his eyes brightened.

However, a moment later, Shi Qiankun frowned deeply, saying, “The Saint-King level Blood Suppressant Talisman would definitely work against an Immortal Vampire of the Seven-Step Saint King and below, however it will not be as effective against anyone that is above that.”

Xiang Chunan boldly said, “If one is not enough, then we’ll throw ten, or dozens together.”

Shi Qiankun shook his head. “Even if dozens of Saint-King level Blood Suppressant Talismans were to be deployed at the same time. It can only suppress a Eight-step Saint King Immortal Vampire, but against a Nine-step Saint King one, it will not have much effect. Unless there is a higher-level talisman.”

Chapter 1883 - : The Nether Dungeon's Warden and Jailer.

Chapter 1883: The Nether Dungeon's Warden and Jailer.

The cultivators of the Zhenyu Clan all looked at Zhang Ruochen, showing a look of both anxiousness and expectation.

Did an even more advanced Blood Suppressant Talisman really exist?

If it did, then it would be a deadly weapon against the Immortal Vampires. Even a powerhouse like Baihuan Shenzi would need to flee, and never dare to step into the holdings of the Zhenyu Clan again.

Zhang Ruochen pondered for a moment, and took out the rune imprint of the 'Supreme Saint Blood Suppressant Talisman' and handed it to Shi Qiankun.

“There's actually an even more advanced Blood Suppressant Talisman.

“Great! With it, no matter how many powerful Immortal Vampires were to come, we can suppress them.”

The cultivators of the Zhenyu Clan were all delighted and excited.

Shi Qiankun carefully took the rune of the Supreme Saint Blood Suppressant Talisman, feeling quite surprised. Can a Nine-step Saint King, or even a Supreme Saint of the Immortal Vampires be suppressed with just a talisman?

Shi Qiankun observed the rune imprint intensively, and first, there was a hint of joy on his face, but as time passed, the look of joy disappeared, and his expression gradually turned solemn.

The Supreme Saint Blood Suppressant Talisman was very complicated, and its runes arcane.

Some of the runes, even with Shi Qiankun's attainments in talisman-making, felt like he was reading some divine tome, it was quite difficult to understand, and some how he could not grasp them.

WHOOSH!!

Shi Qiankun used his fingers as a brush to draw the runes in mid-air.

After more than a dozen tries, all of it failed.

Shi Ren, upon seeing Shi Qiankun's forehead was drenched with sweat, and his eyes bloodshot, he immediately awakened Shi Qiankun from his immersion. "Father, don't push yourself too hard. Wake up."

Shi Qiankun shuddered all over, before letting out a long sigh, before finally looking away from the rune.

He massaged his temples and sighed. "My spiritual power is not strong enough. I'm afraid I won't be able to draw out the Supreme Saint Blood Suppressant Talisman. A shame, what a shame."

"Patriarch, your spiritual power is already of the fifty-seventh level, and it's not strong enough?" Elder Xuanfeng said.

Shi Qiankun shook his head, and handed the rune to Shi Ren, saying. "Ren, my son, your spiritual power strength have suppressed mine. How about you give it a try?"

Shi Ren took the rune and tried, but it still ended in failure.

"The Supreme Saint Blood Suppressant Talisman is just too arcane! Every circuit is like a river of tens of thousands of miles long. Trying to draw out those rivers on a small talisman is already difficult. Moreover, trying to draw tens of thousands of rivers together on the talisman. It's too difficult, too difficult. Only a spiritual power Supreme Saint would be able to do that. Plus, that spiritual power Supreme Saint would need to have deep understanding of the path of talisman for him to do it." Shi Ren sighed repeatedly.

The atmosphere in the Sword Vault Palace became heavy.

Shi Qiankun said. "If father was around, perhaps he could have given it a try."

Shi Qiankun's father, named Shi Mingyuan, was also the Elder Patriarch of the Zhenyu Clan.

Two hundred years ago, Shi Mingyuan entered the fifteenth level of the Nether Dungeon, trying to breakthrough the path of martial arts Saint King realm. The original estimated time for his confinement was three years.

But two hundred years had passed, and Shi Mingyuan had never reappeared from the fifteenth floor of the Nether Dungeon, and was most likely dead.

Although two hundred years ago, Shi Mingyuan was only a Half-step Saint King in the path of martial arts. However, the strength of his spiritual powers was unfathomable, and was a person that could be spoken in the same sentence alongside the lord of the Martial Market, Wu Zun. As for his attainment in talisman-making, even if Shi Mingyuan was not the first in Kunlun, he would at least be in the top three.

Shi Ren's expression changed slightly. "Father, in the past, our cultivation level was just too low, and we dared not go into the Nether Dungeon to look for grandpa. With our strength now, maybe we can give it a try."

Shi Qiankun's eyes condensed, as he stood up, and paced back and forth in the Sword Vault Palace, as if he had some concerns.

In fact, he had long thought of going into the fifteenth level of the Nether Dungeon, however, the fifteenth level held the Great Ruiner, Lord Ming who had once wrecked Kunlun Realm, so the matter had always been set aside.

Shi Ren hurriedly continued. "Father, you don't have to hesitate anymore, if grandpa is not dead, and is trapped in the fifteenth level of the dungeon, then we can rescue him. Plus, we are not fighting alone. Brother Zhang and his friends will also aid us."

Zhang Ruochen had the idea of entering the Nether Dungeon, and naturally would not miss this opportunity. So he stood up and said. "I have a rather bold request, and I hope Senior Shi can answer me."

"What bold request do you speak of?" Shi Qiankun asked.

Zhang Ruochen said. "Is the third disciple of Emperor Ming, Bao Lie, held in the Nether Dungeon?"

Shi Qiankun shook his head and said. "I'm not sure about this matter. You can only get the answer from the three great wardens of the Nether Dungeon. While the Zhenyu Clan are responsible for guarding the dungeon, however the person in charge are the Wardens and the Jailors."

The Nether Dungeon had always been guarded by four wardens.

However, when the Azuresky Blood Emperor attacked the Zhenyu Clan, he had killed one of the wardens. So, now there were only three left.

Lead by Shi Qiankun, Zhang Ruochen and the rest went into the depths of the Sword Vault, and came to the bottom of a turtle-shaped stone mountain.

The stone mountain was pitch black, and stood hundreds of feet tall, its surface as smooth as a mirror.

Rather than calling it a mountain, it was better to call it a massive black boulder buried in the ground.

"This is the entrance to the Nether Dungeon!" Shi Qiankun said.

"Entrance? I don't see any?"

Xiang Chunan walked to the bottom of the stone mountain and slapped his palm on the smooth stone wall as he looked for something like a switch or a secret tunnel.

Suddenly, two golden leaves grew on the stone wall, and was as huge as a fan.

The two leaves flew up, and like a golden butterfly, appeared on the top of Xiang Chunan's head.

“Woah! What the hell is this? Where did it come from?”

Xiang Chunan yelled and slapped his palm out. His powerful palm strike struck the two golden leaves.

BOOOMM!!

A layer of golden light appeared from inside the leaves, and the light curtain had tens of thousands of saint path precepts intertwined in it, blocking Xiang Chunan’s palm strike, and sending him tumbling backward.

Shi Qiankun stood before Xiang Chunan as he clasped his fist and saluted. “Warden Goldleaf, please put aside your saint arts. He is not an enemy, but a friend of the Zhenyu Clan.”

“Warden?”

Xiang Chunan’s eyes widened, and he found it unbelievable.

Two pieces of tree leaves could be a warden?

Zhang Ruochen had a thought and carefully observed the two golden leaves. He saw at the center of the two leaves was a very tiny person, the size of a thumb.

The two leaves grew on its back.

“That is a Gold Leaf Maize, and it has grown for at least a hundred thousand years.”

Ji Fanxin sent a telepathic message to Zhang Ruochen.

The Gold Leaf Maize opened its mouth, and sucked all of the golden light back into its stomach, and did not continue to attack Xiang Chunan.

Soon after, two other wardens appeared one after another. Both of them were plants, one was a pink flower, and another a green-skinned melon.

Upon seeing the three wardens, Zhang Ruochen frowned. Can these three guard the Nether Dungeon where countless of vicious beings and beasts were held?

Awesome the Little Taoist flew to Zhang Ruochen’s shoulder, and said with a low voice. “Why it doesn’t look right?”

Zhang Ruochen remained calm and said. “At the very least... at the very least their cultivation are still very powerful, and each of them have strength comparable to powerhouse of the Precept Dominion realm.

“Can they actually guard Long Ming with them alone?”
Awesome the Little Taoist kept shaking its head.

WHOOSH!!

There was a flash on the stone wall of the mountain, as a bald old man walked out. He was clad in a gray official gown, with an ancient mark of ‘jailer’ printed on his chest.

The bald old man seemed to be covered with age spots, his eyes were dull, and seemed to be a little unstable when he walked.

“Is this the jailer of the Nether Dungeon?” Xiang Chunan asked.

“That’s right, this... old one, is the only jailer of the Nether Dungeon.”

The bald old man raised his head, and seemed to not see where Xiang Chunan was actually standing, as he smiled at the small rock to the right of Xiang Chunan.

Awesome the Little Taoist took a deep breath and said again, “Zhang Ruochen, both the Kunlun Realm and Zhenyu Clan sure have a big heart, to let this old coot become a jailer, and the only jailer to boot.”

The bald old man seemed to have heard Awesome the Little Taoist’s voice, and looked at Murong Yue beside Zhang Ruochen, and let out a gentle smile. “It’s mainly due to the fact that the Nether Dungeon is just too sturdy, and the prisoners inside cannot escape at all. So anyone can be a jailer.”

A strange look flashed in Shi Qiankun’s eyes, as he walked over and saluted the bald old man. “Elder Kong, you haven’t changed even after so many years.”

The bald old man said to Shi Ren who was standing next to Shi Qiankun. “You think that I should have died?”

Shi Qiankun said. “No, I wouldn’t dare.”

The old man before him looked like an ordinary person, without any energy fluctuations on him. Yet, Shi Qiankun had seen him two hundred years ago, and he was no different from back then.

Shi Qiankun’s father, Shi Mingyuan, had once said that he had seen Elder Kong when he was a child, and that Elder Kong looked the same as now.

So, Shi Qiankun suspected that Elder Kong was not human, but rather, a plant like the four wardens, so that’s why he had such a long life.

Shi Qiankun said. “Elder Kong, a Swordbearer of the Zhenyu clan wants to ask you about something.”

“Swordbearer? Which swordbearer?” Elder Kong asked.

“Zhang Ruochen, the eighteenth generation Swordbearer of the Dreadblade. Salutations.”

Zhang Ruochen came before Elder Kong and saluted him.

Elder Kong tried his best to open his eyes, and looked at Murong Yue beside Zhang Ruochen before stretched out a trembling hand and said. “Take out the Dreadblade and let me have a look.”

“That... I have left the Dreadblade at somewhere else, and did not bring it with me.” Zhang Ruochen said.

“Ah, is that so!”

Elder Kong lowered his head again, looking a little disappointed, and then asked. “What do you want to inquire about?”

“About eight hundred years ago, had Princess Chi Yao of the Chiqing Central Empire locked a living being named Bao Lie inside the Nether Dungeon?” Zhang Ruochen asked.

“It had been eight hundred years, how would I remember? I’ll help you check, maybe there had been a record.”

Elder Kong stretched his hand into his sleeves and pulled out a mud pot. Inside the mud pot was a cactus ball burning in

flames, its needles was extremely sharp, and emitted nine-circle of flame halos.

“Not this, not this, the wrong one!”

Elder Kong stuffed the mud pot back into his prison robe, and continued to fumble about.

Shi Qiankun saw the cactus ball, and his eyes twitched. He recognized that it was Warden Fengying who was killed by the Azure Sky Blood Emperor. It was actually planted in the pot and was actually still alive.

Chapter 1884 - The Cow Pit Prison Realm

Chapter 1884: The Cow Pit Prison Realm

Elder Kong took out a yellowed book from his sleeves.

The book seemed to be tied with straw paper and was five fingers thick. When it was opened, there were names written on it.

Elder Kong's eyesight was bad, and his eyes were almost glued to the book as he searched line by line.

After waiting for a whole period for a pot of tea to boil, Elder Kong had only gone through less than ten pages. Zhang Ruochen finally could not stay still and said, "Elder Kong, can I search for it myself?"

"Okay, young man, why didn't you say so earlier?"

Elder Kong rubbed his eyes and handed the thick book to Zhang Ruochen.

Zhang Ruochen's reading speed was extremely fast. In almost an instant, he had read through a good part of the book, and finally, on one page, he found the name Bao Lie.

"Bao Lie, a creature of the Nebula Leopard Clan. A Two-step Saint King, imprisoned on the tenth level of the Nether Dungeon, the Niukeng Prison Realm."

"That's great! Brother Bao Lie is indeed being held in the Nether Dungeon."

Zhang Ruochen closed the booklet with joy in his eyes, unable to calm the excitement in his heart.

"Young man, what are you so happy about? You want to pull a prison break?" Elder Kong asked.

Warden Goldleaf, who was flying in the air, said coldly. "The Nether Dungeon houses the most vicious and heinous of

criminals, and even if you are a Swordbearer, you cannot take a prisoner out.”

“Who told you that my senior Bao Lie, is a heinous criminal? Was it Chi Yao?” Zhang Ruochen glared at Warden Goldleaf with a terrifying aura.

“Yes, it was Empress Chi Yao.”

Immediately afterward, Warden Goldleaf said again. “The crimes Bao Lie had committed are all recorded in the book in your hand. You can read it for yourself.”

Zhang Ruochen opened the book and continued to read it.

A moment later, Zhang Ruochen closed the book and said, “Although Brother Bao Lie had indeed killed many creatures, that was on a battlefield. On the battlefield, it’s either you die, or I die. There’s no right or wrong there. Even if there was, it would be at the foot of the one who started the war. That war was started by Chi Yao, not Brother Bao Lie.”

“Today, no one shall stop me from entering the tenth level of the Nether Dungeon, and anyone who dares stop me shall die.”

Zhang Ruochen summoned the Ancient Abyssal Blade and stared at Warden Goldleaf with a warning look. He then walked to the bottom of the stone wall and stepped over the position where Elder Kong had previously walked out from.

WHOOSH!!

He passed through the stone mountain and disappeared.

Brother Bao Lie had fought for the Shengming Central Empire and he was imprisoned in the Nether Dungeon as a result, with no one knowing if he was alive or dead. If he was still alive, how would Zhang Ruochen bear to watch him continue to be held within the dungeon, and suffer unimaginable torture?

The so-called right and wrong were written by the victors.

The defeated can only accept whatever happens passively.

“He thinks he’s above the law!”

Warden Goldleaf snorted, and wanted to pursue, but was forced back by a razor-sharp blue crescent.

The blue crescent ripped a beautiful arc across the air and flew back to Murong Yue's hand. She stood proudly, and stared coldly at Warden Goldleaf, saying. "His Highness has ordered, anyone who tries to stop him, shall die. If you dare to act rashly, don't blame me for not holding back."

The other two wardens, Warden Linghua, and Warden Thundergourd all released their powerful saint aura as they approached Murong Yue.

"Think they're so great just because they are a warden? Believe me when I say Uncle Xiang here will cook you all to eat?"

Xiang Chunan summoned the gold demon crown, and activate the supreme power within it. Suddenly, the area where the black stone mountain was was filled with demonic Qi as streams of tyrannical forces darted across the area.

Xie Chengzi and Luo Yi also took their sacred artifacts and prepared to fight the three wardens.

A battle was about to start.

Shi Qiankun and Shi Ren rushed over and separated the two sides.

"The Immortal Vampires are looking on it the dark. We must not fight here, or else it will only benefit them." Shi Ren said.

Warden Goldleaf said with a deep voice. "As long as someone tries to break someone out of the dungeon, whether they are an Immortal Vampire or a cultivator of Kunlun Realm, as the wardens, it is our duty to kill them."

Elder Kong's voice was a little hoarse as he said without any hurry. "Theoretically, the six great swordbearers have the right to enter the Nether Dungeon."

A look of joy appeared on Shi Ren's face, as he said. "The master of the Dreadblade has given his life and blood to protect the Nether Dungeon. Zhang Ruochen is the bearer of the Dreadblade. If he wants to enter the Nether Dungeon, the three wardens do not have the right to stop him." The three wardens showed some hesitation. Although they did not retract their saint Qi, they were not as aggressive as before.

Elder Kong continued. “It is not impossible for one to take a prisoner out of the Nether Dungeon. However, it needs to be someone with a seal of authority in the Kunlun Realm.”

Murong Yue said. “His Highness had not long ago, taken the Seal of Flames from Chen Yuhua, and became the new Prince of the Eastern Region. Would that make him one of the authoritative figures in Kunlun Realm?”

“Oh yes. Of course.” Elder Kong smiled.

...

As Zhang Ruochen had guessed, there was an invisible door on the wall of the black stone mountain.

Upon passing through the invisible door, Zhang Ruochen arrived at the first level of the Nether Dungeon.

Here, it was completely different from what he had imagined the Nether Dungeon would look like. It was vast, and the world was filled with dense precepts and was actually suitable for cultivation. However, the sky here was very low, as if just floating above one’s head.

Not too far away, there was a towering stone stele, with four bloody ancient inscriptions carved on it. The Mudplow Prison Realm.

Zhang Ruochen released his spiritual powers and explored the Mudplow Prison Realm. He found that it was home to many humans and beasts. The humans had even established cities and tribes there. Some were farming, some were foraging, some were trading.

However, they were all mortals, and the highest cultivation level was only the Huangji realm.

“Since ancient times, the violent criminals of Kunlun Realm were all continuously imprisoned in the Nether Dungeon. Those criminals consisted not only of saint-level powerhouses but also the worst of mortal outlaws and criminals. Perhaps these humans are the descendants of those criminals.”

Zhang Ruochen did not stay at the Mudplow Prison Realm for long but went to the second floor of the Nether Dungeon, the

Knifemountain Prison Realm.

Then came the third level, the Boiling Sand Prison Realm.

...

The deeper he went, the creatures within the Prison Realm was reduced exponentially.

From the first to the sixth level, there were only creatures beneath the saint-realm.

From the seventh level onwards, there were finally creatures of the demi-saint realm.

By the time Zhang Ruochen reached the tenth level, the Cow Pit Prison Realm, he finally saw the shape of the prison realm. This prison realm was like a basin suspended in a dark void.

Zhang Ruochen flew in the dark for a long time, before finally reaching the Cow Pit Prison Realm, and landed on the prison's boundary.

Before him was a series of black-brown mountains, and behind them were endless darkness and nothingness. There was no sound, no life signs. There was a dead silence that gave out an indescribable sense of fear.

Tap... Tap...

Zhang Ruochen walked forward, and in the dead silence, every step he took sounded particularly clear.

BOOOMMM!!!

Suddenly, the space was torn apart by a hand covered in green hair like a layer of black cloth, as it appeared above Zhang Ruochen's head, and slammed down.

Zhang Ruochen glanced up, and struck back with a hand, and collided with the big green-haired hand

“DUUUSHH!!”

The big hand was smashed into pieces by Zhang Ruochen's counterstrike, and green blood fell from the air like rain.

“So strong...”

A shocked exclamation rang out.

A translucent green shadow appeared in the void like a cloud, as it quickly fled into the distance.

“Thinking of escaping? Come back here.”

Zhang Ruochen raised his right arm, and clenched his fist, and grabbed the green shadow in the air.

The translucent green shadow burst into pieces, and at the center of the shadow, a weird green-haired creature appeared. It had a human body, but its head was bigger than its body and was extremely hideous.

The cultivation base of this green-haired creature was probably a Three-step Saint King, however, it was suppressed by Zhang Ruochen’s palm, and could not even stand upright.

Zhang Ruochen frowned when he got a clear look at the green-haired creature.

“My lord, please forgive me. I... I.... no... this lowly one had come to the Cow Pit Prison Realm just to pick Firestone Grass. I have no intention of taking your territory. If I knew there was such powerful person in Cow Pit Prison Realm like you, my lord, even if I had nerves of steel, I would not dare to come here.”

The green-haired creature was even more sheepish than Zhang Ruochen had imagined. Before he had even begun interrogating, it had already knelt on the ground.

Zhang Ruochen asked: “How long have you been imprisoned in the Nether Dungeon?”

“Sir, what do you mean? I was born in the Boiling Mountains Prison Realm, and had only come to the Cow Pit Prison Realm recently.” The green-haired creature said.

“Could it be that it had lived in the Nether Dungeon since young?”

Zhang Ruochen muttered to himself. It seemed like his guess was correct, not all of the creatures in the Nether Dungeon were prisoners, and many more were offspring of prisoners.

From the green-haired creature’s mouth, Zhang Ruochen learned that creatures living in the Nether Dungeon could also

cultivate, but once their cultivation level reaches a certain level. they would be driven by the realm spirit to the next level of the prison realm.

Every prison realm has a realm spirit.

The realm spirit was formless and was just consciousness. Yet it could mobilize boundless power, and no living being could contend with the realm spirit. Zhang Ruochen raised his head and looked at the endless darkness as he said to himself. “The Nether Dungeon sure is a strange place. It won’t be easy even for a god to create such a dungeon. Interesting.”

“Greenhair, how long have you been in the Cow Pit Prison Realm?” Zhang Ruochen asked.

“This...”

Zhang Ruochen released his Saint Aura and said, “Tell me the truth.”

The green-haired creature trembled all over and quickly said, “Three months.”

“Do you know a being named Bao Lie?” Zhang Ruochen asked.

The green-haired creature immediately shook its head and said. “I’ve never heard of it before, but I do know that the number one powerhouse in Cow Pit Prison Realm is a Nebula Leopard with a cultivation level of a Five-step Saint King.”

“A Nebula Leopard.”

Zhang Ruochen was overjoyed, and said. “Where is it? Take me to it.”

“No, no, the Nebula Leopard is the king of Cow Pit Prison Realm. If it knew I came to its territory, it will definitely kill me.” The green-haired creature looked like a giant child as it shook his head profusely.

Zhang Ruochen crossed his hands over his chest and said, “If you don’t take me there, I can kill you right away.”

In the face of Zhang Ruochen’s threat, the green-haired creature was helpless, and could only agree with a weeping

face, and took him into the hinterlands of the Cow Pit Prison Realm.

Chapter 1885 - The Fifteenth Level of the Prison Realm

Chapter 1885: The Fifteenth Level of the Prison Realm

The Cow Pit Prison Realm was an endless barren land, a place of deathly silence.

Yet, it was such a place of deathly silence that was fraught with endless danger.

Along the way, Zhang Ruochen and the green-haired creature were attacked more than a dozen times. All of the enemies that attacked them were living beings of the Saint King realm. Some were humans, some were evil hounds, some were Ghost Kings...

However, their cultivation realm was not high, and the most powerful being only a Four-step Saint King, and could not harm Zhang Ruochen.

Zhang Ruochen's doubt in his heart grew stronger and stronger, as he asked. "How are there so many powerful beings living in the Cow Pit Prison Realm, how did they raise their cultivation level? They can't be just be breathing in the Spirit Qi of the realm, and comprehending the precepts of heaven and earth, right?"

"My lord is wise. It is indeed not the case."

The green-haired creature whispered. "There are stone medicines that grow in Cow Pit Prison Realm that could improve one's cultivation. Every stone medicine is a treasure, and by consuming it, one could greatly improve their cultivation."

"Oh?"

Zhang Ruochen's eyes lit up, and he asked curiously, "What stone medicine? Where does it grow? Why we haven't seen a single one along the way here?"

The green-haired creature said. “The stone medicine only grows along the Tiantu Gorge, and we have yet to reach that place, so naturally we will not encounter any.”

Zhang Ruochen nodded and inquired, “Where’s Tiantu Gorge?”

“The Tiantu Gorge is a rift valley that is tens of thousands miles long in the center of the Cow Pit Prison Realm.”

After a pause, the green-haired creature continued. “The gorge is getting longer and wider every year as if the Cow Pit Prison Realm is about to divide into two.”

“However, the area where most of the stone medicine grows has been occupied by the Nebula Leopard. No creatures could take them, and anyone who gets close will be killed. The other creatures can only try their luck in the periphery of the gorge. If one is lucky, they can find one or two stone medicines.”

Zhang Ruochen narrowed his eyes and said, “Since there are stone medicines growing in Tiantu Gorge, then there must be countless creatures wanting it. With the Nebula Leopard’s cultivation being only at Five-step Saint King, how could it defend it?”

“My lord, you might not know. In Cow Pit Prison Realm, once the cultivation of a being exceeds the Five-step Saint King realm. It will be forcibly expelled by the realm spirit to the next level of the dungeon.

“So, that is to say, while Cow Pit Prison Realm and the other Prison Realms have Five-step Saint King powerhouses, however, none of them is a match for the Nebula Leopard. Even if they join forces, they might not be able to win either.”

The green-haired creature said in awe. “The combat power of the Nebula Leopard is probably no weaker when compared to a Six-step or a Seven-step Saint King.”

After traveling for another thousand miles, the green-haired creature suddenly stopped and looked to the horizon with a deep look of fear in its eyes.

A layer of crimson light appeared on the horizon and painted the skies red, like flames were burning in the sky.

Zhang Ruochen closed his eyes, and carefully felt it, before letting out a soft sigh.

“The light gushing out from the ground contains some kind of mysterious power that could rouse the precepts of heaven and earth to become active.” Zhang Ruochen activated his inner techniques and felt the precepts of heaven and earth rushing towards him, and converged towards his sea of Qi.

“That is the Advent Light that comes from the bottom of the Tiantu Gorge. It is through the nourishment of the Advent Light that the Tiantu Gorge and its surrounding area can produce stone medicines.”

The green-haired creature’s eyes were shining, and it was obviously very excited.

Immediately afterward, it pointed towards a red mountain below the Advent Light and said, “There is where the Nebula Leopard lives. The Nebula Volcano.”

Zhang Ruochen took a step and moved forward.

Every step taken was a distance of tens of miles.

The green-haired creature was afraid of the Nebula Leopard and dared not follow. It looked on at Zhang Ruochen’s fading silhouette as it said to itself. “This person may be powerful but he is too conceited. The Nebula Leopard is not something you want to provoke. I better run further away, or else after the Nebula Leopard kills him, and detects my aura, it will kill me as well.”

Soon, Zhang Ruochen came to the edge of Tiantu Gorge, standing less than a hundred miles away from the Nebula Volcano.

Five feet away from him, was a three-leaved stone medicine. It looked like a ruby, with flames burning on its leaves, radiating a fiery heat.

But inside it was a strong aura of life.

Zhang Ruochen picked the stone medicine from the air and pinched it in his hand before using the Divine Purification Flames to refine it into a walnut-sized liquid medicine.

After swallowing it, Zhang Ruochen cultivation level did not change much, only his physical and spiritual powers had clearly increased a little.

Zhang Ruochen shook his head lightly, feeling a little disappointed. “The stone medicine here is of great use for lower-level Saint Kings. But for my current realm, it won’t have much effect no matter how much I consume them.”

RAAAAWWRRR!!

An earthshaking howl came from the crimson mountain behind Zhang Ruochen and forming a billowing Qi wave.

“You dare to steal the stone medicines near the Nebula Volcano? What gave you the courage?”

The roar resounded throughout the realm.

A bright colorful nebula flew out of the volcano, and landed above Zhang Ruochen, unleashing a powerful saint aura.

“It is really a Nebula Leopard.” Zhang Ruochen was elated.

One needed to know that the Nebula Leopard is a descendant of a divine beast, and was rather rare. The one living in the Nebula Volcano was most likely Brother Bao Lie.

“Bao Lie...”

Zhang Ruochen saw the figure standing on the nebula clearly, and was startled as he swallowed the words he was about to say back.

Standing on the nebula was a young man in his twenties. He had a pair of seven-colored leopard ears on his head, thick eyebrows, and a crimson armor as he held a thick-shafted spear, while his eyes glowed with star-like brilliance.

It was not Brother Bao Lie.

But this young man was somewhat similar to Brother Bao Lie in his human form.

Was he a descendant of Brother Bao Lie?

Bao Xinghun did not say much and stabbed with his spear. A scarlet light shot out from the tip of the spear and rushed

towards Zhang Ruochen on the ground. The beam was very powerful, as if it was a rushing river, causing the world to shake violently.

In the distance, the green-haired creature sensed the powerful saint-path force coming from the direction of the Tiantu Gorge, and its heart trembled. “I told him not to provoke the Nebula Leopard, why didn’t he trust me? That human’s gonna die!”

This person might be the offspring of Brother Bao Lie, and Zhang Ruochen did not want to harm him.

So, Zhang Ruochen stood still, and only activated circles of saint light to block Bao Xinghun’s crimson beam, and made it impossible for the latter to get close.

Bao Xinghun’s eyes shrank, as a look of disbelief appeared on his face.

“For him to so easily neutralize the blow that I used all my strength, is his cultivation level beyond a Five-step Saint King?”

Just as the thought appeared in Bao Xinghun’s mind, the next moment, he found himself before the human and was unable to move.

“How can that be?”

Bao Xinghun’s arms burned with flames as he tried to break free from Zhang Ruochen’s grasp.

However, the surrounding space seemed to be frozen, and even moving a finger was extremely difficult for him.

Zhang Ruochen watched him carefully and nodded. “You’re cultivating the ‘Scripture of Divine Refining’, it seems like you are indeed a descendant of Brother Bao Lie...”

“You actually know of the ‘Scripture of Divine Refining?’”
Bao Xinghun was surprised.

Zhang Ruochen smiled and said. “The Scripture of Divine Refining’ is one of the top techniques of the Shengming Central Empire, how could I not know?”

“Nonsense, the Scripture of Divine Refining’ is the technique my father cultivators, what does it have to do with some dogshit Shengming Central Empire?” Bao Xinghun spat.

Zhang Ruochen frowned and said, “Where is your father?”

“Who are you? And why should I tell you?” Bao Xinghun asked.

Zhang Ruochen was not angry and was instead elated. This at least proved that it was very likely like Brother Bao Lie was still alive.

Zhang Ruochen said. “Who am I? If we go by seniority, you should be calling me Senior Uncle.”

“Senior Uncle? Then I’m your goddamn Master.”

Bao Xinghun snorted and said with a cold look. “I think you are trying to take the Dendrobium Gold Orchid from father’s hands, right? It’s useless, you may be strong, but before my father, you are nothing.”

Zhang Ruochen said, “since you are so confident in your father’s strength, then take me to him.”

Bao Xinghun sneered and had no intention to lead the way.

“You have no confidence in your father?” Zhang Ruochen asked.

Bao Xinghun pondered for a moment and said, “Well, since you want to die that much, I’ll take you there.”

Bao Xinghun walked ahead and led the way as Zhang Ruochen followed behind as they went to the eleventh level of the Nether Dungeon, the Crushing Rock Prison Realm.

According to Bao Xinghun, his father had gone to the fifteenth level of the Nether Dungeon, the Dismemberment Prison Realm, to cultivate and seek opportunities to breakthrough. To go to the fifteenth level, they must first pass through the eleventh, twelfth, thirteenth, and fourteenth levels.

“It’s the fifteenth level again, why everyone is going there to cultivate?”

Zhang Ruochen felt puzzled. After all, Lord Ming was also imprisoned in the fifteenth level. Could there be a sacred ground for cultivation there?

Upon arriving at the Dismemberment Prison Realm, Zhang Ruochen was stunned.

Beneath his feet were colorful spar stones that covered the entire ground. There were spirit crystals, and also saint stones, their amount was too large to count.

This was also the first time Bao Xinghun came to the fifteenth level, and upon seeing the scene before him, he too was dumbstruck.

In the distance, there was a crimson lake of flames that covering hundreds of miles.

The closer it was to the flaming lake, the more active the precepts of heaven and earth was as they shuttled across space and time like swarms of horned dragons.

Zhang Ruochen came to the edge of the lake and closed his eyes as the speed of comprehending the saint path precepts had increased by more than three times.

As he continued on walking to the center of the lake, the surrounding temperature rose rapidly, at the same time, the speed of Zhang Ruochen's comprehension of the saint path precepts was getting faster and faster.

Four times, five times...

And they continued to grow.

BOOOMMM!!!

Suddenly, from the bottom of the flaming lake, a leopard claw that was hundred of meters long blasted out, a large amount of light flowed on the surface of the claw as it charged at Zhang Ruochen.

On the edge of the flaming lake, Bao Xinghun was overjoyed. "Father."

The leopard was just a phantom.

Yet, the power that it emitted was extremely tyrannical and suppressing the flames in the lake that they dimmed a little. On the surface, pieces of spirit crystals and saint stones exploded and were turned into dust.

Zhang Ruochen formed a palm imprint, and blasted out the Dragon-Elephant Prajna Palm, and mobilized the precepts of truth, unleashing seven times the attack power.

“Dragon-Elephant Reaching the Heavens.”

Countless dragon and elephant shadows flew out and collided with the leopard claw.

Chapter 1886 - Brother Bao Lie

Chapter 1886: Brother Bao Lie

BOOOOMMM!!!

The power erupting from the leopard's claws was like a meteorite falling from the sky. It crashed against Zhang Ruochen, and shook him so much that he fell back uncontrollably.

After pulling back to more than six hundred feet away, Zhang Ruochen managed to stabilize himself.

The hundreds-meter-long leopard claw gradually dissipated, as it transformed into an air current and rushed into the ground, blending into a burly form.

The burly figure stood in the center of the flaming lake in human form, yet he was about 2.5 meters tall. Because of the flames around him, his figure appeared looming, distorted and unclear.

By the edge of the lake, Bao Xinghun saw Zhang Ruochen was being pushed back, and said with a joyful look on his face. "Father, kill him."

The burly figure walked out of the lake of flames, revealing his true face.

But, he did not continue the attack, but instead, he was a little agitated as he stared at Zhang Ruochen. "How long have you been imprisoned in the Nether Dungeon? Where did you learn the Dragon-Elephant Prajna Palm Strike?"

Upon hearing his father asking such an inexplicable question, Bao Xinghun was a little stunned.

Zhang Ruochen saw the face of the burly figure, and there was an unspeakable excitement in his heart, as if it was a raging

tsunami. This person... this person was really Brother Bao Lie.

“Bro...”

Just as Zhang Ruochen opened his mouth, a crimson storm rushed out from behind the flaming lake. In an instant, the entire area became extremely dim as everything was blood-red.

A strange power affected Zhang Ruochen’s mood.

His usually calm heart became slightly unsettled.

One need to know, Zhang Ruochen’s state of mind, beneath a Supreme Saint, could be said to be outstanding, and yet he was still affected. A Five-step Saint King was naturally even more vulnerable.

As soon as he was swept by the blood-red storm, Bao Xinghun’s eyes turned blood red, as he looked confused, and let out a painful roar from his mouth.

“RAAAAWWRRR!!”

In the next moment, he transformed into his original form, a Nebula Leopard that was a hundred feet tall, and exuding a violent aura.

“What happened?”

The scarlet storm came too suddenly and too bizarrely, causing Zhang Ruochen to feel a strong sense of danger.

“Damn it, it’s here again!”

A surge of anger appeared in Bao Lie’s eyes. With a flicker, he reappeared beside Bao Xinghun, and summoned a dragon-tail hook spear, and looked at the raging blood-red storm with caution.

Seeing the cautious look of Brother Bao Lie, Zhang Ruochen was even more sure that there must be a huge danger in the crimson storm.

“WHOOSH!!”

Zhang Ruochen immediately deployed the Domain of Space.

The Domain of Space had just expanded beyond four feet before a spirit tempest rushed out from the crimson storm. The spirit tempest was a giant wave formed out of sharp blades of spiritual power.

An unknown creature was launching a spiritual attack on him. Fortunately, he had deployed the Domain of Space, or else the spirit tempest would have instantly fell upon Zhang Ruochen. Now, at least there was some buffer time.

Zhang Ruochen's spiritual powers now was not weak, so he was not afraid. He pulled out six Pearls of Vanity, and arranged them into the circle, forming a bulwark seal, and clashed against the spirit tempest.

On the other side, Bao Lie too was attacked by the spirit tempest.

He was unfazed, and planted his spear into the ground, as he raised his Precept Domain, and confronted the spirit tempest.

He did not know if it was because Zhang Ruochen was proficient in the Dragon-Elephant Prajna Palm, but although this was the first time Bao Lie saw the person, he was not very hostile to him as he shouted a reminder. "Be careful, that monster is not just proficient in spiritual attacks."

"What monster?" Zhang Ruochen asked.

"Whoosh~"

A strange sound rang out from the blood-red storm.

A number of white silk threads shot out, and each thread was thousands of feet long, and one of them grazed through Zhang Ruochen's right arm, and collided with the Fire God's Armguard, kicking up sparks in its wake.

It was extremely sharp!

If it had struck his skin, even if Zhang Ruochen's physical defense was strong, he would still be wounded.

Not daring to come into contact with the white silk threads, Zhang Ruochen used the power of space to constantly dodge and avoided the opponent's attack. There were too many white

silk threads, and even with the aid of the power of space, Zhang Ruochen was tethering on the edge of danger, and was almost hit more than once.

“What sort of monster is that?”

Zhang Ruochen blasted out the Divine Purification Flames, and transformed it into a Divine Fire Qilin as it rushed to the source of the white silk threads.

The Chenyan-level Divine Purification Flame could not even burn the white silk threads. Instead, an arcane red pattern flew out from the heart of the white silk threads, and struck the Flame Qilin, shattering it into pieces.

“That’s... a talismanic rune. That monster can actually carve out such a powerful rune.” Zhang Ruochen was incredulous.

The red runes that had flew out earlier, each of them had the power to kill a Nine-step Saint King, and was definitely not to be underestimated.

Zhang Ruochen was about to summon the Evil Spirit to fight the monster.

On the other hand, a long howl rang out, and he saw Bao Lie, who was standing next to Bao Xinghun, swept his war spear in an arc.

An ancient yet sacred power inside the spear rushed out in golden brilliance, and scattered the blood-red storm.

Red runes flew out again from the center of the white silk threads.

The number of runes was as many as hundreds as all of them intertwined, and forming an arcane seal as it clashed with the war spear.

BOOM!!

The two forces clashed into a deadlock, and for a while, none was able to gain any advantage.

However, the white silk threads in the air swept around Bao Lie, and instead slashed at Bao Xinghun behind him.

“Shit!”

Bao Lie's expression changed, and was about to pull back his spear, and used a defensive measure.

However, with that, he will definitely be pushed on the back foot, but he had to do it. He could not just look on as his son got killed by the monster.

“HMM?!”

Bao Lie turned his head around, only to find that Bao Xinghun had already retreated hundreds of miles away.

A figure stood beside Bao Xinghun, it was that young human man who had used the Dragon-Elephant Prajna Palm Strike earlier.

“He's actually a cultivator of space.”

Bao Lie sensed the fluctuations in space, and obviously, that man had used the power of space to save Bao Xinghun.

In any case, now that he had no other worries, Bao Lie no longer gave it much thought, and went all out to attack the monster.

After coming to the Dismemberment Prison Realm, Bao Lie had already fought the monster several times, and knew its weakness. So, he picked up his spear, and transformed into a light beam as he rushed inside the dense white silk threads.

The monster, was most afraid of close quarter combat.

“BOOOMM.”

After a series of explosions, the monster let out a scream, as it fled into the distance.

It lost!

“Where do you think you are going?”

Bao Lie lifted his left hand, his palm transformed into sharp claws, and grabbed at the monster in the air, trying to capture it.

The monster was completely wrapped in white silk, and a sharp sound wave radiated from inside the silk threads.

Even when Zhang Ruochen was hundred miles away, his eardrums instantly burst as blood flowed out of his ears, his whole body slid backwards, and everything turned dark, as his body felt weak and disorientated.

Zhang Ruochen immediately activated his inner techniques to protect himself.

After who knows how long had passed, Zhang Ruochen had recovered, and opened his eyes once again.

That monster had long fled.

Bao Lie's burly figure appeared opposite of Zhang Ruochen and looked at him with a suspicious look. Not too far away, Bao Xinghun, who had returned to his original form, fell onto the ground, and was covered in blood, clearly badly wounded.

Bao Lie did not went to treat his son, but instead pointed his spear at Zhang Ruochen's forehead as he gritted his teeth, and said coldly. "The technique you cultivated is The Scripture of Emperor Ming's Empyrean, where did you steal it from?"

Zhang Ruochen stared at the copper bell-like eyes of Bao Lie, and his eyes was a little wet, but he still forced out a smile. "Third brother, I'm Ruochen... long time no see."

"Ruochen?"

The spear in Bao Lie's hand trembled slightly.

Zhang Ruochen knew that it was not easy for Brother Bao Lie to believe him.

So, he took out the Ancient Abyssal Blade and handed it over.

Bao Lie knew the sword that was made out of iron of creation, and said. "Abyss! Why would Abyss be in your hands? it is little junior brother's sword! No, no, little junior brother had been killed by Princess Chi Yao, you are not him. You must be someone sent by Emperor Qing and Princess Chi Yao. What is your goal?"

Originally, Bao Lie did not have much hostility towards Zhang Ruochen, but now that this bastard was pretending to be his late little junior brother, how can he not be angry?

Zhang Ruochen saw Bao Lie showing strong emotions, and so he carefully recalled and wanted to talk about some stories eight hundred years ago.

At this moment, Shi Ren and Shi Qiankun had come to the Dismemberment Prison Realm, and descended not too far away from Zhang Ruochen and Bao Lie.

Bao Lie's fierce gaze glanced over, and said warily. "Who are you people?"

Shi Ren saw that Bao Lie's spear was pointed at Zhang Ruochen, and revealed a nervous look. He immediately took out three talismans and blasted it over.

"Stop!" Zhang Ruochen exclaimed.

But it was too late!

Two beams of light shot out from Bao Lie's eyes, and blasted through the three talismans.

The power of the red beams was not diminished, as they roared towards Shi Ren at the rear.

With Shi Ren's cultivation now, how could he stop Bao Lie's attack?

What Bao Lie had used, was not a simple glance, it was a saint art that Zhang Ruochen dared not take head on even with his current cultivation.

But now, Zhang Ruochen had no time to explain, so he activated the Dimensional Shift to appear before Shi Ren, and evoked the Azure Sky Pagoda, activating the supreme power within it to block the two red beams from Bao Lie's eyes.

Seeing the Azure Sky Pagoda, it was as if it had confirmed the suspicion he had, and Bao Lie burst into fury and roared. "You really are sent by Emperor Qing and Princess Chi Yao, die!"

"Third brother, can you listen to me?" Zhang Ruochen said while he blocked the attack.

Bao Lie's subconsciousness actually was willing to believe him, and that the person before him was his little junior brother. After a moment of hesitation, he said. "Alright, I'll

give you a chance to speak, if you dare to lie to me, I will break you.”

A strange light flashed in the eyes of Shi Ren who was standing behind Zhang Ruochen, as if he did not want to give Zhang Ruochen and Bao Lie the chance to speak. He took out over a dozen talismans, and blasted it towards Bao Lie.

“Die, beast!” Shi Ren yelled.

Chapter 1887 - Shi Ren?

Chapter 1887: Shi Ren?

A dozen of talismans became a talismanic wall that burned in the air. From the ground, it looked like a flaming star that was rapidly crashing towards Bao Lie.

“You’re courting death!”

Bao Lie’s muscles swelled up and became even stronger as he spat out a gout of flame from his mouth.

The flame was dark red, and its temperature was comparable to Zhang Ruochen’s Divine Purification Flames. Moreover, the flames contained a very powerful force, and shattered all of the talismans, turning them to ashes in the wind.

“So powerful, has he reached the realm of Heaven’s Reach?”

Shi Ren realized that he had underestimated Bao Lie’s strength, his eyes turned quickly, and his figure shrank as he hid behind Zhang Ruochen again, trying to use Zhang Ruochen to deal with Bao Lie.

However, the moment he got behind Zhang Ruochen, he felt a biting chill.

Zhang Ruochen glanced behind him and said with sharp eyes, “You are not Shi Ren. Who are you?”

“For him to see through me so quickly!”

Shi Ren was a little surprised, but he acted decisively.

A hundred and sixty thousand saint path precepts rushed out from his sea of Qi, as they flowed and converged around his fingers, then, they transformed into a powerful finger stab as it aimed for the back of Zhang Ruochen’s head.

Zhang Ruochen had long been prepared, his figure blurred and disappeared.

“Damn it, the power of space again!” Shi Ren cursed to himself.

Shi Ren blasted out a finger blast, piercing through Zhang Ruochen's afterimage, and aimed it at Bao Lie that was facing him.

At the same time, beams of light shot out from Bao Lie towards him.

BOOOMMM!!!

The two forces collided, and Shi Ren was sent flying back like a paper cutout and spat saint blood while he was still in the air.

“How can he be so strong?”

Shi Ren had already overestimated Bao Lie's strength by quite a bit, but when the two exchanged blows, it took only a single exchange for him to be heavily wounded, and that was hard for him to accept.

“Empyrean Tempest Fist.”

A crackling sound rang across Bao Lie's body, and blasted out a fist imprint in the air, carrying with it the sound of wind and thunder that shook the land.

The fist imprint transformed into a dashing leopard.

WHOOSH!!

Shi Ren had seen Bao Lie's power and dared not take the attack head-on. A vortex appeared around his body, and his person seemed to merge with the vortex and disappeared.

After hitting nothing, Bao Lie's gaze turned grim, as he muttered. “Illusion?”

In the distance, Shi Qiankun frowned deeply and found it difficult to understand everything he saw. Even he felt that his son was a bit strange, how did Shi Ren's cultivation become that strong?

What was going on?

Only Zhang Ruochen knew that was going on, so he used the Domain of Space to cover an area hundreds of miles wide, and found Shi Ren's hiding place as he snorted. “Baihuan Shenzi, show yourself!”

Zhang Ruochen's hand grabbed at the void.

BOOOMMM!!!

Thirty miles away, a large part of the void collapsed, forming a dimensional rift ten of feet wide.

Shi Ren was forced to completely show himself and quickly fled to the distance, as he laughed with a voice that was completely different from Shi Ren's voice. "You're quite something, the Scion of Time and Space, Zhang Ruochen."

"Aren't you quite something as well? As expected of Baihuan Shenzi, with your danger index of seven. I have underestimated earlier. Where is Shi Ren, and since when did you change into his appearance?" Zhang Ruochen said.

"Heh, since I've taken his form, he has naturally been sucked dry and is but a dead corpse."

Since his cover was already blown, Baihuan Shenzi no longer kept his disguise, as his muscles and bones shifted, and changed into his own appearance, with silver growing on his back, and stood in the air about ten feet above ground.

Both Zhang Ruochen and Shi Qiankun showed anger.

"Anyone who kills my friends and brothers had never met a pleasant end."

Zhang Ruochen's saint Qi quickly circulated across his body, and gushed out from his palm, and surged into the Azure Sky Pagoda. The pagoda grew bigger and bigger as it spun and flew into the air.

The powerful supreme power swept across thousands of miles.

The spars on the ground flew up one after another and revolved around the Azure Sky Pagoda.

While Baihuan Shenzi possessed many bizarre and unpredictable abilities, and ever-changing illusions, but in the face of a Supreme Sacred Artifact, he still was somewhat fearful.

Since he had already come to the Dismemberment Prison Realm, he had achieved his goal, and there was no need to

continue fighting with Zhang Ruochen, he needed to see to his main objective.

“Whoosh!!”

Baihuan Shenzi’s body disintegrated and became tens of thousands of blood-red light spots as they blasted out in extreme speed, like rays of light, as they shot into the distance.

“Run.”

“For an Immortal Vampires to appear before me, and you still want to escape?”

Bao Lie had once followed Emperor Ming to crusade against the Immortal Vampires, and he had lost count of how many comrades that had died in the hands of the Immortal Vampires. Naturally, he hated the Immortal Vampires to the bone.

Bao Lie’s claws blasted out at the same time, forming two flaming clouds dozens of miles away, and swept all of the blood-red light spots into it, and then suppressing it downwards.

BAM!

The blood-red light spots were constantly annihilated as they dissipated into the air.

But some of the light spots managed to escape and reformed into Baihuan Shenzi’s body.

Baihuan Shenzi was in a bad shape, and his aura had weakened a lot. He had obviously been seriously injured and continued to fly towards the horizon.

Baihuan Shenzi had already started regretting it. If he had known, he would have continued to keep his cover, and not blow it so soon.

In the end, it was because he had underestimated Bao Lie’s strength, and also Zhang Ruochen’s intelligence. He had not expected Zhang Ruochen to see through his guise so quickly.

BOOOMMM!!!

The Azuresky Pagoda carried with it a cyan cloud as it flew over and appeared above Baihuan Shenzi’s head.

“Sh*t!”

Baihuan Shenzi deployed a shield-shaped protective treasure and hung it above his head.

The pagoda itself did not fall, but instead, blasted out a stream of supreme power that shot right through the protective treasure, and landed on Baihuan Shenzi, smashing his body into a bloody pulp.

“If I managed to escape, and release Lord Ming, then the first thing I’ll do is to kill Zhang Ruochen and that Bao Lie person, and suck them dry of their saint blood.”

Baihuan Shenzi was furious, and his expression turned menacing.

He took out a phantom gem and used an illusion skill as he disappeared again.

Unfortunately for him, Zhang Ruochen possessed the Domain of Space, and easily saw through his illusions, and found him.

DUUUSHH!!

Another stream of supreme power blasted out, and struck Baihuan Shenzi’s back, puncturing through his body and sent him crashing onto the ground.

“It’s over!”

Zhang Ruochen controlled the Azuresky Pagoda remotely and aimed to slam it onto Baihuan Shenzi.

“If I die, your friend dies too.”

Baihuan Shenzi took out a blood tapestry and released Shi Ren from it.

Shi Ren’s face was pale, and his eyes looked glazed, the blood in his body was severely drained, but he was still alive.

Baihuan Shenzi grabbed Shi Ren’s head with his hand. His five fingers were as sharp as thorns, and once they sank into the latter’s scalp, crimson blood poured out profusely.

Baihuan Shenzi did not kill Shi Ren, and instead, kept him as a trump card.

Zhang Ruochen's eyes shrank, and immediately stopped the Azuresky Pagoda in the air, and did not slam it down.

"Let Shi Ren go, and I'll spare you." Zhang Ruochen said.

Baihuan Shenzi laughed. "You take me for a fool? If I release him, that Supreme Sacred Artifact of yours will fall on me immediately."

Shi Qiankun looked nervous and anxious and flew to Zhang Ruochen's side. Just as he was about to say something to Zhang Ruochen, he heard Zhang Ruochen's in his ears.

"Patriarch, don't worry. Shi Ren is my friend, I will do my best to save him."

Shi Qiankun cast a grateful look at him.

Zhang Ruochen stared at Baihuan Shenzi, saying. "Name your price, we can talk slowly."

Baihuan Shenzi laughed. "If I want the Supreme Sacred Artifact in your hand, will you exchange it for your friend?"

"Sure, no problem."

Zhang Ruochen agreed without any hesitation.

Baihuan Shenzi, Shi Qiankun, and even Bao Lie who was standing in the distance were all stunned when they heard Zhang Ruochen's words.

There was someone who was willing to let go of a Supreme Sacred Artifact to rescue a friend?

Baihuan Shenzi laughed and said, "Decisive. I never thought Zhang Ruochen, the Scion of Time and Space would be someone who treasures relationships. I like to deal with people like you, however, don't you dare play any tricks. With just a thought, your friend's head will explode."

"Don't worry, compared to a Supreme Sacred Artifact, I'm much more concerned about my friend's life." Zhang Ruochen said.

Baihuan Shenzi was overjoyed, whether Zhang Ruochen was really willing to exchange Shi Ren with him or not, at the very

least, he had a good chance of getting a Supreme Sacred Artifact.

And Zhang Ruochen, who will lose his Supreme Sacred Artifact, will be like a tiger without its claws and fangs.

Once he gets the Supreme Sacred Artifact, he would be even more powerful and could turn around and kill Zhang Ruochen and Bao Lie, turning defeat into victory. He could even use the Supreme Sacred Artifact to save Lord Ming, and that is an even greater achievement.

Zhang Ruochen called back the Azure Sky Pagoda, and it became only nine inches high as he held it on his palm and walked towards Baihuan Shenzi.

“Stop.”

Baihuan Shenzi was wary of Zhang Ruochen. “Hand the Supreme Sacred Artifact to Patriarch Shi, and let him bring it to me.”

Although Shi Qiankun wanted to save Shi Ren very much, he could clearly see the situation, and immediately shook his head. “No, I’m only a spiritual cultivator of the fifty-seventh level, and I’m far from being your opponent. What if you get the Azure Sky Pagoda and refuse to let Ren’er go?”

“You don’t have any right to bargain.”

Baihuan Shenzi laughed, as he exerted strength on his fingers, and bit deeper into Shi Ren’s scalp, pinching his head so hard that it deformed slightly, and could burst open at any moment.

Shi Ren woke up and let out a scream.

Zhang Ruochen forced the Azure Sky Pagoda into Shi Qiankun’s hands and said, “Patriarch, take it to him. If he dares to go back on his words, then the Dismemberment Prison Realm will be his grave.”

Since Zhang Ruochen had said so, and with Shi Qiankun, who was eager to save his son, having no other ideas, so he took the Azure Sky Pagoda and walked towards Baihuan Shenzi.

Baihuan Shenzi took the Azure Sky Pagoda from Shi Qiankun’s hand, and his eyes were filled with excitement as the hand

clutching Shi Ren's head loosened a little.

It was at this moment Zhang Ruochen used the Dimensional Shift and appeared beside Baihuan Shenzi.

“You want to kill your friend?”

Baihuan Shenzi's gaze sank as he saw Zhang Ruochen before him, and exerted force on his fingers, hoping to use Shi Ren's life to threaten Zhang Ruochen.

However, his arm had lost its senses.

Baihuan Shenzi looked down and found that the arm holding Shi Ren's head had been cut off by a dimensional rift, and was separated from his body.

At the same time, Zhang Ruochen's palm was burning with blazing flame, and smashed squarely against Baihuan Shenzi's forehead, shattering his head into pieces, and turning it into a cloud of blood mist.

“Anyone who dares hurt my friend will not have a pleasant end.”

Chapter 1888 - Lord Ming's Place of Incarceration

Chapter 1888: Lord Ming's Place of Incarceration

The headless body of Baihuan Shenzi dropped to the ground with a loud bang.

Zhang Ruochen retrieved the Azuresky Pagoda and took out the Spring of Life, dripping a drop on Shi Ren's head.

As a Light of Life engulfed Shi Ren's body, his injury rapidly recovered.

Following immediately, Zhang Ruochen walked toward Bao Lie and Bao Xinghun. "Xinghun is badly wounded. My Spring of Life could help him recover rapidly."

Boa Lie did not decline Zhang Ruochen's kindness. "An Ancient Abyssal Blade isn't enough to prove who you are."

Zhang Ruochen knew what Bao Lie meant, and he nodded lightly. Coming up beside Bao Xinghun, he dropped a drop of Spring of Life on Bao Xinghun's body, then took out the Eight-Dragon Umbrella and Nine-Dragon Carriage.

"Father used to wield the Eight-Dragon Umbrella and Nine-Dragon Carriage. Only the direct descendants of Zhang of Shengming could drive the implement spirits of these sacred artifacts. If you all still don't believe me, I can bring you to a place," said Zhang Ruochen.

Seeing the Eight-Dragon Umbrella and Nine-Dragon Carriage, Bao Lie had believed him somewhat, his burly body shuddering subtly.

But how could his dead younger fellow come back to life again?

It was something too unthinkable.

"Go where?" asked Bao Lie.

With the wave of his hand, Zhang Ruochen had opened the World Gate of the Qiankun Realm. “This way.”

Bao Lie possessed a high level of cultivation and was not afraid of anything. So he stepped into it.

Once inside the Qiankun Realm, Zhang Ruochen first brought Bao Lie to the royal tomb and royal shrine, then to meet the descendants of the former officials of Shengming Central Empire.

Zhang Ruochen could sense Bao Lie’s reducing resentment.

Coming under the Divine Sky-Connecting Tree, Bao Lie let out a long sigh. “Little Brother, tell me what you have gone through for the past eight hundred years.”

Zhang Ruochen forced a smile. Dropping his butt on the ground, he started telling his story.

As time ticked by, the suspicion and hostility in Bao Lie’s eyes had completely gone as he was immersed in Zhang Ruochen’s story. “Princess Chi Yao has achieved divinity?” he roared furiously.

“That is right,” said Zhang Ruochen.

Immediately, like a deflated rubber ball, Bao Lie sat down on the ground, feeling melancholy. “I had been practicing my cultivation in the Nether Dungeon, hoping I could kill my way out and challenge Princess Chi Yao again to get my revenge. Damn it! Who would have known that Princess Chi Yao has become an empress and attained divinity? How could I challenge her again?”

Zhang Ruochen got to his feet and patted Bao Lie on his shoulder. “Brother Bao Lie, it was already amazing of you to attain what you have attained despite the lack of cultivation resources in the Nether Dungeon.

“Besides, Chi Yao has the Seal of the Celestial Wheel, which speeds up her cultivation thirty-time faster.

“Right now, the Kunlun Realm is reviving. There is no lack of Precept of Heaven and Earth, and all cultivators are speeding up their rate of cultivation. It is the best era.

“But the Infernal Court is launching a large-scale invasion, every mortal realm of the Celestial Court is plundering the resources with saint-class wars breaking out everywhere, people are panicking and the world has plunged into total chaos. In this sense, this is also the worst era!

“Brother Bao Lie, this era needs you. Follow me, leave the Nether Dungeon, and conquer the world. What do you say?”

Bao Lie could see the shadow of Emperor Ming on Zhang Ruochen. He was deep in thought, after which he got back to his feet. “You sounded as if I like this hellish place so much. Let’s go now. I am eager to see what kind of elite fighters the Infernal Court and the Celestial Court have. I can’t wait to fight right now.”

“No hurry. I came to the Dismemberment Prison Realm with another urgent matter in mind. Why don’t we leave the Qiankun Realm, and I will explain to you slowly?”

As soon as Bao Lie left the Qiankun Realm, he heard the howl of Bao Xinghun. “Where is my father? What have you all done to him?”

“What is the matter with you, Xinghun?” Bao Lie shot him a stern look.

Apparently, Bao Xinghun was afraid of Bao Lie. He tucked away his war spear. “Father, where have you gone?” he asked softly.

“Don’t ask. It is still not the ripe time for you to know.”

Bao Lie pointed at Zhang Ruochen. “Meet Master Zhang, my younger fellow. Bow to him quickly.”

“Master Zhang?” Bao Xinghun was struck dumb.

Zhang Ruochen smiled at him with his hands behind him.

Bao Lie gave Bao Xinghun a kick on his leg. “What are you waiting for? Master Zhang is a generation more senior than you, and his cultivation base is also much higher than yours. Is bowing to him too difficult for you?”

Bao Xinghun had no word for it. At least, he was a Five-Step Saint King and the king of a prison realm. Why was he still

being treated like a kid?

But having been beaten by Bao Lie since young, Bao Xing was fearful of his father and dared not defy him.

“Master Zhang.” Bao Xinghun cupped his fists, bending his body in respect.

“Nice to meet you, Bao Junior.”

Zhang Ruochen smiled, taking out a Seven-Radiance Thousand-Inscription Sacred Artifact-class golden spear and handing it out.

Bao Xinghun was puzzled. He could not make head or tail of what Zhang Ruochen meant.

“Since you have bowed to me, it will only be proper for me as an elder to give something in return. I got this spear from a deity of the Celestial Court. It should be of a much higher grade than the spear in your hand.”

Bao Xinghun hesitated, but still took the golden spear. After studying it for a while, he was ecstatic. “Seven-Radiance Thousand-Inscription sacred artifact? I can’t believe that it is a Seven-Radiance Thousand-Inscription sacred artifact! Fantastic!”

The Nether Dungeon lacked resources and capable alchemists. The weapons that Bao Lie and Bao Xinghun carried were naturally not of quality.

Now, even Bao Lie was stunned at hearing the name ‘Seven-Radiance Thousand-Inscription sacred artifact.’ He walked right up to Bao Xinghun and snatched the golden spear from him. “Kid doesn’t need such an excellent weapon. With your cultivation at only Five-Step Saint Kinghood, you can’t use all the full power of the Seven Radiance. I will keep this thing in my custody until you have attained Nine-Step Saint Kinghood.”

Bao Lie fiddled with the golden spear, his eyes burning with fire in excitement.

Bao Xinghun bowed his head melancholically. Before the Seven-Radiance Thousand-Inscription sacred artifact had even

warmed up in his hand, his father had taken it away. He was almost crying.

Zhang Ruochen let out a smile. “Brother Bao Lie, Why do you still like to snatch someone else’s weapon, eh? Haven’t you done that often enough to Sixth Brother last time?”

“How can you say I snatch? I keep it in my custody,” said Bao Lie. “Besides, your Sixth Brother was a capable alchemist. If I didn’t take from him, the eldest and second brother would have.”

Speaking of this, Bao Lie fell into a brief silence. “Are Eldest and Second Brother still alive, Little Brother?”

Zhang Ruochen shook his head and sighed. “I am not sure. According to the First Central Empire’s history book, Eldest Brother Hong Ya had fought with the Xue Wangzhao, the Number One God of War of the Central Chiqing Empire, and died in the Darkmourn Mountains. Second Brother Chen Daogu was burned to death with celestial fire by Fire Demon Xiao Sheng, the eldest disciple of Emperor Qing. Third and Fourth Brother are still missing. No one knows if they are still alive.”

“Too many things happened eight hundred years ago. We have got to investigate to find out the truth. After all, the First Central Empire’s history book was in fact hiding the truth.”

Bao Lie clenched his fists impatiently. “Then what are we waiting for? Let us go find it out now! If they are still alive, flush them out. If they are dead, I will also dig them out of their graves. As for Xue Wangzhao and Fire Demon Xiao Sheng, I want an eye for an eye.”

“I am here in the Dismemberment Prison Realm looking for someone,” said Zhang Ruochen.

“Looking for someone in the Dismemberment Prison Realm? There is not a soul here. Is there any other cultivator?”

Immediately, Shi Qiankun summoned the ghost image of Zhenyu Clan’s old elder Shi Mingyuan in front of Bao Lie. “Elder Bao Lie must have stayed in the Dismemberment Prison Realm for a long time. Have you seen my father?”

Seeing that ghost image, he was wide-eyed as a hideous image flashed across his mind. “It is him! How could this be?”

“You saw my father?”

Zhang Ruochen, Shi Qiankun, and Shi Ren were delighted.

Bao Lie nodded. “Don’t you all get too happy, too quickly? The situation isn’t as good as you all imagine. In fact, Little Brother, you saw ‘it’ before.”

Zhang Ruochen’s heart skipped a beat. He looked shocked. “It? Third Brother, you mean he...”

“That’s right. It was the monster you saw earlier,” said Bao Lie. “If he was really the chief of Zhenyu Clan Shi Mingyuan, my guess is that he must have been poisoned by Lord Ming’s blood toxin, or his mind had been controlled by Lord Ming’s consciousness.”

“No. Absolutely impossible. Father’s spiritual power is very powerful. No way Lord Ming could control him,” said Shi Qiankun.

“What if Lord Ming attacked him when your father was at the critical moment of cultivation?” asked Bao Lie.

“This...” Shi Qiankun could not find the words to respond with.

“Could it be that Lord Ming has not been incarcerated but still can move freely in the Dismemberment Prison Realm?” said Zhang Ruochen.

A chill ran up their spine when Shi Ren and Shi Qiankun heard this. They could not help but check around them, fearing that Lord Ming might suddenly appear in front of them.

“Of course, Lord Ming has been sealed. But... something is not right. Let me bring you to the place of incarceration and you will understand!”

Bao Lie shot a look at Shi Qiankun, Shi Ren, and Bao Xinghun. “The cultivation base and will of you all are too weak. Stay here lest you all fall under Lord Ming’s control, becoming his slaves.”

Bao Lie and Zhang Ruochen rode on the Golden Dragon Carriage, and off they went.

After going for thousands of miles, Zhang Ruochen suddenly sensed the precepts in heaven and earth thinning, spiritual Qi disappearing, as if they had come to a forbidden land.

As the Golden Dragon Carriage, Zhang Ruochen and Bao Lie alighted.

There was no crystal covering the surface of the land, just black soil and rock. Not even a trace of the living and Qi. It was not different from any other barren planets in the universe.

Zhang Ruochen looked into the distance and saw six giant sacred swords, each almost one hundred thousand feet tall, which were so arranged that it formed a mountain of swords, standing on the horizon with a dazzling glow.

The glow had even illuminated a part of the sky.

A vast amount of lightning, celestial fire, gale, and icy flew around these six swords, emitting a dull sound.

“You are one of the sword holders of the Zhenyu Clan, but what you all are wielding are just the secondary swords. The six primary swords are being used to suppress Lord Ming,” said Bao Lie.

Chapter 1889 - First Encounter with Lord Ming

Chapter 1889: First Encounter with Lord Ming

Zhang Ruochen was a highly capable sword cultivator who had a special connection with swords that gave him the ability to sense the intensity of the sword path emitted by the six swords.

The sword path radiation revealed that they were of top-grade, definitely above Ten-Radiance Thousand-Inscription sacred artifact.

Looking into the distance, Zhang Ruochen saw a blood cocoon under the six sacred swords.

The cocoon was about 100 feet in diameter, made up of blood-red striations.

The blood-red striations descended and spread on the ground, dyeing tens of miles of land red.

The face of a man suddenly poked out from the blood cocoon. His hair was unkempt and he let out an evil smile at Zhang Ruochen.

“What is that?”

Zhang Ruochen felt a pain in his eyes, his body shuddering, followed by a sense of lightheadedness.

Before coming, Bao Lie had warned Zhang Ruochen that Lord Ming’s spiritual and soul powers were leaking, spreading as far as five hundred miles away, affecting cultivators to some extent. The cause of the leak was unknown; probably it was because of the loosening of the seal of the six sacred swords, or Lord Ming was growing stronger.

Right now, Zhang Ruochen and Bao Lie were about five hundred miles from Lord Ming, which should be a safe distance.

Zhang Ruochen knew that Lord Ming's mind power would attack him and immediately gathered the spiritual power from his saint heart to form a defense perimeter.

“Zhang Ruochen, you are the son of Blood Empress, one of the Immortal Vampires. Why are you so afraid of me and resenting me? It is unbecoming of you!”

A good-looking figure appeared in front of Zhang Ruochen at the sound of the voice speaking.

The figure wore a glinting blood armor, having long arms, sharp facial features, his eyes bright. He was emanating an otherworldly air, unlike a blood-thirsty demon but more like a fairy on earth.

Hearing what might sound like sand flowing, Zhang Ruochen looked over at Bao Lie beside him and saw his body disappearing like quicksand.

In this barren heaven and earth, he and the stalwart man opposite were the only souls left.

“Who are you, and how do you know that I am the son of Blood Empress?”

Zhang Ruochen summoned the Azure Pagoda, carrying it in his right hand as he tried to trigger the Supreme Power. But his saint Qi seemed to have frozen inside his body; he could not use it, and this horrified him.

“If according to how the cultivators in the Kunlun Realm address me, you should call me Lord Ming.”

“How could it be, Lord Ming?”

Zhang Ruochen looked toward the mountain of swords formed by the six sacred swords. It had collapsed, the six sacred swords broken, and heaven and earth shattered.

Lord Ming looked at Zhang Ruochen with a smile. “Since I can read your mind, so I know that you are my young sister's descendant. In fact, you should call me uncle.”

“You could read my mind? But I am not even sure if Blood Empress is my mother. Hold on a second. What did you just say? You are the elder brother of the Blood Empress?”

Zhang Ruochen could not calm himself down.

There had never been a record in the classic literature and documents about the relationship between Lord Ming and Blood Empress, who were ten thousand years apart in age. How could they be brother and sister?

There was an unquestionable look in Lord Ming's eyes as he nodded lightly. "At my level of cultivation, there is no reason for me to lie to a junior like you."

Lord Ming continued. "I could see what you have been through all these years. That god from the Kunlun Realm had killed you. You were forced to leave the Kunlun Realm in exile. There is bad blood between you two, yet you don't have the ability to seek revenge.

"As long as you call me Uncle, I can help you kill her or emasculate her cultivation so you can deal with her however you want it."

Zhang Ruochen laughed as he shook his head. "It is between her and me. I don't need anyone to intervene. It is my business alone, even if I want to kill her. How could I ask a demon of the Immortal Vampires like you to do that? You are just trying to delude me, but you have got the wrong person."

Lord Ming looked at him with a smile, as if he had seen through Zhang Ruochen. "You say the Immortal Vampires are demons, but deep down, you hate and are disappointed with the Celestial Court even more.

"If so, why don't you join the Infernal Court to become one of the Immortal Vampires? You would not have to hold yourself back anymore. Instead, you can kill as many enemies from the Celestial Court as you wish, drink their blood, and make them your slaves. Isn't that awesome?"

"There is nothing for you to look forward to in the Kunlun Realm, Zhang Ruochen. Follow me to the Infernal Court, where you can get the highest right and power.

"If you want revenge against Empress Chi Yao, I can help you. Even the whole of Immortal Vampires can help you."

Zhang Ruochen stared at Lord Ming in front of him with a cold expression. “The Celestial Court might have disappointed me and I want revenge against Chi Yao, but these are not my soft spots. You have underestimated me by trying to use them to attack my will.”

Zhang Ruochen’s eyes suddenly looked penetratingly sharp. He gathered his strength in his fingers to carry the Azure Sky Pagoda as he lunged at Lord Ming at a steady pace.

Yet Lord Ming just smiled and nonchalantly stood on the spot. “You can’t hurt me with your current level of cultivation. Why bring destruction to yourself? You should know that I have my prestige, and I will not allow any cultivators to violate that.”

Speaking of which, Lord Ming’s smile faded and replaced by a frosty expression, an above-all, hegemonic aura.

At the same time, Lord Ming’s body was growing larger and larger, the sky above him turning blood-red, the land under his feet breaking apart.

Facing the power of the Path emanating from Lord Ming, all living things except the Supreme Saints would quake in their boots.

But Zhang Ruochen gritted his teeth and launched himself into the air before smashing down the Azure Sky Pagoda at Lord Ming.

Lord Ming reached out a gigantic hand and struck at Zhang Ruochen as if he was just an ant.

When even Zhang Ruochen thought that he would surely die, he penetrated Lord Ming’s hand and hit Lord Ming with the Azure Sky Pagoda, crushing his body into pieces.

That suffocating power of the Path had disappeared.

Zhang Ruochen landed on the ground and gasped for air.

When he looked up again, he saw that the blood-red heaven and earth were torn apart like a paper by his earlier move.

The real world was revealed.

The sword mountain made of the six sacred swords was still standing on the horizon, suppressing the blood cocoon.

“Brother Zhang, have you been attacked by Lord Ming’s mind?” asked Bao Lie with concern.

Zhang Ruochen had no time to explain. “Lord Ming’s mind could have spread far and wide! This place is dangerous. We have got to get out of here.”

Before Zhang Ruochen and Bao Lie could make it far enough, an ear-piercing sound wave came out of the ground, causing the entire dimension to tremble.

The sound wave came from afar and rapidly approached Zhang Ruochen and Bao Lie.

“It is that monster; it appears again!”

Bao Lie leaped forward and stood in front of Zhang Ruochen, his hands on his belly, which swelled bigger and bigger and emitted a bright sacred light as if there was a start inside his abdomen.

Sound wave spurted out of Bao Lie’s mouth.

The ground heaved from under Bao Lie’s feet and spread over hundreds of miles away with soil and stones brought into the air. It was not until it came within the vicinity of the sword mountain of the six sacred swords that the sound wave was broken by the sword Qi.

About a dozen miles from where Zhang Ruochen and Bao Lie were, the sound wave had forced the monster with white silky stuff on its body out of the ground.

Zhang Ruochen could finally see it clearly. Those tens of thousands of feet of white silky strands were hair, beneath which was a skinny and old body with wrinkled skin, its face hideous and eyes blood-red.

“I knew it. It is Shi Mingyuan.”

Zhang Ruochen and Bao Lie quickly retreated while the monster gave chase.

When they lured it to a place several thousand miles from the sword mountain, Zhang Ruochen and Bao Lie exchanged a look and they stopped dead in their tracks.

Bao Lie raised the golden spear, performing the full strength of the Seventh Radiance. As golden energy waves of the Path spread, the entire world turned into a golden sea.

Boom!

The spear struck down as if it was a staff.

The golden spear seemed to have turned into a sky-connecting divine pillar, landing on the monster and sending it flying out backward as it shrieked in pain.

Meanwhile, Zhang Ruochen was performing a Dimensional Shift to come behind the monster, blocking its way of retreat. With the Azure Pagoda in hands, he summoned a Supreme Power as he was ready to strike.

With Bao Lie's high level of cultivation and combat strength, every move of his spear was causing a large area of land to cave in.

But that monster was no slouch as it continued to draw runes to neutralize Bao Lie's attacking energy.

"This won't do, Brother Zhang. We can't break up the evil energy in its body. Lord Ming must have controlled his mind, and also poisoned it with its blood toxin," said Bao Lie.

Zhang Ruochen frowned. "Suppress it and bring it out of the Nether Dungeon. We will find a way to detoxify it and expel the evil will in its body."

"Got it."

Bao Lie performed a Precept Domain without holding back anymore.

Bao Lie's Precept Domain was solid like a wall, dragging the monster into it, preventing it from escaping and limiting its movement and speed.

Boom!

The golden spear hit the monster's back, sending it flying out again.

Meanwhile, Zhang Ruochen had been waiting nearby. He cast out the Azuresky Pagoda to capture and suppress the monster inside.

The Azuresky Pagoda shook with an ear-piercing shrill coming from within.

In the distance, where the six sacred swords were, a voice came. "Not half bad, Ruochen. You didn't disappoint me. We will meet again, and by then, I hope we will not be enemies again."

"What does he mean?" Bao Lie was puzzled.

"Just ignore him."

Bao Lie was looking worried. "Lord Ming's mind power has become so powerful that it has spread hundreds of miles away. Who knows, he might defeat the seal and break free from the Nether Dungeon?"

"I am more worried about the Immortal Vampire cultivators. They could infiltrate the Nether Dungeon and help him escape early. With Lord Ming's current level of cultivation, I am afraid that he no longer needs the six secondary swords as keys to unlock the seal. He just needs someone to deliver a Supreme Artifact to him and he could defeat the seal." It looked like Zhang Ruochen was more worried than Bao Lie was.

...

Half a day later, Zhang Ruochen, Shi Qiankun, Shi Ren, Bao Lie, and Bao Xinghun left the Nether Dungeon to rendezvous with Ji Fanxi and others before they returned to the Zhenyu Clan.

Chapter 1890 - Prince Wujie

Chapter 1890: Prince Wujie

An old body was lying on the ice bed silently. With his knees under his chin, he was as skinny as a root newly dug out from the ground.

His white long hair looked like a spider web, scattering on the ice bed, never trimmed for hundreds of years.

Who could this be if not Shi Mingyuan?

“Oh my gosh, the old clan chief is still alive!

“If the old clan chief could recover, with his attainment in spiritual power and talismans, we, the Zhenyu Clan, wouldn't have to be afraid of the Immortal Vampires, no?”

The Zhenyu Clan's Saint-level elders were divided into two rows, neatly standing below, their eyes filled with shock, worries, and a deep sense of anticipation.

Six hours ago, Zhang Ruochen sent Shi Mingyuan into the Qiankun Realm, seeking the Divine Sky-Connecting Tree's help to purify the evil consciousness in his body.

Due to this, Shi Mingyuan was no longer demented or attacking other cultivators. But there was still the residue of Lord Ming's blood toxin in his body, so he was asleep.

Right now, Zhang Ruochen, Bao Lie, Xiang Chunan, and Luo Yi joined hands to infuse their Saint Qi into Shi Mingyuan's body to drive out Lord Ming's blood toxin, droplet by droplet.

The four of them spent nearly half a day and had only expelled one-third of the blood toxin.

“How is it, Brother Zhang?” Shi Ren came up and asked.

“One-third of it has been cleared. Quickly give the old clan chief some blood-enhancing pill. We will continue tomorrow,” Zhang Ruochen said.

Below them, the Saint-level elders of the Zhenyu Clan looked pleased.

“One-third at a time. That means the blood toxin in the old clan chief’s body will be cleared in two more days?” said an elder.

“It is not so simple. The old chief’s condition is so bad that his blood and Lord Ming’s blood toxin has mixed. We can’t get rid of it completely with our level of cultivation. A Supreme Saint could do a better job. Only continuous blood transfusion and regrowth could dilute the poison,” said Zhang Ruochen.

“How long will it take before Grandpa could wake up?” asked Shi Ren.

“Half a month! After half a month, there will be only a thousandth of the poison remaining inside the old chief’s body. With his cultivation base, he might be able to suppress the blood toxin and wake up by then,” said Zhang Ruochen after some thought.

“Thank you so much, Brother Zhang. The Zhenyu Clan owes you too much. I, Shi Ren, will do whatever you ask of me from now on.” Shi Ren looked solemn, his eyes reddening.

“Zhang Ruochen smiled at him. “Take good care of the chief. I will leave the Sword Vault Palace for a while.”

“Where are you going?” asked Shi Ren.

“I won’t be long.”

After saying so, Zhang Ruochen disappeared from the Sword Vault Palace.

Once leaving the Sword Vault Palace, Zhang Ruochen cast out a communication talisman into heaven.

He was sending this communication talisman to Master Indra at Western Region, as he wanted to take back the Toten Sword that he put in Master Indra’s custody.

“There is an array divine mark from the Middle Ages still protecting the Sword Vault Palace and the Zhenyu Clan. I can’t send the communication talisman without getting out of the place. That’s so troublesome.”

Zhang Ruochen shook his head lightly, ready to return to the Sword Vault Palace.

Just then, he spotted something and performed a palm immediately, casting out a giant fire dragon toward a barren hill fifteen miles to his right.

A round, blood-red mark appeared on the barren hill as if a cave had emerged out of thin air.

A figure, draped in Hundred-Saint Blood Armor, jumped out of the blood-red cave, spreading featherless wings with a thick qi of blood covering an area of thousand miles in radius.

The figure, holding a chain that looked like a steel dragon, clashed with the giant fire dragon of Zhang Ruochen, crushing and turning it into balls of fire.

“I am surprised that you could sense my presence. Not bad for your alertness.” Prince Wujie snickered.

The blood qi spread to Zhang Ruochen, engulfing him within.

Zhang Ruochen could feel strange energy flowing in the blood qi. Like the quagmire, it limited his cultivation base and the speed of his movement.

“The fact that this Immortal Vampire cultivator could defeat my palm shows that he is no slouch,” mumbled Zhang Ruochen to himself.

With Zhang Ruochen’s level of cultivation, he was only a step away from becoming a Nine-Step Saint King. A casual move like a palm of his could unleash an overwhelming amount of power.

Zhang Ruochen was unflustered, his eyes scanning around.

“So many Immortal Vampires have come, huh? After Baihuan Shenzi, here comes another one. All of you, reveal yourself at once!”

Prince Wujie squinted. “You have met Baihuan Shenzi yet is still alive?”

Zhang Ruochen let out a smile as he took out a blood-red Sainthood Source from the storage ring and held it in his hand.

The energy of the Sainthood Source spread in the air.

Prince Wujie's expression changed suddenly. "It is the breath of Baihuan Shenzi. Who killed him?"

"With his Sainthood Source in my hands, who do you think killed him?" Zhang Ruochen asked back.

"It was you!"

Prince Wujie raised his guard as he dared not look down on this human. Baihuan Shenzi's combat strength might not be of the top tier, but his illusory and shapeshifting techniques were at the acme of perfection. An ordinary Supreme Saint could not have possibly been his match.

He who could kill Baihuan Shenzi was definitely an elite.

Far away, inside a white cloud floated a white bone mountain.

Nine-Eye Heavenly King and others were looking at Prince Wujie and Zhang Ruochen. When they sensed the breath of Baihuan Shenzi emanating from the Sainthood Source, their expression turned unnatural.

"Baihuan Shenzi was a fool to die in the hands of a little-known kid. It seems that his arrogance has caused his own downfall." A Princess with a long face snickered.

There was no sense of mercy, just a sneer and a murderous intent directed at Zhang Ruochen.

"Little-known kid? You all are underestimating him."

Just then, a magnetic voice came from the top of the white bone mountain.

Two shenzis and six princes and princesses of the Immortal Vampires looked at that figure. There was a sense of reverence and respect toward the figure in many of them.

That figure stood with his back facing them. He was tall with beautiful, blood-red long hair and reading from a scroll of bamboo slips in his hand.

Slowly, he turned around, revealing his extremely handsome face.

If not for his Adam's apple and his male voice, any cultivators would have thought that he was a peerless beauty, rivaling the nine fairies on the Portrait of the Nine Beauties.

"You know who he is, Xia Shenzi?" asked the long-faced princess.

"His name is Zhang Ruochen, the bravest and most skillful warrior among the young generation of the Kunlun Realm. He has inherited the Path of Time and the Path of Dimension from Saint Monk Xumi and is Yueshen's Divine Envoy. He is a top dog in terms of talent, luck, and background. Yet you all think he is a little-known kid?" said Xia Wenxin unhurriedly.

"So he is Zhang Ruochen!"

Nine-Eye Heavenly Lord looked as if the name had aroused his interest, five of his eyes open at once, looking at the male human confronting Prince Wujie.

But after a while, Nine-Eye Heavenly Lord was disappointed. "You must have gotten it wrong, Xia Shenzi."

"Why did you say so?" asked Xia Wenxin.

"Even if Zhang Ruochen has inherited the Path of Time and the Path of Dimension from Saint Monk Xumi, and that he is undefeated at his present realm, his cultivation base has not yet attained Nine-Step Saint Kinghood. No matter how strong he is in other areas, his overall strength is still not up to snuff," said Nine-Eye Heavenly Lord.

"He might be unbeatable in the realm of Eight-Step Saint Kings, but could he be in the Lesser Precept World? Where does he stand in the Greater Precept World? I am afraid that he would have to run for his dear life in front of the Precept Domain elites."

Xia Wenxin remained silent.

The long-faced princess chortled. "So he is just an Eight-Step Saint King. Such a weakling is the bravest and most skillful warrior of the Kunlun Realm? If so, the Kunlun Realm must have declined so terribly."

A prince with a silver pattern on his forehead also snickered. “Prince Wujie has a strong Supreme Bloodline in his body. At only Eight-Step Saint Kinghood, he could pose a challenge to the Great Precept World elites for a moment, just nice to test out the strength of this Scion of Time and Space.”

“Are you kidding me, Prince Yun? Prince Wujie is no longer at the Eight-Step Saint Kinghood. He has attained Precept Domain after absorbing a vast amount of Saint Blood on the battlefield of merits. His cultivation base is three realms higher than that of Zhang Ruochen. Are you sure he is just good enough to test out Zhang Ruochen’s ability and not kill him?” said the long-faced princess with a smile.

“All of you, don’t forget how nasty the powers of time and dimension are. Zhang Ruochen’s combat strength is not as simple as you all imagine, I am afraid. How do you explain Baihuan Shenzi is reduced to become a Sainthood Source?” said a third prince, whose voice was low and body looked like a tower.

“Maybe Baihuan Shenzi wasn’t killed by Zhang Ruochen but some other elite fighter,” said Prince Yun.

“We had better warn Prince Wujie. Just in case he is taken by surprise.”

The long-faced princess’s lips moved as she delivered a silent sound wave into Prince Wujie’s ear.

Prince Wujie’s eyes brightened up as he let out a smile. “So you are the scion of Saint Monk Xumi, eh? Great! You may still have a chance to live. If you hand over the tome, I will spare your life.”

Zhang Ruochen had sensed the presence of other elites of the Immortal Vampires nearby, and there was more than one.

Prince Wujie was an experienced fighter. When he noticed the changes in Zhang Ruochen’s eyes, he knew that this Scion of Time and Space was thinking of fleeing.

“Perish the thought. You can’t escape today!”

Prince Wujie spun the chain in his hand rapidly. It lengthened to a thousand yards and formed a giant vortex, ripping the

mountains in the vicinity and bringing them into the air as it spun quicker and quicker.

“I have given you the chance to hand over it. Since you refuse, I could only take it from you myself.”

The chain brought mountains of rock up in the air, turning the sky dark and the air howling violently. The next moment, a destructive force came down at Zhang Ruochen at once.

Chapter 1891 - Gate of Destiny

Chapter 1891: Gate of Destiny

“Trying to snatch something from me? It will not be that easy!”

Zhang Ruochen raised both of his arms. Immediately, his bones and muscles crackled as if thunder as he cast out thirteen dragon souls and thirteen elephant souls to spin around him, forming a light shield of palm energy tens of yards in diameter.

Boom!

Mountain after mountain plunged and shattered as they clashed with the light shield of palm energy.

At last, the chain that was as thick as a bucket hit the light shield of palm energy, breaking the sacred light on its surface as the thirteen dragon souls and thirteen elephant souls dispersed in all directions.

The chain was about to hit Zhang Ruochen for real.

“This chain of mine is forged with Abyssal Cold Iron, an Eighth Radiance Thousand-Inscription sacred artifact. I hope it will not crush you into ashes, wasting a jar of mouth-watering blood.” Prince Wujie snickered.

“Don’t be full of yourself. You are not as powerful.”

The acupoints on Zhang Ruochen’s arms glowed brightly, spurting and infusing a vast amount of Saint Qi into the Fire God’s Gauntlet and Fire God’s Bracers.

As the gauntlet and bracers were on fire with streaks of ancient patterns appearing, they gave out a powerful divine power.

Zhang Ruochen raised both of his arms with one hand, turning into a cloud of fire to clash with the chain.

An ear-piercing clank from the collision of metals rang in the air.

In that instant, the land under Zhang Ruochen's feet started to burn with balls of fire flying in the air.

"Has Prince Wujie crushed him into pieces?" The long-faced princess watched from afar.

"I am afraid that it is not so easy. He isn't called the Scion of Time and Space for nothing."

"I don't think so. There is an absolute realm of difference between them. Even if Zhang Ruochen is a young deity, he will have to die."

...

Prince Wujie stood in midair, his eyes staring down at the sea of fire, the smile on his face disappearing. Because he was the one fighting Zhang Ruochen, he knew very well that Zhang Ruochen had withstood his earlier attack move.

A light column shot out of the sea of fire. It was a golden dragon, giving out an ear-splitting roar.

"Is this an intermediate-level Saint Technique that you've cultivated?"

Prince Wujie was a sharp cookie. From the engagement earlier, he knew that the gauntlet and bracers on Zhang Ruochen's arms were divine ancient artifacts that possessed divine power, something that he could not underestimate.

How powerful it would be if these things were to combine with an intermediate-level Saint Technique?

"Dragon in the Nine Heavens!"

Zhang Ruochen gathered all the Precepts of the Palm from all over his body. He infused them and cast them out as a dragon claw.

On the other hand, Prince Wujie was unperturbed, the chain in his hand emanating a shocking level of chill. As the chain swung continuously, snowflakes fell from the sky and frost started to build up on the ground.

The spinning, chilly air formed by the chain finally clashed with the dragon claw.

Boom!

A powerful energy storm burst out, ripping through the land around the two of them, producing a terribly destructive force. This destructive force spread until the Ancient Divine Sigils blocked within its vicinity.

“Not half bad! He could still find an opportunity to attack in front of Prince Wujie,” said Prince Yun.

“Haven’t you heard of the cat-and-mouse game? Prince Wujie hasn’t performed his best move yet! Right now, he is just playing with his opponent. When the cat finally decides to eat the mouse, it will kill it at once,” said a princess with a smirk.

“If Prince Wujie really treats Zhang Ruochen as a mouse, I wonder who will be the mouse and the cat at the end,” said Xia Wenxin.

“What do you mean, Xia Shenzi?”

“Watch on and you will know,” said Xia Wenxin faintly.

Prince Wujie swung his chain continuously to parry Zhang Ruochen’s palm attack. “Everything will end here if this is all you have got!”

“Vortex of Ripping Storm!”

Dense precepts gushed out from Prince Wujie’s body to combine with the Eighth Radiance Thousand-Inscription sacred artifact-class chain.

Following immediately, the chain spun rapidly and turned into a nine-layer vortex, flying inside which contained wind-blade valleys that could rip apart heaven and earth.

This was a high-end intermediate-class Saint Technique.

The realm of difference was so obvious, and Zhang Ruochen took no chances. He focused his mind to gather his precepts to combine with his palm technique.

“Sky Soaring Dragon-Elephant!”

He cast out both palms, producing seven times of attack strength.

Boom!

Vortex of Ripping Storm collapsed as the palm energy ripped through the cloud and air.

The skin on Prince Wujie's arms cracked with blood oozing out as he was sent flying out backward like a cannonball.

Taking advantage of this victory, Zhang Ruochen grabbed the chain and pulled Prince Wujie toward him.

Like he had expected it, Prince Wujie flew back like a kite tied to a string.

But at a distance of a hundred yards from him, Prince Wujie suddenly sped up several times as he spread his wings with a smile on his face.

"Not good! He seems to be not hurt badly. Is he feigning it?" said Zhang Ruochen quietly to himself.

"It is rare for the cultivators in the Celestial Court to cultivate the Path of Truth to your level. No wonder you dare to challenge me with only Eight-Step Saint Kingdom."

The wound on Prince Wujie healed in just the blink of an eye.

"However, the attack strength of the Path of Truth isn't up to snuff. The Path of Truth has a counterbalance."

"A counterbalance? Could it be..."

The bloody candor emanating from Prince Wujie's body became stronger and stronger as he guffawed. "That's right. The counterbalance to the Truth. It is Destiny. Here comes the Gate of Destiny!"

The Precepts of Destiny formed a translucent light gate behind Prince Wujie.

Affected by the energy of the light gate, Zhang Ruochen felt that his strength was rapidly dwindling by four to five times.

Zhang Ruochen had heard from other cultivators before this that in the Fane of Truth in the Celestial Court, cultivating the

Path of Truth could boost the attack strength of Saint Techniques several times higher.

On the other hand, there was the Fane of Destiny in the Infernal Court.

Cultivating the Path of Destiny could reduce opponents' strength several times.

“How did Prince Wujie form a Gate of Destiny behind him? He could suppress my strength with Gate of Destiny! Even with the Precepts of Truth, a Saint Technique could only produce a higher attack strength for just a split second. Besides, it takes time to perform Precepts of Truth. No way he could have performed it in a matter of a split second.”

Zhang Ruochen had sensed that the situation was turning against him. “Could he be a disciple of the Fane of Destiny?”

Only disciples of the Fane of Destiny could have cultivated Gate of Destiny, with the power of which they could suppress their opponents.

With Gate of Destiny's suppression, the disciples of the Fane of Truth could easily kill enemies of a higher realm.

Meanwhile, the divine scions of the Fane of Truth could cultivate Realm-frame of Truth, which was something the other Celestial Court cultivators could not do.

“Is it necessary to use Gate of Destiny to deal with Zhang Ruochen?” Nine-Eye Heavenly Lord shook burst into laughter and shook his head.

“He is just showing off his skill. You know, not everyone could cultivate Gate of Destiny.”

“The way I see it—he is trying to capture Zhang Ruochen alive with Gate of Destiny. By the looks of things, Zhang Ruochen will have no way to escape his grab. No one could flee from Destiny.”

Before they all knew it, Prince Wujie had come in front of Zhang Ruochen with Gate of Destiny on his back, aiming a punch at Zhang Ruochen's chest.

Zhang Ruochen felt unstoppable, powerful energy coming with the punch. It was as if a Supreme Saint was performing the punch, capable of shattering this heaven and earth.

“No. Not that he has become stronger. It is I who has become weaker!”

Zhang Ruochen did not bother to summon the Precepts of Truth to take on Prince Wujie as it was too late.

He knew that before he could gather all his Precepts of Truth, Prince Wujie’s punch would have hit him.

Bang!

Prince Wujie’s punch hit Zhang Ruochen on the body, breaking him apart.

But Prince Wujie’s expression did not look good. He quickly pulled back his fist, scanning his surroundings as he mumbled to himself. “Finally, a Power of Dimension.”

Zhang Ruochen’s shattered body faded into the air and just left behind his afterimages.

The next second, he reappeared above Prince Wujie and struck down with the Abyssal Ancient Blade in hands.

Prince Wujie had been on high alert all this while. So the moment Zhang Ruochen emerged from the dimension, the chain wrapping around his body automatically swung out at once.

But Zhang Ruochen was not performing an ordinary sword move but a Sword of Time.

The chain could have hit Zhang Ruochen. But as it approached, it became slower and slower until it came to a complete halt.

“Not good!”

Prince Wujie had vast combat experience and gone through countless life-and-death moments. In a split second, he reacted and performed a step, an intermediate-class Saint Technique, to dodge rapidly.

Instead of piercing through Prince Wujie's skull, the Ancient Abyssal Blade scraped past his face, shattering the Hundred-Saint Blood Armor on the face.

The Sword Force left behind a shadow bloody mark on his face.

“Damn it!”

Fury rose within Prince Wujie.

An Eight-Step Saint King was posing a lethal threat to him, which was something that should not have happened.

What shocked Prince Wujie more was, if not for the early warning from others that this male human was the Scion of Time and Space, he would have underestimated him and not watched out for his Powers of Time and Dimension.

Under such circumstances, would he still be able to dodge that sword move?

Baihuan Shenzi dying at the hands of Zhang Ruochen was possibly real.

Those princes and princesses watching from afar were all in disbelief.

“How could this be? Prince Wujie has obviously been forewarned! Did he underestimate his opponent and not foresee the use of Power of Dimension by Zhang Ruochen?”

“Prince Wujie has vast experience in combat; he shouldn't have made such a mistake.”

“This is not a mistake. He almost lost his life.”

“Do you all really think that knowing that the opponent is the Scion of Time and Space will give you an edge over the dimensional and time techniques? This only shows that those Time and Dimension cultivators whom you all encountered last time were not powerful enough, whose delivery of power was not up to snuff,” said Xia Wenxin.

“Not that Prince Wujie has not foreseen Zhang Ruochen's attack move. He had expected it but still couldn't dodge it. Is that what you mean, Xia Shenzi?” asked a princess.

“You are right, partially,” said Xia Wenxin.

Chapter 1892 - Freezing the Dimension With the Flick of a Finger

Chapter 1892: Freezing the Dimension With the Flick of a Finger

“What is the other half?”

Even Nine-Eye Heavenly Lord was becoming curious.

“Zhang Ruochen has not performed his best,” said Xia Wenxin.

“How could it be possible? He is just an Eight-Step Saint King. Being able to hold up to Prince Wujie until now is shocking enough. How could it be possible he was holding back his strength?” the long-faced princess was stunned.

“I once witnessed how Zhang Ruochen fought in Eastern Region Holy City. He has a Supreme Artifact in hand,” said Xia Wenxin.

All cultivators on Whitebone Mountain were silent.

With a Supreme Artifact in hand, an Eight-Step Saint King could pose some serious threat to even the Precept Domain elites in a head-to-head confrontation.

Not to mention that this Eight-Step Saint King was Zhang Ruochen, the Scion of Time and Space.

“Equipped with the Powers of Dimension and Time, Zhang Ruochen is unassailable. If he has a Supreme Artifact, he could attack and defend as he wishes.”

“This combat has become more and more interesting. It seems that Zhang Ruochen is a challenging test for Prince Wujie,” said Nine-Eye Heavenly Lord with a smile.

“Prince Wujie’s cultivation base is so much higher than Zhang Ruochen’s. He has an absolute upper hand,” said Prince Yun.

Those cultivators at the scene, who had attained their current realms, were all no slouch.

They knew better than anyone else that only a strong personal cultivation base could truly make them strong. Using external props and tricks might give them an advantage for a moment, but they would still fall back to the bottom of the food chain in the end.

Prince Wujie reached to feel the blood mark on his face, his expression turning ferocious. He could not help but glance toward Whitebone Mountain as if he had seen Prince Yun, Nine-Eye Heavenly Lord, and the others laughing and sneering at him, for he had lost to and been hurt by an Eight-Step Saint King.

Zhang Ruochen had noticed his expression. He followed his eyes and glanced in the white cloud's direction.

“Your strength is not too bad. However, you won't have another chance now.”

Prince Wujie felt that he was humiliated and got angry. “Omni-Weapon!” he roared.

A golden mark appeared on his forehead, emitting a dazzling golden light that was as bright as the sun. The golden light turned everything into metal wherever it shone.

Rocks, vegetation, rivers, soil, and all seemed to be made of gold. They drifted into the air and formed twelve golden giants.

The aura of each golden giant was no less powerful than that of a Precept Domain cultivator.

Even without Gate of Destiny's suppression, it was still impossible for Zhang Ruochen to defeat these twelve golden giants, less so when Gate of Destiny was suppressing his strength four to five times lower.

“This man's combat strength is no less powerful than Blood Wasp Ashuran King, who commanded a swarm of blood wasps. He is a terrific figure. Not to mention there are more powerful Immortal Vampires still hiding in the dark.”

Zhang Ruochen performed a Dimensional Shift to reappear tens of miles away as he ran toward the Zhenyu Clan's direction.

“Trying to get away? Not so easy!”

“Golden Touch!”

Prince Wujie tapped in the air and a thousand-yard-tall mountain turned into a metal peak in front of Zhang Ruochen. Not only that, it flew up into the air and crashed toward Zhang Ruochen.

This move had not only blocked Zhang Ruochen's escape path but also forced him to come back.

Zhang Ruochen stepped on the mountainside, rapidly climbing and making it to the top in no time. With a giant leap, he landed into the territory of the Ancient Divine Sigils a hundred miles away.

Those divine sigils were incomplete, but the power it possessed was nontrivial.

It was exactly because of these divine sigils that stopped the Immortal Vampire elites outside the Zhenyu Clan.

“You can't get away!”

Boom!

Boom!

...

Six golden shadows descended from heaven and landed in front of Zhang Ruochen, sending six thick clouds of dust into the air.

When the dust finally cleared up, Zhang Ruochen saw six golden giants standing at such an interval and direction that they blocked all his escape routes,

Meanwhile, Prince Wujie and six other golden giants walked toward him from behind.

“You could only go less than a hundred miles with your Dimensional Shift. Am I right? If you flee toward the Zhenyu

Clan's direction with a Dimensional Shift, you will find a golden giant standing in your way in a split second. No way you could perform a second Dimensional Shift in such a short time.

“And while you fight the golden warrior, I and other golden warriors will make our moves and hit you before you know it.

“So, even if you are the Scion of Time and Space, you have nowhere to run today.”

The Gate of Destiny was suspended behind him and the chain wrapped around his body. With a dazzling golden glow on his forehead, Prince Wujie walked toward Zhang Ruochen. Every step he took seemed like the ringing of a death knell.

Zhang Ruochen let out a smile. “Who told you I was running? Going back to the edge of the divine sigil array because I didn't want your friends to disturb us while we were fighting. In fact, the last thing I want is someone coming to your rescue while I am killing you.”

Prince Wujie's pupils contracted and he let out a smile. “Are you calling my bluff or is it psychological warfare? But it is a shame that with the absolute disparity of cultivation between us, psychological warfare won't work. Next, I am going to end this battle.”

Prince Wujie thrust his palm forward and the chain wrapping around him flew out at once.

At the same time, a golden beam shot out of his forehead.

The rock and the soil on the ground melted and turned into a golden river as the light beam traveled past.

Still with a smile on his face, Zhang Ruochen mimed a sword with his right hand, directing the Ancient Abyssal Sword to clash with the chain before striking toward Prince Wujie.

The Azuresky Pagoda flew up and hovered above him, emitting a Supreme Power to protect him.

Bang! Bang!

It did not matter whether it was the chain and the golden beam of Prince Wujie or the attack from the golden warriors, the

Supreme Power neutralized them all.

Their attacks would not defeat the defense of the Azuresky Pagoda anytime soon.

On Whitebone Mountain, those princes and princesses, who had known beforehand that Zhang Ruochen possessed a Supreme Artifact, appeared to be in disbelief.

“Zhang Ruochen is using the Supreme Artifact as a defense. He is such a chicken!”

“It is so stupid of Zhang Ruochen. If I were him, I would have used the Supreme Artifact to attack Prince Wujie because only by using the Supreme Artifact could he hurt him. But using the Supreme Artifact as a means of defense would only last for a while before it is finally defeated. After all, at only Eight-Step Saint Kingdom, he could not possibly drive the Supreme Artifact continuously.”

“The die is cast. Xia Shenzi, your prediction is way off.”

“It is still too early to make any conclusion. Didn’t you see that Zhang Ruochen is using a sword to attack Prince Wujie?” asked Xia Wenxin.

“Are you saying that Prince Wujie could not even hold up to the sword attack from an Eight-Step Saint King? Even if Zhang Ruochen has cultivated a sword soul, he would not hold a candle to an opponent like Prince Wujie.”

Xia Wenxin said no more, his eyes locked on to the sword flying toward Prince Wujie.

The Ancient Abyssal Blade spun, dragging a long tail of sword light behind it. The powerful sword force surrounding the blade, shooting at Prince Wujie’s major vulnerable spots as a black rain of swords.

“Naïve! This level of attack won’t work on me. But this sword seems to be good stuff. I will take it!”

Prince Wujie chortled and raised his right hand, casting out a powerful Saint Path Power to neutralize all the sword force.

This was the move that struck fear into the hearts of countless Precept Domain elites.

“Weapon-snatching Artifice!”

Prince Wujie performed a mysterious Saint Technique to grab the Ancient Abyssal Blade, suppressing it in his hand.

The Ancient Abyssal Blade shook violently but could not get away.

“It is a sacred sword forged with man-made materials. Very well. Who knows, it may transform into a Supreme Artifact in the future?” Prince Wujie was pleasantly surprised.

Seeing the joyous face of Prince Wujie, Zhang Ruochen’s lips curled up in a smirk. “I am surprised how gutsy you are to take the sword of a Scion of Time and Space. Don’t you think you are too reckless?”

“What do you mean?”

Prince Wujie’s instinct told him that something was not right. The next second, he shuddered and felt his strength leave him.

Bang! Bang!

Because of his loss of strength, Prince Wujie could no longer continue to control the twelve golden warriors.

They all exploded and pulverized into golden dust.

The Ancient Abyssal Blade got away from Prince Wujie’s suppression with a clank before flying back into Zhang Ruochen’s hand. With the sword in hand, he performed a Dimensional Shift to appear beside Prince Wujie.

“It was the Power of Time... You used Power of Time to shorten my life... and Power of Time was attached to the sword...”

Prince Wujie was furious. But he knew that he was no match for Zhang Ruochen with his current condition. He stuck a talisman on his body and rapidly retreated.

“Not bad! You have figured out the problem so quickly. You are really experienced in combat. Not half bad at all!”

Before Prince Wujie had time to retreat, Zhang Ruochen swung the sword sideways, cutting him in half with blood splattering everywhere.

However, the Immortal Vampire had strong survivability. This strike of the sword obviously did not kill Prince Wujie at once.

Zhang Ruochen lunged up, wanting to finish off Prince Wujie.

On Whitebone Mountain, a smile appeared on Xia Wenxi's face. "So this is Zhang Ruochen's killer move. At least Prince Wujie has some skill; he has uncovered Zhang Ruochen's trump card."

With the flick of a finger, Xia Wenxin cast out a Godslayer Cross-Shield from the tip of his finger. The shield turned into a hundred-yard-long giant cross, illuminating the space within thousands of miles in radius in blood-red light.

Streaks of divine marks flew on the Godslayer Cross-Shield. From the vague image, one could see a deity nailed on the cross with divine blood turning into a river, flowing between heaven and earth.

Boom!

The Godslayer Cross-Shield hit the ground in front of Zhang Ruochen, sending rocks and dust flying up into the air.

Right at that moment, the dimension froze.

Zhang Ruochen was holding the Ancient Abyssal Blade, which was just an inch away before it penetrated Prince Wujie's forehead. But he was now frozen in motion as if he was fossilized.

"Funny enough; the Scion of Time and Space is frozen in dimension, just like Saint Monk Xumi back then. The time and space manipulator is exiled into the limbo." Nine-Eye Heavenly Lord burst into laughter.

Chapter 1893 - Extreme Peril

Chapter 1893: Extreme Peril

Also being locked together with Zhang Ruochen was Prince Wujie, but for the latter, it was a good thing, at least his life was safe.

Xia Wenxin, the Nine-Eye Heavenly Lord, and the rest appeared, and first dispelled the shackles off Prince Wujie.

Crimson blood flowed again, and Prince Wujie's body that was slashed into two quickly stitched back together. After all, he was an Immortal Vampire, and his vitality was abnormally tenacious.

However, although he managed to preserve his life, he was still badly wounded. His breathing was weak, and he quickly ate a healing pill.

"Prince Wujie, you are too careless. For you to almost die in Zhang Ruochen's hands, if this goes out, you will be laughed at by countless people!" The Nine-Eye Heavenly Lord sniggered.

Hearing this, Prince Wujie's expression turned extremely dour, and it looked so gloomy that it might rain. He was the Prince Wujie, a descendant of an Immortal Vampire Supreme Saint, and for him, who had cultivated his Precept Domain, to lose to an Eight-step Saint King, it was undoubtedly a massive dishonor.

"Let me kill him!"

Flames of fury raged in Prince Wujie's eyes as the chains in his hand moved, wanting to strike at Zhang Ruochen.

Xia Wenxin grabbed his hand and shook his head. "Don't touch him for the moment. He is still of some value to us. Spare his life first, you can deal with him how you see fit later."

“All right, I’ll spare him first, and once his value is exhausted, I will suck his blood dry!” Prince Wujie gritted his and hissed.

Since it was Xia Wenxin who said so, he of course had to give face. Of all in this group, Xia Wenxin was the one they could not afford to offend.

Others wanted to drop a few words for Prince Wujie, but upon Xia Wenxin speaking, no one dared to say anything else.

“The Godslayer Cross Shield is really a good treasure. You have gained much in coming to Kunlun Realm, Lord Xia!” The Long-faced Princess said enviously.

Others too cast envious gaze. If not for the fact that this treasure was in the hands of Xia Wenxin, they would have long fought to take it for themselves.

A weapon that once crucified a god was something that everyone was eager to obtain.

“Lord Xia, you must’ve obtained this treasure when you went to the Eastern Region, right. As far as I know, this treasure was originally in Qi Sheng’s hands.” The Nine-eye Heavenly Lord said with a faint smile.

Xia Wenxin nodded. “Indeed. To get this Godslayer Cross Shield, I’ve lost a Demonstone Engraving, but now it’s back as well.”

“Oh? The Demonstone Engraving is on Zhang Ruochen?” The Nine-eye Heavenly Lord showed a look of surprise in his eyes.

Xia Wenxin said. “The treasures on Zhang Ruochen’s body could be said to be vast, even Supreme Saints cannot compare to him. Let’s put him down first, and take the Dreadblade, this will be very helpful in our assault against the Sword Vault.

As he said that, Xia Wenxin prepared to strike, and wanted to take down Zhang Ruochen as soon as possible, to avoid any incidents.

Unlike Prince Wujie, he himself had always been very careful when he did something, and would not be negligent at all.

DUSH! Just as Xia Wenxin was about to strike, Zhang Ruochen suddenly moved. The Ancient Abyssal Blade stabbed

out extremely fast, and at such close distance, Xia Wenxin did not have the opportunity to avoid, and the sword bit into his chest.

Fortunately, his reaction was fast enough, and instantly moved his body slightly to the side, otherwise, his heart would have been pierced through by the Ancient Abyssal Blade.

“How is that possible?”

Everyone, including Xia Wenxin was shocked.

Zhang Ruochen was held in place by the Godslayer Cross Shield, how could he strike? This was something no one had expected.

Xia Wenxin quickly pulled back as blood gushed out of the chest wound. Yet he did not say anything as he stared dead-on at Zhang Ruochen.

This time, even he had miscalculated. He had thought that Zhang Ruochen was dead meat, and never thought that the latter still had the power to resist.

Whoosh, Zhang Ruochen pulled his sword back and retreated as he pulled a distance away from the Godslayer Cross Shield.

“That was dangerous!”

Zhang Ruochen’s emotions surged, and could not calm down even after a while.

It was actually really dangerous just now. The power of the Godslayer Cross Shield was much more powerful in the hands of Xia Wenxin than Qi Sheng, especially its ability to lock down space, and that caught him a little off guard.

Fortunately, his attainments in the path of dimensions had improved a lot, and the Spatial Domain he propped up barely held up a small space to resist the suppression from the Godslayer Cross Shield, which gave him back his freedom.

He had wanted to kill Xia Wenxin with a surprise attack, but Xia Wenxin was just too cautious, and ultimately the attempt failed, and only cause a minor wound to him.

“So he was the one that sold the Demonic Blood Ax Engraving, and for him to be an Immortal Vampire. It seems that giving the Godslayer Cross Shield to him was a mistake!” Zhang Ruochen said to himself.

Originally, he felt that there was no point in keeping the shield as he was unable to wield it, coupled with the fact that he did not want the Demonic Blood Ax Engraving to fall into the hands of outsiders, so he took it out for exchange. Never did he expect that it would fall into the hands of the Immortal Vampires.

Now he was aware of the true power of the Godslayer Cross Shield and was sure that this was definitely a Supreme Sacred Artifact or a divine relic that needed secret methods to activate.

“As expected of the Scion of Time and Space, you are a tough one. Even I almost perished under your hands. But unfortunately, you cannot break free from the suppression of the Godslayer Cross Shield, and you are destined to stay here today.” Xia Wenxin’s crimson air fluttered, as a glint of ferocity flashed in his eyes.

He was no doubt enraged after taking a stab by accident.

Zhang Ruochen sneered, “Is that so? That depends if you have the capability!”

As he said that, he held the Azuresky Pagoda in one hand, and infused Saint Qi into it. Even in the face of a strong enemy, he was not afraid, and worse come to worst, he needed to just fight.

The Nine-eye Heavenly Lord snorted. “Zhang Ruochen, with things coming to this, you still dare to bluff? I would advise that you suffer, and suffer less. Or else, if I were to act, I’ll make you wish that you never lived.”

“Hahaha! Do you think I’d fall for that? Show me what you got, I will take them all on!” Zhang Ruochen burst out laughing.

On the surface, he was indeed maniacal, but deep down he was thinking about countermeasures.

He was now in a bad place, alone against over ten Immortal Vampire Saint Kings. Moreover, each of them gave him an unfathomable feeling, and he could not defeat them alone, especially after the other side used the Godslayer Cross Shield to lock down space and blocked many of his techniques, escaping alive itself was a big question.

The other side clearly came prepared, and thoroughly knew about his status, and could counter most of his abilities.

For example, Prince Wujie had cultivated the Gate of Fate, then he could restrain his Path of Truth, and greatly restricting the strength he could unleash.

“So brazen even when you are unable to use your dimensional techniques, you are really looking for death!” Killing intent appeared in the Nine-eye Heavenly Lord’s eyes, and with a finger, he pointed at Zhang Ruochen.

A blood-red beam blasted out, carrying with it the power of destruction and decay, seemingly able to annihilate everything.

Zhang Ruochen’s frowned, and swung the Ancient Abyssal Blade, releasing a powerful Sword Force that collided with the finger blast from the Nine-eye Heavenly Lord.

Bam bam bam.

He fell a few steps back and the blood Qi rushed through his body, causing him to nearly puke out a mouthful of blood.

“So strong!”

Zhang Ruochen was shocked.

By contrast, the power of the Nine-eye Heavenly Lord was much, much stronger than Prince Wujie.

He guessed that this person was already close to Heaven’s Reach realm, and a little further was the Path’s Anterior realm. He was not too far away from breaking into the Supreme Sainthood.

In his perception, there were two people who were similar in cultivation to the Nine-eye Heavenly Lord, and Xia Wenxin, the man who had used the Godslayer Cross Shield to lock down the space seemed to be stronger. As for others, all of

them had already reached the realm of Precept Domain, and none of them were weak.

“With my current strength, I can fight with someone of the Precept Dominion at best. To fight against a Heaven’s Reach powerhouse, I need to at least break into the realm of a Nine-step Saint King. I need to retreat back to the Sword Vault, and immediately activate the Sundial to increase my cultivation.” Zhang Ruochen said in his heart as he felt the enormous pressure.

He was not exactly weak, but neither he was at the top in terms of strength. Forget about those of the Heaven’s Reach realm, even those of the Precept Dominion realm was enough to be a great threat to him.

The only way to get out of this situation was to break through and narrow the gap between their cultivation level.

“To be able to take on my finger blast, you sure have a bit of strength, but it’s far from enough to take me down!” The Nine-eye Heavenly Lord roared and released a bloody palm strike.

“Shit.”

Zhang Ruochen’s expression changed dramatically as he sensed a grave threat.

The all-out attack of a Heaven’s Reach elite was extremely powerful, and even ordinary Precept Dominion realm elite may not be able to withstand the attack.

Without any hesitation, he activated the Azure Sky Pagoda’s supreme power.

Boom! The Azure Sky Pagoda was sent flying back, and slammed against his body, sending him flying away as well.

“Now’s the time.”

The moment he flew out, Zhang Ruochen took out a scroll and activated it with the fastest speed possible.

Boom! A terrifying dimensional force was unleashed from the scroll, causing the space around to collapse in a large area, and the Godslayer Cross Shield could no longer suppress the space in the area.

“I got tricked!”

The Nine-eye Heavenly Lord reacted instantly and realized that he had been used. It was not that Zhang Ruochen was unable to block his attack, at least he was not that weak. Instead, Zhang Ruochen purposely used the force of the palm strike to pull a distance away, to use his trump card.

Chapter 1894 - Immortal Ming's Arrival

Chapter 1894: Immortal Ming's Arrival

Breaking free from Godslayer Cross-Shield's suppression, Zhang Ruochen performed a Dimensional Shift at once to retreat to the effective range of the Ancient Divine Sigils.

With the wave of his hand, he tucked away the Ancient Abyssal Blade and Azuresky Pagoda, looking at Xia Wenxin and others in the far distance in the eyes.

“Weren't you arrogant just now, Zhang Ruochen? So why flee? Come and square it off with me!” Nine-Eye Heavenly Lord roared.

Zhang Ruochen had exploited his carelessness, and this had especially pissed him off.

He should have shown no mercy and killed Zhang Ruochen at once earlier.

“Is it me or are you ret*rded? Come and square off inside here if you want!” Zhang Ruochen sneered.

He was not dumb. There were too many of them. If he continued to stay out there, he would be at a disadvantage no matter how many tricks he could pull.

His only regret was that he had not killed Prince Wujie. It was so close.

He took a long hard look at Xia Wenxin before turning around to get into Lord Ming's Sword Vault Palace.

He who could perform Godslayer Cross-Shield to its limit must not be underestimated. He was the nastiest enemy.

He could wound Xia Wenxin earlier because he had caught him unawares. During normal combat, he probably could not last more than a few moves. The gap between their cultivation base was so big that it was difficult to remedy.

Had he not refined the Dimensional Collapse Scroll in advance, he could not have gotten away.

The priority now was to get another breakthrough in his cultivation. Only then could he handle the coming crisis.

Nine-Eye Heavenly Lord performed a move, striking in the direction where Zhang Ruochen had gone. But it was futile; the Ancient Divine Sigils stopped the palm strike.

Never mind that the Ancient Divine Sigils were fragmentary, they still possessed incredible defensive strength. Not even Supreme Saints could defeat it, let alone a Heaven's Reach-Realm Saint King.

“Damn it!”

Nine-Eye Heavenly Lord clenched his fists, anger burning in his eyes.

He almost got Zhang Ruochen, but things suddenly blew up on his face. He had never felt so humiliated.

“That’s all right. He will not go anymore. Once Immortal Ming arrives and defeats the Ancient Divine Sigils, he and the Zhengyu Clan people will be done for!” Xia Wenxin spoke with a nonchalant tone of voice.

The sword cut wound in his chest had healed. There was not even a single stain of blood left, as if he had never been wounded before.

The Ancient Abyssal Blade just punctured his skin. It was almost impossible to wound him seriously with Zhang Ruochen’s current level of strength.

Upon hearing that, Nine-Eye Heavenly Lord quickly calmed down. “When will Immortal Ming arrive?”

“He is already here!” said Xia Wenxin with a vague smile.

“Huh?”

Everyone, including Nine-Eye Heavenly Lord, looked back.

A shadow was standing on a white bone platform, exuding a black hole-like, strong, dark energy that could strike fear into the hearts.

“It is Immortal Ming!” Nine-Eye Heavenly Lord whispered.

Those princes and princesses took a deep breath with a reverent look in their eyes.

Immortal Ming, the nonpareil demon of the Nether Clan, one of the three upper races of the Infernal Court. His cultivation base was unfathomably high. The most important thing was, his spiritual power was formidable. He was a top array master who was just one step away from attaining the Array Master realm.

Immortal Ming had fought with an array master before and defeat the opponent eight times in eight rounds of battle. Last, that array master had to go into overdrive before defeating him. That was how superior his array attainment was.

Led by Xia Wenxin, the Immortal Vampire demons flew toward the white bone platform and appeared beside Immortal Ming.

“You have finally arrived, Immortal Ming! We have been expecting you for a while!” said Xia Wenxin with his magnetic voice.

Right now, Xia Wenxin was the only person who appeared natural. The others, including Nine-Eye Heavenly Lord, looked uneasy, as Immortal Ming was giving them a lot of pressure.

Immortal Ming had his hands behind him, glancing flippantly at Xia Wenxin and others. “You all have been attacking Lord Ming’s Sword Vault Palace for so long, yet have still not succeeded. You all are trash!”

“What do you think the Sword Vault Palace is? There is the protection of a vast amount of divine sigils. No way we could defeat them. Besides, there are some tough-to-beat figures inside the Sword Vault Palace. Even Baihuan Shenzi has lost his life.”

“Baihuan Shenzi’s strength was still not up to snuff, but his illusion and shapeshifting techniques were at the acme of perfection. Who killed him?” asked Immortal King bitterly.

“It was the Scion of Time and Space,” replied Nine-Eye Heavenly Lord.

“Even the bald donkey Xumi was killed. Isn’t dealing with his scion just a piece of cake? You all have embarrassed the entire Immortal Vampires!” Immortal Ming hissed.

Hearing this, Nine-Eye Heavenly Lord’s face darkened. If not for knowing how nasty Immortal Ming’s strength was, he would have screwed him at this moment. No one had ever dared to ridicule him in front of his face.

“Zhang Ruochen isn’t as feeble as you think. His cultivation base might be low, but he has many tricks up his sleeve. There will be the devil to pay if you are not careful, especially when he has a Supreme Artifact in hands.” Xia Wenxin shook his head.

“I didn’t know that even you, Xia Wenxin, have started to find excuses. No matter how many tricks he has, it is useless in front of the absolute strength. How much power a little Eight-Step Saint King could yield from a Supreme-Artifact weapon?” Immortal King sneered, not bothering to let Xia Wenxin save some face.

In his eyes, Xia Wenxin and others, whose cultivation bases were all above the Precept Domain realm, yet they could not even deal with an Eight-Step Saint King. It was such an embarrassing thing for the Infernal Court.

If Xia Wenxin and others were of the Nether Clan, he would have thought them a lesson.

“You are right. There is nothing to be afraid of Zhang Ruochen. As long as we take down the Sword Vault Palace, even a hundred individuals like Zhang Ruochen would be at our mercy.” Xia Wenxin broke into a faint smile.

He likewise did not see Zhang Ruochen as his equal. In actual combat, he could easily kill him.

If he were to meet Zhang Ruochen again, it would not matter how many tricks Zhang Ruochen could pull, he would make sure that Zhang Ruochen would not get away again.

“Since you are here, Immortal Ming, defeat the Ancient Divine Sigils first. More delays mean more trouble!” said a third shenzi of the Immortal Vampires.

He did not give a damn about anything else. All he wanted was to break into Lord Ming’s Sword Vault Palace.

There was only one purpose for so many shenzis, princes, and princesses coming here, that was to break into the Sword Vault Palace and release Lord Ming.

An obscure light appeared in Immortal Ming’s eyes, which became even more unfathomable. He could see clearly the Ancient Divine Sigils outside Lord Ming’s Sword Vault Palace.

“The Big Dipper Portrait is mysterious indeed. I am looking forward to it more and more!” An eager look appeared in Immortal Ming’s eyes.

Unlike these Immortal Vampires, he did not care about whether to release Lord Ming. All he wanted was only one thing: the Big Dipper Portrait of the Shen Clan.

He could increase his array attainment and become a full fledged array master as long as he could get his hands on the Big Dipper Portrait and comprehend the profound secret within.

“Let’s send them a gift before defeating the Ancient Divine Sigils.” Immortal Ming’s eyes looked frosty. A vast amount of black mist gushed out of his body and flew toward Lord Ming’s Sword Vault Palace.

The mysterious Ancient Divine Sigils could block off any attack, but the black mist that effused from Immortal Ming’s body could permeate it and inhibit it. It was extremely creepy.

“Curse!”

Nine-Eye Heavenly Lord focused his eyes, staring at the black mist that was invading Lord Ming’s Sword Vault Palace.

Power of Curse, invisible and mysterious, was an unique ability of the Nether Clan that not even the Ancient Divine Sigils could stop.

It could already be foreseen that it did not take long before many people inside Lord Ming's Sword Vault Palace would lose their strength, if not die, affected by the curse.

Those princes and princesses got chills, their eyes filled with awe as they looked at Immortal Ming.

If they were to get infested by this Power of Curse, they would not end up any better.

The black mist of the curse permeated Lord Ming's Sword Vault Palace and quietly entered the Zhengyu cultivators' bodies.

After coming back inside the Sword Vault Palace, Zhang Ruochen was having a discussion with everyone about something important.

"What kind of power is this? When did it enter my body?" It caught Zhang Ruochen unawares when he sensed something foreign inside him.

He could clearly sense that the power was growing and devouring his vital force. Immediately, he performed an Emyrean Emperor Ming's Scripture but could not get rid of it to his surprise.

"It is Power of Curse," said Ji Fanxin.

Zhang Ruochen's expression abruptly changed. "Power of Curse? The Nether Clan is also here?"

For all he knew, only the Nether Clan of the three upper races of the Infernal Court was capable of using curse. The Nether Clan evolved from the Ghost Clan of the three intermediate races. They cultivated the Path of Darkness, which was the most evil.

The Immortal Vampires were besieging Lord Ming's Sword Vault Palace, and the situation was extremely bad. With the Nether Clan coming into the picture, their plight was getting from bad to worse.

"The curse is nasty. The person who released this curse is extremely powerful!" There was a grimness in Ji Fanxin's eyes.

“Someone has died, Chief!”

A Zhengyu disciple came into the Sword Vault Palace in a hurry.

Following behind him, two other Zhengyu disciples were carrying a body.

There were no external signs of trauma, except for some black marks that looked like spider webs on his forehead.

Not long after, someone rushed into the Sword Vault Palace. “It’s not good, Chief. Many people have dropped dead to the ground!”

“This...”

Shi Qiankun’s expression collapsed. He had lost his patience.

If things kept going like this, all the Zhengyu people would have been dead before the Immortal Vampires came in.

“We have been affected by a curse. It is growing and unstoppable!” mumbled Shi Ren.

He had tried using spiritual power to expel this Power of Curse but failed. The invading curse stuck inside his body like a leech. No matter how hard he tried, he could not get rid of it. Not only that, it was getting strong and on the brink of losing control.

“This curse is too nasty. I can only suppress it but not expel it.” Luo Yi’s face looked grave.

Just at this time, Ji Fanxin reached out a hand with a greenish divine glow on her palm. A streak of dark mist was confined inside and constantly bouncing around.

“Use the power of the Divine Sky-connecting Tree, Zhang Ruochen! Only the Divine Sky-connecting Tree could quickly remove this curse!” said Ji Fanxin with a frown.

Zhang Ruochen instantly came to his senses. If the Divine Sky-connecting Tree could expel the evil energy of death, then it should also drive out a curse.

With no more hesitation, he connected with the Divine Sky-connecting Tree. A vast amount of the divine tree’s qi rushed

out and rapidly filled the entire Sword Vault Palace.

Chapter 1895 - Reactivating the Sundial

Chapter 1895: Reactivating the Sundial

The tree spirit Qi released by the Divine Sky-connecting Tree was called Qi of the Divine Tree. It contained an extremely pure vital energy with extreme restraining power over the energy of death and evil.

In just a moment, the Qi of the Divine Tree had permeated the entire Lord Ming's Sword Vault Palace and entered the bodies of every cultivator.

The curse on those whose cultivation base was higher was quickly expelled, for they already had a certain resistance to the curse.

However, the condition of those with weaker cultivation bases was not looking good. The curse had infiltrated into their souls and was almost impartible.

Luckily for them, Zhang Ruochen had connected with the Divine Sky-connecting Tree just in time. He could not immediately cast out the curse from their bodies, but he had at least kept the curse under control, pulling those who were on the brink of death back to life.

“This is a creepy curse. Even the Divine Sky-connecting Tree is having a hard time containing it. There are still many Zhengyu cultivators who haven't gotten the curse expelled. Fairy, we need your help now.” Zhang Ruochen looked at Ji Fanxin with a serious expression.

There was only a handful of them who could remove the curse with their own strength. Zhang Ruochen, Ji Fanxin, and Bao Lie were the ones.

With his powerful cultivation base, Bao Lie forced the Power of Curse out of his body. Yet he could not be of help at this moment.

But Ji Fanxi was different. Zhang Ruochen could see that she had the ability to deal with this curse.

“First, gather those who can’t remove the curse in one place.” Ji Fanxin nodded.

“Got it. Just a moment,” Zhang Ruochen quickly answered.

He immediately connected with the Divine Sky-connecting Tree again, then using the Qi of the Divine Tree, he gathered those who were still infested with the curse into one place.

The situation was urgent, and any delay was a second too long. Otherwise, even with the Qi of the Divine Tree’s suppression, there was no guarantee that someone would not die from the curse.

The Divine Sky-connecting Tree could not help it—it had not matured yet. Had it been, it would have driven out the curse in the blink of an eye.

On the Whitebone Mountain outside Lord Ming’s Sword Vault Palace, the shenzis, princes, and princesses of the Immortal Vampires had gathered. Immortal Ming was also there, standing on the white bone platform, focusing his attention on the Ancient Divine Sigils.

Despite the Ancient Divine Sigils of Lord Ming’s Sword Vault Palace having suffered serious damage, it was still mysterious and hard to crack.

“There must be chaos inside Lord Ming’s Sword Vault Palace right now. I wonder how many of them will still be alive when we finally go inside.” Prince Yun guffawed.

“I am afraid that everything will die by then. The curse of Immortal Ming was not something the immortals could withstand.” The long-faced princess smirked.

“A strange force inside Lord Ming’s Sword Vault Palace could weaken my curse. Besides, I have just released a small amount of Power of Curse, which is not too strong. But even then, it should be potent enough to kill half of the living things in Lord Ming’s Sword Vault Palace, and the rest will suffer from the curse, their strengths weakening,” said Immortal Ming.

Immortal Ming was apparently confident of his Power of Curse. With his Path's Anterior-level cultivation base, few below the Supreme Saint rank could withstand his curse.

Lord Ming's Sword Vault Palace was mysterious, but the Zhengyu Clan was inconsequential. There might not be even one Precept-Domain fighter in the Zhengyu Clan, let alone Heaven's Reach-realm and Path's Anterior fighters. What made them think they could resist him?

It was because of this that Immortal Ming had never considered the Zhengyu Clan his worthy opponent. As soon as he defeated the Ancient Divine Sigils, they would be like a lamb to the slaughter.

Seeing Immortal Ming's confidence, a strange look flashed in Xie Wenxin's eyes, as if he had thought of something but kept it to himself.

The priority now was to defeat the Ancient Divine Sigils. Only then they could enter Lord Ming's Sword Vault Palace. The rest of the things were not important.

As long as Immortal Ming could help them achieve this goal, he could do whatever he wanted.

Inside Lord Ming's Sword Vault Palace, with Zhang Ruochen and Ji Fanxin joining hands, and after much difficulty, they finally drove out the curse from everyone's body.

The Qi of the Divine Tree had contained the black air of the curse that had infiltrated into Lord Ming's Sword Vault Palace to prevent it from causing any harm again.

At first, Zhang Ruochen was thinking of refining this black air of the curse, but the Divine Sky-connecting Tree stopped him. A study should be conducted on the curse to find an antidote so that if the same thing happened again, they would not go into a panic.

“Many powerful figures of the Immortal Vampires are outside now. The Ancient Divine Sigils that protected Lord Ming's Sword Vault Palace will not hold up for long. The situation is getting critical now. I need to conduct closed-door cultivation and attain Nine-Step Saint Kinghood. Hope I will make it on

time.” After diffusing the curse crisis, Zhang Ruochen decided to do a closed-door cultivation session immediately.

With no more delay, he brought the things he had prepared in advance and entered the cold volcano where he would have an intensive cultivation session to prepare for the imminent battle.

With the Godstones he had collected, he activated the Sundial. That was good for ten years of cultivation and for him to make the Nine-Step Saint Kinghood breakthrough.

Entering the cold volcano with him were Xiang Chunan, Murong Yue, Ji Fanxin, Awesome the Little Taoist, Bao Xinghun, Shi Ren, several disciples of aptitude from the Zhengyu Clan, and Demi Saint, as well as Saint beings, from the Qiankun Realm. Ten years should be long enough for them to push their cultivation base to a higher level.

Bao Lie was not among them. His cultivation base and strength had reached a ceiling. It was not going to make a difference to his strength with closed-door cultivation.

Besides, the situation in Lord Ming’s Sword Vault Palace was so bad that he needed to hold down the fort, in case there was an unexpected event.

Zhang Ruochen did not trust Luo Yi, whom he had always been suspicious of. This guy getting close to them was definitely up to something.

He had been keeping an eye on Luo Yi since the beginning. Of course, he would not invite Luo Yi at this time.

Before entering cultivation, he had requested Bao Lie’s help in monitoring Luo Yi, just in case.

With Bao Lie’s strength, Luo Yi could not have caused much trouble, no matter how Luo Yi tried.

Of course, Bao Lie had another mission: to guard the cold volcano where they were having closed-door cultivation so no one could intrude into the place.

As the Sundial was activated, the Power of Time covered an area of a 200-yard radius. Within this area, they would practice

cultivation. A year inside here would only equate to a day in the outside world.

Luckily that the Sundial had a larger effective range. Otherwise, with so many people practicing cultivation at the same time, some of them might fall outside its effective range.

Zhang Ruochen was sitting cross-legged under the Sundial. He took out the Ancient Abyssal Blade. There was one more purpose of this closed-door cultivation: to help the sword spirit of the Ancient Abyssal Blade to forge a body, for which he had prepared the materials.

He had prepared the best grade of materials for this purpose, for which he had put in a lot of effort.

With the unique environment of Lord Ming's Sword Vault Palace, the resulting body would surely be perfect and powerful.

As soon as the Ancient Abyssal Blade's spirit formed a body, its power would rise tremendously, and correspondingly, his strength would also balloon.

At this stage, he was doing all he could to boost his strength. Only then he could protect Lord Ming's Sword Vault Palace.

Something suddenly came to Zhang Ruochen's mind. Oh, perhaps I can request help from someone at the Sword Sanctum to embed the Violet Godstone into the hilt of the Ancient Abyssal Blade.

He immediately called Lu Huaiyu over. At present, Lu Huaiyu's sword-smithing skill was the best in the business at the Sword Sanctum.

Lu Huaiyu took the Violet Godstone in his hand and carefully studied it.

As a sword-smithing grandmaster, he could not have been more familiar with the various materials in heaven and earth.

"I can't guarantee if it will work. But I can try. It is a shame that the sacred altar has been removed, and Grandpa is no more here. Otherwise, this job would have been a piece of cake."

Back then, using the power of the sacred altar, Lu Yuanzhi could even restore a broken Ancient Abyssal Blade. Embedding a Godstone on it should not have been a challenge.

Only a sword-smithing grandmaster like Lu Huaiyu had the ability to even try.

After handing the Ancient Abyssal Blade and Violet Godstone to Lu Huaiyu, Zhang Ruochen sat back down with his legs crossed.

Just like before, his six Saint Souls appeared, and each cultivated a different method of the path.

The advantages of having six Saint Souls were apparent this time.

Equipped with twelve ten thousandths of the Canon of Truth, his speed in comprehending the precept was far superior to other cultivators.

Because of having the Canon of Truth, he could still grasp the Path of Truth and cultivated more Precepts of Truth, even though he was not in the Celestial Domain of Truth.

If he wanted to break into the Nine-Step Saint Kingdom, he would need at least six to seven million precepts in his body. This was an immense challenge. One would need a long time to accumulate such an amount of precepts unless the person was incredibly lucky.

This especially increased the level of difficulty as he was cultivating two types of ancient paths.

Even with the help of the Imperial Artifact of Precept, Canon of Truth, servant of Saint Monk Xumi, and ancient sacred herbs, Zhang Ruochen was not confident of attaining Nine-Step Saint Kingdom in ten years.

But he had no choice but to make it happen. Otherwise, he could not fight the coming battle.

The immense pressure was just the catalyst to bring out all his potential.

Lucky for him; he had come prepared and had all the cultivation resources he needed ready. All he hoped was for

the Immortal Vampires to give him ten days.

Just like Zhang Ruochen, the others were using every minute to the fullest in practicing cultivation. Strength was the only guarantee for their lives.

Even people like Ji Fanxin were wasting no time. After all, she had not attained the pre-Supreme Saint rank where she could claim dominance.

While Zhang Ruochen and others were in the closed-door cultivation inside Lord Ming's Sword Vault Palace, Immortal Ming and the Immortal Vampire cultivators were working overtime to crack the Ancient Divine Sigils, which were gradually disintegrating but no one knew when it would crumble completely.

Apparently, Zhang Ruochen and others were quickly running out of time.

Chapter 1896 - Two Bald Donkeys

Chapter 1896: Two Bald Donkeys

In fact, the biggest challenge that Zhang Ruochen faced right now was not to comprehend the Precepts but to knit the Lesser Precept World.

Before this cultivation session, he already had nearly 7 million Precepts in his body, almost fulfilling the requirement of Nine-Step Saint Kinghood.

With his present rate of Precept comprehension, he could at least conceive 100,000 Precepts a year. He expected that the number of Precepts in his body would surpass the 7-million mark in a few years.

But having Precepts only was not enough. Knitting these Precepts into Lesser Precept World was crucial. It was the foundation that had a significant influence on cultivating Precept Domain and even forging immortal saint bodies.

For this reason, he was very careful at such an important stage. He would rather not ascend to Nine-Step Saint Kinghood if he could not knit a perfect Lesser Precept World.

While everyone was feeling tense and busily preparing for battles, a red shadow was meander inside the Sword Vault Palace.

This person was none other than Luo Yi.

Since Zhang Ruochen and others had entered the closed-door cultivation, Luo Yi started to roam around Lord Ming's Sword Vault Palace. Because of Zhang Ruochen, none of the Zhengyu cultivators stopped him.

Coupled with this emergency time, no one would bother about him.

Luo Yi evaded the Zhengyu Clan's guards and came to an ancient site.

The Sword Vault Palace was akin to a world on its own. It had a vast interior space. Some places, which even the Zhengyu Clan had no good knowledge of, were filled with dangers.

"I knew it. Luo Yi is indeed very suspicious!" A cold light flashed in Bao Lie's eyes.

Ever since Zhang Ruochen mentioned things about Luo Yi, he had been keeping an eye on Luo Yi. Now he had finally found out something.

Instead of preparing for battle, Luo Yi roamed around inside the Sword Vault Palace and even entered some mysterious areas. Something was definitely wrong with Luo Yi, no matter how he looked at it.

"I would like to know what you are up to." Bao Lie did not want to alert him but observe him in the dark.

He figured that he did not want to do anything about him first before he could have something on him.

But as soon as he found out that Luo Yi could threaten Zhang Ruochen's safety, he would not hesitate to kill him.

Walking on the black sword mountain, Luo Yi could not help but fall into thought. "Countless swords and sword cultivators have been buried inside the Sword Vault Palace, and what is in here is only the Precepts of Sword. This is weird. Could the legend be true?"

It was hard to find a place as weird and mysterious as the Sword Vault Palace in all the macroworlds in the universe, let alone in the Kunlun Realm.

The Sword Vault Palace had been the most mysterious place in the Kunlun Realm all along, and in existence since time immemorial. Probably not even a god could fathom the secrets hidden within it.

"Legend has it that the Sword Vault Palace is the tomb of a taboo figure. If this is true, I might find something if I am lucky," Luo Yi whispered to himself while walking.

After a few days of investigation on the Sword Vault Palace, he got the feeling that the legend was true. Otherwise, how could it explain a strange place like this?

“Right now, security is the laxest inside the Sword Vault Palace. I have got to seize this opportunity and hope I can find something. If not, it would be too late when those Immortal Vampire idiots get in.” Luo Yi’s eyes were gleaming with powerful spiritual power.

Once inside the mysterious area of the Sword Vault Palace with no one else around, he had nothing to worry about.

That is a powerful spiritual power. There is more to this man than meets the eye!

Bao Lie was quietly shocked.

He had practiced cultivation in the Nether Dungeon for eight hundred years. Although not majoring in spiritual power, at 59-order, he was not a weakling in this field. Otherwise, he would not have fought off the Shi Mingyuan-embodied monster at Level 15.

But now he suddenly found that Luo Yi’s spiritual power was more powerful than his. Judging by this alone, he could not be more careful in dealing with him.

He had no choice but to conceal his spiritual power and Precept Domain, lest Luo Yi detected him.

After spending a few years inside the cold volcano, Lu Huaiyu and a few alchemy grandmasters of the Sword Sanctum finally embedded the Violet Godstone on the hilt of the Ancient Abyssal Blade. The two were a perfect match.

Zhang Ruochen was very pleased.

I already have over seven million Precepts in my body, and could ascend to Nine-Step Saint Kingdom. But how should I form the Lesser Precept World? Zhang Ruochen was deep in thought as he looked with his mind’s eye at the Precepts flowing in the Heavenly Stream.

It was easy to knit an ordinary Lesser Precept World. But that kind of strength would be weak. It could impact his

subsequent cultivation. So this was not acceptable.

He needed to incorporate his personal situation to knit a special Lesser Precept World. As for how to do it, he needed to think it over and not rush it.

On the Black Wilderness, several thousand miles away from Lord Ming's Sword Vault Palace, two shadows, one tall and one short, zoomed past at warp speed.

They were none other than Sikong the Elder and Sikong the Younger, who had received a message from Zhang Ruochen and were now hurrying over from Brahma Path, Western Region.

“Wait a second!”

Sikong the Elder suddenly stopped in tracks.

Sikong the Younger followed suit and was puzzled. “What's wrong? We have got to hurry to Lord Ming's Sword Vault Palace. Master Zhang is waiting for us.”

Sikong the Elder rolled his eyes at him. “I know that. But didn't you read Master Zhang's message? The Immortal Vampires are surrounding Lord Ming's Sword Vault Palace now. If we go there just like this, those Immortal Vampires would have torn us to pieces before we could see Master Zhang.”

“Then what should we do?” Sikong the Younger scratched his head anxiously.

Sikong the Elder put his hand to his chin and thought about it seriously.

“I don't know,” he said after a long while.

Sikong the Younger, whose face had darkened, became even darker.

Yet Sikong the Elder chuckled. “It is still not too late to think of a way after we see the situation at Lord Ming's Sword Vault Palace.”

Having no better idea, Sikong the Younger could only listen to what Sikong the Elder said.

The army of the immortal Vampires had sealed off an area with a several-hundred-mile radius around Lord Ming's Sword Vault Place. Unless the Immortal Vampires let them pass, not a fly could enter Lord Ming's Sword Vault Palace.

When Zhang Ruochen and others were coming to Lord Ming's Sword Vault Palace earlier, Nine-Eye Heavenly Lord and gangs would have stopped them if not for Baihuan Shenzi and Ji Fanxi.

"Terrifying. That army of the Immortal Vampires gathered outside Lord Ming's Sword Vault Palace is terrifying. We will be dead if caught." Sikong the Elder got chills.

"We have got to deliver the Dreadblade to Master Zhang, no matter what, even if we have to fight to the death," said Sikong the Younger.

Sikong the Elder knocked his mate on his bald head. "Fight to the death? I am not ready to die yet. Besides, do you really think we could make it through by fighting to the death? You idiot!"

"Then what should we do?" asked Sikong the Younger with a darkened face.

Sikong the Elder rolled his eyes. "What else could we do except for sneaking past them? The Immortal Vampires could not have sealed off an entire place as vast as Lord Ming's Sword Vault Palace. There must be some loopholes. Besides, we have got the scent-concealing treasure from our master. It will not be so easy to detect us."

He paused for a second, then continued. "If possible, we had better kill a few Immortal Vampire elites, then Master Zhang will surely be pleased. Let me think of a way to catch them by surprise!"

Just when Sikong the Elder was rummaging in his mind, Sikong the Younger pulled him by his monk's robe.

"What is it? Don't you see I am thinking?" Sikong the Elder was not too happy.

Sikong the Younger pulled on his robe again. "We have been surrounded, brother."

“Eh?” Sikong the Elder’s expression changed, and he almost jumped out of his skin.

He looked around and saw a circle of Immortal Vampires appearing. They had been surrounded indeed.

One minute he said the treasure of his master could make them less detectable and the next the Immortal Vampire had surrounded them. The slap in the face could not have come quicker.

Not that the treasure given by Master Indra did not work. It was because of their sheer bad luck, intruding into a stronghold of the Immortal Vampires. They had literally walked into the enemy’s trap.

“From where you two bald donkeys come? Why is that you two want to travel to Lord Ming’s Sword Vault Palace?” An Immortal Vampire commander shouted.

“Let us kill our way out, brother.” Sikong the Younger looked determined, his strength surging in his body as he was ready to strike.

Sikong the Elder put his hand to Sikong the Younger’s shoulder. “Hold your horses. Let me talk to them. Who knows, they will let us through?” he whispered.

Sikong the Younger had no word for it. Just when he wanted to say something, Sikong the Elder had stepped out with a broad smile on his fair and chubby face.

“We are mendicants from a small temple in the wilderness. We are here for alms. Mist'ers, you all look like good persons. It will certainly do a great deal of good if you could grant us your kindness.

“Do I look like an idiot to you, Bald Donkey? Seize them!” ordered the Immortal Vampire commander.

The commander did not order for a kill as he thought that anyone coming outside Lord Ming’s Sword Vault Palace must be up to something. He figured he needed to apprehend and interrogate them first.

Seeing a group of Immortal Vampires lunging at them, Sikong the Elder's expression changed. "It seems that talking nicely to you all doesn't work. Do I look like an easy target to you all? Brother, let's teach them a lesson."

Before his voice trailed off, Sikong the Younger had struck, performing a Great Dragon Claw, the master skill of Path of Thousand Buddhas, sending the group of army flying backward.

Following immediately, he lunged at the commander, and before the commander could react, he crushed his skull with his dragon claw.

With just Five-Step Saint Kinghood, the commander could not stand a chance.

"You have taken another life again, Brother. May the Buddha have mercy on you. Amitabha." Sikong the Elder glared at Sikong the Younger and shook his head.

Sikong the Younger could not give a damn. "Master has said it: to kill is to save a life. Besides, who else if not me?"

"Then what are you still waiting for? Kill them all!" hurried Sikong the Elder.

Sikong the Younger said not a word again. He made his move with such a swift and clean movement that none of the Immortal Vampire soldiers could escape from death.

"Amitabha."

He did an obligatory chant after he had finished them off.

Sikong the Elder reached to grab him. "Leave this for another time! Run now!"

While speaking, he had grabbed Sikong the Younger and ran as if their tails were on fire.

Chapter 1897 - One of the Ten Greatest Divine Artifacts

Chapter 1897: One of the Ten Greatest Divine Artifacts

“Go back!”

Just not far down the road, Sikong the Elder suddenly brought Sikong the Younger back to where they came from.

“Why going back?” Sikong the Younger was puzzled.

“Idiot, we haven’t taken the loot.” Sikong the Elder’s eyes lit up.

Sikong the Younger had no words when he heard that, his dark face becoming even darker.

Coming back to the place where they had fought with the Immortal Vampires, Sikong the Elder immediately got busy. He took weapons and sainthood sources into the Ring of Dimensions.

“All these are good stuff. I almost forgot about them!” Sikong the Elder grinned from ear to ear as he kept the treasure.

His biggest hobby was to collect all kinds of treasure. Even if they were useless to him, he enjoyed looking at them.

He had always been like this before he left the Sikong Zen Temple. After so many years, he had not changed a bit.

“Big Brother, we are being surrounded again.” Sikong the Younger stood transfixed.

Sikong the Elder looked stunned as he looked up. “What? Didn’t we just wipe out a bunch of them? Another bunch has come?”

“Bald Donkey, how dare you kill our Immortal Vampire warriors! Your crime is unforgivable!” shouted an Immortal Vampire commander riding a hideous vampire beast.

An Eight-Step Saint King, his cultivation base was extremely high. Even the vampire beast that he rode was of Saint King-class, and among his soldiers were many Saint Kings.

Apparently, this Immortal Vampire commander's position was much higher than the one whom the two Sikongs killed earlier, and he had more elite fighters under his command.

An overpowering killer air gushed out of his body, forming thick blood clouds that blocked off the sunlight, turning the place into a doomsday scene.

Sikong the Elder clapped his palms together with a smile on his face. "You are mistaken, Mister. I am a monk. How could I kill your men? In fact, we have just found them dead and planned to bury their bodies and chant to release their souls from purgatory. Since Mister has arrived, we will excuse ourselves."

After saying that, he wanted to leave with Sikong the Younger.

The Saint King of the Immortal Vampire pointed at Sikong the Elder with his spear. "Bald Donkey, do I look like an idiot to you? Stop pretending in front of me. He who kills the warriors of the Immortal Vampires shall be killed," he shouted.

Sikong the Elder shook his head and sighed. "Your murderous vibe is too strong, Mister. Why don't you believe what I say? You have got to understand—"

Zzzzzzzzzz-Pang!

Just as Sikong the Elder rattled on, a bolt of blood-red lightning struck down.

"Whoa!" Sikong the Elder screamed and dodged to one side at warp speed.

But that blood-red lightning followed him as if it was some kind of living thing. No matter how hard Sikong the Elder dodged, he could not shake it off from him.

In a moment of panic, the blood-red lightning struck Sikong the Elder on his bald head.

As powerful as the blood-red lightning, it caused little harm to Sikong the Elder. Not even a scratch.

“Ouch! You all really got serious?” Sikong the Elder rubbed his head in pain.

“What?” The Immortal Vampire Saint King was surprised, staring at Sikong the Elder.

He had only casually performed the strike just now. But with his level of strength as an Eight-Step Saint King, it was powerful enough to kill many Saint King-class elites. Yet Sikong the Elder had walked away unscathed. That showed there was more to this monk than met the eyes.

The appearance of such a powerful monk near Lord Ming’s Sword Vault Palace was definitely unusual. They must be up to something.

“Hey, Bald Donkeys, who the hell are you, really? What is your purpose coming here?” shouted the Immortal-Vampire Saint King, pointing at Sikong the Elder with his spear.

Sikong the Elder was still rubbing his head and jumping all over the Saint King. “Do you really think I am your easy target? Younger Brother, teach them a lesson!”

Sikong the Younger shook his head. “Do it yourself, man. It was you who got us into this,” he said coldly.

“I am your senior. Do as I say! Go now!” Sikong the Elder glared at him.

But Sikong the Younger was not moving. “Master has instructed us to listen to Master Zhang while we are out there. He never says I have to listen to you. It is you who get us into trouble, and it should be you who fix this. Why me?”

“You have grown some feathers now, eh? How dare you talk back to me!” Sikong the Elder got pissed.

“Hey, Bald Donkeys, are you two done yet? Since you are not giving me an honest answer, I will show you two no mercy.” The Immortal-Vampire Saint King’s face darkened as he exuded a horrible, murderous air.

The way he looked at it, Sikong the Elder was just messing around with him, not taking him seriously, which was something he could not tolerate.

“Kill!”

The Saint King of the Immortal Vampires attacked forcefully with a loud shout.

As he moved, the blood cloud in the sky surged, as if thousands of soldiers stormed in.

Sikong the Elder stomped his foot. “Do you think I am afraid of you? I will kill the evils today!” he shouted.

As he clenched his hands into fists, a burst of powerful Buddha formed into a white tiger that was over ten yards long.

Roar! Sikong the Elder lunged out like a real tiger with a ferocious look at the sound of an ear-shattering roar.

“You—”

The Saint King of the Immortal Vampire looked in disbelief, his eyes wide open.

Sikong the Elder was quick. Before that Immortal Vampire could react, Sikong the Elder had ripped him in half, splattering blood into the air.

“Run!”

The other Immortal Vampire soldiers were thinking of fleeing at seeing what happened.

“I have said it, I am going to kill evil today. Don’t even think of fleeing.” As Sikong the Elder roared, his fat belly shook.

As tiger claws struck down, the body of those Immortal Vampire soldiers flying into the air exploded, body parts plunging to the ground.

Sikong the Elder retrieved his Buddha power after killing all the Immortal Vampire soldiers. “How dare you all provoke me, causing me to fall into sin by killing? Amitabha.”

His expression looked as if he had gotten the short end of the stick.

The next second, his eyes brightened up again as he started to collect his loot. There was no reason to waste it all since he was the one who killed them.

“Senior Brother, time’s a-wasting’! Master Zhang is still waiting for us to deliver the Toten Sword. Master would blame us if we screw up,” said Sikong the Younger.

Sikong the Elder was annoyed as he put the last sainthood source into the Ring of Dimensions. “I know. Don’t you see I am done now? Let’s go.”

The two monks were immediately back on their way to Lord Ming’s Sword Vault Palace.

After wiping out two teams of Immortal Vampires consecutively, they must have created a lot of noises and alarmed the other Immortal Vampires. There was no point hiding. The best way forward was to storm into the Sword Vault Palace before the Immortal Vampires knew it.

Using the treasure item given by Indra, the two monks concealed their scents as best as they could and moved forward at speed.

They finally came outside the Sword Vault Palace. But an army of Immortal Vampires had successfully stopped them.

As the two monks approached the Sword Vault Palace, they were detected by Immortal Ming’s powerful spiritual power. It was impossible for them to sneak in.

“There is more to these two bald donkeys than meets the eye. Ordinary people won’t be able to stop them,” said Immortal King faintly.

“I will finish them off,” said Prince Wujie quickly.

After saying so, he left Whitebone Mountain and landed in front of the two monks.

Apparently, he was desperate to prove himself as he felt humiliated after Zhang Ruo Chen beat him. He had to redeem his pride through another battle.

“I hate bald donkeys the most. So—you two go to hell!” A murderous look appeared in Prince Wujie’s eyes as the chain rapidly shot out from his hand.

While he was at it, thick blood mist gushed out of his body, spread into the surroundings, and engulfed the two monks.

The strange blood mist was extremely sticky like it was freezing the dimension, severely inhibiting movement.

Bang! Sikong the Younger performed a palm, striking the chain away from him.

As the chain was truck off course, it brought up mountain upon mountain, causing the sky to darken. Amid a series of howls, terrifying energy struck down at the two monks from above.

“Break!”

Sikong the Younger stood astride and shouted.

He performed a punch with both hands. A black dragon lunged out, shattering the mountain peaks that were crashing down on him.

“Eh? Parrying my chain barehanded? You have an immortal body?” A strange look appeared in Prince Wujie’s eyes as Sikong the Younger’s move surprised him.

Bear in mind that his chain was an Eighth Radiance Thousand-Inscription sacred artifact, the power of which was so scarily high that even Precept Domain cultivators could stop it.

“Who are these bald donkeys?” The long-faced princess asked in surprise.

“What the black-faced monk performed is Path of Thousand Buddhas’ most famous move, Great Dragon Claw, the power of which rivals that of Zhang Ruochen’s Dragon-Elephant Prajna Palm Strike. Interesting,” said Xia Wenxin saintly as he put down the bamboo slips.

“If you can’t beat them, Prince Wujie, I can help you,” Nine-Eye Heavenly Lord stood on the white bone-platform and said it out aloud.

“They are just two wild monks. There is no need for your intervention, Heavenly Lord,” said Prince Wujie.

The result of the battle with Zhang Ruochen had terribly humiliated him. Now, if he could not even deal with two monks and needed Nine-Eye Heavenly Lord’s help, how could he face other princes and princesses?

Prince Wujie swung the chain in his hand again, creating a bone-chilling cold air, causing a temperature drop within a several-hundred-mile radius and snowflakes to fall from the sky.

At the same time, a vast number of Precepts rushed out of Prince Wujie's body to become one with the chain.

The next moment, the chain spun with shockingly high revolutions. It swept up the spiritual Qi between heaven and earth to form a nine-layer vortex, the piercing air current inside which was so strong that it was as if it could tear the world apart.

“Watch out!”

Sikong the Elder warned as he made his move.

As soon as the two of them joined hands, a black dragon and a white tiger appeared.

The black dragon and the white tiger curled into light balls at once.

Two light balls, one black and one white, hovered in the air. With them at the center, the vague image of a giant chess board appeared.

The chessboard was apparently just a phantom, yet it looked so imposing that it was as if the emergence of another heaven and earth. Countless black and white pieces were seen on the chessboard. Two pieces appeared the most striking; they were Sikong the Elder and Sikong the Younger, both occupying the most strategic spot of the chessboard.

The Immortal-Vampire army stared in awe, feeling the suffocating mightiness.

Yes, the mightiness.

Xia Wenxin, who was always cool, calm, and collected, finally let out a delighted smile. “I can't believe that they have weaved the image of the Chessboard of Heaven and Earth. Perhaps, they could be the lead in finding one of the Kunlun Realm's ten greatest sacred artifacts, the Chessboard of Heaven and Earth.”

The Chessboard of Heaven and Earth laid out by Grand Chamberlain Wang Shiqi of the Central Imperial City was just a replica.

The real Chessboard of Heaven and Earth could be formed with the stars and with all the living things and the Precepts of Heaven and Earth as the pieces. Its incredible mystery was not something non-deity could fathom.

Chapter 1898 - Breakthrough

Chapter 1898: Breakthrough

The image of the Chessboard of Heaven and Earth was materializing as its mighty energy spread, forming wavelike ripples that affected even the farthest part of the land.

Being the closest person to the image, Prince Wujie felt the full brunt of the mighty energy, which suffocated him and broke up the blood mist that he released.

One white and one black beam of light shot out at once from the two strategic spots on the chessboard, effortlessly ripping apart the nine-layer chain vortex around Prince Wujie before hitting Prince Wujie directly.

Even with the weakened energy and the protection of the Hundred-Saint Blood Armor, the light beams still penetrated Prince Wujie's body.

Prince Wujie was severely wounded, bleeding profusely, his vitality weakening.

Things happened so quickly that the others could not come to his rescue in time.

The image of the chessboard disappeared at once, its mightiness no longer existing, as if it had never been there before.

Sikong the Elder and Sikong the Younger regained their visions as they came out of the mysterious state.

They looked exhausted as if that blow had taken too much energy out of them.

Like Murong Yue, they had been brought into a divine land of the Awakened. They were the Chosen Ones. Because of this, they had access to all the opportunities and their cultivation base rapidly improved.

Something mysterious had been triggered inside them. It was something that even they had no idea of.

If not for this, they could not have become the best of the best of the Saint Kings in such a short time, and attaining Saint Kinghood was the best they could have hoped for, even with the meticulous guidance of Master Indra.

“Since they are related to the Chessboard of Heaven and Earth, they must not be allowed to escape. Capture them.” Coming to his senses, Nine-Eye Heavenly Lord immediately made his move.

His strength was much higher than Prince Wujie’s. Even if the two monks were to perform the same overpowering move again, he would not be afraid. Let alone they were not at their best at this moment.

There was a world of difference between those who had just attained Precept Domain and those at the pinnacle of Heaven’s Reach, more so because he was a shenzi.

His body flowed with divine blood, and his strength rivaled that of Path’s Anterior elites. So even if there were more tricks up the two monks’ sleeves, there was no way they could slip through his fingers.

“Run, Junior Brother!”

Seeing Nine-Eye Heavenly Lord reaching out his sky-cloaking giant hand, Sikong the Elder grabbed his junior brother and ran toward the Sword Vault Palace.

He had noticed the divine sigils not far away since the start of the battle. The Sword Vault Palace must be there. The Immortal Vampires could do nothing about them once they entered the coverage area of the divine sigils.

“Don’t think about getting away!”

Nine-Eye Heavenly Lord was seemingly confident of catching the two monks.

Just when the two monks were about to fall into Nine-Eye Heavenly Lord’s hands, a leopard claw that was several-hundred-yards long reached out from the Sword Vault Palace.

It had a brilliant glow, interwoven with countless precepts and possessing an incredible level of energy, much like a meteorite storming into the atmosphere.

Boom!

The leopard claw clashed with Nine-Eye Heavenly Lord's giant hand, stopping it in its tracks.

The next moment, the giant hand exploded, reduced to clouds of blood mist, and shattered the rocks in the surroundings.

Nine-Eye Heavenly Lord grunted, and the Whitebone Mountain under his feet shook violently.

“A Path's Anterior elite!”

Nine-Eye Heavenly Lord focused his eyes on the tall figure coming out of the divine sigils.

Not only him but others also goggled at the figure. Most of them were in shock.

There was a strange look in Xia Wenxin's eyes, as he was also a bit surprised. “I didn't know there was such a Path's Anterior elite inside the Sword Vault Palace. Interesting. Really interesting!”

He discovered that during this siege of Sword Vault Palace, many things were out of his expectation, such as Zhang Ruochen's level of strength, the two monks' eccentricity, and the figure in front of his eyes now. All these had aroused his interest.

The person who stopped Nine-Eye Heavenly Lord was Boa Lie. At first, he was monitoring Luo Yi inside the Sword Vault Palace. When he heard the noise outside, he hurried over and just in time to save the two monks.

At this time, the monks were out of danger and inside the coverage area of the divine sigils.

Bao Lie swept his eyes over the shadows on the Whitebone Mountain. He did not strike again. Instead, he spun around and brought the two Sikongs to retreat into the Sword Vault Palace.

“Damn it!”

Nine-Eye Heavenly Lord growled with a bitter look in his eyes.

Someone saving the two monks right under his nose was a slap in his face.

“Don’t get so worked up. Immortal Ming would crack the divine sigils soon. By the time we storm into the Sword Vault Palace, no one can get away,” said Xia Wenxin with a smile.

Nine-Eye Heavenly Lord could not help but look at Immortal Ming with an anticipation look in his eyes.

After losing two battles consecutively, he could not wait to vent his anger by storming into the Sword Vault Palace.

Inside the Sword Vault Palace. “Bao Lie’s expression changed. “That Luo Yi has disappeared. It seems like he must have discovered that I am monitoring him,” said Bao Lie, his expression changing abruptly.

It was when he went out to rescue the two monks that Luo Ye went missing, probably into some mysterious place.

He needed to stand guard at the cold volcano where Zhang Ruochen and others were in closed-door cultivation. So it was not possible for him to leave his post and search for Luo Yi.

However, he figured that since the Sword Vault Palace was so mysterious, Luo Yi could not have caused much trouble.

Luckily, Luo Yi did not take the opportunity to intrude into the cold volcano. Otherwise, there would be serious trouble.

“It scared the hell out of me. Thank you for saving us, Mister. Amitabha.” Sikong the Elder patted his chest, then clapped his hands together as a sign of gratitude.

Bao Lie came out of his thoughts and nodded. “Ruochen has instructed me to bring you two to see him once you two arrive. Follow me!”

The two monks quickly followed him without hesitation.

Everyone was fully focused on cultivation inside the cold volcano with no disturbance.

“Master Zhang, we have brought the Toten Sword as ordered by our master.”

Sikong the Younger presented the sword to Zhang Ruochen.

Zhang Ruochen opened his eyes and looked at the Toten Sword with delight. With the Toten Sword in hands, he was more confident of guarding the Sword Vault Palace and the Nether Dungeon.

He took the sword in his hand and smiled. “Thank you for your effort. Since this is an emergency, please excuse me. I will save the pleasantries and let us continue to practice cultivation here, for there will be a battle coming soon.”

“Our master has instructed us to do as you say, Master Zhang,” said Sikong the Younger dumbly.

Sikong the Elder grinned. “It is all right, Master Zhang. We will make ourselves at home and find a place to practice cultivation.”

He quickly brought Sikong the Younger away so as not to disturb Zhang Ruochen.

He had a keen eye. Knowing that Zhang Ruochen was in the critical stage of cultivation, he thought he had better not disturb him anymore.

Putting the Toten Sword aside, Zhang Ruochen continued to perform the Emyrean Emperor Ming’s Scripture. Inside his Sea of Qi, Heavenly Stream was getting wider with numerous precepts emerging.

After trying several times, he was about to knit an ideal Lesser Precept World, making a breakthrough in his cultivation.

He knitted the Lesser Precept Word based on two ancient paths with the supreme path as the pillar. It was steady and perfect.

“Here goes nothing!”

Zhang Ruochen grunted as he gathered all the precepts he had comprehended.

The Heavenly Stream shook violently as an immeasurable number of precepts appeared to fill his Sea of Qi, and the Saint

Qi inside his body started to undergo quality change.

Time was ticking.

The sound of the gushing of the stream rose within him with the stream flowing out of his body.

“Finally! The Lesser Precept Word is completed! Seven-million-six-hundred-forty-thousand precepts filled the divine-light Sea of Qi. I have finally attained Nine-Step Saint Kinghood.”

Feeling the powerful energy surging inside him, Zhang Ruochen could not help but let out a smile.

Getting from the acme of Eight-Step Saint Kinghood to Nine-Step Saint Kinghood might seem insignificant. But once crossing the threshold, the difference in power would be as different as night and day, not just as simple as multiplication.

He immediately took out the Saint Stones and refined them all, turning them into internal Spiritual Qi.

Only by converting the internal Spiritual Qi completely could he be deemed a true Nine-Step Saint King, and his strength achieved its maximum potential.

All the 144 acupoints on his body opened, turning into 144 vortexes to absorb the energy of the Saint Stones.

Zhang Ruochen had not only attained a breakthrough in his cultivation during this closed-door cultivation but also achieved different levels of enhancement in Sword Path, Path of Truth, Path of Time, and Path of Dimension.

The rise was especially significant with the Path of Truth; his Precepts of Truth had increased so tremendously that he could not perform eight times of combat strength. It was no doubt a shocking achievement.

This achievement meant that Zhang Ruochen had comprehended the third realm of the Fane of Truth completely. Comprehension was the mother of all things and the truth of substances.

Next, it was time to comprehend the fourth realm of the Fane of Truth, the difficulty of which was much higher than the

third realm.

In the Celestial Court, there were only a handful of Saint King cultivators who could comprehend the third realm of the Fane of Truth.

It could be said that Zhang Ruochen was at the vanguard of the Path of Truth cultivation. He was not weaker than anyone.

Without spending too much time, Zhang Ruochen had converted his internal Spiritual Qi completely and gained tremendous improvement in terms of quantity and quality.

“I’m not sure how far I can go with my current strength.

“I should have no problem challenging the Heaven’s Reach elites without using the Powers of Time and Space.

“It is a shame that the final realm of the Ninth Sword is close, but no cigar. What can I do to comprehend the meaning of

The Seamless Return of the Soul

‘s final realm?’” Zhang Ruochen sighed and shook his head, feeling that his Sword Path cultivation had come to a bottleneck.

The difference between nearly an ultimate phase and an ultimate phase was huge. Few Saint Kinghood cultivators had attained the ultimate phase in their Ninth Sword cultivation.

Ling Feiyu’s attainment stemmed from not only her aptitude but also her extraordinary encounters.

Nevertheless, Zhang Ruochen was not in a hurry. There was still massive room for improvement in his Saint Kinghood. With a better accumulation of cultivation, eventually, he would attain the ultimate phase of Ninth Sword.

Zhang Ruochen redirected his attention to the Ancient Abyssal Blade. The sword spirit sat cross-legged on the blade to refine various materials for forming a body. Its body was glowing, Sword Qi lingering around, as if in a misty dream.

He could sense an endless stream of amazing energy flowing into the sword spirit, making it even more solid and its breath more powerful.

“It will take time for the Abyssal sword spirit to form a body. The energy flowing into its body is particularly potent as if containing the supreme meaning of the Sword Path. Perhaps I can use it to comprehend the meaning of

The Seamless Return of the Soul

.”

Zhang Ruochen’s eyes lit up as he found an opportunity on the Abyssal sword spirit.

He immediately summoned his six Saint souls, gathering around the Ancient Abyssal Blade to comprehend the mysterious energy converging in the sword spirit.

His cultivation base had reached the Lesser Precept World. Making another breakthrough was not that easy anymore. So, the best way to increase his strength was to cultivate the Ninth Sword into the ultimate phase.

Besides, he wanted to help the Abyssal sword spirit to form a body. whether it would succeed and what body it could form would influence his personal strength greatly.

Chapter 1899 - Vulnerable

Chapter 1899: Vulnerable

Outside the Sword Vault, a vast Immortal Vampire army gathered, an overwhelming blood Qi radiated from their body, and caused rolling blood clouds to form, covering the sky and shrouding over the entire Sword Vault, as if apocalypse had come.

Immortal Ming was at the last leg of breaking the ancient wards.

While the ancient wards guarding the Sword Vault was very mysterious, it was extremely incomplete, and without any array master to repair it, Immortal Ming managed to find some cracks in the wards.

They only saw Immortal Ming quickly deployed thirty-six ancient flags, and a large amount of mysterious patterns appeared, creating a thick nether fog, as if the door to the underworld was being opened.

By the effect of the flags, it was clear that the ancient wards were beginning to unravel.

In a blink of an eye, a gaping path was torn in the middle of the wards, revealing a path to the Sword Vault.

“Next, it’s all up to you lot.”

Immortal Ming looked at Xia Wenxin and the rest, and said faintly.

This time around, he came alone, so the task of attacking the Sword Vault had to be done by the Immortal Vampires.

The Sword Vault was mysterious, and it would not be too late for him to search for the Big Dapper Portrait after the Immortal Vampires had broken through and gotten a clear view of the situation.

The Nine-eye Heavenly Lord raised his hand and yelled.
“Assault the Sword Vault, set Lord Ming free, charge!”

“Charge!”

In an instant, the vast Immortal Vampire army struck, and flooded into the gap like a raging tide.

They knew that there were many dangers in the Sword Vault, yet they still went on. Sucking on the blood of the Zhenyu clans people would strengthen them, and release Lord Ming was a great deed, so the risk was completely worth it.

The Immortal Vampires were well prepared this time, and had mobilized an army of hundred of thousand strong, and against the Sword Vault, victory was certain.

And with other forces of Kunlun Realm were pre-occupied and were unable to come to aid, it was only up to the Zhenyu clan to fend for themselves.

Just as they charged in, the Immortal Vampires ran into obstacles. A powerful formation array was activated, and killing intent gushed forth as it killed a large number of Immortal Vampires.

Clearly, the Zhenyu clan had long expected that the ancient wards cannot stop the Immortal Vampires, and so had made preparations in advance.

The cultivators of the Shen Clan were already in ambush position, and as the vanguard, they used their formation arrays to attack.

In addition to the ancient wards outside, there were large number of formation arrays and wards in the clans ground, and were arranged by the Shen Clan across generations.

Sadly, the Shen Clan was in decline, and did not even have a array saint master, otherwise, with the Shen Clan’s inheritance in formation arrays, how could the Immortal Vampires even break into the Sword Vault?

Immediately after, the cultivators of the Shi Clan struck, and used a large number of talismans to blast out lightning, flames, ice, and wind blades. The various destructive force blasted out, and engulfed the Immortal Vampires.

“To think of resisting against my Immortal Vampire army, delusional!” the Nine-eye Heavenly Lord sneered, his eyes indifferent.

Prince Wujie stood out and said coldly. “I will lead the attack on the Sword Vault.”

His previous losses had made him feel that he had lost face, and now he was eager to redeem himself.

As long as he take the Sword Vault, who will dare to laugh at him?

“You alone won’t be enough. The seven of you go, and use the fastest speed to destroy the Zhenyu clan.” Xia Wenxin said faintly, but the words had an inviolable order to it.

“Alright.”

Prince Yun and the others nodded in response.

Since it was Xia Wenxin speaking, they naturally could not refuse it.

“I will meet the mysterious elite.” The third Shenzi spoke.

Before the voice trailed away, the person disappeared without a trace, as if afraid the Nine-eye Heavenly King would fight for that.

As far as they know, that mysterious powerhouse was undoubtedly the greatest threat.

If they did not hold him back, the Immortal Vampire army will certainly suffer great losses.

Against a powerhouse of that level, numbers alone was not enough to deal with him.

“What’s next?” The Nine-eye Heavenly Lord looked at Xia Wenxin and asked.

The attack this time was led by the three Shenzi, but with Xia Wenxin as the head and the one commanding the field.

Xia Wenxin’s eyes were calm, as he said faintly. “We wait and see.”

On the surface, they looked poised to succeed, but he had a faint feeling in his heart that things were not that simple.

But no matter how arcane the Sword Vault was, they needed to rescue Lord Ming this time.

Outside the cold volcano, Bao Lie stood up, and held the golden spear in his hand, exuding a powerful battle spirit from his body.

“Junior brother, the Immortal Vampires have broken into the Sword Vault, it is time for you to get out.” Bao Lie spoke, and his deep voice transmitted clearly into the cold volcano.

The next moment, Zhang Ruochen’s figure appeared, and sighed. “They sure are fast. If I had a little more time, perhaps I can complete the cultivation of Soul Oblivion.”

Although a little reluctant, with the situation critical, he had to leave his meditation early.

A glint flashed in Bao Lie’s eyes. “Junior brother, I’ll go deal with a strong one, you be careful there!”

“Also, Luo Yi is missing!”

“Hmm? Luo Yi is missing?” Zhang Ruochen’s expression changed slightly.

As he expected, there was something off with Luo Yi. Especially when he disappeared at this moment, leaving him worried if the latter was up to something no good.

Luo Yi better not play any tricks, or else he will certainly make the former regret.

Watching Bao Lie leave, Zhang Ruochen summoned everyone who were secluding themselves. The battle had broken out, and they can no longer seclude themselves for cultivating.

Only the Ancient Abyssal Blade remained in the cold volcano. Its form condensation had reached a critical period and cannot be interrupted.

Once interrupted, the Royal Sacred Chalcedony, Heavenly Bloodstones, Rootless Cranebloom, and the Tears of the Void, these four extremely rare materials would be wasted.

For example, the Heavenly Bloodstones were extremely rare, and only a Supreme Saint would have the opportunity to find some, so its value was immeasurable.

If these materials were wasted, he was unable to guarantee he would be able to collect them again within a short period of time.

From a distance, he could also sense a terrifying murderous aura, and saw the thick blood clouds that filled the sky, it was extremely depressing.

A bloody battle was inevitable, and he had no idea how many people will lose their lives in this battle.

“Follow me to battle, and stop the Immortal Vampire army, protect the Sword Vault.” Zhang Ruochen roared, as he unleashed a powerful aura.

A shadow of a Luan appeared on one leg, while a shadow of a phoenix appeared on the other, as he rose into the air and charged into the fray.

Seeing this, everyone else did not hesitate, and followed closely behind, even Ji Fanxin was no exception.

She was still waiting for Zhang Ruochen to take her to collect the trunk of the Divine Sky-connecting Tree. So naturally, at this hour, she needed to advance and retreat with Zhang Ruochen, to show her sincerity.

At this moment, the Zhenyu Clansmen were being crushed by the Immortal Vampire army. Although the fighting had broke out for a short time, they have suffered heavy casualties, and were being pushed back.

Seeing the Immortal Vampires’ wanton slaughter, and sucking on the blood of the Zhenyu clansmen, Zhang Ruochen was furious.

Before he even arrived at the battlefield, he was making palm seals with both hands, and blasted out the Dragon-Elephant Prajna Palm Strike.

“Sky Soaring Dragon-Elephant ”

Countless of dragon and elephant shadows rushed out, striking the Immortal Vampire army.

BOOM!!

Bodies of large number of Immortal Vampire warriors burst open, and no matter how strong their vitality was, they would not survive this palm strike.

In a blink of an eye, Zhang Ruochen really appeared on the battlefield, with a dragon shadow on one arm, and a elephant shadow on the other, as he continue to blast out palm strikes.

BAM! BAM!!

With every strike, many Immortal Vampire warriors would be torn into pieces, and almost none could take Zhang Ruochen's palm strike without dying.

Zhang Ruochen rampaged through the lines and slaughtered plenty, leaving a bloodied trail of bodies in his wake.

Against the Immortal Vampires, he never had been merciful.

“Zhang Ruochen, don't even think about running rampant!”

Prince Wujie yelled and charged from afar, blocking Zhang Ruochen's path.

An extremely ferocious aura radiated from his body, with raging murderous intent in his eyes. Clearly he was still brooding from the earlier defeat in Zhang Ruochen's hands.

As the descendant of a Supreme Saint, ever since he first took up cultivation, he had never been defeated so thoroughly before, especially when he was defeated by someone whose cultivation was far lower than himself, it was an enormous dishonour.

Only by killing Zhang Ruochen, and using his blood can he wash away the shame.

Immediately afterwards, both the Long-faced Princess and Prince Yun had also arrived. There were bloodstains by the corners of their mouths, not because they were injured, but they had feasted on the blood of many Zhenyu clansmen.

In their eyes, the cultivators of the Zhenyu Clan were all food, and by consuming some would they get stronger.

Prince Wujie had sucked a lot of blood on the battle, and only through that he had quickly broke through from an Eight-step Saint King to the Precept Dominion realm.

“Human blood sure is delicious. If I were to absorb more, my cultivation will reach the peak of Precept Dominion realm.”
The Long-faced Princess smiled coldly.

Prince Yun snorted. “This time, I will definitely break through the Heaven’s Reach realm. Zhang Ruochen, I look forward to your blood.”

Against the three princes and princess of the Immortal Vampires, Zhang Ruochen had no fear, and said coldly. “Now that you lot have come to my home court, you think you’ll still live?”

“Insolence, I will kill you.”

The cold light in Prince Wujie’s eyes glowed, and unleashed an extremely viscous blood Qi.

While he may look maniacal, he was obviously more cautious this time, and formed the Gate of Destiny straight off the bat.

Because he knew Zhang Ruochen had a deep attainment in the Path of Truth, and could unleash several times the combat power to pose a threat to him.

Only by using the Gate of Destiny can he hold back Zhang Ruochen’s Path of Truth.

“The Gate of Destiny? You think the same trick will work on me twice?” Zhang Ruochen sneered.

While speaking, he struck with a powerful move, and used the Dragon-Elephant Prajna Palm Strike, and blasted it towards Prince Wujie’s chest.

“Just give it a try and you’ll find out. Destiny will always restrain truth.” Prince Wujie said confidently.

The last time, he was too careless and suffered a loss in Zhang Ruochen’s hands.

This time, he will not make the same mistake again.

A large amount of blood light condensed, and Prince Wujie blasted out a fist, sending a powerful fist strike out, creating an overwhelming fist wind sweeping towards Zhang Ruochen.

BOOOM!

Prince Wujie flew back quickly, and the Gate of Fate behind him trembled, and almost collapsed.

“How could it be...”

A look of disbelief appeared in Prince Wujie’s eyes.

He had already fully activated the Gate of Destiny to suppress Zhang Ruochen’s strength, yet the effect was obviously not so effective, and did not achieve the expected results.

“You’ve broken through?” Finally, Prince Wujie realized something.

Breaking through from an Eight-step Saint King to a Nine-step Saint King in a mere few days, what sort of terrifying cultivation speed is this?

What was unacceptable to him was that even with Zhang Ruochen’s breaks through, he was still only of the Lesser Precept-World realm, while he was of the Precept Dominion realm. There was still a two realm gap between them, and he was not able to defeat Zhang Ruochen.

“Let’s go in together.” Prince Yun said and motioned to the Long-faced Princess.

The Long-faced Princess did not speak, and blasted out a a blood seal.

The blood seal was a sacred artifact of Eight Radiance, and had already unleashed its full power, supposedly wanting to wound or kill Zhang Ruochen in a single strike.

While Prince Yun performed a secret technique, a series of arcane silver patterns bloomed with brilliance from his brow, almost painting the entire Sword Vault silver.

The arcane silver pattern extended and turned into countless silk threads as they spun towards Zhang Ruochen.

“Since all of you want to die so badly, I will fulfill your wishes.” Zhang Ruochen’s gaze was cold, and a powerful killing intent burst out of his body.

He used the Luoshui Fist, and a river faintly emerged, traversing the void like an heavenly river falling into the mortal realm.

BOOOM!

The blood seal was blocked, and then sent flying.

The silk threads transformed from the arcane silver patterns were also entangled by the river and shattered, unable to get anywhere close to Zhang Ruochen.

Both the Long-faced Princess and Prince Yun let out a muffled grunt, and clearly had suffered some form of feedback.

“How could he be so strong?” Both the Long-faced Princess and Prince Yun could not calm themselves down.

Their cultivation bases were two levels higher than Zhang Ruochen, plus all of them had the bloodline of a Supreme Saint. Even with their joint efforts, they were actually no match for Zhang Ruochen.

If Zhang Ruochen had used his techniques of time and space, sure, but he did not. He had only used his own strength and he already had them on the back foot.

Zhang Ruochen did not stop, and blasted out another surge of Chenyan-level Divine Purification Flames, and sending it sweeping towards the Immortal Vampires with a devastating force.

With the breakthrough of his cultivation, the power of Divine Purification Flames were undoubtedly greatly increased, and he had the power to burn the skies and boil the seas.

Under the fires of the Divine Purification Flame, the earth quickly melted and transformed into hot, sticky magma.

“AHHHH!!!”

A series of baleful cries rang out as many Immortal Vampire warriors fell into the lava.

Whoosh.

Suddenly, Zhang Ruochen appeared above Prince Wujie, and blasted out a palm strike.

Prince Wujie instantly sensed it, and used the chains to resist. He infused a large number of saint path precepts in to the chains, and created a nine-layer vortex.

BOOM!

Upon taking Zhang Ruochen's palm strike, the nine-layer vortex immediately collapsed, and the raging cold air spread across all directions.

Then, Zhang Ruochen struck his palm at Prince Wujie's head, slammed the latter straight into the magma.

The palm strike was powerful, and even if Prince Wujie's body was strong, his skull still cracked, and his brain almost pulped.

Last time around, he wanted to kill Prince Wujie, but he was stopped by Xia Wenxin.

This time, he wanted to see who would save Prince Wujie from him.

Seeing Prince Wujie suffering defeat, Prince Yun and the Long-faced Princess wanted to help. Both of them flew over with their silver wing deployed, as they struck from both left and right.

“Seven-Orifice Netherblood Palm”.

Zhang Ruochen growled, as the fourteen meridians on his both hands opened, as he blasted the attack out on both sides.

The raging blood Qi from his body formed into an peerless palm force.

Vaguely, an incredibly tall blood shadow appeared behind him, like an invincible emperor who had conquered the world.

The Seven-Orifice Netherblood Palm was a technique pioneered by Lord Ming. It was broad and profound. Only by cultivating until this level did Zhang Ruo Chen finally understand its essence.

At this moment, he was like Lord Ming incarnate, standing tall as he was about to turn the place to hell.

Using an ability pioneered by the Immortal Vampire against them, something about it was really enthralling.

Chapter 1900 - Unparalleled

Chapter 1900: Unparalleled

Translator:

EndlessFantasy Translation

Editor:

EndlessFantasy Translation

“How can a human cultivate the Seven-Orifices Netherblood Palm to such a degree?”

Upon seeing the shadow of Lord Ming appearing behind Zhang Ruochen, the Long-faced Princess was extremely shaken.

They had come to rescue Lord Ming and naturally knew everything about the latter, so they recognized at a glance that Zhang Ruochen was using the unique technique that Lord Ming had created.

It was just that as far as they knew, even an Immortal Vampire would find it difficult to fully cultivate the Seven-Orifices Netherblood Palm, let alone comprehending its essence. How did Zhang Ruochen pull it off?

Unfortunately, they did not have the luxury to think about it, and needed to focus on dealing with the Seven-Orifice Netherblood Palm. The overwhelming force caused them enormous stress.

Bam! Bam!!

Prince Yun and the Long-faced Princess was sent flying, unable to withstand the devastating power of the palm strike.

Ufff!

The Long-faced Princess spat out a mouthful of blood, all of her internal organs suffering various degrees of damage.

“Sh*t.”

Suddenly, the Long-faced Princess' heart shook.

The space she was in was frozen, and her mobility was restricted.

There was no doubt that this was Zhang Ruochen's doing. She had almost forgotten that Zhang Ruochen was the Scion of Time and Space, and his techniques in time and space were his trump card.

The Long-faced Princess was terrified, and desperately used all of her strength to try and break through the dimensional freeze.

She was too careless. If she had been cautious, she would not have been thrown into such a backfoot situation.

Of course, she was also misled by Zhang Ruochen. In the earlier battle, Zhang Ruochen had not used any time and space techniques, and that let her be unconsciously negligent.

Zhang Ruochen appeared out of nowhere about the Long-faced Princess and blasted a palm strike downwards.

Bam!

The Long-faced Princess' head exploded, and her Saint Soul annihilated, perishing on the spot.

She had only just broken through the dimensional freeze and had intended to use the Blood Seal to block the attack, but she was too slow.

The next moment, Zhang Ruochen pulled out the Long-faced Princess' Saint Source and stored it alongside the Blood Seal into his bag.

Seeing the Long-faced Princess killed, Prince Yun was appalled, and he said, "Fall back."

Seeing a princess dying just like that, the impact on his mind was undoubtedly crushing, and he was almost sure that Zhang Ruochen was not someone he could defeat.

Boom!

Prince Wujie broke free from the magma and wanted to retreat straight away.

Even the Gate of Destiny could not restrain Zhang Ruochen, and if he continued to fight, he would be following in the Long-face Princess footsteps.

Ufff!

Prince Wujie's body was cut into two, and blood splattered all over.

The scene that was the most difficult to look back at happened again.

“Aaargh!!”

Prince Wujie let out a painful roar, his eyes became extremely menacing.

Using his powerful vitality, he did not die straight away as a strong sense of ignominy surged in his heart.

Being cut into two twice in a row, surely it was a joke.

The Gate of Destiny behind him collapsed, and could no longer form again.

“Die!”

Prince Wujie roared and blasted his chains out.

Numerous arcane patterns appeared on the chain, and cold air radiated across it. Using the precepts in his body alongside the blood essence, he could fully unleash the power of the chains.

In an instant, the chains became a massive dragon, and the chill it radiated actually extinguished the Divine Purification Flames within a large area.

In fact, the chains had been infused with the soul of a Frost Dragon as the chain's vessel spirit.

In the fact of Prince Wujie's counterattack, Zhang Ruochen infused his Saint Qi into his Fire God's Gauntlet and Fire God's Armguards.

Immediately, the gauntlet and the armguard was on fire, as ancient wards appeared on it as a powerful, unrivaled divine power erupted from them.

“Sky Soaring Dragon-Elephant ”

Using the divine power, Zhang Ruochen unleashed the Dragon-Elephant Prajna Palm Strike.

Boom!

The dragon formed from the chains exploded as the thunderous Yang energies forcibly evaporated the chill, and the arcane patterns on the chains quickly darkened.

The next moment, Zhang Ruochen pointed his finger.

The power of space gushed out, and the space where Prince Wujie was in compressed rapidly.

“Aarghh!!!”

Prince Wujie let out a baleful cry and was instantly pulped.

No matter how strong his vitality was, he would not survive such an ordeal.

Zhang Ruochen raised his hands to suppress the chains and dug out Prince Wujie’s Saint Source. He was calm, as if he had just done something very insignificant.

So far, he had killed a prince and a princess of the Immortal Vampires, and it looked very easy.

After breaking through into the realm of a Nine-step Saint King, his strength had increased greatly, and his normal combat power was comparable to someone of the Precept Dominion realm, and he could even kill someone of that realm.

He turned around, and could no longer find any traces of Prince Yun, clearly the latter had already taken the opportunity to flee.

“He sure ran away quickly.”

Zhang Ruochen murmured to himself, but he did not take it to heart.

It was just a Precept Dominion powerhouse and was no threat to him. If that person dares to appear again, he’ll just finish the job there then.

At the same time, the Immortal Vampire army quickly retreated, apparently frightened by Zhang Ruochen's show of force.

Taking advantage of this opportunity, Zhang Ruochen rallied the Zhenyu Clan cultivators, and rebuild the defenses.

He knew very well that this was just a probing attack, and the real battle had yet to begin.

He could never be able to defend the Sword Vault alone and needed to gather the strength of everyone to work together.

Prince Yun fled back to the White Bone Mountain in a fit of panic and fearfully said, "Zhang Ruochen's cultivation had a breakthrough, and his strength had greatly improved. Both Prince Wujie and Princess Yue had died in his hands."

"Damn that Zhang Ruochen, for him to break through the realm of a Nine-step Saint King in just a few days. It seems like I need to attend to this personally." Terrifying killing intent appeared in the eyes of the Nine-eye Heavenly Lord.

The last time he had let Zhang Ruochen escape, and he had been nursing that grudge. This time around, he must take him down.

Xia Wenxin thought for a moment and said, "Be careful, don't be careless."

The Nine-eye Heavenly Lord smiled confidently. "Don't worry, with me making my move, Zhang Ruochen will never be able to cause any big waves."

Without any delay, he set off immediately, wanting to take down Zhang Ruochen and annihilate the Zhenyu Clan at the same time.

Soon after the Nine-eye Heavenly Lord left, a prince appeared on White Bone Mountain and said with a difficult expression. "The Nether Dungeon is heavily guarded, and the four wardens no simple characters. They even control an Azurefire Phantom Legion, we were checked and suffered heavy losses."

The Immortal Vampire army had split into two when they attacked, one part was sent to wipe out the Zhenyu Clan, while

the other went straight to attack the Nether Dungeon.

As a result, the situation on both sides was quite similar, neither achieving any results and instead suffered great losses.

“Seems like the rumors are true. The Netherkin is guarded by four special life forms, and the Qingtian Blood Emperor had failed to truly kill a warden.”

“There are many sword cultivators buried inside the Sword Vault, and with the aid of the special environment within the Sword Vault, the ghosts of the sword cultivators were preserved, forming the powerful Azurefire Phantom Legion. They are indeed a little difficult to deal with.”

“Yes, let’s focus on attacking the Zhenyu Clan, and eliminate all obstacles first.”

Xia Wenxin thought carefully and then made a decision.

Since the beginning, Immortal Ming seemed very indifferent, as if this matter had nothing to do with him.

His goal was only the Big Dipper Portrait, and he could strike at any time. There was no need to rush into it.

Over on the Black Wilderness, the Immortal Vampire army struck again as they advanced vigorously. Wherever the army passed, all life perished.

The Nine-eye Heavenly Lord stood high in the air, looking down at the Zhenyu Clan.

His eyes were indifferent, regarding all of the Zhenyu Clan cultivators as mere ants.

Boom!

A large number of formation patterns emerged from the ground as they started to kill the Immortal Vampire army.

“Break.”

The Nine-eye Heavenly Lord roared and blasted out a palm strike.

The monstrous blood Qi rushed out from his palm, releasing a terrifying palm strike as if a star was falling.

With just this single strike, a large number of wards were wiped out and were unable to play any further role in the defense.

“Zhang Ruochen, I want to see where can you run to this time.” The Nine-eye Heavenly Lord’s eyes locked onto Zhang Ruochen as a powerful killing intent rushed out of his body.

Sensing the terrifying murderous intent of the Nine-eye Heavenly Lord, Zhang Ruochen was unfazed, his expression was still calm. With a lift of his hand, he shot out a scroll of dimensions.

This was a Scroll of Chaotic Dimensions, and as soon as it unfolded, it will form a chaotic dimension, dragging a large number of Immortal Vampire warriors into it.

Once trapped inside a chaotic dimension, escape was almost futile.

Although the Nine-eye Heavenly Lord could break the chaotic dimension, if he did that, the chaotic power of space will kill all of the Immortal Vampire warriors trapped inside the chaotic dimension.

If he did not act, should time dragged on, the warriors trapped inside the chaotic dimension would forever be lost inside the chaotic dimension, and they would no longer be able to escape. It was as good as death.

It could be said that the moment the Immortal Vampire warriors were dommed the moment they were trapped inside the chaotic dimension.

On the other side, Zhang Ruochen activated the array of space that he had previously laid out and trapped another large portion of Immortal Vampire into it.

“You!”

The Nine-eye Heavenly Lord was infuriated, and he immediately acted.

Behind him, the Immortal Vampire advancing rapidly.

Seeing the Nine-eye Heavenly Lord attacking, a faint smile appeared by the corner of Zhang Ruochen’s mouth as the

Secret Tome of Time and Space appeared in his hand and quickly opened.

A multi-dimensional space was instantly formed, and thousands of Immortal Vampire warriors, the Nine-eye Heavenly Lord included, entered the multi-dimensional space.

With Zhang Ruochen's current strength, the multi-dimensional space formed by the Secret Tome of Time and Space was undoubtedly stronger, and would not be easily broken.

The power of space quaked, and the Immortal Vampire warriors trapped inside the multi-dimensional space all exploded into pieces, leaving on their Saint Source and weapons.

“Waaaarr!!”

The Nine-eye Heavenly Lord let out a sky-shaking roar. Power comparable to Path's Anterior realm was unleashed, as he launched a frantically attack.

Boom!

A silver screen was shattered, unable to withstand the devastating attack.

However, there were dozens of silver screens, and destroying a layer did not mean that he could break free. Moreover, the shattered screen was quickly repaired.

“Zhang Ruochen, you dare to use trickery against me, I will make sure your corpse is rend asunder!” The Nine-eye Heavenly Lord roared again and again, and his momentum was actually rising.

“No good.” Zhang Ruochen's expression suddenly changed.

Without hesitation, he wanted to close the Secret Tome of Time and Space, to truly suppress the Nine-eye Heavenly Lord.

Within the multi-dimensional space, all nine eyes of the Nine-eye Heavenly Lord suddenly opened at the same time, as a devastating force erupted abruptly.

Boom!

This power was just too devastating, and forcibly shattering over dozens of silver light screens.

At the moment the Secret Tome of Time and Space closed, the Nine-eye Heavenly Lord managed to break free.

It was just that he was made to look quite miserable. His Hundred-Saint Blood Armor was damaged, and blood was flowing out of the flesh wings on his back, a testament to how difficult it was for him to break free.