

God Emperor 501

Chapter 501: Sword of Time, Swift and Neat

“The Tree Progenitor will always stand guard beside the blood pool. Given my current martial cultivation, I am not a match for him.”

“Since it is so, I will practice first and raise my strength. It will not be too long before my Spiritual Power increases to 42nd level.”

Zhang Ruochen sat cross-legged at the bottom of the blood pool. A layer of space pushed the blood water away and formed a sphere.

Placing the Yin Yang Wooden Graph on the ground, he stretched out his hands and slowly unrolled the picture.

The world in the picture was expansive and wide, the mountains were extraordinary, the rivers surged, and every flower and blade of grass seemed to contain boundless spirituality.

Particularly the Sacred Prime Tree. It was lifelike. Each brush stroke was grand and majestic, and it gave one a sense of the transformations of the world.

Zhang Ruochen stretched out a palm and pressed it against the scroll. He injected his Genuine Qi into it.

SWISH!

Gradually, a portion of the inscriptions began to activate and give off a brilliant light.

It was so bright it hurt his eyes. It was like a light sword had flown up and pierced his eyes.

Zhang Ruochen could only close his eyes against his will for the time being.

When he opened his eyes again, he found that the scenery before him had changed completely.

He was now standing below a steep black mountain. Compared to the mountain, he was as insignificant as a speck of dust.

No, it was not a mountain.

It was the giant trunk of an ancient tree.

It was so thick. At first glance, it appeared like a mountain, completely blocking one's gaze.

Zhang Ruochen looked up.

He could not tell how tall the ancient tree was. Its branches passed through a layer of cloud and only a few thick branches and giant leaves could be seen through the clouds.

A single leaf was like a giant green boat floating in the sky. If it fell, it could probably cover a small mountain entirely.

This entire world was overflowing with Spiritual Qi.

“Could this be the legendary Sacred Prime Tree?” He wondered.

Suddenly, a wave of exhaustion washed over him. He felt his eyelids become heavier and heavier as his body became soft. Sitting under the tree, half his body was leaning against the tree as he slipped into a deep sleep.

In his dream, Zhang Ruochen heard an old voice call out, “Heaven and Earth become one to create millions of lives. Yin and Yang meet to create the four seasons. The sun and moon across to create the Cycle of the Universe.”

“Who is talking?”

Zhang Ruochen opened his eyes with great difficulty and his sight gradually cleared to see an elder not far away. He was performing a sword technique.

As he did so, he chanted.

Zhang Ruochen couldn't see the elder's true body.

The elder's body was like an illusory image. Sometimes it coalesced and sometimes it dissipated, even his voice was intermittent. It made it very difficult to hear what he was saying.

After an entire day of observation, Zhang Ruochen found that the elder's bodily movements and sword technique had reached an extraordinary level. It was like he was using the sword to tell some incredible truth between heaven and earth.

That truth was related to “time”, so it had to be about the origin of time.

A moment, an hour, a quarter-hour, a day, a month, a season, a year, a cycle of sixty years, a Yuanhui.

It was like the origin of space: Infinity created the Tai Chi, Tai Chi created the Yin and Yang, Yin and Yang created the Four Images, and the Four Images created the Eight Trigrams.

The origin of time also came from nothing: a moment created two hours, two hours created half a day, and half a day created 365 circulations. Afterward, it created the 12 months, the four seasons, the rapid passing of time, a cycle of sixty years, and a Yuanhui.

Time was divided into nine scales: a moment, a quarter-hour, an hour, a day, a month, a season, a year, a cycle of sixty years, and a Yuanhui.

At this moment, the sword technique the elder was demonstrating seemed to be the process of the birth of time. Every move and every pose was full of mystery, it gave one an expansive and profound feeling.

“If you want to practice the Sword of Time, you must first catch the Time Mark. A mark is just a moment.”

As the elder chanted, he walked through his paces and swung his sword.

However, his sword did not have a shadow, rather, it was a streak of light and it moved at a terrifying speed.

“The first movement of the Sword of Time, Swift and Neat.”

“The second movement of the Sword of Time, Eight Changes of Scale.”

...

“The fourth movement of the Sword of Time, Cycle of the Universe.”

...

“The sixth movement of the Sword of Time, Alternate Seasons.”

“The seventh movement of the Sword of time, Light of Fleeting Time.”

Zhang Ruochen opened his eyes wide but only saw the first movement of the Sword of Time. He could still see remnants of the seemingly traceless sword technique.

However, the following sword techniques became unpredictable and contained boundless rules of heavenly way. Zhang Ruochen watched until his head was about to explode but he still could not understand it.

The rest of the sword techniques were too profound. If Zhang Ruochen forced himself to try and study it, his Spiritual Power would probably break.

When all was said and done, it was because Zhang Ruochen’s Spiritual Power was too weak.

Since it was so, he would first practice the first movement of the Sword of Time, Swift and Neat.

Zhang Ruochen wanted to summon the Abyss Ancient Sword but found that his hands came up empty. Never mind the Abyss Ancient Sword, he didn’t even have his Storage Ring.

Since he had no sword, he used his hand as a sword.

His index and middle finger closed together, and he straightened out his arm. Following the movements of the elder, he stepped through the paces and executed the sword technique.

After practicing for nine days, Zhang Ruochen lost count of the number of times he had demonstrated and practiced the sword technique before perfecting the elder’s paces and sword movement.

Zhang Ruochen felt his sword technique had improved greatly but he still had not captured the quintessence of Swift and Neat, he had only learned the superficial sword movements.

When he struck out with his sword, there were still traces of his movements. He had not reached the traceless realm.

“Given my current sword technique realm, I’ve probably already reached the Intermediate Stage of Heart Integrated into Sword. Yet I am unable to learn this sword technique?”

He stopped. He felt distressed and confused.

At this moment, the elder’s voice rang out again, “If you want to practice the Sword of Time, you must first capture the Time Mark. A mark is just a moment.”

“A mark is just a moment.”

Zhang Ruochen muttered this to himself. Suddenly, his eyes lit up like he had understood something.

According to the *The Mystery of Time and Space*, space had an Inscription of Space and time had a Time Mark.

Lines of Inscriptions of Space could be piled together to form an independent space world.

A number of Time Marks could gather together to form a long river of time.

"I understand! The first movement of the Sword of Time, Swift and Neat, is referring to the 'moment' of understanding the different divisions of time."

"What is a moment? A Time Mark, that is a moment."

"Only by capturing a Time Mark and incorporating it into the sword technique can Swift and Neat be truly demonstrated."

Where was the Time Seal?

The Time Mark was everywhere. What was important was whether or not one could control the Time Mark and use it themselves.

Zhang Ruochen stopped and closed his eyes. He began to recall the explanation of the Time Mark in *The Mystery of Time and Space*.

...

If someone, at this moment, dove to the bottom of the blood pool they would see Zhang Ruochen sitting cross-legged inside a round Qi shield with his eyes closed. One of his hands was resting on the wooden graph while the other was holding a sword skill and gesturing.

He's brows tightened and then relaxed again, over and over.

Just as he was comprehending the sword technique, a Martial Soul shot out from above his head and hovered in the blood water.

The Martial Soul appeared very divine, like God's shadow. It even managed to absorb the Sacrifice Power in the blood pool.

This was the False God Body Zhang Ruochen had mastered a long time ago.

The False God Body allowed a Martial Soul to become a False God, absorb the power of sacrifice and change it to its own cultivation.

However, at this time, all of Zhang Ruochen's energy was focused on comprehending the sword technique. He did not know his Martial Soul had felt the power of sacrifice and had flown out of his body on its own to absorb the power.

The Sacrifice Power entered the Martial Soul then transferred into his body and became a large amount of Genuine Qi. It circulated rapidly through his Meridians.

BOOM!

Zhang Ruochen's Martial Arts realm increased quickly. It broke through the realm and suddenly entered the Completion of the Heaven Realm.

Chapter 502: The Inner World of the Scroll

With the breakthrough of the realm, Zhang Ruochen's body trembled violently.

All his pores opened, exploding a tremendous power to absorb the Spiritual Qi between Heaven and Earth.

His body was completely wrapped in a vortex of Spiritual Qi. It did not disappear until a few days later.

Zhang Ruochen laughed, and shouted, "I've captured it! I've captured it! I've finally captured the mark of time."

"The Sword of Time, Swift and Neat."

His eyes remained closed, as if he was still asleep.

He acted out a sword skill with his arms. As he struck the sword out sharply, it turned into a streak of light and sliced.

"Swoosh!"

The sword radiance cut through the Space Domain and ripped a hole.

Blood water poured in swiftly, completely submerging him.

As he opened his eyes, he threw his hands to the left and right, to support the Space Domain.

He looked at his hand, and then, the YinYang Wooden Graph on the ground. He said to himself, *"Amazing! The Sword of Time can actually break open the Space Domain. But, how was I able to practice it successfully?"*

Zhang Ruochen rubbed his temple and tried his best to remember.

He remembered that when he pressed his palms over the YinYang Wooden Graph, he seemed to have seen a huge ancient tree and an old man practicing sword technique.

He felt like he had practiced sword technique with the Elder for several months.

At the same time, it had only been an instant.

"It's the same sensation I had the last time. It seemed like a long time, but it also felt like only a moment. But, this time, it's much clearer than the last time. I'm sure that I'm learning sword techniques with an Elder. The first move is called the Swift and Neat."

Zhang Ruochen tried hard to remember, but he couldn't recall anything. There were only vague images in his mind.

"Did I go into the inner world of the Yin Yang Wooden Graph?"

Since the Yin Yang Wooden Graph absorbed the Wood Spirit Primitive World's Qi of Origin, the Sacred Prime Tree should have developed enough to hold up the inner world of the graph.

At the thought of this, he immediately injected the graph with Qi. With a swoosh, golden light arose from its surface.

The rays of sunlight were as delicate as threads of silk. They gathered together and turned into a space door.

Zhang Ruochen stepped out and into the door as if walking through a curtain of light. He stepped into a lush emerald grassland.

The whole world was luxuriantly green. He could vaguely see huge towering mountains with deep ridges and vast forests surrounded by clouds and mist in the distance. It was a surreal landscape.

A moment ago, he'd been in a dimly-lit blood pool.

And now he was in an independent world, a paradise, isolated from the real world.

"This is...This is the scroll world of the Yin Yang Wooden Graph. What is the difference between this world and the real world? It's amazing! I wonder which realm Saint Monk Xumi reached to be able to create a world by himself."

Zhang Ruochen was surprised. He immediately thought of the Buddhism idea of "one flower, one world, and one bodhi."

He took a deep breath. The air he breathed was saturated with the delicate fragrance of earth, flowers, and plants. A powerful Spiritual Qi surged into his body and ran through his meridians.

"The intensity of Spiritual Qi here is almost the same as in the wildlands of Omen Ridge. However, it is far from comparable to that in the East Region Saint City."

The intensity of Spiritual Qi determined the quality of a practicing environment.

But, it was not absolute.

If he had enough spiritual crystals, he could lay out a Spirit Gathering Array.

As a result, even in a Spiritual Qi Picture Scroll World with relatively poor Spiritual Qi, it would not affect the practice.

Most importantly, when ten days passed in the Scroll World, only one day passed in the external world.

It was most helpful to his practice.

He looked at the horizon and quickly saw the Sacred Prime Tree. He displayed a body movement and flew from the ground.

Before long, he came to the top of a hill close to the tree.

In the distance stood a withered tree stump, approximately 100 meters tall.

It looked like a huge flat round table. It stretched beyond what the human eye could see.

Dense and innumerable growth rings were imprinted on the stump. He could not tell how many thousands of rings there were. Each ring was like a page that recorded an ancient story.

An ancient flowing power came from the stump, which was like an ancient tree, recording endless secrets.

Zhang Ruochen was extremely shocked. "Is this the Sacred Prime Tree in the legend?"

There was a well-known legend in the Kunlun's Field about the Sacred Prime Tree. It was said that it was a Divine Tree that connected heaven and earth, also known as the "Rod of Kunlun."

In the Medieval Ancient Times, over a hundred thousand years ago, it had been chopped down. From that time on, no one in Kunlun's Field could become a god. As a result, historians determined that "the broken Sacred Prime Tree" marked the end of the Medieval Ancient Times.

According to Blackie, Saint Monk Xumi had transplanted its roots into the inner world of the Yin Yang Wooden Graph.

It was highly likely that it was this huge stump in front of Zhang Ruochen.

He spread out his arms and went with the flow. He came to the top of the stump and fluttered down lightly.

"It really is the stump of the Sacred Prime Tree. It still exudes such strong Spiritual Qi, even after such a long time. It seems to have a more advanced airflow, probably the legendary Holy Qi." Zhang was surprised.

In the inner world of the scroll, the closer you got to the stump, the stronger the Spiritual Qi was.

And if you stood on the stump, the Spiritual Qi was as rich as that of the Saint Mountain of Saint Academy, even more.

This stump beneath his feet was like a huge flat Martial Arts field, extending to infinity. He walked for a long time before he came to the center.

In the very center of the stump, a new seedling was growing.

This new seedling had been growing for many years and had become very strong, with a trunk diameter of over 100 meters. It was like a high steep mountain soaring directly into the clouds.

He could feel the new seedlings huge vitality clearly.

"This is the place I went in my dream. It's here. This is the new seedling of the Sacred Prime Tree. It is already propping up the world inside the scroll."

He looked for the Elder under the tree but could not find him.

"Blackie has been sealed in the Scroll World forever, so he is certainly very familiar with this world. I can't find the reason, so I have to leave and consult with him. Then I will have a better understanding."

He looked up with awe in his eyes. He clasped his hands together, bowed to the new seedling, and turned away.

He didn't know how long he had been practicing. He was afraid to miss the ten-day appointment, so he hurriedly withdrew from the Scroll World.

“Swoosh!”

He went through the space door and returned to the bottom of the blood pool once more.

The Yin Yang Wooden Graph flashed into a speck of light. It flew between his eyebrows and suspended in his Qi pool.

He took a deep breath, and gradually calmed himself.

He discovered he had already reached the Completion of the Heaven Realm and his Spiritual Power had increased to level forty-two.

He had expected his Spiritual Power to reach level forty-two.

After all, if there had been no breakthrough in Spiritual Power, he would not have been able to learn Swift and Neat, the first movement of Sword of Time.

But, how had he broken through to the Completion of the Heaven Realm?

After all, he had just broken through to the Final State of the Heaven Realm. He had estimated he would need to practice for at least another half a year before he could break through to the Completion.

When he perceived the Sword of Time, had his Martial Soul turned into a False God Body and absorbed the Sacrifice Power in the blood pool? This was the only possibility he could think of.

He released Spiritual Power and merged it into the blood pool. As a result, he found that the Sacrifice Power in the blood pool faded gradually.

It seemed that he had been in the blood pool for a long time. Otherwise, it would have been impossible for him to break through to the Completion of Heaven Realm.

He looked serious and said to himself. *“I hope it hasn't been more than 10 days.”*

He transported Genuine Qi to his legs and stepped on the bottom of the blood pool. With the help of the recoil power, he shot up like an arrow.

Chapter 503: The Great Secret

With a rumble, a massive red bubble suddenly emerged out of a calm blood pool.

With a swoosh, Zhang Ruochen flew out from the broken bubble.

Tree Progenitor, who had always kept on the side of the blood pool, was alerted when he saw the movements of the pool. Zhang Ruochen surged out of the blood, surprising Tree Progenitor. Seeing this, Tree Progenitor exclaimed, “Extraterritorial Death, you have not been refined into the bloody water by the Sacrifice Power of the blood pool.”

Zhang Ruochen fell on the stone table at the edge of the blood pool. He smiled and said, "Sorry, I have disappointed you."

Zhang Ruochen then looked over to the entrance of the stone ladder that leads above. He stepped out and walked into the void. He turned into a shadow and rushed to the stone ladder, ready to leave.

"Extraterritorial Death, you can't leave just yet."

Tree Progenitor would not let Zhang Ruochen leave. It caught up with Zhang Ruochen by mobilizing the wooden Spiritual Qi and gathering the powers to its arms. Tree Progenitor's wooden arms were vigorous and powerful.

It threw both its palms simultaneously.

Before Tree Progenitor's palms even touched Zhang Ruochen, the shockwaves of Tree Progenitor's palms have reached the vest on Zhang Ruochen's back.

Zhang Ruochen quickly turned around and gathered the strength of the Spiritual Power. He pushed both of his palms forward, and in a split second, wisps of Heaven and Earth Spiritual Qi converged to the center of his palm, forming streaks of lightning.

The streaks of lightning merged and formed two orbs, each half a meter wide.

Boom!

Two forces collided.

The altar shook wildly causing dust to fall.

Struck by the power of the thunderbolt, Tree Progenitor's wooden arms were charred and fumed black smoke. Some parts were even lit up.

On the ground and the stone wall, there were thunderbolt snakes hissing.

Zhang Ruochen was gone by the time the black smoke disappeared.

"Damn, Extraterritorial Death's power has increased so much in such a short time."

Tree Progenitor was grim, it gritted its teeth in hatred and shouted in rage. It stepped on the stone ladder and ran upwards.

Tree Progenitor seemed to have suffered the most from the fight, but Zhang Ruochen was not left unscarred either. His arms were injured and unable to move.

"Tree Progenitor has indeed achieved the Fifth Change in the Fish-dragon Realm. Even if it's not good at fighting, it's superior to me in the realm.

Zhang Ruochen rushed upward and gathered Genuine Qi to heal his arms.

An intense wave of power came from behind him. Without a doubt, Tree Progenitor had caught up with him.

To dodge, Zhang Ruochen used Space Moving seven times in a row and finally reached the stone gate at the top of the altar.

It was much easier to open the stone gate from the inside of the altar because there was no sacrifice needed to open it.

Zhang Ruochen put his palm on a pit of the stone gate and injected Genuine Qi into it. After a while, the lines of the stone gate lit up.

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Zhang Ruochen took a step forward and rushed out of the stone gate.

Outside the stone gate, there was a loud roar, "Extraterritorial Death, come out. Hurry up, form the formation to suppress him."

Below the altar, 5 Kings of Treemen and 108 Millennial Treemen made a circle. They stood to face different directions, following some mysterious rules.

Each treeman released a ray of light towards the top of Zhang Ruochen's head and covered him with a light screen.

Immediately, a strong mountain-like force fell upon Zhang Ruochen.

The Holy Wood Array for God Destruction was made up of 108 Millennial Treeman, and their strength was comparable to that of 108 cultivators of the Fish-dragon Realm.

It will be difficult for Zhang Ruochen to escape because once you are trapped, even a superior of the Seventh Change in the Fish-dragon Realm might not survive.

"Extraterritorial Death, even with all of your skills, you won't be able to escape today," said a King of Treemen laughingly as he stands at the edge of the Holy Wood Array for God Destruction.

No one knew, but there was a mosquito-sized black cat on the branch of the King of Treemen.

The black cat stood up and snorted, "How dare a hopeless treeman be so arrogant. I'll teach you how to behave."

"Who's talking?" The King of Treemen said harshly.

"Swoosh!"

Blackie quickly expanded and became a 33-meter-high behemoth. It waved its sharp claws and instantly severed the King of Treemen's trunk.

Blackie's claws were as sharp as the Holy Weapon.

Blood poured endlessly out from the trunk.

After the King of Treemen fell, the once powerful Holy Wood Array for God Destruction fell immediately.

The huge array collapsed from the outside to the inside.

Zhang Ruochen seized the opportunity and immediately gathered Genuine Qi to a Dragon Lock Chain on his wrist.

This Holy Weapon is powered by Genuine Qi to activate inscriptions. The Dragon Lock Chain circled his wrist and turned into an enormous iron rope as thick as a bucket, before flying out like a Roaring Steely Dragon.

“Swoosh!”

The Dragon Lock Chain entangled a Millennial Treeman’s trunk with Zhang Ruochen’s arm. Zhang Ruochen swung his arms forcefully and broke out a giant force that directly pulled the Millennium Treeman from the ground, throwing it out.

A Millennial Treeman’s root has a depth of at least ten meters deep, and some are even rooted several hundreds of meters underground. Nevertheless, the Dragon Lock Chain was able to pull it up. That was how powerful the chain was.

Zhang Ruochen and Blackie worked together, and they were able to knock out a large number of treemen quickly, successfully enlarging the damage on the Holy Wood Array for God Destruction.

Zhang Ruochen did not want to go on fighting after absorbing the Origin Qi of the Primitive World of Wood Spirit. He ran Genuine Qi with full strength to stimulate meridians of his legs.

“Boom!”

His body rushed from the top of the altar like a shell and flew hundreds of meters before landing onto Blackie’s back.

“Let’s go!”

Zhang Ruochen exclaimed.

With a swoosh, the wings on Blackie’s back stretched to about sixty-six meters.

Its wings fluttered, stirring up a forceful wind that blew away all surrounding treemen and made the faraway treemen waver in the air. The wind also blew off leaves causing them to fly in the air.

“Where should we go?”

Tree Progenitor rushed out of the stone gate. When it saw Zhang Ruochen standing on Blackie, its eyes flamed with fury. Then it extended its arms into a thousand-kilometer-long wooden rod, continually whirling to wrap itself around Blackie’s neck.

Zhang Ruochen threw the Dragon Lock Chain to intercept the wooden rod.

An iron chain and a wooden rod fought in the air like two pythons.

Finally, after encountering a series of attacks, Zhang Ruochen and Blackie succeeded in escaping from the siege of the Treeman tribe.

Blackie’s speed allowed him to leave the towering altar behind quickly. Even with its skillfulness in speed, Tree Progenitor was still too slow compared to Blackie.

“Zhang Ruochen, you were in the altar for such a long time that I thought Tree Progenitor had killed you!” Blackie said as it flew.

Zhang Ruochen picked up the Dragon Lock Chain and wrapped it around his wrist, turning it into a bracelet. His face was grave when he asked, “How long did I stay inside the altar?”

“You’ve been there for almost ten days. If you didn’t come out today, I would’ve gone inside to find you.”

Blackie paused and said, “My research shows that there is something wrong with the altar. It had only existed for less than 600 years, and it was not built by the Treeman tribe, but by the strength of the Human tribe.”

“The inscriptions on the altar are very complex. Only people with the 50th level Spiritual Power can engrave those inscriptions.”

Zhang Ruochen was surprised, “If a man’s Spiritual Power has reached the 50th level, he should already be sanctified in Spiritual Power. How can someone like that come to the Primitive World of Wood Spirit to build an altar?”

Psychic Sage’s means were even more unpredictable and unpreventable than those used by the Martial Saints.

“Each of them had extraordinary supernatural powers and was worshipped and admired by the world’s warriors.”

“How did they end up to the Inferior Primitive World?”

Blackie continued, “I also discovered that the altar appears to be somewhat related to some remote coordinates in the extraterritorial.”

Zhang Ruochen was smart enough to understand the situation, even only with a little bit of explanation.

His face became grave as if he had discovered a great secret. He said, “You are saying that this altar is just one of them. The other primitive worlds will have the same altars.”

Blackie nodded and said, “If an altar is the cornerstone of an array, then the altar inside the Blackwood Field is just one of many cornerstones. In the vast void space, there would also be an altar in another Primitive World. All the altars connect to form a huge array, which can cover more than half of Kunlun’s Field.”

Zhang Ruochen shook his head and said, “It’s not just an altar. If my suspicions are correct, the whole Primitive World of Wood Spirit is actually just a cornerstone of the array.”

“Oh! Did you discover some secrets in the altar?” Blackie asked.

Zhang Ruochen said, “The Qi of Origin of the Primitive World of Wood Spirit is suppressed under the altar. I guess those treemen are not even aware of this secret.”

Once the altar is built, the Qi of Origin can power the altar.

In fact, to draw on the Qi of Origin was to bring out the Spiritual Qi of the Primitive World of Wood Spirit.

Therefore, Zhang Ruochen is saying that the Primitive World of Wood Spirit is just a cornerstone of an array.

Blackie laughed and said, "A project of this size is uncommon in the history of Human tribe. I don't know who is in control of all of this. The man must be more charming than me. It's definitely not easy! Haha!"

Zhang Ruochen snorted and said, "No one else can do this, except for the central organization of the imperial court in the First Central Empire. What is Chi Yao doing? Is she going to refine the entire Kunlun's Field and Primitive Worlds?"

Zhang Ruochen suspected that the reason why the warriors above the Fish-dragon Realm were forbidden to enter was to prevent them from discovering the secrets.

Even if the warriors of the Heaven Realm enter the Primitive World of Wood Spirit, they would not be able to reach the depths of Blackwood Field. What's more is that even if they saw the altar, they will not know its purpose.

Hearing Zhang Ruochen's words, Blackie laughed and said, "It might not be Empress Chi Yao who is behind this. It could be a high-ranking official of the Ministry of War who plotted all of this in the Battlefield of Primitive World. Why are you so sure that it's her? Aren't you being biased?"

Chapter 504: The Patrol Army of the Primitive World

Zhang Ruochen closed his eyes and took a deep breath. Blackie's advice was rational to a certain extent.

He hated Chi Yao. Naturally, he also felt prejudice toward her.

Once there was animosity, it was easier to misjudge her, thus getting further and further from the truth.

"Since the secret has been discovered, of course, we have to check it out." Zhang Ruochen said. "In addition to the Primitive World of Wood Spirit, the imperial court's Ministry of War has also divided other primitive worlds into forbidden zones with many restrictions. These worlds are likely to have similar altars. But it's imperative that we return to the Chaotic Millionverse Mountain without delay!"

"Ships from the Ten-thousand fields Tavern should be arriving at the Primitive World of Wood Spirit in a few days," said Blackie. "How do we go back?"

Zhang Ruochen's mouth rose slightly and he laughed. "The patrol army of the Primitive World of Wood Spirit will probably have ships in the Primitive World too. Hmm!"

Zhang Ruochen's eyes shrunk, and he looked up to the sky. On the horizon, he could see two rows of black dots inching closer. They were surrounded.

It was two army patrol teams. They wore heavy armor, carried spears in their hands and stood atop the heads of Purple Tigerlike Dragon Beasts. They quickly drew nearer to Zhang Ruochen and Blackie.

"This is Fang Li, captain of the first team of the patrol army. Identify yourselves immediately."

Although he was hundreds of kilometers away, Fang Li's voice pierced through the void space like dull thunder in Zhang Ruochen's ears.

Zhang Ruochen felt pain in his eardrum and his whole world began to tumble in confusion. He had to run exercises to alleviate it.

"What a great master he is! I can't believe that the Ministry of War dispatched such a powerful person to patrol the Primitive World of Wood Spirit. It appears that the Primitive World of Wood Spirit has a large secret."

Zhang Ruochen did not dare to be careless. He immediately ordered Blackie to stop. They levitated in midair carefully, on guard against the patrol army.

The 10 sergeants were arranged in a fan shape about 333 meters away.

The captain, Fang Li, stood in the center. He was a muscular man with long arms, and a thick silver spear in his hand, like a great God of War.

Fang Li had only glanced at him, but Zhang Ruochen felt a chill creep through his back. He could clearly perceive that Fang Li's cultivation had reached the Fourth Change in the Fish-dragon Realm.

His strength was more than ten times that of the Tree Progenitor at the Fifth Change in the Fish-dragon Realm. They were not at the same level of power at all.

He had been able to kill the Tree Progenitor with just one move.

This was a real battle-seasoned master. Timid people would kneel down to beg for mercy before him just because of his momentum.

On the other side, the sergeants of the second patrol army team had drawn closer and were also arranged in a fan shape.

The captain of the second team was very thin and sallow.

However, he was not weak. His cultivation had also reached the Fourth Change in the Fish-dragon Realm. He was at the same level as Fang Li.

"What should we do? Wipe them out?" There was a harsh countenance in Blackie's eyes.

"Don't worry," Zhang Ruochen replied. "Just wait a minute."

A sergeant from the first team rode his Purple Tigerlike Dragon Beast to Zhang Ruochen. Coldly, he said, "Do you know that our captain was speaking to you? If you do not tell us your name, you will be punished as a trespasser."

The sergeant displayed a Flip & Grab Technique. He crossed his arms, and a blaze of flames came from his two hands. He tried to grab Zhang Ruochen by the shoulder.

Zhang Ruochen stepped back, escaping the sergeant's hands.

He struck the sergeant in the chest with a thump.

The sergeant flew backwards and fell onto the back of the Purple Tigerlike Dragon Beast.

“Dare to fight back, you’re damn rebellious.”

The sergeant’s eyes grew cold. He took out a spear from the iron chain on his savage beast’s back. He grasped the spear, ready to rush forward again.

“Long Yun, you are not his opponent, move back quickly.” Fang Li, the captain of the patrol army, called out.

The sergeant, Long Yun, felt great awe for Fang Li and dared not to complain. He withdrew immediately.

Fang Li glared at Zhang Ruochen with his beady eagle eyes. “Long Yun’s martial cultivation is at the Completion of the Heaven Realm. Although he is not a warrior of the Heaven Board, he is a superior who has experienced dozens of battles in the Battlefield of Primitive World. You fought him off with only one move, you are a master of the Heaven Board, correct?”

Zhang Ruochen said, “What if you were on the Heaven Board? If you hadn’t reached the Fish-dragon Realm, you would just be a mortal man.”

“It seems that you have a clear estimation of yourself. Since that’s the case, there is no need for me to join the battle. Come with us!” Fang Li said.

Fang Li did not think that Zhang Ruochen had any connection to the accident in the Blackwood Field. He assumed that Zhang Ruochen was a trespasser and was ready to take him back and detain him.

Any other time, Zhang Ruochen would not mind going back with them. After all, the Martial Market Bank would certainly negotiate with the Ministry of War because of his status and he would be released.

But he was anxious to return to Chaotic Millionverse Mountain. If he was treated as a trespasser, he would have to delay for a long time before he could go back.

Zhang Ruochen didn’t answer for a long time and Fang Li was impatient. His eyes revealed a chill.

They caught and killed smugglers.

He lifted his palms slowly. He directed his strength with his palms, and the clouds above the sky shook, then condensed into the shape of a handprint.

The cloud handprint was several meters long. It floated above Zhang Ruochen’s head, liked the Five-finger Mountain.

It was an Inferior Class Ghost Level martial technique, Surprise Cloud Palm.

Obviously, Fang Li had practiced the Surprise Cloud Palm to the Perfection of Martial Arts. His cultivation was extremely profound and far beyond mortal. The Surprise Cloud Palm he displayed could break out admirably wonderful power.

“Just take a chance!”

Zhang Ruochen took a deep breath and took out the token of the Commandery Prince of Yunwu Commandery. “Captain Fang, what are you doing? I just came to the Primitive World of Wood Spirit to gain experience. How did I offend you?”

After seeing the token in Zhang Ruochen's hand, Fang Li's eyes returned to normal. He took his palms back.

The huge handprint above the sky dispersed.

All the pressure vanished.

"Yunwu Commandery Prince." Fang Li looked at the token carefully and frowned slightly.

The titles of nobility in the First Central Empire were divided into "Kings of Heaven", "Kings of Domains", and "Kings of Counties".

Thereinto, each title was divided into three grades.

The token in Zhang Ruochen's hand represented the nobility of the "inferior Commandery Prince". Among the titles of nobility, it was the lowest grade.

That is, the lowest nobility.

However, even the lowest nobility still belonged to nobility. And they had the qualifications to come to the Primitive World of Wood Spirit for experience.

It was as difficult as climbing up to the sky for a warrior to obtain a title of nobility, even if it was the lowest rank. He had to accumulate a considerable number of military merits in the Battlefield of the Primitive World to be awarded the title of nobility.

The possession of a title of nobility was equivalent to the government officials of the First Central Empire. People who had a title of nobility enjoyed preferential treatment and had access to many places that ordinary warriors couldn't go.

Zhang Ruochen had not put his experience in the Primitive World of Wood Spirit in the Ministry of the War records. Actually, he was wagering that Duanmu Xingling had already pulled some strings in the Moon Worship Demonic Sect to help him file in the Ministry of War.

Duanmu Xingling had visited the Primitive World of Wood Spirit and said that Zhang Ruochen had not filed in the Ministry of War.

She was going to pull some strings at the Moon Worship Demonic Sect and oversee the filing.

She had made arrangements with him to return to Chaotic Millionverse Mountain within ten days, thus she would definitely help him file. She might even have made some arrangements in advance.

Of course, all this was just Zhang Ruochen's speculation. He wasn't completely certain this had happened. He could only hope for now.

After all, the captains of the two teams were Monks in the Fourth Change of the Fish-dragon Realm. They had the ability to fight warriors in other realms.

It was better not to fight unless it was necessary.

Fang Li's eyes kept changing. "Ye Chuan, is Zhang Ruochen, the Yunwu Commandery Prince on the record?"

Ye Chuan, took out a jade-carved letter, looked it over and nodded his head. "Yes."

Fang Li looked at Zhang Ruochen again. "Since you are the Commandery Prince of the Yunwu Commandery, I will not stop you, but there are a few things that I would like to ask. Did you just come from Blackwood Field?"

Zhang Ruochen stored the token and smiled. "I just discovered that there was great movement in the Blackwood Field. I thought there were some treasures to be found, so I went there looking for opportunity. However, I didn't dare go any further. It is said to be quite dangerous inside."

Fang Li looked into Zhang Ruochen's eyes, trying to gage whether he was lying. "A large number of treemen died in Blackwood Field. It must have been the work of a great master. Did you see anyone suspicious?"

Zhang Ruochen shook his head. "No. Do you have any other questions? If not, I'm going to go."

"No," Fang Li answered.

After Zhang Ruochen and Blackie left, the captain of the second team, Ye Chuan, rode the Purple Tigerlike Dragon Beast up to Fang Li's side. He stared at the dark spot in the distance. "Fang Li, do you believe what he said?"

Fang Li looked rigorous. He shook his head. "Although he hid very well, I still think he is suspicious. His cultivation has just reached the Completion of Heaven Realm, but I couldn't even see through him. Such a person claims that he dared not to break into the Blackwood Field. Would you believe it?"

Ye Chuan stroked his spear silently and laughed. "Of course I don't believe it."

As he spat out the "I", the spear in his hand stabbed out quickly.

By the time he said "believe", his spear had pierced through Fang Li's backbone.

Fang Li's body split in two.

Such a great superior died so imperceptibly. He could never have expected that he would be killed by his teammate.

Ye Chuan looked unperturbed. He shook his arm quickly and Fang Li's dead body flew out.

With the bloody spear in his hand, he laughed. "Of course I don't believe it because he is totally a trespasser. However, since the Saintness wants me to help him and try to conceal his identity, I have no other choice but to kill you."

Chapter 505: Returning

" Captain Ye, you... "

The remaining sergeants of the patrol were astonished. They paused, staring at Ye Chuan.

Experienced sergeants knew that Ye Chuan was dangerous and immediately grabbed their lances in an attempt to defend themselves.

“What are you looking at? Don’t you know that the master of the Moon Worship Sect has killed people?”

Ye Chuan smiled mockingly and had a murderous look in his eyes. His body suddenly disappeared into black gas. From that black gas emerged 18 phantoms that flew towards the sergeants in the room.

The 18 phantoms possessed the bodies of the sergeants.

Ye Chuan still stood firmly on the back of a savage beast with a spear in his hand, as if he had not moved at all.

“Bang Bang!”

The sergeants of the patrol and the 18 beasts burst into a cloud of bloody fog, leaving nothing but several broken bones which fell from midair.

The pungent smell of blood lingered in the air.

“Too weak.”

Ye Chuan stood on the head of the purple tiger-like dragon. He fixed his gaze on Zhang Ruochen leaving and chased after him.

“Someone is chasing us. Maybe it’s the patrol who realized something was wrong and wanted to kill us,” Blackie said coldly.

Blackie emitted a black light and began gathering power to fight.

Zhang Ruochen calmly said, “No, he belongs to the Moon Worship Demonic Sect. You should stop now. The senior sister apprentice, Duanmu, told him something.”

With his spiritual power, Zhang Ruochen could see objects a hundred miles away even without opening his sky eye.

He used his spiritual power to observe the patrol, which was how he knew exactly what had happened.

Ye Chuan chased after Zhang Ruochen and was surprised when Zhang stopped. He asked, “Why didn’t you escape when you saw me coming?”

Zhang Ruochen laughed and said, “You killed Fang Li and the 18 sergeants. Obviously, we are friends and not enemies. Why would I escape?”

“Really?”

Ye Chuan was keen on uncovering Zhang Ruochen’s strength, so he secretly mobilized his true chi and ran in through his meridians. He unexpectedly flew from the savage beast’s back.

He used sophisticated bodily movements and exhibited advanced martial techniques. He walked into the open space and stood on the smooth ground. He swiftly stabbed Zhang Ruochen with his spear, moving like lightning.

Ye Chuan barely had to use any strength to fight with a warrior of the Heaven Realm.

That being said, that little bit of Ye Chuan's power is so strong that it is almost the same as a Tree Progenitor's strongest attack.

Zhang Ruochen knew he was facing a superior and had to be careful. He gripped the handle of his weapon with certainty, raised his arms and swung it.

The first move made by the Sword of Time was swift and neat.

Though it seemed like just one move, the Sword of Time actually produces a series of moves simultaneously.

Zhang Ruochen just learned the "swift", a move among thousands of moves he has yet to learn.

Zhang Ruochen preferred to make the first move with the Sword of Time using sword techniques called Swift Swordsmanship.

One move, one moment; one move, one change.

"Swoosh!"

Zhang Ruochen quickly drew his sword and carved the top of Ye Chuan's head.

Ye Chuan's cap was sliced off by the sword, revealing long black hair that fell over his cheek.

Ye Chuan was shocked and quickly retreated onto the savage beast's back. He stared at Zhang Ruochen who stood across him and said, "You moved your sword so fast. I would have been unable to avoid it if you had gone for my neck instead."

Zhang Ruochen put away his sword and said, "If you had used all your strength, I might not have been able to cut off your cap."

"You don't have to be modest. I would not have been able to escape your sword even if I used all my strength. You were too fast," Ye Chuan said.

Ye Chuan didn't know that Zhang Ruochen's sword technique contained the Power of Time. He was terrified at how fast Zhang Ruochen was able to draw his sword. He was still sweating all over.

At that moment, he felt like he almost died.

The Power of Time was harder to detect than the Power of Space because it left no trace.

Only the Half-Saint who was knowledgeable on the laws of the universe could feel the very faint changes of time.

Of course, Zhang Ruochen's Sword of Time still had its limitations. For one, it could only kill someone within a close range.

Its sword techniques were also disconnected and movements were made independently of one another.

If an enemy was not killed during the first strike their sword would not be able to move momentarily.

If Ye Chuan fought with Zhang Ruochen again, he might keep a distance of more than ten meters between them. In that case, even if Zhang Ruochen would be able to quickly draw his sword, he would not be able to hurt Ye Chuan.

Although Zhang Ruochen was able to secretly move swiftly, his technique would eventually be exposed. If he were to use it now, it would only be to test the power of this move for future use.

The Sword of Time was still full of power. If it were used, even a master like Ye Chuan could be killed.

Ye Chuan stared at Zhang Ruochen intensely and said, "Are you really a warrior of the Heaven Realm?"

Zhang Ruochen said with a smile, "Of course."

Ye Chuan may suspect something over time. After all, he was the most intelligent person in the Moon Worship Demonic Sect. He had also reached the Heaven Realm and entered the Heaven Board.

Ye Chuan had reached the fourth change in the Fish-Dragon Realm but he almost died by the sword of a warrior of the Heaven Realm. Even if he told other people, no one would believe him.

Ye Chuan put away his spear and said, "No wonder you were chosen by the Saintness. You are unrivaled and I admire you."

Zhang Ruochen didn't know if Ye Chuan knew Duanmu Xingling's status. He then asked curiously, "Who is the Saintness?"

Ye Chuan laughed and said, "If the Saintness hasn't revealed her identity to you, maybe it is not time. However, she ordered me to help you in the Primitive World of Wood Spirit, so I'll try my best to help you."

Ye Chuan paused and contemplated for a few moments. He then turned serious and said, "Through my investigation, I have discovered that there is a great secret hidden in the depths of Blackwood Field. Since you've been there, can you tell me anything about it?"

Ye Chuan was obviously exploring the Blackwood Field secret to report it to the Moon Worship Demonic Heresy.

Maybe that's why he hid in the Primitive World of Wood Spirit.

The secret of Blackwood Field was of great importance.

After careful consideration, Zhang Ruochen decided to tell Ye Chuan something.

If Zhang Ruochen were to leave the Primitive World of Wood Spirit, the Qi of Origin would disappear and the whole world would begin to collapse.

An event of this scale would definitely disturb high levels of the Ministry of War, who would begin a thorough investigation. With their connections, Zhang Ruochen, who would have snuck into the Primitive World of Wood Spirit, would definitely be found.

The best course of action would be to let the Moon Worship Demonic Heresy stop the Ministry of War.

Zhang Ruochen explained, "There is an altar in the depths of the Blackwood Field, which was engraved with inscriptions. I assume it was made by the Psychic Sage."

Zhang Ruochen's findings intrigued Ye Chuan. He turned serious and said, "I've also been to the depths of Blackwood Field and observed the altar from a distance. It seemed highly unusual, so ordinary people could not have built it."

Zhang Ruochen said, "I entered the altar and found something even more shocking."

"What is it?" Ye Chuan asked.

Zhang Ruochen said, "The Qi of Origin in the Primitive World of Wood Spirit has been suppressed under the altar."

"What?" Ye Chuan was shocked.

His facial expression kept changing, unable to contain his thoughts and emotions until he realized the seriousness of this situation. Such an important finding had to be reported to the High-level of the Moon Worship Demonic Heresy.

Ye Chuan stared at Zhang Ruochen and said, "Why did the Ministry of War do this? What was the purpose?"

Zhang Ruochen laughed and said, "If you don't know, how would I know? Besides, the Qi of Origin is very strong. I would not be able to get close to it."

Ye Chuan nodded.

Ye Chuan wasn't aware of the fact that the Qi of Origin in the Primitive World of Wood Spirit had been taken by Zhang Ruochen. After all, the Qi of Origin was quite powerful. Even though it was only the origin of Qi in the Inferior Primitive World, it could only be controlled by a Half-Saint.

Regardless of how great Zhang Ruochen's swordsmanship was, he was only a warrior of the Heaven Realm. Before the Qi of Origin, he was nobody.

Zhang Ruochen said in a serious tone, "I want to go back to the Chaotic Millionverse Mountain immediately. I wonder if Captain Yek knows."

Ye Chuan put his thoughts away and said, "The Saintness has already ordered and arranged it. I'll take you to a Primitive World boat."

Zhang Ruochen thought, *"She deserves to be the Saintness in the heresy because she has energy beyond the expectations of ordinary people."*

Amongst the Inferior Primitive World, the Primitive World of Wood Spirit was at the highest level. Even if the Ministry of War brought a command into effect, many noble young men would come forward for the experience.

Under Ye Chuan's leadership, Zhang Ruochen and Blackie got on a ship to return to the Chaotic Millionverse Mountain. There were also other noblemen on the ship.

While standing on the ship, Zhang Ruochen looked down and asked, “Captain Ye, why don’t you return to the Chaotic Millionverse Mountain with us?”

Ye Chuan said with a smile, “I have to deal with some things first. When I’m done, I’ll go back.”

Zhang Ruochen nodded, understanding what Ye Chuan was saying.

Fang Li and the 18 sergeants died tragically, so he had to write an explanation. Ye Chuan wouldn’t leave the Primitive World of Wood Spirit until he had handled it.

Ye Chuan watched the ship fly away from the ground. His eyes turned cold and he said, “What is the Ministry of War planning? I did not expect the Qi of Origin in the Primitive World of Wood Spirit to be suppressed under the altar. I have to report it to the Half-saint Tongxu immediately.”

When it comes to the Qi of Origin in a Primitive World, Ye Chuan had to be very careful. He had to report it to the Half-saints of heresy and have them solve it.

Chapter 506: Heir of Kunlun Field

For the past two weeks, all the warriors from Chaotic Millionverse Mountain had talked about was Huang Shenyi. He was first on the Heaven Board and was challenging Huang Yanchen.

When the news came out, everyone was very curious. Who was Huang Yanchen? Why had Huang Shenyi written her a letter of challenge?

Many masters on the Heaven Board had come to Chaotic Millionverse Mountain to watch the battle.

It was certainly not for Huang Yanchen, even though news of her beauty had spread among the younger generations.

The person they really were interested in was Huang Shenyi.

No one knew how many geniuses and talents had been born in Kunlun’s Field. Only General Huang Shen Yi had accumulated more than 10 million military merits.

If things continued, he would be able to accumulate 30 million military merits and reach the Ultimate Realm of the Heaven Realm.

Who didn’t want to beat such a person?

The top ten masters on the Heaven Board wanted to see Huang Shenyi’s true strength.

If they could defeat him, they would get more than 10 million military merits. They would then have the opportunity to enter the Ultimate Realm of the Heaven Realm.

Below the stone tablet of the Heaven Board, was the Coliseum of the Martial Market. It had been opened by the Martial Market Bank and was dedicated to serving warriors of the Primitive World. If they won several consecutive battles in the Coliseum of the Martial Market, they would get a huge of Spiritual Crystals.

Of course, the longer their winning streak was, the higher the reward would be.

The Coliseum of the Martial Market was not too large; it could only hold 3,000 spectators. Ten days ago, all the tickets had sold out. The most valuable tickets even sold at the sky-high price of 50,000 Spiritual Crystals, but someone still rushed to buy them.

Today was the last day of the battle between Huang Shenyi and Huang Yanchen. The three thousand seats in the Coliseum were already filled.

“Huang Yanchen is not even ranked in the Eastern Region Saint Academy. Why is Huang Shenyi lowering himself and challenging her?” A young man wearing a blue jacket asked coldly.

It was Xun Long. He was ranked seventh on the Heaven Board and was the absolute superiority of Confucianism in the Central Region. His cultivation was unfathomable.

Zhuang Xingtian smiled. “Brother Xun, you may not be aware. Although Huang Yanchen cannot be regarded as a master, her fiancé is an unbeatable figure. It is said that he is the Buddha Emperor’s descendant. In my opinion, the man Huang Shenyi really wants to deal with is him.”

“Oh! Really?”

Xun Long was slightly surprised. He said, “I have been secluding myself for refining ‘Saint’s Fire’ for the past three years. I have never even heard of the Buddha Emperor’s descendant.”

This time, it was Zhuang Xingtian’s turn to be shocked. “Have you really ignited Saint’s Fire?”

Xun Long smiled. “I ignited Saint’s Fire three years ago. After three years of refining, the holy gas has filled my body. Saint’s Fire has spread all throughout my Meridians.”

The practice of Confucian Sect was different from that of warriors. They paid more attention to the practice of Spiritual Power. At the same time, they had to ignite Saint’s Fire in their bodies. This was regarded as surpassing mortals and entering into the Fish-dragon Realm.

Xun Long was quite invincible. He had ignited Saint’s Fire but still suppressed his realm at the Completion of the Heaven Realm.

After three years of refinement, his strength had gone a step further. He had practiced Saint’s Fire to the realm of Fire Refining Meridian.

Even for a monk in the Fish-dragon Realm, it was not an easy task to reach that realm.

Zhuang Xingtian sighed. “Brother Xun, for the sake of Huang Shenyi, release yourself from refining.”

Xun Long was quite proud of himself. He smiled faintly. “Huang Shenyi is indeed a genius, the likes of which we have not seen for 100 years. Unfortunately for him, he met me at a bad time. Defeating him three years ago was not difficult. After three years, I have only one goal, to reach the Ultimate Realm of the Heaven Realm.”

Xun Long’s gaze was fixed on Zhuang Xingtian. “Don’t be so hard on yourself. Seven years ago, you were already the sixth person on the Heaven Board. For the past seven years, you have been experiencing life overseas and fighting savage beasts in the sea area. Is there any improvement in your strength?”

Zhuang Xingtian nodded his head and smiled. “There are indeed some improvements.”

Xun Long said, "I remembered seven years ago, you practiced Life-death Seal to the realm of Hairbreadth Escape on the fifth floor. Now you have reached the sixth level, the Realm of Destined Death, right?"

When Zhuang Xingtian's expression lifted, there was a glimpse of pride in his eyes. "No, it is the seventh level, 'No Distinction Between Life and Death'."

The smile on Xun Long's face suddenly disappeared. "You are too ambitious. You want to use Huang Shenyi as a stepping stone to reach the Ultimate Realm of the Heaven Realm."

"We're both in the same boat." Zhuang Xingtian smiled. "I also had an adventure, otherwise it would have been impossible to break through to the seventh level."

Xun Long said, "Huang Yanchen and the Buddha Emperor's descendant, are too young. They are certainly no match for Huang Shenyi. So, today it may be just you and I that can defeat Huang Shenyi. Brother Zhuang, do you want to go first?"

Zhuang Xingtian shook his head and laughed. "Let it be. I am very interested in the Buddha Emperor's descendant. Let him fight against Huang Shenyi first. I will fight later."

Xun Long snorted coldly. "The Buddha Emperor's descendant has an unearned reputation. He does not dare to fight with Huang Shenyi. You may be willing to wait. I don't want to wait any longer."

He stood up and flew to the center of the Heavenly Ring.

Beneath his feet, purple air was flowing. It was Confucian Sect's awe-inspiring righteousness.

Huang Shenyi closed his eyes and stood in the center of the Heavenly Ring. He felt a sense of awe-inspiring righteousness. He opened his eyes slowly and looked around.

At this moment, Xun Long appeared and stood opposite him.

"Huang Shenyi, you do not have to wait," Xun Long said. "I see that the Buddha Emperor's descendant is afraid to come to the Coliseum. I will fight with you."

Huang Shenyi stared at him carefully. "Xun Long, seventh on the Heaven Board?"

"Yes, it is me." Xun Long was full of air.

There was an uproar. No one had expected that the first man to fight with Huang Shenyi would be Xun Long, a man of equal prestige.

"He is a genius from the Aristocratic Family of Saint Xun. He is said to have ignited Saint's Fire three years ago. Has he still not broken through to Fish-dragon Realm?"

"He is only a disciple, don't take it too seriously."

"What do you know? Xun Long has indeed ignited Saint's Fire. He could be deliberately suppressing the realm, trying to reach the Ultimate Realm of the Heaven Realm."

"Three years ago, his cultivation was so scary. I wonder what he is like now?"

“This was worth it! We can see a confrontation between Huang Shenyi and Xun Long. This ticket was worth every penny.”

Originally, the spectators had felt that Huang Yanchen and Zhang Ruochen were too weak. If they fought with Huang Shenyi, they would likely be killed in one move. There would be nothing to see.

However, the appearance of Xun Long made everyone excited.

The Heaven Board’s 676-meter-high stone tablet, was like a giant rectangular stone mountain on the side of the Coliseum.

Standing on top of it, you could clearly see the fighting inside.

Of course, the Heaven Board was very sacred. If someone dared to climb the stone tablet, even if they were a Half-Saint, they would be killed by the Vessel Spirit of the Heaven Board.

However, two people stood at the top.

One was an elder, and the other was a young woman wearing a veil.

The elder wore a purple robe and his head was full of white hair, giving a sage-like demeanor. If Zhang Ruochen was here, he would be able to recognize him. It was the Vessel Spirit of the Heaven Board.

The woman sitting on the opposite side of the Vessel Spirit of Heaven Board was covered in a faint haze. One could only vaguely see her perfect and flawless figure, and that she possessed snow white skin like jade. She was full of mysterious beauty.

Permitted to sit opposite the Vessel Spirit, she was not an ordinary person. She was a very mysterious person in the Eastern Region, even in the entire Kunlun’s Field, the Saint Lady.

The only thing that the world knew about her was that she wrote the *Eastern Region Report* .

She held a book in one hand and a pen in the other. Her voice was soft and beautiful. In a leisurely manner, she said, “Ten days ago, the Empress gave a secret order and asked me to give her a list of heirs. The list is a matter of great importance and relates to the future of Kunlun’s Field. I did not dare make a quick uninformed judgement so I came to ask the predecessors of the Heaven Board.”

The Vessel Spirit’s expression changed. “Empress’ cultivation is omnipotent (reach the sky and piece the earth) and life is long. It’s possible she could live another thousand years. How can she suddenly think about picking an Heir for Kunlun Field? Is she trying to abdicate?”

The so-called “Heir of Kunlun Field” was the son of Kunlun’s Field. He would succeed the emperor in the future and became the master of Kunlun’s Field.

The Saint Lady shook her head. “The Empress’ heart is not something that we can see. According to her, we need to pick out nine heirs from Kunlun Field to start with, and each one must be a genius. Predecessor, do you think Huang Shenyi is qualified to be the first candidate for heir of Kunlun Field?”

The Vessel Spirit smiled. “Young lady, you are already a Psychic Sage. Your ability of seeing and knowing people is already above mine. Do you really need to ask me for a small thing like this?”

Saint Lady replied, "Huang Shenyi's current strength has certainly reached the Ultimate Realm of the Heaven Realm. However, in this era, geniuses are coming out in large numbers, and the dragons and fish are jumbled together. It is difficult to determine."

The Vessel Spirit said, "I can only tell you this. Huang Shenyi reached the Ultimate Realm of the Yellow Realm. If he has also reached Ultimate Realm of the Heaven Realm, he has reached the Ultimate Realm twice. He could have great potential."

"I see."

Her beautiful eyes brightened slightly. The pen in her hand moved gently as she wrote the name "Huang Shenyi" on the scroll.

Of course, this did not mean that Huang Shenyi was already a candidate for Heir of Kunlun Field, just that his name had been temporarily written. The Saint Lady also had to personally meet him to determine whether he was suitable as a potential candidate.

Chapter 507: Cultivated Divine Body and Xuanwu

Huang Shenyi and Xun Long began fighting on the Heavenly Ring.

Both Huang Shenyi and Xun Long were very powerful. Their fight lasted for 130 moves in succession and the winner still could not be determined.

"Saint's Fire."

Xun Long was full of rage. He clenched his fists and ignited indigo sparks from his body. His Confucian scholar costume burst into flames and produced a crackling sound, before turning into ashes.

The meridians beneath his skin turned completely blue, as though they were chains of flame. They were weaving into a net inside Xun Long.

Huang Shenyi squinted and said, "You've practiced Saint's Fire to such a realm. It seems that your Cultivated Divine Body should have reached Small Success."

Xun Long had a Saintly Being, which was called the "Cultivated Divine Body."

Generally speaking, only a man of the Fish-dragon Realm could practice his Saintly Being into reaching Small Success. In this way, he could really encourage the strength of a Saintly Being.

Those whose Saintly Being achieved Small Success could defeat many enemies of the same realm.

For example, if a Monk of the First Change in the Fish-dragon Realm were to practice his Saintly Being into the Realm of Small Success, he would be able to fight with 100 Monks of the same realm by himself.

He would be able to defeat a group of people single-handedly.

Most importantly, none of the Monks who could break through to the First Change in the Fish-dragon Realm were weak.

Xun Long was stronger than the other Saintly Beings of Small Success because he had practiced his Saintly Being into Small Success when he was at the Completion of Heaven Realm, which was deemed incredible.

“Those who had Saintly Being of Small Success, might not be invincible when competing with those of the same realm.”

Huang Shenyi’s eyes became very sharp and a light white spot appeared between the eyebrows.

“Swoosh!”

A meter long Holy Sword flew out between his eyebrows and landed in his hand.

It looked like a sword but did not have sword edges. Instead, it was like a pen made of black iron.

Huang Shenyi held the Holy Sword and spun it quickly, drawing a sword circle with a diameter of ten meters around his body. As the sword began glowing, some inscriptions appeared on the edges and suspended in the air to form an array.

Xun Long’s arms were completely wrapped in blue Saint Fire. Then he threw a punch.

Light from the array emerged and turned into a light cover.

“Boom!”

Xun Long smashed the light cover with one strike.

With unstoppable power, he clenched his fists and aimed it at Huang Shenyi. As one would imagine, once struck by his fist, Huang Shenyi would fall apart.

Huang Shenyi looked dignified. He took a step back and used a Holy Sword to draw a sword circle in the ground again.

Huang Shenyi drew seven sword circles in succession, forming seven arrays which could withstand the power of Xun Long’s punch.

After Xun Long threw a punch, Huang Shenyi took a step forward and stabbed Xun Long’s lower abdomen quickly.

Although he had a Saintly Being of Small Success, Xun Long did not dare to block the Holy Sword’s strike with his body.

He immediately retreated and kept his distance from Huang Shenyi. Then, he threw another punch and hit the body of the Holy Sword. With a bang, the Holy Sword swerved in another direction, away from where it was initially headed.

“Bang Bang!”

The two continued to fight against each other and could not stop fighting.

There were sword radiance and firelight everywhere in the Coliseum.

At the top of the stone tablet of *Heaven Board*, Saint Lady nodded and said, "One could consider Huang Shenyi a genius in martial arts. In using of the array, he has also reached the realm of a master. As for his sword technique, he has accomplished Heart Integrated into Sword. If my eyes do not deceive me, his spiritual power has also reached the 41st level."

"He is close to being flawless and is very well-rounded. Only a few people of the same realm would be able to fight him."

"Xun Long is a young king in the Central Region and has been called a rare Genius by Xun Family. In fact, Emperor Wen who was one of the Nine Emperors 800 years ago, is as strong as Xun Long."

The Vessel Spirit of the *Heaven Board* nodded, saying, "The Xun Family of the Central Region is one of the eight Aristocratic Families in Confucianism in the Middle Age. They have a long history and have built a profound foundation. Xun Long has been deemed a once-in-a-thousand-year genius of the Xun Family because he has his own special talents. However, although he could fight the young Emperor Wen, it may be hard for him to be as good as Emperor Wen."

The Yellow Realm, the Black Realm, the Earth Realm, and the Heaven Realm were the four mortal realms. If a man had great intelligence, it meant that he had a better foundation. However, it did not guarantee his ability to become a Saint.

Not to mention the level of Emperor Wen.

The most important factor in becoming a Saint was one's mind.

Alternatively, an untalented yet strong-willed man could gradually move forward by doing solid work. Those with great potential may even surpass the formers.

Those who demonstrated exceptional talents at the Four Mortal Realms may not be able to move on because of their weak mentality. They began falling behind at the Fish-dragon Realm and achieved very little success.

Regardless of how talented people at the Four Mortal Realms were, reaching the Ultimate Realm in each realm just meant that they had higher starting points.

Only upon reaching the Fish-dragon Realm could they judge who were the real dragons or fish.

If you were a dragon, you might be able to practice and advance from the First Change to Nine Change in the Fish-dragon Realm in just a few years.

If you were a fish, it would be difficult to succeed even if you tried hard throughout your life.

Of course, other than talent and mind, there were other factors to take into consideration. Only those who were outstanding in various aspects could be candidates for the Heir of Kunlun Field.

Saint Lady said, "Xun Long was talented and could become one of the candidates for the Heir of Kunlun Field. Writ his name down and conduct an investigation."

After saying that, Saint Lady began writing "Xun Long" on the scroll.

The Vessel Spirit of the *Heaven Board* laughed and said, "This era reminds me of the period a thousand years ago when men of talent came out in succession. But finally, only the Nine Emperors grew up. Some of the other talents died an unnatural death, while the others exhausted their potential. In the end, they all failed to become the strongest. After all, only a few people could succeed after a fierce fight."

"The era of the Nine Emperors has passed and a new era has come," said Saint Lady.

...

Suddenly, there was a change in the Coliseum.

"It's time to put an end to this!"

Huang Shenyi clasped his palms together, holding the Holy Sword between his hands.

A black vortex appeared behind him and swallowed all Spiritual Qi and light. A strong power that from ancient times merged with his body.

When the power burst, all the warriors in the Coliseum of the Martial Market felt suffocated and trembled with fear.

Xun Long also felt a tremendous pressure. He raised his head, opened his mouth, and roared loudly.

"Crackle!"

Xun Long's body generated a loud noise. His bones stretched outward, making him 10 meters tall, turning him into a Fire Skull Titan.

Words flew out from the Fire Skull Titan's skeleton one by one like a starry sky and were arranged based on a strange rule.

The power of Small Success of Cultivated Divine Body was completely triggered.

His bones, like a sealed book, sent out a lot of Spiritual Qi.

"Boom!"

The clash from their strikes meeting blew them both backward.

The difference was that Xun Long fell off the Heavenly Ring and Huang Shenyi still had half his feet on the edge of the Coliseum.

Xun Long's body contracted and restored its original appearance. He stared closely at Huang Shenyi who was standing on the Coliseum and felt lost, saying, "What's the power of your last move?"

Huang Shenyi also withdrew his power and said coldly, "It's the power of Xuanwu, an ancient mythical beast. When I experienced it in the Primitive World of Xuan Wu, I risked my life for an adventure to gain the inheritance of Xuanwu." "So you were doomed to lose. However, you should be grateful because you're the first person to come out of a fight with me alive."

“Really? You were just lucky enough to win by half a move. The next time we fight, I may not lose.” Xun Long was extremely arrogant and could not admit defeat. He snorted and returned to the Spectator Stand.

“The inheritance of the ancient Mythical Beast Xuanwu?”

All the warriors present gasped.

Duanmu Xingling who stood on the Spectator Stand looked dignified and said, “Huang Shenyi was lucky to receive Xuanwu’s inheritance. It is said that Xuanwu’s power is strong enough to kill Gods.”

Huang Yanchen furrowed her brows and firmly said, “Let me go into this war. Huang Shenyi’s power is so frightening that even if Zhang Ruochen were to return, he would still not be able to defeat Huang Shenyi. If someone must die, let me go!”

“Yanchen, why would Huang Shenyi not kill Zhang Ruochen if he could kill you? If you went into the Coliseum now, you would die,” Duanmu Xingling said.

Huang Yanchen, Duanmu Xingling, and even Ao Xinyan who was confident in Zhang Ruochen’s strength worried about him after seeing how powerful Huang Shenyi is.

She secretly prayed in her heart.

“Zhang Ruochen, I wish you never came back. The fight was hopeless. No one was worthy of being Huang Shenyi’s opponent in the same realm.”

Once Zhang Ruochen came back, he must fight Huang Shenyi. The result was certain. It would be difficult to save his life.

Huang Shenyi stood on the Coliseum and stared at Huang Yanchen, saying, “Commandery Princess Yanchen, you promised to fight me by today. Were you speaking the truth? If you are afraid to fight, I would let you off because you are a woman.”

“Huang Shenyi, are you laughing at me?”, Huang Yanchen stood up and said angrily.

Huang Shenyi said, “No, I would not dare to do such a thing. After all, your father was the Half-Saint of East Region Saint Mansions. Laughing at you would mean I was also laughing at your father.”

Huang Yanchen clenched her fingers very angrily.

Saint Lady stood on top of the stone tablet of Heaven Board and slightly frowned. She thought Huang Shenyi’s was acting despicably. He threatened a woman whose cultivation was far lower than his and lacked a broad vision or a selfless mind.

Someone who could become a supreme dominator, regardless of the path they follow, be it evil, righteous, or even demonic would hardly be of a narrow mind.

At that moment outside the Coliseum of the Martial Market, appeared a faint voice, “Huang Shenyi, did you not know that if you want to challenge her, you must defeat me first. If you do not win, what qualifications do you have to challenge her?”

Zhang Ruochen who wore a martial robe came inside, looking as though he has travelled a long way. His body was still covered in dust. It was clear that he had just returned to the Chaotic Millionverse Mountain and immediately came to Coliseum of the Martial Market.

Zhang Ruochen had stayed in the Primitive World of Wood Spirit for nearly a month. Throughout the month, he had not fully-rested once and either practiced or fought with the treeman. No matter how strong his Spiritual Power was, he could not withstand it.

Upon walking into the Coliseum of the Martial Market, he looked very different and exhausted. However, he still stood up straight. He walked into Heavenly Ring step by step and said, "You should have known that she is my fiancée. Whoever wanted to challenge her should first defeat me."

Chapter 508: Avatar of Sword Qi

Zhang Ruochen's appearance created quite a stir in the Coliseum of the Martial Market.

After all, Zhang Ruochen was the 16th master on the *Heaven Board* and held the title of The Successor of Buddha. Instead of Huang Yanchen, people were now anticipating his fight with Huang Shenyi.

"Zhang Ruochen...unexpectedly, he really came back..."

Ao Xinyan looked at Huang Yanchen who was not far away, feeling complicated and worried.

Actually, Zhang Ruochen's opponent, Huang Shenyi, ranked first on the *Heaven Board*.

Based on the strength that he had just displayed, Huang Shenyi seemed almost invincible, like an unbeatable warlord.

Moreover, according to legend, nobody had walked off the Coliseum alive after fighting Huang Shenyi except for Xun Long.

However, could Zhang Ruochen's strength even be compared to Xun Long's?

Ao Xinyan was very certain about Zhang Ruochen's strength – although he was indeed very strong, he was still too young. At least for now, he was not comparable with superiors like Xun Long and Huang Shenyi.

Seeing Zhang Ruochen appear, Orange Star Emissary sneered and said, "Had Zhang Ruochen hidden and practiced for a few years, he might have caught up with Yellow God Emissary. I didn't expect that he would be so stupid as to come back in advance. After today, there won't be any more Buddha Emperor's descendant."

Having heard Zhang Ruochen's words, Huang Yanchen was naturally very touched, however, what Orange Star Emissary said made sense: It was not the right time for Zhang Ruochen to come back.

If he died under Huang Shenyi's sword because of her, she would never be able to forgive herself.

Huang Yanchen quickly walked down from the Spectator Stand and stopped Zhang Ruochen who was about to appear in the Coliseum. With her beautiful royal blue eyes staring into his, she shook her head.

Zhang Ruochen said with a smile, "Senior sister apprentice, it is just Huang Shenyi, there is nothing to worry about."

"This trouble I caused, let me deal with it myself. As for cultivation, you're...a little bit more profound than me. In the future, you can avenge me."

There was a firm and resolute look in Huang Yanchen's eyes.

As always, Huang Yanchen was very arrogant and unyielding, pressing forward with an indomitable will.

She felt that she alone should answer for what she did. She did not want to involve Zhang Ruochen.

Zhang Ruochen reached out and grasped Huang Yanchen's wrist, saying, "We have a long future ahead. If whenever there is trouble you always go and solve it yourself, then of what use am I? You are my fiancée. It is my duty to stand in front of you and protect you from the storm, right?"

Huang Yanchen's white teeth tightly bit her lips as tears sparkled in her eyes before teardrops finally slipped down her face.

Duanmu Xingling heard Zhang Ruochen and Huang Yanchen's words from afar. Seeing their closeness, she felt somewhat envious and distressed.

Huang Shenyi was smiling smugly on top of the Heavenly Ring.

It didn't matter how despicable his methods were, he had achieved his goal and forced Zhang Ruochen out.

He had previously been defeated by Di Yi when he ran for the position of young master of the Black Market Excellence Hall, however, he had not been convinced. He had always thought that he was more outstanding than Di Yi.

Di Yi only became the young master because he had a stronger family background. When it came to talent, he believed that he was superior to Di Yi.

Di Yi had not only been defeated by Zhang Ruochen, he had even lost the Demon's Heart, bringing disgrace to the Black Market Excellence Hall.

By his estimation, if he could defeat Zhang Ruochen, or even kill him, then the high-level leaders of the Black Market Excellence Hall would certainly reconsider and he would be appointed as young master.

"Zhang Ruochen, today is the day of your death!"

After he obtained Xuanwu heritage, the first person Huang Shenyi had wanted to deal with was Di Yi. However, since Zhang Ruochen had appeared, then he would kill Zhang Ruochen first. With such an achievement, would anyone refuse to obey his orders when he returned to the Black Market Excellence Hall?

Huang Yanchen retreated. Zhang Ruochen ascended the Heavenly Ring with firm and steady steps until he stood in front of Huang Shenyi.

With one hand holding a sword and the other behind his back, Huang Shenyi spoke, “Zhang Ruochen, you’re too impulsive. You will ruin your future for a woman. With your talent, you had great potential to become a saint as long as you did not encounter me. Why do you have to do such a stupid thing?”

Zhang Ruochen said with a smile, “You have been waiting for me. How could I disappoint you?”

Coldness entered Huang Shenyi’s eyes as he said, “Do you still think you can leave the Coliseum alive today? Don’t you think I can chop your head off before you can even give in?”

Zhang Ruochen shook his head and said, “Give in? Why should I give in?”

Huang Shenyi had thought that Zhang Ruochen would immediately give in or flee after stepping onto the Coliseum. This way, he could have saved his life even if he lost face.

However, he never thought that Zhang Ruochen would be so arrogant as to really want to fight with him. “Haha! Zhang Ruochen, do you think that by defeating Di Yi you are now invincible amid your contemporaries? I have the inheritance of the ancient Mythical Beast Xuanwu. If you fight with me, you’d be like an egg trying to crush a stone.”

“It’s just Xuanwu heritage, not the real Mythical Beast Xuanwu itself. Even the strongest person in the world may eventually taste defeat, not to mention...you are not.” Zhang Ruochen said indifferently.

“Humph! Against you, I am more than enough.”

Huang Shenyi wanted to stop this meaningless debate with Zhang Ruochen. In his eyes, the moment that Zhang Ruochen stepped onto the Heavenly Ring he was already a dead man.

“Zhang Ruochen, your sword technique cultivation is not that good, right? Then I’ll defeat you with my sword technique. Let me show you who the real master is.”

“Clash!”

Huang Shenyi moved his finger and the Holy Sword in his hand turned into a black light, flying out toward Zhang Rouchen’s heart.

Zhang Ruochen felt a little surprised with Huang Shenyi’s Sword Defending Technique. He did not expect that Huang Shenyi’s sword technique was so profound that he had realized Heart Integrated into Sword.

However, Huang Shenyi was only at the Initial Stage, but Zhang Ruochen was already at the Intermediate Stage.

Zhang Ruochen combined two fingers to form a sword skill and pointed forward. With a clash, the Abyss Ancient Sword flew out of the sheath – it was also a Sword Defending Technique move.

“Clang! Clang!”

The two Holy Swords quickly clashed over the Coliseum.

Sword Qi flew out of the blade, turning into thousands of sword shadows, passing around the two people, colliding and attacking each other.

Zhang Ruochen stood still like a God of Swordsmanship. With the Heart of the Sword he controlled Sword Qi, turning it into a deluge of Sword Qi, initiating an active attack against Huang Shenyi.

That blast of Sword Qi was formed from the convergence of hundreds of sword shadows, threatening to devour Huang Shenyi.

"His sword technique is surprisingly powerful!"

Realizing that Zhang Ruochen's sword technique realm was above his, Huang Shenyi knew that he could not defeat Zhang Ruochen with only the power of sword technique.

"Break!"

He suddenly took a step forward, grasped the hilt, mobilized Genuine Qi throughout his entire body, and swung the sword toward the deluge of Sword Qi that was moving past.

With a boom, the torrent of Sword Qi dissipated with just one stroke of Huang Shenyi's sword.

"Clang!"

However, the Abyss Ancient Sword flew out from behind the flow of sword Qi and struck towards Huang Shenyi's glabella.

Huang Shenyi's reaction was extremely fast. He immediately swung his sword and hit the body of the Abyss Ancient Sword, deflecting the sword technique.

"Swoosh!"

The Abyss Ancient Sword spun in the air, curving, and then moving behind Huang Shenyi before it stabbed toward his back.

In a flash, the sword had penetrated Huang Shenyi's Celestial Bodyshield.

Quickly turning around, Huang Shenyi held his sword with both hands and once again was on the defensive.

With straight arms, he continuously injected Genuine Qi into the sword blade, stimulating the power of the Holy Sword before stabbing out.

The edges of the two swords collided with each other.

Tremendous power passed from Huang Shenyi's arms to his legs and then to the ground.

Under the impact of that power, a loud crash shook the whole Heavenly Ring. Without the protection of the Inscription of Array, the Coliseum would have probably been torn apart.

Just as Huang Shenyi thought that he had warded off the Abyss Ancient Sword, from both sides of its blade flew out two Sword Qi illusory images, aiming at Huang Shenyi's eyes.

"How is it possible?"

Huang Shenyi's face changed. At the critical moment, all power in his body was mobilized. A whirlwind surged up from his feet and he quickly withdrew his sword and retreated.

Although the two currents of Sword Qi did not hit his eyes, one of them had flown by his temple, cutting the skin and leaving a half-inch-long wound.

Huang Shenyi retreated to the edge of the Heavenly Ring before stopping. He stared at Zhang Ruochen across him with amazement, "Avatar of Sword Qi – you've reached the Intermediate Stage of Heart Integrated into Sword?"

"Swoosh!"

The two Avatars of Sword Qi flew back and reunited with the Abyss Ancient Sword.

Zhang Ruochen reached his hand out and grasped the hilt of the Abyss Ancient Sword. He sighed lightly, "Such a pity, so close."

That blow just now, it was indeed such a pity.

Had Huang Shenyi's reaction been slightly slower, the two Avatars of Sword Qi could have penetrated his head.

The most important sign of the initial stage of Heart Integrated into Sword was to condense the Heart of the Sword and display the Sword Defending Technique.

A flying sword could kill people tens of miles away.

The most important sign of the Intermediate Stage was to display the Avatar of Sword Qi.

When the cultivation of a warrior reaches a certain level, he would be able to condense the avatar, which could help him carry out tasks.

So with the sword.

Upon reaching the Intermediate Stage of the Heart Integrated into Sword, warriors could make the sword condense into the Avatar of Sword Qi.

The Avatar of Sword Qi was condensed from 99 currents of sword Qi. Although its bursts of power were not as good as that of the sword itself, it was surprisingly effective, making it difficult to guard against.

"Boom!"

The battle in the Heavenly Ring caused an uproar in the audience.

The warriors who were present were all shocked, jaws dropping. They never thought that Zhang Ruochen was so powerful.

Chapter 509: Xuanwu Sword Technique of God Slaying

Huang Shenyi's massive strength had been witnessed by everyone present.

Even Xun Long, who was superior, was only able to force Huang Shenyi to step backward before finally getting defeated.

It was thought that with Zhang Ruochen's strength, he would not be able to resist even one move from Huang Shenyi.

Nobody expected that Zhang Ruochen would be so powerful that he could hurt Huang Shenyi while standing motionless and using only the power of sword technique.

Someone exclaimed, "However strong you are, there will always be someone stronger. For every able person, there is always one still abler."

Watching from the Spectator Stand, both Duanmu Xingling and Huang Yanchen were slightly relieved.

Duanmu Xingling gently touched her pointed chin with her five slender, jade-like fingers. Her round eyes had a look of astonishment. "Zhang Ruochen's strength has reached such a remarkable level, no wonder he was so confident."

In the past, Duanmu Xingling was confident about her strength. As long as she unleashed the seal power, she was certain she could easily defeat Zhang Ruochen.

But now, she felt that even if she unlocked the seal and used all her strength, she would not be able to defeat Zhang Ruochen.

"He...is unexpectedly so formidable..." Orange Star Emissary seemed at a loss, staring at Zhang Ruochen in amazement.

Just half a month ago, Zhang Ruochen was even weaker than Pei Ji.

After only half a month, he was now able to contend with Huang Shenyi.

"Zhang Ruochen claimed that he would go to the Primitive World of Wood Spirit for an important matter. Did his strength advance rapidly because of that important matter?"

Orange Star Emissary mood was extremely complicated.

The more powerful Zhang Ruochen was, the more difficult it would be for her to escape. Now, she could only hope that Huang Shenyi was only beaten back because he had underestimated the enemy.

Huang Shenyi had the inheritance of Xuanwu, so he could certainly reverse the situation.

Zhuang Xingtian, who ranked sixth on the *Heaven Board*, looked amazed and said, "In the Heaven Realm, Zhang Ruochen has already reached the intermediate stage of the Heart Integrated into Sword. He is truly a genius of sword technique. Among his contemporaries, those who want to have a sword fight with him will probably lose. Huang Shenyi getting this far is already pretty good."

Xun Long snorted in contempt and said, "This Buddha Emperor's descendant indeed has an incomparable attainment in sword technique. However, Huang Shenyi's strength is not merely manifested in sword technique."

"Huang Shenyi's real strength lies in his talent in the array. Together with the inheritance of Xuanwu, he's almost flawless."

"No matter how brilliant the Buddha Emperor's descendant's sword technique is, can it break the defense of Xuanwu?"

Zhuang Xingtian also nodded and said, "Without the inheritance of Xuanwu, Huang Shenyi will definitely lose the fight today. However, since he has the inheritance of Xuanwu, he is practically invincible. He has at least 80 percent chance of winning."

On the Coliseum.

Huang Shenyi hid his contempt, fixed his eyes on Zhang Ruochen and said, "Zhang Ruochen, I seem to have underestimated you. With the strength you've shown, you've made me determined to take this fight with you seriously."

"Ah! Your strength is pretty good, too. However, your disposition is worse than Di Yi's. I'm afraid that you'll lose today," Zhang Ruochen said.

Huang Shenyi hated when others compared him with Di Yi; his heart was filled with senseless anger.

Huang Shenyi shoved his left palm forward. In the center of his palm, a black hole suddenly appeared.

If someone were to watch the black hole carefully, they would find that a few wisps of wind were rotating around it.

"Swoosh! Swoosh!"

Six three-foot-long golden swords flew from the center of his palm consecutively. Suspended above the ground, it surrounded Zhang Ruochen, forming a sword array.

"Xuanwu Sword Technique of God Slaying."

Six blasts of Genuine Qi flew from the center of Huang Shenyi's palm and were separately infused into the six golden swords.

The Six-hilt Golden Sword was a holy weapon. Under the impetus of Genuine Qi, inscriptions began to appear on the surface of the blade.

Suddenly, all the inscriptions flew out, interwove and converged with each other like a cobweb, before forming a giant illusory image of Xuanwu.

If observed from afar, it looked just like a giant Xuanwu laying on the Heavenly Ring, its enormous body covering the Coliseum completely.

Of course, Zhang Ruochen was in the shadow of the illusory image of Xuanwu as well, pressed under its body.

"Huang Shenyi has six golden swords at the level of Holy Weapon. It seems that he indeed has the inheritance of Xuanwu. I wonder, did he obtain any other treasure aside from the Six-hilt Divine Sword?"

"Huang Shenyi already has a particularly high attainment on the array. Now, with the aid of the Six-hilt Divine Sword, his fighting strength will be enhanced. No matter how outstanding Zhang Ruochen's sword technique is, he won't be able to resist anymore!"

Even some Half-Saint families hold only one Holy Weapon as the Family Treasure.

Huang Shenyi, on the other hand, took out six swords successively, which was indeed enviable and terrifying. With so many holy weapons, in the same realm, who could oppose Huang Shenyi?

Under the suppression of the illusory image of Xuanwu, Zhang Ruochen's body trembled violently. He felt as if a huge iron mountain was pressing upon his body, all his bones almost crushed into pieces.

"Zhang Ruochen, since you were able to force me to use the Xuanwu Sword Technique of God Slaying, even if you die in the Coliseum, you're already particularly extraordinary." Huang Shenyi sneered, a hideous expression on his face.

He immediately mobilized his Spiritual Power and melded it into the black Holy Sword in his hand. Then, using the holy sword as a pen, he inscribed the boundary of the sword array with the Inscription of Array.

As the number of Inscription of Array increased, and the pattern of inscriptions of sword array became more complicated, the power of sword array was strengthened as well.

The illusory image of Xuanwu became more and more solid, like a real Xuanwu that had come from the Reckless Waste, passed through time and space, and come to the Coliseum, giving people a sense of depression and suffocation.

Even those who stood on the Spectator Stand could feel the overwhelming pressure, making their legs tremble.

At the top of the stone tablet of the Heaven Board, Saint Lady's eyes sank as she said, "Confronted with the Xuanwu Sword Technique of God Slaying, Zhang Ruochen still won't give in?"

Saint Lady didn't despise Zhang Ruochen. On the contrary, she thought highly of him and had already written his name on the scroll.

Therefore, she didn't want such a genius to die in the Coliseum.

"If he could give in, why must he still hold on?"

As long as the green hills were there, one needed not worry about firewood.

Vessel Spirit of the *Heaven Board* said with a smile, "Though Zhang Ruochen looks easygoing, his heart is actually very proud. How could he easily give in?"

Saint Lady sighed and said, "Unfortunately, the Xuanwu Sword Technique of God Slaying is so powerful that a warrior of the Heaven Realm can't withstand it. Can we only watch him die in the sword array?"

"Not necessarily," Vessel Spirit of the *Heaven Board* said.

Saint Lady's expression changed as she said, "Could it be that Predecessor knows that Zhang Ruochen still holds other trump cards?"

Vessel Spirit shook its head and said, "I can't see through him either. He seems to be covered by a layer of mist to hide all his secrets."

"Predecessor, is there such a thing that you can't see through?"

Saint Lady puckered her lips slightly and chuckled. She didn't believe that Vessel Spirit could not see through Zhang Ruochen. She believed that it just didn't want to tell her Zhang Ruochen's secrets.

After all, Vessel Spirit was the deceased sage of the Martial Market Bank.

Zhang Ruochen was one of the most remarkable talents in the young generation of the Martial Market Bank. It was normal that the Vessel Spirit would refuse to tell his secret to her.

Vessel Spirit of the *Heaven Board* just laughed and said, "Young girl, you're so smart. However, as the proverb goes, clever persons may be fooled by their own cleverness. I really can't see through Zhang Ruochen, I have no need to deceive you. It is precisely because I can't see through him that I don't believe he will die in the Xuanwu Sword Technique of God Slaying."

Saint Lady did not make any comment but just said, "Predecessor, if you don't want to say too much, I won't ask you anymore. If he doesn't die in the Xuanwu Sword Technique of God Slaying, I'll go see him and find out his secrets myself. Predecessor, you should believe that I can do it."

Right then, Saint Lady uttered a surprised "eh," softly and looked down toward the Heavenly Ring. She said, "What's he doing now?"

In the center of the sword array, Zhang Ruochen had begun to move his body slowly, following the footwork, he moved his feet gently. He also began to move his arms, slowly making handprints.

In such a critical moment, he was practicing the palm technique called the Dragon and Elephant Prajna Palm while within the Xuanwu Sword Technique of God Slaying.

As he struck out handprints faster and faster, the Dragon Pearl in his heart started to rotate rapidly. The surface of the Dragon Pearl glittered with bright golden radiance.

"The greater the pressure is, the stronger the power of Dragon Pearl becomes."

When he struck out the Dragon and Elephant Prajna Palm for the seventh time, his body suddenly burst out with a deafening dragon roar.

"Divine Dragon Transformation!"

Golden scales began to emerge on the surface of Zhang Ruochen's skin. His arms and legs turned into dragon claws. He turned into a golden dragon that was more than ten feet long.

"Boom!" The giant golden dragon crashed through the illusory image of Xuanwu, circling around the Heaven Stage, and then striking at Huang Shenyi's head with a golden claw.

In Huang Shenyi's eyes, the dragon claw grew larger and larger until his pupils were completely reflecting gold.

"Not good!"

Huang Shenyi reacted quickly and immediately took one step to the left.

Even so, the golden dragon claw still swiped his right shoulder.

With a crack, the bones of his right shoulder were smashed into powder. Half of his body grew numb.

Huang Shenyi flew out at an oblique angle before falling to the ground awkwardly. His mouth was full of blood, and even the black Holy Sword was thrown out of his hand before finally slipping below the Coliseum.

Without any hesitation, Huang Shenyi turned over and stood up, then rushed into the Xuanwu Sword Technique of God Slaying.

“Awoo!”

In order to continue the triumphant chase, the golden dragon flew out again and hit the Xuanwu Sword Technique of God Slaying with a claw.

Huang Shenyi clenched his teeth tightly and released all the Genuine Qi in his body to mobilize the Six-hilt Divine Sword.

The six Holy Swords started spinning around rapidly.

Under the impetus of Inscription of Array, the illusory image of Xuanwu became alive and came to fight with the golden dragon.

“Zhang Ruochen, I’m afraid that it’s not that easy to defeat me. Although you’ve displayed Divine Dragon Transformation, I will slaughter this dragon – you.”

Huang Shenyi looked pale, blood gushing forth from all his pores as if his body was about to burst.

Obviously, he was suffering tremendous pressure to control the Xuanwu Sword Technique of God Slaying.

“Go to hell.”

As Huang Shenyi lifted his arms, the six Holy Swords instantly combined together and turned into a giant sword, hanging in mid-air, striking toward the golden dragon’s neck.

Chapter 510: A Stunning Stroke

The Divine Dragon Transformation was a unique martial arts technique of the Superior Class at Ghost Level.

However, regardless of how powerful the technique was, Huang Shenyi could not resist the combination of six Holy Swords with his flesh and blood.

The golden dragon’s head was going to be cut off by the six Holy Swords.

All the warriors present held their breath and widened their eyes, watching in nervousness. The winner of the battle between Zhang Ruochen and Huang Shenyi would soon be decided.

“It’s over. I will still be the winner. Ha-ha!” Huang Shenyi laughed and glared at him sadistically.

Suddenly, the light of the golden dragon faded into a cloud of golden dragon Qi.

With the Abyss Ancient Sword in his hand, Zhang Ruochen flew out of the clouds, through the wave made by the six Holy Swords, rushed towards Huang Shenyi, and stabbed him.

“How can Zhang Ruochen separate himself from the Divine Dragon Transformation?” Xun Long expressed in astonishment.

Zhuang Xingtian nodded and said, “Zhang Ruochen can only resurrect himself by giving up the Divine Dragon Transformation. Though he is young, he is able to respond to dangerous situations faster than Huang Shengyi can.”

Xun Long scoffed and said, “With the Divine Dragon Transformation, Zhang Ruochen can fight with Huang Shenyi’s Xuanwu Sword Technique of God Slaying. Without it, he is no match for Huang Shenyi. Now, how can they compete?”

“To solve the crisis, Zhang Ruochen had no choice. He has to give up the Divine Dragon Transformation, otherwise, he’ll be severely injured.” Zhuang Xingtian said.

In the coliseum, fights varied from minute to minute. The winner could be decided at any moment.

Zhang Ruochen or Huang Shenyi could lose if one of them made a careless move.

“Swoosh!”

Zhang Ruochen swung his sword swiftly and thrust it to Huang Shenyi’s forehead.

Huang Shenyi was much slower than Zhang Ruochen and could not avoid this stroke. Then and there he could only use his amulet treasure.

Huang Shenyi’s amulet treasure was a fingernail-sized blue turtle shell.

He injected the Genuine Qi into the turtle shell.

Suddenly, the turtle shell emitted blue light and formed a circle-shaped Qi shield.

Like a stone hitting the surface of the water, the Abyss Ancient Sword hit the Qi shield and formed an ever-widening circle of genuine Qi-ripples.

The Abyss Ancient Sword gradually moved slower. The tip of the sword stopped completely when it was three inches away from Huang Shenyi’s forehead.

Beads of sweat appeared on Huang Shenyi’s forehead. If he were to make the slightest move, the Abyss Ancient Sword would pierce through his head.

“Xuanwu Power, God Eater of the Black Cave.”

Huang Shenyi’s bones, muscles, and meridians completely tightened. Every bit of his strength was drained. He raised his wounded right arm with difficulty and merged his hands together.

A black dot appeared behind his back.

That black dot suddenly transformed into a circular black vortex, swallowing all the genuine Qi and light around it.

He has used this move to beat Xun Long in the past.

“Again.”

Xun Long clenched his fists and his pupils shrunk.

He knew how powerful this move was better than anyone else. It was an unbeatable move. As long as he did not break this move, he would never win in a battle with Huang Shenyi.

Could Zhang Ruochen break through it?

Xun Long shook his head. He didn't think Zhang Ruochen could withstand this move.

The people spectating from the stand observed that Zhang Ruochen advanced forward instead of retreating.

“Good!”

Huang Shenyi stood firmly, lifted his hands, and struck down, throwing the black vortex out.

“Swift and neat.”

Zhang Ruochen silently read his mind.

“Swoosh!”

Zhang Ruochen slashed his sword.

The sword moved quickly, hissed and turned into a flash of light, tearing the black vortex into two.

Time stood still for a moment in the heavenly ring.

Zhang Ruochen then returned to the ground lightly. With one movement of his arm, the Abyss Ancient Sword moved in a circle and returned to its sheath.

While in mid-air, Huang Shenyi widened his eyes and raised his body as a bloody line appeared on his neck.

The bloodline went around his neck.

“Poof!”

Huang Shenyi's head separated from his neck. His head and body fell on different sides of the room with a bang.

Like a ball, his skull bounced on the coliseum floor several times before finally rolling over.

In an attempt to stand up, his headless body struggled with his arms and feet before finally laying on the ground, losing signs of life completely.

A unique genius failed to fully develop and died on the Heavenly Ring.

The whole coliseum fell silent.

Even masters like Zhuang Xingtian and Xun Long shivered. They stared at Zhang Ruochen standing in the coliseum in shock.

Zhuang Xingtian gulped and after a long pause he asked, "Have you clearly seen what moves he used for the last stroke?"

Xun Long shook his head and said, "No. The stroke is so terrible! If I were in Huang Shenyi's position, I would not be able to survive it."

On top of being arrogant, Xun Long was also conceited. He never took Zhang Ruochen seriously.

However, he changed his mind after seeing Zhang Ruochen's last stroke. He felt that Zhang Ruochen had an unfathomable strength and was a worthy opponent.

Xun Long was not the only one who thought so. Zhuang Xingtian also thought the same.

Regardless of who won, Zhuang Xingtian wanted to enter the coliseum to challenge the winner and compete for NO.1 on the *Heaven Board*.

After seeing Zhang Ruochen's last stroke, however, he became uncertain because he has not figured out a way to break through that sword technique.

If he could not break through that sword technique, he would lose.

Zhang Ruochen's last stroke was truly amazing. People only saw a flash of light and not the actual movement of the sword.

A group of mysterious people walked into the Coliseum of the Martial.

There seemed to be a cold air around them, and they had murderous looks in their eyes. All the warriors in the Coliseum of the Martial stepped back and made way for them.

Among them, there was a man who walked in front and wore a black robe and a gold metal mask on his face only showing a pair of eyes.

With his hands behind his back, he walked with a strong stride, showing extraordinary temperament.

Once he reached the bottom of the Coliseum, he raised his head to look at Zhang Ruochen who stood above him and said, "What a fast stroke! What sword technique did you use?"

Zhang Ruochen immediately recognized him.

Zhang Ruochen was not surprised and calmly said, "Swift and Neat."

The man wearing the gold mask was Di Yi, the young master of the Black Market Excellence Hall.

Only he had that kind of temperament, which elicited gloominess, elegance, nobility, and viciousness at the same time. Wherever he was, he always stood out from the crowd.

In fact, Di Yi arrived at the Coliseum of the Martial early but did not show up. Instead, he watched the fight between Zhang Ruochen and Huang Shenyi silently.

"The speed of that sword technique is worthy of the name of 'Swift and Neat'."

Di Yi nodded in admiration, but changed the subject, saying, "This move is not unbreakable. If I were to stand about ten meters away from you, you cannot hurt me. Although you can draw the sword very fast, your footwork may not be as fast, right?"

Simply put, as long as the opponent was faster than Zhang Ruochen, Zhang Ruochen would fall behind in footwork. So, no matter how fast he drew the sword, it was useless.

Zhang Ruochen admired Di Yi. In some respects, Di Yi was far more than ordinary.

Seeing Zhang Ruochen display the sword movement once was enough for him to identify the weakness of the "Swift and Neat" technique. Xun Long, Zhuang Xingtian, and Hang Shenyi were not as good as him in their observation skills.

Of course, the reason why Di Yi pointed out the weaknesses of "Swift and Neat" was to suppress Zhang Ruochen's imposing manner and not to break through his sword technique.

First of all, no one was faster than Zhang Ruochen in the fish-dragon realm. Even Di Yi was not as fast as Zhang Ruochen.

Zhang Ruochen could definitely catch up with him. Once caught up, Di Yi was doomed to die.

Secondly, a Monk wanted to defeat Zhang Ruochen within ten meters. It could be said that it was as difficult as climbing to heaven.

Even if he knew the weaknesses of Zhang Ruochen's sword movement, Di Yi could not fight Zhang Ruochen easily.

Though he was already dead, Huang Shenyi left behind seven Holy Swords.

The six Holy Swords among them could form a collection of swords with unparalleled power. They would be priceless treasures.

Each holy sword was a priceless treasure. Even the Monk of the Fish-dragon Realm and half-saints would compete for them.

Nevertheless, there were seven Holy Swords.

Since Huang Shenyi was of Xuanwu descent, he would surely obtain lots of great treasures, not just seven Holy Swords.

Were there other treasures hidden in Huang Shenyi's body?

Di Yi smiled and ordered, "The person who can stand in the Coliseum, collect the Yellow God Emissary's skeleton and retrieve his remainings will be the next Yellow God Emissary."

"Boom!"

The eyes of the warriors in the Black Market who stood behind Di Yi lit up in excitement upon hearing these words.

Everyone wanted to be promoted. Everyone wanted to be a man of importance.

If one could become the new Yellow God Emissary, he would rise in the Black Market and become a man of importance who would be revered by countless Evil Warriors.