

Chapter 601 - The Slaughter

Translator:

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Editor:

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The next morning, when the sun rose, rays of sunshine hit the surface of the glazed tiles, reflecting a golden glow.

In Red Willow Heights, a large group of evil cultivators gathered outside Dark Blue Emissary's courtyard with gift boxes in their hands.

Most of them were Monks of Fish-dragon Realm and some were superiors of the Completion of Heaven Realm—the top figures of Red Willow Heights.

Dark Blue Emissary opened the door and walked out. Looking at the evil cultivators waiting outside, he knew what they were here for, but he put on a sarcastic smile before deliberately asking, “Why did you come here?”

Among them, an evil elder of the Third Change in the Fish-dragon Realm stepped forward. He smiled obsequiously, “We come here to pay our respects to you.”

Dark Blue Emissary laughed even more.

Although he looked down on these people, he felt content. He raised his head arrogantly and loudly said, “Uh, uh! You are so snobbish, acting as the situation dictates! All of you have come to greet me, but who will greet Red Wish Emissary?”

“How could you compare Red Wish Emissary to Dark Blue Emissary? She is just a woman! We won't have a prospective future if we follow her.”

Ji Gui slowly emerged from the crowd of the evil cultivators. With his hands clasped together, he bowed to Dark Blue Emissary respectfully.

“Red Wish Emissary will be leaving the Cyan Cloud County. From this point on, we need you to be in command of the God Falling Mansion.”

“Red Wish Emissary is too young, and she is also your junior.”

...

With Ji Gui as their representative, a large number of Evil Warriors started gathering around Dark Blue Emissary like a myriad of stars surrounding the moon. They flattered him with words of kindness to show their loyalty.

They all knew that Red Wish Emissary had offended Di Yi, the young master of Black Market Excellence Hall. As a result, she lost all her powers and was forcibly dispatched back to the Evil Emperor City.

Would anyone who offended Di Yi have a good ending?

People had been speculating that once Red Wish Emissary returned to the Evil Emperor City, she would be under house arrest and might even face assassination, risking dying an unnatural death.

Besides a few Evil Warriors who were still devoted to Red Wish Emissary, the rest warriors were realistic. They understood very well how to survive. They had come to please Dark Blue Emissary to find a new patron for themselves.

Everything in the world occurred because of profit.

Who would stand on your side if you bring no benefit to others?

Right at this moment, there was a commotion outside. Red Wish Emissary, had gracefully walked into the courtyard with her hands behind her back. She looked around and said, “All of you come so early! What is this about? You’re seeking refuge from Dark Blue Emissary this early, aren’t you afraid that I will be disappointed?”

Zhang Ruochen followed behind Red Wish Emissary. Seeing this scene, he realized that in the Black Market, there was no doubt that only the strongest had the final say; otherwise, people around them would leave.

Seeing Red Wish Emissary's sudden appearance, the Evil Warriors who circled Dark Blue Emissary looked scared and started stepping back one by one.

Even if she had lost her power, they did not dare provoke her.

Seeing those Evil Warriors intimidated, Red Wish Emissary could see their similarities to Zhang Shengming. She could only shake her head.

Villains would always be villains, and they would achieve nothing.

Zhang Shengming could not be deemed as a hero, but at least he was an ambitious man, much stronger than these evil cultivators.

Seeing Red Wish Emissary, Dark Blue Emissary sneered and said, "I've been very tolerant and have given you one night to consider it. Now, shouldn't you be leaving Cyan Cloud County?"

Unexpectedly, Red Wish Emissary nodded her head and said, "How can I disobey young master's order? I will return to the Evil Emperor City today."

Dark Blue Emissary laughed in his sleeve, thinking that after all, a woman was just a woman.

"Young Master knows of your ambitions; a trap has been set on the road to kill you."

"You are naive to want to go back to the Evil Emperor City!"

He fixed his eyes on her seductive figure and charming appearance and felt a little pity. He wondered how it would feel to hold her in his arms for one night before she died.

However, he was designated to manage the God Failing Mansion and withdraw the force of the Black Market from the Eastern Evil Land.

Di Yi had arranged for other people to deal with Red Wish Emissary. Dark Blue Emissary was not sure who would load the dice against such a sexy and attractive beauty.

Red Wish Emissary sighed and seemed to be a little lonely. She turned around to leave.

Watching her back, Dark Blue Emissary felt somewhat desolate and forlorn.

After taking two steps, Red Wish Emissary turned around. Her beautiful face had a sad expression on as she said, "I'll be going back to Evil Emperor City now. Dark Blue Emissary, won't you bid farewell to me?"

Seeing her delicate and charming appearance, Dark Blue Emissary felt lust rising from his lower abdomen.

"I'm not a heartless guy, I'll see you off," said Dark Blue Emissary.

"There's no doubt that Red Wish Emissary is going to die on the way back to the Evil Emperor City. Why not take this opportunity and taste her first? I can kill her after enjoying her and then send her head to the young master in Evil Emperor City. I might even get credit for this."

He did not dare to kill her in Red Willow Heights was because there were so many eyes and ears around. If the news were spread to her Master Phantom Saint, Dark Blue Emissary would not be able to run from his wrath.

However, if they left the Red Willow Heights and arrived in the wild... it would be easy for him to kill her, especially with his cultivation.

As he walked behind her, he watched her slender waist and spindly legs move, and his lust became stronger

At midday, the sun was scorching like a furnace, making the air extremely hot and dry.

"Bang!"

A crescent-shaped swift boat, about 100 meters long, rushed up from the Red Willow Heights and gradually flew into the sky. The ship made a deafening noise as it soared into the sky, flying rapidly toward the northern sky.

Only seven people left with Red Wish Emissary, including some evil cultivators and Zhang Ruochen. All of them had

reached the Fish-dragon Realm.

After flying for about 1500km, the crescent-shaped boat entered a deserted mountainous area.

Dark Blue Emissary stood at the edge of the swift boat with his arms crossed. He caught a glimpse of Zhang Ruochen and other six Evil Warriors. He shook his head and smiled, thinking to himself, “There are still people who are willing to come to the Evil Emperor City with her. They must have been seduced by her beauty and lost their minds to have made such a silly decision. That being so, I’ll kill the seven people first.”

“Swish!”

Dark Blue Emissary felt that it was the right time. He executed his movements all at once. He moved his legs and managed to rush away for about 33 meters, and he appeared beside an evil cultivator of the First Change in the Fish-dragon Realm and quickly slapped him.

“Dark Blue Emissary, how could you...”

The evil cultivator screamed. Obviously, he was not expecting the sudden attack from Dark Blue Emissary.

With a bang, the evil cultivator’s head was split into two like a watermelon. His bloody skull fragments flew to different directions before falling on the ground.

A series of screams and cries were then heard as Dark Blue Emissary killed six people in just two breaths.

Dark Blue Emissary wiped the bloodstain in his hands as he glanced at the bodies. He sneered and said, “What a mess!”

However, he was shocked as he looked towards the ground again and counted the bodies.

How could there be only six bodies?

There should be seven. Where is the last one?

Gosh! He had to be a master!

Dark Blue Emissary’s expression changed dramatically and his heart started throbbing rapidly, realizing that something was wrong.

The person who disappeared under his nose must have been rather shrewd, and could not be matched by the six small potatoes on the ground.

“Boom!”

Silently, Zhang Ruochen appeared behind Dark Blue Emissary with the Thunder Pearl in his left hand and swiftly displayed Level One Magic Arts “Wind and Thunder Finger” with his right hand. His slender middle finger radiated the light of thunderbolt which hit Dark Blue Emissary at his back.

The power of the Wind and Thunder Finger was not as strong as the second-level magic arts, but it still boasted extreme speed, which was useful for surprise attacks.

Dark Blue Emissary was caught off a guard by Zhang Ruochen’s attack. Thus Dark Blue Emissary was hit by the attack without any defense.

Dark Blue Emissary was not easy to deal with. When he realized the situation was getting worse for him, he moved sideways to escape the blow.

“Puff!”

The strong power of Wind and Thunder Finger caused a bloody hole as big as wine glass on Dark Blue Emissary’s back and his lower abdomen was also struck.

Dark Blue Emissary’s visceral organs in the lower abdomen were seriously injured and were burned black.

Even with his injuries, Dark Blue Emissary had technically escaped the attack from hitting his spine. Otherwise, Zhang Ruochen’s Wind and Thunder Finger would’ve cut off his body into two parts.

“How did he manage to escape the attack?”

Zhang Ruochen frowned slightly. Without hesitation, he immediately shot the second strike and displayed the second-level magic arts “Wrath of Thunder God,” which condensed into an illusion of a 10-meter-tall thunderbolt giant.

“Howl!”

The thunderbolt giant let out an earth-shaking roar. He moved his arms to grasp an enormous thunder hammer, emitting streaks of lightning that abruptly hit Dark Blue Emissary's head.

Dark Blue Emissary withheld the pain. With a slash, he drew out a huge sword from his back, rolled on the ground and then warded off the hammer with his sword crosswise.

“Boom!”

Assaulted by the thunderbolt giant, the over 100-meter-long crescent-shaped swift boat burst out with a loud bang, and was split into two.

Next, two huge hulls dropped from the cloud and then fell to the ground.

The purple lightning was still thundering through the clouds while emitting cracking noises, creating a horrifying atmosphere.

The second-level magic art “Wrath of Thunder God” was indeed powerful. However, Zhang Ruochen could still see that when the thunderbolt giant used the thunder hammer, a pagoda-shaped shadow enveloped Dark Blue Emissary's body.

Dark Blue Emissary must have equipped himself with an amulet treasure that helped him to fend against the thunderbolt giant's attack.

Chapter 602 - Sorcery

Master

Translator:

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Editor:

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The Dark Blue Emissary fell faster than the two broken hulls and hit the ground off the top of a rocky mountain. The mountain collapsed.

Boom!

In an instant, the Dark Blue Emissary held a huge sword and broke through the soil.

He stood on the ground with his hair disheveled, and his body covered with blood. He held his sword still and he bellowed toward the sky, "Damned Red Wish Emissary, come out here right now. How dare you kill me? I'll make you feel so much pain that you would rather die than live."

Eighteen wisps of pink smog flew from the distance and merged to form her charming figure.

She flew to the top of the broken mountain and stood on the edge of a blue rock, giving a disdainful glance at him and said with a laugh, "You had the worst talent among the Seven Star Emissaries. Do you really think that you are great? You have lost your chance to kill me because you will die today."

With his hair standing on its ends, Dark Blue Emissary boiled with anger and his lust dissipated. The only thing he wanted to do was to tear her into pieces.

But he was trying hard to resist his anger because he knew that there was another master hiding in the dark, who had wounded him severely before.

When did the Red Wish Emissary recruit such a strong superior?

Dark Blue Emissary clenched his teeth and said, "Call your helper out and I'd like to see who he actually is."

A voice came far away. "Don't you know that I'm always behind you?"

Having heard Zhang Ruochen's voice, Dark Blue Emissary immediately looked back and saw a 333-meter-tall man. He wore a white robe with a metal mask on his face and was standing on the top of a maple tree leisurely.

Dark Blue Emissary's heart sank. But without Zhang Ruocheng's voice, Dark Dark Blue Emissary could not even perceive his existence.

From this, it could be seen that the person's spiritual power must have reached a very high realm. It was likely to have reached the 44th level.

As a cultivator of Sixth Change in the Fish-dragon Realm, fighting with a Master of the 44th level Spiritual Power was basically committing suicide.

Escape!

He must escape.

Dark Blue Emissary decided to take out an imperial edict and prepared to make use of its saint power to escape.

Dark Blue Emissary's master was also a Saint of the Black Market; he naturally had an imperial edict. As long as he injected genuine Qi into it, the Saint Power inside could be activated. In times of danger, he could escape to a place thousands of miles away.

How could it be possible for Red Wish Emissary let the Dark Blue Emissary escape?

"It's Terror Dreamland."

Red Wish Emissary drooped her eyes and waved out the holy crystal staff. At that moment, a red light shuttle flew out and

turned into many fine red rays covering the surrounding area with a radius of 5 kilometers.

Suddenly, Dark Blue Emissary seemed to have seen something incredible, and his hand movements gradually slowed down before stopping completely. All of his blood vessels and meridians tightened and started protruding from inside the skin, looking as if they were going to burst out.

He rattled as if he was being strangled.

In the end, the Dark Blue Emissary had lost his strength and knelt on the ground, falling forward. Ultimately, he died.

Even Zhang Ruochen, who was standing tall at 333 meters, was affected by the sorcery and felt lost for a moment.

However, as soon as he realized that he was not in good condition, he immediately condensed his spiritual power into a lightning blade, struck forward, tearing the dreamland into nothingness.

In a second, Zhang Ruochen came to his senses and found that Dark Blue Emissary had fallen to the ground. He was pale and had turned into a cold dead body.

At the same time, he smelled a faint fragrance. Red Wish Emissary had appeared beside him. She reached her delicate hand out to remove his mask.

Zhang Ruochen immediately seized her snow-white wrist and said in a low voice, "Her Excellency, what are you doing?"

Red Wish Emissary was surprised. She didn't expect that Zhang Ruochen would wake up from the dreamland this quickly.

Zhang Ruochen was also surprised. His spiritual power was higher than hers, and he was standing about 333 meters away from her, but he was affected by sorcery and even felt lost at one point.

The battle between real masters could determine whether you could live or die in a moment.

"Why are you so nervous? I just wanted to see what you look like," said Red Wish Emissary flirtingly.

Zhang Ruochen removed her hand and said coldly, “Her Excellency, if you still wanted to cooperate with me, you’d better not do such stupid things again. I won’t uncover my mask and let you see my face until I think it’s time for me to do this .”

Red Wish Emissary didn’t get annoyed and took back her hand, rubbing her wrist gently. She bitterly glared at Zhang Ruochen and said, “Okay! I’ll wait for that day.”

Zhang Ruochen gazed at Dark Blue Emissary’s dead body and said, “Sorcery deserves to be one of the most terrific occult arts. Even a master like Dark Dark Blue Emissary could die in dreamland.”

It had always been very difficult to cultivate Spiritual power, which was why the Masters of Spiritual Power were very rare.

However, sorcery was very difficult to practice.

Among 10,000 Masters of Spiritual Power, there might only be one Sorcery Master.

Because the power of sorcery was extraordinary and unpredictable, it was deemed as one of the most terrific and bizarre occult arts.

Martial arts masters, including Half-Saints and Saints of martial arts, were afraid of meeting Sorcery Masters because most martial arts masters only paid attention to power. Hence, their spiritual powers were not strong enough to face Sorcery Masters.

The weakest Half-Saint could probably defeat a Saintly Being of the Ninth Change in the Fish-dragon Realm.

However, a Sorcery Master with the 44th level spiritual power could likely kill a Half-Saint effortlessly.

It was not an exaggeration to compare a Sorcery Master to the saintly being of a spiritual power monk.

Sorcery Masters were very powerful, but they also had their weaknesses.

For example, if a Sorcery Master encountered a Master of Spiritual Power who was much stronger than them in spiritual

power, the effect of the sorcery they cast out would be weak against Masters of Spiritual Power.

Or, if a Sorcery Master encountered a monk with amazing willpower, the power of sorcery would also be greatly reduced.

In general, Sorcery Masters were pretty scary. People tried not to provoke them. Even the lawless second elder brother was afraid of meeting with Phantom Saint.

This time, Zhang Ruochen had realized that he had looked down upon Red Wish Emissary. Both her strength and her wisdom were not as simple as they seem.

He used to think that at her age, it would not be easy for her to cultivate spiritual power to a 43rd level. Her attainment of sorcery couldn't have been that high.

Unexpectedly, this siren was more gifted in sorcery than in her spiritual power.

No wonder she was so ambitious to compete with the Di Yi for the position of a young master. She was hiding her strengths this whole time.

If someone was deceived by her delicate appearance, I was afraid they wouldn't know how to die in the end.

Zhang Ruochen said, "With your attainments in sorcery, it should've been easy for you to deal with Dark Blue Emissary. You didn't even need my help."

Red Wish Emissary shook her head and said, "As one of the seven emissaries, Dark Blue Emissary is the hardest to deal with. The reason why my sorcery was effective was that he was injured seriously and his psychological defense had been completely defeated because when he was so anxious to escape."

"Seven Star Emissaries have all received special training, hence they have developed strong willpower. Without your help, it was impossible to kill him with my current attainment in sorcery."

Zhang Ruochen was still doubting what Red Wish Emissary said.

He thought of how he should be more careful because such a siren must have hidden her strengths. She was not a simple person.

Red Wish Emissary walked toward Dark Blue Emissary's body and picked up a golden imperial edict. She stuffed it into Dark Blue Emissary's sleeves, patting it down.

She said, "Dark Blue Emissary's master, known as the Saint of Blood Hell, is a very powerful predecessor. We better not take his treasure from his body, so as not to let the Saint of Blood Hell find clues to trace us."

While talking, she condensed a red flame in her palm and getting ready to burn Dark Blue Emissary's body into ashes, erasing all traces.

"Wait a minute, I have a better idea," Zhang Ruochen said.

Red Wish Emissary turned her charming face around slightly and looked at Zhang Ruochen, saying coldly, "What do you mean?"

He said, "I know a friend of the Yin and Yang Sect. He is in Cyan Cloud County right now. Maybe he can help us deal with this matter."

"Will your friend admit that he killed Dark Blue Emissary?" Red Wish Emissary asked.

She licked her red lips and laughed, unconvinced of what he said.

"In this world, there are people who would take lives to gain fame for their name. Killing Dark Blue Emissary would make anyone famous in the Eastern Region. Many people will fight for this chance."

He said firmly, "Give his body to me and let me try."

Red Wish Emissary looked at his firm gaze and somehow gave birth to a strange feeling of trust in him.

Red Wish Emissary dispelled the flame in the palm, thought for a moment, and said with a smile, “Ok, I’ll hand this matter over you. I will return to Red Willow Heights to deal with some people, and I’ll be waiting for your good news.”

With this, Red Wish Emissary soared and flew to a height of 33 meters. Her long and delicate figure instantly turned into 18 wisps of pink smogs, flying out to the sky before disappearing completely.

He released his spiritual power and ensured that Red Wish Emissary had left. He touched Dark Blue Emissary, finding out a Holy Sword, a pagoda-shaped amulet treasure, two 11th level Genuine Martial Arms and some pills and rare books.

Chapter 603 - One Plot

Translator:

Transn

Editor:

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“Abyss,” Zhang Ruochen called out.

The Spatial Ring on his fingers emitted white light. Then, the Abyss Ancient Sword flew out from the white light, refining all the Holy Swords, amulet treasures and Genuine Martial Arms on the ground.

As for the other pills and rare books, he put them in the ring for safekeeping.

When Red Wish Emissary had no courage to touch these things, Zhang Ruochen was unscrupulous.

The only thing that Zhang Ruochen did not touch was the imperial edict on the Blue Star Emissary.

The imperial edict was a priceless treasure. However, it had traces of the Saint Power left by a Saint.

Even if he took and hid the imperial edict in the Scroll World, Blue Star Emissary’s master would find him. In other words, some things can be collected, but couldn’t be touched.

He put the Abyss Ancient Sword away, then caught Blue Star Emissary’s corpse, flying toward the Cyan Cloud County.

Outside the Cyan Cloud County, there was a Taoist temple hidden in the deep mountain, called “Taoist Temple in Cloud.” The ancient Taoist temple was built on the top of a cliff that stood several hundred meters high. Through day and night, white fog from the mountain covered the long bridges, and spiritual cranes flew around the mountain, giving people a beautiful view of sacred mountain and sanctum.

A few days ago, the disciples of the Yin and Yang Sect who wanted to rob Zhang Ruochen's sacred stone fled from the Cyan Cloud County and hid in the Taoist Temple in Cloud. There was a predecessor of the Yin and Yang Sect who had retired in the Taoist Temple. The predecessor could secure them, without fearing that the evil masters would find and kill them.

But Lin Yue had been extremely distressed the last few days.

He used to be a talented master on the

Heaven Board

with a handsome appearance. Numerous junior sister apprentices and senior sister apprentices worshipped him.

However, those junior sister apprentices and senior sister apprentices all disdained him and detoured when they saw him now.

He knew that the reason was that he knelt to an evil superior and betrayed junior uncle master, leading the Yin and Yang Sect's Treasure Hunting Compass fell into the hands of the evil superior.

Lin Yue didn't think he's done anything wrong.

The evil master was much more powerful than the junior uncle master, that the junior uncle master was severely wounded and unable to resist. Did he have another choice?

As long as he could live, kneeling down was nothing to him.

A man would always have the opportunity to be outstanding, well known, and respectable as long as he was alive.

Once he died, everything would be gone.

Was there anything more valuable than life?

"I endured humiliation for a greater future. One day, you will not recognize me as a cowardly villain."

Lin Yue clenched his hands and said angrily.

Suddenly, a subtle sound of breeze came from behind him.

Lin Yue turned around to look. When he saw the familiar figure standing behind him, he was frightened to death. He bent his legs and knelt on the ground with a Dong, his whole body shaking.

Zhang Ruochen carried Blue Star Emissary's corpse on his shoulder and stood about 10 meters away from Lin Yue. Seeing his cowardliness, Zhang Ruochen couldn't help but feel amused. He asked, "Why are you so afraid of me?"

"You... You are a predecessor with a heroic figure, standing before me. Just like the apparition of the Saint, a manifestation of the Gods. As a junior, I feel afraid. How can I not kneel down?"

Lin Yue had seen the extent of Zhang Ruochen's strength, so he was terrified and pale, and was even shivering. Lin Yue was just complimenting Zhang Ruochen because he didn't want to upset Zhang Ruochen.

"Do you remember me?"

"Yes, of course."

Zhang Ruochen nodded his head and didn't want to bother with Lin Yue's nonsense, so he asked, "I'm giving you a chance to become famous. Even though it's risky, you'll get tremendous rewards. It depends on whether or not you are brave enough to seize this chance."

"What is the opportunity?"

Lin Yue raised his head and asked incredulously.

Was there even such a good thing?

Who wouldn't want to be famous?

"Bang!"

Zhang Ruochen threw the corpse of the Blue Star Emissary to the ground, kicked it to Lin Yue and said, "He's Blue Star Emissary of the Black Market Excellence Hall. He's been severely wounded by me. You only need to stab him a few more times, and you can take the credit for killing him."

"Dark Blue... Emissary..."

“What? Are you scared?” Zhang Ruochen asked coldly.

“No, I am not terrified.”

Lin Yue took a deep breath and suppressed his fear. He extended a finger and pressed on Blue Star Emissary’s waist. Then he immediately withdrew his hand, as if avoiding an electric shock, and exclaimed, “He... He... He is already dead!”

Zhang Ruochen gazed coldly and said, “I said that he is severely injured, so he is severely injured. Do you understand?”

“Yes, I understand, I understand.”

Lin Yue nodded his head unceasingly like chicken pecking rice. Suddenly, his eyes twinkled with a realization, “You mean, by my cultivation, I can’t kill Blue Star Emissary, but I can kill him if he is badly wounded.”

“Yes, exactly.”

Zhang Ruochen continued leading the conversation, ” So, how did he get hurt?”

“You mauled him, didn’t you?”

Lin Yue wanted to say that, but he stopped himself when he saw Zhang Ruochen’s eyes. He paused and started again, “Blue Star Emissary had an intense fight with a mysterious predecessor of our Yin and Yang Sect, and they were both weakened by this fight. At a crucial moment, I fought with Blue Star Emissary who was severely wounded. Not only did I kill him, but I also saved the predecessor. My Predecessor, is this OK?”

Without a doubt, Lin Yue had a talent for lying through his teeth. Even Zhang Ruochen admired him a little.

Zhang Ruochen laughed and said, “This can be your business. You must seize this chance if you want to be famous. There is nothing that you can’t do once you become a celebrity.”

“Predecessor, I thank you a thousand times for your patronage. Lin Yue will never forget your kindness.”

Lin Yue showed his gratitude by pressing his hands on the ground and bowing constantly.

When he looked up again, there was no trace of Zhang Ruochen, but only Blue Star Emissary's corpse.

Lin Yue looked around to make sure that Zhang Ruochen was gone, and then snorted coldly, "Predecessor, a holy-shit Predecessor. He must have killed Blue Star Emissary but is making me take care of it because he is afraid of the revenge of the Black Market. But... I am a disciple of the Yin and Yang Sect, and I am not scared of the revenge of the Black Market."

Lin Yue stood up, dusting his knees.

He turned his eyes to Blue Star Emissary's corpse, instantly crouched down to fumble him, and soon found the imperial edict.

After unrolling the imperial edict, Lin Yue was trembling in excitement, "Wow! It's the imperial edict issued by Saint of Blood Hell, Blue Star Emissary's master. If I take this imperial edict and his corpse, who would dare say that Blue Star Emissary wasn't killed by me? Haw-haw!"

Lin Yue was too lazy and didn't care about the mysterious evil master's motive for giving Blue Star Emissary's corpse to him. Everything could be explained only by the imperial edict.

He could already imagine the shocked expression of all the senior masters, the adoring looks from junior sister apprentices and senior sister apprentices, and the various practice resources once he returned to the Yin and Yang Sect.

He must make up a perfect story.

How was it possible to have no legendary story? Since he's about to become famous, Lin Yue needed to have a great story. He got more excited as he was thinking about it.

After leaving the Taoist temple, Zhang Ruochen went back to Red Willow Heights.

Zhang Ruochen believed that Lin Yue thought highly of fame and fortune, so he would make a big fuss about Blue Star

Emissary's corpse to achieve his purpose of getting instant fame.

At the very least, even if Lin Yue told the truth, Red Wish Emissary would be the one at a disadvantage. What would it have to do with Zhang Ruochen? He could change his identity and rearrange the plot to kill Di Yi, which would only waste more time, but nothing else.

“The information that Blue Star Emissary is killed by a warrior of the Completion of Heaven Realm of the Yin and Yang Sect will spread soon. Will Di Yi buy it? Will he believe that Red Wish Emissary has secretly cooperated with the Yin and Yang Sect?” Zhang Ruochen thought.

Eastern Region had five forces: Black Market, East Region Saint Mansions, Martial Market Bank, Yin and Yang Sect, and Moon Worship Demonic Sect.

Among these forces, the East Region Saint Mansions represented the official power. It had the Chens' background, a large number of troops, as well as civil officers of the Confucian Sect, which was considered as a really strong force.

The Martial Market Bank was the sworn enemy to the Black Market.

The Moon Worship Demonic Sect did not only cooperate with the Black Market, but also competed against each other.

Therefore, the only group in the Eastern Region with no conflicts of interest with the Black Market was the Yin and Yang Sect. Even though the Yin and Yang Sect claimed itself as the “leader of all sects” and “leader in the righteous path,” it had never fought with the Black Market, the group that represented evil on large and small scales.

Even if Red Wish Emissary formed cliques and factions inside the Black Market, Di Yi would not care. After all, the Black Market was his territory. So, no matter how much she tried, she wouldn't be able to accomplish anything.

By giving Di Yi a hint that Red Wish Emissary had already started working together with the Yin and Yang Sect, would make Di Yi focus on the issue. He would go to Cyan Cloud

County to kill the Red Wish Emissary, to prevent future problems.

As long as Di Yi could be lured to the Cyan Cloud County, everything would be much easier.

“Di Yi, I am looking forward to your next move after the news of Blue Star Emissary’s death.”

When Zhang Ruochen returned to the Red Willow Heights, he saw a group of evil warriors put bloody corpses in the car, where they would transport the bodies to feed the savage beasts.

When she returned to the Red Willow Heights, she started a bloody slaughter. She killed over 40 people in a row. All the victims were the weathercocks who expressed their loyalty to Blue Star Emissary earlier in the morning.

Ji Gui should have died, but he was the successor of a Half-Saint and was also the master of the Seventh Change in the Fish-Dragon Realm, so Red Wish Emissary didn’t kill him, even though she knew he was not loyal. After all, he was a master and would still be useful.

“Meet the Great Guardian.”

After seeing Zhang Ruochen, those evil warriors were awed. They walked towards him and knelt down to show their respect. Even Ji Gui followed too.

Chapter 604 - Progression

Translator:

Transn

Editor:

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Zhang Ruochen smiled and glanced at the Evil Warriors. He asked, "Why are you calling me the Great Guardian?"

Ji Gui bowed and knelt in front of Zhang Ruochen. She smiled and said, "Red Wish Emissary has granted you the position of the Great Guardian. From now on, the Great Guardian is the deputy chief of Red Willow Heights. All of us shall obey your orders."

Zhang Ruochen carefully sized up Ji Gui. He was surprised that Ji Gui was no longer arrogant.

This implies that Red Wish Emissary was a man of means. She could even change the attitude of a Half-Saint of the Seventh Change in the Fish-dragon Realm.

"Continue."

Zhang Ruochen had no interest in acquiring the "Great Guardian" title. He shook his head and walked toward the gate.

He went into his room without reporting to Red Wish Emissary. He then entered the Scroll World to continue practicing.

The Death of Blue Star Emissary was just the beginning. The real storm was coming.

Zhang Ruochen must become stronger to be able to take on more strenuous challenges.

Initially, Zhang Ruochen took out the

Sword One

, but after glancing through two pages, he decided to call it quits.

Zhang Ruochen could not focus on comprehending the sword technique before killing Di Yi.

The content in

Sword One

was ingenious. One would not be able to understand the quintessence of the book without first achieving inner peace.

“I’ll just continue to work on my cultivation and strive to attain the Fourth Change in the Fish-dragon Realm.”

One could only trigger the first holy meridian by achieving the Fourth Change in the Fish-dragon Realm. This would allow them to circulate the Genuine Qi into the Holy Qi, enabling them to display the thirty-six change technique.

Zhang Ruochen relied solely on his strong Spiritual Power and metal mask to conceal his identity. Yet he was treading on thin ice since his identity might be exposed at any time.

Mu Lingxi met him before and had suspected that it was him. If he met a Half-Saint from the Black Market, his identity would surely be exposed.

Only by displaying the thirty-six changes could he perfectly hide his identity.

“The Fourth Change in the Fish-dragon Realm”

Zhang Ruochen said this with a dignified expression.

Zhang Ruochen must practice the Fourth Change in the Fish-dragon Realm before Di Yi arrived at the Cyan Cloud County.

He took a box from the Spatial Ring and opened it. Inside it was a mass of golden inferno that emitted an incredible amount of heat, as though a small golden sun had been released.

With a radius of about 333 meters, the inferno turned into a few fireballs and floated in mid-air. They then turned into a fire domain.

It was the Spirit Treasure of the fire nature, the Source of Spiritual Fire.

Zhang Ruochen had already reached the Third Change in the Fish-dragon Realm. He could start refining the “Source of Spiritual Fire”.

There were five types of treasured bodies: Gold, wood, water, fire, and earth. Zhang Ruochen had successfully practiced into three kinds of treasured bodies, thus achieving the level of Treasured Body of Three Spirits. If he could practice into the Treasured Body of Fire Spirit, he would be promoted as the Four-spirit Treasured Body.

The Treasured Body of Three Spirits was already as powerful as a Saintly Being. How powerful would the Four-spirit Treasured Body be?

“It is difficult to practice into the Four-spirit Treasured Body, but I could absorb the Source of Spiritual Fire to promote my cultivation instead.”

Zhang Ruochen released the Space Domain, using it to completely wrap up the Source of Spiritual Fire within 333 meters. He then mobilized the fifth exercise of the “Scripture of Emperor Ming’s Empyrean” and absorbed them.

Zhang Ruochen isolated himself to practice. As did Di Yi who was at the Evil Emperor City. He was refining the holy source, which would allow him to achieve the Second Change in the Fish-dragon Realm.

Di Yi achieved the realm without much effort seven days later. It was supposed to be a joyful occasion for him, but he received a Signal Flare from the Cyan Cloud County that same day.

His cheery mood faded immediately.

Di Yi smiled coldly once he saw the Flaring Talisman. He clenched his fists, crushing the Flaring Talisman that was made of jade. The talisman turned into jade powder and slipped through his fingers.

Like a ghost, the Purple Wind Emissary rushed inside. He saw the somber look on Di Yi’s face and assumed that Di Yi’s

attempt at breaking through the realm had failed. He asked, “Young master, what happened?”

Di Yi stood up. His eyes were filled with uncertainty. He snorted coldly and said to himself, “How interesting, the Blue Star Emissary had fallen into his hands too. He’s nothing short of being great.”

“The Blue Star Emissary is dead?”

The Purple Wind Emissary was in disbelief. He remained skeptical.

“That’s correct,” Di Yi answered with certainty.

“How is that possible? Red Wish Emissary is nothing compared to Blue Star Emissary’s cultivation. Besides, where did Red Wish Emissary pick up such bravery to allegedly kill an emissary?”

Di Yi answered, “A secret organization under the Black Market brought this news to me. It must be true. Who do you think killed Blue Star Emissary?”

Purple Wind Emissary doubtfully asked, “Was Red Wish Emissary not the killer?”

“There is a disciple of the Heaven Realm in the Yin and Yang Sect. His name is Lin Yue.”

Di Yi looked somber, although there was a faint smile on his face. People who knew Di Yi understood that Di Yi’s was outraged.

“The Emissary was cultivated and trained by the Black Market Excellence Hall. She was regarded as the cream of the crop, yet was killed by a warrior of the Heaven Realm. Isn’t that funny?”

Cold air exuded from Purple Wind Emissary. He said in a tone filled with animosity, “I’ll go to the Cyan Cloud County now. His head must be brought back to the Evil Emperor City.”

Di Yi glanced at Purple Star Emissary and scolded her, “You want to kill a warrior of the Heaven Realm with your current cultivation? You’re joking right?”

“Someone must avenge Blue Star Emissary’s death. Not only am I going to the Cyan Cloud County to kill the Heaven Realm warrior, Lin Yue, but I will also make sure that the Yin and Yang Sect pay the price.”

Di Yi shook his head and said calmly, “There’s no need to be reckless. The truth may not be as simple as you think. The death of Blue Star Emissary might have nothing to do with Red Wish Emissary.”

Purple Wind Emissary was slightly shocked and said, “You’re implying that Red Wish Emissary joined forces with the Yin and Yang and killed Blue Star Emissary so that she will have a reason to continue staying at the Cyan Cloud County.”

Di Yi rubbed his temple. He was in deep thought and said, “That’s not true. If Red Star Emissary does cooperate with the Yin and Yang Sect, there is no need for them to use a warrior of the Heaven Realm as a scapegoat. No one would believe that a warrior of the Heaven Realm is capable of killing Blue Star Emissary who is in the Sixth Change of the Fish-dragon Realm.”

Purple Wind Emissary said, “Maybe Red Wish Emissary was being deceitful. She might have wanted to redirect our focus to the Yin and Yang Sect’s Heaven Realm warrior. In doing so, no one will ever suspect her as the culprit.”

Di Yi felt a dangerous aura out of nowhere. He said with a serious look on his face, “We must investigate this matter thoroughly. If Red Wish Emissary really does cooperate secretly with the Yin and Yang Sect, then we must eliminate her immediately.”

Purple Wind Emissary asked for Di Yi’s permission and said, “Young master, allow me to set foot on the Cyan Cloud County. I’ll make sure that Lin Yue and Red Wish Emissary will be dead within a month.”

“No, this is all rather strange. I must go there myself.”

Di Yi frowned. This was the first time he felt threatened since the death of Zhang Ruochen.

The difference was that the person he got rid of was Zhang Ruochen but now, the person he must deal with is Red Wish Emissary. Until now, Di Yi paid sufficient attention, making him view Red Wish Emissary as a threat.

Zhang Ruochen practiced in the Scroll World for half a month. He refined a sizable Source of Spiritual Fire into his body, allowing his body to achieve saturation.

Although he was far from achieving the Four-spirit Treasured Body, his cultivation improved a lot. He was almost at the Mid Stage of the Third Change in the Fish-dragon Realm!

During practice, Zhang Ruochen found out that after he absorbed the Source of Spiritual Fire, the mysterious embryo below his navel increased by 10% of its size and was more stable.

If Zhang Ruochen could practice and attain the Four-spirit Treasured Body, the mysterious embryo could fully form, turning into the second Qi Sea.

However, Rome was not built in a day. Zhang Ruochen had to progress gradually. Only by reaching a higher realm could he successfully practice into the Four-spirit Treasured Body.

Zhang Ruochen was very confident about acquiring the Four-spirit Treasured Body.

“Dragon and Elephant Furnace.”

Throughout the next few days, Zhang Ruochen continued training to succeed in practicing the Dragon and Elephant Prajna Palm.

Zhang Ruochen would practice the palm technique at least 800 times a day to the point of exhaustion. He would then consume the flood dragon blood of Half-Saint to restore his Genuine Qi.

As a result, Zhang Ruochen could feel his cultivation improving rapidly day by day.

After practicing for twelve days, Zhang Ruochen finally succeeded in practicing the seventh Dragon and Elephant Prajna Palm. At the same time, his cultivation improved

immensely, allowing him to achieve the Mid Stage of the Third Change in the Fish-dragon Realm.

“If I can refine a drop of Xuanwu Sacred Blood, it will allow my cultivation to break through to the peak of the Third Change in the Fish-dragon Realm. As long as I can achieve the peak of the Third Change in the Fish-dragon Realm, I will be able to attempt opening the first holy meridian. Once I succeed, achieving the Fourth Change in the Fish-dragon Realm is within my reach.”

However, refining the Xuanwu Sacred Blood was dangerous and time-consuming.

The last time Zhang Ruochen refined a drop of the Xuanwu Sacred Blood, it allowed his cultivation to promote from the First Change in the Fish-dragon Realm to the Second Change in the Fish-dragon Realm. But it took him half a year to complete the process of refining Xuanwu Sacred Blood.

Although Zhang Ruochen’s cultivation was already in the Third Change in the Fish-dragon Realm, thus improving his speed in refining the Xuanwu Sacred Blood, he still required at least four months to fully refine a drip of the Xuanwu Sacred Blood.

Four months in the picture scroll world was equivalent to twelve days in the external world.

Zhang Ruochen had to stay in the Scroll World for twelve days without being disrupted.

However, a lot could happen in twelve days.

No accidents could happen before killing Di Yi.

After much contemplation, Zhang Ruochen felt that secluding himself in the Red Willow Heights was not appropriate. He had to find a way out. After twelve days, it would not be too late to return to the Red Willow Heights after his cultivation had broken through to the peak of the Third Change in the Fish-dragon Realm.

Chapter 605 - The Evil's Assembly

Translator:

Transn

Editor:

Transn

As Zhang Ruochen walked out of the Scroll World, he saw an evil cultivator Monk in a black armor waiting outside the courtyard.

The man was tall and big and had a pair of sparkling eyes. Apparently, he had achieved the Third Change in the Fish-dragon Realm, which made him a master.

“Great Guardian, Her Excellency has invited you to the Sacred Willow Hall. She said that she had something to discuss with you,” Guo Song bowed, then stood up straight.

Zhang Ruochen walked out steadily and closed the doors. He asked, “How did you know that I would release myself from refining today?”

A smile spread across Guo Song's tanned face. He said, “Her Excellency has ordered that nobody is allowed to enter the room unless the Great Guardian released himself from refining. I have waited for the Great Guardian here for two days one night.”

Was that so?

Zhang Ruochen could not help but admire Red Wish Emissary. The siren had her way of winning one's heart.

Initially, Zhang Ruochen was worried that he would be disrupted while he was breaking through to the Third Change in the Fish-dragon Realm in Red Willow Heights. However, it seemed that Red Wish Emissary trusted him after all and gave him all the freedom he required.

If Zhang Ruochen was a rogue cultivator, he would have probably stayed and assisted Red Wish Emissary in pursuing the position of young master of the Black Market Excellence Hall. Sadly, he was not.

“Lead the way!” Zhang Ruochen said subtly.

Guo Song led Zhang Ruochen through seven alleys and a few layers of arrays. They were walking to the hinterland of Red Willow Heights. One could see the distinct traits of the Red Willow Heights the farther in they get.

Was it really just a manor?

Zhang Ruochen found out that his previous knowledge on the Red Willow Heights was just the tip of an iceberg.

The villa was enormous and was filled with Spiritual Qi. There was even a grand hall in the middle of the villa, which was more beautiful and magnificent than that of the Duke’s Mansion of the Cyan Cloud County.

“I wasn’t aware that Red Willow Heights was this large. I bet only a Half-Saint could break through the traps and arrays here,” Zhang Ruochen strategically said in a casual tone.

Guo Song who was walking behind Zhang Ruochen smiled and said, “This should be news for you. The Red Willow Heights used to be residency for the Lius, an upper-class family. The Lius was a Half-Saint family. They lost against the Blood Cloud Sect during the Battle of Dominator and were eliminated by them. Since then, this residency is within the Blood Cloud Sect’s territory.”

Zhang Ruochen said, “So the Red Willow Heights belongs to the Blood Cloud Sect?”

“Not currently. The Blood Cloud Sect had presented the Red Willow Heights to the Phantom Saint, who then gifted it to Red Wish Emissary. So Her Excellency is now the real owner of the Red Willow Heights.”

Zhang Ruochen nodded and decided not to ask any more questions.

At some point during their conversation, they arrived at the Sacred Willow Hall.

The Sacred Willow Hall was built on jade stone, amounting 33 meters high. One must climb a total of 99 steps on the jade stone stairway to reach the doorway of the Sacred Willow Hall.

Upon looking up from the bottom of the stairway, one would be amazed at the elegance and size of the Sacred Willow Hall. Twelve pillars, each equal to the size of three people were lined up in the hall. The top of each pillar was entwined with a huge python.

The huge pythons were not dead but were actually made of 12 fourth level savage beasts: the Black Python with Centipede Legs. The pythons had the body of a snake but had sharp centipede-like legs.

They were used to guard the Sacred Willow Hall.

There was an old willow tree in the middle of the hall. The tree was about 333 meters in height and had hanging roots thicker than the pillars of the hall.

The huge trunk, leafy branches, and numerous roots split the hall into two.

If one listened carefully, they could hear the old willow tree breathing as if it could come to life at any point and exude an impeccable power.

Zhang Ruochen was calm. He walked up the stairways step by step. He could feel the presence of auras in the Sacred Willow Hall as if they were having an evil gathering.

Guo Song quietly reminded Zhang Ruochen, “As the final battle commences, Her Excellency has invited the 18 counties of the God Failing Mansion who have pledged their allegiance to the Phantom Saint here to discuss the matter.”

“I see!”

Zhang Ruochen looked at Guo Song and smiled at him.

Of course, he knew what the “final battle” entailed. Red Wish Emissary knew that the battle against Di Yi will happen since

she had made up her mind to kill the Blue Star Emissary.

The war between her and Di Yi was imminent.

The fight for the position of young master in the Black Market had always been tight. It was as though superiors of the Black Market battled to breed a jar of poisonous insects. Every poisonous insect would make use of their talent, strength, plans, and intelligence to kill each other. In the end, the strongest poisonous insect lived and it would be the future Hall Owner of the Black Market Excellence Hall.

Of course, the winner would comfortably take her place as the young master while the losers died a painful death.

As the old adage suggested, “The winner takes it all”.

Since the final battle was just around the corner, Red Wish Emissary no longer hid her own strengths. She gathered reinforcements to the Red Willow Heights.

Zhang Ruochen walked into the Sacred Willow Hall alone. However, because Guo Song was just a Monk of the Third Change in the Fish-dragon Realm, he was not eligible to participate in such a meeting.

Zhang Ruochen secretly sized up the evil masters around the two corners of the hall and soon found out about the real power of the Red Wish Emissary.

Among them, the four strongest Monks were the ones sitting on the first two seats from the left and right at the front.

The four of them hid their real faces in different ways. They probably had special identities and did not want the others to know that they were at the Red Willow Heights.

Their bodies were wrapped in the colored glazed areole. All of them reached the Ninth Change in the Fish-dragon Realm.

In addition to the four big shots of the Ninth Change in the Fish-dragon Realm, there were 26 Monks who were either of the Eighth Change in the Fish-dragon Realm or the Seventh Change in the Fish-dragon Realm sitting neatly on the two sides of the hall.

Everyone looked calm, yet a forceful Qi exuded from their bodies. Their Spiritual Blood was boiling and they were full of energy. Every breath sounded like a hurricane was blowing.

Everyone in the Seventh Change in the Fish-dragon Realm was an evil dominator of their own kind.

Ji Gui and Luo Shi could only sit by the gate, which was the 15th seat from the left and right respectively.

In just three days, Red Wish Emissary could gather so many evil dominators, implying that the Red Wish Emissary faked being weak this whole time to deceive everyone.

She showed her weakness to everybody, including Zhang Ruochen and Di Yi, making them belittle her.

She would not expose her trump card if the time was not right.

Red Wish Emissary was capable of fighting Di Yi after all.

However, they both had different personalities. Di Yi was charming, full of confidence, filled with pride, intelligent and decisive. His level of influence on others allowed him to gather many masters, who worked to suppress his opponents.

On the other hand, Red Wish Emissary decided to keep a low profile. She showed her weakness to everybody, yet secretly built up her influence. She tricked people into thinking she was weak, but when she made her move, she could catch everyone off guard.

As Zhang Ruochen stepped into the hall, he could feel a few hostile looks aimed at him. He did not want to cause a scene, so he walked to Ji Gui and chose the 16th chair from the left and sat down.

Red Wish Emissary sat at the front of the hall, holding a holy crystal staff. Her hair was cascaded like a waterfall, making her look especially elegant and pretty.

She saw Zhang Ruochen step into the hall. She displayed a smile across her beautiful face and said, "Oh Great Guardian, why are you sitting by the doorway? This is your place."

Red Wish Emissary pointed her beautifully long finger at the seat beside her.

The seat was very close to her, positioning it above the evil big shots in the Ninth Change in the Fish-dragon Realm.

As soon as Red Wish Emissary finished her words, several people in the Sacred Willow Hall sneered. The situation in there was awkward.

Just as Zhang Ruochen was about to sit, he halted when he heard Red Wish Emissary's voice. He looked around the hall and saw that people were looking at him with animosity.

"I am rather inexperienced, how could I be so bold as to sit above the predecessors? I would much rather sit here."

Zhang Ruochen sat in the same chair. He nodded and smiled at Ji Gui who was sitting next to him.

"At least you have a sense of shame. You do not deserve to sit on the seat of the Great Guardian even though Her Excellency had bestowed the title upon you," a silver-haired elder who was sitting on the third chair from the right said coldly.

Zhang Ruochen glanced at him and closed his eyes, ignoring him.

Zhang Ruochen hoped that the meeting would end early so that he could discuss his closed-door practice with Red Wish Emissary. Since the final battle was just around the corner, he was obliged to improve his strength as much as possible.

Zhang Ruochen did not want to cause any more issues, but the evil masters did not intend to let him off easily.

A red-skinned evil monk who was sitting on the seventh chair from the left suddenly stood up and shouted angrily, "How dare you disobey Her Excellency's order? Believe it or not, I'm going to tear you apart!"

"Swoosh!"

Suddenly, half of the evil dominators in the hall stood up.

Every single one of them was filled with a monstrous evil spirit. They were ready to attack Zhang Ruochen.

Red Wish Emissary, the four big shots of the Ninth Change in the Fish-dragon Realm and Zhang Ruochen remained calm.

Red Wish Emissary did not stop them. Perhaps Zhang Ruochen had blatantly challenged her authority, upsetting her and pushing her to teach him a lesson.

Or maybe she wanted to use this opportunity to test Zhang Ruochen and see whether or not he possessed the capability of a Great Guardian and whether or not he could suppress the evil dominators present.

Chapter 606 - Consolidating Great Guardian's Power

Translator:

Transn

Editor:

Transn

Ji Gui looked at Zhang Ruochen pitifully. Ji Gui could predict that Zhang Ruochen wasn't going to face a good ending today.

In the eyes of Ji Gui and some evil dominators, Zhang Ruochen was too young and only followed Red Wish Emissary for a short period. With his age and experience, how could he be qualified to become a Great Guardian?

Moreover, they also got the news that Zhang Ruochen had nothing extraordinary. He was probably at the same level as Ji Gui and Luo Shi.

Who would want to have a person like that become a Great Guardian?

Initially, Zhang Ruochen didn't want to show off in case he would be envied by others, which was why he had decided to sit in the last chair. Unexpectedly, these evil dominators would not let him go.

Because of that, he had no choice but to be more aggressive than them.

Zhang Ruochen moved but still sat on the 16th chair on the left. He cast a contemptuous glance at the crowd and said, "I'm the Great Guardian. I'm afraid that you can't decide where I sit."

"Really? If so, may I have the honor to fight you and learn from you?"

Evil Monk Chi Hai strode over to Zhang Ruochen. Every step he took, the Spiritual Blood emitted from him grew stronger. When he walked in front of Zhang Ruochen, no one could see him anymore. All they could see was a cloud of thick blood.

As the sound of the thunderbolt came from the blood cloud, the Spiritual Blood was moved quietly and started changing into different forms.

Being able to sit on the seventh chair on the left, Evil Monk Chi Hai was definitely powerful.

A pair of huge claws reached out from the blood cloud to Zhang Ruochen's shoulders, the claws were aiming to lift Zhang Ruochen up and throwing him out of Sacred Willow Hall.

“Crack!”

In the main hall, two bright lightning condensed and struck, unleashing a sharp, furious and destructive power, which broke through the blood cloud.

A desperate screech was immediately heard.

Later, Spiritual Blood went back to the center of the main hall, like a creeping tide, and then, condensed into Evil Monk Chi Hai's body.

A blood hole appeared on each of his hands, piercing him from the palm to the back of the hand, with blood dripping continuously.

Filaments of thunderbolt flowed in his arms and burned his sleeves into ashes, exposing his two crimson arms.

It took him three breaths to defuse the power of the thunderbolt.

All the evil dominators around here were surprised when they saw Zhang Ruochen injure Evil Monk Chi Hai. They had to think again, is this Great Guardian really only at Ji Gui and Luo Shi's level?

Zhang Ruochen held the Thunder Pearl, stood up, and walked toward the position of Great Guardian.

“Since people are still provoking me even after I moved seats, why don’t I be more aggressive and just sit in the position of Great Guardian?”

Staring at Zhang Ruochen indignantly, Evil Monk Chi Hai said coldly, “I was only hurt by you because I was careless. Let’s fight again.”

“Really?”

Zhang Ruochen eyed him coldly, flashing into a lightning in a swish, he magically showed up in front of Evil Monk Chi Hai.

Before Evil Monk Chi Hai could react, Zhang Ruochen had already condensed into Wind and Thunder Finger and pressed against Evil Monk Chi Hai’s heart. Zhang Ruochen only needed to exert a little strength to strike through Evil Monk Chi Hai’s heart.

Evil Monk Chi Hai could feel a sharp pain spreading from his heart to his whole body.

Suddenly, his nerves were all tied up; he did not dare move. He looked at Zhang Ruochen with a little more dread.

“You... How dare you...”

Evil Monk Chi Hai tried his best to suppress his fear, but his eyes were wide and his voice was trembling.

Zhang Ruochen said, “Why wouldn’t I do it? Believe it or not, I can turn your heart into a pile of ashes with a flick of my finger.”

An evil dominator of the Eighth Change in the Fish-dragon Realm quickly went over to calm Zhang Ruochen down. With an obsequious smile, he said, “Great Guardian, calm down, calm down. Chi Hai didn’t mean to offend you, so please forgive him.”

“Chi Hai was just got carried away. Great Guardian, you don’t need to waste your time to argue with him.”

“We all work for Her Excellency, so we are all good friends. Let’s not destroy the harmony.”

“Great Guardian, there is a saying that a great man doesn’t bear grudges against a small fry. I hope you can forgive Chi Hai this time and I will assure you that he won’t offend you anymore.”

...

The evil dominators who were doubtful of Zhang Ruochen became worried. They were afraid that Zhang Ruochen would kill Chi Hai in a rage.

Ji Gui and Luo Shi were shocked. They never thought that Zhang Ruochen had gained immense strength simply in the past couple of days.

After all, just a few days ago, he was weaker than them.

However, they didn’t know that the most important elements for a Spiritual Power master were the superior spell and the Psychic Staff. When Zhang Ruochen fought them, he only used the weakest Level One Magic Arts and he was bare-handed.

Now, Zhang Ruochen had Thunder Pearl, which could triple the spellcasting speed and increased its power by tenfolds. Naturally, he was much stronger than before.

Having seen their performance, Zhang Ruochen said to himself.

“In this evil world, only strength can repress them.”

Zhang Ruochen still did not move his fingers away from Evil Monk Chi Hai’s heart yet. He smiled and said coldly, “You are all pleading for his life, but I think he is still unconvinced.”

At this time, an important evil person of the Ninth Change in the Fish-dragon Realm, who sat on the first chair on the left, said coldly, “Chi Hai, go to apologize to Great Guardian immediately.”

Upon hearing the man’s words, Evil Monk Chi Hai instantly knelt down on one knee and said, “Great Guardian, I know I’ve made a mistake and I beg your pardon this time.”

Zhang Ruochen cast a glance at the man and found that he was completely shrouded by a colored glaze aureole, and only a

vague illusory image could be seen.

He gave out the colored glaze aureole deliberately to cover up his figure and face. Even with the Skyeye, Zhang Ruochen couldn't see his true appearance.

Zhang Ruochen saw how the man's words could make the top master like Evil Monk Chi Hai kneel down and apologize, so he knew that the man was not an ordinary man.

Zhang Ruochen suspected that it was the man who incited Evil Monk Chi Hai to take the initiative to provoke and attack him.

"I must watch out for him,"

Zhang Ruochen thought.

After seeing Zhang Ruochen suppress all the evil dominators, Red Wish Emissary nodded with satisfaction and said, "Chi Hai, Great Guardian is a Master of Spiritual Power of 44th level. He is capable of controlling thunderbolt, so it is no surprise that he defeated you."

Most of the evil dominators in the Sacred Willow Hall had only heard about Zhang Ruochen's fight against Ji Gui and Luo Shi. They had no idea that he was a Master of Spiritual Power of 44th level.

After Red Wish Emissary disclosed Zhang Ruochen's real strength, all evil dominators had immediate respect for him. Even the four big evil men of the Ninth Change in the Fish-dragon Realm turned their attention to Zhang Ruochen.

Chi Hai was more surprised. If he had known that Zhang Ruochen was a Master of Spiritual Power of 44th level, he would not dare attack him.

"Please stand up!"

Zhang Ruochen glanced at Evil Monk Chi Hai and walked toward the position of Great Guardian at the lower left of Red Wish Emissary, taking his seat firmly.

Evil Monk Chi Hai also returned to his original position and took a pill. He started healing himself and didn't dare say any words.

Red Wish Emissary said, "Since Great Guardian has released himself from refining, let's talk about the issues we've previously discussed."

The important man of the Ninth Change in the Fish-dragon Realm, sitting on the first chair on the left, stood up and said, "Your Excellency, I think it's not the right time to battle with Di Yi now. We have to find a better opportunity."

Red Wish Emissary was a little displeased and asked, "Why?"

The man answered in a hoarse voice, "Firstly, fighting against Di Yi is like throwing an egg against a rock. We can't even resist Purple Wind Emissary and Cyan-robed Emissary, not to mention other masters around Di Yi."

"Secondly, our layout in Qingyun County is not perfect. We'll be in an unfavorable position if we go up against them in a hurry."

"In my opinion, we should avoid the fight for now. It's not too late to wait until we are strong enough to face a decisive battle with Di Yi."

Red Wish Emissary knew they have a gap against Di Yi. Although she had secretly cozied up to many evil masters, the gap was still far smaller than half of Di Yi's at this stage.

But she was unwilling to give up. If she missed the chance, she might not have a second chance.

Red Wish Emissary stared at Zhang Ruochen and said, "Great Guardian, what do you think?"

Zhang Ruochen said, "I think that now is the best time for us to fight Di Yi."

Zhang Ruochen's words instantly caused an uproar in the Sacred Willow Hall.

Everyone was puzzled. Di Yi was so powerful that he could mobilize numerous masters. Why would he say that it was the best time to start a war against Di Yi?

The big man on the first chair on the left sat back and sneered. "You're young and naive."

Red Wish Emissary's eyes lit up. She asked, "Why do you think that now is the best time?"

Zhang Ruochen answered slowly, "I believe that if you miss this chance, there will be no other chance to kill Di Yi."

Red Wish Emissary looked solemn, and she asked seriously, "Why?"

Zhang Ruochen said, "Di Yi's biggest advantage is not the masters gathered around him, but his own incredible talent."

"Bu Qianfan was the king of the top six among the new generation in the Eastern Region. Di Yi has already refined his demonic shadow and inherited Bu Qianfan ability."

"Bu Qianfan has reached Ultimate Realm in the Yellow Realm, while Di Yi has reached Ultimate Realm in the Heaven Realm. That means Di Yi has reached Ultimate Realm twice after refining Bu Qianfan. Moreover, Di Yi's Heartless Saint Being is stronger than the average Saintly Being."

"In the Fish-dragon Realm, Saintly Being could only span between three realms to fight with the enemy. However, Di Yi could span six realms in the Fish-dragon Realm."

"Now, Di Yi has just broken through to the Fish-dragon Realm, his cultivation is not profound yet. In this case, we still can deal with him. If he reaches a higher realm in the future, anybody who is below the Half-Saint can't compare with him. By then, I'm afraid that no one can kill him."

Zhang Ruochen's words shocked everyone.

Chapter 607 - Zhang Ruochen in the Eyes of Red Wish Emissary

Translator:

Transn

Editor:

Transn

“A Saintly Being can skip three realms in the Fish-dragon Realm when facing an enemy, but Di Yi can skip six realms in the Fish-dragon Realm.”

These words kept ringing in the heads of the audience. It was as if a demon voice had frightened them out of their wits and made them break out in cold sweat.

A Saintly Being was already rather frightening—like an invincible existence—yet Di Yi was many times stronger than a Saintly Being. By the time he fully developed, who could be his equal?

Zhang Ruochen was very satisfied with the atmosphere he had set. He continued speaking. “Moreover, Di Yi can spin the demonic shadow off from himself and thus make his fighting strength much stronger by way of two against one. The fact that he has already reached the Fish-dragon Realm has displayed his edge. His power exceeds that of a Saintly Being. Who in the entire Eastern Region can stand up against him? Are you going to wait any longer?”

Even the Evil big shot sitting on the first chair on the left was speechless. Obviously, Zhang Ruochen’s remark had given him a jolt too.

“If we miss this opportunity, I am afraid there will be no chance at all in the future.” Red Wish Emissary gripped the

armrest of her chair so tightly that it began to warp, leaving her fingerprints left on it.

She was determined to kill Di Yi at any cost this time.

Great Guardian Zhang Shengming was correct in his assessment that this could be her only chance to kill Di Yi.

Now that they were set to fight a war with Di Yi, the Evil dominators began to hammer out a detailed plan to make sure that nothing would go wrong.

Watching them make plans as if it was a simple matter to kill Di Yi, Zhang Ruochen lost interest. He closed his eyes, appearing to fall into a heavy slumber.

Actually, Zhang Ruochen's Heart of the Sword had condensed into a man the size of a millet grain, standing in the center of Qi Sea and rehearsing the First-level Realm of the Time Swordsmanship, "Swift and Neat".

"Swift and Neat" consisted of 900 sword techniques that shared the same name, "Swift Swordsmanship".

Zhang Ruochen had already managed to practice 137 of them, but the Great Success Realm of "Swift Swordsmanship" was still beyond his reach.

Only when he completed the practice of the 900 movements of the "Swift Swordsmanship" could he start practicing the Second-level Realm of the Time Swordsmanship—Eight Changes of Scale.

Zhang Ruochen also knew that the Great Success Realm of Swift Swordsmanship could not be learned overnight. Now, all he could do was practice as many movements as he could against the clock.

"Great Guardian, are you practicing your spiritual power?" Red Wish Emissary asked.

Her siren voice sent a jolt of electricity from his ears down his spine, making his limbs go weak.

Zhang Ruochen immediately withdrew his "Heart of the Sword" and opened his eyes, only to find that the meeting was over and all the Evil dominators had already gone.

Only he and Red Wish Emissary remained in the Sacred Willow Hall.

Obviously, Zhang Ruochen would not admit to practicing Time Swordsmanship, so he said, “Yes, I was practicing my spiritual power. As the decisive battle draws near, the more power you gain, the greater the chance of success.”

Red Wish Emissary scrutinized Zhang Ruochen and pursed her lips, smiling charmingly. “To be honest, your tone, stature, and temperament remind me of someone I once knew. He has already died. Otherwise, I would suspect that under that mask is his face.”

Zhang Ruochen’s expression did not change. He calmly asked, “Oh? May I know who you are referring to?”

The expression in Red Wish Emissary’s eyes was complicated as she sunk into recollection. “Didn’t you say that nobody in the world can be Di Yi’s equal once he fully develops? Actually, if the man I mentioned was alive now, he would be Di Yi’s archrival.”

Zhang Ruochen listened quietly as if what Red Wish Emissary had just said had nothing to do with him.

The Red Wish Emissary turned to Zhang Ruochen and noticed there wasn’t the slightest change in his eyes. She said, “The man was a Time and Space Descendant—a genius unprecedented in one hundred thousand years. Di Yi fought with him three times and failed twice, so Di Yi feared and wanted him the most.”

“Unfortunately, he was so talented that he provoked the envy of both Heaven and the Empress. As a result, he was secretly executed by the Empress, and the Nine Serenity Sword Saint was framed for it. What a wicked scheme. The Empress is not as decent as she seems.

“A mere Monk in the Fish-Dragon Realm could cause Her Majesty the Empress to issue an imperial edict to execute him in such a vile way. Was he fortunate or not? Anyway, even after he died, he is still a legend of Kunlun’s Field. He has left his mark in history.”

Red Wish Emissary sighed and then smiled. “You and I are talented enough, but compared to him, we are more than ten times weaker.”

Zhang Ruochen was quite astonished to find that Red Wish Emissary had such a high opinion of him.

“So what? He was reduced to a handful of dust all the same.” Zhang Ruochen said.

Red Wish Emissary nodded and slowly straightened up, showing her body’s perfect curves—so sexily elegant, leaving the impression of a once-in-a-lifetime beauty.

She said, “Geniuses and talents have emerged in every historical period, but very few of them were able to fully develop and be the dominator of their time. Most of them died before achieving their full potential, just like the Time and Space Descendant.

“Inevitably, there will be a life-or-death battle between Di Yi and me. If I fail, I must die. If I win, I will not let him live, either.

“If I lose, you must kill me. I don’t want to fall into Di Yi’s hands just to be tortured and humiliated.”

Red Wish Emissary was very serious. Her eyes were exceptionally clear, giving Zhang Ruochen a strange feeling.

The siren sure was constantly changing Zhang Ruochen’s impression of her.

Zhang Ruochen paused for a while and then asked, “Why are you so pessimistic? We won’t necessarily lose the battle. Of the thirty Evil dominators, which one is not a top master? I believe each of them can also mobilize a large force. Knowing this, do you still fear Di Yi.”

Red Wish Emissary smiled. “You are too optimistic! Let me be honest with you. Of the thirty dominators of Sacred Willow Hall, a third of them are still wavering. We can use them but they cannot be placed in important positions.

“Another third have had previous contact with Di Yi and have possibly already secretly sided with him.

“Only the remaining third have been with me from the beginning. They are totally loyal to me and can be trusted. So, in fact, Di Yi’s power is ten times greater than mine. The possibility of winning is very slim.

“Knowing this, are you still willing to side with me against Di Yi and help me win the position of Young Master?”

Zhang Ruochen mulled it over and then said, “We have been on the same boat ever since we killed Serene Blue Emissary. Even if I were to regret it, Di Yi will never let me go. So why would I not fight together with you?”

He then added, “But I do wonder why you still invited them to Sacred Willow Hall to attend this important meeting when you already know that some of them have contact with Di Yi?”

The Red Wish Emissary replied. “This so-called meeting was a mere formality. It was designed so that they would bring false information to Di Yi. Only in this way can I mislead him. Otherwise, how would I even stand a chance?”

Zhang Ruochen nodded his approval and then asked, “Who was the man sitting on the first chair on the left?”

With her lips twitching, Red Wish Emissary said, “That was Zhangsun Lan, the chief master of the Hundred Battles School. He is a master who has reached the peak of the Ninth Change in the Fish-Dragon Realm. He rose to fame around 100 years ago and has great power in the Black Market. You have sharp eyes. There are issues with this man. I was told that he has been in contact with Di Yi for a long time now.

“If my guess is correct, what we just discussed must have already been leaked to Di Yi.”

Zhang Ruochen asked, “How about getting rid of him first?”

“There’s no need to rush. Di Yi has not yet arrived in Cyan Cloud County, and Zhangsun Lan still has a role to play. When he is no longer useful to us, he will be the first one I kill.” A sharp, cold look appeared in her eyes.

Zhang Ruochen thought for a while before speaking again. “I have a friend who is also a master. How about giving me a

Signal Flare so I can send her a message? If she can come to Cyan Cloud County, she will be a strong ally.”

“You have a friend?” Red Wish Emissary was a little surprised.

Zhang Ruochen smiled. “Who doesn’t make one or two friends while traveling the world? Besides, she owes me a favor and it’s about time for her to repay it.”

Red Wish Emissary believed herself to be a good judge of character. Now that she had already given Zhang Ruochen an important position, she had to continue to trust him.

She pulled a small, delicate White Jade Amulet out of her sachel on her waist and handed it to Zhang Ruochen, smiling. “My Great Guardian, I hope she does not let me down.”

Zhang Ruochen took the Signal Flare. Red Wish Emissary’s fragrance still lingered on it.

“Then I shall take my leave now.”

Zhang Ruochen stood up to leave. Before reaching the center of Sacred Willow Hall, Red Wish Emissary called out. “Great Guardian, hold on.”

“Swoosh!”

Red Wish Emissary turned into a red shadow and landed in front of Zhang Ruochen. She took a lizard skin out of her sleeve and said, “There is a third-level magic art recorded on the skin. Strive to practice it within half a month. It is much stronger than second-level magic arts. Once you learn it, your power will definitely improve significantly.”

Of course, Zhang Ruochen would not try to be polite and refuse. He took the lizard skin, put it away and went out, saying, “I have to seclude myself for refining for half a month. I hope no one will disturb me.”

Resting her snow-white chin on her fingers, Red Wish Emissary stared at his back as he left. A faint smile appeared on her face. “What a guy! I really want to strip off his mask to see exactly what he looks like.”

Chapter 608 - Goddess in White

Translator:

Transn

Editor:

Transn

After returning to the courtyard at his home, Zhang Ruochen took out his jade messaging amulet, recorded some words on it, and then infused it with some Genuine Qi.

“Swish!”

He activated the Inscription of Light Series in the Jade Amulet.

A white shadow circle lit up the Jade Amulet and slowly flew up.

“Go!”

Zhang Ruochen waved his sleeves, and the Signal Flare flew away immediately. It flew towards the outer sky and the Eastern Holy Land.

He was going to contact the commander of the Silver Sky Mercenary Group, named “Silvermoon.” She was once the Emissary of the Black Market Excellence Hall, but she became an enemy of the Black Market after she betrayed them and left.

According to Di Yi’s actions in Silver Sky Mercenary Group that day, Silvermoon probably wanted to kill Di Yi even more than Zhang Ruochen did.

She would be of great assistance if she came to Cyan Cloud County.

“The enemy of my enemy is my friend. I have no idea if my friend Silvermoon will come to the Cyan Cloud County.”

Without thinking more, he shook his head gently. It might be easier for him to kill Di Yi if Silvermoon was here to help him. However, Zhang Ruochen would still sentence Di Yi to death, even if she did not come.

Zhang Ruochen took the Yin Yang Wooden Graph out, unfolded it slowly, and hung it on the wall.

“Guoguo, I’m going enter closed-door training. No one is allowed to break into this room for two weeks,” Zhang Ruochen said seriously, with a glance at the greedy rabbit on the table.

Originally, Zhang Ruochen had planned to practice outside the Red Willow Heights to avoid accidents.

But now, he had legitimate reasons to seclude himself for training. Thus, it was unnecessary for him to practice outside.

Greedy Rabbit asked, “Master Chen, what if someone wants to break in who I can’t defeat?”

“If so, you should swallow the Yin Yang Wooden Graph and get away from Red Willow Heights. In a word, you should never expose the Yin Yang Wooden Graph to others. Do you understand?” Zhang Ruochen said.

“Yes, I do,” Greedy Rabbit answered.

Greedy Rabbit had reached the Fifth Change in the Fish-Dragon Realm after he ate Di Yi’s Demon Heart, practiced

Sky Swallowing Knack

, and swallowed lots of flood dragon blood.

He could fight with a superior of the Eighth Change in the Fish-Dragon Realm, because his strength was comparable to a human’s Saintly Being. Moreover, as long as he had precious and natural food to eat, his cultivation would grow rapidly, far beyond the rate of human monks’ cultivation.

“I’m going to give you the Black Skeleton Flood Dragon King’s dead body after things come to an end,” Zhang Ruochen said.

Greedy Rabbit's eyes immediately flashed with excitement, and he nodded his head vigorously like a pump.

The flood dragon's corpse was in the Scroll World. Greedy Rabbit had coveted it for a long time. If he could consume it, he would break through to the Ninth Change in the Fish-Dragon Realm.

Without a doubt, Half-Saint Class flood dragon meat was not easy to digest. It certainly needed a lot of time for refinement and absorption.

Right now, he had to help Zhang Ruochen watch the Yin Yang Wooden Graph, so he had no time to eat the corpse.

“Swish—”

When he took a step forward, a space portal appeared on the surface of the Yin Yang Wooden Graph and pulled his body into it.

Upon entering the Scroll World, Zhang Ruochen got out a drop of Xuanwu Sacred Blood and swallowed it. Then, he began to operate the

Scripture of Emperor Ming's Empyrean
and refine the Xuanwu Sacred Blood.

In any case, he had to reach the Peak of the Third Change in the Fish-Dragon Realm this time.

The Eastern Evil Land was located in the north of the Eastern Region, and most of the land was frozen. It became colder as one went farther north.

The Northernmost Land in the legend was fully covered with thick ice. It was an inhospitable land, uninhabitable for human beings.

The Lishui River started from Falling God Ridge, flowed northward, and traversed the vast Northernmost Land, leading to the Northern Ghost Sea.

Lishui River was the river of life in the Eastern Evil Land. Only its waters allowed the barren Eastern Evil Land to give birth to human civilization. evil cultivators built lots of cities,

and they turned the land into an evil paradise to realize their dreams.

“Swoosh!”

At this moment, on the 2-mile wide Lishui River, a dragon bone warship about one thousand feet long sailed upstream towards the distant Fallen God Mansion in Qingyun County.

Sitting in a warm antique cabin, Di Yi, with a book woven from golden silk in his hand, could faintly see two ancient Chinese characters, “Sword One.”

Di Yi seemed to enter a trance while reading

Sword One

.

His spell was broken when a nine-meter tall yeti warrior walked over to the outside of the warm cabin, kneeled down, and said, “Young master, I just received a Signal Flare from Zhangsun Lan of the Master of Hundred Battles School. Would you like to read it yourself?”

“No, you should just give it to Purple Wind Emissary, and he will handle it.”

Di Yi stared at

Sword One

without blinking.

The yeti stood up and left silently with the Signal Flare.

After about a quarter of an hour, Purple Wind Emissary and the Cyan Robed Emissary came to the warm cabin together.

“Young master, the information from Zhangsun Lan was extremely important. I thought you should read it personally,” Purple Wind Emissary said.

Di Yi’s brow furrowed. Then, he closed

Sword One

, placed it gently on the table, and said, “Come in!”

Purple Wind Emissary and the Cyan-Robed Emissary opened the door and came into the cabin.

“You don’t have to salute. Sit down first,” Di Yi said.

Purple Wind Emissary presented the Signal Flare on the table in front of Di Yi, and then went back to his own seat on the left, opposite the Cyan-Robed Emissary’s seat on the right.

After reading the contents on the jade messaging amulet, Di Yi suddenly smiled and said, “The Red Wish Emissary is still good, not as weak as I thought.”

Purple Wind Emissary said, “The Red Wish Emissary is very tricky. God only knows how many masters she has subdued. Young master, you should be careful when fighting with her.”

Di Yi nodded and said, “Since the Red Wish Emissary wants to battle with me in the Cyan Cloud County, I’ll help her fulfill her wishes.”

Purple Wind Emissary said scornfully, “She must be overconfident. As for all her strength, our young master can destroy it effortlessly, even with a push by only one finger.”

Di Yi’s eyes glanced at the Signal Flare again, and his eyes narrowed, and he said, “However, the Signal Flare mentioned that the Red Wish Emissary has attracted a mysterious Great Guardian, who was a 44th level Master of Spiritual Power, specializing in Thunderbolt. This person is not a simple character, and he should be her most powerful trump card.”

“I can assassinate him,” the Cyan-Robed Emissary said flatly.

Purple Wind Emissary said, “It’s better if I do it.”

Di Yi smiled and said, “You don’t have to quarrel. It’s just a 44th level master. To deal with him, I have a better choice. Hunter and Ice Demon, you two come in.”

“Your wish is our command, young lord.”

A few minutes later, two people came in and bowed to Di Yi.

The man on the left, called “Hunter,” was the best killer of the Blood Cloud Sect. He had a translucent body. He looked like a

mass of human-shaped water, and he could not be seen without careful observation.

The man on the right, called “Ice Demon,” was the lord of the Solitary Shadow Peak. He was wrapped in a black robe, and even his head was covered with a hood. He floated 1 meter off the ground, with a cloud of white mist under his feet.

At the sight of Hunter and Ice Demon, Purple Wind Emissary relaxed. These two people were both in the Peak of the Ninth Change in the Fish-Dragon Realm. Besides, each of them had his own special ability which could powerfully restrain a thunderbolt.

With the two of them in action, the outcome would be certain.

Di Yi told them about the specifics, and he told them repeatedly, “You two must be careful during this action.”

“Take it easy, young master. I’m also a Master of Spiritual Power at the 44th level. And I know a lot about the weaknesses of spiritual power masters. In fact, either Hunter or I can kill him,” Ice Demon said in a hoarse voice.

“I send you one step ahead of us to the Cyan Cloud County, not only to kill the so-called Great Guardian of the Red Wish Emissary. I also need you to help me to do another thing.”

Di Yi looked at the Cyan-Robed Emissary and said, “Cyan-robed Emissary, you go with them. You’ll take full responsibility for this mission.”

The Cyan-Robed Emissary asked, “What’s the other thing you want us to do?”

“It is said that the Demon Sorceress is in Cyan Cloud County right now. Since there is such an affinity, how can we not visit her? You must assess the situation clearly, and wait until the situation is suitable before you act. If she is a smart character, then you should not act rashly, so as not to disturb her,” Di Yi said.

“Yes, young master! I will successfully fulfill this mission.”

The Cyan-Robed Emissary stood up and led Ice Demon and Hunter out of the cabin.

Later, they turned into three illusory images and flew off of the dragon bone warship. Their feet hovered over the surface of the water. They went towards the river bank and disappeared between the mountains.

Di Yi's fingers gently rubbed and said, "The Red Wish Emissary, Great Guardian, and the Demon Sorceress are big shots. I hope they won't disappoint me too much."

At this moment, music came from outside the cabin.

The music was very faint but particularly pleasing. It was just like the most natural and beautiful voice above the Nine Heavens transmitted to the mortal world. It lingered on the water for a long time.

Musical sound waves formed a strong wind, and it forced the dragon bone warship to stop.

In the cabin, Di Yi and Purple Wind Emissary took a look at each other.

They were both geniuses, and they could certainly feel the comprehensive state of the music. Although they only heard the sound, a grand world emerged in their minds.

Just for one second, Di Yi and Purple Wind Emissary felt as if their hearts were constantly expanding to embrace everything in the world.

Sweat beads appeared on Purple Wind Emissary's hands, and she was shocked. She said, "How great the Spiritual Power is! Where is it from?"

"It must be the esteemed presence of a Psychic Sage. Let's go out to welcome them."

Di Yi looked quite calm. He stood up and walked outward.

evil cultivators on the dragon bone warship had already been alerted. They gathered around the edge of the deck and looked at the blue boat in the distance.

They could only see a woman in white sitting on the bow of a small boat in the distance.

Her long black hair and white dress flowed down into the water. She had a slim body and a pair of snow-white hands touching the piano, which formed a beautiful picture with the rhythm of Holy Road. She was just like a fairy or goddess from heaven.

When Di Yi and Purple Wind Emissary got out of the cabin, the woman in white withdrew her hands, raised her head, and then stared at the dragon bone warship in the distance. Her eyes were extremely clear and light, like two shining stars.

Although she had stopped playing the piano, the music still reverberated on the surface of the water.

The woman in white was like a magnificent goddess in a painting, more fresh and refined than anything in the real world.

She was looming in the mist of water mysteriously, and she said softly, "I heard that there was a terrific genius in the Eastern Region who had reached the Ultimate Realm of the Heaven Realm, and that he was as great as the Evil Emperor in the past. Today, I intend to visit him and ask him a question."

Di Yi knew that the woman was coming for him, so he stood up and asked, "How can I help you, my goddess?"

"If you were the owner of the Black Market, how would you govern it?" The woman in white asked.

After hearing the question, Di Yi narrowed his eyes. He realized who the woman was.

He condensed his Genuine Qi and fixed his eyes to wield Devil Eyes, intending to discern her true figure. However, he could still only see a vague and beautiful silhouette.

Chapter 609 - The Ninth Day of September

Translator:

Transn

Editor:

Transn

“She is just being deliberately mystifying. Young master, I offer to break her miasma to expose her.”

A bulky yeti warrior with a fierce look held a ten-meter spear. He was eager to jump down from the dragon bone warship to fight the woman in white on the boat.

Di Yi immediately glowered at the snowman warrior to overawe him into retreat.

Then Di Yi bowed to the woman in white in the distance, cupping his own hands. Di Yi genteelly asked, “Fairy, I’d like to invite you to board the dragon bone warship. We won’t talk too late.”

Her melodious voice replied, “You don’t need to be so polite. Now, just answer my question.”

Apparently, she did not intend to board the dragon bone warship.

As for the question that she had asked before, Di Yi appeared to be very prudent. After deliberating for a while, he replied, “If I could be the Master of Black Market, I would first unify the Black Market and establish a system.”

Most of the Evil Warriors present were puzzled.

The Black Market had always been unified, so how could it become unified again?

Only a few men understood Di Yi’s meaning.

The woman in white nodded thoughtfully, and then added, “Since the ancient times, the Black Market has had a sophisticated system of profits. The Black Market of the Eastern Region has its own rules of profits, so does that of the Central Region. 800 years ago, even the Evil Emperor couldn’t unify the Black Market and establish a system. How could you find a way to do it?”

Unhurriedly, Di Yi gave the answer that he had deliberated about for some time.

Along the Lishui River, the woman in white and Di Yi asked and answered interchangeably. They did not finish their conversation until sunset.

The woman in white seemed very satisfied with Di Yi’s answers, and she even felt amazed sometimes. Evidently, the young man in his early twenties brought her a lot of surprises.

As the night fell, utter darkness covered the whole area, except for the pure holy light radiating from the woman in white. It shone upon the river, making it look like the Milky Way.

“As big as the world is, it belongs to the King. The unification of Kunlun’s Field is inevitable. It will take the army of the imperial court a hundred years at least or a thousand years at most to enter and garrison Eastern Evil Land. By then, will the Black Market thoroughly disappear or not?” The woman in white asked.

This was a very sharp question. All the evil cultivators on the dragon bone warship became furious. Without Di Yi’s suppression, they would have rushed forward to tear her into pieces.

“It won’t,” Di Yi answered simply.

And then, he added, “Nowadays, the imperial court is very influential, like the sun in the vault of heaven. However, there are still shadows even in the brightest part of the sun, where the sun is absent. As long as people have emotions, selfishness, and greed, the Black Market will exist. If it will perish one day, I guess, all of mankind will perish, too.”

The woman in white nodded and asked no more questions. She took out a bright yellow scroll from her sleeves and suspended it in thin air.

“Swoosh—”

As she stretched out one of her slim fingers, white Holy Qi flew out of her fingertip and landed on the scroll, forming graceful, sacred inscriptions.

After a while, the scroll absorbed enough Holy Qi and turned into an imperial edict.

Suddenly, it changed into a streak of white light. It flew out, up the river, and it finally stopped over Di Yi’s head.

Boom!

The strong power from the imperial edict forced the evil cultivators on the warship to kneel on the ground.

At this moment, they realized the true power of the woman in white. Those who intended to fight against the woman were terribly frightened, with their thighs trembling. Cold sweat ran from their foreheads and trickled onto the deck.

Even Di Yi knelt on one knee, stretched out his hands to hold up the imperial edict, and slowly opened it.

Although he had guessed her identity, he still felt a little surprised after reading the imperial edict. It said, “Heir Candidate of Kunlun Field.”

“From now on, Di Yi, you are one of the Heir candidates of Kunlun Field, but you are not yet a real one. If you want to be an heir, you should bring the imperial edict to the Sword Pavilion to visit me on the ninth day of September.”

The ethereal voice still resounded across the water, but the woman in white had disappeared without a trace, and nobody had seen how she left.

All that was left was an ever-widening circle of ripples.

Di Yi slowly stood up and exhaled heavily, unconsciously squeezing the imperial edict.

“Young master, who is she? It’s unbelievable that she could pick the Heir of Kunlun Field,” An evil cultivator carefully asked.

All the people present looked at Di Yi and also felt curious.

Di Yi did not answer them. He just stared at the water arrogantly, and muttered, “She is indeed a world-renowned talent. We have no way to get close to her, but we must only see her from a distance. I’ll see you in the Sword Pavilion on the ninth day of September.”

A thousand miles away, a cyan boat flew over the clouds, heading south.

The woman in white sat with her legs crossed at the bow of the boat, took out a book, and unfolded it in front of her. Then she underlined Di Yi’s name with a bronze pen, indicating that more attention should be paid to this man.

Then, she added a comment after his name. She wrote, “He’s more talented than the Evil Emperor in Martial Arts. He’s intelligent, modest, and decisive, but less tolerant. His moral conduct ranks the third class.”

In the book, there were another 21 names and relevant evaluations. Even so, Di Yi’s evaluation could still be placed in the top five.

Even outstanding people have short-comings.

Actually, she thought highly of Di Yi.

“Next stop is Cyan Cloud County. The Demon Sorceress, Mu Lingxi, the Red Wish Emissary, Ye Honglei, and the Cyan-Robed Emissary, Qiao Yan, can all be evaluated together. The Black Market gives birth to talented people from generation to generation, but it also generates unremitting internal strife. Regrettably, nobody knows how many outstanding people died for this.”

Even the Half-Saints of the Black Market would not interfere in the struggle for succession to young master of the Black Market Excellence Hall. So she, naturally, had no reason to interfere.

She sighed gently and closed the book.

She took out her Chinese ancient zither and elegantly put it in front herself to play.

As the zither sounded, the cyan boat turned into bright rays like meteors. Then, it disappeared in the southern sky at 10 times the prior speed.

When reaching the First Change in the Fish-Dragon Realm, Zhang Ruochen swallowed a drop of Xuanwu Sacred Blood. At that time, he almost died of self-immolation because he was unable to withstand the power of the Holy Blood.

Now, his cultivation had reached the Mid Stage of the Third Change in the Fish-Dragon Realm. He had achieved a stage of “Skin Refining to Gold and Bone Refining to Jade.” The physical quality of his flesh had improved enough that he could endure the power of Xuanwu Sacred Blood.

For the past four months, Zhang Ruochen’s cultivation had been advancing rapidly. Finally, he had successfully reached the peak of the Third Change in the Fish-Dragon Realm in one fell swoop.

Zhang Ruochen’s whole body radiated harsh golden rays, and raging power was colliding in his meridians. He was like a volcano ready to erupt.

The power in his body swelled to the utmost extent.

He stood up suddenly with his legs bent. His muscles and bones seemed to be integrated as a whole, and he began to enact Dragon and Elephant Prajna Palm technique.

Through practicing the power of palm strikes, he began to absorb the expanding power in his body and to integrate the power of Xuanwu with his own power. In this way, he was achieving mastery.

“Elephant Galloping.”

“Dragon in the Sky!”

...

“Dragon Shape and Elephant Shadow.”

“Dragon and Elephant Return to Earth!”

...

“Nine Elephants Power!”

“Divine Dragon’s Steal.”

” Dragon and Elephant Furnace.”

There were seven palm techniques. Zhang Ruochen practiced them again and again, acting as dynamic as a tiger and filling the whole area with illusory images of Divine Dragon and Divine Elephant.

Since he successfully practiced the seventh technique “Dragon and Elephant Furnace”, his Dragon and Elephant Prajna Palm was improved to the inferior Class of Ghost. When it came to the power, his palm technique could be compared with that of the mid-class of Ghost Level.

After practicing the palm technique for three days, Zhang Ruochen was completely exhausted. He tried to absorb the remaining power of Xuanwu Sacred Blood.

By virtue of his present cultivation, he could manage to unblock the first holy meridian, the Yin Qiao Holy Meridian.

Once he made it, he would be one step away from the Fourth Change in the Fish-Dragon Realm. Then, he could turn Genuine Qi into rare Holy Qi through his holy meridian. If practiced properly, the power of martial techniques from Spiritual Qi would be multiplied, and his Holy Weapon would also have more power.

So, the first three changes of the Fish-Dragon Realm were devoted to improving a monks’ physical quality. Monks needed to be physically vigorous enough to withstand the shock brought on by Holy Qi.

At the same time, monks could step on the Holy Road only by unblocking the Holy Meridian and practicing into the first wisp of Holy Qi.

Unblocking the holy meridian was very dangerous. Therefore, it could only be conducted with good preparation.

In this process, the first holy meridian was the most crucial and the most dangerous.

Normally, monks of the Third Change in the Fish-Dragon Realm could only unblock the first holy meridian with the help of at least one Half-Saint.

This was called “Guidance.”

A Half-Saint’s guidance was necessary for monks of the Third Change in the Fish-Dragon Realm to enter the Holy Road.

Without a Half-Saint’s guidance, monks of the Third Change in the Fish-Dragon Realm could not open the first holy meridian on their own. The death rate of those who attempted to do so reached 99%. It was nearly impossible.

Of course, there were exceptions.

Some unique treasures, such as Holy Source and Half-Saint’s Light, could also help the monks to unblock their holy meridians.

Zhang Ruochen owned the Dragon Pearl, so actually, he had the ability to unlock the first holy meridian on his own. But, unblocking the holy meridian by himself was very dangerous. He could reduce the risk by taking a lot of time to prepare.

“If I open up the first holy meridian now, the probability of success is no more than 20%.”

Zhang Ruochen shook his head. The probability of death was too great a risk.

Therefore, he decided to train for a certain time. He thought he would try to open up the first holy meridian when he had at least a 70% chance of success.

Next, Zhang Ruochen took out the lizard skin that the Red Wish Emissary gave him, spread it flat on the floor, and started to read it.

The hide recorded a third-level thunderbolt spell.

Lightning Fire Vortex.

A third-level spell was ten times harder than a second-level one. It was complicated and tedious, and it also required extremely high spiritual power. Masters of Spiritual Power under the 43rd level could barely perform a third-level spell.

Chapter 610 - Passive Situation

Translator:

Transn

Editor:

Transn

“Lightning Fire Vortex.”

Zhang Ruochen completely released his power, extended his arms, and flattened his hands to his chest.

“Swoosh!”

In an instant, the surrounding Heaven and Earth Spiritual Qi shook violently and turned into a vortex of power swirling around him.

The airflow only appeared for a moment, and then it suddenly dissipated.

He failed!

It was really not so smooth to practice the third level spell.

He frowned slightly and read the contents of the lizard skin again, carefully searching for what he must have just missed. After studying for a long time, he started practicing again.

“Swoosh!”

The Spiritual Qi formed a vortex once again, like a layer of wind walls, tightly enveloping his body.

Then, he carefully controlled the spiritual power and lifted it up. All the Spiritual Qi suddenly converged over his head.

Gradually, the Spiritual Qi transformed into a thunderbolt and began to condense.

Boom!

He had almost done it when the thunderbolt suddenly burst out with a powerful force. He had no time to dodge, and the power injured him.

Fortunately, he had a Dragon Pearl to protect himself, so his injury was not serious.

The difficulty of practicing the third-level spell far exceeded his expectations. Even a slight distraction, would make it impossible to control the thunderbolt.

He was not discouraged, and he tried hard to adjust his attitude to practice it again.

After failing repeatedly, he still practiced again and again.

After 30 days and over 380 failures, Zhang Ruochen was scarred and injured, but he had successfully mastered the “Lightning Fire Vortex” technique.

He practiced spell for concealing his true identity. Actually, he was still majoring in Martial Arts.

He had improved his strength greatly by practicing a third-level spell like “Lightning Fire Vortex.”

With his Spiritual Power at level 44, plus the Thunder Pearl, his third-level spell would be powerful enough to scare off common monks of the Ninth Change in the Fish-Dragon Realm.

When he was practicing the third-level spell, the power of the peak of the Third Change in the Fish-Dragon Realm was thoroughly consolidated. Thus, he could flexibly control “Lightning Fire Vortex.”

He could now open up his first holy meridian with a 30 % chance of success.

He roughly estimated the time. This period of secluded training had taken five months in the Scroll World.

What has happened in the real world during the last two weeks?

Now was a critical period, so he did not dare to seclude himself in training for too long. Therefore, he stopped

practicing.

He exited the Scroll World and left for Sacred Willow Hall immediately.

On the way, he felt that a great change had occurred in Red Willow Heights during the last two weeks. First, the number of evil cultivators had increased a lot. Second, the atmosphere of the entire Red Willow Heights had become very heavy. Everyone seemed subdued and repressed.

Had there been some misfortune during his seclusion?

“Greetings, Great Guardian.”

Outside Sacred Willow Hall, two maids saluted Zhang Ruochen.

He nodded and went straight through the door.

The Red Wish Emissary, who was sitting in the top position, saw him, stopped what she was doing, and said, “Great Guardian, you released yourself from refining! How about it? Did you master the Lightning Fire Vortex?”

“I would never let Your Excellency down.”

Zhang Ruochen extended his hand and slowly spread out it.

The palm was like a thick and heavy land. Above it, many streaks of lightning formed into small, crackling vortexes.

The Red Wish Emissary already knew about his rapid practicing speed. Although she was surprised, she did not show it.

The Red Wish Emissary nodded and said seriously, “During this period, a lot of things have happened in Cyan Cloud County. I knew you were training in seclusion, so I did not send anyone to disturb you.”

Zhang Ruochen could see from the Red Wish Emissary’s furrowed brow that the trouble had been great.

As he put his five fingers together, the Lightning Vortex automatically dispersed. He asked, “Has Di Yi arrived in Cyan Cloud County yet?”

“Di Yi is still hidden in the shadows, and his whereabouts are secret. So, I do not know whether he has reached Cyan Cloud County yet. However, the Cyan-Robed Emissary and Ice Demon arrived already. They broke into Red Willow Heights at once. They killed two masters of the Seventh Change in the Fish-Dragon Realm who were loyal to me,” the Red Wish Emissary said angrily.

Actually, the Red Wish Emissary was not angry at the two masters’ tragic death, but rather, she was angry that someone was a spy. Otherwise, it would have been impossible for the Cyan-Robed Emissary and Ice Demon to break into Red Willow Heights and escape safely.

The Red Wish Emissary seemed to be depressed. She said, “Now, in Cyan Cloud County, those who are loyal to me are murdered almost every day, so everyone feels like they are in danger.”

Zhang Ruochen asked, “Why not withdraw your people to Red Willow Heights?”

The Red Wish Emissary laughed at herself. She said, “Three days ago, I withdrew most of my people to Red Willow Heights. But what can I do now? If someone walks out of Red Willow Heights, they will be killed immediately.”

“I suspect that it’s not just the Cyan-Robed Emissary and Ice Demon who came to Cyan Cloud County. It is quite possible that the best killer of the Blood Cloud Sect, ‘Hunter,’ is also hidden in the vicinity of the Red Willow Heights. Only he can kill people secretly.”

“If you continue to hide out inside Red Willow Heights, you will be like fish in a barrel for Di Yi. When the time is ripe, he will destroy you.”

The Red Wish Emissary was still calm, but Zhang Ruochen could feel her helplessness and loss, and even her unwillingness.

In just two weeks, the ambitious Red Wish Emissary seemed to have become a weak woman in need of care and help.

In fact, after careful thought, it was a normal reaction.

Di Yi had not appeared personally, but he had dispatched two or three subordinates. He had already broken the Red Wish Emissary's carefully honed forces, and she could only remain trapped inside Red Willow Heights.

If the situation continued to worsen, Red Willow Heights would collapse into chaos, especially if they had to endure a final battle with Di Yi.

The Red Wish Emissary had been wanting to talk with Zhang Ruochen to discuss countermeasures.

She did not know why she thought of Zhang Ruochen whenever she had unsolved difficulties.

At this moment, the Red Wish Emissary stared at Zhang Ruochen with her beautiful eyes.

Zhang Ruochen looked very calm and said, "Di Yi arranged two groups: One was in the open and the other was undercover. The Cyan-Robed Emissary leads the former. He has overtly disturbed and weakened us to provoke a retreat to Red Willow Heights."

"Di Yi is quietly observing in secret. Once he finds a weakness in Red Willow Heights, it will be impossible to stop him from destroying it completely."

The Red Wish Emissary said, "I certainly know Di Yi's purpose, but how can we change the current situation?"

Zhang Ruochen said, "Now, we only have one choice: to take the initiative. If we can kill the Cyan-Robed Emissary and Ice Demon, we can not only inspire morale, but also drive Di Yi out. As soon as Di Yi is forced to show up in person, we are likely to win."

The disparity in strength between the two parties was too great. In fact, Zhang Ruochen did not have a good approach.

The Red Wish Emissary gently knitted her brows and carefully thought, saying, "The Cyan-Robed Emissary and Ice Demon are top masters. In all of Red Willow Heights, only I, Master of the Blood Cloud Sect, and you can fight with them. If we want to kill them, we will need at least six masters like you.

And apart from them, there is a top-class killer ‘Hunter’, who is probably hiding.”

“If we take the initiative to attack, it will be a loss to both sides. Then, Di Yi will come out again, and we won’t even have a chance to escape.”

“Do you want to give up?” Zhang Ruochen asked.

The Red Wish Emissary shook her head and said, “If I leave now, I have a 50-50 chance of escaping unscathed. But my loyal followers in Red Willow Heights will be slaughtered. I am responsible for them. Therefore, even if I die, I will persist until the last moment.”

“So, why don’t we plan carefully? Maybe we can find a way to live through this desperate situation.” Zhang Ruochen said.

The Red Wish Emissary still hesitated. She thought that his suggestion was too risky.

If they stayed in Red Willow Heights and drew support from their array, they would have at least one chance to fight with Di Yi.

On the contrary, once they took the initiative to attack, they would definitely lose the advantage of their position. How could they fight a stronger enemy?

Just then, a streak of white light appeared outside the gate.

“Phew!”

A Signal Flare flew in.

The Red Wish Emissary extended one hand to grab it.

After reading it, the Red Wish Emissary kept cool and put it away.

Zhang Ruochen asked, “What happened?”

“It’s not a big deal,” said the Red Wish Emissary, “I just did not expect Di Yi to be in league with the Demonic Saintess.”

Zhang Ruochen, who had remained calm, suddenly radiated a powerful wave of energy. He took a step forward and asked, “Why is Di Yi dealing with her? What’s the matter?”

The Red Wish Emissary looked at Zhang Ruochen with surprise and curiously asked, “Why are you concerned for the Demonic Saintess’ safety?”

Zhang Ruochen tried to restrain herself and said, “Never mind, I just met her once.”

He paused and said, “I think that since Di Yi is in cahoots with the Demonic Saintess, we can take advantage of her to deal with him.”

Red Wish Emissary shook her head and said, “Unfortunately, it’s too late. According to the message, the Cyan-Robed Emissary and Ice Demon have broken into a stronghold of the Demonic Sect. They smashed it up and severely wounded the Demonic Saintess. It appears that she has escaped from Cyan Cloud County and run to God Falling Ridge.”

Chapter 611 - Deep into the Mountains

Translator:

Transn

Editor:

Transn

“The Demonic Saintess was severely injured by the Black Market’s master... how could this be...”

Zhang Ruochen’s countenance was changed, and his usually unperturbed heart was upset.

Without any hesitation, Zhang Ruochen turned around and walked towards the gate, under the Red Wish Emissary’s surprised gaze. His feet were flying as he rushed out of Sacred Willow Hall in a flash.

What did he want to do?

The Red Wish Emissary knitted her brows, and then she turned into a flash of red light. She chased Zhang Ruochen and stopped him. “Where are you going?” she asked.

“I have to go out.”

Zhang Ruochen’s eyes were distant, as if something was on his mind.

His exit from Red Willow Heights was certainly related to the Demonic Saintess. He was too obviously nervous to hide it.

How could the Red Wish Emissary know that Zhang Ruochen had stayed in Red Willow Heights just to kill Di Yi? How could Di Yi’s life be more important than that of senior sister apprentice Duanmu?

The Red Wish Emissary felt angry and said, “You’re going to save the Demonic Saintess? Are you from the demon sect?”

Zhang Ruochen looked fixedly at the Red Wish Emissary and said, "I really want to save the Sorceress, but I'm not from the demonic sect. Your Excellency, this is a private affair, and I hope you won't meddle in my business."

"Swoosh!"

Having exhibited Rolling Thunder Skill, Zhang Ruochen turned into a streak of lightning, passed to the Red Emissary's left, and rushed out of Red Willow Heights.

The Red Wish Emissary did not believe that Zhang Ruochen had only seen the Sorceress once.

She watched his figure recede, feeling quite annoyed.

She had personally appointed him as the Great Guardian, trusted, and favored him. How could he abandon her at such a critical moment?

Was the Sorceress more important than her?

The Red Wish Emissary clenched her teeth and felt extremely upset.

"Your Excellency, the Great Guardian has left a letter. Let me give it to you."

A tall evil cultivator scurried over from the distance, knelt on one knee, and presented her with a letter engraved on jade.

She restrained herself immediately, received the jade letter, and began to read it.

"If you defend Red Willow Heights, you will suffer defeat at the hands of Di Yi. Only by abandoning the Red Willow Heights will you have the opportunity to take the initiative. Now, I'm going to God Falling Ridge, not only to save the Demonic Saintess, but also to cope with the Cyan-Robed Emissary and Ice Demon. If you straighten out your thinking, you can find me in God Falling Ridge and help me have the chance to win."

After reading the jade letter, the Red Wish Emissary closed her eyes and tried to keep calm. She speculated for a long time before opening her eyes and making a decision. "I will believe you once more," she said.

Red Wish Emissary began to convene people immediately, gathered evil cultivators who were loyal to her, left Red Willow Heights and rushed to God Falling Ridge.

...

...

Upon rushing out of Red Willow Heights, Zhang Ruochen mobilized his spiritual power and flew to God Falling Ridge.

It took him only half a day to reach the boundary of God Falling Ridge.

God Falling Ridge was located in a vast wilderness, with rolling mountains and dense jungles. It stretched thousands of miles. Finding a person was like looking for a needle in a haystack.

Zhang Ruochen harnessed Heaven and Earth Spiritual Qi. Suspended ten meters in the air, he closed his eyes and put his hands together. His Spiritual Power turned into balls of light, rushed out of his body, and flew about 300 miles in all directions.

The Spiritual Power had turned into thousands of eyes, making the surrounding ancient forest clear. Savage beasts, savage birds, humans, fish, and insects appeared in his mind one after another.

A moment later, he found traces of a battle.

“East, 200 miles away.”

With a swish, he used Space Moving to disappear. He rushed over at the top speed.

Before long, Zhang Ruochen had reached the battlefield 200 miles away.

It was in a dense, primitive forest, completely covered by towering trees. Right now, dozens of miles were coated with white frost. It was so cold that trees, flowers, and grass were completely covered with a thick layer of ice.

“Snap!”

As he touched the trunk with a finger, a maple tree over 200 feet tall shattered into ice crystals that piled up into an ice hill.

“What a strong Ice Qi! Only a 44th level Ice Master can create such terrible destructive power.”

Zhang Ruochen gasped in horror and followed the traces of the battle. His heart had been hanging out, but now he became even more nervous.

The appearance of the 44th level master was definitely a dangerous signal.

From day to night, he had already entered the depths of God Falling Ridge.

Among the mountains, powerful savage beasts could be seen everywhere. They also held towering peaks, poisonous valleys full of miasma, and extremely deep cliffs. It was a boundless, reckless wasteland.

Late at night, Zhang Ruochen suddenly felt an abnormal energy fluctuation, so he stopped promptly and landed on top of a steep mountain.

“Open Sky Eye.”

A crack of white light appeared between his eyebrows. Then, a vertical eye emerged and shot a three foot white light down to the vast land.

“Who opened Sky Eye?”

A heartless shout rang out from over 30 miles away.

A thirty foot tall yeti warrior with a war spear taller than he was rode a griffon out of the dark forest.

The yeti, also known as “Snow Giant,” lived in the Northernmost Land and had natural, divine power. An adult yeti warrior had over 50 tons of explosive power, even if he had no martial arts skills. This was actually a human-shaped savage beast.

The yeti warrior in front of him had definitely been practicing martial arts. He wore a suit of white armor and held a war

spear as thick as a bowl, with mysterious inscriptions engraved on its surface.

Zhang Ruochen looked at Snow Giant with his Sky Eye and said, "His cultivation has reached the Seventh Change in the Fish-Dragon Realm."

The yeti knew that Zhang Ruochen was a Master of Spiritual Power because he could open the Sky Eye. He did not want to provoke him, so he gently scolded, "The Black Market Excellence Hall is handling affairs here. The land for 1000 miles around here has been designated as a restricted area. People who are not on Black Market business are not allowed to enter this area."

The name of Black Market Excellence Hall pierced people's ears like thunder. Besides, it was located in the Eastern Evil Land. So, nobody dared to provoke them.

Under normal conditions, a trespasser would leave right away.

However, Zhang Ruochen did not intend to leave. He asked, "You are from the Black Market Excellence Hall? Well, I'm looking for you."

"Wind and Thunder Finger."

Zhang Ruochen struck first. He gathered the strength of wind and thunder to his fingertip, and then attacked the yeti quickly.

Zhang Ruochen's idea was to first defeat the yeti, and then to torture information about senior sister apprentice Duanmu's whereabouts out of him.

Although the yeti was in the Seventh Change in the Fish-Dragon Realm, he had the advantage of physical strength. He was strong enough to fight people a realm higher, reaching the power of the Eighth Change in the Fish-Dragon Realm.

"You are so bold."

The yeti warrior shouted aloud with a ferocious expression. He stretched his arm back and hurled his spear.

The inscriptions on the spear gave off blue light, which twirled around it, giving off ice Qi and blocking the power of Zhang Ruochen's Wind and Thunder Finger.

Zhang Ruochen did not meet the yeti head on. His moved like lightning, flashing quickly, and changing his position to appear near his opponent.

“Nine-Fold Lightning Knife.”

He waved forward, forming nine beams of lighting arcs which were knife-shaped and 30 feetf long. The lightning beams were like waves, moving towards snowman warrior layer by layer and hitting his neck.

The snowman warrior was startled. He erected the spear immediately and then blocked himself to resist the spells played by Zhang Ruochen.

“Rumble!”

With nine lightning knives, the force had been continuously enhanced, penetrated the yeti’s holy light and Vigorous Qi at last. The last electric knife struck his body and made a squeaky sound, leaving a scorched scar.

The yeti made a muffled sound with a burning pain in his chest. The blood rushed out of his throat and squirted out of his mouth.

When he stabilized his body and was about to strike back, a dazzling purple light appeared in front of his eyes.

Cucumber-shaped lightning came out of Zhang Ruochen’s fingertips. The other side pointed between the yeti’s eyes. If Zhang Ruochen stepped just one foot forward, his head would be pierced.

The yeti did not dare to move, and he only stared at Zhang Ruochen, saying, “If you fight the Black Market Excellence Hall, it won’t end well for you.”

“The Black Market Excellence Hall can not be an absolute monarch.”

Zhang Ruochen floated in thin air like a handsome, young god of thunder. He looked at the yeti warrior in disdain and asked, “Where is the Sorceress? Tell me, or else you will die.”

The yeti did not answer Zhang Ruochen. He looked to the northeast and withdrew his eyes immediately.

Zhang Ruochen certainly noticed his eyes change, so he released his spiritual power and probed towards the northeast.

“Swoosh!”

In the northeast, black smoke rose quickly from the bottom of a valley and straight to the sky, condensing into a black figure.

This man’s whole body was covered in a black robe. He stood on white frost, hovering in the air the same height as Zhang Ruochen.

“Junior, you should not have come here. If you release this savage elemental creature, I will spare your life and let you go,” The black robe man’s face was veiled with a hood, showing only two blue fires for eyes.

When the man in black appeared, the air had become extremely cold and it had started snowing.

A cold draft came straight ahead, making Zhang Ruochen feel stressed.

Zhang Ruochen thought the black-robed man opposite him was like a soaring, snow-capped mountain, which was so cold and lofty that he could hardly breathe.

Chapter 612 - Ice Demon

Translator:

Transn

Editor:

Transn

Zhang Ruochen was certain his rival was not a Half-Saint.

Although the man in black was very powerful, he was not so powerful as to cause Zhang Ruochen to despair. He was probably also a Master of Spiritual Power at the 44th level although his spiritual attainments far exceeded Zhang Ruochen's.

This person must be the Lord of Solitary Shadow Peak, Ice Demon.

After all, very few Masters of Spiritual Power could reach the 44th level. Furthermore, this opponent could control ice. Zhang Ruochen could think of no one else but Ice Demon.

He had not expected to meet an evil opponent so soon.

Ice Demon was more than a hundred years old. He had high seniority among the evil warriors and had already attained the 44th level of Spiritual Power 30 years ago.

Zhang Ruochen could tell from the aura emanating from his body that his Spiritual Power had reached the Advanced Stage of the 44th level although it had not reached the Peak.

Zhang Ruochen had just reached the 44th level—his Spiritual Power simply could not compare.

“This old demon is much more powerful than Red Wish Emissary,”

Zhang Ruochen thought to himself.

Only a Spiritual Master at the 44th level could feel the terror of Ice Demon's power.

Ice Demon seemed a little impatient. Coldly, he said, “So what’s your decision? My patience is wearing thin.”

Although his opponent was strong, Zhang Ruochen’s expression did not change. “Ice Demon, if you tell me where Demonic Saintess is, I shall release him.”

“You know my name and yet you dare to bargain with me. Young people nowadays sure aren’t simple.”

Ice Demon immediately utilized his Sky Eye which turned into a light column. He stared at Zhang Ruochen, trying to make out his face underneath the mask.

Ice Demon’s Spiritual Power was far more powerful than Zhang Ruochen’s. He would definitely see Zhang Ruochen’s real face using the Sky Eye.

He could not idly wait to die. Zhang Ruochen’s eyes turned cold as he mobilized a thunderbolt and lunged at the man.

A purple electric blade pierced into the region between the yeti warrior’s eyebrows. It broke through his Qi Sea, leaving a blood hole.

“Save... save me, Junior Uncle Master...”

Fresh blood incessantly gushed out from between his eyebrows. The yeti warrior shrieked hideously, his body bending forward as he fell from the back of the griffon.

After killing the yeti warrior, Zhang Ruochen immediately used Rolling Thunder Skill to quickly get far away.

Ice Demon had not expected his opponent to strike a fatal blow. He was stupefied for a moment before yelling loudly in an earth-shattering voice. “Where do you think you’re going?”

“Rain-like Icing Knife!”

Ice Demon was holding a dead wood staff in his hand. He mobilized the mighty Heaven and Earth Spiritual Qi and an icy cold fog soon condensed overhead. He waved it in the direction that Zhang Ruochen had fled.

The cold fog whistled and then condensed, forming the mighty power of ten thousand soldiers and stallions. Countless blades

shuffled about these forces. They caught up with Zhang Ruochen in a flash.

Zhang Ruochen felt an overwhelmingly cold air oppressing him from behind. The blood in his body almost froze.

“Lightning of Great Destruction.”

Zhang Ruochen suddenly turned around and raised the Thunder Pearl in his hand.

Suddenly, Spiritual Qi from Heaven and Earth gathered around the Thunder Pearl. It kept churning out thunderbolts. A sea of electricity formed, striking forward.

Even 250 kilometers away, one could see the thundercloud and the cold fog clashing in the horizon. Cataclysmic forces erupted.

Thunder boomed.

The cold wind howled.

The savage beasts at the God Falling Ridge were all stunned by the noises from the sky. They fell prone to the ground, terrified.

“SWOOSH!”

The Black Market evil cultivators on the ground all rushed out. They stood on tree branches, cliff edges, and rocks, watching the strange sights in the distant horizon.

A duel between two 44th level Masters of Spiritual Power would mobilize natural forces and wreak great havoc everywhere. Every Evil Warrior of the Fish-Dragon Realm broke out in cold sweat.

“Aside from Ice Demon, there is another Master of Spiritual Power. Who is it?”

“No matter who it is, anyone who fights Ice Demon is looking for death.”

...

Zhang Ruochen was hit once and his body was immediately encased in ice. He hurtled downward.

Despite having a shell of gold and a jade bone structure, even a Monk of the Third Change in the Fish-Dragon Realm would sustain grave injuries falling from a height of several thousand meters.

When Zhang Ruochen was barely 100 meters from the ground, a crack sounded. A streak of lightning had snaked down from the sky and broke the ice.

Zhang Ruochen immediately broke free, his body surrounded by purple lightning. He turned into a streak of lightning and flew out into the horizon.

“Hmmm!”

Ice Demon was very surprised. He had not expected that his opponent would be able to break free from the ice. It was incredible.

“Since he can ward off Rain-like Icing Knife, he must be a Master of Spiritual Power at the 44th level. Could he be... the new Great Guardian of Red Wish Emissary?”

Ice Demon had come to Cyan Cloud County primarily to kill Zhang Shengming, Red Wish Emissary’s Great Guardian.

Seeing as this Master of Spiritual Power specializing in electricity was most likely Zhang Shengming, the Ice Demon had to catch up and kill him.

Ice demon roared. “The Great Guardian of Red Willow Heights has appeared again. Everyone, go after him! Encircle and kill him.”

He used his Spiritual Power to transmit his voice into the ears of every evil cultivator hiding in the area.

Whizzing noises were heard in the pitch-dark mountains and forest. Countless evil cultivators began running in Zhang Ruochen’s direction.

Ice Demon cast a speed-enhancing spell. He led the pack in the chase after Zhang Ruochen.

“The black market has assembled so many masters. Senior sister apprentice Duanmu must be hiding nearby.”

Zhang Ruochen saw Ice Demon approach and immediately took out the treasure that his Third Elder Brother apprentice had given to him, the Shooting Star Invisible Cloak. He put it on.

In an instant, Zhang Ruochen's figure disappeared. He was completely hidden.

Ice Demon arrived at Zhang Ruochen's former position. He snorted. "Even if you practice invisibility skills, you can't escape my Sky Eye."

"Find him."

Ice Demon stood in mid-air and opened his Sky Eye. A meter-long light beam shot out from a hovering, green vertical eye between his eyebrows.

Ice Demon swept over the area with his eyes and could not discover anything. He could not help but utter a sound of frustration. He became very cautious and started talking to himself.

"What has happened? Is his Spiritual Power above mine? No way. If his Spiritual Power has exceeded mine, why would he run?"

The Shooting Star Invisible Cloak was a treasure. Even a Saint could not detect Zhang Ruochen if he stood still, did not touch anything, and avoided using his Genuine Qi and Spiritual Power. It went without saying that a Master of Spiritual Power at the 44th level would not be able to detect him either.

With the Shooting Star Invisible Cloak on, Zhang Ruochen landed silently.

Although the Spiritual Power of Ice Demon was very strong, Zhang Ruochen could find a way to kill him as long as he was careful.

As Zhang Ruochen prepared to approach, sudden power fluctuations were felt in the distance. A cyan-robed woman carrying a sword on her back appeared in a flash on top of an ancient maple tree not far from Zhang Ruochen.

Zhang Ruochen immediately stopped moving and frowned slightly. “Why has Cyan-robed Emissary come?”

Orange Star emissary once told Zhang Ruochen that Cyan-robed Emissary was among the three most talented of the Seven Star Emissaries. She had cultivated the Green Cloud Saint Being. One had better not provoke her.

Zhang Ruochen felt 70% confident he could kill either Ice Demon or Cyan-robed Emissary in a one-on-one fight.

However, facing the two together would be very troublesome. If Zhang Ruochen were to act now, the ensuing battle would be fierce and would delay his plan to save Mu Lingxi.

Zhang Ruochen was worried about Mu Lingxi, so he did not act. He stood quietly where he was, observing the two.

Cyan-robed Emissary asked, “You couldn’t find him?”

Ice Demon stood in mid-air. He withdrew his Sky Eye and shook his head. “He must have used the imperial edict to escape from the area.”

“That’s strange. Why would the new Great Guardian of Red Wish Emissary take such risks to save the Demonic Saintess?” asked a baffled Cyan-robed Emissary.

“There’s nothing strange about it. Maybe Red Wish Emissary has joined forces with the Demonic Saintess.” Ice Demon believed he was very experienced and that nothing could escape his eyes.

Cyan-robed Emissary snorted. “Although the battle to be the Heir of the Black Market is very cruel, no one outside the Black Market can interfere. The elders will take care of Red Wish Emissary if she joins forces with the Demonic Saintess.”

“If we can’t get hold of her weakness, the Elders can’t do anything to her.” Ice Demon laughed. “Cyan-robed Emissary, I think we must hunt Demonic Saintess down. Once we capture her, we can negotiate with the Demonic Sect and may even discover a collusion between the Demonic Sect and Red Wish Emissary. We can then defeat Red Wish Emissary without shedding any blood. This is called killing two birds with one stone.”

After Ice Demon and Cyan-robed Emissary left, Zhang Ruochen immediately used his bodily movement and darted out of the dense forest.

“The Evil Warriors from the Black Market have sealed off an area within a 500-kilometer radius. Senior sister apprentice Duanmu must be within this area. I must locate her before the Evil Warriors do.”

Ice Demon was nearby and Zhang Ruochen did not dare to use his Spiritual Power to locate her. He did not want to draw Ice Demon to him.

A forest within a 500-kilometer radius was not exactly large. Zhang Ruochen could cover the distance within four hours with his current speed.

But one could still say it was quite large as it was enough to hold an inferior commandery. Without using one’s Spiritual Power, one might not locate a person there in eight or ten years.

Since Mu Lingxi was injured, she would definitely be hiding. If Zhang Ruochen wanted to locate her, he would need to rely on luck.

Although Zhang Ruochen could not use his Spiritual Power, he had super-sensitive visual, auditory, tactile, olfactory and gustatory senses thanks to his martial cultivation. His five senses were many times more sensitive than an ordinary person’s.

As a result, he could search quite fast.

Zhang Ruochen’s ears suddenly twitched. He heard two sets of racing footsteps 25 kilometers away.

“SWOOSH!”

Zhang Ruochen used the Space Moving technique and disappeared.

After many space moves, Zhang Ruochen finally appeared on the side of a hilly highland. He finally saw whose footsteps those were.

Chapter 613 - Fabulously Beauty

Translator:

Transn

Editor:

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From afar, Zhang Ruochen saw two evil cultivators, armored in black leather, carrying a coffin and running forward quickly.

Both of them had reached the Third Change in the Fish-dragon Realm. So long as they displayed bodily movement and martial technique, it felt like that they were stepping on the hot wheels. Each step they took, they could move about 33 meters away.

The two Evil Warriors suddenly stopped.

Both of them cast their eyes forward, alert.

Wearing a metal mask and dressed in white, Zhang Ruochen fell from the sky and lightly landed on the ground as he asked, "Who was in the coffin?"

Two evil cultivators stared at each other and laid down the coffin. They took out their tenth-level Genuine Martial Arms and then launched an attack on Zhang Ruochen from different directions.

Their movements were so fast, leaving only two shadows on the ground.

It seemed that Zhang Ruochen did not attack while walking straight toward them. However, two rays of sword radiance flashed away.

"Swish!"

"Swish!"

When the sword radiance flashed before them, the two evil cultivators held their Genuine Martial Arms in their hands but did not move.

It was not until Zhang Ruochen walked to the coffin that he heard the sound of two bodies falling to the ground behind him.

The Abyss Ancient Sword flew around the two bodies again and it flew back to Spatial Ring after refining two tenth-level Genuine Martial Arms into a metal droplet and blending it into the blade.

Zhang Ruochen reached out to rest his hand on the edge of the coffin lid. He pushed it forward and the 50 kg coffin lid got thrown 33 meters away.

It looked like a new coffin, had no dust or odor. Instead, it had a faint fragrance.

Zhang Ruochen held his breath and looked at the coffin. He saw a graceful and charming maiden laying down, who was dressed in a nattier blue gown with her eyes closed, showing off her long and curled eyelashes.

She was breathtakingly beautiful. Her black hair was disheveled over the coffin; she had snow-white skin, crescent eyebrows, a refined nose, and an elegant lip. Nearly every part of her body was beautiful.

“Unexpectedly, the evil cultivators from the Black Market dug out a female corpse.”

Even though he had seen many beauties, Zhang Ruochen was amazed by this female corpse. She looked like a fairy who fell from heaven, who’s capable of making his heart move.

“If she were alive, she would have been a magnificent beauty! Even the cruelest man in the world would not be able to resist her charm, and would be willing to throw himself at her feet.”

Zhang Ruochen sighed, he was about to look for the lid to cover the coffin again.

All of a sudden, he heard a faint heartbeat.

Zhuang Ruochen stopped immediately and looked at the beauty in the coffin again. He listened carefully but could not hear anything. He seriously doubted if it was an illusion.

“Was she a trap that the Black Market laid?” Zhang Ruochen became alert.

However, when he probed her with Spiritual Power, he discovered that she had no aura, heartbeat, and breath, and even her jade-like tender body was ice-cold.

If she was alive, she could not have escaped his Spiritual Power, no matter how well she disguised herself.

Unless she was a Half-Saint.

If she was a Half-Saint, she did not have to deal with him in this way.

It's really weird.

Thick dark clouds dispersed and bright moonlight scattered from the sky. It illuminated the dark area and shined on the beauty's face.

The light made her seem even more gorgeous. Every inch of her skin was bright like a fairy jade, and every curve was flawless. She was incredibly appealing.

“With such smooth skin and such bright clothes, how could she be a body buried underground?”

Zhang Ruochen gasped in horror, shook his head, and grabbed the lid again to cover the coffin.

“Splash!”

Another faint heartbeat again.

This time, he was sure that he had heard it. Indeed, there was a heartbeat coming from the coffin. It must mean that the beauty in the coffin might be still alive. Perhaps she just entered into some strange state.

Zhang Ruochen put the lid down again and came to the side of the coffin. He reached out to grab her cold waist and checked if she was still alive.

Her skin was smooth like white silk, which distracted him when he touched her.

He soon regained his composure and injected the Genuine Qi into her wrist to detect if she was injured.

The Genuine Qi in the body of beauty went around once and then returned to his Qi sea.

“How did that happen? How could she turn into a living dead with no internal injury nor external injury?”

Being confused, he gently put her hands down. He was ready to lift her to check Sacred Meridian of her back.

Sacred Meridian was the main vein of all meridians, so he just needed to check whether there was Genuine Qi in the Sacred Meridian, to confirm if she was alive or not.

He bent down and was ready to lift her.

“Swoosh!”

Suddenly, a jade-white hand quickly reached out to remove his mask, to reveal his identity.

With his heart beating fast, he knew that he was still trapped. He instantly pushed up with his legs and moved backward.

He reacted so fast, but the beauty was faster. She put her long and slender arms around his neck, kissed him with her delicate lips.

Zhang Ruochen hurriedly retreated, but his neck was still tightly hooked by the beauty. The beauty flew up from the coffin, with her long hair and clothes disheveled. Her slender body was like boneless, and her slim waist formed an arc.

This image before him was both beautiful and thrilling as if a female corpse suddenly woke up to suck his Yang Qi.

Zhang Ruochen was ready to hit her with both palms, but he found that the beauty had opened her eyes; her eyes looked like two black fairy gems, staring at him with passion.

Different eyes, but the same sense of familiarity.

It's her.

Zhang Ruochen withdrew his palms with perplexed eyes. He was mixed up with confusion and helplessness, even some wry smile.

She slipped her small and slippery tongue inside Zhang Ruochen's mouth, swiftly and powerfully. Though she was not a good kisser, she eventually broke through his defense and kissed his tongue.

The kiss lasted for a long time. Zhang Ruochen had felt his lips numb before the beauty stopped kissing and kept breathing.

She continued to hold him tightly. She buried her head in his arms and said with a smile, "Now, are you still going to conceal yourself? Do you still need to hide from me and leave me again?"

Zhang Ruochen closed his eyes, with a long sigh, "So you deliberately tempted me to come here?"

A smirk formed on the beauty's face, she said, "Why did you hide? I couldn't find you. However, I am sure that you will appear and save me in time if I get into danger."

Shaking his head helplessly, Zhang Ruochen found that he had stepped into Mu Lingxi's well-arranged pitfalls from the beginning.

He should have known that she was not going to be injured by Ice Demon and Cyan-robed Emissary because she was a clever girl who is protected with many treasures.

On second thought, he would still come to God Falling Ridge even if he had long suspected that Mu Lingxi deliberately tricked him because he would be worried about her.

Zhang Ruochen asked, "Why did you feign death in the coffin?"

"If not, how can I relax your vigilance? Besides, only when you actively approach me can I take off your mask, to prevent you from pretending not to know me."

Mu Lingxi's smile gradually disappeared. Instead, her blinking eyes were covered with a layer of mist.

However, Zhang Ruochen did not realize her change in facial expression, and said, “How could you make sure that it’s me? Don’t you know that everyone thought that I was dead?”

“I just want to be able to... make sure.” Mu Lingxi said.

He felt some inexplicable frustration. Even though he wore a mask and only met Mu Lingxi on one occasion, she could still recognize him.

Mu Lingxi took on a new look. However, he could not recognize her even though she laid before him. Not until the moment she opened her eyes was he able to make sure it’s her.

It wasn’t Zhang Ruochen’s fault. After all, Mu Lingxi’s seals were arranged by High Priest of the heresy, which meant that she was capable of changing her appearance and temperament.

Even the Saint of the Holy Academy was unable to find that Mu Lingxi and Duanmu Xingling were the same people, how could Zhang Ruochen?

Zhang Ruochen felt the clothes on his chest became a little moist, with a warm stream dripping into the skin from the outside. He looked down at once and saw that Mu Lingxi was sobbing, her eyes filled with tears.

“Senior sister apprentice Duanmu, since we hardly see each other, can’t you be happy?” Zhang Ruochen said with doubt.

Mu Lingxi twitched her mouth, gently punched his chest, and said bitterly, “It’s just another meeting for you, but for me, it feels like I haven’t seen you for a lifetime.”

“Don’t you know how much my poor heart ached when I was told that you were killed by Nine Serenity Sword Saint? I felt like I couldn’t live; it was as if the sky was going to fall down and I became muddleheaded. I was foolish enough to go to the place where you died, only to find some incomplete bones. I buried them in tears and erected a stone tablet.”

“I had already passed out next to the tablet when I was found by the people my aunt sent to find me.”

“The man tried to take me away, but I didn’t want to go. I wanted to die. Then he told me that I should go on living and

take revenge for you. Which gave me some desire and courage to continue living.”

Chapter 614 - How Have You Been?

Translator:

Transn

Editor:

Transn

Mu Lingxi hammered her fair fists on Zhang Ruochen. “Why did you lie to me? Why didn’t you tell me you were still alive? When you saw me in Liyuan City, you pretended not to know me. You’re a bad man—the worst in the world!”

Zhang Ruochen woodenly stood still, allowing Mu Lingxi to beat him.

His eyes were also a little wet.

He did not know that Mu Lingxi loved him so deeply. Deep in his heart, he was quietly moved. He had been hurt by Chi Yao’s betrayal, but now he finally encountered some warmth. At least in this world, there was someone to care and feel for him, to shed tears and to laugh for his sake.

How precious this relationship was!

After a long time, Zhang Ruochen apologized in an anguished voice. “I’m sorry.”

Mu Lingxi bit her lower lip gently and said with an aggrieved expression, “Apologies won’t make any difference. You owe too many people too much, not just me...”

Suddenly, she stopped talking as she appeared to remember something. As if realizing she had done something wrong, she agitatedly dashed out from Zhang Ruochen’s arms, taking three steps back and keeping her distance.

Rather surprised, Zhang Ruochen stared at her with a baffled expression.

Mu Lingxi looked very pained. She struggled and hesitated before finally asking, “Does Sister Chen know you’re still alive?”

Zhang Ruochen stared at her and suddenly understood. He shook his head gently and said, “I didn’t tell her. Just three people, including you, know I’m still alive.”

“Why didn’t you tell her? Don’t you know that she cares for you? She just isn’t very good at expressing herself. Why did you hide the truth? Don’t you know how sad she has been?” asked Mu Lingxi, very puzzled.

Zhang Ruochen’s eyes gazed into the distance. He looked at the blue moonlit mountains far away and said, “I’m a man who can’t be exposed to the world. I can only live in darkness. She’s an Heiress of the Chens and lives in the light. She has her parents and a huge family behind her. As long as the Empress is alive, we can never be together.”

“But... aren’t you treating her too cruelly?” asked Mu Lingxi.

“Telling her that I’m alive would be even more cruel.”

Zhang Ruochen said, “Too many people in Kunlun’s Field want the Time and Space Descendant dead. They wish to nip me in the bud. If news that I’m still alive leaks out, they will deal with Yanchen, my mother, and my friends first. They can only be safe if I disappear completely.”

Mu Lingxi’s beautiful eyes gazed intently at Zhang Ruochen.

At this moment, she finally realized how infinitely pained Zhang Ruochen had been. He could not return home, see his fiancée, or meet his friends.

It was all just because so many people wanted the Time and Space Descendant dead. That included the invincible Empress Chi Yao.

Empress Chi Yao was like a huge mountain weighing heavily on him, making him unable to breathe.

Unless he could push that mountain away, he would never see the light.

Huang Yanchen and Concubine Lin at least had people to comfort them, to take care of them and to help them out of their sorrow.

On the other hand, Zhang Ruochen was more pitiful. As long as the Empress was alive, he must live in secrecy, without help or care from anyone. He could trust no one and must live a totally unsettled life as an exiled fugitive enduring loneliness, darkness, and inner turmoil.

If he weren't so helpless, would he be willing to live in hiding?

Mu Lingxi finally understood why Zhang Ruochen had pretended not to know her. He simply did not want to hurt her or get her involved.

She extended her arm and gently tugged Zhang Ruochen's sleeve with two fingers. "I'm sorry. I didn't mean to blame you. I know you're in a difficult situation. How about going to the Moon Worship Sect with me? I'll let you be my Great Guardian. What do you say?"

Zhang Ruochen stared at her. "Why does every woman want a Great Guardian?"

"Who else wants one? Who are you talking about? Who dares to snatch my Great Guardian away?"

With her hands akimbo, she did not look like an immortal fairy. Instead, she looked like a playful elf who was very angry.

Zhang Ruochen knew that she was not really angry but had just wanted to amuse him.

"I was just joking."

Zhang Ruochen shook his head and picked up the metal mask from the ground. He said, "Although the Demonic Sect is very powerful and you can fight the imperial court secretly, there might not be any place there for me. My feud with Empress Chi Yao isn't as simple as you think.

"Empress Chi Yao is just too strong and powerful—enough to make anyone despair. Before I have the power to fight her, I

mustn't walk too closely with anyone because it might endanger them. Do you understand, Senior sister apprentice Duanmu?"

Mu Lingxi's round eyes stared intently at Zhang Ruochen. It felt as if she could feel his emotions. She asked, "Is there any burden you bear that you've never told anyone? What is this feud between you and the Empress?"

"Please stop asking. Even if you ask, I won't say anything." Zhang Ruochen replied.

Mu Lingxi gently bit her lip and stopped trying to force Zhang Ruochen to reveal anything else. She suddenly embraced him tightly from behind and said, "I don't care about your feud with the Empress. Now that I know you aren't dead, you're not leaving me behind."

Zhang Ruochen put on his metal mask again. He felt a little helpless and said, "Release me first."

"No, I won't. You once told me that even the most ruthless man in the world will be attracted to me. He will kneel at my feet. Don't you know how happy I was when I first heard that? Now I give you this opportunity, you alone," said Mu Lingxi.

In the past, Zhang Ruochen had a marriage engagement with Huang Yanchen. Mu Lingxi had not dared to vie with her for him or get too close to him.

However, Zhang Ruochen had already died once. He was no longer the Zhang Ruochen of old. So why should she not vie for him now?

Huang Yanchen might beat or scold her in the future, but, for now, she would just embrace Zhang Ruochen tightly and never let go.

At this moment, a wave of Spiritual Power approached Zhang Ruochen and Mu Lingxi from afar, quickly overwhelming them.

Zhang Ruochen and Mu Lingxi were both masters—they could naturally feel someone probing with Spiritual Power.

"SWOOSH!"

Zhang Ruochen swiveled his palms and pushed them forward. He released a wave of Spiritual Power to break down the probing wave.

It was definitely the Spiritual Power of Ice Demon.

“Damn it. Of all the times, they have to come now!” Mu Lingxi grumbled angrily.

Zhang Ruochen asked, “Should we fight them or not?”

“Of course we should. If we don’t, they would think I’m scared.”

Mu Lingxi started running Genuine Qi around her body. A chilly light glittered in her eyes. She said, “I had wanted to lure you out, so last time I conceded to them. Since they’ve ruined my happy moment, now I shall be merciless.”

Zhang Ruochen took out the Thunder Pearl and gripped it tightly in his hand.

Mu Lingxi glanced at Zhang Ruochen, looking astounded. She blinked her eyes and said, “Ice Demon has practiced Spiritual Power for nearly 100 years. He is very powerful. Are you sure you can defeat him using your Spiritual Power alone?”

Mu Lingxi knew that Zhang Ruochen was extremely gifted in Spiritual Power, but the enemy they were facing was an old demon with great Spiritual Power.

No matter how gifted he was, how could he beat the Ice Demon’s century-old cultivation?

After all, Zhang Ruochen primarily practiced Martial Arts, not Spiritual Power.

Zhang Ruochen looked calm and said, “Don’t worry about me. I am confident that I can defeat him.”

Before he had even finished speaking, Mu Lingxi discovered Zhang Ruochen had totally vanished. Not a trace of his aura was detectable.

“Huaa!”

The temperature in the air suddenly dropped, becoming colder and colder.

From the horizon, Ice Demon quickly flew in and then hovered 300 meters above the ground.

In the darkness, sounds of wind breaking through the air rang out as evil cultivators quickly approached from all directions. There were too many to count. They completely encircled Mu Lingxi.

Ice Demon looked down on Mu Lingxi. He laughed in a husky, victorious voice. “Your Highness, Saintess, how have you been?”

Mu Lingxi folded her arms across her breasts and beamed. “Ice Demon, do you think your underlings can catch me? I advise you to bring out Cyan-robed Emissary and Hunter first. Only those two are good enough to fight me.”

Ice Demon snorted. “My underlings? You think the Black Market doesn’t have any masters? Today, I shall let you know how powerful we are. Set up the Powerful Phoenix-besieged Array! Whoever catches the Demonic Saintess will get 10,000,000 Spiritual Crystals, plus a Dragon Rising Elixir.”

Those who had arrived to catch the Demonic Saintess were all top fighters. They had at least reached the First Change in the Fish-dragon Realm.

All the evil cultivators hid in the dark forest. They injected Genuine Qi into the jade stone and activated the Inscription of Array.

“SWOOSH!”

Dozens of light columns immediately soared into the sky. They formed a gigantic, intertwining light hoop. Very soon it would merge to form a Combined Attack.

Obviously, Mu Lingxi would not wait idly for death. Her wrists moved and her two snowy-white fingers were pinched together. A green ox-hair needle appeared at her fingertips.

It was an Eighth-Grade Genuine Martial Arm, the Astral Wind Breaking Needle.

The green Astral Wind Breaking Needle whizzed out into the darkness. An evil cultivator of the Third Change in the Fish-

dragon Realm was hit.

“BOOM!”

The Astral Wind Breaking Needle exploded, forming a powerful energy vortex. It mangled an evil cultivator in the Third Change in the Fish-dragon Realm and tore him into pieces.

The great destructive power created a five-meter crater on the ground.

It was full of broken bones and crimson blood.

Mu Lingxi kept releasing needles. Her Astral Wind Breaking Needles flew out swiftly like raindrops, hitting the evil cultivators of the Black Market.

“BOOM!”

“BOOM!”

...

In an instant, 17 or 18 evil cultivators in the Fish-dragon Realm were killed by the Astral Wind Breaking Needles. Their exploded bodies were a mangled mess.

Chapter 615 - The Power of the Invisible Cloak

Translator:

Transn

Editor:

Transn

Dozens of evil cultivators tried assembling a Combined Attack, but Mu Lingxi broke it up before it was even formed.

They had not imagined the Demonic Saintess could be so terrifying. She had killed nearly 20 masters in the Fish-Dragon Realm with a snap of her fingers. It totally exceeded the power she had shown last time.

“I deliberately let you win last time. Do you really believe the Black Market is that great?” Mu Lingxi rolled her eyes, looking very conceited.

“Hurry! Retreat! Don’t let the Astral Wind Breaking Needle hit you!... Ah...”

In the dark forest, another horrific scream was heard. Another evil cultivator in the Fish-dragon Realm was killed by the Astral Wind Breaking Needle.

The Demonic Saintess resembled a queen bee at the moment. Everyone who was hit by her needles died.

All the evil cultivators retreated in panic. They avoided her like she was a snake or a scorpion.

Ice Demon watched from the air, seething with rage.

All the Monks under him had reached the Fish-dragon Realm. Each was an evil master who could fight several warriors. Losing one was like losing a vast amount of wealth.

What irked him was that within the very short span of ten breaths, she had killed nearly 20 evil cultivators of the Fish-

Dragon Realm. It was a terrible loss.

Ice Demon said angrily, “Her Highness the Saintess is really good at disguising her strength. I didn’t realize your true power had reached such unfathomable heights. I have underestimated you.”

“Knife-like Piercing Wind.”

Ice Demon condensed his Spiritual Power into the dead wood staff.

A powerful wave of fluctuating energy burst out from the staff. It formed a 30-meter vortex of cold air, instantly turning the surrounding grass and trees into fine powder.

Even Mu Lingxi felt the enormous pressure. She quickly released the Vigorous Qi of the Holy Light and leaped to avoid the vortex of cold air, moving back swiftly.

“SWOOSH!”

A white light spot soared out from Mu Lingxi’s left pupil. It turned into a Holy Sword and then landed in her hand. She swung the blade at the vortex of cold air.

“Cloud-splitting Movement!”

The keen sword Qi drew a long arc, tearing open the vortex. It flew towards Ice Demon’s center.

Ice Demon smiled coldly. He spun the dead wood staff in his hand. At once a white icing saber condensed. The saber struck out in front of him and shattered the sword Qi.

“Your Highness the Saintess, you underestimate the abilities of a Master of Spiritual Power at the 44th level. Your cultivation is still too low to fight me. Don’t you think you are too arrogant?”

Ice Demon laughed hoarsely while lifting the dead wood staff up with both hands. At the same time, the vortex of cold air had become even larger, swallowing several kilometers of the surrounding land. Earth, boulders, and trees all soared into the air. It was an apocalyptic scene.

Within the vortex of cold air, icing sabers formed one after another. They kept spinning in the air, whirling loudly.

The terrible destructive power of a Master of Spiritual Power at the 44th level was finally unleashed.

Just as Ice Demon was about to cast his spell, something strange happened.

A thick, purplish streak of lightning appeared in the air. It suddenly condensed behind Ice Demon's head, forming strange inscriptions, and then swiftly struck down on him.

Without any warning, Ice Demon was struck by the lightning, and his partially cast-out spell backfired.

“BOOM!”

Numerous icing sabers lost control and hurtled to the center, hacking Ice Demon's body.

The gigantic vortex collapsed in a flash and its power dissipated outward.

After suffering the backlash, Ice Demon grunted weakly. His complexion had become pale and his body tottered, almost as if he was going to fall from the air.

Zhang Ruochen was wearing the Shooting Star Invisible Cloak. He stood behind Ice Demon's neck, slightly surprised that he had not killed the old demon with his sneak attack.

It looked like the Ice Demon had a protective amulet treasure.

“Wrath of the Thunder God!”

Recovering from his brief surprise, he quickly cast his second spell.

Over a dozen streaks of lightning condensed into the figure of a 10-meter tall ferocious Thunder Deity. The Deity held a thunder hammer. With an ear-splitting bang, the hammer hit the top of Ice Demon's head.

“BANG!”

A spinel pendant was hanging from Ice Demon's neck. One of its crystals exploded, emitting a circular green light that then

enveloped his body.

The Thunderbolt Deity struck with his thunder hammer, but this blow was immediately parried by the green light. Energy ripples surged out from the light.

Even though the blow was parried, Ice Demon was still hurt by the thunder hammer. He spat out a mouthful of blood and rapidly fell to the ground.

A tremendous thud was heard 15 kilometers away. Ice Demon had fallen to the ground and created a huge crater.

Ice Demon coughed out a mouthful of blood. An icy glitter shone from his eyes. He soared up above the crater and hovered in mid-air around the tree-tops. Glancing around his surroundings, he roared. “Who was it? Who dared to ambush me?”

“Ch-ch!”

After his tirade, freezing Qi emanated from the dead wood staff in his hand. It turned 10 kilometers of the vicinity into an ice plain. Flowers, grass, trees, fishes, insects, birds and beasts were all turned into ice sculptures.

Without any warning, crackling noises were heard 10 meters above Ice Demon. A spherical ball of lightning had condensed.

Ice Demon was an old demon who had practiced for centuries. After the last two sneak attacks, he was now much more alert.

Ice Demon was immediately alerted when Zhang Ruochen condensed the spherical ball of lightning for his third attack. He lifted the dead wood staff and struck above him, forming a three-meter-long ice spike.

Although it was only a Level One Magic Art of the ice series, it was cast by a Master of Spiritual Power at the 44th level. It exhibited great penetrating power.

Even a superior of the Ninth Change in the Fish-dragon Realm who had cultivated a Glazed Treasured Body would suffer grave injuries if struck by the ice spike. A Glazed Treasured Body could only take so much.

Zhang Ruochen had not expected the Ice Demon to be this alert. He quickly used his bodily movement and dodged to one side.

“SWOOSH!”

The ice spike was like a long jade spear. It nearly grazed Zhang Ruochen’s waist as it flew up into the sky, penetrating through the clouds.

The Shooting Star Invisible Cloak had divine power. It could escape a Master of Spiritual Power’s Sky Eye or a Monk’s five senses. However, its user could still be detected if he touched anything or used his martial technique and Spiritual Power.

Therefore, Zhang Ruochen had only one chance to ambush a more powerful master while wearing the Shooting Star Invisible Cloak.

If his attack failed, his opponent would locate him from his Genuine Qi or the fluctuation of his spell. He would have nowhere to hide.

This was what Ice Demon was doing now.

Although he could not see Zhang Ruochen, he could feel the fluctuations of his spell and the Heaven and Earth Spiritual Qi. So he brandished the dead wood staff again, attacking with a Second-level Magic Art, the Frost Storm.

Overwhelming frost condensed. Once the frosty Qi touched a Monk, anyone under the Seventh Change in the Fish-dragon Realm would immediately freeze and become an ice sculpture.

Once drawn into the storm, even a Monk above the Seventh Change in the Fish-dragon Realm would be in grave danger.

Since he had already been detected, Zhang Ruochen came out of hiding.

His figure emerged in mid-air, taking on a liquid human form. He turned into a streak of light. In an instant he dashed to the Ice Demon and struck the area between his eyebrows with a Level One Magic Art—the Wind and Thunder Finger.

Most Masters of Spiritual Power at the 44th level would fight a foe with a Level One or Two Magic Art. Although these

were elementary spells, they could be cast very quickly, so they were suited for close combat.

With no protection from warriors, a Master of Spiritual Power would most likely be killed before he could display the more powerful Level Three or Four Magic Arts.

As he eyed Zhang Ruochen's rapid approach, the Ice Demon's pupils began to dilate.

Zhang Ruochen was so fast, he was like a streak of light. Ice Demon could not hide. He was hit between the eyebrows by the Wind and Thunder Finger.

“POW!”

Another crystal on the pendant on Ice Demon's neck broke.

At the same time, his body flew backward. He fell to the ground once more.

Zhang Ruochen's blistering speed was thanks to the Shooting Star Invisible Cloak.

This treasure could not only render him invisible, but it could also double his speed. No wonder it was likened to a “shooting star.”

Doubling one's speed might not seem much of a deal, but it actually was.

When two closely matched masters fought each other, even a 10% increase in speed would greatly enhance a person's chance of winning.

If his speed doubled, he could kill his opponent with little effort.

A Monk of the Ninth Change in the Fish-dragon Realm was only twice as fast as a Monk of the First Change in the Fish-dragon Realm, but it was actually a great difference.

Zhang Ruochen's current power was enough to fight an ordinary monk of the Ninth Change in the Fish-dragon Realm. With the Shooting Star Invisible Cloak, he was likely the fastest warrior of the Fish-Dragon Realm.

“I'm surprised you could ward off three fatal strikes.”

Zhang Ruochen fixed his eyes on the crystal pendant on Ice Demon's neck. Three crystals had disappeared, leaving only two.

This crystal pendant must be Ice Demon's protective amulet treasure.

Mu Lingxi had exterminated the other evil cultivators. She approached, her toes stepping on void space. Ripples of Genuine Qi emanated from under her feet. Light as a swallow, she landed on top of a maple tree to Ice Demon's left.

From above, Mu Lingxi sized up the embarrassing Ice Demon. She said with a smile, "People say that Ice Demon possesses the Seven-star Pendant, a medieval treasure from the superior level ruins. Someone once wanted to exchange seven cities for it but you refused. Why are there only two crystals now?"

Standing on the ground, Ice Demon was infuriated.

As Mu Lingxi had said, the Seven-star Pendant was a peerless treasure. It meant its owner had seven more lives.

There would be one less crystal each time he was nearly killed.

Over the years, he had been very careful—only two crystals were used.

The first time was when he was besieged by the imperial army 20 years ago in the Eastern Holy Land. He had no choice but to use one crystal to save his life.

The second time was when he was nearly killed by a Half-Saint who had attacked him from thousands of kilometers away. He had no choice but to use another crystal to save himself. He then found some other way to escape.

Both occasions were very dangerous—his life hung by a thread. He had no other choice but to use the crystals on the Seven-star Pendant.

Ice Demon had always thought it was worth it. After all, the Seven-star Pendant helped him escape death twice, otherwise, he would have died 20 years ago.

Today, however, Ice Demon felt a lot of anger. Three crystals were wasted due to a junior's sneak attacks. They were equivalent to three wasted lives.

Chapter 616 - Quicksand Canyon

Translator:

Transn

Editor:

Transn

The Ice Demon suppressed his injury and clenched his teeth. He growled, “The Demonic Saintess and Zhang Shengming, both of you must not forget what you have done to me today, I will do the same to you, and even worse.”

Although the Shooting Star Invisible Cloak concealed Zhang Ruochen, the Ice Demon still recognized him through the spells that he had cast. Zhang Shengming was indeed the Great Guardian of Red Willow Heights.

“Swoosh!”

The Ice Demon turned into a stream of cold air. He disappeared from the earth’s surface, proceeding to the underground.

The Ice Demon was not only powerful but also very skilled at escaping. Otherwise, he could not have made the escape from the Half-Saint years ago.

“You think you can escape this easily?”

Zhang Ruochen had been using the Space Domain. As the Ice Demon tried to escape using his Chill Submerge Skill, Zhang Ruochen drew the Power of Space and Space Freezing to freeze the Ice Demon.

At the same time, Mu Lingxi straightened her arm and released the Holy Sword.

The Holy Sword was glowing with brilliant white light and a surge of Holy Aura. It struck the ground and penetrated

through it.

With a loud collision, the tunneling Ice Demon was swept up by the sword Qi of the Holy Sword. He was forced out of the surface and plunged once more to the ground, losing his bearings.

Another crystal from the crystal pendant around his neck was gone. There was only one left.

The Ice Demon was about to stand up when he saw Mu Lingxi standing in front of him.

Her wrist moved, and she struck out the Holy Sword, hacking at the Ice Demon's neck.

The powerful force of the Holy Sword caused the Ice Demon to spin in the air. He slammed into a tree 10 meters away, breaking its thick trunk before violently crashing onto the ground.

“CRACK!”

His last crystal shattered and disintegrated into white powder.

The Ice Demon had not practiced any martial arts, so his body was very fragile. When he landed on the ground, his mouth was full of blood, and even his deadwood staff had fallen to the side.

“Impossible... no way... Even when a Half-Saint wanted to kill me, I was able to escape. You two are just... juniors. How can you break my Chill Submerge Skill?”

The Ice Demon was severely injured. He lay weakly on the ground, nearly dead and no longer able to cast spells.

Zhang Ruochen's figure was now visible. He landed from mid-air and said, “Do you want to know why?”

“Who are you? How could you possibly freeze the Space Domain?” asked the Ice Demon in a raspy voice.

Zhang Ruochen said, “How about striking a deal? You tell me where Di Yi is, and I will tell you how I did it so you can die in peace.”

“You want to me to say where the young master is? You wish! You better go to Quicksand Canyon right now. Otherwise, the only thing you can do there is to bury Red Wish Emissary.”

The Ice Demon was able to distract Zhang Ruochen with those words. He suddenly got up, condensed an ice spike, and tried to stab Zhang Ruochen in the heart.

“Die.”

Zhang Ruochen’s expression turned cold. He pointed his index and middle fingers forward in a “jianjue.” A golden brilliance emerged from the two fingers as he struck past the ice spike. Zhang Ruochen’s strike hit the Ice Demon between his eyebrows.

“SWOSH!”

“You... You are... the Time and Space... Descendant... ”

At his last moments, the Ice Demon finally realized Zhang Ruochen’s true identity from his brilliant bodily movements and sword skill. A look of astonishment appeared in his eyes. He looked as if he had discovered a great secret.

“BAM!”

The Ice Demon fell backward onto the ground heavily. Fresh blood gushed out from the hole between his eyebrows. His body was twitching before he stopped breathing altogether.

Mu Lingxi had previously killed dozens of evil cultivators. Their weapons were all top-grade Genuine Martial Arms and should not be wasted.

“SWOOSH!”

The Abyss Ancient Sword flew out from the Spatial Ring and speared through the dense forest, searching for scattered Genuine Martial Arms.

With the refining of more and more Genuine Martial Arms and Holy Weapons, the sword spirit within the Ancient Abyss Sword was slowly awakened. Its consciousness was able to search for Genuine Martial Arms on its own and refine them.

Zhang Ruochen picked up the dead wood staff from the ground. The staff was extremely cold, holding it felt like holding an ice stick.

After inspecting it carefully, Zhang Ruochen was pleasantly surprised after realizing that the dead wood staff was made out of the roots of a 100,000-year-old Snowsea Aquilaria Tree.

Snowsea Aquilaria Trees grow in the Northernmost Land by absorbing cold air. Its wood is as hard and as resilient as cold iron.

Since its roots are buried in ice and snow all the year round, they are extremely rigid due to the cold air. They are great for forging Psychic weapons of the ice series.

The dead wood staff in Zhang Ruochen's hand had absorbed so much cold from the ice after 1,000 years that it can be forged into a top-level Psychic Staff.

As far as value was concerned, a dead wood staff was twice as precious as a Thunder Pearl.

“This is indeed a valuable treasure, but unfortunately, it is not for me.” Zhang Ruochen put the dead wood staff away. He decided that he was going to sell it later for a lot of Spiritual Crystals.

Some moments later, the Abyss Ancient Sword radiated a dark light similar to a black hole. When it flew back, several fire snakes could be seen wriggling indistinctly on its surface.

It had refined a lot of Genuine Martial Arms. The sword had improved its grade by several levels, becoming even sharper and more powerful.

Zhang Ruochen grasped the hilt of the Abyss Ancient Sword and felt its blade become heavier.

Mu Lingxi clasped her snowy-white chin in between her fingers. Her pretty face was puzzled. “Isn't it strange? Why didn't Cyan-robed Emissary and Hunter show up when we were making all those noise fighting the Ice Demon?”

Zhang Ruochen stored the Abyss Ancient Sword in the Spatial Ring. Suddenly, Zhang Ruochen recalled what the Ice Demon

had said before he died. Had the Red Wish Emissary received his letter and arrived at God Falling Ridge?

He realized something was wrong and asked, “Where is Quicksand Canyon?”

“Quicksand Canyon is located 1,000 kilometers away in the northeast. It’s a difficult terrain to trek. In the Middle Ancient Times, a Half-Saint had died there which resulted in a rather dangerous Elementary Ruin. Why get yourself involved in the in fighting of the Black Market?” Mu Lingxi could not quite understand.

Mu Lingxi had also heard of the Ice Demon’s dying words. She was now rather suspicious and wondered if Zhang Ruochen and the Red Wish Emissary of the Black Market Excellence Hall have had a special relationship.

Zhang Ruochen said, “I have come to the Eastern Evil Land to kill Di Yi and had to co-operate with Red Wish Emissary. She cannot die before I locate Di Yi.”

In order to save time, Zhang Ruochen grabbed Mu Lingxi’s hand and quickly flew upward. They turned into a streak of light, dashing to the northeast.

Since he was wearing the Shooting Star Invisible Cloak, Zhang Ruochen’s speed was unimaginably fast.

“Oh, I get it! You are that legendary Great Guardian of Red Willow Heights. The Black Market at Cyan Cloud County knew all the rumors. They say you had a special relationship with Red Wish Emissary. That’s why she trusted you and gave you preferential treatment.”

Mu Lingxi kept blinking her eyes and did not look very happy. “Did you... perform any sexual favors in order to kill Di Yi?”

Zhang Ruochen replied, “No.”

Mu Lingxi did not believe him. She said, “Red Wish Emissary has so many masters under her. Even with your present Spiritual Power cultivation, you can’t beat Xu Hong from the Master of the Blood Cloud Sect and Zhangsun Lan from the Master of Hundred Battles School.”

“In terms of seniority, you are worse off than Shi Buchou and Tu Lan of the Ninth Change in the Fish-dragon Realm.”

“How did you become the Great Guardian over them? Tell me why Red Wish Emissary trusts you so much. Why has she put you in such an important position? Are you sure you two enjoy no special relationship?”

Mu Lingxi had seen the Red Wish Emissary, so she naturally understood that woman’s seductive charms. Even if she had believed in Zhang Ruochen, she was still very unhappy. Now, why didn’t Zhang Ruochen become her Great Guardian instead of Red Wish Emissary’s?

Was she less charming than the Red Wish Emissary?

Zhang Ruochen was rather surprised. “Even I don’t know much about the masters under Red Wish Emissary. How did you know?”

Mu Lingxi looked on with pride and lifted up her snowy-white neck. “Come on, do you really think that the Saintess from Moon Worship Sect is just a beauty? What you see now is only the tip of the iceberg. My actual strength and abilities far exceed your imagination.”

Zhang Ruochen looked on Mu Lingxi as if she had been possessed by Blackie. He stopped arguing with her and kept quiet, urging his Genuine Qi to maximize his speed.

Zhang Ruochen kept quiet and Mu Lingxi had other no way to deal with him.

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... ..

After receiving Zhang Ruochen’s letter, Red Wish Emissary gathered her masters and hurried to God Falling Ridge. She wanted to get rid of Cyan-robed Emissary and the Ice Demon, the two top masters under Di Yi.

When she arrived at the outskirts of Quicksand Canyon, Red Wish Emissary met with the Black Market Monks under Cyan-robed Emissary. They were at the brink of a battle.

At first, it was just minor skirmishes on both sides. With the arrival of Cyan-robed Emissary, the confrontation had escalated into a major battle.

Although Cyan-robed Emissary brought a team of Glazed Knights and a team of yeti warriors, Red Wish Emissary too had assembled many masters. These included many superiors of the Ninth Change in the Fish-Dragon Realm. As a result, Cyan-robed Emissary's fighters were forced to retreat.

With the arrival of Hunter, the situation was reversed.

Hunter, the No. 1 killer of the Blood Cloud Sect, was famous among the assassins fraternity of the Eastern Region. It was said that no one under the realm of a Half-Saint could survive his Sword of Death.

Within 15 minutes, Hunter had assassinated six evil dominators from Red Wish Emissary's camp, all of which were from Seventh Change in the Fish-dragon Realm and above.

Even Tu Lan, who had attained the Ninth Change in the Fish-dragon Realm, was heavily injured and could no longer fight.

Hunter was truly a horrific presence. Within 15 minutes, he had completely reversed the situation. Red Wish Emissary's strength was greatly reduced and their situation had become precarious.

Even worse was the fact that no one had seen Hunter's true body throughout his operation.

Faced with no other choice, Red Wish Emissary led the remnants to escape. They fled into the perilous Quicksand Canyon.

“RUMBLE!”

Seven gigantic yeti warriors, like behemoths in human form, were wearing armors and holding thick spears. They went after Red Wish Emissary and her men with great speed, with the intent of killing them all.

Cyan-robed Emissary stood on the helmet of a yeti warrior. Her icy eyes betrayed no emotion, staring at Red Wish

Emissary who was fleeing in front of her. She said loudly, “Ye Honglei, you colluded with the Demonic Sect and betrayed young master! You must die. There’s no place for you to hide in the Eastern Region. Where are you going to run to?”

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Chapter 617 - The Arrival of the Great Guardian

Translator:

Transn

Editor:

Transn

“It’s easy to trump up a charge. Believe it or not, I have never conspired with the Demonic Sect, nor have I betrayed Di Yi. What I did was not a betrayal. If Di Yi can be the young master, why can’t I?”

Red Wish Emissary snorted and clenched her silver teeth. She continued to flee.

In their last confrontation, Red Wish Emissary used spells to kill more than 20 masters of the Fish-dragon Realm. However, in the battle, she was injured by Cyan-robed Emissary’s One Move Sword Skill. The movement made a tremendous sword Qi eruption that left six sword gashes on Red Wish Emissary’s body.

At this moment, fresh blood was gushing from her wounds, drenching her red attire, and continuously dripping.

With every step, Red Wish Emissary left a blood-red footprint on the ground. She could feel her injuries getting worse.

“What an old die-hard.”

With her ice cold eyes, Cyan-robed Emissary pinched two fingers together in a “jianjue.”

Cyan-robed Emissary’s Tao of the sword had reached the Heart Integrated into Sword stage. She had cultivated the Heart of the Sword, which was how she was able to exhibit the Sword Defending Technique. Having reached the Seventh Change in the Fish-dragon Realm, she was capable of showing off superb sword techniques and movements.

“SWOOSH!”

A green Holy Sword flew out of the sword scabbard, circled in the air, and struck at Red Wish Emissary.

“Heart-stabbing Movement.”

The Ancient Cyan Sword spun rapidly, and the inscriptions on the blade were flashing, emitting a Holy Aura which penetrated Red Wish Emissary’s back and emerged out from her chest.

All the evil cultivators behind Red Wish Emissary were horrified. They have just witnessed what seems to be Red Wish Emissary’s death from Cyan-robed Emissary’s sword attack.

“SWISH!”

Red Wish Emissary’s body gradually dissipated into a plume of red smoke.

About 30 meters away, another body of Red Wish Emissary materialized, and she continued to run away swiftly.

Cyan-robed Emissary recalled the Ancient Cyan Sword. She wrinkled her brows and snorted. “Another spell.”

Although Cyan-robed Emissary had a strong will, she could only resist Red Wish Emissary’s sorcery when she concentrated at her optimal level.

Therefore, even as a Saintly Being, she was afraid of Red Wish Emissary.

If they were to fight alone, Red Wish Emissary would not lose to Cyan-robed Emissary easily. Red Wish Emissary’s chances of winning might even be slightly higher.

But now, with Hunter hidden in the shadows, assassinating her masters, the only thing Red Wish Emissary could do was run with the others.

“SWOOSH!”

On the cliff above Quicksand Canyon, there were eight fast-moving figures.

A group of evil cultivators in Glazed Bone Armors had each of its members hold a Dragon Bone Spear. They jumped off from the cliffs on both sides of the canyon and landed on the bottom. Eight of them were standing neatly in a row.

The eight evil cultivators were all Glazed Knights. Even among them, the one with the lowest cultivation had already reached the Fourth Change in the Fish-dragon Realm.

The man who stood to lead the pack was the Commander-in-Chief of the Glazed Knights. He looked around forty years old and had piercing eyes and a massive physique. His cultivation had reached the Ninth Change in the Fish-dragon Realm.

“Red Wish Emissary, you have colluded with the Demonic Saintess and caused trouble among the Black Market factions. Your crimes are unforgivable. Stop resisting and give yourself up!”

The Commander-in-Chief of the Glazed Knights stood holding a spear horizontally in his hand. He released his Genuine Qi, and the powerful Qi surged out. As he emanated Qi, he transformed into a lofty mountain.

The Commander-in-Chief of the Glazed Knights and the seven Glazed Knights formed an impregnable buttress, blocking off the entire Quicksand Canyon and leaving Red Wish Emissary with no escape route.

The evil cultivators who followed Red Wish Emissary had to stop.

“Why did the Commander-in-Chief of the Glazed Knights, Zhang Hanhu, come? ”

“Zhao Hanhu had reached the Ninth Change in the Fish-dragon Realm 30 years ago. His present cultivation is unfathomable.”

...

There were powerful foes in front, pursuers behind, and a God-like top killer. Even strong-willed Monks in the Fish-Dragon Realm began to falter.

Cyan-robed Emissary, Hunter, Zhao Hanhu... they were all were top evil masters.

How were they going to survive?

Shi Buchou clenched his fists and took three steps forward. He blocked Red Wish Emissary's path who was behind him and said with determination, "Your Excellency, leave us first and run."

Red Wish Emissary saw the 26 evil cultivators who were still with her. Most of them suffered some form of injury. Only Shi Buchou and Xue Yun, the Master of the Blood Cloud Sect, were strong enough to fight.

With her current followers, it would be impossible to break the siege.

Red Wish Emissary actually had an imperial edict and could have easily escaped herself.

But if she fled, the remaining 26 followers would fall into Di Yi's hands. He would torture them cruelly and make them feel worse than death. Di Yi would even go as far as to implicate their families.

"We will fight! Even if I die in Quicksand Canyon today, I will never leave."

A look of determination gathered in Red Wish Emissary's eyes. She plunged her holy crystal staff into the yellow sands and stared proudly at the Cyan-robed Emissary in the distance, preparing to fight to the death.

The cliffs on either side of Quicksand Canyon were made of solid yellow rocks over 300 meters high. They were precipitous and jutted out horizontally. Looking up from the bottom of the canyon, you could only see a narrow view of the night sky.

"Swoosh!"

A subtle voice rang out in the air above the canyon. A translucent figure appeared, his feet stepping on void space, and his voice was icy-cold. "Master, there's no way you and your followers can escape today. You can persuade Red Wish

Emissary to surrender. As long as she apologizes to the young master, I'm sure he will spare your lives. He is very magnanimous.”

This man was the No. 1 killer of Blood Cloud Sect, Hunter.

The evil cultivators behind Red Wish Emissary all raised their heads and looked.

This was the first time they saw Hunter's true form.

Hunter was stepping on two opposing currents of air. He balanced himself above the canyon and stared below like a God of Death controlling all human lives.

With his strength, anyone who tried to escape from above would probably be killed by him.

Quicksand Canyon was like a cage, it trapped everyone inside.

Xu Hong, the Master of the Blood Cloud Sect, came out and stared at Hunter. “Hunter, it is an honor for me to take you as a disciple. But we serve different masters. You can be loyal to the young master, but I cannot betray Her Excellency the Red Wish Emissary. Don't bother to persuade me. If I die today in battle, you will be the new Master of the Blood Cloud Sect.”

Hunter turned silent and did not say a word.

Just as Xu Hong had said, they served different lords. Since they stood on opposite sides, the only thing they could do was fight each other to death.

Cyan-robed Emissary stared at Red Wish Emissary and snorted. “Ye Honglei, I did not know you were this stupid. Don't you know that you will still live if you surrender? All of your followers will survive as well.”

Red Wish Emissary sneered and said, “Even though you're willing to become Di Yi's dog, you can't force others to do the same. Even if I surrender, will Di Yi let me off that easily? Stop kidding me! Did you think that I was that naive?”

“Kill them. Kill them all.”

Cyan-robed Emissary was enraged and she made a “jianjue” gesture again. Powerful sword Qi broke loose from the Holy

Sword.

The sword Qi engulfed Red Wish Emissary like a tide. It hit the ground and the cliffs, made crackling sounds and left frightful sword marks.

Hunter was standing above the canyon when he noticed a sudden huge wave of energy. He raised his head and looked above.

In the vault of heaven, a gigantic Lightning Fire Vortex, accompanied by a rumble, had fallen from the upper clouds and crashed into Quicksand Canyon.

The Lightning Fire Vortex was made of lightning and fire. It continued to spin and rushed into the bottom of the canyon, before engulfing Cyan-robed Emissary along with seven yeti warriors.

“CRACK!”

Dozens of thick lightning bolts shuttled through the vortex and released a great destructive power.

A streak of lightning flew and penetrated the belly of a yeti warrior. It then hit the left overhanging cliff causing a thunderous noise and leaving behind a rocky, 30-centimeter large cavity.

No one expected a sorcerer to cast a Level Three Magic Arts of the electricity series, the Lightning Fire Vortex, at Quicksand Canyon.

The Lightning Fire Vortex whirled on, getting bigger and bigger, forming a turbulent storm. Rocks from both sides of the canyon crumbled, burying bodies of Yeti warriors beneath the boulders.

“Break through it!”

Cyan-robed Emissary mobilized the Genuine Qi with her whole body. She activated the inscriptions of the Cyan Holy Sword to its maximum capacity and lunged forward with great force, breaking through the Lightning Fire Vortex. She escaped.

The Lightning Fire Vortex continued to whirl for ten more breaths before subsiding.

A section of Quicksand Canyon had completely collapsed. Countless tiny electric patterns were still snaking through the canyon, making crackling noises.

The Lightning Fire Vortex attack killed four yeti warriors and left their bodies buried under huge boulders.

The other three yeti warriors were badly injured and were laying on the ground, breathing their last breaths.

The abrupt change caught everyone off-guard.

Red Wish Emissary's face lit up with pleasure. She raised her head and looked toward the sky. "The Great Guardian is coming!"

Zhang Ruochen, wearing a metal mask and dressed all in white, soared down from the clouds. Suspended in mid-air, Zhang Ruochen's hand was holding the Thunder Pearl, the other was behind his back. "Am I late, Your Excellency?"

Red Wish Emissary finally had a smile on her tense face. "If you had come a little later, the only thing you would probably be able to do is to bury me."

"It's good that I'm not too late."

Zhang Ruchen thought for a moment, then took out the dead wood staff. He threw it to Red Wish Emissary below him and said, "Here's my gift for Your Excellency."

Red Wish Emissary took over the dead wood staff and looked at it. Her eyes widened with astonishment. "Is this... the Ice Demon's dead wood staff?"

"That's right. I have killed the Ice Demon. The dead wood staff is of course for you, Your Excellency," said Zhang Ruochen.

Although the dead wood staff was a valuable treasure, it was not suitable for Zhang Ruochen.

Instead of selling it for Spiritual Crystals, he thought it would be better to give the dead wood staff to Red Wish Emissary, in

return for her Thunder Pearl.

From now on, neither of them owed each other anything.

Chapter 618 - The Green Cloud Saint Being

Translator:

Transn

Editor:

Transn

Actually, Zhang Ruochen had another reason for bringing out the dead wood staff. He wanted to encourage his own warriors to attack the enemy with a heavy blow. By giving the dead wood staff to Red Wish Emissary, Zhang Ruochen was hitting two birds with one stone.

The famous Ice Demon was killed by the Great Guardian?

“Roar!”

He caused a sensation among the evil cultivators at Quicksand Canyon.

“Our Great Guardian is truly divine. Even a presence like the Ice Demon couldn’t beat you!”

“The Great Guardian deserves his fame. There is nothing else we could do other than pay respects and look at him in awe.”

“Haha! The Great Guardian is here. Do they still think that they will kill us today?”

...

After the assassinations by Hunter and the run from the murderous Cyan-robed Emissary and the Commander-in-Chief of the Glazed Knights, Red Wish Emissary’s warriors’ morale was at an all-time low.

However, Zhang Ruochen has appeared. Not only did he annihilate a group of Yeti warriors, but also the famous Ice Demon. Everyone was exhilarated.

Red Wish Emissary's beautiful eyes stared at Zhang Ruochen above her. An indescribable feeling rippled her heart.

One must admit that Zhang Ruochen was Red Wish Emissary's secret weapon. He was able to calm and boost the team morale. His presence has swept aside the desolate spirit of the evil cultivators and replaced it with excitement.

Although Cyan-robed Emissary was able to break through the Lightning Fire Vortex with her powerful sword cultivation, the strong lightning bolts had hit the collar, sleeves, and hem of her attire. Smoke was billowing from her whole body, which gave her a pitiable impression.

"Even a Master of Spiritual Power won't be able to reverse your imminent defeat," said Cyan-robed Emissary in a cold voice.

Red Wish Emissary reminded Zhang Ruochen at once. "Be careful. There's an assassin."

Right when Zhang Ruochen showed up, Hunter disappeared. He had hidden himself.

Cyan-robed Emissary smiled disdainfully, "Hunter's invisibility skill is highly effective. No one can see his figure. Even a Master of Spiritual Power won't be able to detect him. Hunter, kill the Great Guardian."

Every evil cultivator below knew how terrifying Hunter was. They started to worry about Zhang Ruochen.

"If what you said is true, I shall meet the legendary No. 1 killer of Blood Cloud Sect."

Zhang Ruochen gave a faint smile.

Before Hunter could do anything, Zhang Ruochen found his hiding place. He stretched his palm out and pushed it forward. A Spherical Lightning burst out from his palm, striking Hunter.

"CRACK!"

Hunter was hit by the Spherical Lightning. Suddenly, his figure re-appeared.

A look of surprise flashed across Hunter's eyes. He could not have imagined someone seeing through his art of invisibility. The power of the Spherical Lightning did not injure him badly, but it paralyzed him temporarily.

In that brief moment, Zhang Ruochen struck at Hunter's chest with the Wind and Thunder Finger.

“BAM!”

A metallic clang rang out. Hunter's chest slightly bulged inward after the impact of the Wind and Thunder Finger. He was thrown backward like an arrow off the bow.

With a loud thud, Hunter's body hit the cliff behind him, leaving a cavity in the rock.

Zhang Ruochen looked at his finger and felt pain and numbness in his fingertips. It felt like his finger had hit an iron plank.

Hunter must have possessed some treasure like a chest-protecting mirror that allowed him to withstand Zhang Ruochen's strike.

Everyone watching the scene was flabbergasted. Their chins nearly dropped to the ground. They stared at Zhang Ruochen as if he were a demon, incredulous.

Hunter was terrifying. Everyone feared him. He was like the God of Death whom no one could fight.

Hunter's assassinations almost caused Red Wish Emissary to suffer a mental breakdown.

Zhang Ruochen only had to use two moves to send Hunter flying. How could anyone not be amazed?

No one could believe their eyes. They all thought they were hallucinating.

A Master of Spiritual Power would have an advantage in a distant battle.

A killer would have an advantage in a close-range fight.

“A Master of Spiritual Power defeating a top killer at close range?”

Cyan-robed Emissary's face turned solemn. Her eyes were fixated on Zhang Ruochen and her gaze was full of fear.

“Hunter has hidden himself again.”

Hunter, who had just crashed on the cliff wall, had disappeared again. Red Wish Emissary tried using her Spiritual Power to detect Hunter.

Zhang Ruochen acted as if nothing had happened, showing no sign of fear.

Hunter had super invisibility skill and unsurpassed speed. These were what made him the feared killer he was.

Unfortunately, he met Zhang Ruochen.

Zhang Ruochen had released his Space Domain long ago. So, regardless of how powerful his invisibility skill was, Hunter had no place to hide.

With the powers of the Shooting Star Invisible Cloak, no one from the realm of a Half-Saint was a match for Zhang Ruochen's speed.

“SWOSH!”

Out of nowhere, someone lunged out a blood-red sword from behind Zhang Ruochen, aiming for his back.

However, Zhang Ruochen quickly took one step to his left and easily avoided the blade. He then struck forward at an even faster speed.

It was the Wind and Thunder Finger again. This time, he hit Hunter on his neck.

Hunter was just as superb. He quickly performed a bodily movement and levitated a meter into the air. Zhang Ruochen's strike just barely missed the vital part of Hunter's neck.

Unfortunately, Zhang Ruochen had already predicted Hunter's escape route. He condensed a Second-Level Magic Arts, the Wrath of Thunder God.

A 9-meter thunderbolt giant appeared behind Hunter's neck. With immense power, it crashed the thunder hammer down on Hunter's head.

“BAM!”

Hunter’s face was dripping with blood. His head had almost shrunk into his neck as he fell quickly to the ground. He crashed on the bottom of the canyon, leaving a large 15-meter crater.

The Master of the Blood Cloud Sect, Xu Hong, rushed at once into the crater to check Hunter’s injuries. He found that Hunter had lost consciousness due to his injuries, but he was not dead.

Hunter was a Monk of the Ninth Change in the Fish-dragon Realm who had already cultivated a Glazed Treasured Body. Hence, his physical defense was very strong and he would not die easily.

Xu Hong stared at Red Wish Emissary with pleading eyes and said, “Your Excellency, Hunter has already been severely injured by the Great Guardian. He’s not capable of fighting anymore. Will you please spare his life?”

Hunter has assassinated so many masters from Red Wish Emissary’s side. How could she let him off so easily?

But Xu Hong was still an important officer under her. If she gave orders to kill Hunter, Xu Hong might rebel. How then should she deal with Hunter?

Zhang Ruochen said, “I think we should lock Hunter up until Di Yi is killed and Your Excellency becomes the new young master. Once the lot is cast, Hunter would not rebel against Your Excellency.”

Xu Hong gave Zhang Ruochen a grateful look. “Thank you so much, Great Guardian. I shall write off the feud between you and the Blood Cloud Sect.”

Whether Hunter was dead or alive made little difference to Zhang Ruochen. So there was no reason for him not to do Xu Hong a favor.

Red Wish Emissary heard Zhang Ruochen’s words and suppressed the murderous urge in her heart. “Since the Great Guardian has said this, I shall let him live for the moment.”

The fact that Hunter was seriously injured was another big blow to Cyan-robed Emissary and the Glazed Knights.

The Great Guardian used to be someone they ignored, but now he had become their number one enemy.

“No wonder you are known as the Great Guardian. You are truly capable. I have underestimated you.”

Cyan-robed Emissary gave an icy look and exhibited a bodily movement of Ghost Level Inferior Class. With each step she took, she covered 30 meters. Soaring upward, she seemed to be stepping on void space.

She had to meet Zhang Ruochen herself.

“Great Guardian, let me give you a hand.”

Shi Buchou’s body emitted an aureole of colored glaze. He dipped his toes downward and pushed up, quickly soaring to the sky. He squeezed his fist into a ball and struck with a High-cloud Fist.

High-cloud Fist was a Ghost Level Fist technique of the Inferior Class.

Shi Buchou’s cultivation had reached the Ninth Change in the Fish-dragon Realm. He was the second best fighter after Xu Hong under Red Wish Emissary.

After striking with his fist, Shi Buchou’s fist started radiating a brilliant light. Shadowy fists the size of small hills started to float in the air, resembling bright suns.

Cyan-robed Emissary cast a glance at Shi Buchou. She snorted coldly and started running powerful Holy Qi around her four holy meridians.

“SWOOSH!”

Strong Holy Qi kept pouring out from Cyan-robed Emissary’s meridians, condensing into a holy cyan cloud.

The holy cyan cloud covered a large area. Every stream of Holy Qi weighed five tons and they crushed Shi Buchou.

With a loud thud, Shi Buchou hit the ground again and half of his body sank into the ground.

The holy cyan cloud crushed down on Red Wish Emissary and her evil cultivators. Even with their Combined Attack, a dozen evil cultivators could not withstand the weight. They vomited blood and collapsed.

Even Red Wish Emissary and the evil masters of the Seventh Change in the Fish-dragon Realm were having a hard time withstanding the pressure. They could not breathe.

Only a Saintly Being of Small Success could emit such special power. It was so incredible that no one in the same realm could bear it.

“You think you can confront a Saintly Being with your collective power? You have overestimated yourselves!”

Cyan-robed Emissary snorted and turned into a streak of green light. She soared up, waving her Holy Sword and hacked at Zhang Ruochen above.

Once Cyan-robed Emissary had soared, the holy cyan cloud soared up as well. The two forces were now pressuring Zhang Ruochen instead. The Evil Warriors could feel the pressure on them relieved.

“Oh no! Cyan-robed Emissary had activated the Saintly Being power of Small Success. The Great Guardian is no match for her!” Red Wish Emissary’s face paled as she began to worry for Zhang Ruochen.

High above Quicksand Canyon, a woman’s laughter was heard. “I’ve long known that Cyan-robed Emissary possesses a Green Cloud Saint Being. Today I shall see if her legendary Saint Being is as powerful as people say!”

Dressed in a long teal skirt, Mu Lingxi was also wearing a mask. She landed vertically from the top of the left cliff, waving a white Holy Sword, she struck at Cyan-robed Emissary.

Zhang Ruochen stood in the same place, without showing any intention to fight.

He was quite curious about Mu Lingxi’s strength, as he could not see through Mu Lingxi’s cultivation at the moment.

“She must have some true abilities to dare oppose a Saintly Being. I don’t think she’s much weaker than Cyan-robed Emissary,”

thought Zhang Ruochen to himself.

Chapter 619 - Saintly Being against Saintly Being

Translator:

Transn

Editor:

Transn

Mu Lingxi was moving at such a high speed that she reached the place above the holy cyan cloud in a blink of an eye. “Movement One of Ethereal Swordplay, Splitting Clouds and Sky,” she shouted.

A glow of luscious bright light appeared around the white Holy Sword as the full power of the Holy Weapon manifested. The sword waved in the void space, creating a ten-meter long stream of sword Qi that tore through the air.

“Swoosh!”

The sword Qi was like a river flowing in heaven. The air currents clashed with each other as the sword Qi collided with cyan cloud Holy Qi.

The impact from the violent collision almost pushed the evil cultivators into the air.

“Who on earth is this person who was strong enough to stand up to Cyan-robed Emissary’s Green Cloud Saint Being? Could he be an assistant employed by Great Guardian?”

As Shi Buchou lifted his eyes to gaze at Mu Lingxi, he suddenly felt awe towards her.

No one knew better than him how formidable Cyan-robed Emissary was. When he was fighting her a moment ago, he could feel an unstoppable pressure coming from her.

Mu Lingxi was almost on par with Cyan-robed Emissary, that was how powerful she was.

Cyan-robed Emissary was not prepared for any more surprises, so when a female masked master suddenly appeared, she was shocked.

Who was this young female monk from the Eastern Region who was able to stand up to her?

All of a sudden, Cyan-robed Emissary came to a realization, she said coldly, “I see, it’s Your Highness, Saintess. I was wondering since when did Eastern Evil Land have another excellent God’s favored daughter? You were not as powerful as the last time we fought.”

Mu Lingxi stood above the holy cyan cloud while laughing, she said, “You are such a fool! It was my intention to give in to you last time we fought.”

“Give in to me? You are too arrogant, Your Highness, Saintess. Now, I shouldn’t show you any mercy.”

Cyan-robe Emissary turned somber and changed her stance. She positioned her cyan Holy Sword in front of her and shifted her body to form a pillar of light that shot up high into the air.

“Sword One.”

The pillar of cyan light emanated great penetration force, piercing through the long stream of sword Qi and moving towards Mu Lingxi.

Zhang Ruochen’s had a look of surprise in his eyes. He had flipped through a book written by someone who had experienced Sword One. Even though he didn’t have a strong grasp of Sword One, he could understand some of the mystery regarding the Tao of the sword.

Hence he could immediately recognize that it was Sword One as soon as Cyan-robed Emissary wielded her first sword move.

According to Sword Saint Xuanji, among those who had reached the Fish-Dragon Realm, only thirty-four people were able to complete the Sword One cultivation.

Although the Sword One move wielded by Cyan-robed Emissary was far from the realm of Completion, it was still extremely powerful. Coupled with the fact that she was a

Green Cloud Saint Being, she emanated unparalleled penetrating power.

Even though Cyan-robed Emissary was a Saintly Being, Mu Lingxi was a rare talent, and they were both at the peak of the same realm. However, Cyan-robed Emissary was at least fifteen years older than Mu Lingxi.

There was an age difference between the two of them.

For monsters who are over a few hundred years old, fifteen years of age difference would not amount to anything. However, an age gap of fifteen years between two young monks was significant, so a natural talent would not help much in a battle.

Would Mu Lingxi be able to withstand Cyan-robed Emissary's Sword One?

“Given a fair circumstance, Cyan-robed Emissary would be far more powerful than Hunter.”

Zhang Ruochen secretly began to condense spells so he could rescue Mu Lingxi in case she falls into danger.

Mu Lingxi appeared composed as she smiled and said, “Green Cloud Saint Being is indeed extraordinary, having practiced Sword One and reaching its fourth level realm. No wonder why she became one of the Seven Kills Emissary. She is not bad at all. Despite all of that, I am a Saintly Being too, and one who is much more powerful than you.”

Mu Lingxi began running Vast Universe Game and the Genuine Qi in her Meridians began flowing too. Between her brows, a Phoenix mark, like a bright flame, appeared and started absorbing Heaven and Earth Spiritual Qi vigorously.

Icing air emanated from her body, forming a gigantic illusory image of an Ice Phoenix. The Ice Phoenix spread out its wings and dove with great speed.

“Crash! Crash!”

The appearance of the Ice Phoenix caused an icy current to form, freezing a large area of the Quicksand Canyon. A thick

layer of ice formed at the bottom of the valley as well as on the walls surrounding it.

The evil cultivators at the bottom of the valley lifted their gaze and were stunned to see a gigantic ancient ice phoenix colliding with a holy cyan cloud. The collision generated waves after waves of powerful energy, shaking the earth.

“That is ... the ancient Holy Body of the Ice Phoenix. Legend has it that the power emanated by an ancient phoenix is a whole level higher than that of Green Cloud Saint Being,” Shi Buchou widened his eyes as he realized the reason Mu Lingxi was able to fight against Cyan-robed Emissary was Mu Lingxi’s monstrous physical quality.

Zhang Ruochen was lost in his thoughts. After watching the battle a while ago, he gauged Mu Lingxi’s level of cultivation to be at the peak of the Fifth Change in the Fish-dragon Realm.

Even if the Ancient Holy Body of the Ice Phoenix was formidable, Zhang Ruochen still did not believe Mu Lingxi could match up to Cyan-robed Emissary, who had reached the Seventh Change in the Fish-dragon Realm.

Unless... unless Mu Lingxi had once reached the Ultimate Realm in a different realm of space and time.

At the thought of this, Zhang Ruochen broke into a smile as he realized his understanding of senior sister apprentice Duanmu was only the tip of the iceberg.

“This is the right time to kill Cyan-robed Emissary. Di Yi’s strength will be weakened greatly once she is annihilated.”

The Red Wish Emissary stopped hesitating. She grabbed the holy crystal staff, released the Spiritual Power and wielded a Level One Magic Art.

“Raging Storm.”

A vortex of swirling wind appeared, surrounding Red Wish Emissary and bringing her up in a whirlwind into the air.

Moments later, the two-man battle turned into a battle between Red Wish Emissary, Mu Lingxi and Cyan-robed Emissary.

The fight between three beautiful women with exquisite figures created a magnificent image, depicting grace and elegance with their every move.

Zhang Ruochen shook his head. He had no desire to get involved.

It was better for the women to resolve the issue between themselves.

Moreover, Red Wish Emissary's sorcery and Mu Lingxi's Ancient Holy Body of the Ice Phoenix was each comparable to Cyan-robed Emissary's capabilities. If they joined forces, it would put Cyan-robed Emissary at a disadvantage.

It was only a matter of time before Cyan-robed Emissary would be defeated.

Zhang Ruochen was not interested in watching the fight, so he flew downwards to the bottom of the Quicksand Canyon and suspended himself mid-air, three feet above the ground.

“Greetings, Great Guardian.”

All the evil cultivators there saluted respectfully to Zhang Ruochen. Among them were Shi Buchou and Xu Hong, who had reached the Ninth Change in the Fish-dragon Realm.

Zhang Ruochen's capabilities had earned their recognition and affirmation.

“There is no need for pleasantries, the battle is not over yet.”

Zhang Ruochen, who was holding the Thunder Pearl, looked intently at the Glazed Knight Commander in Chief and the seven Glazed Knights on the opposite side of the valley. His gaze landed on the Glazed Knight Commander in Chief. He raised his voice and said, “The outcome of the battle is clear. Cyan-robed Emissary will be defeated. Do you still want to continue fighting?”

Glazed Knight Commander in Chief, Zhao Hanhu looked at Zhang Ruochen with cold eyes and said, “You are indeed strong and powerful. However, there is still a considerable gap between you and the young master.”

Zhang Ruochen said, “But where is your young master now?”

Zhao Hanhu snorted and but did not answer.

“That’s very stubborn of you, Zhao Hanhu. Looks like I have to finish you myself.”

Xu Hong, the Master of the Blood Cloud Sect started striding forward. With immense power, he wielded one of the moves of the Landslide Palm by fiercely punching his palm towards Zhao Hanhu.

Every stride Xu Hong took emanated earth-shattering power that shook the entire valley.

“Swoosh!”

Zhao Hanhu pulled out the long spear from the yellow sand. He mobilized Genuine Qi from all around his body and released it through his palm. The Genuine Qi exited his palm and wrapped around the long spear.

The long metal spear in Zhao Hanhu’s hand was the size of the rim of a bowl. It was covered with a layer of grey light and looked like a steel dragon. The spear was quickly thrust forward.

Both Xu Hong and Zhao Hanhu were both well-known evil big shots with cultivation level of the Ninth Change in the Fish-dragon Realm. Their confrontation with each other produced a destructive power, so immense, that it forced the surrounding spectators to retreat.

“The monks of the Ninth Change in the Fish-dragon Realm are indeed very capable. Each move they make carries with it the power to shatter the earth,” Zhang Ruochen said in his heart.

The reason Zhang Ruochen managed to injure Hunter easily was mainly because he was wearing Shooting Star Invisible Cloak. The cloak enhanced his speed, allowing him to have an upper hand over Hunter.

Hunter did not expect a Master of Spiritual Power to move at such speed. He was severely injured and lost his consciousness before he had time to react.

On the other hand, if Zhang Ruochen were to fight against superiors of the older generation, such as Xu Hong and Zhao

Hanhu, it would not be so easy to defeat them.

Of the others who were present, another person who had reached the Ninth Change in the Fish-dragon Realm was Shi Buchou.

While Xu Hong and Zhao Hanhu were fighting against each other, Shi Buchou had to traverse through the area where they were fighting, to attack the seven other Glazed Knights from a different corner.

The seven Glazed Knights were exceptionally strong too. They stood in the formation of the Combined Attack of ‘Seven Stars Surrounding the Moon’ and their combined effort was comparable to Shi Buchou’s strength.

There were three battles going on, but no one could tell who was winning.

Time was ticking. An hour later, the battle between Shi Buchou and the seven Glazed Knights finally ended.

The Combined Attack of the seven Glazed Knights was powerful, but it was not strong enough to combat the attack of one evil big shot of the Ninth Change in the Fish-dragon Realm.

Eventually, all seven Glazed knights were defeated and they collapsed in pools of blood with their dead bodies littered all over the ground.

Soon after, the winner of the battle in the sky emerged.

Red Wish Emissary and Mu Lingxi’s joint attack was able to wound Cyan-robed emissary, who, being severely injured, fell from the sky.

However, while falling, Cyan-robed Emissary took out a shining scroll of the imperial edict. From the scroll, she garnered Saint Power to transform herself into a ray of moving green light. In her new form, she penetrated through the clouds and escaped into the horizon.

Cyan-robed Emissary’s voice of bitterness rang from afar.
“Demonic Saintess, Ye Honglei, I shall not forget the rancor

between us today. I will tear you to pieces the next time we meet.”

Cyan-robed Emissary suffered a great set back because of this battle. Not only were all the evil masters defeated, but even she was also severely wounded. What a humiliation!

Since Cyan-robed Emissary lost the battle, and there was no way to return to heaven, all she could do was flee.

“I will catch you next time.”

The Red Wish Emissary snorted as she and Mu Lingxi descended from the sky and landed on the bottom of Quicksand Canyon.

Chapter 620 - The Glow of Sun And Moon

Translator:

Transn

Editor:

Transn

At this moment, it was still impossible to tell who among Xu Hong and Zhao Hanhu was winning the battle. The only thing people could see was their tangled shadows wielding move after move of martial technique, with each move getting more and more advanced. The Quicksand Canyon was damaged at many places and the canyon was almost flattened to the ground.

With Red Wish Emissary and Shi Buchou joining the battle, Zhao Hanhu was gradually weakened.

“Lost Illusory World.”

Using the holy crystal staff, Red Wish Emissary casted an advanced spell, sending Zhao Hanhu into an illusionary realm where his moves become slightly delayed.

At that moment, Xu Hong grabbed the opportunity to strike Zhao Hanhu on his chest with the Roaring Flame Dragon Palm move.

In an instant, Zhao Hanhu’s chest caved in there were sounds of breaking bones coming from his body.

Pfft!

Zhao Hanhu flew backward and landed 33 meters away.

Shi Buchou descended rapidly and landed a kick on Zhao Hanhu’s waist. With a crack, Zhao Hanhu’s backbone was broken and he was left paralyzed on the floor, unable to move.

“Hmmm, I guess the Glazed Knight Commander in Chief is not that great after all.”

Shi Buchou and Xu Hong retreated to the left and right respectively, giving way to Red Wish Emissary.

Red Wish Emissary walked up to Zhao Hanhu and coldly said, “Tell me, where is Di Yi?”

Zhao Hanhu was pale and gasping for breath. He said dryly, “Red Wish Emissary... I would advise you not to go against the young master... You are no match... for him...”

“He is a tough guy indeed.”

Red Wish Emissary frowned and her eyes gradually turned cold. She started condensing her Spiritual Power as she lifted the holy crystal staff.

A ray of red light, like a stream of water, emerged from the top of the holy staff and wrapping around Zhao Hanhu.

“Where is Di Yi?” Red Wish Emissary asked for a second time.

Zhao Hanhu instantly fell into a trance. His brows were knitted, and his conscience seemed to be struggling with the illusion in his mind, and his mouth made mumbling sounds.

Zhang Ruochen, who was standing in the distance was also curious about Di Yi’s whereabouts, he kept his gaze on Red Wish Emissary, who was interrogating Zhao Hanhu.

Suddenly, he smelt a faint fragrance. When he turned around, he saw that Mu Lingxi had quietly walked up to him.

Mu Lingxi glanced at Red Wish Emissary and said with a smile, “I did not realize what a seductive little vixen Red Wish Emissary is. She is even skilled in sorcery.”

“If not for the effects of her sorcery on Cyan-robed Emissary just now, it would have been difficult for me to take down Cyan-robed Emissary on my own, given my current level of cultivation.”

Zhang Ruochen sensed something strange in Mu Lingxi’s tone, so he smiled and asked, “What are you trying to say?”

Mu Lingxi blinked and said, “Wouldn’t you be attracted by her since she is so skillful in sorcery?”

Zhang Ruochen shook his head and replied, “Don’t worry, I know what I am doing. I will get out of Eastern Evil Land once I’ve killed Di Yi. Do you really think I want to be Red Wish Emissary’s Great Guardian for the rest of my life?”

Smiling, Mu Lingxi nodded and said, “Now that’s good.”

Zhao Hanhu had amazing willpower, he took some time to try to combat Red Wish Emissary’s sorcery before he was finally defeated.

However, he stayed silent the whole time as he mobilized Genuine Qi to break his Meridians and Blood Meridians throughout his body. He would not reveal Di Yi’s whereabouts even if it meant death for him.

“Young Master ... will ... revenge me...”

Zhao Hanhu’s eyes widened as he said his last words. Thereafter, he turned silent.

“It is no wonder he was a Glazed Knight commander. He had such a strong will-power.” Red Wish Emissary stopped using sorcery, let out a long sigh and looked disappointed.

Suddenly, Red Wish Emissary glanced in the direction of Zhang Ruochen, who was standing next to the lady in green who was wearing a metal mask.

Red Wish Emissary’s eyes grew cold.

Red Wish Emissary had Xu Hong, Shi Buchou, and the rest pull back, so she could face Zhang Ruochen alone. She walked up to Zhang Ruochen with light steps and said with a coquettish grin, “Great Guardian, I have something to discuss with you in private.”

She deliberately emphasized on the word “in private”.

Mu Lingxi was not happy seeing how Red Wish Emissary flirted with Zhang Ruochen, she sneered, “Is there anything I can’t hear about?”

The Red Wish Emissary batted her eyelashes at Mu Lingxi and smiled, saying, “Your Highness, the Saintess, you are, after all, not relevant here. There are some things that are not meant for you to hear.”

Mu Lingxi frowned deeply and she stretched out her arm to grab onto Zhang Ruochen’s arm. She puffed up her chest and arched her back in an attempt to make a statement. She said with an arrogant tone, “Red Wish Emissary, are you trying to kick down the ladder now? If not for my help in defeating your opponent just now, would you still be standing here talking casually? I have an intimate relationship with your Great Guardian, so I’m not an outsider. What is it that I can’t hear?”

The Red Wish Emissary’s expression tensed up and she tightened her grip on the holy crystal staff. She snorted, “I didn’t ask you for help, and how is the demonic sect allowed to fight with Black Market?”

Zhang Ruochen sensed the growing tension and feared that they would get into a fight. He quickly said, “In that case, let me speak with Her Excellency in private.”

Zhang Ruochen tried to pacify Mu Lingxi with some words before walking towards Red Wish Emissary.

Red Wish Emissary puffed her chest too and grinned with a victory while she shook her head at Mu Lingxi as if to say, “You can’t beat me!”

Mu Lingxi was enraged by Red Wish Emissary’s attempt to provoke her. She ground her teeth and kicked up a pebble from the ground. She would have dashed forward to confront Red Wish Emissary if Zhang Ruochen had not stopped her.

Both Zhang Ruochen and Red Wish Emissary made use of their spell to leap into the air and flew to the edge of the top of Quicksand Canyon.

After a long night’s battle, dawn finally came. The eastern sky glowed with a layer of maroon light.

Red Wish Emissary approached Zhang Ruochen, saying, “Great Guardian, what is your relationship with the Demonic

Saintess?”

“Does it matter?” Zhang Ruochen asked exasperatedly.

“Of course it matters. If the High-level management of the Black Market knew I was with a Demonic Saintess, they would think I colluded with the Demonic Sect to go against our own people. This would be detrimental to me.” Red Wish Emissary continued, “I think it will be better if the Demonic Saintess leaves.”

Actually, Zhang Ruochen did not want Mu Lingxi to be involved in the killing of Di Yi because it was too dangerous and he did not want her to be implicated.

Zhang Ruochen had discussed this with Mu Lingxi. The plan was for her to hide in a secret place instead of getting involved.

It was only because the situation was precarious when Cyan-robed Emissary tried to kill Zhang Ruochen. Mu Lingxi was worried for his safety so she could not help but reveal herself in order to stop Cyan-robed Emissary.

Zhang Ruochen nodded and said, “Alright, I will try to dissuade her from getting involved in this matter.”

Red Wish Emissary breathed a sigh of relief and a charming smile appeared across her pretty face.

Zhang Ruochen asked, “Have you tracked down Di Yi’s whereabouts?”

“Unfortunately no. That Zhao Hanhu was so stubborn that not even my forty-third level of Spiritual Power was able to squeeze any information out of him, so much so that he took his own life by severing his Meridians at the very last moment,” Red Wish Emissary’s face fell as she shook her head in disappointment.

If her Spiritual Power had reached the forty-fourth level, she would have easily obtained the information she needed from Zhao Hanhu.

All in all, it was because her Spiritual Power was still lacking.

Zhang Ruochen said, "Maybe I could somehow guess where he is."

Red Wish Emissary's eyes brightened and she quickly asked, "Where?"

"Red Willow Heights," Zhang Ruochen replied.

Red Wish Emissary was taken aback at first but quickly regained her composure. She smiled and said, "That's right, it is quite possible that Di Yi has entered Red Willow Heights. When I went rushing to God Falling Ridge, I merely brought along my most loyal subordinates. The rest of my people are left behind to guard Red Willow Heights."

"Di Yi would have placed his men among these remaining people. Once he receives the news, he would appear in Red Willow Heights as a victor since he is such an arrogant man."

"He assumes that by occupying the Red Willow Heights, he is victorious over the rest, but in fact, he is actually exposing his whereabouts. If that happens, we could ambush him and be in the position of control."

Until then, it didn't occur to Red Wish Emissary that this was the purpose of Zhang Ruochen's letter to her.

At last, there was a turning point in her battle with Di Yi, where she was initially at the losing end.

Red Wish Emissary looked on Zhang Ruochen with awe and she could not help but admire him for his wisdom. "Di Yi must be furious. He had lost three generals, namely Ice Demon, Hunter, and Zhao Hanhu. He is bound to make mistakes once he is provoked. I only had to seize this opportunity and I could turn the tables."

Zhang Ruochen could see that Red Wish Emissary's strategy was mainly defensively in nature, one that would wait for Di Yi to make a mistake before striking out with a fatal attack.

Zhang Ruochen shook his head and said, "Now you know that Di Yi is probably already in Red Willow Heights, why don't we take the offensive?"

The Red Wish Emissary gently shook her head and said, “Ice Demon, Hunter, Zhao Hanhu, and Cyan-robed Emissary are Di Yi’s most outstanding masters. However, they are not the most capable person on Di Yi’s side. Even with his forces under my control, we may still be defeated if we have a head-on clash with him now.”

“Are you talking about Purple Wind Emissary?” Zhang Ruochen asked.

The Red Wish Emissary replied, “Yes. Purple Wind Emissary alone is capable of killing us all. You would only stand a chance if your Spiritual Power had reached the forty-fourth level.”

“There are also some other extremely capable people by Di Yi’s side and they are all very powerful.”

Zhang Ruochen was silent for a while, then he suddenly turned to look in the direction of the eastern sky.

What was he looking at?

Out of curiosity, Red Wish Emissary also looked towards the sky in that direction.

On the horizon, the sun, like a red sphere started rising slowly, started radiating a warm glow that gradually lit up the dark earth.

Besides the sun, a round, silver moon suddenly appeared, emitting bright moonlight. What they were seeing was a rare phenomenon of the sun and the moon glowing alongside each other simultaneously.

The silvery full moon moved towards them and stopped above the Quicksand Canyon, suspended behind the cloud. Rays of moonlight shone down like a waterfall and covered the ground within a hundred mile radius with a layer of silver light.

As she looked carefully at the moon, she could almost make out the silhouette of a man at the center of the round silver moon.

Chapter 621 - Genius of the Generation

Translator:

Transn

Editor:

Transn

“Who’s that?”

“An acute Spiritual Qi emanated from the silvery full moon. Is it the esteemed presence of a Half-Saint?”

...

All the evil cultivator at the Quicksand Canyon who saw the silvery full moon in the sky could distinctly feel the streams of Holy Qi emanating from it, urging them to surrender themselves.

Only a Half-Saint would possess such a terrifying Holy Aura.

“Swosh!”

The sound of footsteps rang out.

The evil cultivators at the bottom of the gorge wielded some bodily movements to jump onto the steep walls of the gorge so they were standing behind Red Wish Emissary. Each of them took out their Genuine Martial Arms respectively, injecting Genuine Qi into them and focused their vision to the sky as if they were faced with a great enemy.

If it really was the esteemed presence of a Half-Saint, they would protect Red Wish Emissary at all cost even if it meant sacrificing their lives.

Red Wish Emissary was also gazing at the sky. When she saw the silhouette of a person with the silvery full moon as backdrop, her facial expression changed as she muttered the name, “Silvermoon.”

“Why would she come to the Eastern Evil Land?”

“Silvermoon... could she be the traitor?”

It was not until this instant that the evil cultivators finally realized this person’s identity.

The evil dominator elders, Shi Buchou and Xu Hong were all even more surprised because they were fully aware of how terrifying Silvermoon could be. No one there would be able to resist Silvermoon if she had set her mind to hurt Red Wish Emissary.

They were no match for Silvermoon even if the two of them combined efforts.

Silvermoon, who possessed an Innate Lunar Body, used to be the first Emissary handpicked by the Black Market Excellence Hall. Although she is not a Saintly Being, she was by no means inferior to any Saintly Being in the same realm.

Moreover, she possessed high comprehension ability that enabled her to cultivate martial techniques within a much shorter time than Saintly Beings. She was deemed a rare genius of her generation.

However, Silvermoon became a traitor to the Black Market because she could not see eye to eye with the Black Market on certain matters. Thus she became Black Market’s public enemy.

The black market dispatched a large number of masters to assassinate her but instead, they were the ones who were killed by her. Among the masters killed, there were even some Saint and Half-Saint successors.

Through that blood chase, she had ultimately severed all ties with the Black Market.

Subsequently, Silvermoon escaped hiding from the East Region Saint Cities. Building up an army named Silver Sky Mercenary Group and having trained them over a period of almost twenty years, she had become a dominator of that region.

One could safely say that there were countless God's favored sons who could not catch up to Silvermoon in terms of their abilities and innate talents in cultivation.

Earlier on, Di Yi led the Seven Kills Emissary to the East Region Saint City with a carefully mapped plan to annihilate Silvermoon.

Zhang Ruochen participated in the event. He witnessed with his own eyes how a great number of the members of the Silver Sky Mercenary Group was killed by the Glazed Knight's spear. Almost half of the Silver Sky Mercenary Group fell on that day.

The Silvermoon's hatred for Di Yi was even more severe than Zhang Ruochen's.

“What a strong Spiritual Qi! Silvermoon probably possesses the capabilities of a Half-Saint.”

Although Zhang Ruochen could see that Silvermoon had yet broken through the Half-Saint realm, her capabilities had already surpassed that of monks who had reached the Ninth Change in the Fish-dragon Realm.

The circle of the silvery full moon in the sky was, in fact, her Martial Soul, a silver moon Martial Soul that was very rare.

Once the Martial Soul of the silvery moon was sufficiently powerful, the Martial Soul progressed to become Divine Soul. That would be the time Silvermoon broke through to the Half-Saint Realm.

When the Divine Soul of Silvermoon was suspended in the mid-air, it closely resembled an actual moon; it could lit up an area spanning a thousand miles. Apparently, Silvermoon's Martial Soul had yet to reach that level.

“Red Wish Emissary, were you the one who sent word for me to rush to Eastern Evil Land so I could fight Di Yi with you?” said Silvermoon as she glared at Red Wish Emissary.

Red Wish Emissary appeared puzzled as she did not send any message to Silvermoon.

A clear voice sounded, “It was me.”

Zhang Ruochen stepped forward and walked towards the edge of the cliff.

All eyes were on Zhang Ruochen. Everyone was surprised.

Even Mu Lingxi, who knew Zhang Ruochen best, looked perplexed. She would never have expected Zhang Ruochen to know Silvermoon at all.

The Red Wish Emissary was even more surprised. She was puzzled. Her doubts of Zhang Ruochen intensified.

Silvermoon shifted her gaze and was fixated at Zhang Ruochen.

Her eyes became illuminated as if they were two glistening stars in the silvery full moon. Two light beams immersed from her pupils which instantly allowed her to see through Zhang Ruochen's metal mask.

Although Silvermoon had almost attained the Half-Saint level of cultivation, which meant she possesses a calm attitude, she was still taken aback the instant she saw Zhang Ruochen's true self.

“Could I have a word with you privately?”

A jet of Holy Qi went out like a stream of water as Silvermoon waved a hand in the air. It extended over ten miles towards Zhang Ruochen and swept him up in a whirl and sent him flying away.

“You can't take him away.”

Mu Lingxi, worried about Zhang Ruochen's safety, pursued after him.

Red Wish Emissary gave Xu Hong look and he immediately leaped up into the air with the intention to rescue Zhang Ruochen.

Silvermoon turned around to have a look, then she gently waved her hand to stir up a gust of strong wind that blew on Mu Lingxi and Xu Hong and pushed them backward.

Monks who reached the Ninth Change in the Fish-dragon Realm are vulnerable to Silvermoon. If she had the intent to

injure, she could have severely injured Mu Lingxi and Xu Hong striking out a moment ago.

By the time Mu Lingxi and Xu Hong regained their footing, Silvermoon and Zhang Ruochen were nowhere to be seen. No one knew where they went.

“That despicable Silvermoon, how dare she snatch Zhang Ruochen away from me!”

Mu Lingxi’s eyes turned wide like saucers, and she gritted her teeth in rage.

After a while, Silvermoon and Zhang Ruochen came to the top of a desolated mountain and landed on it simultaneously.

Silvermoon, who was tall and lanky, exuberated a cold and aloof temperament. She had long silver hair and was wearing combat boots and armor, baring her midriff and long legs.

She focused her silver pupils on Zhang Ruochen and said, “This is unbelievable! How did a dead man come back to life?”

With one hand on his back, Zhang Ruochen took off the mask on his face with the other hand. He looked towards the red sun as it was rising and said, “How did you see through my mask?”

“Do you really think you could hide your identity with just a mask? Do you think I am blind?” Silvermoon exuberated a heroic spirit and rolled her eyes at Zhang Ruochen.

“I had used my Spiritual Power on the mask so that no ordinary people have no way of seeing through me.”

Silvermoon replied, “How about the eyes of a Half-Saint?”

Zhang Ruochen glanced at her and suddenly came to a realization. He smiled and said, “I guess it’s not surprising since you have already attained the eyes of a Half-Saint! You are not far from achieving the Half-Saint Realm.”

“It’s not as easy as you think. It may look like I am just a step away, but in reality, there’s a huge gap that I have to cross. Once I cross over this chasm, it will be a great leap for me.

However, if I can't cross over, I will be stuck in the Ninth Change in the Fish-dragon Realm for life."

Silvermoon glanced at Zhang Ruochen and said, "Let's talk about you! How are you still alive? I'm so curious."

"Someone you thought to be dead may not have died after all. Someone you thought was still alive may not be living anymore," Zhang Ruochen said with a smile.

Silvermoon got that Zhang Ruochen did not want to talk about it, so she stopped asking. "I am aware that Di Yi and Red Wish Emissary were fighting for the position of the young master. This indeed is a good opportunity to kill Di Yi," Silvermoon got down to talk about business.

"However, if the High-level management people from the Black Market found out that I have come to Eastern Evil Land, they would send a Half-Saint to interfere. We need to hurry if we want to strike."

"I think so too. Let's start moving now! Once we kill Di Yi, I have to flee Eastern Evil Land immediately."

Di Yi was a person with special status. The news of his death would shake the entire Eastern Evil Land.

One should never underestimate any strike back from the Black Market.

Silvermoon asked again, "Do you know where Di Yi is?"

"Yes, I do."

"Did you plan any strategy or layout any ambush?"

Zhang Ruochen stared at her and said: "That's for sure, but I still have to discuss with Red Wish Emissary. After all, Red Willow Heights, where Emperor Diyi is now, used to be Red Wish Emissary's old home. If we can make use of the villa's array in the villas, we can eliminate most of the obstacles to kill Di Yi."

Silvermoon nodded, took a bloody bag, tossed it to Zhang Ruochen and said, "I am a traitor to the Black Market, so I am quite certain that Red Wish Emissary would not trust me.

However, it may make things easier if you pass this gift to her.”

Perplexed, Zhang Ruochen took over the parcel and opened it to take a look.

Inside the parcel was a bloody human head, which after careful examination, Zhang Ruochen realized that it belonged to Cyan-robed Emissary, who had tried to escape earlier on.

Silvermoon killed Cyan-robed Emissary?

Even Zhang Ruochen was surprised as he drew in a breath of Icing air.

“I actually met her on my way. What a coincidence!” Silvermoon said with indifference.

Zhang Ruochen re-tied the parcel and smiled, saying: “It was fate that a Saintly Being was to die like this. It was very unlucky for Cyan-robed Emissary to bump into you. Do you want to go back with me?”

The Silvermoon shook her head, “No way! I’m a traitor to the Black Market. We would get into conflicts with Red Wish Emissary since she belongs to the Black Market. Don’t worry, I will stay close and show myself if the need arises.”

Zhang Ruochen nodded his head and knew not to push her further. He put on his mask again was about to leave when he suddenly stopped in his tracks. He turned around and glanced at Silvermoon saying, “Are you able to keep my secret for me?”

“How does it affect me whether you are alive or dead?” Silvermoon asked in return, then she quickly continued, “However, since I owe you a personal favor, can keeping this secret be counted as me paying you back?”

Chapter 622 - Imminent Final Battle

Translator:

Transn

Editor:

Transn

“A yard is a yard, favors are favors, and they have to be repaid. Keeping the secret for me is a matter of principle. I trust that you would not betray your friends,” Zhang Ruochen said with a smile.

A conqueror like Silvermoon was bound to become someone great in future. How could Zhang Ruochen waste her returned favor so easily?

“Swosh!”

Zhang Ruochen wielded the Rolling Thunder Skill, leaped into the air and set off alone like a flash of lightning.

Silvermoon sighed but broke into a smile.

Although she had only met Zhang Ruochen twice, the trust they had in each other was without any reservation. Perhaps this was a rapport between geniuses.

Upon Zhang Ruochen’s return to Quicksand Canyon, Red Wish Emissary approached him immediately. “How did you know Silvermoon, the renegade?” she asked him coldly.

With an indifferent tone, Zhang Ruochen said, “Her Excellency, am I not allowed to have one or two personal friends? What’s more, can’t we be allies now that Silvermoon and us have a common enemy?”

Red Wish Emissary is not a pedantic person. She understood the saying, “There is no absolute enemy, only absolute benefits.”

Obviously, Silvermoon's feud was in line with her interest, which was to go against Di Yi.

Red Wish Emissary frowned and appeared to be in deep thought, weighing the pros and cons. She finally said after a long pause, "Silvermoon is indeed very powerful. We may go ahead to battle Di Yi if she gives us a hand."

"However, Silvermoon has a very special status. If the High-level management of the Black Market hear that I joined efforts with Silvermoon to fight Di Yi, they will definitely punish me."

Zhang Ruochen said, "Silvermoon just happens to take her revenge on Di Yi. What has it got to do with you?"

Red Wish Emissary knew Zhang Ruochen's words were pure sophistry, but she didn't know how to react. This was because she knew very well that they stand a greater chance in defeating Di Yi in battle if they work with Silvermoon.

Zhang Ruochen stared intently at Red Wish Emissary and said, "As soon as Di Yi dies, you would have established a firm footing. By then, you would be the most competent youth among the younger generation of Black Market. Even if the Black Market High-level management personnel know that you rode on someone unbecoming during your battle with Di Yi, you would still be the only worthy candidate for the newly-appointed young master.

The Red Wish Emissary sneered and glared at Zhang Ruochen, saying, "Who do you think you are? Why do I have the feeling that you are more eager to get rid of Di Yi than me?"

Zhang Ruochen realized that he had raised Red Wish Emissary's suspicion by talking too much.

"You will know my identity later on, but for now, dealing with Di Yi is top priority. We will have a second chance if we miss this opportunity."

Zhang Ruochen took out the bloody parcel and handed it to Red Wish Emissary, saying, "This is Silvermoon's gift to you in demonstration of her determination."

Suspicious, Red Wish Emissary took the parcel and opened it. Seeing the Cyan-robed Emissary's head, Red Wish Emissary's pupils dilated and felt like she was suffocating.

After a long while, she repackaged the parcel and said, "This is indeed a lavish gift... However, the news of Silvermoon rushing to Eastern Evil Land will enter the ears of the High-level management of the Black Market. We need to move quickly."

"Di Yi is in control of great power and force. We need to have a well-thought strategy even if we plan to battle him head-on."

Zhang Ruochen put his hands behind him and said, "If Di Yi really is in the Red Willow Heights, we can actually use the manor's array to our advantage."

Red Wish Emissary shook her head and said: "When Di Yi entered Red Willow Heights, he would've controlled the ground-breaking hub first. How can we regain control of the manor's array now that we are outside of the manor?"

Zhang Ruochen pondered for a while and said, "We can divide ourselves into two groups. You, taking the lead, can help distract the evil masters at Red Willow Heights. While I will go directly to the underground altar in the manor to regain the control of the array of the manor."

"How would you enter the Red Willow Heights without being detected?" asked Red Wish Emissary.

"I have my ways," said Zhang Ruochen.

Seeing that Zhang Ruochen was so full of confidence, Red Wish Emissary stopped having further doubts.

Next, Zhang Ruochen and Red Wish Emissary continued to discuss the specific plan of their attack at Red Willow Heights. Every detail had been taken into account and every step was carefully inspected to minimize any careless mistakes.

This battle against Di Yi must be handled with care.

The two finalized their plan by noon.

Red Wish Emissary and Zhang Ruochen led the group of evil cultivators to a small town 50 miles from Red Willow Heights before it got dark.

At the town, Red Wish Emissary had long stationed the manpower to monitor every movement in Red Willow Heights.

Red Wish Emissary and Zhang Ruochen went into a tavern, sat down at a table, facing each other.

An elder with a fur hat emerged from within the tavern and walked up to Red Wish Emissary, greeting her with a bow, he said, “Her Excellency, bad news. Di Yi, who had entered the Red Willow Heights grounds had secretly coordinated with Zhangsun Lan who was outside the manor. With their joint effort, they had taken over the Red Willow Heights. Most of the people in the manor had turned renegade and subjected themselves to Di Yi. Those who refused to submit were destroyed.”

Zhangsun Lan was the master of Hundred Battles School. He was once one of the most powerful masters under Red Wish Emissary. He and Xu Hong, the head of the Blood Cloud Sect were equals.

When Red Wish Emissary took the masters to God Falling Ridge, she had left Zhangsun Lan in charge over the manor.

Di Yi could really take down Red Willow Heights with ease if Zhangsun Lan turns into a traitor.

Red Wish Emissary seemed to have expected this. She appeared placid and even broke out a smile, saying, “In other words, has Di Yi become the owner of Red Willow Heights?”

The elder wearing the fur hat said tremulously, “It is as you said.”

“You may go!”

Red Wish Emissary waved her arm as she dismissed the elder. Smiling, she glanced at Zhang Ruochen and said, “It is as you anticipated, Great Guardian. It’s amazing how you know Di Yi so well. If I was right about my guess, Di Yi must be sitting on the seat of honor in Sacred Willow Hall and patiently waiting

for Cyan-robed Emissary to escort me there, before victoriously defeating me by death.”

“Now is the moment when Di Yi has his guards down. It would be the best opportunity for us to strike,” said Zhan Ruochen.

Red Wish Emissary nodded in agreement. She got up and exited the tavern. Outside the tavern, she assigned duties to Xu Hong, Shi Buchou and other evil cultivators and gave them instructions on how to carry out their duties.

Zhang Ruochen walked up to Mu Lingxi and said, “Senior sister apprentice, this battle with Di Yi is going to be extremely dangerous. I hope you...”

Mu Lingxi crossed her arms on her chest and interrupted, “Do you really think you can dissuade me?”

“No I can’t, so, I am not going to try. I would like you to stay just outside the Red Willow Heights during the battle. If our plans fail, you will be there to come to our aid, right?” Zhang Ruochen said.

Mu Lingxi nodded. She gestured and said, “Four hours. I’ll give you four hours. If you don’t come out of Red Willow Heights by then, I’ll barge in for an attack.”

“Four hours should be enough,” said Zhang Ruochen.

Zhang Ruochen and Red Wish Emissary sprung into action according to their plans.

An hour later, Red Wish Emissary led a group of evil cultivators who pretended to have been severely injured, back to Red Willow Heights.

As expected, a great commotion ensued when Red Wish Emissary arrived at the gates of Red Willow Heights, because no one would have expected Red Wish Emissary to return alive.

Some people went in to report to Di Yi what they saw.

The rest remained outside to guard Red Wish Emissary while they wait for further instructions from Di Yi.

At the same time, Zhang Ruochen, in the Shooting Star Invisible Cloak, went to the outer boundary wall of Red Willow Heights.

Testing, Zhang Ruochen outstretched his palm towards the direction of the wall, reaching a screen of white light three feet away from the wall before he was instantly pushed back.

“The Defensive Array of Red Willow Heights has been mobilized.”

Zhang Ruochen took two steps back, pressed his two fingers together in an attempt to mobilize space power. He waved his fingers and wielded one move of ‘Space Crack,’ making a two-meter-long breach down the screen.

“Swoosh!”

Performing a bodily movement, Zhang Ruochen entered through the breach in the array.

With a push on his feet, he leaped over the wall and landed in the bamboo garden of Red Willow Heights.

Zhang Ruochen was already familiar with the layout of Red Willow Heights and with his Shooting Star Invisible Cloak on, no one could see him.

It was as if Zhang Ruochen had entered into a no-man’s land walking in Red Willow Heights. He soon arrived at the entrance to the underground altar.

At each side of the entrance stood one Glazed Knight, who were of the Fourth Change in the Fish-dragon Realm level of cultivation.

From the fact that Di Yi had stationed two masters by the entrance showed that he was indeed cautious and vigilant. It would be tough to get rid of them quietly given that they were monks of the Ninth Change in the Fish-dragon Realm.

It was however rather unfortunate that they had bumped into Zhang Ruochen.

“Swosh!”

Zhang Ruochen drew his Abyss Ancient Sword. Capturing two lines of space marks, he wielded the Swift Swordsmanship and thrust his sword forward in two quick successions, striking the two Glazed Knight between their brows.

Their bodies quivered slightly as a small blood spot appeared at their glabellas. Although they seem like they were still standing upright, they had actually stopped breathing.

Pushing the stone gate open, Zhang Ruochen walked down the stairway and finally reached the space underground where he could see the towering altar at its center.

Seated at each of the four facings of the altar was a master of arrays sitting down cross-legged. Altogether, the four masters of the array were in control of the 147 arrays in Red Willow Heights.

Zhang Ruochen smiled as he walked up to the four masters of array.

Right at the moment, Zhang Ruochen reached the underground space, and Di Yi, who was in Sacred Willow Hall had just heard the report that Red Wish Emissary had returned from fleeing for her life, and was just outside the gate.

Sitting at the uppermost part of Sacred Willow Hall, Di Yi kept the 'Sword One' manual which he was browsing. A stunned expression appeared on his face as he said, "Cyan-robed, Ice Demon, Hunter, and Zhao Hanhu had joined forces to fight her, how was she able to escape? I now see Red Wish Emissary in a new light. What is the size of the company she brought back?"

Chapter 623 - Array Enabled

Translator:

Transn

Editor:

Transn

Zhangsun Lan, the Master of Hundred Battles School who was standing below Di Yi, narrowed his aging eyes and said in a flattering tone, “In response to your question, young master, Red Wish Emissary has suffered a great loss. Half of the manpower she brought along has perished. She has returned with only a dozen people, most of them seriously injured. I doubt if she still has any fighting strength.

“She must have thought that she would be safe back in Red Willow Heights, not knowing that our young master has been waiting here to put her neck into the noose.”

Zhangsun Lan was openly gloating about his decision to seek refuge with Di Yi when he saw that Red Wish Emissary was not going to make it.

Looking back, he thought it was a wise move.

Di Yi pondered for a moment and then laughed. He said, “To even be able to flee back to Red Willow Heights shows she’s quite capable. Zhangsun Lan, go open the gate and bring Red Wish Emissary to Sacred Willow Hall. I’d like to see her expression when she sees me.”

“She’ll probably be quite desperate.”

Zhangsun Lan let out a laugh and took three steps backward before turning away and performing a bodily movement to hurry over to the manor’s gate.

“Tap, tap!”

Purple Wind Emissary, who was carrying a Dragonhead Long Spear, entered the main hall from the side. He glanced at

Zhangsun Lan's back and frowned.

He turned around, remaining standing below Di Yi. With a nonchalant expression, he said, "Young master, something is amiss. Red Wish Emissary is already back in Red Willow Heights yet we still have not heard from Cyan-robe.

"Theoretically, she would have informed us immediately when Red Wish Emissary escaped so that we can prepare in advance."

Di Yi knew Red Wish Emissary's strength and abilities rather well, therefore he was not overly worried about what she could do. "There are only two or three masters by Red Wish Emissary's side. How much trouble can they cause—

"What's happening?"

Di Yi had suddenly gotten a sharp sense of a shudder in the Heaven and Earth Spiritual Qi. He looked up quickly and narrowed his eyes to focus on what he was seeing above his head.

"Ch-ch!"

Above the magnificent Sacred Willow Hall, a dense Inscription of Array appeared with complex inscriptions interweaving to form a huge array wheel that covered the entire palace.

At the center of the array wheel, powerful energy rapidly converged and condensed into a one-meter-diameter white light column. As the light column drove down, there was a deafening explosion.

"Boom!"

The power of the white light column was extremely terrifying. In an instant, the column had pierced through the ceiling of Sacred Willow Hall and was about to land on top of Di Yi's head.

Di Yi and Purple Wind Emissary's faces fell. They were stunned by the sudden turn of events.

"This is not good. Someone has mobilized the killing array of the manor."

Di Yi reacted quickly. He ripped off the cyan jade amulet on his neck and tossed it up into the air.

Lines and lines of inscriptions appeared on the surface of the cyan jade amulet, and it radiated glaring cyan light. With a buzzing sound, the light condensed to form a large ten-meter-tall big bell with cyan light that enclosed Di Yi and Purple Wind Emissary.

A deafening noise rang out, followed by a powerful energy storm that surged out in all directions and caused an even more devastating noise.

The majestic Sacred Willow Hall collapsed in a flash. All that remained was a heap of ruins and dust rising up ten feet in the air.

“Rumble!”

The entire Red Willow Heights quivered violently. Perhaps many other buildings had collapsed.

Di Yi and Purple Wind Emissary were buried under the rubble. It was difficult to tell if they were alive or dead.

The evil cultivators in Red Willow Heights were all alarmed and terrified as they turned to look toward the Sacred Willow Hall.

“This is terrible, the Sacred Willow Hall has been attacked by the enemies.”

“The young master is in the Sacred Willow Hall. Hurry and save him.”

...

A thick black cloud of dust emerged from the direction of the Sacred Willow Hall. Red Wish Emissary, who had just entered Red Willow Heights, looked elated knowing that Zhang Ruo Chen had succeeded.

Admittedly, the Great Guardian was truly capable—he was able to enter Red Willow Heights unnoticed and gain control of the manor’s array.

Even Red Wish Emissary was beginning to fear his capabilities.

She secretly made a mental note to get to the bottom of his identity once Di Yi was dead. Having a superior with a mysterious identity in her company seemed a threat too great to ignore.

Red Wish Emissary glanced at Zhangsun Lan who was walking ahead of her. Suddenly a murderous thought came into her mind and she yelled. "Strike."

In an instant, Shi Buchou and Xu Hong turned into two beams of light that shot forward, each wielding their respective moves to strike Zhangsun Lan.

"Zhangsun Lan, you betrayed Her Excellency. Today, you are doomed."

"Luminous Soaring Punch."

Shi Buchou closed his palm to make a fist and punched forward in attack.

"What are you doing? I am one of you, why are you assaulting me?"

Zhangsun Lan was a top-tier superior whose cultivation had reached the Ninth Change in the Fish-dragon Realm. His strength was profound beyond measure.

He never thought that the Sacred Willow Hall would collapse so suddenly, but what was even more shocking was Shi Buchou and Xu Hong's surprise attack on him.

Xu Hong sneered. "Zhangsun Lan, did you really think that we are not aware of the fact that Di Yi is already in Red Willow Heights?"

Chilly light emitted from Xu Hong's fingers. Bending his fingers into the shape of claws, he wielded an Inferior Class Ghost Level claw technique and attacked Zhangsun Lan's neck.

Zhangsun Lan's reaction was extremely fast. He rapidly ran Genuine Qi and punched two handprints forward to counterattack.

However, he had struck out in a hurry, so he could only manifest 60 percent of his power. How was he to withstand the attacks of masters Xu Hong and Shi Buchou?

“Boom!”

Upon contact, Zhangsun Lan rebounded and crashed into a seven-story tower before landing in a pond some distance away.

Under the violent impact, the edges of the pool cracked and the ground shook.

With a “swoosh”, Red Wish Emissary flew over, lifted the holy crystal staff high to perform the sorcery of “Lost Dreamland.”

Zhangsun Lan had just emerged from the pool when he was attacked by the sorcery. His body shook gently, and then he fell from the air with a “thud”, his body paralyzed on the ground.

Shi Buchou wielded his attack once again, striking Zhangsun Lan’s head. It cracked open, and half of his body sunk into the ground.

A superior whose cultivation had reached the Ninth Change in the Fish-dragon Realm was defeated by three great masters who had joined forces.

“This is the fate of a traitor!”

Red Wish Emissary stared nonchalantly at the corpse on the ground and then turned to glance at the group of evil masters behind her. “It’s time for the final battle. Let’s attack the Sacred Willow Hall. The reward for the one who manages to cut off Di Yi’s head will be a Holy Weapon and fifty-million Spiritual Crystals.”

“Attack!”

“Attack!”

...

Upon Zhangsun Lan’s death, the evil masters’ momentum picked up. Drawing out their Genuine Martial Arms, they

charged toward Sacred Willow Hall one after another.

All of the 147 arrays in Red Willow Heights had been fully mobilized. Half were defensive arrays and the other half were offensive killing arrays.

Pillars of light shot up from the ground to form towers of arrays that started to rotate wildly.

“Rumble!”

Screams of agony were heard coming from Red Willow Heights as the attacks of the arrays killed numerous evil cultivators.

Soon, Red Willow Heights had turned into ruins with blackened pits and corpses everywhere.

Di Yi dashed out from the ruins of Sacred Willow Hall covered in dust and soot. Having lost his composure, he said heavily, “Someone has taken control of the array pivot of Red Willow Heights. Cao Xu, Cao Ling, go to the underground altar immediately and kill whoever is controlling it.”

Two evil dominators, a man and a woman, who were in metal armors hurried off in the direction of the altar. Purple Wind Emissary stayed back to protect Di Yi.

Cao Xu and Cao Ling were twins who were in their sixties, however, they looked as young as if they were in their thirties.

Both of them had reached the Ninth Change in the Fish-Dragon Realm. They had once defeated Zhao Hanhu, the commander of the Glazed Knights, when they paired up in sword array.

They were extremely powerful and capable.

Di Yi sent them to the underground altar in order to make sure that everything was taken care of. They had to regain control of the array pivot.

When Cao Xu and Cao Ling arrived at the underground space, they saw that the four array masters were still sitting crossed-legged on the altar and in control of the array.

As Cao Xu swept his eyes across the underground space, he did not see any other monks. With a cold, loud voice, he said in reproach, “What are you doing? Who permitted you to mobilize the offensive array?”

All the four array masters trembled uncontrollably. They looked at each other with fearful expressions. They were terrified.

Their lips moved, but they did not dare to speak.

A bright and clear voice sounded in the underground space. “There is no need to reprimand them. They mobilized the offensive array because I threatened them.”

“Who is that?”

Cao Xu and Cao Ling looked as if they had been electrocuted when they heard the laugh. They immediately released the Vigorous Qi of the Holy Light. They kept their backs together as they wielded bodily movements.

Wearing the Shooting Star Invisible Cloak, Zhang Ruochen stood at the entrance of underground space and looked at the terrified Cao Xu and Cao Ling, he could not help but smile as he spoke again. “My intention is to kill Di Yi. I will spare your lives if you obey me and stay here.”

Although they could hear a voice close by, they could not see him.

Cao Xu and Cao Ling’s faces fell.

“Swoosh!”

“Swoosh!”

Two black swords were drawn out of their scabbards and into their hands.

To put on a defensive front, Cao Xu placed the sword in front of his chest, mobilized Spiritual Qi in his holy meridian and injected it into the blade, thereby activating all the inscriptions in the sword.

On the other hand, Cao Ling held the sword with both hands so that the sword stood vertically in front of her. This opening

posture was a defensive move as well.

It was not surprising that the Cao siblings were so frightened. After all, the underground space was very small, and everything was within their field of vision, yet they still failed to detect any aura even with their level of cultivation. It was terrifying.

Chapter 624 - The Strongest Confrontation Below the Half-Saint Realm

Translator:

Transn

Editor:

Transn

Zhang Ruochen saw that he had successfully scared the Cao siblings. He immediately smiled and then looked at the four array masters on the altar. In a cold voice, he said, “Four masters, are you still not going to activate the array?”

The four array masters could not see Zhang Ruochen’s figure. They only knew that this man moved unpredictably and that his cultivation was unfathomable. He only needed a single thought to kill all four of them.

They did not dare to disobey his order, so they began to activate the array.

The four array masters shook violently and then they all struck out with a palm at the same time, activating the Inscription of Array below the earth.

On the altar, lines of inscription lit up and extended outward like human veins. Very quickly, it enveloped the entire space underground.

“Crash!”

Purple lightning and crimson thunderbolts surged out crazily from the array. They formed lightning dragons and fire snakes as they shot toward Cao Xu and Cao Ling.

Although the array below the ground was not enough to kill masters such as them, it was able to trap them.

They were Di Yi's two capable warlords. If they remained trapped here, there would be no one by Di Yi's side.

In the underground space, the four array masters and the Cao siblings had no idea that Zhang Ruochen had already left and returned to the surface.

...

...

In just a quarter of an hour, the power of the array had changed Red Willow Heights beyond recognition. There were crumbled walls everywhere and fire had reduced the trees and houses to ash.

Those evil cultivators who were lucky enough to still be alive began escaping.

The sky had gradually darkened but Red Willow Heights was still on fire. Endless sounds of soldiers clashing and the sounds of killing rang out.

Purple Wind Emissary noticed that the Cao siblings had still not returned, and there was no sign of the array in the heights stopping. He said, "Young master, the situation is not good. Should we leave Red Willow Heights?"

Actually, Di Yi also felt that things were not going well. Even though he was fairly clever, at this moment, he could not read the situation clearly.

Who was it that could sneak unnoticed into Red Willow Heights and control the headquarters of the array in the Heights?

Where did Red Wish Emissary get the power to avoid the attacks of Cyan-robed Emissary, Ice Demon, and other similar forces, and still return to Red Willow Heights to battle with him?

So many doubts and so many uncertainties—Di Yi was a bit overwhelmed.

Since he couldn't see the situation clearly, staying in Red Willow Heights was very dangerous.

Di Yi's face darkened and he conceded. "Alright, let's leave first."

"You want to go? Where will you go?" A clear voice rang out.

A bright silver moon appeared in the sky. The outline of the moon grew larger and larger until it landed on the roof of a broken palace.

Silvermoon appeared in the heart of the silver full moon. Standing on top of the gold-glazed tiles, every inch of her skin gave off a silver light. Looking down, her sharp, icy gaze was focused on Di Yi and Purple Wind Emissary.

Immediately, Red Wish Emissary fought her way out and rushed over. Appearing in the opposite direction, she and Silvermoon were poised for a double-pronged attack.

Red Wish Emissary stared at Di Yi and laughed. "Young master, I never thought that you would ever be in such pathetic circumstances."

The Dragonhead Long Spear that Purple Wind Emissary carried on his back shook and flew out by itself, slamming into the ground in front of him with a bang and making waves of dragon roars.

He grasped the shaft of the spear with one hand and huffed coldly. "Red Wish Emissary, you are very daring to collude with the traitors of the Black Market to defeat the young master. If this becomes known to the Elder, do you know what will happen?"

The Red Wish Emissary smiled disdainfully. "Silvermoon is here to exact revenge on Di Yi, what does it have to do with me? Purple Wind Emissary, are you trying to frame me with these accusations?"

Di Yi gradually calmed down and coldly said, "Ye Honglei, do you think you have complete control of the situation? Are you not underestimating me?"

Red Wish Emissary's smile disappeared and she coldly glanced at Di Yi. "Di Yi, to tell you the truth, my people have already killed everyone you sent. Ice Demon, Cyan-robed

Emissary, Zhao Hanhu, the Hunter, and Zhangsun Lan... without them, how are you going to fight me?"

Red Wish Emissary threw out the heads of Cyan-robed Emissary, Zhao Hanhu, and Zhangsun Lan.

"Thud!"

"Thud!"

"Thud!"

Three bloody heads rolled like rubber balls, coming to a stop at Di Yi's feet.

The three of them had been first-rate masters—Di Yi's valiant generals. It was totally unexpected that they would all die tragically in one day.

Seeing their three bloody heads, the anger in Di Yi's heart rose to a breaking point. He harshly said, "It is impossible that you and Silvermoon killed all of them. Who was it? Who has been planning all of this and advising you?"

In Di Yi's eyes, Red Wish Emissary had always been a minor player and did not have much regard for her.

When he saw the three heads, he just lost it. The anger in his body almost set him on fire.

Zhang Ruochen walked over unhurriedly, stepping on void space while holding a Thunder Pearl in one hand. He looked at Di Yi as he landed beside Red Wish Emissary.

When he saw Di Yi's angry expression, the joy of revenge grew in his heart. Icily, he said, "Di Yi, do you now understand what it feels like to have those around you killed?"

Di Yi's gaze shifted to Zhang Ruochen. "Who are you?"

"I am the Great Guardian of Red Willow Heights, I trust that you have heard of me." Zhang Ruochen replied lightly.

"Why do I feel... like we've already met before?"

Di Yi's five senses were very sensitive. One look at Zhang Ruochen gave him a feeling of familiarity.

“It is not important whether we have met before or not. What’s important is that the grievance between us be resolved today,” Zhang Ruochen said.

Red Wish Emissary glanced at Zhang Ruochen. Now that Di Yi mentioned it, she began to feel like this Great Guardian in front of her was very familiar as if she had known him from a very long time ago.

Today, the Great Guardian seemed different—the aura around his body had clearly changed.

Perhaps he had deliberately restrained his aura before?

Purple Wind Emissary activated all of the Holy Qi in his five holy meridians. Grabbing his Dragonhead Long Spear, he was the first to charge out, aiming straight for Red Wish Emissary.

Red Wish Emissary’s cultivation was the weakest among those who were present. If he killed her, he could turn the tables and gain momentum.

Silvermoon flew down in front of Zhang Ruochen and Red Wish Emissary. Her slender fingers moved quickly to her waist and pulled out an old crescent-shaped silver knife.

With a swing of her arm, the old silver knife sliced outward. A gust of Saint Power flew from its blade and formed a giant crescent-shaped knife energy.

Purple Wind Emissary’s eyes narrowed and he immediately shook the Dragonhead Long Spear.

“Wind Dragon Absorbing Soul.”

An ear-splitting dragon’s roar came from inside the spear. Accompanying the Dragonhead Long Spear’s rapid vibrations, a purple dragon shadow longer than 30 meters appeared on its shaft.

The Dragonhead Long Spear was also called a “Dragon Soul Fright Spear”. It was a very high-class Hundred Inscription Weapon. A flood dragon and the dragon soul were sealed inside of it.

The dragon soul was the Vessel Spirit of the spear.

“Howl!”

The purple dragon shadow and the Dragon Soul Fright Spear flew out at the same time. It immediately shook the sand and the stones on Red Willow Heights, forming a sharp knife strength.

The clash of the two powerful forces created a deafening sound.

The power surged out toward the two sides, pushing Zhang Ruochen, Red Wish Emissary and Di Yi backward.

Zhang Ruochen was the first to find his footing and look toward the center. He saw a bottomless pit form between Silvermoon and Purple Wind Emissary.

Around the massive pit were dense cracks resembling a spiderweb. Even the rockery and stone walls nearby had turned into dust.

Silvermoon stood proudly and appeared full of heroic spirit. She coldly said, “Last time we fought there was no victor and no loser. Care to try again?”

Without waiting for Purple Wind Emissary to reply, Silvermoon slashed out an overbearing broadsword technique and attacked.

Silvermoon and Purple Wind Emissary were both warriors at the peak of the Fish-dragon Realm. They were both just one step away from the realm of the Half-Saint. They were evenly matched.

The battle between them became fiercer and fiercer. In the end, even they found it difficult to stop.

“Swoosh!”

“Swoosh!”

One silver and one purple shadow shot into the sky. Above the layer of clouds, they each demonstrated their Martial Soul, activating their Heaven and Earth Spiritual Qi to the fullest extent. They attacked without ceasing.

The warriors in the Cyan Cloud county all looked toward Red Willow Heights. From a distance, they could see that half of the sky was covered by a purple cloud. The mighty cloud was like a purple holy sea.

However, a silver full moon hung in the sky and clashed fiercely with the purple holy sea, exploding with earth-shattering sounds.

...

“What terrifying power ripples. Are two Half-Saints fighting?”

“If their battle reaches Cyan Cloud county, the shockwaves from the battle can destroy half of the city. We must activate the Defender Array immediately.”

...

The warriors of the Cyan Cloud county were all terrified and uneasy. The common people who did not practice Martial Arts were kneeling on the ground because of the powerful Holy Qi.

Silvermoon’s natural talent was much better than Purple Wind Emissary’s. However, after defecting from the Black Market, she had no choice but to make her own way—earning Spiritual Crystals through mercenary tasks in order to buy practice resources.

It was different for Purple Wind Emissary. He had the full support of the Black Market Excellence Hall. Not only could he obtain endless practice resources, but he was also able to perceive high-level martial techniques and had been personally instructed by a Saint.

That was why the two of them were so evenly matched. It was difficult to judge who was better.

“The battle between Silvermoon and Purple Wind Emissary will probably go on for a while. We should act quickly,” Zhang Ruochen said.

Red Wish Emissary acted first. Raising the holy crystal staff in her hand, the Holy Stone embedded in the holy staff immediately emitted a brilliant light.

She triggered the power of the holy staff to the extreme and shouted. “Colorless Illusory World.”

Immediately, a pale pink light shot out from the holy staff and enveloped Red Willow Heights entirely.

Only Zhang Ruochen, whose Spiritual Power had reached the 44th level, could see the pink light. As for the Evil Warriors whose Spiritual Power were lower than Red Wish Emissary’s, they could not see any light. A colorless and shapeless power of sorcery worked upon their bodies.

Chapter 625 - Yeti Prince

Translator:

Transn

Editor:

Transn

The Red Wish Emissary's control of sorcery, at the 43rd level of Spiritual Power, was very fine and delicate.

She was able to precisely control the Colorless Illusory World to only attack the evil warriors, including Di Yi, and not affect Zhang Ruochen by her side or the people that had come with her.

Her sorcery caused the evil warriors who had come to protect Di Yi to throw away their Genuine Martial Arms.

Their angry eyes gradually became soft and then, they became passionate. Like bulls in heat, they all charged toward Di Yi.

“Hey beautiful, your body is so fine...”

“I want to take your clothes off. So white and alluring.”

Although many of the warriors were at the peak of the Seventh Change of the Fish-Dragon Realm, they were still controlled by the sorcery. Their eyes were almost popping out of their heads and lustful smiles appeared on their faces, revealing their primitive natures.

Red Wish Emissary's sorcery was truly terrifying. If her Spiritual Power advanced into the higher realms, she would even be able to charm Half-Saints.

On the contrary, Di Yi's eyes looked confused at first, then he quickly resisted the sorcery with his strong willpower and woke up again.

“Go away.”

Seeing the evil warriors coming toward him, an expression of disgust appeared on Di Yi's usually handsome face. Striking out with his palm, he sent a chubby warrior, who leaped at him, flying over 30 meters away.

The evil cultivator landed on the ground with a crash, and his round body became bloody and torn.

Dozens of evil cultivators charged toward Di Yi, surrounding him. They stretched out their hands and clawed at him as if they wanted to rip his clothes from his body.

The evil cultivators charmed with sorcery all thought that Di Yi was a stunning beauty, and they wished they could just swallow him whole.

“How dare you!”

A loud cry rang out.

Immediately, an earth-shaking footstep came from the night sky.

In a moment, a 20-meter tall yeti had rushed over. He was covered in golden ancient armor, and he held a 100 ton Golden Battleaxe in his hands. He raised his arms and then brought the battleaxe down ferociously.

With a boom, a powerful Qi explosion burst out from where the battleaxe touched the ground. The dozens of evil cultivators surrounding Di Yi were all sent flying.

Three of the evil warriors with low cultivations could not withstand the powerful force. They were pulverized, spraying blood everywhere.

The explosive power from the battleaxe split apart the Colorless Illusory World that Red Wish Emissary had created. It left a ten foot wide crack in the ground that extended all the way to Red Wish Emissary's feet.

Red Wish Emissary immediately retreated. Then, she rose to her toes and flew up to hover about 30 feet above the ground. Only then did she completely neutralize the power of the battleaxe.

The mighty yeti, with battleaxe in hand, faced the sky and laughed loudly. Its voice was like a roar of thunder and it said, “Young master, I am here to help you kill your enemy.”

“You came at just the right time. Get me out of here.”

Di Yi leaped up and flew onto the Yeti Prince’s shoulder. Glancing at Red Wish Emissary, he said, “Next time we fight, I’ll make sure you die a nasty death.”

This 20-meter tall yeti was the prince of one of the yeti tribes. He was called Taixi. He was very physically strong, powerful enough to carry a mountain on his back.

The Inferior Class King’s Stage “Giant Spirit Wrath Skill” that he practiced had already reached the “Glazed Treasured Body” realm of the Ninth Change of the Fish-Dragon Realm.

Although also in the Ninth Change of the Fish-Dragon Realm, the power of the Yeti Prince’s body far exceeded that of a normal Monk in the Ninth Change of the Fish-Dragon Realm. He was just a freak of nature.

When she saw the Yeti Prince appear, Red Wish Emissary’s expression became very ugly.

“I can’t believe Di Yi brought him to Cyan Cloud County. Perhaps, everything will be over today.”

A deep fear appeared on Red Wish Emissary’s face. Although she was deeply dissatisfied, she still retreated, putting some distance between her and the Yeti Prince.

Her gaze turned toward Zhang Ruochen.

The power of the Great Guardian was unfathomable. Perhaps, he would have a way to defeat the Yeti Prince.

No matter what, she could not allow Di Yi to escape. She had won a complete victory in battle today, but if Di Yi escaped, she would have lost the war.

Afterward, she would be faced with punishment by the Elders.

Zhang Ruochen stood behind Red Wish Emissary and quietly observed the Yeti Prince, looking for any flaws.

Today, Zhang Ruochen was not the main character. He was just the Great Guardian of Red Willow Heights. Thus, Di Yi and the Yeti Prince did not pay him much attention.

Zhang Ruochen seemed to not see Red Wish Emissary's gaze. He only gave a quiet evaluation of the Yeti Prince.

“Very powerful, but limited agility.”

The Yeti Prince glanced at Red Wish Emissary. Stretching out a giant tongue, he licked his lips and said with a leer, “Young master, let me kill Red Wish Emissary first before we go. It won't take long.”

The Yeti Prince was very confident in his abilities. He took a big step forward, leaving a meter-long footprint behind. A powerful aura exploded from his body, pressing down on Red Wish Emissary.

Red Wish Emissary retreated quickly, but the Yeti Prince still caught up.

He gave a roar and raised his Golden Battleaxe. A powerful light came from the battleaxe and enveloped Red Wish Emissary's body as it chopped down.

Red Wish Emissary's face became deathly white as she realized that her sorcery had no effect on the Yeti Prince.

Just as Red Wish Emissary had given up hope, Zhang Ruochen's voice rang out behind her, “Wrath of Thunder God!”

A thunderbolt warlord about as large as the Yeti Prince formed behind Red Wish Emissary. It swung its thunder hammer to clash against the Golden Battleaxe.

However, the yeti's power split apart the thunderbolt warlord, and the battleaxe continued to fall.

In just that moment, Zhang Ruochen charged out very quickly and stretched out a hand to wrap around Red Wish Emissary's waist. He took her to the top of a broken wall in the distance.

“Boom!”

The Yeti Prince's axe struck the empty ground, and once again it created deep cracks in the ground.

A woman's waist was her most sensitive part. Having escaped the danger, Red Wish Emissary noticed Zhang Ruochen's hand on her waist.

The warmth of his hand passed through the red silk directly to her skin, giving her an unusually numb feeling.

A trace of anger grew in her heart, along with another strange feeling.

A subordinate dared to put his arm around her waist?

Just as Red Wish Emissary was going to scold Zhang Ruochen, he released his hand. Thus, Red Wish Emissary could not express her anger, and she had to regain control of her emotions.

"I'll let him off this one time, since he just saved me,"

Red Wish Emissary told herself quietly. She did not think any further about Zhang Ruochen's infringement on her person.

Zhang Ruochen did not know that he had unknowingly infringed upon Red Wish Emissary. And he did not know that Red Wish Emissary had just thought about it so much.

His attention, from the very beginning, had been focused on the Yeti Prince and Di Yi. Rescuing Red Wish Emissary had been a matter of convenience.

"Yeti Prince, I will fight you."

Xu Hong's voice came from afar.

He had already dealt with the evil warriors. He rushed over. His entire body had a powerful glow like colored glass. He kicked with both his legs, and his body shot up a 30-meters like a cannonball.

It was clear that Xu Hong knew that the Yeti Prince was very strong. So, he did not go head-to-head with him. He pulled a level 12 Genuine Martial Arm inky black stiletto from behind his leg.

Passing through the five holy meridians in his body, Xu Hong's Genuine Qi transformed into rich Holy Qi. It immediately made the stiletto brighten with sword light.

He dropped from the sky, stabbing towards the Yeti Prince's head.

He gave a cold snort, and two columns of air surged out of his nostrils. He swung his arm out and crashed it into Xu Hong.

“Boom!”

The stiletto struck the back of the yeti's arm. It was as if it had crashed into dark steel, sending up a flare of sparks.

The yeti swatted Xu Hong aside like a fly.

Xu Hong was a powerful warrior in the Ninth Change of the Fish-Dragon Realm, so, naturally, he would not be injured so easily. He landed on the ground and only felt a numbness in his arm.

“What a terrifying creature! Even a 12th level Genuine Martial Arms stiletto could not hurt him.” Xu Hong stared at the Yeti Prince's wrist and sucked in a cold breath.

Only a Holy Weapon could split open his defenses.

The appearance of the Yeti Prince had been quite an unexpected change. It made Red Wish Emissary very distressed.

The Yeti Prince had a yeti tribe's holy item that could largely dissipate the influence of her sorcery, so she could not stop him at all.

“Hey! Where is the Great Guardian?”

Red Wish Emissary suddenly realized that the Great Guardian, Zhang Shengming, who had been standing at her side the entire time, had disappeared at some point.

Zhang Shengming's strange disappearance gave her the feeling that he was a real ghost.

Di Yi also noticed the dangerous aura. He was immediately on guard, and he said, “Something is not right. Yeti Prince, let's get out of here quickly.”

The Yeti Prince opened his eyes and focused his vision as much as possible, but he still could not see where the man in the metal mask had gone.

Something was not right. The Yeti Prince quickly turned and took big steps as he began to escape into the distance.

“Swoosh!”

Suddenly, a golden Holy Sword appeared silently above the Yeti Prince’s head, giving off an eye-piercing golden light. It chopped down rapidly, straight toward Di Yi on the yeti’s shoulder.

Zhang Ruochen did not want to expose his identity, so, for now, he did not use the Ancient Abyss Sword. Instead, he used another Hundred Inscription Holy Sword.

Chapter 626 - Recognition

Translator:

Transn

Editor:

Transn

“Swoosh!”

As the golden Holy Sword came down, a layer of holy light appeared on Di Yi's body, causing his skin to flow with light and brilliant colors and become as hard as a Holy Stone.

He was wearing a suit of Holy Soft Leather Armor.

The Holy Soft Leather Armor was a Holy Defensive Treasure that was made from a Saint's skin and bones. As long as he wore it, it would lie right next to his skin.

When it was attacked, the Holy Soft Leather Armor would manifest with great defensive power.

When the golden Holy Sword struck the Holy Soft Leather Armor, it was deflected off Di Yi's shoulder. The blow continued, chopping into the Yeti Prince's neck.

“Pffft!”

The Holy Sword was so sharp that only a level 12 Genuine Martial Arms could stand against it. It sliced through the Yeti Prince's skin and sliced through an artery in his neck.

Immediately, blood surged out and dyed the Yeti Prince half red.

He grunted and fell back a couple of steps. He quickly activated his Genuine Qi to seal the Blood Meridian on his neck, gradually stopping the surging blood.

Because the sword Qi had entered the his body, it was destroying his flesh and meridians. Even a very powerful physique could not heal him at once.

Although sealing the Blood Meridian had stopped the flow of fresh blood, it made the yeti's neck very stiff. It was very difficult to move his head.

“Who is it? Who is secretly attacking me?” the Yeti Prince roared.

His eyes were bloodshot and a powerful sense of evil emanated from his body.

Only Di Yi knew that the assassin was trying to kill him, not the Yeti Prince. Only his Holy Soft Leather Armor enabled him to dodge this attack.

Otherwise, the strike would have killed him.

Although the Holy Soft Leather Armor had strong defensive powers and had blocked Zhang Ruochen's golden Holy Sword, a strong burst of power had still made it through the Holy Amor and struck Di Yi's body.

Di Yi's left arm was completely immobilized, and the left side of his body felt painful and numb.

“He's even a master of the sword. Red Wish Emissary, just who is your powerful Great Guardian?” Di Yi began to use his Genuine Qi to recover from his injury.

At the same time, Di Yi also became more cautious. He quietly put up his guard, determined to not give his opponent another chance for a surprise attack.

Red Wish Emissary was also very surprised. She found it very difficult to believe that the Great Guardian she had chosen would not only be a Master of Spiritual Power at level 44 but also be a master of the sword who could hurt the Yeti Prince.

Who exactly was he?

It was not until now that Red Wish Emissary realized that even though she had thought highly of Zhang Ruochen's power, she had still underestimated him.

Thinking back to earlier, Red Wish Emissary thought she had seen the golden Holy Sword that Zhang Ruochen had used somewhere before. It seemed very familiar.

Suddenly, her entire body trembled as she remembered.

Was that golden Holy Sword not one of the Six-Hilt Divine Swords that the Yellow God Emissary had obtained at the Xuanwu inheritance? After the Yellow God Emissary had died, the Six-Hilt Divine Sword had been taken by Zhang Ruo Chen.

Now, how could one of these Holy Swords have appeared in the Great Guardian's hands?

A guess grew in Red Wish Emissary's mind that made her hair stand on end. However, she very quickly shook her head, not daring to think further. She told herself that he had already died and that it was impossible for him to still be alive.

Right now, even though she had suspicions in her mind, she had to immediately suppress them and focus all her attention on killing Di Yi. It was a matter of utmost importance.

“Xu Hong, I will control the Yeti Prince. You go kill Di Yi.”

Red Wish Emissary swung the holy crystal staff and once more used her sorcery to create a red light haze that moved toward the Yeti Prince to envelop him.

A white gem the size of a human head was embedded on the Yeti Prince's crown.

When Red Wish Emissary performed her sorcery, an icy blast of air surged out of the gemstone and entered the center of the Yeti Prince's forehead, allowing him to remain clear-headed.

The white gemstone was a holy item from the yeti tribes. It was said to be a holy crystal jade. Not only could it stop the body from decaying, but it could also guard a monk's consciousness and soul.

Although the “Giant Spirit Wrath Skill” that the Yeti Prince practiced was very powerful, the explosive rage that came with it could cause warriors to lose their rationality very easily. It could even cause anger that attacked the heart.

Thus, he wore the Holy crystal jade on his person. He had not thought that it would become Red Wish Emissary's kryptonite.

The sorcery that Red Wish Emissary wielded had no effect on the Yeti Prince.

However, Xu Hong's attack had greatly restrained him.

Di Yi knew that there was still a powerful figure in the darkness that could strike him a fatal blow at any moment. Thus, he did not hesitate to shatter the Jade Amulet.

The shattered Jade Amulet became a column of light that flew toward the sky, connecting the earth to the heavens. In the inky dark night, it was particularly striking.

The Red Wish Emissary laughed coldly. "Di Yi, who would have thought that you would be so panicked? How come you have already sent out the signal for Half-Saint Yuanying to come rescue you?"

Di Yi was very composed. He huffed coldly and said, "Ye Honglei, you have colluded with the traitor Silvermoon to harm the Emissaries and the young master of the Black Market Excellence Hall. If this was known by the Council of Elders, do you know how you would die?"

Red Wish Emissary smiled and said, "As long as you die, even if the Council of Elders knew that I used some ruthless methods, the Ye family and their master would still be able to protect my life. In the end, I will still become the new young master. Thus, the losers are always in the wrong. Dead people have no right to speak."

A powerful rage grew in Di Yi. If Zhang Ruochen had not been hiding in the shadows and threatening him at every moment, he would have immediately charged out and ground the Red Wish Emissary's bones to dust.

The Red Wish Emissary's two dark eyebrows rose slightly, and she smiled. "Di Yi, you don't have to keep waiting. Before I made a move, I had already sent a message to the Half-Saint of the Ye family to have him restrain Half-Saint Yuanying."

Di Yi's protector was Half-Saint Yuanying, while the Red Wish Emissary's protector was a Half-Saint of the Ye family.

In theory, people of the Half-Saint level could not interfere in the battle between the Red Wish Emissary and Di Yi. But,

Half-Saints could counter-balance each other.

The Ye family was also a well-favored family in the Black Market and possessed great influence. It was because of this that the Red Wish Emissary's ambition grew until she wanted to steal the young master's position.

If the Red Wish Emissary could use the power of the Ye family, she could also summon large numbers of masters in the Fish-Dragon Realm.

It was a pity that families could not directly interfere in battles for the young master's position. They could only rely on the charms and methods of the younger generation of warriors to summon troops, buy horses, arrange troop formations, and contend for intelligence and power.

Only the person who won in the end had the right to be the young master.

“Swoosh!”

In the darkness, golden sword radiance appeared once again, even more powerful than before. It extended a sword radiance over 40 feet, and it shot toward Di Yi's spine.

However, His Holy Soft Leather Armor would still be able to stop the tip of the sword from piercing his body.

But if a powerful force slammed into the Sacred Meridian in his spine, Di Yi could still be severely injured.

Di Yi had been on his guard for a long time. In the split second that the sword radiance shot out, he kicked off with both feet and shot down from the Yeti Prince's shoulder.

The golden Holy Sword struck the Holy Soft Leather Armor near his neck. Sparks flew out.

“Boom!”

Di Yi's feet landed on the ground, and he immediately fled into the night.

Zhang Ruochen's body appeared. Exploding forward with extreme speed, he quickly caught up to Di Yi. He once again

swung his golden Holy Sword with a long golden sword radiance.

Di Yi felt the aura of danger and quickly turned his body. His hands bent into claws, and he used Hell Ghost King Claw.

When the claws appeared, the whistling of the wind immediately rang out for three kilometers. It sounded like the crying of demons.

Hell Ghost King Claw consisted of 36 strokes. It was a very advanced martial technique.

At this moment, Di Yi's long hair was loose, and his fingers had become twice their length. The nail on each finger was unusually sharp, as if he had become a true ghost king.

“Boom! Boom!”

The claws and the golden Holy Sword slammed together quickly and formed energy ripples. The collision sent sand and rocks flying. The ghost wind shrieked and sword Qi glowed.

Suddenly, the sword technique that Zhang Ruochen was using became much stronger. It pierced Di Yi's claws and sliced into his throat.

Even though he still had his Holy Soft Leather Armor, Di Yi's throat could not endure the power of the Holy Sword. As it was pierced, Di Yi gasped and blood filled his mouth.

Di Yi's claws grasped the blade of the sword tightly, preventing it from piercing further.

At the same time, his body was retreating rapidly to minimize the impact of the Holy Sword.

Zhang Ruochen moved even faster. His arm and the Holy Sword maintained their balance, pushing against Di Yi's neck. The tip of the sword sank down relentlessly. Even the Holy Soft Leather Armor could not stop the Holy Sword's attack.

“Di Yi, even Holy Soft Leather Armor cannot save your life.” Zhang Ruochen's eyes were sharp and murderous.

Seeing the eyes under the mask, Di Yi's expression froze as if he had seen something unbelievable. Shortly after, a raspy

voice came from his mouth. "I... I know... who... you are..."

Di Yi sank to his knees and stopped retreating. He steadied his body and allowed the Holy Sword to pierce down.

"Swoosh!"

Di Yi's arms swung out at the same time, striking out with two sharp claws. He aimed for Zhang Ruochen's head and abdomen.

He used this move so that he could die with his enemy.

Zhang Ruochen knew that Di Yi was a Heartless Saintly Being with an immortal body. Thus, he did not struggle with him. Instead, he immediately retracted his sword and quickly retreated.

Although Di Yi had forced Zhang Ruochen to retreat, the golden Holy Sword had still left a deep mark on his throat.

Under the Holy Soft Leather Armor, a deep, bloody hole gaped in Di Yi's neck.

Any other monk would certainly never have been able to fight again, even if they managed to survive.

Di Yi was very calm. Standing where he was, he stared directly at Zhang Ruochen across from him. With a strange smile and a shattered voice, he said, "Zhang... Ruo... chen..."

Chapter 627 - Heartless Black Cave, Demonic Shadow

Translator:

Transn

Editor:

Transn

There was no panic or shock on Zhang Ruochen's face. Calmly, he said, "In the end, you still recognized me. Looks like your eyesight isn't too bad. It is good that you know who I am so that you will know who killed you."

When Zhang Ruochen and Di Yi had fought just now, he had not hidden the hatred in his eyes at all. It was not strange for Di Yi to have recognized him through his gaze.

When he spoke just now, he used his natural voice.

Di Yi huffed coldly. Blood roiled in his body and gave off strands of black Holy Qi, it surged toward the injury at his throat.

"Swoosh!"

The black Holy Qi flowed around Di Yi's neck. Immediately, his dented throat bulged out and returned to its original state as if it had never been injured.

Generally, one could only condense such thin Holy Qi when the holy meridian in the body had reached the Fourth Change of the Fish-dragon Realm.

Other than that, only a Saintly Being could do it.

Whenever a Saintly Being reached a Small Success, the blood, bone, and internal organs would all produce Holy Qi. Different Saintly Beings would also produce different Holy Qi.

“What a powerful Heartless Saint Being to be able to recover perfectly from such a heavy injury in just an instant. Perhaps it is a true immortal body?” Zhang Ruochen said.

“So what if it is an immortal body? Compared to you, I am still far inferior. Everyone in the world thought you had already died, who would have thought that you were still alive?” Di Yi laughed.

At this moment, there was only Zhang Ruochen and Di Yi standing on the expansive summit of the lofty mountain. The other evil cultivators had not yet caught up, so Zhang Ruochen was not afraid to expose his identity.

The corner of Zhang Ruochen’s mouth curled and he also revealed a smile, “I don’t believe that you have an immortal body. Let me test which one is stronger, your defensive power or my attack?”

“Swoosh!”

He moved his finger and directed the power of the Heart of the Sword. The Ancient Abyss Sword immediately flew out of the Spatial Ring and dissolved into a black streak of sword Qi. In a flash, it had flown to Di Yi.

Although the golden Holy Sword was also a Holy Weapon, it could not compare to the Ancient Abyss Sword.

The Ancient Abyss Sword had refined large numbers of Genuine Martial Arms and Holy Weapons. Regardless of its sharpness or its power, it had long reached a different level.

Furthermore, with Zhang Ruochen’s cultivation in the Third Change of the Fish-dragon realm, he was able to activate more inscriptions in the sword, giving it even more power.

The golden Holy Sword could not split open the Holy Soft Leather Armor’s defenses but it did not mean that the Ancient Abyss Sword could not.

It was clear that Di Yi also knew the power of the Ancient Abyss Sword as he did not dare to use the Holy Soft Leather Armor to meet it head-on.

Di Yi executed a bodily movement to retreat quickly. At the same time, he opened his arms. Strands of black Holy Qi shot out of his heart and condensed into a ten-meter diameter black cave in front of his body.

“Heartless Black Cave.”

The power of the black cave was strange. It swallowed up all of the Genuine Qi and Spiritual Qi around it—even the light around it was absorbed.

Every Saintly Being was able to form a Dharma Laksana upon practicing Small Success.

The Dharma Laksana of Cyan-robed Emissary was “Cyan holy cloud”, while Mu Lingxi’s Dharma Laksana was “Mysterious Ice Phoenix.”

The stronger the Saintly Being, the stronger the Dharma Laksana that was formed. Whenever a Dharma Laksana was executed, the Saintly Being would be able to completely subdue Monks in the same realm.

Just like how Cyan-robed Emissary was able to completely crush the warrior in the Ninth Change of the Fish-dragon Realm when he executed his “Cyan holy cloud” Dharma Laksana even with his Seventh Change of the Fish-dragon Realm cultivation.

The Dharma Laksana that Di Yi practiced was “Heartless black cave.” This Dharma Laksana was able to swallow anything in the world—even the Dharma Laksana of other Saintly Beings.

The 10-meter wide black cave hovered right in front of Di Yi’s body and emanated an icy aura. It pulled everything around it toward itself.

The Ancient Abyss Sword that had flown out was also pulled in by that power, it appeared as if it would leave Zhang Ruochen’s control and fly into the Heartless black cave.

“Di Yi’s Dharma Laksana is so powerful.”

Zhang Ruochen’s expression did not change but he activated the power of space. Stabbing his finger forward, he executed a

move called “Space Crack”, tearing toward the Heartless black cave.

No matter how strong the black cave was, it was, after all, still within space.

As long as it was still within space, Zhang Ruochen would be able to use the power of space to break it.

So what if it was a Saintly Being’s Dharma Laksana?

The Power of Time and Space could break all of the Dharma Laksanas in the world.

“How could this happen? Space suddenly split open...”

It was clear that Di Yi had noticed that something was going wrong. Cold sweat broke out on his forehead and he focused all his energy on the Heartless Black Cave, continuously pouring the Genuine Qi in his body into it.

He could not fail—must not fail.

With all of Di Yi’s energy, the black cave began to grow a bit larger, expanding to 13 meters. The strength of its pull also became stronger.

It exerted a strange force, even warping space itself.

A six-meter-long Space Crack crashed into the black cave Dharma Laksana, creating energy ripples. The Space Crack was very powerful—it pressed forward with a swish and tore the black cave Dharma Laksana into halves.

“Boom!”

The Dharma Laksana was shattered and Di Yi sustained heavy injuries. He flew backward like a kite with its strings cut.

Zhang Ruochen’s also felt some shock in his heart—when he sent out the Space Crack, it had slanted a little to the left.

Meaning the black cave Dharma Laksana was able to warp the power of space?

Had Di Yi’s cultivation been much higher than Zhang Ruochen’s and had reached above the Seventh Change of the

Fish-dragon Realm, he would have been able to use the heartless black cave to defeat the Space Crack first.

Of course, that was only conjecture. After all, Zhang Ruochen's current control of the power of Space was only at its initial stage.

However, Di Yi was even more surprised. The power of the Heartless Black Cave was extraordinary—it could even swallow the Dharma Laksanas of other Saintly Beings and was known as an invincible Dharma Laksana. How could it be so easily destroyed by Zhang Ruochen?

“Swoosh!”

Zhang Ruochen did not give Di Yi time to think. He immediately concentrated the power of space again and executed Space moving, appearing beside Di Yi.

Raising his arm quickly, he swung out with the Ancient Abyss Sword and chopped it toward Di Yi's neck.

Di Yi did not have time to react, but a streak of black shadow on the ground slashed out quickly with a shadow knife toward Zhang Ruochen's abdomen.

Everyone had a shadow, however, the shadow of a normal person could only move with the body.

When the body moved, the shadow moved.

When the body was still, the shadow was still.

This was a very strange sight—Di Yi's body did not move but the shadow on the ground slashed with a knife.

What was even more shocking was that it was clearly a shadow but it contained an evil energy. The shadow blade also carried a terrifying power as if it would disembowel Zhang Ruochen.

Zhang Ruochen let out a silent cry then immediately turned the edge of his sword to swing toward the shadow on the ground, blocking the shadow blade.

The shadow blade appeared very ferocious, but it was shapeless and insubstantial.

Zhang Ruochen's sword swung out and slid across the surface of the shadow blade. It created water-like ripples but was unable to stop the shadow blade.

Without any hesitation, he leaped and shot upward.

“Swoosh!”

The shadow blade sliced across, carrying a powerful gust of wind as it passed beneath Zhang Ruochen's feet.

Zhang Ruochen hovered about 10 meters off the ground. Looking down, he stared at the black shadow beside Di Yi's body.

“The demonic shadow is surprisingly powerful. When I attacked it, it was completely shapeless and without substance but when it attacked me, it had both shape and substance. The power that it demonstrated was also not any weaker than Di Yi's.”

Zhang Ruochen's expression finally became serious.

Zhang Ruochen could become a first-rate assassin by wearing the Shooting Star Invisible Cloak.

However, Di Yi's demonic shadow was like an entirely separate assassin, completely able to kill another person silently. The so-called foremost killer in the Blood Cloud Sect, “Hunter”, was a complete joke compared to the demonic shadow.

Who could defend against a shadow?

Di Yi said, “Zhang Ruochen, my demonic shadow is not bad, right?”

Although the black shadow on the ground was connected to Di Yi's feet, its shape was completely different from Di Yi's.

The black shadow still held a shadow blade and appeared particularly ruthless. It gave off a powerful evil energy as if it could rise from the ground at any moment.

Zhang Ruochen smiled and said, “It is indeed very interesting. The attack of a sword cannot hurt the demonic shadow, but what about a Spiritual Power attack?”

Zhang Ruochen used his left hand to lift the purple Thunder Pearl, activating the Heaven and Earth Spiritual Qi. He formed dozens of powerful lightning bolts. Lightning moved quickly through the air and exploded with ear-shattering Qi explosions.

“I had no idea that this Spiritual Power was so powerful.”

Di Yi’s expression finally changed. Knowing that Zhang Ruochen’s cultivation exceeded his by a great deal, continuing the battle would not be advantageous for him at all.

“Zhang Ruochen, are you really certain you’ve won? To tell you the truth, the moment your identity was exposed, you had already lost! Not only will you die but Red Wish Emissary will also die with you.”

Zhang Ruochen perfectly understood what Di Yi meant. “As long as I kill you, my identity will not be exposed.”

“Is that so? You are so confident you can kill me?”

Di Yi took out a golden imperial edict from his sleeve. Holding it in his hand, he smiled mockingly at Zhang Ruochen.

“Swoosh!”

Powerful Genuine Qi surged out of Di Yi’s palms and entered into the imperial edict, activating the Saint Power in the imperial edict.

The golden light enveloped Di Yi’s body, shooting into the sky, he quickly flew into the distance.

Zhang Ruochen watched as Di Yi escaped in a panic. He only smiled lightly and immediately took out an imperial edict as well, activating the Saint Power in the imperial edict, he dissolved into a streak of golden light and chased after Di Yi.

Di Yi and Zhang Ruochen both exploded forth with the speed of a Saint. Like two comets flying through the sky, they had both flown tens of thousands of kilometers away in just a few moments.

“Boom!”

Di Yi's feet landed on the ground and created a half-meter-deep pit.

Before he had time to sigh in relief, a black sword radiance flew down from the sky. Exploding with an ear-splitting cry, the very air was shaken by the sword Qi.

Chapter 628 - Reckoning step by step

Translator:

Transn

Editor:

Transn

“Gosh, how could Zhang Ruochen catch up so fast?”

In a hurry, Di Yi cast Hell Ghost King Claw once again, with icing air steaming from his hands, to hit the flying Abyss Ancient Sword.

“Puffet!”

The Abyss Ancient Sword pierced through Di Yi’s right palm with an irresistible force, and half of the sword pierced Di Yi’s chest.

Crimson blood poured out of Di Yi’s palm and chest, dripped to the ground along with the dim Holy Soft Leather Armor.

“How... How could this be...”

Di Yi’s face was very pale. Although he knew that the Abyss Ancient Sword was powerful, he still could not accept the present situation.

It is impossible for Hundred Inscription Weapon to pierce through the Holy Soft Leather Armor. Had Zhang Ruochen’s sword reached the level of the Inscribed Sacred Weapon?

The Abyss Ancient Sword had not reached the level of the Inscribed Sacred Weapon. Only its blade was made of Natural Divine Iron, an extremely sharp material. It had also absorbed a large number of Genuine Martial Arms and Holy Weapons. Therefore, it could not be matched by any Hundred Inscription Weapons in terms of sharpness.

Flying from the mid-air, Zhang Ruochen held his index finger and middle finger together and formed a sword skill. He dominated his Abyss Ancient Sword and propelled it forward furiously.

The Abyss Ancient Sword which pierced Di Yi's body burst forth with a more powerful sword radiance, rashly pushing his body to the distance.

The sharp blade constantly pierced into the body, until the sword tip had emerged from Di Yi's back.

The Abyss Ancient Sword continued to slam on Di Yi's body for thousands of miles, causing Di Yi to bleed a lot.

“Puffet!”

Finally, the Abyss Ancient Sword completely pierced through Di Yi's body and flew from his back.

Zhang Ruochen reached out his hand and caught the bloody hilt. As he waved his arm, blood shed from the sword edge.

Carrying the Abyss Ancient Sword, Zhang Ruochen walked up to Di Yi and said coldly, “Do you think that you can run away today? I stabbed you just now because I had promised one of my old friends that I would avenge her brother on you.”

If other monks suffered such a heavy blow, they will surely die.

But Di Yi did not die and stood firmly in the same place, with a light of hatred in his eyes. The black Holy Qi in his body spurted out again and converged into the wounds of the chest and palm, with a sound of “Ch-ch.”

Two wounds were healing quickly.

His body seemed to be immortal.

Zhang Ruochen watched quietly until Di Yi's wounds were 70% to 80% recovered before stabbing Di Yi again at his neck.

Feeling extremely angry with wide eyes, Di Yi stretched out his hands to grab the Abyss Ancient Sword.

However, his fingers were instantly cut off as he touched the sword edge, and all his fingers flew out immediately.

With a bang, Di Yi was beheaded by the Abyss Ancient Sword.

Even after Di Yi's head rolling out, the demonic shadow on the ground turned into a dark shadow and quickly fled to a place 99 meters away.

“Chh!”

Black fire spurted out of Di Yi's head and headless body, burning the corpse into ashes. Then a stream of black Holy Qi and a stream of red Spiritual Blood burst out.

The Holy Qi and Spiritual Blood flew to the place where the demonic shadow resided, forming Di Yi's body again, without any wounds.

Although Di Yi regained his body, Zhang Ruochen could see that Di Yi's aura had become much weaker, and even his cultivation realm also retrogressed.

This showed that the so-called immortal body was not really immortal.

Zhang Ruochen said coldly, “The second attack is for the thousands of souls of the royal family in the Yunwu Commandery. I remember this account at all times, and today I will kill you for them.”

“Zhang Ruochen, you will not be able to kill me.”

Di Yi gritted his teeth and shouted angrily.

Zhang Ruochen said, “Are you sure? If I kill you once more, I am afraid your cultivation will slip to the First Change in the Fish-dragon Realm.”

Di Yi's eyes turned red. With his hands clasped together, a Sacred Mark emerged between his eyebrows. Surrounding this central mark, he condensed a small vortex.

The strength Qi emitted from the vortex became stronger and stronger, and its coverage became wider and wider as if it were to sweep Zhang Ruochen into it.

From deep in the center of Di Yi's forehead, a crimson light flew out and condensed an ancient seal.

The Crimson Ancient Seal suspended above Di Yi and rotated rapidly. With each rotation, the ancient seal would grow larger, and the power erupted would fluctuate stronger.

For a moment, the Crimson Ancient Seal grew to more than 30 meters high. It was enveloped by raging flames and had an old and majestic Holy Aura.

The Crimson Ancient Seal, called “Red Copper Brahma Seal,” had reached the peak of the Hundred Inscription Weapon. Once it is launched, a mountain would be razed to the ground.

Its class even surpassed that of the current Abyss Ancient Sword.

Di Yi shouted to manipulate the Red Copper Brahma Seal so he could suppress Zhang Ruochen.

At the same time, the demonic shadow on the ground continued to rush toward Zhang Ruochen and attacked his legs from below.

Di Yi was attacked from two directions at once, with the Red Copper Brahma Seal above and the demonic shadow below. Di Yi was risking his life in this battle against Zhang Ruochen.

The strong Holy Aura of the Red Copper Brahma Seal seemed to weigh down the entire space. It greatly limited Zhang Ruochen’s ability to move and prevented Zhang Ruochen from using Space Moving to escape.

It was not the first time Zhang Ruochen fought Di Yi, so he was familiar with Di Yi’s trump card.

When Di Yi launched Red Copper Brahma Seal, Zhang Ruochen took out the Yin Yang Wooden Graph and threw it into the sky. The map unfolded and a door of space opened. It formed a devouring power and absorbed the Red Copper Brahma Seal.

“No ...”

Di Yi noticed that something was wrong and he desperately mobilized the Genuine Qi to take back the Red Copper Brahma Seal.

Unfortunately, everything was in vain. Di Yi's cultivation was one realm lower than Zhang Ruochen's, which put him in a less favorable situation. How could the Red Copper Brahma Seal match the Yin Yang Wooden Graph?

A moment later, the Red Copper Brahma Seal was taken into the Scroll World and lost contact with Di Yi.

When Zhang Ruochen launched the Yin Yang Wooden Graph, he also mobilized his spiritual power to condense a lightning ball. The ball hit the ground and struck the demonic shadow.

With a loud crash, smokes came out of the ground.

The demonic shadow suffered severe injuries and became somewhat dim, so it quickly fled back.

Seeing that the Red Copper Brahma Seal was taken away, Di Yi became very pale. He mumbled, "What kind of Holy Weapon is that...? How could it take away the Red Copper Brahma Seal?"

Zhang Ruochen took the Yin Yang Wooden Graph back and squeezed it in his hand. He gazed at Di Yi on the opposite side and said, "It is just a scroll. If you have other Holy Weapons to launch, I can also take them away."

Carrying a sword, Zhang Ruochen took a step toward Di Yi. "Di Yi, I will launch my third attack to avenge my mother on you. It was a mistake for you to involve her in our battle. I will not let you suffer for too long. I will give you a straightforward death, which will finally settle the grudge between us."

After the first two attacks, Zhang Ruochen had already found some clues.

As long as he took away the black Holy Qi and Spiritual Blood from Di Yi, he would be able to kill Di Yi.

"Tap! Tap!"

Every footstep sounded like a death knell bell.

Di Yi finally realized that Zhang Ruochen's purpose of visiting the Eastern Evil Land was to execute his revenge on him.

Pieces of hatred would be reckoned step by step.

Only Di Yi could understand the pain of being killed multiple times. It was sore and unbearable, even more unbearable than death itself.

At first, Di Yi was relieved when he heard of Zhang Ruochen's death. He imposed himself on top of everyone else in the Eastern Region and looked down on everyone else.

Even though he knew that Red Wish Emissary lusted for being the young master, he only saw her as a small potato. He thought that as long as he arrived at the Cyan Cloud County, he could effortlessly turn her into ashes.

However, Zhang Ruochen's reappearance shattered his confidence and pride.

At that moment, Di Yi had a realization. He used to be too self-glorifying and careless. Even though Zhang Ruochen teamed up with Red Wish Emissary, how could they rival him?

"Zhang Ruochen, you are like a mirror to me. Only through battling you, was I able to find so many weaknesses." Di Yi was not angry but laughed.

Zhang Ruochen said, "It is not too late for you to understand, but it is too late for you to fight back!"

"Not late, not late." Di Yi shook his head.

He was not panicked nor angered and returned to his true nature.

"Oh! Do you think you still can escape?" Zhang Ruochen said.

"Aren't you curious as to why I fled to the God Falling Ridge instead of the Evil Emperor City?" Di Yi asked back.

"Why?" Zhang Ruochen asked.

Di Yi smiled and raised his head to look at the God Falling Ridge.

It could be seen that there was a crimson fire cloud on the horizon flying over, and there were many golden shadows in the clouds that were shaking with a quack.

Zhang Ruochen activated his Sky Eye and watched calmly. He saw that the flying fire clouds turned out to be thousands of Flaming Red Crows.

Flaming Red Crow was a superior level, third class savage beast, owning the blood meridian of an ancient immortal bird “golden crow.” Its strength was comparable to the warriors in the Completion of the Earth Realm.

Since the establishment of the First Central Dynasty, the imperial court had begun to siege savage beasts on a large scale. All savage beasts in the Kunlun’s Field had already crouched there. It was rare to have thousands of Flaming Red Crows appeared all at once.

Among the crows, there was a Flaming Red Crow Prince. It had a huge body and emitted fiery flames. It looked almost like a legendary golden crow.

Viewed from afar, the Flaming Red Crow Prince was like a hot sun in the crimson clouds, bursting with striking power and aura.

“Quack-quack!”

The crows flew above Zhang Ruochen and Di Yi. Then they swooped down and flew around them, turning the surrounding area into a fire zone.

Chapter 629 - The Blood Crow King

Translator:

Transn

Editor:

Transn

The entire world seemed to have become a red-hot stove. The grass and trees on the ground became flying ash in an instant.

On the back of the Flaming Red Crow Prince stood a golden-robed elder holding a staff in his hand. A blood-red beard hung down 3 feet from his chin, and his eyes were deeply sunken. His entire body projected a faint sense of evil tendencies.

Besides him, there was also the body of a young man on the back of the Flaming Red Crow Prince.

“I already killed the Serene Blue Emissary’s assassin, the disciple of the Yin and Yang Sect, Lin Yue, and I have already brought him back in completion of my orders.” Immediately afterward, the Golden-Robed Elder’s gaze turned toward Zhang Ruochen and became dark and sinister. In a raspy voice, he said, “Young master, you seem to have run into some problems.”

“Blood Crow King, you have come back at just the right time. Quick, take a guess at who the person standing in front of you is,” Di Yi said with a smile.

The Golden-Robed Elder was one of the most powerful warriors under Di Yi’s command. The Blood Crown King’s status was even higher than that of the Ice Demon.

The Ice Demon was a powerful Master of Spiritual Power in the ice series, while the Blood Crow King was a Beast-Training Master.

Regardless of whether the Serene Blue Emissary was killed by a warrior of the Heaven Realm in the Yin and Yang sect, or whether he had been killed by the Red Wish Emissary, the Black Market leaders still needed an explanation.

That was why Di Yi had sent the Blood Crow King to kill Lin Yue. He was going to take Lin Yue's body back to the Evil Emperor City and hand it over to the leaders of the Black Market.

Di Yi had calculated that the Blood Crow King would return shortly, and thus, when he used the imperial edict to escape, he had chosen to escape in the direction of God Falling Ridge.

After all, Cyan Cloud County and the Evil Emperor City were too far apart. Even with an imperial edict, it was impossible to escape all the way back.

On the contrary, if he escaped in the direction of God Falling Ridge, he only had to wait for the Blood Crown King to come back. Given his power, it was enough to subdue Zhang Ruochen.

Hearing Di Yi's words, the Blood Crow King developed a curious expression. A vertical eye rose between his brows and formed the light of a Sky Eye. He used it to try to see through the mask on Zhang Ruochen's face.

Unfortunately, a powerful Spiritual Power was imbued into the mask, and it blocked the power of the Sky Eye, which just bounced off.

The Blood Crown King pulled back his Sky Eye and made a quiet sound. "What powerful Spiritual Power, it must have reached the 44th level. Is he perhaps the Great Guardian of Red Willow Heights?"

Di Yi shook his head and smiled, "A Great Guardian is indeed a Great Guardian, but he still has another, more powerful identity. Have you heard of the Time and Space Descendants?"

A blood-red light emanated from the Blood Crow King's eyes. He looked shocked. "Haven't the Time and Space Descendants all died?... Perhaps... the deaths were faked."

“If you lift the mask off his face, won’t you be able to tell whether or not he is dead?” Di Yi replied.

The Blood Crown King also became excited about Zhang Ruochen’s true identity. He immediately began to rub his hands. His expression was eager.

If the Time and Space Descendants had not died, perhaps they would be able to reveal an enormous secret.

Zhang Ruochen stared at the body on the back of the Flaming Red Crow Prince and recognized the person. It was actually the young disciple of the Yin and Yang Sect, Lin Yue.

When Zhang Ruochen had given him the body of the Serene Blue Emissary, it had been a windfall for such a greedy person as him. Not only could he use it to become famous, furthermore, he could use it to gain a wealth of practice resources.

As long as he returned to the Yin and Yang sect, no matter how powerful the Black Market it was, it would not be able to control him.

Unexpectedly, after such a long time, he still had not returned to the Yin and Yang Sect, and he died at the hands of the evil warriors of the Black Market. It was his own fault.

There was nothing wrong in wanting to be famous, the problem was that he was too stupid.

How was Zhang Ruochen to know that after Lin Yue had received the imperial edict from the Serene Blue Emissary, he had become fearless, sure that no one would be able to kill him?

However, Lin Yue had run into the Blood Crow King. The difference in cultivation between the two of them was too great. Before he even had a chance to activate the Saint Power of the imperial edict, the Blood Crow King had already killed him.

In summary, death comes to those who seek death.

Di Yi clasped his hands in front of his chest and looked playful. “Zhang Ruochen, you weren’t able to kill me, so the

person who will die right now is you.”

Not only had the Blood Crow King’s Spiritual Power reached the 44th level, he was also a powerful Beast Trainer, and he could ride on thousands of Flaming Red Crows.

By himself, he could destroy one hundred thousand elite troops. Even if five Monks in the Ninth Change of the Fish-Dragon Realm banded together, they would still not be a match for him.

Thus, naturally, Di Yi was sufficiently confident that the Blood Crow King could kill Zhang Ruochen.

Zhang Ruochen shook his head and smiled slightly as he turned his gaze toward the horizon.

“Whizz!”

A streak of holy light flashed across the inky black sky above, like a shooting star. It dove down, turned into a slender shadow, and landed beside Zhang Ruochen.

It was the Demonic Saintess, Mu Lingxi.

Mu Lingxi put away the imperial edict in her hand, and the holy light on her body gradually dissipated, revealing a graceful figure. She stood shoulder to shoulder with Zhang Ruochen.

As a Saintess of Demonic School, naturally, Mu Lingxi carried an imperial edict.

Earlier, when the Cyan-Robed Emissary had used the imperial edict to escape, Mu Lingxi could have used her imperial edict to pursue him. However, each use of the imperial edict reduced its power. The Cyan-Robed Emissary was the Red Wish Emissary’s enemy, but she was not Mu Lingxi’s enemy. It would have been an unnecessary waste of the Saint Power of the imperial edict to pursue the Cyan-Robed Emissary.

It was different this time. Mu Lingxi had used the power of the imperial edict for Zhang Ruochen. She had caught up quickly to give him a hand in completely getting rid of Di Yi.

“Another one, coming to their death.” The Blood Crow King smiled coldly.

Zhang Ruochen glanced at the Blood Crow King, and his expression did not change at all. Lightly, he asked, “Is that so?”

As he spoke, he took out a fist-sized black metal ball from within his Spatial Ring. Moving his Genuine Qi, he activated the inscription on the metal ball.

The black metal ball immediately began to spin quickly, and crackling sounds came from within. Very quickly, it turned into a ten-foot tall refining warrior.

Zhang Ruochen flicked his finger, and a Holy Stone flew out from his fingertip and landed in the cavity in the refining warrior’s chest.

“Swoosh!”

The Holy Stone in the cavity spun quickly.

The Holy Qi in the Holy Stone shot out and activated the inscription inside the refining warrior. Immediately, a powerful aura exploded from inside the refining warrior. Two balls of green fire rose in its empty eye sockets.

“Refining warrior.”

Surprise appeared on the Blood Crow King’s face. It was clear that he had not expected Zhang Ruochen to have such a trump card.

He was truly very powerful, even a warrior in the Ninth Change of the Fish-Dragon Realm would not be of importance to him. But, when faced with a refining warrior, he started to have a headache.

Di Yi had another idea.

“Only those in the imperial court can have refining warriors. Perhaps, the news of Zhang Ruochen being killed was fake, and the rumors about him being secretly taken in by the imperial court were true.”

Di Yi doubted that Zhang Ruochen had already entered the imperial court’s secret organization, thus, the imperial court would be able to blame his death on the Nine Serenity Sword Saint.

Mu Lingxi suddenly nodded her head. She finally understood why Zhang Ruochen had wanted to buy a holy stone. It was because he had a refining warrior.

Only by using a holy stone could the refining warrior utilize its strength to the fullest.

Mu Lingxi chuckled and said, “Di Yi, looks like you’ll still be hard-pressed to escape death, even with the help of the Blood Crow King.”

Di Yi huffed coldly and said, “Since you have a refining warrior, I won’t fight you today. Blood Crow King, hold them back. I am leaving first.”

Now that Di Yi knew Zhang Ruochen’s secret, naturally, he did not want to fight to the death with him. As long as he could escape from here, he would immediately spread the news that Zhang Ruochen was still alive.

Many people would come to kill him. He would not need to act personally.

The Blood Crow King released his Spiritual Power, and a strange sound wave roared from his mouth.

Spurred by the sound wave, the skyful of Flaming Red Crows let out an ear-piercing shriek. Like balls of fire, they struck crazily toward Zhang Ruochen, Mu Lingxi, and the refining warrior.

Even the weakest Flaming Red Crow had the strength of a warrior in the Completion of the Earth Realm. Furthermore, some of the Flaming Red Crows had reached the level of a fourth level savage beast. They were stronger than a warrior in the Heaven Realm.

Thousands of Flaming Red Crows attacked at the same time and completely buried Zhang Ruochen, Mu Lingxi, and the refining warrior.

“Zhang Ruochen, it seems that we will have to resolve our hatred next time we meet. But, I wonder if you’ll be able to escape the Eastern Evil Land this time.”

Di Yi laughed loudly and took out the imperial edict again.

As he was about to summon his Genuine Qi and activate the Saint Power in the imperial edict, a powerful sucking force came from above his head, like a whirlpool. It pulled at his body.

“What... is that...”

Di Yi raised his head, and the smile on his face immediately froze. A panicked expression rose to his face.

A hand-sized Auspicious Vase hovered above his head.

The powerful sucking force had come from the opening of the Auspicious Vase, as if it wanted to suck him in.

Zhang Ruochen had used Space Moving to charge out of the group of Flaming Red Crows and was standing about 100 feet away from Di Yi. He created a column of Genuine Qi and used it to control the Auspicious Vase.

“Di Yi, I said it before, you can’t escape today. After I get rid of the Blood Crown King, I will come to clear my debt with you. Collect!”

“No...”

A powerful look of dissatisfaction appeared on Di Yi’s face. He immediately activated the Holy Qi in his body to try and execute the “Heartless Black Cave” Dharma Laksana.

Unfortunately, Zhang Ruochen had struck out with the Auspicious Vase one step ahead of him. Before he had even executed his Dharma Laksana, his feet had already left the ground.

With a whoosh, Di Yi’s body gradually shrank until Zhang Ruochen collected him and put him into the Auspicious Vase.

Chapter 630 - Encountering the Immortal Vampires Again

Translator:

Transn

Editor:

Transn

On the other side, the refining warrior dashed around madly in the midst of a group of Flaming Red Crows. Every punch it threw caused dozens of Flaming Red Crows to fall from the air dead.

Mu Lingxi displayed the Dharma Laksana of “Mysterious Ice Phoenix” and a giant illusory image of Ice Phoenix enveloped her body. It released ice cold air and turned the Flaming Red Crows into ice sculptures.

“Bang Bang!”

The frozen Flaming Red Crows fell from the sky like hail, creating huge pits on the ground.

Dashing out from the midst of the Flaming Red Crows, Mu Lingxi turned into a deft figure holding a white Holy Sword. She stabbed at Blood Crow King who was riding on Flaming Red Crow Prince’s back.

Formed by the Dharma Laksana of Ice Phoenix, the illusory image was about 33 meters high and bigger than Flaming Red Crow Prince’s body. The cold aura broke out and suppressed his flames.

The power of ice and fire were about to clash.

“Fourth Level Fire Dragon.”

The Blood Crow King snorted and lifted the stave to condense four huge fire dragons with spiritual power.

Each fire dragon had four claws, was about 333 meters long, and was wide as a water tank. They attacked Mu Lingxi in a frenzy.

The Blood Crow King was not only a Beast Trainer but also a 44th level Advanced Stage Master of Spiritual Power of fire nature.

“Boom!”

When the first fire dragon hit the Dharma Laksana of the Ice Phoenix, the impact was strong, causing Mu Lingxi’s Qi and blood to churn throughout her body. It brought her extreme pain in the chest.

The attack of a 44th level Advanced Stage Master of Spiritual Power was very strong indeed. It was second only to that of a Saintly Being of the Ninth Change in the Fish-dragon Realm.

Mu Lingxi was only at the Fifth Change in the Fish-dragon Realm. Naturally, she had no advantage when fighting the Blood Crow King face to face.

“Boom!”

The three other dragons attacked her at the same time. Even though Mu Lingxi had a Saintly Being, she was beaten up. She bled from the corner of her mouth as a stream of blood rose up in her throat.

“How powerful this spell is!”

Mu Lingxi’s face was pale, and the Genuine Qi throughout her body was chaotic.

Originally, when Mu Lingxi and Zhang Ruochen had joined hands to kill the Ice Demon, they did not feel that the spiritual master was powerful. It was only at this moment that she realized that her understanding of a spiritual master was completely wrong.

The reason why she and Zhang Ruochen were able to kill the Ice Demon was because Zhang Ruochen had suppressed the Ice Demon from the beginning. He wore a Shooting Star

Invisible Cloak and disrupted the Ice Demon using sneak attacks and ambushes.

Moreover, there was no guardian of the warriors around the Ice Demon. It could be said that the Ice Demon was killed without being able to cast a complete spell.

The Blood Crow King's Spiritual Power was similar to that of the Ice Demon, but he possessed the Flaming Red Crow Prince, a steed that was comparable in strength to the monk's steed of the Ninth Change in the Fish-dragon Realm.

With the Flaming Red Crow Prince as a guardian, it was not easy for Mu Lingxi to get close to the Blood Crow King, let alone kill him.

However, she had succeeded in containing the Blood Crow King, making it impossible for him to rescue Di Yi and winning time for Zhang Ruochen.

The "Fourth-Level Fire Dragon" displayed by the Blood Crow King was just a second-level magic art.

At this moment, the Spiritual Power of the Blood Crow King became more intense. The Heaven and Earth Spiritual Qi around shuddered violently and converged on him. It began to condense the more powerful third-level magic arts and eighth-level fire dragon.

Out of nowhere, a vortex of Spiritual Qi formed at the center of the Blood Crow King's body. The Spiritual Qi continued to transform into flames, then condensed into the form of the fire dragon.

"Awoo!"

A dragon's roar was heard from the vortex of Spiritual Qi, and then eight fire dragons were faintly seen flying in the sky, emitting a strong Destruction Power.

Viewed from afar, the third-level magic arts displayed by the 44th level Advanced Stage Master of Spiritual Power made people feel extremely horrified. It was strong enough to kill a superior of the Ninth Change in the Fish-dragon Realm.

The momentum of the eight fire dragons suppressed the innate Ice Phoenix and forced Mu Lingxi to retreat backward.

At that moment, Zhang Ruochen had just taken his Auspicious Vase back. He looked up at the Blood Crow King in the distance and saw Mu Lingxi in danger. He immediately pointed a finger forward.

“Space Collapse.”

Space shook violently. With a boom, the space above the Blood Crow King began to collapse, tearing a long crack and bursting into space debris.

“Boom!”

The powerful space storm formed a huge vortex of about 33 meters in diameter, causing a devastating tearing force and instantly engulfing the eight fire dragons.

Even with the Blood Crow King’s cultivation, he was still scared. He immediately drove the Flaming Red Crow Prince to rapidly flee far away.

The Flaming Red Crow Prince was surprisingly quick. Almost as soon as it stretched out its wings, it had already flown over 5 kilometers, far from the collapsed space.

Nevertheless, the Flaming Red Crow Prince’s tail was still hit by the collapsed space, causing it to be seriously injured. Half of its body became a bloody pile of flesh.

More than 300 Flaming Red Crows were swept into the Space Collapse and turned into a pile of blood and flesh. When space returned to normal, all that was left were red feathers on the ground.

“How terrifying the power of space is.”

The Blood Crow King was very shocked. His back felt cold as ice. Fortunately, he was able to flee in time, otherwise, he would probably have died without even a bone left.

The Blood Crow King finally changed his perspective and did not dare to underestimate Zhang Ruochen anymore.

Although he quite feared the forces of space, his face did not show it. He snorted and said, “Guy, the space power you displayed is nothing more than this? As long as I’m fast enough, what can you do to me?”

Zhang Ruochen just smiled and said, “How fast can you be?”
“Swoosh!”

Zhang Ruochen suddenly disappeared. When he reappeared, he was already standing above the Blood Crow King. His fingers flicked downwards and smashed a five-meter-long space crack.

“The speed is so fast. No, he can’t be this quick given his current cultivation. He must have used some kind of treasure”.

The Blood Crow King was also extremely fast. When Zhang Ruochen disappeared, the Blood Crow King had mobilized his spiritual power immediately. The flames rushed out of from his body, enveloping him and turning into a fiery red light that rushed out to the right.

The Blood Crow King was able to escape by chance, but the Flaming Red Crow Prince was not so lucky.

“Puff!”

As the Space Crack fell, the Flaming Red Crow Prince’s body was torn into halves, and the blood fell to the ground like a waterfall.

Zhang Ruochen clearly knew that the Blood Crow King was powerful. It was for this very reason that he directly used his most powerful moves.

The strongest move that he could wield was naturally the power of space.

“I mustn’t give the Blood Crow King a chance to fight back. I have to exert all efforts to suppress him,” Zhang Ruochen said secretly.

Watching the Flaming Red Crow Prince get killed by space forces, the Blood Crow King felt extremely sad.

The Blood Crow King had spent a lot of resources and energy in training the Flaming Red Crow Prince to become a savage bird of the Ninth Change in the Fish-dragon Realm. He had never thought that it would just be killed by a junior.

At his age, if he couldn't break through into a Half-Saint Spiritual Power, he would not be able to cultivate a savage bird of the Ninth Change in the Fish-dragon Realm again. The hatred in his heart was further intensified.

“You've infuriated me, Junior. Today, I'm going to kill you.”

The Blood Crow King was about to mobilize his spiritual power and cast advanced spells. However, he discovered that Zhang Ruochen had appeared before him again. At the same time, space was torn again and a long space crack flew to him.

“Damn.”

The Blood Crow King had to evade again. He did not dare to touch the space cracks forcefully.

The Blood Crow King's cultivation far exceeded Zhang Ruochen's, however, threatened by the Space Crack, he was unable to display his own strength. He had to dodge, so he was very aggrieved.

Wearing a Shooting Star Invisible Cloak, he could move at an extremely fast speed. What's more, he had mastered the power of space. He was simply the invincible opponent of the Master of Spiritual Power.

The refining warrior killed a large number of Flaming Red Crows and left a pile of corpses on the ground. He rushed over and punched Blood Crow King in the chest.

“Wall of Fire.”

As he waved his arms, the Blood Crow King used his Spiritual Power to form a red wall of fire before him.

“Bang!”

The refining warrior was strong enough that the thick firewall was smashed and turned into a mass of scattered flames after blocking for just one moment.

The huge steel fists hit Blood Crow King's chest, and the Blood Crow King was thrown out.

If the Blood Crow King was really just a Master of Spiritual Power, then the refining warrior's punch would have been enough to break his body.

This was not the case. The Blood Crow King did suffer severe injuries, but he did not die instantly. Instead, his body underwent subtle changes.

The Blood Crow King's skin became completely blood red. His blood flowed quickly, as if there was a river flowing through his body, making a "swooshing" sound.

Nobody expected that Blood Crow King's body would exude such a strong Spiritual Blood, so Zhang Ruochen and Mu Lingxi were secretly surprised and raised their guard.

"Swoosh!"

Suddenly, the Blood Crow King grew a pair of Blood Wings on his back. He flew up from the ground at a rapid speed and flew over the Flaming Red Crow Prince's corpse.

The Blood Crow King's hands grew sharp claws and began tearing the blood and flesh of half of the Flaming Red Crow Prince. He opened his mouth and revealed two long fangs. He then began to swallow the blood.

Mu Lingxi's beautiful eyes widened in shock. How could this happen? Why did the Blood Crow King suddenly become such a horrible monster?

Zhang Ruochen became dignified and solemn. He said, "This is not good. It's an Immortal Vampire again. The refining warrior should kill it before it swallows the Flaming Red Crow Prince's blood."

Upon receiving the order, the refining warrior immediately rushed up and hit the Blood Crow King's chest.

"Swoosh!"

The Blood Crow King was extremely fast. With his legs squatted like blood light, he flew from the ground to an altitude of 333 meters.

He laughed darkly and stretched out the large Blood Wings on his back. The Spiritual Blood in his body naturally diffused outward, forming a mighty cloud of blood.

Right now, even compared with Zhang Ruochen with the Shooting Star Invisible Cloak, he was only a little bit weaker in terms of speed.

In the Fish-dragon Realm, it was simply incredible that a man could move at such a rapid speed relying on their own cultivation alone. The man was about to catch up with the Saintly Being of the Ninth Change in the Fish-dragon Realm.

On the ground, the Flaming Red Crow Prince's body had dried up. Most of the blood had been sucked by the Blood Crow King to cure his wounds.

“The injuries on his body have healed. It seems that... he has become more powerful.”

Seeing the Blood Crow King's present appearance, Mu Lingxi only felt cold as if seeing the legendary demon.

Chapter 631 - The King and The Emperor

Translator:

Transn

Editor:

Transn

The flame formed by the Flaming Red Crows turned most of the sky a red flame-like color. From afar it was like a dazzling picture of a fire cloud inlaid in the sky.

On the horizon, a fat black cat was walking on its two hind legs while putting the forelegs behind his body just like a man's hands. It looked at the distance.

The sun shining over the ground gave it a magnificent shadow. From the shadow it looked like a fat tiger.

Behind the Black Cat followed a tall young woman who exuded a strong, chilly atmosphere. A layer of white frost fell with every step that she took.

The woman was Orange Star Emissary of the Black Market Excellence Hall.

Orange Star Emissary looked into the distance with a hint of firmness in her eyes, saying, "This is unusual. Thousands of Flaming Red Crow have gathered here. They must be controlled by the Blood Crow King. This means what the Master felt is correct—the owner did not die and must be nearby."

Although Orange Star Emissary had been reluctant to take a cat as her teacher, its understanding of the Holy Road was extremely surprising.

She even thought that the understanding of her master, "Ghost Saint", of the Holy Road was inferior to that of the cat.

With its guidance, Orange Star Emissary made rapid progress in cultivation. Almost every day, her understanding of the Holy Road improved to a new level.

In addition to that, Blackie occasionally brought out some long-lost martial techniques and occult arts to help her practice. Each one was broad, profound, and powerful, which Orange Star Emissary found herself unable to refuse.

That was exactly why Orange Star Emissary worshipped Blackie as her teacher. She really wanted to know the many good things she could learn from it.

“Could Zhang Ruochen die so easily? I made a great discovery in the Battlefield of Primitive World, so I need to do some major events together with him,” said Blackie sophisticatedly.

After returning from the Battlefield of Primitive World, Blackie had already heard the news about Zhang Ruochen and knew that his identity as a Time and Space Descendant had been exposed.

Everyone said that he had died.

Only Blackie believed that Zhang Ruochen must still be alive.

Based on its sense of the Yin Yang Wooden Graph, Blackie brought Orange Star Emissary to the Eastern Evil Land, looking for Zhang Ruochen to do big events together.

She knew that Blackie had made a huge discovery in the Battlefield of Primitive World. However, no matter how she cajoled Blackie, she could get nothing from its mouth.

Although the cat looked silly and fat, in fact, it was quite astute and practical.

It was extremely hard to get useful information from it.

Blackie sniffed and looked up at the distance again with a deep look and exclaimed. “Oh! Why do I smell the powerful reek of blood?”

Orange Star Emissary also felt the intense energy fluctuation coming from far away. She ran the Genuine Qi inside to converge on her eyes. She could vaguely see a massive blood cloud emerging in the sky.

A human-shaped monster seemingly stood in the blood cloud. The wave of energy had originated from its body. Even if they were 300 miles away, people could still feel a burst of fear.

...

...

At this moment, Zhang Ruochen gazed at Blood Crow King above him and explained to Mu Lingxi. He said, "That single punch from the refining warrior seriously injured the Blood Crow King so he was forced to reveal his true body.

"Later, the Blood Crow King drank the blood of the Flaming Red Crow Prince to recover from his injuries. After revealing the true body, he doesn't need to maintain the disguise. He will become more terrifying."

Everyone had their own secrets and trump cards. Zhang Ruochen and Blood Crow King were no exceptions.

Only when left with no options would they reveal their secrets.

In the sky, the Blood Crow King looked at Zhang Ruochen in astonishment and smiled gloomily. "After 800 years, I did not expect that someone among the young generation of Kunlun's Field would still remember the Immortal Vampires. Zhang Ruochen, you are talented. As long as you give Di Yi to me and become my blood servant, I will spare your life."

Zhang Ruochen said with a cold grunt, "After 800 years, the Immortal Vampires are still so arrogant. It seems that Emperor Ming shouldn't have just locked you on Manji Island but directly killed you instead."

The Blood Crow King's eyes narrowed and observed Zhang Ruochen. He asked, "How do you know about the battle between the Sacred Central Empire and our Immortal Vampires 800 years ago? It's interesting.

"Actually, the reason the Immortal Vampires have returned to Kunlun's field is for revenge. The Immortal Vampires have already infiltrated the major forces of Kunlun's Field. When the time comes, we can eradicate the dregs of the Sacred Central Empire, including the so-called Ming Hall."

Zhang Ruochen said with a smile, “Aren’t you afraid that I will send a message back to the Ming Hall and inform them to destroy you first?”

The Blood Crow King laughed, apparently without any fear, and said, “First of all, you have to escape from me. However, the two of you, plus a refining warrior, couldn’t possibly take me on.”

Even in the Fish-dragon Realm, only the Saintly Being of the Ninth Change in the Fish-dragon Realm could fight against him. Even if a refining warrior exhausted its Holy Qi, it would end up a pile of scrap metal.

Naturally, Blood Crow King was very confident in his power.

Somebody sneered from somewhere. “I hate arrogant people like you the most. Furthermore, you’re shameless before me. Do you really think that the King of Slaughter is just a decoration?”

On the horizon, Blackie held up its head and puffed out its chest, looking sideways with its round eyes. It walked slowly with an arrogant spirit, wishing to scare off the Blood Crow King with his vigor.

However, it did not look sinister due to its obese body. Moreover, its aura was not aggressive enough. It could not scare a monk of the First Change in the Fish-dragon Realm, what more the Blood Crow King?

Everyone turned their eyes toward Blackie.

Upon seeing Blackie, Mu Lingxi’s eyes lit up and her eyelashes fluttered in surprise. “Blackie”.

Zhang Ruochen was not surprised at all because Blackie could perceive his position and he could perceive Blackie’s. In fact, he had already known that Blackie was nearby.

The Blood Crow King looked at Blackie, eager to know who it was who dared to call itself an “Emperor”.

Ever since Empress Chi Yao ascended the throne, no one had dared to use the title “Emperor”.

When the Blood Crow King saw that Blackie was a fat cat, he shook his head disappointedly, with a contemptuous look. He looked away from Blackie and saw Orange Star Emissary behind Blackie.

The Blood Crow King's face changed and he huskily said with a smile, "Long time no see, Orange Star Emissary."

Orange Star Emissary frowned when she saw the hideous Blood Crow King. She said, "I really did not expect that you are from the Immortal Vampires. Why did you lurk in the Black Market?"

The Immortal Vampires could be called the common enemies of man. They lived by sucking the blood out of other creatures. Even the Black Market could not stand them.

"Why? The influence of the Black Market was widespread throughout Kunlun's field. Of course, we Immortal Vampires want to have a share."

"You're greedy," said Orange Star Emissary.

The Blood Crow King coldly said, "Now that my identity has been exposed, all of you must die today."

"You are so shameless in front of me. Believe it or not, I can eat you alive now." Blackie looked more arrogant than the Blood Crow King. His eyes were vicious.

The Blood Crow King couldn't stand this fat cat. "You dare to call yourself an 'Emperor' before me. If that is so, I will kill you first."

The Blood Crow King swooped down and appeared above Blackie. He threw out his sharp claws and incited a mass of Spiritual Blood to strike against Blackie.

"Bang!"

Suddenly attacked by the paws, Blackie flew out like a black ball and slammed against a small hill.

With a loud crash, the hills collapsed and buried it.

The Blood Crow King had not been able to see through Blackie's cultivation so he had thought highly of it. Therefore,

he took the initiative to attack.

It had spoken so arrogantly, so it might have some real capacities.

Unexpectedly, that fat was only talking big. It was completely bluffing. It was dealt with by just a slap.

“Funny! So it is just crap...”

The Blood Crow King grinned, but soon his face froze and his laughter suddenly stopped as if his throat was stuck.

“How could this be?”

Beyond expectation, the fat cat actually swung out of the mudstones and shook its body quickly. With a poof, it shook off the dust from its long hair and said coldly, “You are so shameless to attack me. Hey, you have infuriated me. Today, you are toast!”

The Blood Crow King looked dignified. No one knew that he had exerted all his strength just now to give that slap. Even a monk of the Ninth Change in the Fish-dragon Realm would be beaten to death, not to mention a cat.

However, that fat cat was not injured at all.

Such a terrifying defensive power horrified the Blood Crow King.

Blackie leaned its head to one side and proudly said, “If I fight against you personally, I will degrade my status. I will send my disciple to deal with you. Yue Er, go and kill him on my behalf.”

“Yes.”

Orange Star Emissary moved forward. With every step she took, the icy air bursting out of her body became a little stronger.

When she took the ninth step, the ground within 5 kilometers of her feet became completely frozen by the icy cold.

Chapter 632 - Devil Moon and Ice Phoenix

Translator:

Transn

Editor:

Transn

Because of the ice cold air of Orange Star Emissary, large snowflakes began falling from the sky.

Zhang Ruochen raised his head and looked up. He faintly saw a black devil moon suspended above Orange Star Emissary.

The icy air between heaven and earth was emanating from the devil moon.

“As the devil moon is in the sky, the area within a radius of five kilometers will be frozen.

“The Orange Star Emissary’s ‘Innate Lunar Body’ is comparable to the Saintly Being, so the devil moon she released is strong enough to fight with the Dharma Laksana.” Zhang Ruochen told himself.

Orange Star Emissary had secluded herself for refining in the Scroll World of the Yin Yang Wooden Graph for many years, and then she followed Blackie for experience in Battlefield of Primitive World, so her cultivation had advanced by leaps and bounds. She had not only broken through to the Fifth Change in the Fish-dragon Realm but she had also improved her physical quality.

Zhang Ruochen could see that Orange Star Emissary had not yet succeeded in the practice of “Extreme Yin Body”. Otherwise, the icy air she released would not just “freeze an area within a radius of 5km” but “50km”.

The Extreme Yin Body, as a superlative physical quality, was only weaker than the Five Elements Chaotic Body.

To some extent, the reason why Orange Star Emissary worshipped Blackie as her teacher was that she wanted to practice and master Extreme Yin Body with Blackie's guidance.

"Orange Star Emissary is willing to take Blackie as her master?"

Mu Lingxi rolled her eyes, filled with disbelief.

In her mind, Blackie had always been unreliable. Orange Star Emissary was at least an Emissary, half a high-level figure of the Black Market. To be so willing to follow him, she must have been bamboozled by Blackie.

Zhang Ruochen touched his chin and said, "Although her cultivation has improved a lot, she is still at the Fifth Change in the Fish-dragon Realm. She can't defeat the Blood Crow King. Let's fight together!"

"Swish—"

Mu Lingxi nodded and released the Dharma Laksana of Mysterious Ice Phoenix. A great illusory image of the Ice Phoenix emerged, emitting a loud cry.

The Ice Phoenix's illusory image and the black devil moon occupied opposite sides, competing with, yet also complementing each other.

"Pfft!"

Suddenly, the area became chillier. The two Dharma Laksanas impacted each other, forming an adverse current that converted to cold wind, making the snowflakes dance in the air.

It was obvious that the Dharma Laksana of the illusory image of Ice Phoenix was stronger than that of the black devil moon. It restricted the power and aura of the moon to one side.

Orange Star Emissary was very surprised. Obviously, she hadn't thought that there was such a powerful figure with Zhang Ruochen.

The Refining Warrior and Zhang Ruochen stood at two other locations opposite each other, trapping the Blood Crow King

in the center.

The Blood Crow King was unafraid. He burst into laughter. “Good, very good, your physical qualities are very strong. If I can suck your blood, I will surely break through to the Half-Saint Realm.

“Swish!”

Zhang Ruochen immediately used Space Moving and appeared above the Blood Crow King. He threw out the Yin Yang Wooden Graph to suppress him.

The graph suddenly projected powerful beams of light that enfolded the Blood Crow King.

The Blood Crow King’s face changed. Every beam of light from the graph added five tons of weight on his shoulders. In just a moment, the power of the lights had pressed his two legs into the earth.

“What is it?”

As the Blood Crow King stretched out his arms, the Spiritual Blood floating around him started boiling up and rushing upward. The Yin Yang Wooden Graph was badly shaken up as if it was about to fly away.

Zhang Ruochen threw his palms downward and formed light columns to control the Yin Yang Wooden Graph. Meanwhile, he glared at Blackie and said, “Don’t just stand there. Help me to suppress him.”

Without any hesitation, Blackie breathed out a light column that surged towards the Yin Yang Wooden Graph, stabilizing it.

The light emitted by the graph became even brighter.

Actually, Zhang Ruochen could also try to open the door of space into the Yin Yang Wooden Graph in order to subdue Blood Crow King into the Scroll World.

However, with the Blood Crow King’s tough cultivation and high speed, it wasn’t like he would just stand there and wait for Zhang Ruochen to catch him.

The chances of catching him were less than ten percent, but if the Blood Crow King succeeded in escaping, it would be much harder to suppress him again.

Given his cultivation, everyone here would not be able to defeat him.

Therefore, Zhang Ruochen used the Yin Yang Wooden Graph, which had the power to suppress evil things, to fight with Blood Crow King.

Right now.

Mu Lingxi and Orange Star Emissary grabbed the opportunity to launch simultaneous attacks against the Blood Crow King from two different directions.

“Swoosh!”

Orange Star Emissary shook her arms, and the Dragon Lock Chain that was wrapped around her wrist suddenly flew out and transformed into a big iron chain as thick as a bowl. It twisted around the Blood Crow King’s neck.

The iron chain was filled with inscriptions and released the destructive power of the thunderbolt.

The Blood Crow King snorted, stretched out his bloody claws to catch the Dragon Lock Chain and then jerked it back quickly.

Even if he was suppressed by the Yin Yang Wooden Graph, his power was enough to defeat Orange Star Emissary. Orange Star Emissary only felt a powerful force coming from the Dragon Lock Chain, and she suddenly lost balance and flew toward the Blood Crow King.

As he raised the other claw, spiritual blood poured out from it and condensed into a ten-meter-high claw print, flapping toward her head.

Just as Orange Star Emissary was about to be killed by Blood Crow King, Mu Lingxi unleashed the Saint Power in the Holy Sword. With a swoosh from another direction, she wielded the sword and chopped at the Blood Crow King’s arm, deflecting it

Even though it was a Holy Sword, it only left a one-inch-deep cut on the Blood Crow King's arm. It barely did him damage.

However, this strike resolved Orange Star Emissary's crisis.

The Blood Crow King glanced at his arm and saw blood gushing out of the wound. He suddenly roared angrily and threw his arms to attack Mu Lingxi.

The Refining Warrior then rushed up and threw punches, colliding with the Blood Crow King's palms.

Boom!

A circle of powerful energy ripples erupted from the junction of their fists and palms. The powerful strength shook Mu Lingxi and Orange Star Emissary, causing them to stumble backward a few steps.

Suppressed by the Yin Yang Wooden Graph, how could the Blood Crow King rival the refining warrior?

At this moment, a lot of small blood cracks appeared on his arms, and even his bones started creaking. His two arms seemed to be broken.

Taking this opportunity, Mu Lingxi displayed a bodily movement and rushed behind the Blood Crow King. She stimulated the power of the Holy Sword to the extreme and stabbed at the Sacred Meridian on the Blood Crow King's back.

“Boom!”

Just as the Holy Sword penetrated into the Sacred Meridian, a tough power emerged from the Blood Crow King's back that shook her backward.

Although Mu Lingxi sustained serious injuries, she was able to break the Blood Crow King's exercises.

“Bang Bang!”

The Refining Warrior punched the Blood Crow King nine times. Each punch left a huge hole in the Blood Crow King's body, splashing blood everywhere.

After the last punch, the Blood Raven King's body was suddenly torn apart, and even his bones broke down.

With their joint effort, they had finally killed the Blood Crow King.

Mu Lingxi took a healing pill and stared at the broken bodies on the ground. She asked with lingering fear, "Is he really dead?"

Zhang Ruochen took the Yin Yang Wooden Graph back and dropped to the ground. He picked up a red stave with blood on it and looked at the Blood Crow King's body, saying, "The Immortal Vampires are not as powerful as Di Yi's Heartless Saint Being. We can kill them by cutting off their heads or digging out their hearts. The Refining Warrior has already crushed his body, so he is completely dead now, even if he is an immortal vampire."

After hearing this, everyone was finally relieved.

The red stave was the Blood Crow King's Psychic Staff. No one knew what it was made of, but it must not be an ordinary thing.

Since it was a treasure, it must not be wasted. Therefore, Zhang Ruochen put it away.

Hearing Zhang Ruochen mention Di Yi, Orange Star Emissary's face changed. She asked, "Have you just fought with Di Yi?"

Zhang Ruochen turned around and stared at Orange Star Emissary. He paused briefly and then asked, "If I tell you that Di Yi has been suppressed by me, will you rebel against me for him?"

Mu Lingxi smiled, and the Holy Sword in her hand emitted eye-dazzling sword radiance again.

Mu Lingxi did not know why Orange Star Emissary had yielded to Zhang Ruochen and why Blackie had accepted her as a disciple. However, if Orange Star Emissary dared to save Di Yi, she would not mind killing Orange Star Emissary now.

Seeing Zhang Ruochen's cold eyes, Orange Star Emissary looked around at Mu Lingxi and Blackie. Finally, she refrained

from making a move.

The girl beside Zhang Ruochen was an unfathomable master, whose strength would be beyond hers. Not to mention that there was a Refining Warrior.

If she rebelled against Zhang Ruochen with her current strength, she would definitely die.

From the very beginning, Zhang Ruochen knew that Orange Star Emissary had not sincerely surrendered to him. Since she hadn't rebelled, he had temporarily let her go for Blackie's sake.

Zhang Ruochen said, "Blackie, manage your disciple strictly. If you can't do that, I can help you."

Blackie said, "Zhang Ruochen, why are you so cruel to a woman? Don't you know what tenderness toward women is? What's more, Yue Er never said that she would save Di Yi. She just asked casually."

"That's best."

Zhang Ruochen gently shook his head and said nothing. He searched for a long while and finally found the damaged Holy Soft Leather Armor.

Previously, Zhang Ruochen had beheaded Di Yi and Di Yi's body started burning. Although he recondensed into a body, the Holy Soft Leather Armor was left on the ground.

The Holy Soft Leather Armor was a rare defensive treasure. If he spent enough materials, he could restore it.

When he picked up the armor, Zhang Ruochen discovered a heavy, hard object inside.

"What is this?"

Zhang Ruochen reached through the crack in the armor and took out a cold crystal.

"Swoosh!"

A dazzling light radiated from the surface of the crystal. Dense Holy Qi surged out. To his surprise, the crystal was a holy source.

Chapter 633 - The Conference of Swordplay

Translator:

Transn

Editor:

Transn

“No wonder Di Yi can break through the Second Change in the Fish-Dragon Realm in such a short period. It turns out that he possesses a holy source.”

Zhang Ruochen nodded his head with a smile on his face as if something dawned on him.

Di Yi even left behind the holy source in order to escape. He knew what to give up and what to take up. Unfortunately, he failed.

“It is...a holy source.”

At the sight of the holy source on Zhang Ruochen’s hand, the eyes of the Blackie, Mu Lingxi and the Orange Star Emissary lit up with excitement, and they huddled together to have a look at it, not concealing the amazement on their faces.

Each and every holy source was an incomparable priceless treasure. Not only could it help a Monk cultivate quicker, but also increase the odds for the Monk to become a Saint Being.

Even a Half-Saint would scramble to death for the treasure.

Even in strong powers like the Black Market, Martial Market Back, and the Heresy, one could never get a holy source when your cultivation was below the seventh level Half-Saint no matter how talented he was.

The fact that Di Yi could possess a holy source when his cultivation was only in the Fish-Dragon Realm was actually a first.

“Good things should be split among friends”

Blackie kicked his legs and turned into a black shadow that flew to pounce on the holy source.

Zhang Ruochen withdrew his arm and avoided Blackie’s attack.

After Blackie pounced in vain, he fell on the ground. His body did a somersault causing his chubby head to hit a huge boulder, cracking it open.

“Zhang Ruochen, you have the Dragon Pearl and the Sarira. So, the holy source is not going to be useful for you. Why would you take it all yourself? I propose we split the holy source among my disciples.”

Blackie rose up from the ground and said seriously.

Zhang Ruochen answered, “When did I ever say I was going to take it all for myself?”

After hearing this, the Orange Star Emissary’s eyes brightened.

Even for her, an Emissary of the Black Market Excellence Hall, getting a holy source is extremely hard, and the item is precious.

If she could get one holy source from Zhang Ruochen, with the help of the Scroll World that could give her tenfold times, she was confident that her cultivation would be improved by leaps and bounds, and she could even leave Zhang Ruochen far behind.

Zhang Ruochen paid no attention to Orange Star Emissary. He was looking straight at Mu Lingxi when he said, “Senior sister apprentice Duanmu contributed to the battle the most and correspondingly the holy source should belong to her.”

Mu Lingxi was startled because she never expected Zhang Ruochen would give the holy source to her.

Even a Saintess in the Moon Worship Sect could hardly get one holy source. After all, there was more than one Saintess in the Moon Worship Sect and therefore it was impossible to allow each Saintess to have a holy source.

With a holy source, she could have at least a fifty-fifty chance to reach the Saint Realm.

That showed how valuable a holy source was!

“Senior sister apprentice Duanmu? What are you saying by Senior sister apprentice Duanmu?”

Obviously, Blackie did not recognize Mu Lingxi and he sized her up in bewilderment with his big round eyes.

Although Mu Lingxi was taken aback, she did not say anything to Zhang Ruochen. She simply reached out for the holy source and held it tightly in her hands.

Somehow, her heart was filled with joy, but not only because she acquired a holy source.

Zhang Ruochen gave her the holy source even with no hesitation. It proved that she held a place in his heart and that she wasn't someone who was dispensable to him.

She was seized with warmth and sweetness in her heart as if her intense desire for honey was met.

“Di Yi enjoys a noble identity so there must be a Half-Saint hidden in the dark protecting him. Evil superiors from the Black Market will soon chase after us. We had better get out of here now.” Zhang Ruochen said.

Although the Red Wish Emissary managed to ask Half-Saints of Ye family to assail Di Yi's protectors, those protectors were, after all, Half-Saints and were bound to catch up if they noticed anything wrong.

It was also dangerous for Zhang Ruochen to engage with Half-Saints even when he had an imperial edict in his hand. Of course, he'd better get away as soon as possible.

Zhang Ruochen drew back the refining warrior and then brought his men out of the Eastern Evil Land and into the recess of the God Falling Ridge where they took a break.

After locating a remote valley, Zhang Ruochen took the Yin Yang Wooden Graph

out and opened the doorway to space and time, through which he led his man into the Scroll World.

It was Mu Lingxi's first time being in the Scroll World and everything there was very new to her. When her eyes fell on the Sacred Prime Tree in the center of the world, she was dumbfounded.

The Sacred Prime Tree towered high up into the sky, connecting the sky with the earth. Anyone could feel that the tree was inhaling and exhaling the Spiritual Qi, giving off a primitive and prodigious aura.

"I didn't expect you to have such a Fascinating World. Unbelievable, truly unbelievable." Mu Lingxi sighed.

Zhang Ruochen understood the connotation behind her words and could not help but ask, "Have you ever seen a similar space world elsewhere?"

The expression of amazement on her face was immediately replaced by embarrassment, she said, "It is a big secret of the Moon Worship Sect. I had sworn to the Sect Master that I would never tell anyone. So, Zhang Ruochen...I am so sorry."

Zhang Ruochen smiled and comforted her, "Senior sister apprentice, you do not have to say sorry to me. I should not have asked you this question. After all, it is the secret of your Sect. You are a Saintess, so you should keep it to yourself."

Zhang Ruochen used to be the Crown Prince of the Sacred Central Empire. Surely, he has some ideas of the secrets of each power.

In fact, even if Mu Lingxi did not tell him, he would figure it out himself. It was just that something is better left unsaid.

He was a little impolite and inconsiderate just now which made Mu Lingxi feel embarrassed.

Mu Lingxi bit her lips and let out a sigh without saying anything else, but she felt guiltier.

"Senior sister apprentice, don't think about it too much. Everyone has their own secrets, so do I. There is no need for you to feel guilty."

Zhang Ruochen smiled and started talking something else, “Since we are now in the Scroll World, we might as well deal with my feud with Di Yi first.”

Thereupon, Zhang Ruochen pulled out the Auspicious Vase and clicked on it to activate the Inscription of Space inside it.

“Swoosh!”

Instantly, streams of air gushed out of the Auspicious Vase.

Shrouded in the streams of air, Di Yi’s body flew out of it. He was unaware that he was in the Scroll World, therefore, as soon as his foot touched the ground, he unfolded his imperial edict to trigger the Saint Power so he can try to escape.

“Where are you going?”

Blackie snorted in anger and threw his paws toward Di Yi. The act stirred the Heaven and Earth Spirit that condensed into a huge black paw print to bring Di Yi down from up in the air.

Although Blackie only exerted a little amount of power, it was able to break dozens of bones inside Di Yi’s body, causing continuous bone-cracking noises. This was because Blackie’s powers became much stronger in the Scroll World.

With a “Bang”, Di Yi fell down, leaving a two-meter-deep hole on the ground.

Di Yi was badly hurt and all he could do was lie in the hole without moving.

“How...could it be...?”

Di Yi’s face was covered with beads of sweat and his body shook uncontrollably.

He refused to admit that he had lost. Ever since he was a child, people around him had been telling him that he was the best talent in the Kunlun’s Field, that he was even more talented than the late Evil Emperor.

Brilliant as he was, how could he be defeated by Zhang Ruochen time and time again?

Why?

He could not accept the fact!

Zhang Ruochen walked up to Di Yi and grabbed his imperial edict away from his hands. Then, he frisked Di Yi's body and found a second imperial edict.

“He has two imperial edicts...”

Zhang Ruochen opened the second imperial edict and had a close look at it.

“September 9, the Conference of Swordplay.”

At last, Zhang Ruochen noticed the left corner on the imperial edict that bore the signature “Saint Lady” who was well-known across the Eastern Region for her talents.

Zhang Ruochen once heard a little about the Conference of Swordplay from Sword Saint Xuanji. People said that it was a party for swordsmen under heaven and would be held centennially.

The conference of swordplay was not only an opportunity to perceive the sophistication of “Wordless Sword Manual” but also a gathering of influential masters. God's favored sons of the younger generation and sword saints of the older generation all came together at the Sword Pavilion.

Of course, Sword Saints of the older generation would either communicate with each other about the Tao of the sword they had gained from hundreds of years of practice or discuss the world's landscape.

A fierce fight was bound to take place among sword masters of the younger generation, and many obscure swordsmen also had a chance of shooting to fame at the conference of swordplay.

Why did the Saint Lady invite Di Yi to the conference of swordplay?

What kind of identity would Saint Lady show up at the conference in?

The conference of swordplay held on September 9 this year would presumably be more than just competing based on sword techniques.

Zhang Ruochen slightly shook his head while rolling up the imperial edict. A stroke of his finger opened a Space Crack and thrust the imperial edict into it.

With a “wham”, the two imperial edicts were ripped to pieces by Power of Space and were thrown into the chaotic space of the void.

As the imperial edicts bore the Saint Power of Saint Lady and the Black Market Excellence Hall Owner, they had to be eradicated without leaving any traces in order to avoid unnecessary calamity.

When the Orange Star Emissary saw Di Yi breathing his last breath, the expression in her eyes became colder. As she ran the genuine Qi insider her body, the Dragon Lock Chain on her wrist instantly glowed with scarlet holy light amidst sounds of “swoosh.”

Zhang Ruochen perceived the surging energy and looked up at the Orange Star Emissary.

Blackie turned grim too as he knew Zhang Ruochen was a little agitated and then suggested, “Yue Er, you should know that in the Scroll World, you could never spirit away Di Yi with your power. As your master, I advise you not to do stupid thing.”

The Orange Star Emissary showed a firm expression in her eyes, saying, “Four creeds are enshrined in the doctrine of Murong family, namely, loyalty, filial piety, audacity, integrity. ‘Loyalty’ comes first among them.”

“Since I am the Emissary of the Black Market Excellence Hall and he is the young master, how can I watch him die in front of my eyes?”

Chapter 634 - Men Are Sentimental

Translator:

Transn

Editor:

Transn

People have always stuck to their own principles and faith. Some people have remained loyal until they met their end; some have shared weal and woe to practice filial piety; some have layed down their lives for audacity; and some have gone through fire and water for integrity.

The Orange Star Emissary was no exception. So, she could not watch her former young master get killed before her eyes.

“Swoosh!”

Her wrist trembled, and the Dragon Lock Chain flew away to sweep Di Yi to her side.

Mu Lingxi certainly knew what was going on between Zhang Ruochen and Di Yi. She snorted in contempt, summoned up her white holy sword, and activated the inscription on it to attack the Orange Star Emissary.

“Murong Family.”

Zhang Ruochen had an uncanny look in his eyes while murmuring.

“Hold on”

Zhang Ruochen stopped Mu Lingxi and walked up to the Orange Star Emissary. “Are you a descendant of the Murong family?”

The Orange Star Emissary stared at Zhang Ruochen in bewilderment and said, “So what?”

Zhang Ruochen nodded his head and beckoned Blackie over with a wave. "Blackie, you take her away first. I will go find her and have a word with her later."

Blackie did not expect that Zhang Ruochen would let go of the Orange Star Emissary, and he gave a dim-witted smile. He said, "No problem!"

The Orange Star Emissary had no strength to resist the wind power created by the Blackie, and she was blown far away. In a moment, they disappeared over the horizon.

No more nonsense with Di Yi. Zhang Ruochen employed a sword skill, and waving his hands, he brought out a blast of sword Qi from the tips of his fingers and cut off Di Yi's head.

"Hehe!"

Di Yi's head and body were set on fire in black leaping flames.

When his corpse had been burned to ashes, a stream of black holy Qi and red spiritual blood drifted up and entwined with each other as if they were about to produce a new body together.

Zhang Ruochen would certainly never give Di Yi a second chance to reproduce a new flesh body, and he immediately released Power of Space to part the black holy Qi with the red spiritual blood by force.

"Senior sister apprentice Duanmu, help me to refine Di Yi's martial soul," Zhang Ruochen said.

Martial soul was the soul of a Monk.

Only by refining his martial soul to the end could Zhang Ruochen kill Di Yi.

The power of Di Yi's martial soul was comparable to a Monk with a cultivation of the Eighth Change in the Fish-Dragon Realm. It would be hard for Zhang Ruochen to refine it through his cultivation alone.

"Swoosh!"

Mu Lingxi sat cross-legged across from Zhang Ruochen and mobilized from her body a current of freezing Qi that turned

into a white light column and flashed out of her hands.

Zhang Ruochen brought his hands together. The Qi Sea between his eyebrows and the mysterious embryo in his belly ran together to integrate into a stream of domineering masculinity.

As Zhang Ruochen opened his arms, a fire column suddenly surged away from his palms.

Two blasts of power, one cold and one warm, collided with each other and started to refine the Black holy Qi and the red spiritual blood.

Di Yi's martial soul was enveloped by the two blasts of power.

Even though Zhang Ruochen and Mu Lingxi were cooperating, it still would take them three days to completely refine Di Yi's martial soul.

The black holy Qi and the red spiritual blood remained floating in the air, like two clouds rotating around each other and forming a Tai Chi mark.

Mu Lingxi withdrew her genuine Qi and looked up. She said, "The black holy Qi should be the undying holy Qi. If we managed to refine it, we might be able to cultivate ourselves into an immortal Saintly Being."

Zhang Ruo shook his head. "I have been practicing the Five Elements Chaotic Body, and I have already been at the level of 'Treasured Body of Three Spirits'. I would not give up halfway in order to cultivate into a Saintly Being. Moreover, I do not want to dig my heart out."

An undying Saintly Being was also called a "Heartless Saint Being."

The only way a warrior could cultivate himself into an undying Saintly Being was to dig his heart out.

Even with his heart removed, he still held a very limited rate of success. It was more likely that he would lose his life.

An undying Saintly Being was truly powerful and was comparable to the Four-Spirit Treasured Body. It was a great

temptation for anyone, and many people were willing to risk their lives by digging out their hearts to achieve it.

Zhang Ruochen never thought about practicing to be an undying Saintly Being. For him, Five Elements Chaotic Body was the real challenge.

Mu Lingxi also shook her head in an obvious sign that she had no interest in practicing to be an undying Saintly Being either.

Just when Zhang Ruochen and Mu Lingxi were considering how to deal with the undying holy Qi...

The black holy Qi and the red spiritual blood in the air swooped downwards as if being dragged down by some kind of force. A human shadow was lying motionless on the ground, and it kept inhaling the holy Qi and the spiritual blood.

The holy Qi and the spiritual blood mingled into an intact flesh body as quickly as a bamboo shoot springing up.

Mu Lingxi was startled and began to put up her guard. She said, "His soul has been refined. Is Di Yi still alive?"

Zhang Ruochen looked thoughtful. His heart always throbbed with joy when he figured something out, and a shadow of a smile gradually touched his mouth. Apparently, he also marveled at it.

The black holy Qi had condensed into a suit armor. It wrapped around the body, and only an angular and handsome face peeped through.

He had sharp facial features. Acute eyes, an aquiline nose, and every single line on his face was as distinct as if it had been carved by hatchet.

"Bu Qianfan."

Since Mu Lingxi had seen Bu Qianfan once, she recognized him at first sight.

Why would Di Yi become Bu Qianfan after he died?

Mu Lingxi did not know that Bu Qianfan had been refined by Di Yi into one of his shadows. Therefore, she could hardly

believe what she was seeing now. She found it quite amazing. However, Zhang Ruochen looked calm and smiled. “Kind of interesting.”

Bu Qianfan stood opposite Zhang Ruochen, his body erect like a javelin, and he said confidently, “Zhang Ruochen, I have to thank you first. If you had not refined Di Yi’s soul, there would be no chance for me to regain my freedom. I owe you a favor. But shall we put an end to our discord now?”

Zhang Ruochen said, “Congratulations! You are free now. And I like those who can tell kindness and hatred apart. But I remember that a long time ago, you already owed me a favor. With this one, it is two you owe me. What else is between you and me, except the two favors?”

Bu Qianfan squinted his eyes and involuntarily took a step forward, his body warlike. He said, “Although I was refined into a demonic shadow by Di Yi, I still retain my old consciousness. Do you think that I could forget what you did to the Orange Star Emissary? As the disciple of a Sword Saint and Time and Space Descendant, how could you be so mean? How could you dare to do it, while not daring to admit it?”

Zhang Ruochen certainly knew how infatuated Bu Qianfan had been with the Orange Star Emissary.

What surprised him was that immediately after Bu Qianfan regained his freedom and his new body, he began to look for revenge for the Orange Star Emissary.

Zhang Ruochen did not know whether to call Bu Qianfan a psycho or a fool.

Zhang Ruochen kept his face straight. He did not care to explain what had happened between him and the Orange Star Emissary. He smiled. “Forget whether I have done anything to the Orange Star Emissary first. Even if I did, does it have anything to do with you?”

Bu Qianfan was slightly jolted, and his intention for battle obviously abated.

Zhang Ruochen added, “What happened between the Orange Star Emissary and me is none of your business. Who are you?”

What right do you have to defend her? Are you her lover? No joke, ok? You are dispensable to her. Even Di Yi is more important to her than you. Perhaps, so am I.”

After hearing these words, Bu Qianfan was at a loss, and he became flustered. He finally smiled wryly and said despondently, “You are right. I am nothing to her.”

Zhang Ruochen shook his head and walked toward him. Patting his shoulder, Zhang Ruochen said, “Truth is not always music to your ears. But it is the truth. Even though she knew you had been refined by Di Yi into a demonic shadow, the Orange Star Emissary still tried to save Di Yi when I was about to kill him, and she never thought about you at all.”

“She’s a woman who does not love you back. She will never give you a look, even if you have done so much for her. Are you such a fool?”

Bu Qianfan closed his eyes and said, “I don’t care.”

“You have the right to love somebody deeply. I was like you before. But I paid a high price for it at last. You can never force a woman to love you back. All you can do is change yourself. Otherwise, she will be your weakness forever.”

Zhang Ruochen shook his head again and said, “When you think it through, come to me. I will lead you out of the Scroll World. Because of you, Saint Bu Gentry will certainly be punished by the imperial court. If you refuse to perk yourself up and hurry back to the East Region Saint City, Saint Bu Gentry will suffer immeasurable losses.”

Zhang Ruochen did not meddle in his love affairs. What needed to be said was said. It was enough.

If Bu Qianfan was still stuck in his unrequited love, then nobody could help him.

When Zhang Ruochen mentioned “Saint Bu Gentry,” aspiration rekindled in Bu Qianfan’s eyes. He seemed to realize the duty on his shoulders.

“Wait,” Bu Qianfan said.

Zhang Ruochen turned around and looked at him.

Bu Qianfan heaved a long sigh and said, "I am going back to Saint Bu Gentry. Since I have made big trouble, I have to go back and make up for it. I will undertake my requisite duty."

Seeing him out of the woods so quickly, Zhang Ruochen could not help thinking highly of Bu Qianfan, and he said, "Great, come after me."

After opening the doorway to space and time, Zhang Ruochen led Bu Qianfan out of the Scroll World himself.

They appeared in a deep valley in God Falling Ridge at the same time, and they walked side by side out of the valley.

Zhang Ruochen said, "I hope you will keep my secret to yourself forever. If you can do it, a favor will have been paid."

Bu Qianfan gave Zhang Ruochen a cold look, and said, "Are you pitying me? You can rest assured that I will not spill the beans. As for the two favors I owe you, just give me a word, and I will come repay them right away."

Chapter 635 - Leader of All Sects

Translator:

Transn

Editor:

Transn

Zhang Ruochen nodded. He pondered for a while before saying calmly, “Whether you believe it or not, I have to tell you that I did not bully or mistreat her. If she had tried to hurt me, I would certainly have considered killing her.”

“You are Sword Saint Xuanji’s disciple. I believe whatever you say.”

Bu Qianfan cupped his hands toward Zhang Ruochen, “It is time to say goodbye. I hope we can be good friends rather than sworn enemies by the time we see each other again.”

Bu Qian raised his right leg and stomped hard on the ground. He jumped and soared hundreds of meters high into the sky, and then vanished from the deep forest.

“Had it not been for the Orange Star Emissary, his one flaw, Bu Qianfan would have had the power to match against Di Yi.” Zhang Ruochen gave a sigh. It was true. Sometimes, women could make heroes bow in deference.

The most sorrowful thing in the world was to fall in love with someone who would never love you back. Bu Qianfan was caught in the same situation Zhang Ruochen had been before.

Chi Yao was even more stone-hearted than the Orange Star Emissary.

Hadn’t Zhang Ruochen been more wretched than Bu Qianfan was now?

It took Zhang Ruochen half an hour to fly back to the Scroll World. He arrived at the gate of a half-completed city. Upon entering, he soon found Blackie and the Orange Star Emissary.

Blackie was sitting at the stone table discussing how to eat Black Skeleton Flood Dragon King with Greedy Rabbit and Monster Ape. The three foodies had long coveted the flesh of Flood Dragon Lord and their mouths watered at the thought of it.

When Zhang Ruochen came into sight, the smiles on their faces quickly faded away.

Zhang Ruochen asked, “Blackie, Ao Xinyan went to the Battlefield of the Primitive World with you. Where is she now?”

“After we got back to Kunlun’s Field, we separated. I assume she is at the Saint Academy now.” Blackie said.

“No accidents is good news.”

Zhang Ruochen stared at the Orange Star Emissary standing in the far distance and asked, “Did you notice anything different on your visit to the Battlefield of the Primitive World?”

Blackie rolled his eyes. He made a ball of black sheen with one of his paws. A layer of Qi gathered around him and Zhang Ruochen.

Apparently, he was going to say something confidential that nobody else could hear.

Blackie said sternly, “Based on the marks I found on the altar in the Wood Spirit Primitive World, I went to two more Primitive Worlds: an Inferior Primitive World and a Medium Level Primitive World. I found two more altars. Moreover, the Qi of Origin in both was repressed under the altar.”

Zhang Ruochen inhaled a breath of cold air. “What on earth is Chi Yao doing? Making the Primitive World an array unit and deploying such an immense array, is she really trying to refine the Kunlun’s Field?”

Blackie said, “Maybe. Absorb the spiritual blood of all living creatures on earth to break through the Realm of True Deity. If

she succeeds, she will be the only god since the Middle Ancient Times.”

“Of course, that’s just my guess. It’s not likely to happen because nobody could be that crazy.”

“Actually, I see another possibility. She might be trying to deploy an unprecedented array to encircle the entire Kunlun’s Field and construct a fortress that joins the Kunlun’s Field with thousands of Primitive Worlds.”

“To be honest, after she united Kunlun’s Field, she did do a lot to flourish the population. The era we live in could be called the prime times. If she actually succeeds in building a Cosmic Formation, she will definitely go down in history for her meritorious exploits.”

Zhang Ruochen looked solemn. “What if the first possibility turns out to be the case? As you know, all humans are selfish.”

Blackie answered, “It is very likely to be the case. So, I’ve come back to get your help in finding out the truth. According to clues I found at the altars, there are altar marks in the Kunlun’s Field and there is a link between them. ”

“The closest altar mark is located in the west frontier of the God Falling Ridge.”

The God Falling Ridge spanned through large parts of the Eastern Region. There were not only millions upon millions of savage beasts, but also hundreds of Suzerains, large and small, scattered across the Ridge.

Small Suzerains were usually made up of dozens of people.

The histories of some of the larger Suzerains could be traced back thousands of years. The number of disciples they had recruited exceeded hundreds of thousands. It was enough to make them rulers in their regions.

The west frontier of the God Falling Ridge was also home to the Yin and Yang Sect, a Sect that had been around since the Middle Ancient Times.

The Yin and Yang Sect was crowned as the “leader of all sects” in the Eastern Region. It had disciples all around the

world and inner disciples garrisoned in the Sect added up to more than 300 thousand.

Adding in the disciples in the Eastern Holy land and Eastern Evil Land, the number would be in the millions.

There were even inner disciples of the Yin and Yang Sect in the Central, Southern, Northern and Western regions.

If outer disciples, affiliated Suzerains, affiliated families, servants, drudges and human tribe were counted in, the personnel under the control of the Yin and Yang Sect was innumerable.

Because the Yin and Yang Sect was so powerful, it was qualified to equal the Black Market, Heresy, the Chens and the Martial Market Bank in the Eastern Region; it was the leader of all sects.

In the west frontier of the God Falling Ridge there existed a world of Suzerains with the Yin and Yang Sect as its leader.

The imperial court's attempts to quell the Eastern Evil Land had floundered when they reached the God Falling Ridge, partially because it had been hindered by the influence of the Suzerains led by the Yin and Yang Sect.

Zhang Ruochen said, "You mean that the altar is in the Yin and Yang Sect?"

"Only the Yin and Yang Sect has the power to establish such an extensive altar," Blackie said.

Zhang Ruochen was lost in thought. "In that case, I have to go to the Yin and Yang Sect myself. No matter what the truth is, I have to find out."

"But the Yin and Yang Sect has such a profound influence. We can't just break in; we have to figure out another way."

All of a sudden, Zhang Ruochen's eyes brightened as a strategy crossed his mind.

"We can't break in, but why not disguise ourselves as someone else to sneak into the Yin and Yang Sect?"

“If they think I’m a disciple of the Yin and Yang Sect, it will be much easier to look for the altar.”

Zhang Ruochen looked at Blackie. “Blackie, I just remember that I left something behind, go fetch it for me.”

“What and where?” Blackie asked.

“It’s the corpse of a disciple from the Yin and Yang Sect and his Suzerain token. It’s where we fought with the Blood Crow King,” Zhang Ruochen said.

Blackie seemed to understand what he was thinking and nodded his head. He and the Greedy Rabbit left the Scroll World for the battlefield.

Once Zhang Ruochen’s cultivation improved to the Fourth Change in the Fish-Dragon Realm, he would be able to begin practicing the Change of 36 Forms. By then, he would easily be able to turn himself into a disciple of the Yin and Yang Sect and sneak in.

Obviously, Lin Yue, who had been killed by the Blood Crow King was a good choice. That was why Zhang Ruochen asked Blackie to fetch his corpse.

Of course, Zhang Ruochen had to iron out another issue first. He walked toward the Orange Star Emissary.

Even though she heard his footsteps from behind, the Orange Star Emissary did not turn around. With no emotion in her voice, she said, “You finally killed Di Yi.”

“Yes.”

Zhang Ruochen said, “If you want to avenge him, you can take action now. However, I have to remind you that you have already acknowledged me as your master. If you take actions against me, you will be breaching your principle of loyalty and integrity.”

The Orange Star Emissary sneered, “Zhang Ruochen, you are too self-righteous. To tell you the truth, I never actually took you as my master. I was just putting on an act.”

Zhang Ruochen picked a stone stool and sat down, He was at ease. “I have also been putting on an act. Had it not been for

Blackie who thought you are still useful, I would have probably already killed you.”

The Orange Star Emissary turned around abruptly. A mass of holy Qi appeared in her palms and the Dragon Lock Chain was spinning quickly around her wrist.

Zhang Ruochen gave her an impersonal look. He had no intention to wage a fight. “Di Yi died, but Bu Qianfan came back to life.”

The Orange Star Emissary bit her lips, her facial expression growing complicated. “He is a good man.”

“It’s just that he loves the wrong woman.”

Zhang Ruochen smiled and grew serious. “You once said you are a descendent of Murong family? Few people in the Kunlun’s Field dare to call themselves a ‘family’.”

“So what?” said the Orange Star Emissary.

Zhang Ruochen said, “You say there are four creeds in the Murong family: loyalty, filial piety, audacity and integrity. I remember you killed Yin Wuchang, the third disciple of Ghost Saint and your elder brother as well. Wasn’t that an act of injustice?”

The four creeds were rather important to the Orange Star Emissary. Zhang Rouchen’s words made her feel humiliated.

The Orange Star Emissary glared at Zhang Ruochen like he was a fool. “Do you really think Yin Wuchang was a good guy? Do you think he could actually sacrifice his precious practice time in order to save his junior sister apprentice? To tell you the truth, I exploited your power to kill him on purpose.”

Zhang Ruochen certainly knew that the friendship between them was a joke.

Perhaps, the Orange Star Emissary had her own unknown reasons for killing him.

Zhang Ruochen stopped fishing for the facts and cut to the chase. “Do you know Murong Yefeng?”

The Orange Star Emissary jolted, and her eyes lit up. “How do you know this name? Who are you?”

From her expression, Zhang Ruochen knew that she must have heard this name, confirming his assumptions.

Eight hundred years ago, the Murong family had been one of the largest families in the Sacred Central Empire. They had nurtured many eminent talents, almost all of them loyal to Emperor Ming.

The person in the Murong family that had the closest relationship with Zhang was Murong Yefeng.

Chapter 636 - Your Highness

Translator:

Transn

Editor:

Transn

Murong Yefeng, who was two years younger than Zhang Ruochen, was also very talented, and he was the first genius of the Murong family.

The leader of the Murong family sent him to be Zhang Ruochen's apprentice. He wanted the boy to take this opportunity to train with him. He hoped he could get to know Zhang Ruochen and cultivate a good relationship with him. Then, one day, Murong Yefeng could take over as family leader.

If the future leader of Murong family could make friends with the future Sacred Central Emperor, endless benefit would definitely be brought to the whole family.

Murong Yefeng had a really strong relationship with Zhang Ruochen, and he never regarded him as a servant.

Zhang Ruochen, Chi Yao, Murong Yefeng, and Kong Lanyou were listening to classes and practicing Martial Arts together in the academy. Murong Yefeng was the youngest and received the most care.

If Zhang Ruochen had a friend in the last lifetime, then it certainly was Murong Yefeng.

Therefore, when Zhang Ruochen learned that the Orange Star Emissary was a descendant of the Murong family, he thought of his old friend immediately.

Eight hundred years had passed. Zhang Ruochen wondered whether Murong Yunfeng was dead or alive.

It took a long time for Zhang Ruochen to collect himself. Then, he said, “What’s your relationship with Murong Yefeng?”

The Orange Star Emissary noticed the strange expression on Zhang Ruochen’s face and remembered her earlier speculations about him. She recalled the Holy Qi on her hand at once, replying, “He is the Highest Elder Lord of the Murong family.”

“Is he still alive?” Zhang Ruochen asked.

“I have no idea.”

She shook her head and added, “The Highest Elder Lord hasn’t presented himself physically for over 300 years. Even some Murong elders don’t know whether he is alive or dead.”

With some hesitation, she finally decided to speak the doubt in her mind. She said, “Zhang Ruochen, actually, I have a question to ask you.”

“Go ahead!” Zhang Ruochen replied.

Orange Star Emissary said, “Your name is Zhang Ruochen. Eight hundred years ago, the Crown Prince of the Sacred Central Empire was also named Zhang Ruochen. It’s not just a coincidence, is it?”

Zhang Ruochen asked, “What do you think?”

“Eight hundred years ago, the Crown Prince died mysteriously. The world was shocked with consternation for a little while.

“At the time, two rumors appeared. One said he was killed by his fiancée, Princess Chi Yao. So, it led to a 57-year battle between Sacred Central Empire and Qingchi Central Empire.

“The other rumor was that he was killed by his cousin, Princess Peacock. Soon after the disappearance of the Emperor, Peacock Mountain Village took over the power of Sacred Central Empire and became the ruler of the Empire.

“It’s even recorded in the history books that the Crown Prince and Emperor Ming were killed by schemes of the Peacock Mountain Village. Emperor Qing and Princess Chi Yao of

Qingchi Central Empire attacked Sacred Central Empire to avenge the murder of Zhang Ruochen.

“Although there are many opinions, the dead bodies of the Crown Prince and Emperor Ming were never recovered. No one knows what actually happened.”

The Orange Star Emissary continued. “The Highest Elder Lord of our Murong family spent hundreds of years pursuing the truth, but it was in vain.

“In the end, he had no choice but to lead the broken Murong family to flee into the Black Market in order to avoid being killed by the imperial court and Ming Hall.”

Zhang Ruochen narrowed his eyes and suddenly raised his head. He said, “Why did Ming Hall chase and kill the Murong family? Wasn’t Ming Hall built by former subordinates of Sacred Central Empire? Why didn’t all of you join together to defy Chi Yao?”

Orange Star Emissary snorted and said, “At that time, Emperor Ming disappeared, and the prince was killed. The whole Sacred Central Empire was left in chaos. Kong Shangling, the Manager of Peacock Mountain Village, allied with a crew of courtiers to take over the administration and occupancy of Emperor Ming’s Palace.”

“The leader of the Murongs, Murong Chengde, was one of Three Ducal Ministers of Sacred Central Empire. He took the title of ‘Grand Preceptor.’ Murong Chengde was totally disgusted with Kong Shangling’s behavior. He reprimanded him for treason and heresy, and he proposed that a new member of Zhang family should be a new king. Unfortunately, it was suppressed by Kong Shangling, and countless disciples of the Murong family were persecuted.

“Later, the Sacred Central Empire was defeated by the army of Qingchi Central Empire. Everyone, whether Peacock Mountain Villager or Murong family, became enslaved and subjugated.”

“When Qingchi Central Empire’s army force breached the wall of Emperor Ming’s city, all the descendants of the

Murong family fought to the end. More than 70% of them died. Finally, the rest were forced to retreat to Eastern Evil Land and hide themselves in the Black Market.

“Kong Shangling and the members of Peacock Mountain Village led some remaining subordinates to form Ming Hall to fight against Empress Chi Yao in the Central Region.

“Without the shield of the Evil Emperor, the Murong family would have been destroyed completely. Di Yi was the descendant of the Evil Emperor. The reason why the Murong family fully supported him to be the young master was to repay the kindness of the Evil Emperor.”

Although the Orange Star Emissary had never witnessed the glory of Sacred Central Empire, it had been mentioned by her grandparents and passed down from generation to generation.

Zhang Ruochen had been observing the Orange Star Emissary's eyes. She did not appear to be lying, and every word she said was the truth as she knew it.

If what she said was true, had the disappearance of Emperor Ming really been related to Peacock Mountain Village?

However, Zhang Ruochen had only seen Kong Lanyou once. He knew that she held her former feelings, and she did contrive them falsely.

After all, the Orange Star Emissary was just a junior of the Murong family. The things she knew were not necessarily the truth.

Eight hundred years ago, Kong Lanyou had just been a teenage girl. Even if Peacock Mountain Village had cast greedy eyes on imperial power and plotted to kill Emperor Ming, it had nothing to do with her.

However, when Chi Yao killed Zhang Ruochen, she had been there.

Who was telling the truth? Who was hiding?

Or maybe both sides were right, but some unknown secrets lurked behind the scenes.

“It is very hard to understand a person's heart.”

The case of “The assassinated Prince and missing Emperor” had happened eight hundred years ago, and it was still complicated and confusing.

All the things before Zhang Ruochen were so opaque that he had to ferret out the truth on his own.

With his current cultivation, both the Murong family and Ming Hall were so massive and formidable that they could kill him at a hand’s turn.

Any precipitate exposure of his identity could possibly consign himself to perdition before he was able to hunt down all the facts.

“I will take the initiative to contact them after I reach at least the Half-Saint realm of the Sacred Realm.”

Zhang Ruochen secretly made a decision.

Only when he had reached the Half-Saint state could he have the real ability to protect himself.

The Orange Star Emissary stared at Zhang Ruochen and said, “Eight hundred years ago, the Crown Prince was assassinated, but his body was lost. Zhang Ruochen, you are a Time and Space Descendent. Since you can control time and space, did you come from eight hundred years ago?”

Zhang Ruochen laughed and said, “Do you think it is so easy to control the power of time? With my current cultivation, it is impossible to cross a moment, let alone a span of eight hundred years.”

“So, where is your Master?” she asked.

“My master?”

“Yes, since you are the Time and Space Descendant, there must be a Master who teaches you the secret spell of time and space. Can he use his power to travel through time?”

Suddenly, Zhang Ruochen fell into silence.

If there must be a Master that taught him the power of time and place, this person, he thought, must be Saint Monk Xumi.

With Saint Monk Xumi's accomplishments of time power, it would be possible to bring Zhang Ruochen's soul eight hundred years into the future.

Was it really him?

Zhang Ruochen took a deep breath and tried to calm himself down. He said, "What are you going to ask, anyway?"

The Orange Star Emissary asked, "Are you the Crown Prince of the Sacred Central Empire?"

"If you think so, then yes, that's it," Zhang Ruochen muttered.

The Orange Star Emissary trembled as if hit by an electric shock.

Although Zhang Ruochen had replied plausibly, he had not admitted it directly. The Orange Star Emissary knew that if he was not the Crown Prince, he would have denied it immediately, instead of replying like this.

Unbelievably, the Crown Prince of eight hundred years ago had not died.

If the news came out, it would implicate numerous former subordinates of the Sacred Central Empire. It would shake up Kunlun's Field.

"Dong"

The Orange Star Emissary knelt on one knee with both hands clasped in front to salute Zhang Ruochen. She said, "Greetings, Your Highness."

Zhang Ruochen glanced at her and said, "You do not need to salute me. I have never said that I am the Crown Prince. And, even if I were, there is no more Sacred Central Empire, and thus no Crown Prince, in the world."

"No."

The Orange Star Emissary said, "Although the Sacred Central Empire has been destroyed, a number of former courtiers are in Kunlun's Field. If they knew you were still alive, they would be very happy."

“At least, we Murong family have been always loyal to the Empire. At one word from you, your Highness, we will definitely pledge our life to follow you and to rebuild the Sacred Central Empire.”

The Sacred Central Empire had a total history of 63,000 years. It had been ruled by the Zhang family, who had cultivated groups of vassals and servants with loyalty beyond question during such a long time.

Zhang Ruochen was convinced that even after eight hundred years, a number of people must still be loyal to the Zhang family.

But with his current cultivation, was it really a good idea to conspicuously reveal his identity as the Crown Prince?

Zhang Ruochen shook his head, and still insisted that he would never expose who he was before he had ascertained the truth of what had happened eight hundred years ago.

“Please, get up,” Zhang Ruochen said.

The Orange Star Emissary stood up, thrilled. She said, “Your Highness, would you please return to the Murong family with me? If the elders knew you were still alive, they would be very happy.”

Zhang Ruochen shook his head and said, “Without my permission, you can’t reveal my identity to anyone, including the elders of the Murong family.”

“Why?” asked the Orange Star Emissary, puzzled.

Zhang Ruochen said, “No reason. You must swear to the gods that you won’t tell anyone about my identity. Of course, you can choose not to swear. But, I would have to imprison you in the Scroll World to keep the secret.”

“Well, I swear.”

The Orange Star Emissary was not a stupid person, and she soon understood what Zhang Ruochen was concerned about. She made a vow immediately.

After that, Zhang Ruochen nodded his head gently and said in a steady voice, “Now, you need to do two things for me.”

The Orange Star Emissary stood to the side and listened carefully.

“First, I hope you can go back to the Black Market Excellence Hall and compete for the position of young master.”

“After the death of Emperor Di Yi, the Black Market Excellence Hall will definitely select another young master. You and the Red Wish Emissary have the greatest chance. Relatively speaking, I would prefer that you are the winner.”

“Second, Immortal Vampires have broken the seal and escaped from Manji Island.”

“I hope you can return to the Black Market and spread the news at once, so that all the major forces of Kunlun’s Field can make some preparations in advance.”

Chapter 637 - The Sword Practitioner

Translator:

Transn

Editor:

Transn

Even though Orange Star Emissary swore to the gods and claimed that she would not reveal Zhang Ruochen's identity, Zhang Ruochen understood that letting her return to the Black Market would be risky.

Of course, Zhang Ruochen had his own ideas.

The worst case scenario was Orange Star Emissary spreading the news that Zhang Ruochen, the Time and Space Descendant, was not dead. But if he did not show himself, how many people would trust her unsubstantiated words?

People were more willing to believe Wan Zhaoyi than a siren from the Black Market. After all, Wan Zhaoyi did witness the Nine Serenity Sword Saint killing Zhang Ruochen.

Was Wan Zhaoyi more credible or Orange Star Emissary?

Therefore, even the worst case would not be much of a loss to Zhang Ruochen.

On the other hand, Zhang Ruochen could use this opportunity to test Orange Star Emissary's loyalty. If she really was loyal, Zhang Ruochen would have little to worry about the next time he come into contact with the Murong family.

If she divulged Zhang Ruochen's identity, he would know how to deal with her. He would make her behave herself.

Finally, Orange Star Emissary left by herself. After nearly half a day, Blackie and Greedy Rabbit carried a charred body back.

“BAM!” Greedy Rabbit threw the body on the ground.

Although the corpse was mangled, Zhang Ruochen could still make out an indistinct face. He could tell it was Lin Yue, the Yin and Yang Sect disciple.

Zhang Ruochen searched the body and soon found an oval token made of white jade.

One side was engraved, “Yin and Yang Sect.”

The reverse was engraved, “Lin Yue.”

It was the token of an inner disciple from the Yin and Yang Sect.

Although Blackie had already guessed Zhang Ruochen’s intention, he wanted confirmation. So, he asked, “Zhang Ruochen, what do you want with this corpse you made us bring back?”

Zhang Ruochen grasped the token and his lips curved into a smile. “When my cultivation reaches the Fourth Change in the Fish-Dragon Realm, I will let you know. Guoguo, take the body, find a burial ground with good fengshui, and bury it. After all, his death has something to do with me.”

Greedy Rabbit lifted Lin Yue’s body and dashed away. He dug a huge hole and buried the body.

Zhang Ruochen stared at Blackie and said, “I’ve already cultivated to the Peak of the Third Change in the Fish-Dragon Realm. Now, I’m aiming to break into the Fourth Change. I need to cultivate my first Holy Meridian, the Yinyu Holy Meridian. Blackie, your cultivation within the Yin Yang Wooden Graph is very high, since your power isn’t sealed there, right? Can you act as my guide and help me cultivate the Meridian?”

If he borrowed the power of the Dragon Pearl, Zhang Ruochen could cultivate the first Holy Meridian himself. But great risks were involved. He could easily endanger his life if he was not careful.

Besides, if someone wanted to cultivate the First Meridian himself, he needed to spend much time fortifying his body, practicing Genuine Qi, and consolidating his power. This would take even more time.

Since a master like Blackie was around, why not use him?

Blackie's eyes instantly widened, and he took two steps back. He looked a little embarrassed and coughed twice drily.

“Actually... actually... my cultivation... is of course very strong. But my cultivation is integrated with the Scroll World. Within the Scroll World, I can mobilize the power of its entire world. But my personal power... hasn't reached that of a Half-Saint yet.”

Dark furrows appeared on Zhang Ruochen's forehead. “What do you mean?”

“My present cultivation is the same level as yours. I can't help you,” replied Blackie.

The black furrows on Zhang Ruochen's forehead became more distinct. “So you've just been bragging the whole time. You call yourself the King of Slaughter. What a joke.”

“Zhang Ruochen, let me warn you not to talk nonsense. I am indeed

very

powerful within the Scroll World. I can mobilize its power easily. One thought of mine can overturn oceans, and a stamp of my foot can crumble the earth. And I used to be so powerful. If it weren't for that old bald Buddhist monk... hey, hear me out before you go!” Blackie was ranting.

Zhang Ruochen immediately turned and went away. He could not be bothered with Blackie, and he smiled to himself. “You need to depend on yourself to practice, after all.”

When Blackie heard Zhang Ruochen's words, he went mad with rage. He clenched his teeth, rolled on the ground, bit the grass, kicked the stones, and kept meowing furiously.

Zhang Ruochen finally realized that Blackie was merely the Vessel Spirit of the Yin Yang Wooden Graph.

When a Vessel Spirit was within a Holy Weapon, it had absolute power. But once it left the vessel, its power depended entirely on the owner of the vessel.

The stronger the owner of the vessel, the stronger the Vessel Spirit.

If its owner was weak, the Spirit would be weak as well.

Since Blackie was a Vessel Spirit, he could not help Zhang Ruochen cultivate his first Holy Meridian. Zhang Ruochen could only start accumulating his power until he broke into the Fourth Change in the Fish-Dragon Realm by himself.

“I’m afraid I need to retreat and practice for a long time.”

Zhang Ruochen came to the Sacred Prime Tree and sat under it, his legs tucked beneath him. He ran Genuine Qi around his body according to the training exercises recorded in the Scripture of Emperor Ming’s Empyrean.

Since he had already reached the Peak of the Third Change in the Fish-Dragon Realm, Zhang Ruochen did not need to practice anymore. On the hand, he needed to consolidate his cultivation, refine his Genuine Qi, and merge it with his flesh, blood, skeleton, and internal organs.

Zhang Ruochen spent six hours each day consolidating his cultivation and fortifying his Genuine Qi.

He spent the rest of his time on the Tao of the sword, trying to unravel the mysteries of “Sword One” while practicing Swift Swordsmanship.

Time flew. Three months passed.

Zhang Ruochen had successfully mastered all 900 moves of Swift Swordsmanship and reached its Completion. At the same time, his understanding of the Tao of the sword had reached a whole new level.

Zhang Ruochen took out the “Sword One” manual that Sword Saint Xuanji had given him and placed it level on the ground. He continued trying to comprehend it.

“Sword One” was not a real sword manual. It merely recorded the interpretations of Sword Saint Xuanji.

In a word, a practitioner of the Tao of the Sword could never put it into words. Everyone must perceive its mysteries on

their own.

Without a sword manual, everything began as a blank slate. That was why most swordsmen could never become sword practitioners. They could never successfully master Sword One.

Compared with other swordsmen, Zhang Ruochen had many advantages. His realm in the Tao of the Sword had already reached the Intermediate Stage of the Heart Integrated into Sword. Furthermore, he had also practiced Time Swordsmanship to the profound level.

Therefore, it was easier for him to comprehend Sword One.

According to the records, Sword One represented oneself.

A warrior must completely understand the connection with the Tao of the Sword. Only then could he cross the threshold and master Sword One.

For the last three months, Zhang Ruochen had been not only practicing Swift Swordsmanship, but also reading the “Sword One” manual. Sometimes, he seemed to grasp an idea, but he always seemed to have only one foot across the threshold. Something was missing. He could not unravel the final mysteries of the first level.

Zhang Ruochen finally mastered Swift Swordsmanship, and his Sword Comprehension reached its Peak. So, he started trying to unravel “Sword One,” using this opportunity to cross the threshold and become a sword practitioner.

Zhang Ruochen sat with his legs tucked beneath his body. Unmoving, he appeared to have completely fossilized. His entire consciousness was focused.

All around, the wind moaned, and the only other sound was the rustling of the pages.

Another 12 days passed. Finally, there were some subtle changes. Once again, Zhang Ruochen seemed to have unraveled some mysteries of the Tao of the Sword.

“Hooo.”

The surrounding wind was getting colder and colder.

The powerful wind seemed to turn into indistinct sword shadows, which twirled around Zhang Ruochen's body.

The sword shadows penetrated Zhang Ruochen's body, then emerged and soared far away. Despite this, Zhang Ruochen was not hurt at all. His body seemed to have merged with the sword Qi.

“Concentrate on Spirit and Mind.”

All of a sudden, Zhang Ruochen felt weightless. He got up lightly and his hand grabbed the air, catching a stream of sword Qi.

With the Qi as his sword, he started to practice Sword One.

“SWOOSH!”

His sword moves had no regular pattern. He was striking his sword entirely at his own free will—lunging, slashing, lifting the blade, or parrying a strike.

The sword moves appeared disorganized, but they were actually extremely powerful.

He felt as if anyone approaching him would be killed by his sword.

“Sword One” had no fixed moves. It was a Tao of the sword realm which treated all opponents in a single, immovable way. It completely broke through the shackles of sword movements, and it was entirely uninhibited.

After four hours, Zhang Ruochen was drenched in sweat. The Genuine Qi within his body was almost depleted, and he finally stopped training.

“Swoosh!”

The sword formed by the Qi in his palm dissipated at once.

“I have finally crossed the threshold of Sword One. I can now be considered a sword practitioner.”

Zhang Ruochen's face lit up, and his heart started to beat more frantically.

Sword One had a total of 10 levels.

Mastering Sword One required comprehending all 10 levels. In the past 1,000 years, only 34 people within Kunlun's Field had managed to master Sword One. They reached the Completion when they were in the Fish-Dragon Realm.

Zhang Ruochen had just reached the first level of Sword One.

To a certain extent, Sword One surpassed all sword movements and was a realm of the Tao. Therefore, only Half-Saints with deep affinity with the heavens and the earth could comprehend it.

And only very few Half-Saints could cross the threshold of Sword One and become sword practitioners.

Zhang Ruochen had crossed the threshold of Sword One when he was only in the Third Change in the Fish-Dragon Realm. He was naturally very pleased to have reached the first level. It meant that practicing the Tao of the sword suited him. He would be regarded as a sword practitioner now.

For swordsmen, it was a great honor to be considered a sword practitioner.

But for Zhang Ruochen, it was just the beginning.

Chapter 638 - The Fourth Change in the Fish-dragon Realm

Translator:

Transn

Editor:

Transn

Zhang Ruochen held

Sword

One

once again and read it like crazy. He perceived it while nodding. Each character sprang to his mind like a sword.

Over the next few days, he still practiced the

Scripture of Emperor Ming's Emphyrean

for six hours as before, but he spent the rest of the time practicing

Sword

One

.

Three months later, he practiced to the fourth level of

Sword

One

after successive breakthroughs.

Even Cyan-robed Emissary at the Seventh Change in the Fish-dragon Realm could only practice to the fourth level.

However, it had taken her 10 times longer than Zhang Ruochen.

He had secluded himself for refining in the Scroll World for half a year. He completely solidified his cultivation and his Genuine Qi became very pure. His cultivation reached the acme.

“Now, I have at least a 70% chance of success to open up the first holy meridian.”

Although it was still dangerous, he decided to try it.

He spent one day adjusting his condition. He did not start to break through until he was completely relaxed.

Holy meridians were the foundation of the Holy Road.

The first three stages of the Fish-Dragon Realm were all about physical exercise, which was a preparation for opening up the holy meridians. That was because an ordinary warrior was unable to withstand the Holy Qi’s attack.

Only when one reached the Fourth Change in the Fish-dragon Realm and opened up the first holy meridian could it be called the real start of the Holy Road.

The first holy meridian was called the “Yinqiao Holy Meridian”. It started from the Qi Sea between a warrior’s eyebrows, went through more than half of the body, connected with the left foot, and finally broke through the zhaohai acupoint at the bottom of left foot.

After opening up the “Yinqiao Holy Meridian”, more than half of the warrior’s body would be unblocked, which was beneficial to improve his cultivation.

Zhang Ruochen mobilized the Qi of Saint Dragon inside the Dragon Pearl. It surged out of his heart and gathered in his Qi Sea. Then, he started to break through the entrance of the holy meridian by following the directions in the fifth-level exercises of the

Scripture of Emperor Ming’s Empyrean.

“Boom!”

“Boom!”

...

Every time the Qi of Saint Dragon hit the entrance, a thundering sound would ring in his ears.

Other monks could ask a Half-Saint to open up a holy meridian for them, which was relatively simple. However, Zhang Ruochen could only do so forcefully by relying on his own strength.

After crashing over 200 times, there was a thread of blood on the corner of Zhang Ruochen's mouth. He was shaking but he had not broken through the entrance.

Without giving up, he took a sip of Blood of the Wood Spirit to suppress his injury. He mobilized the Qi of Saint Dragon to continue crashing.

After crashing 1,300 times, he finally opened up a gap at the entrance of the holy meridian. He controlled the Qi of Saint Dragon and pushed it ahead slowly.

Even though the Qi of Saint Dragon moved forward only one inch, he felt as if he was being torn apart.

He had spent half a day but only opened up 10% of the Yinjiao Holy Meridian. Now, beads of blood were dripping from his pores and the vessels throughout his body bulged out.

Opening up the first holy meridian had to be accomplished in a single effort. If it was not completed or the monk fainted halfway, the chaotic Holy Qi would flow in reverse.

In this way, the monk would die or lose all his cultivation.

So, opening up the first holy meridian was really dangerous.

Zhang Ruochen spared no effort, using strong willpower, and finally broke through half of the Yinjiao Holy Meridian.

He was numb with pain. Beads of blood were constantly seeping out. They dripped from his forehead, neck, and arms, and dyed his white cloth red.

The pain was so unbearable that it would destroy people's will. And then, one only wanted to give up or die immediately.

Yes, even die, as nobody was willing to suffer this pain.

"I must hold on and not give up. I can make it."

Zhang Ruochen gritted his teeth and his body became tense. He pressed on without letup and continued to break through the meridian.

When he was about to open up 90% of the meridian, the skin of the left side of his body began to crack and generate many broken-ceramic-like bloody lines.

It was worrisome that he could die from exploding at any moment.

Standing nearby, Mu Lingxi held her breath and did not dare to make a noise. She was extremely nervous due to the fear that he would have an accident when opening up the first holy meridian.

“He can surely make it.”

Mu Lingxi gritted her white teeth and stared at him with her beautiful starlike eyes, without a blink.

“Boom!”

Suddenly, the flow of the Heaven and Earth Spiritual Qi to Zhang Ruochen sped up. It poured into the zhaohai acupoint, went through the Yinjiao Holy Meridian, and entered his Qi Sea.

When it went through the Yinjiao Holy Meridian, it turned into a wisp of faint Holy Qi. Then, it gushed forth to the 36 meridians throughout the body and ran inside.

Gradually, the bloody lines of the left side of his body cured rapidly.

The torturous pain disappeared and was replaced by an unspeakable comfort.

He had successfully opened up the first holy meridian, the Yinjiao Holy Meridian.

He finally reached the Fourth Change in the Fish-dragon Realm.

The Yinjiao Holy Meridian could not only absorb Heaven and Earth Spiritual Qi through the zhaohai acupoint and turn

Spiritual Qi into Holy Qi, but it also could run inside and turn Genuine Qi inside into Holy Qi.

Since he had opened the holy meridian, he was able to mobilize the Holy Qi and display martial techniques.

It was bewildering how powerful it would be to display martial techniques with Holy Qi.

“Dragon and Elephant Furnace.”

Zhang Ruochen rushed up from the ground and flew up into the air. His whole body was like a scorching iron, demonstrating masculinity.

He struck out a palm and formed a 23-meter-long Fire Fingerprint. It went all the way up to the sky and shattered the clouds.

“Swoosh!”

He looked at his palms and said with delight, “Displaying a martial technique with Holy Qi will double its strength.”

However, a monk at the Fourth Change in the Fish-dragon Realm could only open up one holy meridian, so the Holy Qi inside was relatively thin. Just now, he had only struck out one palm, but that had exhausted the Holy Qi inside him.

Only when one continued to perform exercises and turn Genuine Qi into Holy Qi could he burst out such powerful strength.

Unless one broke through to the Fifth Change in the Fish-dragon Realm and opened up the second holy meridian, the transformation of the Holy Qi would not happen faster.

“Congratulations! Congratulations! Zhang Ruochen, your willpower is really strong. It’s admirable that you opened up the first holy meridian by just relying on your own strength.”

Mu Lingxi revealed a joyful face and walked gracefully. She came straight over to Zhang Ruochen, bringing with her a faint scent.

He looked at her with a strange expression. He said with a smile, “Senior sister apprentice Duanmu, you’ve also broken

through to the Sixth Change in the Fish-dragon Realm. You are to be congratulated as well. And I also admire your practicing speed.”

Mu Lingxi gave him an angry stare and said, “I was already at the peak of the Fifth Change in the Fish-dragon Realm. After getting the Holy Source, I secluded myself for refining in the Scroll World for half a year. Had I still not been able to break through to the Sixth Change, it would have been strange.

“If you spare no effort to practice, you will definitely be faster than me.”

Although he secluded himself for refining, he spent most of his time practicing Swift Swordsmanship and perceiving

Sword

One

, so he did not spend enough time improving his cultivation.

Zhang Ruochen did not care and said with a smile, “Whether the Holy Road or the Tao of the sword, they will be easier to practice in the later stages as long as one has learned the rudiments.”

“Exercises and martial techniques supplement each other. Next, I will probably spend a lot of time in perceiving the Tao of the sword and practicing martial techniques,” Mu Lingxi said.

She immediately stopped smiling and turned somber. “What are you going to do next? I heard from Blackie that you want to disguise yourself as Lin Yue, an apprentice of the Yin and Yang Sect, to look into something, right?”

Zhang Ruochen replied honestly, “Yes, I do.”

Mu Lingxi warned him, “There are many masters in the Yin and Yang Sect. Even if you use a top-class disguise, I’m afraid that you may not be able to hide the truth from a Half-Saint. Will you be taking too much of a risk by doing so?”

Zhang Ruochen laughed and said, “Don’t worry, I can handle it. If I don’t have a 70% chance of success, I won’t play dice with death.”

He was a prudent person. Seeing him so confident, Mu Lingxi thought that he had to have some advanced skills to be able to deceive a Half-Saint, or maybe even a Saint. Therefore, she was no longer worried about him.

Mu Lingxi laughed by presenting her bright eyes and white teeth. “Okay! I’ll go to the Yin and Yang Sect to look for you on the ninth day of September.”

“Are you leaving now?” Zhang Ruochen was a little surprised.

She was very optimistic and cheerful. When he was with her, he felt an unspeakable sense of relief.

Every time he ran into danger or needed help, no matter how powerful the enemies were, she would unhesitatingly come to face the danger with him together.

It seemed that she was standing by his side and watching him. As long as he needed her, she would instantly appear.

To him, she was a confidante who could cast away the shadow of his heart, and a faithful friend who could fight alongside him.

Even an ironhearted man could not possibly remain indifferent about the affection she invested.

He was loath to part with her, bearing a touch of loss. But he kept his thoughts to himself.

She blinked her eyes gently and looked at the nearby Sacred Prime Tree. “The Scroll World in the Yin Yang Wooden Graph is a perfect Holy Land for refinement. If I could choose to, I wouldn’t leave. Unfortunately, I’m not a hermit, neglecting fame and money. Instead, I’m a Saintess of the Moon Worship Sect. I’ve been outside for a long time, so I must go back!”

Obviously, she was more sentimental than him. She also hid her feelings deep inside.

“All good things must come to an end.”

Zhang Ruochen gave a mild smile and heaved a deep sigh. Then, he seemed to remember something. He slightly frowned and asked, “Are you going to the Yin and Yang Sect on the ninth day of September too?”

Chapter 639 - Strong Warbeasts

Translator:

Transn

Editor:

Transn

Mu Lingxi did not want to affect Zhang Ruochen with her mood. Upon hearing his words, she immediately laughed. Her crystal red lips formed a fascinating curve. “Yes. Someone invited me to join the Sword Technique Conference, so why not? Besides, I’ll see you there, so I’ll definitely go.”

Hearing her say it, he could figure out the overall picture.

“Mu Lingxi must have also been invited by Saint Lady. Otherwise, she, as Demonic Saintess, would be taking a great risk going to the Yin and Yang Sect.

“Saint Lady has invited both the young master of the Black Market and the Demonic Saintess. All descendants of the Saint Gentries probably also received her invitation.

“What on earth does she want to do?

“Were those rumors all true? Saint Lady is Empress Chi Yao’s person?

“Since Saint Lady personally issued an imperial edict to invite talents of the world, there would probably be a fierce struggle during the Sword Technique Conference on the ninth day of September.

“Would the Sword Technique Conference give birth to an unparalleled person like Sword Emperor?

“Would it become a symbol of prosperity, with many talents and saints coming forth in large numbers since the foundation of the First Central Empire?”

He had not seen Saint Lady before, but he had begun to be vigilant. He suspected that she represented the imperial court and she was probably Chi Yao's person.

“Can you hug me before I leave?”

Mu Lingxi's eyes were like two gems of spirituality. She stared at Zhang Ruochen tenderly with a faint blush on her white cheeks.

He watched the delicate and charming expression in her eyes. He hesitated and then finally went over and stretched out his arms to embrace her tender body.

She snuggled her cheek against his chest with a sweet smile, as if the whole world had become very quiet.

After an undetermined period of time, they separated. Then, he sent her out of the Scroll World.

...

...

During the half-year, Blackie, Guoguo, and the monster ape had not been idle. They had already devoured the Black Skeleton Flood Dragon King.

The Black Skeleton Flood-dragon King was a Sixth Level Savage Beast—comparable to a Half-Saint. Its body was huge.

Its flesh and blood contained rich Holy Qi that was more precious than panaceas.

More importantly, Guoguo and the monster ape spent most of their time in the Scroll World. Thus, their practicing time was ten times longer.

Just because of this, their practice proceeded at a shocking speed.

The monster ape had reached the Eighth Change in the Fish-dragon Realm. Furthermore, it had refined the Five Elements Spirit Treasure, practiced Treasured Bodies of Double Spirits, and was breaking through to Treasured Body of Three Spirits.

Besides, it had the giant monster ape archaic spirit's Blood Meridian, so its physical quality was really tough.

Therefore, it was completely comparable to Saintly Beings within the same realm.

Now, the monster ape was standing before Zhang Ruochen. Its body was like a hill, emitting magical black light. With a roar, it was able to burst out formidable strength.

“Whoosh!”

A vast wind gushed out of its mouth.

Because he stood under the monster ape, his hair and clothes were blown upward, and he flew backward about ten meters. He looked up and faintly felt a powerful pressure. “Beyond expectation, the monster ape has reached the Eighth Change in the Fish-dragon Realm.”

Even though Zhang Ruochen had broken through to the Fourth Change in the Fish-dragon Realm, he might not get a good result if he fought with it.

Blackie lay on the desk and gave him a contemptuous look. “It and the rabbit have almost finished the plentiful refining resources you put in the Scroll World, such as the Blood of Wood Spirit, flood dragon blood, Dragon Pearl, and savage beasts. The result? It only practiced to the Third Level Heaven of ”

Elder Devil’s Ten Skies

“. It has not awakened its archaean blood meridian. What a jerk!”

The archaean survival of the Eighth Change in the Fish-dragon Realm had a formidable fighting ability. It was powerful enough to be a Half-Saint’s saddle or a guardian fighting beast of some big family.

However, Blackie was dissatisfied with the monster ape’s performance.

After all, the monster ape had devoured a lot of resources and had practiced top-class exercises. Besides, Blackie had given it careful instructions. Its current performance had not yet been amazing, in fact, it was barely satisfactory.

The monster ape did not dare to retort but lowered its head.

Zhang Ruochen looked at Greedy Rabbit and discovered that it had broken through to the Seventh Change in the Fish-dragon Realm. It seemed to have changed into a strong warbeast.

Greedy Rabbit did not have archaean meridian blood like the monster ape, but it had devoured Di Yi's Demon's Heart and refined a magical body pill inside.

With just the body pill, it was already completely comparable with the Saintly Beings within the same realm.

Besides, it had also refined some Five Elements Spirit Treasure and practiced "Treasured Body of Water Spirit". Thus, it might be a little more powerful than the common Saintly Being.

Zhang Ruochen laughed and said, "They practiced at a surprising speed. If the Lord of Flood Dragon's flesh and blood was completely consumed, they should be able to break through to the Ninth Change in the Fish-dragon Realm within five years."

Although Greedy Rabbit and the monster ape had eaten all of the Lord of Flood Dragon, they had only digested a part of the energy, and a lot of energy was still hidden inside.

As long as they completely absorbed its flesh and blood, their cultivations would definitely improve.

Zhang Ruochen changed the subject and said, "Although they have powerful cultivation, they still can't fight with monks. You have to teach them some martial techniques. In doing so, they can display their strength more skillfully. Armed with only brute force, they will be easily defeated by human warriors."

The monster ape and Greedy Rabbit were indeed tough, and they were comparable with the Saintly Beings.

However, if they really fought with Saintly Beings, the opposite could easily defeat them with a move.

Saintly Beings not only had powerful strength but were also good at exerting power. They could display any martial technique to the acme of perfection, which would be powerful enough to knock the monster ape and Greedy Rabbit silly.

However, if the Saintly Being was one realm or two realms inferior to them, they would still be able to defeat the Saintly Beings.

After all, the realm was a kind of advantage. If the gap was too big, they would not be able to turn the tables even with subtle martial techniques.

Blackie smiled and said, “They’re practicing ‘Elder Devil’s Ten Skies’ and ‘Sky Swallowing Knack’, which have exercises and several unique techniques. If they can practice successfully, they will be able to exert enormous power.”

“If they can have a Holy Armour or master a Holy Weapon, they can compete with Saintly Beings within the same realm.”

Zhang Ruochen nodded lightly and said, “I can deal with the Holy Armour. Based on my current cultivation, I should be able to break up Xuanwu’s carapace. When they reach the Ninth Change in the Fish-dragon Realm, I will cut two pieces of Xuanwu’s carapace and refine two Xuanwu Armor for them.

“I also have two Holy Weapons.”

Zhang Ruochen took out the Roaring Flame Hammer and the Red Copper Brahma Seal from the Spatial Ring and put them on the ground.

“Bang! Bang!”

The two Holy Weapons were very heavy—they formed two pits on the ground.

The Roaring Flame Hammer was Green-robed Emissary’s Holy Weapon. It was a little damaged, so it had to be repaired before use.

The Red Copper Brahma Seal was Di Yi’s Holy Weapon. It was more powerful than the Roaring Flame Hammer. It was considered a top-class Hundred Inscription Weapon.

It was only second to a Thousand Inscriptions Weapon.

Seeing the two Holy Weapons, the monster ape and Greedy Rabbit were excited and their eyes brightened, exuding light. They immediately pounced on the Red Copper Brahma Seal.

Both of them could see that the Red Copper Brahma Seal was more powerful.

“The red seal belongs to me. Don’t fight with me.”

Greedy Rabbit stretched its mouth larger than its body, hoping to swallow the Red Copper Brahma Seal into its belly.

The seal was falling into its mouth.

“Howl!”

The monster ape rushed out from the left side and roared. It threw a punch through Greedy Rabbit’s mouth and struck the seal into the air.

Greedy Rabbit was suddenly taken aback and its eyes turned red. A powerful evil energy burst out from its body. With a cracking sound, its body expanded rapidly. It instantly changed into a huge scarlet rabbit.

The monster ape and Greedy Rabbit fought with each other.

“Enough!”

Blackie snorted and reached out a claw. With a wave, he took away the two Holy Weapons.

The monster ape and Greedy Rabbit were dumbfounded. They withdrew the evil energy and stopped the fighting. They did not dare to scramble with Blackie. Their eyes widened with confusion.

“Master Chen has already given the two Holy Weapons to us. How could Lord Black take them away?”

Blackie glanced at them and said, “The Roaring Flame Hammer and the Red Copper Brahma Seal are the Holy Weapons of the Black Market. I will give them to you after recasting and shapeshifting. Otherwise, you will be easily recognized when you take them out.”

They were relieved.

Then Blackie said, “Whoever breaks through to the Ninth Change in the Fish-dragon Realm first will get the Red Copper Brahma Seal.”

“It has to be me.”

With a bang, the monster ape punched its chest. Like an iron impact that made the earth shake.

“I practice faster than you, so I will definitely reach the Ninth Change in the Fish-dragon Realm first.” Greedy Rabbit was reluctant to show weakness.

Two savage beasts emitted powerful evil energy and condensed into two demonic clouds. They seemed about to start fighting again.

Zhang Ruochen shook his head with a forced smile. “You should retreat to practice first. When you reach the Ninth Change in the Fish-dragon Realm, I will ask you to do something important.”

The monster ape and Greedy Rabbit did not dare defy Zhang Ruochen. They glared at each other and snorted. Then, they retreated in opposite directions.

Chapter 640 - Arriving at the Yin and Yang Sect

Translator:

Transn

Editor:

Transn

The monster ape and Greedy Rabbit displayed tremendous strength. Therefore, Zhang Ruochen was eager to break through to the Fifth Change in the Fish-dragon Realm and open up the second holy meridian in his body.

However, he was different from them.

They only needed to practice in the Scroll World without considering other things. Zhang Ruochen even helped them to handle their practice resources.

Zhang Ruochen had a lot of things to do, so he did not have enough time to seclude himself for refining.

Although they consumed a lot of practicing resources, the monster ape and Greedy Rabbit would become Zhang Ruochen's helpers until they reached the Ninth Change in the Fish-dragon Realm.

He could arrange them to handle things that he could not do.

Until then, it's their turn to search for practicing resources.

"They have great potential and they may grow up to become two Holy Beasts," He said.

Blackie said with a smile, "The exercises I imparted are top class. Now you give them top practicing resources. How can their strength be poor?"

Zhang Ruochen asked, "Where is Han Xue?"

“She is secluding herself for breaking through the Fish-Dragon Realm,” Blackie replied.

“To break through to the Fish-Dragon Realm? Is she not going to break through the Ultimate Realm of the Heaven Realm in the Battlefield of Primitive World?”

He clearly knew that her practicing speed was incredible. She had secluded herself for refining in the Scroll World for three years. Now, she had reached the Completion of Heaven Realm.

Most of all, she had reached the Ultimate Realm of the Yellow Realm, the Black Realm, and the Earth Realm. If she did not go to break through that of the Heaven Realm, it would be a pity.

He thought carefully and then shook his head. “She is so young, she should not have much blood on her hands. Forget it!”

Blackie nodded and said, “I asked her this question. She immediately refused when she heard that one can only reach the Ultimate Realm of the Heaven Realm after killing a lot of people. Actually, based on her Thousand-bones Physical Quality, the influence on her is not big if she won’t break through the Ultimate Realm of the Heaven Realm.

“Reaching the Ultimate Realm can only bring about the Chord of the Gods.

“However, the former Thousand-bone Empress did not need to attract the Chord of the Gods. Instead, she can kill gods.”

At the mention of Thousand-bone Empress, Blackie let out a surprised gasp. Blackie’s round eyes were sparkling, filled with admiration for her. It appeared to be remembering its experience.

The former Thousand-bone Empress was rumored as being miraculous. However, since it’s been a long time, Zhang Ruochen did not feel anything.

He took out the damaged Holy Soft Leather Armor and gave it to Blackie. “Would you be able to repair it with your strength? Please give it to Han Xue after repairing.”

Zhang Ruochen owned the Shooting Star Invisible Cloak and the Dragon Pearl, so he did not need the Holy Soft Leather Armor at all.

Although she was young, Han Xue's cultivation was amazing. Once she broke through to the First Change in the Fish-Dragon Realm, she must go outside to gain experience. She could not stay in the Scroll World forever.

When she went outside to gain experience, she would be protected by the Holy Soft Leather Armor.

A master must think of his disciples. Otherwise, he is unfit for his title.

And besides, Han Xue was his only disciple.

Blackie was very nice to Han Xue. Seeing Zhang Ruochen take out the damaged Holy Soft Leather Armor, he immediately take it away and said with a smile. "Rest assured. It's a piece of cake for me to repair it."

After finishing this, Zhang Ruochen began to practice "Change of 36 Forms".

This martial technique was part of the "

Four Nine Mysteries

". It was mysterious. If one practiced to the Perfection of Martial Arts, he could change into flowers, plants, birds, and animals.

He even could change into a Divine Dragon overturning rivers and seas, a roc flying straight to the Ninth Heaven, or a Phoenix burning the world...

Of course, if one tried to practice "Change of 36 Forms" to the Perfection of Martial Arts, he had to practice "

Four Nine Mysteries

".

36 Forms did not mean that one could only change 36 times. Actually, it meant that one could change into 36 things between heaven and earth.

For example, the first change of 36 Forms was “human”.

As long as one successfully practiced the first change, a monk could change into any person at will.

The second change of 36 Forms was “beasts”.

The third change of 36 Forms was “birds”.

The fourth change of 36 Forms was “fish”.

...

Zhang Ruochen only wanted to be able to change into another person, so he did not need to spend too much time researching. He could enjoy the benefit all his life as long as he learned the first change.

Having spent half a month, he had learned 30% of the first change and he was able to do some simple changes. For example, his fingers could extend, his legs could lengthen, and his bones could become thicker.

“Change.”

He controlled the Genuine Qi inside to go through Yinjiao Holy Meridian. When the Genuine Qi turned into Holy Qi, he could perform “Change of 36 Forms”.

Meanwhile, he concentrated on remembering Lin Yue’s appearance, figure, temperament, and voice.

Lin Yue’s height and figure weren’t very different to Zhang Ruochen’s, so it was not difficult for him to do the change.

“Crackle!”

His bones were shaking as he started the change. His muscles, skins, hair, and eyebrows were also changing rapidly.

After a long while, Zhang Ruochen turned into another person. He looked the same as Lin Yue only with handsome features, straight figure, black hair, and hands that were more beautiful than a woman’s.

Undoubtedly, Lin Yue was flawless. He was a fascinatingly handsome man.

Even if Zhang Ruochen stood before Lin Yue's junior fellow apprentices and junior sister apprentices, they would not be able to tell the difference.

Zhang Ruochen was not satisfied because the appearance he changed into was able to cheat the common disciples of the Yin and Yang Sect but was unable to cheat the Half-Saints.

In short, he could only change his appearance but not his aura. Even his temperament was different from Lin Yue's.

It was easy to see through the false appearance.

He continued to practice. While trying to change, he tried to make up for his weaknesses.

After another half a month, he finally practiced it to the Realm of Small Success.

“Change!”

Through half a month's practice, he had been skilled in using this first change. By simply shouting “Change”, he would immediately transform into Lin Yue.

His eyes became very frivolous.

Even his temperament was extremely arrogant.

He looked like a proud child, at the same time he was both fastidious and romantic.

He came to a lake with hands behind his back and looked at himself in the water. He could not help but laugh, “According to my use of the Change of 36 Forms, even the Saints are unable to tell the difference.”

Of course, his Change of 36 Forms was still at a superficial level.

However, there was a flaw, namely, cultivation.

Everything had changed but his cultivation.

If he wanted to reach the Completion of Heaven Realm, he had to practice the first change into the Realm of Success.

He did not realize it within three or five months. It would take several years or even longer.

Once he succeeded, the transformation would be flawless.

However, it was impossible for him to wait so long. He didn't want to spend many years changing into another person.

Although "cultivation" was a flaw, it was not big one.

Firstly, only the Half-Saints were able to see through his cultivation.

Secondly, even if the Half-Saints knew that he reached the Fourth Change in the Fish-dragon Realm, he would be able to come up with an excuse.

After all, it was not strange to have some adventures in such a big world.

To test if his change was successful, he went to find Greedy Rabbit and the monster ape.

Both of them did not recognize him. They even thought that he was an intruder and almost launched attacks against him.

Only Blackie saw through his true identity. It was a Vessel Spirit of the Yin Yang Wooden Graph and knew all changes in the Scroll World. It was not strange for it to recognize Zhang Ruochen.

"Amazing! Zhang Ruochen, I did not expect you to have this skill. With this, you are able to cheat the Saints," Blackie said with admiration.

Zhang Ruochen said, "This is a martial technique, which requires Holy Qi to maintain. However, the Holy Qi inside is very thin. With my current cultivation, it can only maintain the change for one day. After more than a day, I will return to my original form."

Blackie said, "Let's go to the Yin and Yang Sect to investigate the altar. Once we enter the gate, we can live in seclusion. As long as we minimize contact with others, we would not be exposed to the public."

Zhang Ruochen nodded and said, "I ought to go now."

Walking out of the Scroll World, he displayed bodily movement and hurried to the Yin and Yang Sect.

The mountain gate of the Yin and Yang Sect was located at the western part of God Falling Ridge, which was far away from the Cyan Cloud County in Eastern Evil Land. He hurried at full speed for three days and traveled for tens of thousands of miles before he arrived at the territory under the jurisdiction of the Yin and Yang Sect.

He walked among high mountains and lofty hills and went through a gallery road. Then, he saw a broad area, which seemed to be a hewn mountain. It formed an open platform.

Shentai City was built on the platform with caesious walls, soaring towers, and a flight of 3,000 steps. Although it was a small city, it had a history of tens of thousands of years. Most of the Saints of the past dynasties from the Yin and Yang Sect have left their tracks in the city.

It had been the outdoor area of the Yin and Yang Sect. Shentai City was actually a border trade zone.

A lot of outdoor disciples came to Shentai City every day to trade Pills, spiritual grass, Genuine Martial Arms, and so on.

There were a lot of indoor disciples. Their identities were unusual and their trade goods were rare, which was why most of them gathered in the center of the city to have special trading places.

Zhang Ruochen transformed into Lin Yue, paid a Spiritual Crystal and entered the city gate.

Not long after, he saw a group of people in the city who were very familiar to him. They were the disciples of the Yin and Yang Sect who were with Lin Yue outside the Cyan Cloud County that day.

The chief wore a cyan robe. He looked very old and was in the Fifth Change of the Fish-dragon Realm.

Zhang Ruochen remembered that Lin Yue should call him Junior Uncle Master.

Besides, there were more than ten young men and women were behind the cyan-robed old Taoist and all of them were indoor disciples of the Yin and Yang Sect.

Suddenly, Zhang Ruochen fast walked several steps and caught up with them. He gave a happy smile and said, “Junior Uncle Master, junior sister apprentices, wait for me. I finally caught up to you.”

Chapter 641 - Coward

Translator:

Transn

Editor:

Transn

Hearing a shout from behind, the cyan-robed elder suddenly slowed down and looked back.

All of the indoor disciples behind him also stopped.

A skinny young disciple saw Zhang Ruochen's figure and said hoarsely, "Junior uncle master, it's elder brother Lin Yue."

Elder Zhao Yibing snorted and said, "Don't pay attention to him. Let's go. Our Yin and Yang Sect doesn't have such a disciple like him."

With a look of aversion, Zhao Yibing flicked his sleeves and led more than 10 disciples to move forward quickly.

Initially, Lin Yue was so scared by Zhang Ruochen that he kneeled down to beg for mercy outside the Cyan Cloud County, which was terribly embarrassing. Even his junior sister apprentices, who always crushed on him, despised him now.

Besides that, he betrayed Zhao Yibing, and as a result, Zhang Ruochen took away Zhao Yibing's Treasure Hunting Compass. Thus, Zhao Yibing naturally looked down upon Lin Yue. He had planned to report to Lin Yue's Master to expel him when he returned back.

Seeing "Lin Yue" again, none of them gave him a good look but turned away, disdainingly to associate with "Lin Yue".

Zhang Ruochen certainly knew the reason, but he still chased after them as bold as brass.

Zhang Ruochen had no alternative. Although he had changed into Lin Yue, he did not know Lin Yue's status in the Yin and

Yang Sect. He also did not know his address, his master, or his friends.

If he did not try to find out what the situation was, he would be exposed easily.

But how should he find out about the situation?

Of course, he would find out about it through the group in front of him.

He caught up to them quickly and said with a bright smile, “Junior uncle master, junior sister apprentices, why are you hiding from me? I had a difficult time catching up to you.”

“Humph! Lin Yue, you killed Serene Blue Emissary of the Black Market Excellence Hall. You’re too famous, so I don’t dare be your junior uncle master,” Zhao Yibing sneered.

The news that Lin Yue killed Serene Blue Emissary had spread throughout the entire Eastern Region. His name was well known all over the world.

However, those who knew him did not believe it.

Serene Blue Emissary was an evil dominator. How was an indoor disciple in the Completion of Heaven Realm able to fight against him?

Everyone including Zhao Yibing thought that Lin Yue had been quite lucky to pick up Serene Blue Emissary’s body, and then he even said without shame that he killed Serene Blue Emissary by himself.

In order to become famous, he had been unscrupulous.

And a man such as this was disgusting.

Zhang Ruochen pretended that he could not understand Zhao Yibing’s words. He said with a smile, “No matter how famous and powerful I am, you’ll always be my junior uncle master.”

“Really shameless.”

A clear voice came from behind Zhao Yibing.

Zhang Ruochen looked over and saw Zhao Han’er. Then, he appeared as if he was valiant like Lin Yue normally did and

said with laughter, “Junior sister apprentice, I haven’t seen you for a long time. I missed you so much.”

Zhang Ruochen knew that Lin Yue was on good terms with Zhao Han’er, so he tried to cozy up to her first.

Zhao Han’er was about 16 or 17 years old. She was elegant and beautiful, and with a pair of round eyes, she looked extremely cute.

If she had heard him say “I missed you so much” before, she would definitely have been excited for several days.

However, when she witnessed him kneeling down in front of an evil master, mortally afraid of death, she had lost all longing and infatuation for Lin Yue.

Now, when she heard “Lin Yue” say such words, she wondered how she could have been so absolutely blind to have had a crush on such a coward.

Zhao Han’er crossed her arms and squinted at Zhang Ruochen. She said indifferently, “Keep away from me. Don’t call me junior sister apprentice; otherwise, I’ll get very sick.”

Several indoor disciples standing around Zhao Han’er suddenly sneered and stared at him with disdain. They felt unspeakable happiness.

Zhao Han’er’s eyes had been completely full of Lin Yue before. And they were inferior to him whether in talent or appearance, so they did not dare to battle with him for Zhao Han’er.

But now, it was totally different. Obviously, she did not have a crush on Lin Yue anymore. Thus, they naturally thought they had a chance.

Everyone deliberately alienated “Lin Yue” and even relentlessly mocked him. However, “Lin Yue” did not mind at all and followed them shamelessly.

Zhao Yibing led a group of indoor disciples to leave Shentai City and go to the mountain gate of the Yin and Yang Sect.

The mountain gate was two side-by-side yellow stone mountain peaks. From a distant place, they looked like two

wide-open gates, being both lofty and archaic.

In front of the two peaks were nine long lines of people. All of them were disciples on their return to the sect. Most of them were white-robed outer disciples, and a few were blue-robed indoor disciples.

All those people who were able to be apprentices in the Yin and Yang Sect and practice there had an imposing appearance and extraordinary bearing. Even the outer disciples were active and progressive.

“All hail Junior Uncle Master Zhao.”

The disciples who guarded the mountain gate recognized Zhao Yibing and immediately saluted him with a fist held in the palm.

Because Zhao Yibing was leading the way, the disciples who guarded the mountain gate did not check their tokens at all but just let them through directly.

While entering the mountain gate, they felt a rush of Heaven and Earth Spiritual Qi. Soaring lofty mountains appeared in front of them and on the mountains were palaces and Taoist temples. Powerful savage beasts flew among the mountains and roared. It looked like an immortal Holy Land.

“I have something to report to the Law-enforcement Elder. Zhao Han’er, Xu Chen, you go to Long-living Yard first.”

Before departing, Zhao Yibing glared at Zhang Ruochen coldly. Then, he sat on an Argali Beast’s back, flew from the ground, and disappeared into the sky.

The Yin and Yang Sect was divided into 3 palaces and 72 yards. Zhao Yibing, Lin Yue, and Zhao Han’er were disciples of “Long-living Yard”.

Zhang Ruochen went over to Zhao Han’er as he watched Zhao Yibing’s departure. He asked, “Why is junior uncle master going to find the Law-enforcement Elder?”

Zhao Han’er did not give Zhang Ruochen a good look. She snorted, “What else can he do? He’s going to report the event about the Immortal Vampires.”

Zhang Ruochen felt a flicker of interest and guessed that Orange Star Emissary must have spread the information that the Immortal Vampires had escaped from Manji Island.

To confirm his guess, Zhang Ruochen pretended to be puzzled. “Immortal Vampires? What Immortal Vampires?”

Zhao Han’er rolled her eyes and looked off to the side.

“Junior Sister Apprentice, ignore him. Let’s go!”

Xu Chen went over, pulled Zhao Han’er by the sleeve, and headed for Long-living Yard.

Xu Chen was an indoor disciple of Long-living Yard. He had reached the Completion of Heaven Realm and was talented in practicing. Previously, he had always followed after Lin Yue and did not dare to cast an eye on Zhao Han’er.

But now, it was totally different. He knew that Lin Yue had offended Junior Uncle Master Zhao, so he thought that Lin Yue would come to no good end. He predicted that Lin Yue would be expelled soon.

So, he naturally did not fear Lin Yue but prepared to pursue Zhao Han’er openly.

Zhang Ruochen crossed his arms, shook his head, and forced a smile. He followed them again and climbed up Zixia Sacred Mountain of Long-living Yard with his junior fellow apprentices and junior sister apprentices, including Zhao Han’er and Xu Chen.

Zixia Sacred Mountain ranked third among the four sacred mountains of Long-living Yard. There were a total of 220 indoor disciples.

It was worth mentioning that except for a few gifted disciples, only those people who had reached the Heaven Realm could become indoor disciples.

In other words, there were more than 200 Heaven Realm warriors on Zixia Sacred Mountain. And besides them, many talented outer disciples were selected to practice on the sacred mountain.

On the way to the mountaintop, outer disciples who were doing sword practice could be seen everywhere. Some stood at the edge of the cliff; some stood on rocks; and some stood at the tops of pines.

Those people who were able to practice on Zixia Sacred Mountain, even the outer disciples, also had reached the Earth Realm.

Zhang Ruochen secretly exclaimed that the Yin and Yang Sect was really the leader of all the sects. Even just a sacred mountain of theirs had such powerful strength, which was really startling.

After returning to Zixia Sacred Mountain, the indoor disciples separated and went back to their own courtyards.

“You live in the Spiritual Wind Pavilion. Why are you still following me?”

Zhao Han'er turned around and stared at Zhang Ruochen.

“So, Lin Yue lived in the Spiritual Wind Pavilion,”

Zhang Ruochen thought inwardly as he nodded lightly.

Without saying a word, he turned around directly and released his Spiritual Power to search for the Spiritual Wind Pavilion.

Zhao Han'er did not know that Zhang Ruochen was looking for the Spiritual Wind Pavilion with Spiritual Power. Seeing that he was driven to distraction, she thought he was really hurt because he was being marginalized.

She suddenly felt pity for “Lin Yue” and wanted to say sorry to him.

“Junior sister apprentice, let's go!” Xu Chen came over to her, glanced at Zhang Ruochen's back, and said with cold eyes, “Lin Yue is a coward. Not only you, but I also misjudged him before. Ptui! Wait and see. The Lord will definitely expel him.”

While he was speaking, Xu Chen spat out a mouthful of saliva on the ground.

Zhao Han'er sighed and left with Xu Chen. In the end, she did not chase after him.

Zhang Ruochen did not care what the disciples of the Yin and Yang Sect thought about him. After all, Lin Yue was highly talented and looked handsome, but actually, he was a coward.

He still had something more important to do, so he did not need to waste any time on them.

“The Spiritual Wind Pavilion.”

Zhang Ruochen stood outside a courtyard of three acres and looked up at the wooden horizontal inscribed board above the door. He said to himself,

“This must be it.”

Lin Yue was a warrior on the Heaven Board and the top master among the Zixia Sacred Mountain indoor disciples. He would naturally be treated better than other indoor disciples.

This courtyard alone was enough to make other indoor disciples envious.

Chapter 642 - Furious Debate

Translator:

Transn

Editor:

Transn

After entering the Spiritual Wind Pavilion, Zhang Ruochen called Blackie out for a discussion.

Zhang Ruochen said, “We have entered the Yin and Yang Sect. Can you perceive the location of that altar?”

“I’ll estimate first.”

Blackie reached two claws out and drew some crooked lines on the ground. All the lines connected together and quickly formed a compass two meters in diameter.

“Swoosh!”

As he unleashed Genuine Qi, the compass suddenly emitted a white radiance, which rose from the ground and began to slowly rotate.

On the third rotation, the compass stopped and shot a light toward the southwest.

“Southwest.”

Zhang Ruochen rummaged through the study and soon found a book from the shelf called the

Geography of the Mountains and Rivers of the Yin and Yang Sect.

“The Yin and Yang Sect is divided into 3 palaces and 72 yards. In the southwest of Long-living Yard is Sunyu Yard, Demon Seal Yard, and the Supreme Pure Palace.”

Sunyu Yard was the closest to Long-living Yard and the Supreme Pure Palace was the farthest.

Zhang Ruochen pointed at the map and said, “Since the compass was directed to the southwest, let’s investigate from the closest, Sunyu Yard.”

15 minutes later, he remembered all the contents of the book by using his strong Spiritual Power. Then, he left the Spiritual Wind Pavilion and headed for Sunyu Yard first.

Just as he walked out of the gate, a white-robed outer disciple approached. He looked to be in his early 20s and he bowed to Zhang Ruochen. “Elder Brother Lin, the Lord ordered you to go to Zixia Temple.”

The Lord was the master of Zixia Sacred Mountain. All outer disciples, indoor disciples, and Saint’s disciples had to take orders from him.

Zhang Ruochen frowned while asking, “Now?”

“Yes, right now,” the outer disciple answered.

“Please lead the way!”

Zhang Ruochen did not plan to visit the Lord, but he had no choice. After all, he was a disciple of the Yin and Yang Sect now, so he could not disobey the Lord’s order.

He could only postpone investigating the altar.

Zixia Temple was located on a hillside of Zixia Sacred Mountain and was built with Sapphire bamboo. The Taoist temple was not towering or grandiose and had no unusual places.

Just as he arrived outside the Taoist temple, he felt a powerful pressure, as if a mighty Holy Aura faintly had fallen on his shoulders.

“The Lord must be a Half-Saint.”

He was shocked and immediately became cautious.

He attempted to run the thin Holy Qi inside and adjust his temperament. He tried to be more arrogant, which would be more consistent with Lin Yue’s character.

He entered Zixia Temple and saw dozens of people inside. All of them were Elders of Zixia Sacred Mountain, and most of them had reached the Fish-Dragon Realm.

Besides them, Zhao Han'er, Xu Chen, and the indoor disciples who returned together with him stood on both sides of the Taoist temple.

A human-shaped stone figure stood right above the Taoist temple. It was about two meters high, had a robe on and a sword that hung on its waist. It appeared to be in a solemn atmosphere.

The Holy Aura was emanating from this stone figure.

“Unfilial disciple, how dare you not kneel down and bow to the Lord’s stone figure!” A cyan-robed elder opened his eyes wide and reproached Zhang Ruochen harshly.

Zhang Ruochen looked up at the gray-haired old Taoist and guessed that he had to be Lin Yue’s master.

Zhang Ruochen stood straight in the center of the Taoist temple and said with dignity, “Why haven’t

you

kneeled down and bowed in front of the Lord’s stone figure?”

The gray-haired old Taoist suddenly stood up and quickly ran his Genuine Qi inside to form a vortical wind force around his body. He said coldly, “Will you kneel down or not?”

The gray-haired old Taoist was very powerful and had reached the Seventh Change in the Fish-dragon Realm.

His momentum burst out and condensed into mighty Qi billows that rolled toward Zhang Ruochen.

“Rumble!”

All of a sudden, the airflow in the entire Taoist temple shook violently.

Under the momentum being exuding from the gray-haired old Taoist, Zhao Han'er, Xu Chen, and the other indoor disciples who just stood at the edge were suppressed and unable to move.

It was obvious that Zhang Ruochen, who was in the center of that momentum, would need to bear formidable pressure.

If Zhang Ruochen were Lin Yue, who had only reached the Completion of Heaven Realm, he would not be able to bear the pressure and would kneel down immediately.

But now, Zhang Ruochen had no fear of the gray-haired old Taoist and had not been suppressed by his momentum into kneeling down.

Zhang Ruochen stood still and said unyieldingly, “Master, if you want me to kneel down, shouldn’t you give me a reason?”

The gray-haired old Taoist was astonished when he saw that Zhang Ruochen had dissolved his momentum without effort.

In the Taoist temple, several of the Elders from Zixia Sacred Mountain had been sitting in repose with their eyes closed. Now, they opened their eyes and stared at Lin Yue in surprise.

Lin Yue was able to withstand the momentum of a monk at the Seventh Change in the Fish-dragon Realm, so he had definitely broken through the limit of martial arts and had reached the First Change in the Fish-Dragon Realm.

After all, Lin Yue was just 36 years old.

A monk at the First Change in the Fish-Dragon Realm at 36 years old was already very excellent. Thus, these elders felt disbelief.

In the Yin and Yang Sect, as long as someone broke through to the Fish-Dragon Realm before 60 years old, he was able to be an apprentice to a Half-Saint and become a “Saint’s disciple”.

If someone broke through the Fish-Dragon Realm after 60 years old, he would have little potential and limited achievements. He was able to be dubbed a “cyan-robed elder” at most.

All these elders in the Taoist temple were the lowest elders, cyan-robed elders.

Originally, they had been prepared to deal with Lin Yue, destroy his cultivation, and expel him from the mountain gate.

But now, Lin Yue had broken through to the Fish-Dragon Realm when he was only 36 years old. He could immediately become a Saint's disciple, whose status would be superior to theirs.

No one dared to punish him, except the Lord.

Zhao Yibing changed his countenance. He never expected that Lin Yue had broken through to the Fish-Dragon Realm.

All the elders in the Taoist temple knew that Lin Yue had reached the Fish-Dragon Realm, but those indoor disciples did not know that.

Xu Chen always hated Lin Yue, so he would not miss the chance to add insult to injury when he knew the elders wanted to punish Lin Yue.

Xu Chen took a step forward and said severely, "Lin Yue, you're an indoor disciple of the Yin and Yang Sect. How could you kneel down and beg for mercy to an evil cultivator? We felt so humiliated.

"Senior uncle master asked you to kneel down and bow to the Lord's stone figure and you refused. Do you think that the Lord is inferior to an evil cultivator? How can such a cowardly person like you be a disciple of the Yin and Yang Sect?"

The elders had gathered in Zixia Temple because Zhao Yibing had invited them here to punish Lin Yue.

The reason Zhao Yibing did so was that he wanted to shirk his responsibility for losing the Treasure Hunting Compass to "Lin Yue".

Zhao Yibing secretly thought,

"Since I have offended Lin Yue, I should take this opportunity to expel him from the sect. I can't give him a chance to become a Saint's disciple."

If Lin Yue became a Saint's disciple, how could Zhao Yibing stay in the Yin and Yang Sect in the future?

Zhao Yibing said with dignity, "Lin Yue, it's alright that you kneeled down to an evil cultivator. I don't care about such a coward like you. However, you betrayed me and caused the

Treasure Hunting Compass to be taken away by the evil cultivator. Do you know that the Treasure Hunting Compass is a treasure of Zixia Sacred Mountain? Elders, can you tell me how to punish him?”

A hook-nosed elder said indifferently, “Lin Yue not only humiliated our Yin and Yang Sect but also betrayed his master. So, the lightest punishment is to break his legs, destroy his cultivation, and expel him from the mountain gate.”

The indoor disciples headed by Xu Chen suddenly sniggered.

If Lin Yue was expelled from the sect, they would have the chance to become the senior brother and would be able to pursue the junior sisters openly.

Zhang Ruochen just arrived at the Yin and Yang Sect, so he was unwilling to be expelled from it.

The gray-haired old Taoist said hoarsely, “Lin Yue, do you still want to say something?”

“Of course.”

Zhang Ruochen looked at Zhao Yibing and said, “Junior Uncle Master Zhao, you said that I kneeled down to an evil cultivator, I betrayed you, and I caused the loss of the Treasure Hunting Compass. But, did you mention the reason? Who brought us into that dangerous situation?”

“What’s the reason?”

Zhao Yibing was a little scared but still pretended to be calm.

Zhang Ruochen laughed and said, “Junior uncle master, on that day, you used the Treasure Hunting Compass to find the aura of a Holy Stone nearby. Then, you desired to steal the Holy Stone. As a result, you offended a powerful evil cultivator. Do I have that right?”

Zhao Yibing gritted his teeth. “So what? The evil cultivator’s Holy Stone is of unknown origin. Why can’t I take it away?”

“You did not take it away but stole it.”

Zhang Ruochen sneered and said, “This respected cyan elder of the Yin and Yang Sect acted as a thief to steal an evil

cultivator's Holy Stone. If someone spreads this news, won't the Yin and Yang Sect be thoroughly discredited?"

Upon hearing his words, all the elders present suddenly frowned. Some elders glanced at Zhao Yibing in disgust.

Zhang Ruochen continued, "The evil master is so powerful that the No. 4 killer of the Blood Cloud Sect, Luo Shi, was defeated by him. Junior Uncle Master Zhao was seriously injured by him with one movement and lost his fighting strength."

Everyone in the Taoist temple gasped.

The No. 4 killer of the Blood Cloud Sect, Luo Shi, was a well-known evil master. All the elders present had heard of him.

"That evil master defeated Luo Shi? Since he was so powerful, how did you escape from him?" asked an older cyan-robed elder.

Zhang Ruochen sighed and answered, "Junior Uncle Master Zhao wanted to steal his Holy Stone, so he became infuriated and proclaimed that he had to kill all of us. In order to save everyone, I had to kneel down to him.

"I certainly know that men should have dignity and not grovel or bow down. Moreover, moral integrity is more important than life. So, I would die rather kneel down. As the senior brother among the indoor disciples from Zixia Sacred Mountain, how can I bear to watch my junior fellow apprentices and junior sister apprentices get into trouble due to Junior Uncle Master Zhao and be killed by an evil cultivator?"

"Junior Uncle Master Zhao has already lived most of his life, so he can easily not care about his own life. However, all the junior fellow apprentices and junior sister apprentices are still young and still have a long way to go. I would rather be insulted to save their lives."

Zhang Ruochen heaved a deep sigh and looked at the more than 10 indoor disciples standing nearby, showing a rather sad look.

Chapter 643 - Manifesting

Translator:

Transn

Editor:

Transn

Zhao Yibing's old face appeared very malevolent. He couldn't stop trembling as he extended a finger toward Zhang Ruochen. Furiously, he said, "Bullsh*t. It is clear that you were cowardly and knelt down to beg for mercy. Furthermore, if you had not exposed the Treasure Hunting Compass, it would not have been stolen by the evil cultivators."

Zhang Ruochen said lightly, "Junior Uncle Master, it wasn't like that. At the time, the situation was critical. If I hadn't handed over the Treasure Hunting Compass, how could we have returned to Zixia Sacred Mountain alive? Which is more important? The lives of our fellow apprentices or the Treasure Hunting Compass?"

"Of course, it is..."

Zhao Yibing was furious, but he had only started to speak when he noticed the trap that "Lin Yue" had dug for him and immediately closed his mouth.

He wanted to strike out and kill "Lin Yue".

Although what Zhang Ruochen said was true, most people would not believe it.

Particularly the indoor disciples. Back in Cyan Cloud County, they had seen it happen themselves and had even less reason to believe that "Lin Yue" was actually that brilliant.

According to what Zhang Ruochen said, first, Zhao Yibing's greed had angered the evil cultivator, thus plunging the disciples into danger.

Secondly, it was “Lin Yue” putting aside his dignity and begging on his knees that had spared everyone’s life.

In order to stay in the Yin and Yang sect, Zhang Ruochen had fully utilized his gift of speaking.

The elders present had not known the truth. After hearing Lin Yue’s words, they immediately revealed solemn expressions.

If “Lin Yue” had truly endured humiliation and begged on his knees, thus saving the lives of more than 10 indoor disciples, would that not appear inhumane and unrighteous if they kicked him out?

What was the truth of the matter?

The eldest elder stood in the Taoist temple and looked toward the indoor disciples. “Zhao Han’er, is everything Brother Lin Yue said true?”

Zhao Han’er was the youngest, the purest, and thus the least likely to lie.

She hesitated but still walked forward. Pressing her lips together, she shook her head. “I... I don’t know.”

Originally, Zhao Han’er had looked down on what Lin Yue had done. But hearing it now, it was true.

She worked hard to recall. If Lin Yue had not begged on his knees, perhaps all of them would have died at the hands of the evil cultivators.

If she said Brother Lin Yue was telling the truth, then Junior Uncle Master Zhao would certainly be punished by the Suzerain.

If she said that Brother Lin Yue was not telling the truth, then he could have his legs broken, be stripped of his cultivation, and kicked out of the suzerain.

What if Brother Lin Yue had actually saved them?

Given Zhao Han’er’s age and experience, she could not tell what was real and what was fake. She did not dare to speak carelessly. Thus, she could only say, “I don’t know”.

“Brother Lin Yue, I’m so sorry.”

Zhao Han'er began to cry. As she sniffed, she bowed to Zhang Ruochen.

Zhang Ruochen immediately went forward and stretched out his hands to help her up. "Junior sister apprentice, you haven't done anything wrong to me. It is me who has done wrong to everyone else. It is my fault that I wasn't strong enough and couldn't use my true strength to protect everyone. I could only take a knee and beg for mercy, could only hope to save your lives."

"In my opinion, your lives are more important than my dignity. One can still earn dignity back again. But if you had lost your lives, I would regret it for a lifetime."

Xu Chen squeezed his fists and gritted his teeth together. In a low voice, he said, "Junior sister apprentice, be careful you aren't fooled by Lin Yue's clever words. This man is a coward who only knows how to bully the weak."

Zhang Ruochen was normally a very well-tempered person. He did not like to be hostile toward others. However, Xu Chen had repeatedly acted against him, why?

He just wanted to stay in the Yin and Yang sect for a while to investigate the secret of the altar, did it have to be so difficult?

Zhang Ruochen stared toward Xu Chen and revealed two sharp eyes. "Junior fellow apprentice Xu, do you think a coward who can only bully the weak would be able to kill Serene Blue Emissary of the Black Market Excellence Hall? I have said this before, is killing Serene Blue Emissary not enough to recover the Suzerain's face?"

Xu Chen laughed mockingly. "You are full of lies, who could believe that you killed Serene Blue Emissary? Serene Blue Emissary could crush you to death with a single finger. Ask the Junior and Senior Uncle Masters here. Who would believe you could kill Serene Blue Emissary?"

Hearing Xu Chen's words, Zhao Han'er who had been feeling guilty, suddenly seemed to come to her senses with a feeling that she had been tricked by Lin Yue again.

“To think I actually trusted his words, how could he have killed the Serene Blue Emissary, that demon? He can’t kill the Serene Blue Emissary yet he insists that he did, how can I trust the words of someone like this?”

Zhao Han’er gritted her teeth and angry fire surged into her eyes.

Xu Chen glanced toward Zhao Han’er and saw the fury in her eyes. Joy immediately bloomed in his heart.

Publicly exposing Lin Yue’s ugly truth not only helped him curry favor with Junior Uncle Master Zhao, it also left the junior sister apprentice with the impression he was a righteous gentleman. Xu Chen felt lightheaded and a vision of Lin Yue being kicked out of the Suzerain while he held the beauty appeared in his head.

Naturally. The name Serene Blue Emissary was like thunder. Even elders in the Taoist temple could only escape when they saw him. Thus, no one believed that Lin Yue had been able to kill Serene Blue Emissary.

Zhao Yibing was overjoyed. He knew that this was a good opportunity; he couldn’t give “Lin Yue” any more chances to speak.

“Lin Yue, you lying and manipulative piece of sh*t. Today, I’m going to help the Long-living Yard clean up the house and strip you of your lifetime’s cultivation.”

Zhao Yibing pushed off the ground with the tip of his toes and charged quickly toward Zhang Ruochen. His hands were squeezed into fists and he activated his entire body.

He wasn’t going to strip “Lin Yue” of his cultivation, rather, he was going to kill him in one go so that he could never open his mouth again. When the time came and the Lord asked, he would use the excuse of having misjudged his attack.

Of course, Zhang Ruochen felt the murderous air on Zhao Yibing’s body. Immediately, his pupils narrowed and he secretly converged his power.

He had not expected for this old man to be so vicious as to kill someone just to keep them silent.

Zhang Ruochen paid no attention to Zhao Yibing's cultivation at the Fifth Change of the Fish-dragon realm.

Just as he was preparing to fight Zhao Yibing, the human-shaped stone figure in the center of the Taoist Temple suddenly emanated a bright light.

“Swoosh!”

A powerful wave of Saint Power emanated from it, rendering everyone unable to move.

Of course, this included Zhao Yibing.

He felt all of the Genuine Qi in his body suddenly congeal, unable to flow. A powerful Saint Power fell on his body and forced him to kneel on the ground.

“Stop.”

A sound like thunder came from the mouth of the stone figure.

Zhang Ruochen immediately pulled back his Genuine Qi and stared at the stone figure only to see that it had opened its eyes. A burning holy light emanated from therein.

All the elders and indoor disciples knelt to the ground and said in unison, “Greetings, my Lord.”

The Lord of the Zixia Temple was known as “Half-saint Zixia” and was one of three Half-Saints in the Long-living Yard. Their cultivations were unfathomable, and they spent most of their time in secluded refinement, rarely showing themselves.

Most of the indoor disciples had never seen Half-saint Zixia.

Thus, Half-saint Zixia was god-like in their hearts. Naturally, they were very excited to see Half-saint Zixia's stone figure manifesting and their hearts were filled with respectful awe.

Zhao Yibing kneeled with both knees on the ground. Sweat was beading on his forehead and a bad feeling grew in his heart

Half-saint Zixia had not revealed its true body. This was only a Divine Soul within the stone figure and reaching the effect of a “manifestation”.

Even if Half-saint Zixia was thousands of kilometers away, when it manifested, the human-shaped stone figure would be able to have a tenth of Half-saint Zixia's power in a very short span of time.

This was a skill that only Half-Saints possessed.

Even one-tenth of their power was enough to force a Monk in the Ninth-Change of the Fish-dragon Realm to kneel and salute.

However, everyone discovered that "Lin Yue", standing in the center of the Taoist Temple, was not kneeling. He had his hands squeezed into fists and was bowing toward the stone figure.

"Lin Yue, how dare you? The Lord is manifesting yet you dare not kneel?" Zhao Yibing said in a low voice.

Zhang Ruochen only gave a light glance toward Zhao Yibing, he had no intention of kneeling.

Although "Lin Yue" not kneeling made many elders unhappy, other people admired him.

After all, very few people could endure a Half-Saint's Holy Aura.

For "Lin Yue" to be able to do it, it was enough to prove that his cultivation was not as simple as they had thought.

Half-saint Zixia's gaze was also fixed on "Lin Yue" but there was not a trace of anger. On the contrary, it revealed a very appreciative gaze. "Not bad. No wonder you were able to break into the Fish-dragon Realm at 36 years old. You are indeed extraordinary."

"Boom!"

All of the indoor disciples present, including Xu Chen and Zhao Han'er, were struck by lightning. They looked in shock at "Lin Yue".

He... he couldn't have already broken through to the Fish-dragon Realm?

"Im... impossible."

Xu Chen's face became deathly pale.

Only a Monk at the Completion of the Heaven Realm could understand how difficult it was to break into the Fish-dragon Realm. How could Lin Yue have reached it so easily?

Given Lin Yue's age, once he broke into the Fish-dragon Realm, he could become a Saint's disciple. His status would be a level higher than all of the Elders present.

According to the rules of the Yin and Yang Sect, there was no need for Saint's disciples to salute a Half-Saint. Thus, it was okay for him not to kneel.

"Everyone may get up!"

Half-saint Zixia's stone figure gradually withdrew the Holy Aura and appeared very casual.

Everyone rose and returned to their seats. They were shocked and confused, not sure how things would develop from here.

Particularly Zhao Yibing and Xu Chen. They didn't even dare to breath too loudly.

Chapter 644 - The Lord

Translator:

Transn

Editor:

Transn

Although Half-saint Zixia was only a stone figure, it was still very true to life. A smile appeared on its face. “It is a joyful event that Zixia Sacred Mountain is able to have a new Saint’s disciple, there is no need for everyone to be so nervous.”

“Of course, before we grant you with the title of Saint’s disciple, there is still one thing I need to understand. Lin Yue, did you really kill Serene Blue Emissary from the Black Market Excellence Hall?”

Zhang Ruochen replied very calmly, “Correct. It was indeed I who struck and killed Serene Blue Emissary.”

Zhang Ruochen and Red Wish Emissary had joined hands to kill Serene Blue Emissary and so Zhang Ruochen spoke naturally, without any discomfort.

Half-saint Zixia asked again, “Although your cultivation has broken through to the Fish-dragon realm, it is not enough to kill Serene Blue Emissary. Do you understand the consequences of lying to the Lord?”

Zhang Ruochen felt another faint wave of Holy Aura, even more powerful than the last, fall on his body.

His expression did not change. “I dare not lie to the Lord, there are some secrets in the killing of Serene Blue Emissary.”

“Oh! What secrets?” Half-saint Zixia asked.

For the sake of remaining in the Yin and Yang Sect, Zhang Ruochen had no choice but to create a lie.

Of course, he himself wasn’t really making this lie up. Rather, Lin Yue had made it when he was still alive. At most, Zhang

Ruochen was borrowing and relating it.

Zhang Ruochen puffed out his chest and did his best to adjust his state of mind. He told himself that if he wanted to stay in the Yin and Yang Sect, he had to be as shameless as Lin Yue.

He said, “Actually, Serene Blue Emissary was fighting against a senior from the Yin and Yang Sect. Both of them had already sustained heavy injuries. I took advantage of the opportunity and killed the heavily injured Serene Blue Emissary.”

If “Lin Yue” had still been in the Completion of the Heaven Realm, even with this story, no one would believe him.

But things were not the same now. Since “Lin Yue” had already broken through to the Fish-dragon Realm, his cultivation was now many times stronger than a warrior at the Completion of the Heaven Realm. He would indeed be able to kill a heavily injured Serene Blue Emissary.

Zhang Ruochen continued, “Because I rescued the senior from the Yin and Yang Sect, I obtained a great opportunity and broke through into the Fish-dragon Realm.”

Half-saint Zixia smiled and said, “You not only killed Serene Blue Emissary, you also rescued a senior of the Yin and Yang Sect?”

“Correct. It was a desperate situation. I also braved great danger to rescue him. I carried him over 1,200 kilometers but Serene Blue Emissary pursued us relentlessly. With no other choice, I attacked again in desperation and killed Serene Blue Emissary.” Zhang Ruochen spoke unhurriedly.

Half-saint Zixia said, “Where is the senior now? Did he tell you his name?”

Zhang Ruochen shook his head. “He left when he was fully recovered and did not reveal his name. But, in order to repay the favor, he gave me a Fish-dragon Pill.”

After hearing “Lin Yue’s” words, all of the indoor disciples were jealous.

No wonder “Lin Yue” had been able to break into the Fish-dragon Realm. It turned out it was because he had swallowed a

Fish-dragon Pill. He had amazing luck to be able to obtain such a precious Pill.

“So he broke into the Fish-dragon Realm because he took the Fish-dragon Pill, it’s nothing special,” Zhao Yibing said coldly.

Lin Yue’s master stood up and said, “Junior fellow apprentice Zhao, that’s not true. Even if someone takes a Fish-dragon Pill, it only increases their chances of breaking through. If Lin Yue had no true learning, he would not have been able to break into the Fish-dragon Realm, even with the Pill.”

Lin Yue’s teacher was a white-haired Elder named Wang Xian.

Initially, Wang Xian had heard Zhao Yibing’s words and felt very angry. He had wanted to teach his rebellious disciple a lesson.

But now, Wang Xian realized that Lin Yue was not as extreme as Zhao Yibing had said. Furthermore, he had broken into the Fish-dragon Realm and was about to become a Saint’s disciple.

It was a great honor to have taught a Saint’s disciple!

How could Wang Xian continue to punish “Lin Yue”? Of course, he had to speak up on his behalf.

What Wang Xian said was true. The Fish-dragon Pill could only increase the likelihood of breaking into the Fish-dragon Realm. Without true talent and learning, taking the Pill wouldn’t do anything.

Half-saint Zixia’s gaze was fixed on Zhao Yibing. “Lin Yue has already explained the incident clearly. Zhao Yibing, shouldn’t you be explaining why Zixia Sacred Mountain’s Treasure Hunting Compass was stolen by an evil cultivator?”

There were only three Saint’s disciples in Zixia Sacred Mountain. Thus, Zixia Sacred Mountain was ranked last among the Long-living Yard’s four sacred mountains.

Finally, there was a fourth. It was time for Zixia Sacred Mountain to be elated. How could Half-saint Zixia punish Lin Yue?

Even though he had some flaws, Half-saint Zixia would still rather believe him as he had no choice.

Zhao Yibing was a clever man and could see that Half-saint Zixia was purposely protecting Lin Yue. Naturally, he did not dare to continue quibbling. If he persisted in doing so, he could lose his life.

“Thunk!”

Zhao Yibing’s legs softened and he knelt on the ground. With a smack, he slapped himself across the face. With tears spilling down his face, he said, “It’s all my fault. I was greedy and wanted a Holy Stone. I angered an evil cultivator, thus causing the loss of the Treasure Hunting Compass.”

Half-saint Zixia saw Zhao Yibing voluntarily confess his crime and immediately huffed coldly. “Although the loss of the Treasure Hunting Compass is your fault, it is not a great crime. But why did you run from the responsibility and try to place the blame on Lin Yue? Do you know that your selfish desires almost cost Zixia Sacred Mountain a Saint’s disciple?”

..

“I know I was wrong. I ask for my Lord’s punishment,” Zhao Yibing said.

Half-saint Zixia’s gaze focused on Zhang Ruochen. “Lin Yue, how do you think Junior Uncle Master Zhao should be punished?”

Naturally, Zhang Ruochen did not like how Zhao Yibing had acted and wished that Half-saint Zixia would punish him heavily so that he could not continue to act against him.

But, what kind of figure was Half-saint Zixia? Why did they ask for his opinion in punishing a Monk in the Fifth Change of the Fish-dragon Realm?

Zhang Ruochen immediately understood that Half-saint Zixia was testing him.

Because Half-saint Zixia did not know the truth. They could only test “Lin Yue”. They wanted to use this opportunity to observe just what kind of person “Lin Yue” was.

Zhang Ruochen took a knee and lifted both of his hands, one wrapped around the other and saluted Half-saint Zixia. "I ask that my Lord show Junior Uncle Master Zhao mercy."

Everyone in the Taoist temple was once again shocked.

Earlier, when Half-saint Zixia had manifested, he had not kneeled. But right now, he took a knee as he asked mercy on behalf of Zhao Yibing.

Zhao Yibing had tried to kill him.

Yet he was asking for mercy for him?

Zhao Han'er was also surprised. She had not known that elder brother Lin Yue's moral conduct was so noble. Not only had he sacrificed his reputation to rescue his life, he was also repaying hatred with virtue.

But, not only had she not been grateful. On the contrary, she had deliberately misunderstood him, looked down on him, pushed him aside, and made cutting remarks to him. He must have been hurt.

Zhan Han'er stared toward Zhang Ruochen with tears dancing in her eyes. She revealed an expression of remorse and regret, wiping away her tears.

Suddenly, she felt that elder brother Lin Yue's figure had become much taller. She could only look up to it.

Half-saint Zixia also revealed a sliver of surprise. "Lin Yue, why are you asking for mercy for Zhao Yibing? You do know that he almost killed you a few moments ago."

Zhang Ruochen sighed. "Although Junior Uncle Master Zhao is at fault, he is still my Junior Uncle Master. In the past, he has shown great care toward me at Zixia Sacred Mountain. I only remember his past kindness. As for his past hatred, let it go with the wind. Once again I ask you to show mercy to him."

Half-saint Zixia's gaze became brighter, it was liking Lin Yue more and more. Satisfied, it smiled. "If everyone could be like you then there would be less internal conflict within the Suzerain. Alright! Zhao Yibing, since Lin Yue has asked for

mercy for you, I will allow you to live. However. The death penalty can be avoided but punishment is inevitable. From tomorrow onward, you will go to the abyss and perform hard labor for 10 years. This will be your punishment.”

“Many thanks, Lord.”

Zhao Yibing quickly kowtowed and gave his thanks. As his face touched the earth, no one saw that his gaze had become icy and full of murder.

Other people thought that Lin Yue had truly returned his hatred with virtue. Only Zhao Yibing knew that Lin Yue was not as noble as he made himself out to be. He was just advancing by retreating and purposely putting on a show in front of the crowd.

If it was not for Lin Yue, he would not have been sent to the abyss to mine.

Zhao Yibing quietly decided that before he went to the old mine in the abyss, he had to have his revenge, no matter what. It would be best if he could kill Lin Yue without anyone knowing.

Half-saint Zixia said, “Lin Yue, since you have broken through the Fish-dragon Realm, naturally, you will be a Saint’s disciple. In three days time, I will personally come out of refinement and organize the Saint’s disciple’s coronation ceremony. The Yin and Yang Sect is based on the Tao of the Sword. On the day of the ceremony, there will be a test concerning your talent at the Tao of the Sword and it will be very important to you. You should prepare well.”

“I understand,” Zhang Ruochen replied.

Half-saint Zixia nodded and the holy light of the human-shaped stone figure completely withdrew. Once again it was silent and immobile.

The powerful Holy Aura in the Taoist temple gradually dissipated, returning to the usual calm.

Zhang Ruochen rose and glanced toward Zhao Yibing still kneeling on the ground. Shaking his head, he quickly walked out of Zixia Temple.

“Elder brother Lin... Lin Yue, wait a moment.”

Behind him, a shadow charged out and stopped in front of Zhang Ruochen. With a thump, the figure knelt before him.

It was Xu Chen.

Zhang Ruochen glanced at Xu Chen and stroked his chin with his finger. With a not quite there smile, he said, “Junior fellow apprentice Xu, what do you mean by this?”

Xu Chen’s entire body trembled, and his face was pale like a dead man’s. In a shaking voice, he said, “Elder brother... Lin Yue, it was my mistake earlier. Please... spare my pitiful life.”

“Bang! Bang!”

Xu Chen kowtowed again and again, almost breaking the stone slabs on the ground.

Xu Chen was a clever man. Of course, he understood what the situation was.

He had offended “Lin Yue”. If “Lin Yue” wanted to have his vengeance, given his present cultivation and status as a Saint’s disciple, he only had to move a finger to kill him.

When his life was a stake, what did Xu Chen care about his dignity?

He was like a slobbering dog, kneeling in front of “Lin Yue” and begging for his forgiveness.

Zhang Ruochen glanced at him with disdain. “Didn’t you say earlier that I am a cowardly bastard?”

Xu Chen slapped himself across his face. “No, no, I... I am the bastard, I am just a stupid bastard. I should die, I’m not even as good as a beast.”

In order to stay alive, Xu Chen slapped himself forcefully across the face. Each time his hand landed, a bloody mark appeared.

Zhang Ruochen could not even be bothered with him. Shaking his head, he said, “Since you like to slap your face so much, then kneel here and keep slapping. After you’ve done a full ten thousand, leave the Yin and Yang Sect. Don’t let me see you

again. Remember, slap with strength. If you don't do it hard enough, you'll have brought the consequences on yourself."

Zhang Ruochen spoke lightly and went down the mountain without even a glance toward Xu Chen.

"Many thanks elder brother Lin Yue, many thanks for sparing my life." Joy appeared on Xu Cheng's face. He knew he had just saved his own life and he kowtowed endlessly in the direction Zhang Ruochen left in.

Chapter 645 - Sunv Yard

Translator:

Transn

Editor:

Transn

Following a long set of stone steps, Zhang Ruochen headed straight down Zixia Sacred Mountain toward Sunv Yard.

Sunv Yard was located southwest of Long-living Yard. It was where the compass was pointing. No matter what, Zhang Ruochen had to investigate.

“Elder Brother Lin Yue, wait for me.”

Zhao Han’er dissolved into a fragrant wind and caught up from behind. She landed in front of Zhang Ruochen and blocked his path.

She pursed her lips and bowed to him with a very apologetic expression. “I’m sorry.”

Zhang Ruochen glanced at her. He knew very well why she was apologizing. He lightly nodded his head and said, “It’s fine, you can go back!”

For Zhao Han’er, her misunderstanding of elder brother Lin Yue was a major matter, but for Zhang Ruochen, it was only a small issue—not even worth thinking about.

Seeing that “Lin Yue” was indifferent toward her, Zhao Han’er felt even more hurt. She kept up with him, following closely behind.

Zhang Ruochen could see that she was secretly in love with “Lin Yue”.

Since he wasn’t the real Lin Yue, he would not encourage Zhao Han’er in order to avoid unnecessary trouble. He continued on his way and didn’t say anything.

The two of them, one in front and one behind, walked down Zixia Sacred Mountain.

Zhan Hao'er saw that he was heading toward Sunv Yard. A hurt expression immediately appeared in her eyes. In a low voice, she asked, "Elder brother Lin Yue, are you going to look for senior sister apprentice Han Qiu again?"

Zhang Ruochen suddenly stopped, revealing a thoughtful expression. In the depths of his mind, a beautiful figure rose up.

"Han Qiu?"

"Which Han Qiu?"

Zhang Ruochen also knew a Han Qiu. That had been when he was in Omen Ridge. She was the daughter of the Master of the Yuntai Suzerain and had a dark physical quality.

At that time, he had suggested that she enter the Yin and Yang Sect to learn their "Heavenly Ways of Taiji".

Only by practicing "Heavenly Ways of Taiji" could one control the dark force in one's body. Otherwise, as her cultivation grew higher and higher, the dark force in her body would also become more and more powerful.

It was possible that the swollen dark force would destroy her completely.

Perhaps Han Qiu had really come all the way to God Falling Ridge and entered the Yin and Yang Sect?

Although Zhao Han'er simple words had brought to his mind memories from many years ago, Zhang Ruochen never thought there would be such a coincidence.

There were countless disciples of the Yin and Yang Sect, how could he meet Han Qiu?

Based on what Zhao Han'er said, Zhang Ruochen could tell that the real Lin Yue knew Han Qiu.

Since he did not have an excuse to go to Sunv Yard, when he heard Zhao Han'er words, he immediately nodded and said,

“Yes, I am indeed going to look for junior sister apprentice Han Qiu.”

Zhao Han'er asked, “Elder brother Lin Yue, are you not afraid that it will be like the previous few times, and you will have your hands and feet broken by her and then get thrown out of Sunv Yard?”

“...” Zhang Ruochen was speechless.

Although it was very strange, Zhang Ruochen remained composed and said, “I am just going to talk to her, why would she attack me?”

“She doesn't even like you. Why must you still go seeking rejection? Last time, she said that if you dared go to Sunv Yard again she would no longer show any mercy.” Zhao Han'er said.

Zhang Ruochen finally understood. Lin Yue had probably coveted Han Qiu's beauty and tried to pursue her. The methods he used were probably clumsy and had angered her.

Not only had he been unable to capture Han Qiu's heart, but he had also left a bad impression and suffered a brutal beating from her.

In just a short instant, Zhang Ruochen had roughly guessed the situation.

Right now, he could only hope that Lin Yue had not made too many enemies, otherwise, his days in the Yin and Yang Sect would not be peaceful.

Speak of the devil and the devil comes. Zhang Ruochen had just arrived outside Sunv Yard when he heard a sinister and strange voice. “Hehe! Isn't this indoor elder brother Lin Yue of the Long-living Yard? You still dare to come to Sunv Yard?”

Zhang Ruochen turned around.

He saw around a dozen indoor disciples wearing green robes approaching from the distance.

A green three-leaf flower was embroidered on their collars and sleeves. It was clear that they were from the Supreme Pure Palace.

The 3 palaces and 72 yards of the Yin and Yang Sect held the “3 palaces” in high respect while the “72 yards” were ranked.

Overall, the strength of the Long-living Yard was ranked fairly low—66th out of 72 yards.

Although Lin Yue was an indoor elder brother disciple of the Long-living yard, the disciples of Supreme Pure Palace did not think much of him.

One of the leaders was called Pang Long. He looked very young, around his twenties, and was very handsome and at ease. He held a half-meter-long jade flute in his hands and approached Zhang Ruochen, glancing at him scornfully.

Zhao Han'er assumed a timid expression and pulled on Zhang Ruochen's sleeve, indicating that he should leave quickly and not provoke Pang Long.

Zhang Ruochen had come to Sunv Yard because he had business to take care of. He couldn't just leave.

“We are all disciples of Yin and Yang Sect. Why can I not come to Sunv Yard?”

Zhang Ruochen glanced wordlessly at Pang Long and shook his head. He made straight for the yard gates of Sunv Yard.

Pang Long's expression darkened. He had not thought that Lin Yue would be so daring as to disregard him. He still even dared to go to Sunv Yard!

Among the indoor disciples of the Yin and Yang Sect, Pang Long's strength ranked third. On the “Heaven Board” he was ranked 98th.

Among the indoor disciples, Lin Yue's overall ranking was 305th. On the “Heaven Board” he was ranked below 300,000.

Among the indoor disciples, Han Qiu's overall ranking was 18th. In addition, she was a disciple of Saint Jin Lan and was a stunning beauty. Naturally, she had many suitors in the Yin and Yang Sect.

Pang Long and Lin Yue were two of them.

During the great Suzerain competition, Pang Long had taught Lin Yue a vicious lesson. From then on, every time Lin Yue saw Pang Long it was like a mouse seeing a cat. He would immediately go into a panic and run away.

Where there was Pang Long, there would not be Lin Yue.

Today, however, “Lin Yue” did not show any sign of fear. Furthermore, he had disregarded the warning and was about to enter Sunv Yard.

“It looks like Lin Yue has plucked up some courage. How dare he go against elder brother Pang?”

“So it seems. Perhaps he has forgotten elder brother Pang’s warning to him last time.”

“Lin Yue doesn’t know his place. How dare he come to bother junior sister apprentice Han Qiu again? Elder brother Pang, I’ll go teach him how to act.”

Pang Long’s status and background were not common. The indoor disciples all did their best to curry favor with him.

A young man carrying a golden sword charged forward and quickly caught up with Zhang Ruochen.

A teasing smile appeared on his face as he squeezed two fingers together. White Genuine Qi surged out from his fingertips and formed a meter-long Genuine Qi sword.

The man with the golden sword was called Hao Feng. Among the indoor disciples, he was ranked 182nd. He was far stronger than Lin Yue.

“Swoosh!”

Hao Feng’s movement was very quick. In an instant, he was already behind Zhang Ruochen and stabbing toward the center of his back.

Zhang Ruochen stopped and quietly sighed. “The trees desire calm but the winds would not stop.”

With both his feet planted where he stood, Zhang Ruochen did not turn his body. He formed a Genuine Qi sword and casually swung it behind him.

The seemingly casually swung sword actually contained infinitely profound Tao of the sword.

Hao Feng's face registered surprise. He felt tens of thousands of sword shadows covering the earth and sky before they surged toward him as if they were going to swallow him up.

“How is this possible?”

Hao Feng did not dare to keep charging forward. He immediately withdrew his sword to protect himself.

At the same time, he used his footwork and quickly retreated.

“Pfft!”

A streak of sword light sliced past Hao Feng's face, leaving a four-centimeter-long wound on his cheek.

A drop of fresh blood fell.

Zhang Ruochen kept his back to him. Dissipating the Genuine Qi sword, he lightly said, “That strike was a small punishment to deter further misdeeds. If there is a next time, don't blame me for not showing mercy.”

Hao Feng was shocked by the power of Zhang Ruochen's strike. Rooted to the spot, his eyes were dazed, and it was clear that he had not realized what had happened.

From afar, Pang Long had not seen the profoundness in Zhang Ruochen's strike.

He only saw Zhang Ruochen swinging out casually with his sword to break Hao Feng's sword technique. Furthermore, the tip of the Genuine Qi sword had also sliced open Hao Feng's face.

An indoor disciple smiled and teasingly said, “Hao Feng, have you been preoccupied with cuddling your pretty junior sister apprentices and have completely forgotten your sword techniques?”

Hao Feng took a deep breath and gradually came back to his senses. His expression became solemn and he said, “Lin Yue's strength is not that simple. It seems that he has become much stronger.”

“What’s not simple? I think you just underestimated him, which is why he broke your Sword Technique,” Pang Long said in a cold voice.

“Swoosh!”

Pang Long demonstrated a marvelous bodily movement. His figure flashed and dissolved into a series of human shadows and then stopped in front of Zhang Ruochen.

He did not believe that “Lin Yue’s” cultivation could rise to a level that could defeat Hao Feng in such a short time.

Pang Long’s gaze was cold as his eyes looked over Zhang Ruochen. Disdainfully, he laughed and said, “Do you know what kind of person I find the most annoying?”

Zhang Ruochen frowned and asked, “What kind of person?”

“Those who don’t know their own strengths.”

Pang Long smiled and said, “Lin Yue, you’ve been quite famous recently. I even heard that you killed Dark Blue Emissary of the Black Market Excellence Hall. Do you think that you’ve already made your name, and now you want to show off in front of junior sister apprentice Han Qiu?”

“Unfortunately, no one will believe that you killed Dark Blue Emissary. They would only feel that you are an idiot being used by someone.”

The news of Lin Yue killing Dark Blue Emissary had indeed gotten back to the Yin and Yang Sect, and it had caused a great sensation.

However, everyone knew that Lin Yue’s cultivation was only at the Completion of the Heaven Realm, so no one believed that he had the ability to kill Dark Blue Emissary.

Everyone was more willing to believe that Dark Blue Emissary had died due to the internal conflict among the upper echelons of the Black Market.

As for Lin Yue, he must have been used by one of the factions of the Black Market to take the blame for killing Dark Blue Emissary.

Such a person, was he not an idiot?

Chapter 646 - Old Friends in the Yin and Yang Sect

Translator:

Transn

Editor:

Transn

Zhao Han'er saw that everyone was mocking Lin Yue, so she gritted her teeth and summoned her courage. She walked out and said, "Elder brother Lin Yue is not being used by others. He really did kill Dark Blue Emissary. Furthermore, he has already broken through—"

Zhao Han'er wanted to say that elder brother Lin Yue had already broken into the Fish-Dragon Realm, but she was interrupted by Pang Long's laugh. "He killed Dark Blue Emissary? If he could kill Dark Blue Emissary then I could have brought him down with one hand. Haha!"

"Someone actually believes Lin Yue was able to kill Dark Blue Emissary. Lin Yue is very good at fooling little girls."

"Lin Yue's appearance is not bad. I've heard that he's slept with no less than 20 female disciples, most of them from Long-living Yard and Sunv Yard. The junior sister apprentice at his side is probably one of them."

A tall and sturdy indoor disciple jealousy said, "Female disciples these days just worship blindly. They like to listen to pretty words and don't look closely to see just what kind of person Lin Yue is."

...

Zhang Ruochen, Pang Long, and the others made a great deal of noise. Before long, it had disrupted the indoor disciples in Sunv Yard.

Out of the 72 yards, Sunv Yard was very special as they only accepted female disciples, many of whom were very beautiful.

“It’s Lin Yue again. He’s already been disciplined by senior sister apprentice Han Qiu four times yet he still dares to come to Sunv Yard.” A tall girl in a robe laughed coldly. It seemed she did not like Lin Yue.

Of course, there were also female disciples who looked at “Lin Yue” with bashful eyes and said, “Elder brother Lin Yue is a warrior of the ‘Heaven Board’, he is still quite powerful.”

“Yeah! Yeah! Elder brother Lin Yue is so handsome, I really want to go to Long-living Yard to practice Sword Techniques with him.” A rather pretty girl stared at “Lin Yue” with interested eyes like an infatuated idiot.

Lin Yue was indeed very handsome and was highly regarded by female disciples. He probably only had to crook his finger and large swathes of female disciples would jump into his arms.

At least half of the female disciples of Sunv Yard had a good impression of him.

“No wonder Han Qi disciplined Lin Yue. He has a good deal of romantic debt.”

Zhang Ruochen’s Spiritual Powers were strong and he keenly felt many female eyes fixed on him.

Those special gazes contained romantic interest. It was apparent that their relationship with Lin Yue was not purely that of disciple siblings.

A sudden noise came from Sunv Yard.

It was followed by a cheer. “Senior sister apprentice Han Qiu has come out from refinement!”

“What? Didn’t senior sister apprentice Han Qiu take a Fish-Dragon Pill and was refining to break into the Fish-Dragon Realm? Has she already broken through?”

A moment later, the crowd of female disciples split open and made a path.

Zhang Ruochen's eyes followed the crowd and saw a beautiful woman giving off a dark light from her entire body coming out of the front gate of Sunv Yard.

Han Qiu's figure was very slender. Her undulating chest, waist, and buttocks formed perfect curves.

Her skin was as white as jade and her black hair hung to her waist. Her beautiful eyes were like crescents of autumnal water, she had a slender neck and straight legs. She was clearly wearing a pure and holy robe yet she was like a demon that could seduce away men's souls.

The other women in Sunv Yard were all dim and colorless in comparison.

All of them together barely even equaled one of Han Qiu's fingers.

“So it is her.”

Zhang Ruochen was slightly surprised, and the corners of his lips turned up slightly.

The Han Qiu in front of him was the same Han Qi from Yuntai Suzerain in Omen Ridge. She and Zhang Ruochen were old friends.

By now, she had formed a dark physique with the help of a saint in the Yin and Yang Sect.

At the same time, she had also practiced the Yin and Yang Sect's “Heavenly Ways of Taiji.” Her entire temperament had become strange. She was both like a demon girl walking through hell as well as an immortal standing among the clouds.

In terms of appearance, Han Qiu and Huang Yanchen were on par with each other but were slightly inferior to Mu Lingxi and Luo Shuihan.

However, her temperament, formed through the strong contrast between darkness and light, gave her many extra points, making her one of the four beauties of the Yin and Yang Sect.

Zhang Ruchen saw that Han Qiu's cultivation seemed to have just broken into the First Change of the Fish-Dragon Realm.

It was because of this that she was unable to control so much power. Thus, her Genuine Qi poured out of her body and she gave off a dark and icy light.

Han Qiu coldly stared at Zhang Ruochen and said, "Lin Yue, you still dare to come to Sunv Yard? Was I not hard enough last time?"

"Boom!"

As her voice fell, a gust of cold, black air suddenly surged out from below her feet and charged toward Zhang Ruochen.

Zhang Ruochen stood with his hands behind his back. His body was unmoving like a rock. He appeared very relaxed while easily dissipating Han Qiu's dark power.

Han Qiu gasped lightly, and a strange light appeared in her eyes.

Wanting to teach "Lin Yue" a lesson, she had activated her dark force, but instead, her power had disappeared without a trace like a rock sinking into the ocean. It had not touched "Lin Yue" at all.

What had happened?

Han Qiu did not believe that Lin Yue could dissipate her power.

Pang Long had no idea that Zhang Ruochen and Han Qiu had just secretly exchanged a blow.

Seeing Han Qiu walk out of Sunv Yard, Pang Long's face lit up with excitement. He volunteered himself. "Junior sister apprentice Han Qiu, what need is there for you to act personally and defeat this shameless bastard, Lin Yue? I will teach him a lesson."

Finally getting a chance to ingratiate himself, how could Pang Long let it go?

It was his time to shine in front of junior sister apprentice Han Qiu.

Learning from Hao Feng's experience, Pang Long dared not underestimate his opponent. He planned to demonstrate his greatest power and defeat "Lin Yue" with a single blow.

The Genuine Qi in Pang Long's body circulated quickly and surged out of his palms, shooting toward the half-meter-long jade flute.

"Swoosh!"

Green inscriptions rose to the surface of the jade flute and then exploded with a powerful ripple of power.

The jade flute suddenly made a strange sound.

The sound waves surged out and entered the ears of all the warriors, affecting their Spiritual Powers and Martial Souls. Some of the outer disciples who had not reached the Heaven Realm simply closed their eyes and fell to the ground.

Even warriors who had reached the Heaven Realm were agitated by the sound waves.

The Jade Spring Flute was an 11th level Genuine Martial Arm. Not only could it attack with sound waves, but its other powers were also very strong.

"Clear springs over the rocks."

Using the jade flute like a sword, Pang Long's wrist turned quickly and he demonstrated a marvelous Sword Technique, piercing straight toward Zhang Ruo Chen's heart.

Eighty-one sword shadows separated from the jade flute. They gathered together and formed into a flow of sword Qi and wrapped around Pang Long's body.

A young female disciple sucked in a cold breath in surprise. "Elder brother Pang is executing an Inferior Class Ghost Level Sword Technique, Clear Spring Swordsmanship. I heard this Sword Technique is very powerful. It looks like "clear spring flowing over rocks" but actually, it can explode out with the power of a surging river."

"In order to practice Clear Spring Swordsmanship, elder brother Pang once sat cross-legged by the Spiritual Sea Spring and observed the truth of the spring for five consecutive years

before finally practicing the Sword Technique to the Succeed level. During those five years, elder brother Pang never left the Spiritual Sea Spring. Furthermore, other than drinking the spring water, he didn't consume any other food."

"What kind of willpower does he have to train one Sword Technique so bitterly for five years?"

"For elder brother Pang to enter the top 100 on the 'Heaven Board', naturally, his reputation is not false. His understanding of the Tao of the Sword is more thorough than some of the junior and senior uncle masters. I've heard that he has almost reached the realm of Heart Integrated into Sword."

"Senior sister apprentice Han Qiu once said that there isn't a single person among the indoor disciples of the Yin and Yang Sect whose Sword Technique could surpass elder brother Pang's. Very few people can endure even one of his Sword Techniques."

"Can elder brother Lin Yue endure one of his strikes?"

"Are you joking? Elder brother Pan is executing the Clear Spring Swordsmanship at the Succeed level. It is very powerful, how could elder brother Lin Yue endure that?"

...

...

Admiration shone from Han Qiu's beautiful eyes, seeing that Pang Long's Sword Technique had gone up another level. He was even stronger now.

If there was another indoor competition, Pang Long may very well subdue the competition and win first place.

Zhang Ruochen glanced at Pang Long and nodded gently. Pang Long's attainments in Sword Technique were indeed very good.

However, there were still some flaws in his understanding of the Tao of the Sword.

If he could repair that slight flaw, perhaps he would be able to step into the realm of Heart Integrated into Sword.

“Swish, swish!”

Pang Long had already arrived in front of Zhang Ruochen and the jade flute flashed out. Eighty-one streaks of Sword Qi flowed out of the flute and shot toward him.

Zhang Ruochen merely extended one hand and pointed forward very elegantly.

“Shadow Meridian Ripple!”

A thick Sword Wave flew out of the tip of his finger and bone-piercing coldness exploded, immediately destroying the 81 streaks of Sword Qi.

“Boom!”

Pang Long was flung backward and landed with a bang around 30 meters away. He fell like a rolling gourd.

The ice-cold sword Qi congealed into a thick layer of ice, freezing most of Pang Long’s body.

Pang Long circulated his Genuine Qi and shattered the ice on his body. He wanted to force himself to stand up but just as he had steadied himself, he brought further injury upon himself. Blood sprayed out of his mouth and he once again fell to the ground.

The sword Qi of the Sword Wave left dozens of bloody wounds on his body. At this moment, Pang Long was unspeakably wretched and had lost his previous confidence.

The indoor disciples as well as the female disciples of the Sunv Yard, all stared in shock. Their chins had almost fallen to the ground.

With just one move, Lin Yue had given Pang Long a heavy injury?

This could not be true!

Chapter 647 - Ancient Gods Mountain

Translator:

Transn

Editor:

Transn

Lin Yue's Sword Wave had injured Pang Long who was ranked among the top three indoor disciples. It shocked many of those who were watching.

They could not believe their eyes. They rubbed their eyes with both hands and reopened them, but they still saw the same "Lin Yue" standing nonchalantly before them.

"Senior Brother Lin Yue, you are great! Your move must have been the Sword Ripple of Ten Channels. This is only a martial technique at the Spiritual Stage Superior class, yet you beat Senior Brother Pang's Ghost Level sword technique!"

"Senior Brother Lin Yue has reached the Perfection of Martial Arts level in his Sword Ripple of Ten Channels. Can't you see that? His cultivation in the Tao of the sword seems to have surpassed Senior Brother Pang's."

"Senior Brother Lin Yue has already broken through to the Fish-Dragon Realm. From now on, he's an eminent Saint's disciple."

Many female disciples from Sunv Yard had a crush on Li Yue. When they saw "Lin Yue" defeat the famous Pang Long with a casual finger, they went crazy.

Li Yue was not only handsome but had also achieved such profound cultivation. In the eyes of the female disciples, he was the perfect dream lover.

Many female disciples were struck by the love bug. They stared at Li Yue with admiring, infatuated eyes.

On the other hand, the indoor disciples who had looked down on Lin Yue all turned pale. They retreated like he was some great foe, staring at him with terrified eyes.

They had finally realized that Lin Yue's strength had grown by a terrifying degree.

If Lin Yue ever wished to avenge himself, they would not be able to beat him even if they fought him together.

Zhang Ruochen turned his eyes to Pang Long.

Pang Long felt great pressure, causing him to take a step backward. Soon, however, he quelled his inner fear. "Lin Yue, what do you want? Don't think you are that great just because you've reached the Fish-Dragon Realm. My Great Grandfather Master is Half-saint Yuanlong. Do you dare to touch me?"

Zhang Ruochen smiled faintly and amicably said, "Why are you so afraid? I didn't say I would do anything to you. We are all brother apprentices and shouldn't fight one another. I came to Sunv Yard in order to renew my acquaintance with Junior Sister Han Qiu. I have no other intentions. Do you wish to leave now or do you want to join us?"

Had Pang Long not initiated the fight, Zhang Ruochen would not have opposed him.

It was still best to turn enmity into friendship, after all.

"Lin Yue, you win! Just wait and see. When I reach the Fish-Dragon Realm, I shall make up for the humiliation today and pay you back with interest."

Pang Long was a very conceited man. He did not care for Zhang Ruochen's friendly gesture and felt that the latter was trying to humiliate him.

Therefore, he resented Zhang Ruochen even more and vowed in his heart to avenge himself.

Pang Long had lost face in front of Han Qiu today. He was too humiliated to stay, so he left Sunv Yard crestfallen.

"Yet another enemy!" Zhang Ruochen sighed.

Sometimes, one could not help one's circumstances.

If someone wanted to teach you a lesson, would you simply stand back and let him hit you without retaliating?

Han Qiu stared at Zhang Ruochen. “Your cultivation has risen so fast. Your Tao of the sword must have reached the Heart Integrated into Sword level.”

Within two months, Lin Yue’s strength had indeed risen to an astonishing degree. He had just exhibited the Perfection of Martial Arts level of the Sword Ripple of Ten Channels. Han Qiu was incredulous.

How did Lin Yue’s Tao of the sword reach such high levels?

Zhang Ruochen fixed his eyes on Han Qiu. His lips curved into a smile and he said something that puzzled Han Qiu very much.

“Hasn’t your cultivation risen just as quickly these past few years?”

With these words, Zhang Ruochen turned his back and left Sunv Yard. He headed for the foot of the mountain.

“He left just like that? What did he mean by his last words?”

Han Qiu stared at Lin Yue’s silhouette. Her long, shapely eyebrows were knitted and she looked bewildered. She felt that Lin Yue’s words had a hidden meaning.

In the past, Lin Yue made a very poor impression on her. He was a haughty philanderer.

This time, Lin Yue seemed quite reserved. There was an extraordinary elegance about him which made him impossible to hate.

Was it possible that attaining the Fish-Dragon Realm caused such a great change in the man?

Han Qiu still disliked Lin Yue very much, but now, she was curious about him as well.

What was he really like?

“The altar isn’t at Sunv Yard.”

When he went to Sunv Yard, Zhang Ruochen had released his Spiritual Power. He probed the six sacred mountains of Sunv Yard. He even probed 300 meters underground but found no trace of the altar.

Since the altar was not at Sunv Yard, Zhang Ruochen decided to leave at once. He would not stay.

Zhao Han'er kept trailing behind Zhang Ruochen, her eyes creased like two crescent moons. When she saw her Senior Brother Lin Yue defeat Pang Long, she was very elated.

Senior Brother Lin Yue was so dashing today, so powerful! With a Sword Wave he defeated a top master like Senior Brother Pang Long. Who would doubt Senior Brother Lin Yue's abilities after today?

After going down the sacred mountain, Zhang Ruochen stopped before a 10-meter-wide stone pavement. He stared at a caravan in the near distance.

Each vehicle in the caravan was pulled by a brute elephant—a fourth level savage beast. Ten iron boxes were tied onto every elephant. They moved along as if they were carrying metallic hills on their backs.

Zhang Ruochen used his Sky Eye to look into the iron boxes. He discovered that they were filled with Spiritual Crystals.

Zhang Ruochen pretended not to know and asked, "What are they carrying?"

Zhao Han'er felt overwhelmed because "Lin Yue" had initiated a conversation. She hastily replied. "Those Spiritual Crystals are from the ancient mines of the abyss. They are carrying them to the Sword Pavillion. The Crystals are going to be used during the Sword Technique Conference, they say."

"There is still more than half a year till the Conference on the ninth day of the ninth month. Why are they preparing for it so early?"

Zhao Han'er stared at Zhang Ruochen with bewildered eyes. She was perplexed. "Senior Brother Lin Yue, don't you know the Sword Technique Conference is a great event held only

once every century? Our Sect began preparations two years ago.”

Zhang Ruochen realized he had made a blunder, so he quickly said, “I mean, even if the Sword Technique Conference is some big event, we really don’t need so many Spiritual Crystals, do we?”

This was not the first day that the vehicles transported Spiritual Crystals to the Sword Pavilion. A large quantity was brought there every day.

This was what made Zhang Ruochen suspicious.

“I’m not too sure! There will be many arrays set up during the Sword Technique Conference. They need to erect a central altar as well. That’s why I think they need so many Spiritual Crystals,” said Zhao Han’er.

The word “altar” brought a gleam into Zhang Ruochen’s eyes. He seemed like a lost man who had found his way again.

He asked at once, “In which direction is the Sword Pavilion?”

“In the southwest. It’s situated on the Ancient Gods Mountain of the Supreme Pure Palace. That’s the most sacred place within the Yin and Yang Sect. Only Saint’s disciples can practice there... hey... Senior Brother Lin Yue... where has he gone?”

Zhao Han’er had not finished her words. She had simply blinked and discovered that Zhang Ruochen had disappeared without a trace.

“No wonder he is a master of the Fish-Dragon Realm. Senior Brother Lin Yue is so fast!”

Zhao Han’er’s hands pinched her chin and she worshipped her Senior Brother Lin Yue even more.

Zhang Ruochen hurried toward the Supreme Pure Palace, ready to investigate the place.

Erecting the Heaven and Earth Altar was a massive undertaking. It would require a vast amount of manpower and resources, and the Yin and Yang Sect would find a good excuse to hide their real purpose.

Preparing for the Sword Conference was a really good excuse.

Zhang Ruochen was quite certain the Heaven and Earth Altar was hidden in the Ancient Gods Mountain of the Supreme Pure Palace.

When he reached the Supreme Pure Palace, he took out his indoor disciple token and easily gained access.

The Supreme Pure Palace was one of the three palaces. It ruled over the 36 sacred mountains and occupied the most ancient Holy Land of the Yin and Yang Sect—the Ancient Gods Mountain.

According to legend, the Ancient Gods Mountain had evolved from the remains of an ancient deity. Its seven Holy Springs were the seven blood meridians of that deity. A Monk who drank the spring water frequently would be able to perceive the Holy Road more easily. He would even have a chance to reach the Half-Saint realm.

Zhang Ruochen looked in the direction of Ancient Gods Mountain. The contours of a red mountain were half-hidden by clouds and mist. He could only make out its imposing outlines and could not see the entire mountain clearly.

The Ancient Gods Mountain had seven levels. Even the lowest level was nine thousand meters high. No ordinary warrior could climb it.

“My father, the Emperor, used to tell me a great secret of the Middle Ancient Times was hidden within the Ancient Gods Mountain of the Yin and Yang Sect, and that he nearly died on the mountain.”

On the mountain, Zhang Ruochen felt an ancient aura assail his face. He was awed by its presence.

Could the Ancient Gods Mountain really be the remains of an ancient deity?

Emperor Ming had learned his martial arts at the Yin and Yang Sect. Even with his peerless bravery, he had nearly died on the Ancient Gods Mountain. Clearly, the mountain was not as simple as it looked. Some great danger must be lurking within.

Zhang Ruochen released his Spiritual Power and tried probing the Ancient Gods Mountain.

Before his Spiritual Power could reach the Ancient Gods Mountain, however, an invisible force flung it back. It stunned Zhang Ruochen, causing him to take three steps backward.

“It’s so powerful.”

Zhang Ruochen clutched his head with both hands and felt his head ache badly. The rebound force was very strong. Even with a Spiritual Power at the 44th level, he had nearly suffered a breakdown.

He took a good hour to recover and finally re-open his eyes.

“I can’t probe with my Spiritual Power. I must go down in person to investigate.”

Zhang Ruochen’s eyes became resolute again. He took broad steps toward the Ancient Gods Mountain.

Two old priests acting as gatekeepers intercepted Zhang Ruochen as he reached the outskirts of the Ancient Gods Mountain.

To the left of the gate, a slightly stout old priest said, “No disciples can enter the Ancient Gods Mountain today. Go back quickly at once.”

Zhang Ruochen glanced at the two old priests and realized they were of the Ninth Change in the Fish-dragon Realm. Their bodies emanated the glazed aureole and they looked like two gatekeeping deities.

Two masters of the Ninth Change in the Fish-dragon Realm actually served as outside gatekeepers.

It really looked like this Ancient Gods Mountain was not so simple after all.

Chapter 648 - Nine

Goddesses of the Empyrean

Translator:

Transn

Editor:

Transn

Zhang Ruochen dared not break in. He turned and was about to go when he saw a white holy light soaring overhead. It came to rest just outside the mountain gate.

The white holy light emanated a very powerful aura of Holy Qi. As it descended, the two old priests of the Ninth Change in the Fish-dragon Realm knelt on the ground in awe.

The two old priests kowtowed and said in unison, “Our respects to the Patriarchs.”

The holy light gradually dissipated, revealing five figures.

Only a half-Saint could soar above the Supreme Pure Palace, therefore, the five people in front of them must be the Patriarchs of the Yin and Yang Sect.

Zhang Ruochen was afraid of giving his identity away so he became very cautious. He immediately bowed his head and retreated to the side of the road.

He lifted his eyelids slightly and looked ahead.

He saw that four of the five figures were wearing purple Taoist robes. Powerful Holy Qi emanated from them. An ordinary Monk would not dare look them in the face.

Other than the four priests, there was a young lady in white standing in front and leading the group.

The lady in white was still quite young. With her long black hair and slender figure, she had an otherworldly,

transcendental appearance. She resembled a fairy treading on rippling waters.

Her body exuded a dazzling holy aura, full of a wondrous delicacy. Although Zhang Ruochen could not really make out her face, he was certain she must be a ravishing beauty.

The four Half-Saints of the Yin and Yang Sect seemed to consider her their master, opting to stand behind her.

One of the four, an old priest in a purple robe, was standing on the extreme right. He extended an arm and ushered her forward. “Talented lady, this way please.”

The lady in white nodded and took a step forward.

Suddenly, she stopped as if she had noticed something. She turned her eyes toward Zhang Ruochen at the wayside and smiled faintly. “The Yin and Yang Sect is indeed full of talents.”

The lady in white merely glanced casually at Zhang Ruochen, but her eyes were very bright. Zhang Ruochen felt his body turning translucent before her.

He felt as if his secret had been laid bare to this lady in white.

The four old priests in purple robes all looked at Zhang Ruochen and showed surprise.

When they were soaring just now, the Holy Aura emanating from them had so awed the two gatekeepers that they had to kneel—both of them were Monks of the Ninth Change in the Fish-dragon Realm.

Yet this young disciple was still standing before them.

Very few Saint’s disciples could resist four Half-Saints’ Holy Aura.

This young disciple was really not simple.

They spared one glance at Zhang Ruochen and then entered the mountain gate together, disappearing into the mists of the Ancient Gods Mountain.

“Who on earth was that lady? Why is she so respected?”

Zhang Ruochen heaved a long sigh of relief when they left. His heart raced and his whole body was drenched in cold sweat.

The two old gatekeepers also got up and heaved a long sigh. They had obviously been under a lot of pressure and only now felt relief.

The two old priests curiously stared at Zhang Ruochen in the distance. A mere indoor disciple was able to resist the Holy Aura of four Half-saint Patriarchs—it was incredible.

Zhang Ruochen walked over and asked, “Seniors, didn’t you say that no one is allowed into the Ancient Gods Mountain today? Who was that lady in white? Why was she allowed in?”

The two old priests now knew that Zhang Ruochen was rather extraordinary, so they spoke to him more kindly.

The old priest on the left said, “Don’t you know her? She is the most favored of the Nine Goddesses of the Empyrean, Saint Lady. She serves the Empress.”

The other old priest joined in. “She is a Saint. A Spiritual Power Saint.”

It was said that Empress Chi Yao kept nine lady officials around her, and they were collectively known as the “Nine Goddesses of the Empyrean.”

Saint Lady’s main responsibility was to supervise the world. The “Five Regions Report,” which reported all the important occurrences within the entire Kunlun’s Field, was compiled by her.

She knew the secrets of every Suzerain, every powerful family, and every College within Kunlun’s Field.

Zhang Ruochen stared in the direction of the Ancient Gods Mountain. He muttered to himself. “So she’s Saint Lady.”

It was once Zhang Ruochen’s wish to learn the truth about what happened 800 years ago from Saint Lady.

He had not expected that she would be under Chi Yao.

Zhang Ruochen now considered Saint Lady a dangerous character. He would certainly not provoke her unless he reached the Saint realm.

Zhang Ruochen asked the two priests how to enter the Ancient Gods Mountain.

The two old priests told him that only Saint's disciples could enter the Ancient Gods Mountain, and only on the first day of each month.

Although Zhang Ruochen had already reached the Fish-Dragon Realm, he had not yet taken part in the coronation ceremony. He was not yet a Saint's disciple.

Back in Zixia Sacred Mountain, Zhang Ruochen returned to his original appearance. He entered the Scroll World and took out two Spiritual Crystals, pinching them in his hand and running Qi exercises around his body.

With his current cultivation, the Holy Qi within his body could only maintain his disguise for a day.

After a day of many unexpected twists, the Holy Qi within Zhang Ruochen's body was almost completely depleted.

It took two hours of practice before his Holy Qi was replenished.

"If I can break into the Fifth Change in the Fish-dragon Realm, I can start cultivating my second holy meridian. After that, I will be able to maintain my disguise for five days."

He had only one goal in mind: to keep improving his cultivation level.

He took out the Source of Spiritual Fire, one of the Five Elements Spirit Treasures. He held it in both hands and started absorbing and refining its essence.

Refining the Source of Spiritual Fire could not only help cultivate the Four-spirit Treasured Body, but it could also raise his cultivation rapidly.

After practicing continuously for a month in the Scroll World, Zhang Ruochen's body reached a state of saturation. He could

no longer absorb any more Source of Spiritual Fire into his body.

Zhang Ruochen's physical quality had improved just a little. He was still very far from achieving the Four-spirit Treasured Body.

Of course, the whole month of practice had improved Zhang Ruochen's cultivation greatly. It was comparable to a year's practice for other other Monks.

Zhang Ruochen's Tao of the sword had improved to a large degree as well.

It would not be long before he reached the fifth realm of Sword One.

"Today is the day of the coronation ceremony. I will try to break through to the fifth realm afterward."

Zhang Ruochen walked out of the Scroll World and returned once more to the small yard at Zixia Sacred Mountain.

His sniffed and instantly smelled the stench of blood.

"What happened?"

Zhang Ruochen released his Spiritual Power and cautiously walked out of his room. Soon, he saw a bloody corpse on the grass in the yard.

It was... Zhao Yibing's body.

Blackie leaped down from a house beam and slinked out.

"This old priest snuck into the yard and said he wanted to kill you. I couldn't stand him anymore, so I killed him. It will not cause trouble for you, I hope?"

Zhang Ruochen stared at the corpse and sighed. "There really was no need to."

Zhao Yibing had been relegated to a lowly abyss miner by Half-saint Zixia. He was not resigned to this. He wanted to kill Zhang Ruochen before he left and release some resentment.

His luck was terrible, though, because he met Blackie.

A Cyan-robed Elder slapped to death by the paw of a fat cat. Zhao Yibing must have harbored deep resentment at the moment of his death.

“It shouldn’t cause trouble, right?” asked Blackie.

Zhang Ruochen shook his head and said, “Since the man is already dead, what else can I do? Take his body into the Scroll World quickly and dispose of it.”

A coronation ceremony was held once a month within the Yin and Yang Sect.

The venue of the ceremony was the ashram of the Supreme Pure Palace.

On that day of each month, many would gather on the ashram of the Supreme Pure Palace. All the indoor disciples of the three palaces and 72 yards would be there to enjoy the bustle. If they were lucky, they could catch a glimpse of a Half-Saint Patriarch.

Finally, a Saint’s disciple had emerged from Zixia Sacred Mountain. As expected, Half-saint Zixia treated the occasion with great importance. He emerged from his secluded practice and personally brought Zhang Ruochen into the Supreme Pure Palace.

Half-saint Zixia’s identity was so special that he would not show his face. After releasing Zhang Ruochen on the ashram, he turned into a streak of holy light and flew into the Supreme Pure Palace where he joined the other Half-Saints.

Zhang Ruochen had burned incense and bathed in the morning. He had also changed into a cyan robe worn only by Saint’s disciples.

“It’s just the monthly coronation ceremony, yet so many are here to witness it.”

Zhang Ruochen glanced out from the ashram and discovered there was a multitude assembled. Aside from outer disciples, a great number of indoor disciples were also present.

“Yue, didn’t you know that a great beauty would be seen during this month’s coronation ceremony? We can witness a

fierce contest as well. Such things don't happen every month. That's why they are here to enjoy it."

A sinister laugh rang out behind Zhang Ruochen.

While speaking, the person extended his arm and placed it casually on Zhang Ruochen's shoulder. His other hand stroked the mustache above his lips, looking coolly licentious.

Yue?

Zhang Ruochen finally reacted. The person was speaking to him.

Zhang Ruochen turned and looked at him.

This man looked like he was in his thirties. He had an aquiline nose with a prominent bridge. His nose was hooked like an eagle's beak.

Zhang Ruochen looked very calm as he asked, "Who are you?"

Chapter 649 - The Coronation Ceremony

Translator:

Transn

Editor:

Transn

“Who am I?”

The man was hopping mad and said in a towering rage, “How can you ask me who I am? Aren’t we the three romantic swordsmen? I, Xun Hualiu, have been deceived by you, Lin Yue! Now that you are famous, you’ve completely forgotten the brotherly ties between you, me, and Fat Mu.”

Zhang Ruochen glanced at this man called Xun Hualiu and concluded that he must be one of Lin Yue’s rotten friends. He quietly memorized his name.

Zhang Ruochen said, “I didn’t forget you. Of course not.”

Xun Hualiu became even more flustered, and his eyes were bloodshot. He clenched his teeth. “Since you say you didn’t forget me, why didn’t you look me up at Demon Seal Yard all this time? Have you forgotten our romantic dalliances together?”

Zhang Ruochen immediately felt nauseated. He frowned deeply and said, “Our romantic... dalliances together... ?”

He had not thought that Lin Yue indulged in such things.

Xun Hualiu obviously realized he had spoken too fast. He quickly clarified. “Of course, not between the two of us. The romantic dalliances between three of us and our junior sisters. Have you forgotten them?”

“I haven’t forgotten. Of course not.”

Zhang Ruochen took a deep breath and tried to keep calm.

Xun Hualiu slapped his palm on Zhang Ruochen's shoulder again. His lips turned outward, revealing white teeth as he smiled a sinister and vulgar smile. "I know you won't ever forget. How can you forget those charming nights? Now all three romantic swordsmen have become Saint's disciples. Our days ahead will be even more lovely!"

Zhang Ruochen nodded and chimed in. "That goes without saying. Now, what did you mean by the 'fierce contest' today?"

Xun Hualiu's expression turned solemn at once. He asked, "You really don't know?"

Zhang Ruochen shook his head.

"Three days ago, you gave Pang Long a sound thrashing and news of it spread throughout the Yin and Yang Sect. Pang Long was utterly humiliated. They say he begged his Great Grandfather Master, Half-saint Yuanlong, to give him a Fish-dragon Pill. He has managed to reach the Fish-Dragon Realm. Yesterday, he told everyone he will challenge you to a death match on the day of the coronation ceremony," said Xun Hualiu.

Zhang Ruochen smiled and said, "I see."

Xun Hualiu saw that "Lin Yue" was not the least bit flustered, so he quickly reminded him. "Pang Long was once ranked among the top 100 warriors on the Heaven Board. Now that he has reached the Fish-Dragon Realm, his strength wouldn't be insignificant. Yue, if Pang Long challenges you to a death match, you mustn't accept the challenge. Wise guys like us know when to retreat. You should ignore him."

Pang Long's cultivation had just broken into the First Change in the Fish-Dragon Realm. Even if he had reached the Ninth Change in the Fish-dragon Realm, Zhang Ruochen would not fear him at all.

Zhang Ruochen simply wanted the coronation ceremony to end soon so that he could go back and continue practicing.

Soon, Han Qiu arrived at the ashram of Supreme Pure Palace.

Suddenly, all the indoor and outdoor disciples around Supreme Pure Palace went wild with excitement. They yelled the name “Han Qiu” loudly.

Even Xun Hualiu’s eyes lit up and he became very excited, tugging at Zhang Ruochen’s sleeve. He said, “Did you see that? Did you see that? One of the four great beauties of Yin and Yang Sect, Han Qiu! Hey, you saw your dream lover, why aren’t you excited? Didn’t you once say you would sacrifice twenty years of your life to spend one night with Junior Sister Han Qiu?”

Zhang Ruochen lifted his eyes slightly and glanced in Han Qiu’s direction.

Compared to three days ago, Han Qiu was even more delicate and pretty today.

Although she was wearing several layers of Taoist robes, one could still make out her slender curves underneath. She was simply ravishing.

A cold voice roared from far away. “Lin Yue, you didn’t expect we would meet again so soon, did you?”

Pang Long’s whole body exuded a powerful aura as he strolled into the wide ashram. He raced toward Zhang Ruochen and stopped right in front of him.

“No, I didn’t,” said Zhang Ruochen.

Pang Long saw Zhang Ruochen was totally devoid of fear. An icy light shone from his eyes. “Do you dare to fight me to death after the coronation ceremony?”

“Fight me to death.” These words were loudly enunciated and reverberated around the entire Supreme Pure Palace.

Instantly, the disciples outside the ashram boiled with excitement.

“Senior Brother was capable enough to be our best indoor disciple in the past, and he has reached the First Change in the Fish-Dragon Realm so quickly. I’m afraid that even a Monk of the Third Change in the Fish-Dragon Realm won’t be his match.”

“Three days ago, Lin Yue defeated Senior Brother Pang Long with his Fish-Dragon Realm cultivation. Now they are in the same realm. I’m sure Senior Brother Pang Long will teach Lin Yue a harsh lesson and recover his lost face.”

...

Zhang Ruochen stared at Pang Long and said, “Why should I fight you to the death? It’s not just a waste of my energy, it’s also a waste of my time.”

Zhang Ruochen turned and left. He climbed up the stone steps and stood under the Worshiping Bronze Stove to begin preparations.

Pang Long did not dare fight Zhang Ruochen during the coronation ceremony. He suppressed the rage in his heart and made a decision. He would resort to any means to force Lin Yue to fight after the ceremony.

A total of 17 newly promoted Fish-Dragon Realm disciples were taking part in the coronation ceremony this month.

Zhang Ruochen, Han Qiu, Pang Long, Xun Hualiu, and 13 other young Monks had all reached the First Change in the Fish-Dragon Realm. They were all under 60 years old.

The coronation ceremony was presided over by a Half-Saint. He had to offer a sacrifice to past Saints of the Yin and Yang Sect and recite a sacrificial oration.

Above them, the Half-Saint Patriarch finished reciting the sacrificial oration. He said, “The Yin and Yang Sect is one of the three main branches of the Taiji Sect. We specialize in the sword. Our legacy is in the Tao of the sword under the Taiji Sect.

“The past Patriarchs of the Yin and Yang Sect wanted to pass our Sect’s glorious legacy through the generations. Whenever they reached a milestone—the Half-Saint realm, the Saint realm, the Saint Prince realm, and the Great Saint realm—they left a Sword Comprehension mark on the inside of the Worshiping Bronze Tripod.

“All 17 of you have reached the Fish-Dragon Realm before the age of 60. It means you all have outstanding talent.

“Therefore, each of you will have one chance to practice within the Worshiping Bronze Tripod. You must seize this opportunity. If you show outstanding potential, you will enjoy the benefits throughout your life.”

The coronation ceremony was not a simple matter of changing into a Taoist robe or donning a cap.

This was a real coronation ceremony.

“Let me go first.”

Xun Hualiu was brimming with confidence. He climbed up the Worshiping Bronze Tripod before anyone else and leaped into it.

Xun Hualiu had reached the Fish-Dragon Realm at the age of 56. Had he taken a few years more, he would have missed the distinction of being a Saint’s disciple.

“SWOOSH!”

A white light column soared nearly 100 meters from the bronze tripod.

A figure slowly flew up from the center of the light beam—it was Xun Hualiu who had just leaped into the bronze tripod.

Thousands of light spots streamed from the tripod, looking like a scintillating river gushing to the top of the clouds.

After that, the scintillating river flowed back into the Worshiping Bronze Tripod.

Each light spot represented a Sword Comprehension from a Yin and Yang Sect Patriarch.

The stronger the Sword Comprehension, the brighter the light spot.

The more gifted a Monk was in his Tao of the sword, the more likely a Patriarch would favor him. His integrated Sword Comprehension would be stronger as well.

Throughout the process, Xun Hualiu did not integrate even a single spot of light. He emerged from the Worshiping Bronze Tripod crestfallen and looking very dejected.

Zhang Ruochen glanced at him and consoled him. “You can still practice the Tao of the sword without any Patriarch’s Sword Comprehension. Cheer up!”

Xun Hualiu raised his head and gave a smile more gruesome than a teary face. “If I have not earned any Patriarch’s Sword Comprehension, it means I don’t have any talent in the Tao of the sword. It would be nearly impossible for me to become a sword practitioner.”

Zhang Ruochen shook his head and said no more. He continued watching the bronze tripod on the altar, trying to figure out how best to earn a Sword Comprehension from the Patriarchs.

Obviously, the Sword Comprehension of the Patriarchs represented a remarkable opportunity. If one could seize it, it was very likely one’s Tao of the sword would improve by leaps and bounds.

Another newly promoted Saint’s disciple entered the Worshipping Bronze Tripod.

After some time, his quest too ended in failure. He did not win any Patriarch’s Sword Comprehension either.

Pang Long was the third person to go up the Worshipping Bronze Tripod.

“Let me give it a try.”

Pang Long knew very well how important a Sword Comprehension from the Patriarchs was. His Great Grandfather Master had told him: Anyone with even one Sword Comprehension from a Patriarch would be specially nurtured by the Sect. He would easily become a sword practitioner even at the Fish-Dragon Realm.

He was thus very agitated at this moment. His whole body was tense as he leaped into the bronze tripod.

Everyone had great expectations of Pang Long. They widened their eyes, watching closely.

After all, Pang Long was really gifted in the Tao of the sword. If even he could not earn a Sword Comprehension from the

Patriarchs, it was unlikely anyone could.

“SWOOSH...”

After some time...

Pang Long and a light column soared up together, both suspended in mid-air.

“He is... practicing the sword...”

Zhang Ruochen could see Pang Long’s fingers were clearly pinched into a “jianjue.” He was displaying his sword skills.

Suddenly, a white light spot flew up from the bottom, focused between Pang Long’s eyebrows, and then merged into his body.

In the Supreme Pure Palace, Half-saint Yuanlong’s face looked very ruddy. He guffawed loudly. “Pang Long has integrated the Sword Comprehension of Nine Changes Saint. That mark was left when the Saint achieved Half-Saint status 30,000 years ago. Wonderful! I’m sure Pang Long is gifted enough to become a great sword practitioner.”

Pang Long was descended from Half-saint Yuanlong’s lineage. Half-saint Yuanlong was naturally very pleased to see him integrate a Sword Comprehension.

At the same time, the Half-Saint wanted to show off. After all, Pang Long had earned the Sword Comprehension of an ancient Saint. It meant Pang Long’s talent in the Tao of the sword was astonishingly high.

The Sword Comprehensions within the Worshiping Bronze Tripod were classified into a few categories.

First Class—the Sword Comprehension left behind by a Half-Saint.

Second Class—the Sword Comprehension left behind by a Saint.

Third Class—the Sword Comprehension left behind by a Saint Prince.

Fourth Class—the Sword Comprehension left behind by a Great Saint.

Pang Long had integrated a Second-Class Sword Comprehension left behind by a Saint, but the Nine Changes Saint had left that Sword Comprehension when he was only a Half-Saint.

If Pang Long was able to integrate the Sword Comprehension wholly into his body, he would get another chance to enter the Worshipping Bronze Tripod. He could then try integrating the Sword Comprehension that Nine Changes Saint left behind during his Saint period.

Simply put, earning a Sword Comprehension meant empowerment from a Patriarch. The disciple could then more easily comprehend the Tao of the sword.

In the Supreme Pure Palace, Saint Lady sat at the same table as the Half-Saints.

When she witnessed Pang Long's outstanding performance, she was visibly affected, and she smiled. "It's just an ordinary monthly coronation ceremony, yet we have witnessed the birth of a divinely talented son in the Tao of the sword. My trip to the Yin and Yang Sect has indeed opened my eyes."

These words made Half-saint Yuanlong even more complacent. He glanced at Half-saint Zixia and said, "Half-saint Zixia, I hear a young genius has emerged from Zixia Sacred Mountain. He is said to have killed Serene Blue Emissary when he was still at the First Change in the Fish-Dragon Realm. Is the rumor true?"

No one would believe a young Monk of the First Change in the Fish-Dragon Realm could kill the famous Serene Blue Emissary.

Half-saint Yuanlong had deliberately said this to mock Half-saint Zixia and his young disciple from Zixia Sacred Mountain.

Chapter 650 - The Darkness

Body

Translator:

Transn

Editor:

Transn

Were any of the Emissaries chosen by the Black Market Excellence Hall simple characters?

Although the Serene Blue Emissary's talents were not really outstanding among the Seven Kills Emissaries, he was still a top presence among those who had not perfected a Saintly Being. He would be a first-rate talent even among Saint's disciples within the Yin and Yang Sect.

A Saint's disciple at the First Change of the Fish-Dragon Realm from the Yin and Yang Sect could kill the Serene Blue Emissary, a warrior at the Sixth Change of the Fish-dragon Realm?

It was simply impossible.

Whoever believed this was a fool.

On hearing Half-saint Yuanlong's words, all the Half-Saints present gave peculiar smiles.

Pang Long was the foremost talent from the Saint Pang Gentry and Half-saint Yuanlong was one of the forefathers. Since an outstanding talent had been born from the Gentry's younger generation, Half-saint Yuanlong would naturally do his best to nurture him.

Lin Yue had become world famous after killing the Serene Blue Emissary. He stood out among all the youth from the Eastern Region.

In contrast, although Pang Long's talent far exceeded Lin Yue's,

his fame was also very much inferior.

Half-saint Yuanlong wanted to pave the way for Pang Long and help him achieve fame and status. So long as Pang Long put Lin Yue down, Half-saint Yuanlong would naturally find a way to make his fame exceed that of Lin Yue, through the influence of the Saint Pang Gentry.

Once Pang Long became famous, he could represent Saint Pang Gentry and raise their status within the Eastern Region.

It was very difficult to influence a Half-Saint's decisions through the use of profit. But they valued reputation much more.

Name, renown, reputation, prestige.

Even an evil Half-Saint would not do anything to damage his reputation.

So, unless it was a last resort, a Half-Saint would not even think of fighting a Monk below the Half-Saint realm. For them, this was a humiliating action which would discredit them greatly.

Of course, a few notoriously wicked villains did not care about reputation or prestige.

They cared about only one thing: fame.

The more wicked they were, the more notorious they would become.

Half-saint Yuanlong wanted Pang Long to use Lin Yue to become famous. And since the Saint Lady was around, Pang Long might even get onto the front page of the Eastern Region Report. If he proved outstanding enough.

Of course, Half-saint Zixia understood Half-saint Yuanlong's intention. He smiled faintly and said, "It's true, of course it's true. I've questioned Lin Yue who explained how it all came about. The Serene Blue Emissary was allegedly heavily injured when Lin Yue struck him."

Half-saint Yuanlong straightened his back and laughed. “Even if the Serene Blue Emissary was heavily injured, it’s still no mere feat to have killed him. The Long-living Yard must be congratulated for having nurtured such an outstanding talent.

“I propose a duel between Lin Yue and Pang Long after the coronation ceremony. They are both outstanding geniuses and have become Saint’s disciples on the same day. I’m sure everyone would like to know which of the two is more outstanding.”

All the Half-Saints present could see how remarkable Pang Long’s gifts were. It was almost certain that he would beat Lin Yue.

But if they verbally supported Half-saint Yuanlong, would they be offending Half-saint Zixia?

They remained silent, unsure of how Half-saint Zixia would respond.

Half-saint Zixia smiled. “The coronation ceremony hasn’t ended yet, has it? When it ends, I’ll ask Lin Yue for his opinion. If he’s willing, it would be good for them to duel.”

Half-saint Yuanlong chuckled maliciously. He wanted Half-saint Zixia to be under constant pressure. He stared in the direction of the bronze altar. “Each month, at the coronation ceremony, it’s a cause for celebration when a genius in the Tao of the sword earns a Sword Comprehension from the Patriarchs. But I suspect that today’s coronation ceremony might engender two geniuses in the Tao of the sword.”

The eyes of the Saint Lady lit up. “Are you referring to Lin Yue from Zixia Sacred Mountain?”

Half-saint Yuanlong promptly bowed and paid his respect to the Saint Lady. He shook his head. “Lin Yue is indeed talented, but his gift for the Tao of the sword is still some distance away from earning a Sword Comprehension from the Patriarchs. I was not referring to him. I meant the God’s favored daughter from Sunv Yard, the Darkness Body.”

“The Darkness Body.”

Even the Saint Lady was visibly affected. She could not help sweeping her starry gaze outside the ashram, trying to locate the Darkness Body. Finally, her gaze fell upon Han Qiu.

A Darkness Body was a unique physical quality, as rare as a Brightness Body.

It was common for people with this physical quality to die young. Many were engulfed by the dark force within their body before they fully matured.

But if a Darkness Body developed fully, it was even more horrifically powerful than a Saintly Being.

It was said that a successful Darkness Body condensed innumerable quantities of dark power and Demon Sly Qi. Such bodies could shuttle between the mortal plane and hell, summoning ghosts and wraiths. They could also employ dragon bodies as mounts and Saint corpses as soldiers.

As such, a successful Darkness Body even terrified Saints. Such a physical body was truly horrific.

“When a Darkness Body reaches the Fish-Dragon Realm, its practitioner must have attained the Small Success realm of its Darkness Body. She will be able to compete with a Saintly Being.” The Saint Lady voiced her praise.

A Darkness Body was a feeble presence at the Initial Stage of cultivation. A practitioner often worried that the dark force would rebound within him.

But as time progressed, a Darkness Body would become more powerful. It was enough to awe everyone.

Half-saint Jing Lan from Sunv Yard smiled. “This girl with the Darkness Body has a deep affinity with the Yin and Yang Sect. Before becoming our disciple, she practiced the Nine Yin Sword of the Yin-Yang Two Forms Sword Array. Our senior sister apprentice took her in as a disciple because of this. She taught her the Heavenly Ways of Taiji to control the dark force within her, helping her tide through the most dangerous period.”

Actually, the Yin and Yang Sect was also afraid of the backlash power from a Darkness Body. A Darkness Body

reaching the Big Success realm was extremely vicious, able to cause great destruction.

The Yin-Yang Two Forms Sword Array was the most powerful two-person sword array within Kunlun's Field. It was never imparted to an outsider. It was only because Han Qiu had practiced the Nine Yin Sword that the headmaster of Sunv Yard took her in as a disciple. Otherwise, she would not have taught her the Heavenly Ways of Taiji either. She would have left Han Qiu to destroy herself.

At this moment, Pang Long had already descended the Worshipping Bronze Tripod and stood on the topmost step. His lips curved into a smile as he fixed his gaze upon Han Qiu, giving off a sunny smile.

All the disciples around the ashram were in a commotion. They were shocked.

“How amazing! Senior Brother Pang Long has earned Sword Comprehension from a Saint. We can only watch such geniuses in the Tao of the sword in awe.”

“If he succeeds in refining the Sword Comprehension, Senior Brother Pang Long's Tao of the sword will surely increase by leaps and bounds. It's very likely he will become a powerful sword practitioner in the Fish-Dragon Realm.”

...

He had succeeded with the Worshipping Bronze Tripod and earned a Sword Comprehension left behind by the Nine Changes Saint. Pang Long felt proud of his genius in the Tao of the sword.

He strode down the stone steps, came to Han Qiu's side and started advising her on the pose of a victor. “Junior sister, once you enter the Worshipping Bronze Tripod, you have to show your realm in the Tao of the sword. Displaying a higher-class sword technique will improve your chances of success.”

Han Qiu did not need Pang Long's advice. Half-saint Jing Lan had already told her what to do when she entered into the Worshipping Bronze Tripod.

“Thank you for your advice, Senior Brother Pang Long.”

Han Qiu cupped her fists as a gesture of respect. She gave Pang Long a faint smile and mounted the stone steps. She walked over to the Worshipping Bronze Tripod.

Pang Long saw Han Qiu's captivating smile and immediately felt deep happiness. Even his breathing was still for a short instant.

However, when he turned around, he saw Zhang Ruochen standing by the side. His joyful expression vanished, and his eyes immediately turned ice-cold. "You are indeed quite capable in your sword technique, but it isn't so easy to earn a Sword Comprehension from a Patriarch."

Zhang Ruochen had to confirm Pang Long was speaking to him before replying slowly. "If even you can integrate a Sword Comprehension from a Patriarch, why can't I?"

"Don't think you are so great just because you defeated me once. You are still some distance away from me."

Pang Long smiled scornfully, shook his head and returned to his former place.

Zhang Ruochen was speechless. Who had he offended and what had he done?

"Given Han Qiu's talents, she should be able to integrate a Sword Comprehension from a Patriarch."

Zhang Ruochen had at one time handed Han Qiu the Nine Yin Sword manual of the Yin-Yang Two Forms Sword Array. Han Qiu had managed to practice it quite well within a short time. He knew that she was somewhat talented in the Tao of the sword, probably surpassing Pang Long.

"SWOOSH!"

A light column once again soared out from the Worshipping Bronze Tripod. It burst up to the sky energetically. Soon, Han Qiu was soaring among the myriad white light spots, hovering 100 meters aboveground.

Both her eyes were shut lightly. With her hands spread out, she was in the center of the light column, displaying her sword techniques. Her sleeves and the corners of her hem fluttered in

the air and she resembled an entrancingly beautiful cyan butterfly.

As the scintillating river streamed back from the sky, a single speck of light fell between Han Qiu's eyebrows. It seeped through her skin and was integrated within.

Immediately, a gentle white glow appeared on the surface of her skin.

An illusionary image of a 2-meter Holy Sword converged behind her back. Almost immediately, the image lunged forward powerfully, entered her back and was integrated into her spine.

A thunderous tsunami-like roar instantly erupted from outside the ashram.

“This is the Sword Comprehension left behind by Sword Saint Yunchuan 4,000 years ago. Senior Sister Han Qiu has integrated a Sword Saint's Sword Comprehension!”

“Goodness gracious! The Sword Comprehension of a Sword Saint. I'm not hallucinating, am I?”

...

The Sword Comprehension from a Sword Saint was many times more powerful than an ordinary Saint's Sword Comprehension. It was a Holy relic that all the disciples of the Yin and Yang Sect wanted.

Even the Half-Saints within the Supreme Pure Palace were agitated by this scene. If they could integrate a Sword Comprehension from a Sword Saint, their understanding of the Tao of the sword would be enhanced by a vast degree too.

This was divine fortune. Not everyone had it. Those who did not have it were envious.

Chapter 651 - Zhang Ruochen on the Bronze Tripod

Translator:

Transn

Editor:

Transn

When Pang Long saw Han Qiu leave the Worshipping Bronze Tripod, he immediately rushed forward to meet her. He folded his hands and said with a smile, “Junior sister apprentice, congratulations on your acquisition of the Sword Saint’s Sword Comprehension. Based on your talent in the Tao of the sword, you will probably practice Sword One to the tenth level, the Realm of Completion, at the Fish-Dragon Realm.”

Pang Long was actually very jealous of Han Qiu. He had only gained the common Saint’s Sword Comprehension, which was far from being comparable to the Sword Saint’s.

Then again, he thought to himself,

“If I get her, I would feel even more fulfilled.”

Han Qiu was quite happy to get the Sword Saint’s Sword Comprehension. “Regarding being gifted in the Tao of the sword, I am still far from those young sword heroes. I got the Sword Saint’s Sword Comprehension purely based on luck.”

Pang Long thought Han Qiu was being too humble. “Junior sister apprentice, in your opinion, who is a highly-talented sword hero?”

Han Qiu looked at the sky and thought of a white-clothed young man.

If the man had not given her the Nine Yin Sword, she would probably not have been accepted as an apprentice of the Yin

and Yang Sect. Perhaps she would have long been devoured by the dark force and turned into a pile of loess.

His gift in Tao of the sword was formidable. Han Qiu could only look up to him.

He had left Omen Ridge and gone to the Saint Academy in the Eastern Region. It was said that he had topped the Sword Technique Department of the Saint Academy.

If he were alive, perhaps nobody would be able to compete with him using swords.

If he had come to the Yin and Yang Sect and entered the Worshiping Bronze Tripod, he would have been able to obtain at least the Saint Prince's sword comprehension.

Unfortunately, only the good die young. Such an excellent person died an unnatural death. Han Qiu felt it was a real pity.

Her joy left her when she thought of him. She sighed deeply and felt depressed. Without answering Pang Long, she went down the stairs and returned to her position.

Pang Long had no idea what he had said to annoy her. When he saw that she had become sullen, he disinterestedly retreated.

Five new Saint's disciples stepped up the Worshiping Bronze Tripod, one after the other, but all of them failed. No one got even one Patriarch's Sword Comprehension.

"Elder brother Pang Long and Senior sister apprentice Han Qiu have already entered the Worshiping Bronze Tripod, so no one else is expected to gain a Patriarch's sword comprehension."

"In the previous coronation ceremonies, if there was even one Saint's disciple who got a Patriarch's sword comprehension it was already considered pretty good. Today, there are two disciples. The Sunv Yard and the Supreme Pure Palace will definitely celebrate."

In the crowd, a female disciple who was quite pretty blinked her eyes and expectantly said, "I don't know, perhaps elder brother Lin Yue can get a Patriarch's Sword Comprehension."

It was Zhao Han'er from Zixia Sacred Mountain.

She had come all the way to the Supreme Pure Palace hoping to witness elder brother Lin Yue be crowned a Saint's disciple.

Zhao Han'er's words provoked laughter from everyone around her.

A sallow and emaciated indoor disciple rubbed his chin and said, "Junior sister apprentice Zhao, don't expect too much of Lin Yue. Otherwise, you'll be quite disappointed."

"Why don't you trust elder brother Lin Yue?" Zhao Han'er angrily answered.

In her opinion, elder brother Lin Yue was quite accomplished in the Tao of the sword. He had already practiced the Sword Ripple of Ten Channels to the Perfection of Martial Arts. Compared to the indoor disciples present, he was better in the Tao of the sword.

The indoor disciple said, "He's famous only because he bragged that he had killed Serene Blue Emissary. Do you really believe him?"

Another indoor disciple beside him very disdainfully laughed. "Lin Yue only defeated Pang Long by depending on his more profound cultivation. If they are both within the same realm, Lin Yue and Pang Long are not at the same level."

Zhao Han'er was very confident in her elder brother Lin Yue. She continued arguing with the indoor disciples, but she only got taunted with laughter.

Everyone thought the junior sister apprentice was dumb to believe that Lin Yue could get a Patriarch's Sword Comprehension.

While Zhang Ruochen was standing under the Worshipping Bronze Tripod, he overheard Zhao Han'er's argument with the others. He turned around and looked at the boundary of the ashram.

Xun Hualiu followed his gaze and looked. He smiled evilly and said, "Do you have compassion for her? "The junior sister apprentice looks beautiful and admires you. If you are able to

get a Patriarch's Sword Comprehension, even if a Half-Saint's Sword Comprehension, you can easily get her tonight."

Zhang Ruochen looked back and said without emotion, "We are just brother and sister. Don't get me wrong. "

Xun Hualiu could not stop laughing. He said, "Just brother and sister? Are you kidding me? If you don't want her, I do."

"You better leave her alone." Zhang Ruochen glared at Xun Hualiu.

He appeared to be calm, but he exuded strong Spiritual Power. Xun Hualiu trembled all over as if he had suddenly fallen into an ice hole.

After a while, Xun Hualiu recovered. He sighed deeply and murmured. "Why are you so mean? It's just a woman. She is yours, and I won't take her, okay?"

Zhang Ruochen warned Xun Hualiu not because he loved Zhao Han'er but because she had left a good impression on him.

Pang Long stared at Zhang Ruochen and said, "Lin Yue, why don't you enter the Worshiping Bronze Tripod? Are you afraid that you will lose face if you don't receive a Patriarch's Sword Comprehension?"

Han Qiu also looked at Zhang Ruochen.

She knew clearly that Lin Yue had a certain achievement in sword technique and he may be able to get a Patriarch's Sword Comprehension. Han Qiu harbored certain expectations of him.

Today, there were 17 new Saint's disciples. Fifteen disciples had entered the Worshiping Bronze Tripod. Aside from Pang Long and Han Qiu, all the others had failed.

Finally, the 16th Saint's disciple also failed and went down the stone stairs in despair.

"Very well, I'll try my luck."

Zhang Ruochen stared at Pang Long and then stepped forward. He ascended the stone stairs steadily. Then, he jumped to the

top of the Worshipping Bronze Tripod.

He lowered his feet gently onto the edge of the tripod. He took a deep breath and adjusted his Heart State to its best state. He impressed people with an unusual tranquility like an old pine growing in the bronze tripod.

Han Qiu, who was standing under the cauldron, was shocked slightly by Lin Yue's temperament—it was similar to that of the man she knew.

Just because of this temperament, Han Qiu could not hate him even if she disliked his behavior.

Zhang Ruochen did not jump into the bronze cauldron immediately but instead remained standing on its edge. He shut his eyes and completely emptied himself and went into an extremely abstruse state.

He stood there for an hour without moving.

“What is he doing? Why does he not go into the bronze cauldron?”

“Why does he keep standing on the top of the bronze cauldron? Does he want everyone to see him? What a narcissist!”

The other new Saint's disciples had all jumped into the bronze cauldron without hesitation. Only Zhang Ruochen stood on the edge and did not jump for a long time. No one knew what he was doing.

Another hour passed, but he still stood on the edge like a statue.

“How long will he stand? Why doesn't a Half-Saint Patriarch come and discipline him?”

“If you can't do it, please come down immediately.”

...

Pang Long stood under the Worshipping Bronze Tripod, raised his head, and looked up. Black lines sprouted from his forehead. He coldly asked, “Lin Yue, what the hell are you doing?”

Xun Hualiu shook his head and sighed. Then, he sat on the ground and scratched his head. “I think he wants to keep standing until it’s dark. Why didn’t I think of this approach? Even if I can’t get a Patriarch’s Sword Comprehension, I can break the record for standing the longest on the Worshipping Bronze Tripod. What a mistake!”

All of the Half-Saints in the Supreme Pure Palace were frowning.

Half-saint Yuanlong was the first to get impatient. He stood up and walked out of the palace in order to drive Zhang Ruochen away from the Worshipping Bronze Tripod.

Half-saint Zixia looked pale. Ever since the foundation of the Yin and Yang Sect, no one had been this shameless. He had been standing on the Worshipping Bronze Tripod for over two hours. If Half-saint Yuanlong had not gotten up, he would have gone and taken Zhang Ruochen down himself.

Only Saint Lady looked thoughtful.

“Could it be...”

Suddenly, her eyes glowed. She stood up and blurted out. “Predecessor Yuanlong, please wait a moment.”

Half-saint Yuanlong stopped and looked at Saint Lady. He immediately showed respect and asked, “Saint Lady, what is your advice?”

“We should wait a little longer,” Saint Lady said.

Half-saint Yuanlong looked over at Zhang Ruochen on the bronze cauldron and said with a smile, “This guy has stayed on the Worshipping Bronze Tripod for a long time to make the talented woman laugh!”

Saint Lady smiled faintly and said, “I don’t think so. He is very interesting. Maybe he will surprise us.”

“Oh?” Half-saint Yuanlong was visibly moved.

The other Half-Saints immediately straightened their clothes and sat properly. They all looked at Zhang Ruochen on the bronze cauldron.

Saint Lady was Psychic Sage, so her realm was many times higher than theirs. She must have seen something for her to say such things.

Through careful observation, they finally found something unusual.

Half-saint Zixia's eyes lit up as he laughed and said, "Interesting, very interesting. This guy seems more complex than I thought."

Only the Half-Saint could detect that Lin Yue now appeared to be integrated with the Worshiping Bronze Tripod. Even the surrounding Heaven and Earth Spiritual Qi were discharged.

The other Half-Saints were startled.

"No such thing has ever happened at the coronation ceremony. Perhaps Lin Yue is a real genius in the Tao of the sword and has shocked the Vessel Spirit of the Worshiping Bronze Tripod?" Half-saint Jing Lan of the Sunv Yard said in confusion.

Saint Lady's beautiful eyes twinkled as she stared at Zhang Ruo Chen at the top of the Worshiping Bronze Tripod.

"Whatever it is, please don't disturb him. Let's see what amazing things will happen."

Chapter 652 - 800 Miles of Purple Qi

Translator:

Transn

Editor:

Transn

As time went by, six hours had passed.

Zhang Ruochen stood upright at the edge of the bronze cauldron like a human-shaped copper billet as if he were about to integrate with the Worshiping Bronze Tripod.

Many people could not stand it and had lost their patience. They got tired of waiting and were ready to leave the Supreme Pure Palace.

“Swoosh!”

Just then, from the Worshiping Bronze Tripod, a wisp of purple Qi slowly rushed out into the sky and connected with the clouds.

Somebody detected the change in it and exclaimed, “Look, a wisp of purple Qi is spewing out from the Worshiping Bronze Tripod. How is that possible?”

“It’s hard to believe that purple Qi is really rushing out from there. Is the Patriarch manifesting?”

...

The disciples who originally intended to leave immediately returned. They widened their eyes and stared at the Worshiping Bronze Tripod.

Remarkably, purple Qi really was rushing out of the cauldron.

Many people felt shocked and thought that it was impossible because nothing like this had happened before during the

previous coronation ceremonies.

All the Half-Saints and the Saint Lady in the Supreme Pure Palace fixed their eyes on the Worshipping Bronze Tripod—even they were awestruck.

“Boom!”

The wisp of purple Qi got thicker and thicker. In the end, it completely changed into a purple Qi column that connected earth and heaven and dissipated the clouds.

A moment later, with the Supreme Pure Palace as the center, the sky within a range of 800 miles completely turned purple and covered up the sun, reflecting a faint purple light on the colored glaze tiles on the ground.

The purple cloud was like a mysterious and vast sea with Qi billows that kept rolling out.

The abnormal phenomenon in heaven stirred up a big commotion among all the disciples of the Yin and Yang Sect. They dashed out of their rooms and looked up into the sky, feeling quite shocked.

“800 miles of Purple Qi. Has some Patriarch broken through to the Sacred Realm?”

This sign in heaven was really amazing. The disciples from the major sacred mountains secretly wondered if some Patriarch had broken through to the Sacred Realm.

Or perhaps some sacred mountain had given birth to some marvelous treasures.

“Swoosh!”

A white saintly figure flew out from the main sacred mountain of the Supreme Pure Palace, turned into a light shuttle, went through the Purple Qi, and arrived at the temple of the Supreme Pure Palace.

The holy white light disappeared and transformed into an old Taoist with a white beard and white hair.

He wore a white robe with a tai chi mark on the front and an Eight-diagram Compass on the back, looking like some kind

of sage.

All the Half-Saints gradually stood up and bowed to the old Taoist. “Greetings, Patriarch Taiyi.”

The white-robed old Taoist stared at Zhang Ruochen and did not turn back. He just raised two fingers slightly and signaled to all the Half-Saints not to be over-courteous.

Then, he looked solemn as he asked, “Where is this guy from?”

Half-saint Zixia stood up and answered, “Patriarch, he is a disciple from Zixia Sacred Mountain of the Long-living Yard.”

Patriarch Taiyi said, “The Worshiping Bronze Tripod has been in the Supreme Pure Palace for many years, but this is the first time that such an abnormal phenomenon has been generated. This man can’t be just any ordinary person.”

Hearing Patriarch Taiyi speak so highly of Lin Yue naturally delighted Half-saint Zixia. He wore a proud smile on his wrinkled face as he glanced at Half-saint Yuanlong nearby.

The expression in his eyes seemed to say:

“Did you see that even Patriarch praised Lin Yue? Pang Long is far inferior to Lin Yue.”

Half-saint Yuanlong snorted and remained unconvinced.

However, he did not dare to lose his temper with Patriarch Taiyi standing by.

Patriarch Taiyi was one of the oldest in the Yin and Yang Sect and he ranked extremely high in the sect. He only appeared once every few decades. He would not normally take a second look at others, even if it was a Half-Saint.

However, he had said of Lin Yue: “This man can’t be just any ordinary person.”

If this comment were to be spread out, Lin Yue would gain considerable fame. In the future, it could be expected that no one would doubt his ability to kill Serene Blue Emissary.

Under the Worshiping Bronze Tripod, 16 new Saint’s disciples were pushed out by an invisible force. They stood firm until

they stepped back more than 300 meters.

Xun Hualiu never expected that Lin Yue could make such a big movement, so he was dumbfounded. “What is this guy doing...?”

“Boom!”

The Worshipping Bronze Tripod shook violently and made a loud noise as if an ancient bell had been struck. Its sound wave was transmitted layer by layer and gradually disappeared after it had traveled thousands of miles away.

“Crack!”

The slates under the cauldron fragmented and dozens of cracks appeared, extending into the distance.

Meanwhile, three light spots surged out from the cauldron and changed into three airflows. They gathered in between Zhang Ruochen’s eyebrows and rushed into his Qi Sea.

A powerful strength burst out from his body and formed round energy ripples, which ran in all directions.

The round energy ripples were a tai chi mark formed by two black and white yin-yang fish. Thickly dotted ancient characters bounced on the tai chi mark and integrated with it. Then, they came back to his body at extremely high speed.

Half-saint Zixia fixed his fireball-like eyes on Zhang Ruochen and said, “Strange, so strange... This little guy has integrated three Sword Comprehensions. However, I really can’t see through the aura that they exude.”

Half-saint Jing Lan of the Sunyu Yard also nodded and said, “The aura is indeed strange. I can’t tell who the three Patriarchs are.”

The Half-Saints had rich experience and were able to record the information of all the previous Patriarchs. However, they were unable to tell who the owners of those three Sword Comprehensions were. Thus, it was obvious that they were indeed out of the ordinary.

Saint Lady bowed to Patriarch Taiyi and said, “Patriarch, you seem to have seen some signs, right?”

All the Half-Saints immediately looked at Patriarch Taiyi with curiosity.

“Did the Patriarch really find some clues?”

Patriarch Taiyi narrowed his old eyes, looking solemn. “The auras of the three Sword Comprehensions are quite old. It looks like they are left over from the Middle Ancient Times... It’s a long time ago. I can’t remember exactly.”

The Yin and Yang Sect had a long historical heritage and reached an unprecedented peak in the Middle Ancient Times. If the three Sword Comprehensions were really left over from that time, they were indeed antique. Even if they looked through all the files, they might not be able to find out who they belonged to.

Only Saint Lady noticed that Patriarch Taiyi had a strange expression.

She was quite smart and knew immediately that Patriarch Taiyi was absolutely concealing something and had not told them all the facts. The masters of those three Sword Comprehensions might have extraordinary backgrounds.

“Incredibly, such a talent who has integrated three Sword Comprehensions has appeared in the Yin and Yang Sect.”

Saint Lady stared at Zhang Ruochen with delight. There was one more name on the list of Heir Candidates of Kunlun’s Field.

“Beyond expectations, Lin Yue... has integrated three Patriarch’s Sword Comprehensions. Who can tell me who the masters of those three Sword Comprehensions are?”

“I must be hallucinating. How could this happen?”

...

The entire Supreme Pure Palace was full of people. Everybody was talking enthusiastically.

In the crowd, Zhao Han’er was thrilled to bits. “Did you see that elder brother Lin Yue has integrated three Patriarch’s Sword Comprehensions? In the total history of the Yin and Yang Sect, it seems that no one has been so powerful. He

really is God's favored son. So, there may be a considerable gap between elder brother Pang Long and elder brother Lin Yue."

Those inner disciples who had not thought highly of Lin Yue looked jealous.

One of them said, "It... it's all due to luck. It's not a big deal."

"It's only through sheer luck that he can integrate three Patriarch's Sword Comprehensions?"

"Can he make the Worshiping Bronze Tripod generate abnormal phenomena through simply good luck? Elder brother Lin Yue is a talented and knowledgeable person. Perhaps elder brother Gai Hao is inferior to him."

"Before, I did not believe that he was able to kill Serene Blue Emissary. Now, I'm sure that Serene Blue Emissary was definitely killed by him. Elder brother Lin Yue is a lucky man, so it's normal that a miracle would happen to him."

That inner disciple was besieged by a group of female disciples. They scolded him, saying that he was jealous of elder brother Lin Yue's talent.

Some female disciples proudly claimed that they were on intimate terms with him, so they were envied by numerous female disciples.

Pang Long originally thought that he would overshadow Lin Yue at today's coronation ceremony and capture junior sister apprentice Han Qiu's heart.

He never expected that Lin Yue would be able to integrate three Patriarch's Sword Comprehensions.

"How can he be so lucky?"

Pang Long clenched his hands and his eyes became bloodshot.

"How can my defeated foe have such a good chance?"

Pang Long was unconvinced.

Zhang Ruochen finally retreated from this mysterious Comprehensive State. He opened his eyes and discovered that

his surroundings were full of people and the ashram of the Supreme Pure Palace was completely overrun by them.

Everyone seemed to be staring at him.

“What happened?”

Zhang Ruochen raised his head and looked up. The entire sky was enveloped by Purple Qi, which was uninterrupted and reached into the sky.

Meanwhile, he detected that there seemed to be three more airflows in the Qi Sea between his eyebrows.

“How powerful these three Sword Comprehensions are. Have I integrated with Patriarch’s Sword Comprehension just now? But... why are there three of them?”

Zhang Ruochen was a little anxious and doubtful. He immediately jumped from the Worshiping Bronze Tripod. He could not wait to return to Zixia Sacred Mountain and study the three Sword Comprehensions in his body.

Just as he stepped down the stone stairs, Pang Long rushed up and stopped him. He said hoarsely, “Lin Yue, the coronation ceremony has finished. Do you dare to accept my challenge?”

Originally, Pang Long was very confident that he could defeat Lin Yue. But just now, Lin Yue had integrated Patriarch’s Sword Comprehension, which led to terrible phenomena, and that had greatly influenced his state of mind.

Therefore, he had only said “challenge” instead of “fight to the death”.

Chapter 653 - Gai Hao, the Yang Spirit Saintly Being

Translator:

Transn

Editor:

Transn

Xun Hualiu grinned and said, “Pang Long, you asked for a fight to the death before. Why did you change it to be only a challenge now?”

Pang Long did not want to show a white feather in front of Xun Hualiu, so he gave him a ferocious stare. “Let’s have a fight to the death. Do you think that I’m afraid of you?”

“Sorry. I have no time.”

Zhang Ruochen was too busy to deal with him. He could not wait to return to Zixia Sacred Mountain to figure out the three Sword Comprehensions in his Qi Sea. He moved one step to the right, displayed a bodily movement, and went outside the Supreme Pure Palace.

Pang Long felt so embarrassed. “If I let Lin Yue go, the Yin and Yang Sect disciples will look at him with quite different eyes.

“Will they think that Lin Yue left due to fear?”

“Definitely not.

“They will think that Lin Yue doesn’t take me seriously.”

“I’m afraid that it’s not that easy for you to leave.”

Pang Long shouted loudly and his meridians protruded out. The Genuine Qi gushed out of his pores, rotated around his hands quickly, and condensed into a two-meter-long sword-like Sword Qi in the air.

“Boom!”

As an earsplitting Qi explosion resounded, the sword-like white Sword Qi flew out and dashed toward Zhang Ruochen’s back.

“Pang Long, you’re a coward to attack me from behind.”

Xun Hualiu was worried about Lin Yue’s life, so he rushed out immediately. He put his hands together and struck out his palms, forming a semi-circular Genuine Qi mark to fend off the sword-like Sword Qi.

Although Xun Hualiu was powerful enough, he was highly inferior to Pang Long.

With a boom, the sword-like Sword Qi pierced through the Genuine Qi mark in an instant and hit Xun Hualiu in the chest.

His amulet treasure exploded and smashed the sword-like Sword Qi, which turned into dozens of chunks of debris and continued flying forward.

Under the impact of the debris, Xun Hualiu was struck backward with blood spilling out. He was seriously injured. When he was just about to fall down to the ground, a hand reached out to grab his shoulder.

As the hand turned over, Xun Hualiu’s body also flipped over half a circle. As a result, he landed on both feet and stood firmly on the ground.

Naturally, the master of that hand was Zhang Ruochen.

Even if Xun Hualiu had not struck, the sword-like Sword Qi released by Pang Long would not have hurt Zhang Ruochen.

However, Xun Hualiu did not know that, so he fended off Pang Long’s Sword Qi. Regarding this matter, Zhang Ruochen felt a little surprised.

Zhang Ruochen had always treated Xun Hualiu as Lin Yue’s evil associate and even looked down upon him. He never expected that Xun Hualiu would boldly come out to protect him from a sword cut at such a precarious moment.

Zhang Ruochen suddenly changed his impression of Xun Hualiu. “Although this man is notorious, he is not a backstabber. Actually, he is worth making friends with.”

Despite the fact he had an amulet treasure, Xun Hualiu had been severely wounded by the debris from the Sword Qi. A piece of debris flew past his neck, almost cutting his throat out.

Pang Long had seriously injured Xun Hualiu, who was within the same realm, in just a single strike. All the outer and inner disciples present were awestruck.

“Pang Long is really formidable! If he were to spare no effort, he would be able to kill Xun Hualiu with just one strike.”

“There is a great disparity between men at the First Change in the Fish-Dragon Realm. We don’t know if Lin Yue can compete with Pang Long.”

Pang Long jumped from the stone stairs and glanced at Xun Hualiu. He snorted at him and said, “Don’t overreach yourself. Lin Yue, you have to fight me today.”

Whether Zhang Ruochen agreed or not, Pang Long stamped on the ground. Suddenly, a current of a Genuine Qi billow gushed out. With a swoosh, hundreds of streams of Sword Qi appeared in the Qi billow.

Zhang Ruochen stretched out his arms.

Hundreds of Sword Qi streams dissipated within a second as if they had been hit by an invisible force.

Zhang Ruochen withdrew his arms and said casually, “You’re no match for me. If you want to find an opponent, I think that Xun Hualiu can fight against you again.”

Upon hearing this, Xun Hualiu was stunned and shook his head hard. “Man, are you kidding? How can I be a match for Pang Long?”

Xun Hualiu naturally wanted to defeat Pang Long. And if he were to do so, not only could he get vengeance, but also enhance his fame. However, Pang Long was so powerful that he was not able to defeat him.

“You’ve been wounded by Pang Long, so you need to fight back with your own strength. You lost to him this time, but that doesn’t mean that you’ll lose to him in the future. Go ahead! I’ll help you.”

Zhang Ruochen was about to leave, taking the seriously injured Xun Hualiu with him.

Pang Long felt humiliated and simmered with rage. He formed a sword skill with two fingers and displayed a sword technique of the Inferior Class at the Ghost Level, which was called Clear Spring Swordsmanship.

Dense Genuine Qi poured out of his fingertips and turned into a giant sword shadow, chopping directly toward Zhang Ruochen’s head.

Zhang Ruochen did not look back but just waved his sleeves. Suddenly, a powerful force burst out and blew back Pang Long and the sword shadow.

Pang Long landed over 100 feet away with a torn and tattered robe, spitting out mouthfuls of blood.

“Impossible...”

Pang Long covered his aching chest and kept his eyes wide open. He looked at Lin Yue’s figure like he was seeing a ghost.

He never expected for Lin Yue to be able to burst out such a terrifying force that he could not even strike back.

At the sight of this, all those present were taken aback.

Pang Long had always been highly superior to Lin Yue. Even though Lin Yue had integrated with three Patriarch’s Sword Comprehensions, everyone thought that Lin Yue was merely able to fight against Pang Long.

“What on earth just happened?”

Lin Yue had simply waved his sleeves and Pang Long was struck down.

And so it was apparent that Lin Yue was highly superior to Pang Long. The disparity between them was not less than one realm.

“Is he the same Lin Yue?”

Han Qiu blinked her beautiful eyes and looked surprised because she could not see through Lin Yue now.

Xun Hualiu was also quite shocked and stared wide-eyed. “My God! When did your cultivation become so formidable? Is it because you integrated with three Patriarch’s Sword Comprehensions?”

The other Yin and Yang Sect disciples thought the same way. They all thought Lin Yue’s cultivation had become so profound due to the three Patriarch’s Sword Comprehensions.

“Which realm has his cultivation reached?”

“It seems that Pang Long is really unqualified to fight him.”

The Yin and Yang Sect disciples looked at Zhang Ruochen with different eyes.

They were looking up to him.

To them, Lin Yue was like a lofty mountain. As long as he stood there, they could barely catch their breath.

A tall man stepped out from the crowd, exuding a powerful momentum. He walked toward Pang Long in the ashram and said, “Lin Yue has reached at least the Third Change in the Fish-Dragon Realm. So, it’s not strange that he can defeat Pang Long.”

The man had steady footwork and a sturdy frame. His arms were as thick as a woman’s waist. He was about 2.2 meters tall.

He did not run his Genuine Qi but emitted a hot Qi billow as if there was a seething furnace under his skin. The power that emanated from him was strong enough to burn down the whole Supreme Pure Palace.

He walked over to Pang Long and reached out a hand to lift him up.

“Senior brother, Lin Yue pushed me too far,” Pang Long said angrily.

The man was full of masculinity. He reached out a big hand to pat Pang Long on his shoulder lightly. "I'm a Saint's disciple now and no longer the senior brother of the Supreme Pure Palace. However, how can the disciples from the Supreme Pure Palace be bullied on our own territory? You go to cure your wounds first. I'll handle this!"

Pang Long looked happy and thought secretly, "Since senior brother has released himself from refining, Lin Yue will not be able to escape unscathed today."

Seeing the man beside Pang Long, Xun Hualiu looked pale and said, "Why did the freak release himself from refining?"

His presence caused a commotion among the inner disciples nearby.

"Unexpectedly, Gai Hao has released himself from refining."

"Gai Hao was the senior brother among the inner disciples of the Supreme Pure Palace. He is close to Pang Long. Since he has released himself from refining, he will definitely not allow others to bully Pang Long."

"I expect that Gai Hao will teach Lin Yue a lesson and let him know what our Supreme Pure Palace can do."

Gai Hao was the Yang Spirit Saintly Being and had been the top talent of the Yin and Yang Sect over the last decade. He was also a key figure among the new generation of disciples. He had created many legends before even reaching the Fish-Dragon Realm.

A lot of people present regarded Gai Hao as an idol and dreamed of being him.

In the past, nobody would compare Lin Yue with Gai Hao because Lin Yue was not even fit to carry Gai Hao's shoes.

But just now, Lin Yue had defeated Pang Long and displayed such powerful strength, so the Yin and Yang Sect disciples present expected there would be a battle between Gai Hao and Lin Yue.

In their minds, Lin Yue could not come close to defeating Gai Hao. He would only be able to exchange a few movements

with Gai Hao at best.

“Gai Hao!”

Upon hearing this name, Zhang Ruochen looked at the tall, strong man involuntarily.

He was very familiar with this name because Saint Lady before had appraised “Zhang Ruochen, Di Yi, Mu Lingxi, Gai Hao, Luo Shuihan, and Bu Qianfan” as the Six Great Kings of the new generation in the Eastern Region in her edition of the Eastern Region Report.

He had seen the other four, but this was the first time for him to see Gai Hao.

“He has reached the Third Change in the Fish-Dragon Realm. He is already very good for his age.” Zhang Ruochen saw through Gai Hao’s cultivation and nodded lightly.

Gai Hao had progressed a lot in cultivation. Among the Six Great Kings of the new generation in the Eastern Region, only Zhang Ruochen and Mu Lingxi were superior to him.

Perhaps Gai Hao could have been a match for Zhang Ruochen in the past. But presently, Zhang Ruochen had gone beyond him.

“Lin Yue, do you intend to leave the Supreme Pure Palace like this?”

Gai Hao fixed his eyes on Zhang Ruochen.

Zhang Ruochen stopped and turned back. He asked casually, “What’s wrong with that? What do you suggest?”

Gai Hao said, “You’ve hurt a Saint’s disciple of the Supreme Pure Palace. As his elder brother, I want to fight against you. Do you think that’s reasonable?”

Gai Hao was ready to launch an attack and he invited Lin Yue to join the battle.

All the Yin and Yang Sect disciples present were hot-blooded and excited.

Gai Hao was an unbeatable entity among the inner disciples, nobody was able to withstand one movement of his. And since

becoming a Saint's disciple, he had not fought against anyone.

And so, unexpectedly, his first opponent after becoming a Saint's disciple was the little known Lin Yue.

Chapter 654 - Sword Contest

Translator:

Transn

Editor:

Transn

“How many strokes do you think Lin Yue can withstand?”

“Elder Brother Gai Hao has passed the First Level Mountain of Ancient Gods Mountain, and he has drunk the Holy Water of the first Holy Spring, so he must have made great strides. He should at least have reached the Second Change in the Fish-dragon Realm, or perhaps he has broken through to the Third Change in the Fish-Dragon Realm.”

“With his current cultivation, he is highly superior to Lin Yue.”

“Lin Yue also has powerful strength, so he should at least be able to fend off two or three strokes.”

Zhang Ruochen was indeed powerful, but everyone watching was not optimistic about him. In their minds, Gai Hao was a God-like existence and no one could defeat him.

Even Zhao Han'er, who worshipped Lin Yue blindly, did not believe that he could beat Gai Hao.

However, in her opinion, Lin Yue would not be easily defeated, and he might be strong enough to battle with Gai Hao.

Xun Hualiu held his breath, afraid that Lin Yue had agreed to fight Gai Hao impulsively.

Zhang Ruochen stared at Gai Hao's sharp eyes, not showing any sign of weakness. He said with a forced smile, “Pang Long is not qualified to fight with me, and you're not much better than him.”

Although he had said it indirectly, everyone was not stupid. They knew that Lin Yue meant that Gai Hao was also not qualified to fight with him.

Xun Hualiu's limbs went weak, and he shivered convulsively. He almost knelt down to Zhang Ruochen.

“Man, can you stop acting rashly and blindly? That's Gai Hao.”

Gai Hao knew that Pang Long had attacked first, but he still helped him. Zhang Ruochen could not tolerate his behavior.

All geniuses and talents were proud of themselves.

Zhang Ruochen was no exception.

In fact, he was prouder than anyone else.

Zhang Ruochen was not haughty but was matter-of-fact. He could easily defeat Gai Hao with his current cultivation.

“Boom!”

His words caused a commotion in the whole Supreme Pure Palace. Suddenly, the crowd was furious.

“A maniac! He's too arrogant! How dare he speak to Elder Brother Gai Hao like that?”

“He's over-confident. Does he really think he's invincible after obtaining three Patriarchs' Sword Comprehensions? Elder Brother Gai Hao obtained Saint King Yuanchun's Sword Comprehension when he was promoted to a Saint's disciple.”

“How dare he be so rude in the Supreme Pure Palace? It will be beneath Junior Fellow Apprentice Gai Hao to launch an attack. Let me, Dao Guyi, teach him to be modest.”

Zhang Ruochen had incurred the anger of the masses. A Saint's disciple named “Dao Guyi” strode into the ashram and attacked Zhang Ruochen.

Dao Guyi had a gaunt face and had reached the Third Change in the Fish-Dragon Realm. He quickly turned his arms in a circle and nine one-foot-long Qingmu Swords came swooshing out.

Qingmu Sword was cast by Earth Spirit Ironwood. It was extremely sharp and was able to cut anything. Each one was a Ninth Level Genuine Martial Arm.

As a Saint's disciple, Dao Guyi was also a talent. He was powerful enough to have once defeated a Cyan-robed Elder at the Fourth Change in the Fish-dragon Realm.

“Nine Hidden Blade.”

Nine Qingmu Swords lined up like a long nine-section whip and formed an arc in the air. Then it was thrown toward Zhang Ruochen's neck and waist.

The whip is the bane of the sword.

A whip can hit the short with the long and conquer the unyielding with the yielding.

Dao Guyi combined the sword with the whip to couple hardness with softness.

They could disconnect in an instant and change into nine swords to hit Zhang Ruochen's nine crucial points, and, at the same time, they could display more changes as a long whip.

Zhang Ruochen shook his head and said, “Your sword technique is delicate but not unyielding. It seems unpredictable but is actually vulnerable. If you can't understand the real meaning of ‘Hardness with Softness’, you won't be able to reach the Realm of Heart Integrated into Sword even if you practice for another 20 years.”

Dao Guyi snorted and pushed his arms forward, continuously releasing the Genuine Qi inside to activate the nine Qingmu Swords to attack Zhang Ruochen at the same time.

Zhang Ruochen pinched his index and middle finger together to activate the Heart of the Sword. Suddenly, the nine Qingmu Swords stopped and vibrated in the air.

“Go back.”

They flew backward.

“Bang! Bang!”

Dao Guyi was hit by the hilts. He gave a muffled cry as he flew outward. He fell to the ground and had to take more than ten steps backward before he was able to steady himself.

Dao Guyi felt pain at the junctions of his nine meridians. When he tried to mobilize Qi, his meridians felt painfully swollen as if they would burst, so he could not continue attacking.

He knew very well that Zhang Ruochen had already shown mercy.

For one thing, it was only the nine hilts that hit him and blocked his meridians.

If it were the nine sword tips that hit him, he probably would have fallen to the ground unable to get up for a long time.

It simply showed that Zhang Ruochen could kill him with a single strike.

“Heart Integrated into Sword! Unbelievably, you’ve reached the Realm of Heart Integrated into Sword. I really admire you. I am sincerely convinced.”

Dao Guyi bowed to Zhang Ruochen, picked up the nine Qingmu Swords, and retreated from the ashram.

The entire ashram became very quiet. Nothing but gasps were heard.

“It’s terrifying!”

“Lin Yue’s strength is... terrifying!”

Dao Guyi had already been a Saint’s disciple for 10 years. Unexpectedly, Lin Yue easily defeated him. Gai Hao may not be able to win so easily.

Even more terrifying was the fact that he had already reached the Realm of Heart Integrated into Sword.

Even among the older Saint’s disciples, very few had reached this realm.

Lin Yue had just been promoted as a Saint’s disciple yet he had already reached a height unreachable by most humans in their lifetime.

All the Yin and Yang Sect disciples who had thought Gai Hao would definitely win became silent.

The power Lin Yue had shown was so amazing, it may have surpassed Gai Hao's.

A cyan-robed elder over a hundred years old could not help but give praise. "Lin Yue is a late bloomer. Like a dragon hiding in deep waters going out of the sea, he will soar up to the sky with one start."

Lin Yue had always been a rare talent, but he had been, at most, a giant among dwarfs. Now, he was the cream of the crop.

Zhao Han'er opened her eyes wide and her face was flushed with excitement. Her heart beat so rapidly that it almost burst. "Elder Brother Lin Yue is amazing! How can he be so excellent?"

Gai Hao looked solemn and began to take note of this opponent. "Lin Yue, you are really powerful. You are a worthy opponent."

Just as everyone began to anticipate the ultimate match between Gai Hao and Lin Yue, Half-saint Yuanlong, Half-saint Zixia, and Half-saint Jing Lan walked out from the Supreme Pure Palace.

All the three Half-saints emitted a dazzling light like the scorching sun. The monks who had not reached the Fish-Dragon Realm could not see their appearance clearly.

Everyone but the Saint's disciples knelt down and simultaneously said, "All hail Patriarch."

"Get up!" Half-saint Zixia said.

When everyone had risen, Half-saint Yuanlong said, "Lin Yue, Gai Hao, you may go about your own business. I'm going to announce an important matter."

Zhang Ruochen and Gai Hao bowed to the three Half-Saints and withdrew.

Everyone stared at Half-saint Yuanlong devoutly. They wondered what important event he was going to announce.

Half-saint Yuanlong mixed Holy Qi with his voice so that it spread like waves. “It’s only about half a year until the Sword Technique Conference on the ninth day of September. We’ll hold a grand sword contest before the conference.

“Saint’s disciples and Cyan-robed Elders who have reached the Fish-Dragon Realm can join the contest.

“The sword contest aims to determine the top 10 sword heroes within each realm. They will represent our Yin and Yang Sect in the Sword Technique Conference on the ninth of September and contend with sword practitioners from all over the world. It’s a great honor as well as an opportunity for you to prove yourselves.”

The top 10 sword heroes were qualified to join the Sword Technique Conference. In other words, they could face the top-class sword practitioners of the world.

Countless monks would definitely compete vigorously for this chance.

All the Yin and Yang Sect disciples were excited.

Half-saint Yuanlong continued speaking. “The sword contest is scheduled for the ninth of March. All the Saint’s disciples will return to the sect and join the grand ceremony. All the sword heroes at the top 10 within each realm will have a chance to enter the Sword Pavilion to comprehend the

Wordless Sword Manual

in advance. Besides, Saints will personally guide sword practice before the contest.

“In order to encourage you to take part in the sword contest, we’ll give out a lot of practicing resources to reward participants. This contest is divided into nine levels according to cultivation levels.

“Each of the top 10 sword heroes within the Ninth Change in the Fish-dragon Realm can get a Holy Sword.

“Each of the top 10 sword heroes within the Eighth Change in the Fish-dragon Realm can get a Ninth Class Glaze Pellet.

“Each of the top 10 sword heroes within the Second Change in the Fish-dragon Realm can get a twelfth level Genuine Martial Arms Ancient Sword.

“Each of the top 10 sword heroes within the First Change in the Fish-dragon Realm can get a Holy Stone.”

By the time Half-saint Yuanlong finished enumerating the contest prizes, all the Yin and Yang Sect disciples were hot-blooded, wishing the contest could start immediately.

After all, the top 10 sword heroes within the First Change in the Fish-dragon Realm, which was the lowest rank, could get a Holy Stone.

In other words, the prizes did not correspond to the cultivation levels. If a monk had a profound sword technique and a strong physique, he would still have a chance to fight.

One Holy Stone could be exchanged for 10,000,000 Spiritual Crystals, which was enough to buy a lot of practicing resources or even to start a family.

Not to mention that there were other prizes more precious than Holy Stones.

Chapter 655 - Choice

Translator:

Transn

Editor:

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Seeing the excitement of the crowd, Half-saint Yuanlong nodded happily and said, “You can now register! The deadline is March 8th.”

As Half-saint Yuanlong waved his arms, nine jade stones suddenly flew out of his sleeves to nine different directions of the Supreme Pure Palace ashram.

With a loud noise, the nine jade stones fell and turned into nine giant Jade Tablets.

There were cyan inscriptions floating up and down on the surface of the jade tablets. The top of each Jade Tablet was labeled with a number from one to nine.

“I want to take part in the sword contest of the Second Change in the Fish-dragon Realm.”

A monk of the Second Change in the Fish-dragon Realm ran underneath the second jade tablet. He pressed his palms on the tablet and injected Genuine Qi to it while shouting, “Zhao Kun!”

“Swoosh!”

The Jade Tablet started glowing and his name appeared on the top-most position.

Even Pang Long who was seriously injured, quickly ran below the second Jade Tablet to give his name.

With that, he committed himself to take part in the sword contest of the Second Change in the Fish-dragon Realm. A lot of people were surprised by it, but they quickly understood the reason why.

Pang Long was able to enter the top 100 on the Heaven Board

, so he was undoubtedly the cream of the crop. He was also capable of defeating a monk of the Third Change in the Fish-Dragon Realm with his cultivation at the First Change in the Fish-Dragon Realm.

Each of the top 10 sword heroes within the Second Change in the Fish-dragon Realm would be rewarded a twelfth level Genuine Martial Arms Ancient Sword. The prize was worth more than a Holy Stone because the contest was more challenging.

Actually, Pang Long had considered taking part in the sword contest for the Third Change in the Fish-Dragon Realm. However, after a lot of thought, he decided not to take any risks.

He knew that there were many senior Saint's disciples who were staying at the Third Change in the Fish-Dragon Realm. When the time came for him to confront them, Pang Long at the First Change in the Fish-Dragon Realm would have no chance of winning.

“I will take part in the sword contest for the First Change in the Fish-Dragon Realm.”

Xun Hualiu chose to play it safe.

Xun Hualiu was at the Completion of Heaven Realm and had even entered the

Heaven

Board

too. Even though he had great qualifications, he was not considered a top-class fighter.

Based on his qualifications, if he were to join the First Change in the Fish-Dragon Realm, he would rank below 500th and would have no chance of entering the top 10. So joining the sword contest for the Second Change in the Fish-dragon Realm was out of the question.

Zhang Ruochen cradled his chin and said with a smile, “I think you should participate in the sword contest for the Second Change in the Fish-dragon Realm instead.”

“Don’t instigate me, buddy. It’s already impossible for me to enter the top 10 of the sword contest for the First Change in the Fish-Dragon Realm, don’t even start with the sword contest in the Second Change in the Fish-Dragon Realm.”

Xun Hualiu shook his head and went to the first Jade Tablet.

Zhang Ruochen said, “If you trust me, I can help you break through to the Second Change in the Fish-dragon Realm before the sword contest.”

Xun Hualiu was surprised and he immediately stopped walking.

In the past, he would not have believed Zhang Ruochen’s big talk.

But then Xun Hualiu remembered that he had once witnessed Lin Yue’s rapid development. Lin Yue was able to reach an unimaginable level of qualification within several months.

Xun Hualiu gritted his teeth and shivered. He looked as if he had made some important determination. He turned back and grabbed Zhang Ruochen by the shoulders. He said ferociously, “If you can make me break through to the Second Change in the Fish-dragon Realm before the ninth of March, I will give Junior Sister Apprentice Luo Chan.”

Zhang Ruochen didn’t expect Xun Hualiu to be that excited. He was startled as he replied, “Don’t sweat it. Junior Sister Apprentice Luo Chan... Eh-hem, I’m not interested in her.”

“Why aren’t you interested?”

Xun Hualiu was confused and said, “Junior Sister Apprentice Luo Chan is considered as the number one beauty by the Demon Seal Yard indoor disciples. I thought you were interested in her. Is she not enough for you?”

Xun Hualiu beat his chest fiercely and said emphatically, “Alright! I’ll take a step back further. From now on, I, Xun

Hualiu, swear to God that I will stay at least ten meters away from the woman you like.”

Zhang Ruochen rubbed his temple. He couldn't stand Xun Hualiu talking about the beauty all the time.

“Doesn't he have anything else to offer other than the beauty?”

Zhang Ruochen said, “If you really want to break through to the Second Change in the Fish-dragon Realm before the sword contest, you must obey all my instructions starting from today.”

Xun Hualiu agreed with no hesitation and immediately said, “Ok! From now on, I will treat you like my big brother. I will follow your lead.”

Zhang Ruochen was amused and did not know how to respond. “Now go ahead and register!”

Xun Hualiu went to line up and was ready to register for the sword contest for the Second Change in the Fish-dragon Realm.

Gai Hao had his hands crossed in front of his chest as he glanced at Xun Hualiu. “With his talent, he would not be able to win in the sword contest for the Second Change in the Fish-dragon Realm.”

“Really? I don't think so.”

Zhang Ruochen thought carefully and added, “How about we make a bet?”

“What's the bet?” Gai Hao asked.

Zhang Ruochen answered, “Well, I've reached the Fourth Change in the Fish-dragon Realm, which means that for you, defeating me is out of the question. Let's just bet which of them will be stronger in the sword contest: Pang Long or Xun Hualiu?”

The Half-Saints with profound cultivation could see through Zhang Ruochen's real cultivation realm, so he had to tell the truth.

Upon hearing Zhang Ruochen's words, Gai Hao frowned. He didn't know that Lin Yue had already reached the Fourth Change in the Fish-dragon Realm.

Gai Hao snorted and angrily said, "You're the first person I've met who is more arrogant than me. Go ahead! How do you want to bet?"

Zhang Ruochen said, "If Pang Long wins, I'll give you a Holy Sword. If Xun Hualiu wins, you must do me a favor."

"Wow, seeing that you can gamble a Holy Sword that easily, I assume you must have been through some fortuitous adventures. Don't think that you are the only one who has encountered such adventures. You should be aware that other people have also been through the same thing."

Gai Hao thought that Lin Yue must have been through some fortuitous adventures to have been able to break through to the Fourth Change in the Fish-dragon Realm within several months.

Fact is stranger than fiction, indeed.

In the history of the Yin and Yang Sect, there had been lots of people who had encountered fortuitous adventures. Some warriors from the Heaven Realm were struck by lightning, but instead of dying, they became Half-Saints overnight.

There was also a story about a common disciple who encountered adventures when running some errands. Within three years, he became a Saint. Then, he left the Yin and Yang Sect to challenge all saints in the world and had yet to fail.

Even though Lin Yue's adventures were amazing and admiring, they were all acceptable.

With ardent eyes, Gai Hao said with resolution, "I will accept the bet. Pang Long and Xun Hualiu are not in the same class. You're bound to lose."

Zhang Ruochen did not care about Gai Hao's response but nodded lightly.

There was a reason why Zhang Ruochen made a bet with Gai Hao.

Gai Hao was a Yang spirit saint being, so his aura of masculinity was intense. Someday in the future, he might be able to reach “Extreme Yang Body”.

One of them was Extreme Yang Body. Extreme Yang Body was one of the five physiques that Blackie was searching for.

At first, Zhang Ruochen didn't have Blackie's words in mind because Zhang Ruochen had not realized that if he could find someone with one of the five physiques, he would be able to control the legendary divine device, Divine Dragon Yin-Yang Chaos Tower.

However, despite being unreliable most of the time, Blackie had tried its best to train Orange Star Emissary and Ao Xinyan. Which was why Zhang Ruochen started to get serious about Blackie's intentions.

Of course, a Yang spirit saint being was inferior to an Extreme Yang Body, but the only thing Zhang Ruochen did was contact Gai Hao and let him be indebted to him, which was not a bad thing.

Gai Hao continued to say, “Since you're so confident, which level sword contest are you going register for?”

Zhang Ruochen knew that Gai Hao was not convinced and said, “So what? Do you want to join the same level sword contest with me?”

“Why not?” Gai Hao said.

Zhang Ruochen laughed and put his hands behind his back, and began to observe the nine Jade Tablets.

There were a lot of people registering for the first three Jade Tablets. Most people were lined up in front of the tablets, forming three long queues.

Zhang Ruochen sighed quietly. “The Yin and Yang Sect is really the top sect in the Eastern Region. Its foundation is so profound that it can cultivate so many monks at the Fish-Dragon Realm.”

The number of top masters in any of the 72 yards was comparable to that of a Saint powerful family.

Compared to the first three Jade Tablets, the number of applicants for the fourth tablet was much smaller—only half the number of applicants from one of the first three Jade Tablets.

The monks who were standing before Jade Tablet was a little bit less than those before the fourth one.

When Gai Hao saw Lin Yue staring at the fifth Jade Tablet, Gai Hao's stern demeanor started to relax.

Gai Hao's limit was the Fifth Change in the Fish-dragon Realm.

As a Saintly Being, Gai Hao would be able to defeat an opponent by crossing three realms.

Gai Hao's goal was not to defeat the monks at the Fifth Change in the Fish-dragon Realm but to defeat the most powerful men among them, so he could enter the top 10.

It was very difficult to achieve that.

It was already a tremendous challenge for him to participate in the sword contest for the Fifth Change in the Fish-dragon Realm with his cultivation at the Initial Stage of the Third Change in the Fish-Dragon Realm.

If he failed to improve his cultivation to the peak of the Third Change in the Fish-Dragon Realm before the sword contest, he would have no chance of entering the top 10.

Suddenly, Gai Hao's facial expression changed. "What does he want to do?"

Zhang Ruochen just glanced at the fifth Jade Tablet. He shook his head and moved to the sixth Jade Tablet, then the seventh Jade Tablet, before finally stopping in front of the eighth Jade Tablet.

"If I can make it to the top 10 in the sword contest for the Eighth Change in the Fish-dragon Realm, I would get a Ninth Class Glaze Pellet."

Zhang Ruochen was very interested in Glaze Pellet. Only such an old and influential force like the Yin and Yang Sect could

refine this Glaze Pellet and there was no way he could buy it outside.

If a monk from the Eighth Change in the Fish-dragon Realm took a Glaze Pellet, he would be able to practice into Glazed Treasured Body and break through to the Ninth Change in the Fish-dragon Realm in a very short period of time.

The Yin and Yang Sect needed a lot of resources to refine a Glaze Pellet, so they would only be rewarding it to the most gifted monk. The other monks would not have a chance of getting it.

Then, Zhang Ruochen went below the eighth Jade Tablet and reached out a hand to press on its groove, shouting out “Lin Yue.”

“Everyone, look. Lin Yue is going to take part in the sword contest for the Eighth Change in the Fish-dragon Realm.”

A loud scream rang and spread across the entire Supreme Pure Palace ashram.

Everyone there including the three Half-Saints was startled and turned their attention to the area around the eighth Jade Tablet.

Chapter 656 - The Legend of Gods

Translator:

Transn

Editor:

Transn

“Is he... crazy?”

“A warrior who has just reached the Fish-Dragon Realm battling with seniors of the Eighth Change in the Fish-Dragon Realm? Even Senior Brother Gai Hao won't do something that crazy.”

Han Qiu was stunned by Lin Yue's reckless act. She stared at his back while caressing her snowy-white chin. She had a faint smile on her face. “He doesn't seem like he's stupid, so why did he make such a crazy decision? Even if he did have some fortuitous encounter, there's no way he can fight a Monk of the Eighth Change in the Fish-Dragon Realm within such a short time.”

Half-saint Zixia couldn't wipe out the frown on his face. He could not understand Lin Yue's decision.

What on earth is this young fellow doing?

Zhang Ruochen ignored the crowd's baffled reactions and remained calm. He took two steps back and raised his head. When he saw the name “Lin Yue” on the Jade Tablet, he nodded in satisfaction.

One reason for him taking part in these sword duels was because of the Glaze Pellet. Another reason was that Zhang Ruochen wanted to raise his cultivation through these duels.

Actually, a sword duel with warriors of the Eighth Change in the Fish-Dragon Realm was as far as he could go.

Zhang Ruochen used Cyan-robed Emissary's strength as a reference.

Cyan-robed Emissary was from the Seventh Change in the Fish-Dragon Realm, but her true strength had exceeded that of many Monks of the Ninth Change in the Fish-Dragon Realm.

Zhang Ruochen would take part in these sword duels as "Lin Yue" which limited his abilities, like his Spiritual Power, Time Swordsmanship, Space Domain, the Ancient Abyss Sword, Dragon Pearl and Flowing Light Invisible Cloak... Many of these trump cards must remain hidden.

As a result, Zhang Ruochen could only use his power in the Tao of the sword. Using this skill alone, he could only match Cyan-robed Emissary of the Seventh Change in the Fish-Dragon Realm. He might even be a little weaker than her.

The Yin and Yang Sect was not any weaker than Eastern Evil Land. On the tournament arena of the Seventh Change in the Fish-Dragon Realm, many favored sons, elders, and celebrities would be as powerful as Cyan-robed Emissary.

Zhang Ruochen's best chance of winning was in the arena of the Seventh Change in the Fish-Dragon Realm.

There was still one more month before the ninth of the third month. Zhang Ruochen must break into the Fifth Change in the Fish-Dragon Realm before then.

As long as he broke through the Fifth Change in the Fish-Dragon Realm before the contest, he would be able to sneak into the top 10 positions in the sword duels of the Eighth Change. He finally decided to fight in the arena of the Eighth Change in the Fish-Dragon Realm.

Only someone under pressure could have this kind of motivation.

Half-saint Zixia was standing on the topmost stone step of the Supreme Pure Palace. His expression was solemn and cold. He extended his frail arm and condensed some purple Holy Qi. Rotating his wrist, the purple Holy Qi soared out. It swept Zhang Ruochen up who was initially standing below the Jade Tablet.

Zhang Ruochen could feel his surroundings spinning and his head muddled. The next thing he knew, he was standing next to Half-saint Zixia.

Zhang Ruochen was calm and composed. He cupped his right fist in his left hand and bowed to Half-saint Zixia. “You have summoned me. What do you need, Master?”

Zhang Ruochen had been promoted to a Saint’s disciple. He was now Half-saint Zixia’s disciple, so he had to address Half-saint Zixia as “Master.”

“Why did you choose the eighth Jade Tablet? Do you have any idea how difficult it will be?” asked Half-saint Zixia solemnly.

Half-saint Zixia had high hopes for Lin Yue. He hoped Lin Yue would be able to squeeze into the top 10 of a particular Realm.

Only the top 10 contestants of a Realm had the chance of learning the

Wordless Sword Manual.

They would also participate in the Sword Technique Conference on the ninth of the ninth month.

If Lin Yue chose the Fourth Change in the Fish-Dragon Realm or the Fifth, he would definitely get into the top 10 and might even clinch first place.

However, he chose the eighth Jade Tablet. It was impossible for him to win even one duel, let alone squeeze into the top 10.

Zhang Ruochen said, “I would like to fight through it.”

Half-saint Zixia’s eyes turned very hardened, emitting a faint Holy Aura. He scolded Lin Yue, “You must always regulate yourself and advance steadily when you practice. You should not be haughty. If you forget yourself after some fortuitous encounter, then you are no different from a conceited frog in the well.”

“I will erase your name from the eighth Jade Tablet and give you another chance. Do you know how to choose this time?”

Many people lose sight of their selves after obtaining great power. They become conceited and self-centered, leading their lives to disaster.

Half-saint Zixia was stern to Lin Yue because he wanted to give him a warning. Half-saint Zixia wanted to wake him up and guide him back to the right path. He did not want Lin Yue to be carried away by his fortuitous encounter.

Only someone who cared deeply would feel such pain.

But Zhang Ruochen had made up his mind. He was not going to change his decision.

If he entered a sword contest of a lower Realm, he would be able to get into the top 10 easily. However, he would not be able to train himself. It would be a waste of time.

Zhang Ruochen tried to persuade Half-saint Zixia. “Master, I would still like to take part in the sword contest of the Eighth Change in the Fish-Dragon Realm.”

“You disobedient disciple...”

Half-saint Zixia was so angry that one could see him tremble incessantly. He raised his palm and was about to slap Zhang Ruochen, but finally restrained himself.

Next to Half-saint Zixia was Half-saint Yuanlong who was mocking Half-saint Zixia’s misfortune gleefully.

“Congratulations! Congratulations to Half-saint Zixia for taking in such a good disciple! Lin Yue, I have high expectations from you. If you can get into the top 10, let me know. I will award you with a Holy Sword.”

Zhang Ruochen said, “Isn’t this the right thing to do, Sir?”

“Yes, nothing wrong with that! I like nurturing young talents like you. No need to be too polite, haha!”

Half-saint Yuanlong laughed so loudly as he took a step forward. He turned into a streak of holy light and disappeared into the horizon.

Half-saint Zixia gave Lin Yue a meaningful look and felt regret on his behalf. He could only sigh and shut his aging eyes. Without saying anything more, he waved his hand and

said, “Since you’ve made up your mind, I won’t dissuade you. There is an elder who wants to see you at Supreme Pure Palace. Go!”

Zhang Ruochen knew what had pained Half-saint Zixia so much, but he did not want to change his decision. He gave Half-saint Zixia a respectful bow and crossed the threshold and entered the palace.

After Zhang Ruochen left, Half-saint Zixia heaved a long sigh. He said, aggravated, “He’s an outstanding successor from Zixia Sacred Mountain. Why does he want to destroy himself?”

After all, the practice of the Holy Road was very personal and he had no business in it.

With his great cultivation, Half-saint Zixia could actually force Lin Yue to change his decision. He could make him participate in the sword duels of a lower realm, but he understood very well that this would not change Lin Yue’s decision.

What good was that?

Half-saint Zixia shook his head and felt disappointed with Lin Yue. He let out another sigh. Ignoring his thoughts about Lin Yue, he left Supreme Pure Palace.

Entering the Supreme Pure Palace, Zhang Ruochen saw a white-robed elder standing in the middle of the grand hall. His gray hair was long, like a waterfall cascading to the floor. There was no great aura from him, and he seemed like an ordinary elder.

However, Zhang Ruochen knew that no one whom Half-saint Zixia addressed as “elder” could be ordinary.

“My respects to you, Sir.” Zhang Ruochen paid his respects.

From the moment Zhang Ruochen entered, the gray-haired elder was watching him very carefully. His wrinkled face showed a kind smile. “No need for ceremonies, Lin Yue. Do you know why I am meeting you in private?”

Zhang Ruochen stood up straight again. “Does Elder want to know why the ‘800-Mile Immortal Qi’ phenomenon occurred

during the coronation ceremony?”

The gray-haired elder smiled. “If I ask you, you will surely tell me you don’t know why, won’t you?”

“I really don’t know the reason,” Zhang Ruochen replied calmly.

Although they had just met, Zhang Ruochen could feel this old priest was not ordinary. It seemed that there was nothing he could hide from the elder.

“Who is he?”

The gray-haired Old Taoist put his hands behind his back.

“You might not know the reason, but I do know a little about the incident. Would you like to know more?”

“Please enlighten me, Sir.”

The gray-haired old Taoist turned very solemn. “Do you know that before the Middle Ancient Times, gods existed in Kunlun’s Field?”

“100,000 years ago, someone broke the Sacred Root of Kunlun’s Field—the Sacred Prime Tree. After that, gods stopped existing in this world. At that moment, the Medieval Ancient Times ended, marking the start of a godless era. Which is what we call the Late Antiquity.”

Zhang Ruochen listened silently and did not utter a word.

The gray-haired old Taoist continued. “The Yin and Yang Sect is one of the three main branches of the Taiji Sect. It started in the ancient times and reached its acme during the Medieval Ancient Times.

“Around 800,000 years ago, during the ancient times, three disciples of the Taiji Sect—High Pure, Jade Pure, and Grand Pure—arrived at God Falling Ridge and started the Yin and Yang Sect. After hard work from countless successors and overcoming many upheavals, the Yin and Yang Sect flourished. It finally evolved into the Yin and Yang Sect you see today.

“Of course, what I’ve told you is merely a legend. Even the oldest books contain no records of our three Patriarchs. I’ve

read all the files of the Yin and Yang Sect. The earliest records date to 200,000 years ago. The only evidence of an older history was scarce and fragmented. Nobody was sure if the ancient legend was true.”

Zhang Ruochen wrinkled his brows and asked, “What do you mean, Sir?”

The gray-haired old Taoist smiled and looked into Zhang Ruochen’s eyes. “You’ve cultivated three Sword Comprehensions. That’s very unique. It was no Sword Comprehension left in the past 200,000 years. In other words, whoever left that Sword Comprehension was someone from 200,000 years ago.”

“The three Patriarchs were the only ones who left their names behind 200,000 years ago. They are the only ones part of the story being retold today.”

Zhang Ruochen laughed. “Are you suggesting that the three Sword Comprehensions I’ve integrated were from our first three Patriarchs?”

“It may be impossible for others, but not for you. You’ve experienced four Chords of the Gods. Your body bears Gods’ Mark and the destiny Qi from the Gods. So it’s quite possible for you to obtain the Sword Comprehensions from our three Patriarchs.” The gray-haired old Taoist continued to stare at Zhang Ruochen with his smiling eyes.

A fearful wave surged within Zhang Ruochen’s heart.

Who on earth was this old Taoist? How did he know he had gone through four Chords of the Gods?

Chapter 657 - Three Powerful Sword Comprehensions

Translator:

Transn

Editor:

Transn

The Gods' Mark could hide. Even Saints could not discover it.

How powerful was this gray-haired old Taoist's cultivation?

How could he see Zhang Ruochen's Gods' Mark and even know that he had experienced four Chords of the Gods?

If he could see his Gods' Mark, surely he also saw Zhang Ruochen's true identity?

Zhang Ruochen was extremely nervous, yet his face still looked calm and collected.

The gray-haired old Taoist turned around and waved his hand.

“Lin Yue, you've already earned three Sword

Comprehensions. It doesn't matter whether they were from our three Patriarchs or not—you have to make good use of them.

Leave now! Prepare for the upcoming grand sword contest. If you have time, visit the Ancient Gods Mountain. You may find it beneficial.”

When he heard the gray-haired old Taoist address him as “Lin Yue,” Zhang Ruochen finally relaxed. He realized the old man would not make things difficult for him.

Even so... why had he not exposed him on the spot?

Why did the gray-haired old Taoist trust him so much? How could he be sure Zhang Ruochen was not an undercover member of the Black Market or Demonic Sect?

Zhang Ruochen was baffled. He had conflicting emotions as he followed a narrow, shady path toward Zixia Sacred Mountain and left the Supreme Pure Palace.

He said to himself,

“The Yin and Yang Sect is indeed full of undiscovered talents. My altered appearance may deceive Half-Saints and Saints, but not old superiors of incredible cultivation. I must continue practicing the Change of 36 Forms until I reach Big Success in the First Change. Only then can I disguise myself flawlessly.”

When Zhang Ruochen returned to Zixia Sacred Mountain, he found Xun Hualiu waiting for him at his courtyard, seemingly unbothered by his injuries.

An obese young man was beside him. His rotund belly nearly burst his Taoist robe.

Zhang Ruochen looked at the man. He guessed that he was the third of the three romantic swordsmen, “Fat Mu” Mu Jiji. Xun Hualiu had mentioned him before.

Xun Hualiu looked extremely serious. “Boss Lin, I hear that you signed up for the sword contest of the Eighth Change in the Fish-Dragon Realm. Is it true?”

The three romantic swordsmen had once vowed that whoever had the highest cultivation would be called “Boss.”

Mu Jiji was the former boss since he was the first to break into the Fish-Dragon Realm.

Things had changed now. Lin Yue had beaten a Saint’s disciple of the Third Change in the Fish-Dragon Realm. He had surpassed Mu Jiji who was of the First Change in the Fish-Dragon Realm. He was now their true boss.

Zhang Ruochen nodded and answered. “Yes.”

Xun Hualiu and Mu Jiji looked at each other wryly.

Although they knew Lin Yue was now very powerful, they did not think he could beat Monks of the Eighth Change in the Fish-Dragon Realm.

Lin Yue was now the boss, however, so they could not say much.

Zhang Ruochen led them into a study. He sat down and glanced at Xun Hualiu. “I made a bet with Gai Hao. If you lose to Pang Long in the grand sword contest, I’ll have to give him a Holy Sword.”

“Pfff!”

Xun Hualiu had just sat down and was taking a sip of tea. He spat out the tea in his mouth in shock, spraying Fat Mu’s face across him.

“Ahem! Boss Lin Yue, Master Lin Yue, would you stop joking? How can I beat Pang Long? You’ll lose too much, betting a Holy Sword! If you have too many treasures, give your Holy Sword to Junior Sister Han Qiu. Maybe you can win her heart that way.” Xun Hualiu pulled a long face.

Mu Jiji also felt that Lin Yue was crazy. “Boss Lin, although Xun Hualiu and Pang Long are both of the First Change in the Fish-Dragon Realm, there’s a vast gap between their cultivations. Gai Hao will win your Holy Sword easily.”

Zhang Ruochen shook his head and said, “I was confident when I made the bet. There’s one more month before the sword contest. If Xun Hualiu’s cultivation breaks into the Second Change in the Fish-Dragon Realm, he can easily beat Pang Long.”

“It’s not possible for a Monk to break into the Second Change in the Fish-Dragon Realm within a month.” Mu Jiji immediately shook his head.

Zhang Ruochen hooked his finger and knocked the tabletop. “I won’t force a complete stranger to do it, but it’s our rare affinity to know one other. Now I am giving you two a chance. How you choose is completely up to you.”

Xun Hualiu and Mu Jiji felt Boss Lin meant something significant with these words.

To know each other is a rare affinity—that was as good as saying nothing, wasn’t it?

After reflecting for 15 minutes, Xun Hualiu came to a decision first. "I'll say it again: If you can make me reach the Second Change in the Fish-Dragon Realm before the contest, you can do whatever you want with me. I'll risk my life to help you win the bet."

Mu Jiji smiled and said, "If you put it that way, count me in."

Zhang Ruochen said, "Very well since you two have made up your minds, I will assist you all the way. The two of you have reached the Fish-Dragon Realm while you are still very young. This means you have great potential. In fact, your potential exceeds those of many so-called geniuses. Once you realize three points, it won't be hard to beat Pang Long."

Xun Hualiu and Mu Jiji asked together, "What three points?"

"First, improve your physical quality. You two should at least cultivate a treasured body.

"Second, switch to a different exercise. Practice an exercise of at least the King's Stage.

"Third, practice your willpower. You cannot succumb to women any more.

"I've already prepared a Five Elements Spirit Treasure, the Black Glazed Spinel. Once you have refined it, it's as good as having practiced for 10 years. You will cultivate a Treasured Body of Water Spirit as well.

"I have already prepared some King's Stage exercises as well. All you need to do is switch to a different exercise.

"I have also found you a teacher to monitor your training and help you practice your willpower. Blackie, I entrust them to you."

"Blackie?"

Xun Hualiu and Mu Jiji looked out the door, eager to know who Boss Lin had invited.

A lazy voice rang out from the hall. "Make them reach the Second Change in the Fish-Dragon Realm within a month? That's too easy. No challenge for me at all."

The two of them focused their eyes on something lying on a table nearby. Their eyes widened in surprise when they realized that it was a fat black cat that had spoken.

How powerful could a cat possibly be?

Blackie said no more. He stood on his toes and dashed across, turning into a black streak of light. With lightning speed, he hit both Xun Hualiu and Mu Jiji.

Both screamed hideously and crashed into the wall. They tumbled to the courtyard outside.

“I have already sealed your Meridians. From now on, each of you will carry a 50-ton weight. Now run around Zixia Sacred Mountain 20 times!”

Blackie had rushed out and was now standing on the top of the steps, growling loudly.

“How dare this fat cat sneak attack me— Ah... !”

Xun Hualiu had wanted to resist, but Blackie’s paw knocked him into the air. He spun 720 degrees before landing with a thud.

Outside, the noise of merciless thrashing was heard. At first, Xun Hualiu and Mu Jiji screamed painfully, then, they begged for mercy.

Zhang Ruochen was confident of Blackie’s abilities. He left the Black Glazed Spinel and two exercise manuals behind and then took out the Yin Yang Wooden Graph and entered the Scroll World.

“Where did the three Sword Comprehensions come from?”

He sat with his feet tucked beneath his legs under the Sacred Prime Tree. Zhang Ruochen placed both hands on his knees and began drawing Spiritual Power back to himself. He guided it down to the Qi Sea and started probing the three Sword Comprehensions.

The three Sword Comprehensions had turned into three turbulent streams of Qi. They shuttled around the Qi Sea, circling his Heart of the Sword.

Each stream of Qi was 20 kilometers long and 50 meters wide, resembling a great river.

“How strong and powerful the Sword Comprehensions are!”

Zhang Ruochen carefully controlled his Heart of the Sword, fashioning it into a small man. He tried gathering the three powerful Qi into it.

Zhang Ruochen’s Heart of the Sword was weak compared to the three Sword Comprehensions—it was shattered by a Sword Qi and blown away.

Although his Heart of the Sword was hit by one of the Sword Comprehensions, Zhang Ruochen realized it had suffered just a little injury.

Inspiration suddenly flashed across his mind. The perplexing mysteries of the Tao of the sword suddenly became clear.

Zhang Ruochen continued to observe, reaching a very surprising conclusion.

When his Heart of the Sword was hit by a stream of Sword Comprehension, tiny fissures had appeared. These fissures seemed to be absorbing Qi from the Sword Comprehensions and repairing the Heart of the Sword!

“I see! These three Sword Comprehensions represent three teachers. If I can endure hardships and their strikes, I can learn the Tao of the sword from them.”

The three Sword Comprehensions were not just imparting knowledge to Zhang Ruochen, they were also tempering, strengthening and purifying his Heart of the Sword.

There was only one month before the sword contest. Zhang Ruochen was short of time, so he tried multitasking with his powerful Spiritual Power.

Controlling his Heart of the Sword, he learned the Tao of the sword from the three Sword Comprehensions.

At the same time, he ingested some Xuanwu Sacred Blood. He refined its Spiritual Blood and Holy Qi and raised his cultivation.

Time flew. Two months quickly passed in the Scroll World.

Zhang Ruochen had refined one drop of Xuanwu Sacred Blood. He had raised his cultivation to the Mid Stage of the Fourth Change in the Fish-Dragon Realm. He was now in the fifth realm of Sword One.

Another two months passed.

Zhang Ruochen had refined his second drop of Xuanwu Sacred Blood. His cultivation once again improved. He had now reached the Advanced Stage of the Fourth Change in the Fish-Dragon Realm and the sixth realm of Sword One.

Another two months passed.

Zhang Ruochen had refined his third drop of Xuanwu Sacred Blood. He was now at the Peak of the Fourth Change in the Fish-Dragon Realm and the seventh realm of Sword One.

Chapter 658 - At the Foot of Ancient Gods Mountain

Translator:

Transn

Editor:

Transn

As his cultivation improved, Zhang Ruochen needed more and more Xuanwu Sacred Blood to reach the next level.

Zhang Ruochen took half a year to refine three drops of Xuanwu Sacred Blood, during which time he had raised his cultivation from the Initial Stage to the Peak of the Fourth Change in the Fish-Dragon Realm.

At the Third Change in the Fish-Dragon Realm, Zhang Ruochen had only required one drop to reach the Peak.

All the Meridians in his body surged with violent Genuine Qi. Some of it exceeded what he could withstand, seeping out from his pores and floating in the air. A 10-meter Xuanwu illusory image now appeared.

Zhang Ruochen's cultivation had improved rapidly after refining the Xuanwu Sacred Blood. He had now reached the Peak of the Fourth Change in the Fish-Dragon Realm. This growing power, however, had not integrated well with his internal strength.

The new Spiritual Blood and Genuine Qi carried an aura from the Cyan Fire Xuanwu. It was repelled by Zhang Ruochen's own Genuine Qi and Spiritual Blood.

Zhang Ruochen did not continue to refine a fourth drop of Xuanwu Sacred Blood. He stretched out his hand and started mobilizing the Genuine Qi inside his body. He directed the powerful Genuine Qi through the Meridians on his arm and forced it out of his palm.

Zhang Ruochen felt a dull throbbing pain in the Meridians on his arm. Two streams of Genuine Qi, the old and the new, were clashing there.

Zhang Ruochen withdrew some Genuine Qi. He eased the rest of the Genuine Qi inside his body. Instantly, the throbbing pain in his arm ebbed.

“I’ve already reached the Peak of the Fourth Change in the Fish-Dragon Realm. More Xuanwu Sacred Blood won’t help me break into the Fifth Change.

“After this, I’ll have to fortify my cultivation for a while. I must refine the new Spiritual Blood and Genuine Qi more, integrating them into my own body and consolidating my power. Then, I can start cultivating my second Holy Meridian and break into the Fifth Change in the Fish-Dragon Realm.”

Zhang Ruochen had now reached the Peak of the Fourth Change in the Fish-Dragon Realm, and his cultivation improved drastically. However, he still could not utilize his Genuine Qi efficiently. He could only access 50-60% of its power.

In other words, he was not stable in the present realm. He could not perfectly execute its power. He still had much room for improvement at the Fourth Change in the Fish-Dragon Realm.

Of course, he had already dramatically improved his strength.

Zhang Ruochen withdrew the Genuine Qi and stopped practicing. He took out his Ancient Abyss Sword and practiced sword moves instead.

“SWOOSH!”

He brandished his sword casually, and dozens of Qi swords appeared and encircled him.

Instantly, his aura became noble, swift, and fierce. He was like a white-clothed Sword Saint.

Zhang Ruochen spread his legs and slashed with his sword. He rapidly drew an 80-meter sword arc in the air. The sword Qi soared far away.

The powerful sword Qi cut up the earth, leaving a deep fissure.

“Sacred Guiding Sword!”

“Sacred Full Moon Sword!”

...

Zhang Ruochen’s understanding of the Tao of the sword had become many times more profound after he reached the seventh realm of Sword One. Even his Sacred Sword Skill, a Spiritual Level Low Class technique, was executed like a Ghost Level Inferior Class technique.

After one last move, Zhang Ruochen sheathed his Ancient Abyss Sword.

“There are 10 realms in Sword One. By rights, I ought to spend more time on each succeeding level. The levels get progressively more difficult. But with the Three Sects of Sword Comprehension guiding me, my cultivation speed has only slackened a bit.

“I need at most one year to complete all 10 realms of Sword One, given my present speed. If I go a little quicker, I can do it in eight months.”

Not only had his understanding of Sword One reached the seventh realm, the Heart of the Sword in his Qi Sea had also crystallized. It was like a gem, giving off brilliant rays.

Zhang Ruochen realized he was about to break into the Advanced Stage of the Heart Integrated into Sword.

His ability in the Tao of the sword had progressed very rapidly. It must have something to do with the Three Sects of Sword Comprehension.

The outcome of this training retreat satisfied Zhang Ruochen greatly.

Half a year passed within the Scroll World, while twenty days passed outside. Zhang Ruochen now realized it was the first day of the third month.

Ancient Gods Mountain opened to Saint’s disciples on the first of each month.

Zhang Ruochen needed to visit the mountain, both to satisfy his curiosity and to investigate the Heaven and Earth Altar.

He walked out of the Scroll World and returned once more to Zixia Sacred Mountain.

“Lord Black, please don’t turn up the heat. I beg you... please don’t turn up the heat ... I’m stewing...”

Outside his room, Xun Hualiu and Mu Jiji wailed piteously.

“Creak!”

Zhang Ruochen pushed his door open and walked out. Two 3-meter-tall bronze cauldrons were in the yard. Both were stuffed with herbs and the blood of savage beasts. An overpowering, bloody stench filled the air.

Xun Hualiu and Mu Jiji were stewing inside the boiling bronze cauldrons. Their wails could be heard. They became higher and higher in pitch.

Blackie stood by the bronze cauldrons. Two Roaring Flame Arrays had been set up there. He poured fire-nature Spiritual Crystals into them, and the flames blazed more intensely.

The herb cauldron, cast out of green bronze, was glowing. Everyone could see how hot it was.

Blackie stood up, his paws behind his back. He circled the two cauldrons and snorted. “You have to fortify yourselves with herbs and blood after every training. Only then will you improve in your cultivation. To be the best, you must suffer.”

“Lord Black, I can’t... take it any more!”

From the left cauldron came Mu Jiji’s horrible scream.

Blackie stared at him and said, “Even if you can’t, you must. Be appreciative. Young dragons used to be stewed in these herbs and blood. I’m the only one, other than the Dragon tribe, who knows the formula.

“Of course, I didn’t add herbs and blood from savage beasts. They are too rare. This concoction only has 30% of the original potency. Since you two have reached the First Change

in the Fish-Dragon Realm, you can bear with it. If not, you are useless crap!

“The secret concoction removes impurities from your bodies, enhances your skin, blood, bones, and sinews. You can break into the Second Change in the Fish-Dragon Realm with its help, or even the Third. It’s very likely.”

Zhang Ruochen walked to the cauldrons and asked, “Was this concoction really used to stew young Dragons?”

“Of course.”

Blackie already knew Zhang Ruochen had left the Scroll World. He was not the least surprised. Raising his head, he said, “Everyone nurtured by me will become extraordinary. Their physical quality is poor. They can only fully develop after a potent dose of medication.

“Even if they do not match the young Dragons, the concoction will make them many times more powerful than other Monks of the same realm. I’m strengthening their willpower as well. If they can’t make it, they won’t be top-quality warriors, even with many resources.”

After two hours, the herbs and blood in the cauldrons had evaporated. Blackie finally let Xun Hualiu and Mu Jiji out.

They were wrapped in a thick black casing of blood, like two mummies.

“Stop pretending you’re hurt! Ancient Gods Mountain opens today. Miss it, and you’ll have to wait another month,” Zhang Ruochen said.

“BAM!”

“BAM!”

Xun Hualiu and Mu Jiji quickly broke free from the casing. They flew out forcefully, landing on the ground with loud thuds.

Compared to 20 days ago, their bodies seemed completely remolded. A powerful, beast-like aura emanated from them. Their skin glowed with a light golden sheen. They were

approaching the Second Change in the Fish-Dragon Realm, “Skin Refining to Gold.”

“Lord Black is no mean teacher. He leaves us half-dead after each session, but our injuries heal immediately after we are soaked in herbs and blood. Our physical abilities have improved dramatically,” Mu Jiji said.

Although Mu Jiji was still obese, Zhang Ruochen could see that he had lost a lot of weight.

Xun Hualiu looked at his arms. He was very agitated. His face was flushing with excitement. “Lord Black is awesome! I, Xun Hualiu, will become a top fighter. Pang Long is nothing! How could he beat me?”

Xun Hualiu lifted Blackie and showered him with kisses.

BAM! Blackie struck out his paw and made Xun Hualiu fly 50 meters away. He remarked scornfully, “Stay away from me. Physically, you’re still miles away from being a top fighter.”

Zhang Ruochen shook his head and smiled. “Let’s get changed and get out of here!”

Xun Hualiu and Mu Jiji changed into the cyan robes of Saint’s disciples. They hurried with Zhang Ruochen in the direction of Ancient Gods Mountain.

The first of each month was an important day. Even Saint’s disciples who seldom appeared would gather at the foot of Ancient Gods Mountain. The place would become lively and noisy.

Zhang Ruochen arrived outside the gate of Ancient Gods Mountain. He was quite astounded by the scene. There was a sea of people—everyone surrounding him was a Saint’s disciple in cyan robe. Even the weakest disciple was in the First Change in the Fish-Dragon Realm.

Every the weakest disciple here would be a superior warrior outside.

This was a big congregation of Saint’s disciples. If disaster struck here, it would turn the entire suzerain into a heap of ruins within two hours.

Of the three, only Mu Jiji had visited Ancient Gods Mountain before. He had acquired some knowledge of the place.

Mu Jiji explained. “There weren’t so many people here in the past. Many Saint’s disciples traveling outside have returned, as we will hold sword duels soon.

“Some Saint’s disciples have emerged from their secluded retreats. They are adjusting themselves, trying to reach their best physical state before the duels. They also want to learn more about their opponents and formulate their tactics accordingly.”

Chapter 659 - Masses of Top Masters

Translator:

Transn

Editor:

Transn

The Yin and Yang Sect was the leader of all sects within Eastern Region. Every day, nearly 10,000 people would come from everywhere to be admitted. Every year, the three palaces and 72 compounds would each pick one or two outstanding talents to train intensively.

In other words, the Sect would pick 100 to 200 talents to develop every year.

After many centuries, countless outstanding disciples had emerged from the Sect. Within such Saint's disciples, there were bound to be many masters and undiscovered talents.

“SWOOSH!”

A purple sword radiance arrived in the air from the distance. It stopped at the mountain gate outside Ancient Gods Mountain.

It was an seven-meter ancient purple sword, hovering 30 meters above the ground. Streaks of purple lightning swirled around its body, making crackling noises.

A human figure stood on the sword. He to be about 28 or 29, and his Taoist robe was very clean and tidy. A contemptuous look gleamed in his eyes. He seemed to look down on every living person.

“Purple Sword! Has Qin Yufan returned?”

“He's a freak. It looks like he's back for the sword duels. How far do you think his cultivation has progressed?”

...

Outside the gate of Ancient Gods Mountain, every Saint's disciple was staring at his ancient purple sword. Some looked with adoration, others with reverence.

Zhang Ruochen stared at the man standing on the sword.

He could travel on his sword. This meant his Tao of the sword had reached the Heart Integrated into Sword realm.

An array had been set up above Supreme Pure Palace to restrict flight. Usually, only Half-Saints could fly above the palace.

This man, however, travelled on his sword to Ancient Gods Mountain. He had flown above the Supreme Pure Palace, so he was certainly a powerful figure.

"Who's that?" asked Zhang Ruochen.

Mu Jiji's eyes shone with reverence. "Boss Lin, don't you know him? He's Qin Yufan, the top-ranking fighter on the Yellow, Profound, and Earth Boards. He had been the top for the last 20 years. He was also ranked third on the Heaven Board, a very difficult position to reach. This man is a supreme talent of the Yin and Yang Sect.

"He'd just reached the third position on the Heaven Board when I was accepted as a disciple. He became famous overnight in the Eastern Region. He is one of the most eminent geniuses of his generation, and he has been a Saint's disciple for the last 18 years.

"18 years have gone. I wonder how far his cultivation has progressed."

Zhang Ruochen stared at Qin Yufan. "The Eighth Change in the Fish-Dragon Realm."

Mu Jiji said, "Given his prowess, Qin Yufan is sure to be first in the sword contests of the Eighth Change in the Fish-Dragon Realm."

Xun Hualiu shook his head and smiled, "Qin Yufan is certainly freakish, but it won't be easy for him to win. I know at least two others who could compete with him."

Zhang Ruochen had registered for the sword duels of the Eighth Change, so he was naturally very interested in these top fighters. He asked, "Which two?"

Xun Hualiu said, "The Innately Bright, Qi Feiyu."

"Blood Sword, Can Dong."

Hearing Xun Hualiu's revelation, Mu Jiji also nodded. "Qi Feiyu is one of the four beauties of the Yin and Yang Sect. She's a disciple from an Aristocratic Family from the Middle Ages. Her family has deep ties with our Sect.

"Someone cast the Heart of the Sword spell into her mother's womb before she was born. At birth, she had already reached the Heart Integrated into Sword realm. Therefore, she's called 'The Innately Bright.'

"She was way ahead of us from the start."

It was very difficult to cultivate the Heart of the Sword. It was considered more important than a Monk's life. Only ancient families would do something so crazy to nurture a disciple.

Xun Hualiu said, "Can Dong's innate talent isn't as high as Qin Yufan's or Qi Feiyu's. But he trains like a maniac.

"90% of the people who used to practice 'The Art of Blood Sword' died during training, so nobody dares to practice it nowadays. But not him. He became the first person from our Sect who mastered the skill in the last 10,000 years."

Mu Jiji's expression was grave. "The man's obsessed with the sword. He's interested in nothing else.

"Because of his limited resources, Can Dong didn't break into the Fish-Dragon Realm until he was 38. He became a Saint's disciple, but he wasn't much better than us.

"But once he became a Saint's disciple, he entered the Battlefield of Primitive World, and he was there accumulating experience for 30 years. He didn't die. Instead, he accumulated so many military merits that he surpassed some Half-Saints. This man is a freak. It's scary to even think about him."

Zhang Ruochen pursed his lips. "Although Can Dong's talents aren't extraordinary, he depended entirely on himself and

progressed steadily. He made up for his deficiencies through hard work. He's the sort of man I fear most.

“Once he has trained enough, he will easily break into the Half-Saint realm. It will be far more difficult for the other two to do the same.”

Zhang Ruochen was not naturally gifted as well. His innate talents could not match even Can Dong's. He understood very well how tough it was to keep pace with prodigies.

Of course, he was far luckier. He possessed many items that others did not have. His cultivation speed was far quicker than Can Dong's as a result.

Can Dong had practiced for 60 years. No one knew how astonishingly powerful he was now.

Xun Hualiu sighed loudly. “Boss Lin, you shouldn't have entered the sword duels of the Eighth Change. “Other than Qin Yufan, Qi Feiyu and Can Dong, there must be over a dozen powerful fighters there. Some old freaks have been practicing for 100 years. They haven't died, but they haven't reached the Ninth Change in the Fish-Dragon Realm either. They can rival a Saintly Being of the same realm with their century of training.”

Xun Hualiu said, “These old fellows will turn up and fight in order to win a Glaze Pellet.”

Zhang Ruochen was rather indifferent. He smiled and said, “Older monks spend lots of time practicing top martial techniques. Their Tao of the sword and their mastery of their power might surpass that of the young warriors. But they are old. Their Spiritual Blood has declined, their bodies are stiff. Nobody knows if they'll win in the end.”

Of course, Mu Jiji and Xun Hualiu did not believe that Zhang Ruochen could fight a superior of the Eighth Change in the Fish-Dragon Realm. They did not even believe he could fight anyone in that level.

“Look! That's Gai Hao and Pang Long! Ha ha! If I didn't need to visit Ancient Gods Mountain, I would fight Pang Long now!”

Xun Hualiu started rubbing his fists, looking very eager to try out his power.

Since Xun Hualiu's cultivation had improved dramatically to the Peak of the First Change in the Fish-Dragon Realm, he had been oozing confidence. He wanted to fight Pang Long and avenge himself.

Zhang Ruochen stared at the man beside Gai Hao. The man was in his early 30s, and he had extraordinary features. His ears were huge, drooping to his shoulders.

He seemed to sense someone's eyes on him. He turned around and stared at Zhang Ruochen with his piercing eyes, smirking coldly.

Seeing the front of the man, Xun Hualiu's body trembled. He cried as if struck by lightning. "It's him! How could I forget him!"

"Who?" Zhang Ruochen asked.

"His name is Xu Changsheng, a Saint's disciple from the Supreme Pure Palace. He's even more talented than Pang Long and very, very powerful. He once defeated a Monk of the Ninth Change in the Fish-Dragon Realm when he was at the Seventh."

Zhang Ruochen smiled. "The Seventh Change in the Fish-Dragon Realm? No, he has already reached the Eighth."

Xun Hualiu shook his head. "Boss Lin, I advise you to withdraw. I'm sure Xu Changsheng will join the sword contest of the Eighth Change in the Fish-Dragon Realm. He, Gai Hao and Pang Long are friends. Are you sure he won't pick on you?"

The Ninth Change in the Fish-Dragon Realm was known as the "Glazed Treasured Body." Every Monk of the Ninth Change would cultivate his body into a treasure. Some had a Treasured Body of Water Spirit or a Treasured Body of Fire Spirit. Their physique would undergo an obvious change.

A Monk of the Ninth Change in the Fish-Dragon Realm was much superior to a Monk of the Eighth. They were not separated by a mere level.

Xu Changsheng was obviously not a Saintly Being. However, at the Seventh Change in the Fish-Dragon Realm, he was powerful enough to defeat a Monk of the Ninth Change. His strength could not be underestimated.

Now, he had reached the Eighth Change in the Fish-Dragon Realm. He could easily compete for a top 10 spot.

Behind him came an extremely sweet female voice. “What happened? Are you frightened to see Xu Changsheng? If you are, go and make a change. You can still enter a lower-realm contest.”

Zhang Ruochen sniffed gently. He detected a familiar scent. Turning around, he fixed his eyes on Han Qiu and smiled. “I do face some pressure, for sure, but not enough to be afraid.”

Han Qiu stood ten meters away. She was dressed in a cyan robe. A white sash girded her waist, accentuating her graceful curves.

Her aura was quiet and elegant, like a blue lotus on the lake. Her eyes, however, were striking and bewitching.

Xun Hualiu was envious. He cried resentfully, “Wow, Boss Lin, Junior Sister is openly flirting with you. I’m so jealous.”

“Boss Lin has such incredible charisma, I can only bow down in worship.” Mu Jiji’s eyes were riveted on Han Qiu. He seemed distracted by her presence, and he was drooling.

Xun Hualiu and Mu Jiji’s agitated words shocked the surrounding Saint’s disciples. Numerous disciples turned their eyes on them.

However, these eyes soon turned on one person, Han Qiu.

A beauty like Han Qiu would be the center of attraction anywhere.

Many Saint’s disciples were seeing Han Qiu for the first time. They were flabbergasted by her beauty.

Xu Changsheng turned his gaze on Han Qiu, and he could not take his eyes off her. “When did this ravishing beauty appear in our Sect? I’m sure she’s no less beautiful than Qi Feiyu.”

“Senior Brother Xu, you’ve secluded yourself in training for too long. That’s why you don’t know her, Junior Sister Han Qiu. She is a Darkness Body and one of the four beauties of the Yin and Yang Sect, along with Gai Tianjiao, Qi Feiyu and Hu Xian’er.” A Saint’s disciple beside him smiled.

Chapter 660 - Xu Changsheng

Translator:

Transn

Editor:

Transn

A Darkness Body of Small Success could rival a Saintly Being in the same realm. This fact alone made many Saint's disciples exclaim in wonder.

Who would not want to marry such an outstanding and favored daughter of the Sect?

Furthermore, Han Qiu had a distinctive blend of saintliness and dark allure which was lethal to men.

Even a favored son like Xu Changsheng looked at Han Qiu with much admiration.

Xu Changsheng fixed his eyes on Zhang Ruochen and his two friends. He frowned and asked, "Where did these three fellows come from?"

Pang Long folded his arms in front of his chest and snorted. "These three fellows are called Lin Yue, Xun Hualiu and Mu Jiji. They're just three low-life scums who call themselves 'the three romantic swordsmen,' targeting female disciples with their depravity. How dare they openly flirt with Junior Sister Han Qiu today! They're very unruly these days. Someone ought to take them in hand."

Pang Long wanted to act as Han Qiu's protector, step forward and punish the three fellows. However, ever since his last defeat, he understood very well that he was far weaker than Zhang Ruochen.

He, therefore, made no moves but egged on Xu Changsheng instead.

Gai Hao stared at Pang Long, frowning.

He could tell that Pang Long was deliberately prodding Xu Changsheng so that he would deal with the three romantic swordsmen.

His method was underhanded and disgusted Gai Hao somewhat.

However, Gai Hao looked down on Lin Yue and his two depraved friends as well. If Xu Changsheng made a move, he would be able to punish them.

Moreover, with his powerful cultivation, Xu Changsheng could uncover Lin Yue's hidden strength. Gai Hao was very interested in this, so he did not utter a word.

Xu Changsheng snorted coldly. "Our Sect is accepting such a motley crowd as disciples. How can every Tom, Dick, and Harry be a Saint's disciple?"

When he had finished speaking, Xu Changsheng tidied his collar and sleeves and approached Han Qiu from behind.

Gai Hao and Pang Long followed closely behind Xu Changsheng, standing beside him.

Xu Changsheng coldly swept his eye over Zhang Ruochen and his two friends, smiling sarcastically. "So, you're the three romantic swordsmen?"

Xun Hualiu and Mu Jiji exchanged looks with Xu Changsheng. The two suddenly shivered and their bodies turned limp. Their faces expressed terror and they unwittingly took three steps back.

Xun Hualiu and Mu Jiji were not really cowards, but Xu Changsheng's cultivation was far too strong.

His glance had seemed quite casual, but the truth was, he had integrated the power of his Martial Soul into that glance and had transmitted an awesome power across.

Xu Changsheng was of the Eighth Change in the Fish-Dragon Realm, and his Martial Soul was far more powerful than many Monks of the Ninth Change in the Fish-Dragon Realm.

Neither Xun Hualiu nor Mu Jiji, both of the First Change in the Fish-Dragon Realm, could withstand his power.

Zhang Ruochen remained calm and started mobilizing the power of his Martial Soul as well. He integrated it into his own glance and stared into Xu Changsheng's eyes. "What do you mean? We are all disciples of the same Sect. There's no need to resort to this."

Although Xu Changsheng looked like a cultivated man, his methods were very sinister and excessive.

If Zhang Ruochen had not mobilized his Martial Soul to ward off the stare, Xun Hualiu and Mu Jiji would have both ended up vegetables.

"Such a sinister man. I must be more wary of him in the future,"

Zhang Ruochen said to himself.

Xu Changsheng was somewhat surprised to see that Zhang Ruochen was unaffected by his stare. He had not expected the latter would have such a powerful Martial Soul.

With Xu Changsheng backing him, Pang Long had no fear. He shouted coldly, "Lin Yue, Senior Brother Xu cannot stand you people flirting with Junior Sister Han Qiu. That's why he wants to punish you."

Xun Hualiu had already recovered by then. Massaging his temples, he pointed at Pang Long's nose and cursed loudly. "Damn your punishment! Xu Changsheng is a superior of the Eighth Change in the Fish-Dragon Realm while we're just newly promoted Saint's disciples. Surely, he will feel humiliated to fight us, won't he?"

Mu Jiji said, "Pang Long, you'd better make yourself clear right now. Which eye of yours saw us flirt with Junior Sister Han Qiu? "It was clear that Junior Sister Han Qiu was renewing her friendship with Boss Lin. One is so beautiful and the other so handsome. They are clearly made for each other. Why don't you mind your own business?"

Pang Long's expression was icy. He clenched both fists and his feet sunk into the ground. Growling in a low voice, he said,

“How can Junior Sister Han Qiu associate with scum like the three of you? You people are not worthy of her!”

“Who are you calling scum?”

Xun Hualiu was not cowed and wanted to dash forward to fight Pang Long, but he was stopped by Zhang Ruochen.

The three romantic swordsmen were not that famous, but Xu Changsheng, Gai Hao and Pang Long had outshined one another in their talent. They were known collectively as the “Three Heroes of the Supreme Pure Palace” and were truly famous among Saint’s disciples.

It was precisely because of their fame that many Saint’s disciples now glanced over and congregated around them to watch.

Xu Changsheng finally realized he had been used by Pang Long. He was somewhat peeved.

With so many eyes staring at him, he would be despised if he left. Even more important was the fact that Han Qiu, the female disciple, was a great beauty. It was love at first sight for him.

Xu Changsheng raised a hand gracefully and motioned for Pang Long to leave.

He approached Han Qiu and gave a faint, elegant smile.

“Junior Sister Han Qiu, do you need me to teach these scum a lesson? Oh, I forgot to introduce myself. I’m Xu Changsheng, a Saint’s disciple from the Supreme Pure Palace.”

Han Qiu’s eyes, shaped like a phoenix’s, glanced at Zhang Ruochen who was standing across her. She gave a meaningful smile and bowed slowly to Xu Changsheng, saying in a sweet voice, “So you are the immensely famous Senior Brother Xu. Please accept my gesture of gratitude. We are, after all, fellow disciples, so let them off this time. If there’s a next time, I shall deal with them harshly myself.”

Pang Long impatiently said, “Junior Sister Han Qiu, you mustn’t let them off so easily.”

Xu Changsheng gave Pang Long a cold look and said in a low voice, “Pang Long, since Junior Sister Han Qiu prefers to let them off, we shall forgive them this time. No need to argue with the likes of such scum.”

Sensing Xu Changsheng’s anger, Pang Long’s forehead began to sweat, and he sensibly retreated.

Xun Hualiu stared at the backs of Han Qiu and the Three Heroes of Supreme Pure Palace as they left. He was enraged and spat furiously on the ground. “What did she mean? What did Han Qiu really mean? Did we really flirt with her? Let us off? Does she really think the three romantic swordsmen are scum?”

Mu Jiji immediately moved forward to calm him down. “I say, leave it! Junior Sister Han Qiu was obviously trying to help us. Can’t you see that Xu Changsheng was being instigated by Pang Long? He was on the verge of fighting us! If she hadn’t said that, Xu Changsheng would have been disgraced. He would surely have taken a hard stance against us. Then we would be in deep trouble.

“Xu Changsheng is so powerful and elevated in his status that the Sect won’t do anything to him even if he paralyzed us or disabled our cultivation. You really ought to count yourself lucky.”

Xun Hualiu reflected for a moment and immediately saw sense in Mu Jiji’s words. He glanced over to Zhang Ruochen and asked, “Is that true?”

Zhang Ruochen’s hand was grasping his chin. He considered Han Qiu’s smile that had given him food for thought and nodded. “Considering the circumstances, I think Junior Sister Han Qiu was indeed helping us.”

Xun Hualiu scratched his head and smiled happily. “In the past, Beauty Han hated us a lot and gave us a beating every time we met her. What happened today? Did... Boss Lin secretly conquer her heart?”

Zhang Ruochen smiled and shook his head.

Actually, he was very baffled as well.

Did he betray himself in some way and reveal his identity to Han Qiu?

“Boom!”

The earth shook slightly as the mountain gate to the Ancient Gods Mountain opened slowly.

A huge group of Saint’s disciples quickly entered through the gate and started to climb the First Level Mountain of the Ancient Gods Mountain. Xun Hualiu was one of the leaders. He dashed forward and soon ended up at the foot of the First Level Mountain.

Zhang Ruochen did not rush forward but instead remained where he was, watching silently. He discovered a strange phenomenon.

Although many Saint’s disciples had gathered outside the mountain gate, only half had rushed for the First Level Mountain. The rest remained where they were, with no intention to move.

Mu Jiji seemed to have read Zhang Ruochen’s mind. He smiled. “Ancient Gods Mountain is opened once every month. A lot of people know themselves well enough not to try the mountain since they know they can’t gain anything from visiting it. They are really here to investigate their possible opponents in the upcoming sword contest.”

Zhang Ruochen asked, “Is it very difficult to get up the Ancient Gods Mountain?”

Mu Jiji replied, “It’s not just very difficult, it’s almost impossible. Merely a handful of Saint’s disciples have managed to reach the top of the First Level.”

“But I heard that Gai Hao reached the top of the First Level when he was only of the First Change in the Fish-Dragon Realm.”

Mu Jiji smiled wryly and said, “That’s because he is Gai Hao. How many Gai Haos are there in the entire Yin and Yang Sect? The Ancient Gods Mountain tests a Monk’s Tao of the sword, comprehension ability and willpower. Of course, it also

tests a person's cultivation to a certain extent. A person with higher cultivation will surely be more powerful in every way.”

Zhang Ruochen fixed his eyes upon the Ancient Gods Mountain in the distance. Suddenly, he saw five figures dashing at top speed and reaching the peak of the First Level Mountain. They had passed the tests of Tao of the sword, comprehension ability and willpower one after the other. Now, they were heading for the Second Level Mountain.

Beside him, a female disciple shrieked shrilly. “That's Elder Brother Qin Yufan leading the pack. How awesome! He might even reach the top of the Second Level Mountain!”

Zhang Ruochen raised his head and stared into the distance. He saw Qin Yufan at the Second Level Mountain. This man was very extraordinary and would certainly be a powerful opponent.

It was said that every time someone reached the top of a level, he could drink the Holy Spring from that mountaintop. This would improve his personal cultivation and help him delve deeper into his comprehension of the Tao of the sword.

This was the reason why so many people tried so hard to reach the top of the Ancient Gods Mountain.

Chapter 661 - First Level Mountain

Translator:

Transn

Editor:

Transn

“Please lend me your sword,” Zhang Ruochen said.

Since Mu Jiji had fought his way through Ancient Gods Mountain last month, he would not go with him this time.

He took a Blue Crystal Sword from his back and handed it to Zhang Ruochen.

“Swoosh!”

The moment Zhang Ruochen drew the sword from its sheath, a beam of blue sword radiance gleamed from the scabbard, along with a sharp fluctuation of sword Qi.

“This is Genuine Martial Arm of the tenth level. This sword will do for my breakthrough.”

Zhang Ruochen slipped the sword back in its sheath and walked forward steadily to the foot of First Level Mountain.

He looked ahead, only to find densely-packed characters engraved on a smooth green stone wall.

Only a person who had reached the Half-Saint Sacred Realm was qualified to engrave a character on First Level Mountain.

Each word contained the idea of the Half-Saint Tao of the sword, which had been integrated into the whole mountain.

And then Zhang Ruochen’s vision fell upon one of the “tao” characters.

“Swoosh!”

The “tao” character soon gleamed white. It peeled from the stone wall and changed into a translucent Taoist priest of middle age. He flew up and then stood in front of Zhang Ruochen.

“Beat me, and you can pass the first stage.”

The middle-aged priest left little time for Zhang Ruochen to deliberate on his words. The priest stretched out his hand into thin air, and a three foot sword condensed in his hand.

The Taoist priest took sixteen consecutive steps, which generated sixteen shadows. They simultaneously stabbed toward the sixteen vital points of Zhang Ruochen’s body.

Zhang Ruochen seemed calm. He closed his eyes, drew the Blue Crystal Sword in a flash, and made a backhand cut at the man. The keen tip of his blade pierced the priest’s heart.

From beginning to end, Zhang Ruochen never moved his feet. His motion was natural and smooth.

The priest’s body suddenly turned into a ray of white light. It flew back to the stone wall and became “tao” character again.

“Is the first stage of First Level Mountain so easy?”

Zhang Runchen smiled, opened his eyes, and found that many Saint’s disciples were still fighting against the translucent shadows.

Most of them were failing.

Only a few were able to defeat the translucent shadows and pass the first stage of First Level Mountain.

Han Qiu and Pang Long passed, while Xun Hualiu failed.

The test at the foot of First Level Mountain determined a Monk’s cultivation of the Tao of the sword. Apparently, Xun Hualiu had a long way to go to match Han Qiu and Pang Long.

Zhang Ruochen climbed a steep road up the mountainside.

Han Qiu had been paying close attention to Zhang Ruochen. When she saw him in the front, she rushed forward to catch up with him. She said, “I didn’t expect that your cultivation of Tao

of the sword was so fabulous that you could defeat the gatekeeper with just one move.”

However, Zhang Ruochen was shocked. He stared at her and said, “Nothing special. This is just the first stage of First Level Mountain.”

Han Qiu was a girl of radiant beauty with clear eyes and long, curving eyelashes. She smiled sweetly and said, “It is not your style to speak like that.”

“Oh?” Zhang Ruochen said.

“In the past, you never knew what modesty was. The way you looked at me was not as clear as it is now,” Han Qiu said. Her red lips curled into a beautiful smile.

Zhang Ruochen asked, “What were my eyes like then?”

“You always used to look at me lustfully, as if you were anxious to strip off my clothes,” Han Qiu said with a shameless smile.

Zhang Ruochen had met Han Qiu before. So, he was quite familiar with her character, and he was not surprised that she would speak so bluntly.

“Lin Yue, it feels like you have been possessed by a ghost and become a new man. To me, this man is both familiar and unfamiliar.”

With a flirtatious look on her beautiful face, she kept her bright eyes on Zhang Ruochen’s, wondering if his eyes had changed.

“It is ok to believe I am possessed by a ghost.”

Zhang Ruochen rushed forward, leaving a string of figures on the mountain path.

Han Qiu looked after Lin Yue, pressed her crystal-clear red lips together, and said to herself, “How could two people have such an identical temperament? Or perhaps, it is really necromancy.”

First Level Mountain was at an elevation of 4,000 meters, surrounded by steep cliffs. Even a Monk of the Fish-Dragon

Realm would injure himself seriously if he fell.

On the cliff wall, iron pillars as big around as buckets formed a bridge about 100 meters long. They extended horizontally outward, crossing a void.

Zhang Ruochen walked along one iron pillar onto the bridge. He looked down, and the Saint disciples below looked smaller than ants. If he fell, he could imagine how horrible it would be.

At the end of each iron pillar stood a wooden tower with vermilion pillars and golden glazed tiles. The towers looked like fairy pavilions floating in the air.

About half an hour later, a Saint's disciple of the Fifth Change in the Fish-Dragon Realm stepped out of the tower. He had failed to pass this stage. He let out a sigh and walked down the mountain.

Zhang Ruochen opened the door and entered the tower.

Straight ahead hung a painting on the wall. In it, a girl in a white robe was brandishing a sword.

The girl in the painting was extremely beautiful. She looked fresh and elegant.

Suddenly, the girl in the scroll moved. She took seven consecutive steps and made twelve sword movements.

But then, the girl came to a sudden halt and became motionless again.

Was it really a painting?

Zhang Ruochen could hear the girl's voice ring out in the tower. It seemed to come from the painting. The voice said, "Within two hours, you are required to imitate the sword movements, at least to the realm of a small success."

With an amazed look, Zhang Ruochen stretched out his fingers to the scroll and touched it gently. He said, "Interesting."

Obviously, Zhang Ruochen did not mean to profane the girl in the painting. He wanted to confirm whether the painting was a Space Treasure.

In fact, it was not.

Zhang Ruochen guessed that a Half-Saint Divine Soul might have melded into the scroll and integrated with the ink, forming this apparition.

The sword techniques that the girl in the scroll had performed were from the Ghost Level Inferior Class.

Zhang Ruochen had to remember the footwork and hand moves, and also analyze the way she had used her Genuine Qi. Most importantly, he had to give a slightly successful demonstration of the sword movements within two hours.

This stage was a test of a Monk's comprehension ability.

The other monks of the Fish-Dragon Realm were unable to see the girl's movements clearly, let alone perceive the sword movements and perform them somewhat successfully. For them, it was as difficult as climbing into the sky.

However, for Zhang Ruochen, it was not particularly difficult.

He sat on the ground with his legs crossed. In his mind, he used the Heart of the Sword to imitate the girl's sword movements and deconstruct her footwork and hand moves. And then he practiced in the Qi Sea.

It only took 15 minutes for Zhang Ruochen to successfully demonstrate all the sword movements to a moderate degree of success.

He performed all the movements. Then, he heard the girl's voice from the painting say, "Second stage, pass."

Zhang Ruochen turned around with the intention of stepping out of the tower. But he stopped suddenly.

With a spark in his eyes, he decided to risk a probe.

He clenched the hilt of the Blue Crystal Sword and drew it in a flash. He fully operated his Genuine Qi to fly towards the painting, sword extended.

"How dare you!"

All of a sudden, blazing white brilliance poured from the scroll.

A girl's figure in a white robe dashed from the scroll like a ghost. She gave a quick stab, and over one hundred Qi swords slammed into Zhang Ruochen.

“Pow!”

Zhang Ruochen was knocked through the tower's gate, and he flew backwards over the iron bridge. His back crashed into the stone wall, leaving a human-shaped imprint.

And then his body slid down onto the narrow mountain path. Baffled and shocked, he glared at the tower hanging in the air.

The blazing white brilliance quickly disappeared and reentered the scroll.

A cold, feminine voice came from the tower. “I spare you this time, for you are a first offender. If you dare to do this again, you'll be prosecuted in court immediately.”

Zhang Ruochen looked at his arm. His sleeve had completely split, leaving his arm bare.

“What superb sword technique,” Zhang Ruochen mumbled to himself.

All the Saint's disciples on the mountainside were shocked by what had happened.

All the people fixed their eyes on Zhang Ruochen, wondering what he had experienced.

Han Qiu walked to him, glanced at the tower in the air, and asked, “What happened?”

Zhang Ruochen put his sword back into the sheath and appeared quite calm. He said, “I just wanted to test if the painting was aggressive, so I stabbed it. Well, that's it.”

On the mountainside, all the people were gaping at him, stunned.

Han Qiu was momentarily jolted. And then she chuckled and said, “How dare you aim your sword at the gatekeeper? You really impress me a lot. Due to your disruptive behavior, the gatekeeper will definitely not allow you to pass this stage.”

“But I have passed.”

Zhang Ruochen said and marched along the narrow mountain path to the top without a glance behind.

The Saint's disciples on the mountainside stared after Zhang Ruochen in wonder, as if they had been turned into stones.

“Did he pass the second stage of First Level Mountain?”

“How could he be so fast? I remember, he was only in the tower for 15 minutes.”

“I didn't know such a powerful person was in the Yin and Yang Sect.”

Pang Long looked as if he had been hit by lightning and his eyes were bloodshot. He gazed at Zhang Ruochen's receding figure in disbelief and muttered, “Lin Yue attained his current strength just by good luck and adventures. How is his comprehension ability so high? Impossible...It is impossible...”

Whether others believed it or not, Zhang Ruochen was already on the road to the mountaintop.

“On the mountainside of First Level Mountain stand 216 towers with a restored painting in each. It means there are 216 paintings in total. If there was only one Divine Soul, the scroll could not have such a powerful attacking ability. Every painting must hold a complete Divine Soul.

“After the death of a Half-Saint and the Saint, their Divine Souls dissipate. So how could the Yin and Yang Sect keep their souls?”

Zhang Ruochen raised his head and looked at the top of Ancient Gods Mountain. He could faintly feel an ancient and majestic force pressing down. Like a seven-colored waterfall, the rosy clouds and mist dropped vertically. Everything seemed magnificent and mysterious in the distance.

He sighed and said, “It is the power of Ancient Gods Mountain that makes the Divine Souls of Saints of the past dynasties of the Yin and Yang Sect immortal. Just as my father said, this mountain is mysterious. It hides some deep secrets.”

The higher Zhang Ruochen climbed, the stronger the force became. This powerful force of Ancient Gods Mountain had been impacting Zhang Ruochen's willpower the whole time.

The force bursting from the Ancient Gods Mountain was as scary as the Holy Aura of a Saint.

The third stage was to test the Monk's willpower.

Only when Zhang Ruochen had broken through the force of this level and climbed to the peak could he pass the third stage.

Chapter 662 - Seven-Colored Holy Spring

Translator:

Transn

Editor:

Transn

Once he climbed up the mountaintop of the First Level Mountain, a Monk could drink the Holy Spring's Holy Water.

According to legend, the Ancient Gods Mountain had evolved from the remains of an ancient deity. Its seven Holy Springs were seven blood meridians from the deity. A Monk who drank the spring water frequently would not only be able to improve his cultivation, but also perceive the Holy Road and the Tao of the sword more easily.

Zhang Ruochen was eager to drink from the Holy Spring and see if it was as magical the legends said.

The First Level Mountain of Ancient Gods Mountains was 9 kilometers high. If he wanted to reach the mountaintop from the mountainside, he had to fight constantly against an intangible "Force".

After climbing six kilometers, he could feel the power of the "Force". It made him slightly dizzy and his eardrums hurt.

He ran his Genuine Qi to defuse the power. Soon, he felt refreshed.

Upon reaching the seven kilometer mark, he noticed a Saint's disciple in the Fish-dragon Realm crawling in front of him.

Obviously, this guy was straining himself to the max. His robe was soaked with sweat, and blue veins stood out on his face. But he was persevering and forcing his way up.

"Roar!"

The massive Force blasted against him and shattered his eardrums. Blood gushed from his ears.

With a scream, the Saint's disciple lost control of his body and fell to the bottomless cliff.

Zhang Ruochen saw all of this and immediately started his Heart of the Sword. The Blue Crystal Sword on his back zipped out of its sheath, turned into a sword light and flew downward to the cliff.

Seconds later, the sword cradled the Saint's disciple and flew upward.

Zhang Ruochen put the disciple on the mountain path, regained his sword and continued moving forward.

Not far ahead, a tall thin man in bloodstained garments looked back at Zhang Ruochen. He had wanted to help, but Zhang Ruochen beat him to it.

With a weather-worn face, the man looked to be thirty-five or so. He retracted the scarlet Holy Qi in his hand and said, "Even under the repression of the Ancient Gods Mountain's Force, you can still practice Sword Defending Technique. Your ability is quite good."

Zhang Ruochen looked up and found a man in a red robe staring at him coldly about 30 meters ahead.

30 meters away, Zhang Ruochen could still smell the strong odor of blood from him.

To Zhang Ruochen's surprise, he could not tell what cultivation this man had. But he assumed this person's cultivation had reached the Seventh Change of the Fish-dragon Realm at least, or even higher.

To encounter a master in the Ancient Gods Mountain was not that unusual. What astonished Zhang Ruochen was that the print on this man's collar band and wristbands was exactly the same as that on his robe.

In other words, this man was also a Saint's disciple from the Long-living Yard.

Zhang Ruochen asked, “Which sacred mountain of the Long-living Yard do you belong to?”

With an impassive expression on his face, the man turned a deaf ear to Zhang Ruochen’s question and headed silently toward the top.

Every step he took was slow but stable. Even with the Force impinging on his will, he appeared rather calm.

It was he who had started the conversation with Zhang Rouchen. Yet when Zhang Rouchen responded to him, he had become distant and unresponsive.

What a crank!

Zhang Ruochen shook his head and walked steadily along the mountain path to the top.

The Force of the First Level Mountain, though powerful, failed to stop Zhang Ruochen. It took him less than two hours to reach the mountaintop.

The tall thin man also reached the mountaintop. He made his way to the first Holy Spring without a word.

Further down on the Ancient Gods Mountain.

Mu Jiji and Xun Hualiu had been gazing at the mountaintop. When they saw Zhang Ruochen succeed in reaching the mountaintop of the First Level Mountain, they jumped up and down with excitement.

“Lin Yue is really something. He can crest the First Level Mountain the first time entering the Ancient Gods Mountain. Even compared with Gai Hao, he did a great job. If only I had half of his performance,” Xun Hualiu said.

Mu Jiji was rather excited too and boasted to some Saint’s disciples he knew, saying, “See that? The man who just reached the top of the First Level Mountain is my boss, Lin Yue. Awesome, right?”

Saint’s disciples had eyesight so amazing that they could see clearly every blade of grass and every tree hundreds of kilometers away. All they had to do was run Genuine Qi and infuse it into their eyes.

If they wanted to see the people at the top of a mountain, it was a piece of cake.

While Xun Hualiu and Mu Jiji flaunted about Lin Yue being their boss, the other Saint's disciples stared at the tall thin man beside Lin Yun.

“That man...he finally returned to Suzerain?”

“Why is he here?”

...

Seeing that everyone was staring at someone else, rather than Zhang Ruochen, Mu Jiji pursed his lips. He looked up to the mountaintop again, wondering who had stolen Zhang Ruochen's thunder.

His eyes fixed on the tall thin man.

It was an unfamiliar figure. Mu Jiji, the Know-it-all of the Yin and Yang Sect, was unable to tell who he was.

He turned to an elder disciple. “Elder brother Ji, who is he? Why do you seem frightened of him?”

The disciple replied, “You are young, you have not met him before, but you must have heard his name. He is the only monk in the Yin and Yang Sect to have successfully practiced the ‘Art of the Blood Sword’ for thousands of years. His name is Can Dong. Thirty years ago, he left to experience the Battlefield of Primitive World and never came back. Few young disciples have seen his face.”

“Blood Sword, Can Dong.”

Mu Jiji and Xun Hualiu changed their countenances with shock.

They had not expected to encounter the ferocious man in the legend.

Knowing Can Dong was breaking through Ancient Gods Mountain, all the Saint's disciples present seethed with excitement, including Mu Jiji and Xun Hualiu.

“I thought it would be a fierce struggle between Qin Yufan, Xu Changsheng and Qi Feiyu. But Can Dong joined in

unexpectedly. Well, something interesting is coming!”

“I predict, Qin Yufan and Qi Feiyu will succeed in climbing to the top of the Second Level Mountain, but Xu Changsheng and Can Dong won’t make it beyond the mountainside.”

“The Sect once counted that among the Saint’s disciples who had reached the Second Level Mountain, 99 percent of them became Half Saints, and 30 percent Saints. That is to say, anyone who can reach the Second Level Mountain is guaranteed to become a Half Saint. They even have a great chance of becoming a Saint.”

All the Saint’s disciples were talking about Qin Yufan, Qi Feiyu, Xu Changsheng and Can Dong. Incredibly, all four people had cultivation at the Eighth Change of the Fish-dragon Realm.

In the blazing light of the four other people, Lin Yue, though he had climbed the First Level Mountain, was neglected.

After all, Lin Yue was a new Saint’s disciple. Both his cultivation and his fame were not on the same level as the others.

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The first Holy Spring gurgled down from the mountaintop of the Second Level Mountain, ran through green stones and converged into a stream. However, it soaked into the soil and disappeared before flowing to the mountainside.

This meant that a Monk had to climb to the top of the First Level Mountain to drink the Holy Water.

The Holy Water in the stream took on seven colors and had a slightly exotic fragrance. Because of irrigation and the nurture of the Holy Spring, many rare and precious Spiritual Doses grew along the stream. They were one to three thousand years old.

Each Spiritual Dose could be sold at an expensive price.

Each Saint’s disciple was allowed to drink the Holy Water the first time they reached the mountaintop. The next time he

climbed the top and approached to it, he would be instantly catapulted by the array beside the Holy Spring.

The tall thin man walked into a Taoist temple and took a green gourd down from the divine altar. He went to the Spring and filled the gourd with the Water.

Zhang Ruochen entered the temple as well. He took a palm-sized gourd and prepared to fetch water.

The man glanced at Zhang Ruochen and said, “You are talented. Why not stay here and drink the water of the Holy Spring to improve your cultivation? Why do you want to take the Spring away?”

“What about you? Why not stay here? Why take away the Spring?” Zhang Ruochen asked in reply.

The rule of the Ancient Gods Mountain was that Saint’s disciples could drink the Holy Spring as they liked, provided that they could bear it.

However, if the disciples did not practice beside the Holy Spring, they could only take a small gourd out.

Saint’s disciples of strong physical quality tended to practice beside the Holy Spring and make full use of the Spring to help them break the realm. In this way, they could drink much more.

The man stood up, looked at the gourd in his hand, and said impassively, “I am not like you.”

Zhuang Ruochen squatted on his heels, put the green gourd into the Holy Spring, and said with a smile, “I am not like you, either.”

The man threw a meaningful look at Zhang Ruochen without saying anything more. He put the green gourd away and climbed to the Second Level Mountain.

After the man had left, Zhang Ruochen smiled faintly. As he put the gourd into the Holy Spring, he secretly instilled Genuine Qi into the Spatial Ring on his finger.

“Swoosh!”

The seven-colored Spring gushed into the Spatial Ring and formed a small vortex on the water's surface.

For fear of the Saint of the Mountain, Zhang Ruochen dared not take too much.

After collecting around a thousand liters of water, he retracted his Genuine Qi and re-closed the Spatial Ring.

He withdrew his hands. He took the gourd full of Holy Spring water, capped it and hanged it on his waist. It was time for him to head to the Second Level Mountain.

In the Spatial Ring, a thousand liters of Holy Spring water, a thousand times more than that in the gourd, was a huge fortune for him.

Chapter 663 - The Second Level Mountain

Translator:

Transn

Editor:

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Zhang Ruochen caught up with the tall skinny man and began walking alongside him. Out of curiosity, Zhang Ruochen asked, "What did you mean when you said just now that you were unlike me?"

The tall skinny man kept looking straight ahead, giving the impression that he did not intend to speak to Zhang Ruochen.

Zhang Ruochen continued, "Tell me your reason, and I will tell you mine."

For whatever reason, be it because Zhang Ruochen was a Long-living Yard disciple, or that the tall skinny man was truly curious about Zhang Ruochen's unusual response, he finally answered, "I have reached the Eighth Change in the Fish-dragon Realm in my cultivation, however, it would be impossible for me to break through to the Ninth Change in the Fish-dragon Realm even if I were to ingest water from the Holy Spring."

Zhang Ruochen nodded in realization. "I see. So you intend to ingest from Holy Spring once you breakthrough to the Ninth Change in the Fish-dragon Realm. Thereafter, you will perceive the Holy Road with the power from the Holy Spring to break through to the Half-Saint realm."

"That's right."

The tall skinny man stared at Zhang Ruochen and said, "Don't tell me you have also reached the Eighth Change in the Fish-dragon Realm? Although I can't determine your cultivation

level, I know for a fact that you are still some distance away from reaching the Eighth Change in the Fish-dragon Realm.

“Amazing, you are indeed a superior of the Eighth Change in the Fish-dragon Realm.”

Zhang Ruochen smiled and said, “There’s no harm telling you the reason I didn’t stay at the first Holy Spring to raise my cultivation level. It’s because I wanted to get hold of the Holy Water from the second Holy Spring at the summit of the Second Level Mountain. I would even go take a look at the summit of the Third-level Mountain if the opportunity arises. Why should I waste my time at the First Level Mountain if I can only have this chance once a month?”

The corner of the tall skinny man’s mouth twitched as he sized up Zhang Ruochen. He said, “I never expected such an arrogant man would come from Long-living Yard. If you could break through to the first stage of the Second Level Mountain with the level of your cultivation, it would be a shocker to the Yin and Yang Sect.”

Obviously, the tall skinny man thought it was impossible for Zhang Ruochen to get to the summit of the Second Level Mountain. To him, Zhang Ruochen was merely an arrogant man who was biting off more than he could chew.

Earlier, when he witnessed how Zhang Ruochen had saved the Saint’s disciple, he saw his human side. Furthermore, they were both disciples of Long-living Yard, so he did not mind becoming friends with Zhang Ruochen.

However, the little good impression he had of Zhang Ruochen vanished into thin air because of the statement he had just made.

The tall skinny man walked straight ahead and stopped speaking to Zhang Ruochen.

If one says something and is able to do it, one is said to be confident.

However, if one is unable to do what one says, he would instead be deemed arrogant.

Zhang Ruochen had always thought of himself as a confident person. What could a person accomplish if he lacked self-confidence?

Zhang Ruochen could only shake his head and smile, seeing that the tall skinny man had gone ahead without looking back. Completely unperturbed, Zhang Ruochen put his hands behind his back and continued his journey to the foot of the Second Level Mountain.

A dozen or so Saint's disciple were already gathered at the foot of the mountain before the two of them arrived.

Obviously, all monks who were able to come all the way to the Second Level Mountain were exceptional. They were the outstanding ones among the Saint's disciples.

A cyan stone wall stood 333 meters in front of them. Upon it were characters inscribed by a sword.

Compared to the inscriptions at the foot of the First Level Mountain, these inscriptions embodied an even greater power in terms of the Tao of the sword.

Standing at the bottom of the wall, the monks had stinging sensations on their skin in waves as if an invisible sword Qi were attacking them.

Moreover, the inscriptions on the stone wall were obscure and indecipherable.

Some of the characters had never even appeared on scrolls. They were characters created by the deceased sages of the Yin and Yang Sect.

These characters were known as "sacred inscriptions".

Zhang Ruochen spotted Xu Changsheng and Gai Hao in the crowd. Gai Hao was fighting against a translucent shadow. Their strengths were on par with each other and sword Qi surrounded them as they fought.

After thirty-odd moves, Gai Hao was struck on the chest by the sword of the translucent shadow. He suffered a half-foot laceration and was defeated.

"Failed breakthrough."

The translucent shadow of a man transformed into a word character and then flew back onto the stone wall.

Gai Hao still did not manage to break through the first stage of the Second Level Mountain.

However, the fight was affirmed by everyone present. He was able to withstand over thirty moves from the gatekeeper of the first stage of the Second Level Mountain. At the cultivation level of the Third Change in the Fish-Dragon Realm, it was not an easy feat. In fact, only a Saintly Being could be this strong.

Having been defeated, Gai Hao immediately ingested a Pill and retreated.

“He’s rightfully a Saintly Being, having reached this high-level cultivation in the Tao of the sword at such a young age. Give him three years and Gai Hao would definitely break through to the first stage of the Second Level Mountain,” said one Saint’s disciple who had reached the Ninth Change in the Fish-dragon Realm.

Although this Saint’s disciple was 85 years old, he looked middle aged. His cultivation was deep and profound—it gave the impression that the earth was collapsing with his every stride.

He went to the foot of the stone wall and picked a character inscription that came off the wall and condensed into the shadow of a gatekeeper.

“Bang! Bang!”

After a succession of 16 moves, the Saint’s disciple who had reached the Ninth Change in the Fish-dragon Realm was thrown out by the gatekeeper.

Challenge failed.

Although this Saint’s disciple was accomplished in terms of his cultivation, in terms of his understanding of the Tao of the sword, he was nowhere close to Gai Hao, who had merely reached the Third Change in the Fish-Dragon Realm. This was why he was only able to withstand 16 moves from the gatekeeper.

This demonstrated that the test at the Second Level Mountain was beyond the norm. It was even difficult for a Saintly Being and a Saint's disciple who had reached the Ninth Change in the Fish-dragon Realm to pass the first stage.

Someone spotted Zhang Ruochen and the tall skinny man at that instant and exclaimed. "Two more new people have passed the third stage of the First Level Mountain and arrived here."

"This is interesting. Both of them are Saint's disciples of the Long-living Yard. When did Long-living Yard become so powerful?"

"In the last thirty years, Long-living Yard has always been at the bottom in every competition among the Suzerains. How is it possible for it to produce two conquerors at one time?"

The arrival of Zhang Ruochen and the tall skinny man at the Second Level Mountain had caused a commotion. After all, which monk who was able to come to the Second Level Mountain was not prominent?

All the Saint's disciples turned around to look in their direction one by one.

Xu Changsheng snorted when he spotted Zhang Ruochen. Obviously, Zhang Ruochen's arrival at the Second Level Mountain stirred up a feeling of disdain in Xu Changsheng.

Finally, someone recognized the tall skinny man. He immediately broadcasted a sound transmission to inform everyone present.

"So it's him."

Surprised and unsettled expressions appeared on the faces of the remaining Saint's disciples when they realized the tall skinny man's identity. Immediately, they retreated left and right, leaving a path for him to cross.

Only three among people remained unperturbed. They did not show any sign of panic upon his arrival.

The first person was Xu Changsheng.

The second was Qin Yufan, who was standing at the foot of the stone wall.

The last person was standing afar at the edge of the cliff. Her tender body was concealed by a layer of white fog. While her features could not be distinguished, clearly she had a slender figure with a pair of long legs. She had all the right curves in the right places.

Zhang Ruochen glanced at her and could already guess her identity. She must be Qi Feiyu, the God's favored daughter who had recently attained "Heart Integrated into Sword".

Xu Changsheng fixed his eyes on the tall skinny man and said, "You finally came back to the Suzerain, Can Dong. I thought you intended to fight in the Battlefield of Primitive World all your life."

The tall skinny man said, "If not for the upcoming Sword Technique Conference, I would still not come back."

"Since you're back, let's have a battle."

Xu Changsheng's voice carried with it a powerful sound wave and a roaring Holy Qi surged from his body. In a flash, an enormous 13-foot illusory image of a Martial Soul condensed right behind him.

"Rustle!"

Instantly, a gust of strong wheezing wind swept the pebbles and sand from the foot of the Second Level Mountain into the air and turned them into hundreds of wind blades that shuttled back and forth in the air.

Zhang Ruochen watched in silence from afar, then he mumbled to himself. "I see, he is 'Blood Sword' Can Dong. He is indeed a strong opponent."

Although Zhang Ruochen had never fought with Can Dong, he could feel how powerful Can Dong was. He was indeed unfathomable.

Thereafter, Zhang Ruochen shifted his vision to focus on Xu Changsheng.

Xu Changsheng, who was a little younger than Can Dong, appeared to surge with war intent. However, Zhang Ruochen realized that actually, Xu Changsheng had a calm look in his eyes. In this aspect, he was not a rash person. He was, in fact, both bold and intelligent.

He was yet another powerful person.

Even Zhang Ruochen could not wait to watch the battle between Xu Changsheng and Can Dong. What would the outcome be?

Can Dong appeared exceptionally calm in the face of Xu Changsheng's challenge. "I am here to break through to the Second Level Mountain. I don't want to waste my strength at the foot of the mountain. If you really are strong enough, we will get the opportunity to fight each other at the Tao of the sword martial arts contest."

Xu Changsheng restrained the war intent in him and said, "If that's the case, let's compete and see who will go farther in the Ancient Gods Mountain."

Xu Changsheng went a step ahead by walking to the spot right below the stone wall. He lifted his head and his eyes swept across the stone wall. "I have long broken through the first stage of the Second Level Mountain. I would like to challenge two characters this time round."

The surrounding Saint's disciples were shocked as no one would have expected Xu Changsheng to challenge two characters in one go.

Two characters were equivalent to battling solo with two gatekeepers. The level of difficulty battling two gatekeepers as opposed to one was more than double.

"Don't you think that Xu Changsheng is overly confident in his Tao of the sword?"

"Battling two characters at the same time will be extremely challenging for him."

"Bam!"

Two characters came off the stone wall and transformed into shadows of two translucent men that then charged toward Xu Changsheng.

Three human shadows fought together in a fierce confrontation. Everyone except Qin Yufan, Can Dong and Qi Feiyu retreated some distance away, fearful of being accidentally wounded by sword Qi.

Zhang Ruochen patted his chin as he observed what was going on, and muttered. "In order for him to break through this level, he has to attain the initial Stage of Heart Integrated into Sword in Tao of the sword realm. In addition, he has to reach the third realm in his cultivation of Sword One."

According to Zhang Ruochen's judgment, Xu Changsheng had almost reached the fourth realm in his cultivation of Sword One. There was a great possibility of success in his battle with the two gatekeepers given his strength and capabilities.

After an hour, Xu Changsheng defeated the two gatekeepers by wielding a Ghost Level mid-class sword technique, thereby passing this test.

Without anyone noticing, Han Qiu quietly came to stand behind Zhang Ruochen. As her pair of beautiful eyes were fixated on Xu Changsheng far off, she smiled and said, "How could he be victorious over two characters? Xu Changsheng must have reached the fourth realm in his cultivation of Sword One. He is indeed amazing."

Zhang Ruochen was not at all surprised that Han Qiu had passed the three tests of the First Level Mountain.

Without looking at her, Zhang Ruochen said, "Junior sister apprentice Han Qiu, please keep your distance."

Han Qiu looked at him in dismay and said, "I thought you had always fancied me. Why are you pushing me away now that I've taken the initiative to draw near to you? Are you no longer the man who is easily seduced?"

"Haven't you heard of the term 'femme fatale'? Your Senior Brother Apprentice Xu will claim that I am molesting you if

you stand so close to me. Wouldn't I become his rival for no reason?" said Zhang Ruochen.

All of a sudden, Zhang Ruochen felt someone's eyes on him. As he lifted his head to look in its direction, he found himself locking eyes with Xu Changsheng.

Zhang Ruochen laughed bitterly and said, "See! I am treated with hostility every time I am too close to you."

Han Qiu squinted and smiled as she whispered into Zhang Ruochen's ear. "I had decided to give you an opportunity to pursue me, but I didn't expect you to be such a coward. Are you shrinking back just because Xu Changsheng glared at you?"

Xu Changsheng, who was standing at the foot of the stone wall, not only saw how close Zhang Ruochen and Han Qiu were standing next to each other, but how they were enjoying their conversation. Immediately he felt a surge of jealousy in his heart.

His expression did not reveal his emotions, however. Instead, he wore a smile and said from afar, "Junior fellow apprentice Lin Yue, I heard that you combined three Patriarchal Sword Comprehensions during the coronation ceremony. This is quite a magnificent feat for the Yin and Yang Sect. I believe you are indeed exceptionally gifted in the Tao of the sword. How many characters are you prepared to challenge today?"

Chapter 664 - Challenging Three Characters

Translator:

Transn

Editor:

Transn

Having heard Xu Changsheng's words, the eyes of all the Saint's disciples, including Can Dong, fell on Zhang Ruochen.

The crowd had long heard that during the coronation ceremony, someone had drawn out the vision of "800-Mile Purple Qi" and combined the three sects of patriarchal Sword Comprehension.

This man was definitely not a commoner. He had to be someone with exceptional talent in the Tao of the sword.

However, Xu Changsheng's words obviously sounded hostile.

No matter how naturally talented Lin Yue was in the Tao of sword, he was just a novice Saint's disciple. He would be considered outstanding if he could pass the first stage on Second Level Mountain.

However, how could Xu Changsheng directly ask him how many characters he intended to challenge today?

Lin Yue was in an unfavorable position regardless of how he answered this question.

He did it to flatter Zhang Ruochen to cause him to stumble.

The higher he lifted Zhang Ruochen, the harder he would fall.

Xu Changsheng, still smiling kindly, said, "Since junior fellow apprentice Lin Yue has combined three Patriarchal Sword Comprehensions, open our eyes by challenging three characters."

Laughter began to reverberate through the crowd of Saint's disciples.

“Even Xu Changsheng barely succeeded in challenging two characters, and he's forcing Lin Yue to challenge three characters. Isn't it clear that he's trying to embarrass Lin Yue?”

“If Lin Yue agrees to this, he will surely be defeated by the three gatekeepers. Everyone in Yin and Yang Sect will mock him for being overconfident. On the other hand, if he doesn't take up the challenge, he will earn the name of a coward.”

“What is the problem between Xu Changsheng and Lin Yue? Why is Xu Changsheng making things so difficult for Lin Yue?”

“Can't you see it's because he's jealous? I would never have expected Xu Changsheng, with his status, to fight a novice Saint's disciple over a woman.”

“That depends on who they are fighting over. It would be worth it if they were fighting over Darkness Body. If Xu Changsheng managed to marry Darkness Body, he would surely become the heir of the powerful Xu family.”

The crowd sighed and shook their heads, believing that Lin Yue was going to become Xu Changsheng's stepping stone.

What use was it to be highly talented in the Tao of the sword if the skills were not fully developed?

However, the most calm-looking person was Zhang Ruochen. He smiled and said, “There's not much difference between challenging one character or three. Why should I do something to disadvantage myself?”

Xu Changsheng thought that this was because Zhang Ruochen was afraid.

He laughed and said, “You may not be aware, junior fellow apprentice Lin Yue, but there is a huge difference between challenging three characters and challenging one.

“He who ascends to the summit of Second Level Mountain, after successfully challenging one character, can only collect a

container of Holy Water from the second Holy Spring.

“Another who ascends the summit of Second Level Mountain, after successfully challenging two characters, can collect a hundred containers of Holy Water from the second Holy Spring.

“Yet another who ascends to the summit of Second Level Mountain, after successfully challenging three characters, can collect a thousand containers of Holy Water from the second Holy Spring.

“With every additional character conquered, the reward increases ten times.”

Zhang Ruochen’s sudden realization was written all over his face. He nodded and said, “If I challenged ten characters, would there be enough Holy Water on the mountain top for me fill my containers?”

All the surrounding Saint’s disciples exploded with laughter.

Can Dong had long been aware of Zhang Ruochen’s arrogance, but the words he had just spoken made him jerk his head back and snort.

Xu Changsheng looked mockingly at Zhang Ruochen and said, “No one in the entire history of Yin and Yang Sect has conquered ten characters at one go. If junior fellow apprentice Lin were to succeed in doing so, such a victory would definitely be recorded in the Yin and Yang Sect’s history.”

Zhang Ruochen pondered for a moment before he shook his head and said, “My cultivation in the Tao of sword is not yet powerful enough for me to challenge ten characters.”

“That’s more like it. At least you know your abilities.”

As Xu Changsheng was about to express this thought, he was cut off by Zhang Ruochen, who continued to speak. Xu Changsheng could only hold his thoughts back.

Zhang Ruochen said, “I will just challenge three characters this time. After all, I have to save some of my strength for later.”

Was he crazy?

Challenging three characters?

Everyone in the crowd thought Lin Yue was speaking out of rage. How would he, being a novice Saint's disciple, be able to challenge three characters at once?

Xu Changsheng's lips curled up slightly in delight. Worried that Lin Yue may go back on his word, he quickly said, "You have proven yourself to be a promising young man of Yin and Yang Sect, worthy of my admiration. However, challenging three characters is definitely difficult. You may not be able to succeed using your sword, which is a tenth level Genuine Martial Arm. Why don't I, as an elder brother, lend you my Valley-Water Sword. You can keep it if you succeed in the challenge."

As he was still speaking, Xu Changsheng undid the white sword tied to his back and tossed it to Zhang Ruochen.

Xu Changsheng looked intently at Lin Yue. There was no going back once he accepted the sword.

Zhang Ruochen reached out with one hand and caught the white sword. Upon contact, Zhang Ruochen felt a chilling power. It made his hand numb.

Xu Changsheng let out a sigh of relief when Zhang Ruochen caught the sword. A smile broke out on his face, and his mood lifted.

All the surrounding Saint's disciples looked at each other and shook their heads in amusement.

While Xu Changsheng was complimenting Lin Yue excessively, they realized he would not give Lin Yue any chance to turn over if he failed his attempt in the challenge later.

Moreover, it was perilous even to enter Ancient Gods Mountain. The gatekeepers' swords would vanquish any warrior who was unaware of the risks, before he could even surrender.

Everyone thought that Xu Changsheng was sinister and malicious indeed.

Lin Yue was silly to agree to challenge three characters at once. He had fallen into Xu Changsheng's snare without a clue.

However, similar scenarios had happened so many times in history that the elder Saint's disciples did not think much of it.

“This sword is a twelfth level Genuine Martial Arm, refined using ‘Sacred Valley-Water Jade’. It can mature into a Holy Sword if it produces sword spirit from within. This is indeed an exceptional sword.”

Zhang Ruochen muttered praise after praise as he stroked the Valley-Water Sword.

All present thought that his excitement upon seeing the Valley-Water Sword was because he had never seen great things.

In actuality, Zhang Ruochen was stroking the Valley-Water Sword to use Genuine Qi to refine the remnants of Xu Changsheng's Sword Comprehension.

Once he had completely refined the Sword Comprehension in it, he walked towards the stone wall and stood about 30 meters away.

The inscriptions on the stone wall were indecipherable.

As he had never come across many of the characters, he could only make out their meanings through his strength in Sword Comprehension.

“Swoosh!”

In that instant, three characters came off the stone wall and transformed into three translucent gatekeepers. They descended from the air and charged towards Zhang Ruochen with their swords.

All the Saint's disciples had thought it would take a long time for Lin Yue to recognize and pick out three characters. However, to their surprise, Lin Yue recognized three characters almost instantly, and he began the challenge immediately.

It was commendable that Lin Yue, a mere novice Saint's disciple, could do this.

Despite this, the crowd still did not believe that Lin Yue would succeed. After all, the challenge posed by three characters was far more difficult than two characters.

The three gatekeepers attacked Zhang Ruochen from three different directions in a combined attack.

Two of the gatekeepers dashed on the ground towards Zhang Ruochen from the left and right. They made continuous sword movements. Their aggressive sword Qi turned into two ten-meter long whooshing dragon shadows.

The third gatekeeper, flying overhead, held a sword in each of his hands. His sword wove a Taiji sign, which formed a ball of sword Qi ten meters in diameter.

“Twin Dragons Playing with a Pearl.”

All the Saint’s disciples retreated as they saw the surge of violent and aggressive sword Qi.

Even Xu Changsheng and Can Dong, who were very accomplished in their cultivation, were taken aback. This was, after all, the first time they had witnessed the power manifested by three characters combined.

Could a monk of only the Fish-Dragon Realm really overcome such terrifying power?

When Xu Changsheng challenged two characters, both gatekeepers had been at the third realm of Sword One.

Presently, Zhang Ruochen was attempting to challenge three characters. This implied that each of the three gatekeepers was at the fifth realm of Sword One. Although there was only one more character, the level of difficulty had increased exponentially. The two challenges were vastly different.

“I see that the more characters challenged, the higher the ability of the gatekeepers. It’s no wonder that Xu Changsheng is fully convinced that I am unable to break through. It will not be easy to defeat the three gatekeepers.”

Zhang Ruochen was the only one at the scene who appeared calm. He remained standing at the same spot, and he did not reveal any sign of panic.

In a split second, the two gatekeepers on the ground aimed their swords at Zhang Ruochen. It looked like the sword Qi would cut him to pieces.

Then, something happened that stunned the Saint's disciple.

“Whizz!”

“Whizz!”

The Blue Crystal Sword and the Valley-Water Sword left their sheaths simultaneously, and Zhang Ruochen hit the hilts successively with his palms. The two swords transformed into blue and white light shuttles that travelled forward and divided into 360 streams of sword Qi. They attacked the gatekeepers on the ground forcefully enough to cause a retreat.

In response, the two gatekeepers struck back with their swords at lightning speed.

However, the blue and the white swords were moving even faster, overwhelming the two gatekeepers. All they could do was retreat.

Staight ahead, the third gatekeeper rotated his arm at an alarming speed, forming a sword Qi vortex.

A seven-meter long sword emerged from the vortex and transformed into a brilliant light column. It shot out and struck Zhang Ruochen between the eyes.

“Break!”

Zhang Ruochen pinched his fingers and formed a sword. He struck back.

The tip of his fingers came into contact with the sword tip with a loud noise. The seven-meter sword instantly broke into pieces and became a ball of chaotic sword Qi. It surged backwards onto the third gatekeeper, forcing him to retreat more than 30 meters.

“How is that possible?”

Xu Changsheng's eyes widened in disbelief and blue veins began bulging out of his entire face.

The other Saint's disciples were struck dumb. Their minds went blank, and they were so shocked that they almost forgot to breathe.

Both Can Dong and Qin Yufan took in a deep breath and blurted out simultaneously, "The seventh realm of Sword One."

Qi Feiyu, who was standing at the edge of the cliff, emerged from the white fog, revealing her other-worldly beauty. Her beautiful eyes were fixed on Zhang Ruochen. Obviously, she was incredulous, too.

Chapter 665 - Qi Feiyu

Translator:

Transn

Editor:

Transn

The sword technique Zhang Ruochen wielded was ingenious. Even though it did not seem to be any specific move, it was, in fact, extremely powerful. The crowd was taken by surprise.

How could Lin Yue's Tao of the sword be at such a formidable level?

Han Qiu lifted one of her slender fingers to touch her red lips as she smiled attractively and said, "It was inconceivable that Lin Yue would be able to perform such impressive sword technique even if he had practiced for a hundred years! Such a display of valiance! He must be a Sword Fairy from heaven."

What Han Qiu saw as Lin Yue battled the three gatekeepers was a familiar figure who coincided with someone she had in mind.

"Swoosh!"

The Blue Crystal Sword and the Valley-water Sword flew back into their sheaths.

From the beginning till the end, Zhang Ruochen's feet did not budge. His every move was relaxed and graceful.

Following their retreat, the three gatekeepers immediately organized themselves into the "Three Stars Sword Array". Their bodies began rotating at a high speed, sweeping up pebbles and dried leaves to form three one-foot-diameter pillars of sword Qi.

The three gatekeepers each set their footwork at the centers of the Qi pillars as they once again charged toward Zhang Ruochen.

“Haven’t I passed the challenge yet?”

Zhang Ruochen frowned as he dashed toward the three sword Qi pillars in offense.

Zhang Ruochen intended to end this battle quickly in order to conserve Genuine Qi.

“Swoosh!”

Zhang Ruochen drew out the Valley-water Sword, and in three consecutive bodily transformations, he wielded three moves in his sword technique, namely a chop, a lift, and a wham. Each of these moves seemed very simple as Zhang Ruochen moved with ease and confidence.

The next moment, he had dashed through the three sword Qi pillars and come to stand firmly on the other side.

“Clang!”

“Clang!”

“Clang!”

The three sword Qi pillars instantly broke into pieces.

The three gatekeepers in the Qi pillars transformed into three streaks of white Holy Qi that flew back onto the stone wall and turned back into three characters.

“Breakthrough successful.”

A tiny voice sounded from within the stone wall.

Zhang Ruochen retracted his arm and put the Valley-water Sword back into its sheath, saying, “Challenging three characters is really not easy. Fortunately, I had help from the Valley-water Sword. Thanks, elder brother Xu, for the gift.”

Zhang Ruochen then continued on his journey without looking back. He trod on the mountain path leading toward the Second Level Mountain.

“This guy is not even worried about offending Xu Changsheng.” A smile broke out on Can Dong’s usually expressionless face.

Having witnessed Zhang Ruochen's level of cultivation in the Tao of the sword, Can Dong finally realized that he had underestimated Zhang Ruochen and that he might really succeed in ascending the Second Level Mountain given his capability.

Can Dong was rather glad that Long-living Yard had produced such an outstanding talent.

"A novice Saint's disciple succeeded in challenging three characters. On top of that, he has also reached the seventh realm of Sword One. All disciples of the Yin and Yang Sect will be stunned when this news reaches them tonight," said an elderly Saint's disciple who had reached the Ninth Change in the Fish-dragon Realm.

"He has indeed suffered a great loss," Qin Yufan glanced at Xu Changsheng, not knowing whether to laugh or not.

Everyone had seen Xu Changsheng's intention to bring Lin Yue down, but instead, he himself was brought low. Not only did his pride get bruised before Han Qiu, but he had also even given away his Valley-water Sword.

Xu Changsheng's eyes were bloodshot. He clenched his fists and snorted as he dashed onto the mountain path leading to the Second Level Mountain. He quickened his steps in an attempt to catch up with Zhang Ruochen.

Han Qiu said, "I hope Senior Brother Apprentice Xu won't do anything extreme in his fit of anger."

The other Saint's disciples were worried as well. If Xu Changsheng were to kill Lin Yue in a fit of anger, Yin and Yang Sect would lose two of its geniuses.

Saint's disciples losing their lives at the Ancient Gods Mountains happened almost every month.

Apart from accidents, there were Saint's disciples who lost their lives due to jealousy and revenge.

"Continue to break through the challenges while I go check it out," said Qi Feiyu.

Qi Feiyu had broken through the first stage of the Second Level Mountain long ago, but she had stayed back to observe Qin Yufan and Xu Changsheng's capabilities in preparation for the sword contest. This was the reason she did not continue on to the second stage midway up the mountain.

“Wah!”

Qi Feiyu's slender body was light and flexible. With a gentle push, she leaped toward the mountain path leading to the Second Level Mountain as she tried to catch up with Zhang Ruochen and Xu Changsheng.

The Saint's disciples looked on with admiration at Qi Feiyu, as if she were a beautiful sight.

One Saint's disciple who had reached the Seventh Change in the Fish-dragon Realm asked, “How many characters did Qi Feiyu challenge earlier on?”

“We're not sure, because she was the first person to arrive at the Second Level Mountain. She had already passed the first stage of the challenge when we arrived.”

The crowd shook their heads in unison. Not even one of them had seen how Qi Feiyu passed the first stage of the Second Level Mountain.

Zhang Ruochen ascended the mountain with great speed, and very soon, he had reached an altitude of 2000 meters on the Second Level Mountain. Looking down, the foot of the mountain was no longer visible.

There were layers of white fog in the air that obstructed the vision. It even prevented Spiritual Power from penetrating.

As Xu Changsheng caught up, he leaped from the cliff and landed in front of Zhang Ruochen. Blocking his way, Xu Changsheng said in a low voice, “Bastard, are you pretending to be a hog that eats the tiger? Don't think about ascending the Second Level Mountain if you don't hand me the Valley-water Sword.”

Zhang Ruochen stopped in his tracks and said, “Why? Is Senior Brother Apprentice Xu such a petty man? Are you asking for the sword back after giving it away?”

Xu Changsheng was burning with rage to the point of exploding. The Genuine Qi within him surged toward the Meridians of his hands and condensed in his palms.

Zhang Ruochen was not even a bit afraid upon seeing how enraged Xu Changsheng was. He smiled and shook his head. He had overestimated Xu Changsheng initially. He totally did not expect Xu Changsheng to be so immature that he was unable to control his own temper.

Qi Feiyu approached on a cloud not far away. She came to rest at the top of a cliff twenty feet from them.

Xu Changsheng stole a glance at Qi Feiyu, retrieved his Genuine Qi, and snorted. "I can't deny that you are really quite capable. However, I have to take the Valley-water Sword back. How about we have a bet? If you lose, give the Valley-water Sword back to me."

Zhang Ruochen turned to glance at Qi Feiyu before replying. "Not interested."

Xu Changsheng clenched his fists. There was a cold look in his eyes. He would have struck Zhang Ruochen if Qi Feiyu were not around. Even if he were unable to take Zhang Ruochen's life, he would have paralyzed him by breaking his tendons and bones.

"Looks like you have created enmity between us today, Lin Yue. I am going to make you regret what you've done at the Tao of the sword contest."

Xu Changsheng's murderous intent was reflected in his eyes. He snorted and hurriedly embarked on his journey up the mountain. In an instant, he disappeared around the steep wall at the end of the mountain path.

Qi Feiyu's bewitching voice sounded from Zhang Ruochen's back, "You shouldn't have offended Xu Changsheng. You could have appeased him by returning his Valley-water Sword."

Zhang Ruochen detected a fragrant scent in the air and he turned around to catch a glimpse at Qi Feiyu. He said, "Honestly, I don't really care about this Valley-water Sword.

However, I know that Xu Changsheng will not let me off even if I were to return the Valley-water Sword to him. After all, he had deeply embarrassed himself in front of a crowd.”

“You are right, no doubt. However, Xu Changsheng is backed by his powerful family. Both the powerful family of Xu saints and the Yin and Yang Sect are extremely influential. You are putting yourself in a precarious position within the Yin and Yang Sect by offending him.”

With an elegant and graceful demeanor, Qi Feiyu was as beautiful as a pale green orchid by the cliff.

She walked up to Zhang Ruochen and stopped three feet away from him. She had a full bosom and a slender waist wrapped in a white waistband. “You are indeed naturally talented in the Tao of the sword, so there is a high chance that you will be able to cultivate Sword One to reach the tenth level of the Completion realm,” said Qi Feiyu.

“My family of Qis is a historically established Aristocratic Family in the Middle Age. If you are willing to join the Qis, I can introduce you to the family’s leader and make you the Elder Keqing. Then I can guarantee that the powerful family of the Xus will not dare to touch you.”

Qi Feiyu’s eyes were so bewitching they looked like a pair of black pearls submerged in water.

Her eyes alone would be able to melt any man’s heart. Who could bear to reject her?

Zhang Ruochen felt that Qi Feiyu’s eyes were effusing some kind of controlling force over his Spiritual Power. Fortunately, he realized this in time to resist this strange force by using his Spiritual Power.

It was rather strange that Qi Feiyu, such an elegant and outstanding lady, was actually practicing such black magic.

Zhang Ruochen closed his eyes to shut out her stare. Keeping his vigilance, he said, “Senior Sister Apprentice Qi, have you come all this way to invite me to join the Qis? I thought you caught up with me to save my life from Xu Changsheng.”

“I really admire your talent. With the help of the Qis, you stand a great chance of becoming a respectable sword saint. However, without the help of the Qis, you might be killed before your talent is fully developed,” said Qi Feiyu impassively.

“Thank you for your kind intentions, Senior Sister Apprentice Qi. Unfortunately, I only wish to cultivate myself quietly under the Yin and Yang Sect. I have no desire to join any other family.”

Zhang Ruochen continued his ascent along the mountain path in an unhurried manner.

“Sometimes, one ought to choose wisely. I could only pity you for being so adamant about choosing a path leading to death.”

A scarlet light flashed across Qi Feiyu’s pupils as she leaped forward. As she lifted her index finger, her fingernail extended into a three-foot-long thin sword directed at Zhang Ruochen’s back.

Their proximity coupled with Qi Feiyu’s speed-of-light attack allowed the tip of Qi Feiyu’s sword to reach Zhang Ruochen almost instantly.

Zhang Ruochen had long sensed a sinister aura about Qi Feiyu, so he had been on his guard all this while.

Therefore, Zhang Ruochen also struck out at the same instant Qi Feiyu did.

While he did not manage to draw the Valley-water Sword out of its sheath in time, he swung the hilt of the sword forward, thereby hitting and deflected Qi Feiyu’s sword.

“Clang!”

As the hilt of his sword collided with the thin sword, waves of sword Qi rippled outward in every direction.

Chapter 666 - Scorpion Beauty

Translator:

Transn

Editor:

Transn

Holy Qi flowed rapidly over the three-foot sword and it emitted a shocking opposing force that rushed toward Zhang Ruochen's arm. A sharp pain surged up his arm and his legs shook so violently that the mountain path collapsed. He fell dozens of feet down before he found his footing.

"She's formidable. A top superior of the Eighth Change in the Fish-dragon Realm indeed."

Zhang Ruochen held the Valley-water Sword with both his hands and began running Genuine Qi throughout his body.

The shocking opposing force had caused Qi Feiyu to take a step back as well.

She got a rude shock as she never expected a novice Saint's disciple could be so strong. Many monks who had reached the Ninth Change in the Fish-dragon Realm could not even withstand an attack with her sword.

"Not bad at all." Qi Feiyu complimented him.

"Who are you, exactly?" Zhang Ruochen coldly asked.

Without replying, Qi Feiyu leaped onto the cliff wall as if it were level ground and wielded a powerful sword movement directed toward Zhang Ruochen's heart.

"Have you reached the eighth realm in your cultivation of Sword One?"

Zhang Ruochen's eyes narrowed, and his expression turned somber and thoughtful.

Her sword technique was of a higher order than his. It might look like she was only wielding one sword, however, that one sword had divided into hundreds and thousands of sword Qi. It would be extremely difficult for anyone to evade all of them.

“Bang! Bang!”

As the two continued to confront each other fiercely with dozens of moves, a network of sword marks was left on the cliff wall. Consequently, the wall broke off as falling rocks and tumbled down the mountain.

All of a sudden, Qi Feiyu changed her direction by kicking back on the steep wall. She condensed a ball of red Holy Qi and injected it into the three-foot-long thin sword before quickly striking out again.

“Bam!”

Zhang Ruochen put out his sword before him in an attempt to block the attack, however, he lost control of his body and fell a dozen feet down the side of the cliff.

In a flash, his body was swallowed by white clouds.

Qi Feiyu descended like a feather onto a rock that was jutting out. With her jet black hair flapping gently in the wind, she looked exceptionally beautiful.

She glanced down the side of the cliff and, seeing saw no sign of Lin Yue, she muttered. “It is impossible to perform Sword Defending Technique on the Second Level Mountain regardless of what realm he has attained in the Tao of the sword. Even if he is a monk who has reached the Fish-Dragon Realm, he can’t escape death falling from the cliff. Anyway, everyone will think that he was killed by Xu Changsheng.”

Slowly, she drew the three-foot-long thin sword back into her finger.

Her hand returned to its usual form. Who would have imagined such beautiful hands were the terrifying hands of a killer?

As she was about to leave, she felt a sudden fluctuation of Spiritual Qi. Exclaiming quietly to herself, she looked down

the side of the cliff.

She saw a ball of golden brilliance that ascended quickly from the bottom of the cliff.

A chilling voice sounded from the golden light, saying, “Senior Sister Apprentice Qi, why did you try to kill me when there’s no grudge between us? Are you leaving just like this without explaining?”

She saw Lin Yue, with a pair of golden dragon wings on his back, breaking through the layers of cloud as he approached the mountain path. He landed above Qi Feiyu.

Qi Feiyu was stunned for just a moment. She quickly regained composure and said, “Do I need a reason to kill?”

Zhang Ruochen said, “I can guess the reason even if you don’t tell.”

“Is that right?”

“The Yin and Yang Sect has always taken a neutral stand. It rarely makes allies with the evil forces. Who made you go undercover in the Yin and Yang Sect? Although there’s an elegant aura about you, I could smell the blood on your body. Are you one of the Immortal Vampires?”

Zhang Ruochen’s vision sharpened as he scrutinized the changes in Qi Feiyu’s expressions.

First, Qi Feiyu caught up with the two men and chased Xu Changshen away.

Then, she attempted to cozy up to Zhang Ruochen. However, when she failed, she decisively tried to kill him.

If she was unable to cozy up to Lin Yue, the obvious response was to kill a genius like him. This was to make sure that any future threat was eradicated. It was her goal to assassinate all the geniuses in the Yin and Yang Sect who had the potential to become a saint.

Only enemies of the Yin and Yang Sect would do such a thing.

Eight hundred years ago, the Sacred Central Empire, over a period of ten years, gathered the power of great Suzerains and

powerful families of Saints to banish the Immortal Vampires and seal them in Manji Island.

At that time, the Yin and Yang Sect was allied with the Sacred Central Empire and had contributed their part in manpower as well as material resources.

There were undercover Immortal Vampires within the Black Market and Eastern Region Saint Academy. It was not surprising to find spies within the Yin and Yang Sect.

“Immortal Vampires? Don’t you dare try to malign me, Junior fellow apprentice Lin. Everyone knows I am the Heiress of the Qis. How could I be related to the Immortal Vampires?” said Qi Feiyu.

Zhang Ruochen let out a cold laugh. “Then why did you try to kill me? Don’t tell me you were just trying to test my level of cultivation.”

“The reason I tried to kill you was to eliminate another competitor. It would save me strength during the sword contest,” said Qi Feiyu.

Zhang Ruochen was not taken in by her words. “Is that so? I think it would be wise for me to report this to the Patriarchal Saints, so they could check out your real identity.”

Her eyes turned cold and she quickly fixed her eyes on the pair of dragon wings on Zhang Ruochen’s back. Smiling, she said, “And are you really Lin Yue? Lin Yue could not have possessed a pair of dragon wings. How about me making a report to the Patriarchal Saints about this, and they can also verify your true identity?”

They were at a stalemate, standing on the cliff.

There was a faint shadow of someone approaching from below.

Apparently, someone had just managed to pass the first stage of the Second Level Mountain and was approaching Zhang Ruochen and Qi Feiyu.

Finally, they stopped fighting. Zhang Ruochen drew back his dragon wings into his body and Qi Feiyu withdrew her Holy

Qi.

“Don’t let me find any evidence. If I find out that you are one of the Immortal Vampires, I will hand the evidence to the Law Enforcement Yard immediately.” Zhang Ruochen had absolutely no affection for the Immortal Vampires.

Part of the reason Zhang Ruochen chose to compromise was that his cultivation level was a little lower than Qi Feiyu’s.

More importantly, however, if he told the Patriarchal Saints Qi Feiyu’s secret, she would definitely expose his secret as well.

If that happened, they would both be finished.

Qi Feiyu certainly wished she could silence him once and for all, but she was certain that while it was easy to defeat Lin Yue, killing him was another matter.

Therefore, to keep each other at bay, they could only stop their fight simultaneously, lest they expose their identities.

“Could Qi Feiyu be part of the demonic sect or the Black Market?”

Although Zhang Ruochen’s words seemed to make a lot of sense, he was merely testing Qi Feiyu. There was really no way to confirm if Qi Feiyu belonged to the Immortal Vampires.

It was clear that Qi Feiyu was the Heiress of the Qis. Moreover, the Qi family was an Aristocratic Family in the Middle Age.

How could the heiress of an Aristocratic Family in the Middle Age be part of the Immortal Vampires?

On the other hand, the Qis could be the materialized power backed by the Black Market or the Demonic Sect. If Qi Feiyu was walking the evil and demonic path, it was possible for her to want to kill Zhang Ruochen.

“After breaking through the Ancient Gods Mountain, I shall send word to Mu Lingxi and Orange Star Emissary to investigate the Qis.”

Zhang Ruochen decided to put off this matter for now and clear his mind. He quickened his footsteps as he headed toward the side of the Second Level Mountain.

Can Dong had broken through the first stage at the foot of the mountain and pursued them. Taking in the sword marks on the cliff walls, he guessed that there had been a fierce fight moments before.

With a questioning expression in his eyes, he looked intently at Qi Feiyu and asked, “Did Xu Changsheng attack junior fellow apprentice Lin?”

Qi Feiyu, still trying to look elegant, gently nodded her head and said, “Don’t worry about junior fellow apprentice Lin. I defeated Xu Changsheng and sent him away.”

Qi Feiyu and Can Dong then set out together to the place halfway up the mountain.

The Second Level Mountain, like the First Level Mountain, was 9,000 meters high.

When Zhang Ruochen arrived halfway up the mountain at around 4000 meters in altitude, he was finally able to behold the row of silver palaces built upon the steep stone wall. There were 72 towers altogether, each exuding great Holy Aura and thus commanding fear in the hearts of people.

Of the 72 towers, only one of them had its gates shut. Needless to say, Xu Changsheng must have entered that tower to attempt his breakthrough.

Zhang Ruochen chose to enter the second palace tower.

Qi Feiyu chose the third palace tower and Can Dong, the fourth.

Directly in front of the second palace tower stood a statue carved out of jade. This was a statue of a middle-aged monk who was standing on a Black Eagle.

Both the monk and the Black Eagle appeared very lifelike.

As Zhang Ruochen approached the jade statue, he bowed and paid his respects to the middle-aged monk.

“Wow!”

The jade statue emanated a layer of white light and characters started to appear on its surface. As each character bobbed up and down about its fixed position, it changed into a new character.

A voice sounded out from within the palace, saying, “The carved statue of the Saint recorded nine chapters of the cultivation method of the sword manual. However, all of the characters were jumbled up in their order. The person trying to break through this stage has to rearrange these characters and create a new sword technique using the arranged cultivation method. All of these should be done within two hours.”

The second stage of the Second Level Mountain was to test the monks’ sight, comprehension, and creativity.

The level of difficulty far exceeded that of the second stage of the First Level Mountain.

The monk would fail if any of his sight, comprehension, or creativity fell short of the top standard.

Without wasting any time, Zhang Ruochen sat cross-legged below the jade carved statue, focused his attention, and fixed his eyes upon it.

Simultaneously, he mobilized his Spiritual Power to wrap around the jade carved statue.

He memorized every word on the surface of the carved statue instantly.

After one-third of the stipulated time frame had passed, Zhang Ruochen finally managed to organize the cultivation method of one chapter of the sword manual.

Just as he completed organizing the first chapter, light spots flew out from above the jade carved statue forming a blanket of light rain and fell on Zhang Ruochen.

In an instant, Zhang Ruochen felt the Heart of the Sword within his Qi Sea becoming more crystal clear and vibrant. He could feel that he was about to reach a critical breakthrough.

“One could actually rise to the next realm in the Tao of the sword by successfully organizing a chapter of cultivation method. Wouldn't I be elevated to the next higher level in the Tao of the sword if I organized a second chapter of cultivation method?”

Zhang Ruochen's face broke out in joy as if he had uncovered something interesting.

He had reached the critical point in his current realm of Tao of the sword, which was to say any elevation of cultivation would enable him to break through to the Advanced Stage of Heart Integrated into Sword.

Once he broke through this, he would improve by leaps and bounds in the Tao of the sword realm to reach a realm dreamed of by Half-Saints.

Chapter 667 - Unreasonable Demands

Translator:

Transn

Editor:

Transn

Soon, one-third of the time had passed. Zhang Ruochen has finally managed to organize the cultivation methods of the second sword manual.

Just like what he had expected, bits of glimmering spots started flying out of the jade stone statue, entering his body as they fell on him and converged toward the Heart of the Sword in Qi Sea.

He was getting close to the Advanced Stage realm of the Heart Integrated into Sword.

In the remaining time, he accelerated the classification of the cultivation methods and sorted two methods in a row.

“Swoosh!”

The jade stone statue shone with brilliant white light, sending out grains of glimmering white spots that wrapped around Zhang Ruochen completely.

The Heart of the Sword started absorbing the glimmering white spots and immediately condensed into a silver ball. The silver ball floated in the middle of Qi Sea like a liquid pellet.

At last, Zhang Ruochen succeeded in reaching the Advanced Stage of the Heart Integrated into Sword and the Heart of the Sword turned into a “silver pill.”

The jade stone statue seemed to have come alive and opened its mouth. It said in a deep voice, “You have successfully reached the Advanced Stage of the Heart Integrated into

Sword at this tender age. You are truly a Genius of Tao of the sword. If you can bear all the hardships and practice hard, given time, I promise you that you will become a sword saint. This time, I would like to give you a helping hand. Take it as a contribution from the juniors of Yin and Yang Sect.”

The old monk had passed away many years ago, but his Divine Soul clung to the statue of the jade stone.

“Thank you very much, Master.”

Zhang Ruochen stood up and bowed.

The jade stone statue said, “You have made progress in your realm, but failed to break through this stage. Come again next time!”

Zhang Ruochen stood his ground with no intention of leaving. He said, “According to the cultivation methods on the statue, I have created a set of low-class of Spiritual sword techniques. Why did I fail?”

“Have you created the sword technique? I know, you must have used two sides of your minds. As you were sorting out the sword technique, you were running the Heart of the Sword in the Qi Sea to create and practice sword technique. So, I want you to practice the sword technique you have created. If you’re successful, you can pass this stage.” The statue said.

Zhang Ruochen drew the Valley-water Sword and practiced the sword technique.

...

Qi Feiyu was the first one to go forth from the palace. She walked out effortlessly and stood on the narrow mountain path, neither going uphill nor downhill.

No one knew if she had passed this stage or not.

Xu Changsheng was the second to come out. He was in a trance and his face was full of sweat like a soulless creature.

He had successfully organized a cultivation method but failed to create the sword technique within the given two hours.

As a result, his breakthrough failed.

Generally speaking, Xu Changsheng did not lack comprehension ability, but he was used to practicing exercises and martial techniques that were summarized by the predecessors, so he was not capable of creating his own martial technique.

A man like that was outstanding, but it was hard to bring himself to the peak of the Holy Road.

Can Dong placed third and had failed as well.

Can Dong's shortcoming was his weak comprehension ability. Outstanding as he was, he was far from being a genius and could not match up with the top geniuses.

When he saw Can Dong fail, Xu Changsheng's mood got better.

Can Dong gazed at the second palace and asked, "Did Li Yue succeed?"

"Two hours have passed. I guess he failed," said Qi Feiyu.

Can Dong frowned and said, "At his age, he is capable of practicing Sword One to the seventh realm. He shouldn't have any shortcomings. How could he fail?"

Xu Changsheng hummed and said, "Except for Genius of Tao of the sword, who would be capable of breaking through this stage? Lin Yue boasts his current cultivation of Tao of the sword merely by going through some adventures. He himself may not have strong ability..."

"Creak!"

Before Xu Changsheng could even finish his sentence, the palace's gates opened and Zhang Ruochen stepped out.

On the cliff, Qi Feiyu, Can Dong and Xu Changsheng had their eyes fixated on Zhang Ruochen.

Zhang Ruochen looked at the three other fighters in surprise and said, "What's wrong? Did you all pass? How about sprinting together to the mountaintop of the Second Level Mountain? The second Holy Spring should be more advanced than the first one."

Xu Changsheng's face fell.

Can Dong said frankly, "I've failed, so I can't go to the mountaintop this time, but you should have a try. I hope, as is expected, you can reach the mountain of the Second Level Mountain, or even of the third."

Qi Feiyu fixed her glance on Zhang Ruochen and said, "I'll go with you."

Her voice was pleasant to the ear, ethereal and pure.

People envied Zhang Ruochen for climbing the mountain together with the beauty.

However, Zhang Ruochen did not think so. He saw her as a venomous scorpion.

"Please!"

Zhang Ruochen kept a straight face and graciously reached out a hand to give an inviting gesture.

Qi Feiyu turned her tender back to Can Dong and Xu Changsheng. She quickly glanced at Zhang Ruochen with a weird smile in her glowing and starry eyes.

Her elegant temperament, flawless face but eerie smile made Qi Feiyu seem creepy.

In the Yin and Yang Sect, numerous people pursued her. The Young Geniuses were all obsessed by her transcendence and purity.

However, who would know what she's been hiding?

Can Dong and Xu Changsheng stared at Zhang Ruochen and Qi Feiyu disappear on the mountain path with jealousy?

Despite the beautiful scenery, underneath the beauty was danger.

Once they were out of Can Dong and Xu Changsheng's sight, Zhang Ruochen immediately stopped everything to space out Qi Feiyu about 33 meters.

Qi Feiyu did not turn around and said in a soft voice, "We can be allies instead of fighting with each other. Any infighting

will only lead to a lose-lose result.”

Zhang Ruochen did not approach her and asked with a smile, “Can I trust you?”

“The reason why I wanted to kill you is that I think you are a genius with potential of being a sword saint, so if I kill you and frame Xu Changsheng with it, Yin and Yang Sect will lose two of their top geniuses.”

Qi Feiyu was calm. Even though she was talking about murdering, she kept a calm and beautiful demeanor.

She added, “Since you are not a disciple of the Yin and Yang Sect, why should I kill you?”

Zhang Ruochen ran his Genuine Qi to withstand the Force of the Second Level Mountain, slowly stepping forward with sure footing, he said, “It is not impossible to reconcile but I have one condition.”

“What condition?”

Zhang Ruochen stopped and said, “Take off your clothes. I want to have a look.”

Qi Feiyu paused and looked back at Zhang Ruochen. She said calmly, “Don’t you think you’re being rude by asking that?”

“I don’t think so.”

Zhang Ruochen added, “I’m actually being nice by asking you like this. Otherwise, I would have already opened the Sky Eye and searched for your flaw without your permission.”

“What’s my flaw?” Qi Feiyu asked.

Zhang Ruochen smiled with no reply.

The Immortal Vampires were able to control their flesh and skeletons to change themselves into other unrecognizable persons so that they could easily hide in any major forces.

However, all Immortal Vampires own a pair of Blood Wings. Even when they tuck their Wings into their bodies, the structure of their backbones was different from that of a normal human being.

Their flaw was definitely their backs.

Qin Feiyu just smiled and ignored Zhang Ruochen, showing no interest of reconciling with him. Then she started walking toward the mountaintop.

“I have given you a chance. Since you didn’t take it seriously, don’t blame me for what I am about to do.”

His hands pressed on his temples and the Sky Eye between his eyebrows appeared. A ray of light column shot out and landed on Qi Feiyu.

The light of the Sky Eye was blocked by a thick curtain of fog; it was impossible to see Qi Feiyu’s true body.

Qi Feiyu jeered at him and said, “Since I am brave enough to lurk in the Yin and Yang Sect, I definitely have a way to hide my true body. Only by using your Sky Eye, can you see me through?”

Zhang Ruochen withdrew the Sky Eye and said, “It doesn’t matter. Even though I can’t see through the fog this time, doesn’t mean that I won’t be able to see it forever. Sooner or later, I will make you show me your true body.”

They did not say anything more, but began to fend against the Force of the Second Level Mountain with all their strength and ascended to the mountaintop.

The Force of the Second Level Mountain was much more powerful than that of the First one, which posed great challenges to the monk’s willpower.

Even Zhang Ruochen could feel the struggle catching up to him and he was climbing at a slower speed.

Sweat poured out of Qi Feiyu’s forehead and slid along her face, nearly drenching her robe.

Soon, Zhang Ruochen caught up and walked past her.

Qi Feiyu raised her head and looked forward with strange eyes. She had not predicted Zhang Ruochen’s willpower to be stronger than hers.

“With the help of the mountain’s ‘Force’, I will have a chance to take a revenge on her.”

However, after contemplating for a while, he shook his head.

Although his will was stronger than Qi Feiyu, it was costing him a lot to withstand the Force. If he were to use up his power to fight her, he might put himself in a dangerous situation.

Besides, Qin Feiyu would not allow herself to be trampled on. Who knows if she has other trump cards?

Zhang Ruochen temporarily restrained himself and started rushing up the mountain.

Having spent four hours, he had traversed cloaks of clouds and mist and made it to the final step of becoming the first one to reach the top of the Second Level Mountain.

At the moment, the Saint’s disciples also saw the figure on the mountaintop of the Ancient Gods Mountain.

“Look! Someone has climbed to the Second Level Mountain.”

“Who? Qi Feiyu or Qin yufan? Who... Who is it?”

...

Saint’s disciples were all surprised because they were not familiar with the figure on the mountaintop of the Second Level Mountain.

“Is that Lin Yue from the Long-living Yard? It really looks like him.”

“How could he achieve that? Lin Yue is just a new disciple. There is no way he could climb up the Second Level Mountain.”

Seeing the figure on the mountaintop of the Second Level Mountain, Xun Hualiu and Mu Jiji were struck with amazement, speechless.

Chapter 668 - Mutual Calculating

Translator:

Transn

Editor:

Transn

The moment Zhang Ruochen reached the top of the Second Level Mountain, he proceeded to the second Holy Spring without a pit stop.

Besides the second Holy Spring was a green ancient Taoist temple.

Zhang Ruochen entered the temple, took a three-foot-high gourd from the divine altar, and walked to the second Holy Spring with the gourd in his hands.

According to the rules, if he could successfully challenge three words in the first stage of the Second Level Mountain, he would be able to fetch one hundred times of the Holy Spring.

The huge gourd that Zhang Ruochen was carrying was one hundred times the size of a normal gourd.

Standing next to the second Spring, Zhang Ruochen placed the gourd into it to collect the spring. While doing that, he left his Spatial Ring open to abstract one more cubic meter Holy Spring.

Qi Yufei didn't reach the mountaintop until Zhang Ruochen had finished collecting the spring. Qi Yufei was pale and was also soaking wet from her own sweat. Anyone could tell that she had a hard time climbing the Second Level Mountain.

Her ascent on the Second Level Mountain has proved that she has an extremely strong will, far stronger than that of any other monk.

“You are faster than I thought.”

Zhang Ruochen held the gourd and stood beside the Holy Spring. He did not want to leave right away but wondered how much Holy Spring Qi Yufei would take.

Qi Yufei threw a cold stare at Zhang Ruochen, entered the temple, took the three-foot-high gourd and started to collect some holy spring.

“It seems like she successfully challenged the three words in the first stage of the Second Level Mountain.”

Zhang Ruochen was not surprised. He just nodded his head slightly and marched to the Third-level Mountain.

With the gourd in one hand, Qi Feiyu went to the foot of the Third Level Mountain and took a glimpse of Zhang Ruochen. She said, “Are you going to go first, or should I?”

“Senior Sister Apprentice Qi, please.”

Zhang Ruochen made a gesture of invitation and took a step backward.

Qi Yufei did not refuse. She put the gourd on a boulder, walked under the stone wall and stared for a moment.

“Swoosh!”

On the stone wall, the character “Li” fell off and transformed into a translucent gatekeeper.

Qi Feiyu struggled with the gatekeeper for over two thousand movements. Eventually, the gatekeeper’s sword hit her right rib, leaving Qi Feiyu with a bloody sword hole.

Failed breakthrough.

Qi Yufei gasped heavily with sweated profusely. She returned to the boulder, opened the lid of the gourd and drank the Spring to recover from her injuries quickly.

However, as soon as she took a sip, she spat it out immediately.

Qi Feiyu sniffed the gourd and coldness rose in her eyes. She looked in Zhang Ruochen’s direction and said, “Did you just

steal Holy Spring from my gourd?”

Zhang Ruochen answered frankly, “Yes. I took your spring when you were fighting the gatekeeper.”

“Do you want to die?”

Qi Yufei was furious like never before and her elegant temperament disappeared in a second.

Despite that, Zhang Ruochen remained calm, smiled contemptuously and replied, “You are seriously injured. It won’t do you any good to fight me now.”

“Besides, you’re the one who wants to kill me first. Had I reacted quickly, I might have been a ghost of your sword. Taking away your Holy Spring is a compensation for me.”

“There’s no reason for you to be mad at me. At least, I did not poison your gourd, right?”

Zhang Ruochen held his gourd casually, completely disregarding Qi Feiyu’s angry eyes.

Qi Feiyu was shaking with rage, her eyes turning scarlet.

However, she finally managed to calm herself and took a deep breath to go back to her cool and indifferent self. She took a healing Pill and began to heal her wounds.

From the battle between Qi Feiyu and the gatekeeper, Zhang Ruochen had already known that her cultivation of Tao of the sword was at the Advanced Stage of the Heart Integrated into Sword and that she had practiced Sword One to the eighth realm.

When Qi Feiyu was born, she was already in the realm of Heart Integrated into Sword. Knowing that, Zhang Ruochen was not surprised by Qi Feiyu’s accomplishment. After all, she has spent so many years practicing.

Even someone with her level of cultivation was incapable of breaking through the first stage of the Third-level Mountain.

After witnessing what had happened, it seemed like the gatekeeper’s strength had reached the ninth realm of Sword One.

In other words, if Zhang Ruochen had not reached the same realm, he would not be able to break through this stage as well.

If that's the case, why waste his strength to try to break through?

Zhang Ruochen looked up at the mountaintop of the Third-level Mountain and saw a Whitestone Sacred Cliff soaring on the top. Amidst the mist, a shadow of a high tower could be seen standing on the cliff.

The Sword Pavilion in the legend was situated on the mountaintop of the Third-level Mountain.

The Sword Technique Conference on September ninth will be held in the pavilion. Swordsmen from all around the world will gather in the Sword Pavilion and participate in this unparalleled meeting of Tao of the sword.

If Zhang Ruochen succeeded in breaking through the three stages of the Third-level Mountain, he would be allowed to go to the square of Sword Technique Conference in advance, pay his visit to Sword Pavilion, and explore the secrets of the Heaven and Earth Altar.

“I will climb to the mountaintop of the Third-level Mountain on my own.”

Zhang Ruochen looked back, and with a long sigh, turned around and headed down the mountain.

Upon arriving on the mountaintop of the Second Level Mountain, Zhang Ruochen met Qin Yufan who had just climbed up the mountain.

Qin Yufan didn't expect Zhang Ruochen to be there, so he was surprised when he saw Zhang Ruochen.

However, they just passed by each other without any contact.

On the way downhill, Zhang Ruochen encountered many climbers heading to the mountaintop. They had already broken through the second stage of the Second Level Mountain, and some of them were either from the Sixth Change or the

Seventh Change in the Fish-dragon Realm or the superiors of the Ninth Change in the Fish-dragon Realm.

From beginning to end, Qi Feiyu followed Zhang Ruochen. It seemed like she had not come into terms with her failure and was eager to take Zhang Ruochen's gourd away. However, she hasn't had a chance yet.

Going down was faster than going up.

It was not long before they arrived at the foot of the Ancient Gods Mountain, the one behind the other.

The arrival of Zhang Ruochen and Qi Feiyu together boosted the excitement of the crowd.

One of them was a fresh Genius of Tao of the sword, a new rising star, and the other was a beauty with innate integrating, chased after numerous pursuers and admirers.

The moment they descended to the foot of the mountain, all of the Saint's disciples swarmed around them.

“Junior Sister Apprentice Qi, I really admire you for your talents. In the martial arts contest of Tao of the sword, you are definitely going to defeat everyone else and win the championship.”

A Saint's disciple of the Ninth Change in the Fish-dragon Realm rushed to Qi Feiyu and tried to flatter Qi Feiyu.

Even the Saint became emotional and sentimental, a monk of the Ninth Change in the Fish-dragon Realm reacted even more dramatically.

It was not a shame to fawn on the girl that one was chasing, but a shame to watch her fall to another's arms.

“Junior Sister Apprentice Qi has conquered three stages of the Second Level Mountain easily. With your realm of Tao of the sword, I believe you will soon reach the mountaintop of the Third Level Mountain.” said another pursurer who came to congratulate her on her success.

Among Qi Feiyu's pursuers, there were more than ten with a cultivation of the Eighth Change or the Ninth Change in the Fish-dragon Realm. They were all clustered around her like a

myriad of stars surrounding the moon. Other pursuers could not approach her at all.

But Qi Feiyu treated any pursuer coldly. She faced them with an otherworldly look on her face.

Suddenly, she landed her clear and distinct eyes on Zhang Ruochen's retreating figure and an unusual and strange expression appeared on her face.

At that exact moment, something happened that made Qi Feiyu's pursuers and admirers shocked.

"Junior fellow apprentice Lin, wait." Qi Feiyu called out in a soft voice.

Zhang Ruochen stopped to turn back and looked at her questioningly, "Senior Sister Apprentice Qi, is there anything wrong?"

She still has not forgiven Zhang Ruochen for stealing her hard-earned Holy Spring. Who knew what tricks she would play?

Zhang Ruochen became alert.

Qi Feiyu's pursuers around were confused as to why Junior Sister Apprentice Qi suddenly called out a new Saint's disciple, especially because she rarely communicates with others.

Qi Feiyu stepped forward slowly until she reached Zhang Ruochen.

She was getting closer to Zhang Ruochen.

Zhang Ruochen could smell a faint waft of fragrance, which made him feel more alert. He wanted to retreat, but it was too late.

Qi Feiyu reached out with her soft hands and gently grabbed Zhang Ruochen's wrist. Seemingly frail and badly-hurt, she coughed a little and leaned on Zhang Ruochen before saying, "I am seriously hurt. Junior fellow apprentice Lin, could you please send me back to the Pure Jade Palace?"

She pressed her lips softly and stared at Zhang Ruochen with a weak gaze. Her face was pale and she looked a weak; a helpless but lovable woman.

This scene made Qi Feiyu's pursuers and admirers completely stunned.

Their eyes were smoldering with anger and they were all glaring at Zhang Ruochen as if Zhang Ruochen had killed their fathers.

Zhang Ruochen had not expected Qi Feiyu to play such an insidious and wicked trick. Her goal was to kill Zhang Ruochen with a borrowed knife—essentially taking advantage of her admirers by provoking them to kill Zhang Ruochen.

Xun Hualiu and Mu Jiji had arrived in front of Zhang Ruochen to greet him.

Witnessing this scene in front of them, both Xun Hualiu and Mu Jiji were awestruck by the scene and looked at him with admiration.

“Our boss is so incredible. She...she is God's favored daughter of the Pure Jade Palace, a fairy-like girl.”

“Anyone would've been attracted to Qi Feiyu after seeing that smile on her. Who could ever imagine that Qi Feiyu would hold the boss' hand, and lean on him like that?”

What happened when Qi Feiyu and Lin Yue broke through the Ancient Gods Mountain?

How did they get so intimate with each other?

Could it be that pure and graceful Qi Feiyu had fallen in love with this new Saint's disciple?

Chapter 669 - The Master

Translator:

Transn

Editor:

Transn

“Oh my god! I can’t accept that. What does Senior Sister Apprentice Qi see in this gigolo?”

“Lin Yue must have used his smart tongue, and he has a charming face too. These surely captured Junior Sister Apprentice’s heart.”

“How could Senior Sister Apprentice Qi like Lin Yue, that scum? She is a goddess in our hearts. How could she give herself to him?”

None of the Saint’s disciples could bear to see what was happening right before their eyes and they found their hearts being rent in pain. They would rather see Qi Feiyu age in solitude than see her throw herself into Lin Yue’s arms.

A lot of Saint’s disciples were extremely jealous.

“If only I were Lin Yue! If I could hold Senior Sister Apprentice Qi’s hand but live for only one day, I would.”

“What a piece of luck! Qi Feiyu is the heiress to an Aristocratic Family in the Middle Age. Winning her favor is tantamount to winning their support. His future will be very promising. I’m so envious!”

...

The obvious jealousy and envy did not affect his mood. He looked at Xun Hualiu and Mu Jiji and said, “I have something to attend to. How about you two walk Senior Sister Apprentice Qi to the Pure Jade Palace for me?”

Xun Hualiu and Mu Jiji were flattered, and they straightened themselves up in rapture. Xun Hualiu blurted out, “No

problem.”

“This is our duty.” Mu Jiji beat his chest.

When Xun Hualiu and Mu Jiji walked up to Qi Feiyu and Zhang Ruochen, they immediately felt overwhelmed by an invisible pressure. The watchful eyes of all of Qi Feiyu’s suitors were all trained on them.

They quickly stepped back as their faces turned pale.

“Boss, I think it would be better if you escort Senior Sister Apprentice Qi to the Pure Jade Palace yourself.” Mu Jiji said.

Xun Hualiu coughed discreetly and waved his hands, as he said, “Senior Sister Apprentice Qi is a divine beauty from heaven. She is not somebody we mortals can touch.”

Zhang Ruochen knew it was better for them not to offend Qi Feiyu’s suitors, so he did not go back and play football with them on the matter any longer.

One of the suitors, a man named Xie Yunfan, stepped up to Zhang Ruochen. He had a long red sword on his back and a snakeskin iron belt around his waist. With cold eyes, he said, “I am a disciple of the Pure Jade Palace. You can entrust her to me and I will escort her back.”

“That would be great.”

Zhang Ruochen was determined to hand Qi Feiyu to the man across him.

“You really know what is good for you.”

Xie Yunfan pointed his finger at Zhang Ruochen and said domineeringly, “Moreover, I warn you to stay away from Senior Sister Apprentice Qi. She is beyond your reach. Don’t be delusional. Otherwise, you are dead meat.”

Most of the Saint’s disciples around them were watching slyly.

Lin Yue, the scum, should be taught a lesson.

If Xie Yunfan meddled, Lin Yue would be beaten till he was crippled. All of the Saint’s disciples who carried a torch for Qi Feiyu all gloated at the prospect.

Zhang Ruochen had intended to avoid conflict so as not fall into Qi Feiyu's trap, so he was going to leave Qi Feiyu in the care of others.

However, the situation was a little different now.

Zhang Ruochen could never submissively hand a lady over to a man pointing fingers at his face and still treat the man with a big smile.

Even if Qi Feiyu was a witch, Zhang Ruochen did not want to hand her over anymore.

Zhang Ruochen gave a perceivable smile in response to Xie Yunfan's warning and slightly nodded his head. What he did next took all of the men by surprise.

He put one of his hands on Qi Feiyu's slender waist, gave it a hard press and said, "I changed my mind. I want to send Senior Sister Apprentice back to the Pure Jade Palace myself."

Qi Feiyu's waist was very slim, plump, and soft. Zhang Ruochen's hand covered half of her waist as his arm wrapped around her.

Qi Feiyu's tender body involuntarily twitched a bit. She also placed her hand on Zhang Ruochen's waist and she clenched her white teeth as her eyes flickered with a chilly light.

Zhang Ruochen turned a blind eye to Qi Feiyu's expression.

"You set a trap for me. How can I not seize the initiative back?"

Zhang Ruochen kept his arm around Qi Feiyu's waist as they and made their way to the Pure Jade Palace, leaving all of the Saint's disciples dumbfounded. Qi Feiyu neither resisted nor refused him the whole time.

Everyone was stunned.

All the way from Ancient Gods Mountain to the Pure Jade Palace, disciples saw Lin Yue and Qi Feiyu cuddling, leaving many of them heartbroken.

Actually, Zhang Ruochen was taking advantage of the opportunity to fumble around her back and check if she was a

member of the Immortal Vampires.

Qi Feiyu's hands were seemingly put on his waist, but in fact, she had pinpointed the vital part on his abdomen.

If Zhang Ruochen took any action, her fingers could penetrate through his body in a flash.

Zhang Ruochen also placed his hand on a vital part of her body.

On the surface, they looked like affectionate lovers, but it was a totally different story underneath.

They both loosened their hands when they arrived at the Pure Jade Palace.

Qi Feiyu glanced at Zhang Ruochen and coldly said, "Sooner or later, I will cut off your hands myself."

"I detest women like you who pretend to be victims while plotting against others."

Zhang Ruochen crossed his hands behind his back and left right away without saying anything more to Qi Feiyu.

Back at the courtyard in Zixia Sacred Mountain, Zhang Ruochen greeted Blackie and asked him to continue urging Xun Hualiu and Mu Jiji to practice. Then, he entered the Scroll World.

When he was in the Ancient Gods Mountain engaging with Qi Feiyu, Zhang Ruochen realized the discrepancy between himself and a top Monk with a cultivation of the Eighth Change in the Fish-Dragon Realm.

If he signed up for the martial arts contest, he would hardly make it into the top ten with his current cultivation of the Fourth Change in the Fish-Dragon Realm.

He had to break through to the Fifth Change in the Fish-Dragon Realm no matter what.

However, he had something else to deal with before practicing.

By using a bodily movement, Zhang Ruochen instantly appeared before a cavern.

The cavern owner seemed to have felt his presence. In a moment, the round stone gate opened, and a comely girl walked out.

She was about four feet tall, was wearing a snow-white shirt, and coiled her hair in a bun. She had a slim body and her eyes were free from impurities.

“Greetings, Master.”

Han Xue was about to get down on her knees in salute to Zhang Ruochen.

Zhang Ruochen quickly reached out his hands and helped her up before looking her over and saying, “You’ve grown so fast!”

Only several months had passed in the external world, but in the Scroll World, it had been several years already.

Han Xue was ten years old now. Her facial features were rather delicate as if they were carved in snow. It was flawless. She was born to be a beauty.

Zhang Ruochen asked, “Has your cultivation reached the First Change in the Fish-Dragon Realm?”

“Hmmm!”

Han Xue slightly nodded her head.

She had been practicing the “Scripture of the Dead Gods” of Thousand-bone Empress and had been endowed with the Thousand-bones Physical Quality. Her cultivation had improved by leaps and bounds, much quicker than anyone else, including Zhang Ruochen.

“Come with me.”

Zhang Ruochen led Han Xue downhill.

The master and the disciple kept walking until they saw bare land at the foot of the mountain.

Zhang Ruochen said, “You are at the Four Realms of Martial Arts and have reached the Ultimate Realm three times. You also have the Thousand-bones Physical Quality. You are now powerful enough to engage with a Monk with a cultivation of

the Ninth Change in the Fish-Dragon Realm although your cultivation is the First Change in the Fish-Dragon Realm. Now, fight with me and let me check out.”

Zhang Ruochen subdued his cultivation to the First Change in the Fish-Dragon Realm. He kept his left hand behind his back and used only his right hand.

Han Xue instilled her genuine Qi into the bamboo sword that she held in her hand, and a turn of her arms brought out 36 currents of sword Qi that turned into a circle that encircled Zhang Ruochen.

“Clap!”

Zhang Ruochen poked the circle with his fingers and it fell into pieces. Then, he gave a quick smack against Han Xue’s chest that flung her far away.

Han Xue did not give up. She executed a roll on the ground and used her sword technique again to hit Zhang Ruochen’s legs.

Grass and mudstone were hurled up, forming a gloomy dust storm.

Zhang Ruochen took a step forward through the dust storm. He hacked Han Xue on her neck using his hand like a sword. Half of her body sank into the ground and she was unable to move at all.

“Master, your sword techniques are so profound that Xue’er could not defeat you.”

Han Xue’s eyes became dark. She was disappointed that compared to her Master’s, her cultivation—her pride and joy—was nothing.

Zhang Ruochen withdrew and pulled Han Xue out of the ground. He brushed off a leaf on her face and said, “In theory, based on your physical quality, if we were in the same realm, you would be stronger than I.

“Yet you were still unable to fend off my move even though I subdued my cultivation to the First Change in the Fish-Dragon Realm. Do you know why?”

“I would like to be enlightened, Master,” Han Xue said.

Zhang Ruochen said, “It is because you lack practical fighting experience against people, and you don’t understand worldly desires and the ways of the world.”

“Do worldly desires and the ways of the world have anything to do with practice?” Han Xue asked curiously.

Zhang Ruochen looked into her eyes and said, “How do people who have no worldly desires and know nothing about the ways of the world differ from stone? Do you think a stone could become a Saint?”

“No.”

Han Xue shook her head and asked, “What do you want me to do?”

“You should enter the secular world to gain experience.”

Zhang Ruochen crossed his hands behind his back and looked up at the sky. He said, “The secular world is like a dye vat—some people would be dyed black and some white. I hope that you would always be devout in holiness even when you become a Saint and reach the height of the late Thousand-bone Empress.”

Han Xue’s eyes reddened as she finally understood that her master was asking her to leave to explore cultivation on her own.

Tears trickled down from her eyes. Han Xue dropped her bamboo sword and embraced Zhang Ruochen tightly with her small hands. She said pitifully, “Master, I don’t want to leave you and Blackie...”

Zhang Ruochen patted her head and said with a complex expression, “It is not like a life and death kind of parting. You’re just going out for experience. I also want you to bring two letters to Evil Emperor City for me.”

Though reluctant, Han Xue bit her lips and nodded in agreement even as tears welled up in her eyes.

Chapter 670 - The Ninth Realm of Sword One

Translator:

Transn

Editor:

Transn

Zhang Ruochen wrote two letters, one to Mu Lingxi and one to the Orange Star Emissary, in which he asked them to look up the details of the Qis and Qi Feiyu.

But the two letters were different.

Zhang Ruochen asked Han Xue to hand the letter to Mu Lingxi in person, without saying anything special.

But as for the letter to Orange Star Emissary, Zhang Ruochen cautioned Han Xue to be careful.

Although the Orange Star Emissary had not made his identity public, her loyalty was still unproven. If she harbored evil thoughts against Han Xue, then Han Xue, with her current cultivation, would be no match for her.

Han Xue took the two letters and asked, “Master, there are no specific addresses on the letters. How can I find the two sisters?”

“I want you to gain more experience. Surely, you can find them on your own.”

At her departure, Zhang Ruochen gave Han Xue “Sword One” and a small gourd filled with water from the Holy Spring. He said, “Don’t slacken your efforts while you are gone. When you come back, I will check your cultivation again.”

Han Xue clenched her tender fists and said in earnest, “Master, I won’t let you down.”

As Evil Emperor City was a paradise for evil warriors, Zhang Ruochen would certainly not let her go there alone. Therefore, he sent Monster Ape and Guoguo to keep her company.

Zhang Ruochen and Blackie saw them off in person.

Blackie was still worried, and he looked at Monster Ape and Guoguo coldly. He said, “You two must take good care of little Xue. If something goes wrong with her, I will not forgive you.”

Monster Ape beat his chest and said confidently, “Lord Black, you have my word that if someone bullies Xue, I will crush his skull, unless he is a Half-Saint.”

Han Xue stood on Monster Ape’s left shoulder and waved until they disappeared over the horizon.

Monster Ape and Guoguo, one violent and one shrewd. Under their care, Han Xue was not likely to run into any trouble.

As Zhang Ruochen’s misgivings were dispelled, he turned around to go back to Zixia Sacred Mountain.

Tao of the sword Martial Arts Contests would be held for another eight days, and Zhang Ruochen could use all the practice he could get.

Sitting cross-legged under the Sacred Prime Tree, Zhang Ruochen poured Holy Spring water out of the Spatial Ring and into two Auspicious Vases.

Then, he had a drink of Holy Spring water from one of the vases, about ten drops.

Instantly, a current of freezing water flowed into his body and turned into colorful light. It integrated with his blood and genuine Qi.

“Swoosh!”

Zhang Ruochen’s body was instantly shrouded by a rainbow halo. All around him were bands of red, orange, yellow, green, blue, indigo, and violet.

After absorbing the Holy Water completely, Zhang Ruochen found his cultivation strengthened and his understanding of

Tao of the sword deepened.

“No wonder everyone wants to have this treasure. Only a mouthful of it has achieved this marvelous result. Naturally, Qi Feiyu was so infuriated when her Holy Spring water had been stolen, even though her cultivation was already the Eighth Change in the Fish-Dragon Realm.”

Zhang Ruochen continued to drink the Holy Spring water and practice.

In a month, Zhang Ruochen drank ten gourds full of Holy Water.

He finally managed to reach the eighth realm of Sword One through his hard work and the power of the Holy Spring.

Unfortunately, Zhang Ruochen’s body was stretched to the limits by the Holy Water. Even if he continued to drink it, the effect would be inconsequential.

Zhang Ruochen did not know that other Saint’s disciples could feel its effect clearly when they drank the first gourd of holy water, and even the most talented could drink four or five. Then, they would reach their limits.

“The Holy Water from the first Holy Spring may be different than the water from the second Holy Spring.”

Then, Zhang Ruochen had another mouthful of Holy Water from the second Holy Spring. Immediately, a rainbow halo again surrounded his body and charged at the Qi sea between his eyebrows. His brain was refreshed.

It took Zhang Ruochen another month and a half to increase his cultivation to the Ninth Realm of Sword One after drinking ten gourds from the second Holy Spring.

With the help of the Holy Water, Zhang Ruochen saved a lot of time. He had been able to perceive martial mysteries much quicker.

“If I can get ten gourds from the third Holy Spring, I might be able to break through the tenth level — the Completion Realm of Sword One.” Zhang Ruochen was speaking to himself.

With his current sword realm, he was very likely to pass the first stage of Third Level Mountain.

All he needed to do was wait until the first day of next month. Then, he could collect the holy water from the third Holy Spring by clearing one hurdle after another.

Of course, he had to face up to the Tao of the sword Martial Arts Contest first.

After checking it out, Zhang Ruochen made sure that his cultivation, the peak of the Fourth Change in the Fish-Dragon Realm, was strengthened by the holy spring and that he was full of genuine Qi. It was mingled with his body as a whole, without the slightest resistance. way.

If time allowed, he could try his hand at opening his second holy meridian to break through to the Fifth Change in the Fish-Dragon Realm right now.

But, the Martial Arts Contest would be held today, and he had to delay practicing at the moment.

When he left the Scroll World, Zhang Ruochen headed to the Supreme Pure Palace with Xun Hualiu and Mu Jiji to attend the contest. Everybody from the Yin and Yang Sect was present.

Xun Hualiu and Mu Jiji had refined the Black Glazed Spinel, and it had become a Treasured Body of the Water Spirit. Moreover, they had broken through to the Second Change in the Fish-Dragon Realm, and they had reached the realm “Skin Refining to Gold.”

As their cultivation improved, they were so confident in themselves. They strutted along, looking superciliously at everyone.

Surely, they would not dare to be so conceited in front of Zhang Ruochen.

Xun Hualiu said, “Boss, you must be careful when you are fighting. If you can’t defeat your enemy, you must give in immediately.”

“Why?” Zhang Ruochen asked.

Xun Huali's eyes turned cold. She snorted. "Many people inside the sect are very jealous of your luck and charm, especially Senior sister apprentice Qi's suitors. Some of them swore that they would put you to shame in the Coliseum. I even heard that some are plotting to kill you."

Zhang Ruochen said, "Half-Saint Patriarchs will be around watching during the contest. If somebody tries to kill on purpose, how could the Half-Saint Patriarchs turn a blind eye?"

Mu Jiji sighed. "Although the martial arts contest participants should not harm each other, sometimes a disciple will kill his rival by mistake. Moreover, the higher your cultivation, the greater the chances of accidents."

"I see."

Zhang Ruochen nodded his head. Though he feared nothing, he made a mental note of their words.

It's always better to be more prepared than less.

After they arrived at the Supreme Pure Palace, they three headed to different venues.

Of course, Zhang Ruochen made his way to the contest coliseum, where Monks with a cultivation of the Eighth Change in the Fish-Dragon Realm had gathered.

Contest coliseums for Monks at different levels were set in different places with defenses of different levels. There were four contest coliseums for Monks with a cultivation of the Eighth Change in the Fish-Dragon Realm, all located on Zhiyu Sacred Mountain in the Supreme Pure Palace.

The four contest coliseums were rather immense, with huge columns of blood-red spiritual stone. They were about 30 meters high and 100 meters square, like four stone mountains.

The area larger for Monks with a cultivation of the Eighth Change in the Fish-Dragon Realm was larger so they could exert more powerful sword and martial techniques.

Also, top defensive arrays, tough enough to bear a full blow from a Half-Saint, were deployed on the four sides of the

platform.

Therefore, no matter how fierce the confrontation was between monks with a cultivation of the Eighth Change in the Fish-Dragon Realm, the repercussion of the battles would not affect other innocent people.

368 Monks with a cultivation of the Eighth Change in the Fish-Dragon Realm had signed up for the contest, including Saint's disciples and a lot of Cyan-Robed Elders as well.

The most significant difference between Cyan-Robed Elders and Saint's disciples was that the former had broken through the Fish-Dragon Realm when they had been on the wrong side of 60.

In theory, the limited talents of Cyan-Robed Elders should hardly allow them to cultivate themselves above the Seventh Change in the Fish-Dragon Realm.

However, the Cyan-Robed Elders who could achieve the Eighth Change in the Fish-Dragon Realm were fairly impressive. They were even superior to Saint's disciples in some aspects. It was just that, for whatever reason, they had been unable to break through to the Fish-Dragon Realm before they were 60 years old.

The spectacle of Monks with a cultivation of the Eighth Change in the Fish-Dragon Realm fighting with each other was rarely seen. Inner disciples that could not participate in the contest would certainly miss out.

When Zhang Ruochen came to the contest coliseum, many inner disciples had already gathered at the Zhiyu Scared Mountain. The place was packed with a sea of people making a boisterous hubbub.

Each time a participant showed up, there would be a commotion.

“It's Elder Dao Xuanqi. It's said that he is already 150 years old. He has been the number 1 Cyan-Robed Elder of the Law Enforcement Court. I never expected him to participate in the martial arts contest. With his cultivation, it will not be difficult for him to enter the top ten.”

“Junior Uncle Master Xu Changsheng comes, too. Judging from his cultivation, he will be a popular frontrunner for the top three.”

“Look! Qi Feiyu appears on the stage. So young as she is, she has already scaled to the peak of the Second Level Mountain of Ancient Gods Mountain. She definitely has the potential to become a sword saint.”

Each Monk with a cultivation of the Eighth Change in the Fish-Dragon Realm was a big shot in the Yin and Yang Sect. It was usually difficult to see them in person, as they were all elusive most of the time.

Only on a special day like today would they all make an appearance.

Some of them were elders who had rose to fame a hundred years ago, while some were young heroes who were celebrated far and wide.

Of course, the appearance of Zhang Ruochen caused a big commotion too. Though nobody expected much from him, he was still a big shot because of his outstanding talents in the Tao of the Sword.

Chapter 671 - The Pageant of Martial Arts Contest

Translator:

Transn

Editor:

Transn

Each participant had a seat that abutted one another to encircle Coliseum B.

When Zhang Ruochen located his seat and sat down, the man on his left gave a low and deep laugh. “You dare to participate in the Sword Martial Arts Contest for Monks with a cultivation of the Eighth Change in the Fish-Dragon Realm at such a young age! Are you too proud of yourself or are you looking down upon us predecessors?”

Zhang Ruochen turned to look at him and found him vaguely familiar.

After thinking it over, he seemed to remember that this man was one of Qi Feiyu’s suitors and he had met him once at the foot of the Ancient Gods Mountains.

Zhang Ruochen checked the name on the wooden board hanging on the man’s seat. It said, “Xie Yunfan”.

Zhang Ruochen smiled. “It’s just a sword martial arts contest. You don’t have to fly into a rage over it.”

Xie Yunfan held a cyan knife in his hand and began shaving his mustache with it. The knife light was reflected onto Zhang Ruochen’s neck from time to time, leaving a white knife shadow.

He said, “Don’t get smug about your talents in the Tao of the sword and look down on Monks with a cultivation of the Eighth Change in the Fish-Dragon Realm. When you are

standing on the stage, you will realize how enormous the gap is between them and yourself.”

Faced with such a self-righteous person, Zhang Ruochen shook his head, closed his eyes, and shut his mouth.

The sword contest for Monks with a cultivation of the Eighth Change in the Fish-Dragon Realm was rather important. It was a safe bet that whoever dared to sign up for it had the potential to become a Half-Saint.

Therefore, higher-ups in the Yin and Yang Sect took it very seriously and charged five Half-Saint Patriarchs to preside over the contest in the Zhiyu Sacred Mountain.

Lin Yue’s Master, Half-Saint Zixia, was one of them.

Rumor had it that somebody would attempt to kill Lin Yue onstage, so Half-Saint Zixia had volunteered to watch over it.

He was Lin Yue’s master, after all. Disappointed as he was with Lin Yue, he could not watch him be killed.

The five Half-Saints sat on top. Half-Saint Zixia was sitting on the left side. Purplish sheen radiated from his body. He looked at Lin Yue with his aged eyes and gave a long sigh.

He already knew that Lin Yue had scaled the Second Level Mountain of the Ancient Gods Mountains. He was ambivalent about the news, not knowing whether to be happy or sad.

Half-Saint Jing Lan smiled. “Among the participants, there are four people who mounted the peak of the Second Level Mountain. Each of them is an eminent talent, but Lin Yue is the most gifted among the four.”

Half-Saint Zixia shook his head and sighed. “If we can lead him onto the right track, with his talents in the Tao of the sword he will be a sword saint of a new generation in all likelihood. Unfortunately, he is overly ambitious. The more gifted he is, the worse for him.”

“Young people! They tend to have a higher opinion of themselves than what is suitable. What if Lin Yue is powerful enough to compete with Monks with a cultivation of the

Eighth Change in the Fish-Dragon Realm?” Half-Saint Jing Lan said.

Half-Saint Zixia gave a wry smile and said, “Have you ever known anyone who can engage with Monks of the Eighth Change in the Fish-Dragon Realm shortly after he broke through the Fish-Dragon Realm?”

Several other Half-Saints shook their heads, commiserating with Half-Saint Zixia.

A talent like a God’s favored son had finally emerged from the Sect with great potential to become a sword saint, but he had gone astray.

Any Master would feel heartbroken if such a thing happened to their disciple.

Half-Saint Jing Lan straightened himself and walked to the Coliseum, step by step on the void. He declared loudly. “Today is the first day of the grand sword contest. Now, I shall announce the rules.”

Below the stage, all disciples, indoor or outer, listened intently.

“There are three basic rules: First, the purpose of the sword contest purpose is so that you may learn from each other by exchanging sword techniques. Therefore, do not deliberately harm anyone.

“Second, participants can give in and abstain from the contest. Once someone gives in, the opponent must immediately stop attacking.

“Third, hidden weapons and poison are forbidden. Pills to improve cultivation are not allowed either.

“Whoever breaks these three rules will be punished severely.

“There are 368 people participating in the contest for Monks with a cultivation of the Eighth Change in the Fish-Dragon Realm. The first round will be held today, and the top 100 Monks will be determined through match race.

“Now, all participants draw their numbers.”

“Swoosh!”

Half-Saint Jing Lan swung his sleeve and 368 light spots flew out of it like twinkling stars floating in the air.

All participants took their light spots one after another.

Using his genuine Qi, Zhang Ruochen conjured a big hand. He pounced on a light spot and immediately drew it into his palm.

When he opened his hand, the light spot diffused and turned into a very small Jade Token that bore the number 78.

Half-Saint Jing Lan said, “Those with numbers 1 to 92, go to Coliseum A.

“Numbers 93 to 184 go to Coliseum B.

“Numbers 185 to 267, go to Coliseum C.

“Numbers 277 to 368, go to Coliseum D.”

Four coliseums were set in the Zhiyu Sacred Mountain. According to his token number, he went to Coliseum A and began to adjust himself to the best state to prepare for the sword contest.

According to the rules, when the first match race was over, half of the participants would be eliminated, and only the top 184 would be left.

After the second match race, another half would be eliminated, and the top 92 would be left.

It did not mean that those who failed in the first two matches would have no chance at all. They could still take part in a third match to vie for the remaining eight openings.

The top 100 Monks would then enter the second round.

“I just need to win two battles to pass the first round and enter the top 100.”

Zhang Ruochen thought to himself.

Participants from 1 to 92 all went down to Coliseum A.

Looking around, Zhang Ruochen caught a glimpse of Xu Changsheng while the other popular frontrunners were nowhere to be found.

Xu Changsheng looked back at Zhang Ruochen and his facial expression became weird as if he was smiling, but actually not.

No. 1 and No. 2 participants were ready on the stage.

“Yan Yunbei, from Law Enforcement Yard.”

“Han Zhang, from Mokong Yard.”

After they introduced themselves, the fight began.

Yan Yunbei was a very gifted 60-year-old Half-Saint disciple, but he looked like he was only 27 or 28—very young among other Monks.

Han Zhang was a Cyan-robed Elder at the advanced age of 120.

Though there was a big age gap between them, they were equally matched.

In the end, Han Zhang used a mid-class Ghost Level sword technique and flung 37 consecutive movements to finally rout Yan Yunbei.

“He lives up to his position as a superior of the older generation. His fighting experience and control of power have already reached perfection.” Half-Saint Zixia smiled.

Half-Saint Zixia was Han Zhang’s elder brother. When he saw Han Zhang win the battle, a joyful smile appeared on his face.

“Yan Yunbei had also practiced a mid-class Ghost Level sword technique and was very likely to win. Unfortunately, his sword technique was not as good as Han Zhang’s.” Half-Saint Jing Lan shook his head gently.

After all, young people were not prudent and sophisticated enough.

Zhang Ruochen watched the next battles carefully in order to learn how to engage with masters.

There was always something to learn from Monks with a cultivation of the Eighth Change in the Fish-Dragon Realm whether they were superior or inferior to one.

Xu Changsheng was number 55 and his rival was number 56, a 100-year-old Cyan-robed Elder.

With a single move, Xu Changsheng pierced through the Cyan-robed Elder's divine body shield and threw him off the stage. He won the battle with such ease.

The audience was wowed by Xu Changsheng's performance. There was silence for a while.

When he stepped down from the Coliseum and passed by Zhang Ruochen, Xu Changsheng stopped and looked at him. "I guess you now know exactly what the Eighth Change in the Fish-Dragon Realm is?"

Xu Changsheng left immediately after speaking.

Zhang Ruochen looked at his back and smiled faintly and then continued watching the battles on the stage.

Zhang Ruochen's understanding of Tao of the sword became deeper with each battle.

"Master says 'the essence of Sword One is yourself, and only when you completely perceive the relationship between the sword and yourself can you cultivate to the tenth realm—the Completion of Sword One.'"

Unwittingly, Zhang Ruochen's Heart of the Sword turned into a small human and began to practice sword movements in his Qi sea.

As each Monk performed sword movements on the stage, the Heart of the Sword would follow them and perceive the essence of the Tao of the sword.

The next battle is between number 77 and number 78." Half-Saint Zixia announced.

Xie Yunfan mounted the coliseum with a white short sword in hand. After he bowed down in deference to Half-Saint Zixia, he straightened up and posed, ready to fight.

His number was 77.

Number 78 did not make an appearance. A din broke out off the stage.

“Who is number 78? Why hasn't he showed up?”

“Xie Yunfan is the conqueror of the Pure Jade Palace and is very powerful. Number 78 is probably too scared to fight him.”

“How could it be? The participants are all top masters. They won't balk at the contest?”

...

Half-Saint Zixia frowned and spoke with his voice full of holy Qi, “The next battle is between number 77 and number 78.”

Zhang Ruochen, who was in a state of comprehending swordplay, was finally awakened by the voice.

Zhang Ruochen's eyes recovered vitality and he sighed. After glancing at the white Jade Token, he murmured. “Number 78. I am number 78.”

Under the watchful gazes of the audience, Zhang Ruochen moved to the Coliseum quickly.

“It turns out number 78 is Lin Yue.”

The indoor disciples all shot strange looks at Zhang Ruochen. They did not believe that any participant would flee from battle, but Lin Yue was an exception.

After all, Lin Yue had just recently become a Saint's disciple. Just a few months ago, he had been a warrior at the Heaven Realm.

Most people could not understand why he had recklessly signed up for the sword contest for Monks of the Eighth Change in the Fish-Dragon Realm.

Now, he was slow to show up on the stage. He definitely must have been stunned by the gripping fighting scene and finally realized the gap between himself and Monks with a cultivation of the Eighth Change in the Fish-Dragon Realm.

He was greeted with loud boos from the audience.

Even Half-Saint Zixia's eyes became darker with disappointment.

If he had merely been a little arrogant, he could be led onto the right track with proper guidance and teaching.

However, if he was too timid and would dare not stand up to a stronger rival, he would amount to nothing even with good luck.

Chapter 672 - Unexpected Result

Translator:

Transn

Editor:

Transn

With the Valley-water Sword in hand, Zhang Ruochen mounted the Coliseum and faced Xie Yunfan who stood around 33 meters away from him.

“Lin Yue from Long-living Yard.”

When Xie Yunfan saw that his opponent was Lin Yue, a smile touched the corners of his mouth and a nameless joy struck his heart.

He had long wanted to teach Lin Yue a lesson, but he could not find a good chance as Lin Yue had been hiding in Zixia Sacred Mountain.

Unexpectedly, he met Lin Yue on the stage of the sword contest out of 368 participants.

There was an element of truth in the saying: one cannot avoid an enemy in this small world.

Today, Xie Yunfan wanted to shame Lin Yue while in the limelight so that he would have to keep his head bowed in humiliation inside the Yin and Yang Sect.

How would he even face Junior sister apprentice Qi then?

At the thought of Junior sister apprentice Qi being held in Lin Yue's arms, Xie Yunfan was barely able to compose himself. He really felt like grinding Lin Yue's bones to dust.

“What happened? You dared not show up because you were scared?”

Xie Yunfan was finally able to check his emotions and let out a long breath. He held his short sword between his fingers and played with it as if he had already defeated Zhang Ruochen.

Zhang Ruochen kept one hand behind his back and one hand holding the Valley-water Sword. He found Xie Yunfan a little repulsive.

Just because of a woman, Xie Yunfan treated him like his sworn enemy who had killed his parents everytime they met. He either taunted him or looked at him superciliously. He always regarded Zhang Ruochen as inferior to him.

One or two times were alright with Zhang Ruochen. He did not want to be narrow-minded.

He was so pretentious all the time, though, that Zhang Ruochen now found it somewhat disturbing.

The audience burst into peals of laughter. Obviously, the indoor disciples and other participants shared Xie Yunfan's opinion that Lin Yue was nothing but a coward.

“Elder brother Xie, kick his ass out of the Coliseum. How could Senior sister apprentice Qi be with a man like him?”

An indoor disciple from Long-living Yard looked at Zhang Ruochen in contempt and shouted in a cold voice from the crowd. “If you are scared, you must give in as soon as possible and don't bring us shame.”

Xie Yunfan was happier as he showed a bigger smile on his face, “Lin Yue, you are lucky that your opponent is me. The worst I will do is to trample on your face. If it were some other bad-tempered guy, you might meet your end on this stage.”

“Are you done yet? You want to fight or what?”

Xie Yunfan drained Zhang Ruochen's patience even though he was doing his best to be patient.

Seeing Lin Yue acting so imperious in front of him, anger clouded his face. Xie Yunfan snorted. “If you want to die, I'll make it happen.”

Xie Yunfan flipped the short sword in his hand and then trained it toward Zhang Ruochen.

Before his sword shot out, Xie Yunfan felt a sharp gust of wind whipping toward him—so strong that he almost lost his balance.

“Not good...”

After noticing that there was something wrong, Xie Yunfan’s face turned nasty. He quickly propped up his thick divine body shield.

Xie Yunfan had a cultivation of the Eighth Change in the Fish-Dragon Realm and had already opened five holy meridians.

As a result, the holy Qi inside his body was considerably active and the divine body shield was impregnable like a ball of iron.

Zhang Ruochen suddenly popped up in front of Xie Yunfan and struck a palm against the divine body shield, creating a ripple in the air that sent Xie Yufan flying.

With a “boom”, Xie Yunfan was tossed ten feet away.

When his feet finally touched the ground, he was so unstable that he had to take so many steps backward until he was on the edge of the Coliseum before he finally steadied his steps.

Xie Yunfan gasped for air, scared out of his wits. He was surprised to find that Lin Yue’s cultivation was actually so formidable. If he had reacted slower, he would have fallen off the stage and lost the battle already.

Shortly after he came to his senses, he saw a sword shadow becoming increasingly larger in his eyes—Zhang Ruochen had come nearer while Xie Yunfan was not ready for another attack.

“Swoosh!”

The next moment, Xie Yunfan’s neck had stiffened from the coldness of the sword pressed against it.

Zhang Ruochen kept himself upright and wore a casual look with one hand behind his back. He kept the sword pointed at Xie Yun’s neck. He expressionlessly asked, “Do you give in or not?”

Xie Yunfan had lost the battle before most people even realized what was happening.

The outcome silenced the audience. Everyone gasped and gawked in astonishment.

“How could he be so strong?”

Before this, Xu Changsheng had been lounging on a chair, fully expecting Xie Yunfan to give Lin Yue a lesson.

He clenched his fists and leaped to his feet, looking at Lin Yue on the stage disbelievingly.

How could he, who had just become a Saint’s disciple, defeat Xie Yunfan?

It was impossible that Xie Yunfan had lost the battle on purpose—he regarded Lin Yue as his sworn enemy, after all.

The five Half-Saints sitting above also witnessed the incredible spectacle on the stage.

Even with their Heart State, they were also shocked. They looked at each other speechlessly.

Half-Saint Zixia emotions were tumultuous. When he looked at Lin Yue, his eyes were full of shock, bitterness, and, most of all, heartfelt joy.

“How powerful he turns out to be.”

Half-Saint Zixia was at a loss for words. He had thought that because luck had finally smiled on Lin Yue, it had made him overconfident, spurring him on to take part in the sword contest for Monks of the Eighth Change in the Fish-Dragon Realm.

Half-Saint Zixia never thought that Lin Yue actually had the power to challenge a Monk of the Eighth Change in the Fish-Dragon Realm. As it turned out, Lin Yue was so headstrong because he was very confident in himself.

“This guy has really surprised me.”

Half-Saint Zixia smiled vaguely but could not conceal the pride on his face.

Next to him, a Half-Saint with a red mole between his eyebrows laughed loudly, “The younger generation has excelled the older generation. Half-Saint Zixia, you sometimes make the wrong judgment too. Such a brilliant disciple. I really want to recruit him into Mokong Yard if he is ever denied by your Long-living Yard.”

Half-Saint Zixia glanced at the Half-Saint callously and said, “Try to lift a finger and see if I don’t turn Mokong Yard upside down.”

Half-Saint Jing Lan was also elated and nodded while saying, “This disciple is not mediocre. He is neither too proud nor too snappy. He is prudent but not without the edges that are young people’s signature. Moreover, he has ascended the peak of the Second Level Mountain at such a young age. If he keeps this up, someday he will be a sword saint of the next generation and make a name for himself around the world.”

The fact that such a genius had emerged from the Yin and Yang Sect was really a great comfort to the Half-Saints. It was a safe bet that Lin Yue would shoot to the stars at this contest and become one of the favored figures among the Saint’s disciples.

On the stage.

Xie Yunfan held his breath and refused to accept defeat. He gritted his teeth. “I have not lost the battle. You caught me off guard. In that case, what kind of hero are you even if you win the battle. Put away your sword if you have the guts and we will fight again.”

Zhang Ruochen shook his head and drew back his sword.

Xie Yunfan’s face brightened with joy and his eyes flickered with a murderous intent. His sword swung out quickly like a thunderbolt and rushed toward Zhang Ruochen’s heart.

With a boom, Xie Yunfan was kicked down by Zhang Ruochen before he even touched Zhang Ruochen’s body. A shoe print was left on his bloody face as he tumbled off the stage and into the crowd in a dead faint.

Actually, Xie Yunfan had already passed out when Zhang Ruochen had kicked his face. It was not because Xie Yunfan had fallen.

Zhang Ruochen would probably have given his rival a second chance if it were somebody else.

He was Xie Yunfan, though, and Zhang Ruochen really did not want to see him any longer.

With his hands crossed behind back, Zhang Ruochen stepped down from the stage and went back to his seat.

Suddenly, all of the indoor disciples around the Coliseum A went wild with excitement, shouting “Lin Yue” loudly. The noises almost shook the Zhiyu Sacred Mountain.

Those disciples from the Long-living Yard who had once looked down upon Lin Yue now straightened their backs and considered it an honor to be Lin Yue’s junior fellow apprentice.

“Elder brother Lin Yue’s talents are unequaled and his cultivation is peerless. We could do nothing but look at him in admiration.”

“No wonder Senior sister apprentice Qi fell in love with Elder brother Lin Yue—not only is he handsome, but he is also profound in his cultivation. Any woman will definitely love a man like him.” A young female disciple exclaimed in blind infatuation.

Aside from Can Dong, another unequaled conqueror was rising from Long-living Yard.

The next battle was between No. 79 and No. 80.

Zhang Ruochen carefully observed how they fought each other.

Whoever won this fight would be his next opponent.

“Zhao Wuyan, from Tai Qing Palace.”

A young man on the left had spoken in a cold and deep voice.

Across him was an old woman who looked hale and hearty despite her gray hair. She said, “Fan Jing, from Sunv Yard.”

Fan Jing was a Cyan-robed Elder from Sunv Yard. She was over 100 years old, and her cultivation was profound. Her first move was a mid-class Ghost Level sword technique—Snow Mountain Sword Technique.

“Snow Mountain Lingering Shadow.”

The power of a mid-class Ghost Level sword technique was well-established.

She employed a movement and immediately, hundreds of currents of sword Qi flashed on the stage.

Flakes of snow fell down from heaven.

The ground was frozen with a thick layer of ice.

“Swoosh!”

The hundreds of currents of sword Qi gathered together and condensed into a lofty mountain so impressive that the audience could not help looking at it in awe.

The indoor disciples off the stage could feel the heavy cold air whipping their faces as if a mountain of icy snow tumbled down on them.

“You cannot belittle Elder Fan Jing’s sword realm. She has probably cultivated to the second level of Sword One, and she has also acquired the mid-class Ghost Level sword techniques. There are few people who can ward off her one movement.” A Saint’s disciple said.

However, while everyone else marveled at Elder Fan Jing’s sword techniques, Zhang Ruochen had his eyes riveted on Zhao Wuyan.

Facing a strong rival such as Elder Fan Jing, Zhao Wuyan seemed calm and unruffled.

Chapter 673 - Shock

Translator:

Transn

Editor:

Transn

Zhao Wuyan waited until after Elder Fan Jing's sword Qi surged out, almost reaching him from the opposite side. Then he made a quick move.

“Swoosh!”

Zhao Wuyan drew his sword from its sheath. It hit its target first although he had struck later. He had aimed a diagonal stab at Elder Fan Jing, breaking through her sword move. Within an instant, the Snow Mountain and the sword Qi both disintegrated. They vanished into thin air, turning into a whiff of invisible Genuine Qi.

Zhao Wuyan's sword hit Elder Fan Jing between the eyebrows. Without batting an eye, he said, “You've lost!”

Elder Fan Jing shut her aging eyes. “What superb swordsmanship! I concede total defeat.”

Zhao Wuyan put away his sword. His glance was still ice cold. He turned around and walked down the Coliseum, leaving behind only a silhouette.

Another dark horse had emerged after Lin Yue's win.

Before today, Zhao Wuyan was an anonymous figure. Very few people had heard of him. This duel alone made him famous in the Yin and Yang Sect.

“Zhao Wuyan must have mastered the fourth level of Sword One! He's brutally strong. He defeated Elder Fan Jing with a single move. His Tao of the sword must be even more powerful than Xu Changsheng's!”

“Yet another powerful opponent. These sword contests are getting more and more interesting. Will there be any more geniuses emerging?”

Zhao Wuyan’s performance was amazing. He made everyone remember him with a single sword move.

”

He has reached the fifth level of Sword One,

” Zhang Ruochen said to himself.

Even Xu Changsheng, who had only mastered the fourth level, was already seen as a remarkable fighter among Monks of the Fish-Dragon Realm.

Zhao Wuyan had mastered Sword One to the fifth level and was now a popular candidate for the top 10 spots.

People soon realized that the next duel would be between Lin Yue and Zhao Wuyan. Everyone looked forward to it.

Two dark horses—who would win in the end?

Zhang Ruochen continued watching the dueling Monks in the Coliseum. He learned from the strengths of their moves and eschewed their weaknesses. After that, he integrated them into his Tao of the sword.

The first round of the duels ended in the afternoon.

There were 97 participants in Coliseum A. Half of them had been eliminated, leaving just 46 participants to compete in the next round.

The fierce confrontations continued. The duels in the second round were even fiercer.

Xu Changsheng soon met his opponent—the No. 53 participant, Tan Qingshan.

Tan Qingshan was a very powerful Saint’s disciple. He had mastered Sword One to the third level and had become a sword practitioner.

Even with his current cultivation, Xu Changsheng took more than 100 moves to defeat Tan Qingshan.

Everyone saw that Tan Qingshan could escape a life-and-death duel between the two.

Had he not met Xu Changsheng, he would certainly be ranked in the top 100.

The duel that everyone was anticipating soon arrived. Zhang Ruo Chen and Zhao Wuyan walked up the Coliseum.

All of the inner disciples below were cheering. Some yelled for “Lin Yue”, while others cheered for “Zhao Wuyan.”

Even participants who were Saint’s disciples were closely watching the duel.

Dao Xuanqi of Law Enforcement Yard narrowed his aging eyes. He explained to Han Zhang beside him. “Lin Yue is a very gifted lad. In the Second-Level Mountain at Ancient Gods Mountain, he challenged three characters and managed to defeat three gatekeepers. But his cultivation is still too low. He’s greatly disadvantaged since he is facing Zhao Wuyan who is a top challenger.

Although Dao Xuanqi did not say it directly, the Saint’s disciples around him could all hear that he was not optimistic about Lin Yue’s chances.

Han Zhang smiled and said, “Zhao Wuyan is indeed very powerful. He has reached the fifth level of Sword One. If I were to face him, I can only admit defeat.”

“In another five years, Lin Yue will surely surpass Zhao Wuyan. But right now, he just isn’t Zhao Wuyan’s match.” Xu Changsheng remarked coldly.

Dao Xuanqi, Han Zhang, and Xu Changsheng had all won two straight duels. They were already among the top 100.

Their insights far surpassed any ordinary Monk’s, and all three predicted a Lin Yue loss. Lin Yue had an 80-90% chance of losing the duel.

Below Coliseum A, there was a roar of surprise. Heads turned and glanced at the door.

“Senior Sister Qi is here!”

“Is she here to cheer for Lin Yue?”

The crowd divided like a parting sea. A ravishing woman in a cyan robe entered. Her figure was very slender and her skin was as fair as alabaster. She wore her straight, ebony hair down with a blue jade knot midway along its length.

White holy light rippled around her body. Qi Feiyu was like a divine goddess on earth. Ordinary inner disciples could not make out her features due to the holy light. She exuded a hazy, enigmatic charm.

All the disciples of the Yin and Yang Sect knew that Lin Yue and Qi Feiyu were on more than friendly terms.

It was such a critical duel, and Qi Feiyu had come in person to watch and cheer for Lin Yue. It showed that she valued him greatly.

Zhao Wuyan glanced at Qi Feiyu below the Coliseum. Astonishment flashed across his calm eyes.

Even a man like him could not keep cool after seeing the goddess-like Qi Feiyu. He became quite jealous of Lin Yue who was standing opposite him.

He was originally very collected, but now he experienced waves of emotion because of Qi Feiyu’s arrival. His eyes staring at Zhang Ruochen turned intensely cold.

Zhang Ruochen knew that Qi Feiyu was standing below the Coliseum. He smiled faintly. His mood was as unaffected and calm as ever. He stared at Zhao Wuyan across him and said, “Lin Yue from Long-living Yard.”

Zhao Wuyan took a deep breath and said, “Zhao Wuyan from Tai Qing Palace.”

Zhao Wuyan turned his arm quickly. With a “swoosh”, a dazzling sword radiance soared out from his scabbard accompanied by the faint sound of wind and thunder.

“BOOM!”

Hundreds of purple thunderbolts materialized within a 100-meter radius. They gathered into a sea of electric streaks, emanating terrifying power.

If not for the Array, the discharge of these thunderbolts would have disintegrated all the Monks on Zhiyu Sacred Mountain.

The inner disciples below retreated backward, stunned.

However, all five Half-Saints sitting on the Coliseum were frowning.

Half-saint Zixia said, “Zhao Wuyan should easily win against Lin Yue, but he is too impatient. He wants to show off his powerful cultivation but instead put himself at a disadvantage.”

Half-saint Jing Lan said, “Lin Yue may not have the upper hand but he looks so calm. If he can discover Zhao Wuyan’s weakness, there’s a chance he would win.”

“Lin Yue’s own cultivation is still of the Fourth Change in the Fish-Dragon Realm. The gap between them is massive. His chances of winning are minuscule.”

Even though Zhao Wuyan’s state of mind was inferior to Lin Yue’s, he could still crush the latter with his powerful cultivation.

The gap between their cultivations could not be closed by anything.

“Taixuan Thunderbolt!”

Zhao Wuyan finally took the lead. He struck out at Zhang Ruochen with his sword.

He waved his sword and hundreds of thunderbolts knotted together. They gave off crackling noises and snaked about, changing positions constantly. They struck out at Zhang Ruochen like long, thick lightning whips.

Zhao Wuyan was executing a mid-class Ghost Level sword technique, the Taixuan Sword Technique.

Taixuan Sword Technique was a technique unique to the Tai Qing Palace. If he could master it to the Perfection of Martial Arts, he could mobilize the Heaven and Earth Spiritual Qi within a 50-kilometer radius. If he integrated the Qi into his sword techniques, they would have unrivaled power.

A Half-Saint from the Tai Qing Palace once executed the Taixuan Sword Technique and managed to cleave an entire city into halves with one sword move, leaving behind a 100-meter-wide gully.

Zhao Wuyan was currently displaying the Taixuan Sword Technique at Big Success. It caused a great commotion among the Saint's disciples.

“Zhao Wuyan has mastered the Taixuan Sword Technique—a mid-class Ghost Level technique. I haven't even heard of him before! He's a really deep one.”

“His Taixuan Sword Technique gives him many advantages even against Xu Changsheng.”

“If his performance is up to scratch, Zhao Wuyan will be strong enough to get into the top 10.”

The Taixuan Sword Technique was very famous within the Yin and Yang Sect. Everyone who had mastered this technique was a top superior among Saint's disciples. They would turn their noses up at other Monks under the Half-Saint realm.

Facing Zhao Wuyan's powerful strike, Zhang Ruochen felt a great deal of pressure.

“Swish, swish!”

Zhang Ruochen unsheathed his Valley-water Sword and started drawing rapid circles in the air. He drew the thunderbolt whips into the inner circles and then directed them out of the Coliseum.

If he allowed Zhang Ruochen to keep doing this, Zhao Wuyan's sword strike would be dispelled in a single move.

Zhao Wuyan naturally would not give him a chance to do that. He snorted coldly and leaped like an Earth Dragon into the air, targeting Zhang Ruochen's front. He aimed a stab between Zhang Ruochen's eyebrows.

At this moment, Zhang Ruochen faced attacks from both the thunderbolts and a sharp, stabbing sword. He was caught in between.

Any other person would surely have lost.

Even the participants below them all thought so, predicting a swift outcome soon.

Zhang Ruochen was still very calm. He brought the Valley-water Sword back in line with his body. He had now reached the Human Sword realm.

Seeing Zhang Ruochen's peculiar hand movement, a strange light shone from Qi Feiyu's beautiful eyes. She said to herself,

“Has he had another breakthrough in his Tao of the sword?

”

“Is this the ninth level of Sword One?”

Half-saint Zixia's eyes burst with dazzling light. He was very shocked.

In the past 1,000 years, only a few dozen practitioners of the Fish-Dragon Realm had mastered all ten levels of Sword One to the Completion.

The vast majority of these people later became sword saints.

Now, Lin Yue had reached the ninth level of Sword One while still of the Fourth Change in the Fish-Dragon Realm. He was very likely to master all ten levels to the Completion.

Half-saint Zixia was not the only one who was stunned. Everyone who saw what was happening was thoroughly shocked.

Chapter 674 - Hot Shot

Translator:

Transn

Editor:

Transn

Zhang Ruochen held the hilt of his sword. The Spiritual Qi around the Coliseum rapidly flew toward him and formed a Spiritual Qi vortex.

Zhang Ruochen and the Valley-water Sword flew out straight toward Zhao Wuyan. They passed through the thunderbolt and collided with Zhao Wuyan's sword.

With a loud bang, tremendous sword Qi fluctuated and spread out from the two sword tips and hit the light walls of the arrays around the Coliseum. The 66-meter-high Coliseum vibrated subtly.

Under the recoil force, both of them immediately retreated to the edge of the Coliseum.

Zhang Ruochen's right wrist was lacerated, and blood spurted out from the wound, trickling down his fingers and dribbling onto the ground.

He felt his right arm aching as if it were broken, and his meridians were severely injured.

“My cultivation is not profound enough. If I had broken through to the Fifth Change in the Fish-dragon Realm, I would have dealt with it more easily.” Zhang Ruochen ran the Genuine Qi secretly to his right arm meridians and began to heal the wound.

He had not injured Zhao Wuyan but at least he had broken his Divine Body Shield. He left a sword mark on Zhao Yan's collar and ripped a one-inch-long hole.

If the sword had deviated a little, Zhao Wuyan would have been stabbed in the throat.

Zhao Wuyan's extremities went cold. He did not dare let his guard down. He knew that this man was powerful enough to fight him and should not be underestimated.

“Your achievements in Tao of the sword are really amazing. You have reached at least the eighth realm of Sword One or even the ninth realm. However, your cultivation is not profound, so you're bound to lose the fight.”

Zhao Wuyan was overconfident and had the spirit of a victor. He mobilized all his strength and rapidly brandished the combat sword to the ground. As a result, the sword tip hit the array on the ground.

“Boom!”

Round Qi billows were set off, centered on the sword tip. It caused a tremendous wind and a thunderous sound that surged up to Zhang Ruochen violently.

Zhao Wuyan was smart. He knew how to attack from a borrowed force.

He borrowed the force of the arrays to interfere with Zhang Ruochen to a certain degree.

Not just anyone could borrow the force of the arrays. Any carelessness could cause it to backfire.

Only when the force was skillfully controlled could it be used as a borrowed force.

“It's very interesting.” Zhang Ruochen smiled.

The surging Qi billows struck Zhang Ruochen and forced him backward.

When he slipped to the edge of the Coliseum, he touched the ground on tiptoe and leaped around ten meters into the air. He was suspended in midair and avoided the Qi billow from the ground easily.

The crowd under the Coliseum saw black, green, and yellow air columns appear under Zhang Ruochen's feet. Because of

the three air columns, he was able to stand in the air.

“They’re the force of five elements from three origins, including Spiritual Qi of water nature, earth nature, and wood nature,” said a stunned participant at the Eighth Change in the Fish-dragon Realm.

“Could it be that... Lin Yue has practiced the legendary Treasured Body of Three Spirits? ”

“It should be so. Only a Treasured Body of Three Spirits can fight against a Saintly Being.”

Qi Feiyu touched her snow-white chin gently and her eyes shone brightly. She said secretly, “It’s more and more interesting. Unexpectedly, he has displayed the rare Treasured Body of Three Spirits. How many trump cards does he have?”

She had come to watch the battle because she wanted to see if Zhao Wuyan could test Lin Yue’s real strength.

Zhao Wuyan was indeed strong enough, and he forced Lin Yue to show his cards.

“Swoosh!”

Zhang Ruochen controlled the force of five elements and turned it into an attack force. The Spiritual Qi of water nature condensed into ice water and changed into sharp ice spikes.

The Spiritual Qi of earth nature condensed into rocks and the Spiritual Qi of wood nature condensed into vines.

As Zhang Ruochen waved his arm, hundreds of ice spikes shot at Zhao Wuyan like ten thousand arrows shot at once.

Meanwhile, the Spiritual Qi of earth nature condensed into a big stone mountain more than 5,000 kg in weight. It almost covered the entire Coliseum. It abruptly descended.

“Taixuan’s Request to God.”

With a sparkle in his eyes, Zhao Wuyan kicked up his heels and soared up to the sky like a green light column. As he thrust the sword, the sword Qi formed a huge arc of light to split the giant stone mountain.

Broken stones fell toward the earth.

“Swoosh!”

On his right, a three-meter-high gravel cracked like a cobweb. Suddenly, a figure flew out—it was Zhang Ruochen.

He held the sword with his left hand and looked like a phantom. He thrust the sword unexpectedly and left a dazzling sword radiance.

Zhao Wuyan looked surprised. He had not thought that Lin Yue would hide in the stone mountain. He had been completely unaware.

He reacted very quickly. He cried out and lowered his body quickly to avoid Zhang Ruochen’s unique skill.

“Let go.”

The Valley-water Sword collided with Zhao Wuyan’s skin, cutting his right wrist and making the sound of gold rubbing on stone and emitting sparks.

Finally, the Valley-water Sword broke through his body defense and cut his tendons, leaving a deep, bloody line.

He gave a muffled cry and felt a sharp pain in his arms. The combat sword slipped out of his hand and Zhang Ruochen caught it steadily.

They fell down to the ground once again. Zhao Wuyan covered his bleeding wrist and quickly ran away in panic.

Zhang Ruochen had seized Zhao Wuyan’s sword and held it in his left hand. “Terrific! It’s a twelfth level Genuine Martial Arms sword. If you give up, I’ll return it to you.”

Zhao Wuyan’s tendons in his hand had been severed, so his right hand was forceless. It would take at least one day to restore the tendon by using Pills.

Although his fighting strength was much reduced, Zhao Wuyan did not throw in the towel. He snorted, “It’s just a twelfth level Genuine Martial Arms. Even if you’ve seized it, I don’t care. I hope we can meet again in the decisive battle. Then, I will show you my real strength.”

He had lost to Zhang Ruochen, but he was unwilling to accept it. He thought the reason he lost was his carelessness.

He was actually still able to fight Zhang Ruochen one more time.

If he displayed his trump card, he would be able to turn the tables.

However, his wrist wound had still failed to heal and his meridians were fairly aching. It seemed that Lin Yue had secretly attacked him.

After all, Lin Yue had a bad rap in the Yin and Yang Sect.

Zhao Wuyan faintly felt that situation was not good. It would not be a good thing for him to keep fighting.

In this case, it was okay to let Lin Yue win this time.

He was determined to defeat him in the decisive battle.

He neither looked back nor asked for the combat sword. Instead, he went straight out of the Coliseum and left Zhiyu Sacred Mountain.

All the participants were dumbfounded.

“What’s the matter? Obviously, Zhao Wuyan is still able to fight again and strike back. Why did he suddenly leave the Coliseum?” Many people were confused.

The oldest among the participants, Dao Xuanqi, said as if deep in thought, “We only saw that the tendons in his right were cut off, but that is not necessarily all of it. Perhaps it’s worse than we thought.”

If his tendons were cut, Zhao Wuyan would at most become a little bit weaker in fighting ability.

However, Zhang Ruochen had injected the sword Qi to Zhao Wuyan’s meridians. The sword Qi contained the power of time, so it was hard for Zhao Wuyan to resolve it within a short period based on his cultivation.

Even if he kept fighting and won, he would suffer a heavy loss and would not be able to handle the following battles.

Zhang Ruochen really hoped Zhao Wuyan would keep fighting. This way, he could drag Zhao Wuyan into a serious injury, thus Zhao Wuyan would not be able to take part in the decisive battle.

He would have one less opponent.

“He’s really smart.”

Zhang Ruochen smiled, put away the twelfth level Genuine Martial Arms sword, and stepped down from the Coliseum.

Beyond all expectations, Lin Yue was able to win. Originally, everybody had only treated him as a genius in the Tao of the sword.

Now, all the participants had to pay attention to him and treated him as a great enemy and a hotshot who was capable of contending for the top 10.

When he came down from Zhiyu Sacred Mountain, a subtle sound rang behind him. A figure then flashed. Xu Changsheng appeared in front of him and stood under a tree over 13 meters away.

By the time the two rounds of battles had ended, it was already late at night. It was completely dark. There was firelight only on the top of the sacred mountains. Meanwhile, a great clamor was heard.

Zhang Ruochen stopped and looked at Xu Changsheng standing in the dark. “Senior Brother Apprentice Xu, how can I help you?”

Xu Changsheng looked indifferent. “Lin Yue, I investigated you. Four months ago, you were only at the Heaven Realm. You were merely excellent but not top-class.”

“You only went to Eastern Evil Land for experience once. Now, you’re no longer crazy about women. Besides, you’ve suddenly reached the Fourth Change in the Fish-dragon Realm and even practiced to the ninth realm of Sword One. You seem to be a different person now.”

From the beginning to the end, Xu Changsheng stared at “Lin Yue” in front of him and observed his facial expressions.

To his disappointment, Zhang Ruochen remained calm, without showing any strange look.

Zhang Ruochen said with a smile, “Senior Brother Apprentice Xu, what do you mean?”

Xu Changsheng snorted and said, “My guess is that you’re not the Lin Yue from before. Perhaps you’re an evil man from the Black Market in Lin Yue’s skin.”

“If I’m not Lin Yue, don’t you think Half-Saint Patriarchs would have detected it? Senior Brother Apprentice Xu, if you’re really idle, you’d better think about how to improve your realm in the Tao of the sword, otherwise, you won’t be able to enter the top 10 in the decisive battle. It won’t be me who will be disgraced then.” Zhang Ruochen said with a faint smile.

Chapter 675 - Meeting with Qi Feiyu at Night

Translator:

Transn

Editor:

Transn

“Really? Today, I insist on testing if you are the real Lin Yue.”

Xu Changsheng drew the golden Soft Sword that was hanging from his waist, forming a golden sword radiance.

Just then, a beautiful and graceful figure appeared on the mountain path. It was Qi Feiyu.

Qi Feiyu said, “Xu Changsheng, you’ve really overdone it. If you want to fight, I’ll be right there with you to the end in the final.”

Qi Feiyu walked down lightly on her slender legs. She stopped beside Zhang Ruochen and looked at Xu Changsheng unhappily.

Xu Changsheng frowned slightly and said, “Junior Sister Apprentice Qi, do not be deceived by him. According to my investigation, he may be an evil man from the Black Market rather than the real Lin Yue. ”

“Do I need you to teach me how to judge a man?”

Qi Feiyu said a little indifferently, “If you want to fight, can you defeat us by yourself?”

Zhang Ruochen looked at Qi Feiyu with a bit of surprise. He never thought this woman would extricate him from his dilemma voluntarily.

“What is she thinking?”

“Forget it!”

Xu Changsheng never thought Qi Feiyu was such a stupid woman. He withdrew his sword and glared at Zhang Ruochen. "I'll reveal your true colors sooner or later."

He was not satisfied but he knew that he could not defeat Qi Feiyu and Lin Yue together. He would definitely be killed if he fought with them, so he had to leave right now.

Qi Feiyu turned to Zhang Ruochen and revealed a faint smile on her pretty face. "You can defeat Zhao Wuyan at your age; you're really amazing. Furthermore, your cultivation in the Tao of the sword is beyond my expectation."

Zhang Ruochen stopped and stared at her angelic face. "Do we need to be so courteous? Please speak plainly."

"Can we speak here? Half-Saint Patriarchs may be watching us. Let's go to my place. I think we must talk."

Qi Feiyu transmitted sound in a low voice and carried an air of shyness.

"I think we should go to my place instead. Who knows if you've set a trap for me?"

Zhang Ruochen shook his head and clasped his hands behind his back. He went straight to Zixia Sacred Mountain and did not care if Qi Feiyu was able to keep up with him.

Qi Feiyu bit her lip with her snow-white teeth. She thought for a moment and finally decided to follow him.

She arrived at Zixia Sacred Mountain and entered Zhang Ruochen's courtyard. They sat on the floor in a room.

A Jade Amulet appeared between her two snow-white fingers. She threw it in the air and it immediately turned into a white light screen that covered her and Zhang Ruochen.

Zhang Ruochen appeared to be calm but he was secretly guarding against her.

She was currently superior to him in cultivation. If she took any surprise action, Zhang Ruochen would probably be seriously injured.

He had been killed by a woman once, and he did not want to experience it again.

“You’re highly gifted in the Tao of the sword and your disposition is far beyond that of normal people. If you’re willing to join the Qis, I promise that you will have a higher status than mine,” Qi Feiyu said directly.

Zhang Ruochen had practiced to the ninth realm of Sword One, and he possessed the Treasured Body of Three Spirits. Therefore, she tried even harder to recruit him to the Qis.

Such an amazing person would probably become the next sword saint as long as he remained alive.

The whole Zixia Sacred Mountain was very quiet. In the room, there was only a white light screen. It glowed faintly and was reflected on her face as smooth as wax.

Zhang Ruochen tapped his fingers softly on the table and said with a smile, “You’re an heiress of the Qis, so you’ll definitely be the leader of the Qis. How would you make it so that my status will be no lower than yours? Is there a status higher than the family leader?”

Qi Feiyu touched her hair softly and looked at Zhang Ruochen fixedly. She remained gentle and quiet. “Of course. If you are able to become a sword saint, you can be my husband.”

Perhaps any man would be too excited upon hearing this.

Zhang Ruochen raised his head calmly and stared at her exceedingly beautiful face. He said with a faint smile, “You’re so eager to recruit me. Do you really know me?”

“I don’t need to know who you were before. As long as you’re willing to pledge allegiance to the Qis, you will be one of us.”

Qi Feiyu smiled faintly. Her appearance became more beautiful and charming as if his soul had become captivated.

He said, “You don’t want to know me but I do want to know you. I don’t believe that you’re merely the Heiress of the Qis. Do you have other identities?”

“That’s right. The Heiress of the Qis is indeed my public identity, but I can’t tell you the other identity just yet. When

you agree to surrender to me, you'll know whom you've sworn allegiance to," Qi Feiyu said.

Zhang Ruochen stood up and opened the door. "You're not sincere. If you want me to surrender to you, you should at least tell me your identity."

"Have I not shown you my sincerity?"

Qi Feiyu stared at Zhang Ruochen with her beautiful eyes. She continued to say, "You need to know not everyone can be recruited. You have something unique. I really want to associate with you. You really won't consider it?"

Zhang Ruochen said, "If you tell me your other identity, maybe I'll think about it."

Qi Feiyu shook her head and said, "You'll get hurt due to your stubbornness. Honestly speaking, your disguise is not successful. Since Xu Changsheng has begun to suspect your identity, you may not be in the Yin and Yang Sect for long even if I don't deal with you."

A cold gaze flashed through her eyes. She stood up, opened the door, and went outside. "If I meet you in the sword contest, I'll definitely kill you. Based on our "intimate relationship", if I kill you on the Coliseum, nobody will believe that I did it deliberately."

Zhang Ruochen looked at Qi Feiyu's back. He did not take action after weighing the pros and cons. With his current cultivation, he might not be able to kill her in an instant, even if he displayed the Power of Time and Space.

If he could not kill Qi Feiyu in a single strike, he would expose the Power of Time and Space. By then, he could neither stay in the Yin and Yang Sect nor the entire Kunlun's Field.

When she stepped out of the courtyard, Qi Feiyu met Mu Jiji and Xun Hualiu who had come from the sword contest.

Seeing Qi Feiyu walked out of the courtyard, they suddenly opened their eyes wide. To them, it was a bigger shock than seeing ghosts.

Qi Feiyu glanced at them faintly and then walked away. She disappeared into the darkness and left a charming fragrance.

“Do my eyes deceive me? It’s Senior Sister Apprentice Qi, right?”

Mu Jiji’s mind went empty. He could not process what had happened.

“Senior Sister Apprentice Qi came out of Lin Yue’s room late at night...”

“Has Lin Yue got pure and noble Senior Sister Apprentice Qi so quickly?”

“It’s absolutely Senior Sister Apprentice Qi. If the news spreads, perhaps a lot of her pursuers will drown themselves in the river tomorrow.”

Xun Hualiu had a cardiac twitch and could not believe his eyes.

Zhang Ruochen came out and said, “If you dare to talk nonsense, you’re not allowed to look for me.” Then, he said warningly, “You’d better keep away from Qi Feiyu in the future. Don’t blame me for not reminding you.”

Xun Hualiu immediately nodded. “My big brother, please rest assured. Senior Sister Apprentice Qi is your woman, so she is our sister-in-law. How can we have improper thoughts about her?”

Mu Jiji said unhappily, “Senior Sister Apprentice Qi’s cultivation is so profound. Even if we have an evil idea, we can’t approach her.”

Obviously, Xun Hualiu and Mu Jiji had misunderstood Zhang Ruochen.

Zhang Ruochen refused to explain and instead asked them about the contest. He was informed that they had won and entered the next round.

Then, he asked Blackie to help them practice.

In the sword contest for the Eighth Change in the Fish-dragon Realm, the top 92 sword heroes had been decided today. The

rest of the participants would compete for the remaining eight positions in the next two days.

In the end, the top 100 participants could enter the next round.

Zhang Ruochen was ready to break through to the Fifth Change in the Fish-dragon Realm in the next two days.

If he broke through, his strength would be improved a lot. By that time, even if he met Xu Changsheng, Zhao Wuyan, and Qi Feiyu, he would be able to confront them head-on.

Two days in the external world would be 20 days inside the Scroll World.

After entering the Scroll World, he did not immediately open up the second holy meridian. Instead, he adjusted his state until he was completely calm.

The Fifth Change in the Fish-dragon Realm was called “Yangyu Holy Meridian”.

Yangyu Holy Meridian extended from a monk’s brows to his right foot, crossing more than half of the body.

While opening up the second holy meridian, he did not meet any dangers. Everything seemed to be achieved effortlessly.

It took him only three days to successfully open up the Yangyu Holy Meridian and break through to the Fifth Change in the Fish-dragon Realm.

Zhang Ruochen felt full of power. His cultivation and strength were at least doubled.

If he met Zhao Wuyan again, he would definitely be able to go head-to-head with him and not be at a disadvantage.

He had just broken through, so now he was at the Initial Stage of the Fifth Change in the Fish-dragon Realm. There was still a lot of room to improve.

Chapter 676 - Characters

Bridge

Translator:

Transn

Editor:

Transn

“The top figure at the Eighth Change in the Fish-dragon Realm must have trump cards. During the decisive battles, they will definitely use them. I have to prepare one or two trump cards.”

The Treasured Body of Three Spirits and the Ninth Realm of Sword One had originally been his trump cards. But while fighting Zhao Wuyan, those two trump cards had been exposed.

Now, other participants would definitely be on the lookout for them and take appropriate countermeasures.

Finally, Zhang Ruochen took out two golden Holy Swords and gave them to Blackie to refine and worship. He asked Blackie to change their forms slightly so that they could not be recognized.

“If I have two Holy Swords as my trump cards, I should be strong enough to deal with any emergency.”

His six golden Holy Swords all had come from Yellow God Emissary.

Right now, he took out the other four Holy Swords and lined them up on the ground.

“Swoosh!”

Zhang Ruochen suddenly took out the pitch-black Ancient Abyss Sword as he touched the Spatial Ring. He held the hilt

with one hand while touching the sword body with the other hand.

The Abyss Ancient Sword vibrated once and let out a cheerful sound.

“Go ahead!”

It flew out and rushed at the four golden Holy Swords.

As they sensed the danger, they vibrated and turned into four golden light shuttles, flying out of the universe.

As Holy Weapons, they naturally had Vessel Spirits. So when they sensed danger, they would certainly run away.

The Ancient Abyss Sword gave off a black brilliance and went after them rapidly.

About an hour later, it refined the four Holy Swords and flew back. It arrived in front of Zhang Ruo Chen and stuck in the ground. The ground was disintegrating, with long cracks extending to a maximum range of more than one mile.

Gradually, it became heavier and more powerful.

As a Hundred Inscriptions Weapon, it could almost break out the power of a Thousand Inscriptions Weapon. And when force met with force, it could even destroy some lower-quality Thousand Inscriptions Weapons.

And then, he refined Zhao Wuyan’s 12th level Genuine Martial Arms combat sword with the Ancient Abyss Sword.

“Swords can eat swords, and people can eat people too. If I’m not strong enough, I’ll be eaten sooner or later.”

He put away the Ancient Abyss Sword and began to practice again.

Over the following half month, he refined the Source of Spiritual Fire and practiced the Treasured Body of Fire Spirit.

If he was able to practice into the “Four-spirit Treasured Body”, he would become more powerful. However, it was really hard to actualize that. Without absorbing very much Source of Spiritual Fire, he had already reached saturation and could not absorb any more.

Although he was still a long way off from practicing into the Four-spirit Treasured Body, he thoroughly solidified his cultivation of the Fifth Change in the Fish-dragon Realm and his strength greatly improved by absorbing the Source of Spiritual Fire.

After about half a month, Blackie had refined and worshipped the two golden Holy Swords.

Their forms had significantly changed. With seven arcs, they looked like two golden Spiritual Snakes. Nail-sized snake scales faintly appeared on their blades, which seemed very strange.

Zhang Ruochen asked, “What’s wrong? Why do these two Holy Swords have the aura of a snake?”

Blackie answered, “You asked me to refine and worship the two Holy Swords and change their aura. Thus, I asked Xun Hualiu and Mu Jiji to go to Snakes Valley of the Fallen-gods Mountain Range to seize two fifth-level savage beasts—Golden Flying-cloud Snakes. I peeled off their beast souls and sealed them in the blades.”

“That may not be a bad idea. In doing so, those who have encountered the two golden Holy Swords before should not be able to recognize them. From now on, they will be called ‘Golden Snake Divine Rapiers’.”

Zhang Ruochen injected Genuine Qi into them and refined and worshipped. And then, he shouted lightly, “Withdraw!”

The two Holy Swords quickly shrank to the size of a Golden Needle, flew into his glabella, and became suspended in the center of his Qi Sea, rotating around the Heart of the Sword.

After two fierce days of fighting, the top 100 heroes had been determined in the sword combat for the Eighth Change in the Fish-dragon Realm.

Next, they would participate in a new round of battling and finally determine the top 10.

Once a man entered the top 10, he could not only enter the Sword Pavilion to practice but he would also represent the Yin

and Yang Sect to take part in the Sword Technique Conference on the ninth of September.

There were a lot of disciples in the ashram outside the Supreme Pure Palace, including outer disciples, inner disciples, and even some Saint's disciples.

On the eighth Jade Tablet, only 100 names remained. The other participants had all been eliminated.

In the preliminary contests, the more outstanding participant was the one ranked higher.

Qin Yufan ranked first.

Qi Feiyu ranked second.

Dao Xuanqi ranked third.

Can Dong ranked fourth.

Xu Changsheng ranked sixth.

Lin Yue ranked 10th.

Zhao Wuyan, who had lost to Lin Yue in the preliminary contest, ranked seventh, three places above Lin Yue.

But the disciples of Long-living Yard were not convinced by the rankings.

“Zhao Wuyan lost to Elder Brother Lin Yue in the preliminary contest. How can he rank higher than Elder Brother Lin Yue?” Zhao Han'er was very angry and spoke out against it first.

She knew that she was highly inferior to Senior Sister Apprentice Qi in both appearance and talent. Naturally, she was no match for Elder Brother Lin Yue.

However, it did not affect her adoration of Elder Brother Lin Yue. Therefore, she could not accept Elder Brother Lin Yue being ranked behind Zhao Wuyan.

Pang Long standing nearby went out and laughed grimly.

“Everyone knows that Elder Brother Zhao lost to Lin Yue entirely due to carelessness. If they really fought each other, Lin Yue wouldn't be able to defeat Elder Brother Zhao.”

Suddenly, a man stood up and said, “Elder Brother Zhao made a slight mistake and lost to Lin Yue in the first round. However, he won 27 times in a row in the qualifying fights because of his powerful strength, and nobody dared to accept the challenge.”

“Lin Yue just won once due to luck. Nobody knows his true strength. However, Elder Brother Zhao conquered all of us during his winning streak. Thus, it’s normal that he ranks higher than Lin Yue.”

Watching Pang Long, Zhao Han’er was afraid at first but quickly nerved herself and took a step forward. “It’s not like that. If it had been Elder Brother Lin Yue, he would definitely have won 27 times successively and he would have been even more amazing than Zhao Wuyan.”

“Another ignorant woman.” Pang Long laughed and directly walked away.

“Buzz! Buzz! Buzz!”

Three long bells came from the top of Zhiyu Sacred Mountain and then changed into sound waves, spreading across the 36 sacred mountains of the Supreme Pure Palace.

Upon hearing the bells, everybody knew that the first round of the combat for the Eighth Change in the Fish-dragon Realm would be held today.

All the disciples ran to Zhiyu Sacred Mountain, including Zhao Han’er and the inner disciples of Long-living Yard.

Long-living Yard had two participants that were ranked in the top 10. All the inner disciples of Long-living Yard were proud of that, so they would go to support their idols—Elder Brothers Lin Yue and Can Dong.

The sword contest for the Eighth Change in the Fish-dragon Realm had the fewest applicants. Therefore, they entered the first round of decisive combat first. All of the Saint’s disciples and Cyan-robed Elders who were not taking part in the contest hurried to Zhiyu Sacred Mountain. After all, the decisive contest would certainly be fierce.

Just then, all the top 100 monks that reached the final for the Eighth Change in the Fish-dragon Realm arrived and gathered under Coliseum B.

Half-saint Jing Lan announced the combat rules: “In the first round of the final, the participants will be divided into 10 groups with 10 people in each group.

“In the preliminary combat, the 10 most outstanding participants will be arranged into 10 groups and serve as champions.

“Qin Yufan, Group One.

“Qi Feiyu, Group Two.

“Dao Xuanqi, Group Three.

“Lin Yue, Group 10.

“Aside from the 10 champions, the other 90 people will draw tokens once again. They will go into the 10 groups according to their tokens. Now, let’s draw the tokens.”

When Half-saint Jing Lan waved his arms, 90 white light-spots rushed out from his sleeves and flew out in every direction.

The 90 participants began to draw their tokens.

“Swoosh!”

Cyan characters flew into the sky.

The characters were flying in the sky like a sutra bridge suspended in the void space and extended to the top of the Sunset Palace on Zhiyu Sacred Mountain.

Each character was almost one meter long and sent out a faint holy light.

A “white-clothed childe” trod on the characters and walked from the horizon.

On the sixth floor of the Sunset Palace, four Half-Saint Patriarchs stood up and bowed to the “white-clothed childe”.

Half-saint Jing Lan also turned back and bowed. “Saint Lady has come to Zhiyu Sacred Mountain. How can I help you?”

Saint Lady wore clean men's clothing, held a folding fan, and tied up her hair to form a childe bun. She was charismatic with rosy lips and pretty white teeth. She smiled faintly and said, "Predecessors, do away with all the formalities. I heard that the sword contest for the Eighth Change in the Fish-dragon Realm is going to the final, so I came to take a look in the hopes of witnessing the talents of the Yin and Yang Sect."

"Any talent will be overshadowed by you," Half-saint Zixia said.

Instead of being just a compliment, Half-saint Zixia had exclaimed from his heart.

Saint Lady was younger than any of the present Half-Saints. However, she was a Saint and her cultivation was much more profound than theirs.

Perhaps only those people on the "Five Heroes" were comparable to her.

As a Saint Lady, she did not look down upon the five Half-Saints present, but instead appeared to be very humble.

She ascended to the Sunset Palace and closed her folding fan. Suddenly, the myriads of characters that were suspended in the sky immediately returned to the folding fan and changed into a graceful essay.

After which, she sat with the Half-Saints, side by side. With her beautiful eyes, she sized up the top 100 monks at the Eighth Change in the Fish-dragon Realm.

Chapter 677 - The Final

Translator:

Transn

Editor:

Transn

Saint Lady had stirred up quite the commotion, so everybody looked at her and tried to guess her identity.

“This young lady may be from the Scroll Sect in the Central Region. Unexpectedly, she can mobilize the power of characters. I feel that any character from her folding fan can overwhelm the mountains.”

“Didn’t you know about her before? She is Saint Lady, one of Nine Goddesses of the Empyrean along with the Empress. Usually, she stays in the palaces in the Ninth Heaven and accompanies the Empress. The Sword Technique Conference is just around the corner, so she’s come to the Yin and Yang Sect.”

“What? She’s the legendary Saint Lady? It’s said that she knows everything and is called the most clever woman in the world. Furthermore, she became a Saint at such an early age. Even if we practiced for a lifetime, we still could not hold a candle to her.”

On the spot, numerous inner disciples kneeled on the ground and kowtowed to Saint Lady.

“Beyond expectation, Saint Lady has arrived to watch the contest. If she takes a fancy to somebody, that man will definitely have a great future.”

All the participants were so excited that they could not control their emotions.

Zhang Ruochen looked at the sixth floor of the Sunset Palace. He was not excited, but rather, became more cautious. He

restrained his aura because he feared that Saint Lady would discover his flaws.

All the Half-Saints knew very well that Saint Lady had the right to select the Nine Kunlun Heirs.

If she felt satisfied with some disciple from the Yin and Yang Sect and selected him as an heir, it would be beneficial for the future development of the Yin and Yang Sect.

And as Half-Saints of the Yin and Yang Sect, they would naturally promote its development and do anything for the sect.

Half-Saint Zhiyu pointed to Qin Yufan and introduced him to Saint Lady. “This is Qin Yufan. He entered the top three on the Heaven Board

and climbed to the Second Level Mountain of Ancient Gods Mountain. At 38 years old, he has reached the Eighth Change in the Fish-dragon Realm. He is a popular candidate to be the champion.”

Saint Lady turned her beautiful eyes and nodded lightly. She said with a smile, “Qin Yufan is really highly talented and has appeared on the Eastern Region Report more than once. He is a young man with great potential. It won’t be difficult for him to reach the Half-Saint Realm. Perhaps he can break through to the Sacred Realm.”

Half-Saint Zhiyu pointed to Qi Feiyu and continued to introduce the top talents of the Yin and Yang Sect to Saint Lady.

The 90 participants had now been divided into groups.

The 10 champions were all extremely powerful. Certainly, they were not equal in strength. Qin Yufan, Qi Feiyu, Can Dong, and Xu Changsheng were well-known talents in the Eastern Region. Dao Xuanqi and Yuchi Hong were elder celebrities in the Yin and Yang Sect. Their prestige and strength were unfathomable.

Zhao Wuyan was a surprise champion. He had a 27-match winning streak during the qualifying fights and had a strong

momentum.

Besides them, the eighth-ranked Mo Xin, ninth-ranked Han Zhang, and 10th-ranked Lin Yue were relatively weaker.

“Fortunately, we are not in the same groups as Qin Yufan and Qi Feiyu. Otherwise, we wouldn’t stand a chance.”

Those who had been placed into Group Eight, Group Nine, and Group Ten were in rapture. Suddenly, they felt greatly relieved.

Those who had been placed into Group One and Group Two were sour-faced and extremely depressed.

Zhiyu Sacred Mountain had four coliseums, so Group Ten, Group Nine, Group Eight, and Group Seven would hold the finals today.

Group Ten had 10 people in it and they would fight in Coliseum D.

As the champion, Zhang Ruochen would naturally be the first to ascend the Coliseum. He stood in the center and began to meet the challenges from the other nine people.

Among them, a simple, honest man ascended the coliseum first and stood opposite Zhang Ruochen. He said calmly, “Tan Qingshan from Wind and Space Yard.”

If a man at the Fish-Dragon Realm was able to practice to the first realm of Sword One, he must have made great achievements and could be called a “sword practitioner”.

If a sword practitioner had the strongest attacking force within the same realm, many forces would compete to cozy up to him.

Tan Qingshan was a sword practitioner who had practiced to the second realm of Sword One. In the preliminary combat, he lost to Xu Changsheng after more than 100 strikes.

“Lin Yue from Long-living Yard,” Zhang Ruochen said.

Tan Qingshan said, “You can become one of the final champions based on your cultivation at the Fourth Change in the Fish-dragon Realm, so you’re highly superior to me in

talent. “Even my Master said that no more than five talents from the Yin and Yang Sect were comparable to you in the past thousands of years. I feel very honored to fight against you.”

“You’re also quite powerful,” Zhang Ruochen said.

With intense fighting spirit, Tan Qingshan said, “If you’ve reached the Eighth Change in the Fish-dragon Realm, I’ll immediately give in. However, your current cultivation is relatively low. Therefore, I still stand a chance to win.”

Even though Tan Qingshan greatly admired Lin Yue, he was fully confident in himself.

He was confident that he could defeat Lin Yue—at least for now.

“Boom!”

A tough Martial Soul burst out of his body and turned into a seven-meter-high figure behind him. Two pythons, dozens of meters long, that made threatening gestures were wrapped around the human-shaped Martial Soul’s arms.

Tan Qingshan had refined the Half-Saint’s Light, so his Martial Soul was extremely powerful, surpassing that of any common monk at the Ninth Change in the Fish-dragon Realm.

However, he had pulled out the beast souls of two pythons at the Ninth Change in the Fish-dragon Realm and refined them into his own Martial Soul. Suddenly, his Martial Soul became quite powerful and was almost the same as a Half-Saint’s Divine Soul.

As the power of his Martial Soul burst out, the Spiritual Qi around the Coliseum flew toward Tan Qingshan. The aura he sent forth continued to steadily rise.

Under the Coliseum, Xu Changsheng saw the Martial Soul behind Tan Qingshan and squinted his eyes. “Tan Qingshan still kept such an amazing trump card. He indeed has great ability.

“If he isn’t able to enter the top 10, he will at least be able to get into the top 30, or even top 20.”

“Flying Dragon Hovering in the Sky.”

He held a 12th level Genuine Martial Arms combat sword in each hand. He unleashed two swords at the same time and displayed a mid-class Ghost Level sword technique.

The two python beast souls continued entwining and then they uttered earsplitting roars. They kept pace with the two swords and spiraled to form two powerful strengths, then rushed at Zhang Ruochen in the center of the Coliseum.

Each blast of Sword Qi flew over at and struck Zhang Ruochen’s Divine Body Shield to form circles of ripples.

“Swoosh!”

Zhang Ruochen rapidly drew his Valley-water Sword and injected Holy Qi into the blade. A white, 10-meter-high sword-light arose from the tip of the sword.

In the next moment, Zhang Ruochen directly dashed forward and passed through the two python beast souls. He spared no effort in attacking and his sword quickly collided with Tan Qingshan’s two swords, uttering a snapping sound.

Tan Qingshan displayed a mid-class Ghost Level sword technique but Zhang Ruochen did not display any sword technique.

His every sword movement was really powerful and changed unpredictably.

After fighting for 36 strikes in a row, they separated quickly and stood on either side of the Coliseum.

Lin Yue looked as calm as he did before. Tan Qingshan, however, had 12 sword marks on him. And although there were no blood stains on his clothes, they had been torn to shreds.

Tan Qingshan looked at the holes in his clothes and shook his head with a laugh. He withdrew his Martial Soul and saluted Zhang Ruochen with folded hands. “I’ve lost to you! Your cultivation in the Tao of the Sword is superior to mine. With the 24th strike, you were able to defeat me.”

After which, Tan Qingshan directly left the Coliseum, feeling somewhat disappointed.

It was not surprising that Lin Yue was able to defeat Tan Qingshan. But what was a surprise was that Tan Qingshan had lost so quickly.

With a look of amazement, a participant ranked in the top 100 said, "It took Xu Changsheng more than 100 moves to defeat Tan Qingshan, but Lin Yue fought with him for only 24 moves. Is Lin Yue more powerful than Xu Changsheng?"

Qi Feiyu squinted her eyes slightly and said, "He seems to have greatly improved. But did he progress too fast?"

Xu Changsheng looked somewhat ill because he never expected that Lin Yue would reach such a high level. If he were to confront Lin Yue and display his trump card, he was not certain that he would be able to win.

"Lin Yue has assumed formlessness, so he is not far from the Completion, the 10th realm of Sword One," Half-saint Jing Lan said in amazement.

There were five Half-Saints present, but only two of them had realized the Completion.

The other three people remained in the ninth realm of Sword One.

Half-saint Zixia was very happy and said, "That he can assume formlessness implies that he may have gotten somewhere. As long as he takes some time, he will definitely realize the Completion."

In other words, Lin Yue was certainly able to complete the practice of Sword One in the Fish-Dragon Realm.

"He's able to complete the practice of Sword One in the Fish-Dragon Realm and become a sword hero. It's really enviable," the other Half-Saint said.

Sword practitioners had different titles. Anyone who practiced to the Completion was called "sword hero".

A hero in the Tao of the Sword.

Half-saint Zixia glanced at Saint Lady nearby and immediately asked her, “Saint Lady, what do you think about this guy? And what about his talent in the Tao of the Sword?”

Saint Lady lightly rapped her palm with the folding fan. She said with a smile, “He is a ‘Genius’. He is already so powerful at the Fifth Change in the Fish-dragon Realm. If he reaches the Ninth Change in the Fish-dragon Realm, few people below the Half-Saint level will be able to withstand a single strike of his. This guy will probably become an Heir of Kunlun’s Field.”

All the Half-Saints present looked happy.

Previously, when they had introduced Qin Yufan and Qi Feiyu to her, she spoke highly of them, but she had only said that they were qualified to be candidates for the Heir of Kunlun’s Field.

For Lin Yue, however, it appeared that she really thought highly of him.

Chapter 678 - Eldest Sister Apprentice

Translator:

Transn

Editor:

Transn

Saint Lady said, “Up until now, Lin Yue has a pretty good chance. His success in becoming one of the Nine Kunlun Heirs will depend on the Empress.”

“If he can reach the Completion of Sword Two at the Fish-Dragon Realm, he will surely become one of the Nine Kunlun Heirs. In the future, he will be an imperial disciple.”

Since Empress Chi Yao selected the Heirs of Kunlun Field, it was a given that she would spend the time to foster them. Under Empress Chi Yao, the Nine Kunlun Heirs would become paramount and powerful. They would also have plenty of responsibilities, like the nine pillars of the Kunlun’s Field.

Among them, the most outstanding heir would inherit the throne and become the next monarch of the Kunlun’s Field.

The first step of becoming the dominator of Kunlun’s field was to become an heir. Then, the heirs would fight for the throne.

After hearing Saint Lady’s words, all the Half-Saints shook their heads and smiled weakly.

It was a great achievement for a man at the Fish-Dragon Realm to be able to practice to the Completion of Sword One. So it was definitely not easy to practice to the Completion of Sword Two.

Over the course of thousands of years, the entire Kunlun’s Field had only had two people from the Fish-Dragon Realm who practiced to the Completion of Sword Two.

Those two were the Empress and the Sword Emperor.

Nobody would deny that Lin Yue was extremely talented, but no one would think that he was capable of being on the same level as the Empress and the Sword Emperor.

Saint Lady rolled her beautiful eyes and saw the looks on the five Half-Saints' face. She showed off her snow-white teeth and said with a smile, "Predecessors, do you think that I deliberately put obstacles in his way?"

"Honestly, reaching the Completion of Sword Two is the minimum requirement for him. If he can't even do that, how would he defeat the other young sword heroes in the Kunlun's Field?"

"Xue Wuye, the Young City Governor of Fragrance City, has practiced to the 'Yin-Yang Blend' Realm. Within a year, he should reach the Completion of Sword Two and become the third person for thousands of years."

Half-saint Jing Lan sighed and said, "As the Sword Emperor's descendant, Xue Wuye is familiar with a few Sword Emperor's styles. For 500 years, he is known as the top Genius in Tao of the sword in the Kunlun's Field. Now, Lin Yue is highly inferior to him."

Saint Lady continued, "Sui Han from the Qin Sect has reached the Completion of Sword One since four years ago. Now, he has practiced the 'Separation of Yin and Yang' of Sword Two. His realm in Tao of the sword is close to Xue Wuye's."

Half-saint Zixia nodded and said, "Sui Han has been an unrivaled hero ever since he was a child. His lute-playing and Tao of the sword are superb. Only a few people in this world can compare to him."

There were countless swordsmen in the entire Kunlun's Field. So naturally, there were many Geniuses in Tao of the sword. Among them, Xue Wuye and Sui Han were the most outstanding figures.

When they heard Saint Lady mentioning Xue Wuye and Sui Han, the five Half-Saints who were there felt as if they had

been doused in cold water. Their excitement immediately died down.

Lin Yue's skill in Tao of the sword was high. Compared to Xue Wuye and Sui Han, Lin Yue is overshadowed; like a firefly to the bright moon.

Saint Lady said with a smile, "Lin Yue is currently at the Fifth Change in the Fish-dragon Realm. He has a great potential. It's not impossible for him to catch up to them."

...

According to the rules of the finals, each champion would have two hours to restore their Genuine Qi after each battle.

Zhang Ruochen did not use that much Genuine Qi during the last battle, hence he was able to go back to his optimal condition quickly and began to face the next battle.

The second to appear at the Coliseum was a hunched-back, wrinkled Cyan-robed Elder. At 120 years old, he walked fast and vigorously; he did not look old at all.

"Liu An from the Pure Jade Palace," the Cyan-robed Elder said his name.

Zhang Ruochen clasped his hands together and bowed, saying, "Elder Liu, please."

"In that case, I won't stand on ceremony."

Liu An used a combat sword of ice nature. Following his sword movements, the entire Coliseum was frozen.

They fought fiercely, leaving nothing but interlaced figures on the Coliseum.

With his strength, Zhang Ruochen could defeat Liu An within three movements.

Considering that Liu An was older than him and a senior celebrity of the Yin and Yang Sect, Zhang Ruochen respected him. After they fought for 30 strokes, Zhang Ruochen defeated him by using "Sacred Breaking Plum Sword".

"Han Wu from Skill-Imparting Yard."

“Feng Tianlu from Fire and Thunder Yard.”

...

Subsequently, seven more challengers ascended the Coliseum. They struck successively but they were all defeated by Zhang Ruochen.

So far, Zhang Ruochen won nine times in a row at an overwhelming speed. Meanwhile, his speed and skill surprised all the inner disciples and Saint’s disciples present.

The participants from Group 10 thought that they were lucky. They had not expected that Zhang Ruochen was not a push-over.

As they watched Zhang Ruochen, they all forced a smile and shook their heads helplessly.

The champions were really the most outstanding superior.

“No wonder Lin Yue could defeat Zhao Wuyan in the preliminary contest. He is much stronger than I thought; I’m am nothing compared to him,” Liu An who was defeated by Zhang Ruochen sighed with a smile.

Liu An knew very well that Lin Yue had deliberately slowed down the fight to save his face. He was very impressed by Lin Yue’s abilities.

He used to treat him as an opponent or a junior. But now, he appreciated him and even admired him.

It was getting dark. Raging flames were burning at the top of 18 copper pillars on Zhiyu Sacred Mountain. They formed 18 huge torches, lighting up the four coliseums.

At midnight, the contests of Group Seven, Group Eight, Group Nine, and Group Ten finally ended.

Zhao Wuyan and Lin Yue took the first place in Group Seven and Group 10 respectively.

Mo Xin, the champion of Group Eight, came first in the group by winning in eight combats and losing one.

Han Zhang, the champion of Group Nine, was not so lucky. He ranked second in the group by winning in seven combats

and losing in two combats.

Another powerful Saint's disciple called "Yang Qi" won all nine combats and became the No.1 of the Group Nine.

Today's finals were over. In the next two days, there would be the finals of Group One, Group Two, Group Three, Group Four, Group Five, and Group Six. In the end, 10 group winners would be determined.

Those monks who could become group winners were the top masters through rounds of selection. Even if they added another round of challenges, the list of top 10 would not change much.

The winners of the four groups today were Zhao Wuyan, Mo Xin, Yang Qi, and Lin Yue. They all gained instant popularity. The crowd stood around them and called out their names.

Surrounded by the Long-living Yard disciples, Zhang Ruochen left Zhiyu Sacred Mountain.

Xu Changsheng stood at a relatively high place overlooking the crowd. With a gloomy look on his pretty face, he said secretly, "Lin Yue has greatly improved his cultivation again."

"If he had not encountered some amazing adventures, he must be some evil man who is in disguise. Which one is it?"

He looked at the direction that Qi Feiyu had gone to.

"She has always been indifferent to others and keeps a good distance from others. However, only by going to Ancient Gods Mountain with Lin Yue, she got very close to him."

"This is very weird!"

"Perhaps she is suspicious too."

"Should I investigate her first?"

Lin Yue's strength had scared Xu Changsheng, but Qi Feiyu had an even more unfathomable strength.

"It's going to be really troublesome if they join hands. In the entire Yin and Yang Sect, only Eldest Sister Apprentice will be able to suppress them, apart from the Half-Saint Patriarchs."

Xu Changsheng's eyes turned sharp.

Even if he was confident enough, he did not dare provoke them both at the same time.

Without any evidence, he did not dare disturb Half-Saint Patriarchs.

If both Lin Yue and Qi Feiyu were innocent, he would be accused of being jealous of talents and suffer a certain punishment.

“I have to go to Ground-stove Valley and ask Eldest Sister Apprentice to release herself from refining. In that case, 10 Lin Yue plus 10 Qi Feiyu wouldn't be able to defeat her.”

“Swoosh!”

Xu Changsheng shook his body and immediately disappeared from Zhiyu Sacred Mountain. He came out of the scarlet valley at full speed.

Ground-stove Valley was a barren valley with scarlet sand and stones that covered a hundred-mile radius.

The ground was extremely hot. When he stepped on the ground, a “chi chi” rang out. His shoes were blazing.

If he observed carefully, he would even discover that flames were shooting up from the underground, which made the air temperature higher than that of boiling water.

“Swoosh!”

Flames spurted out of the valley uncontrollably like water flow. The flames piled up and converged into a giant as high as a mountain. The giant looked down on Xu Changsheng and said, “Xu Changsheng, why did you disturb me when I was secluding myself for refining?”

The voice was loud, thunderous. It was hard to tell whether it came from a man or a woman.

Xu Changsheng stood under the Fire Titan. By comparison, his body was the size of a grain of rice. He looked like an ant standing before a giant.

He knew that the Fire Titan was his Eldest Sister Apprentice's Dharma Laksana. He was awe-stricken and had beads of sweat rolling down his face.

He immediately bowed down to Eldest Sister Apprentice and gave her information on Lin Yue and Qi Feiyu.

A long while later, Fire Titan muttered to herself, "At the Fourth Change in the Fish-dragon Realm, he was able to ascend to the Second Level Mountain of Ancient Gods Mountain. This man is brilliant."

"More importantly, he can practice to the ninth realm of Sword One. At this level, he can be considered as a genius in sword saint. Unexpectedly, the sect gives birth to such an amazing talent after I've only secluded myself for refining for one year."

Chapter 679 - A Holy Sword

Translator:

Transn

Editor:

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Xu Changsheng said, “Don’t you think it’s weird? I mean, it’s only been a few months since Lin Yue attained the Fish-Dragon Realm. How did he make such a big progress in such a short time?”

Fire Titan said quietly, “I can feel your strong hatred and jealousy, Xu Changsheng. It isn’t healthy. It’s a big world out there and strange things happen. Miracles can happen to anyone. Now, what’s so weird about that?”

Xu Changsheng saluted Fire Titan with his hands folded. “Thank you for reminding me, Senior Sister. I shouldn’t have let my jealousy cloud my judgment.”

Fire Titan continued. “You know what? I think you should investigate Qi Feiyu. Based on what you’ve told me and on what I already know about her, her behavior is indeed rather odd.”

“I will do that,” Xu Changsheng replied.

“I should be able to release myself from refining soon. I’ll go and meet Lin Yue in person to find out if he will pose a problem to us,” Fire Titan said.

“Has Senior Sister completed her retreat and attained the Half-Saint realm?” Xu Changsheng asked, agitated and visibly happy.

“Well, not exactly.

“During my seclusion, I’ve focused on the Cloudy Sky Shattering Sword and have almost reached the Big Success

stage. It's about time I release myself from refining," said the Fire Titan.

Xu Changsheng was quite surprised that it took his Senior Sister apprentice only one year to achieve the Cloudy Sky Shattering Sword, a Ghost Level martial technique. With her Innate Extreme Yang Body, she was indeed very extraordinary.

How many people in Kunlun's Field had managed this feat while still in the Fish-Dragon Realm?

The Fire Titan collapsed with a loud boom and then turned into plumes of fire, gushing back into the Ground-stove Valley like a crimson tide.

Xu Changsheng left the valley, ready to investigate Qi Feiyu.

After the many sword duels held over two days, 10 group winners of the Eighth Change in the Fish-Dragon Realm had emerged. They were: Qin Yufan, Qi Feiyu, Dao Xuanqi, Can Dong, Yuchi Hong, Xu Changsheng, Zhao Wuyan, Mo Xin, Yang Qi, and Lin Yue.

The final round of the challenge was reserved for the top 100 contestants. Each contestant was given a chance to challenge a group winner. If they succeeded, they would replace that person as a member of the top 10.

After several rounds of duels, everyone knew the group winners quite well. None of them was someone you could mess with.

Most people only dared to challenge either Mo Xin or Yang Qi.

Zhang Ruochen was also challenged twice, but he beat his opponents each time with a single move. They were easy victories.

No one else was brave enough to challenge him afterward.

During the challenge round, Half-saint Zixia invited Half-saint Yuanlong over to watch the duels together.

Half-saint Zixia sat beside Half-saint Yuanlong, smiling. "Half-saint Yuanlong, I seem to remember you promised to

give Lin Yue a Holy Sword if he makes it to the top 10. Does my memory serve me well?”

Half-saint Yuanlong’s dark face resembled the bottom of a charred pot. He stared coldly at Lin Yue below. “Lin Yue just broke through to the Fish-Dragon Realm a few months ago. How could he be so strong now?”

“Besides, he did not reach the Ultimate Realm in any of the Four Realms of Martial Arts. Even supposing that he does possess a Treasured Body of Three Spirits, he couldn’t have defeated a top fighter of the Eighth Change in the Fish-Dragon Realm. He’s just of the Fifth Change! He’s not Gai Tianjiao... he couldn’t have crossed so many realms and defeated his opponents.

“I propose to dip him in the Decamouflaging Pool to reveal his true identity. Is he really Lin Yue?”

Half-saint Zixia’s solemn eyes flashed with anger. “Old Yuanlong, you don’t need to malign Lin Yue to renege on your promise! Patriarch Taiyi has already checked his identity and instructed me to nurture him carefully. Do you think that Patriarch Taiyi isn’t cultivated enough to know his true identity?”

Half-saint Jing Lan, who was standing beside the two, was unhappy as well. “Yuanlong, what you’ve said is a bit too much. It’s true that the Decamouflaging Pool can uncover an Immortal Vampire’s disguise. “However, a normal person will sustain serious injury to his Meridians and his Martial Soul after he is dipped. He may never fully recover.

“Lin Yue has the potential to become a Sword Saint. If you dip him in the pool and injure his physique and Martial Soul, can you bear the responsibility?”

Half-saint Yuanlong had actually said it partly because he suspected Lin Yue’s identity.

The other reason was that he wanted to go back on his word.

A Holy Sword was considered a Family Treasure in many Half-Saint families.

Although Half-saint Yuanlong possessed two Holy Swords, they were his greatest assets. He had braved immense dangers to bring them out of a medieval relic.

How could he let one of them go just like that?

His words had been calculated to humiliate Half-saint Zixia. He did not expect he would end up paying the price of his casual promise with his Holy Sword.

Half-saint Yuanlong's heart was bleeding. He was so angry with himself that he could have slapped himself twice on the mouth.

The five other Half-Saints stared at him. A Half-Saint must be both poised and magnanimous.

Half-saint Yuanlong took a deep breath and forced himself to smile. "Since Patriarch Taiyi has examined Lin Yue in person, I'm sure there's no problem with him. "Such a sword genius has emerged here, we must develop Lin Yue seriously. What I'm giving him is just a Holy Sword. I will present it to him no matter what."

The challenge round ended but the positions remained unchanged. The group winners continued to occupy the top 10 positions.

It only proved that their strengths were indeed amazing—far exceeding those of most Monks of the Eighth Change in the Fish-Dragon Realm.

According to the pre-tournament rules, the top 10 combatants would each receive a Glaze Pellet.

A Glaze Pellet was a ninth-class pill. It was so valuable that no one outside the Sect could purchase it.

If a Monk in the Eighth Change in the Fish-Dragon Realm took a Glaze Pellet, he would cultivate a Glazed Treasured Body and break into the Ninth Change within a very short period of time.

The ten Monks approached Sunset Palace and bowed to the six Half-Saint Patriarchs sitting above them. They chanted in unison. "Our greetings to the Half-Saint Patriarchs."

They were about to receive a Glaze Pellet each. All of them awaited their prize eagerly.

Half-saint Jing Lan nodded and praised them. “Not bad. You are the top 10 of the Eighth Change in the Fish-Dragon Realm. We have high hopes that you can all become Half-Saints.

“To put it succinctly: continue to practice hard. Strive to be able to sit at my table in the near future.”

Half-saint Jing Lan then distributed the pills. Ten Ice Jade Boxes, each the size of a fist, were handed out to the Monks.

Zhang Ruochen was looking forward to his Glaze Pellet as well. He opened the Ice Jade Box immediately upon receiving it.

A colored glazed light shone out from the box. There was a strong herbal scent. After he inhaled the scent, Zhang Ruochen’s bone joints crackled loudly.

The same thing happened to all the other Monks.

Half-saint Zixia coughed dryly and gazed over at Zhang Ruochen. He smiled. “Lin Yue, Half-saint Yuanlong really admires your gift in the Tao of the sword, so he has prepared a special gift for you.”

Zhang Ruochen’s lips curved into a smile. He immediately understood what the special gift was.

Half-saint Yuanlong nearly made Half-saint Zixia cough out blood during their last encounter. Now, it was Half-saint Zixia’s turn to exact revenge after Zhang Ruochen clinched a top 10 spot.

Zhang Ruochen certainly would not be overly polite. He stepped forward and saluted Half-saint Yuanlong with folded hands. “Thank you for your present, predecessor.”

Half-saint Yuanlong tried hard to make himself look nonchalant. He grudgingly took out an ancient white sword and handed it to Zhang Ruochen.

He said, “This Holy Sword was unearthed in a medieval relic. I almost died trying to recover it.

“Now I give you the sword.

“I hope it can help you progress in your cultivation in the Tao of the sword, making you the next Sword Saint from the Yin and Yang Sect.”

Half-saint Yuanlong spoke sincerely and meaningfully. It almost looked as if he had really pinned great hopes on Lin Yue.

The other Monks all looked on enviously.

A sword in the Holy Weapon class was so much more valuable than a Glaze Pellet. Many Half-Saints would fight one another for one.

Half-saint Yuanlong continued. “This Holy Sword is a relic from the Middle Ancient Times. Its sword spirit is still in a coma. You have to wake its spirit up so that it can emanate the power befitting its Holy Weapon class.”

Half-saint Yuanlong had chosen to give this sword to Zhang Ruochen because he had not been able to awaken its sword spirit after obtaining it.

A Holy Sword with a sleeping sword spirit is just a dead sword. Its power would at best be better than a twelfth-level Genuine Martial Arm. It could never rival a true Holy Sword.

Zhang Ruochen unsheathed the Holy Sword and gave it a once over. Its blade was very rusty, and the Holy Qi emanating from it was very weak.

After examining it closely, Zhang Ruochen immediately shook his head. This Holy Sword was defective—it could not even rival a Golden Snake Divine Rapier.

Such a worn Holy Sword and Half-saint Yuanlong had given it to him like it was a peerless treasure. Zhang Ruochen was disappointed.

However, the sword was still a Holy Sword. Shouldn't a Monk in the Fish-Dragon Realm be ecstatic when presented with one? So he immediately knelt and kowtowed to show his gratitude.

Zhang Ruochen's dismissive look made Half-saint Yuanlong's blood boil. He was so enraged he wanted to grab the Holy Sword back.

Even if the Holy Sword was defective, Zhang Ruochen could not return it to him.

Zhang Ruochen sheathed the white Holy Sword and nonchalantly said, "What an excellent Holy Sword! Thank you once again, predecessor."

Half-saint Yuanlong ground his teeth. Still, he managed a zombified smile and nodded at Zhang Ruochen.

Half-saint Yuanlong's pained reactions made Half-saint Zixia's day.

Zhang Ruochen soon retired and Half-saint Jing Lan stood up to make another announcement. "The qualifying round will be held in one month. I hope all of you would have reached the Ninth Change in the Fish-Dragon Realm by then. The qualifying matches will take place at the same time as the qualifying matches for the Ninth Change in the Fish-Dragon Realm."

Chapter 680 - The Void Sword

Translator:

Transn

Editor:

Transn

The qualifying match would be held after a month, which was good news for the remaining nine people. With the Glaze Pellet in their hands, they were confident that they would reach the Ninth Change in the Fish-dragon Realm in a month.

If they could break through the realm, not only will they increase their cultivation to a higher stage, but also practice the Glazed Treasured Body, eventually making themselves the most powerful warriors below a Half-Saint.

However, Li Yue's cultivation was too low; he could probably reach the Fifth Change in the Fish-dragon Realm at most. If he took the Glaze Pellet, it would enhance his cultivation, but it would still be impossible to practice the Glazed Treasured Body.

As long as Lin Yue strategized, he would not take the Glaze Pellet until his cultivation reached the Eighth Change in the Fish-dragon Realm.

However, if he was unable to make any breakthroughs in his realm, how would he compete against others in the qualifying match?

The nine people who had considered Li Yue as a tough rival felt relaxed.

Especially Yang Qi and Mo Yan, they smiled at each other and let out a sigh of relief. They thought that at least they would not end up at last place in the match.

Zhang Ruochen seemed indifferent. Even though he had not taken the Glaze Pellet, he had other treasures that could help him improve his cultivation. If he tried his best, he would have the chance to break through a realm and reach the Sixth Change of the Fish-dragon Realm.

With Zhang Ruochen's current ability, he would have a good chance of defeating top figures of the Ninth Change in the Fish-dragon Realm, as long as he reaches the realm of the Sixth Change of the Fish-dragon Realm.

This was because, a month later, the ten of them would be fighting with the top ten of the Ninth Change in the Fish-dragon Realm in the qualifying match.

Led by Qin Yufan and Dao Xuanqi, everyone rushed to the Sacred Grottoes Mountain to watch the martial arts contest of Tao of the sword of the Ninth Change in the Fish-dragon Realm.

The Half-Saint realm was also such an enormous moat for all the monks. It blocked countless people out. Sometimes, it even cost their lives to cross the barrier. Some of these warriors failed to do that and eventually died in the Fish-dragon realm.

What a despair!

Because the Half-Saint realm was so difficult to cross, the monks who signed up for this martial arts contest of Tao of the sword of the Ninth Change in the Fish-dragon Realm outnumbered those in the Eighth Change in the Fish-dragon Realm level. The registration did not close until today.

Anyway, it still entered the final stage.

Upon arriving at the Sacred Grottoes Mountain, Zhang Ruochen caught sight of the Coliseum in the distance, where a man in his thirties was practicing Dharma Laksana, "Starry Sky", striking out with another superior of the Ninth Change in the Fish-dragon Realm.

On the Coliseum, particles of harsh and starry light spots twirled, giving out strong power fluctuations.

"Sikong Xingdou!"

“Sikong Xingdou!”

...

Beneath it, hundreds of thousands of inner disciples cheered and chanted the name of the man on the Coliseum.

Zhang Ruochen rubbed his chin and said, “The talent of the Ninth Change in the Fish-dragon Realm is amazing. If I’m not wrong, the man on the Coliseum is starry Saintly Being. Perhaps, is he the strongest superior of the Ninth Change in the Fish-dragon Realm in the Yin and Yang Sect?”

A Saintly Being in the Ninth Change of the Fish-dragon Realm was the most powerful warrior, ranked just below a Half-Saint. A Saintly Being in that realm is capable of defeating dozens of monks in the Ninth Change in the Fish-dragon Realm.

Zhang Ruochen stood closer to Can Dong. They were pretty close with each other because they were both disciples from the Long-living Yard.

Can Dong kept his eyes fixed on Sikong Xingdou on the Coliseum and said, “Warriors in the Ninth Change in the Fish-dragon Realm should be much more talented than those from the Eighth Change in the Fish-dragon Realm. As far as I know, it’s not only a Saintly Being who’s there but also a more marvelous being.”

He added, “If that being comes to the Coliseum, I’m afraid the starry Saintly Being will bow his head and immediately concede defeat. The Saintly Being won’t even dare fight that person.”

Zhang Ruochen asked in astonishment, “Elderbrother Can Dong, are you serious? The Saintly Being is invincible in his realm. Who would be able to defeat him?”

“I am not kidding.”

Can Dong kept a straight face and said, “You have only been a Saint’s disciple for a short period. You still don’t know how to recognize great figures of the Yin and Yang Sect. This person is known as the top talent in Suzerain ever since the ancient times.”

“Even though he’s not the best of all time, his level has been unparalleled in the Yin and Yang Sect for at least a hundred thousand years.”

With a dignified look, Zhang Ruochen said, “As far as I know, eight hundred years ago, Emperor Ming, one of the Nine Emperors, was an apprentice to the Yin and Yang Sect. So even Emperor Ming can’t match her?”

Even now, the Nine Emperors from eight hundred years ago still enjoy such a renowned reputation. Almost all the disciples knew that Emperor Ming used to be a disciple of the Yin and Yang Sect.

Therefore, what Zhang Ruochen had asked was quite reasonable.

“When Emperor Ming was young, he was actually less skilled than her. If someone wants to be something like Emperor Ming, talent does not matter. However, to say that she is more outstanding and more skillful than Emperor Ming, I don’t agree with it.” Can Dong said.

“Who is she?” Zhang Ruochen asked.

Can Dong said, “With the Innate Extreme Yang Body, Gai Tianjiao.”

Zhang Ruochen’s eyes glittered. He said, “I can’t believe there is actually someone who owns a legendary physical quality.”

Innate Extreme Yang Body is a physical quality that was more powerful than an immortal Saintly Being and Four-spirit Treasured Body. Only the Five Elements Chaotic Body could cast it into the shade.

If a person really possessed Innate Extreme Yang Body, their battle effectiveness could overwhelm any Saintly Being, which is extremely scary.

Meanwhile, Innate Extreme Yang Body was one of five physical qualities that Blackie was searching for.

Qi Feiyu glanced at Zhang Ruochen and said, “Gai Tianjiao is Gai Hao’s sister. She is also the unquestioned first senior sister apprentice of the Yin and Yang Sect. If you encounter her in

the qualifying match, you should never go against her. Otherwise, no one can save you.”

Zhao Wuya asked hurriedly, “Didn’t Junior Sister Apprentice Qi say that Gai Tianjiao was the head of the four beauties?”

Zhao Wuyan spent most of his time secluding himself for refining, so he knew very little about the secrets in Suzerain. It wasn’t until now that he realized that there was an Innate Extreme Yang Body in the Yin and Yang Sect.

“You’re right,” said Qi Feiyu.

“Is she more beautiful than Junior Sister Apprentice Qi?” Zhang Wuyan asked, incredulous.

In his eyes, Qi Feiyu was a beautiful fairy who came down from heaven to earth. How could there be another woman more beautiful than her?

Upon hearing Zhang Wuyan’s words, the Saint’s disciples and Cyan-robed Elders who had seen Gai Tianjiao wanted to laugh.

Xu Changsheng hummed chilly, stared at Zhang Wuyan and said, “If the senior sister apprentice hears what you just said, she will slap you in the face. Regardless of your opinion, I think the senior sister apprentice’s beauty is unique. No one can compare to her.”

Qin Yufan chuckled and said, “It is taboo for anyone to say that senior sister apprentice is not beautiful enough. Zhao Wuyan, you just need to know that the senior sister apprentice is the most beautiful girl in the whole Yin and Yang Sect. Just remember this, it’s good for you.”

After hearing other people’s remarks on Gai Tianjiao, Zhang Ruochen could not help but be more curious about the senior sister apprentice. If he gets a chance, he would like to meet her.

...

On the Sacred Grottoes Mountain, Zhang Ruochen watched the decisive battle of the Ninth Change in the Fish-dragon

Realm and then returned to the Zixia Sacred Mountain himself when the sky turned dark.

Zhang Ruochen did not enter the Scroll World immediately. Instead, he sat at the center of the courtyard, took out the white sword that Half-saint Yuanlong had given him, and scrutinized it in his hands.

During the day, despite the looking old and battered, he could tell that the white sword was made out of an extraordinary material that can't be compared to the Holy Swords.

However, at that time, Half-saint Yuanlong was afraid that he might repossess the Holy Sword, so he tried to act as normal as possible.

“Swoosh!”

Zhang Ruochen mobilized the Holy Qi inside his body and injected it into the blade. All of a sudden, light beams shot out from the inscriptions and emerged on the surface of the sword.

An hour had passed. His old sword had not changed. Zhang Ruochen was getting tired, and he had beads of sweat rolling down his forehead.

Zhang Ruochen had no other choice but to slowly restore his Holy Qi. He breathed out a sigh of relief breath.

“I couldn't trigger the sword spirit in the sword. What a pity.”

Zhang Ruochen held the sword and brandished it mid-air. A semicircular radian formed like a dazzling crescent moon.

This sword was wonderful.

It was a pity that it didn't have a soul. As good as it was, the sword was just an ordinary sword.

Just as Zhang Ruochen was about to slip the old sword into the sword scabbard, Zhang Ruochen heard Blackie scream from the courtyard outside.

Blackie returned to the Zixia Sacred Mountain. Upon seeing the sword in Zhang Ruochen's hand, its furs stood on their ends as if it was just electrocuted.

“How did the sword end up in your hands?”

Blackie was excited. It pushed itself with its two legs and pounced on Zhang Ruochen. It reached out with its paws to grab the old white sword.

Zhang Ruochen could not tell why Blackie was so thrilled, but he threw the sword to Blackie anyway.

Blackie's two paws held the old white sword tightly.

Its beady eyes moistened. At that moment, Blackie did not seem like a cat, but a man who was reminiscing about his past.

Oddly enough, the rusty Holy Sword shook slightly in Blackie's paws.

But the sword spirit didn't revive. After the shaking, it stilled.

Zhang Ruochen asked, "What? Do you know about this Holy Sword?"

"Zhang Ruochen, this sword... Where did you get it?"

Blackie raised his head and focused his black eyes on Zhang Ruochen.

Zhang Ruochen was certain that Blackie had known about this sword or its owner. He said, "A Half-Saint of the Yin and Yang Sect gave me this sword as a present. He said he found it in the medieval relic."

"Where is the medieval relic?" Blackie asked.

Zhang Ruochen said, "You should tell me first, where is this sword from?"

Blackie licked its lips with its tongue and hesitated.

After a while, it said, "This sword is named 'Void Sword', a saber of Thousand-bone Empress."

Chapter 681 - Break Through the Ancient Gods Mountain Again

Translator:

Transn

Editor:

Transn

“Void Sword? How could it be?”

Zhang Ruochen was quite astonished. He never imagined that the defective Holy Sword that Half-saint Yuanlong had given to him had such an incredible origin.

The name “Thousand-bone Empress” had been spoken for one hundred thousand years in Kunlun’s Field, having left behind countless legends.

The sabre that she had used was naturally immortalized through the ages.

Based on historical records, the Void Sword was a war weapon classified as a Supreme Holy Weapon. Its power was so tremendous that it could cleave rivers and break the Primitive World.

A common monk only knew that Holy Weapons were classified into three: Hundred-Inscription Weapon, Thousand-Inscription Weapon, and Ten-thousand- Inscription Sacred Weapon.

Few people knew that above Ten-thousand-Inscription Sacred Weapon was Supreme Holy Weapon.

A Thousand-Inscription Weapon would be cherished as a Family Treasure in a powerful Saint family. It would terrify forces in all directions and make others think twice before causing offense.

A Saintly Being of the Ninth Change in the Fish-dragon Realm with a Thousand-Inscription Weapon in hand would be able to challenge some weaker Half-Saints.

The power of a Supreme Holy Weapon was infinitely greater than that of a Thousand-Inscription Weapon. The entire Kunlun's Field probably had only several dozen of them.

It was said that the "Heaven and Earth Swords," the Sect Treasure of the Yin and Yang Sect, were merely Ten-thousand-Inscription Sacred Weapons. Only by combining the Heaven Sword and the Earth Sword and practicing the Yin-Yang Two Forms Sword Array would they be able to compete with a Supreme Holy Weapon.

Even so, the Heaven Sword and the Earth Sword were very powerful—they were stained with more than one Great Saint's blood.

The Yin and Yang Sect had suffered several great calamities throughout its history. Almost every time they had relied on the strength of the Heaven Sword and the Earth Sword to beat strong enemies and safeguard the Suzerain so that it could continue on from generation to generation.

The Void Sword was definitely more powerful than the Heaven Sword and the Earth Sword, and it was a true Supreme Holy Weapon.

If Half-saint Yuanlong found out he had given a Supreme Holy Weapon to Zhang Ruochen, would he be irritated to death?

"Zhang Ruochen, where is the medieval relic?"

Driven by excitement, Blackie bared its sharp fangs and bloodshot eyes.

Zhang Ruochen said, "The Void Sword was given to me by Half-saint Yuanlong. If you want to know where the medieval relic is, you'll have to ask him."

"Even if I ask him, he won't tell me. What's worse, the Void Sword will be exposed. Are you trying to fool me?" Blackie said in exasperation.

With a calm expression, Zhang Ruochen fixed his eyes on the white Holy Sword again and said, “This sword is common and rusted. How can it be the legendary Void Sword? Let me test it.”

Zhang Ruochen took Blackie and the white Holy Sword into the Scroll World.

Next, he took out the Ancient Abyss Sword, ran his strength from head to toe and suddenly chopped at the white Holy Sword.

“CLANG!”

The two powerful forces clashed with an ear-splitting sound.

The strong impact sent the white Holy Sword hurtling onto the ground.

Zhang Ruochen picked up the sword and found that the rust on the blade had completely fallen off, revealing the bright and snow-white sword body.

More incredibly, the white Holy Sword had remained intact after taking a strike from the Ancient Abyss Sword.

At first, Zhang Ruochen still had doubts about whether it was really the Void Sword, but now he was a bit convinced.

Blackie stood nearby and said with a sneer, “Don’t waste your time. How could the Ancient Abyss Sword, with its current class, defeat the Void Sword?”

Zhang Ruochen threw a glance at the fat cat and said, “So what? How will a sword exert its power without its sword spirit?”

“The sword spirit of the Void Sword just fell into a deep sleep; it did not completely perish. If its sword spirit is awakened, it can once again be a Supreme Holy Weapon and sweep up any Holy Sword in Kunlun’s Field,” Blackie said.

“Do you know how to awaken its sword spirit?” Zhang Ruochen asked.

Blackie thought for a second and said, “The Void Sword’s spirit was condensed and shaped by the willpower of

Thousand-bone Empress's blood. Han Xue has the same physical quality as Thousand-bone Empress. Her blood may be able to awaken the sword spirit in it.”

Zhang Ruochen stopped asking questions and put the Void Sword away temporarily. He thought they could wait until Han Xue came back from gaining experience before trying to awaken the sword spirit again.

“I have about half a month before the first day of next month. I can improve my cultivation during this period.”

Ancient Gods Mountain will be open to Saint's disciples once more on the first day of next month.

Zhang Ruochen had practiced Sword One to the ninth realm by now, so should be able to break through to the Third-level Mountain. If he could successfully ascend the mountaintop, he would be able to fetch Holy Water from the Holy Spring.

With the help of Holy Water from the third Holy Spring, Zhang Ruochen was fully confident that he would be able to practice Sword One to the tenth realm—the Completion.

Zhang Ruochen had collected a bottle of Xuanwu Sacred Blood from the body of Cyan Fire Xuanwu.

When he was in the Fourth Change in the Fish-dragon Realm, Zhang Ruochen had refined three drops of Xuanwu Sacred Blood, raising his cultivation from the Initial Stage to the Peak.

If he was to increase his cultivation from the Initial Stage to the Peak in the Fifth Change in the Fish-dragon Realm, it was imperative to refine more Xuanwu Sacred Blood.

With his current cultivation, he would definitely be able to refine Xuanwu Sacred Blood faster than ever before.

Four months passed in a flash in the Scroll World.

Zhang Ruochen refined four drops of Xuanwu Sacred Blood in succession. His cultivation had risen from the Initial Stage of the Fifth Change in the Fish-dragon Realm to the Mid Stage.

“Let me do the math. Tomorrow should be the first day of April.”

Zhang Ruochen discontinued his practice and left the Scroll World. He began adjusting his condition and prepared to face the challenges of the Third-level Mountain.

The martial arts contest of Tao of the sword had been going on for twenty days now. Only the First Change, Second Change and Third Change in the Fish-Dragon Realm were still in the final stage. All the other sword contests had already decided on the top ten.

Ancient Gods Mountain reopened on April first.

Compared to the previous month, the number of Saint's disciples who came to break through was reduced by more than half.

Upon arriving at the foot of the Ancient Gods Mountain, Zhang Ruochen caused a great commotion. Almost all of the Saint's disciples of Yin and Yang Sect knew him by now.

In the past month, "Lin Yue" hogged the limelight. Not only did he reach the Second-level Mountain of the Ancient Gods Mountain as a newly-promoted Saint's disciple, but he had also won Qi Feiyu's favor.

Then, he shone during the sword contest with an undefeated record, winning everyone's affirmation.

"Elder brother Lin Yue will break through the Ancient Gods Mountain again? Is he aiming for the Third-level Mountain?"

"How would that be possible? In the history of the Yin and Yang Sect, few Saint's disciples have climbed to the top of the Third-level Mountain while in the Fish-Dragon Realm."

"How is it not possible? Last month, elder brother Lin Yue climbed to the Second-level Mountain. If he isn't confident he could climb the Third-level Mountain, why would he waste precious time making breakthroughs?"

"That's right. Elder brother Lin Yue's talent is unparalleled—it's greater than we can imagine."

"I think elder brother Lin Yue is certain that he can break through at least the first stage of the Third-level Mountain."

Under the scrutiny of others, Zhang Ruochen broke through the first stage of the First Level Mountain with ease and then he headed to the mountaintop.

Before noon, all the Saint's disciples at the foot of the mountain spotted Lin Yue at the top of the Second-level Mountain heading straight for the Third-level Mountain.

"This time, Lin Yue broke through the stage faster. His power has increased a lot," Qi Feiyu said. She was standing beside a maple tree at the foot of the mountain, surveying the mountaintop with her beautiful eyes.

If Lin Yue managed to climb to the top of the Third-level Mountain on his own, she had to use all means to dispose of him lest another Gai Tianjiao would emerge from the Yin and Yang Sect.

She had used concealing means, so all the Saint's disciples had not sensed that Qi Feiyu was nearby.

...

When he arrived at the foot of the Third-level Mountain, Zhang Ruochen found that someone had already arrived before him.

The man was standing straight below the stone wall with his hands behind him, exuding an imposing air.

Zhang Ruochen scrutinized the man. He was burly, tall and straight with muscular arms.

From about 60 meters away, Zhang Ruochen could sense a flammable and manly strength Qi from him.

His body was like a huge stove, making people hesitant to approach.

Zhang Ruochen clasped his hands together and bowed, saying, "I'm Lin Yue from Long-living Yard. Greetings, predecessor."

The burly man just waved his hand with a heroic spirit and said, "Don't call me predecessor. I am not much older than you."

Zhang Ruochen stared at the burly man and he, in turn, stared back at Zhang Ruochen.

He had a pair of bright and piercing eyes with pupils like huge flaming meteorites denoting incomparable power.

A single glance from him could release intense heat—enough to cause spontaneous combustion in monks of the Fish-Dragon Realm with lower cultivation.

There were many hidden talents in the Yin and Yang Sect, and yet another peerless superior had appeared.

With fear in his heart, Zhang Ruochen could sense danger from this man.

Of course, Zhang Ruochen remained dauntless and calm, saying, “Elder brother, please, after you?”

“Elder brother?”

The burly man curved the corners of his lips, revealed an unusual expression. He shook his head and said, “I have already broken through the first stage of the Third-level Mountain. Honestly, the reason why I am still here is I was waiting for you.”

“Waiting for me?”

“Yes, waiting for you. After releasing myself from refining, I kept hearing about a Genius of the Tao of the sword in the Suzerain who can practice Sword One to the ninth realm. That’s why I wanted to see you,” said the burly man.

It wasn’t Zhang Ruochen’s first day in the Yin and Yang Sect. He already had some knowledge of the top masters among the Saint’s disciples, but he could not match this man with any of them.

“If he can break through the first stage of the Third-level Mountain, he can’t be unknown.” Zhang Ruochen lowered his head, murmuring.

He speculated that the burly man in front must be a talent secretly fostered by the Yin and Yang Sect.

Without further thought, Zhang Ruochen went straight to the bottom of the 90-meter-high stone wall and began observing the characters on the wall.

The words at the foot of the Third-level Mountain were more complicated and inaccessible—as if each character contained limitless Comprehensive State of Tao of the sword.

Chapter 682 - A Great Challenge

Translator:

Transn

Editor:

Transn

Zhang Ruochen landed his eyes on the upper left stone wall, where a character “Tian” (heaven) was displayed.

Next, his own Sword Comprehension overlapped the character’s Sword Comprehension. Gradually, the word on the stone wall spun and flew out, transforming into a translucent gatekeeper.

Apparently, the gatekeeper of the first stage of the Third-level Mountain outmatched the gatekeepers of the previous two mountains; because this gatekeeper had been condensed by the sword saint’s thought of Tao of the sword.

The gatekeeper flew out and stood in front of him, casting an enormous pressure on Zhang Ruochen.

“Beat me and you can pass this stage.”

The gatekeeper clasped his hands as dazzling light radiated from his two palms.

A meter long sword flew from the light.

“Swoosh!”

Zhang Ruochen also drew out his Valley-water Sword, ran all of Sword Comprehension, and poured it into the blade with his Genuine Qi inside his body.

Immediately, hundreds of flashes of sword Qi formed in the surrounding 90-meter area and then revolved around Zhang Ruochen like a whirlpool.

The gatekeeper had practiced Sword One to the ninth realm, putting him on the same level as Zhang Ruochen.

However, the gatekeeper was formed by the sword saint's thought of Tao of the sword. So the gatekeeper far exceeded Zhang Ruochen in some aspects.

Zhang Ruochen did not dare move but carefully stared at the gatekeeper to cope with any small movements. Zhang Ruochen was ready to deal with any moves.

The burly man folded his hand in front of his chest, exuding an air of calmness. He looked at Zhang Ruochen and said, "I hope you won't let me down."

"Swoosh!"

The gatekeeper took the lead in the fight. He thrust his long sword forward to attack Zhang Ruochen.

The man and the sword merged into a flux of white light, like flashing shooting star. The flash of light instantly reached Zhang Ruochen.

So fast.

It was the first time Zhang Ruochen had to confront such a powerful master of Tao of the sword. Due to his inexperience, he was unable to adapt quickly, so he didn't have enough time to think about moves that could break the opponent's attacks.

Zhang Ruochen just clutched his sword and shoved forward with his whole Holy Qi.

The sword body of Valley-water Sword collided with the gatekeeper's sword, bent slightly and forcefully pushed Zhang Ruochen back.

Zhang Ruochen was thrown hundreds of meters away to the edge of a cliff, close to falling off of the Ancient Gods Mountain.

Suddenly, he mobilized the power of five elements—the Spiritual Qi of earth nature, water nature, and wood nature—and converged them toward Zhang Ruochen, forming a three-colored cloud of Spiritual Qi.

With his feet stamping on the cloud of Qi, he rushed back and fell on the foot of the Third-level Mountain again.

“What a powerful gatekeeper. It was only one stroke, but it was so strong.”

Zhang Ruochen held his breath and became more cautious.

The battle with the gatekeeper made Zhang Ruochen realize that he lacked fighting experience, especially when it came to fighting against the best masters of Tao of the sword.

Qi Feiyu had solely practiced Sword One to the eighth realm and was able to fight against the gatekeeper with over two thousand moves. She failed only by one movement, because her Holy Qi could not sustain her any longer.

He had practiced Sword One to the ninth realm, higher than Qi Feiyu. But Zhang Ruochen was caught off guard by the gatekeeper's attacks; he could barely escape the attacks.

After all, he did lack fighting experience.

It wasn't that Qi Feiyu was not more competent than Zhang Ruochen, but it was because it was not Qi Feiyu's first time battling the gatekeeper. Therefore, she had a better grasp of defensive strategies.

The burly man shook his head in disappointment when he saw the gatekeeper defeating Zhang Ruochen with only one move.

He thought that a Genius of Tao of the sword had really emerged in Suzerain. He could hardly wait to see him. He did not expect that this man's Tao of the sword would collapse only after an attack.

Could it be that Li Yue became so powerful in such a short time only by adventures?

An adventure could boost a monk's strength to amazing heights in a short period, but it was impossible to become the top superior only by adventures.

Even though the gatekeeper had caught him off guard, Zhang Ruochen was not discouraged.

So far, he has accumulated an understanding of the gatekeeper's abilities. Now he knows how he could cope with him in the next battle.

“Swoosh!”

Zhang Ruochen controlled the Martial Soul and released it.

The aura of Martial Soul was so mighty that it manifested as a huge shadow. With the Martial Soul's regulation, all of the Spiritual Qi in their surroundings converged toward Zhang Ruochen in a steady stream.

Instantly, Zhang Ruochen's Qi, as well as his vital essence, started rising quickly.

Zhang Ruochen had not only refined Half-Saint's Light, but also Qi of Saint Dragon in Dragon Pearl. With that, his Martial Soul became quite powerful.

The burly man was disappointed by Lin Yue and he was ready to leave. But when he caught sight of Lin Yue's Martial Soul, he stopped himself and had a glint in his eyes.

“In the Fish-Dragon Realm, it is rare to find warriors with a Martial Soul is stronger than his.” He thought to himself. Moreover, he could clearly feel Lin Yue's Sword Comprehension had increased significantly.

Or perhaps he hasn't been showing his full strength at all.

If so, the following battle was worth looking forward to.

The gatekeeper held the sword in one hand and drew a circle of sword Qi about ten meters in diameter in the air. Eighty-one streams of mighty sword Qi twirled in the circle, creating sounds of wind and thunder.

With a sweep of the gatekeeper's sword, the circle of sword Qi stirred up a huge storm and enveloped Zhang Ruochen.

“Boom!”

Zhang Ruochen gripped the Valley-water Sword and suddenly struck the ground. The ground quaked violently and split, which created a long gully that stretched all the way to the gatekeeper.

“Defend the sword.”

The valley-water Sword passed through the gully and dashed from the ground with a burst of chilly Icing air. The gatekeeper tried to retreat quickly, but half of his body was still frozen by the Icing air of the sword.

To take this opportunity, Zhang Ruochen rushed out and pointed his finger forward to create a ripple of Sword wave. This wave hit the center of the circle of sword Qi.

Losing the gatekeeper’s control, the power in the circle of sword Qi was reduced significantly. He was attacked by Sword Wave and the circle instantly broke.

After disrupting the circle of sword Qi, Zhang Ruochen galloped forward to attack the gatekeeper.

“Bang!Bang!”

The movements in the battle were quick and they constantly exerted sword technique. It was a close and intense battle.

After 138 moves, the gatekeeper had the upper hand over Zhang Ruochen. His sword penetrated Zhang Ruochen’s Divine Body Shield and the sword tip punctured him on the chest, where the heart is, leaving a bloody spot.

Actually, if the gatekeeper continued to attack, there was nothing he could do to Zhang Ruochen.

Zhang Ruochen’s heart was safeguarded by a Dragon Pearl. It was powerful enough to protect him from the gatekeeper’s sword.

But the gatekeeper did not know it. He thought that his sword would be able to rip through his heart.

The gatekeeper retracted the sword and said impassively, “You have failed the first breakthrough. You have a second chance to break through after two hours.”

Then, the gatekeeper drew back quickly and flew back to the stone wall, turning himself into a character again.

Zhang Ruochen looked at the blood spot in the position of his heart and smiled reluctantly. Although he was able to defend

the sword, it was undeniable that he had been defeated by the gatekeeper.

On the first of every month, there was only one chance to break through the first stage of the First Level Mountain.

On the first day of every month, there were three chances to break through the first stage of the Third-level Mountain.

During the battle with the gatekeeper, Zhang Ruochen was not badly hurt but he consumed a part of his Genuine Qi.

Anyway, he had two chances left. Zhang Ruochen was not anxious at all. Instead, he took Blood of Wood Spirit, sat cross-legged on the ground and began restoring the Genuine Qi.

Meanwhile, he spared some Spiritual Power to guard the burly man.

After all, he had offended many people in the Yin and Yang Sect. Qi Feiyu and Xu Changsheng might invite some masters to go against him. There is no harm in being careful.

“Quite cautious.”

The burly man chuckled and lightly lifted his hand, surging Zhang Ruochen’s Spiritual Power back forward which forced him to retreat over ten meters away. There is no way he could get close to the man.

Zhang Ruochen spent two hours restoring his Genuine Qi to its peak and used up his time to reflect on his battle.

In Qi Sea, he used Heart of the Sword to break down the gatekeeper’s each move, understanding its subtlety and searched for the flaws.

In just a few hours, Zhang Ruochen significantly improved his comprehension of Tao of the sword.

“Try to break it through again.”

Zhang Ruochen rose to his feet and strode toward the stone wall with piercing eyes.

This time, he fixed his eyes on the character, “Tian.” The gatekeeper flew out from the stone wall again.

They went on to fight without talking.

Zhang Ruochen did not take the initiative to attack, but simply responded to each move and kept scanning how the gatekeeper made his moves.

Soon, they had fought a hundred moves. Zhang Ruochen could still take in all the attacks and showed no signs of losing.

Next, two hundred moves, three hundred moves, four hundred moves...

When they had fought for over a thousand moves, the burly man standing beside finally changed countenance with an approval look on his face and said to himself, "He made significant progress in just two hours. This man's comprehension ability is too amazing. At this rate, even the second stage of the Third-level Mountain cannot stop him."

The winner between Zhang Ruochen and the gatekeeper was still not clear, even after two thousand moves.

However, Zhang Ruochen gave in first.

Again, Zhang Ruochen quickly drank some Blood of Wood Spirit to restore his Genuine Qi.

It took Zhang Ruochen two solid hours to restore his Genuine Qi and regain his peak.

He cast his eyes in the direction of the mountaintop and stared at the location of the Sword Pavilion. He took a deep breath and muttered to himself, "This time, I will win!"

Even the burly man was looking forward to it.

He would like to know what stage Lin Yue could heighten his strength to after this practice.

Could he defeat the gatekeeper?

Chapter 683 - Sunshine on the Summit of the Third-Level Mountain

Translator:

Transn

Editor:

Transn

Zhang Ruochen stood by the stone wall grasping the hilt of the Valley-water Sword. He pointed at the word “Heaven” on the top left-hand corner and said, “Let’s fight. This is my last try. See if your Tao of the sword is more powerful than mine!”

The writing soared out and turned into a human figure. Its hands were grasping a combat sword. The figure landed from the air and aimed a strike at Zhang Ruochen’s head.

In an instant, the scenery around Zhang Ruochen completely vanished. Columns of air gyrated upward and wrapped around him.

Above him, the huge combat sword struck down toward his head. An earthshaking tremor of Qi accompanied the strike, almost as if it was trying to cleave the earth.

“You’re just a Sword Comprehension. Do you think you can subdue me?”

Zhang Ruochen slashed his sword and drew a long arc in the air. The sword Qi broke through a column of wind that was blocking him in front.

The scenery around him became visible again. He was still standing at the foot of the Third-Level Mountain. Nothing had changed.

The only difference was that the gatekeeper attacking him was already at the top of his head.

“Sword One!”

Zhang Ruochen held his sword with both hands. His body and the sword merged into one, turning into a white streak of light. The light soared to the sky. With an incisive air, he attacked the gatekeeper.

CLANG! The swords clashed. Dense sword Qi surged out, whirling about everywhere.

Zhang Ruochen then hurtled down. His legs sunk deep into the ground up to his knees, surrounded by numerous fissures.

The gatekeeper also fell soon after.

It landed sideways on the ground with a deafening thud, creating a large, human-shaped crater. There was a hole the size of a bowl in its chest, emitting large quantities of holy light.

The body of the gatekeeper turned into numerous specks of light that then reconfigured to form a character on the stone wall.

“Breakthrough successful.”

A low voice sounded from within the stone wall.

The burly man was astonished. He had a feeling that Lin Yue would triumph on this try. He did not, however, expect him to kill the gatekeeper with a single strike.

He even suspected that Lin Yue had pretended to be weak during his first try.

How could any man make such great strides within just a few hours?

Clap! Clap!

The burly man clapped his hands. “You’re indeed a genius in the Tao of the sword. My eyes are opened. I’m a little curious, though. You could have easily defeated the gatekeeper. Why did you take three tries?”

Zhang Ruochen sheathed his Valley-water Sword. He stared at the burly man and said, “I can only tell you I did my best on

every try. A man can improve, but a gatekeeper will only ever be this strong.”

It was actually not surprising that Zhang Ruochen had defeated the gatekeeper with a single strike.

Although the gatekeeper had reached the ninth level of Sword One, his realm in the Tao of the sword was still in the Intermediate Stage of Heart Integrated into Sword. Zhang Ruochen, on the other hand, had reached the Advanced Stage.

Zhang Ruochen did not succeed on his first try because he lacked the necessary experience to fight top sword practitioners. He lost to the gatekeeper in just over 100 moves.

On his second try, Zhang Ruochen exchanged 2,000 moves with the gatekeeper. He accumulated much combat experience and also tried to probe its weakness.

The gatekeeper’s weakness?

The gatekeeper’s greatest weakness was the fact that it was not human. It was simply a whiff of sword consciousness. The gatekeeper knew only how to attack and defend, and had no variation in its moves. Or rather, its variations were very slow.

Zhang Ruochen pinpointed its weakness. Since he was more powerful than the gatekeeper, he managed to kill it with a single strike.

Zhang Ruochen obviously would not give the burly man the real reason. After explaining casually, he headed for the mountain path to continue up the Third-Level Mountain.

The revered Holy Land of all sword practitioners—the Sword Pavilion—was on the summit of the Third-Level Mountain.

Zhang Ruochen had high expectations of the Sword Pavilion.

“‘A man can improve, but a gatekeeper will only ever be this strong.’ He’s right. It makes sense.”

The burly man stared at Zhang Ruchen from behind and smiled faintly. He started climbing the Third-Level Mountain. Although he kept distance, he wanted to know how far Zhang Ruochen could go.

The second stage was midway up the mountain. As expected, it did not prove to be a hindrance to Zhang Ruochen.

After breaking through the second stage, Zhang Ruochen continued climbing. If he could overcome the “Force” of the Third-Level Mountain, he would reach its summit.

Like the first two mountains, the Third-Level Mountain was 9,000 meters high. Its Force, however, was several times more powerful than the last.

Even with his willpower, Zhang Ruochen found it extremely difficult to resist the Force.

After reaching a height of 7,000 meters, his eardrums started throbbing with pain. There was a humming noise in his ears all the time.

Each step weighed his body down by an extra 10 tons. His bones crackled and his spine bent almost as if it would break.

Zhang Ruochen eventually had to stop. He sat cross-legged on the ground and started running exercises from the Scripture of Emperor Ming’s Empyrean within his body. He tried his best to subdue the Force.

At this point, he discovered that the burly man was still trailing behind him. The man had stopped 30 meters away.

“This man can overcome the Force of the Third-Level Mountain so easily. Is he a Half-Saint?”

Zhang Ruochen soon shook his head.

The burly man’s cultivation was certainly unfathomable. However, he had clearly not cultivated a Divine Soul. He was still of the Fish-Dragon Realm.

Zhang Ruochen did not know that the burly man was even more astounded than he.

“The lad’s really something. He reached the 7,000-meter point of the Third-Level Mountain even when he’s still of the Fifth Change in the Fish-Dragon Realm. I did the same when I was of the Fifth Change. Is his willpower as strong as mine?”

The burly man had always been the most outstanding person in his age group and realm ever since he was young. He had always left the second best far behind.

Now, someone had emerged in his realm who could rival him. It naturally stimulated his eager desire to win.

“I’d like to see how far you can go.” The burly man smiled faintly and sat down in a cross-legged position as well. He waited patiently for Zhang Ruochen.

In the next few hours, Zhang Ruochen would stop every 100 meters. He would only continue after getting used to the Force.

Zhang Ruochen took six hours to finally reach the 8,000-meter point.

The burly man began to look extremely solemn.

The burly man’s face looked more and more serious as Zhang Ruochen climbed the mountain. Each step Zhang Ruochen took made the difference between them more pronounced.

The burly man was a very proud person. He enjoyed winning very much. He could not accept someone else as his superior in any way.

“Is he really that powerful?” The burly man wanted to pit himself against Zhang Ruochen. However, he held back this urge because he had already reached the Peak of the Ninth Change in the Fish-Dragon Realm.

It would not mean anything to win with a cultivation of the Ninth Change.

Zhang Ruochen climbed from day to night.

From night to dawn. The sun began to rise.

When the sun had finally risen, Zhang Ruochen took his final step. He had reached the summit of the Third-Level Mountain.

His Taoist robe was completely soaked in blood and sweat. His ears, nostrils, eyes and mouth were dripping with blood. He looked extremely gruesome.

It was impossible to imagine how much pain he had gone through. He reached the summit through his exceptional perseverance and focus. Now he stood in a position that others could only look at in awe.

It was a painful experience climbing the Third-Level Mountain, but if he had not withstood the pain, he would not be the first to see the rising sun!

Zhang Ruochen took a deep breath and spread out his arms. He was completely relaxed. Genial sunshine shone down on his body. He spoke with a deep sense of enjoyment. “This is a wonderful feeling.”

After running exercises around his body, he took in the Heaven and Earth Spiritual Qi. The pain in his body gradually subsided. A refreshing feeling took over, an experience that he had never had before.

“This guy...”

The burly man had reached the summit. He glanced at Zhang Ruochen, not knowing what to say.

All of a sudden, Zhang Ruochen opened his eyes and stared at the burly man. He could not suppress his curiosity. “Who are you, really?”

The burly man said, “Can’t you guess?”

Zhang Ruochen said, “As far as I know, only Gai Tianjiao can reach the summit of the Third-Level Mountain while still of the Fish-Dragon Realm. I’m sure you are not her.”

“Why not?” The burly man laughed with a calm, unfazed air.

“Although I haven’t seen Gai Tianjiao before, I’ve heard many stories about her. I know she’s a woman—an exceptionally beautiful woman,” Zhang Ruochen said.

The burly man had a look of deep enjoyment. He nodded and said, “Gai Tianjiao is the first of the four beauties of the Yin and Yang Sect. She’s certainly very beautiful. If you keep praising her, you might get into her good books.”

Seeing as the burly man would not identify himself, Zhang Ruochen quit asking questions and went to the third Holy

Spring instead.

Since the burly man was beside him, Zhang Ruochen could not use his Spatial Ring to collect the Holy Water. He would certainly be discovered.

If he were to collect only a small gourd of Holy Spring water, however, it would help him only a little in the Tao of the sword.

Zhang Ruochen decided to practice by the third Holy Spring. He would try to break into the Completion of Sword One.

He sat cross-legged by the Holy Spring and drank his first gourd of Holy Water.

“Swoosh!”

In his Qi Sea, the three Sword Comprehensions surrounded the Heart of the Sword and started surging. A tremendous roar sounded like that from a tumultuous river. The noise reverberated within Zhang Ruochen’s ears and body. No Monk outside could hear it.

After drinking the first gourd of Holy Water, Zhang Ruochen’s wounds healed. The scabs fell off and his skin became as tender as a baby’s. It was as if his body had been thoroughly remolded.

After taking his second gourd of Holy Water, Zhang Ruochen started practicing the sword on the summit of the Third-Level Mountain.

He tried comprehending the mysteries of Sword One while practicing. At the same time, he was digesting the power of the Holy Water.

After he drank his third gourd of Holy Water, his sword moves gradually slowed down. Each move became more profound and concentrated. His sword moves blended with the laws of Heaven and Earth, and their power increased tremendously.

A Taoist priest of about forty strolled out from the Sword Pavilion.

He had a cyan beard and looked quite cultivated. He was supporting a terracotta teapot in his hands and looked at ease.

He walked over to the burly man and stopped beside him.

His eyes were fixed on Zhang Ruochen executing the sword moves. His brows went up. “Not bad. Another genius of the Tao of the sword has emerged. He has reached the summit of the Third-Level Mountain and the Sword Pavilion on his own strength. Who’s the boy, Tianjiao?”

Chapter 684 - Mastering All Ten Levels of Sword One

Translator:

Transn

Editor:

Transn

If Zhang Ruochen had heard the middle-aged priest address the burly man, he would have been extremely astonished

Tianjiao?

Could this brawny man really be Gao Tianjiao, the first of the Yin and Yang Sect's four beauties?

Could anyone tell she was a beauty?

No way.

There was no way anyone could even tell she was a woman.

Zhang Ruochen's attention was completely focused on his sword techniques. He was no longer aware of his surroundings or even himself. He was unaware that the priest had arrived.

Gao Tianjiao saluted the priest with hands folded. Her eyes turned once more to Zhang Ruochen, who was displaying his sword moves.

She gave him a look of admiration. "Senior Brother Zhou, this is Lin Yue. He's a disciple of the Long-living Yard. His comprehension ability and perseverance surpass everyone's I've seen."

"An outstanding genius in the Tao of the sword has emerged on the eve of the Sword Technique Conference. It is our greatest honor."

The Taoist priest was Zhou Ping. He was Gai Tianjiao's senior brother apprentice and the seventh disciple of the Moon-burier

Sword Saint, one of the Three Great Sword Saints of the Eastern Region.

Gao Tianjiao was also one of Moon-burier Sword Saint's personal disciples. She was his ninth.

Zhou Ping carefully observed Zhang Ruochen's sword techniques. His deep-set eyes shone with extraordinary brilliance. "He is indeed a highly gifted sword practitioner. He must have reached the Advanced Stage of the Heart Integrated into Sword. If only he had made his appearance three years ago!"

"It's true, he turned up a little late. And there's less than half a year until the Sword Technique Conference. Even if we try our best to nurture him, he can only master the ten levels of Sword One to the Completion. He still wouldn't be able to match the sword heroes nurtured by the Four Symbols Sect, Bagua Sect, or the Taiji Sect headquarters."

Worry clouded Gao Tianjiao's eyes.

Zhou Ping sighed lightly, tapping the terra cotta teapot with his knuckle. His eyes gleamed with keenness. "So long as we try our best, it's good enough. It would be great if we could keep the Sword Pavilion. If not, we can try again in a century."

Although Zhou Ping said this quite nonchalantly, Gao Tianjiao could hear he was unwilling to give up.

No sword practitioner from the Yin and Yang Sect would take this lying down.

The Sword Pavilion had at one time been situated at the Taiji Sect headquarters. 500 years ago, senior warriors from the Yin and Yang Sect had managed to win the Sword Pavilion thanks to an outstanding display of power during a Sword Technique Conference. They defeated the headquarters, the Four Symbols Sect and Bagua Sect in the process.

If the Sword Pavilion was to be lost at their hands, how could they face the past heroes of their Suzerain?

Suddenly, Zhou Ping expressed slight surprise and his eyes shone with fervor. "The lad's Sword Comprehension is getting

more and more powerful. Even with the help of the Holy Spring, he couldn't have progressed so fast.”

Gao Tianjiao noticed this too and she made a daring supposition. “They say that he managed to earn three Sword Comprehensions from our Patriarchs during the coronation ceremony.”

“Is he using the Sword Comprehensions and the Holy Spring to try to complete all tens levels of Sword One?”

“If that's true, then... ”

Zhou Ping and Gao Tianjiao looked at each other, their faces flushing with joy.

If Lin Yue could complete all ten levels of Sword One, he would be the Yin and Yang Sect's ray of light.

Zhou Ruochen had already drunk eight gourds of Holy Water. His Sword Comprehension was growing rapidly. It was now several times faster than the normal rate, imploding inside him every instant.

Zhang Ruochen drank his ninth gourd of Holy Water and was soon engulfed in a dazzling body of kaleidoscopic light.

However, the sword techniques he displayed had become slower.

A closer look revealed a strange phenomenon.

Everyone could see his sword moves clearly, but no one could predict his next move.

In the time it took to inhale and exhale one breath, Zhang Ruochen had only displayed a single sword move. He was agonizingly slow. One had to wonder if such a slow move could even harm an opponent.

Sometimes, he would stop and stand still, looking dazed and somewhat confused.

An entire day and night passed. The speed with which he executed his sword moves became slower and slower. It later took him more than ten breaths to execute a single move.

Zhou Ping's expression was solemn. He stroked his beard. "He's on the verge of breaking through but has met a bottleneck. Go and attack him, Tianjiao. You may well be helping him out."

"Very well."

Gao Tianjiao stretched out her left hand. A fire ball appeared on her palm.

Slowly, a golden Holy Sword materialized in the center of the fire ball.

The golden Holy Sword was cast out of golden crow dark steel. It merged into Gao Tianjiao's left arm, making it more resilient than a Holy Weapon.

The golden Holy Sword was like a whip with a sharp tip. Its blade, however, resembled a stick of bamboo.

"Swoosh!"

The golden Holy Sword was exposed to the air. It gave off a scorching heat. The temperature of the air soared to several times its original temperature. One could sense minute changes around.

Gao Tianjiao was alarmingly fast. She rushed out with her sword and aimed a stab at Zhang Ruochen's abdomen.

Her sword was so fast it exceeded the speed of sound. The air resounded with ear-deafening crackles.

Gao Tianjiao did not hold back. She looked like she really wanted Zhang Ruochen dead.

Zhang Ruochen of course could sense the great danger. The hair on his body stood on end. The Genuine Qi inside his body accelerated to ten times its original speed.

His Sword Comprehension, hovering below the bottleneck, surged up under the threat of death. It broke through the final tenth level of Sword One and reached the Completion.

Sword One. Completed.

Zhang Ruochen's entire body shook once and the Qi around him changed.

“BOOM!”

He did not open his eyes. He was dependent entirely on his instincts, grasping onto his sword hilt. His body had merged completely with his sword. The extraordinary Qi in his body had turned into a sword radiance that hurtled toward Gao Tianjiao.

“Indeed, my attack did him good.”

Zhang Ruochen had finally broken through the realm. Gao Tianjiao gave a satisfied smile. She dissipated her energy and retracted the golden Holy Sword into her left arm.

Other Monks would find it difficult to recall their swords with such ease. Their power would surely rebound on themselves. Even Zhang Ruochen could not do it with her level of precision.

Zhang Ruochen saw Gao Tianjiao recall her sword but he could not do the same.

The tip of the Valley-water Sword was about to enter her chest.

“PING!”

The Valley-water Sword, a twelfth level Genuine Martial Arms, did not pierce through her as expected. A metallic clang sounded as its tip hit her, emitting fierce sparks.

A powerful masculine force, hotter than a scorching flame, poured out from Gao Tianjiao’s body. It sent Zhang Ruochen flying back.

With a loud clang, the Valley-water Sword broke in two.

Zhang Ruochen’s right arm was dripping with blood. The bone inside had fractured into three pieces. He could not lift his arm.

Gao Tianjiao, on the other hand, was still standing in place, completely still. She seemed thoroughly unfazed, staring at him with a faint smile. “The Sword One skill you displayed wasn’t too bad. It broke through my Divine Body Shield.”

What use was it to break through her Divine Body Shield?

He had not hurt her at all.

Zhang Ruochen bore the pain and stared at his left arm. He glanced at the broken sword and thought back about that powerful force. He was stunned. “Are you not a Half-Saint?”

Zhang Ruochen had already completed all ten levels of Sword One. With his full power, even a Saintly Being at the Ninth Change of the Fish-Dragon Realm would need to fear him.

Yet, his powerful strike had not hurt the burly woman opposite him at all.

On the contrary, Zhang Ruochen suffered a serious injury. The bone in his right arm had fractured and he was unable to lift it.

Gao Tianjiao smiled. “You don’t need to be so surprised. My physical quality is quite unique. In the past 10 years, I have integrated seven Holy Weapons into my body. They have merged with my blood and bones.

“Your strike may be strong, but it rebounded thanks to the power of my Holy Weapons.”

“I see.” Zhang Ruochen sighed with some relief.

Half-Saints aside, Zhang Ruochen did not suppose anyone could withstand his Sword One.

He asked no more. Instead, he sat cross-legged by the Holy Spring, healing himself after taking some injury pills.

Two hours later, his arm no longer bothered him.

Its surface injury had healed completely.

When he got up again, the burly woman was still standing where she had been before. The priest, however, had left.

“Where did the senior go?” Zhang Ruochen asked.

Although Zhang Ruochen had only taken a quick glance at the priest, he could see that he possessed a Divine Soul. An extraordinary Qi emanated from his body. He must be a Half-Saint Patriarch.

Gai Tianjiao’s finger pointed to the distance, toward the Whitestone Sacred Cliff. “He is one of the Sword Holders of

the Sword Pavilion. He left while you were treating your injury. Well, don't you want to look inside the Sword Pavilion?"

The summit of the Three-Level Mountain was amazingly expansive. The 1,000-meter tall Whitestone Sacred Cliff stood in the distance. The cliff face was extremely smooth. It looked polished and translucent and glowed with a lovely holy light.

Standing next to the Holy Spring, one could feel a wave of power emanating from the Whitestone Sacred Cliff. It gave one a sense of veneration.

A lofty ancient pagoda stood at the top of the cliff.

The pagoda was surrounded by clouds and mist. Nearly 10,000 swords could be seen swirling around it like specks of light.

Zhang Ruochen glanced at the ancient pagoda at the top of the cliff. His eyes shone with longing. "So that's the top ranked Holy Land of sword practitioners, the Sword Pavilion?"

Gai Tianjiao nodded. Her eyes shone with reverence as well. "That's right."

All Monks who wielded a sword could appreciate the Sword Pavilion.

You might not gain access into the place, but to genuflect to the Pavilion from a distance was still very satisfying.

Chapter 685 - A Single Ray of Light

Translator:

Transn

Editor:

Transn

Zhang Ruochen looked at Gao Tianjiao and asked curiously, “As far as I know, the Sword Pavilion has been at the Taiji Sect headquarters since ancient times. When did it move to the Yin and Yang Sect?”

Taiji Sect was one of the Three Sects. Its headquarters were in Tiantai State of the Central Region.

The Sword Pavilion was not a mere pavilion. It housed the heritage of Taiji Sect’s previous sword practitioners. It was also the world’s most complete library of sword manuals, there were thousands of them.

The Sword Pavilion thus represented the Taiji Sect’s heritage in the Tao of the sword.

Taiji Sect had the best Tao of the sword within the whole Kunlun’s Field.

Zhang Ruochen could not understand why they had allowed their Sword Pavilion to be moved elsewhere.

Gai Tianjiao said, “That’s because someone supporting the Yin and Yang Sect undermined the Taiji Sect.”

Gai Tianjiao spoke casually, but Zhang Ruochen understood at once.

Only one person could control the fates of the Yin and Yang Sect and the Taiji Sect—the Empress of the First Central Empire.

Try and imagine how powerful an alliance between the Taiji Sect and its three major branches—the Yin and Yang Sect, the Four Symbols Sect and the Bagua Sect—would be.

How could Chi Yao ever permit such an alliance?

800 years ago, the Taiji Sect had been the foremost power within Kunlun's Field. Its strength and influence exceeded that of both the Sacred Central Empire and the Qingchi Central Empire.

500 years ago, the imperial army had stormed into the Taiji Sect headquarters. Although the Sect was then at the peak of its power, it was badly weakened after the battle. Many Saints died.

Even so, the Taiji Sect managed to recuperate thanks to its powerful background and historical legacy. Within a few dozen years, it had developed into a mighty force once again.

When Empress Chi Yao ascended the throne, she at first supported the Confucian Sect and undermined the Taiji Sect.

Later, she employed devious methods by greatly supporting the three main branches of the Taiji Sect—the Yin and Yang Sect, the Four Symbols Sect, and the Bagua Sect. She stirred up conflicts between the headquarters and its branches.

Encouraged by the imperial court, the three main branches made a clean break. The Taiji Sect was no longer able to enjoy the esteem of its heyday.

At least for now, Empress Chi Yao was the real ruler of Kunlun's Field. Even the Taiji Sect headquarters had to listen to her. They didn't dare to disobey her orders.

Empress Chi Yao's methods were indeed tenacious and extreme. She had managed to establish control over the oldest and largest organization of Kunlun's Field within a matter of centuries.

An array had been set up on the summit of the Third-Level Mountain. It could ward off the powerful Force of the Ancient Gods Mountain.

Gao Tianjiao's status was rather special. She arrived just outside the array with Zhang Ruochen. A faint circle of light soon appeared on the ground, morphing into a portal.

Zhang Ruochen and Gai Tianjiao stepped into the light portal and entered an area guarded by the array. It was at the edge of a White Stone Square.

The White Stone Square was very large. 3,000 meters both in length and width, it could accommodate up to 10,000 people. With such a large capacity, it was never crowded.

The floor was covered with 30-centimeter thick granite tiles. One could see the Inscription of Array rippling on its surface.

Zhang Ruochen used all his strength and stomped on the floor. The power from his feet was instantly dissipated by the Array. The ensuing ripples disappeared into the floor.

Gai Tianjiao glanced at Zhang Ruochen and smiled. "Empress Chi Yao has issued a decree. The winning Sect in the Sword Technique Conference will keep the Sword Pavilion for the next 100 years. It doesn't matter if it's the Taiji Sect headquarters, the Yin and Yang Sect, the Four Symbols Sect, or the Bagua Sect."

Zhang Ruochen was rather affected. He had not expected Chi Yao would resort to such underhand methods. "They say that the Sword Pavilion holds the world's most complete collection of sword manuals. Whoever wins the Sword Pavilion will be astoundingly powerful for the next 100 years.

"But in order to win the Sword Pavilion, the Three Sects have to really battle it out against the headquarters."

Gai Tianjiao said, "In the past few centuries, there have been four Sword Technique Conferences. Geniuses from our Sect have always emerged at every Conference. They defeated contenders from the headquarters, the Four Symbols Sect and the Bagua Sect again and again. That's why we've managed to hold on to the Sword Pavilion thus far.

"The Yin and Yang Sect is now as powerful as the headquarters because we've held on to the Sword Pavilion and managed to develop over the past centuries.

“However, there are a few differences in this coming Sword Technique Conference.”

Zhang Ruochen quickly asked, “What differences?”

Gai Tianjiao answered, “According to our intelligence, many geniuses have emerged from the headquarters, the Four Symbols Sect, and the Bagua Sect. They have completed all ten levels of Sword One and even many levels of Sword Two.

“In addition to the headquarters and its three branches, many young sword heroes have emerged from other Suzerains as well. They are all world famous—like the young master of Fragrance City, Xue Wuye, or Sui Han from the Confucian Qin Sect.

“Nothing like this has ever happened before. You should know that Monks cannot really comprehend the Holy Road while they are still in the Fish-Dragon Realm. Their comprehension level is still fairly low. It’s almost impossible for anyone to reach the Completion of Sword One in that realm. But a number of gifted practitioners have emerged in the last few decades.”

Zhang Ruochen said with a smile, “But the Yin and Yang Sect has always been the top contending Sect in the Kunlun’s Field, when judged by their achievements in the Tao of the sword. They should fear no one. I believe our Sect has already made adequate preparations.”

Gai Tianjiao shook her head. “It’s true that the Yin and Yang Sect has nurtured three supreme talents in the Tao of the sword. They were expected to shine during the Sword Technique Conference. But... the task of defending the Sword Pavilion is arduous and these three people are no longer up to the task.”

“Why not?” Zhang Ruochen asked.

“The first person betrayed the Yin and Yang Sect. To be more precise, he wasn’t from the Yin and Yang Sect at all, he was a spy from the Four Symbols Sect. He cunningly earned our trust and used the resources in the Sword Pavilion to master all ten levels of Sword One to the Completion.”

A raging, murderous look flashed across Gai Tianjiao's face. "By the time we discovered his identity, he had fled back to the Four Symbols Sect. Some say that he has mastered a few levels of Sword Two as well."

"The Four Symbols Sect is indeed rather crafty," Zhang Ruochen commented. "They used the Yin and Yang Sect's resources to nurture their own disciple, then make him contend for the Sword Pavilion against our Sect."

"If I meet him again, I will kill him myself." Gai Tianjiao snorted coldly.

Zhang Ruochen asked again, "What about the second person?"

Gai Tianjiao held her hands behind her back and stared into the distance. "The second person... well, you know her as well. Qi Feiyu. The Yin and Yang Sect spent a great fortune trying to nurture her even before she was born. They drove a Heart of the Sword into her body, so she was of the Heart Integrated into Sword realm at birth.

"With an innate advantage and serious nurturing by her family and the Yin and Yang Sect, her Tao of the sword should have reached unbelievable heights by now.

"But as of yet, she still hasn't mastered all ten levels of Sword One. If we let her represent our Sect at the Sword Technique Conference, wouldn't we be mocked for having no talents?"

Zhang Ruochen frowned slightly. He knew Qi Feiyu well enough to understand she was quite gifted. With such intensive nurturing by the Sect and the Qis, she ought to have done better.

Qi Feiyu did not look like a mediocre talent.

Of course, Qi Feiyu was not really mediocre at all. She had reached the Eighth Change of the Fish-Dragon Realm and the seventh level of Sword One at a very young age. She was actually quite outstanding.

Perhaps everyone expected too much from her. That was why the difference disappointed them.

Zhang Ruochen said, “Isn’t there someone else, the extraordinarily gifted Gai Tianjiao? She has been called the foremost talent from our Sect in the last 10,000 years. If she attends, she may save the situation and help us keep the Sword Pavilion.”

Gai Tianjiao laughed and waved her hand. “She’s not good enough. Although she has mastered all ten levels of Sword One to the Completion, that’s the limit of her cultivation. There’s a wide gap between her cultivation and that traitor’s. She cannot defeat the other sword geniuses either. Gao Tianjiao’s gifts are in her fist and palm techniques, not in the Tao of the sword. She can beat an ordinary Half-Saint there.”

Zhang Ruochen glanced at Gai Tianjiao and smiled. “If all three of them can’t make it, there’s still you too, right?”

“Me?”

Gai Tianjiao had a strange expression on her face, as if she was holding back a smile.

Zhang Ruochen continued, “If I’m not wrong, you have mastered all ten levels of Sword One to the Completion.”

Gai Tianjiao turned away immediately and strode over to the altar in the middle of the square. She was trying to hide her facial expression. “My Tao of the sword is greatly flawed. If I attend the Conference, we will be utterly crushed.

“The Yin and Yang Sect is in a perilous position in the coming Sword Technique Conference. You are our single ray of hope.”

“Me?”

Zhang Ruochen smiled and asked, “Aren’t you thinking too highly of me?”

“It doesn’t matter if I look up toward or down upon you. You are simply the best young talent to have emerged from our Sect in the Tao of the Sword at the moment. Although you’ve made your appearance a little late, I’m sure you will make great strides in the coming months once we nurture you intensively. Your comprehension ability is superb.”

Gai Tianjiao stopped walking and turned around. She threw a glance at Zhang Ruochen. “As a disciple of the Yin and Yang Sect, don’t you want to do something for our Sect?”

Zhang Ruochen was not averse to the Sword Technique Conference. He had indeed gained many benefits from the Yin and Yang Sect. He would certainly do his best to help if he could.

Maybe it was because Emperor Ming had once been a disciple of the Yin and Yang Sect.

As such, Zhang Ruochen felt a real sense of belonging here.

Zhang Ruochen did not agree to her request at once. He said, “Let’s wait until the end of the sword contests before I make my decision.”

Gai Tianjiao said contemptuously, “You are already in the top ten of the Eighth Change of the Fish-Dragon Realm. There’s no need for you to take part in the rankings. It’s more important for you to practice the Tao of the sword. Even if you come out on top, what do you gain but a little extra fame?”

“If you really want to make your mark, wouldn’t it be better to do it during the Sword Technique Conference? Cast your mind back. Didn’t the Sword Emperor become famous during a Sword Technique Conference? Don’t you want to be the second Sword Emperor?”

Zhang Ruochen said, “What you say makes sense.”

“If you have made your decision, I will bring you to see the Moon-burier Sword Saint. In the coming months, he and the nine Sword Holders will do their best to nurture you. You can make use of whatever resources you like from our Sect,” Gao Tianjiao said.

Zhang Ruochen cast his eye on the huge altar in the middle of the square. He seemed to be pondering. “In other words, if I make a promise, I can remain at the summit of the Third-Level Mountain and visit the Sword Pavilion whenever I please? And I can study all the sword manuals in the Sword Pavilion?”

“That goes without saying.”

Gai Tianjiao continued, “You can even peruse the Wordless Sword Manual if you like. Think about it seriously. A chance like this doesn’t come along all the time.”

Chapter 686 - Moon-burier Half-Saint

Translator:

Transn

Editor:

Transn

Being able to practice for several months in the Sword Pavilion was every sword practitioner's dream.

However, Zhang Ruochen did not dare to do this.

Although he was now at the Fifth Change of the Fish-Dragon Realm and despite having cultivated a second holy meridian, his Holy Qi could only maintain his disguise for five days at a time.

After five days, he would take on his original appearance.

The Moon-burier Sword Saint was not alone in guarding the Pavilion. He was helped by the nine Sword Holders. Several highly cultivated sword practitioners in the Half-Saint realm were also secluding themselves there for practice, in a bid to improve their realms.

If Zhang Ruochen stayed in the Sword Pavilion for more than a few months, his true identity would be discovered.

It was a huge loss for him to have to give up this opportunity.

After careful consideration, Zhang Ruochen said, "I can promise to represent the Yin and Yang Sect during the coming Sword Technique Conference. I'm also looking forward to practicing in the Sword Pavilion. But I have one condition. I wonder if the Sect will agree?"

Gao Tianjiao's face lit up. "So long as your condition isn't too unreasonable, I'm sure His Excellency the Sword Saint will

agree. Of course, you must earn his approval first. Let's go and meet him!"

Zhang Ruochen turned his head and glanced at the altar in the middle of the square. Then, he climbed Whitestone Sacred Cliff with Gao Tianjiao and walked toward the lofty pavilion.

He wanted to investigate the Heaven and Earth Altar and uncover its secrets.

After careful consideration, he concluded that he did not need to rush to investigate. If he earned the Moon-burier Sword Saint's approval, he would have many opportunities in the future.

After practicing for some time, Zhang Ruochen had finally reached a higher realm in his Change of 36 Forms. He had more control over his aura, flesh, bones, and Martial Soul. His control was now extremely precise. If he was careful enough, he could conceal his identity from the Moon-burier Sword Saint.

The Sword Pavilion looked like a tower. In fact, it was a very powerful Holy Weapon. Its defense and attack power far exceeded an ordinary man's imagination.

Standing at the foot of the Sword Pavilion, Zhang Ruochen found it difficult to breathe even with his current level of cultivation. The ancient, saintly and very keen aura forced even Half-Saints to approach the place with a bow.

Its ground level door was open. White vapor poured out from the door, forming a misty bridge. Above the bridge, white, cyan and blue swords soared in the air and swooshing sounds swirled about.

Gai Tianjiao gave the Sword Pavilion three bows and then walked through the mist.

Zhang Ruochen did the same, following behind her.

After coming through the door, the scene greeting Zhang Ruochen changed at once. He had entered a large palace.

The palace was square shaped with each side spanning 300 meters. It was supported by ten golden pillars. Its floor was

inlaid with gold tiles, and its surrounding walls were made of white jade.

There were countless bookshelves, full of sword manuals of every kind.

“Wenxin Sword Technique.”

“Pure Spring Sword Manual.”

...

There were not only sword manuals in paper form but also iron scrolls. Other manuals were inscribed on jade stones, tortoise shells, and bones. These writings were very ancient.

Gai Tianjiao saw Zhang Ruochen’s astonished expression.

“There are 72 rooms on the first level. 36 of them contain rare sword manuals, as well as interpretations written by past sword practitioners.

“The other 36 rooms are rather cluttered. Some house renowned swords, others Sacred Glyphs. Still others store treasures that can help one comprehend sword techniques. Certain rooms are used as retreats for our sword practitioners.

“The room we are occupying now is ‘Qing Room 1.’”

Zhang Ruochen’s eyes turned to the wall. He saw the raised words “Qing One” on its surface.

“Isn’t the first level of the Sword Pavilion a bit too big?” he asked.

If all 72 rooms in the Sword Pavilion were as large as “Qing Room 1”, the space allotted to the first level had to be huge indeed.

Obviously, the Sword Pavilion was a Space-Time treasure with a vast internal space.

Zhang Ruochen had noticed this the moment he stepped into the Sword Pavilion.

The reason he pretended to be baffled and posed his question was that he wanted to be seen as a normal person. What kind of normal person would not be surprised by a Space-Time treasure?

Gai Tianjiao led the way. “The Sword Pavilion is not a simple tower. We are only on the first level. The second level occupies an area several times larger than the first.”

Zhang Ruochen observed the place carefully. He realized that time also passed differently on the first level compared to the outside world.

When two days passed inside the Pavilion, only one day passed in the external world.

Of course, only Zhang Ruochen would notice such time variations.

“No wonder the Taiji Sect Headquarters and the Three Sects are all vying for the Sword Pavilion. The time variation inside the Pavilion can make an extremely powerful Sect twice as powerful within a century.”

On the first level, a sword practitioner had twice as much time.

What about the second level?

And the third?

Zhang Ruochen gathered his thoughts and tried to remain calm. He followed Gao Tianjiao to Qing Room 18.

Qing Room 18 was another 300-meter square palace. In its center a round pillar supported a raised platform.

A cultivated-looking man of 50 odd years sat cross-legged on the platform. He was robed in purple and his skin was very fair. A purple and gold Taoist cap bound the violet hair on his head.

Simply by sitting cross-legged on the platform, he was absorbing all the light and heat from the heaven and the earth. He seemed to be the center of the universe, causing everything else in the palace to pale in comparison.

This man was the Moon-burier Sword Saint, one of the Three Great Sword Saints of the Eastern Region.

“Our respects to the Sword Saint.”

Both Gai Tianjiao and Zhang Ruochen bowed.

The Moon-burier Sword Saint opened his eyes, revealing purple irises that gleamed with brilliance. He sized the two people before him up and smiled. “No need for such ceremony. Take a seat first.”

Gai Tianjiao and Zhang Ruochen sat cross-legged on the cushions on his left and right.

Only now did Zhang Ruochen raise his head to glance at the Moon-burier Sword Saint above him. He heaved a secret sigh of relief.

There was no man on the platform. The figure was merely a mass of Qi.

The Moon-burier Sword Saint’s true body was not here physically.

The Moon-burier Sword Saint’s eyes gazed intently at Zhang Ruochen like two sharp swords. He smiled. “Lin Yue, I hear that you earned three Sword Comprehensions from our Patriarchs during the coronation ceremony. You really look like the favored son they claimed you to be. No wonder even Patriarch Taiyi thinks highly of you.”

Zhang Ruochen quickly said, “You flatter me, Sir.”

“An overly modest person can’t be a sword practitioner,” the Moon-burier Sword Saint said. “A sword practitioner needs an unyielding, penetrative aura. Only then can he break through all the hurdles.”

Gai Tianjiao saluted the Moon-burier Sword Saint with hands folded. “Master, do you think Junior Brother Lin Yue is capable of taking on the great responsibility?”

“There’s no more suitable candidate than him. In my opinion, he’s a talent born for the sword.” The Moon-burier Sword Saint was wearing a smile.

A talent born for the sword!

Gai Tianjiao was fairly stunned. She had not foreseen such high appraisal from the Sword Saint. His short assessment could easily make Lin Yue famous throughout the Eastern Region.

The Moon-burier Sword Saint's eyes glittered like two bright stars. "Lin Yue, are you willing to be my disciple and represent the Yin and Yang Sect in the coming Sword Technique Conference?"

If you were the Moon-burier Sword Saint's disciple, you could pretty much do anything you wanted to in the Sect. Who wouldn't give the Sword Saint face?

Sword Saints were known to be extremely picky when they chose their disciples. They would consider many factors.

The Moon-burier Sword Saint had merely taken a glance at Zhang Ruochen and made this decision. It was a very rare thing to do. Even Gao Tianjiao was surprised. She could not understand why he was doing this.

Zhang Ruochen himself was also rather surprised. He stood up at once and gave the Moon-burier Sword Saint a bow. "I'm most grateful for your kindness, Sir. But as I already have a Master, I don't think I can be your disciple. However, as a disciple of the Yin and Yang Sect, I will be most willing to attend the Sword Conference and represent our Sect. I will do my best to defend the Sword Pavilion." ...

No Monk, from the weakest to the strongest, should have only one Master.

The purpose of being apprenticed was to learn.

Only someone who had mastered the strengths of various schools and comprehended their martial techniques would do well on the Holy Road.

However, Zhang Ruochen was already Sword Saint Xuanji's disciple. The latter was of equal esteem with the Moon-burier Sword Saint. It would be disrespectful to his first teacher to take the Moon-burier Sword Saint as a master as well.

If he did that, would he not be implying that Sword Saint Xuanji was inferior to the Moon-burier Sword Saint?

Although Zhang Ruochen's identity now was "Lin Yue" and no one knew he was Sword Saint Xuanji's disciple, he would never do anything disrespectful to his Master.

It would only be acceptable if the two Masters had a wide gap in their cultivation. Or if they were both exceptionally powerful, in very different ways.

These were the only reasons a Monk could take different Masters and avoid criticism.

The Moon-burier Sword Saint narrowed his eyes. He obviously had not expected Lin Yue to refuse the chance to become a Sword Saint's disciple. He started to laugh.

If Patriarch Taiyi had not picked Lin Yue out in person, the Moon-burier Sword Saint would not have chosen him as a disciple either.

"I know that you are Half-saint Zixia's disciple. But you must know he will be happy if you are under me. He certainly won't blame you." The Moon-burier Sword Saint was smiling.

Zhang Ruochen said, "I won't take another person as my Master unless I have surpassed my first in cultivation."

Although Lin Yue had rejected him, the Moon-burier Sword Saint did not pressure him to accept. "Very well! It's good for you to have some principles. And a sword practitioner really ought to stick to their principles."

Chapter 687 - Notes on Sword Two

Translator:

Transn

Editor:

Transn

“From today onward, you may stay secluded at the Sword Pavilion to cultivate and refine your Sword Two skills to reach the Yin-Yang Chaos realm, hopefully before the ninth day of the ninth month,” said the Moon-burier Sword Saint. “Please feel free to consult the nine Sword Holders or myself, if you come across anything you don’t understand.”

Zhang Ruochen immediately stood up and bowed to him, saying, “Sword saint, I will agree to represent the Yin and Yang Sect in the Sword Technique Conference on one condition.”

“Please,” said Moon-burier Sword Saint.

Zhang Ruochen said, “I do not wish to practice at the Sword Pavilion.”

Gai Tianjiao looked puzzled. She stood up, about to inquire further.

Many would be stunned to hear Zhang Ruochen reject the Moon-burier Sword Saint’s offer for him to become his disciple, but the majority of people could still accept this.

However, he had just rejected the Moon-burier Sword Saint yet again. This time on his offer for Zhang Ruochen to practice in the Sword Pavilion. Did he not know that many were dying to have the opportunity to practice in the Sword Pavilion, even just once? Yet they were not given the opportunity.

The Moon-burier Sword Saint immediately gestured for Gai Tianjiao to sit down, then turned to Zhang Ruochen with a

puzzled look, saying, “But why? You have to be aware that there are various sword manuals and bountiful resources in the Sword Pavilion, moreover you can consult with the nine Sword Holders here.”

“One more thing you may not be aware of is that the time you spend practicing in the first level of the Sword Pavilion is double compared to the outside world. By extension, the second level of the Sword Pavilion will provide you with triple the time compared to the external world. Based on the realm you have reached in the Tao of sword now, you may practice in the second level of the Sword Pavilion.”

“By practicing in the Sword Pavilion, you might still stand a chance of reaching the ‘Yin-Yang Chaos’ realm of Sword Two by the ninth day of the ninth month. However, if you don’t practice here, there’s no way you will reach it.”

Zhang Ruochen had a determined look in his eyes. “My heart is not here.” This statement made the Moon-burier Sword Saint want to laugh and cry at the same time.

“Are you thinking that we are trying to lock you up here by letting you practice in the Sword Pavilion?” The Moon-burier Sword Saint let out a bellowing laugh.

Zhang Ruochen replied, “If a sword practitioner’s heart is bound, the speed of his practice and cultivation will be impeded regardless of how bountiful the external resources are. Don’t you think the state of mind of the sword practitioner is of utmost importance, sword saint?”

Although the Moon-burier Sword Saint thought Zhang Ruochen’s reasoning was somewhat stretched, he had no idea how to respond.

Zhang Ruochen had rightly pointed out that the state of mind was of utmost importance. All other external resources were complimentary.

The higher a person’s level of cultivation, the better he was able to comprehend this.

However, the same words proceeding from the mouth of a youth was somehow much less unconvincing.

Could such a young sword practitioner have reached such a realm?

Seeing that Zhang Ruochen had already attained such a level of comprehension, the Moon-burier Sword Saint thought it wise not to press him further. After a moment of pondering, he tossed a palm-sized token to Zhang Ruochen. “If that is the case, please take this sword token. With this token, you can enter and leave the Ancient Gods Mountain freely. You are welcome to practice in the Sword Pavilion anytime.”

Zhang Ruochen caught the token in his hand. As he looked at it, he realized that the word ‘sword’ was protruding on the surface of the token.

The token seemed to contain a forceful Saint Power. It was as if there was a river within it.

“With the sword token, you may enter and leave the Ancient Gods Mountain as you wish.” This rule clearly implied that the sword token was of great significance.

Zhang Ruochen kept the sword token, took a bow and said, “Thank you sword saint for granting my wishes.”

The Moon-burier Sword Saint smiled and said, “You set your condition, I will too. Every month from today onwards, you must come into the Sword Pavilion for cultivation for at least nine days. This is not too much ask, is it?”

“Not at all,” answered Zhang Ruochen.

“On the first level of the Sword Pavilion, there are a number of scrolls. They are notes left behind by deceased sages who attained Sword Two. You may borrow them to have a look. I believe they will be very helpful to you.”

Once he had finished instructing them, the Moon-burier Sword Saint sent Zhang Ruochen and Gai Tianjiao on their way.

After they exited Qing Room 18, Gai Tianjiao brought Zhang Ruochen to collect the Sword Two notes. She turned to look at him several times, as if she had something to say to him.

“Do you have something to say?” asked Zhang Ruochen.

Gai Tianjiao smiled. “Don’t you regret throwing away the opportunity to become a sword saint disciple?”

“I won’t regret it once I actually become a sword saint,” putting his arms behind him, Zhang Ruochen walked past Gai Tianjiao toward the book shelves ahead of them.

Gai Tianjiao stared at Zhang Ruochen in surprise. He might have looked mild and gentle, but inside, he was actually driven and ambitious.

There were thick scrolls of handwritten notes left behind by the sword practitioners on what they had learnt from their study of the Tao of Sword.

Every scroll was deemed as precious as a priceless treasure.

As Zhang Ruochen stood at the foot of the shelves, he scanned over the sea of scrolls, each labelled with the words ‘Sword Two’. However, the names of the inscriber differed from one another.

“Saint Mingsu.”

“Half-Saint Yaolong.”

“Moon-burier Sword Saint.”

...

Zhang Ruochen took the scroll inscribed by the Moon-burier Sword Saint from the shelf and started to read it.

According to the Moon-burier Sword Saint’s explanatory notes, Sword two was “Yin and Yang”.

One Yin and one Yang constituted an entire heaven and earth.

The Moon-burier Sword Saint had divided Sword Two into five realms, namely:

Yin-Yang Alternation.

Yin-Yang Chaos.

Seperation of Yin and Yang.

Blend of Yin and Yang.

Yin-Yang Infinitude.

One would be deemed to have reached the great completion of Sword Two only when he had attained Yin and Yang Infinitude.

The notes the Moon-burier Sword Saint had made were rather obscure, so much so that it took Zhang Ruochen four hours in all to finish going through “Sword Two”. Moreover, he only understood twenty percent of its content.

Apparently, Sword Two was many times more profound than Sword One. A common practitioner would not be able to grasp it even with the help of the sword saints’ notes.

Zhang Ruochen closed the scroll and held it by his side. He continued to search for notes by other sword practitioners.

“Xue Hongchen, the Sword Emperor.”

Zhang Ruochen began to read the notes the Sword Emperor had written.

The Sword Emperor’s understanding of Sword Two was rather similar to that of the Moon-burier Sword Saint. However, he viewed Sword Two as “Male and Female”.

Yin and Yang represented the nature of heaven and earth, which could be abstract and impractical. It was often extremely tedious to practice it.

Male and Female, however, was the manifestation of Yin and Yang, as well as being human. The union of a man and a woman produced new life. This way, it ingested life into the sword technique. At the same time, it added a layer of transformation to Yin and Yang.

The Sword Emperor had also divided Sword Two into five realms.

It required a shorter time for one to practice Sword Two using the Sword Emperor’s method. However, one had to unite Yin and Yang with a woman every time he moved to the next realm.

This woman was called the “swordsmen’s maidservant”.

To reach the great completion of Sword Two, one would require at least five swordsmen’s maidservants.

Moreover, the great benefits of becoming swordsman's maidservants was that these women would themselves become top superiors among sword practitioners.

Zhang Ruochen shook his head and smiled. "The Sword Emperor was a rather romantic and unconventional libertine. Even his understanding and practice of the Tao of the sword was so unorthodox."

Zhang Ruochen was quite familiar with the Sword Emperor. His dissoluteness had brought rumors all over Kunlun's field. However, he had never forced the women. It was always consensual and often the women had thrown themselves at him.

He was, unfortunately, unable to fully accept the Sword Emperor's method of practice.

While the Sword Emperor was able to be totally disengaged with the women he united with, Zhang Ruochen did not think he could be like him. If he were to have a relationship with a woman, he would feel an obligation to her all his life.

There were still many things he could learn from the Sword Emperor's notes, so Zhang Ruochen decided to keep the scroll with him.

"Inscribed by Thousand-bone Empress."

Zhang Ruochen's eyes lit up when he spotted this scroll. He took a turtle's shell down from the top of the shelf and saw that there were tiny ancient inscriptions on its surface. Each of the ancient characters exuberated a piercing Sword One power that directly penetrated into the hearts of men.

No one was sure if these characters had been personally inscribed by the Thousand-bone Empress onto the turtle shell.

The Thousand-bone Empress's explanation of Sword Two was even more obscure. Zhang Ruochen spent six hours reading through it, just managing to get a tenth of its content.

The Thousand-bone Empress's comprehension of Sword Two was another system altogether and it differed from that of the Moon-burier Sword Saint and the Sword Emperor in many different areas.

She interpreted Sword Two as being similar to “Day and Night”.

During the day, one should practice and cultivate Day Sword, by observing the blue skies and white clouds.

During the night, one should practice and cultivate Night Sword, by observing the moon and stars.

When one’s cultivation reached the state of merging day and night, he would have reached the great completion of Sword Two. By then, one sword movement would bring about the reversal of day and night.

The Thousand-bone Empress’s understanding of Sword Two was very mysterious. Zhang Ruochen thought he could gain a lot from it, so he kept her notes, intending to bring them back with him to study.

Zhang Ruochen went through several other scrolls and came to the conclusion that the system written by the Moon-burier Sword Saint was by far the most universal. It was not as extreme as that of the Sword Emperor, nor was it as mysterious and obscure as that of the Thousand-bone Empress. That was why it was the most universally accepted set of notes.

Zhang Rouchen picked up the three scrolls and exited the Sword Pavilion. He returned to the square at the foot of Whitestone Sacred Cliff.

It was evening and a clear round moon suspended in the sky. An invisible, subtle force dispersed the clouds to display a dark cobalt sky.

Zhang Ruochen glanced in the direction of the altar at the center of the square; a strange light flashed across his eyes.

The altar, which was thirty feet tall, was built of stacked up pieces of chiseled jade stones. Each stone was inscribed with mysterious prints. Under the shine of the moonlight, the prints gave out a gentle glow.

Zhang Ruochen walked up to the altar. He put a hand on one of the jade stones and began releasing Spiritual Power as a test.

He had seen a Heaven and Earth Altar once before in the Wood Spirit Primitive World.

For this reason, he had some knowledge of the Heaven and Earth Altar.

Zhang Ruochen managed to assess each character of inscription on the stone using his Spiritual Power. “This altar is completely different from the Heaven and Earth Altar. Could I have made a wrong guess? No... ” he muttered.

Suddenly, Zhang Ruochen sensed something incredible.

There was nothing unusual about the Spiritual Power on the surface of the altar.

However, when his Spiritual Power flowed towards the bottom of the altar, he immediately lost contact with it. It was as if his Spiritual Power had sunk to the bottom of the sea and vanished completely.

“Unless... could there be a different universe at the bottom of the Jade Stone Altar?”

Zhang Ruochen was stunned. He continued to use his Spiritual Power to investigate and quickly found an entrance at the north-eastern corner of the Jade Stone Altar.

Chapter 688 - Sword Saint's Letter of Challenge

Translator:

Transn

Editor:

Transn

Gai Tianjiao caught up from behind and spotted Zhang Ruochen standing at the foot of the altar. Looking curious, she asked, "What are you doing, junior fellow apprentice Lin Yue?"

Zhang Ruochen's Spiritual Power rapidly flowed back into his body like a stream of water.

Zhang Ruochen retracted his hand from the altar, turned around, and glanced at Gai Tianjiao. "Nothing, really. I was just curious as to whether this Jade Stone Altar has been standing on Ancient Gods Mountain since ancient times, or if it was built later on."

Unthinking, Gai Tianjiao said, "This altar was used in the ceremony to worship heaven during the Sword Technique Conference. Its renovation 500 years ago required the mobilization of a huge amount of materials and manpower. To this day, millions of Spiritual Crystals are still required annually to maintain the array at the foot of the altar."

Zhang Ruochen frowned. Tentatively, he asked, "You need that many Spiritual Crystals to maintain it for just a year?"

"I don't know exactly. There are many secrets hidden in Ancient Gods Mountain. Some places are forbidden areas. If I were to enter, I would definitely die."

Gai Tianjiao appeared puzzled as she said, "Why are you so concerned about the Jade Stone Altar, junior fellow apprentice Lin Yue?"

Sensing that Gai Tianjiao was starting to get suspicious, he quit the idea of investigating further into the altar. He quickly replied, "I was just curious."

"Excuse me."

Zhang Ruochen folded his hands and bowed to Gai Tianjiao, taking his leave. He left Ancient Gods Mountain without further delay.

Gai Tianjiao fixed her eyes on Zhang Ruochen's back for a while as he walked away. Then, she returned to the Sword Pavilion.

The Moon-Burier Sword Saint remained sitting cross-legged at higher ground. "Have you sent him away?" he asked when he saw Gai Tianjiao.

Gai Tianjiao nodded and said somberly, "Master, I think there is something amiss about Lin Yue. He seems to be hiding something from us. Is it alright for us to trust him so much?"

Smiling, the Moon-Burier Sword Saint replied, "Don't you worry about Lin Yue. He is someone appointed by Patriarch Taiyi. You may not want to trust him, but you have to trust Patriarch Taiyi."

Gai Tianjiao sighed gently with relief and said, "Since he was appointed by Patriarch Taiyi, then my mind is at ease! However, isn't it risky to place all our hopes on him alone?"

"He is exceptionally talented and intelligent. He might reach the second realm of Sword Two if he practices in the Sword Pavilion."

"However, I am afraid he might not be able to reach even the first realm in Sword Two by the ninth day of the ninth month if he practices outside the Sword Pavilion."

Not only was Gai Tianjiao worried, in fact, but even the Moon-Burier Sword Saint also did not have much confidence in Lin Yue.

Sword Two was many times more challenging than Sword One. "Yin-Yang Alternation" in the entry level of the first realm alone was very tedious for many sword heroes. Some of

them did not pass that threshold, even after studying it for ten to twenty years.

Gai Tianjiao was one such sword heroine.

She had accomplished the Completion of the tenth level of Sword One long before this, however she just was not able to cross the threshold into Sword Two. Somehow, she could not grasp the realm of “Yin and Yang Alternation.”

Although this had to do with her physical quality, it also showed that it was extremely difficult for a Monk of the Fish-Dragon Realm to perfect Sword Two. Even the Beginner level was as difficult as climbing into the sky.

The Moon-Burier Sword Saint pondered deeply for a moment and said, “If that’s the case, I will send you to watch and urge him on. You can make sure he’s not growing complacent. As long as he can reach the second realm of Sword Two by the ninth day of the ninth month, there’ll still be hope for us.”

“Yes sir,” replied Gai Tianjiao.

“Waaa!”

At this moment, a light flew across the sky like a meteor. It penetrated through the clouds surrounding Ancient Gods Mountain and began circling around the Sword Pavilion.

The Moon-Burier Sword Saint muttered something and thrust his hand forward to grasp thin air.

Immediately, a jade talisman appeared in his palm.

After skimming through the information contained in the talisman, he smiled and said, “This year’s Sword Technique Conference is going to be very lively.”

“What’s happened, Master?” asked Gai Tianjiao.

The Moon-Burier Sword Saint said, “Sword Saint Xuanji and Nine Serenity Sword Saint have each penned a letter of challenge, indicating their wish to vindicate their disciples. They have requested that I would be their judge on the ninth day of the ninth month, at the Sword Pavilion, when they will have a battle to the death.”

“The two Sword Saints are going to battle to the death?” Gai Tianjiao asked in astonishment.

All the monks in the Eastern Region were aware that Nine Serenity Sword Saint had slain Zhang Ruochen, Sword Saint Xuanji’s disciple. This incident had caused a great commotion a few months back.

Everyone knew that Sword Saint Xuanji was one to conceal his faults. He would not let this matter rest so easily.

Sword Saint Xuanji had made a move. A sword saint always carried out what he had said. In this case, it meant that there really would be a battle to the death as stated in the letter of challenge.

Two men enter, one man leaves.

Would Nine Serenity Sword Saint turn up for the battle?

“Swoosh!”

Another talisman flew across the sky.

The Moon-Burier Sword Saint caught the light talisman and studied it for a moment. He sighed and frowned. “Nine Serenity Sword Saint has accepted the challenge! The entire Eastern Region will be watching out for the battle to the death between these two sword saints. Many more monks will be flooding to Yin and Yang Sect. I hope that doesn’t spell more accidents.”

The Moon-Burier Sword Saint was not the only one to receive the light talisman. That night, news of the battle between the two great sword saints had spread all over the great Suzerains and powerful saint families throughout the Eastern Region. The entire region came alive right away.

At that time, Zhang Ruochen had returned to Zixia Sacred Mountain. Therefore, he was not aware of the news regarding Sword Saint Xuanji and Nine Serenity Sword Saint’s letters of challenge.

“Swoosh!”

Blackie appeared out of the night and landed on the wattled wall. His eyes were marbles emitting brilliant light.

“Did you find the Heaven and Earth Altar on the Third-level Mountain of Ancient Gods Mountain?” he asked.

Zhang Ruochen replied, “Not so much the Heaven and Earth Altar. However, I did discover something interesting. But, there were too many masters in the Sword Pavilion, so I was unable to check it out personally. Come with me to the Sword Pavilion next time, and we’ll find out the source of power of the Heaven and Earth Altar.”

In the sky, a dark cloud drifted over, blocking out the moonlight. Instantly, the earth was darkened, and the ambience became oppressive.

Muffled sounds of thunder resounded, and the Heaven and Earth Spiritual Qi quivered.

A thunderstorm was impending.

Zhang Ruochen asked, “These last few days when I was at Ancient God Mountain, did you see any abnormal behavior from Qi Feiyu?”

“She was guarding the foot of Ancient Gods Mountain the whole time you were on it. I suspect she has fallen for you,” Blackie said, yawning.

Blackie quickly continued. “However, she left immediately when you descended the mountain. What’s strange was that she did not return to Pure Jade Palace. Instead, she left the Yin and Yang Sect.”

“She left the Yin and Yang Sect.”

The expression in Zhang Ruochen’s eyes kept changing. Something came to his mind, and he said, “Something’s not right... Blackie, I guess you have no problem catching up with her?”

Blackie laughed and said, “I have already collected her aura using a secret spell. As long as she is within a radius of 10,000 miles, I can find her by smell.”

“Let’s go after her and check it out.”

Zhang Ruochen put on a metal mask. Then, he dashed out of Yin and Yang Sect through the mountain gate.

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After Qi Feiyu left Yin and Yang Sect through the mountain gate, her graceful, tender body transformed into a ball of blood fog. She darted into the bushes and vanished into the night.

After a while, thunder boomed and lightning flashed across the sky. It started pouring.

The numerous peaks of the Fallen-Gods Mountain Range were like pillars leading up to the heavens, magnificent and imposing. Usually, during thunderstorm weather, powerful savage beasts living in the wild would emerge from their lairs to absorb power from the lightning bolts.

At the foot of one of the peaks was a bottomless valley filled with poisonous miasma. A 200-meter long centipede darted out from the valley. It was completely black but for its eyes, which had a golden glow.

The gigantic centipede circled the mountain peak as it ascended rapidly to the top. It opened its mouth to suck dozens of lightning bolts into its body in just one breath.

“Whizz!”

Suddenly, the gigantic centipede transformed into a man with eight legs and eight arms and landed onto the ground on the peak.

A blue-gray ancient Taoist temple stood on top of the mountain. A broken tablet lay outside the door with the inscription, “Birthless Temple.”

Besides the man with eight arms and legs, there was a young lady with a pair of blue wings on her back standing outside the Taoist temple. In between her brows was a mark shaped like a flame.

She was wearing a blue feather coat. Each of the feathers was metal and very sharp.

“You’re here!”

The man with eight arms and legs stood in the rain with the lady with the blue wings, one on the right of the Taoist temple, and the other on the left. They looked out on the curtain of rain.

A ball of blood fog flew out from the trees, giving out a special fragrance.

As the blood fog moved through the air, it gradually transformed into the slender figure of a woman wearing a robe. She finally landed gently.

“Greetings, Saintess.”

The man and woman standing outside the Taoist temple simultaneously greeted Qi Feiyu with a bow.

“Creak!”

The wooden door of the Taoist temple opened, and a man in his twenties emerged from within. He had thick black eyebrows and hard features, and he was wearing plain blue clothes. Holding on to an opened oil-paper umbrella, he walked towards Qi Feiyu in the rain.

“I have prepared a pot of your favorite Refreshing Tea. I have been waiting for a while.”

The blue-robed man moved the oil-paper umbrella over Qi Feiyu’s head to shelter her from the rain, and he used his body to shelter her from the wind.

He lifted his head to glance at the sky. He said, “Tonight, the storm has come so suddenly. Let’s go into the temple so we can have a good chat. Centipede Eight and Bird Nine, stand guard outside the door and keep vigilant.”

The blue-robed man and Qi Feiyu entered the temple and sat down facing each other, crossed-legged. A pot of tea was boiling on the stove right between them.

The tea rumbled while it boiled, and its fragrance diffused into the air of the whole temple.

Chapter 689 - Evil Demons of the Demonic Sect

Translator:

Transn

Editor:

Transn

The blue-robed man lifted the teapot by its handle and poured Qi Feiyu a cup of tea. Then, he filled his own cup.

He smiled warmly and said, "I suppose that Refreshing Tea is rare in the Yin and Yang Sect, so I brought you some from back home. Have a taste, and see if it's over-brewed."

A magnetic draw in the blue-robed man's voice charmed any lady who heard him.

Qi Feiyu lifted up her cup of tea and took a tiny sip from it. It tasted just right. "Not bad," she said.

A Red Fire Pterosaur the size of a palm emerged from the man's sleeve. It flapped its wings and flew in front of Qi Feiyu. The two appeared to be rather intimate.

Although a Red Fire Pterosaur was not a True Dragon, it was still considered a rather powerful seventh level savage beast. When fully grown, it could tear up a saint.

It was surprising to find someone who could actually rear a dragon.

The blue-robed man had his eyes fixed on Qi Feiyu from the start. Smiling, he said, "Look, Fire Cloud is so glad to see you, and so am I."

Qi Feiyu stretched out her snowy white hands and held on to Fire Cloud. Heartlessly, she said, "Let's get down to business! There have been some recent changes within the Yin and Yang Sect. Out of nowhere, a Tao of the sword Genius suddenly

appeared. He must have ascended the Third-level Mountain of Ancient Gods Mountain.”

The man said, “Lin Yue?”

“Yes!”

Qi Feiyu nodded and continued, “Since you have already heard about him, I suppose you are aware that he is making progress in leaps and bounds. If the Yin and Yang Sect continues to nurture him, it could upset the plans of the Demonic and Four Symbols Sects.”

He smiled faintly and said, “There’s less than half a year before September 9th. I do not expect him to accomplish much within this time frame, regardless of how naturally talented he is. It won’t be difficult for a person from the Four Symbols Sect to seize victory at the Sword Pavilion.

“As long as the Sword Pavilion is taken over by the Four Symbols Sect, then our sect will definitely be able to get back the treasure sealed within the Sword Pavilion. It will be a piece of cake getting the Four Symbols Sect to submit to us.”

Qi Feiyu said, “What if an accident happens? You should know how useful the treasure in the Sword Pavilion is to us, the Demonic Sect. We can’t take any chances.”

The man’s expression became severe as he said, “Is Lin Yue, the Yin and Yang Sect disciple, so powerful? Are you overestimating him?”

Qi Feiyu replied, “The Lin Yue of today is not the same as before. I suspect he possesses some hidden power. If, in fact, he represents the Yin and Yang Sect in future battles, all our planning over the years may go down the drain.”

“What do you intend to do?” asked the man.

Qi Feiyu replied, “To be completely safe, I’ve decided not to conceal my power. I’m going to take part in the Sword Technique Conference. I think I will be able to suppress Lin Yue, even if he is accomplished in Tao of the sword.”

He pondered for a while before responding. “The more excellent your performance, the more dangerous it would be. I

don't wish you to take this risk..."

The man's ear twitched, and his gentle eyes turned cold. He looked up and said, "Who is that? Show yourself!"

A shock went through Qi Feiyu's mind. She had never suspected that someone was trailing her all the way to the temple.

If her identity was exposed, not only she would get in trouble, but so would the Qis.

"Swoosh!"

The blue-robed man pointed at the top of the temple, and a black light shot from his fingertip. In an instant, a hole three meters in diameter had appeared in the temple.

Xu Changsheng was lying belly down on the tile roof of the temple, injecting the Holy Qi from his entire body into Invisibility Beads.

Line of inscriptions flowed out of the Invisibility Beads to transform into 36 chains of Holy Qi. They bundled up to form a sphere that wrapped around his body.

The black light columns broke the 36 Holy Qi chains in a flash. With a crash, the Invisibility Beads in Xu Changsheng's hands were pulverized.

Immediately, his body materialized in midair.

Xu Changsheng had been keeping an eye on Qi Feiyu for a while. When he detected her exit from the Suzerain, he secretly followed her using Invisibility Beads to get to the bottom of this.

Xu Changsheng was stunned to find out Qi Feiyu's identity.

She was actually a Demonic Sect Saintess!

What was even more shocking to Xu Changsheng was that the Demonic Sect was collaborating with the Symbols Sect to seize something from the Sword Pavilion. He needed to inform the Suzerain.

"What a powerful master."

Xu Changsheng glanced at the blue-robed man, and his eyes filled with fear.

The Invisibility Beads had been a gift from a Yin and Yang Sect Saint. He only had to hold them in his hands, and they would the inscriptions would camouflage him from all five of a Half-Saint's senses.

The blue-robed man was definitely not a Half-Saint. However, he had pinpointed his position effortlessly. This man had to have very sharp senses.

“How could the Qis collude with the Demonic Sect? They will bring destruction upon themselves. I must rush back to the Suzerain to inform the Master.”

Since his identity was exposed, Xu Changsheng dared not stay another moment. He quickly performed an Inferior Class Ghost Level bodily movement. His body transformed into a light stream. Like an arrow released from a bow, he shot up into the air.

“Where do you think you're going?”

Centipede Eight and Bird Nine, who were standing guard outside the temple, simultaneously leapt into the air to pursue Xu Changsheng.

Centipede Eight's body expanded rapidly to transform into a 200-meter long black centipede, exuding the aura of a savage beast. Lightning could be seen faintly, flowing over its entire body.

The pair of wings on Bird Nine's back expanded rapidly into two enormous blue clouds. These clouds mobilized the wind from an area of 300 square miles to form a blue cloud vortex which sucked Xu Changsheng into its swirl.

The next instant, the powerful whirlwind carried Xu Changsheng back to the temple.

“Are you trying to run? Where do you think you're going?”

Bird Nine laughed as her slender long arms transformed into two razor sharp claws and thrust towards Xu Changsheng.

Hot flames shot from the pair of claws and turned into hundreds of flaming feathers. They spun rapidly towards Xu Changsheng.

Xu Changsheng drew a flexible golden sword from his waist. With a wave of his hand, golden sword Qi appeared and filled the space above him.

He quickly used a Ghost Level mid-class sword technique.

“Clomp, Clomp!”

Xu Changsheng’s sword technique immediately shattered Bird Nine’s flaming feathers into pieces. They turned into sparks that dispersed in all directions.

The flexible golden sword collided with Bird Nine’s claws, forcing her to retreat.

Xu Changsheng was a talent of the Yin and Yang Sect, with outstanding abilities. Furthermore, having successfully refined a Glaze Pellet, he had reached the Ninth Change in the Fish-Dragon Realm to become one of the most excellent Half-Saints.

Seeing that Bird Nine retreated, Xu Changsheng immediately pushed off the ground, shot into the air, and fled.

“Come back.”

The blue-robed man, standing at the top of the stairs at the temple, stretched out a huge hand and grasped thin air.

Usually a gentleman, he now exuded an imposing aura. His deep set eyes were cold and commanding like a demon emperor.

He gathered Spiritual Qi from heaven and earth quickly over Xu Changsheng’s head and condensed into an enormous demon hand. Its fingers were about to close on Xu Changsheng.

“Blue-Sky Demon Handprint... You are...”

Fear was written all over Xu Changsheng’s face as he guessed the blue-robed man’s identity.

Unfortunately, his entire body was enveloped in the demon hand before he could say it out loud.

His bones cracked loudly and his blood oozed out of the hand.

Xu Changsheng's corpse fell with a thump in front of the temple. He was just a mass of bloody flesh, and even his bones had been ground into powder.

The blue-robed man retracted his palm and opened up the oiled-paper umbrella. He resumed the bearing of a gentleman and said, "Go back first, Feiyu! I will handle the rest."

Qi Feiyu glanced at Xu Changsheng's dead body, took the umbrella, and walked to the edge of the cliff. She took a step forward and began floating down the cliff. Eventually, she disappeared among the rain and fog.

The blue-robed man watched her depart with a warm, kind smile on his handsome face.

The palm-sized pterosaur standing on the man's shoulder also watched Qi Feiyu leave.

"Swoosh!"

Zhang Ruochen, clad in a robe and mask, rushed through the dense forest, as Blackie had directed. He wanted to catch up with Qi Feiyu.

Halfway through the journey, Blackie emerged from Zhang Ruochen's chest, landed on the ground, and began sniffing.

Zhang Ruochen put his hands behind him and looked at Blackie in doubt. "Can you do it?"

"Who would have expected the heavy rain? The rain water has washed away her aura."

Blackie wagged his tail and rolled his eyes in frustration.

"Forget it! Let's go back first since we have lost track of her whereabouts."

Zhang Ruochen was about to return to the Yin and Yang Sect, when he felt through his Spiritual Power that somewhere far away, Heaven and Earth Spiritual Qi was contracting at an alarming speed.

“Wait.”

Zhang Ruochen leapt to the top of a pine tree. Stepping on the pine needles, he opened Sky Eye from between his eyes. It transformed into a pillar of light and turned towards the Spiritual Qi fluctuation.

He saw a gigantic tornado sweeping trees and large boulders from the ground.

“There must be a battle in between masters going on. Let’s go check it out.”

Zhang Ruochen rushed towards the vortex of wind.

After a little while, Zhang Ruochen stopped in his tracks suddenly as he realized that the Spiritual Qi fluctuation had completely vanished and all was calm.

“How could a battle end so quickly?”

Zhang Ruochen wielded Sky Eye once again to search the area. Very quickly, he spotted a Taoist temple on a mountain peak nearby.

The sky was dark, with only occasional flashes of lightning. The Taoist temple, however, was emitting some faint light. It appeared especially spooky amidst the desolation.

Zhang Ruochen mobilized his Spiritual Power and wielded the Rolling Thunder Skill, transporting himself to the top of the mountain to arrive at the temple.

The air was heavy with the stench of blood.

He could see a bloody corpse lying on the ground nearby. Even its robe had been torn to pieces.

Chapter 690 - The Battle

Translator:

Transn

Editor:

Transn

Seeing the situation in front of the Taoist temple, Zhang Ruochen took a deep breath and kept his guard up. His eyes fell on the flexible golden sword lying by the corpse. He squinted to read the inscription on it: “Xu Changsheng.”

The corpse on the ground was unrecognizable—like a bloody mass of butchered meat.

However, Zhang Ruochen had seen that flexible golden sword before. He was sure it belonged to Xu Changsheng.

How did a master like Xu Changsheng die?

Having broken through the Ninth Change in the Fish-dragon Realm, Xu Changsheng’s strength was formidable. It would require great strength for even a first level Half-Saint to kill him.

Zhang Ruochen’s instincts told him that he had intruded upon a forbidden area.

This was a dangerous place to be. He needed to leave immediately.

Suddenly, a voice came from within the Taoist temple. “It’s raining cats and dogs, my brother. Why don’t you come in and have a cup of hot tea?”

Although the voice sounded calm, Zhang Ruochen clearly felt a murderous aura about it. Even the rain stopped for a second when the voice spoke.

“What if I take my leave now?”

While Zhang Ruochen appeared composed, he was actually holding on tightly to the Thunder Pearl and mobilizing Spiritual Qi from his entire body to transform it into the power of the thunderbolt.

Flashes of lightning emitted from the Thunder Pearl and condensed into a purple Thunder Bolt around 10 meters in diameter that wrapped around his body.

“Snap!

The wooden door of the Taoist temple slowly opened.

Firelight emanated from inside.

Zhang Ruochen looked intently through the door and saw a blue-robed young man sitting in the Taoist temple.

Under the light of the fire, the blue-robed man’s image seemed to flicker.

He turned his head toward Zhang Ruochen, smiled and nodded to him. He said, “A 44th level Master of Spiritual Power. Not bad at all! If this was any other occasion, I would have let you go because of your capabilities. However, you have to stay here today because you know Xu Changsheng.”

Two human shadows descended from the sky above the Taoist temple and landed—one in front and one behind Zhang Ruochen.

The man standing before Zhang Ruochen was none other than Centipede Eight.

He had eight arms, eight legs, and was three meters tall. The skin covering his entire body was jet black, and his eyes were golden.

Centipede Eight smiled cruelly as he fixed his eyes on Zhang Ruochen and said, “I have killed innumerable people, but none of them was a 44th level Master of Spiritual Power. I wonder how it feels to do that?”

The woman standing behind Zhang Ruochen was Bird Nine. She had an enchanting figure and a pair of feathered wings on her back. She laughed and said, “A 44th level Master of

Spiritual Power may be powerful, but will he be able to cast his spells at such proximity?”

A layer of thin and closely-spaced scales started to grow out of both of Bird Nine’s arms, and her fingers became sharp. The spaces in between the scales emitted blue flames as her hands transformed into the talons of a savage bird.

Bird Nine’s true body was actually a ‘Breezy Bird’, a sixth level savage bird. She possessed the Blood Meridian of an immortal bird. Although it was a diluted Blood Meridian, her strength far transcended any common savage bird.

By now, Bird Nine’s cultivation had reached the peak of the Ninth Change in the Fish-dragon Realm—just a step away from the Half-saint Realm.

A Breezy Bird had the ability to mobilize the power of wind nature, therefore, speed was Bird Nine’s strength.

“Swosh!”

With a flash, Bird Nine transformed into a blue shadow and then attacked Zhang Ruochen from behind.

Zhang Ruochen was faster than she thought. He took a step forward and dashed away from Bird Nine at the speed of light.

“You are quite fast, but not fast enough.”

Zhang Ruochen’s eye turned cold. He landed a punch on Bird Nine’s head.

Totally unprepared for this, Bird Nine’s face fell as she realized that there was another person who was faster than her in the Fish-Dragon Realm. Furthermore, this person was a Master of Spiritual Power.

However, Bird Nine’s response was reflexively fast.

As Zhang Ruochen’s punch was about to hit her, she propped up the wings on her back to form a flaming screen that shielded her head.

Zhang Ruochen’s palm dented Bird Nine’s Divine Body Shield, and it started to crack.

Very quickly, Zhang Ruochen landed another punch on Bird Nine's wings and she was forced to duck.

With a "bang", Bird Nine's body sunk into the ground and rolled into a ball. She tumbled toward the Taoist temple, leaving a deep gully on the ground.

"Not only is he a Master Spiritual Power, but he is also a powerful Martial Arts Monk."

Inside the Taoist temple, the blue-robed man had a surprised look on his face. He finally took notice of Zhang Ruochen—his capabilities had attracted his attention.

Bird Nine stretched out her wings and stood up slowly as she licked the blood off the corner of her mouth. She looked at Zhang Ruochen from afar in astonishment and said, "You can't be faster than me. Are you carrying some kind of sacred gadget that enhances your speed?"

Bird Nine was right. Zhang Ruochen was wearing the Shooting Star Invisible Cloak which enabled him to travel at high speed.

Furthermore, it was because of his speed that he had unexpectedly injured Bird Nine.

By this time, those who were present had witnessed Zhang Ruochen's capability in terms of his speed, so they became more wary of him. It would not be so easy for Zhang Ruochen to defeat them.

"What a formidable savage bird."

Zhang Ruochen's heart dropped when he saw Bird Nine rise and find her footing once again.

Zhang Ruochen had used all his strength and speed in that punch, yet it seemed that she had only been lightly injured.

How strong could she be?

She must be equivalent to at least five monks in the Ninth Change in the Fish-dragon Realm.

Bird Nine was already this powerful. How much stronger could Centipede Eight be? He had not even displayed his skills

yet!

Bird Nine and Centipede Eight were obviously mere subordinates, and the actual superior was the blue-robed man in the Taoist temple.

What kind of person was this man?

There were numerous masters all over the world. Zhang Ruochen did not think he was invincible among all the Half-Saints and those below that level just because he had reached the Fifth Change in the Fish-dragon Realm.

“Flee!”

Zhang Ruochen did not hesitate this time. He immediately mobilized his Spiritual Power and wielded the Rolling Thunder Skill as he tried to escape quickly.

Bird Nine laughed as she stretched out her arms to form two blue light columns that extended in the direction that Zhang Ruochen had fled.

The two light columns contained strong wind nature power. Immediately, they intertwined with each other to condense into a 333-meter-diameter vortex in the air.

“Devil Wind Vortex.”

As the vortex turned with an alarming speed, hundreds of wind blades flew wildly within it, making sloshing sounds as it went after Zhang Ruochen.

In a flash, the enormous wind blade vortex had almost caught up to Zhang Ruochen.

Earlier, Xu Changsheng had been dragged back by Bird Nine with this move when he attempted to escape.

Bird Nine was now using this exact same tactic to deal with Zhang Ruochen.

Zhang Ruochen was not going to stand around and wait for his doom. He snorted, stopped, and stood still in the air. Then he lifted the Thunder Pearl above his head.

Lightning and fire pillars surged out of the Thunder Pearl in an instant, and they condensed into another 333-meter-diameter

vortex.

“Lightning Fire Vortex.”

A third level spell coupled with the power of the Thunder Pearl made Zhang Ruochen’s move extraordinarily powerful.

From afar, the two vortices, each the size of a hill, collided with such impact that it violently exploded with an enormous amount of energy.

“Rumble!”

As the wind blade and lightning dispersed in all directions, parts of the lightning fell onto the ground, creating dark, burnt pits. Some wind blades struck the sides of the mountain, resulting in cracks dozens of meters long on the rock walls.

Bird Nine took thirteen steps backward, ending up at the bottom of the stone steps before she found her footing. Her face broke out in joy as she exclaimed, “Such powerful Martial Arts and Spiritual Power. He is a worthy opponent. I shall be the one to take him down. This is my prerogative.”

Centipede Eight broke into an evil smile and said, “It’s rare to see Bird Nine behaving so seriously. I suppose she has truly found her match.”

Although Centipede Eight was confident in Bird Nine’s capabilities, he knew better than to be complacent. The masked man was, after all, a top superior who was rare to come by.

“Whizz!”

Blue Holy Qi swelled up from Bird Nine’s body.

Her body transformed into a blue light column that shot up into the air and vanished into the dark clouds.

The next moment, the clouds in the vault of heaven emanated the aura of savage birds, and there was a violent vibration of Spiritual Qi between heaven and earth. One could faintly see the light of a blue flame behind the layers of clouds.

In an instant, a pair of blue wings measuring dozens of meters emerged from the clouds. As they flapped downwards, a

raging storm of Qi billows formed an arc that rushed toward Zhang Ruochen.

Standing on lower ground, Zhang Ruochen lifted his head to look. He seemed to be able to see through the thick cloud layers as he muttered. “Breezy Bird is actually a Sixth Level Savage Beast.”

Faced with the rampaging storm, Zhang Ruochen did not dare treat this lightly. He summoned the Golden Snake Divine Rapier and then injected all of the Holy Qi in his body into the blade to stir up the sword’s full power.

“Break!”

Zhang Ruochen waved the sword and struck outward, creating a streak of sword Qi in the air, and then he thrust it toward the storm, dividing it in two.

The claw of a savage bird emerged from the clouds.

The scales on the claws emitted burning flames that were directed at Zhang Ruochen. Zhang Ruochen’s face flushed from the light of the fire.

“Rumble!”

When the Golden Snake Divine Rapier collided with the claws of the savage bird, a great power dissipated and was transmitted to Zhang Ruochen.

“It is indeed the offspring of a Mythical Beast. Such great power!”

Zhang Ruochen jerked his arms, and in the next instant, his body straightened and he began to fall to the ground. As he hit the ground, he sank into the interior of the mountain.

Bird Nine thought she had accomplished what she had set out to do, so she transformed back to her human form and landed to take a look in the pit. She asked, “Is he dead?”

“That easy?”

The voice had come from behind her.

Her eyes were panic-stricken. She did not turn but she felt a stream of Sword Qi behind her, so she stretched out her wings

without delay and dashed away.

This was a natural reflex when faced with danger. She might meet her downfall here if she did not retreat.

Chapter 691 - Thirty-Six Palace-keeping Beast Guardians

Translator:

Transn

Editor:

Transn

Bird Nine escaped very quickly, but Zhang Ruochen's pursuit was faster. He struck her back with his sword.

“Poof poof!”

When the Golden Snake Divine Rapier struck Bird Nine's left wing, sparks flew, and there was an ear-piercing sound of metal scraping against metal.

Although Bird Nine had strong defensive abilities, how could she shield herself from a Holy Sword?

The Golden Snake Divine Rapier sliced off a foot-long section from her left wing and blood started dripping to the ground.

Bird Nine felt tremendous pain on her back, having part of her wing cut off. Moaning with pain, she fled.

Zhang Ruochen exerted bodily movement and charged forward at his fastest speed, saying, “Who exactly are all of you?”

The Golden Snake Divine Rapier, like a golden venomous snake, followed Bird Nine as if it were her shadow. It was about to strike her once again.

Bird Nine clenched her teeth with apprehension as she raced forward, fearing that slowing down even just a bit could cost her life.

“Take me on instead.”

The eight legs of Centipede Eight were seven-meter-long black skeletal bones that propped up his body. He dashed toward Zhang Ruochen to block him.

His hands were razor-sharp like the tips of eight long spears. The tips emitted blue light, signifying that they contained highly toxic poison.

Like the arms of a windmill, Centipede Eight's arms propelled toward Zhang Ruochen's chest. One arm struck the top of Zhang Ruochen's head while another plowed into his legs...

Each of Centipede Eight's arms had power equivalent to that of a monk of the Ninth Change in the Fish-dragon Realm.

It was as if Zhang Ruochen was simultaneously battling eight masters of the Ninth Change in the Fish-dragon Realm. It was extremely challenging for Zhang Ruochen. He was forced to retreat to ease the great pressure he was facing.

Although he was suppressed by Centipede Eight, he managed to keep his steps steady with his footwork as he retreated.

All of Centipede Eight's arms were carved with inscriptions that formed a layer of black light around them. Whenever the Golden Snake Divine Rapier struck any part of them, the only reaction was a slight quiver of the black light. It was almost impossible to sever any his arms.

Centipede Eight gave out a bellowing laugh. "You can't be a nobody since you are able to fight me for so long. Who are you?"

Zhang Ruochen retreated as he wielded his sword and said, "How about we guess each other's identity? Perhaps I have already guessed your identity and background."

"Tell us about it," said Centipede Eight.

"It is said that the Moon Worship Demonic Sect is divided into nine palaces, one of which is called the Beasts Valley. The Beasts Valley cultivated 36 Palace-keeping Beast Guardians who were all offspring of Mythical Beasts. "Breezy Bird was ranked number nine, while Thunderous Centipede was ranked number eight. Am I right?" asked Zhang Ruochen.

“Why don’t you surrender yourself since you know who I am?” said Centipede Eight, loud and clear.

“I’m afraid you don’t have the capability to make me do that.”

Zhang Ruochen turned quickly to exert all the power of the Shooting Star Invisible Cloak. This allowed him to dart far away with double the speed of Centipede Eight.

“Are you thinking of running away after cutting off part of my wing?”

An enormous shadow in the shape of a bird appeared on the ground. Zhang Ruochen was completely under the shadow.

It was Bird Nine who had transformed into her true body of a Breezy Bird. She was cruising in the sky above Zhang Ruochen, attempting to block his way once again.

At the same time, a mist of black poison fog appeared, causing putrefaction of parts of the ground. All the trees and flowers that came into contact with the poison fog withered within seconds.

“Do you think you can still escape after finding out that we are from the Moon Worship Sect?”

A huge black centipede appeared in the midst of the poison fog.

It crawled with an alarming speed. With a sharp foot of steel, huge rocks were slashed into pieces in a matter of seconds as it passed.

Breezy Bird and Thousand-legged Centipede were both offspring of Mythical Beasts. They had massive bodies and high-level cultivation. They were deemed the kings of the great wilderness.

Although Zhang Ruochen was clad in the Shooting Star Invisible Cloak which enabled him to travel at high speed, it was still a close shave being attacked by two battle beasts simultaneously.

Bird Nine spat out a Holy Weapon wrapped in flames. Shaped like the crescent moon, it spun rapidly as it flew toward Zhang Ruochen’s abdomen.

The Shooting Star Invisible Cloak afforded him strong protection and dissipated most of the impact of the attack. However, Zhang Ruochen still sustained some internal injury and he felt an excruciating pain in his abdomen.

“You’re digging your own grave.”

Zhang Ruochen’s eyes turned cold. He quickly mobilized the power of Sword Comprehension and gripped the hilt of the sword with both of his hands. A glaring sword radiance radiated from the Golden Snake Divine Rapier.

Suddenly, hundreds of Qi swords appeared in the air, centered around Zhang Ruochen. All the hilts pointed downward while the tips pointed upward.

“Sword One!”

Zhang Ruochen thrust the sword up toward Breezy Bird.

With a whizzing sound, the Golden Snake Divine Rapier combined with the hundreds of Qi swords to form a light column that rose all the way up to the vault of heaven.

Breezy Bird kept her crescent-shaped Holy Weapon the moment she felt the strong fluctuation of sword Qi and assumed a defensive position.

After all, Zhang Ruochen had already reached the realm of the Completion of Sword One. How could a mere Holy Weapon withstand his extreme power?

“Pfft!”

The sword Qi light column pierced through the body of Breezy Bird, leaving a big blood hole. The light column shot into the sky and penetrated the clouds.

Seriously injured, Breezy Bird descended into a dense forest and let out a cry of agony.

In the Taoist temple on top of the mountain, the blue-robed man’s expression turned freaky. His mouth curved as he said, “He’s actually a sword hero, this is getting interesting.”

In the next instant, he appeared on the cliff outside the Taoist temple. He looked in Zhang Ruochen’s direction and then

punched forward, condensing an enormous hand emitting evil energy in the vault of heaven.

Zhang Ruochen was stepping on the golden Holy Sword and traveling at a high speed when he suddenly felt a suffocating force coming down from above his head.

As he lifted up his head, he saw an arm in black that was tens of meters long. The fingers were thick as columns and they emerged from the clouds emitting chilling icy air.

Under the compression of the evil hand, Zhang Ruochen felt his entire body go numb from the cold. The Genuine Qi in his body was almost frozen solid so there was no way for him to run it.

“Blue-sky Demon Handprint.”

Zhang Ruochen almost lost all hope. Unless he used the Power of Time and Space, there was no way he could withstand this attack relying on his current level of cultivation.

Could he be the Demon Son of the demonic sect?

Zhang Ruochen could not think of any other person who possessed such powerful capabilities other than the Demon Son.

He must not expose the power of time and space. Zhang Ruochen clenched his teeth and began using all of his strength to run the Holy Qi in his body and inject it into the Golden Snake Divine Rapier.

A powerful Sword Comprehension was sent out once again.

“Your sword technique is fairly good, but unfortunately, the level of your cultivation is too low.”

A hundred miles away, the blue-robed man shook his head lightly. He did not think that Zhang Ruochen could break through his Blue-sky Demon Handprint unless he wielded Sword Two.

Seeing that he was about to be captured by the Blue-sky Demon Handprint, Zhang Ruochen suddenly pointed his arms downward and thrust his sword toward the ground.

“Swoosh!”

Instantly, the Golden Snake Divine Rapier penetrated through the oppression of the Blue-sky Demon Handprint and Zhang Ruochen dashed toward the ground.

The blue-robed man squinted and a strange look appeared in his eyes.

What was that?

It should have been impossible for Zhang Ruochen to break through the Blue-sky Demon Handprint even if he had wielded Sword One. However, by wielding Sword One, he was able to break through its power and flee.

Zhang Ruochen never harbored the idea of meeting the Blue-sky Demon Handprint head on right from the beginning.

“Suppress him!”

The blue-robed man increased his power in the Blue-sky Demon Handprint in pursuit Zhang Ruochen, slapping it down toward him.

“Rumble!”

The Blue-sky Demon Handprint hit the ground in an instant, leaving a 33-meter-long imprint. Powerful evil energy exuded in all directions and flattened an area of over ten miles.

Centipede Eight and the seriously wounded Bird Nine hurried over to the edge of the enormous pit made by the handprint, searching for Zhang Ruochen’s aura.

“This man must have turned into ashes, having been hit by His Excellency, Divine Son.” Centipede Eight let out a chilling laugh.

Bird Nine pressed her hand on her bloody chest. Her face was drained of color. She used two light columns shooting out from her pupils to search for Zhang Ruochen’s dead body.

Just moments ago, she had been defeated by Zhang Ruochen. Knowing that he was not small fry made her more determined to find his dead body.

Actually, Zhang Ruochen was half squatting in the center of the handprint pit at that moment. He was using the invisibility power of the Shooting Star Invisible Cloak, which concealed even the aura on his body. Both Centipede Eight and Bird Nine were unable to detect his presence.

“As I thought, he is indeed the Demon Son of the demonic sect.”

Zhang Ruochen was severely wounded. He knelt with one of his knees and pressed down on the ground with his palms. The skin on his entire body was covered with bloody cracks as if his body was a ceramic vessel. If he were to come into contact with any external force at this moment, his body would break into pieces.

Fortunately, the Shooting Star Invisible Cloak had blocked most of the force. At the same time, the Dragon Pearl in his body had protected him. All of these had helped defend him against the Blue-sky Demon Handprint.

Otherwise, he would have walked down the same path as Xu Changsheng.

The body of the blue-robed man seemed weightless as he flew into the air and remained suspended 33 meters above the ground.

Centipede Eight bowed in salute to him and said, “Greetings, Your Excellency, Divine Son. That man has been pulverized by your handprint. Not even a bone is left.”

“Really?”

The eyes of the blue-robed man were focused on the bottom of the palm pit as he smiled and said, “But how is it that I am seeing him right in front of you?”

Both Centipede Eight and Bird Nine were taken aback. They looked in the direction that the blue-robed man was looking but did not see anyone there.

“You are indeed sharp—a trait befitting your status as the Demon Son of the Moon Worship Demonic Sect. I suppose you have successfully cultivated the Omen Eyes?” Zhang Ruochen said with a laugh.

There was no more need to hide since he had already been found out.

In the middle of the large handprint pit, Zhang Ruochen revealed himself.

Centipede Eight and Bird Nine were stunned when they saw Zhang Ruochen standing right before them. They had not detected his presence before that.

They were dumbfounded by Zhang Ruochen's strange means of defense.

The blue-robed man stared at Zhang Ruochen in the pit and with a look of admiration. He smiled and said, "I would not have detected your whereabouts were you not seriously injured. You are indeed outstanding in the Tao of the sword as well as Spiritual Power. Would you consider becoming a high achiever in the Moon Worship Sect?"

Zhang Ruochen, sitting cross-legged on the ground smiled and said, "First you injure me seriously, then you try to cozy up to me. This is like offering candy after giving me a tight slap, thinking you could force me into submission. You have underestimated me."

The blue-robed man, nonchalantly replied as he remained in mid-air. "Your life is in my hands. I can crush you simply by moving my finger."

"I don't think so." Zhang Ruochen responded, shaking his head.

The blue-robed man sighed and said, "You could choose to live. Why do you choose to die instead?"

"Are you sure it's that easy to kill me? I'm afraid someone may not agree to it."

Zhang Ruochen turned his eyes to the woods in the east.

The blue-robed man followed Zhang Ruochen's eyes and saw a burly man clad in a robe, emerging from the woods.

The eyes of the burly man were full of life and his steps were firm and steady. His entire body exuded a burning hot aura like the scorching sun rising in the horizon.

“Ouyang Huan, don’t you need to seek my permission if you wish to kill someone in the territory of the Yin and Yang Sect?”

Gai Tianjiao put her hands behind her. Her entire body started burning and the flame and sparks coming from her chased away all the darkness within an area of a hundred square miles. Even the rain on the ground and in the air evaporated.

Chapter 692 - Demon Son and Extreme Yang Body

Translator:

Transn

Editor:

Transn

The cyan-clothed man was Ouyang Huan, the Demon Son of the Demonic Sect.

The Demon Son was highly revered in the Sect. He was on the same level as the Saint of the Demonic Sect, even though his current cultivation was only at the Ninth Change of the Fish-Dragon Realm.

Sometimes, his authority even exceeds a Saint's.

Ouyang Huan glanced at Gai Tianjiao. His calm eyes overshadowed a faint smile, "Innate Extreme Yang Body, Gai Tianjiao."

Gai Tianjiao and Ouyang Huan have never met before, but they immediately recognized one another. Only top masters had such acute senses.

Centipede Eight and Bird Nine drew out a Holy Weapon almost at the same time and held it in their hands while staring at the burly man walking out of the woods.

The Saint power, like turbulent sea waves, was seething from the Holy Weapons and forming ripples of strong energy. The two Palace-keeping Beast Guardians were ready to attack anytime.

Even in the Demonic Sect, the name of Gai Tianjiao was often mentioned.

Everyone knew not to let their guard down when facing such a powerful guy.

“I have heard that Gai Tianjiao is a gorgeous woman. I was even looking forward to seeing her someday. But now I’m disappointed, why does the legendary beauty look like this?” Centipede Eight chuckled.

Gai Tianjiao’s eyes were ablaze with anger. She looked at Centipede Eight and said in a threatening voice, “You are dead meat to me.”

Gai Tianjiao’s murderous look made Centipede Eight tremble. His smile faded and his face turned pale.

It was not that Centipede Eight was frightened by Gai Tianjiao but that her voice had so much power in it that each word she said felt like a loud set of drums.

Just by saying a word, Gai Tianjiao has injured Centipede Eight.

Zhang Ruochen who was sitting cross-legged at the pit of the Handprint was also taken aback.

He...no, how could she be Gai Tianjiao?

The burly man in front of him had a sturdy build. His bones were three times stronger than a normal person’s and his skin was as tough as iron with each meridian winding around his body like a dragon.

How could such a virile, strong, and robust man be the legendary No.1 beauty of the Yin and Yang Sect?

Sure enough, legends were not infallible.

After thinking about it, it would be unacceptable for someone with an Innate Extreme Yang Body to be a feminine beauty.

But, Zhang Ruochen had heard that she hated it when people say that she was not beautiful enough.

Apparently, Centipede Eight violated the taboo. With her violent temper, how could she spare him?

“Roar!”

When Zhang Ruochen was thinking about whether Gai Tianjiao would give Centipede Eight a good beating or not, the ground suddenly jolted.

It was Gai Tianjiao striding toward Centipede Eight. With each step she took, the ground shook. Meanwhile, the furious aura around her body was intensely burning.

When she stopped in front of Centipede Eight, her body glowed with fire, melting the mud under Centipede Eight's feet into red lava.

“Fantastic Extreme Yang Qi.”

Centipede Eight turned grim and immediately threw the axe-shaped holy weapon at Gai Tianjiao.

Inscriptions, line by line, emerged from the axe. They were glowing with purplish light and grew ten meters long like a formidable force that could break up the sky and the earth.

With his cultivation and the saint power of the Army Breaking Axe, Centipede Eight was capable of bringing forth enough power to hack a lofty mountain in half. You could imagine what would happen if that power fell on the human body.

However, Gai Tianjiao did not fear the Army Breaking Axe of Holy Weapon level at all. Instead, she wore a disdainful expression in her eyes.

She pushed her palm out and released the saint power from the Army Breaking Axe. As her powers overtook the saint power, the Army Breaking Axe was flung away.

“Boom!”

The Army Breaking Axe fell into a river hundreds of miles away. The power from the saint weapon was so strong that the water stopped flowing for a while.

Seeing that it was a saint weapon, Gai Tianjiao did not lessen her palm's powers, instead, she made it more ferocious.

Before her palm reached Centipede Eight, the strength released from her palms were enough to set his body on fire.

If her palm landed on his body, Centipede Eight would be turned into flying dust no matter how strong his physical savage beast quality was.

“Blue-sky Demon Handprint.”

Of course, Ouyang Huan could not simply sit and watch the Demonic Sect's Palace-keeping Beast Guardians be killed by Gai Tianjiao. He rushed down to the ground and stood before Centipede Eight. With a motion of his arms, a black hand of evil energy was conjured in the air.

"I have always wanted to know how strong the Blue-sky Demon Handprint is."

Gai Tianjiao launched herself forward aggressively and struck with the Blue-sky Demon Handprint.

One was fiery palm full of Extreme Yand and Extreme virility power and the other was freezing demonic hand that could engulf anything. The two forces were so strong that the sky was split into two halves, one black, and one red.

"Boom"

As the two forces collided with each other, the ground between Gai Tianjiao and Ouyang Huan formed a gap that kept widening, half a meter, one meter, two meters....

The cleft continued to stretch on both sides until it was 13 meters wide, leaving an immense gap between Gai Tianjiao and Ouyang Huan.

It was as if someone had ripped the earth open.

The drastic collision between the Extreme Yang Qi and evil energy caused both Gai Tianjiao and Ouyang Huan to take three steps back. In the blink of an eye, they both continued the fight and charged at each other again.

Even with their cultivation, Centipede Eight and Bird Nine could not see their fighting movements clearly. All they could see was shadows of two figures flashing quickly in the midst of thunderous clapping sound.

After a while, they fought into the far distance.

When Centipede Eight and Bird Nine breathed a sigh of relief, a loud bang was heard from the far distance and caused the ground to tremble violently.

As far as the eye could see, the towering mountain where Wusheng Taoist temple sat was torn apart by an enormous fist

wrapped in flames.

Parts of the torn mountain were melted by the leaping fire into trickles of golden lava.

Bird Nine inhaled a breath of cold air and asked, “Is this happening between two Monks only with a cultivation of the Ninth Change in the Fish-Dragon Realm?”

Centipede Eight blinked his eyes with fear and said, “Innate Extreme Yang Body deserves its reputation. We should not have offended her had we known about the extent of her strength.”

The cultivation of Divine Son and Gai Tianjiao were beyond imagination. Even if they went against a Half-Saint, they would probably not lose that easily.

Monks with a cultivation of the Ninth Change in the Fish-Dragon Realm would definitely be killed if they fought them.

After recovering for a while, Zhang Ruochen suppressed his injuries and slowly rose to his feet.

He looked to the distant mountain tumbling down. Zhang Ruochen was surprised and thought to himself, “The two people were really top masters under Half-Saints. With my current cultivation, I am no match for them, but I will catch up with them very soon.”

Centipede Eight and Bird Nine were standing on the edge of the pit. Even when they were looking on, they also spared part of their Spiritual Power on Zhang Ruochen.

Seeing Zhang Ruochen recover from his injuries so soon, they were rather surprised.

“Even after taking a blow from the Blue-sky Demon Handprint, you are still able to recover quickly. Your strength must be incredibly profound.” Bird Nine smiled.

Centipede Eight had a cold smile and an evil look on his face, “Since Gai Tianjiao gave a hand to you, you must be the God’s favored son of the Yin and Yang Sect. If I killed you now, the old generation in the Yin and Yang Sect would be furious.”

Zhang Ruochen looked pale and weak, but his eyes were very sharp. He smiled still with a calm expression, “This place is not far from the Yin and Yang Sect, the fight between Gai Tianjiao and Ouyang Huan will soon attract Half-Saints and even Saints over here. If I were you, I would run away for my life.”

“As long as I capture you alive, I can strike a deal with them even if Saints from the Yin and Yang Sect come here in person.” Bird Nine sneered.

Bird Nine lost to Zhang Ruochen several times in a row, so, he bore a grudge against Zhang Ruochen.

“Swoosh!”

Bird Nine lifted one of his arms and 42 sharply-edged bone whams grew out of the arm. They intertwined with each other like claws and targeted 42 of Zhang Ruochen’s joints and meridians.

Zhang Ruochen was badly injured, so he would not be able to take the blow.

However, Zhang Ruochen was calm and a hint of a smile could be seen from his eyes. He looked through Bird Nine and said, “Blackie, do it now.”

In the darkness, a low and deep meow could be heard.

Then, a black shadow rushed to Bird Nine from his back and fell on her shoulder.

“Swoosh!”

When Bird Nine realized it, three sharp claws had already brushed past her neck, leaving three streaks of bloody scars.

“What...was that...”

Bird Nine opened her eyes wide. Her body twitched a bit and the genuine Qi inside her body was out of control. The Qi was surging toward her neck.

The blood started gushing from the three bloody scars and made her body red.

It was not good.

Centipede Eight also turned grim. He ran to Bird Nine and covered her neck with his four hands while the other four hands were ready to fight back.

Holy Qi was continuously flowing out of four of Centipede Eight's palms to protect the blood meridians and meridians around Bird Nine's neck.

Even if Centipede Eight did so, it was useless. Bird Nine's body was becoming colder and colder, and blood was gushing non-stop until she finally lay at rest.

Centipede Eight put down Bird Nine's body and looked in the direction of the pit, only to find Zhang Ruochen gone.

"Damn it, who the hell is he?"

With a roar, Centipede Eight's body swelled up into a black 200-hundred-meter long centipede. He started catching up to Zhang Ruochen by following his lingering aura in the air.

At that moment, Blackie made his body as big as a hill and a pair of black wings grew on his back. He rushed back to the mountain gate of the Yin and Yang Sect with the badly-hurt Zhang Ruochen on his back.

Chapter 693 - The Crisis

Translator:

Transn

Editor:

Transn

“Well? Not only did I help you kill a strong enemy, but I have also saved your life. Don’t I have the superior charisma?”

Blackie smiled.

“Bird Nine was heavily wounded. Otherwise, with her cultivation, how could she be killed by your one move?”

Zhang Ruochen nestled on Blackie’s back and looked back only to find a Thousand-legged Centipede more than 200 meters long chasing after them with poisonous fog billowing from its body.

However, Blackie was flying at a fairly quick speed—much quicker than the Thousand-legged Centipede. They soon left the Centipede far behind.

“Centipede Eight is stronger than Bird Nine but he is slower. We do not have to fear him.”

Just as Zhang Ruochen began to feel a bit relieved, a scarlet cloud suddenly appeared in the sky. From behind the cloud, the rumbling of a dragon was heard. A Red-fire Pterosaur, a Seventh Level Savage Beast, rose up.

It was still a cub and was still far from a full-fledged Seventh Level Savage Beast.

However, its body was already huge like a red hill. It fluttered its dragon wings covered with scales all over and swooped down at Zhang Ruochen and Blackie.

The fluttering dragon wings created a strong whining wind.

“The Demon son keeps a dragon.”

Zhang Ruochen frowned and held the Thunder Pearl in hand, mobilizing his spiritual power. Though his body was hurt, he was still able to use his spiritual power to attack.

“It’s just a Red-fire Pterosaur. Let me play with it.”

Blackie’s cultivation was obviously not as profound as the Red-fire Pterosaur’s, but he looked quite excited.

Blackie attacked first. He spat out a black lightning ball that hit the dragon’s head and caused a dragon scale to fall off.

“Roar!”

The Red-fire Pterosaur roared angrily and glared at Blackie.

How could a mere fat cat dare to challenge a member of the Dragon tribe of noble blood?

Did he want to die?

“Your aristocratic pedigree is not impeccable. How dare you play tough in front of me. Believe it or not, I can eat you alive.”

Blackie plucked up his two downy ears and bared his fangs, looking more atrocious than the Red-fire Pterosaur.

The pterosaur was infuriated and spat out a ball of fire that turned into a shower of burning flames dashing down from the sky.

Blackie’s body shone as his speed picked up.

“Thunderbolt Domain.”

On Zhang Ruochen’s command, the Thunder Pearl glinted with purplish lightning and formed a ball-shaped thunder domain that wrapped around him and Blackie.

They broke through the top of the burning flames and quickly flew to the sky.

The pterosaur chased after them until they were within thousands of miles of the Yin and Yang sect, then Ouyang Huan called it back via sound transmission, so it turned around and left.

“If I had recovered my cultivation, I would have been able to capture it and grill it so I can eat dragon meat.” Blackie sighed in disappointment when he saw the Pterosaur flying away.

“We have made such a commotion tonight. Half-Saints in the Yin and Yang Sect must have been alerted. We must be careful and hurry back as soon as possible.” Zhang Ruochen said.

When they landed on the ground, Zhang Ruochen put on the Shooting Star Invisible Cloak and snuck into the Yin and Yang Sect with Blackie, back to Zixia Sacred Mountain.

Upon entering his courtyard, Zhang Ruochen saw Gai Tianjiao walking out of his room.

She looked at the masked Zhang Ruochen with piercing eyes and said, “You took too much time to come back.”

Zhang Ruochen remained composed as he stripped the mask off his face and smiled. “Since you’ve already seen, there is nothing more to hide. I really appreciate Senior Sister Apprentice for saving my life.”

“Swoosh!”

A red flame suddenly popped up in her palm and wound around Zhang Ruochen. She coldly said, “I never knew you had such prowess in spiritual power. A 44th Level Master of Spiritual Power of thunderbolt series really needs to be regarded with new eyes.”

Zhang Ruochen realized that Gai Tianjiao had begun to suspect his identity, but he remained calm and said, “Everyone has their own trump card. I am no exception. I will not unnecessarily reveal all of my power. Does Senior Sister Apprentice want to look into this as well?”

Gai Tianjiao’s eyes narrowed. “Why did you leave the Sect tonight? Why did the people from the Moon Worship Demonic Sect engage you?”

Zhang Ruochen looked her in the eye. “Why did the Senior Sister leave the Sect tonight as well? How did you end up there? Your answer is the same as mine.”

Seeing no changes in Zhang Ruochen's eyes, Gai Tianjiao frowned and withdrew the fire. "Xu Changsheng was investigating Qi Feiyu, and I tracked the marks he left. That's why I was there. What about you?"

Zhang Ruochen crossed his hands behind his back and said, "I also followed Qi Feiyu there. When I got there, Senior Brother Apprentice Xu had already been killed by the people from the Demonic Sect. They wanted to kill us to bury the truth. That's why I fought with them."

Gai Tianjiao unflinchingly stared at his eyes and asked, "Did you see Qi Feiyu talking to someone from the Demonic Sect?"

Zhang Ruochen shook his head and said, "No, I didn't."

He added. "Perhaps when I got there, she had already gone."

It was true that Zhang Ruochen did not see Qi Feiyu there with his own eyes, but he and Gai Tianjiao had both chased after Qi Feiyu and saw a Monk from the Demonic Sect there. It was more than just a coincidence.

From her ever-changing facial expression, it was apparent that Gai Tianjiao had a lot of important thoughts surging in her mind.

After a while, she stared at Zhang Ruochen again. "What happened tonight is between you and me. Do you understand?"

"Why? What if Qi Feiyu is undercover for the Demonic Sect?" Zhang Ruochen asked curiously.

Gai Tianjiao snorted and said, "You know nothing. Without definite evidence, whoever brings it up will die. Qi Feiyu is the heiress of the Qis. If you say she works for the Demonic Sect, you are saying all of the Qis are working for the Demonic Sect.

"The Qis have been an Aristocratic Family since the Middle Age. They have a close relationship with the Yin and Yang Sect. Do you know how much influence the Qis have in the Sect? Do you know how many Half-Saints and Saints come from the Qis?"

“If you want to stay alive, you’d better keep your mouth shut. For people like you who do not have an influential background, the Qis can easily kill you before you become a Half-Saint no matter how talented you are.”

Gai Tianjiao left and headed to the Ancient Gods Mountain.

No matter what, she had to tell Moon-burier Sword Saint about this matter.

As for Lin Yue, Gai Tianjiao did not harbor undue suspicion about his identity. First, Lin Yue had been chosen by Patriarch Taiyi who would definitely not overlook the wrong people given his cultivation and ability to see through people.

Moreover, Lin Yue and the Demonic Sect were hostile to each other. If she had not arrived in time, Lin Yue could have died.

“Qi Feiyu has such an extensive influence in the Yin and Yang Sect.” Zhang Ruochen’s eyes darkened with worry.

Zhang Ruochen had thought that he could pin Qi Feiyu down if he had enough evidence in hand.

Gai Tianjiao’s words made Zhang Ruochen realize that he had been too naive. Since the Qis had great power in the Yin and Yang Sect, Qi Feiyu could have easily wiped him off the face of the earth if she had really meant to.

Qi Feiyu had appreciated his talent and tried to win him over in the past. That was the reason why she had not made a move yet.

It would no longer be the case in the future.

“If I can break through the Sixth Change in the Fish-Dragon Realm, I can open my third holy meridian and the holy Qi inside my body will be thicker. Then I will be able to maintain Lin Yue’s image for a month.

“Then I can hide in the Sword Pavilion.

“Even though the Qis are influential, they would still not dare to offend Moon-burier Sword Saint.”

Zhang Ruochen felt pressure, so he entered the Scroll World where he took out the Xuanwu Sacred Blood and began to

refine it. He wanted to break through the Sixth Change in the Fish-Dragon Realm as soon as possible.

By Zhang Ruochen's estimation, he had to reach the Half-Saint Realm before he could completely refine the Xuanwu Sacred Blood.

Cyan Fire Xuanwu was a living creature that was comparable to the Saint Prince. Its corpse was like a treasure hall. It was actually a waste, having fallen into Zhang Ruochen's hands.

If it had fallen into the hands of powerful Saint families, it would have been fully maximized.

Three months in the Scroll World flew by in a flash.

Zhang Ruochen had refined three drops of Xuanwu Sacred Blood and his cultivation improved significantly to the Advanced Stage of the Fifth Change in the Fish-Dragon Realm.

A disciple of Half-Saint Zixia brought word to Zhang Ruochen informing him to attend the qualifying match of the Grand Sword Contest.

The so-called qualifying match was a battle among the top ten Monks with a cultivation of the Eighth Change in the Fish-Dragon Realm, after which the ranking table would be laid out.

The higher the rank, the more revered in the Yin and Yang Sect in the future, the greater the fame, and the more likely they would appear at the Sword Technique Conference.

However, all Zhang Ruochen wanted to do now was to break through the Sixth Change in the Fish-Dragon Realm. He was in no mood to compete for rank.

He released himself from refining and went to see Half-Saint Zixia in person to tell him his reasons.

Half-Saint Zixia agreed readily when he learned that Zhang Ruochen wanted to seclude himself for refining. For young people, practice was the most important. Seeing that Lin Yue was aware of this, Half-Saint Zixia gave him his full support.

Half-Saint Zixia reminded Zhang Ruochen that he would be ranked at the bottom among the ten Monks with a cultivation of the Eighth Change in the Fish-Dragon Realm if he did not compete in the qualifying match.

Zhang Ruochen did not mind at all.

On his way back to his yard from Half-Saint Zixia's mansion, he overheard some news:

“Sword Saint Xuanji issued a letter of challenge to Nine Serenity Sword Saint. He wants to have a battle of life and death at the Sword Pavillion on September 9.”

“A battle of life and death?”

Zhang Ruochen was jolted. He was unsure whether this news was true or not.

Of course, he knew what a battle of life and death meant. It meant that only one of the parties involved would survive.

As the matter was very serious, Zhang Ruochen had to confirm it himself.

At noon, Mu Jiji and Xun Hualiu gleefully hurried back to Zixia Sacred Mountain. When they saw Lin Yue sitting in the courtyard, they looked at each other in surprise.

They walked over to him.

Mu Jiji was not inhibited at all, and he sat across Zhang Ruochen lightheartedly. “Boss, are you not in seclusion for refining? How come you went out early?”

“I didn't release myself from refining. I am here to wait for you.”

Zhang Ruochen shifted his eyes between them while smiling faintly, “What happened? Why are you so excited?”

Chapter 694 - Cultivation Improved

Translator:

Transn

Editor:

Transn

“What happened? Why are you so excited?” Zhang Ruochen asked.

Xun Hualiu had at least six sword scars on his body, and even his defensive robe was in tatters and dotted with many blood stains. Obviously, he had just been in a big fight.

In spite of that, his face glowed with excitement and his body trembled with joy. “Boss, do you still remember the bet with Gai Hao?”

Zhang Ruochen nodded and said, “Of course, I remember. What about it? Have you fought with Pang Long already?”

Zhang Ruochen once made a bet with Gai Hao: if Pang Long beat Xun Hualiu in the sword contest, Zhang Ruochen would have to give Gai Hao a holy sword.

If Xun Hualiu won the battle, however, Gai Hao would have to do something for Zhang Ruochen.

Judging from Xun Hualiu’s excitement, it was quite obvious that he had defeated Pang Long.

Xun Hualiu chuckled. “Boss, you really should have been there. The moment Pang Long was defeated, there was quite a stir in the audience. The disciples of the Supreme Pure Palace were dumbfounded. They could not believe that their Elder Brother Pang Long suffered defeat at my hands. At that moment, many junior sister apprentices shouted my name in admiration. Oh! The feeling is so cool!

“From now on, I will learn hard from Lord Blackie and become a top master. Only top masters are held in high esteem by others.”

Zhang Ruochen patted his shoulder and said, “It’s good that you have such awareness.”

When Zhang Ruochen made that bet with Gai Hao, he had been interested in Gai Hao’s Yang Spirit Saintly Being.

Having since met Gai Tianjiao, Zhang Ruochen realized that there was a huge difference between Yang Spirit Saintly Being and the Extreme Yang Body.

Anyway, since he had won the bet, it was still a good thing to have Gai Hao owe him a favor. Perhaps it would come in handy in the future.

“Boss, I plan to throw a party with my elder brothers in the Demon Seal Yard and have fun. You must come.”

Defeating Pang Long used to be something beyond Xun Hualiu’s reach, so he was now beside himself with excitement.

Zhang Ruochen said, “Forget about it for now. I have something to ask you. Did you know that Sword Saint Xuanji issued a letter of challenge to Nine Serenity Sword Saint?”

Xun Hualiu couldn’t help feeling a sense of superiority when he realized that Lin Yue was ill-informed. He said, “Of course, I know. I am sure everyone in the entire Eastern Region knows about this issue. The life and death battle between two great Sword Saints must have caught the world’s attention.”

Mu Jiji who stood on the side sighed. “It is said that Sword Saint Xuanji issued this challenge in order to avenge his disciple’s murder.”

Zhang Ruochen spoke to himself, “Avenge his disciple’s murder?”

At this moment, Zhang Ruochen suddenly understood.

Sword Saint Xuanji issued the letter of challenge in order to make a big deal about Zhang Ruochen’s murder. That way, Zhang Ruochen, who was hiding in the dark, would be safer.

If Sword Saint Xuanji had no reaction to his disciple's murder, people would be suspicious about whether Zhang Ruochen had really died.

To Zhang Ruochen's surprise, Nine Serenity Sword Saint actually accepted the challenge.

Obviously, Nine Serenity Sword Saint had not killed Zhang Ruochen, so why would he accept the challenge? Moreover, he never spoke up for himself as if indirectly admitting that he had killed the disciple.

Zhang Ruochen was both grateful and anxious.

Nine Serenity Sword Saint was one of the three great sword saints in the Eastern Region. He was no ordinary person. If his Master had a mishap, Zhang Ruochen would live with guilt for the rest of his life.

“The disciple of Sword Saint Xuanji was a really rare genius. He was not only highly gifted in sword technique but also a master of the power of time and space. If I were Sword Saint Xuanji, I would also fly into a rage upon learning of the murder of such an outstanding disciple.”

“Nine Serenity Sword Saint actually deigned to kill a young warrior? That's not how a sword saint should behave at all.” Xun Hualiu sneered.

So as not to expose his true identity, Zhang Ruochen put on an act and swore at Nine Serenity Sword Saint too. Then he went with Xun Hualiu and Mu Jiji to the Demon Seal Yard.

Xun Hualiu's party was attended mostly by indoor disciples. Some Saint's disciples also came to extend their congratulations.

After three rounds of drinking and toasting, Zhang Ruochen left and went back to Zixia Sacred Mountain.

“Master is literally covering for me. I need to double my efforts so that I won't let him down.

“He has long hoped that I would practice Sword Two to the Completion while in the Fish-Dragon Realm. I must make it before the Sword Technique Conference.”

Zhang Ruochen clenched his fists as his face hardened with determination.

Three months passed.

Zhang Ruochen had refined three drops of Xuanwu Sacred Blood again and finally improved his cultivation to the peak of the Fifth Change in the Fish-Dragon Realm.

His body brimmed with genuine Qi and his Qi sea was like a swelled-up balloon. He had to break through realms before he could continue to absorb more genuine Qi into his body.

He had to spend time condensing the genuine Qi inside his body to build the realm on a more solid foundation and then break through the Sixth Change in the Fish-Dragon Realm.

It took him at least half a year.

Half a year in the Scroll World was equal to about 20 days in the external world.

During this time, Zhang Ruochen began to perceive the sophistication of Sword Two by studying the notes recorded by Moon-burier Sword Saint, Sword Emperor, and Thousand-bone Empress.

The first step was to read between the lines in the Sword Two notes.

He had to have a general idea what Sword Two was.

It was easier said than done.

Relatively speaking, the Sword Two notes recorded by Moon-burier Sword Saint were easier to understand, and it just took Zhang Ruochen three days to make sense of it.

His interpretation of Sword Two was quite orthodox, and every sentence contained great truths and was enlightening.

After Zhang Ruochen was finished with one set of sword notes, he felt that his understanding of the Tao of the sword had deepened again.

Only in the Sword Pavilion could he have easy access to such precious masterpieces.

In the external world, the notes of Moon-burier Sword Saint would be sold out even if it was priced unreasonably.

Zhang Ruochen then began to read the notes compiled by the Sword Emperor. It was more abstruse.

However, with his current sword realm, the Advanced Stage of “Heart Integrated Into Sword”, it took Zhang Ruochen only seven days to get a general idea of it.

“The Sword Emperor really deserved his reputation as the pioneer of the Tao of the sword for thousands of years. He had insights so unique that you can’t help but be in awe of him.”

After Zhang Ruochen was done with these notes, he felt his understanding of the Tao of the sword deepen even more.

If Zhang Ruochen were to practice cultivation according to the notes of the Sword Emperor, it would really make his speed quicker, but the thing was, Zhang Ruochen first had to find five women who would be his swordsman maidservants.

Therefore, Zhang Ruochen could only take it as a reference and learn its essence.

Finally, Zhang Ruochen also studied the notes left by the Thousand-bone Empress.

Perhaps because the Thousand-bone Empress had lived in an era so far removed from the present, each sentence seemed rather mysterious. In half a month Zhang Ruochen only made sense of a third of it.

That day, Blackie called from the external world. “Gai Tianjiao wants to see you. If you don’t come out, I am afraid nothing can stop her.”

“Gai Tianjiao.”

Zhang Ruochen dared not ignore her, so he immediately left the Scroll World.

In the courtyard, Blackie intercepted Gai Tianjiao at the door as she tried to break in.

Zhang Ruochen pushed the door open and went out. He glanced at Gai Tianjiao and gave her a salute with hands

folded. "Greetings, Senior Sister Apprentice."

Gai Tianjiao smiled approvingly at Blackie who was on the ground. "Lin Yue, the savage beast you keep is superior in wisdom and power. How about you give it to me?"

There were some remains of charred wood and traces of thunderbolts. Apparently, a fight had broken out just now.

Zhang Ruochen held Blackie in his arms and patted his head, smiling. "It's just a savage beast. He doesn't know how strong you are and dared to engage you. I would like to thank you for not hurting him."

Realizing that Lin Yue had no intention to give her the cat, Gai Tianjiao said nothing more about it. "Do you remember the agreement between you and Moon-burier Sword Saint? You have to spend nine days in the Sword Pavilion each month. This month is about to end and you have not been there for even a single day."

Zhang Ruochen scratched his head and appeared to be surprised. "I have been busy practicing in confinement. I forgot about it. Come, let's go to the Sword Pavilion now."

With just a glance, Gai Tianjiao saw that his cultivation had improved a lot.

"Within less than a month, his cultivation improved by leaps and bounds. This guy must be keeping a lot of secrets from us."

Gai Tianjiao thought inwardly.

On the way to the Sword Pavilion, Gai Tianjiao quietly spoke to Zhang Ruochen via sound transmission. "Qi Feiyu took first place in the contest."

Zhang Ruochen raised his eyebrows and quickly understood, "Is her power really so strong?"

There were top masters like Qin Yufan, Can Dong, and Zhao Wuyan among the Monks with a cultivation of the Eight Change in the Fish-Dragon Realm, and they were not to be trifled with. Even Zhang Ruochen was not sure he could rout them all.

Based on Qi Feiyu's previous displays of strength, she was not likely to win first place.

"I went to watch her fights with Qin Yufan and Can Dong respectively. It appears that she has already cultivated to the tenth realm of Sword One—the Completion."

Zhang Ruochen felt something was wrong and said, "I think she has concealed her actual power."

"I think so too."

Gai Tianjiao looked at Zhang Ruochen and said, "I can't figure out why she chose to reveal her actual power now. Does she want to attend the Sword Technique Conference on behalf of the Yin and Yang Sect? What's in it for her?"

Chapter 695 - The Sixth Sword Holder

Translator:

Transn

Editor:

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Zhang Ruochen spoke seriously. "I'd like to know if the Completion of Sword One is the full extent of her strength. Is it possible that the power that Qi Feiyu has displayed so far is just the tip of the iceberg?"

A melodious female voice interrupted their conversation from behind. "Senior sister apprentice and junior fellow apprentice Lin Yue, are you going to the Sword Pavilion too?"

Zhang Ruochen and Gai Tianjiao stopped simultaneously, looked at each other, and then turned around to glare at Qi Feiyu who was not far away.

It was quite coincidental that she appeared the instant they mentioned her.

Zhang Ruochen smiled and said, "Senior Sister Apprentice Qi, how is everything going?"

Qi Feiyu caught up using her light footwork. A subtle scent emanated from her and a slight smile hovered on her beautiful face. She said, "Beginning today, I will enter the Sword Pavilion to seclude myself for refining and spare no effort to perceive Sword Two. On the ninth day of September, perhaps I, on behalf of the Yin and Yang Sect, will take part in the Sword Technique Conference."

Qi Feiyu was a top-seeded warrior of the Yin and Yang Sect. Now that her Tao of the sword was at the Completion of Sword One, she would naturally be cultivated emphatically.

Gai Tianjiao mentioned nothing about the Moon Worship Demonic Sect and remained calm. She said, "Is that so? Then, let's go together!"

The three of them went to the Sword Pavilion.

This time, the person whom Zhang Ruochen met was not Moon-burier Sword Saint but Qi Hong, the sixth Sword Holder of the Sword Pavilion.

Qi Hong looked like a middle-aged man in his forties and was dressed in a plain cotton garment. Although he was a lofty Half-Saint, he did not have the majesty of one but was instead like a gentle teacher.

Qi Hong fixed his eyes on Zhang Ruochen and Qi Feiyu and smiled as he said, "Good, really good. Both of you have practiced Sword One to the Completion. During the Sword Technique Conference, you are bound to shoot to fame.

"But you have a great mission to safeguard the Sword Pavilion. It is far from enough to reach the realm of the Completion of Sword One.

"My task is to help you enter the threshold of Sword Two as quickly as possible, and then reach the first realm of Sword Two, 'Yin-Yang Alternation.' I will now explain what it is and how to integrate the inspiration into the Tao of the sword."

Zhang Ruochen and Qi Feiyu sat cross-legged, a look of concentration on their faces.

As for Gai Tianjiao, she did not listen to the lecture because she had difficulty practicing Sword Two successfully due to her physical quality.

Qi Hong continued speaking. "Yin-Yang Alternation can be interpreted as the interchanging power between Yin nature and Yang nature. For example, the changes between day and night, or dusk and dawn, are moments of Yin-Yang Alternation..."

Qi Hong explained for four whole hours.

What he said was quite similar to the notes of Moon-burier Sword Saint on Sword Two, but he expounded some sections to make them more understandable.

According to Qi Hong's explanation, if they hoped to practice the realm of Yin-Yang Alternation successfully, they were supposed to grasp its true essence and then integrate the essence into their Tao of the sword.

The deeper the understanding of its essence, the stronger the Tao of the sword would be.

“In the following month, you can practice on the first level of the Sword Pavilion or its second level. Whoever reaches the realm of Yin-Yang Alternation first will be awarded a piece of Swordsoul Hailstone,” Qi Hong said as he smiled.

The Swordsoul Hailstone was a treasure that only existed in the Sword Pavilion. If one were to ingest it, it could improve a sword practitioners' realm of the Tao of the sword.

Zhang Ruochen knew the value of the Swordsoul Hailstone. If he could acquire it, he could speed up the practice of his realm of Tao of the sword to the Peak of Heart Integrated into Sword. At the same time, the Swordsoul Hailstone was a great aid to practice Sword Two.

A bright gleam appeared in Qi Feiyu's eyes. She glanced at Zhang Ruochen, chuckled and said, “Junior fellow apprentice Lin Yue, from now on, we are competitors. I will definitely practice Sword Two to the first realm within one month.”

Actually, Qi Feiyu had already reached “Yin-Yang Alternation,” the first realm of Sword Two, but at that time, she had been reluctant to participate in the Sword Technique Conference. She, therefore, showed only the eighth realm of Sword One.

Now that she had decided to take part in the Sword Technique Conference and repress Li Yue, there was no more need for her to conceal her cultivation.

She simply had to wait for one month and then she could reveal the first realm of Sword Two and win the Swordsoul Hailstone. Moreover, there was a chance that she could practice to the second realm of Sword Two.

It was precisely because Qi Feiyu had already reached the first realm of Sword Two that she knew better than anyone how

hard it was to practice Sword Two.

She did not believe that Lin Yue could reach the first realm of Sword Two within a month.

She had already won before the competition even started.

“One month is sufficient.”

Zhang Ruochen looked at Qi Feiyu’s impeccably beautiful face and spoke firmly.

Qi Hong was one of the Qis’ forefathers. He knew Qi Feiyu’s accomplishment in the Tao of the sword.

In Qi Hong’s opinion, even with the substantial resources of the Sword Pavilion, Lin Yue would not be able to advance much in Sword Two, let alone reach its first realm.

After all, even with his Half-Saint realm and decades of arduous practice, he was still at the fourth realm of Sword Two.

That was why he made the “Swordsoul Hailstone” the reward for the contest—it was his way of giving it to Qi Feiyu.

Qi Feiyu headed to the second level of the Sword Pavilion after listening to Qi Hong’s lecture.

Time on the second level of the Sword Pavilion passed by three times faster than in the external world, while on the first level it was twice faster. Obviously, practicing on the second level was superior.

However, Zhang Ruochen remained on the first level of the Sword Pavilion and borrowed two notes on Sword Two. He went to the eighteenth room of Titled Black.

The room was divided into 36 smaller rooms. Five rooms were closed—apparently, sword practitioners were secluding themselves inside for refining.

Zhang Ruochen randomly selected one room near the corner, walked in, and started the array of the room to close it.

Inside, the small room was a completely independent space that was 30 meters long and wide. It was around the size of two basketball courts. The door and wall were engraved with

an Inscription of Array. Even Spiritual Power could not penetrate through it.

“Roar!”

Zhang Ruochen banged his fist on the left wall creating whorls of energy ripples. The array on the wall quickly defused the force.

“The defensive power is so strong. Even a Half-Saint won’t be able to rip through the array in the seclusion house.”

Zhang Ruochen was completely reassured. He took out two notes on Sword Two, sat cross-legged on the ground, and began reading.

The two notes had been compiled by Sword Saint Xuanji and Nine Serenity Sword Saint respectively. They not only contained the two sword saints’ ideas, but they also had a lot in common with Moon-burier Sword Saint’s notes.

After finishing the two notes, he borrowed the notes on Sword Two compiled by six Half-Saint geniuses and continued to study and analyze.

While the notes by the sword saints were highly enigmatic, the Half-Saint geniuses’ notes on Sword two also had merit.

Zhang Ruochen was in no hurry to begin practicing Sword Two and did not plan to mechanically follow any notes on Sword Two to practice.

He preferred to read and learn, and then sum up his own Tao of the sword from every predecessor’s notes.

One month later, Zhang Ruochen finally finished six notes on Sword Two. He sat cross-legged in the seclusion house and entered a meditative state to sort and summarize.

The time that elapsed on the first level of the Sword Pavilion was double compared to the external world. In other words, a month was equal to half a month in the external world

Because Zhang Ruochen had stayed in the seclusion house, no one discovered that he had changed back to his original appearance.

Outside Zhang Ruochen's seclusion house, Qi Feiyu had a confused look in her beautiful, starry eyes. "Half the allotted time has passed. Is he still staying in the seclusion house and only looking at others' notes on Sword Two?"

"Yes, he is."

A lump of Holy Qi condensed and transformed into Qi Hong.

Qi Hong laughed and said, "One compilation of notes on Sword Two is quite enough so that the thinking can be clear and the direction precise. Too much reading will result in a mishmash of thoughts. Even worse, the substantial knowledge of Tao of the sword might drive him mad. Has Lin Yue been driven to the brink of madness?"

Qi Feiyu nodded in agreement.

The Wordless Sword Manual was the simplified Tao of the sword that integrated hundreds of thousands of sword techniques into one move and then divided the move into Sword One, Sword Two, Sword Three...

Lin Yue was too smart for his own good. He complicated simple matters by reading and studying every legend's notes.

A jack of all trades, master of none.

"It seems that I have overestimated him."

She pursed her red lips, disappointed with Lin Yue. She had thought he was a worthy opponent. She never thought that he would ruin himself this way.

Qi Hong said, "He won't even compete against you. This Swordsoul Hailstone will certainly belong to you. With the treasure's help, you have a great chance to practice to the second realm of Sword Two before the Sword Technique Conference."

"Swoosh!"

The array's light on the door of the seclusion house dissipated gradually.

Zhang Ruochen opened the door and walked outside. Seeing Qi Feiyu and Qi Hong standing outside, he asked with a

glimmer of a smile, “Predecessor Qi Hong and Senior Sister Apprentice Qi, are you going to seclude yourselves for refining?”

Ignoring the astonished look on their faces, Zhang Ruochen returned six notebooks about Sword Two to the bookshelf and stepped straight out of the Sword Pavilion.

Qi Feiyu saw that Zhang Ruochen looked energetic and seemed to have made progress in his realm of Tao of the sword. He did not show any sign of madness at all.

Her long black eyebrows converged slightly. She said, “His Tao of the sword has improved a lot again. It is so strange. I will follow him to see what he has done.”

Qi Feiyu took the form of a shadow and followed Zhang Ruochen out of the Sword Pavilion.

Chapter 696 - Yin-Yang Alternation and Yin-Yang Chaos

Translator:

Transn

Editor:

Transn

When Zhang Ruochen stepped out of the Sword Pavilion, it was dusk outside.

The red glow of the setting sun inflamed the sky.

Dusk was the moment when day and night alternated, and Yin and Yang transformed together. Subtle changes occurred in the rules between the Sky and Earth.

After all, day and night were not the same.

The Thousand-bone Empress' notes proclaimed that Sword Two represented "day" and "night". Only at dawn and at dusk by observing the changes of Earth and Heaven could he comprehend the first realm of Sword Two.

The Thousand-bone Empress's comprehension of Sword Two was widely different from that of sword practitioners in the Kunlun's Field, but it had a lot of desirable attributes.

Therefore, Zhang Ruochen decided to practice by following the Thousand-bone Empress' comprehension of the first level of Sword Two and integrate it with what he had perceived from Sword Saint Xuanji, the Nine Serenity Sword Saint and the Moon-burier Sword Saint.

Sitting cross-legged on the edge of the Third-level Mountain, Zhang Ruochen gazed at the setting sun raptly. He appeared tranquil as he perceived the subtle changes in the alternation of day and night.

“Tap, tap!”

Qi Feiyu walked out of the Sword Pavilion. She was dressed in a green robe and had an ancient sword on her back. She looked like a fairy from another world.

Who could imagine such a refined, elegant and chaste girl was the Saintess of a demonic sect?

Her beautiful eyes fell on Zhang Ruochen, and she said, “Are you trying to comprehend the interchange of Yin and Yang from the alternation of day and night?”

“Yes,” Zhang Ruochen replied.

“It’s actually a great method. But won’t that be too slow? Can you practice to the first-level realm of Sword Two in a month?” Her melodious voice sounded like a godsend.

Zhang Ruochen just smiled and replied, “Haste makes waste. It’s good to find my own way to practice.”

In fact, Zhang Ruochen held a deep understanding of Sword Two after reading the sages’ notes.

As soon as he noticed the day-night variation, the Heart of the Sword in his Qi Pool transformed into human form to practice sword technique.

“Would Senior Sister Apprentice Qi like to comprehend the swordplay with me?” Zhang Ruochen invited her to join him.

“Okay.”

Qi Feiyu twisted her long robe with her delicate hands, walked toward Zhang Ruochen, and sat cross-legged beside him. Her straight back and waist depicted perfect lines.

The afterglow of the sunset diffused upon them, casting two long shadows on the ground. The cloud and mist in the mountains changed ceaselessly. It leapt up from the cliff, shrouding them completely.

As the sun dipped below the horizon, darkness engulfed everything. The air became cold and glittering stars began to appear in the sky above them.

Under the starlight, Zhang Ruochen stopped perceiving. He took out his Void Sword and started to display sword techniques.

“Swish, swish!”

His footwork was abstruse and profound. Sometimes he shifted to the left and sometimes he leapt in an unpredictable manner.

A current of icing air and a ball of flame surged up simultaneously from the sword edge. The two powers began to rotate in pace with the sword’s movement, and then formed a faint mark of Tai Chi.

Qi Feiyu stood to the side, quietly observing Zhang Ruochen’s sword movement, and thought to herself, “His understanding of Sword Two is still on the most superficial level. At this pace, he will need at least three months to successfully practice the first realm of Sword Two.”

It was quite extraordinary to reach the first realm of Sword Two in three months.

As for Qi Feiyu, it had taken a whole year to reach the same realm.

Although Li Yue displayed a great gift for Tao of the sword, she was not threatened by it. She paid him no mind and returned to the Sword Pavilion to seclude herself for refining and perceiving the second realm of Sword Two.

All night, Zhang Ruochen stood on the edge of the cliff demonstrating sword movements.

It wasn’t until morning the next day that he stopped. He sat cross-legged on the ground and started a new observation on the changes of day-and-night alternation.

Every single day Zhang Ruochen made rapid progress in his sword technique and his perception into the Tao of the sword.

On the eighth day, when the sun set, a stream of piercing icing air burst inside his body. It froze him completely into a human-shaped ice sculpture.

Sitting cross-legged in the Icing cold, he continued to breathe deeply. His Genuine Qi ran little by little inside his body.

On the tenth day, when the sun rose from the horizon, the Icing cold began to melt. Soon, wisps of flame were spurting from his pores, surrounding him like a fireball.

Inside the flames, Zhang Ruochen opened his eyes and grinned.

“I see. The first realm of Sword Two was not so difficult!”

Zhang Ruochen stood up, breathed in the fresh air and went down the mountain.

In the Sword Pavilion, Qi Hong was sorting sword manuals. A wisp of his Divine Soul detected that Li Yue had left the Ancient Gods Mountain.

Suddenly, he paused with an unusual smile and said to himself,

“There’re only six days left. And yet Lin Yue is heading down the mountain. Has he given up?”

It was out of the question to practice to the first realm of Sword Two within a month.

Qi Hong was not surprised Lin Yue had chosen to give up.

He walked to the second level of the Sword Pavilion, eager to tell Qi Feiyu the good news and reassure her.

When Qi Feiyu found out that Li Yue had left the Third-level Mountain, a look of disappointment appeared in her eyes. She had assessed Lin Yue’s potential and intended to recruit him under her command.

But now, it seemed that his disposition was too poor, far from her expectation.

Qi Feiyu did not dwell on it further. She continued to practice Tao of the sword.

The reason Zhang Ruochen had left the Third-level Mountain was not to give up on the competition with Qi Feiyu.

Rather he had already comprehended the first realm of Sword Two and was preparing to go back to Zixia Sacred Mountain. There he could utilize the Scroll World to race against time and practice the second level of Sword Two.

The deadline of one month was six days away.

Six days in the external world would be 60 days inside the Scroll World.

Naturally he chose to practice inside the Scroll World instead of staying in the Sword Pavilion. The Sword Pavilion was not his best option.

The second realm of Sword Two was called “Yin-Yang Chaos”.

Although this realm was higher than the realm of “Yin-Yang Alternation”, Zhang Ruochen had crossed the threshold of Sword Two, so the second realm would be relatively easier than the first.

Zhang Ruochen practiced day and night for 60 days straight and became rather crazy. The cap on his head had broken as his long hair dispersed down. His eyes were bloodshot and blue veins stood out on his forehead.

To an outsider, it looked as if he was possessed by the Devil.

As a matter of fact, Zhang Ruochen still had a clear state of mind. But he was so exhausted and fatigued that he had turned himself into what he looked like now.

It was not that he didn't want to rest; he had deliberately put himself into a state of chaos.

He was getting closer to the second level of Sword Two, only one step away from comprehending the realm of “Yin-Yang Chaos”.

According to the Nine Serenity Sword Saint's notes on Sword Two, the best way to grasp “Yin-Yang Chaos” was to drive oneself crazy. Fatigue and overwork could stimulate one's potential.

In order to practice the second realm of Sword Two, the young Nine Serenity Sword Saint, had once dove into an icy

bottomless lake and fought fiercely against the savage beasts underwater without rest. It had taken him three months to practice the realm successfully. He had narrowly escaped from the battle.

The Nine Serenity Sword Saint believed that only by keeping a clear mind, could a Monk reach the realm of “Yin-Yang Chaos” in any real sense.

He must be in “chaos” before the sword could be in Chaos.

The way the Nine Serenity Sword Saint practiced was quite risky. A Monk might not be able to control his or her own spirit and drive themselves mad. Even worse, the Monk might die suddenly from overexerting themselves.

Zhang Ruochen had strong Spiritual Power and was guarded by the Gods’ Mark. Relatively speaking, he had an advantage over the young Nine Serenity Sword Saint.

If even the Nine Serenity Sword Saint had dared to struggle for it, why shouldn’t he?

For 60 days, Zhang Ruochen had been buried in sword practice without a moments rest. His consciousness was getting fuzzier; even his Genuine Qi seemed to be running out. It was obvious that he had pushed his body to the extreme.

“Zhang Ruochen, the deadline of one month is up. You should go to the Sword Pavilion,” reminded Blackie.

Zhang Ruochen had to stop and pull himself up with the sword. His eyes were bloodshot. He gasped. “The second realm of Sword Two is too difficult to practice successfully in such a short period of time. Maybe I can accelerate it by using Swordsoul Hailstone.”

In the end, he stayed at the first realm of Sword Two.

Swordsoul Hailstone was such a treasure that it could only be found by chance. Zhang Ruochen would have to acquire it in order to use it.

Zhang Ruochen would not submit to the fact that he had failed to practice the second realm of Sword Two. Therefore, on the

way to the Sword Pavilion, he began pressing his potential to comprehend swordplay.

Hard work paid off.

...

The Third-level Mountain on the Ancient Gods Mountain appeared lively. A large number of monks had gathered.

The top ten warriors in each realm of the Tao of the sword martial arts contest stood together in the square below the Whitestone Sacred Cliff. They were the best God's favored sons in the Yin and Yang Sect and would become High-level warriors. So it was out of the question that they were chosen as key people to be trained.

Chapter 697 - The Second Realm

Translator:

Transn

Editor:

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Because of their excellent performance in the martial arts contest of Tao of the sword, each of the top ten warriors had an opportunity to practice in the Sword Pavilion for three months. But compared to Zhang Ruochen and Qi Feiyu, their activities would be restricted largely to the Sword Pavilion.

They did not rely on their own strength to reach the top of the Third-Level Mountain, but instead, they were led by nine Half-Saints.

Standing in the crowd, Xun Hualiu gazed in amazement at the Sword Pavilion on the top of the White Sacred Cliff and said, "I have never imagined that one day, I, Xun Hualiu, would be able to practice in the Sword Pavilion like a genius. Haha!"

"From now on, I, Mu Jiji, am a big shot, too," Mu Jiji said, arms akimbo. Laughter shook his rolls of fat.

Soon, Xun Hualiu and Mu Jiji knelt on the ground and kowtowed reverently in the direction of the Sword Pavilion, as if on a pilgrimage.

The monks around did not disdain Xun Hualiu and Mu Jiji, because in their mind, the Sword Pavilion was also an incomparably sacred place. It was a great honor to practice even once in the Sword Pavilion. Among the other monks, they were certain to dine out on it for years to come.

A current of Holy Qi poured out of the Sword Pavilion and condensed into a man in a purple robe who stood on the top of

the Whitestone Sacred Cliff. The sword Qi of his body was mighty and unparalleled.

The nine Half-Saints below bowed to the man in a purple robe and said in unison, “Your disciples hereby pay their respects to the sword saint.”

“Is he the legendary Moon-Burier Sword Saint?”

“Finally, I have the great fortune to meet the sword saint. If he is willing to give me some guidance, how much can I raise my Tao of the sword?”

In the disciples’ eyes, Moon-burier Sword Saint was a mythical demigod. Even warriors of the Fish-Dragon Realm could not restrain their excitement at the sight of him.

“We’ve come to pay our respects to you, Your Excellency.”

They knelt down, bowed, and saluted towards the Moon-Burier Sword Saint.

At this moment, Qi Feiyu, Qi Hong and Gai Tianjiao stepped out of the Sword Pavilion and stood together with the nine Half-Saints on the square.

“Everyone may get up!”

A deep and powerful current of Holy Qi carried the Moon-Burier Sword Saint’s voice all over Third-Level Mountain.

He added, “Since everyone has come here, Qi Hong, you lead them into the Sword Pavilion. For the next three months, you will be in charge of everything in the Sword Pavilion.

“Yes, Master.”

Qi Hong’s eyes swept the crowd and did not find Zhang Ruochen. He smiled and bowed to the Moon-Burier Sword Saint. “Master, one month ago, I assigned tasks to Lin Yue and Qi Feiyu, as you instructed me.

“Now, the time is up. Should their strength be tested so that the stronger one can obtain the Swordsoul Hailstone?”

The Moon-Burier Sword Saint nodded and said, “That’s right. But I’m afraid both of them can’t comprehend the first realm

of Sword Two in just a month. In my opinion, we'd better wait for another month.”

Gai Tianjiao had reported about Qi Feiyu to the Moon-Burier Sword Saint.

Therefore, the Moon-burier Sword Saint was on guard against Qi Feiyu and the Qis. If the Swordsoul Hailstone had to be granted to someone, he he hoped it would be Lin Yue.

So, when he saw that Li Yue had not turned up yet, the Moon-burier Sword Saint intended to postpone the test for a month.

Qi Feiyu walked forward and stood in the center of the square. She bowed to the Moon-Burier Sword Saint and said, “Sword saint, the junior has already practiced the first realm of Sword Two.”

All nine Half-Saints could not help being surprised, because most of them had not yet crossed the threshold of Sword Two.

It was astounding that a Monk in the Fish-Dragon Realm could make such great achievements in Tao of the sword.

Other geniuses were also shocked, discussing it in whispers.

“Senior Sister Apprentice Qi’s talent for Tao of the sword is terrific. She has practiced not only to the completion of Sword One, but also the first realm of Sword Two.”

“Junior Sister Apprentice Qi is certainly innately bright and blessed. Her talent and cultivation were second only to the first senior sister apprentice.”

“Her talent for Tao of the sword has outstripped the first senior sister apprentice.”

...

Qi Feiyu had impressed everyone with her simple words.

No matter how the crowd praised her, Qi Feiyu took the compliments in stride. She remained quiet and reflective, without any arrogance and fickleness. Her modest temperament made the Half-Saint Patriarchs nod repeatedly in approval.

“How could it be possible?”

Gai Tianjiao's eyes suddenly shrank into two scorching flashes.

She could not believe that Qi Feiyu had made such great achievements. She must have reached that level long ago and kept it hidden.

It was rather abnormal that Qi Feiyu had revealed such brilliant talent for Tao of the sword. No one knew what she was scheming.

If she obtained the Swordsoul Hailstone, would it be good for the Yin and Yang Sect?

Qi Hong grinned and said, "Since Qi Feiyu has practiced to the first realm of Sword Two within a month, the Swordsoul Hailstone should be awarded to her."

Gai Tianjiao took a step forward instantly and looked at Qi Hong. She said, "Sixth Elder Brother, junior fellow apprentice Lin Yue has not shown up yet. How can you know that he is worse than Junior Sister Apprentice Qi?"

Qi Hong and Gai Tianjiao were both disciples of the Moon-Burier Sword Saint and the Sword Holders of the Sword Pavilion.

Qi Hong replied, "Lin Yue hasn't turned up. Doesn't it mean he has conceded?"

"Perhaps, he has secluded himself for refining and forgotten the time," said Gai Tianjiao.

A frosty look crossed his eyes, but his face still appeared benign. He said, "Maybe he had some trouble. Everyone knows Lin Yue has made breakthroughs too quickly. His state of mind must be unstable. So, it is possible that he has gone seriously awry..."

At this moment, someone in the crowd exclaimed, "Look! Elder brother Lin Yue is coming up!"

When Qi Hong heard the words, his countenance fell. He looked quickly to the mountain path.

Qi Feiyu also turned around. Although she had not expected Li Yue to appear, she remained unruffled.

Gai Tianjiao's face shone with delight. But when she saw Lin Yue, her face dimmed and stiffened with dismay instead.

Not only Gai Tianjiao, but all the monks present were stunned at Lin Yue's current appearance.

At this moment, Zhang Ruochen's hair was dishevelled, his eyes bloodshot, and his face pale. He looked like a dizzy lunatic, ready to fall to the ground at any time.

"He is...Lin Yue..."

Han Qiu pursed her lips, her eyes incredulous.

In her mind, Lin Yue was a Genius of Tao of the sword who was able to compare to Zhang Ruochen. How had he abandoned himself to such a disgusting condition?

Zhao Wuyan gulped and said, "What has happened to him? As Half-Saint Qi Hong has said, Lin Yue must have gone crazy from practicing too hastily."

"His practice speed is too fast, indeed. Maybe Lin Yue used some taboo occult art and it backfired on him," said one of Qi Feiyu's suitors. He snickered.

Can Dong frowned and said pitifully, "His condition shows that he is possibly spellbound with sword practice. How could he be a Genius of Tao of the sword?"

Zhang Ruochen's appearance at the moment was scary. He seemed, at first sight, to be possessed by the Devil.

Some felt sorry for him, while others were pleased to see him like this.

"My boss, what's wrong with you?"

"Boss, don't scare me like that."

Xun Hualiu and Mu Jiji were worried that Zhang Ruochen had gone the evil way, so they rushed toward him.

The Moon-Burier Sword Saint also scrutinized Lin Yue, and suddenly he seemed to discover something special. A glimmer of wonder showed in his wise eyes. He said to himself, "How could it be? Is he close to the realm in a month?"

When he noticed Xun Hualiu and Mu Jiji rush to Lin Yue, the Moon-Burier Sword Saint snapped his fingers. A light spot popped up from his fingertip and expanded into a light screen of sword Qi to wrap Lin Yue's body entirely.

“BAM! BAM!”

Xun Hualiu and Mu Jiji lost their pace and knocked on the sword Qi cover. Both of them flew back disoriented.

The Moon-Burier Sword Saint rebuked them. “Don't disturb him. He is comprehending the swordplay.”

“Comprehending the swordplay?”

Qi Hong did not believe that Zhang Ruochen was really focused on swordplay comprehension, and he looked immediately at the Moon-Burier Sword Saint and said, “Master, I quite understand that you appreciate Lin Yue's gift for Tao of the sword, but I still think that he is not in good condition. He should cure himself soon. If he waits, the consequences could be unimaginable.”

The Moon-Burier Sword Saint gave Qi Hong a sharp stare of dissatisfaction and said, “What does it matter if we wait for him? If an accident happens, I will take full responsibility for it.”

Qi Hong broke out in a cold sweat. He closed his mouth and retreated gingerly.

He threw a glance at Lin Yue and wondered,

“Is he really comprehending the swordplay and getting closer to the first realm of Sword

Two

? Master is quite partial to him.”

Qi Feiyu was full of confidence, without a hint of fluster. Even if Zhang Ruochen had reached the first realm of Sword One, he could not threaten her. There was also distinction within the first realm.

Two hours passed quickly.

When everybody was on the edge of losing patience, Lin Yue, standing behind the light screen, raised his head, closed his eyes, and took a deep breath. He said with a smile, "I finally understand the profound mysteries of Sword Two."

When he opened his eyes again, the redness had disappeared.

Zhang Ruochen took out two Spiritual Crystals, sat cross-legged, and started to restore his Genuine Qi by holding a Spiritual Crystal in each hand.

Everyone waited another hour before Zhang Ruochen stood up again.

Although he seemed quite exhausted, he looked much restored, and he bowed to the Moon-Burier Sword Saint and said, "Master, thank you."

The Moon-Burier Sword Saint looked at Zhang Ruochen below, and his figure moved and appeared in front of Zhang Ruochen. He clicked his tongue and said, "Have you reached the second realm of Sword Two, 'Yin-Yang Chaos'?"

"There is no hiding from your eyes," Zhang Ruochen said with a smile.

The Moon-Burier Sword Saint's heart was shocked at what Zhang Ruochen had said.

"If Zhang Ruochen has truly practiced to the second realm of Sword Two within a month, his comprehension ability and talent for Tao of the sword are abnormally brilliant. Even the prodigious Sword Emperor might not be more outstanding than him."

Was he an evildoer?

Everyone gasped, as they could clearly hear the conversation between Zhang Ruochen and the Moon-Burier Sword Saint.

Chapter 698 - The Swordsoul Hailstone

Translator:

Transn

Editor:

Transn

The monks who were able to come to the Sword Pavilion were all God's favored sons. Naturally they knew the significance of a warrior in the Fish-Dragon Realm practicing to the second level of Sword Two.

Even the mythical Moon-burier Sword Saint had only practiced Sword Two to the second realm when he was in the Fish-Dragon Realm.

It was obvious that Lin Yue's achievement would not stagnate at the current level. He would improve even further in the future.

"Has he really practiced to the second realm of Sword Two?"

Subtle changes had finally taken place on her peaceful and beautiful face. She could not keep a calm state of mind any longer. She had to accept the facts.

After all, only a month had passed.

If given another year, or a decade, what level could he improve his Tao of the sword to?

"Awesome, amazing! He is worthy of being our boss. We can only look up to his realm of Tao of the sword." Xun Hualiu exclaimed, straightening his chest. With Lin Yue's support, who in the Yin and Yang Sect would dare to bother him now?

Qi Hong became sullen. He was unwilling to believe that Lin Yue's attainments on Tao of the sword had reached Yin-Yang Chaos, the second realm of Sword Two.

He walked forward and bowed to the Moon-burier Sword Saint. “Master, I have learnt a great deal about the Tao of the sword. I can’t believe it only took him a month to reach the second realm of Sword Two. Of course, I am not questioning Lin Yue, I just think it’s unbelievable.”

The Moon-burier Sword Saint was in good mood. He saw a silver lining in Lin Yue’s talent of Tao of the sword. If Lin Yue continued to improve at this pace, there was no need to worry. The Yin and Yang Sect would continue to dominate the Sword Technique Conference.

Staring at Qi Hong, he smiled. “Well, can you think of a test?”

Qi Hong replied, “I propose a battle between Qi Feiyu and Lin Yue. If Lin Yue wins, everyone will be convinced.”

Gai Tianjiao stood up and refuted him with a snort. “Sixth elder brother, isn’t your proposal a little unfair? Junior Sister Apprentice has reached the Ninth Change of the Fish-dragon Realm while junior fellow apprentice Lin Yue has only reached the Fifth. .

“Even though junior fellow apprentice Lin Yue’s attainments on Tao of the sword are higher than Junior Sister Apprentice’s, he is below her.”

Qi Hong felt increasingly disagreeable with Gai Tianjiao. She was always setting herself against him. Without the Moon-burier Sword Saint’s shield, he would have already killed her.

Qi Hong tried to conceal the fury in his heart.

“We can only compete on sword technique, not on cultivation,” Qi Feiyu walked out elegantly with her eyes fixed on Zhang Ruochen. “Actually, I’ve always looked forward to comparing with junior fellow apprentice Lin Yue on sword technique. This is the perfect opportunity.”

The Moon-burier Sword Saint nodded gently. He looked at Zhang Ruochen. “Lin Yue, since you claim that you have practiced to the second realm of Sword Two, could you prove yourself to everyone now?”

Zhang Ruochen came up in front of Qi Feiyu and answered, “I’ve been wanting to see Senior Sister Apprentice’s

remarkable sword technique as well. Now that there's a chance, it's not bad to learn from each other."

Everybody stepped back, leaving a wide space for Zhang Ruochen and Qi Feiyu.

In the crowd, a God's favored daughter in the Seventh Change of the Fish-dragon Realm said with some surprise, "It's said that Lin Yue and Qi Feiyu are close lovers. How could they fight against each other just for the Swordsoul Hailstone?"

"The Swordsoul Hailstone is a fifth level treasure of the Sword Pavilion. It is gestated every 20 years, so it's an irresistible temptation to sword practitioners. In order to get it, it's not just lovers who may break up, even siblings would stab each other in the back for it."

"In fact, Lin Yue and Qi Feiyu make a handsome match. And their talents for Tao of the sword are outstanding. They are the perfect couple. If they hook up, it will definitely be a much-told story. What a pity!"

All the monks were discussing them and giving their opinions.

Many people believed that Lin Yue and Qi Feiyu would eventually get together, so they were sad to see Lin Yue and Qi Feiyu break up for the Swordsoul Hailstone.

In sharp contrast, the two people standing in the square remained perfectly calm.

"SWOOSH!"

Qi Feiyu stretched out her snow-white hand. Immediately the ancient sword on her back quivered with a long beam of sword radiance and flew out from its sheath into her hand.

Zhang Ruochen extracted the Void Sword and said, "Senior Sister Apprentice, sorry to offend you!"

He took several steps forward. His figure moved swiftly like a ghost, leaving only a trail of shadows.

The Void Sword in his hand drew an enormous circle of sword Qi.

The sword Qi within the lines of this circle condensed into a Tai Chi mark. It was black and white with half day and half night.

Qi Feiyu wielded her sword. Her sword Qi met together to take the shape of a circle.

Two types of utterly opposing power flew out from the ancient swords. One was extremely feminine and condensed into a cold cloud, while the other was grossly masculine and condensed into a fire cloud.

Two contradictory forces alternated continually.

A Half-Saint Patriarch praised, “Sure enough, both of them have reached ‘Yin-Yang Alternation’, the first realm of Sword Two. However, the Tao of the sword they’ve comprehended seems different.”

Another Half-Saint Patriarch said, “Obviously, Qi Feiyu has practiced the most orthodox Tao of the sword, merging Yin and Yang Qi into sword technique as one. It’s incredibly changeable.

“As for Lin Yue...I cannot read it clearly. The Tao of the sword that he is displaying contains the true essence of Yin-Yang Alternation indeed, but why is there another force of occult power flowing in the sword technique?”

The Moon-burier Sword Saint twiddled his moustache and said with a smile, “It is the power of day and night, that is, the power of heaven and earth. If I am right, Lin Yue has referred to both the Thousand-bone Empress’ notes on Sword Two and the orthodox Tao of the sword, and integrated them together. He really has an uncanny comprehension ability.”

The Half-Saints were taken aback by the Moon-burier Sword Saint’s analysis.

“Actually, Qi Feiyu is fairly excellent.”

An aged Half-Saint asked, “Sword Saint, have you ever considered fostering both of them as the Sword Holders of the Heaven Sword and the Earth Sword?”

“Based on their achievements in Tao of the sword, if they practice the ‘Yin-Yang Two Forms Sword Array’ successfully, they are bound to become the guardians of the Yin and Yang Sect in a few hundred years. They’ll hold the Heaven Sword and the Earth Sword in their hands.”

The Moon-burier Sword Saint considered this. If it were not for the things about Qi Feiyu that Gai Tianjiao had reported to him, it would be possible to bring Qi Feiyu and Lin Yue together and cultivate them as the holders of the Swords.

But for now, he had no alternative but to wait for the Suzerain to conduct their investigation on Qi Feiyu and the Qis. If the Qis had a connection with the demonic sect, Qi Feiyu would have to be put to death no matter how talented she was.

The sword technique Zhang Ruochen demonstrated formed a domain of sword Qi to swallow Qi Feiyu completely.

Qi Feiyu seemed to drop into another spacetime. Day and night interconverted continuously overhead, changing between shining and starry.

All of a sudden, the blazing sun took the form of Lin Yue.

Armed with a violently flaming combat sword he whammed toward her. It did not fluster Qi Feiyu. Instead she met the head-on attack immediately.

Two swords crashed. The sword Qi area of black and white alternation pushed Qi Feiyu backward.

“BOOM!”

Qi Feiyu’s sword Qi collapsed. Her figure slipped backward over 30 meters.

“Yin-Yang Chaos.”

Zhang Ruochen gave her no time to rest. He displayed the second realm of Sword Two. He dashed out with his sword and hit toward her heart with smashing force.

The power appeared to strike her down on the spot.

“Moonglade Knife Technique.”

She was forced to mobilize all her Holy Qi and demonstrate a movement of Nine Yin Sword. She wielded the sword forward.

“CLANG!”

A jet of sword Qi in the shape of a crescent moon flew out with a clang. It forced Zhang Ruochen back with a pressing power.

He retreated several dozen steps before standing still. He looked at the blood on his arm and thought Qi Feiyu’s cultivation was indeed profound. Even though she could not compare with Gai Tianjiao or the Demon Son, Ouyang Huan, she was still more powerful than most Saintly Beings in the Ninth Change of the Fish-dragon Realm.

Qi Feiyu withdrew her ancient sword and gave a thin smile. “I lost the battle. Junior fellow apprentice Lin Yue’s cultivation of Tao of the sword is marvelous indeed. You deserve the Swordsoul Hailstone. I hope you can represent the Yin and Yang Sect to defeat all the young sword practitioners in the Sword Technique Conference.”

Then she left.

After all, they had made an agreement to compete on swords not cultivation.

But Qi Feiyu had taken the lead by demonstrating her cultivation, the Ninth Change of the Fish-dragon Realm. Although she had been in the process of defeating Zhang Ruochen, she had broken the rules. Consequently, she was the loser.

What’s more, Lin Yue had displayed the second realm of Sword Two, which indicated he had outpaced Qi Feiyu on the achievement of Tao of the sword.

Swordsoul Hailstone would naturally be granted to him.

“Does she yield me the Swordsoul Hailstone so easily?”

Zhang Ruochen wondered. He fingered his jaw as he glanced at Qi Feiyu’s departing figure.

Even if she is willing to give up the Swordsoul Hailstone, the Qis will not take this defeat lying down. I'd better behave as circumspectly as possible in the future.

The confrontation between Qi Feiyu and Lin Yue acted as a catalyst for monks to enter the Sword Pavilion and begin practicing frantically in the hope of practicing to Sword One, or even Sword Two.

Zhang Ruochen received the Swordsoul Hailstone from the Moon-burier Sword Saint. He went to the eighteenth room, Titled Black, chose a seclusion house, and started the array inside the house.

He put the box containing the Swordsoul Hailstone on the ground and opened it.

The Swordsoul Hailstone was a piece of milk-white Ice Crystal about the size of a pigeon egg with chilly Icing air. A grain-sized sword was suspended inside the Ice Crystal, shining brightly.

Chapter 699 - Thrilling Heaven and Earth Altar

Translator:

Transn

Editor:

Transn

When it came in contact with the aura of the Swordsoul Hailstone, Zhang Ruochen's Heart of the Sword began vibrating violently.

“It's really an amazing treasure.”

Zhang Ruochen suppressed the Heart of the Sword and put it into the chest containing the Swordsoul Hailstone.

The Swordsoul Hailstone was indeed a good thing. However, it would play the most valuable role when used in the most effective way. Therefore, he determined that he would not use the Swordsoul Hailstone until he broke through to the third realm of Sword Two.

The third realm of Sword Two was called “Separation of Yin and Yang.”

This was another obstacle with a great degree of difficulty. So, it would not be easy to surmount.

When he was young, the Moon-Burier Sword Saint had been a splendid Genius in Tao of the sword. At the Fish-Dragon Realm, he had encountered an impasse. He had not broken through for six years.

Zhang Ruochen was not eager to break through to the third realm of Sword Two. Instead, he was ready to break through to the Sixth Change of the Fish-Dragon Realm. Meanwhile, he would spend some time consolidating the second realm.

He had not displayed Genuine Qi or Holy Qi when he competed with Qi Feiyu today. As a result, he had defeated Qi Feiyu.

However, the Sword Technique Conference would not be just a simple sword contest. Actually, it would be a contest of true strength.

At present, Zhang Ruochen was at the Fifth Change in the Fish-Dragon Realm. Even if he confronted Qi Feiyu, he would lose more than win.

And besides, he would face the most outstanding talents in the Kunlun's Field during the Sword Technique Conference. Some of them were comparable to Gai Tianjiao. If he could not improve his cultivation, how could he contend with them?

Just when he was refining his Genuine Qi in preparation for breaking through to the Sixth Change of the Fish-Dragon Realm, the news that he would contend with Qi Feiyu spread like wildfire over the entire Yin and Yang Sect.

The name "Lin Yue" had finally reached the ears of all the Yin and Yang Sect Half-Saints and Saint Patriarchs.

In a secret cave, three Half-Saint elders of the Qis and Qi Feiyu gathered together to negotiate in secret.

Qi Hong was murderous with rage. "Lin Yue has an awesome gift for Tao of the sword. If we let him improve constantly, he'll definitely affect our Demonic Sect's plan. I'll kill him secretly. That's the safest way."

Qi Feiyu shook her head and said, "Lin Yue isn't the one before. He may be a pawn, placed in the Yin and Yang Sect by other forces. He may not be representing the Yin and Yang Sect in the Sword Technique Conference."

"Feiyu, do you mean that Lin Yue just wants to improve his cultivation in Tao of the sword by using the Sword Pavilion resources? He may not be handling affairs for the Yin and Yang Sect?" asked a red-faced Half-Saint from the Qis.

"It's hard to say."

Qi Feiyu shook her head lightly and said, “I just think that it’s a pity to kill a genius like him in secret. If we can bring him under control, he’ll be our trump card.”

Qi Hong snorted in outrage and said, “Feiyu, you’re too young and irresolute. If a man can’t work for us, the more talented he is, the sooner he should die. You can stop intervening in this matter. I’ll take full charge of it. Lin Yue must die before the Sword Technique Conference.”

As a Saintess, Qi Feiyu had great power, and she could mobilize a lot of manpower and financial resources. She was not, however, qualified to command the Half-Saints.

Unless she broke through to the Half-Saint realm, she could not command the Half-Saints.

Therefore, when Qi Hong determined to kill Lin Yue, Qi Feiyu did not put forward an objection, even though she thought it was wrong.

Zhang Ruochen secluded himself for refining for two months in the first floor of the Sword Pavilion. He finally solidified his cultivation at the Fifth Change in the Fish-Dragon Realm.

And then, he spent half a month in opening up the third holy meridian, “Holy Meridian of the Yin.” As a result, he broke through to the Sixth Change of the Fish-Dragon Realm.

He mobilized the Genuine Qi in his Qi Sea to the meridians in his left arm.

The Genuine Qi in the meridians suddenly turned into Holy Meridian of the Yin and then Holy Qi, which doubled the power in his left arm.

With his current cultivation, he became a first-class master, comparable to a Saintly Being at the Ninth Change in the Fish-Dragon Realm.

“With my current cultivation, I should be able to take care of business!”

Zhang Ruochen came to the Yin and Yang Sect mainly to investigate the secrets of the Heaven and Earth Altar.

The time had not been ripe, so he had not dared to act rashly.

But now, a lot of monks entered the Sword Pavilion. The quiet place was filled with people both good and bad.

Sword Holders of the Sword Pavilion, represented by the Moon-Burial Sword Saint, directed most of their attention to the Qis. Their monitoring of the Sword Pavilion would probably suffer.

Now was the best time for Zhang Ruochen to take action.

Zhang Ruochen released Blackie from the Scroll World and whispered, "The altar outside the Sword Pavilion has an entrance that goes underground. Tonight, we'll go there to explore."

He put on the Shooting Star Invisible Cloak and immediately disappeared. And then, he left the seclusion house and charged to the altar in the center of the square.

Blackie shrank rapidly and became as small as an ant.

Like a black dot, he jumped quickly and flew to the top of the altar ahead of Zhang Ruochen.

Blackie had made notable achievements in the array, so he had started to research the Inscriptions of Array on the altar without being asked. Soon, he found some clues. He said, "It turns out that something is wrong. The inscriptions on the altar are very similar to those on the Heaven and Earth Altar we discovered in the Battlefield of Primitive World."

"If I am guessing right, what we see now is only the tip of the iceberg. The true body of the altar may be hidden underground."

"The true body is underground?" Zhang Ruochen looked at the place under the altar.

Zhang Ruochen released Space Domain to cover the altar to explore.

A quarter of an hour later, he finally found an entrance leading underground in the northeast corner.

Its location was secret. It was not only sealed with huge jade stones, but also defended with an array. Thus, ordinary people could not find it.

Zhang Ruochen put his hands on the jade stone wall, channeled Holy Qi into it, and abruptly pressed forward.

“Swoosh!”

On the surface of the wall, white light radiated and countered his power.

Zhang Ruochen slipped back more than 30 meters before he found his footing again.

“How can you break the array by using brute force? Let me open it.”

Blackie alighted on the jade stone wall and used black light from his claws to carve on it. As a result, some of the Inscriptions of Array changed.

Blackie clapped his paws and chuckled. “Open!”

The wall slowly moved and sank underground, leaving an entrance big enough for only a single man.

Zhang Ruochen nimbly moved his body and immediately went in.

“Boom!”

The jade stone gate had closed again.

Zhang Ruochen and Blackie went forward cautiously along stone steps descending underground. They pulled in their auras to an extreme.

“One, two, three, four...”

Zhang Ruochen deliberately counted every step. He wondered where they had arrived.

When they went down about 30,000 steps, Zhang Ruochen stopped and said, “We’ve gone downward about 9,000 meters. Right now, we should have arrived at the top of the Second Level Mountain. Does the altar lead to the foot of Ancient Gods Mountain?”

Each of the Seven Mountains of the Ancient Gods Mountain was 9,000 meters high. They were 63,000 meters high in total.

If the altar had really been built from the foot of Ancient Gods Mountain to the peak of Third-Level Mountain, it would be 20,000 to 30,000 meters high.

It was terrifying to think about an altar so tall.

The deeper he went, the more terrified he felt.

Why had the Yin and Yang Sect emptied the first three mountains of the Ancient Gods Mountain to build such a huge altar? Was it Chi Yao who ordered the construction of the Heaven and Earth Altar, hoping to refine the entirety of Kunlun's Field?

The channel was made of jade stones and inlaid with Spiritual Crystals at some important positions.

Blackie kept on studying the inscriptions and finally found the result. Gravely, he said, "Perhaps something really big is going to happen in the Kunlun's Field."

"Why?" Zhang Ruochen asked solemnly.

Blackie said, "The inscriptions on the altar are exactly the same as those on those altars in the Battlefield of Primitive World, except even more complex and powerful. I'm sure that it must be related to the imperial court of the First Central Empire.

"The altar is connected with the holy meridian inside the Yin and Yang Sect's land. It could extract Holy Qi from the holy meridian at any time to provide energy for the altar."

The holy meridian inside the Yin and Yang Sect's land ran through the entire Eastern Region.

Once the altar built by the Yin and Yang Sect began to work, it would generate formidable power.

The entire Eastern Region would be involved.

Even more agitating was that the altar was also connected with those in the Primitive World outside the Kunlun's Field to form a Heaven and Earth Array.

Similar Heaven and Earth Altars must have been built in the Central, Northern, Southern, and Western Regions of Kunlun's

Field.

All of a sudden, Zhang Ruochen detected someone's arrival. He immediately caught Blackie and covered him with the Shooting Star Invisible Cloak.

“Ta-ta!”

The sound of footsteps got closer.

A familiar voice came from the channel in the distance.

“Master Ning, the Heaven and Earth Altar has been under construction for 500 years. It has dragged on far too long!”

“How can I slight the Empress's order? However, I don't know why Her Majesty wants to build this Heaven and Earth Altar,” someone answered with an old voice.

“You'd better not ask something you shouldn't. Remember that the Yin and Yang Sect could become the leader of all sects in the Eastern Region within 500 years through her command. Likewise, she could make it fall into chaos.”

It was the voice of a Saint Lady.

Would she discover Zhang Ruochen right next to her, hiding in the Shooting Star Invisible Cloak?

He was uncertain.

Even if he wanted to escape, it would be to no avail.

They got closer and closer and Zhang Ruochen grew paler and paler. He immediately controlled his heartbeat, held his breath, and pulled in his aura.

Chapter 700 - Soul-stirring

Translator:

Transn

Editor:

Transn

The robed elder, whom Saint Lady called “Master Ning,” suddenly stopped and looked at the channel nearby. He looked solemn as he said, “There’s something wrong. I feel a strange aura. Someone must have been in here.”

“Swoosh!”

The elder waved his arms and released dozens of Holy Qi brilliance that flew to 37 channels in all directions.

Each brilliance contained a sound wave. It was sent to the warriors patrolling the altar, telling them to stay alert.

Saint Lady’s slender body was clothed in a white robe and her black hair was bundled in a cap like a handsome childe. Holding a folding fan filled with characters, she looked like an elegant man.

“Master Ning, deal with this!”

She smiled with bright eyes and white teeth. “If the secret of the Heaven and Earth Altar gets out due to carelessness, the consequences will be extremely serious. I think you know that better than I do.”

Having said that, she immediately turned around, entered a channel, and walked away quickly.

Zhang Ruochen hid in a corner around 60 meters away, tightly enveloped in the Shooting Star Invisible Cloak. However, the robed elder seemed to have discovered something and went straight toward him.

He came closer and closer.

50 meters, 40 meters, 30 meters...

“Boom!”

The sound of fighting suddenly came from the distance as if two great forces had collided.

The altar shook slightly.

Powerful strength surged out from a channel and turned into Genuine Qi flow. The flow hit the jade stone wall with a whirl.

“Master, a Half-Saint broke into the Xuangu Level of the altar and killed 12 warriors.”

An urgent sound transmission reached the robed elder.

“Humph!”

He immediately stopped and turned into a fast-moving illusory image charging toward the channel.

“Is there someone else who entered the altar?”

Zhang Ruochen heaved a deep sigh of relief and wiped the sweat from his forehead. He felt as if he had gone through hell. He immediately stood up and rushed to the channel leading underground.

This was a dangerous place. He had to leave immediately.

The old Taoist was probably the Yin and Yang Sect’s Master, Ning Xuandao.

If Zhang Ruochen was discovered, he would definitely die.

If he went back the way he had come, he would definitely get killed.

Zhang Ruochen believed that the Heaven and Earth Altar must have another gate. There must be other exits under the Ancient Gods Mountain.

Run! Run! Run!

Zhang Ruochen rushed downward rapidly. He wore the Shooting Star Invisible Cloak, so he was extremely fast. Soon, he reached the bottom of the Heaven and Earth Altar.

There, he discovered a 60-meter-high stone gate.

The stone gate was carved with two intertwined flood dragons with open claws, poised as if they were springing forward.

On the left and right side of the stone gate, the wall was concave, and there was a three-meter-high metal titan on each side. They held battleaxes and remained motionless. They looked like two metal warlords.

Zhang Ruochen went up to the stone gate and reached his hands through the gap below. He activated the Holy Qi inside hoping to lift the stone gate.

“Snap!

He lifted it up half a foot.

Suddenly, a layer of scarlet light appeared on the surface of the stone gate. At the same time, Hundreds of Inscriptions of Array appeared. The stone gate became 10 times heavier.

With a boom, the stone gate dropped down again.

“The gate is too heavy. Perhaps only Half-Saints can open it.”

He let out a deep sigh and stopped lifting the gate with brute force. He began to mobilize the Power of Space to the fingertips of his right hand. He was ready to tear apart space and break in.

Just then, the metal titans opened their eyes, giving off a cold light. They seemed to have been stimulated by some force.

“Swoosh!”

The metal titan on the left stepped forward and fell on the stone table. It waved the battleaxe and chopped at Zhang Ruochen’s neck.

“The altar invader must die.”

The metal titan was a “refining warrior”. It had great power and could kill Monks at the Ninth Change in the Fish-dragon Realm.

The City Breaking Ax held by the refining warrior was a terrific weapon. It was as heavy as a hill. Even if it was placed lightly upon the ground, it would form a pit several meters deep.

The Ministry of War called it “City Breaking Ax” because a city’s Defensive Array and walls could be broken through with one stroke of the ax.

The refining warrior’s force and the City Breaking Ax’s weight signified that the ax had formidable power.

If he was hacked by the ax, he would be unlikely to survive even with the Shooting Star Invisible Cloak.

“Awful.”

He sensed a strong murderous feeling behind him, so he immediately condensed Power of Space and released it backward.

He waved his arms and tore a two-meter-long Space Crack that collided with the City Breaking Ax.

“Chi!”

The Power of Space was indestructible.

The City Breaking Ax broke into two at the center of the blade. A piece of metal flew over his head and hit the stone gate with a bang.

Zhang Ruochen then lowered his body, struck out a palm, and hit the refining warrior’s chest.

“Bang!”

The refining warrior flew out and hit the stone wall in the distance. The stone wall cracked and the refining warrior fell to the ground with a thump.

In the meantime, the other refining warrior had waved its City Breaking Ax and struck toward Zhang Ruochen’s waist.

The refining warrior was gigantic and its City Breaking Ax was very heavy, but it moved at a stunning speed. In a flash, the City Breaking Ax hit Zhang Ruochen.

He had broken through to the Sixth Change of the Fish-dragon Realm, and he had the Shooting Star Invisible Cloak. A first level Half-Saint may not be faster than him, let alone a refining warrior.

“Swoosh!”

As he moved a step to the right, he almost flew out along the edge of the battleax.

He stamped his feet on the walls and then drew out the Golden Snake Divine Rapier. He was looking at the Holy Stone on the refining warrior’s chest.

If the Holy Stone was taken out, the refining warrior would lose its attack force.

“Crack!”

When the refining warrior attacked again, Zhang Ruochen thrust precisely at the edge of the Holy Stone and picked it out.

Behind them, the refining warrior who had been beaten away punched the back of Zhang Ruochen’s head.

He did not turn around but instead patted the hilt of his sword. Suddenly, the Holy Sword changed into a golden light, flying backward and hitting the Holy Stone on the refining warrior’s chest.

Having lost their Holy Stones, the two refining warriors snapped and shrank into two fist-sized black iron balls.

Zhang Ruochen put the black iron balls, City Breaking Axes, and Holy Stones into the Spatial Ring.

“The battle must have disturbed superiors in the Heaven and Earth Altar. I have to leave right now.”

He dared not stay longer, so he rushed to the stone gate again.

“Break!”

The Space Crack created a two-meter-wide crack on the stone gate.

The array arranged on the gate could not withstand the Power of Space.

As he ran from the stone gate, Zhang Ruochen ended up at the foot of the Ancient Gods Mountain. Before his eyes was a broad stone path. Dozens of vehicles and savage beasts were

resting along the street. The vehicles were loaded with materials for building the altar.

“Who is it?”

Six guards wearing armor neatly stood on each side of the stone gate. They pulled out their swords simultaneously.

Zhang Ruochen wore the Shooting Star Invisible Cloak, but he had emitted Genuine Qi when he displayed his bodily movement so he was discovered.

The six guards were all monks in the Fish-Dragon Realm. They leaped off the ground at the same time and attacked Zhang Ruochen.

They stood together and formed a Combined Attack. The sword Qi surged out to form a Battle Formation covering an area of about 33 meters around him.

“Bang!”

He performed Sword One and brandished the sword. In an instant, the Combined Attack was broken through.

The powerful sword Qi struck through their armors, leaving dozens of bloody wounds.

They screamed as they flew backward and fell to the ground, unable to stand up again.

Zhang Ruochen had been extremely tactful in using the sword. He injured them but did not take their lives.

“Forgive me, I’ve sinned!”

He dared not stay longer, so he performed his bodily movement and rushed away.

He ran forward around 600 meters at full speed. He entered a forest shrouded with white fog. It was full of huge ancient trees greater than two meters in diameter. They looked like giants standing in the fog.

“This must be Legsmist Forest, the forbidden area under the Ancient Gods Mountain.”

It was said that Legsmist Forest was shrouded with white fog all the time. It was a dangerous ancient forest. None of the monks who had broken into it had gotten out alive.

The Yin and Yang Sect disciples dared not get close to it.

Zhang Ruochen now realized it was a forbidden area because the entrance of the Heaven and Earth Altar was hidden in the Legsmist Forest.

Blackie came out of his sleeves and looked out. It rolled its round eyes and said, "There's something wrong. The forest is riddled with profound Illusional Formations. I'm afraid that we can't go out for now."

"The superiors in the Heaven and Earth Altar will catch up soon. If we get trapped here, we will surely die," Zhang Ruochen said.

He knew that the chances of getting caught were higher the longer they stayed.

Suddenly, a figure quickly rushed toward them from the distance.

The man moved at a stunning speed, putting Zhang Ruochen to shame. With a slight computation, he realized that he could not get away even with all of his strength.

The man walked out of the fog.

Zhang Ruochen finally saw the man clearly. It was Qi Hong, the sixth Sword Holder of the Sword Pavilion.

He was wearing a black bodysuit. There was a 17-centimeter-long wound on the left side of his chest. His ribs were broken in two places. Obviously, he was seriously injured.

With a ferocious smile, Qi Hong said, "Unexpectedly, you were actually able to run away. You're really incredible."

"Swoosh!"

Intense Holy Qi gushed out from his palms, Qi Hong quickly attacked Zhang Ruochen.