

Chapter 801 - Meeting in the Netherworld

Translator:

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In the Corpse River, all the water that touched Captain Rat would turn into part of it. It was more than 60 feet long. White saintly light shone from its left; black evil light shone from its right. The two forces, yin and yang, flowed around it.

When it realized that the river couldn't hurt it, it grew cocky. "The demon rats fed on the most toxic foods in the world in the ancient times," it said, scoffing. "Not even the Styx can make me surrender, let alone the Corpse River."

Seeing the demon rat like that, Blackie was annoyed. It ran to the side of the river, grabbed the demon rat's tail, dragged it back, and beat it up.

The demon rat kept begging for mercy and finally, Blackie stopped. After all, it still had to carry Mu Lingxi and Blackie across Corpse River and into the netherworld.

In the netherworld, the eerie Qi in the air thickened. Even the temperature dropped. There were blood-red ice bits mixed in the dirt.

Mu Lingxi grew more cautious. Sensing something, she immediately looked up into the distance.

Whoosh!

Two beams of black Ghost Qi, hundreds of meters long, flew over. They stopped above two huge tombstones by the Corpse River and solidified into two Wuchangs—one man, one woman.

The man stood on the left. His skin was dark and his eyes seemed to be enveloped in blue will-o'-wisp. Holding a 20-foot-long sword, he towered over Mu Lingxi, Blackie, and the demon rat. "Are you looking for death by daring to charge into the netherworld?"

Blackie tsked. It jumped off the demon rat's back and kicked its behind. "Go, eat him."

"Why do you make me do everything? Why don't you fight?" The demon rat looked annoyed. Its eyes flashed fiercely and it revealed its sharp teeth. It seemed to want to turn against Blackie.

After all, the demon rat was of an ancient race and the head of the Thousand Beast Pavilion of the Moon Worship Demonic Sect. How could it allow this kind of mistreatment? Even Ouyang Huan didn't dare to treat him like this.

The menacing look in Blackie's eyes grew stronger. It sharpened its claws and walked over, lamenting inwardly that it hadn't beaten up this demon rat, this rascally Captain Rat, severely enough.

Seeing Blackie's eyes, Captain Rat's heart trembled. The things that had happened flashed across its mind and it instantly turned into an obedient puppy. "Cat Lord, don't worry. The demon rat race eats everything in the universe. This is just a Wuchang. I can eat it easily."

Not daring to hesitate any further, the demon rat immediately reached out two sharp claws, activated its Demonic Qi, and used the God-killing Claw Technique. He attacked the male Wuchang.

The Wuchang's eyes turned cold. He waved his sword, leaving a long trail of light, and hacked downward.

Wuchangs also had various strengths. Some were only comparable to a first level Half-Saint, but others could counter a ninth level Half-Saint. This Wuchang was far from Wuchang Haochuan. His power was only equivalent to a beginner second level Half-Saint.

The demon rat had drunk the Supreme Saint Heavenly Tea at the Heir Banquet. It had reached the Half-Saint Realm, becoming a beginner first level Half-Saint. No one knew how much stronger it had become. Its one strike sent the male Wuchang flying.

The female Wuchang huffed coldly. "Let me help you." Then the two Wuchangs teamed up to attack the demon rat.

The demon rat kept expanding. Its Demonic Qi transformed into a black and white cloud that swept over the two Wuchangs.

"We'll retreat now and report to Wuchang Haochuan. He'll take care of this creature."

The two Wuchangs knew they were no match for the demon rat. They immediately transformed into ghostly fog and flew backwards to escape.

Ten miles away, Zhang Ruochen was standing beside a tombstone. Seeing the two escaping Ghost Qi, he immediately took out the Ruyi Treasure Bottle.

Whoosh!

The Ruyi Treasure Bottle hovered in the air. Its mouth formed a powerful attractive force, sucking in one of the Wuchangs.

Boom!

Kaboom!

...

The Ruyi Treasure Bottle kept shaking, booms sounding inside.

The Wuchang's combat ability was equal to that of a Half-Saint. Even inside the Ruyi Treasure Bottle, he still kept crashing around to try and escape.

The Ruyi Treasure Bottle was a saint weapon, but it was still deformed by the hits. It was about to break apart.

"A Wuchang's attacks are quite terrifying."

Zhang Ruochen struck out with a beam of Holy Qi. He collected the Ruyi Treasure Bottle and gripped it, activating all the inscriptions. Finally, the Wuchang was gradually restricted.

On the other side, Shi Ren took a white scroll out of his sleeve. He held it between his forefinger and middle finger. Rings of light pulsed from the white scroll, extending thousands of feet away.

Whoosh!

Shi Ren hit the white scroll out, sending it flying into the ghostly fog. “Set!” he cried.

The other Wuchang instantly fell from the sky, landing with a thud.

The white scroll was printed on the male Wuchang’s chest. Shreds of white light poured out of the rune. It pierced the Wuchang’s body, sealing all his Ghost Qi.

Zhang Ruochen glanced at Shi Ren, surprise flashing past his eyes. This man’s rune technique was very powerful. A single rune could seal a powerful Wuchang.

On the side of the Corpse River, Blackie reached out a claw. It pointed at the hovering Ruyi Treasure Bottle and laughed. “Look! It’s the Ruyi Treasure Bottle. It must be Zhang Ruochen.”

Mu Lingxi was also happy. Unable to control her excitement, she used a physical technique and immediately hurried towards where the Ruyi Treasure Bottle had landed.

A moment later, Mu Lingxi transformed into a beautiful figure and stood before Zhang Ruochen.

Her eyes shone with crystal light. She seemed to be crying, but wasn’t really, and she stared at Zhang Ruochen with a pitiful look.

Zhang Ruochen had actually come to the Corpse River because he’d sensed Blackie’s aura. However, he didn’t expect that Mu Lingxi would have followed all the way here too. After all, the Tomb Forest was extremely dangerous. Any slight mishap could kill a Saint. Even Zhang Ruochen was

prepared to die here the moment he stepped into the Tomb Forest.

He looked at Mu Lingxi with troubled eyes and sighed inwardly. Why did she come to such a dangerous place?

Mu Lingxi stared at Zhang Ruochen for a moment before laughing. Like a fragrant breeze, she ran to Zhang Ruochen. Like a young swallow, she spread her slender and snowy-white arms and wrapped them around Zhang Ruochen's neck.

Zhang Ruochen could very clearly feel Mu Lingxi's soft and delicate frame. He had no other thoughts. A moment later, bitterness and regret appeared in his eyes.

Finally, his eyes turned resolute. "Senior Sister Duanmu, Yanchen and I are...already engaged."

He spoke in a flat tone, but to Mu Lingxi, it was like a bolt in the blue. Her delicate body trembled and her smile froze. She immediately let go and stumbled back.

Mu Lingxi lowered her head, seeming to not know what to do. She chewed her lips and her eyes turned red. "Sorry, I'm sorry," she mumbled. "I didn't know you're engaged already. How long ago? You didn't even tell me. You should've told me."

Zhang Ruochen knew how hurtful that sentence was to Mu Lingxi. After all, Huang Yanchen was her best friend. If Zhang Ruochen wasn't engaged to Huang Yanchen, she could still persuade herself to fight for her own happiness.

But now they were engaged. If she ignored that and continued to pursue Zhang Ruochen, she would hate herself.

But Zhang Ruochen had to tell her. If he kept it from her, he wouldn't be able to forgive himself either.

"I'm sorry," Zhang Ruochen said, trying to keep calm. "Our engagement was indeed a bit rushed."

Then they fell into silence.

Reuniting in the netherworld should have been a happy thing, but now, Zhang Ruochen and Mu Lingxi kept away from each

other. The distance wasn't only physical; it was also in their hearts.

Blackie walked on its hind legs and moved out of the cluster of tombstones. Its tail and ears were upright. Glancing at Mu Lingxi, he said, "What's wrong? Duanmu, you finally met the one you've missed. Why are you crying?"

"I'm not." Mu Lingxi blinked and the tears in her eyes disappeared. She raised her head again.

Zhang Ruochen glared at Blackie. "The Tomb Forest is so dangerous. Why did you bring her here?"

Blackie put on a hurt look. "How can you blame me? The dead soul army had charged into Shentai City. When we finally managed to get out, we wanted to go to the Central Region. But this girl was worried for you. She insisted on returning to the Yin and Yang Sect. I couldn't stop her.

"But the Yin and Yang Sect was already surrounded by the dead soul army," it continued. "Probably not even a Saint could get through them, let alone us. So we obviously couldn't go there, but I sensed the Universe Spiritual Map. I knew you weren't there and had come to the Tomb Forest. Of course, I'd just mentioned it, but she insisted on coming to find you. What could I do?"

After Mu Lingxi had been caught by Snake Two at the Heir Banquet, she was imprisoned in Shentai City.

When the dead souls invaded the city, Blackie broke through the obstacles with Mu Lingxi and escaped with her. Then they came to the Tomb Forest and met Zhang Ruochen, allowing the previous scene to happen.

Chapter 802 - Magical Pill of Resurrection

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Zhang Ruochen glanced at Mu Lingxi to see that she was standing on the side, still, as if made of wood. She seemed dazed and pitiful. There was no sign of her usual cheeky mischievousness.

“Send her back immediately,” Zhang Ruochen said coldly.

“Nope. If you want to send her back, do it yourself. I came to the netherworld to find the empress.” Blackie raised its round cat face and ignored Zhang Ruochen.

“You think you’re powerful now?”

Zhang Ruochen clenched a fist and walked over. He knocked against Blackie’s head with a thud. It sounded like he’d hit a hollow wooden block.

“Are you going to do it? Try me and I’ll send you back to the scroll world and seal you up again.” Zhang Ruochen was annoyed. Blackie wasn’t sensible at all. How could he bring Mu Lingxi to such a dangerous place?

“Zhang Ruochen, don’t blame Blackie. It’s not its fault. I shouldn’t have forced it to bring me here.” Tears flowed out of Mu Lingxi’s eyes.

“Yes,” Blackie quickly said. “She threatened me with death. I had no choice.”

Zhang Ruochen took a deep breath and stared at Mu Lingxi. “The netherworld is too dangerous. Even a Saint can die from a tiny mishap—”

Before Zhang Ruochen finished, Mu Lingxi said, “I’m not afraid of danger. I’m just afraid you’ll be in danger. I’m not afraid of dying. I’m only afraid of you dying, understand?”

Zhang Ruochen was silent for a bit. Then he grabbed Mu Lingxi’s wrist, saying, “Come with me. I’ll take you out first. The Tomb Forest isn’t somewhere you should be.”

“Zhang Ruochen, let go. Who are you to me? You can’t control what I want to do.”

Mu Lingxi activated her Holy Qi and quickly retracted her arm. She transformed into a beam of white light and escaped from Zhang Ruochen’s grip, retreating.

However, just as she steadied herself, she coughed violently and fresh blood came out of her mouth.

“You’re hurt? Is it serious?”

Zhang Ruochen immediately walked over and helped Mu Lingxi up. Ignoring her struggling, he grasped her wrist again. He sent Holy Qi into her meridians to check her injuries.

Pulling back his Holy Qi, he stared deep at Mu Lingxi. “You’re too heavily injured and must go back to be treated immediately. Go heal in the Universal Spiritual Map.”

This time, Mu Lingxi didn’t refuse. She knew that if she did, Zhang Ruochen would definitely send her into the scroll world. However, she was already quite satisfied. At least Zhang Ruochen still cared about her safety.

After sending Mu Lingxi into the Universal Spiritual Map, Zhang Ruochen felt touched for some reason. At the same time, he also felt very uncomfortable.

Shi Ren carried the Wuchang restricted with a rune in one hand and strolled over. He tossed the Wuchang onto the ground and gazed at Zhang Ruochen. “So you’re that legendary Time and Space Descendant.”

He’d already started suspecting Zhang Ruochen’s identity when he used the Spatial Move. When Zhang Ruochen used the Ruyi Treasure Bottle to store a Wuchang, Shi Ren was sure his guess was correct.

“Zhang Ruochen, who is this? Since he knows your identity, I must kill him.”

Blackie sent an order to Captain Rat. Then the cat and rat turned into a blur and rushed forward, appearing on either side of Shi Ren.

Shi Ren remained composed, but when he saw Captain Rat, surprise flashed across his eyes. Clearly, he recognized Captain Rat. Chuckling, he said, “Brother Zhang, is this how you treat your guests?”

“Blackie, be polite.” Then Zhang Ruochen admitted it honestly, “Yes, I am indeed the legendary Time and Space Descendant, Zhang Ruochen.”

Once they entered the netherworld, they were on a path with little chance of survival. It was unknown if they could make it out alive. Thus, there was no point in hiding his identity.

“But I heard that you died by the Nine Serenity Sword Saint’s sword,” Shi Ren said emptily.

Zhang Ruochen chuckled. “Is it impossible for the dead to be brought back to life?”

A hot gaze flashed past Shi Ren’s calm eyes. “You used a pill for resurrection?”

Zhang Ruochen shook his head. “There isn’t anything for resurrection. It’s just something made up by mortals who are too afraid to face death.”

Shi Ren clenched his fists; his expression was pained. Actually, he didn’t believe that there was anything that could bring the dead back to life. But he wouldn’t give up as long as there was a shred of hope. He had to search for it, even if he paid for it with his life.

Everyone that forged into the netherworld made the decision that they would die.

“No,” Blackie said. “Zhang Ruochen, this time, you’re wrong. The pill of resurrection really exists. At least, I saw it during the middle ages.”

Zhang Ruochen narrowed his eyes at Blackie. “What did you say? You’ve seen it before?”

Shi Ren’s expression lightened as well. “You’ve really seen the pill of resurrection before?”

Blackie nodded. “That pill of resurrection grew in the medicinal garden of a god. That god used his own divine blood to water it, turning it into magical medicine. When the god died, his descendants gave him that pill, allowing the god to reawaken and live a second life.”

Blackie said it seriously, but Zhang Ruochen didn’t really believe him. After all, this fat cat wasn’t very reliable. He liked to brag and exaggerate.

“Earlier, some unknown person spread the news that the god that the Thousand-bone Empress killed back then has fallen deep inside the Tomb Forest,” Shi Ren said. “The corpse’s divine blood has gathered and after 100,000 years, has formed a magical pill of resurrection.

“The magical pill can bring the dead back to life and give life to skeletons. Even someone who died thousands of years ago can be resurrected after ingesting it. I came to the Tomb Forest after hearing this information. I want to find the pill and bring it back to save my wife.”

Zhang Ruochen was still suspicious. “Life and death are part of nature. No one can reverse them.”

Blackie shook its head. “Since life and death are natural, then how come cultivators have much longer lives? Zhang Ruochen, you must know that cultivating the Saintly Way is for longevity. It’s already disrupting nature. While comprehending the Saintly Way, Monks also comprehend the mysteries of life and death.

“Gods are known as gods because they already understand the Saintly Way fully and have reached a state we can’t even imagine. Gods may well accomplish the things that we cannot.”

“But gods still die,” Zhang Ruochen said.

“At least, I’ve seen with my own eyes a god live a second life,” Blackie refuted.

Zhang Ruochen’s eyes sharpened. “Is there really a pill of resurrection in this world? Can it bring those with scattered souls back to life?”

Blackie rolled its eyes. “A top Alchemist from Kunlun’s Field can save someone within a period of time if they didn’t die too unusually and their physical bodies aren’t too damaged. However, these people have to be nobles. They won’t even care for Saints. Not many people can find these Alchemists, let alone persuade them to help.”

“According to legends, if someone’s cultivation reaches a Supreme Saint of Spiritual Power, they can communicate throughout the world and summon their soul. Even if a Monk’s soul is scattered, they can summon the pieces of their soul if their Spiritual Power is strong enough.

“The aforementioned are all methods from the most advanced Saintly Way. It involves Supreme Saints. As for the pill of resurrection, this reaches the Divine Way. Even a skeleton can regrow flesh and live again, so of course a corpse can as well.”

Zhang Ruochen thought of Sword Saint Xuanji. If the pill of resurrection really existed in the depths of the Tomb Forest, he’d have to fight for it even it meant paying with his life.

He turned to Shi Ren. “Brother Shi, do you know who spread the rumor about this pill?”

Shi Ren shook his head. “I’m not sure. I only know that it started spreading around after the Heir Banquet. No one knew if it’s true or not, so no one dared to forge into the netherworld for fear of coming to an unfortunate end.

“But when the army of dead souls set off to attack the Yin and Yang Sect, some people made the decision to investigate. Some came because they’d used up their vitality and had to find the pill of resurrection to continue living. Others are ambitious. They want to take the pill and resurrect the Supreme Saints of their families.”

Zhang Ruochen didn't become illogical because of this pill. Instead, he fell into deep thought. "Why do I feel like this is a trap? If it really exists, who would spread the information so boldly? Plus, no one returns from the netherworld. In that case, who would know about it? Unless someone had left the netherworld..."

Shi Ren nodded too. "I also know that this may be a conspiracy. However, even if there's only a sliver of hope, I still have to try."

Zhang Ruochen's eyes fell on the Wuchang on the ground. "Perhaps we can receive some answers from him."

Shi Ren nodded and reached out his forefinger. He pointed at the rune scroll on the Wuchang's chest and took a few of the inscriptions back. A moment later, the Wuchang woke up. He opened his fiery demonic eyes.

"Tell me," Shi Ren said. "Where did the god from the middle ages die? If you don't answer, I can turn you into ash right this moment."

The Wuchang roared and struggled violently. But as soon as he moved, dozens of lightning bolts surged from the rune scroll on his chest. Wisps of black smoke rose up from his body.

Finally, the Wuchang calmed down. His chest rose up and down as he smiled eerily. "You want to find the god's corpse? Haha! If I were you, I'd give up."

"Why are you wasting so much time talking?" Blackie said. "Demon rat, go eat his left leg."

Captain Rat cackled. He walked out, revealing his sharp teeth. Sticking out his tongue, he licked the Wuchang's left leg. He was about to bite.

The Wuchang's expression changed and he hurriedly said, "Okay, I can tell you, but I only know the general place. I don't know the specific location. If you really want to find the god's corpse, go to the territory of Ghost King Shenchu. It's said that the god's corpse is there."

Regardless of whether the Wuchang was speaking the truth, he'd at least proved that a god really had died in the

netherworld. It was highly possible that the corpse had been left behind.

Afterward, Zhang Ruochen's group continued interrogating and received more useful information.

According to the Wuchang, the netherworld was vast and had fostered countless Ghost Kings. Every Ghost King had a territory. He knew the names of hundreds already. As for the depths of the netherworld, even he hadn't been there yet. He didn't know how vast the netherworld was or if it even had an end.

Only a very small portion of Ghost Kings had led the dead souls to escape when the door to the living world was opened. The faraway Ghost Kings didn't even know about this news.

Chapter 803 - The True Netherworld?

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The Wuchang's information was very helpful, but he was as powerful as a Half-Saint, after all. He was definitely tricky and calculative. No one could discern if he was telling the truth or not, or if he wanted to lead them all into extreme danger.

Thus, they didn't head to Ghost Wang Shenchu's territory immediately.

Zhang Ruochen later released the other Wuchang from the Ruyi Treasure Bottle. Blackie took her elsewhere to continue interrogating her. They could make a decision after comparing the information from the two Wuchangs.

At the same time, Zhang Ruochen returned to the side of the river. He investigated the corpses on the bank while observing the flowing river. He seemed to be searching for something.

“Something's amiss. It really is.”

Then he sat cross-legged on a corpse and closed his eyes. He released his Spiritual Power, searching the spatial structure here with all his power.

Half a beat later, his eyes flew open and he struck towards the river.

Boom!

An invisible wall was there, stopping his palm. Then strong power of space lifted a huge wave. It surged, forcing Zhang Ruochen hundreds of feet back.

Han Xue had been guarding him. She transformed into a blur and appeared beside Zhang Ruochen. Her thin fingers formed the sword gesture.

Clang!

The Void Sword flew out from her back like white light. It struck down with powerful Sword Qi trailing behind, forcing the river back.

Putting away the sword, Han Xue stood up. “Master, what happened?” she asked.

Sizzle!

Zhang Ruochen’s clothes had been splashed by the river and tiny holes appeared. He activated his Holy Qi and quickly refined all the water.

Without speaking, he walked forward again. Staring at the Corpse River, he pressed the air gently. This time, he was much more careful.

Whoosh—

The invisible wall appeared again. It blocked Zhang Ruochen’s hand as if the space had solidified.

“Just as I guessed, this Corpse River exists in between space. Once we cross it, we actually leave Kunlun’s Field and enter another space.”

Zhang Ruochen had suspected this because of the other Wuchang’s information. According to his descriptions, the netherworld was boundless. Even a Wuchang could fly for a decade without seeing the end.

How could such a vast land fit under the Fallen-gods Mountain Range? The only possibility was that the so-called “netherworld” wasn’t even in Kunlun’s Field. Instead, it was a separate world.

That was why Zhang Ruochen had come to the Corpse River to check.

Han Xue furrowed her slender brow, confused. “Master, what do you mean? I don’t understand.”

Zhang Ruochen chuckled. “You can imagine the Corpse River as a one-way Spatial Polar Wall. I have a feeling that it flows past many worlds in between the spaces.”

He gazed upstream at the endless stream of corpses and then followed the river downstream.

Where exactly did all the corpses come from? Where was the river going?

The netherworld must have appeared because of this Corpse River. Otherwise, there wouldn't be so many tombs and dead souls.

Han Xue was silent. A moment later, she nodded. “I understand! The Tomb Forest across from the Corpse River is still in Kunlun's Field. It belongs to the living world and you can say it's the entrance to the netherworld. But right now, we're in the world of the dead. Master, you're saying that we can only enter the netherworld and we can never exit, right?”

Han Xue raised her pale face and gazed at Zhang Ruochen with clear, bright eyes.

Actually, Zhang Ruochen also wondered if this place really was a corner of the legendary “world of the dead” or Hell—if it was where all beings went after death.

If this was true, could the living still leave the netherworld after entering?

Of course, he couldn't pass this negative emotion onto Han Xue.

He chuckled. “The others can't return, but I definitely can. Did you forget that I'm the Descendant of Time and Space? If I can grasp the rules of space, it won't be hard to break through a Spatial Polar Wall.”

He said this because he didn't want Han Xue to feel despair. After all, she was just a kid. There was a limit to what she could take emotionally.

However, he clearly underestimated Han Xue. She was calm, instead of feeling scared about not being able to return to Kunlun's Field.

“It’s okay if we can’t go back, actually,” she said. “Master, Blackie, Sister Mu, and I can go into the scroll world. It’s isolated, but it’s pretty there and we can live happily forever, right?”

“Right!” Zhang Ruochen nodded with a smile. “Even in the netherworld, we have to face things with a smile. We can’t let fear crush us.”

However, he sighed inwardly. If only the world was as simple as she thinks. But all of us carry some duty. How can we only try to benefit ourselves?

Then he took out the Universe Spiritual Map and released Mu Lingxi from the scroll world. After resting, her wounds had all healed. She’d recovered to her peak state.

She stared at the Corpse River. “Are you going to send me back still?”

Zhang Ruochen shook his head. “We can’t return anymore.”

He then told her everything that he’d discovered and figured out. Mu Lingxi didn’t feel fear or despair at all this. Instead, she felt ineffable joy. She actually wished she never had to return to Kunlun’s Field and face the reality that she couldn’t accept.

Blackie rode on the demon rat’s back and came over. It held an electrically charged metal rope in its claws. The other end was tied to the female Wuchang’s back as Blackie brought her over.

“Did you get anything?” Zhang Ruochen asked.

“Hehe! I can get answers out of anyone if I try personally,” Blackie said. “She’s already provided the location where the god died. It mostly matches the other Wuchang’s answer. We can trust them.”

“Where’s Shi Ren?” Zhang Ruochen continued asking.

“That guy probably doesn’t trust us. He already took the other Wuchang and left.” Blackie huffed.

“I don’t blame him,” Zhang Ruochen said. “After all, we’ve just met and don’t have a deep relationship. He probably saw

Captain Rat and Senior Sister Duanmu and thought that we're from the Demonic Sect, so he left first."

Anyone would be more careful than usual in a place like the netherworld. Leaving alone was a smart choice on Shi Ren's part.

"In that case, let's go too," Zhang Ruochen said. "Have her lead us to Ghost King Shenchu's territory."

This woman was called Wuchang Xinkong. Her cultivation was equal to a human Monk in the beginning of the second level Half-Saint Realm. If she hadn't underestimated the Ruyi Treasure Bottle's power, Zhang Ruochen wouldn't have been able to arrest her alone.

Eyes cold, Wuchang Xinkong said, "Ghost King Shenchu is the ruler of the netherworld's outer region. All Ghost Kings report to him. It's suicide to go to his territory."

"I don't care if he's the ruler of the netherworld's outer region," Blackie said. "I'm going even if he's the ruler of the entire netherworld. If you say anything else, I'll hit you."

Blackie shook the rope. Dozens of lightning bolts flashed on the chain and whipped down on Wuchang Xinkong.

Crack!

Wuchang Xinkong cried out without stop. Blackie didn't pull its power back until smoke rose up from Wuchang Xinkong and her body was about to shatter.

As expected, she became much more obedient and didn't dare to complain again. She walked at the front, leading them to Ghost King Shenchu's territory.

Zhang Ruochen took a ball of Half-Saint Light out and handed it to Mu Lingxi. "Senior Sister Duanmu, your cultivation hasn't reached the Ninth Level of the Fish-Dragon Realm, right? This is Half-Saint Light from a Vampire. If you refine it, it should help you improve."

Mu Lingxi reached out and pushed the box with the Half-Saint Light back. "No need," she said. "You should keep something so valuable for yourself. I have a Liuli Treasure Pill and can

transform into the Liuli Treasure Body at any time to reach the Ninth Change. I won't be a burden.”

Then she took the Liuli Treasure Pill out and put it in her mouth. During this, her eyes never met Zhang Ruochen's. She kept a distance from him too.

Zhang Ruochen was silent for a bit before putting the Half-Saint Light away.

He only felt how vast this blood-red land was after entering the netherworld. The tombs seemed to stretch to the end of the world, one after another.

According to Wuchang Xinkong, they were in Ghost King Xinji's territory. It was 180,000 miles wide and deep.

Ghost King Xinji had already led most of the dead souls across the Corpse River and into the living world. Thus, this dangerous place was now relatively safe.

Yes, “relatively” safe.

The next day, Zhang Ruochen's group accidentally ran into a ghost cavern. They were surrounded by a large group of shadow soldiers and ghost generals. A very powerful Wuchang had also come out of the cavern. One mere strike gravely injured the demon rat and Mu Lingxi.

They fought bitterly for one whole night before escaping.

Chapter 804 - Ghost King Shenchu's Territory

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Wuchang Xinkong naturally didn't want to charge into the Ghost Den. After all, the rules of survival in the netherworld were ten times or a hundred times those in Kunlun's Field. The dead souls had to devour each other to keep getting stronger.

Once she charged into the Ghost Den, she could very possibly die. However, the netherworld was too vast. Even a Wuchang wasn't clear about the dangers in every place. Thus, her fear was understandable.

It took half a month after that. After experiencing many bloody battles and passing through six Ghost King territories, they finally arrived to the border of Ghost King Shenchu's territory.

After this half month, Zhang Ruochen, Captain Rat, Mu Lingxi, and Han Xue were all exhausted. They'd suffered many attacks. Once, they'd almost all died in a canyon. Thankfully, Zhang Ruochen cast the Universal Spiritual Map at the most critical moment and put everyone in the scroll world.

On the other hand, Blackie wasn't hurt at all. It was still very energetic.

Along the way, Wuchang Xinkong was secretly surprised by the group's combat ability. They didn't have high cultivations, but each was more amazing than the last.

If the Monks of the living world were all as powerful as them, Wuchang Xinkong doubted the Ghost King's who'd gone

could really take over the living world.

“With your cultivation, it truly shocked me that you can reach the territory of Ghost King Shenchu,” Wuchang Xinkong said. “However, I still have to warn you. You can still retreat now. If you continue, it’ll only get more dangerous.”

Even Wuchang Xinkong was very unwilling to enter Ghost King Shenchu’s territory.

But Zhang Ruochen was insistent. He showed no sign of retreating. “Where exactly did the god die?” he asked. “Take us there immediately.”

“It’s my first time here too,” Wuchang Xinkong said. “I only heard before that a god’s body fell from the sky and landed in a vast field.”

“So you don’t know the specific location either?”

“No.”

Zhang Ruochen furrowed his brow. Instead of continuing to ask Wuchang Xinkong, he glanced at Han Xue. “How are things?” he asked.

“The Void Sword’s responses have become multiple times stronger. Long, long ago, the Thousand-bone Empress must have come here. But I don’t know if she’s already left.”

“Next, we’ll follow the Void Sword’s senses,” Zhang Ruochen. “It won’t be wrong.”

After a short rest, everyone got back on the road. They started for Ghost King Shenchu’s territory.

There was no Spiritual Qi in the netherworld. There were only Yin Qi and Ghostly Qi. Thus, Monks would keep using up their Holy Qi. If they wanted to recover their cultivation, they had to absorb Holy Qi from the Holy Crystal.

After around 2000 miles, Zhang Ruochen extended his Spiritual Power. He discovered that there were remnants of Spiritual Qi left in the air.

“Someone got here before us.”

Zhang Ruochen stopped and flew onto a 100-foot-tall tombstone. Opening his Sky Eye, he started searching.

A moment later, he turned it off and looked down at the others. “Han Xue, come with me,” he said. “The others stay and wait here. If you run into danger, use the saint decree immediately to escape.”

Zhang Ruochen and Han Xue used techniques to fly in the southeast direction. They disappeared amongst the huge tombstones. After a while, they’d passed 500 miles and arrived beside a Blood River.

This Blood River was vast. Standing at the riverbank, they couldn’t see the other side.

A moon hung in the sky above the river. The scarlet red light shone down like a menacing demonic eye.

At the moment, there were three monks wearing cassocks beside the Blood River. Yes, they were real living humans instead of ghosts.

Other than the three monks, there were also hundreds of corpses on the ground. Powerful Qi radiated from all of them. Though the clothing was all rotten, the bodies were undamaged.

“Amitabha!”

One of the monks seemed to be around 50 years old. He was slightly chubby and looked benevolent. A big string of black Buddhist beads hung from his neck.

He walked to a corpse and pointed a finger, golden light emerging from his fingertip. He drew a golden Sanskrit word between the body’s eyebrows.

Then an eerie scene unfolded.

The corpse crawled up from the ground and knelt devoutly before the monk. Crawling forward on all fours, it pressed its head on the ground like a believer kowtowing before a god.

The three monks drew the Sanskrit word on all the corpses. After drawing, the corpses would “come back to life.”

When Han Xue saw this from a distance, she was very shocked. Opening her starry eyes wide, she mumbled, “Master, how can this be?”

Zhang Ruochen’s eyes narrowed. After thinking, he said, “They must be evil monks from the Death Zen Sect. They cultivate the Death Zen Buddhist Way. They can turn dead souls into their believers, refining them into battle corpses, Buddha ghosts—essentially their puppets for battle. Five hundred years ago, they used this exact evil Buddhist Way to kill many innocent people. This was why they were banished.”

Then Zhang Ruochen looked back at the corpses and inhaled sharply. “They must have come to the netherworld to find some powerful bodies and make even stronger battle corpses. Look, of the hundreds of bodies here, at least half are Half-Saints.

“In Kunlun’s Field, they would get attacked by the descendants of the Half-Saints if they tried to steal a corpse. But in the netherworld, there are graves everywhere. It’s easy to dig up a Half-Saint’s corpse. They can even find a Saint’s corpse.”

Han Xue’s eyes shone brightly. “Master,” she whispered. “Do you think the Death Zen Sect’s people opened the Tomb Forest’s seal to let out the dead souls? This way, they can openly enter the netherworld, dig up Half-Saint corpses and create a large amount of battle corpses.

“With the number of corpses in the netherworld, it’s not hard for the Death Zen Sect to create a battle corpse army composed solely of Half-Saint corpses. This way, they can sweep through Kunlun’s Field and rule the world.”

Zhang Ruochen stared hard at Han Xue. He felt more and more that this little girl was extremely intelligent. It was unusual for someone her age to think that deeply.

However, Zhang Ruochen shook his head. “I’m afraid it’s not that simple.”

“Why?” Han Xue asked.

“No matter how many powerful corpses the evil monks of the Death Zen Sect find in the netherworld, they still can’t take them across Corpse River and return to Kunlun’s Field. So what’s the use?”

Han Xue nodded and bit her lips lightly. “You thought of the whole picture. Why didn’t I think of that?”

“But you do have a point,” Zhang Ruochen said, analyzing the situation. “The evil monks of the Death Zen Sect arrived at Ghost King Shenchu’s territory before us. This means that they were well-prepared and possibly entered the netherworld as a large force. There must be more than just the three before us now.”

Gurgle!

Bubbles of various sizes rose up from the Blood River. The entire river was boiling and bubbling.

Then there was the sound of something breaking through water. After that, extremely brilliant Buddhist light shot out of the river. It transformed into a 300-foot-wide golden ball of light and hovered in the air.

When the Buddhist light faded, a young monk in his twenties emerged from the ball of light.

The young monk was very handsome. His skin was pure like jade, his eyebrows were thick and dark, his eyes were deep, and his nose was tall and straight. Clad in a golden cassock, he slowly descended onto the ground.

“Greetings Buddha Xinshu.”

The three monks immediately put their hands together. Bowing reverently, they kowtowed to the young monk in greeting.

Zhang Ruochen sensed danger from the young monk known as Buddha Xinshu. Thus, he immediately activated the Shooting Star Invisibility Cloak’s energy and wrapped it around him and Han Xue.

At the same time, he repressed their auras to the minimum.

Buddha Xinshu held a three-meter Sun-moon Crystal Coffin in his right hand and placed it on the ground slowly. “There was a Ghost King’s battle formation at the bottom of the Blood River. It took me six hours to break through it and take out this coffin.”

He was an evil monk of the Death Zen Sect, but he seemed so holy. His voice was also so lovely to listen to. It sounded ethereal. Ringing in one’s ears, it was like listening to a holy Buddha lecturing. One couldn’t help but want to bow down to him.

“Even with your cultivation, it still took six hours to break through the Ghost King’s battle formation. The owner of this coffin must be extraordinary.”

One of the second level Half-Saints walked to the side of the Sun-moon Crystal Coffin. Looking through the translucent sides, one could make out a woman lying inside. Instead of a corpse, it looked like she was just sleeping.

Zhang Ruochen also looked over at the coffin. He was surprised what kind of treasure would be sealed by a Ghost King’s battle formation.

“Oh?”

Standing on the riverbank, Buddha Xinshu sensed someone watching. Thus, he immediately looked towards where Zhang Ruochen and Han Xue were hiding.

That moment, Zhang Ruochen and Han Xue felt that the air had frozen. They couldn’t move at all as if they’d been sealed in ice.

His cultivation is too scary. I got discovered just by glancing at the coffin.

Zhang Ruochen worked to activate the Emperor Ming Nine-sky Scripture. He guided his Holy Qi into his meridians to break free from the other’s suppression.

On the riverbank, confusion appeared in Buddha Xinshu’s eyes. He walked out toward Zhang Ruochen and Hanxue. At that moment, piercing whistles sounded behind them.

A pitch black cloud rushed out from the distance, roaring,
“How dare you steal the Ghost King’s body!”

Kaboom!

Wuchang Haochuan came flying in on his soul beast.
Extremely strong power burst from his body. Sweeping up
dozens of huge tombstones from the ground, he hurled them at
the four evil monks.

(Author’s note: Buddha Xinshu was mentioned before, but
probably only the careful readers noticed.)

Chapter 805 - Buddha Xinshu, Beautiful Ghost King

Translator:

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Editor:

Larbre Studio

Poof, poof.

Buddha Xinshu raised his head and looked up at the dozens of incoming tombstones. Each one was hundreds of feet tall.

They looked like rectangular mountains.

Black Ghost Qi covered the tombstones, making them seem to be made out of steel.

“Amitabha!”

Buddha Xinshu formed a Buddhist gesture with his left hand and placed it before his chest. His right hand moved.

Immediately after, golden Buddhist light transformed into various Sanskrit runes and flew out. They swept towards the dozens of tombstones and pulverized them.

Rustling could be heard on the bank of Blood River. The stone powder rained down, sprinkling on the ground.

Wuchang Haochuan and the other five fanned out. They charged quickly, attacking the four evil monks of the Death Zen Sect.

Buddha Xinshu remained on the riverbank like an unmovable boulder. The other three evil monks led hundreds of Half-Saint puppets to face the Wuchangs.

The appearance of the six Wuchangs immediately lessened the danger that Zhang Ruochen and Han Xue were in. The

pressure on them vanished instantly.

They retreated quickly, not stopping until they were miles away.

“Master, is that Buddha Xinshu the ‘Nan Xinshu’ on the Five Heroes List?” Han Xue asked.

“It should be him. I didn’t think that such a powerful figure would come to the netherworld.”

Zhang Ruochen gazed toward Blood River. There, beams of Ghost Qi and Buddhist light clashed, setting off rings of energy shockwaves.

The powerful waves naturally shocked Mu Lingxi. She immediately hurried over with Blackie, the demon rat, and Wuchang Xinkong, regrouping with Zhang Ruochen and Han Xue.

Seeing that Zhang Ruochen wasn’t hurt, Mu Lingxi was slightly relieved. “What happened?” she asked.

“A strong cultivator of the Death Zen Sect is fighting with a group of Wuchangs,” Zhang Ruochen explained. “It seems to be because of the Sun-moon Crystal Coffin.”

“The Sun-moon Crystal Coffin.” Blackie looked around. Sharpening its claws with its teeth, it cackled. “That’s the legendary saint weapon that helps Monks cultivate. If you lie inside it, the coffin will absorb the Sun-moon Essence and send it into the Monk. This increases the Monk’s cultivation speed. Zhang Ruochen, we can’t let this treasure go.”

Zhang Ruochen thought back to the young monk standing on the riverbank and shook his head. “The Death Zen Sect has a powerful figure watching the Sun-moon Crystal Coffin. If we don’t want to die, we need to leave immediately.”

If that young monk really was the legendary Nan Xinshu, then all of them working together wouldn’t be able to hurt a hair on his head.

Wuchang Haochuan was powerful too, but he still wasn’t Buddha Xinshu’s match. This man was a legend.

Zhang Ruochen was always careful, so Mu Lingxi naturally agreed with him.

Just as everyone was about to leave, they heard Blackie exclaim, "Look up!"

Blackie liked to be dramatic, so Zhang Ruochen didn't take it seriously. He just looked up casually.

Suddenly, his neck went stiff and his eyes hardened. There was a beautiful woman in a blood-red robe above the black clouds. She stood there without moving as if she was frozen.

She was very far from the ground, so no one would notice her unless they looked carefully. This was why this scene was so eerie.

"It's her." Zhang Ruochen's expression turned uncomfortable.

The woman in the blood-red robe was the beautiful Ghost King who guarded the outside of the Tomb Forest. He didn't expect that she would chase them all the way to Ghost King Shenchu's territory.

When Wuchang Xinkong saw the beautiful Ghost King, joy filled her eyes. She spat out a plume of ghostly mist and a strange sound came from her.

The beautiful Ghost King looked down as if she'd heard the sound. Her cold eyes stared at Wuchang Xinkong. Extending a finger, she sent out a blue flame that connected the sky with the ground.

"Careful."

Seeing that snake of fire, Zhang Ruochen immediately released his Holy Qi. It curled around Mu Lingxi, Blackie, and Han Xue and flew hundreds of feet back.

Sizzle, sizzle!

The blue fire hit the chain on Wuchang Xinkong. The metal melted almost instantly, turning into drops of liquid metal. Not only that, the ground was also melted. It turned into a red lake of lava.

After Wuchang Xinkong recovered her freedom, she glared at Zhang Ruochen and Blackie with resentment. Then she ran away, rushing towards Blood River.

The beautiful Ghost King in the sky didn't attack Zhang Ruochen's group. Instead, she looked toward Blood River and at the Sun-moon Crystal Coffin.

A strong gust of icy Qi spread from her. Black snowflakes fluttered in the netherworld.

Whoosh!

The beautiful Ghost King descended, cutting an arc in the sky. She landed on Blood River and stood on the surface. Reaching out a hand, she distorted the air in an attempt to snatch the Sun-moon Coffin back.

“One Palm, One Universe,” Buddha Xinshu chanted.

His right hand formed a print. Then various lines appeared on his palm, forming mountains and rivers. The lines on his fingers became miles long. They turned into a golden world that hit forward to the beautiful Ghost King.

The huge palm made the entire world seem gold. The light fell upon the tombstones, making them seem to be made out of gold.

When the palm landed, there was a huge boom. The land beside Blood River caved in.

Dozens of huge cracks opened up in the ground and extended into the distance. The ground caved in wherever the cracks reached.

Neither Buddha Xinshu nor the beautiful Ghost King were good people and their cultivations were frightening as well. Thus, Zhang Ruochen didn't go and chase after Wuchang Xinkong. The only thing on his mind was: leave.

He led his group and escaped into the distance, getting as far from Blood River as possible.

About an hour later, they were very far from the river and finally stopped.

Han Xue looked around for Blackie but couldn't find it.
"Master, Blackie isn't here."

With Blackie's speed, it should have been the fastest amongst the group. How could it lose them?

Mu Lingxi furrowed her brow. "I'll go look for it."

Zhang Ruochen immediately grabbed Mu Lingxi's wrist to stop her. He shook his head and looked into the distance.
"Look, it's coming already."

Mu Lingxi looked over and really did see Blackie. The fat cat was pouncing and jumping over.

However...

A long crystal coffin was propped on its neck as it sprinted with full speed, its tail upright.

A monk of the Death Zen Sect chased after it. There were dozens of Half-Saint puppets behind the monk. Some of them ran speedily while others flew in the sky, attacking Blackie from all around.

The Death Zen Sect monk was named Jialuo Yuan. Furious and in a panic, he roared, "Fat cat! Put down the Sun-moon Crystal Coffin and I'll let you have a body to bury!"

"If you can catch me, then I'll give it to you!"

Blackie's speed was amazing. It kept a specific distance from Jialuo Yuan so that none of his attacks could hit it.

Eerie black wind blew from the other direction. The icy Qi curled around Blackie.

The wind consolidated into three ghostly bodies—three Wuchangs with icy Qi. They flew down from the sky, blocking Blackie's path.

One of the Wuchangs was clad in black armor. He pointed his sharp spear at Blackie and growled, "Where do you think you're going? Hand over the Sun-moon Crystal Coffin right now."

Blackie stopped. But instead of handing over the coffin, it laughed. "You're not strong enough to guard it so why can't I

keep it for you?”

“You stole it while I was busy fighting with two Wuchangs.” Jialuo Yuan brought his dozens of Half-Saint puppets over. They formed a line, blocking Blackie’s exit as well.

“Fat cat,” Jialuo Yuan continued, “Give the Sun-moon Crystal Coffin to me and I can spare your life. If the Wuchangs in the netherworld catch you, they might even devour your beastly soul.”

Jialuo Yuan seemed friendly and compromised with Blackie first.

But Blackie obviously didn’t believe Jialuo Yuan. Cackling, it said, “If you want the Sun-moon Crystal Coffin, come get it yourself.”

Jialuo Yuan immediately wiped his smile away. His eyes turned cold and filled with murderous intent. Huffing, he said, “Since you want to die, I’ll make it easy for you.”

Whoosh—

Jialuo Yuan didn’t attack. Instead, he quickly made a Buddhist print and used his Buddhist Qi to make two Half-Saint puppets attack.

A golden rune appeared on the foreheads of the two Half-Saint puppets. Their eyes also turned gold.

These two Half-Saint corpses hadn’t been refined in a specific way, so they were only puppets. They couldn’t be called battle corpses yet.

Blackie was about to get attacked from all sides.

Whoosh!

Just then, a blur streaked over. Zhang Ruochen appeared beside Blackie.

He activated his Holy Qi and poured it into the Abyss Ancient Sword. Wielding it, a crescent-shaped Sword Qi cut down on the two Half-Saint puppets.

They flew back and hit two tombstones, shattering the stone.

Chapter 806 - Comprehending the Principle of Speed

Translator:

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Editor:

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Zhang Ruochen retracted the Abyss Ancient Sword and glanced at Blackie. He was so done. “What are you doing?”

Blackie placed the Sun-moon Crystal Coffin on the ground. Seeming composed, he chuckled. “I’m obviously taking some nice treasures. It’s hard to come to the netherworld. I can’t go back empty-handed, right?”

Zhang Ruochen was honestly speechless. The netherworld was so dangerous, but Blackie actually became greedy. Didn’t he know that a tiny mishap could kill them all?

But since Blackie had already stolen the Sun-moon Crystal Coffin, he couldn’t just give it back. Furthermore, even if Zhang Ruochen brought the coffin back, the three Wuchangs and evil monks definitely wouldn’t let them off.

Zhang Ruochen glanced at the Sun-moon Crystal Coffin. He could vaguely see the figure lying inside. However, the sides of the coffin were very thick. He couldn’t see the features clearly, but he could tell that it was a woman.

Jialuo Yuan’s eyes fell upon Zhang Ruochen and he let out a raspy laugh. “I finally see a living man after being in the netherworld for so long. Young man, I am Half-Saint Jialuo Yuan of the Death Zen Sect. If you give me the Sun-moon Crystal Coffin, we can have a good relationship. What do you think?”

Despite his words, Jialuo Yuan's hands hidden in his cassock were quickly solidifying Buddhist Qi. He was ready to attack and kill Zhang Ruochen at any time.

Zhang Ruochen stood with his sword horizontal. He seemed upright and handsome. "I'm sorry," he said nonchalantly. "I don't need good relationships with evil monks of the Death Zen Sect. Speak! Why did the Death Zen Sect enter the netherworld?"

When Zhang Ruochen had first seen the evil monks, he thought that they'd also come for the pill of resurrection. However, the appearance of Buddha Xinshu changed his mind.

Someone like Buddha Xinshu would never come to the netherworld impulsively. Once he came, he must have an unusual motive.

Jialuo Yuan chuckled loudly. "Since you don't know your place, I have no need to be nice to you."

"Thousand-ghost Prajna Palm!"

Jialuo Yuan had already gathered his power. A frail hand shot out of his sleeve and attacked powerfully. Then a huge black handprint arrived before Zhang Ruochen, carrying icy Qi.

There were thousands of ghostly prints on the handprint. They wailed.

The Thousand-ghost Prajna Palm was a superior-class Ghost Level palm technique. It was evolved from the Dragon and Elephant Prajna Palm of the Thousand Buddha Way.

Jialuo Yuan had also entered the netherworld and refined 1,000 evil spirits into his arm to cultivate the Thousand-ghost Prajna Palm completely. One strike contained the power of 1,000 spirits.

If he'd refined 3,000 evil spirits into his arm, then the palm technique would be even stronger. It could become a Consummate Skill.

Now, Jialuo Yuan's right arm contained 1,748 evil spirits. As he sent the palm print forward, his entire arm turned black.

This evil monk's cultivation has already reached the peak of the second level for Half-Saints.

Zhang Ruochen wasn't intimidated though. After all, his cultivation had reached the Ninth Change of the Fish-Dragon Realm. It was possible to defeat Jialuo Yuan.

“Sword Two, Yin-Yang Infiniton.”

Zhang Ruochen struck with the Abyss Ancient Sword. A gust of Sword Qi burst out, forming a huge ring of Sword Qi.

The Ancient Abyss Sword transformed into pillar of Sword Qi. It hit the black palm print, piercing it and stabbing powerfully towards Jialuo Yuan's chest.

“Hmph! You've actually completed Sword Two at your young age. You do have some skills. No wonder you could get to this point.”

Jialuo Yuan put his hands together in prayer and chanted in Sanskrit. At once, the golden Sanskrit print appeared between the eyebrows of the dozens of Half-Saint puppets.

There were 34 puppets altogether. 34 rays of gold light surged from between their brows and converged on Jialuo Yuan's body. With him as the center, it formed an eerie formation.

Every Half-Saint puppet was an eye of the battle formation. They poured their Holy Qi and Corpse Qi into Jialuo Yuan's body.

Boom!

Jialuo Yuan's aura rose continuously. The Buddhist Qi that he radiated grew stronger as well. Golden Buddhist light covered everything within a radius of several miles.

When the Abyss Ancient Sword was ten feet from Jialuo Gu, it was blocked by the powerful Buddhist Qi. It couldn't continue stabbing.

Jialuo Yuan's lips curled into a menacing smile as he struck the air with a palm.

Boom!

The Abyss Ancient Sword trembled. Then the tip turned over and it flew backwards. Both the sword and Zhang Ruochen were hurt. He stumbled 17 steps back, leaving 17 deep prints on the ground, before he steadied himself.

Such powerfully evil Buddhist techniques, Zhang Ruochen thought. He can actually extract power from dozens of Half-Saint corpses and put them into his own body. Jialuo Yuan must be a top figure amongst the second level Half-Saints.

Right now, Qi and blood rumbled within Zhang Ruochen. Blood even clotted in some of the joints in his meridians.

This wasn't his first time going against a second level Half-Saint. Half-Saint Xuanlong of the Four Symbols Sect, Half-Saint Taixi of the Vampires, and Feng Han had all been in that level.

Though Jialuo Yuan was also a second level Half-Saint, his power was far above the others.

Just then, Jialuo Yuan had combined dozens of Half-Saint puppets. The power that had burst from it far surpassed Half-Saint Xuanlong and Taixi. Even Feng Han was a bit weaker than he was.

While Zhang Ruochen and Jialuo Yuan fought, the three Wuchangs also attacked Blackie to snatch the Sun-moon Crystal Coffin. Mu Lingxi and Han Xue rushed over at once. They were only in the Fish-Dragon Realm, but working together, they activated the Void Sword's power and forced the three Wuchangs back.

Since the Void Sword was known as a supreme saint weapon, it naturally contained boundless power. Even a bit of the Sword Qi could kill a Half-Saint.

There weren't many swords this incredible in all of Kunlun's Field.

"Young man, what do you think about my palm's power?" Jialuo Yuan asked, smiling.

Zhang Ruochen quickly dissolved the blood clots and recovered. He chuckled. "You're quite powerful indeed, but you can't stop me."

“Ha! Unfortunately, these Half-Saints are only puppets instead of battle corpses,” Jialuo Yuan said. “Otherwise, my power would multiply five or six times. I’d be able to dismember you with one strike.”

“That is indeed unfortunate,” Zhang Ruochen said calmly.

“Young man, you’re quite brave. But sadly, you’re not skilled enough.”

“If we compare our cultivations or power, I am definitely far from you, senior. But in a true life-or-death fight, the one with higher cultivation isn’t always the one who survives in the end.”

Jialuo Yuan laughed loudly. He released his Saint Soul Territory. Combining it with the Half-Saint puppets, he moved at an unprecedented speed and clapped his hands.

Two golden five-fingered clouds hovered above Zhang Ruochen’s heads and plummeted. If Zhang Ruochen was hit by the palm prints, he would be close to death, if he didn’t die immediately.

At the most critical moment, Zhang Ruochen grasped a principle of the world. He dodged with an extraordinary technique. He actually passed through the lock of the two palm prints and escaped.

Kaboom!

The two palm prints hit the ground, creating two giant craters close to 100 meters wide. They shook the ground, sending all the tombstones flying.

Zhang Ruochen stood unharmed on the side of the two craters. Even he was amazed.

“I just...seemed to comprehend a principle of speed.”

The Way of Speed was only a small branch of 100,000 Minor Ways. Usually, speed was only auxiliary. Most Half-Saints would purposefully try comprehending it because knowing some speed principles could raise combat ability incredibly.

However, barely any Monks in the Fish-Dragon Realm could comprehend any principles of speed.

In the aspect of speed, there was the Way of Flying Sky and the Way of Fleeting Light.

The Way of Flying Sky was a Major Way. The Way of Fleeting Light was the Supreme Saintly Way. If one continued up, there was the Way of Time.

Basically, there were 72 Supreme Saintly Ways, 3,000 Major Ways, and 10,000 Minor Ways. They had all evolved from the Nine Ancient Taiheng Ways.

For example, the Way of Speed had evolved from the Way of Time. Without time, there was no speed.

On the other hand, Zhang Ruochen had comprehended a principle of speed. This could actually help him induce principles of time. Thus, this was a huge achievement.

Jialuo Yuan was a bit surprised too. Smiling, he said, “You have high abilities of understanding. I didn’t expect for that palm print to help you comprehend a speed principle instead of killing you. However, it’s only a Minor Way. It’s not the Way of Flying Sky or Way of Fleeting Light.”

“Since I’ve already comprehended the speed principle, Flying Sky and Fleeting Light won’t be too far off, will they?” Zhang Ruochen laughed in return.

Jialuo Yuan didn’t speak further. He manipulated the power of the 34 Half-Saint puppets again. With extreme speed, he appeared before Zhang Ruochen, pointing between his brows.

His ancient face was right before Zhang Ruochen’s eyes. It was menacing. His sharp and golden finger was about to stab through Zhang Ruochen’s skull.

“You’ve finally acted brashly. Good, I can send you on your way now.”

Zhang Ruochen had been purposefully angering Jialuo Yuan this entire time just for this moment. If Jialuo Yuan didn’t get close, how could Zhang Ruochen kill him?

“Instant Traceless.”

Zhang Ruochen’s arm twitched and the Abyss Ancient Sword transformed into shapeless and shadowless light. It beheaded

Jialuo Yuan, sending his head flying 30 feet in the air. Like a bloody watermelon, it fell to the ground with a thud.

Jialuo Yuan's last attack also hit the spot between Zhang Ruochen's eyebrows.

Just as Jialuo Yuan's finger drooped down, countless divine prints whooshed out from between his eyebrows. Transforming into various apparitions, they sent Jialuo Yuan's corpse flying back.

Zhang Ruochen walked to his side and searched through his cassock. He wanted to find some clues and deduce the true reason why the powerful members of the Death Zen Sect came to the netherworld.

He searched for a while without finding any valuable clues. However, he received something unexpected. He'd actually found a drop of divine blood on Jialuo Yuan.

This was strange. Why did a Half-Saint of the Death Zen Sect carry divine blood with him?

Chapter 807 - Refining the Fifth Drop of Divine Blood

Translator:

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Editor:

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A Monk in the Fish-Dragon Realm must borrow divine power through a ritual to refine a drop of divine blood.

It was different for Half-Saints. They were already very strong and could use their own cultivations to refine the divine blood.

Refining a drop of blood wasn't as useful to Half-Saints as Monks in the Fish-Dragon Realm, but it was still divine blood. It still had an infinite amount of benefits.

Normally, Jialuo Yuan would definitely refine a drop of divine blood as soon as he got it. He wouldn't bring it with him without using it.

This was why Zhang Ruochen was shocked to find it on him.

“There are two explanations. One, Jialuo Yuan just got it and didn't have time to refine it yet. Two, he had it on him for another reason. Maybe it has something to do with the Death Zen Sect entering the netherworld in large numbers.”

It was actually easy to prove either one of these hypotheses.

He just had to catch another monk of the Death Zen Sect and find another drop of divine blood. That would prove the second guess.

Holding the divine blood, Zhang Ruochen smiled. “It's a treasure that's difficult to come by. If I can refine this, I'll have refined five drops in total. My cultivation will improve greatly.”

Putting the divine blood away, Zhang Ruochen extracted the Half Saint Light from Jialuo Yuan's body and sealed it in a jade box. He also found three saint stones, seven bottles of pills, and books of "Thousand Ghost Prajna Palm" and "Death Zen Buddhist Way" and put them in his spatial ring.

The string of Buddhist beads on Jialuo Yuan's neck was a powerful Buddhist weapon. Right now, it had already melted into the Abyss Ancient Sword.

Whoosh!

The Abyss Ancient Sword flew back. Tip down, it hovered in Zhang Ruochen's palm. It had gotten stronger again.

"It's too hard to turn it into a Thousand-pattern Saint Weapon."

Zhang Ruochen grabbed the sword's hilt and waved his arm. Black light instantly shone from the sword.

The Ancient Abyss Sword had refined a great amount of true martial treasure weapons and saint weapons, but it was still a Hundred-pattern Saint Weapon. However, its power was enough to enter the Hundred-pattern Saint Weapon list. At full force, it could match a Thousand-pattern Saint Weapon.

Right now, it wasn't at the Taotian Sword's level and it was far from the Void Sword. However, it was the most suitable for Zhang Ruochen. It was already connected to him mentally and physically.

When using the Abyss Ancient Sword, Zhang Ruochen could perform his Way of Sword to the most perfect state.

"I will mature with you. One day, you'll become a Thousand-pattern Saint Weapon and be even stronger than the Void Sword." Zhang Ruochen caressed the body of the Abyss Ancient Sword.

As if the sword could sense his emotions, it quivered and made a happy sound.

Han Xue flew over with the Void Sword. "Master!" she called cheerily. "Sister Mu, Blackie and I defeated three Wuchangs together."

Zhang Ruochen had been watching the fight, so he wasn't very surprised. However, he still praised her. "You can defeat three Wuchangs at once. Your abilities are very impressive."

"It's nothing, actually," Mu Lingxi said. "We completely relied on the Void Sword to accomplish this. Without it, we couldn't have countered the three Wuchangs at all."

Mu Lingxi was covered in glistening sweat. She'd used up all her Holy Qi. Clearly, the previous battle hadn't been easy.

But Blackie was pissed. It dug the demon rat out of the ground and hung it in the air by its tail.

"Speak! Why didn't you fight when I was battling with the three Wuchangs?"

"Three Wuchangs aren't a match for you at all," the demon rat stammered out. "You don't need my help at all, right, Cat Lord?"

"Really? Why do I feel like you just want to get beat up?"

Blackie swatted the demon rat's head with a claw. Its round eyes were filled with ferocity. It seemed like it wanted to eat this rat.

When the three Wuchangs had attacked, the demon rat didn't help at all. It just watched on from the side. Clearly, it wanted the three Wuchangs to kill Blackie and Zhang Ruochen's group.

Sadly, it didn't know that Han Xue had the Void Sword, a supreme saint weapon. They defeated the Wuchangs, foiling its plan.

Blackie obviously saw through this.

"Cat Lord, I won't dare to do this anymore. I swear to god, I will never... Help..."

The Tomb Forest became filled with the demon rat's pained cries. It wanted to escape but couldn't. It wanted to fight back, but couldn't. None of the demon rat's fatal attacks worked on Blackie.

On the other hand, Blackie's every attack hit its weakest points, making it almost too painful to live.

Zhang Ruochen shook his head, thinking, The calculative, evil, and cruel Captain Rat can actually beg for mercy too. This is amazing.

At least, Zhang Ruochen would have a hard time defeating the Half-Saint demon rat with his current cultivation. Who would've thought that such a powerful creature would turn into a defenseless child when faced with Blackie?

Using the Sky Eye, Zhang Ruochen looked back at Blood River. "The Wuchangs of the netherworld and Monks of the Death Zen Sect won't give up. Let's hide into the scroll world for a few days before coming out."

Buddha Xinshu and the beautiful Ghost King were all in the Saint Realm. By the time they finished fighting and had more time, they would be coming for Zhang Ruochen's group.

And other than these two, Wuchang Haochuan was also a top figure. Zhang Ruochen's group wasn't his match.

It was better to be safe than sorry in the netherworld.

After entering the scroll world, Mu Lingxi sat cross-legged below the Divine Sky-connecting Tree. She started absorbing the Spiritual Qi to replenish her Holy Qi.

Blackie studied the Death Zen Buddhist Way. It wanted to control the 34 Half-Saint corpses that Jialuo Yuan had left behind. The power that Jialuo Yuan could wield after absorbing the Corpse Qi of these 34 Half-Saint corpses really tempted Blackie.

On the other hand, Han Xue was refining the saintly source of Sword Saint Xuanji. She worked hard on improving her cultivation. She wanted to reach the Seventh Change.

Only Zhang Ruochen didn't cultivate immediately. Instead, he studied the Sun-moon Crystal Coffin.

It was three meters long and made out of some unknown material. The entire thing was translucent and emanated with

icy Qi. The ground was covered in white frost within a hundred-foot-radius.

A crescent moon was carved onto the top. A sun was carved onto the bottom.

The strange thing about it was that the moon and sun print was slowly absorbing the wood-elemental Spiritual Qi from the Divine Sky-connecting Tree.

“Such a mysterious treasure. No wonder Buddha Xinshu and the beautiful Ghost King would fight so fiercely for it.”

Zhang Ruochen tried various ways but failed to open the coffin. He couldn't leave a mark even when he hacked down with the Abyss Ancient Sword with full power.

“Since I can't open it, I'll just leave it here for now.”

Zhang Ruochen was very curious. What changes would occur after it absorbed enough wood-elemental Spiritual Qi?

Everyone else was working hard on cultivating and improving, so Zhang Ruochen couldn't slack off either.

He took out the divine blood. Cupping it in his hands, he opened the seal and started refining.

Other Monks in the Fish-Dragon Realm had to use a god's strength to refine it. This was to refine the divine blood into a divine print. However, Zhang Ruochen used his divine print to absorb the blood.

Around an hour later, Zhang Ruochen had refined the divine blood completely.

The various divine prints in his Sea of Qi became clearer. They all had different shapes and radiated with powerful divine power. This fortified Zhang Ruochen's Sea of Qi.

“How powerful will I be if I can control all the divine power of these prints?”

Zhang Ruochen's meridians and Saintly Meridians couldn't withstand the divine power. Thus, he couldn't use all the power yet.

Perhaps, he had to wait until his cultivation and physical body strengthened to turn the divine prints into substantial attacks. Of course, his abilities still improved a lot after refining the fifth drop.

“Right now, my cultivation is only in the beginning of the Fish-Dragon Realm’s Ninth Change. There’s still a lot of space for improvement. I should take advantage of this chance to improve more.”

Zhang Ruochen swiped his spatial ring and released a dragon bead the size of one’s face. Wrapping it with Holy Qi, he lifted it 30 feet above him.

The bead contained extremely powerful Qi. The hot energy it radiated burned the surface, transforming it into a huge fireball.

Sizzle, crackle.

The heat that radiated out of it forced back some of the icy Qi from the Sun-moon Crystal Coffin. The frost on the ground also melted.

Zhang Ruochen had dug this dragon bead out of the Black-body Dragon King after killing it on the Void World battleground.

Chapter 808 - Thirty-Six Quasi-Saintly Meridians

Translator:

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Editor:

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A Flood Dragon Pearl's value was comparable to a Half-Saint's Light. It was even easier to absorb.

If the Flood Dragon Pearl was refined completely, it could give a great boost to his cultivation.

Zhang Ruochen closed his eyes. The fifth level of the Emperor Ming Nine-sky Scripture emerged in his mind. He raised his hands slowly.

As the technique went on, two small vortices appeared in his palms. They continuously absorbed the power radiating from the Flood Dragon Pearl into the Yangwei Saintly Meridian and Yinwei Saintly Meridian.

When the Flood Dragon Pearl's power entered the Saint Meridians, it immediately gathered in the Sea of Qi.

Then that gust of power rushed out of the Sea of Qi. It entered the 36 meridians, flowing to different parts of his body. After circulating throughout his body, it gathered below his navel, connecting with the Developing Xuan Embryo.

During this process, Zhang Ruochen discovered with a shock that the 36 meridians kept widening and becoming sturdier. Evidently, this was the power of the Developing Xuan Embryo.

The so-called Developing Xuan Embryo was actually the vortex below his navel. This was formed after cultivating the "Xuan Embryo Devil Sky," the fifth level of the Emperor Ming Nine-sky Scripture, to a certain level.

When the Xuan Embryo developed fully, the vortex would evolve into something like the Sea of Qi. It would help Monks store Holy Qi.

After all, the more Holy Qi a Monk had, the more powerful his martial techniques could be. He wouldn't feel drained either.

For example, a Monk in the Ninth Change of the Fish-Dragon Realm would use up at least 20% of his Holy Qi to cast a superior-class Ghost Level martial technique. He would use up most of his Holy Qi for a Consummate Skill.

But Zhang Ruochen was rarely drained because he'd reached the Peak Realm four times. His Sea of Qi already surpassed the other Monks. Even if he fought for ten days and ten nights straight, he wouldn't feel exhausted.

However, like other Monks, he couldn't use King Level martial techniques in the Fish-Dragon Realm or even before the sixth level of the Half-Saint Realm. These were also known as Saint Spells.

This was because his meridians were too weak for the power of Saint Spells.

It was different now. His meridians were expanding and widening quickly.

What was the difference between meridians and Saintly Meridians? If one compared meridians to capillaries, then the Saintly Meridian was like the aorta.

Meridians were the network used to move True Qi for martial artists in the Huang Realm. When True Qi flowed through the meridians, it could help martial artists perform the techniques. It also filled their flesh, bones, and organs, strengthening their physical bodies.

However, meridians were extremely fragile. They could only withstand True Qi and very thin Saintly Qi. If a Monk utilized a great amount of Saintly Qi through the meridians, the meridians would burst.

This was why very few martial artists in the Heavenly Realm could perform complete Ghost Realm martial techniques. In

addition, the True Qi of the Heavenly Realm couldn't support those techniques.

There was also a bigger reason. Most martial artists in the Heavenly Realm didn't have meridians strong enough to withstand such intense speed of transporting True Qi.

Thus, a Monk would develop Saintly Meridians when they reached the Fourth Change of the Fish-Dragon Realm. Only Saintly Meridians could withstand large amounts of Holy Qi and perform Ghost Realm martial techniques at will.

One month later.

Zhang Ruochen completed refining the Flood Dragon Pearl. His cultivation reached the peak of the Ninth Change.

What made him even happier was that the Xuan Embryo below his navel was already developed. It formed a second Sea of Qi. The Holy Qi stored in the Xuan Embryo was comparable to the amount in his Sea of Qi.

Furthermore, the 36 meridians had doubled in width. They'd become very resilient.

If Zhang Ruochen activated his Holy Qi now, his body would rumble as if it had dozens of rivers flowing within. Thankfully, there was a lot of Holy Qi stored inside his Sea of Qi and Xuan Embryo. He didn't have to worry about using it all up.

The power that burst from the same technique now far surpassed the past. Imagine a car for a simple metaphor. In the past, you could only use 100 pounds of power to push it because of your physical restrictions. Now, you could muster 200 pounds to push the same car.

Because it received different amounts of power, the car's speed would be completely different too.

I've finally completed the fifth level and formed my Xuan Embryo. The 36 meridians have doubled in width. They're one-fifth the size of a Saintly Meridian now. I can totally call them "36 Quasi-Saintly Meridians."

Now, he wouldn't feel bloated even if he moved Holy Qi through the 36 meridians at full force.

What level can my most powerful attack reach with my current cultivation?

Thinking of this, Zhang Ruochen couldn't wait anymore. He pulled out the Taotian Sword. Releasing Holy Qi, he grasped it in his hands.

The Taotian Sword was 27th on the Thousand-Pattern Saint Weapon List. It contained 8,989 inscriptions. In addition to basic and intermediate inscriptions, there were also 12 advanced inscriptions.

One must be clear that when the Abyss Ancient Sword absorbed a saint weapon, only one or two intermediate inscriptions would be added, along with a dozen basic inscriptions.

As for advanced inscriptions... Actually, inscriptions belonged to the principles of the Saintly Way. Only very powerful Spiritual Power Saints could engrave them.

Thus, even though the Taotian Sword was only a Thousand-Pattern Saint Weapon, it could unleash power equal to that of a Ten Thousand-Pattern Saint Weapon.

Zhang Ruochen started performing the technique. The Holy Qi in his Sea of Qi and Xuan Embryo instantly started tossing. They entered the 5 Saintly Meridians and 36 meridians, flooding out of his palms and into the Taotian Sword.

Whoosh—

Various inscriptions emerged on the Taotian Sword's surface, making the blade brighter and brighter. In the end, the light that shone from the sword was actually so bright Zhang Ruochen couldn't keep his eyes open.

A moment later, the Taotian Sword's sword spirit melded into the inscriptions. It flew into the sky, forming powerful saintly might. It burst out without holding back, sweeping hundreds of miles in the air.

Everyone in the scroll world was shocked by this moment.

Mu Lingxi had been refining the Saintly Source and comprehending principles of the Saintly Way. Sensing the

powerful destructive ability from the distance, she immediately woke up.

Looking at the white ball of light flying in the air, she was deeply impressed. "What's going on?" she asked curiously. "Did Zhang Ruochen reach the Half-Saint Realm? No, even the aura of a third level Half-Saint isn't that powerful."

At the same time, the Void Sword on Han Xue's back started trembling quickly. If she hadn't controlled it immediately, it might have flown out already.

The Taotian Sword was honestly too strong. With Zhang Ruochen's current cultivation, he couldn't control it at all. The Sword Qi that burst forth even hit himself. It pierced his shoulder, leaving a bloody hole the size of a teacup.

Zhang Ruochen immediately retraced his Holy Qi. He didn't dare to continue running the Taotian Sword. Without the support of Holy Qi, the Taotian Sword gradually dimmed and fell from the sky.

Zhang Ruochen grasped the hilt and glanced at his shoulder wound. Activating Holy Qi, he sealed the veins at the wound.

Merely activating the sword spirit and inscriptions could create such terrifying power. No wonder it's 27th on the Thousand-pattern Saint Weapon List. Unfortunately, my cultivation is far from being able to control it. If I forcefully activate it, it's highly possible I'll be gravely injured too.

Zhang Ruochen made a quick estimation. With his current cultivation, he could fight with Jialuo Yuan at his strongest state, even face-to-face.

Earlier, he'd used the sword of time to kill Jialuo Yuan. He'd won by being unexpected. If Jialuo Yuan had known that Zhang Ruochen was the Time and Space Descendant and had been prepared, it wouldn't have been that easy.

During the past month, in addition to refining a drop of divine blood, he'd also raised his cultivation to the second half of the Ninth Change. He'd also completed the fifth level of the Emperor Ming Nine-sky Scripture. His abilities had reached a whole new height.

Right now, he could even fight an average third level Half-Saint. He was only in the Ninth Change, but he could fight a third level Half-Saint. If this news spread, it was likely that no one would believe it.

Because even a Saint Body in the Ninth Change of the Fish-Dragon Realm couldn't compare with a first level Half-Saint, let alone a third level.

Even the nine Heirs weren't this powerful in the Fish-Dragon Realm.

If I activate the Taotian Sword's power, Zhang Ruochen thought, I can probably defeat someone above the third level of the Half-Saint Realm.

The Taotian Sword could only be used as a hidden trump card. It was best if he didn't use it unless he had no other choice. If he lost control, he would hurt himself and the people around him.

Zhang Ruochen felt like he still had potential. He could cultivate to an even stronger state. Thus, he didn't rush toward the Half-Saint Realm.

Maybe I can try for the Divine Life Chart, the legendary Tenth Change of the Fish-Dragon Realm.

Zhang Ruochen's eyes grew determined. They glowed brightly. No matter what, he had to try.

He'd already refined five drops of divine blood. With his current state, it wasn't hard to refine a sixth drop. As for a seventh drop, it wouldn't be that simple.

Of course, his biggest concern now was how he could get the sixth and seventh drops of divine blood.

Just then, Zhang Ruochen thought of the evil monks of the Death Zen Sect. Would the other monks carry divine blood too?

One month had passed in the scroll world. It had only been three days in the outside world.

The battle between the Wuchangs and Death Zen Sect was probably over now. With this in mind, Zhang Ruochen exited

the scroll world alone, ready to investigate the situation outside.

Chapter 809 - Fighting the Beautiful Ghost King

Translator:

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Zhang Ruochen put on the Shooting Star Invisibility Cloak. Hiding his aura, he passed through the spatial door and appeared in the cold, dark netherworld.

There were countless huge cracks on the ground. Some of the lava had melted into a red lakes. In other places, miles of land were sealed in ice.

A battle between two equally powerful Saints had destroyed this land completely.

The battle had ended long ago, but remnants of Ghost Qi and Buddhist Qi remained in the air.

A Saints' battle is honestly terrifying. This place won't recover for more than 100 years. Zhang Ruochen sighed inwardly.

In Kunlun's Field, a long battle between Saints would turn the land hundreds of miles around the spot into no-man's land for a century. Any mortal or low-level martial artist that entered would be killed by the remaining Holy Qi.

He wondered who won this battle.

The surroundings were silent. He could only hear eerie wind brushing past the tombstones. The beautiful Ghost King and Buddha Xinshu must have left.

Zhang Ruochen activated the invisibility power of his cloak. Hiding his aura, he used a physical technique and went to the

side of the Blood River again. This had been the center of the battle. The remaining shockwaves were strongest here as well.

Zhang Ruochen gazed at the river. There was actually a blood-red crescent moon printed on the bloody river. He slowly raised his head to look up.

So strange, he thought. There's no sun, no day, and no night in the netherworld. How can there be a blood-red moon?

He didn't know how far away the moon was from the ground. At least, he was sure that he couldn't fly that far with his current cultivation. Even more strange was that the moon's light only fell upon the river. It couldn't shine on anywhere else.

Whoosh.

Just as Zhang Ruochen was pondering, a gust of icy wind blew across the river.

There was rustling and a thin layer of ice appeared on Zhang Ruochen's skin. It covered him entirely. The invisibility function of his cloak was obviously affected too.

If someone was watching, they would see a human-shaped ice statue suddenly appear beside the river.

A female ghost had appeared on the river without anyone realizing. She stood soundlessly on the water. The Ghost Qi radiating from her was very powerful. It consolidated into dark red ghostly clouds.

The ghost's long hair fluttered in the wind. Her robe was tattered, revealing the snowy skin of her chest, stomach, back, and arms.

Yes.

She had skin just like humans. She wasn't an insubstantial dead soul.

Though she was a female ghost, she had extraordinarily beautiful features. Her tattered robe only covered her private parts. Her long and slender legs were exposed. They looked smooth and delicate.

This sexy and beautiful yet eerie female ghost kept stimulating Zhang Ruochen's nerves. However, he didn't have any inappropriate thoughts. The only thought in his mind was: run.

Run as fast as possible.

Because she was the beautiful Ghost King. Who would've thought that she was still near the Blood River?

Whoosh!

Powerful fire-elemental energy surged within Zhang Ruochen. His body was soon covered in flames, which melted the ice.

The Fire Spirit Treasure Body of the Five Elements Treasure Body came in handy now.

One should never even dream about fighting a Ghost King. Using the saint decree to escape was the only way out.

But just as Zhang Ruochen took out the saint decree, his wrist was tangled up in black thread before he could activate the power.

No, it wasn't black thread. It was the Ghost King's hair. It carried eerie Ghost Qi that cut open Zhang Ruochen's skin like a sharp knife. Then it tightened, digging into his flesh. As soon as blood seeped out, it would be absorbed by the hair.

The pain in Zhang Ruochen's arm felt like something was drilling into him. His blood kept getting absorbed and his wrist was about to break.

How can this be? Do dead souls drink blood, in addition to devouring souls?

What Zhang Ruochen didn't know was that the average dead soul couldn't drink blood, but a Ghost King could do it to solidify their bodies. The higher class the blood was, the more beneficial it was.

The next moment, the Ghost King was right before Zhang Ruochen's eyes. Her cold, deep, and fierce eyes stared at Zhang Ruochen from a hair's breadth away.

"Sword!"

Gritting his teeth, Zhang Ruochen started manipulating his sword intent. He summoned the Abyss Ancient Sword and activated a sword technique. Leaving a trail of black light, he slashed at the beautiful Ghost King.

Whoosh!

The Ghost King extended two fingers and caught the Abyss Ancient Sword. She waved her arm casually and the sword flew toward the Blood River. It landed on a small island in the river with a huge boom.

“Your cultivation is a bit low, but your blood is of great quality. This means that your soul is probably delicious too.”

The Ghost King stared at Zhang Ruochen as if commenting on a tasty dish. Other than that, she had no other emotions.

Right now, Zhang Ruochen was completely restricted by the beautiful Ghost King. He couldn't even use his Holy Qi or spiritual power, let alone use time or spatial power.

Whoosh!

The beautiful Ghost King's snowy-white fingers sharpened. She pressed down on Zhang Ruochen's head and started extracting his martial soul. At this moment, the image of the old lord of the Xun Saint Sect getting his saint soul extracted appeared in his mind. He refused to admit defeat now.

No, I can't die. I cannot die here. I have to go back to the Emperor Ming City to pay homage to my mother. I have to take revenge on Chi Yao. I have to find the truth of what happened 800 years ago. How can I die here?

“I refuse!” Zhang Ruochen roared.

Just then, the various deity prints in his Sea of Qi shook violently. They flew out from between his eyebrows, radiating brilliantly, and hit the beautiful Ghost King's body.

Boom!

Her bloody robe crumbled to dust. She flew back with a muffled grunt. In the sky, her ghost body shattered, turning into a patch of black Ghost Qi.

Then the deity prints flew back into Zhang Ruochen's Sea of Qi. They returned to the walls and settled down.

Feeling like he'd just saved his life, Zhang Ruochen half-knelt on the ground. He supported himself with one hand and gasped for breath. But before he could relax, the Ghost Qi in the air reformed quickly, consolidating into the beautiful Ghost King.

Her hair still fluttered in the air, but now, she hovered there, completely naked.

What?

Unexpectedly, she hadn't died. But despite reforming her ghost body, her aura had weakened greatly. She was nowhere close to how she had been before.

"You're actually protected by various deity prints. I underestimated you."

The beautiful Ghost King's body seemed translucent. Every inch of her skin was like flawless porcelain. She was definitely a beauty. If she was in the Kunlun's Field, she would definitely be a goddess pursued by all the Talents and Conquers.

However, Zhang Ruochen had witnessed how terrifying she was. He didn't dare have any inappropriate thoughts even when seeing her naked body.

He squeezed his saint decree and pulled out all the Holy Qi. But he didn't escape immediately, because he could sense that the beautiful Ghost King was very weak now. She wasn't much stronger than him.

He suddenly had a daring thought. If I can capture this Ghost King, I can definitely force some valuable information out of her. Such as, where the god's corpse is, the secret of the Pill of Resurrection, and maybe even where the Thousand-bone Empress went.

Wuchangs might not know these secrets, but a Ghost King possibly did. This was a gamble, but if Zhang Ruochen could capture her, the profits would be 1,000 times higher. If he failed, he could still escape. After all, the beautiful Ghost King was at her weakest state now.

Taking a deep breath, Zhang Ruochen expelled his negative thoughts and looked back at the beautiful Ghost King. Chuckling, he said, “If I’ve guessed correctly, you must have gotten injured while fighting Buddha Xinshu from the Death Zen Sect, right?”

The power of the various deity prints was powerful, but Zhang Ruochen wasn’t able to manipulate all the power. Thus, they could only defend him passively. Their power was very limited. It was impossible to scatter a Ghost King’s body.

There was only one explanation: the Ghost King had been hurt gravely before this.

This was also why she wanted to devour Zhang Ruochen’s soul—to recover.

The blood-red moonlight shone on the beautiful Ghost King. Her porcelain-white skin was dyed red. Every curve on her body was gentle and beautiful. She was enough to take someone’s breath away.

But her voice was icy as she said, “If not for his cassock with 10,000 Buddhist weapons unleashing power at the same time, he wouldn’t have been my match.”

Zhang Ruochen’s was shocked inwardly. Had Buddha Xinshu really brought the Thousand-treasure Cassock into the netherworld? This wasn’t good news at all!

Buddha Xinshu’s cultivation was already terrifying. If he also had the Thousand-treasure Cassock, no one could be his match.

The Death Zen Sect definitely had a bigger motive for entering the netherworld.

If this human can be protected by various deity prints, then his soul must be special, the beautiful Ghost King thought. If I can devour his soul, I will definitely recover completely. If I can refine the deity prints within him, my body will also become strong enough to withstand the next ghost challenge.

Seeing that Zhang Ruochen was deep in thought, two balls of fire flared in the beautiful Ghost King’s deep eyes. Turning

into a streak, she reached out with her snowy-white arms, attacking once again.

Chapter 810 - Eighth Palm of the Dragon and Elephant Prajna Palm

Translator:

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Editor:

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Zhang Ruochen was well-prepared. Just as the beautiful Ghost King pounced, he activated the Yang Qi within him and pushed his palm forward. “Dragon and Elephant Divine Furnace.”

All dead souls feared Yang Qi, even when they became Ghost Kings. This was why Zhang Ruochen used the seventh palm of the Dragon and Elephant Prajna Palm against the beautiful Ghost King’s attack.

Kaboom!

A ring of energy waves spread out quickly with the man and ghost as the center. Zhang Ruochen retreated more than 300 feet before steadying himself. His arms were in extreme pain and most of his body was covered in ice. There were even fissures on his skin. However, instead of feeling depressed, he grew excited.

He’d gone directly against a Ghost King but only had these light injuries. This was such a brilliant accomplishment!

If a ninth level Half-Saint in the Kunlun’s Field could go against a Saint’s full-force attack and not die, it was definitely a feat worthy of bragging about. The Half-Saint could enter the Half-Saint Rank with this.

And Zhang Ruochen was only in the Ninth Change of the Fish-Dragon Realm.

This didn't mean that he was powerful enough to be compared to those on the Half-Saint Rank. It only meant that the beautiful Ghost King had been weakened a lot. She couldn't even kill Zhang Ruochen.

The Ghost Qi in her sizzled and popped. Sparks flew out.

The Yang Qi of the Dragon and Elephant Prajna Palm could burn the Ghost Qi within her, weakening her more and more.

She drove out the Yang Qi. Seeing that Zhang Ruochen hadn't fallen and was still alive, she was incredulous. "You're quite a powerful human," she said. "You haven't even cultivated a Saint Soul, but you're already so powerful."

"Wrong! It's not that I'm strong but that you're too weak."

Zhang Ruochen was absolutely at a disadvantage in the exchange, but it stimulated his desire to fight. An unstoppable force burst from him.

So what if she was a Ghost King? Nick her while she's sick.

The Dragon and Elephant Divine Furnace was only the seventh palm. It was a lower class Ghost Level martial technique.

Zhang Ruochen was very clear that he could counter the Ghost King earlier because his 36 meridians were now Quasi-Saintly Meridians. This allowed his palm attack to reach the level of a superior-class Ghost Level martial technique.

If he could cultivate the eighth palm, it would be at the mid-class Ghost Level. Zhang Ruochen's Yang Qi would multiply ten times. How powerful would his palm technique be then?

Sword attacks were useless against the beautiful Ghost King. This had already been proven. Only powerful Yang Qi could repress her.

In this case, I'll take this chance to cultivate the eighth palm of the Dragon and Elephant Prajna Palm—the Thousand-hand Dragon and Elephant. If I can complete it, I can be a huge threat to her.

He'd actually taken some time to study and cultivate the eighth palm in the scroll world. However, he'd been preparing

for the Sword Technique Conference at that time, so he spent most of his time on swordsmanship. Even when he cultivated the eighth palm, it had been to temper his body with the power. He didn't invest too much effort.

Even so, he'd already cultivated the basics of the eighth palm. He wasn't far from completion.

"It's not that I'm strong but that you're too weak."

When the beautiful Ghost King heard this, she was naturally enraged. A nobody who didn't even have a Saint Soul dared to look down on her.

"Human, you've angered me!"

The Ghost King formed a strange gesture with her hands and all the sinister Qi in the world flooded towards her. It formed a huge 30-meter-tall skeleton before her. Scraping sounds came from its mouth as it punched down at Zhang Ruochen.

The skeleton's fist was bigger than Zhang Ruochen's body.

Even though the Ghost King was much more powerful than Zhang Ruochen, he still wasn't scared at all. Instead, he jumped forward to meet it.

"Thousand-hand Dragon and Elephant."

Zhang Ruochen opened his arms mid-air. Thick Saintly Qi flowed out of his body, forming various huge flaming palm prints. He thrust them forward, attacking the white skeleton.

Thud!

Zhang Ruochen flew backwards and landed on the ground. His feet made a huge hole in the ground. It felt like all his bones were about to fall apart.

He took out a bottle of Xuanwu divine blood and drank it all. Since he was taking a risk, he would go all the way.

Before, Zhang Ruochen had been refining the Xuanwu divine blood drop by drop. He took countless months to refine a single drop. Now, the level of his cultivation, the strength of his body, and the width of his meridians far surpassed the past.

Since he had such great resources, why shouldn't he go all out?

Every drop of Xuanwu divine blood that entered his gut spread like a ball of fire. After swallowing the entire bottle, Zhang Ruochen's body instantly turned into a blazing furnace. Strands of fire surged out of his pores, wrapping around him.

“Fight!”

Zhang Ruochen's eyes became fiery-red orbs. Roaring, he sent out the Thousand-hand Dragon and Elephant palm print towards the white skeleton again.

The Dragon and Elephant Prajna Palm was Yang in nature. With the support of the Xuanwu divine blood, Zhang Ruochen now had endless power.

It was different for the Ghost King. Corroded by the Yang Qi, her Ghost Qi was getting eaten up.

Zhang Ruochen grew more fanatic as he fought. He unleashed all the power within him, attacking the skeleton and Ghost King crazily.

After countless palm prints, there was finally a boom. The white skeleton fell to the ground. It transformed into strands of ghostly mist and scattered in the air.

Seeing the extremely wild Zhang Ruochen, the Ghost King felt like he'd turned into a different person.

At first, Zhang Ruochen felt calm and gentlemanly to her. Right now, the aggressiveness that burst from him actually frightened her. How could a Ghost King fear a human in the Fish-Dragon Realm?

“Thousand-hand Dragon and Elephant.”

With a fire cloud under his feet, Zhang Ruochen shot into the air. He slammed down at the Ghost King with both hands. He seemed to have sent out two palm prints, but it actually formed countless palms.

The Ghost King huffed coldly. Powerful Ghost Qi formed on her slender and pale hand and she attacked.

Kaboom!

The man and ghost clashed again.

This time, Zhang Ruochen and the Ghost King flew back at the same time.

The Ghost King landed above the Blood River. She took six steps on the surface, creating ripples, before she could absolve the force of Zhang Ruochen's palm print.

"How can this be?"

She raised her hands. The two flawless porcelain hands now had dots of fiery light. Her palm burned with pain. The power from the living world was burning her ghostly body. She'd never experienced this power before. It was basically kryptonite to dead souls.

Even the Buddhist Qi from the monk earlier hadn't repressed her so powerfully.

He's right. It's not that he's getting stronger but that I'm weakening. Why did I have to meet this damn guy after I got injured?

The Ghost King was highly intelligent. Her mind wasn't muddled like the other dead souls. Thus, she regretted her actions now. If she'd known how troublesome this young human was, she wouldn't have provoked him.

Zhang Ruochen's eyes were domineering and sharp. His aura gave off the feeling that he wouldn't give up until he killed his enemies. Walking on the water, he pounced and attacked the Ghost King again.

"Thousand-hand Dragon and Elephant."

"Thousand-hand Dragon and Elephant."

...

He continuously attacked with the eighth palm. He comprehended the mysteries while fighting, letting the technique's power meld with his body quickly.

At first, the Ghost King had the upper hand. But after hundreds of attacks, she still couldn't keep up. She

immediately used a technique and pushed off from the water, flying into the distance.

She was extremely fast. Like a white streak of lightning, she bolted to the island in the Blood River.

“Where are you running to?” Zhang Ruochen roared. Like an eagle flying, he flew down and sent the Thousand-hand Dragon and Elephant to the Ghost King’s back.

His words were jarring to the Ghost King. How could a Ghost King run from him?

Disgusting human.

Turning, she glared coldly at Zhang Ruochen. “Since you want to die, I’ll help you.”

The Ghost King stood straight at the edge of the island. Her tantalizing figure made her seem even more beautiful, like a delicate piece of art. Her chest was especially full, forming shocking curves.

She pressed two slender fingers together and placed them at her chest.

Whoosh—

A blood-red crescent appeared on her pale forehead. There were strange veins around the print, like curse runes.

The patterns between her eyebrows are similar to the patterns on the Sun-moon Crystal Coffin. Does she have something to do with it?

Seeing the strange changes of the Ghost King, Zhang Ruochen was a bit surprised.

Suddenly, the blood-red moon above Blood River shone brightly. The light formed a beam that connected with the crescent between the Ghost King’s brows. She pointed forward, hitting Zhang Ruochen’s palm.

Using the moonlight of the blood moon, her power had doubled. Twice the power could easily incapacitate Zhang Ruochen and turn the tides.

“Human, you’ve overestimated yourself by fighting with me.”
The Ghost King’s expression was still cold, but her cold features now had a faint smile. How could a female ghost smile so beautifully?

“Really?”

Yang Qi ten times stronger than before abruptly burst from Zhang Ruochen. His physical body turned red-hot like he was a human-shaped piece of metal. He radiated with the burning light of a sun.

He’d finally completed the Thousand-hand Dragon and Elephant, the eighth palm of the Dragon and Elephant Prajna Palm.

Chapter 811 - Interrogating the Ghost King

Translator:

Larbre Studio

Editor:

Larbre Studio

After completing the eighth palm of the Dragon and Elephant Prajna Palm, the masculine Yang Qi in Zhang Ruochen multiplied by ten. It was 100 times more than the average man.

Such powerful Yang Qi actually wasn't a big change to the living. But to dead souls, Zhang Ruochen wasn't a human anymore. He was a blazing furnace. An average ghost soldier would dissipate before it even got within 100 feet of Zhang Ruochen.

Right now, he activated all his Holy Qi. It rushed through his 36 meridians and five Saintly Meridians. A great amount of Holy Qi converged on his palm, radiating with blazing light.

“Thousand-hand Dragon and Elephant.”

Even the beautiful Ghost King felt pressured by this palm. Her ghost form seemed to melt.

Kaboom!

Zhang Ruochen's palm turned into thousands of prints. They pummeled the beautiful Ghost King, sending her flying away.

She slammed against a boulder in the center of the island, shattering the rock. The beautiful Ghost King's body shattered and turned into a puff of smoke.

Half a beat later, the black smoke re-solidified into a beautiful and delicate frame. But this time, she was lying on the ground. Her breathing had become weak. One could imagine that if her ghost form was shattered again, she would die completely.

Zhang Ruochen landed on the ground. He looked at his hands happily.

“Not only have I completed the eighth palm of the Dragon and Elephant Prajna Palm, I’ve also comprehended some palm principles.”

Zhang Ruochen waved his hands. His arm followed a strange path and he attacked with another palm.

Slam!

There was a bright explosion in the air. Even a Half-Saint would probably get thrown back by the force.

The Way of the Palm was one of the 3,000 Major Ways. It was more difficult than the Way of Speed. Zhang Ruochen was surprised that he could comprehend it so quickly.

The effect of the Supreme Saint Heavenly Tea must have kicked in.

Zhang Ruochen had drunk a lot of Supreme Saint Heavenly Tea at the Heir Banquet. It accumulated deep inside him.

The tea was more precious than a saint soul. It was a true treasure and it wasn’t an exaggeration to say that it was a Supreme Saint’s inheritance. This was why Zhang Ruochen’s cultivation of martial techniques and speed of comprehending the saintly way had increased by tenfold.

Even the eighth palm of the Dragon and Elephant Prajna Palm was easy to cultivate completely. Even the 3,000 Major Ways and 10,000 Minor Ways could be learned easily during a battle.

The Supreme Saint Heavenly Tea’s benefits weren’t limited to this though. There were still countless more waiting for Zhang Ruochen to discover.

Whoosh!

Zhang Ruochen raised his arm. The sword stuck in the Abyss Ancient Sword flew back into his hand in a streak of dark light. Wielding the sword, Zhang Ruochen walked over to the beautiful Ghost King.

Pointing the sword at her forehead, he said, “If you answer my questions, I can spare your life.”

The beautiful Ghost King stood up slowly. She leaned against a bloody boulder and looked up. “Spare me?” she scoffed.

Zhang Ruochen furrowed his brows. “Killing you has no benefits for me, but it also doesn’t do any harm. So you better think carefully. Will you answer my questions or have your soul scattered?”

A gust of Yang Qi surged out of his palms, wrapping around the Abyss Ancient Sword. He might not kill the Ghost King, but a wave of his sword could cut her in half.

The beautiful Ghost King’s cold eyes made her seem handsome. She glared at Zhang Ruochen. If she wasn’t in her weakest state right now, she would definitely teach this human a lesson. She wanted him to know what respect and pain worse than death were. Killing him would be too easy on him.

However, she knew that her life was in his hands. She had to get past this before she could take care of him.

“Ask away!”

The beautiful Ghost King closed her eyes, showing her long eyelashes. She seemed very indifferent.

Ghost Kings had a lot of authority, so they were definitely proud figures. It relieved Zhang Ruochen slightly to have her submit to him—a much weaker human. However, he also put his guard up. Since she knew how to adjust to the circumstances, then she must be highly intelligent as well. Once she recovered her cultivation, he’d be the first person she would kill.

Zhang Ruochen put his sword away and quietly unfolded his Space Domain, enveloping the island.

Then he squatted down and stared at the beautiful Ghost King’s dewy face. “What’s your name?”

“Name?” The Ghost King opened her eyes slowly and looked at the blood-red moon in the sky. “My first soul was born in

this blood-moon river. The other Ghost Kings and Wuchangs call me ‘Ghost King Bloodmoon.’”

Zhang Ruochen nodded. “This is part of Ghost King Shenchu’s territory. Does that mean that you’re under him?”

“I guess!” she said.

“In that case, you should know where the god’s corpse is, right?” Zhang Ruochen asked seriously.

This time, something flickered past Ghost King Bloodmoon’s face. She stared at Zhang Ruochen and sneered. “So you, a human, entered the netherworld for the god’s corpse. It’s a pity that your cultivation is too low. You’ll be dead before you enter Ghost God Valley.”

“Ghost God Valley.” Zhang Ruochen’s eyes flashed. “Is that where the god’s corpse is? Where is Ghost God Valley? What dangers are there?”

Ghost King Bloodmoon rolled her eyes. “If I tell you everything I know, won’t you kill me immediately?”

A Ghost King was indeed intelligent. Even now, she kept some secrets. Not only did it raise Zhang Ruochen’s curiosity, it also increased her chances of survival.

“I’ve said before that I won’t kill if you answer my questions obediently,” Zhang Ruochen said.

Ghost King Bloodmoon scoffed. “You think I trust you? Even if you don’t kill me, you’ll probably imprison me so I never recover from my injuries. You might even use human spells to control my soul. Anyway, you definitely won’t let me leave because you know that you’ll be dead as soon as I recover. Am I correct?”

Zhang Ruochen licked his lips and chuckled. “Alright! Let’s change the question. Does the place with the god’s corpse have the Pill of Resurrection?”

“No,” Ghost King Bloodmoon said. “Never heard of it.”

“It really is a conspiracy,” Zhang Ruochen muttered to himself.

Zhang Ruochen didn't doubt Ghost King Bloodmoon because she had no reason to lie. Even if the Pill of Resurrection existed, it was useless to her.

"Last question," Zhang Ruochen said. "You must have lived for a long time to reach your status in the netherworld. I want to know if you've heard of this person."

"Who?"

"The Thousand-bone Empress," Zhang Ruochen said.

Hearing these four words, unprecedented shock appeared in Ghost King Bloodmoon's calm eyes. She shot up and stared at Zhang Ruochen. "Why do you want to know?"

Zhang Ruochen was already close to her. Now that she sat up suddenly, her well-endowed chest was pressed against Zhang Ruochen's fingers. They were shockingly pliable.

However, Ghost King Bloodmoon didn't find anything wrong with it. Shame and lust didn't exist to her. She didn't find anything wrong with the fact that her breasts were touching Zhang Ruochen.

And though Zhang Ruochen's mindset was calm, he still couldn't ignore it. If Ghost King Bloodmoon wasn't so cold and heartless to the point that even her breast was icy cold, Zhang Ruochen would think that she was trying to seduce him.

Zhang Ruochen coughed dryly and scooted back.

Just then, two ripples appeared at the edge of the Space Domain. Zhang Ruochen put his guard up, thinking, "Someone's coming from the direction of the island."

Ghost King Bloodmoon didn't know this. She leaned toward Zhang Ruochen again, asking, "Why exactly did you come to the netherworld? Are you that human with the Void Sword?"

She'd thought of this after Zhang Ruochen had mentioned the Thousand-bone Empress. She had hurried over because a Wuchang had reported to her that someone had entered the netherworld with the Void Sword.

"Stay down."

Zhang Ruochen really couldn't take Ghost King Bloodmoon's mature and sexy body. He looked away and sent a palm print at her, throwing her onto the ground.

Ghost King Bloodmoon shook. Fury appeared in her eyes as she bared her teeth. She wanted to pounce onto Zhang Ruochen and kill him.

How dare a weak human treat her like this? She couldn't bear it.

Zhang Ruochen put his hand back. Massaging his fingers, he let out a long breath and turned around. Looking across the still waters, he called, "Who is it? Show yourself?"

"Another human?" Ghost King Bloodmoon had been activating her Ghost Qi for a suicide attack, but she stopped after hearing Zhang Ruochen's words.

Her serious injuries had reduced her strength and also weakened her senses. That was why she didn't sense that someone was sneaking over.

A shred of red mist floated over Blood River. A raspy laugh came from the mist.

"The younger generation is truly impressive. The power of the Time and Space Descendant matches his reputation as well. You're only in the Fish-Dragon Realm, but you could defeat a Ghost King. Even if Empress Chi Yao finds nine more Heirs, she still probably couldn't defeat you."

Chapter 812 - Meeting Evil Monks Again

Translator:

Larbre Studio

Editor:

Larbre Studio

Immediately afterward, Jialuo Lan's figure emerged from the Blood River.

Jialuo Lan was a Half-Saint elder of the Death Zen Sect. He was in the same generation as Jialuo Gu and Jialuo Yuan, whom Zhang Ruochen had killed.

He looked to be around 50 years old. He was a bit fat and his golden cassock was open, revealing a round stomach. He kind of looked like a benevolent Buddha.

Another Buddhist also appeared beside him. This was Jialuo Kong. He seemed a bit younger. He was thin, short, and had darker skin. He gave off a cold and sinister feeling.

These two evil monks of the Death Zen Sect both had mysteriously high cultivations. Even Zhang Ruochen couldn't tell their limits.

Since Zhang Ruochen could sense that they'd run into the Space Domain, they must have been able to feel the ripples of spatial power with their cultivations. Thus, it wouldn't be hard for them to guess Zhang Ruochen's identity.

Jialuo Kong's long and narrow eyes glanced at Ghost King Bloodmoon. His eyes shone with sinister light as he chuckled. "I didn't expect that someone as young and talented as the Time and Space Descendant would have this kind of fetish. Enjoying a beautiful Ghost King on an uninhabited island...it definitely is a stimulating experience!"

Zhang Ruochen's eyes turned cold. "Bald donkey, stop your nonsense. Don't think that everyone is like the monks of the Death Zen Sect."

"Ah, so I'm speaking nonsense. In that case, Sir Zhang, can you do me a favor at little cost and let me enjoy Ghost King Bloodmoon? If I can suck all her Ghost Qi, I'll definitely break into a higher realm."

Jialuo Kong licked his lips, a leer hanging on his face. He didn't try to disguise his evil thoughts at all.

The technique he cultivated was very creepy. It was the Yin-Yang Euphoric Buddha Technique. He could only raise his cultivation by having sex with dead souls to absorb their Yin Qi and Corpse Qi, refining them into his body.

This was disgusting to regular people, but Jialuo Kong indulged in it.

Many times, he would kill a girl when he couldn't find a suitable female corpse and use her to satisfy his cultivation needs.

Ghost King Bloodmoon had extremely high cultivation. The evil Qi contained in her body was naturally very thick as well. If Jialuo Kong could suck her dry, his cultivation would definitely skyrocket.

Plus, Ghost King Bloodmoon was also beautiful. The other female corpses were all cold dead objects, but she was a living thing. This naturally turned Jialuo Kong on.

Ghost King Bloodmoon didn't understand what Jialuo Kong meant, but she could understand that he wanted to suck her power. For her entire life, she'd only devoured other dead and living souls. How could someone dare to devour her?

She shot Zhang Ruochen a look. She wanted to know what decision this human guy would make. Would he really give her away for an evil monk to feed on?

In her opinion, Zhang Ruochen was too weak. He was far from these two monks, so he would choose to give in. If that was the case, she'd have to use her last bit of strength for a suicide attack on these three humans.

If she had to die, they'd die together.

Zhang Ruochen flicked at the corner of his clothes and chuckled. "Do you a favor? I don't even know your names. Why should I do you a favor? Plus, I'm in the middle of interrogating Ghost King Bloodmoon but you've snuck over. If I didn't have the Space Domain and didn't discover you two, wouldn't I be dead already? And yet you ask me to do you a favor. Do you really think I'm easy to fool like a child?"

Ghost King Bloodmoon was surprised. She hadn't expected that he would be able to stand his ground before these two powerful enemies. It seemed that this human Monk wasn't a coward.

But what did interrogation mean?

A mere human dared to say that he was interrogating her. This really was a huge blow to Ghost King Bloodmoon's pride. Her hatred of Zhang Ruochen deepened as well.

Jialuo Kong's expression grew furious. He wanted to burst out, kill Zhang Ruochen, and take Ghost King Bloodmoon. But Jialuo Lan stopped him from the side.

Jialuo Lan was still smiling. He didn't seem angry at all. "Sir Zhang, I don't know why you didn't die under the Nine Serenity Sword Saint's sword, but I do know that you're a wanted criminal of the imperial court. The Empress personally sent orders for you to be captured.

"The powerful cultivators of the imperial court can't do anything to you when you're in the netherworld, but you are destined to forever hide in the shadows. Once you return to the Kunlun's Field, an endless stream of people will try to capture you, kill you, and bring your head to the empress in exchange for a reward.

"The Death Zen Sect doesn't fear the imperial court, but we despise it. If I were you, I would work with the Death Zen Sect instead of becoming our enemy.

"You are a top genius. If you join us, you will definitely become someone of importance. Even if the imperial court wants to kill you, the Death Zen Sect will stop them for you. If

possible, we can even overthrow them. At that time, you won't have to hide anymore. You can do whatever you wish without worry."

Jialuo Lan's intentions were clear in his words. He wanted Zhang Ruochen to join the Death Zen Sect.

Of course, it was possible he only wanted to fool Zhang Ruochen. When the suitable moment came, they would kill him without mercy.

Hearing this, Zhang Ruochen just smiled thinly. He thought for a while before speaking. "This is your first time sensing the power of space and you've already determined my identity. The Death Zen Sect must have collected much information about me before, correct?"

Jialuo Lan's eyes narrowed. "The Death Zen Sect's enemy is Empress Chi Yao. Thus, Empress Chi Yao's enemy is our friend. You are the only criminal in the past century that the empress personally ordered to be caught. How can my sect not pay attention to that? Even the Elder has personally mentioned your name before."

This actually shocked Zhang Ruochen. "The Death Zen Elder has mentioned me before?"

Jialuo Lan nodded. "He once said that in present day, only the Time and Space Descendant can fight against Empress Chi Yao when he matures."

This was why Jialuo Lan wanted to get close to Zhang Ruochen. If he could bring the actual Time and Space Descendant to the Elder, it would be a great accomplishment.

Zhang Ruochen laughed. "The Death Zen Elder thinks highly of me."

"Sir Zhang, you are an intelligent man. You should know how to choose."

Jialuo Lan was still smiling, but there was a threatening undertone to his voice. Zhang Ruochen glanced at the two evil monks of the Death Zen Sect. It was naturally clear that if he refused them, they would kill him.

However, he would never go against his morals. “Our Ways are different.”

Jialuo Kong clenched his fists and his ten fingers cracked. He laughed sharply. “Well said. In that case, there’s no need to keep wasting time. Senior Brother, capture him and take him back to the Elder. With the Elder’s skills, he might be able to rob him of his ability to control time and space.”

The two evil monks wiped away their smiles. Powerful bursts of murderous intent surged from their bodies.

Whoosh!

The river started spinning under their feet, forming two whirlpools 100 feet wide.

Zhang Ruochen was still composed. He scanned the surroundings. Other than the two monks, there were also more than 100 Half-Saint puppets. They stood in the distance in a battle formation that surrounded the entire island.

Clearly, the two monks were also worried that Zhang Ruochen would use the saint decree or the power of space to escape. That was why they’d used this battle formation to block all exits.

Jialuo Lan pulled out a golden pole as thick as one’s arm and wrapped it in Holy Qi. Slowly, it flew into the air, radiating with extremely powerful saintly might. There were 765 inscriptions inside. It was a powerful Hundred-Pattern Saint Weapon.

Kaboom!

Jialuo Lan activated the golden pole to its greatest state. Various ancient Buddhist runes flew out and hovered in the air. They shone brilliantly, turning the entire place gold.

Before the pole fell down, Zhang Ruochen already felt great pressure. It was like his scalp was about to crack apart. Other than the Shooting Star Invisible Cloak, his other clothes all turned to dust.

He was a third level Half-Saint.

Zhang Ruochen immediately determined Jialuo Lan's cultivation. It was exactly what he'd thought.

"Eight Directions Attack!" Jialuo Lan roared.

The golden pole transformed into a streak of light. It flew out quickly, shooting surely toward Zhang Ruochen on the island.

Zhang Ruochen didn't dodge it at all. He activated his powerful Sword Intent and called in his mind, Sword One.

The inscriptions on the Abyss Ancient Sword quickly emerged. The strongest power burst out, transforming into a beam of Sword Qi. It went to face the golden pole.

With a loud boom, the two powerful saint weapons clashed. A strong gust of shockwaves spread out in all directions.

Soon after, there was a huge explosion from the small island in the river. Smoke and dust rose up.

Jialuo Lan stood on the river and looked in the distance. The island was split in half. There were even tidal waves around it. A smirk instantly appeared on his menacing face. That attack was more than enough to kill 100 Monks in the Ninth Change of the Fish-Dragon Realm.

The so-called Time and Space Descendant should have been reduced to ashes now.

Jialuo Lan sighed with regret. "If he used the power of space to escape, he might have a chance to live. But he's a mere Monk in the Fish-Dragon Realm and he dared to go against me directly. How is this different from a raw egg trying to hit a rock? But it is a pity that I couldn't bring him to the Elder."

Jialuo Kong also felt disappointed. If he could have brought the Time and Space Descendant to the Elder, he would have accomplished something great.

But the next moment, Jialuo Lan and Jialuo Kong's eyes almost fell out of their sockets.

"How is this possible?"

After the smoke dissipated on the island, they saw Zhang Ruochen still standing in his original spot. He looked tall and

his back was straight, as if he'd never even budged.

Chapter 813 - Two Evil Monks

Translator:

Larbre Studio

Editor:

Larbre Studio

Zhang Ruochen looked over at Jialuo Lan in the distance. “Is this the power of a third level Half-Saint?”

Jialuo Lan was only in the beginning of the third level Half-Saint Realm, but he still was far stronger than a Monk in the Fish-Dragon Realm. The two evil monks couldn't figure out how Zhang Ruochen could block that hit.

Jialuo Lan sneered. “No wonder you could hurt a Ghost King. I must admit that you're powerful, but don't think that you can be my match. That would be a grave mistake.”

Whoosh!

The golden pole rushed out of the water, making huge waves. It hovered in the sky again with a golden tail.

Jialuo Lan put his hands together and chanted a Buddhist mantra. Then golden runes appeared on his body. They peeled off his skin and flew into the air, connecting with the runes on the golden pole.

Jialuo Kong didn't attack. He just watched from the side.

Firstly, he had absolute confidence in Jialuo Lan. A third level Half-Saint was obviously able to take care of a Monk in the Fish-Dragon Realm.

Secondly, no matter how low Zhang Ruochen's cultivation was, he was still the only Time and Space Descendant. He was definitely skilled in time and spatial attacks. Both Jialuo Lan and Jialuo Kong were unfamiliar with these types of powers.

Thus he had to be careful about Zhang Ruochen's sneak attacks.

After all, if a Half-Saint was prepared, it would be pretty impossible for Zhang Ruochen to succeed in a sneak attack.

Like right now, Jialuo Lan didn't have to get close to Zhang Ruochen. He just stood in the distance and activated his saint weapon's attack.

Even if Zhang Ruochen could manipulate time and space, he still wouldn't pose a threat.

After the previous battle, Zhang Ruochen had an idea about the third level Half-Saint's power. Jialuo Lan was much stronger than he'd predicted.

On the surface, it seemed that they had been equals in the last match. But actually, Zhang Ruochen was hurt. He just didn't show it.

I must get close. It's only possible to win in a short-range fight.

Thinking of this, Zhang Ruochen stopped hesitating. Activating the Shooting Star Invisibility Cloak's power, he transformed into a streak of light. He shot forward, attacking Jialuo Kong first.

So fast. Jialuo Kong was slightly shocked. He would've never imagined that a Fish-Dragon Realm Monk could have such amazing speed. Even when Jialuo Kong used a physical technique to its extreme, he was still slower than Zhang Ruochen.

“Sword One.”

Zhang Ruochen was almost melded into the Abyss Ancient Sword. Like a beam of light with a long trail behind him, he attacked the point between Jialuo Kong's eyebrows.

Jialuo Kong pressed forward.

The golden pole sank down from the sky. It flashed brilliantly and blocked Jialuo Kong.

The tip of the Abyss Ancient Sword crashed against the tip of the golden pole. The two equal strengths clashed. A great amount of Sword Qi and Buddhist runes flew out in all directions.

They hit the battle formation outside Blood River, setting off ripples and consecutive pops.

This guy's power...is actually my match.

Jialuo Kong pushed his hands out at once, pouring Buddhist Qi into the golden pole. It was beyond his understanding for a Fish-Dragon Realm Monk to have such great power. He had to go all out to block the attacks.

What he didn't know was that Zhang Ruochen wasn't only using his five Saintly Meridians to move the Holy Qi. He was even using the 36 meridians. In that moment, the amount of Holy Qi that Zhang Ruochen could use was double that of Jialuo Kong's. This was enough to make up for the difference in realm.

There was a bigger reason: they were in the netherworld.

A Half-Saint's biggest advantage was that he'd cultivated a saint soul already. He could manipulate all the Spiritual Qi within thousands of miles and convert it into his own power.

But there was no Spiritual Qi in the netherworld. Both Fish-Dragon Realm Monks and Half-Saints had to use their own strength. This was undeniably an advantage to Zhang Ruochen.

If he had to fight Jialuo Kong in Kunlun's Field, it was highly possible that he would lose. But in the netherworld, Zhang Ruochen definitely wouldn't be defeated.

Suddenly, Jialuo Kong discovered something terrifying. The golden pole was actually melting into golden liquid and flowing toward Zhang Ruochen's black sword.

The huge black sword absorbed the golden liquid, turning it into various inscriptions.

His sword is refining my saint weapon.

Jialuo Kong's eyes widened in both shock and fury.

The golden pole wasn't on the Hundred-pattern Saint Weapon List, but it was still a powerful weapon. It could be a top weapon amongst the Hundred-pattern Saint Weapons too.

Without it, Jialuo Kong's combat ability would be halved. If he met Half-Saints of the same level, he could only run away.

Jialuo Kong was now in a difficult position. Zhang Ruochen's black sword was horribly powerful. It was close as well. If he took the golden pole back, he would have no time to retreat. The black sword would stab through him.

But if the stalemate continued and the black sword refined the golden pole entirely, it would be even more impossible to escape.

At that moment, Jialuo Kong realized that he'd really underestimated the Time and Space Descendant.

Jialuo Lan clearly saw that something was wrong with Jialuo Kong too. It felt like the Time and Space Descendant was in control instead of the other way around.

“Amitabha!”

Without waiting anymore, Jialuo Lan uttered a Buddhist chant. Then his skin turned gold as he attacked Zhang Ruochen from the back with a palm print.

Seeing Jialuo Lan attack, Jialuo Kong was instantly overjoyed.

Zhang Ruochen furrowed his brow. If the two evil monks attacked him at once, he would be defeated even if he used all his techniques.

In that case...he had to use all his might to kill one.

Zhang Ruochen slammed down on the Abyss Ancient Sword's hilt. He activated all the Sword Intent, fusing it with the sword.

“Break!”

With a boom, cracks appeared on the golden pole. Then it exploded; dozens of golden shards flew out.

The Abyss Ancient Sword's power didn't abate. It passed through the shards, continuing toward Jialuo Kong's forehead.

“The Buddhist Way is boundless!” Jialuo Kong roared.

He gathered eerie Corpse Qi with his left hand and bright Buddhist light in his right. He put them together before him and stopped the Abyss Ancient Sword with his bare hands.

One must admit that a third level Half-Saint was very powerful. Zhang Ruochen had the absolute advantage, but he still couldn't kill Jialuo Kong.

At that moment, Jialuo Lan's palm print was already behind Zhang Ruochen. He could feel the burning heat without turning around.

Zhang Ruochen multitasked with his strong mental power. He used the Sword Intent to control the Abyss Ancient Sword against Jialuo Kong. At the same time, he turned around. Manipulating spatial power, he waved backwards.

“Spatial Crack.”

Without a sound, the space opened, revealing a black crack more than 10 meters long.

Jialuo Lan's expression changed. He immediately pulled his palm print back and moved right with his fastest speed. He just barely dodged the spatial crack. By the time he regained his footing, he still hadn't recovered from the terror. Sweat beaded on his forehead.

Was this the power of space?

It was too dangerous. He'd been so close to falling into the endless void.

A cry of pain entered Jialuo Lan's ears.

A moment ago, Zhang Ruochen had used the spatial crack to force Jialuo Lan back. Then he used the Spatial Move and appeared behind Jialuo Kong, slamming a palm into his back.

Jialuo Kong's bones shattered and he flew out, spitting blood. Unfortunately, a beam of Sword Qi hacked down before he could land in the water. He was split into two halves. Blood splattered into the river.

All these actions had happened in the blink of an eye. Each seemed to have been practiced thousands of times. Jialuo Kong didn't have any chance of survival.

Another Half-Saint elder of the Death Zen Sect had died under Zhang Ruochen's sword.

After killing Jialuo Kong, Zhang Ruochen immediately stored the corpse in his spatial ring, sealing it.

The moment Jialuo Kong died, all the Half-Saint puppets around Blood River were no longer controlled by Buddhist power. They fell backwards and became dead bodies again, floating in the river.

The battle formation that Jialuo Kong and Jialuo Lan had established together shattered as well.

This way, Zhang Ruochen had completely resolved the danger. He could escape easily, even without defeating Jialuo Lan.

On the island, Ghost King Bloodmoon stood up slowly. Her bright eyes fell upon Zhang Ruochen. "The Space and Time Descendant? He can teleport in addition to tearing the space apart. I've really underestimated him. He's quite something."

Even Ghost King Bloodmoon had never met anyone who could manipulate space. This was why she was so impressed.

If she could control time and space, the other Ghost Kings would all be intimidated by her.

She stared deeply into Zhang Ruochen. She pondered how she could capture Zhang Ruochen and force him to tell her the secret methods to controlling time and space.

She didn't plan on disturbing the two humans fighting on the river. While they fought, she would absorb the power of moonlight and recover, building up her Ghost Qi.

Chapter 814 - The Might of Thirty-Four Half-Saint Battle Corpses

Translator:

Larbre Studio

Editor:

Larbre Studio

There was not even a hint of a smile on Jialuo Lan's face. Only cold anger remained. "You're not a simple case. You actually killed Jialuo Kong. The Elder was right. If you mature, you truly can fight with Empress Chi Yao."

"So?" Zhang Ruochen raised the Abyss Ancient Sword and glanced at Jialuo Lan.

"Since you are going against the Death Zen Sect, I cannot let you mature," Jialuo Lan said. "Today is your death date."

"Your cultivation isn't much stronger than Jialuo Kong," said Zhang Ruochen. "I'm afraid you won't be able to kill me."

"You didn't kill Jialuo Kong because your abilities are enough to fight a third level Half-Saint. It's because there is no Spiritual Qi in the netherworld and Jialuo Kong's strength was restricted. You also used the mysterious spatial power. That is why you won."

"Isn't it the same for you?" Zhang Ruochen asked nonchalantly.

Jialuo Lan shook his head. "Since Jialuo Kong has already used his death to create a painful lesson, do you think I'll make the same mistake as him?"

Whoosh!

Jialuo Lan put his hands together and chanted a mantra. A golden rune appeared on the foreheads of the 57 Half-Saint puppets behind him at once. Then 57 rays of golden light shot out of their foreheads, gathering on Jialuo Lan.

His cultivation had only been at the beginning of the third level of the Half-Saint Realm. After combining the powers of the 57 Half-Saint puppets, his energy waves reached that of someone in the later stages of the third level.

It was definitely a considerable difference between the beginning and later stages of the third level.

“This trick again.”

Zhang Ruochen didn't reveal any fear. He calculated in his mind whether he should call out Mu Lingxi, Han Xue, the demon rat and Blackie to beat up Jialuo Lan. After thinking, he rejected this plan. After all, Jialuo Lan was still stronger than most Half-Saints. He was a very dangerous person.

In this case...

“Blackie, he's yours!”

Zhang Ruochen summoned Blackie from the Universe Spiritual Map. In addition, Blackie also brought out 34 Half-Saint puppets. They formed an arc behind it.

Seeing this, Jialuo Lan's eyes almost fell out of their sockets. How could Zhang Ruochen control dozens of Half-Saint puppets too? “You also practice the Death Zen Way?”

No.

The one controlling the Half-Saint puppets wasn't Zhang Ruochen. It was the thing beside Zhang Ruochen...the slightly fat black cat.

How could a cat know the Death Zen Buddhist Way?

Blackie rolled its eyes at Jialuo Lan. The whiskers on its round face twitched. “I have only studied it a bit. I must say, that Elder of the Death Zen Sect is indeed a genius. He actually combined Buddhism, battle formations, and necromancy.”

“How can a savage beast comprehend the truth of the Death Zen Buddhist Way?” Jialuo Lan scoffed. How could a cat understand it?

“You dare to look down on me, stupid human? I’ll teach you a lesson.”

Blackie put on a cruel expression and cast a Death Zen spell. It guided the powers of the 34 Half-Saint puppets onto it.

More accurately, the 34 Half-Saint corpses behind Blackie were battle corpses instead of puppets.

In the scroll world, Blackie followed the records of the Death Zen Sect and refined the 34 Half-Saint corpses. It made all the battle corpses reach the first level of the Half-Saint Realm.

One could say that the 34 Half-Saint battle corpses were far stronger than Jialuo Lan’s 57 Half-Saint puppets.

The 24 Half-Saint battle corpses opened their eyes. They shone with black light. Strands of chilling energy surged from their bodies, forming 34 clouds of fog.

Even Zhang Ruochen’s eyes hardened. He could clearly feel the vast power within the 34 Half-Saint battle corpses.

They’d died many years ago, but the auras radiating from them weren’t far from a first level Half-Saint. Just the thought of 34 first level Half-Saints was terrifying.

Even with Zhang Ruochen’s current cultivation, he would want to escape immediately if he faced them.

Of course, these battle corpses were far from 34 true first level Half-Saints. After all, they were mindless dead objects. They had no intelligence.

How did Blackie turn them into battle corpses? Zhang Ruochen thought.

He wasn’t the only one surprised. Even Jialuo Lan was frightened.

The creation of a Half-Saint battle corpse required all types of materials and a great amount of resources. How could he not

be shocked to see 34 Half-Saint battle corpses come out so suddenly?

But before he could think about it too much, Blackie attacked with the 34 Half-Saint battle corpses. They were obviously able to flatten the 57 Half-Saint puppets, instantly defeating them. Afterward, the 34 battle corpses surrounded Jialuo Lan and, with Blackie as the head, attacked with all types of powers.

“Blackie, remember to keep him alive,” Zhang Ruochen ordered. “I need to ask him some things.”

He didn’t actually join in the fight. He stood to the side, controlling the Space Domain over the area so Jialuo Lan couldn’t escape.

As the saying went, everything was a full circle. The tides had completely turned now.

Jialuo Lan’s cultivation was indeed very high, but he couldn’t withstand the siege of 34 Half-Saint battle corpses. Dozens of injuries soon appeared on his body.

Zhang Ruochen’s battle beast is too incredible. If I continue to fight, I’ll probably die here today.

Jialuo Lan was a decisive man. He immediately pulled out a saint decree. Golden Buddhist light flooded out of it, enveloping him.

“I shall remember this and make you pay in the future.”

There was only anger in Jialuo Lan’s eyes. Using the power of the saint decree, he transformed into golden light and flew into the sky. If he activated the saint decree’s power, he could escape even if he was up against an average Saint.

Unfortunately, Zhang Ruochen was prepared. Just as Jialuo Lan flew up, he was forced back by a spatial crack. He couldn’t escape at all.

“Heh, bald mule, you think you can escape?”

Blackie laughed. He brought the 34 Half-Saint battle corpses over, flooding over Jialuo Lan. After a beat up session, Jialuo Lan was sprawled on the ground, hanging onto his last breath.

A moment later, Blackie cast a secret spell called Subjugation Point. Using its claws, it hit Jialuo Lan 108 times, making him cry out continuously. After the spell was complete, Jialuo Lan's Saintly Meridians and meridians were all sealed. He could no longer attack.

“Zhang Ruochen, you are a bully. Try to fight me personally!” Jialuo Lan yelled, unwilling to accept this.

Zhang Ruochen watched as Blackie tied Jialuo Lan up with a twelfth level True Treasure Class chain. Then he walked over and said nonchalantly, “You can't even defeat a cat. Do you think you're qualified to fight against me? To be honest, the Monks of the Death Zen Sect disappoint me quite a bit. There's nobody truly powerful.”

If he wanted to force answers out of Jialuo Lan's mouth, he had to first destroy Jialuo Lan's confidence and mind. Otherwise, a Half-Saint wouldn't give in to a Monk in the Fish-Dragon Realm even if he was captured.

“Sir Zhang, aren't you looking down on the Death Zen Sect too much?” a wispy voice traveled from the darkness.

Zhang Ruochen instantly felt unprecedented danger shrouding him. This feeling was as if a mortal was being watched by the God of Death.

“Haha! Buddha Xinshu will be here soon. Zhang Ruochen, your death date is coming!” Jialuo Lan laughed loudly.

Zhang Ruochen's expression had never been so serious before. He looked in the direction of the voice and said, “He should be thousands of miles away. He just used some saintly spell to make his voice arrive first.”

Faced with someone like Buddha Xinshu, even escaping into the Universe Spiritual Map was useless. If Buddha Xinshu got his hands on the Universe Spiritual Map, he could refine the scroll with his cultivation.

At that time, everyone in the scroll world would die.

Thus, Zhang Ruochen immediately took out a saint decree. He was ready to activate its power and escape. But as soon as he grasped the saint decree, he looked up and discovered that

countless stars had appeared in the black sky. They shone brilliantly.

Even more shocking was that the stars filling the sky were falling rapidly.

“What’s going on? Why is the netherworld’s sky filled with stars?” Blackie scratched its head, not understanding this.

Zhang Ruochen looked very uncomfortable. “Those aren’t stars. That’s the light from the ten thousand Buddhist weapons on the Thousand Treasure Cassock. To prevent us from escaping, Buddha Xinshu has already opened the Thousand Treasure Cassock to wrap up the entire sky. Even if we use a saint decree, we won’t be able to escape.”

Faced with this hopeless situation, most people would fall into despair, but Zhang Ruochen was still composed.

Jialuo Lan laughed eerily again. “You still want to escape, even after Buddha Xinshu has acted? Zhang Ruochen, I invited you to join the Death Zen Sect, but you insisted on becoming our enemy. Do you regret it now?”

The feeling of danger got closer and closer. The Thousand Treasure Cassock falling from the sky was about to wrap around all of them. But Zhang Ruochen’s sharp senses realized that Ghost King Bloodmoon, who’d been standing on the small island, suddenly jumped into the river and sank to the bottom.

Zhang Ruochen was overjoyed. This is Ghost King Bloodmoon’s lair. She must have many escape routes. If I pursue her, I might be able to escape.

He grabbed Jialuo Lan and rushed to the bottom of the river, chasing after Ghost King Bloodmoon.

Blackie’s eyes rolled. It collected all the Half-Saint puppets on the river into a spatial ring. Then it also rushed to the bottom of the river.

Chapter 815 - Ghost King Formation

Translator:

Larbre Studio

Editor:

Larbre Studio

The water in the Blood River was as cold as ice, giving off a smell of blood.

The closer to the river bottom, the deeper the color of water was. At the bottom, it became completely dark red, and its temperature dropped to the lowest. For an ordinary Fish-Dragon Realm Monk, diving to the river's bottom would mean freezing to death.

Zhang Ruochen kept counting how deep they had gone. Ghost King Bloodmoon did not stop until they were already 1,000 meters deeper. Then she rushed to a black stone wall at the river's bottom and hit it with her palm.

Hua!

Rays of scarlet lights appeared on the stone wall and sketched strange lines into a huge formation 150 meters in diameter.

At the center of the Formation, there was a two-meter-wide crack, splitting to its left and right to leave a deep passageway. Looking at it from afar, it was like the eye of a devil.

Ghost King Bloodmoon stopped for a little while, shot a glance at Zhang Ruochen and Blackie who were behind her, then changed into a blurring shadow, and rushed into the passageway.

“Something is wrong. That was a Ghost King Formation. If we intrude into it, we can fall into her trap,” said Blackie.

“We have no choice but to follow her.”

With no hesitation, Zhang Ruochen dashed into the deep and serene passageway, following closely behind Ghost King Bloodmoon.

Blackie was also clear that it was their only chance. Knowing that unpredictable danger could befall them if they intruded into the Ghost King Formation, they had to follow her.

Boom!

The power of the Thousand Treasure Cassock was delivered from the river surface to its bottom which was more than 1,000 meters deep. Waves and waves of golden light energy crashed into the river and exploded with tremendous power.

All of a sudden, all the dead souls in the river vanished without a trace.

The small island in the river sank completely, turned into pieces of giant rocks, and fell into the river bottom.

Zhang Ruochen and Blackie escaped from that as they dashed into the passageway. But now they were caught in another hopeless situation: Ghost King Formation.

Their surroundings totally changed once they'd entered the passageway, as if they had intruded into a dark world devoid of anything.

In the darkness, 72 huge gravestones were like 72 mountains spanning into three circles, surrounding and trapping Zhang Ruochen and Blackie in a Battle Formation.

With his strong Spiritual Power, Zhang Ruochen found a weak spot in the Ghost King Formation, then wielded the Abyss Ancient Sword to chop it.

Bang!

A cloud of ghost fog came out and warded off the Abyss Ancient Sword.

In the ghost fog, circles and circles of shrinking waves generated huge reverse power, and shook Zhang Ruochen away.

Zhang Ruochen was well-prepared for this. Therefore, he only stepped backwards ten more meters, and resolved the power.

Zhang Ruochen put away the Abyss Ancient Sword. He stood at the center of Battle Formation and said, “Ghost King Formation is truly powerful. Even the weakest spot couldn’t be cracked by me.”

The voice of Ghost King Bloodmoon sounded from above the Battle Formation. “You are clever as you know your strength well. Even with ten times your current cultivation, you couldn’t you break Ghost King Formation.”

Zhang Ruochen scanned the horizon but only saw the boundless darkness, and found no trace of Ghost King Bloodmoon.

An instant later, the voice of Ghost King Bloodmoon sounded again. “Young man, you didn’t expect to fall into my hand? You have insulted me before. Now, it’s time for you to pay me a heavy price.”

Blackie glanced at Zhang Ruochen with eyeballs rolling, and said in a low voice, “you really insulted her, Zhang Ruochen? Couldn’t tell you were like that. Haha!”

“Nonsense!”

Zhang Ruochen glared at Blackie and lifted his head to look into the darkness. He said, “Ghost King Bloodmoon, I can’t break Ghost King Formation, but Buddha Xinshu surely can. You are severely wounded now, not even with Ghost King Formation can you defend yourself from him.”

“That’s none of your business,” said Ghost King Bloodmoon.

Zhang Ruochen said, “Why should you be so stubborn? Actually we could work together and manipulate Ghost King Formation together. After beating off the strong enemy, we should still have time to settle our resentment.”

“You are really clever, but I’m not buying it. When I’ve finished...using Ghost King Formation...to beat off... him...”

Before Ghost King Bloodmoon could finish her words, Ghost King Formation had a violent quake.

Deafening rumbling sounded from the edge of the Formation. Closely after it, the noise of massive collapse pressed in.

Apparently, Buddha Xinshu had arrived at the river bottom and began to attack Ghost King Formation.

“Damn it.”

Ghost King Bloodmoon had no time to deal with Zhang Ruochen. She managed to use Ghost King Formation to fight against Buddha Xinshu who was outside of the Formation.

Blackie said, “Buddha Xinshu had the Thousand Treasure Cassock, and the beautiful Ghost King was too wounded to defend him for long. Once Ghost King Formation was broken, none of us could escape the disaster.”

Zhang Ruochen slightly shook his head and signed. “It’s a pity that Ghost King Bloodmoon wouldn’t work with us, otherwise we still would have had a chance to try our best to fight against Buddha Xinshu.”

With no way out, Zhang Ruochen had to open the Third Seal of sarira to release the Third Level Power. He had almost acquired the power of a Half-Saint to open the seal.

Surely Zhang Ruochen wouldn’t have wanted to use that power if he had any other choice.

Once he used it, he would lose one of his last resorts for survival.

Boom!

With the strength of Thousand Treasure Cassock, Buddha Xinshu’s attack was extremely scary. He had already cracked a corner of Ghost King Formation within just 15 minutes.

Ghost King Bloodmoon could no longer stay calm. She walked out of the darkness, and stopped about 30 meters away from Zhang Ruochen. “Young man, I could work with you for the moment and we could manipulate Ghost King Formation together.”

Zhang Ruochen glanced at Ghost King Bloodmoon. Such an incomparable beauty standing in front of him was truly a sight for the eyes, and one to bring ease to the mind.

Except that Zhang Ruochen had heavenly eyes and noticed that there were hundreds of Inscriptions of Battle Formation between him and Ghost King Bloodmoon.

It was impossible to reach out to her, even if there was only ten zhangs between them.

If Zhang Ruochen dared to hurt her, Ghost King Bloodmoon would only have to move her fingers to manipulate the power of Battle Formation and kill him.

“Too late!”

Zhang Ruochen shook his head, and said indifferently, “One corner of Ghost King Formation has been cracked and Battle Formation has become incomplete. Even if we kept manipulating Battle Formation, we could not defend against Buddha Xinshu. We’d do no better than delaying the time it took him to break through for a while.”

Ghost King Bloodmoon gave him a cold stare, took one step forward, and said, “In that case, why should I keep you alive? I will kill you, take your soul and recover from my wounds. As long as I’m recovered, I’ll go fight him with all my might.”

Immediately, Ghost King Bloodmoon raised her hands, moved the power of Battle Formation, and prepared to attack Zhang Ruochen.

Zhang Ruochen appeared to be super calm, and said, “He has the Thousand Treasure Cassock. You would only lose to him again even if you were recovered. And you absolutely can’t escape from him. Work with me, maybe we could have a slim chance of survival.”

Obviously, Ghost King Bloodmoon knew well that even if she recovered, her strength couldn’t beat off Buddha Xinshu.

As it was, she heard Zhang Ruochen’s words and slowed down her movement to attack him. “We can survive?”

Zhang Ruochen took out Half-Saint Light, wrapped it up with Holy Qi, and then hit it to Ghost King Bloodmoon.

Ghost King Bloodmoon received Half-Saint Light and held it in palms. She could feel clearly a strand of strong power of

saint soul diffusing in the white brilliance.

“If I refined it, my wounds would at least recover 70 percent.” Ghost King Bloodmoon gave Zhang Ruochen a stern look and said, “You are kind of sincere.”

Zhang Ruochen said, “To be honest, your cultivation is about the same as Buddha Xinshu’s. But Buddha Xinshu has the Thousand Treasure Cassock, so you can’t beat him.”

“That’s true.”

With both hands holding Half-Saint Light, Ghost King Bloodmoon moved and operated her Ghostly Qi from the whole body, and started to refine the saint soul in it.

“What if I can lend you a battle weapon, which is better than Thousand Treasure Cassock?” Zhang Ruochen asked carelessly.

Ghost King Bloodmoon glared a little, and said, “Are you serious?”

Thousand Treasure Cassock was the best battle weapon Ghost King Bloodmoon had ever seen. It was all-conquering and irresistible. All her six ghost weapons that she had refined through untold hardships...they were smashed by Thousand Treasure Cassock

It was too hard for her to believe that there was a better battle weapon than Thousand Treasure Cassock.

Zhang Ruochen smiled a little and said, “How about Thousand-bone Empress’s Void Sword?”

“The Void Sword is, as expected, with you.”

On hearing the words “Void Sword,” Ghost King Bloodmoon gave a lively look, and even put on a smile. “With Void Sword, I can certainly kill the human outside.”

In fact, there was still a half sentence unspoken by Ghost King Bloodmoon, which was, after I’ve taken care of him, I will slowly deal with you...

For Ghost King Bloodmoon, once her wounds recovered, it would be very easy to deal with Zhang Ruochen, just like

pinching an ant to death. So she felt no rush to deal with him before she beat Buddha Xinshu.

Blackie gave Zhang Ruochen a glance, silently passing words to him: ...are you serious about lending her the Void Sword? What if she has second thoughts after she's beaten Buddha Xinshu? Zhang Ruochen, you have to beware of her...

After she's beaten off Buddha Xinshu, her next target is definitely me...

Zhang Ruochen stared with thoughtful eyes at Ghost King Bloodmoon who was refining Half-Saint Light, and said, "Even if she wants to deal with me, don't I want to deal with her? I'll take the risk, to see if I can succeed."

Blackie was a little shocked, thinking to himself, could it be that Zhang Ruochen lent Void Sword to her on purpose, and was prepared to deal with her in this way?

Meanwhile, Zhang Ruochen approached Blackie, and whispered a few words to his ear.

After hearing Zhang Ruochen's words, Blackie chuckled and said, "We have to plan meticulously, otherwise, she won't fall into it."

"Okay," said Zhang Ruochen.

If the weapon spirit was unawake, Zhang Ruochen would never, by any means, lend the Void Sword to Ghost King Bloodmoon.

But now that the Void Sword had been under the full control of Han Xue, and could be taken back at any time, there was no need to worry that Ghost King Bloodmoon would take the Void Sword away.

Zhang Ruochen could compare with neither Ghost King Bloodmoon nor Buddha Xinshu. Facing them, he had no strength to fight back.

Only with strategies to make them fight against each other could he have a chance to survive, or even better, to earn some benefits.

Certainly there would be huge risks during this process, even the smallest inadvertence could cause him to die first.

Chapter 816 - If You Wish to Take, You Must First Give

Translator:

Larbre Studio

Editor:

Larbre Studio

Buddha Xinshu wore a pure white robe. He seemed to be around 20 years old and his features were clean and abnormally handsome. Even if he didn't have an extraordinary cultivation or talent, a monk like him could probably use his amazing looks to win over countless girls.

He formed a Buddhist print with his right hand and guided the Thousand Treasure Cassock to attack the Ghost King Formation.

Boom.

The Ghost King Formation couldn't withstand the Thousand Treasure Cassock. More than half of it cracked. Countless tombstones were uprooted and tossed into the air. Many formation runes broke apart.

Buddha Xinshu didn't immediately rush into the tunnel. He continued standing in the black river. Pulling his arm back, he collected the Thousand Treasure Cassock and put it back on.

His eyes were very bright. He seemed able to see through all the blasphemy in the world. "Sir Zhang, the Death Zen Sect had nothing against you. Why did you kill Jialuo Kong?"

Zhang Ruochen walked out of the destroyed Ghost King formation. Standing at the edge of the stone wall, he stared at Buddha Xinshu.

Even though he faced one of the most legendary figures of the century, he was still calm. "If I didn't kill him, he would have killed me," he said. "I had no choice."

There was a circle of golden light behind Buddha Xinshu. It rotated slowly, making him look extremely sacred under the glow. He seemed no different from the legendary Arhat, Bodhisattva, and Buddha.

“In that case, I will give you a choice,” Buddha Xinshu said patiently. “You can choose to return Jialuo Kong to me and follow me to the Death Zen Sect. You can repay your sins. Of course, you can also choose to follow me to the Ghost God Valley and help me do something. After that, I can count it as repaying your sins. Which one would you choose?”

The Death Zen Sect wanted to go to Ghost God Valley too. What exactly were they planning?

Hearing Buddha Xinshu’s words, many questions appeared in Zhang Ruochen’s mind, but he didn’t ask them. He knew that he wouldn’t get answers even if he asked. There was no point.

Zhang Ruochen chuckled and said, “The two paths you gave both require me to give up, right?”

Buddha Xinshu nodded. “Actually, there’s a third path.”

“Oh?”

“Shouldn’t you pay with your life for killing someone?” Buddha Xinshu asked.

“So you’ll kill me and that’s my third path?” Zhang Ruochen smiled. “I’m curious about something. You must have killed many people too. Shouldn’t you pay with your life as well?”

“Of course I have to,” Buddha Xinshu said calmly without thinking. “But there aren’t many that can take my life. Do you have more questions?”

“Nope!” Zhang Ruochen shook his head.

“Then what is your choice?”

“The choices you offered are too demanding. I’m not going to choose.”

Zhang Ruochen moved to the left, making some space. Then a black cloud of ghostly fog surged out from the tunnel. It

stopped on Zhang Ruochen's right and solidified into Ghost King Bloodmoon.

Her injuries had mostly recovered. The aura radiating from her was extremely cold. Standing beside her, Zhang Ruochen felt that his Holy Qi was frozen. It couldn't move at all.

A Ghost King's abilities are honestly terrifying, Zhang Ruochen thought inwardly.

If he went against Ghost King Bloodmoon now, he would probably be defeated before he even had the chance to attack.

Seeing Ghost King Bloodmoon, Buddha Xinshu's eyes sharpened. "Sir Zhang, you should be clear that Ghost King Bloodmoon can't protect you. Why bother working with her?"

"You're a bit too confident."

The print of a blood moon appeared between the eyebrows of Ghost King Bloodmoon. Her long hair was floating up already. She charged forward and stood before Buddha Xinshu.

Boom!

Before Zhang Ruochen even processed what he saw, Ghost King Bloodmoon and Buddha Xinshu already clashed. A powerful shockwave rushed over. It flooded toward Zhang Ruochen with the sound of a tidal wave.

Even someone at the seventh level Half-Saint Realm or higher would be killed instantly if they were hit by the shockwave, let alone Zhang Ruochen.

Thankfully, he was prepared. He immediately used the Spatial Move to retreat into the broken Ghost King Formation.

Right now, Blackie had already activated the remnants. They were both shrouded inside the rune formation which blocked the shockwaves.

Kaboom!

A string of explosions echoed throughout the bottom of Blood River.

Buddha Xinshu clearly wanted to finish the battle quickly. He didn't want to get tangled up with Ghost King Bloodmoon.

Thus, he sent the Thousand Treasure Cassock out again.

More than ten thousand “stars” seemed to hang above the Blood River. The Holy Qi that radiated from the “stars” boiled the large river.

Every star was a Buddhist weapon.

Ghost King Bloodmoon’s expression was pained. She immediately retreated to the sky above the Ghost King Formation. She looked down and said, “Zhang Ruochen, where’s the Void Sword?”

Zhang Ruochen had borrowed the Void Sword from Han Xue long ago. He grasped it and hurled it.

The Void Sword quickly transformed into white light and shot into the air. Ghost King Bloodmoon grabbed at the air with her hand and clutched the Void Sword’s hilt.

Even with her cultivation, Ghost King Bloodmoon’s eyes flashed with excitement the moment she grabbed the Void Sword. According to legends, this was the weapon that the Thousand-bone Empress had used to kill gods.

Whoosh!

Afterward, Ghost Qi from Ghost King Bloodmoon’s body continuously flowed into the Void Sword. The various inscriptions on the sword body quickly emerged.

Soon after, powerful Sword Qi transformed into a beam of light. It broke through the surface of the river and shot straight into the sky. All the dead souls within ten thousand miles could clearly see a Sword Qi pillar rise up above Blood River. Frightened, they hid in their graves.

Boom!

The Void Sword clashed against the Thousand Treasure Cassock, forming a powerful energy wave. If that energy reached the damaged Ghost King Formation, the formation would be pulverized in an instant.

However, the Void Sword was clearly more powerful than the Thousand Treasure Cassock. It caused the power that surged from the battle to press toward one side.

This mere strike shattered more than 100 Buddhist weapons on the Thousand Treasure Cassock. They were turned into scrap metal and fell from the sky.

Buddha Xinshu let out a muffled grunt and flew backward.

“The Void Sword is so powerful. I finally experienced it today!”

Buddha Xinshu glanced at Ghost King Bloodmoon. Then he put the Thousand Treasure Cassock away. He transformed into a beam of golden light and rushed out of the Blood River, flying into the sky.

In the end, the Thousand Treasure Cassock was only a defensive saint object while the Void Sword was an offensive saint weapon. There was still a difference between the two.

Nothing could defeat the Void Sword except for a divine weapon.

Buddha Xinshu was shockingly fast. He'd disappeared in the blink of an eye. But it was Ghost King Bloodmoon's first taste of the Void Sword's power. She was feeling proud now. How could she let Buddha Xinshu off so easily?

“Where do you think you're going?”

Ghost King Bloodmoon stood on the river and sent out the Void Sword.

The light that shot out from the sword lit up the dark netherworld as if it was day. It transformed into a beam of light. It pursued Buddha Xinshu and attacked.

Poof!

Even with the Thousand Treasure Cassock's protection, Buddha Xinshu was still heavily injured. He spat out a mouthful of saintly blood. However, he endured the attack and still escaped. He didn't die from the Void Sword attack.

At that moment, Zhang Ruochen and Blackie had already flown out of Blood River and stood on the riverbank.

Zhang Ruochen looked into the horizon and sighed softly. “No wonder it's the Southern Heart Technique. Not even the Void

Sword killed him.”

One of the reasons why Zhang Ruochen had given the Void Sword to Ghost King Bloodmoon was to kill Buddha Xinshu, a huge enemy, by her hand. Unfortunately, Buddha Xinshu’s cultivation was too advanced. He still survived.

“He actually escaped?”

Ghost King Bloodmoon was quite disappointed too. She huffed coldly.

Of course, it was okay even if Buddha Xinshu had escaped. At least she’d received the Void Sword. With the sword’s power, her status in the netherworld would shoot up.

She glanced at Zhang Ruochen, who was by the riverside. Derision appeared in her eyes as she mumbled to herself, “If I want the Void Sword, I need to take care of him first.”

She waved her arm. She manipulated Ghost Qi, wanting to call the Void Sword back from hundreds of miles away.

Just then, Zhang Ruochen’s eyes narrowed. He took out the Universe Spiritual Map and activated its power. Opening a spatial door, he ordered Han Xue inside the scroll world, “Attack.”

Han Xue stood beside the spatial door and immediately communicated with the sword spirit of the Void Sword. She called the Void Sword back and held it in her right hand.

On the surface of Blood River, Ghost King Bloodmoon was surprised. The Void Sword had flown back, but it veered to the side and landed in a girl’s hand. How could this be?

“Let’s go.”

Zhang Ruochen, Blackie, and Han Xue rushed into the spatial door with their fastest speed.

“Damn human. Leave the Void Sword behind! Don’t think you can escape from me!”

Seeing that the spatial door was about to close, Ghost King Bloodmoon didn’t think further. She turned into a blur and chased after Zhang Ruochen. She rushed into the spatial door.

If she had been given some time, she could have definitely discovered that there was a scroll on the ground beside the river. However, that scroll was covered by the Shooting Star Invisibility Cloak, so it was hard to detect.

Unfortunately, Ghost King Bloodmoon really wanted the Void Sword. She feared that Zhang Ruochen and Han Xue would escape. This was why she'd immediately charged into the spatial door.

It could be said that Zhang Ruochen had set up a trap when he let her borrow the Void Sword. He'd also used her to force Buddha Xinshu away.

This was why people said that if you wanted to take from someone, you must first give. The Void Sword was the bait that got him the big fish that was Ghost King Bloodmoon. As long as she was lured into the scroll world, she would be defenseless against Zhang Ruochen.

Clearly, Zhang Ruochen had succeeded by taking this risk!

Chapter 817 - The Second Corpse River

Translator:

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Editor:

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The minute Ghost King Bloodmoon entered Scroll World, she noticed that something went wrong. She had left netherworld and was now in a totally unfamiliar place.

“Not good.”

Ghost King Bloodmoon made a quick retreat, wishing to get out of this unfamiliar world.

But the spatial door had already closed.

Ghost King Bloodmoon paused in midair and observed the surroundings with eyes that showed alarm. She detected no danger, then went on chasing Zhang Ruochen.

With her Ghost King Level’s cultivation, even if the young man from Fish-Dragon Realm really conspired against her, she would not be hurt by him.

Surprisingly, having entered this unfamiliar world, Zhang Ruochen stopped running. He turned back, and stared at Ghost King Bloodmoon.

“Why? Don’t you wanna run?”

Ghost King Bloodmoon landed from mid-air, standing opposite Zhang Ruochen. She released her Ghostly Qi, and its strong corrosion withered all surrounding grass and trees with noticeable speed.

Even the earth turned black and was covered with a layer of icy frost.

A mere stare from Ghost King Bloodmoon raised two strands of ice spikes. They kept bursting out from the icy frost and sprawling to Zhang Ruochen and Han Xue.

Only about thirty meters away from Zhang Ruochen and Han Xue, the ice spikes were stopped by a strand of invisible power, and they collapsed and broke into ice particles.

Zhang Ruochen shook his head. "We don't have to run."

"What do you mean?" asked Ghost King Bloodmoon.

Ghost King Bloodmoon was very confident about her strength. Even if Zhang Ruochen had plotted against her, she had absolute confidence that she could crack down on him.

But when she saw the ice particles falling to Zhang Ruochen's feet, she was a little alarmed.

Zhang Ruochen put on a gentle smile, and said, "Don't you want to know where you are?"

"No need to know."

The eyes of Ghost King Bloodmoon stared at Han Xue. With little patience she said, "Give me the Void Sword, I will let you go."

"You should dare to boast without shame inside Universe Spiritual Map! What a laugh! Haha!"

Blackie shook his body with laughter, and rolled on the ground, holding his stomach.

Ghost King Bloodmoon had regarded Zhang Ruochen's cat as an eyesore for a long time. Naturally she was inflamed by his words. She stretched out a slender finger and pointed to the void.

Ghostly Qi came out of her fingertip, condensing into a chain as wide as an arm.

The chain flew to the cat with loud noises, as fierce as a dragon and as swift as a snake.

Blackie hummed with indifference, held out his sharp claw, and hit his front.

A ball of flame rose above his claw. Then the flame grew into a burning cloud, heating and breaking the chain into parts and ghost fog.

Even Ghost King Bloodmoon was pushed by a strong strand of strength and flew backwards, overwhelmed by Blackie.

“How’s that possible?”

Ghost King Bloodmoon looked at her right arm, and saw densely splitting lines appearing on her palm, wrist and arm. With just a little push, her ghost form would break into pieces.

In netherworld, the cat’s strength was about the same as that of a Third Level Half-Saint. How could he become so powerful here?

Did he conceal his actual strength before?

Ghost King Bloodmoon gave a thought to this and immediately denied it. If the cat was unconquerable, why did he surrender to a Fish-Dragon Realm human?

Zhang Ruochen stepped forward, and said in a mild tone, “Ghost King Bloodmoon, your strong cultivation has no advantage inside Universe Spiritual Map. Were it not for your remaining value, that last hit from Blackie could have brought your existence to an end.”

“Really?” Ghost King Bloodmoon said coldly.

Apparently, she was not convinced.

“You don’t believe it? Fine, I have a special treatment for doubts.”

Blackie smiled gloomily, rubbed his claw, and gathered all the Spiritual Qi inside Universe Spiritual Map to his body.

In an instant, a strong air of power burst out. Behind it was the shadow of beast, which was as giant as a mountain.

Just the air had intimidated Ghost King Bloodmoon to retreat continuously.

She was well aware that the enemy was extracting Ghostly Qi from her. She wanted to fight back, but had no strength at all.

“Damn it. How’s that possible?”

Ghost King Bloodmoon’s ghost form became more and more fragile. Her strength had dropped to the lowest, even lower than a First Level Half-Saint.

Blackie stopped at last, and handed a ghost marble over to Zhang Ruochen. “This is the marble condensed by her Ghostly Qi, which I’ve extracted from her.”

The ghost marble was about the size of a pigeon egg, but very weighty, giving out icy coldness and bone-biting power.

Zhang Ruochen took the ghost marble, stared at Ghost King Bloodmoon, and said, “Now can we sit down and have a nice talk?”

Ghost King Bloodmoon appeared to be super frustrated. With low spirit she slowly dispersed the remaining Ghostly Qi from her hand, then raised her head and laughed at herself. “You win, I lose. What’s left for a nice talk?”

Zhang Ruochen played with the ghost marble as he held it in his hand, and said, “I’ve said this before. If you are honest with me, I will spare your life.”

“For real?” asked Ghost King Bloodmoon.

Meanwhile, Han Xue took out a white gown, and walked to Ghost King Bloodmoon. She gave the gown to her, and said, “Ghost, here you are.”

Ghost King Bloodmoon looked at Han Xue. Her eyes shrank a little.

After hesitating for a while, she finally took the gown and put it on. Her flawless body was all covered by the gown, except for the bottom half of her legs and a pair of little feet.

“Han Xue, come back here.”

Zhang Ruochen asked Han Xue to come right back, in case Ghost King Bloodmoon would struggle to fight in desperation.

And then he said, “It will do me no good to kill you. The information I want from you is of great importance, and you

have no reason to doubt me. But, if you really want to die, I will not stop it.”

The Ghost King Bloodmoon delicate hands pinched at her clothes. She stood up straight, and glanced at Zhang Ruochen. “Ask! If I really know, I will tell you.”

Zhang Ruochen revealed a happy color. So long as she was willing to speak, it would be nice. He said, “Tell me: do you know where Thousand-bone Empress is?”

Ghost King Bloodmoon pondered for a moment, and slowly said, “In fact, there aren’t many things I know about Thousand-bone Empress.”

Blackie wanted to know the news of Thousand-bone Empress, so he immediately urged her on. “Come on, say it.”

Ghost King Bloodmoon stared at Blackie, revealing an unpleasant look. She said, “There is indeed a legend of Thousand-bone Empress in netherworld. Even the ghost kings respect her. It is said that in ancient times, Thousand-bone Empress once killed a god, and the god’s dead body fell into Ghost God Valley. Only after she killed the god did she leave Netherworld Periphery, crossing the Second Corpse River and disappearing into the Netherworld Depths.”

Zhang Ruochen’s eyes shrank, and he said, “What does Second Corpse River mean?”

“If you go all the way to the Netherworld Depths, and keep walking until the end of the universe, you will get to Second Corpse River. We are now in the area between First Corpse River and Second Corpse River, which is also known as Netherworld Periphery.”

Zhang Ruochen asked, “How many corpse rivers are there in netherworld?”

Ghost King Bloodmoon shook her head, and said, “I don’t know. I’ve crossed Second Corpse River before, but retreated immediately. It’s too dangerous over there. Many old ghost kings are nestled there, along with some very terrible unknown living creatures. If I move on, I will probably die there.”

The cultivation of Ghost King Bloodmoon was already quite powerful, comparable to a Saint.

But the Netherworld Depths had still made her this scared. It was all too hard to image. What kind of place could it be?

Zhang Ruochen changed his look. “Unknown living creatures? You mean, across Second Corpse River, there are living creatures?”

There was an essential difference between dead souls and living creatures.

For example, all humans and wild beasts are living creatures.

Although, there are also some living creatures in Netherworld Periphery, most of them are intruders from Kunlun’s field, neither born nor raised there.

Ghost King Bloodmoon was caught in memories. After a long pause, she said, “They are indeed living creatures, and quite powerful. However, those creatures are very different from those of your world, which is what you call the Kunlun’s Field. Or rather, they are very weird kinds of creatures, like the mixtures of the dead and the living.

“Those living creatures that live in the netherworld can’t simply be common creatures.” Zhang Ruochen frowned, feeling a strong sense of crisis.

He could tell that Ghost King Bloodmoon was not lying, which showed that the Netherworld Depths was a really special and mysterious place.

“Why was the gate to the upper world opened?” Zhang Ruochen asked. “What happened?”

Ghost King Bloodmoon shook her head. “I don’t know.”

“You don’t know?” Zhang Ruochen found it hard to believe her words.

Ghost King Bloodmoon stared at Zhang Ruochen, and said, “Maybe it is about the Void Sword! There is a legend spreading on Netherworld Periphery. After Thousand-bone Empress killed the god, she used the Void Sword and the god’s dead body to block the passageway between the netherworld

and the upper world. For that reason, no one ever stepped out of netherworld during the past several thousand years.”

“About a year ago, someone—no one knew his identity—said that the Void Sword had been taken out of the netherworld, and that the passageway between the netherworld and the upper world would soon be opened.”

“The news was so ridiculous that I didn’t take it seriously. Until recently, Ghost King Shenchu issued a decree that ghost kings of the netherworld would lead shadow soldiers and ghost generals to wage war on the upper world. Only then did I realize that the passageway between the netherworld and the upper world was really opened.”

After he heard this, Zhang Ruochen fell into silence and began to think.

Chapter 818 - New Plan, New Questions

Translator:

Larbre Studio

Editor:

Larbre Studio

When Ghost King Bloodmoon charged into the scroll world, Mu Lingxi had already rushed over. She stood beside Zhang Ruochen and naturally heard the earlier words.

She furrowed her slender brow. A beat later, she said, “Zhang Ruochen, why do I feel like someone’s hiding in the darkness and purposefully moving things along? Can it be Ghost King Shenchu?”

Ghost King Shenchu was one of the most powerful existences in the far reaches of the netherworld. He could command many Ghost Kings and millions of shadow soldiers.

The passage between the netherworld and living world opening must have had something to do with him.

Zhang Ruochen shook his head. “If Ghost King Shenchu can break through the Thousand-bone Empress’ seal, he would have done so long ago,” he said. “Why would he wait until now? Plus, there are many strange points that can’t be explained. First, why would the Void Sword fly out of the netherworld?”

Half-Saint Yuanlong had given the Void Sword to Zhang Ruochen, but he was sure that Half-Saint Yuanlong hadn’t crossed Corpse River and entered the netherworld. He should have found the Void Sword in the Tomb Forest and thought it was an average saint weapon, thus taking it back to the Yin and Yang Sect.

“Second, who was the one that spread news of the Pill of Resurrection? What was his goal for attracting everyone to the netherworld?”

“Third, why did the Death Zen Sect enter the netherworld in such large numbers? I believe it can’t be as simple as digging up Half-Saint corpses. There must be a secret we don’t know.”

Blackie laughed and untied Jialuo Lan. Then it pushed him forward, tossing him onto the ground. “It’s easy. We can just interrogate him.”

“Amitabha.”

Jialuo Lan lay on the ground. He put his hands together in prayer and closed his eyes.

Zhang Ruochen wasn’t an expert at interrogation at all. Thus, he glanced at Jialuo Lan and waved his hand. “You and the demon rat go interrogate him,” he said. “Wait.”

He walked to Jialuo Lan and felt around his robe. He quickly found a drop of divine blood.

“As expected, he’s also carrying a drop of divine blood.” Zhang Ruochen clenched the blood with his five fingers. His eyes turned serious.

Blackie and the demon rat took Jialuo Lan away.

Zhang Ruochen’s eyes fell back on Ghost King Bloodmoon and said, “You should be clear that even if I don’t kill you, I won’t let you out of the scroll world. So I’ll give you two paths. The first is to follow me. As long as you work for me, I’ll give you many benefits and help you reach a higher cultivation realm.”

Ghost King Bloodmoon revealed her white teeth as she smiled with disdain. “You can help me reach a higher realm with your current cultivation? How about you say that after you become a Saint?”

It wasn’t very possible for a Ghost King to submit to a Monk in the Fish-Dragon Realm. If Zhang Ruochen’s method was too overbearing, it would probably force her into a life-or-death struggle. This didn’t benefit Zhang Ruochen at all.

He wasn't worried though. "In that case, you'll choose the second path," he said.

"What's the second path?" Ghost King Bloodmoon asked.

"Just stay inside the scroll world."

With that, Zhang Ruochen, Han Xue, and Mu Lingxi turned and left. They began discussing what to do next. Ghost King Bloodmoon was left alone, shock written on her face. Did Zhang Ruochen just let her go like this? He didn't even lock her up.

According to her, the second Corpse River was at the end of the world. It was very far from Ghost King Shenchu's territory. Even with a Ghost King's cultivation, they would need more than a year to reach it. With Zhang Ruochen's cultivation, it would probably take more than ten years before he could reach it.

If the Thousand-bone Empress really crossed the second Corpse River and went into the depths of the netherworld, Zhang Ruochen would have to change his original plan. If they continued searching for the Thousand-bone Empress with their cultivations, they'd probably be dead before they reached the second Corpse River.

According to the various pieces of information, Zhang Ruochen found a critical location: Ghost God Valley.

Thus, Zhang Ruochen said his idea out loud.

Mu Lingxi rested her chin in her hands. She bit her lips with a mischievous expression. "You mean we should abandon our original plan and go search in Ghost God Valley?"

She completely supported this plan of Zhang Ruochen's.

After all, the deep netherworld was overly dangerous. Even someone like the Thousand-bone Empress couldn't return from it. If Zhang Ruochen continued to search for her, he'd be stepping deeper and deeper into hell. There was no chance of surviving.

"The Thousand-bone Empress has used the Void Sword and god's corpse to seal the passage between the netherworld and

living world,” Zhang Ruochen said, analyzing. “It’s possible she’s left some people in Ghost God Valley. I’m also curious why the Death Zen Sect is going there. No matter what, we have to visit it.”

“I’ll go with you,” Mu Lingxi said.

Zhang Ruochen didn’t refuse her this time. Nodding, he said, “Whether we find anything in the Ghost God Valley or not, you have to protect yourself.”

If possible, Zhang Ruochen obviously wished he could help the beings of Kunlun’s Field. But faced with the vast and boundless netherworld, he felt so insignificant. It wasn’t possible for him to change certain things with his current power.

This was why he wanted even more desperately to get stronger. He wanted to use his own power to protect the people around him and create a safe space so they wouldn’t be in danger.

Do what you can with all your power. If you can’t, at least protect the people around you, Zhang Ruochen told himself.

Kaboom!

A deafening sound came from the distance. Even the ground shook violently.

A moment later, Blackie and the demon rat ran over, looking a bit pathetic.

“What happened?” Zhang Ruochen asked.

A large patch of Blackie’s fur was scorched. It shook its head. “I miscalculated!” it said. “That bald donkey used some type of secret spell and actually exploded his Sea of Qi. I didn’t expect this, so I paid a small price.”

“Cat Lord, you only paid a small price, but I almost died with him!” the demon rat said. “To be honest, that bald donkey is really something. He’s a Half-Saint and the 100 years of cultivation wasn’t easy, but he killed himself without any hesitation.”

The demon rat was indeed in a bad state. It had taken the hit from the self-detonation and a giant patch of its skin had fallen off. Its entire body was covered in bloody injuries. It was badly hurt.

After all, a demon rat was an ancient species from the Archean Era. Its strong body could cross the Corpse River. If Jialuo Lan could hurt it so horribly by self-detonating his Sea of Qi, a regular person would have probably been turned to ash.

“A Half-Saint’s final attack before death is indeed terrifying,” Zhang Ruochen said. “Everyone should be careful in the future.”

Mu Lingxi shook her head. “Jialuo Lan might not have chosen to self-detonate.”

“What do you mean?” Zhang Ruochen asked.

Mu Lingxi smiled brightly. “From what I know, the clans of Kunlun’s Field in the middle ages were all skilled in a type of secret spell. They could print a rune on the walls of a Monk’s Sea of Qi to protect the clan’s secrets.

“If a member was captured by the enemy and revealed the secret because he couldn’t take the interrogation, the rune would explode immediately. Most heirs of middle age clans would plant a curse like this on the walls of their Sea of Qi before going out.”

Blackie’s eyes rolled and it scratched its head. “I see. I was saying that I’d already restricted his spiritual power. How could he have the mind to fight back? I see now. He had a self-detonation curse in his Sea of Qi.”

“In that case, this matter is over now,” Zhang Ruochen said. “Blackie, watch over Ghost King Bloodmoon carefully. I feel that she has an unusual relationship with the woman in the Sun-moon Crystal Coffin.”

Mu Lingxi blinked. “Is that why you didn’t kill her?”

Zhang Ruochen glanced at her and chuckled. “Actually, the Sun-moon Crystal Coffin and the Moon Worship Demonic Sect are highly connected. The person inside might be an elder of the Moon Worship Demonic Sect. As for other

relationships, you can ask Blackie. It must know more than me.”

Mu Lingxi and the demon rat were both shocked. Did it have something to do with the Moon Worship Demonic Sect?

After giving out orders for everything, Zhang Ruochen returned to the Divine Sky-Connecting Tree again. He sat down cross-legged on a thick root. Then he took out a fist-sized marble and grasped it.

There was a drop of divine blood sealed within the marble. It was the one taken from Jialuo Lan.

It's so weird that a monk of the Death Zen Sect has a drop of divine blood.

Zhang Ruochen tapped his spatial ring and activated the spatial inscription. Then he pulled out Jialuo Kong's body. As expected, there was a drop of divine blood on him too.

The Death Zen Sect, divine blood, Ghost God Valley, god's corpse, Void Sword, Pill of Resurrection, Ghost King Shenchu, the passage between the netherworld and living world... What exactly is the relationship between them?

Zhang Ruochen had no idea. He shook his head softly.

Since he couldn't figure it out, he took the two drops of divine blood out again. Since I received these two drops, I can use this chance and try for the legendary Tenth Change of the Fish-Dragon Realm.

“Open!”

Zhang Ruochen opened the seal of one drop. The powerful divine power quickly spread from the divine blood, forming a brilliant glow.

The divine blood hovered above Zhang Ruochen's head. Like a fireball, every sliver of light that radiated from it carried destructive power.

It was the sixth drop of divine blood.

Zhang Ruochen raised his hands, lifting upward, and began refining.

Chapter 819 - Eye of the Deity Print

Translator:

Larbre Studio

Editor:

Larbre Studio

Zhang Ruochen spent a half day to complete the refinery of Sixth Drop of Divine Blood.

Marks of Gods on the Qi Ocean Wall had indeed undergone tremendous changes and become more profound and sacred. Each mark gave out a bright brilliance, sparkling as if it had been shined over thousands of years.

However, Zhang Ruochen's cultivation was not greatly improved, nor could he perceive the so-called Tenth Change of the Fish-Dragon Realm.

“Go on.”

Zhang Ruochen untied the Seal and began to refine the Seventh Drop of Divine Blood.

It had been quite strenuous for him to refine the Sixth Drop of Divine Blood, as if his body had reached its limit. Naturally, it would be more difficult to refine the Seventh Drop.

The power contained in Divine Blood was horribly strong, even enough to break through a Hundred-pattern Saint Weapon. The body of a Fish-Dragon Realm Monk, naturally, couldn't contain too much of it.

Other Talents would have to borrow the power of the gods to refine one or two drops of Divine Blood. And he had already refined six drops by his own strength, which was extraordinary.

At this moment, Zhang Ruochen's blood was extremely hot, burning like magma.

As Divine Blood continuously entered into his body, the strong burning pain in his veins was about to melt him.

Zhang Ruochen had never faced this kind of situation before. When he was refining the first six drops of Divine Blood, he was rather relaxed and felt no difficulty at all.

“Come on, come on. If I succeed, the Tenth Change of the Fish-Dragon Realm can be obtained by me.”

Zhang Ruochen clenched his teeth and continued to refine Divine Blood, using his willpower.

In the beginning, only a few beads of sweat came out of his pores. But after draining all the sweat from his body, blood droplets started to seep out instead.

Because of the loss of water and blood, Zhang Ruochen's body dried up quickly, and the flesh on his face also sank inward.

If there were a predecessor warding him, he would definitely stop him from refining Divine Blood. Now that he had reached a critical moment, it was possible that he would die from the exhaustion of his whole body.

At this moment, the branches of Divine Sky-Connecting Tree swayed gently and made a “squeaky” sound. In midair, blue Qi flowed and surged out of hundreds of millions of green leaves, pouring like a waterfall, down into the body of Zhang Ruochen.

Zhang Ruochen's body immediately recovered and was revitalized.

One day and one night had passed, Zhang Ruochen finally completed refining the Seventh Drop of Divine Blood.

Zhang Ruochen reopened his eyes and blinked. He felt that the scenery in front of him had become different.

In the air and soil interspersed many visible lines of regulation that were crossed and densely arranged to form a strange world.

“What’s this?”

Zhang Ruochen was quite surprised.

Instantly, he closed his eyes and rubbed his temples. When he opened his eyes again, he found that the densely arranged lines had disappeared.

Zhang Ruochen transferred Holy Qi into his eyes at once.

Two Deity Prints appeared and floated in the interior of his eyeballs. The lines of regulation between heaven and earth had become incomparably clear again, presenting themselves completely in front of him.

“Two Deity Prints being in my eyeballs, so my eyes have become Eyes of the Deity Print?”

Marks of Gods were supposed to be printed on the Qi Ocean Wall, but two of the Deity Prints appeared in his eyes. Apparently those two Deity Prints had come off from the Qi Ocean Wall and merged with his two eyeballs.

In spite of Zhang Ruochen’s current state of mind, he also felt stirred up, very excited, and hard to calm down.

After a long time, he regained his calmness and said to himself, “Maybe Marks of Gods in the Qi Ocean have grown strong enough, so they fell off and turned into true Deity Prints, and blended into my body.”

The only thing that confused Zhang Ruochen was that when other Fish-Dragon Realm Monks refined Divine Blood, the condensed Deity Prints would become a part of their saint souls.

But the two Deity Prints that had fallen off from the Qi Ocean Wall had blended into Zhang Ruochen’s eyeballs.

Only “sanctified bodies” were said to succeed in blending the refined Deity Prints into their flesh. As a result, their organs throughout their whole bodies had been sanctified, strength had grown far ahead of ordinary saints, and the numbers of their living years had been largely increased as well.

An ordinary monk would enjoy a life of 360 years when he first reached the level of saint. And as his cultivation

constantly improved, extra living years would be added to his life.

A person who had a sanctified body would have a thousand years of life when he first reached the level of a saint. And his fighting power would be terribly strong.

To be sanctified, a lot of divine blood would be needed, along with a strong willpower. Neither of them was dispensable.

That's why Zhang Ruochen did not have many cravings for being sanctified. He began to study his Eyes of Deity Prints that he'd just cultivated.

Although Eyes of Deity Prints were still incomparable to Deity Eyes, they were great enough to be desired by many saints.

It could help Zhang Ruochen to better observe the regulation of saints presented in visible lines. In that case, it would only take him a little time to comprehend a lot.

But even after Zhang Ruochen had acquired a lot, he had no clues about the Tenth Change of Fish-Dragon Realm. He couldn't help but doubt. Did the so-called Tenth Change of Fish-Dragon Realm really exist?

He had refined the Seventh Drop of Divine Blood and his body had reached its limit. But what he had now was still insufficient for the Tenth Change of Fish-Dragon Realm.

"Maybe it doesn't exist at all. After all, those who had owned the Divine Life Chart in ancient times were merely heard of in legends."

Zhang Ruochen didn't care much about the Tenth Change of Fish-Dragon Realm. Although he hadn't succeeded in that, the refining of two drops of Divine Blood had greatly increased his strength.

Now it would be much easier for him to fight with a Third Level Half-Saint.

Zhang Ruochen stood up and jumped to the ground. He stared at the Divine Sky-Connecting Tree, held his fist in his other hand and bowed to the tree.

Although he had been busy refining Divine Blood before, he sensed clearly that, when it was critical, Divine Sky-Connecting Tree had put strong living power into his body and helped him survive.

Without its help, Zhang Ruochen could never have completed the refinery of a Seventh Drop of Divine Blood, or cultivated the Eye of Deity Prints.

“This new branch of Divine Sky-Connecting Tree should have been born with wisdom.”

As Zhang Ruochen took the bow, Divine Sky-Connecting Tree shook a little, as if it was answering him.

Divine Sky-Connecting Tree was called the last deity of Kunlun’s Field. Tens of thousands of years’ experience had granted it incomparable wisdom.

Divine Sky-Connecting Tree was also called “the root of life in Kunlun’s Field.” When it hadn’t been cut off, a Spring of Life formed in its roots.

As it was said, all living creatures in Kunlun’s Field were from the Spring of Life.

But the Spring of Life disappeared with the cutting of the Divine Sky-Connecting Tree.

“Now that the new branch has generated wisdom, could it also give birth to a Spring of Life in the future?” Zhang Ruochen looked at the gigantic trunk in front of him, wishing.

In some stories, drinking one mouthful from the Spring of Life would extend an ordinary person’s life to 200 years.

Some dead saints had drank the water of the Spring of Life and were brought back to life.

It was also said that the existence of Divine Sky-Connecting Tree and Spring of Life, which was the reason of the long prosperity of Kunlun’s Field, was envied by an evil god, so he cut down the Divine Sky-Connecting Tree and destroyed the Spring of Life.

If the Spring of Life wasn’t dried up, maybe it could have saved Sword Saint Xuanji. That was the reason why Zhang

Ruochen wanted very much the birth of a new Spring of Life. And if something should happen to his families and friends, the Spring of Life could save them.

Now, seeing as he had cultivated the Eyes of Deity Prints, Zhang Ruochen was able to comprehend the regulation of the saint world quickly. However, he stopped practicing and prepared to go to Ghost God Valley.

...

In the north of Scroll World, the red Flame Mountain spread out over ninety miles. Zhang Ruochen could feel waves and waves of hot air heating fiercely everywhere even before he entered into the mountain.

This Flame Mountain wasn't like that at the beginning. Things had been changed ever since Zhang Ruochen put the corpse of Blue Fire Xuanwu here.

The power of Blue Fire Xuanwu was terribly strong. Only its corpse had turned miles of land into a forbidden place of everlasting flame.

In the interior of Flame Mountain, there was a Cuprite Tripod about ten meters tall. Its four feet were like four dragons. It was a 12th True Treasure Class refining tripod.

Zhang Ruochen bought it for refining the Ruyi Treasure Bottle at the beginning.

Now it was used by Blackie to refine battle corpses.

After Jialuo Gu and Jialuo Lan dies, Blackie had gathered another 110 Half-Saint corpses. Naturally, Blackie couldn't wait to refine the 110 Half-Saint corpses into battle corpses.

But the process to refine them wasn't that simple.

Blackie was seen holding Death Zen Buddhist Way in hand to read, study, and analyze. Then it spent much time carving complicated inscriptions on each corpse.

If a Half-Saint corpse wanted to act as strong as a First Level Half-Saint, massive inscriptions must be carved in the battle corpse's skin, bones, veins and lower abdomen.

Each battle corpse was like a battle form.

A crowd of battle corpses would become a bigger battle form, giving out irresistible power.

The inscriptions on battle corpses were so complicated that Zhang Ruochen would agree that he couldn't do it. And this showed Blackie was superior in carving inscriptions, much better than a Half Saint of Spiritual Power.

Zhang Ruochen stood beside it watching its busy craving, and he didn't disturb it.

Then he looked at Cuprite Tripod again and saw that it was full of Xuanwu Saint Blood, herbs and ores.

Elephant-swallowing Rabbit and Monster Apes brought herds from every corner of Scroll World and put them bunch by bunch beside the tripod. Demon rats found a mineral vein and delivered the ores that they'd dug out to this place.

It was nice that Scroll World had all kinds of sources they needed, and was sufficient for them to refine battle corpses.

Even the influential families of saints couldn't compare with it.

Chapter 820 - Two Clouds of the Qi of Life

Translator:

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Editor:

Larbre Studio

It was worth mentioning that the Elephant-swallowing Rabbit and monster ape had refined the Half-Saint Light. They both entered the Half-Saint Realm.

Zhang Ruochen wasn't surprised by this at all.

After all, they'd stayed in the scroll world this entire time and had ten times more time to cultivate. In addition, there were countless spiritual medicines in the scroll world. By ingesting them, even a pig could make amazing achievements.

After Blackie completed the inscription, it wrapped the Half-Saint's corpse with Holy Qi and put it inside the Cuprite Tripod. It started refining.

Zhang Ruochen laughed. "Are you trying to create a Half-Saint battle corpse army?"

Blackie shot a scornful glance at Zhang Ruochen. "I now have 144 Half-Saint corpses. If I turn them all into battle corpses, I can create four battalions of 36 corpses each."

Then Zhang Ruochen continued, "If you use Xuanwu divine blood to create the battle corpses, they should be more powerful than average ones, right?"

Blackie nodded. "The first 34 battle corpses that I made were all regular ones. Their combat abilities were equal to that of a Monk in the beginning of the first level Half-Saint Realm.

"Afterward, I used Xuanwu divine blood once. The battle corpses that I created were equal to a Monk in the middle of

the first level. Some more powerful corpses were able to combat a Monk in the peak of the first level. Their defensive abilities were even more terrifying. They were equal to a second level Half-Saint.”

They were all Half-Saint corpses, but there were big differences too.

For example, a first level and a ninth level Half-Saint’s corpses were essentially on two different levels. After being turned into battle corpses, their combat abilities would naturally be different as well.

Zhang Ruochen was slightly shocked. “There’s that big of a difference?”

“I was quite surprised too, so I decided to spend a bit more and used the Xuanwu divine blood to make battle corpses.”

Blackie smiled. “I was afraid you would be sad.”

After all, a single drop of Xuanwu divine blood was worth a whole city’s wealth. Creating a battle corpse required a great amount of Xuanwu divine blood. It was possible that turning 144 Half-Saint corpses into battle corpses would use up more than half of the divine blood.

Zhang Ruochen didn’t feel bad about the cost though. One hundred and forty-four Half-Saint battle corpses was a big battle force. It was enough to clear out a saint sect.

Of course, that was under conditions that no Saint of the sect would attack. Otherwise, no amount of battle corpses would be enough to stop a Saint.

Blackie continued, “If there’s enough time, I also want to use a Blue Fire Xuanwu’s shell and make them all a set of armor. It’s best if I can give them each a saint weapon. That’s the only way for them to be able to destroy everything easily.”

“One hundred forty-four saint weapons? You think saint weapons are cabbages? Even a middle age clan’s treasury won’t have that many saint weapons. Unless...” Zhang Ruochen wiped his smile away and fell silent.

“Unless what?” Blackie asked.

Zhang Ruochen shook his head. “Nothing,” he said.

Just then, he thought of the Sacred Central Empire’s national treasury. There were many divine weapons stored there. Even saint weapons were numerous. It was the wealth that had been accumulated by the Zhang family since the ancient times.

Unfortunately, most of the wealth was probably in the hands of Chi Yao now. What point was there in mentioning it now?

“How long do you need to create all the battle corpses?”

Zhang Ruochen asked.

“At least three months,” Blackie said seriously, raising three claws.

Zhang Ruochen furrowed his brow. “Three months in the scroll world is nine days outside. Nine days is enough for many things to happen. How about this? You stay here and create battle corpses while I go search the Ghost God Valley.”

Mu Lingxi was sitting on a rock in the near distance. She held the Death Zen Buddhist Way book and was focused on reading. She was also researching how to control battle corpses.

Hearing Zhang Ruochen’s words, she closed the book and stood up. “I’m going with you,” she said.

Zhang Ruochen smiled and shook his head. “Senior Sister Duanmu, you should first study the Death Zen Buddhist Way. It’s an evil cultivation method, but there’s a lot you can learn from it. It will help your cultivation too.”

“You think my cultivation is too low and I’ll hold you back? Ha, do you want to fight?”

Mu Lingxi put her hands together. Then beams of Holy Qi flooded out of her hands, flying to 36 Half-Saint battle corpses. Dense inscriptions appeared on the battle corpses. They formed 36 huge Xuanwu apparitions that stood behind her.

Each Half-Saint battle corpse was like a battle formation. The 36 corpses put together was an even bigger battle formation.

Mu Lingxi was the eye of this formation. She gathered all the power of the 36 Half-Saint battle corpses.

In an instant, the aura that burst from Mu Lingxi's body was equal to a third level Half-Saint. The powerful gust of Battle Qi swept over hundreds of miles. It changed the sky and even the Spiritual Qi trembled violently.

Zhang Ruochen could see that it was still hard for Mu Lingxi to control the 36 battle corpses. Sweat beaded on her forehead. However, she persisted to prove her abilities.

Seeing how she could start grasping the Death Zen Buddhist Way in such a short time, it was clear that Mu Lingxi's comprehension was very strong. Even the nine Heirs together couldn't beat her.

However, she couldn't last for more than three breaths. She lost control of the 36 Half-Saint battle corpses.

"Darn it!" Mu Lingxi stomped her feet, unsatisfied.

"Senior Sister Duanmu, I'm only going to investigate the Ghost God Valley this time," Zhang Ruochen said. "I won't charge into it. By the time I finish investigating, you probably will have grasped the Death Zen Buddhist Way entirely. By then, I'll take you into Ghost God Valley."

Mu Lingxi fluttered her lashes. "Really?"

"I keep my promises." Zhang Ruochen's eyes were very serious. No one who saw his eyes would doubt his words.

"Okay!" Mu Lingxi extended a slender finger and pointed at Zhang Ruochen's chest. Pursing her lips, she threatened, "If you dare lie to me, I'll tell Sister Yanchen after leaving the netherworld. She'll take care of you."

Zhang Ruochen smiled faintly. He didn't take the threat too seriously.

He entered the Blue Fire Xuanwu's body and took some of the Evil Death Qi to create six black pearls.

Evil Death Qi was very horrible. In the past, even the Saint Lady had fallen victim to it and almost died by the hands of a Half-Saint.

Zhang Ruochen made these six pearls of Evil Death Qi just in case. They weren't very effective against dead souls, but they could be very helpful against powerful human Monks or savage beasts.

He carefully put the six Evil Death Qi pearls away and turned to Blackie. "I told you to keep an eye on Ghost King Bloodmoon. Do you know where she is now?"

Blackie froze and finally looked up. Its eyes rolled around and it said, "I forgot!"

Zhang Ruochen was instantly speechless. He really wanted to beat up this fat cat. As soon as he thought it was acting seriously, it would do something unreliable.

"Don't worry. We're in the scroll world. No matter how high her cultivation is, she can't do much." Blackie was very confident. It patted its stomach with its claws and said casually, "Let me check where she is now."

Blackie closed its eyes and thought for a moment. "Right now, she should be...getting close to the Divine Sky-connecting Tree."

"What? That's not good."

Zhang Ruochen's expression changed. He immediately used a technique and rushed over to the Divine Sky-connecting Tree.

He wasn't worried that Ghost King Bloodmoon would chop down the tree. After all, even though it was a sapling, she still couldn't cut it with her cultivation.

He was more worried about Sword Saint Xuanji's body. After all, a few remnants of Sword Saint Xuanji's soul were still in his body. Who knew if Ghost King Bloodmoon would extract the remnants to boost her cultivation?

When Zhang Ruochen arrived beside Sword Saint Xuanji's body, he didn't see Ghost King Bloodmoon and let out a relieved sigh.

That Blackie is so unreliable. I have to carefully store Master's body somewhere.

Zhang Ruochen planned to put his Master's body in his spatial ring. But just as he bent down, he discovered with a shock that the injury on Sword Saint Xuanji's chest had healed completely.

How could a corpse's injury heal by itself?

How is this possible?

Zhang Ruochen felt his scalp go numb as his heartbeat sped up 100 times. He immediately reached out and placed his hand on Sword Saint Xuanji's wrist. It was still icy, devoid of any signs of life.

A dead body's injury can't heal for no reason.

Zhang Ruochen sat cross-legged on the ground. He activated the Eye of the Deity Print. He finally saw a strange phenomenon that he couldn't see with his naked eye.

There were two clouds of Life Qi in the surrounding air. They flowed in from two different directions and continuously flowed into the spot between Sword Saint Xuanji's eyebrows.

These two gusts of Qi came from the Divine Sky-connecting Tree and the Sun-moon Crystal Coffin.

The Divine Sky-connecting Tree had already created intelligence. It was very normal for it to create Life Qi as well. When the Life Qi of the tree thickened to a certain point, it would turn into liquid and finally become the new Spring of Life.

What truly shocked Zhang Ruochen was the Sun-moon Crystal Coffin. Why was it releasing Life Qi too?

He immediately walked over to the coffin. Touching the sides of the coffin softly, he used the Eye of the Deity Print and looked inside.

Whoosh—

The Eye of the Deity Print was even more amazing than the Sky Eye. It passed through the walls and landed on the female corpse within. Zhang Ruochen instantly saw an extremely shocking scene.

“Ghost King Bloodmoon!” Zhang Ruochen gasped in shock.

The female corpse inside the coffin was Ghost King Bloodmoon.

No, more specifically, this was a female corpse that looked identical to Ghost King Bloodmoon. However, Ghost King Bloodmoon and the corpse were, respectively, deathly and filled with vitality.

This was extremely strange.

Chapter 821 - The Surrender of Ghost King

Translator:

Larbre Studio

Editor:

Larbre Studio

Zhang Ruochen tried to crack the Sun-moon Crystal Coffin again. He even borrowed the Void Sword from Han Xue this time. But still, he couldn't open it.

At last, he had to give up and stop trying.

“It is written in ancient books that the Sun-moon Crystal Coffin was a saint weapon of the Moon Worship Demonic Sect, which had been passing it on for a long time and learning of its many uses. After this woman died, she used Sun-moon Crystal Coffin to contain her body, which means that this woman was at least a Palace Ruler or a Saintess, or even an old Hierarch,” Zhang Ruochen said.

Neither Zhang Ruochen nor Blackie knew much about Sun-moon Crystal Coffin. They had to return to Kunlun's Field and go through all the files of the Moon Worship Demonic Sect to find this woman's identity.

Such a figure like her must be well-known. Therefore, it shouldn't be of much trouble to find her identity.

Although Wood Spirit Xi and the demon rat were members of the Demonic Sect, they had hardly read any files. Until now they had never heard of the Sun-moon Crystal Coffin, let alone the identity of the woman.

Han Xue tilted her head sideways, and said with curiosity, “How can you be sure that she's dead, teacher? She could still be alive, only in deep sleep.”

Zhang Ruochen shook his head with smile. “It has been more than hundreds of thousands of years since the ancient times. Even if she was a Supreme Saint, she should have turned into bones. Only deities could have the slightest possibility to live such a long time until now.”

“What if it was really a deity?” asked Han Xue.

Zhang Ruochen rubbed her head as he explained. “After ancient times, no one could ever become a deity again. All deities have disappeared from Kunlun’s Field.”

Han Xue said, “Didn’t you just mention that this Sun-moon Crystal Coffin was a saint weapon before ancient times, teacher? In that case, why couldn’t the woman lying in it be a deity?”

Zhang Ruochen was left speechless after he heard this.

Han Xue dared to imagine things that he didn’t. Had he become rigid?

Zhang Ruochen said, “If I was right, she should have died. Otherwise, Ghost King Bloodmoon shouldn’t have been born out of Blood River.”

Han Xue figured this out. “You mean that Ghost King Bloodmoon was her soul, teacher?”

“I think so,” said Zhang Ruochen.

Han Xue’s face turned bleak. “In that case, she was really dead. Will grandmaster come back to life, teacher?”

Zhang Ruochen stared at the body of Sword Saint Xuanji with grave eyes, and shook his head. “I don’t know.”

How could Zhang Ruochen not want Sword Saint Xuanji to come back to life? It’s just that even though all his wounds had recovered, there was still no trace of life on him.

How could he revive when his soul had already dispersed?

As Blackie said, it might work if Zhang Ruochen could find a Supreme Saint of Spiritual Power and ask him to help recall his soul.

But a Supreme Saint of Spiritual Power was too rare to be seen. In the past thousands of years, only Emperor Wen and Emperor Buddha out of the Nine Emperors had reached that level.

Emperor Buddha could be left out as he had already died.

Emperor Wen was the leader of the Way of Confucius. He had helped Emperor Qing and Chi Yao to unify Kunlun's Field. In return, after the establishment of the First Central Empire, Chi Yao had largely encouraged the development of the Way of Confucius, making it as influential as the Way of Buddha and the Way of Taichi.

It's a pity that after the establishment of the the First Central Empire, Emperor Wen had retired and disappeared in Kunlun's Field. He never showed up again. Nobody knew if he was still alive.

Even if Emperor Wen was still alive, and Zhang Ruochen could find him, so what?

Would Emperor Wen stand out and help save Sword Saint Xuanji?

Absolutely impossible.

It would cost a Supreme Saint of Spiritual Power dearly to recall the soul of the deceased. Why should he help Zhang Ruochen?

What's the difference between Zhang Ruochen and an ant in his eyes?

Zhang Ruochen could only leave the body of Sword Saint Xuanji at the foot of Divine Sky-Connecting Tree, letting it be cultivated by two strands of Qi of Life, and wait for the miracle.

...

...

The minute Ghost King Bloodmoon entered Scroll World, she sensed that the air of life had filled between the heaven and earth. Everywhere was green and full of vigor, which was totally different from the gloomy netherworld.

But she disliked it because she needed to feed on continuous Qi of Death, souls and evil spirits to maintain her existence.

Otherwise, even if Zhang Ruochen wouldn't kill her, it wouldn't take long for her to die from the exhaustion of Ghostly Qi.

But today, she had found a terribly strong Qi of Death, which was from the place where the strongest Qi of Life was generated.

That's why Ghost King Bloodmoon kept searching for the Divine Sky-Connecting Tree.

Standing on the top of the mountain, she looked down and found a very shocking scene. A gigantic dead trunk about 100 meters tall lay on the ground.

The trunk was like a huge and smooth round platform, whose boundary went beyond the horizon. The growth rings were densely printed on its platform, the number of which was uncountable. Every growth ring was like a history book, recording the changes happening between heaven and earth from the very beginning.

It was hard to imagine how big it would be if it were still alive.

The trunk was the root of Divine Sky-Connecting Tree.

According to Ghost King Bloodmoon's observations, the diameter of its root could be more than 100,000 meters. If the tree were still alive, it would take a month for an ordinary person to finish going around its trunk.

Other monks could only perceive the strong Qi of Life given out by the new branches when they arrived here, but Ghost King Bloodmoon had detected the roaring Qi of Death given out by the root instead.

It was the remaining power of the Divine Sky-Connecting Tree. After the tree had died, it had been hiding in the root and mixing with Qi of Life.

Ghost King Bloodmoon had never seen any Qi of Death as strong and of great quality as this before.

“If I could absorb all the Qi of Death in the root, what high level might my cultivation reach? Maybe even Ghost King Shenchu couldn’t beat me. And I’ll become one of the most powerful ghosts in the periphery of the netherworld.”

Fires lit up in the eyes of Ghost King Bloodmoon. She spread her arms and became a big bird, then flew lightly to the root of the Divine Sky-Connecting Tree.

But before she landed on the surface of the root, a human shadow appeared ahead of her. It arrived at the edge of root before she did and condensed into a handsome young man. His hands were folded behind his back, staring at her with a smile.

“Zhang Ruochen.”

The happy color on Ghost King Bloodmoon vanished. She flew down and stopped opposite Zhang Ruochen. “I’ve thought it through. I can surrender to you.”

Zhang Ruochen was a little surprised. “Really? In such a short time?”

Ghost King Bloodmoon asked him, “Do I have other choices? Even if you won’t kill me, I’ll soon be dead being imprisoned in this world. I’m not ready to die now.”

Zhang Ruochen nodded. “That’s a wise decision.”

“But, you are rather weak in cultivation. If I surrender to you like this, other ghost kings will definitely laugh at me. Therefore, you must agree to my two conditions.”

Ghost King Bloodmoon had considered her words before, so she appeared to be very calm.

Zhang Ruochen also expected that Ghost King Bloodmoon should have him agree to conditions. Unless they were too outrageous, he would say yes to her.

After all, it was not easy to ask a ghost king to surrender. Suppressing her too much might cause backlash.

No one could ever be too harsh or too kind in mastering others, whether they were ghosts or humans. Being too harsh would force them to rebel. And being too kind would result in the same.

It didn't matter if Ghost King Bloodmoon would surrender to him with sincerity or not. As long as he became her master, he had many ways to train her and truly control her in the end.

There would be a day that Zhang Ruochen would convince her that she had made a wise decision.

"You name it," said Zhang Ruochen.

"The first one: even if I surrender to you now, before your cultivation surpass mine, we have to stay in equal positions. I will execute your orders, but for those unreasonable ones, I can choose not to. If you don't agree to my first condition, there's no need for me to say the second one." Ghost King Bloodmoon raised her jaw and looked very haughty.

"An equal position?"

A strand of strong Masculine Qi burst out of Zhang Ruochen's body. It was like a burning sun, and forced Ghost King Bloodmoon to retreat. He said, "What do you mean by reasonable orders and unreasonable orders? If there is no clear boundary between them, what's the meaning of your surrender? If you keep playing tricks with me, I can't see why I should keep you alive."

The powerful Masculine Qi evaporated the Ghostly Qi of Ghost King Bloodmoon. Her face turned pale, but she refused to give in. "If there were great dangers in your orders, surely I wouldn't execute them."

But her words became less uncompromising than before.

Zhang Ruochen walked to Ghost King Bloodmoon with powerful Masculine Qi, and forced her to go on retreating.

Ghost King Bloodmoon didn't look like a powerful king any longer, but more like a helpless girl being pushed to the corners by a burly chap. Who knows what would happen next?

Ghost King Bloodmoon had been already very weak. Being attacked by Masculine Qi in such a short distance weakened her further. She couldn't even defend herself, and would turn into ashes in any minute.

After a short while, Zhang Ruochen was satisfied and put away his Masculine Qi. “Don’t worry. I would never do things that even you think were dangerous. I’ll agree to your first condition. What’s the second one? Say it.”

Ghost King Bloodmoon was relaxed, and cast a look toward the root under her feet, “I want all the Qi of Death in this root to cultivate my strength.”

Divine Sky-Connecting Tree was known to be the last deity of Kunlun’s Field. It had existed from the birth of Kunlun’s Field to the end of ancient times.

The cutting of Divine Sky-Connecting Tree was like the fall of a deity, so naturally there was a massive amount of Qi of Death left.

Zhang Ruochen understood instantly and said to himself, the reason why Ghost King Bloodmoon suddenly changed her mind and surrendered to him was because of this Qi of Death.

Chapter 822 - Outside Ghost God Valley

Translator:

Larbre Studio

Editor:

Larbre Studio

If she was allowed to absorb all the Death Qi, what kind of horrifying state would she reach?

However, to the sapling of the Divine Sky-connecting Tree, this was a great thing. Without the Death Qi blocking it, it could grow faster.

Though he was happy, Zhang Ruochen didn't show it on his face. He still looked calm. "I can agree to your second condition. So shouldn't you kneel down to your master now?"

"Don't forget my first condition. Before your cultivation surpasses me, we must be equals. Don't you dare think about making me a slave."

Ghost King Bloodmoon snickered inwardly. If she could refine the Death Qi in the tree's roots, her cultivation would shoot up. Zhang Ruochen's speed couldn't catch up with her.

Once her cultivation became strong enough, she could break free from this world. At that time, she could take her time with this human.

As expected, wild souls are hard to tame, Zhang Ruochen thought. I must use some methods to train her. Otherwise, she won't be an obedient follower.

"It's okay if you don't want to kneel. A Ghost King should have their dignity, after all. I understand."

Zhang Ruochen rubbed his chin and took a glass from his spatial ring. Handing it over, he said, "Get me a glass of spring

water. I have some more questions for you.”

Seeing that Ghost King Bloodmoon continued standing there with no sign of moving, Zhang Ruochen’s eyes gradually turned serious. “If you aren’t even willing to do this, I have to doubt if you’re really submitting to me.”

Ghost King Bloodmoon’s clenched her fingers into a fist and her arm trembled. She grabbed the glass, huffing coldly. Then her body transformed into black Ghost Qi and scattered. She flew to the cave in the distance.

“It seems nice to be able to order a beautiful Ghost King for everyday things.” Zhang Ruochen stared at the flying Ghost Qi and nodded lightly.

He had once been the royal prince of the Sacred Central Empire and had learned how an emperor ruled, but sadly, he hadn’t looked too deeply into it. If he could successfully take in Ghost King Bloodmoon, his heart would definitely change a lot. He would gradually evolve a strong upper figure’s mindset.

After a while, Ghost King Bloodmoon carried a glass of spring water and reappeared above the tree root. With an icy expression, she offered the glass to Zhang Ruochen. “Your spring water.”

Zhang Ruochen sat cross-legged on the ground. Giving her a glance, he accepted the glass, but didn’t drink it. Holding it, he said, “Sit first.”

Ghost King Bloodmoon accepted easily. She sat cross-legged on the ground. Her black hair fell down the sides of her face to her snowy-white thighs. Her large round eyes stared at Zhang Ruochen.

Seeing that Zhang Ruochen didn’t drink the water, she felt a bit disappointed. After all, she’d washed her feet in the water before filling the glass to show her unhappiness.

Zhang Ruochen placed the glass on the ground. He looked very calm. “The female corpse in the Sun-moon Crystal Coffin should be your physical body, right?”

“Perhaps!” Ghost King Bloodmoon said.

Naturally, Zhang Ruochen wasn't satisfied with this answer. "What do you mean 'perhaps?'"

"She died before I was born," Ghost King Bloodmoon said. "How can I be sure that she's my physical body? Plus, before I was born, I'd lived many muddled years like the other dead souls. I didn't have a complete intelligence until I reached the Wuchang Realm."

Zhang Ruochen could see that she was speaking the truth. "So you can't remember anything from when you were alive?" he asked.

"I indeed received some memory fragments when I reached the Ghost King Realm, but they weren't complete at all. Most were cultivation and martial techniques. There was nothing else. If my cultivation increases, I might be able to remember more."

Since Ghost King Bloodmoon's memories of her past life were very sparse, Zhang Ruochen didn't continue asking.

He pulled out a ghost marble and squeezed it between two fingers. "If you're willing to go to the Ghost God Valley with me, I will give you one ghost marble to help you recover your cultivation."

Ghost King Bloodmoon stared at the ghost marble. Her eyes squinted and she licked her lips. Grabbing the marble, she said, "Since I chose to submit to you, I won't have any objections."

A while later, Ghost King Bloodmoon refined the ghost marble. She recovered her cultivation, reaching the Ghost King Realm.

An incredible surge of icy Qi immediately radiated from her. It formed thick ice and spread into the distance with cracking sounds. Two balls of blue fire were ignited in her eyes once again.

In the sky, charcoal clouds rolled, shrouding the world in darkness. In the distance, a shred of Ghost Qi was sucked into the Sun-moon Crystal Coffin. A crescent print immediately emerged between the eyebrows of the female corpse.

Moonlight wrapped around her entire body. Specks of white light appeared.

However, Zhang Ruochen, Ghost King Bloodmoon, and the Elephant-swallowing Rabbit had already left the scroll world. They didn't notice the female corpse's changes.

Walking out of the scroll world, Ghost King Bloodmoon's eyes grew sharp. Her hands clenched into claws. Right now, her power was enough to easily take care of Zhang Ruochen.

Zhang Ruochen obviously was testing her by giving her the ghost marble. In reality, he was also extremely nervous. He'd been holding the Buddhist relic, sarira. If Ghost King Bloodmoon attacked, he would immediately undo the third level seal of the sarira.

At this time, the light of the blood moon hanging above Blood River dimmed. Finally, it disappeared completely.

Seeing this, Ghost King Bloodmoon was shocked. She forgot about killing Zhang Ruochen for now. Looking at the black sky, she said, "That's strange. The blood moon has been in the sky for so many years. How can it just disappear?"

Suddenly, Zhang Ruochen sensed something. He immediately cast his spiritual power into the Universe Spiritual Map. He saw that there was a bright moon in the sky of the scroll world. It hung in the sky above the Sun-moon Crystal Coffin and Divine Sky-connecting Tree.

This was a pure white moon, not a blood moon.

"This is quite unusual."

Zhang Ruochen was even more certain that Ghost King Bloodmoon had been some important figure of the Moon Worship Demonic Sect before death.

The changes of the blood moon calmed Ghost King Bloodmoon down. Thinking of the Sun-moon Crystal Coffin and the Death Qi within the tree, she suppressed the urge to attack Zhang Ruochen.

Collecting her aura, she said, "Blood River is very far from Ghost God Valley. Let me lead the way!"

“Please!” Zhang Ruochen said, smiling.

Ghost King Bloodmoon turned into a puff of Ghost Qi and flew out.

The Elephant-swallowing Rabbit widened its black eyes and looked around. “Lord Chen, why did I feel that you were nervous? Is that female Ghost King that scary? But I think that she’s quite pretty.”

This silly rabbit didn’t even know that it had been a step away from death earlier. But after she’d passed this challenge, Zhang Ruochen didn’t have to worry anymore that Ghost King Bloodmoon would suddenly try to kill him. He put the sarira away and jumped onto the Elephant-swallowing Rabbit’s back.

“Follow her.”

The Elephant-swallowing Rabbit was 13 meters tall and covered in long red hair. It radiated strong Demonic Qi. It looked fat, but when it ran, it was shockingly fast. It surpassed a fifth level Half-Saint’s full speed.

This was the talent of the Elephant-swallowing Rabbit race. Even if they only had a first level Half-Saint’s cultivation, their speed could never be reached by people in the same level.

With Ghost King Bloodmoon leading the way, they didn’t run into any danger. Three days later, they reached the outside of the Ghost God Valley.

Zhang Ruochen didn’t rush into the valley immediately. Instead, he stayed outside and investigated for a full day. He soon discovered many Monks from Kunlun’s Field. Amongst them, most were Half-Saints from various top forces. They’d clearly all come for the legendary Pill of Resurrection.

Of course, there were probably also some ancient Saints here, but Zhang Ruochen’s cultivation was too low to sense their auras.

Whoosh!

A majestic figure clad in gold armor walked out of the darkness. He carried a halberd and his face was covered in facial hair. His eyes were sharp. Radiating wild power, he strode towards Ghost God Valley.

It was the new star of the Ministry of War, Bu Qianfan.

Other than him, there were also a dozen Half-Saint generals. They all wore armor and rode powerful battle beasts. They entered Ghost God Valley powerfully.

Even the Ministry of War is here. Interesting. Zhang Ruochen smiled.

Bu Qianfan had a fearless personality. He even dared to charge into Void World and receive the Immortal Saint Body. This naturally made him even more fearless. He could even stir up a storm amongst the dead souls of the netherworld.

The other genius of the Ministry of War was Chi Wansui. He was one of the nine Heirs. If Bu Qianfan wanted to catch up to Chi Wansui, he had to take this risk. He could only find bigger opportunities in the world of death.

Suddenly, a few more figures appeared before Zhang Ruochen's eyes.

Seeing them, Zhang Ruochen's eyes narrowed. A burst of hatred surged in his heart. Gritting his teeth, he said, "Feng Han."

Clad in white clothing, Feng Han looked handsome as he walked in the front, appearing at the edge of Ghost God Valley.

There were a dozen elders behind him. Extremely powerful aura radiated from each of them. It was clear that they were all important figures from the Immortal Vampires.

An elder with youthful features walked over and bowed to Feng Han. "Sixth Prince, Ghost God Valley will definitely be dangerous. You can wait outside as I lead the Half-Saints to take the Pill of Resurrection out."

Chapter 823 - The Reappearance of the Time and Space Descendant

Translator:

Larbre Studio

Editor:

Larbre Studio

“The place with more danger is with more fortune. If I wouldn’t go there by myself, how could I know whether I would find a more precious treasure than the Resurrection Potion or not?” Feng Han was full of spirit, and a smile appeared on his pale face.

Feng Han was so determined that other Half-Saints of Immortal Vampires could do nothing but to follow his words.

Gee!

Suddenly, Feng Han felt a strand of strong sword Qi rising from darkness.

He looked in the direction where the sword Qi came from.

A black sword Qi’s light flew to him at a rapid speed. Above the light was a black ancient sword, behind which dozens of sword Qi blades lined up like a spindle and rushed forward.

“How dare you!”

A shout was heard in the camp of the Immortal Vampires.

Half-Saint Yicheng took a step forward, rose above the ground and stayed about ten meters high in midair. His dried-up palms, which were full of wrinkles, pushed forward.

Threads and threads of scarlet blood came out of his palms, and condensed into a blood-colored curtain of light.

But the power burst from the black ancient sword was so powerful that it broke through the curtain and kept moving forward.

“How strong its penetration is!” Half-Saint Yicheng was a little surprised.

Immediately after this, three other Half-Saints of Immortal Vampires went on attacking the black ancient sword and finally made it retreat.

The black ancient sword disappeared in darkness.

Feng Han stared at the sword, and a silhouette of its owner came to his mind. He put on a little smile, and seemed to say to himself, it's such an advantage for me now that he's in the netherworld, too.

Naturally, there were many human monks from all influential forces hiding in the darkness.

“Who is it? He would dare to attack the Sixth Royal Prince of the Immortal Vampires!? Doesn't he know that now Immortal Vampires are well prepared and have begun to attack Kunlun's Field?”

Ye Honglei wore red gauze, standing at the foot of a tomb. She looked to the direction of Ghost God Valley and gave a charming smile.

Ye Honglei used to be the Red Wish Emissary. After Emperor One died, she and Orange Star Emissary, Murong Yue, had become the two most competitive figures amongst those who wanted to be Young Master of Black Market Excellence Hall.

As she had won the support of Nine Serenity Sword Saint, Fantasy Saint and the family of Ye, she was taking the upper hand silently.

She took a great risk to come to the netherworld and search for Resurrection Potion this time in order to give the potion to an old father of the Black Market Excellence Hall and win his support.

With his support, she could beat Orange Star Emissary completely and become the new Young Master of Black

Market Excellence Hall in the east.

A young man dressed in purple stood behind Ye Honglei. He was about 27 or 28, had a pair of eagle eyes and two sword-like eyebrows, and seemed aloof. “There are more than a dozen Half-Saints surrounding Sixth Royal Prince of the Immortal Vampires. It is really unwise to fight against him.”

He was one of the new Seven Star Emissaries, Purple Mirror Star Emissary.

Purple Mirror Star Emissary was a rare talent. He had practiced for 60 years to become a Half-Saint, and now had become one of the powerful lords in the Black Market in the east.

Blue Scale Star Emissary laughed. “Who should be so bold to fight against Immortal Vampires? He had better be really powerful, or he will definitely die here.”

The beautiful eyes of Ye Honglei searched the darkness with curiosity.

BOOM!

BOOM!

...

A giant red rabbit walked out with steady steps. Each step shook the ground heavily.

Zhang Ruochen stood up straight on the head of the Elephant-swallowing Rabbit. His eyes were as cold as ice.

The Abyss Ancient Sword floated above his head as if it were weightless. Sword Qi formed a space about 23 meters in diameter like a light ball to protect him in the center.

Elephant-swallowing Rabbit kept walking to Feng Han until it was about 333 meters away from him. Its demonic eyes stared at the Half-Saints ahead with no fear at all.

Seeing Zhang Ruochen, Feng Han put on a smile, “Sixth Junior Brother Apprentice, I didn’t expect that we should meet again this soon. When I looked at the sword, I knew it must be you.”

“Since you knew I was here, you should make the wisest move to run away immediately. Don’t you know that I’m going to kill you?” Zhang Ruochen said coldly.

Feng Han didn’t change his look, but all Half-Saints along with him in the netherworld could not tolerate that Zhang Ruochen was unrespectable to their Sixth Royal Prince, and put on hostile looks.

Half-Saint Yicheng operated the Rule of Wind and Fire. A pair of Blood Wings grew out of his back, penetrated Dragon Skin Soft Armor and stretched quickly.

Lines and lines of Rules of Saintly Way gathered on the wings and became a part of the Saint Qi. Suddenly, a strong blow of the wings caused a strong storm, which rolled toward Zhang Ruochen.

Rule of Wind and Fire ranked Number 1,867 among 3,000 Rules, and was the major Rule of Saintly Way that was taken by Half-Saint Yicheng.

Fire dragon and wind blade crossed each other in the darkness, making whizzing noises.

Martial arts were blended with the Rule of Wind and Fire to give out outrageous power, shaking the heaven and earth.

Zhang Ruochen stood on the back of the Elephant-swallowing Rabbit with a poker face. The Abyss Ancient Sword made a sound, flew out automatically and swung in the front.

Hua!

A blade of sword Qi flew through the storm toward Half-Saint Yicheng.

Half-Saint Yicheng perceived the enemy’s powerful cultivation one more time and rushed to retreat. At the same time, he clapped on his chest and activated the treasures for protection continuously to form seven layers of defense.

The seven layers of defense were destroyed in a minute with a series of cracking noises.

At the last minute, a silver shield rose from the chest of Half-Saint Yicheng and barely stopped the blade.

Even so, Half-Saint Yicheng was seriously wounded and flew backwards. The skin of his whole body broke into pieces and blood kept bleeding out of his armors.

“What a blade! Half-Saint Yicheng has practiced for more than 200 years and his comprehension of the Rule of Wind and Fire has been unimaginably high, but still he couldn’t defend even one blade of it.”

“Was the attack of a sword warrior so scarring?”

...

Feng Han looked at the seriously wounded Half-Saint Yicheng and felt a little shocked. He looked back at Zhang Ruochen again. “Your cultivation has progressed so much in such a short time. I’m surprised.”

Zhang Ruochen took the Abyss Ancient Sword back, and said indifferently, “In order to kill you, surely I have worked very hard.”

A hale and hearty old man with white hair walked out from the left side of Feng Han. He stared at Zhang Ruochen, and said in a low voice, “Sixth Royal Prince, let me deal with him.”

He was called Half-Saint Shuntian, the strongest one amongst warriors of Immortal Vampires. He was already 440 years old.

Although Immortal Vampires enjoyed longer lifespans than human monks of the same level, Half-Saint Shuntian had lived to his last years and only one to two years were left for him.

That’s why he came to the netherworld and looked for the Resurrection Potion. He wanted it to extend his life.

There was a fierce Void Ghost Beast standing beside Half-Saint Shuntian.

Void Ghost Beast let its sharp fangs out, glared at Zhang Ruochen with its golden eyes and roared at him as if it had sensed the anger of its owner.

Naturally, Zhang Ruochen had noticed the old man beside Feng Han. The minute the old man stared at him, he felt as if his body couldn’t move.

In other words, if the old man were to attack him, he couldn't escape from it.

Feng Han shook his hand gently and laughed. "He's just a Fish-Dragon Realm monk, and there's no need to bother you, my elder Shuntian. Besides, it's the hatred between him and me, I should take care of it by myself."

Zhang Ruochen was the Time and Space Descendant. There must be many invaluable treasures on him, such as Taotian Sword, Emperor Buddha's sarira and so on...

If Half-Saint Shuntian killed Zhang Ruochen, wouldn't those treasures all be taken by him?

Feng Han didn't believe that an aging Half-Saint, a powerful lord of Immortal Vampires who was about to die in just a few years, would hold much respect for him.

After he got the treasures, he was sure to take them all for himself.

"He's a Fish-Dragon Realm monk?"

Half-Saint Shuntian looked at Zhang Ruochen again with surprise.

He didn't notice this before but truly the young man seemed to have no saint soul.

There was a large sound of astonishment in the darkness. No one had expected that the young man standing on Elephant-swallowing Rabbit was just a Fish-Dragon Realm monk.

Could a Fish-Dragon Realm monk rout a Half-Saint with just one blade?

It must be known that the Half-Saint had used the Rules of Saintly Way. No Fish-Dragon Realm monks, even the best sword warrior of them, could defeat the Rules of Saintly Way.

"He must be a new King with such powerful strength. Why has no one ever seen him at the Kunlun Heir's banquet?"

Ye Honglei's beautiful eyes stared at Zhang Ruochen. She opened her crystal-clear red lips, and said. "It's him...How is that possible..."

“You know him, my lord?” asked Purple Mirror Star Emissary.

“Of course, he used to be a great enemy to us, Black Market Excellence Hall, and once killed two Star Emissaries. Everyone thought he was dead. Who could believe that he was still alive?”

Ye Honglei didn't know how to describe her feelings. She was shocked, curious, but a little expectant as well.

Upon hearing this, all seven Star Emissaries standing behind her were reminded and now knew the identity of Zhang Ruochen.

“Wasn't he... the dead Time and Space Descendant?” Blue Scale Star Emissary opened his eyes wide. He was so shocked that his jaw almost fell to the ground.

Ye Honglei nodded slightly, and an enchanting and charming look appeared on her snow-white face. “This has become more and more interesting. There would be a huge disturbance in Kunlun's Field if word of this was to be returned.”

“My lord, if we could bring his head back to Black Market Excellence Hall, your reputation would surpass Murong Yue for sure, and even Emperor One of the past. After all, Emperor One failed to defeat Zhang Ruochen when he was alive,” whispered Purple Mirror Star Emissary.

“No rush.”

Ye Honglei smiled, “we'll let him fight with the Immortal Vampires first. I'm very curious about how powerful he's become now.”

Zhang Ruochen had impressed Ye Honglei deeply. Even Emperor One had suffered from this incomparable talent several times in the past.

Chapter 824 - Unknown Living Being

Translator:

Larbre Studio

Editor:

Larbre Studio

The last time Zhang Ruochen had fought Feng Han, he'd used all his might. He'd even used his trump card but still lost horribly. However, Feng Han didn't dare to underestimate Zhang Ruochen this time.

Even if Zhang Ruochen hadn't improved immensely over the recent period, he still had to be careful of Zhang Ruochen's unpredictable power of space and time.

Feng Han kept his expression composed and sighed. "Junior Brother, I understand how you're feeling. Unfortunately, hatred has clouded your mind, making you too stupid. Can't you see that I have 14 Half-Saints beside me? Is this a force you can handle alone?"

"How do you know that I'm here alone?" Zhang Ruochen asked calmly.

Feng Han was shocked inwardly. Could Senior Brother Saint Qingxiao be nearby? He immediately used his Half-Saint Eye and looked behind Zhang Ruochen. When he didn't see Saint Qingxiao, he felt slightly relieved.

He huffed coldly. "Putting up pretense."

"Actually, you'll die even if I don't do anything," Zhang Ruochen continued.

Feng Han believed even more that Zhang Ruochen was pretending. He smiled coldly. "Really?"

The two seemed to be conversing, but they were trying to destroy each other's confidence, each trying to make the other fall into despair first. That way, they could defeat the other easily.

“Regardless of whether you're a human or beast, you can never return after crossing the Corpse River,” Zhang Ruochen said.

Feng Han laughed loudly. “A Saint of my race is on the other side of the Corpse River right now. He can help us back at any time.”

“It seems that you still aren't clear enough about Corpse River and the netherworld,” Zhang Ruochen said. “Do you know why so many strong cultivators who had passed the Corpse River have never returned to Kunlun's Field?”

Seeing Zhang Ruochen's eyes, Feng Han's eye twitched. He suddenly had a bad feeling.

He wasn't the only one. The other Monks who were hiding all had a bad feeling after hearing Zhang Ruochen's words.

“Why?” Feng Han asked coldly.

Zhang Ruochen shook his head and sighed. “Corpse River isn't a river. It's a Spatial Polar Wall. Living souls can only enter. They can't exit. The netherworld isn't some middle age relic either. It's a completely independent space. This isn't part of Kunlun's Field at all. The moment you stepped into the netherworld, it signified that all of you will die here. You haven't died yet because the Holy Qi within you hasn't been used up yet.”

All the veins on Feng Han's face bulged. “Nonsense. If Corpse River really is a one-way Spatial Polar Wall, how can the dead souls cross the river and enter Kunlun's Field?”

“Dead souls have no physical body,” Zhang Ruochen said. “Naturally, they can cross through the wall.”

Feng Han wasn't willing to believe Zhang Ruochen, but he still did. The netherworld was too vast. They couldn't still be in the Fallen-gods Mountain. This must be an independent world.

The other Monks in the darkness were greatly affected too. If they couldn't return to Kunlun's Field, then weren't they just waiting for their saint stones and crystals to be used up and die?

“Even if it's true, if we can't return to Kunlun's Field, you can't either. You'll die here too.” It was clear that Feng Han had been affected quite a bit. Even his breathing wasn't steady anymore.

Zhang Ruochen shook his head. “No, it's not the same for me. Don't forget, I'm the Descendant of Time and Space. You think I can't cross through a Spatial Polar Wall?”

“In that case, I'll kill you first.”

Feng Han's eyes were bloodshot. His fingers extended and ten sharp silver claws grew out. Red blood Qi poured out of his pores, seeming to form a liquid sea of blood. The stones and dust on the ground rose up, spinning around him.

A bright explosion clapped in the air.

Then a handprint more than ten meters long formed. It came down on Zhang Ruochen.

He obviously didn't dare to underestimate Feng Han. Angering Feng Han was to help himself get an advantage. Two deity prints emerged in his eyes.

Under the Eye of the Deity Print, the Saintly Way principles in the handprint were revealed. Zhang Ruochen quickly found the weakest point of the palm.

“Dragon in the Sky.”

The sound of a dragon and elephant rang out from Zhang Ruochen's body. He also sent a palm out. Blazing fire came out of his palm, burning through the handprint.

Feng Han and Zhang Ruochen's handprints smacked into each other, creating a deafening rumble. The two quickly separated.

Zhang Ruochen took five steps back consecutively. Then pushing off from the ground, he flew back and landed steadily on the Elephant-swallowing Rabbit's back.

Feng Han only took three steps to dissolve Zhang Ruochen's power. Feeling the slight pain on his palm, he found it unbelievable. "You're not in the Half-Saint Realm yet. How can you be this strong?"

This attack was a big blow to Feng Han.

He'd always thought that he was a top genius. He wasn't even scared of a Saint Body. But now, as a second level Half-Saint, he was only a bit stronger than Zhang Ruochen who was in the Fish-Dragon Realm.

He couldn't accept this result no matter what.

"I advise you to save your Holy Qi," Zhang Ruochen said indifferently. "Every bit you use is a bit lost."

Feng Han couldn't keep calm anymore. Gritting his teeth, he prepared to attack Zhang Ruochen again.

Just then, a gust of eerie wind blew over from the distance. A mass of shadow soldiers and ghost generals flew over on the ground and in the sky. They wailed and cried out.

A huge Hou—a man-eating divine beast—clad in black armor charged out from the group of shadow soldiers. It pulled a chariot made from white bones and ran toward Ghost God Valley.

"Those who enter the Ghost God Valley will be killed with no mercy!" the Hou in the chariot roared. Its voice sent the Ghost Qi in the air rolling.

Just then, Ghost King Bloodmoon's voice sounded in Zhang Ruochen's ears. "Ghost King Xuanyin is in the white bone chariot. He's under Ghost King Shenchu and is responsible for guarding Ghost God Valley. Leave now."

Zhang Ruochen didn't know where Ghost King Bloodmoon's voice came from or where she was. He could only hear her voice in his ears.

Feng Han and the other Vampire Half-Saints had already retreated and charged into Ghost God Valley.

"Chase them," Zhang Ruochen ordered.

The Elephant-swallowing Rabbit growled. It spread its legs, activated a speed principle, and transformed into a streak of red light to pursue the vampires.

Immediately after, the shadow soldiers and ghost generals who'd grouped together also charged into Ghost God Valley. They continued to chase Zhang Ruochen and the Vampire Half-Saints.

Of course, a portion of shadow soldiers also remained at the entrance to guard it.

After entering Ghost God Valley, Zhang Ruochen immediately felt a formless pressure weigh down on him. Even the Elephant-swallowing Rabbit slowed down a bit.

The shadow soldiers chasing them maintained their speed. They seemed to be unaffected.

Under these circumstances, Zhang Ruochen had to give up on chasing Feng Han for now. He ordered the Elephant-swallowing Rabbit to run into the stone forest on the left.

The stone forest had various huge stone pillars. They rose out of the ground like bamboo. The bases were round and thick while the tops were pointed.

As expected, the shadow soldiers didn't go into the forest. They veered right, continuing after the Vampires. After a while, various deafening sounds of fighting traveled over.

Whoosh!

A Half-Saint Vampire flew into the sky, appearing above the stone forest. He was escaping.

Just then, a 100-meter-long blood-red battle ax flew from a black ghost cloud. It split the Half-Saint into two. Fresh blood poured down.

Zhang Ruochen and the Elephant-swallowing Rabbit hid inside a patch of ghost fog in the stone forest. Seeing the powerful battle ax, they were terrified.

The Elephant-swallowing Rabbit shrunk to the size of one's palm and jumped into Zhang Ruochen's arms. Trembling, it

said, “So scary...so scary. Lord Chen, how about...we hide in the Universe Spiritual Map?”

“We can’t hide forever.” Zhang Ruochen let out a long sigh and called, “Ghost King Bloodmoon!”

He called three times without getting a reply. Zhang Ruochen couldn’t help but laugh, thinking, Ghost King Bloodmoon had said that Ghost God Valley is extremely dangerous. Even a Ghost King can die inside. She probably didn’t even come in.

She indeed wouldn’t do things that were too dangerous.

Zhang Ruochen was mentally prepared for the fact that he might have to search for the god’s corpse alone, but it was much harder without Ghost King Bloodmoon’s help.

The blood-red battle ax above their heads disappeared into the ghost cloud. The two halves of the Half-Saint Vampire fell into the stone forest, not too far from Zhang Ruochen. Thus, he hurried over to find the corpse. After all, there were usually good things on a Half-Saint.

A moment later, Zhang Ruochen finally found half of the Half-Saint’s corpse. But the scene horrified him.

All that remained of the half was bone. Some being had eaten all the flesh and meat. Even the bones had been chewed on, leaving small teeth marks.

A Half-Saint’s bones were sturdier than steel. A regular savage beast couldn’t bite them at all.

There are living beings in Ghost God Valley?

A gust of icy Qi rose up under Zhang Ruochen’s feet. Alarms going off in his mind, he looked down immediately. Countless centipede-like blood insects rushed out of the blood-red dirt. They were covered in scales. They wrapped around his legs and bared their sharp teeth.

Even more shocking was that these blood insects actually radiated with faint Evil Death Qi. This evil Qi was identical to the Treacherous Sea Pillar that had killed the Blue Fire Xuanwu.

Chapter 825 - Shenwan Fruit

Translator:

Larbre Studio

Editor:

Larbre Studio

Zhang Ruochen had suffered from Evil Death Qi before. Once it entered one's body, even a Half-Saint would struggle to resolve it. Were it strong enough, it could even threaten the life of a Saint.

Zhang Ruochen operated Qi of Saint Dragon in the Dragon Marble instantly. Yangqiao Saintly Meridian and Yinqiao Saintly Meridian were transported to his legs, and turned into hundreds of golden dragons to shake off all the blood insects covering his legs.

But the bodies of blood insects were so pliable that they weren't killed by it.

The minute they fell on the ground, they drilled into the earth with rustling noises, and disappeared in a second.

Elephant-swallowing Rabbit was even faster. It opened its mouth, caught the tail of a blood insect and dragged it out of the earth with its teeth.

The blood insect was about 33 centimeters long, shaped like a centipede and was densely covered with scales. There were dozens of feet under its body, all with sharp barbs.

Chi Chi!

The blood insect let out a noise. Its body circled like a snake. And it opened its mouth to show its four sharp teeth, intending to bite the eyes of Elephant-swallowing Rabbit.

At the same time, Zhang Ruochen used his two fingers to clamp down on the head of the blood insect.

With a cracking sound, the head of blood insect broke, and drops of blood came out.

The eyes of Elephant-swallowing Rabbit turned bright. It rushed forward and swallowed the blood insect even before Zhang Ruochen could stop it.

“Why do you eat everything?”

Zhang Ruochen stared at it.

“Lord...my lord...”

Elephant-swallowing Rabbit groaned and rolled on the ground, holding its belly.

When it climbed up again, it screamed in a mania and kept grinding its teeth. Blood lines were seen in its eyeballs, which appeared to be full of slaughter, desire and evil.

Zhang Ruochen immediately slammed a palm on the head of Elephant-swallowing Rabbit, dispersing the Evil Death Qi, and forcing it out from its body.

“This is so scary, so scary. I need a minute.”

Elephant-swallowing Rabbit lay face down on the ground, breathing hard. Then, it took out a silver ginseng leaf, which was about the size of a bowl, and began to chew it.

After it finished chewing the silver ginseng, Elephant-swallowing Rabbit exhaled a long breath and recovered completely.

Zhang Ruochen reminded it, “Be careful. There was Evil Death Qi contained in the bodies of these blood insects. Once it enters your body, it would be difficult for Holy Qi to resolve it.”

“Eh!”

Elephant-swallowing Rabbit opened its eyes wide, and its two ears straightened on its head. “My lord, I find that Sky-swallowing Skill might help refine the blood insect and improve one’s cultivation. Should I...try eating another one?”

Two white teeth stuck out of its mouth. Elephant-swallowing Rabbit looked at Zhang Ruochen, waiting for his consent.

“Try it. If using blood insect could help you improve cultivation, it surely would be good for you.”

With him standing beside, there was no need to worry about accidents.

Since the cultivation of Elephant-swallowing Rabbit had reached Half-Saint level, it had some powerful skills as expected. In a minute, it had pulled a blood insect from the earth.

Its teeth were even sharper than those of a blood insect.

So it killed it with its teeth, swallowed it, and operated Sky-swallowing Skill.

Sky-swallowing Skill was a supreme canon of Sky-swallowing Demon Dragon Sect, and it helped to complete the refinery of a blood insect in a very short time. This time Elephant-swallowing Rabbit became very careful. As it was refining the blood insect, it exhaled Evil Death Qi, and wasn't affected by it.

Zhang Ruochen nodded. “As powerful as Evil Death Qi is, there is only little of it in a blood insect. A Half-Saint can resolve it, just with much caution.”

In the following three days, Elephant-swallowing Rabbit kept searching for blood insects while Zhang Ruochen kept on looking for the exit of Stone Forest. It had eaten more than one hundred insects as if it would never be full.

Zhang Ruochen observed the changes happening to Elephant-swallowing Rabbit silently. In just three days, the cultivation of Elephant-swallowing Rabbit had almost doubled, approaching that of a human monk who was a top First Level Half-Saint.

Blackie was really wise to have given Sky-swallowing Skill to it, Zhang Ruochen thought.

In the past three days, some Half-Saint humans and six-level savage beasts were seen flying over Stone Forest. But none of them survived from the chop of a blood-red giant axe, and all became corpses.

Once the corpses fell to the ground, blood insects would feast on them. Nothing would go to waste.

That's why Zhang Ruochen didn't want to fly. He had to restrain his breath, and move forward with great caution.

Zhang Ruochen and Elephant-swallowing Rabbit were attacked by some blood insects as well. But they were not powerful and were defeated very quickly.

Densely placed stone columns did not lead the way out of Stone Forest. At last, Zhang Ruochen couldn't help but doubt if they had lost their way.

Zhang Ruochen hadn't met any other human monk in Stone Forest until the fifth day.

This monk was a Half-Saint of the Immortal Vampires. Zhang Ruochen had seen him standing behind Feng Han.

He was fighting a blood insect which was almost 10 meters long. His hair was disheveled. Dozens of wounds could be seen on his body. Nobody knew how long he had been fighting, but weariness was showing in his looks.

Aside the battle scene, hundreds of blood insects were making chichi noise with their heads up. They were waiting for the death of this Half-Saint of the Immortal Vampires, and would rush up and devour him the minute he died.

It was the first time that Zhang Ruochen saw such a big blood insect, and he was quite shocked.

Elephant-swallowing Rabbit opened its eyes wide and drooled. "So fat, so big. It must be tasty..."

Zhang Ruochen didn't like Immortal Vampires at all, so he had no plan to help the Half-Saint. Besides, the blood insect was very scary, and its strength was about that of a Third Level Half-Saint.

The Evil Death Qi it gave out and its fast speed stopped Zhang Ruochen from wanting to attack it as well.

"My lord, look, what is that?"

Elephant-swallowing Rabbit pointed to the back of the blood insect with a hand.

Zhang Ruochen looked and saw the stone forest there rose up a little to become a hill. On top of the hill was a black dried-up tree without a single green leaf. Only a black fruit was on it, giving off a strong exotic smell.

“A tree in Ghost God Valley? And with a fruit on it? Is the blood insect watching over it?”

While the blood insect was busy fighting the Half-Saint, Zhang Ruochen took the form of a flying light and rushed to the top of the hill at his fastest speed.

At the same time, another person rushed out from the opposite direction.

They arrived on the hilltop at almost the same time, and reached out their hands to pick up the fruit.

Zhang Ruochen was barely one step ahead of him.

When he was going to pick up the fruit, the other person threw a treasure bottle, which was created by a Print Rule, toward Zhang Ruochen's belly.

Zhang Ruochen didn't slow down as he reached out his hand to pick up the black fruit. At the same time, the Abyss Ancient Sword left its sheath automatically, dragging a long sword Qi and hitting the Print Rule hard.

Boom!

They both retreated.

The black dried-up tree cracked noisily, turned into powders and burnt into dust in just a minute. Even the hill under the feet of Zhang Ruochen and the other person split into parts and fell to the ground.

“Sir, I found this Shenwan Fruit before you did. You'd better give it back to me, otherwise you'll get yourself into trouble.”

The man who stood opposite Zhang Ruochen was all covered with white cloths and bandages, except for a pair of black eyes. He looked like a walking mummy.

There were three small pure golden bells on the mummy guy's belt, knocking into each other and giving out a jingle sound.

He could defend himself from Zhang Ruochen's blade and fight with him, which showed that he was a powerful warrior as well.

Zhang Ruochen put the black fruit into the Spatial Ring with no haste, and said, "Aren't you too much of a bully in saying things like that, sir? We could never tell who was the first to find it. But, I'm the person who picked it up, and it naturally belongs to me."

The mummy guy stared at the Spatial Ring, and appeared to be a little surprised. "In that case, I'll fight with you, and see what you've got to allow you to withhold this Shenwan Fruit."

A rustling noise passed from afar at that moment.

The ten meters long blood insect had finished swallowing the corpse of the Half Saint from the Immortal Vampires. And its body had extended about 2 meters long to become 12 meters long in total.

And the strength bursting out from its body had reached the prime of Third Level Half-Saint very quickly.

And now, the giant blood insect, together with hundreds of small blood insects, was rushing toward Zhang Ruochen and the other person, carrying enormous Evil Death Qi with them.

Both the looks of Zhang Ruochen and the other person changed. They stopped fighting against each other, and ran away in different directions.

"My lord."

Elephant-swallowing Rabbit moved desperately with two short legs to run after Zhang Ruochen, while holding one blood insect with each hand and eating.

The speed of Elephant-swallowing Rabbits was really comparable. Although Zhang Ruochen wore Shooting Star Invisible Cloak, he was just a little faster than Elephant-swallowing Rabbit.

“Follow me. I’ve found the way out of Stone Forest,” said Zhang Ruochen.

While he was at the top of the hill, he had used Eye of the Deity Print to look through the thick ghost fog and find the border of Stone Forest.

But the giant blood insect moved rapidly too. It closely followed Zhang Ruochen and Elephant-swallowing Rabbit, roaring.

After each roar, a swarm of blood insects would come out of the earth from all directions.

“My lord, why would that giant insect chase us?”

Elephant-swallowing Rabbit ran rapidly with its tail between its legs.

It must have had something to do with the black fruit. Maybe Zhang Ruochen had taken its treasure away.

Chapter 826 - Yin Xuanji

Translator:

Larbre Studio

Editor:

Larbre Studio

“No, if these aren’t taken care of, we’ll die from these blood insects in the stone forest.”

Zhang Ruochen stopped abruptly. His legs sank down until his calves had sunk into the ground. The next moment, his body shone with brilliant golden Buddhist light. A bead hovered in the middle of the light.

Roar!

A low dragon’s roar came from the bead. Then the powerful aura of a saint dragon radiated from the bead. It flew out, attacking the huge blood insect.

The stone pillars in the dragon bead’s path all exploded into dust. A long gouge was left on the ground.

With a boom, the dragon bead hit the abdomen of the blood insect, making it cry out. It flew back and was flipped over on the ground. The scales on its abdomen were shattered. Blood flowed out.

But the blood insect quickly flipped over and smacked the dragon bead away with its tail. A long string of stone pillars were shattered.

Such powerful defensive abilities. No wonder it could swallow that Half-Saint Vampire earlier. Zhang Ruochen was shocked inside.

The dragon bead was powerful enough to kill or at least disable a third level Half-Saint. But the blood insect hadn’t gotten very hurt. Instead, it fought back with extreme speed.

Its speed and defense were both at the top level. With the Evil Death Qi that was 100 times thicker than usual blood insects, this huge insect's abilities were enough to be troublesome for a fourth level Half-Saint.

“Lord Chen, let me help you.”

The Elephant-swallowing Rabbit grew until it was a dozen meters tall. It opened its large mouth and bit down on the blood insect's tail. It left two deep bite marks.

But the blood insect's counterattack hurt the Elephant-swallowing Rabbit even more. Various sharp thorns dragged across the rabbit's stomach, almost ripping it in half.

At the critical moment, Zhang Ruochen used another dragon bead. He hit the blood insect's head, sending it flying. The blood insect's head was shattered. Blood flowed out. It was badly hurt.

Of course, the Elephant-swallowing Rabbit's attack had been critical for Zhang Ruochen to be able to hit the blood insect's vital part.

Just as they were confronting each other, the mummy secretly came back. He collected his aura and hid behind a stone pillar.

That dragon bead's aura is very powerful, he thought. It can actually pierce the blood insect king's scales. This must be a golden dragon's bead. Judging from this, he's either the Descendant of Time and Space or someone who has gotten all his treasures.

His eyes were as sharp as a poisonous snake's. He didn't attack for now and continued observing to find a better chance. He wanted to make a fatal attack.

More and more blood insects gathered around Zhang Ruochen's feet. Some even swarmed towards the Elephant-swallowing Rabbit that was lying on the ground. They wanted to eat its flesh.

“Seems like I can't take care of you guys without using some tactics.”

Zhang Ruochen took out the Universe Spiritual Map and placed the Elephant-swallowing Rabbit inside it. Then he added his Holy Qi into it with his fastest speed.

Various time and space inscriptions emerged on the scroll, glowing with golden light. The next moment, a huge golden tree more than 100 feet tall came out of the scroll. It shone brilliantly, purifying all the surrounding Evil Death Qi.

Whoosh!

Zhang Ruochen shook the golden tree and swept it forward, stirring up a huge windstorm. All the blood insects and stone pillars were swept away.

The golden tree had a huge restrictive power against the Evil Death Qi and blood insects. After the blood insects flew back, they exploded and died.

Only the huge blood insect could withstand the golden tree's power. It transformed into a bloody blur and pounced toward Zhang Ruochen's neck. It revealed its sharp teeth and bit down. Zhang Ruochen waved the golden tree again. Specks of golden light rained down from the leaves. All the Ghost Qi in the surrounding area was cleared completely.

The huge blood insect was hit by the golden tree. Its body sizzled and flesh flew away. It was broken in half and fell heavily to the ground.

The Divine Sky-connecting Tree is this powerful against Evil Death Qi?

Before attacking, Zhang Ruochen hadn't realized the golden tree's power would be so horrifying. A single attack had killed the most powerful blood insect.

At the most critical point of Zhang Ruochen and the blood insect's last fight, the mummy grasped the chance. He pushed down on the ground. The two strips of white cloth wrapped around his arms dug into the ground and rushed towards Zhang Ruochen.

When Zhang Ruochen defeated the blood insect, the two strips of white cloth burst from the ground. They wrapped around his legs and snaked up, wrapping around his knees and waist.

The white cloth wasn't made of usual material. It contained a Supreme Saint's blood.

More specifically, the mummy's white cloth had once been used to wrap a Supreme Saint's corpse. It contained very strong saintly power.

Zhang Ruochen had discovered the mummy was hiding nearby long ago, but he had ignored him because of the blood insect. This man acted very decisively and had very critical timing. Zhang Ruochen had to be careful.

“Spatial Move.”

Zhang Ruochen's body suddenly disappeared from within the white cloth. When he reappeared, he was above the mummy. The golden tree swept out and struck down.

The mummy had witnessed the golden tree's power. Thus, he immediately retracted the white cloth. Wrapping the cloth around his arms, he hit upward with both hands.

At that time, the cloth on his body shone faintly. A three-meter-tall black figure appeared. It was like a powerful war god and it combined with the mummy's aura.

Is it the apparition of some Supreme Saint?

Seeing the black figure, Zhang Ruochen's heart jumped. He felt like the figure could kill him with its eyes.

The black shadow crashed against the golden tree, creating an extremely powerful energy shockwave. All the surrounding stone pillars were swept away. The place became empty.

The mummy slid backwards. His domineering aura still remained. There were no injuries anywhere on his body.

Wielding the golden tree, Zhang Ruochen returned to the ground. His landing created various cracks on the ground.

Once again, they were equal.

Just then, a palm-sized black inscription flew from the air and printed on the mummy's chest.

“Break.”

Immediately afterward, the inscription glowed brilliantly. It broke apart, sending the mummy back. He fell hundreds of feet away.

He stood up again and patted the dust on his body. Glancing into the stone forest, fear showed in his eyes. "Mind your own business," he muttered as if to himself.

With that, he transformed into a gust of eerie wind. With shocking speed, he disappeared from Zhang Ruochen's sight in a blink.

"Such speed," Zhang Ruochen said.

Even if he activated the Shooting Star Invisibility Cloak to its full power, Zhang Ruochen still couldn't reach that speed. Of course, the mummy couldn't use this speed at any time. Otherwise, not many could take his attacks in a fight.

Zhang Ruochen looked in the direction that the inscription had come from. He saw a tall and thin figure clad in a yellow robe come out of the stone forest.

The man's eyes were also on Zhang Ruochen.

Zhang Ruochen smiled. "Shi Ren."

It was Shi Ren, the rune master who had fought alongside Zhang Ruochen when he'd first entered the netherworld.

Shi Ren's expression was still serious. "Zhang Ruochen, you're too slow. I already arrived five days ago."

"Some things happened along the way that delayed me. Do you know who that was?"

Zhang Ruochen retracted his Holy Qi. The golden tree instantly transformed into runes that slipped back into the Universe Spiritual Map, disappearing.

"That is Yin Xuanji, a talent from the Ancient Necromancer Race," Shi Ren said. "Because he entered a Supreme Saint's tomb and escaped successfully, he became the hottest heir of the race. Apparently, he received a great opportunity in the tomb. Anyway, he's a powerful figure. He's not average."

The Ancient Necromancer Race was one of most mysterious ancient races of Kunlun's Field. At their height, they'd had emperors and rivaled the Immortal Vampires.

In the earlier fight, Yin Xuanji hadn't released battle corpses. He'd only used his own power. It was evident that he hadn't used his full power.

Zhang Ruochen was quite shocked. "How come Brother Shi is so familiar with the Ancient Necromancer Race?" he asked curiously.

"Because I also come from an ancient race. I should be..."

Shi Ren wanted to say something, but in the end, he stopped talking. Then he continued, "Earlier, we attacked together, so we created some pressure for Yin Xuanji. That's why he left immediately. However, he's created some battle corpses that are very terrifying. They're even stronger than his own power. If he summons them later, it'll definitely be a great threat. We should leave now."

Zhang Ruochen had some knowledge about the Ancient Necromancer Race too. "Apparently, the Necromancers and Ancient Ghost Cultivation Race are connected. Since the heir of the Necromancers appeared in Ghost God Valley, the heir of the Ghost Cultivation Race should be nearby too."

"Indeed," Shi Ren said. "The princess of the Ghost Cultivation Race is Yin Xuanji's fiancée. She's already entered Ghost God Valley. I saw her once and almost died by her hands."

Soon after Zhang Ruochen and Shi Ren left, bells rang in the stone forest.

Yin Xuanji reappeared in the previous battlefield. He shook the golden bell in his hands softly. There were three Half-Saint battle corpses behind him. The three Half-Saint battle corpses—a golden corpse, a dragon corpse, and a war god corpse with three heads and six arms—all emanated powerful auras.

"Escaped pretty fast, huh."

Yin Xuanji huffed coldly. Fire rose up in his dark eyes.

A wispy feminine voice sounded from the stone forest as if coming out from nowhere, “Are you sure he was the Descendant of Time and Space?”

“It should be him. I saw him use the Spatial Move with my own eyes,” Yin Xuanji said in a low voice. “He stole my Shenwan Fruit. I’ll make him pay heavily sooner or later.”

Then Yin Xuanji flew onto the dragon corpse’s back. He left the area with the other two battle corpses.

Chapter 827 - Half-Saint Shuntian

Translator:

Larbre Studio

Editor:

Larbre Studio

Before he left Stone Forest, Zhang Ruochen put the dead blood insects, including the blood insect king, into the Scroll World, and gave them to the seriously wounded Elephant-swallowing rabbit.

If it could refine all those blood insects, its cultivation would be improved largely, and even approach a Second Level Half-Saint.

Zhang Ruochen and Shi Ren didn't travel too far from Stone Forest, but hid at its border.

Eight rune scrolls floating around them became a Rune Formation to conceal their traces.

Zhang Ruochen stood in Rune Formation, and looked at Yin Xuanji on the back of dragon corpse in the distance. He shivered a little, and said, "What a strong Corpse Qi! If that dragon were still alive, it could have reached the State of Saint. Although it has been turned into a battle corpse, its attack must be terribly strong too. The Death Zen Buddhist Way operated by the Death Zen Sect seems to have much in common with necromancy."

Shi Ren said, "The Death Zen Buddhist Way was generated from necromancy, and mixed with the Battle Formation and the Buddhist Way. Compared with necromancy, Death Zen Buddhist Way has its advantages and disadvantages."

"It is said that the battle corpses made by the Ancient Necromancer Race can absorb the essence of the Heaven,

Earth, Sun and Moon, and improve their cultivation by themselves. But the battle corpses made by the Death Zen Sect have to be refined several times. Each refinery will improve their strength a little.”

Yin Xuanji and the dragon corpse had gone far and disappeared in the thick ghost fog.

Zhang Ruochen looked at Shi Ren, and asked, “You entered the Ghost God Valley before me. What have you found?”

Shi Ren stared into Zhang Ruochen’s eyes. After a moment of hesitation, he said, “Before I answer your question, can I ask you a question first?”

“Please,” said Zhang Ruochen.

“Have you turned to the Moon Worship Demonic Sect?”

Zhang Ruochen didn’t expect that Shi Ren would ask him that.

It also showed that Shi Ren had doubts about Zhang Ruochen, and didn’t completely trust him. After all, Zhang Ruochen had been seen with the Saintess and the Captain Rat of the Demonic Sect. Anyone should have doubts about it.

“If I said I have no connection with the Moon Worship Demonic Sect, would you believe me?” asked Zhang Ruochen.

Shi Ren said, “I believe that a student of Sword Saint Xuanji would not tell such a crappy lie.”

“You knew him?” Zhang Ruochen changed his face.

Shi Ren nodded, “Sword Saint Xuanji was an old friend of my people. If you got the Taotian Sword and inherited his fortune, you will understand my words in the future. Let’s go, I’ll take you to a place.”

Shi Ren waved his sleeve, put away eight rune scrolls, then walked ahead.

Zhang Ruochen stared at Shi Ren, looking pensive.

Besides the strong power pressing on monks, some scary ghost formations were also seen in Ghost God Valley.

The Stone Forest they had entered before was a puzzle formation. Any monk under Half-Saint level would die there once they had rushed in.

The more they went to the depths of Ghost God Valley, the heavier the pressure over their heads became. Even with their strong bodies, Zhang Ruochen and Shi Ren would have to operate Holy Qi to defend from that pressing power.

Bones were thickly piled up on the ground, including human bones and savage beast bones. No one knew the number of living creatures that had died in Ghost God Valley.

Shi Ren was quite familiar with the surroundings. He guided Zhang Ruochen through this area to the edge of a black cliff. Zhang Ruochen looked down, and saw nothing but bottomless darkness and churning ghost fog.

Zhang Ruochen squatted, touched the stone of cliff softly with his finger, and said in surprise, “What a strong Sword Intent! This cliff must have been created by a supreme figure with one blade. Perhaps...this was the ancient battlefield where the Thousand-bone Empress fought the God?”

Shi Ren scrutinized the surroundings with great caution, and said, “That’s what I thought, since the unseen pressure has reached its highest point here. Only battlegrounds of gods would leave such a pressure for people after 100,000 years. The power now pressing us might be the remaining Invincible Might from 100,000 years ago. The closer to a god corpse, the stronger the Invincible Might will be.”

“Have you gone down before?” asked Zhang Ruochen.

“No.”

Shi Ren shook his head, and said frankly, “The pressure affected me seriously even though I just approached the edge of it. Once I jumped off the cliff, I would probably never come back, as my cultivation is really limited.”

“Surely we should be more careful.” Zhang Ruochen called out to Han Xue, Blackie, Wood Spirit Xi and Demon Rat. They all appeared at the edge of the cliff.

Blackie put his hands behind his back, and studied the edge of the cliff with its eyes rolling. After a while, it said in confidence, “Here surely remains the power of a god. We should wait no longer and go down now. The god corpse must be at the foot of the cliff.”

Zhang Ruochen appeared to be more cautious. He didn’t make his decision directly, but looked at Han Xue, and asked, “How about it?”

He was responsible for all their lives and couldn’t make any mistakes.

Han Xue communicated with sword spirit, holding the Void Sword. Then she nodded to Zhang Ruochen. “The direction guided by the sword spirit is the same. It’s under the cliff.”

Shi Ren had retreated and put on a defensive look when Wood Spirit Xi and demon rat came out.

Although he trusted Zhang Ruochen, he didn’t have faith in those Demonic Way Monks of the Moon Worship Demonic Sect.

Suddenly, Shi Ren gave a look behind him and said, “Zhang Ruochen, the warriors of the Immortal Vampires are coming this way.”

Zhang Ruochen turned around and stared in that direction.

Six Half-Saints of the Immortal Vampires came like six blood clouds, with Feng Han in the front. They appeared at the side of the cliff in just a minute.

Immortal Vampires had been badly hurt during these days in Ghost God Valley. Only six out of a dozen Half-Saints survived, the others either went missing or died in misery.

Feng Han gave a ruthless look when he saw Zhang Ruochen. “My junior brother apprentice, I didn’t expect you to arrive here before me.”

“Much as one wants to, one cannot avoid one’s enemy.”

Zhang Ruochen had no good feelings for Feng Han. He took out the Abyss Ancient Sword and held it in his right hand.

With sword Qi spreading to the surroundings, he was ready for the final fight with Feng Han.

At the same time, Blackie, Han Xue, Wood Spirit Xi, demon rat and Shi Ren were all ready to fight.

Half-Saint Shuntian stepped out from behind Feng Han and laughed coldly. "You juniors dare to pick the fight with Sixth Royal Prince? Don't you believe I can kill you all by myself?"

A strong strand of Blood Evil Qi surged out of Half-Saint Shuntian's mouth, and rushed to the cliff like a running river.

Each sound was like thunder, making every person's ears hurt.

According to Zhang Ruochen's thoughts, the cultivation of Half-Saint Shuntian had reached Fifth Level Half-Saint. Even all of them fighting together couldn't defeat him.

He was the most powerful one of Feng Han's company, and even earned a name among all Immortal Vampires.

At the minute that the power of Half-Saint Shuntian burst out, Zhang Ruochen noticed that small cracks appeared in the space by the cliff.

"The war in the ancient times should have broken this space into pieces. And although it has been recovering during the past 100,000 years, it is still too fragile to withhold strong power."

The power of deity could break space.

As it was, space here became very fragile.

If comparing the space outside to iron, here it was just a piece of paper. Only a Half-Saint battle could smash it into pieces.

Even the breaths of monks above Fourth Level Half-Saint could crack the space.

Zhang Ruochen had come up with a strategy to deal with it. He showed fear deliberately, and shouted, "Retreat! We can't fight him."

Feng Han saw the scared face of Zhang Ruochen, and his gloomy feeling, which had lasted the past several days, ended. He laughed slightly. "My junior brother apprentice, do you

know the taste of despair now? Maybe you should jump off the cliff first and explore the way for us.”

Another Half-Saint from the Immortal Vampires also sneered at him, and said, “Surely you are not going to win and must all die today.”

“Zhang Ruochen, if you jump off the cliff and explore the dangers for us Immortal Vampires, we will look after the rest of your party on your behalf, especially those two beauties over there.”

The rest of the Half-Saints from the Immortal Vampires laughed together. Their eyes looked at Wood Spirit Xi and Han Xue with sneering and lascivious evilness.

Wood Spirit Xi looked back at them with hatred. She wanted so badly to attack them and dig out their eyeballs.

But the cultivation of Half-Saint Shuntian was too strong. Mere Power Qi given out by him had caused her internal damage. The veins of her body were seemingly about to explode.

Half-Saint Shuntian moved forward step by step with great strength, and forced Zhang Ruochen and the others to retreat to the edge of the cliff.

But no one, except Zhang Ruochen, had noticed that there were more and more cracks in the space of the cliff edge.

Wood Spirit Xi stepped back to Zhang Ruochen’s side. Her beautiful eyes looked at him with love. “Let’s jump together. Even if we die, dying together with you would be no regret for me.”

While she spoke, her slender and soft hands folded with Zhang Ruochen’s palms, and her eyes looked determined.

“It’s not that easy for you to die together.”

Half-Saint Shuntian smirked and jumped up. His arm reached to the front. Five bright rays of thunder and lightning were given out by him. And his five fingers were about to catch Wood Spirit Xi.

Boom!

Smashed by Half-Saint Shuntian's power, the space of the cliff's edge was finally broken. Dozens of giant cracks started to appear.

And a strong swallowing power was generated from the inside of the cracks. Dozens of whirlpools were created to pull all materials and energy into them.

Chapter 828 - Ice Phoenix Awakens

Translator:

Larbre Studio

Editor:

Larbre Studio

Zhang Ruochen was prepared, so he grabbed Mu Lingxi's hand and cast the Spatial Move. They escaped from the spatial crack and appeared behind Half-Saint Shuntian.

Half-Saint Shuntian didn't know that his own power had shattered the space. He just thought that it was a spatial attack by Zhang Ruochen.

“Junior, you think that a spatial attack can tie me down?”

Half-Saint Shuntian roared and bolts of lightning shot forward out of his chest. Using the recoil, he stopped his physical technique. He pushed off in the air, wanting to retreat.

Zhang Ruochen had already calculated this. He naturally wouldn't miss this chance to get rid of a powerful enemy. As long as he killed Half-Saint Shuntian, he wouldn't have to fear the other Vampire Half-Saints.

The stronger the power that burst from Half-Saint Shuntian, the more the surrounding space shattered. In the end, only one gap remained.

Half-Saint Shuntian was also very anxious. He activated his physical technique to the max and rushed towards the opening.

“You still want to escape?”

Zhang Ruochen waved his arm. He opened a spatial crack, creating a huge crack, and appeared before Half-Saint Shuntian. No matter how high Half-Saint Shuntian's

cultivation was, he couldn't react fast enough. With a poof, his body was split in half by the spatial crack.

A Vampire's vitality was very strong. Even when split in half, he could still come back to life.

The two halves of Half-Saint Shuntian flew in one direction as he roared, "Junior, you dare fool me?"

Kaboom!

Extreme power burst from Half-Saint Shuntian's body. Zhang Ruochen, Mu Lingxi, Shi Ren, Han Xue, and even the other five Vampire Half-Saints were thrown into the air.

Mu Lingxi's reaction was the fastest. She waved her arm quickly and tossed a crystal ball to the space above Half-Saint Shuntian's head. Thin white threads immediately shot out of the crystal ball. They formed a large net around the two halves of Half-Saint Shuntian's body.

"Collect."

Mu Lingxi flew back. At the same time, she closed her five slender fingers. The large net wrapped around Half-Saint Shuntian and shrunk back quickly.

If Half-Saint Shuntian was at his prime state, he might have been able to stop the net with his strong cultivation. But now, his body was split in half and all his meridians had broken. He couldn't use Holy Qi at all.

"I...will not...surrender..." Half-Saint Shuntian roared, gritting his teeth.

The net's threads were sharp. As the net shrunk, it sliced Half-Saint Shuntian's body into shards of flesh. The large net soon shrunk into the crystal ball.

Mu Lingxi retracted her arm. The crystal ball flew back and hovered above her palm. There was a puff of white smoke within the crystal ball. It was Half-Saint Shuntian's Half-Saint Light.

"Sky Silkworm Crystal Ball." Zhang Ruochen recognized Mu Lingxi's saint weapon and smiled. "You actually received this treasure. You're quite lucky."

Mu Lingxi raised an eyebrow and rolled her eyes. She smiled proudly. “You aren’t the only one that can get treasures. You’ve only seen the tip of the iceberg of my methods.”

No matter what, this great enemy had died in the end. Everyone was relieved. What had just happened had been too quick. The other Vampire Half-Saints hadn’t even processed everything by the time Half-Saint Shuntian died.

Even though Half-Saint Shuntian was about to die from old age and his Qi had weakened greatly, he was still a fifth level Half-Saint. How could he die by the hands of two Fish-Dragon Realm Monks?

Feng Han remained calm. He looked to the cliff and saw that the shattered space was gradually recovering. He finally found something wrong.

Looking at the other Vampire Half-Saints, he said, “There’s something wrong with the spatial structure here. Hurry and leave. Don’t fight here.”

“Want to escape? It’s not that easy.”

Zhang Ruochen attacked first. He pointed at Feng Han with his right hand. With a whoosh, the Abyss Ancient Sword flew out. Radiating with powerful Sword Qi, it turned into a streak of light and attacked Feng Han’s back.

At the same time, Mu Lingxi cast the Sky Silkworm Crystal Ball again. It formed a large net that wrapped around a first level Half-Saint.

Shi Ren waved his sleeve and cast ten runes. They lined up in the air, forming ten fiery walls, blocking the Vampires’ escape route.

The demon rat pounced at a second level Half-Saint. Because it was so fast, it bit off the Half-Saint’s left arm before he could react.

Blackie released the 26 Half-Saint battle corpses from the spatial ring. They lined up in a huge formation and surrounded two Vampire Half-Saints.

This was a Saint-level group battle. The surrounding space kept shattering and dozens of cracks opened up. The force was enough to shake the world.

Zhang Ruochen and Feng Han's fight was the most intense. They both used all their might without holding back.

Two silver wings sprouted from Feng Han's back. He entered his strongest state. Holding a Hundred-pattern Saint Weapon sword, he cast dozens of powerful sword techniques in a row.

As Sword Saint Xuanji's disciple, Feng Han was obviously talented in the Tao of Sword as well. He was about to complete Sword Three.

Poof!

A beam of red Sword Qi cut across Zhang Ruochen's chest. It clashed against the Shooting Star Invisibility Cloak and created red-hot sparks.

"Zhang Ruochen, you still need years of practice to fight against my sword." Feng Han's hair was standing up. Wielding his sword with both hands, he hacked down on Zhang Ruochen's head.

The power contained in the sword saint formed dozens of powerful Sword Qi. They made dozens more cracks in the space while sweeping down at Zhang Ruochen.

Zhang Ruochen didn't show any fear. He stood firmly in his spot and released his Space Domain.

"Spatial Freezing."

Faced with someone as strong as Feng Han, Zhang Ruochen must go all out. He didn't keep any trump cards hidden.

The power of Spatial Freezing spread out quickly. Similar to Time Stop, it slowed Feng Han's Sword Qi by half a beat.

Now was the time...

Zhang Ruochen cast his physical technique and passed through the slit between the beams of Sword Qi. Fully activating his Holy Qi, he stabbed at Feng Han's forehead.

The tip of the Abyss Ancient Sword zoomed in Feng Han's eyes.

"Hundred Beast Tripod." Feng Han used his powerful cultivation to break the frozen space.

A blood-red light lit up between his eyebrows. A small black tripod flew out and hovered before him. The Hundred Beast Tripod was the size of a fist, but it was very detailed. It had an ancient feeling to it.

Close to 100 souls of savage beasts flew out of the tripod. They blanketed Feng Han's body and blocked Zhang Ruochen's fatal attack.

"Ha! Zhang Ruochen, I admit that your spatial attacks are very strange and mysterious, but your cultivation is still a bit off."

Feng Han laughed loudly. He filled the Hundred Beast Tripod with Holy Qi. Raising a hand, he pressed down. The 100 beasts solidified. As if they'd come to life, they roared and growled.

Zhang Ruochen's eyes hardened. Huffing coldly, he said, "Divine Dragon Change."

Zhang Ruochen activated the power of the dragon bead. Scales grew on his skin and blinding light surged from his body. It formed a ball of light hundreds of feet wide.

Roar!

He transformed into a golden dragon. He flew out of the ball of light and stretched his two huge and sharp claws. He attacked Feng Han continuously.

Thud, thud.

Each strike that landed shook the Hundred Beast Tripod. It forced Feng Han to retreat endlessly until he reached the edge of the cliff.

Just then, another Vampire Half-Saint died a horrible death and fell in a puddle of blood.

Hearing the pained cry in the near distance, Feng Han's pressure grew. Looking back at the cliff, his eyes grew cold.

Zhang Ruochen's helpers are all powerful, he thought. Half-Saint Yicheng, Half-Saint Hongyi and the others can't stop them at all. Once they have time to attack me together, I might not be able to escape. In that case, why don't I take a risk?"

Thinking of this, Feng Han no longer hesitated. He collected the Hundred Beast Tripod and jumped down the cliff.

"Zhang Ruochen, if I don't die this time, I'll disable you in our next confrontation. I'll steal your woman too so you can taste pain!" Feng Han's voice came from the bottom of the cliff.

Whoosh!

The golden dragon turned into a gold streak. Landing at the edge of the cliff, it solidified into Zhang Ruochen.

He looked down the cliff. "I won't let you escape this time," he said.

Without hesitating, he also jumped down the cliff to pursue Feng Han. He believed that he must kill this senior brother apprentice who had lied to and killed their master. If he couldn't kill Feng Han, he couldn't move past his anger.

"Zhang Ruochen."

Mu Lingxi glanced at the abyss and happened to see Zhang Ruochen jumping. Worry appeared in her starry eyes. She immediately collected the Sky Silkworm Crystal Ball and transformed into a beautiful figure. She also followed him down the cliff without hesitating.

No one knew how dangerous the bottom of the cliff could be. It was possible that jumping down meant death.

But because of hatred and love, Zhang Ruochen and Mu Lingxi chose to jump without hesitation. From this, one could see the difference between them. One lived for revenge while the other lived for love.

Those were the most important things in their hearts.

The moment Zhang Ruochen jumped, a huge pressure weighed down on him. He lost control of his body and plummeted down faster. If he continued to fall like that, even the strongest body would be crushed into ground meat.

Zhang Ruochen took a deep breath. He took out the Golden Snake Divine Rapier, Abyss Ancient Sword, and Taotian Sword all at once. Casting a sword technique, the three swords went into a stair formation and stuck into the side of the cliff, one below the other. This way, Zhang Ruochen could charge down by stepping on the sword hilts.

Just then, he saw a pale and slender figure flying down. It was Mu Lingxi.

How is she stupid enough to pursue me...

Zhang Ruochen sighed quietly. His inner feelings were troubled.

Mu Lingxi naturally saw Zhang Ruochen on the side of the cliff too. Joy colored her eyes. Her hand reached for the Abyss Ancient Sword's hilt. With a whoosh, a silver-white chain flew out, wrapping around the hilt.

“Die!”

Just then, Feng Han flew out of a hollow spot. Wielding his saint sword, he hacked down at the center of the chain.

“Careful!”

Zhang Ruochen's expression changed. Ignoring everything else, he pushed off from the side of the wall. He jumped down and kicked Feng Han's chest. Two handprints hit Feng Han's head at the same time.

With a crack, a bloody vein opened up on Feng Han's skull. The next moment, Zhang Ruochen and Feng Han both sped up, plummeting downward. They were quickly swallowed by the black ghost fog.

“Zhang...Ruochen...” Mu Lingxi screamed. She clutched the chain with one hand and hung off the side. Despair quickly took over.

Tears surged out of her eyes and rolled down. Then a bright yet piercing sound left her mouth.

Deep inside her blood, an ancient and divine power awoke. The remaining divine power in Ghost God Valley flowed into the Sea of Qi between her eyebrows.

She transformed into a 100-meter-long Ice Phoenix. As if the ancient phoenix had awoken, she spread her huge icy wings and flew down the cliff.

Chapter 829 - Bottom of the Abyss

Translator:

Larbre Studio

Editor:

Larbre Studio

Whoosh—

They fell faster and faster.

Zhang Ruochen gritted his teeth and immediately activated the power of the dragon pearl. Golden dragon wings unfurled on his back. He used these wings to decelerate while falling.

The further he fell, the greater the weight Zhang Ruochen had to withstand. Soon, even the dragon wings weren't very effective.

Plus, the space in the lower part of the abyss was even weaker. Every few meters would have one or two huge spatial cracks. Anyone who fell in would meet definite death.

There were many instances where Zhang Ruochen almost fell into the bottomless void.

“Haha! Zhang Ruochen, let's die together!”

Feng Han was below Zhang Ruochen. His bloody face was twisted into a menacing laugh.

“Even if we die, you must die before me.” Zhang Ruochen's eyes were cold.

The next moment, he cast the Dragon and Elephant Prajna Palm. A dragon and elephant's roars sounded inside him. Shadows of the animals surged out of his arms. They formed palm prints that kept hitting downward.

Boom, boom.

Seventeen palm prints consecutively landed on Feng Han.

Even with the Hundred Beast Tripod blocking it for him, blood still flowed out of Feng Han's lips. Dozens of bloody veins appeared on his chest as if it was about to shatter.

Just as Zhang Ruochen was about to attack with his 18th palm, the dark ground appeared behind Feng Han. They were at the end of the abyss.

“Haha! Master, your favorite disciple is going to die as well! He can't inherit your role. He won't become a Sword Saint!”

Feng Han laughed even louder. Even if he was going to die here, Zhang Ruochen would accompany him. But under Feng Han's shocked eyes, Zhang Ruochen took out the Universe Spiritual Map. He opened a spatial door and jumped into the scroll world.

As soon as the spatial door closed, the Universe Spiritual Map landed on the ground.

“No...” Feng Han roared.

He landed on the ground and shattered the hard rock. Of course, his strong Half-Saint body also turned into a mangled mess. Only the silver skeleton remained. It became embedded in the ground.

If it was only an abyss, even the highest heights wouldn't have been able to kill a Half-Saint. However, the downward force and the Monk's own gravity put together meant that the Half-Saint's full power would hit himself when he reached the ground. Even a defensive treasure couldn't help him.

The next moment, Zhang Ruochen walked out of the scroll world and landed on the ground. He took the Universe Spiritual Map out of the crater and brushed off the dust with his hand.

The scroll was undamaged.

“Unfortunately, I haven't comprehended spatial rules yet. Otherwise, I wouldn't have needed the Universe Spiritual Map to save me.”

Zhang Ruochen put the Universe Spiritual Map back into his Sea of Qi, feeling grateful. No matter what, staying alive was still the luckiest thing.

Zhang Ruochen raised his head, looking up the cliff. He could see that various spatial cracks above him. The cracks opened and closed randomly. They were very unstable.

With his current cultivation, he could only jump 900 feet upward. When he landed, his legs sank into the ground. It was like his body was about to fall apart.

I wonder if Senior Sister Duanmu has returned to the top.

Zhang Ruochen calculated it in his mind. If nothing unexpected happened, it would take months to climb up the cliff. It was also filled with danger and the probability of nothing unexpected happening was too low.

In other words, it was practically impossible for Zhang Ruochen to return to the top with his current cultivation. This would make most people hopeless. But Zhang Ruochen was open-minded. He just shook his head and looked to the ground.

There were dozens of ditches on the ground. Each one had a skeleton in it. Most of them were human skeletons, but there were beastly bones too. Zhang Ruochen could even find broken silver ropes and chains at the edge of some of the ditches.

Evidently, they'd come to find the Pill of Resurrection and god's corpse as well. They'd wanted to reach the bottom of the abyss, but something had happened, making them fall to their deaths.

What terrifying thing had happened to them? What kind of dangers were there on the cliff?

There were some complete skeletons on the ground. The weakest ones were Monks in the Ninth Change of the Fish-Dragon Realm with the Liuli Treasure Body. Some were even Half-Saints. They had definitely been powerful figures in Kunlun's Field.

The rumor about the Pill of Resurrection has killed so many people. Who can the mastermind be? No...

Zhang Ruochen suddenly discovered something. He looked to the ditch again.

How come they're all skeletons? Where is their flesh? Are there living creatures here?

Zhang Ruochen put up his guard. He cast both his Space Domain and Spiritual Power, just in case.

At that moment, he felt a pair of eyes staring at him through the darkness.

“Who is it?”

Zhang Ruochen pointed. A sword ripple burst from his finger like a pillar of fire, shooting into the direction of the eyes he felt. But as soon as the sword ripple burst out, it was shattered by the fragile space.

Zhang Ruochen had to collect his power and retreat hurriedly. Then he pursued even more quickly and disappeared into the darkness.

Not too long later, the ghostly fog above the abyss shook. A huge shadow of a phoenix descended. A few hundred feet from the ground, it transformed into a beautiful figure—it was Mu Lingxi's delicate frame.

The beautiful phoenix wings disintegrated into bits of light and flew into her back.

Mu Lingxi first looked around. She walked to the edge of a crater and saw that it was filled with blood and mangled flesh. The blood hadn't dried yet. It radiated with slight heat.

Her legs wobbled and she fell to her knees. Mu Lingxi felt pain in her chest as if knives were turning inside her heart.

“Why...why...why do I have to experience this...pain twice...” she sobbed.

Mu Lingxi pressed her hands onto the ground, her fingers digging into the rocks. She pressed her porcelain face, streaked

with tears, against the dirt. The horrible sadness surged within her.

This pain made her want to die.

If she'd known this would happen, she wouldn't have done something as stupid as jumping off the cliff. If Zhang Ruochen didn't try to save her, he wouldn't have died with Feng Han.

"It's all my fault...it's me... I killed you...I'm sorry..."

Entirely in a mess, Mu Lingxi sprawled out on the ground. Tears flowed out of her eyes and she gasped for breath. Her eyes grew dull. "Since you've died, my life has no more meaning."

She pushed off the ground and sat up. Taking out the Abyss Ancient Sword, she was about to stab herself. But when she raised her head, she saw a handsome figure across from the ditch. He was staring at her curiously.

It was none other than Zhang Ruochen.

Mu Lingxi froze as if fossilized. The sword stopped abruptly in the air.

Pursing his lips, Zhang Ruochen asked, "Senior Sister Duanmu, what are you doing?"

Fat drops of tears rolled out of Mu Lingxi's eyes. She tossed down the Abyss Ancient Sword and rushed forward, throwing herself into Zhang Ruochen's arms.

Zhang Ruochen looked at the Abyss Ancient Sword and then at the bloody dirt. He guessed what had happened; complicated feelings arose inside him.

He closed his eyes and lowered his head slightly. Breathing in at Mu Lingxi's neck, he reached out and hugged her tightly. Mu Lingxi abruptly raised her head. Her soft lips pressed against Zhang Ruochen's.

After a long kiss, they separated. Mu Lingxi breathed heavily and clenched her fists. Pounding against Zhang Ruochen's chest with her soft hands, she asked pitifully, "Where did you go? I thought..."

“I ran into something strange, so I went to investigate, but it was too fast. I couldn’t catch it.” Zhang Ruochen caressed Mu Lingxi’s cheeks and sighed. “Don’t do anything stupid again. If I had come back a bit later...I can’t imagine what would have happened.”

“Okay.” Mu Lingxi batted her lashes and giggled. “I won’t do anything stupid as long as you’re alive.”

Zhang Ruochen made a soft sound as he stared at the point between Mu Lingxi’s eyebrows. There was a blood-red mark of a phoenix. It was small, but it was extremely vibrant and surged with saintly energy waves.

It was only a mark, but it seemed that it could come to life at any moment.

Mu Lingxi must have felt something too. She touched the spot and thought about how she’d suddenly turned into a phoenix earlier.

She immediately took her Spiritual Energy back into her and started investigating.

Holy Qi had formed a phoenix shape inside her Sea of Qi. It flapped its wings as if it was alive and made low sounds.

“Did I activate the Phoenix bloodline within me?”

Mu Lingxi didn’t know everything that had happened. Thankfully, she could use the meridian map of the Vast Universe Gong and control the movement of her Holy Qi.

Whoosh—

A pair of icy wings rushed out of her. The wingspan was more than ten meters long and the feathers were beautiful, shining with many colors. The rule of wind, speed, ice... hundreds of Rules of Saintly Way flowed through the two wings.

Mu Lingxi seemed extremely divine. Her porcelain-like skin shone with faint saintly light. It was as if she was a phoenix goddess that could fly into the sky at any moment and disappear.

Her phoenix wings were real; they weren’t illusory things made of Holy Qi.

Zhang Ruochen couldn't believe this. "Is the Mu Family a Phoenix-Human Clan?"

Chapter 830 - Underground Volcano

Translator:

Larbre Studio

Editor:

Larbre Studio

Only the descendant of the Phoenix-human Race contained the divine power of the ancient phoenix in their blood. Once awoken, it would be like a phoenix rising out of the ashes. No one could imagine what level they could reach.

“I’m not entirely from the Phoenix-human Race,” Mu Lingxi said. “It’s just that one of the elders of the Mu Family once had a child with an Ice Phoenix. This bloodline has been passed down until now. However, we have the lowest fertility rate. There’s only one heir per generation. We’re actually the weakest line among the Mu Family.”

“The records say that the Fire Phoenix and Ice Phoenix are both ancient divine beast races,” Zhang Ruochen said. “They passed down from the ancient times to the middle ages. However, they’re both very noble races and look down upon the weak humans. It’s my first time hearing about an Ice Phoenix being together with a human.”

Mu Lingxi put her wings away. Joy appeared on her beautiful face and she smiled. “It doesn’t matter. Anyway, the Ice Phoenix lineage has already awoken. From now on, those old guys from my family won’t force me to do things that I don’t like. I have the ability to negotiate with them now.”

Hearing this, Zhang Ruochen’s heart jumped slightly. Could it be that, deep down, she wasn’t as happy, mischievous, and smiley as she seemed?

“The Mu Family doesn’t like you?” Zhang Ruochen asked.

Mu Lingxi sighed softly. “Oh please, if those old guys liked me, they wouldn’t send me to infiltrate the Martial Market Academy. It’s so dangerous. You should be clearer than me what would happen if my identity was revealed. Whether it’s the battle of interests within the family or amongst the sect, they’re both very dark. Everyone has a price above their heads. Those with value can live comfortably. Those without value can be tossed away at any time. And even those with value sometimes can’t live as they wish. Ah! I wish that I could stay in the netherworld and scroll world forever so I never have to go back. But sadly, I know that it’s impossible.”

Zhang Ruochen clutched Mu Lingxi’s slim waist and held her in his arms. That moment, the world became so quiet and serene. They no longer thought about the conflicts and hatred in Kunlun’s Field.

But soon after, Mu Lingxi broke free from Zhang Ruochen’s arms and stood dozens of feet away. She grinned. “It’s my fault for not being able to control myself just now. I’m sorry. It won’t happen again.”

Zhang Ruochen was clear that Mu Lingxi had apologized because there was someone who couldn’t be faced between them.

“Here are your three swords.”

Mu Lingxi waved her sleeves, sweeping up Holy Qi. The Taotian Sword, Abyss Ancient Sword, and Gold Snake Divine Rapier flew out of the Holy Qi and stuck in the ground before Zhang Ruochen.

The bottom of the valley was very cold and the spatial structure was highly unstable. If the shockwaves were a bit too strong, the space would shatter.

Those Monks had died, but the treasures on them had remained. They weren’t damaged. Zhang Ruochen collected all the treasures and put them in a big pile. He counted them carefully. There were 37 Hundred-pattern Saint Weapons.

Amongst them was Feng Han’s Hundred-beast Tripod, which was 29th on the Hundred-pattern Saint Weapon List. Its price

was hard to estimate.

Other than that, there were also three saint weapon armors—the Five Elements Beast Armor, Ice Snake Armor, and the Fire Saint Gold Armor Plating.

The value of saint weapon armor far surpassed average Hundred-pattern Saint Weapons. They were treasures that one could come across but couldn't wish for. Even an average saint sect could only have three at a time.

Mu Lingxi chose the Ice Snake Armor. Holding it, it felt very light as if it didn't have any weight.

She refined it again. Then she stood before Zhang Ruochen and put the armor on without any shyness. Her slender arms, curvy waist, and long porcelain legs were all covered by tiny white scales. She seemed to turn into a beautiful viper.

The next moment, all the scales faded gradually. Finally, they melded into her skin and vanished without a trace.

Then Mu Lingxi picked up her clothes from the ground and put them on, taking her time. Her moves were so elegant and graceful. She was mesmerizing.

"I only want this. The other saint weapons are yours," Mu Lingxi said.

She knew that the Abyss Ancient Sword had to absorb many saint weapons to keep improving. Thus, she gave up the ownership right of these saint weapons.

Zhang Ruochen raised his head and tossed the Hundred-beast Tripod over. "This one's for you."

Mu Lingxi caught the black tripod. Holding it in her hands, she started playing with it.

"The Hundred-beast Tripod is 29th on the Hundred-pattern Saint Weapon List," Zhang Ruochen said. "Its value is equal to 30 regular Hundred-pattern Saint Weapons."

Mu Lingxi pouted. "You don't want to owe anything to me this badly?"

Zhang Ruochen didn't reply. He collected the Five Elements Beast Armor and Fire Saint Gold Armor Plating. At the same time, he controlled the Abyss Ancient Sword to start refining the remaining 33 Hundred-pattern Saint Weapons.

It took around two hours before all 33 weapons were refined. The amount of inscriptions within the sword shot up to 753.

Even if Zhang Ruochen didn't add Holy Qi into the Abyss Ancient Sword, it still weighed up to 1300 pounds.

It hovered in the air. On the sword's surface, there was lightning, fire, ice, beastly inscriptions... All types of powers were interwoven, radiating with powerful Sword Qi ripples.

Slightly shocked, Mu Lingxi lamented, "My Sky Silkworm Crystal Ball has 976 inscriptions and it's sixth on the Hundred-pattern Saint Weapon List. But compared to the Abyss Ancient Sword, it seems far off. If the sword is included in the list, it should be in the top three."

The material used to forge the Abyss Ancient Sword was fortune iron. It was naturally more powerful than other Hundred-pattern Saint Weapons.

Zhang Ruochen put the Abyss Ancient Sword away and stared at the white bone in the pit. "Since we took their saint weapons, we should do something for them," he said.

Then Zhang Ruochen and Mu Lingxi buried the bones with rocks. They formed dozens of stone graves. It counted as taking responsibility for them.

Coming to the side of the pit with Feng Han's corpse, Zhang Ruochen discovered with shock that only a silver skeleton remained. The flesh had disappeared completely.

"How can this be? What happened just now?"

Mu Lingxi's eyes widened. A chill ran down her spine. She was actually terrified. Some organism had devoured Feng Han soundlessly right under their eyes. This was too frightening.

If the thing could do this, they could also attack her and Zhang Ruochen without any warning.

Zhang Ruochen activated the Eye of the Deity Print and looked around. Finally, his gaze fell on the bottom of the pit. He saw a long and thin blood-red shadow. It was wriggling into the distance at a very fast speed.

“Hurry, chase it!” Zhang Ruochen activated his full speed and rushed forward.

Mu Lingxi had awoken her Ice Phoenix lineage and her cultivation had increased a lot. With the added help of the Ice Snake Armor, her speed was now comparable to Zhang Ruochen’s.

The two chased for who knows how long and didn’t stop until they reached the side of an underground volcano.

Here, the formless pressure was even more frightening. Even with their Half-Saint-like strength, they could only walk on foot.

The black volcano was humongous and had a strange shape. It radiated a majestic aura that made one’s heart quiver. They had the urge to kneel down.

Thankfully, Zhang Ruochen had various deity prints to protect his body and Mu Lingxi had the Ice Phoenix’s lineage. They could withstand the power.

There was a sea of blazing red lava below the volcano. The space above the sea was very broken. There were cracks and holes everywhere.

“This is...too scary... It’s practically a place of chaos.” Mu Lingxi held her breath. Her soul was shaking. “Zhang Ruochen, this place is forbidden to us. We should leave as soon as possible.”

Zhang Ruochen stared at the black volcano. He felt that all the deity prints in his Sea of Qi were shining. It was as if they were about to jump out of him.

“I have a feeling that the legendary god’s corpse is in this volcano,” Zhang Ruochen said. “If I don’t check it out, I’ll regret it my entire life.”

Mu Lingxi said, “But...”

Zhang Ruochen smiled at her. “Don’t worry. I won’t do anything that I’m not confident in. Give me a month. If we don’t succeed, we can still leave.”

Not only was the earlier abyss covered in spatial cracks, there was also powerful gravity. They were already lucky to reach the bottom and survive. Their cultivations weren’t enough to return to the top.

Now, they had two choices.

The first was to hide into the scroll world and cultivate for a few decades. When they reached the Saint Realm, they would have the chance to escape from here.

The second was to take the risk and search for the god’s corpse and marks left behind by the Thousand-bone Empress. Then it would be possible to escape from Ghost God Valley.

It was clear that Zhang Ruochen desperately wanted to return to Kunlun’s Field, so he chose the second.

But Mu Lingxi wished for the first choice because she didn’t want to return to Kunlun’s Field. It was best if she could live quietly and peacefully with Zhang Ruochen in the scroll world.

Of course, she respected Zhang Ruochen’s choice.

Seeing the heat in Zhang Ruochen’s gaze, disappointment flashed past Mu Lingxi’s eyes. Then she put on a smile and a happy expression. “Alright! We definitely should go try. There might be an exit.”

Chapter 831 - Spatial Rules

Translator:

Larbre Studio

Editor:

Larbre Studio

The space here was extremely fragile and dangerous. This was also why it was the best place to learn the spatial rules.

If Zhang Ruochen could comprehend it, he was sure that he could cross the broken space above the sea of lava and reach the black volcano in the center.

He unfurled the golden dragon wings on his back. Adding the rule of speed into his wings, he stepped off from a black stone. Using the force, he jumped forward.

He took five steps where he landed on the lava. Zhang Ruochen's feet stopped on a rock around 200 feet from land. The rock was actually burning hot and it was harder than steel.

There were spatial cracks all around the rock. They looked like gaping black mouths. Anyone who looked into the distance would be terrified.

Zhang Ruochen sat cross-legged at the top of the rock. He cast his Space Domain and Spiritual Power, enveloping a spatial crack in his Space Domain.

At the same time, two deity prints appeared in his eyes. A complicated mass of Rules of Saintly Way was before him. They wove together like thousands of strings. Only the spatial crack was a dark, empty hole.

With the Eye of the Deity Print, Zhang Ruochen was able to quickly comprehend the Rules of Saintly Way. This was because they were all before his eyes now. All he had to do was read them.

Whoosh!

Zhang Ruochen's martial soul burst out of his head and hovered in the air. The martial soul had 17 Rules of Saintly Way in total. The thickest one went from the head of the martial soul to the feet.

This was the Tao of the Sword, one of the 72 Supreme Saintly Ways. It was also the only Supreme Saintly Way that Zhang Ruochen had comprehended.

One day later, two new Saintly Ways appeared in Zhang Ruochen's martial way. They were the rules of fire and wind—two of the 3,000 Major Ways.

After observing for three consecutive days, Zhang Ruochen entered the scroll world to study in isolation. He spent all his time on comprehending the ways.

Two months later, Zhang Ruochen walked out of the scroll world. There were now 319 Rules of Saintly Way in his martial soul now. This included one Supreme Saintly Way, five Major Ways, and 33 Minor Ways.

His martial soul was now more consolidated. The aura it radiated was very strong too.

Zhang Ruochen's martial soul wasn't any weaker than a first level Half-Saint now. He could activate all the Spiritual Qi within hundreds of miles and convert them into his own strength.

After all, a regular Monk in the Ninth Change of the Fish-Dragon Realm only had to comprehend 12 Rules of Saintly Way before trying for the Half-Saint Realm.

Zhang Ruochen's martial soul had many more times the number of Saintly Ways that they had.

The two months that had passed in the scroll world was only six or seven days in the outside world. Altogether, only around ten days had passed.

No wonder the spatial rules are part of the Nine Ancient Ways. It's not that easy to comprehend.

Zhang Ruochen had the Time and Space Martial Deity Print, had drunk the Supreme Saint Heavenly Tea, had opened his

Eye of the Deity Print, and had this area of broken space to help him. He'd really had all the advantages and coincidences.

Even so, he'd only deepened his understanding of the Saintly Way. He hadn't touched the spatial rules yet.

Zhang Ruochen's eyes hardened and looked deeper across the sea of lava. There was a relatively large rock around 300 feet away from him. The large rock looked like a person's hand.

The further he got from land, the more spatial cracks there were. The waves of spatial energy were more active as well.

There are four places to land. If I use the physical technique carefully, I should be able to get there.

Zhang Ruochen took a deep breath. He waited for the spatial energy to calm down a bit. Then he rushed forward with five bursts. When he stabilized himself, he finally landed on the rock.

Crack.

Zhang Ruochen's physical technique had caused his Holy Qi to seep out, shattering the space around the rock. Dozens of fissures appeared. The surrounding space was like a cracked eggshell; Zhang Ruochen was inside the egg.

If the space broke now, it would destroy the rock under Zhang Ruochen's feet. Then he would definitely fall into the sea of lava. His body might get torn apart by the space too.

Pushing with his hands, Zhang Ruochen opened up his Space Domain. He worked hard on fortifying the surrounding space and finally mended the broken space.

He let out a long exhale.

That was so risky. Thankfully, I supported the space... Since I can do that, it must mean that my control of space has improved greatly.

Thinking of this, Zhang Ruochen's confidence soared. He sat cross-legged on the rock, putting his all into studying the spatial rules.

Hot wind would sometimes blow across the sea of lava, lifting huge waves of lava. But despite the dangers around him, Zhang Ruochen still kept calm. It was as if he'd become one with the rock.

In the beginning, Mu Lingxi stood by the sea of lava. She looked around cautiously, prepared if anyone tried to attack Zhang Ruochen. But as time passed and no dangers had appeared, she also started cultivating.

An ice phoenix hovered above the heart of her Sea of Qi. As she performed techniques, the remnants of divine power above the sea of lava gathered toward her forehead like strands of fog. They flowed into her Sea of Qi, entering the ice phoenix.

In ten days, two deity prints solidified on the ice phoenix. The phoenix's mass had also doubled and now emanated shocking icy Qi.

In addition to the deity print that had formed when Mu Lingxi had refined the divine blood, she now had three deity prints. The ice phoenix also hadn't stopped absorbing divine power to form a fourth deity print.

...

Zhang Ruochen sat on the rock for one month without moving. Only his Eye of the Deity Print moved as it studied the spatial rules of the world, comprehending its secrets.

Just then, Zhang Ruochen slowly raised a hand. He pressed in the direction of a spatial crack more than 100 feet away and moved his hand to the right. The spatial crack actually moved to the right slowly as well.

One must know that before this, the spatial crack would stay in place even when Zhang Ruochen cast a spatial crack. He couldn't move it at all. This was why the spatial cracks had limited power before.

Zhang Ruochen put his hands together. The spatial crack also closed slowly. Finally, it recovered into a complete, unbroken space.

Zhang Ruochen continued casting the power of space. His control over space strengthened.

At the same time, a beam of the spatial rules slowly formed in his martial soul. Then it grew thicker and thicker.

In his martial soul, even the Tao of Sword—the thickest and one of the Supreme Saintly Ways—was only as thick as his pinkie finger. However, the Way of Space was as thick as his wrist. It was still growing as well.

The thicker a rule was, the greater its potential and the stronger its power could be.

The dozens of Minor Ways that Zhang Ruochen had comprehended were thinner than a strand of hair. They were entangled inside his martial soul like a spider web. They couldn't be compared to the sword rules and spatial rules.

As he continued perfecting the spatial rules, Zhang Ruochen's martial soul also grew stronger. It radiated with domineering aura. He seemed like a ruler that controlled the world.

Pops sounded inside his body. It was as if he was about to break into the next realm. This was the sign that his martial soul was about to become a saint soul and that he would soon become a Half-Saint.

Zhang Ruochen woke up from his extremely focused cultivation state. He immediately put away all his Holy Qi into his Sea of Qi to repress his state. He couldn't enter the Half-Saint Realm before he comprehended the time rules.

Furthermore, Zhang Ruochen hadn't accumulated enough in the Fish-Dragon Realm. He'd only comprehended around 40 Rules of Saintly Way. This was too far from the top talents.

The geniuses in the Heir's levels had all comprehended close to 100 Rules of Saintly Way. Some had even surpassed 100.

Zhang Ruochen hadn't been studying the rules for too long, so he couldn't compare to the others. Of course, comprehending the spatial rules, one of the Nine Ancient Ways, was already a big accomplishment. This single way counted as thousands of other ways.

Zhang Ruochen stood up and carefully sensed his surroundings. Then he performed a series of fast movements and returned to the ground, landing beside Mu Lingxi.

The sea of lava radiated with waves hot enough to melt steel. But when the hot waves reached Mu Lingxi, they were dissolved by her icy Qi. The scalding rock under her had cooled down and was even covered in a layer of ice.

Mu Lingxi's eyes flew open and she exhaled deeply. "After I awakened my phoenix bloodline, I discovered that I could absorb the remnants of divine power here and form deity prints."

Zhang Ruochen was surprised. "How many deity prints did you form?" he asked.

"Six," Mu Lingxi said.

The Heirs who'd drank from the Holy Spring could only form five or six deity prints. However, Mu Lingxi had formed six with her own power. She was equal to the Heirs now.

She furrowed her brow lightly and said, "But I've reached my limit. If I don't enter the Half-Saint Realm and continue absorbing divine power, my body might not be able to take the power anymore and explode."

Zhang Ruochen was thoughtful. "The remnants of divine power here are valuable to you. If you miss this, you might not be able to find another chance like this again."

After the two discussed, Mu Lingxi entered the scroll world to try reaching the Half-Saint Realm. Zhang Ruochen remained beside the sea of lava to strengthen his spatial rules.

Chapter 832 - One Ghost, One Buddha

Translator:

Larbre Studio

Editor:

Larbre Studio

Zhang Ruochen also used a technique. Controlling the various deity prints, he attempted to absorb the divine power in the air. However, he discovered that it had all been absorbed by Mu Lingxi. The deity prints didn't change at all.

Thus, he could only go toward the sea of lava at the heart of the black volcano. There must be more remnants of divine power there. He realized that he might have the chance to try for the Tenth Change of the Fish-Dragon Realm.

He didn't actually have much hope for the Tenth Change. He'd already refined seven drops of divine blood. His physical body was already at its limit. He couldn't contain much more divine power.

Three days later, Mu Lingxi consolidated a saint soul. She'd instantly become a Half-Saint.

When she walked out of the scroll world, her entire body shone with brilliant saint light. Every inch of her skin was translucent like saintly jade. Her eyes were now extremely deep and filled with endless wisdom.

She was only in the beginning of the first level, but the aura she radiated was close to a fourth level Half-Saint.

Once she entered the Half-Saint Realm, she immediately became one of the stronger Half-Saints. She was even stronger than some of the older generation.

Zhang Ruochen was genuinely happy for her. "Senior Sister, congratulations on leaving the mortal realm and becoming a

Half-Saint.”

Clearly, Mu Lingxi was very happy too. Smiling, she said, “Aren’t you at the peak of the Ninth Change now? You can enter the Half-Saint Realm at any time.”

“Me? I still need to reinforce it for some time.” Shaking his head, Zhang Ruochen said seriously, “Since you’ve already had a breakthrough, we’ll go to the black volcano now.”

He didn’t suggest for Mu Lingxi to enter the scroll world or wait by the side of the lava sea because he was clear that she wouldn’t agree. If he insisted on making her stay, it could cause unnecessary problems instead.

Mu Lingxi’s eyes glowed beautifully and she agreed softly.

There were many black rocks in the lava sea. Zhang Ruochen and Mu Lingxi used them as footstones.

Zhang Ruochen manipulated the power of space. He moved away the spatial cracks across the air, forcefully opening up a path.

Even if he prepared for everything, there were still many dangers. Once, a huge tide was lifted in the lava sea. A lava wave more than ten meters tall swept toward them. Thankfully, Zhang Ruochen moved a spatial crack to swallow the wave, thus resolving the crisis.

The closer they were to the black volcano, the heavier the pressure they felt. It took an entire half day before they finally reached the foot of the mountain.

They’d used up almost all their Holy Qi and they panted endlessly. They had to take out a saint stone and absorb the Holy Qi to recover their cultivation. When they’d reached their top state, Zhang Ruochen started observing their environment seriously.

Even though they were only at the foot of the volcano, the pressure on Zhang Ruochen was already very large. Every step used up a great amount of Holy Qi. Other Monks in the Ninth Change of the Fish-Dragon Realm would probably already be immobile on the ground.

“Zhang Ruochen, look. There are two...people...”

Mu Lingxi widened her eyes and reached out, pointing at the middle of the mountain. Zhang Ruochen looked over. His gaze passing through layers of ghost fog, he saw a burly armored man standing on a boulder in the middle of the mountain.

He was more than 13 feet tall and his arms were thicker than a normal man's waist. He gave off a powerful and towering feeling.

Impressive Ghost Qi spread from under his feet. Even though Zhang Ruochen and Mu Lingxi were at the foot of the mountain, their souls still shuddered before the demonic force.

This didn't mean that their hearts, souls, and spiritual power weren't powerful enough. It was just that the other's cultivation was too far above them. Even a bit of his Qi could hurt them heavily.

“This is too scary... I've already awoken my Ice Phoenix lineage and cultivated my saint soul, becoming a Half-Saint. But it's still hard to block the Qi coming from him. I'm afraid only the legendary Supreme Saints can have such horrifying Qi.”

Blood flowed from Mu Lingxi's mouth. She could no longer remain standing and sat onto the ground. Zhang Ruochen wasn't much better off. Even with the deity prints protecting him, his martial soul still cracked. It could shatter at any time.

“Space Domain.”

Zhang Ruochen raised his arms and manipulated the power of space. He propped up a semi-transparent domain shield more than 30 feet wide. Only then did he manage to block the Qi.

“This must be a very powerful Ghost King of the netherworld,” he said. “If Ghost King Bloodmoon was here, she'd probably be able to recognize him.”

The Qi coming from this Ghost King was too strong. However, there were 36 gold chains that passed through his body, restricting him fully. This was why he stood in place, unable to move.

Otherwise, he would have only had to wave his hand to destroy Zhang Ruochen and Mu Lingxi.

The 36 gold chains were formed by various Buddhist runes. They radiated with extremely saintly Qi. The other end of the chains was connected to an old monk's forehead.

That old monk sat cross-legged across from the armored Ghost King. He wore a plain cassock. His hands were placed on his knees.

His body was already withered. His Blood Qi and liquid seemed to have all dried. Only his skeleton and wrinkled skin remained. It might not be long before the monk would burn out and die.

Even so, he still restricted the Ghost King with all his might. It was unknown how long this had been going on for.

“Who is that monk?” Mu Lingxi asked. “If he can fight with that Ghost King, he must be very impressive as well.”

“This monk and ghost have probably been fighting for more than a year,” Zhang Ruochen said. “The monk has the upper hand now, but if this stalemate continues, he'll probably die from loss of Blood Qi in a few days.”

“If the monk dies, we won't be able to escape either,” Mu Lingxi said. “The human Monks who've charged into Ghost God Valley all die without a doubt. Who would've expected that these two frightening existences are battling here?”

“Go, let's get out of here,” Zhang Ruochen said decisively.”

Mu Lingxi nodded. She prepared to retreat.

They wanted to help the monk, but their cultivations were too low. They couldn't get involved in a battle of this level. Once they did, there was only death.

Just then, an ancient voice sounded in Zhang Ruochen's ears. “Sir...wait...”

Zhang Ruochen stopped. He looked around but didn't see anyone. Finally, he looked thoughtfully at the old monk on the mountain.

He was still sitting in place. He didn't move at all or open his mouth.

“Yes, I am calling for you...”

The voice was very weak. It was like a candle in the wind, about to extinguish at any moment.

Zhang Ruochen let out a relieved breath and asked, “Senior, how can I help you?”

No answer sounded in his ear.

After a candle's time, the voice sounded once again. “The man before me is the strongest of the fringe of the netherworld—Ghost King Shenchu. He is also the commander of the various Ghost Kings. Now, I have some strength to restrict him, but I do not have much time left... After I die, he will break free from the restrictions. At that time, he will definitely wreak havoc in Kunlun's Field.”

Zhang Ruochen hesitated slightly. “What can I do?”

“Other Monks cannot help even if they come here,” the ancient voice said. “But you can control the space. Perhaps you can do something. You might be able to kill Ghost King Shenchu in one fell swoop and rid Kunlun's Field of some disasters.”

The monk's cultivation was too deep to be calculated. Even though he sat on the ground, unable to move, his spiritual power and saint soul were very strong. He could probably sense anything that happened in the Ghost God Valley.

Thus, he naturally knew that Zhang Ruochen could manipulate the power of space.

If the armored man really was Ghost King Shenchu, then Zhang Ruochen couldn't let him loose. Once he entered Kunlun's Field, it would be a catastrophe. He was more horrifying than billions of shadow soldiers.

Zhang Ruochen continued communicating with the monk. He finally understood the other's intentions.

The old monk wanted Zhang Ruochen to manipulate the spatial cracks above the sea of lava and attack Ghost King

Shenchu. The Ghost King was powerful, but he couldn't move. Zhang Ruochen's spatial attacks really could be threatening to him.

If someone else came, even a Saint, they probably couldn't change the situation.

"Senior Sister Duanmu, do you want to enter the scroll world?" Zhang Ruochen asked.

Mu Lingxi knew how dangerous it was to get involved in the fight between Ghost King Shenchu and the old monk. There was barely any chance of surviving. However, she also knew that Zhang Ruochen had no other choice. If he didn't take the initiative to attack Ghost King Shenchu, they'd be the ones dying once Ghost King Shenchu was freed.

Mu Lingxi shook her head forcefully. Gaze strong, she said, "We'll fight together. Even if...I die here, I'll have no regrets."

Zhang Ruochen stared hard at her. He didn't continue forcing her. After all, if he and the old monk couldn't kill Ghost King Shenchu, Mu Lingxi would be dead even if she was in the scroll world. There was no difference.

Zhang Ruochen stood at the edge of the volcano. He slowly opened his arms, allowing the power within him to burst out fully.

The spatial cracks above the sea of lava gradually approached the black volcano. That force seemed able to destroy everything in the world.

Beads of sweat budded on Zhang Ruochen's forehead. His arms trembled. It was clear that controlling so many spatial cracks at once was nothing easy. The smallest mistake could destroy him in the broken space.

Chapter 833 - The Enigmatic Old Monk

Translator:

Larbre Studio

Editor:

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Ghost King Shenchu also felt extreme danger. His huge body trembled.

But even this slight movement shook the entire volcano. Sparks flew out of the top and golden lava spewed out, flowing down the mountain. At the same time, Ghost King Shenchu opened his mouth, exhaling a puff of ghostly Qi.

“Even an ant dares to attack me. Die!”

The puff of Qi consolidated into a human shape in the air. It became a huge ghost general clad in black armor. It was more than 13 feet tall. Wielding a black spear, it roared and stabbed toward Zhang Ruochen.

Despite Ghost King Shenchu’s weakness, the ghostly Qi he exhaled was still extremely powerful. It seemed to be strong enough to destroy the world.

The spear stabbed forward, causing the dirt and sand on the surface of the volcano to fly. The ghostly Qi surged crazily. Even bigger waves were lifted up in the sea of lava. In the blink of one’s eye, the sharp point of the spear was before Zhang Ruochen.

“If you want to kill him, get past me first.”

Mu Lingxi activated her Holy Qi. Her delicate body was entirely covered in white snake scales. A pair of huge phoenix wings unfurled on her back. She pushed forward, striking with the Hundred Beast Tripod. The tripod spun quickly and grew

in size. Finally, it had grown into a 30-foot-tall black tripod. It crashed against the ghost general's long spear.

Kaboom.

The ghost general sent the Hundred Beast Tripod flying back with overwhelming power. The tripod crashed into Mu Lingxi's chest. She spat out some blood. Giving Zhang Ruochen one last look, she smiled faintly and fell into the sea of lava with a plop.

Seeing this, Zhang Ruochen's heart trembled. His eyes growing bloodshot, he roared, "Die!"

Dozens of spatial cracks flew at Ghost King Shenchu at the same time. The entire space broke apart in that instant, tearing the ghost general's spear. The broken space flew toward the mountain without slowing down.

Ghost King Shenchu knew that death was imminent. He instantly let out a roar, disintegrating his body with the vibrations. He transformed into a cloud of ghostly Qi, escaping from the 36 Buddhist chains.

This method would damage his cultivation and hurt his energy, but that was it. He could stay alive.

Whoosh! The cloud of ghostly Qi flew out from between dozens of spatial cracks and disappeared in the sky above the volcano.

"I won't let you go... You... just you wait..." Ghost King Shenchu's voice grew softer and softer until it faded into the distance.

Zhang Ruochen had already fallen unconscious at Ghost King Shenchu's first roar. He fell to the ground, blood pouring out of his openings, and blacked out.

When he woke up, he was still lying at the foot of the mountain. The monk in plain Buddhist clothing stood in the near distance, staring at him with deep eyes. The monk was stick-thin. He looked like dark old hide stretched over a skeleton.

And yet Zhang Ruochen felt like he was looking at a towering mountain. It was as if the monk could shake the ground if a strand of his hair fell down. It was as if his breath could change the skies.

Even if the Buddha was still alive, he probably wouldn't be any stronger than this monk.

The old monk smiled gently and bowed at Zhang Ruochen with his hands clasped in front of him. "Sir, you've finally awoken."

Zhang Ruochen stared at the crashing waves in the sea of lava. He seemed lost; his eyes were blank. Heart in pain, he climbed up from the ground. "Lingxi," he murmured.

The old monk smiled. "Sir, do not worry. I have already rescued her. She has the ice phoenix's bloodline within her and has very strong vitality. She is unhurt."

Zhang Ruochen's eyes widened in pure joy. Finally, he saw Mu Lingxi lying on the ground. He rushed over and propped her up to check her injuries. Just as the old monk had said, Mu Lingxi hadn't woken up, but her breathing was steady. Her vitality was still strong.

Zhang Ruochen finally let out a relieved breath. Looking at the old monk, he hurriedly stood up and bowed deeply. "Thank you for your help," he said. "I will never forget this."

The old monk stood like a withered pine tree. He emanated an ancient aura as if he was a sage who'd walked out of history books.

He studied Zhang Ruochen with his ancient eyes and sighed. "It is my fault for underestimating Ghost King Shenchu's abilities. I shouldn't have made you two juniors take the risk."

Seeing how weak the old monk was, Zhang Ruochen took out two saint stones and offered them. The monk didn't refuse him. He bowed at Zhang Ruochen again and grasped the two stones. He began to absorb the Holy Qi within them to recover his cultivation.

His cultivation was honestly terrifying. Each saint stone contained a shocking amount of Holy Qi. With Zhang

Ruochen's current cultivation, he probably wouldn't be able to absorb all the Holy Qi in three years.

But it only took a short while for the old monk to empty the two saint stones. The stones turned into dust and fell to the ground through his fingers.

The old monk finally recovered a bit. Some color returned to his ancient face.

"In the netherworld, your Holy Qi will continue getting consumed," he said. "There is no way to reabsorb it. I've fought against Ghost King Shenchu in this Ghost God Valley for more than one year and have emptied my saint stones long ago. If you hadn't helped me defeat Ghost King Shenchu, I would have died in a few days."

Zhang Ruochen took out two more saint stones for the old monk, but he waved his hand and smiled. "I've already recovered greatly. No matter how much Holy Qi I absorb now, it won't be more effective. Thank you for your two saint stones today. When we return to Kunlun's Field, I will repay you in the hundredfold."

Hearing this, Zhang Ruochen put his saint stones away. "Did Ghost King Shenchu escape?" he asked.

The old monk nodded and sighed. "Earlier, he'd voluntarily shattered his body to escape. I was too weak at that time and wanted to save you two, so I didn't try to stop him. However, he is greatly injured now and won't be able to try for his seventh ghost trial any time soon."

Zhang Ruochen's expression turned serious. "He's already going to undergo his seventh ghost trial?" he asked in shock.

Once he passed the seventh ghost trial, Ghost King Shenchu would be renamed as Ghost Emperor Shenchu. That was a title similar to the Supreme Saint. A Supreme Saint was someone who had cultivated to the pinnacle of the Saintly Way. He had extreme wisdom and knew all the ways of the universe.

The old monk nodded. "About a year ago, when I came to the netherworld, I chanced upon Ghost King Shenchu undergoing the seventh ghost trial. That was why I decided to stop him."

“Why did Ghost King Shenchu choose this place for the trial?” Zhang Ruochen asked. “The space here is extremely fragile. How can it withstand the force of the ghost trial?”

“Sir, you are very intelligent,” the old monk praised. “I also wondered about this, but I realized why after battling with Ghost King Shenchu for countless months. If you came here, you must have heard the legend about the Thousand-bone Empress killing a god. It is said that the god’s corpse fell into Ghost God Valley.”

“What does Ghost King Shenchu have to do with this? Can it be...” A terrifying thought appeared in Zhang Ruochen’s mind.

The old monk knew what he was thinking. “Yes, Ghost King Shenchu might very well be the soul of the fallen god. This was why he came here for the seventh ghost trial. If he uses the divine power from when he was alive, he has a higher possibility of succeeding in the trial.”

Zhang Ruochen’s expression was heavy. “If he really is the god’s soul, the consequences will be endless now that he’s escaped.”

But the old monk still seemed calm. “I can only say that he won’t die until his time is up. Ghost God Valley is his territory and he has all the geographical advantages. Even a human Supreme Saint might not be able to kill him. Obsessing over regret will only affect your own cultivation and not benefit you at all. Why don’t you look forward? There will be many more chances in the future.”

Since Ghost King Shenchu had already escaped, there was no point in being upset. It was also clear that the old monk’s mindset was much more advanced than someone young like Zhang Ruochen.

“I do not like to owe people, but today, I owe you greatly,” the old monk continued. “How about this? I vow to help you do two things to repay your actions.”

Zhang Ruochen stared at the old monk. He looked serious and he didn’t seem to be joking at all.

The old monk could restrict Ghost King Shenchu. From this, Zhang Ruochen knew that even if he wasn't a Supreme Saint, he was still close. Now, this powerful figure promised to do two things for him. What did this imply?

This meant that in the future, no one in Kunlun's Field would dare to go against Zhang Ruochen. Even his previous enemies would stay out of his way.

Zhang Ruochen didn't show any excitement. Expression calm, he said, "From what I know, the Buddhist Way has the legend of reincarnation. I would like to know if you can help someone with a scattered soul re-consolidate his soul. If you cannot resurrect him, reincarnation is alright too."

The old monk's cultivation level was too high to be calculated. This was why this tiny hope started blooming within Zhang Ruochen.

After a moment of silence, the old monk asked, "Are you asking me to help you save someone?"

"Yes," Zhang Ruochen said.

The old monk sighed. "Only a Supreme Saint of Spiritual Energy can summon a scattered soul back. My Spiritual Energy is still a bit away from that step. I am unable to help you."

Chapter 834 - Celestial Soul, Earth Soul, Human Soul

Translator:

Larbre Studio

Editor:

Larbre Studio

Monks of the Buddhist Way focused on cultivation of the spiritual power. If even this old monk hadn't reached the level of a Spiritual Power Supreme Saint, then probably no one in Kunlun's Field could be a Spiritual Power Supreme Saint.

Disappointment colored Zhang Ruochen's eyes.

"Life and death are all part of fate," the monk said, comforting him. "There is no need to force anything."

Zhang Ruochen smiled. "I understand this, but after coming to the netherworld, I heard rumors about the Pill of Resurrection. Thus, this unrealistic wish was born."

"Actually, if you really do find that rumored Pill of Resurrection, it is possible for those with scattered souls to come back to life." The monk sat cross-legged and gestured for Zhang Ruochen to sit too. Then he said slowly, "First, you must understand that a person has three souls: the Celestial Soul, earth soul, and human soul. When one speaks about scattering souls, it means that the human soul is shattered and dissipated. It doesn't actually have anything to do with the Celestial Soul and earth soul."

It was Zhang Ruochen's first time hearing that a human's soul had three parts. He found this intriguing and asked, "Why won't the Celestial Soul and earth soul break?"

"It's not that they won't break. It's just that they are stronger and won't break so easily. Take the earth soul for example. The so-called earth soul is like a human's shadow. As long as

the human's body exists, the earth soul will forever exist. When the human is buried after death and the physical body becomes one with the earth, becomes white bone, becomes the dirt, becomes dust, the earth soul becomes one with the earth."

"Thus, even if a man's soul is scattered, as long as their earth soul isn't destroyed, they can come back to life. They haven't truly died."

"Really?" Zhang Ruochen asked.

The monk chuckled. "Not necessarily. Everyone's understanding of life is different. Some ancient Sages believe that the earth soul won't scatter, but it also won't meld into the ground. Instead, it'll enter the so-called Hades and netherworld."

"There's another situation. If someone dies in a special time or place, the earth soul will separate from the body and become the evil ghost soul."

"So you're saying that the earth soul is the ghost soul?" Zhang Ruochen asked.

"You can interpret it as so," the monk said.

Zhang Ruochen thought for a moment and said, "I understand now! There are so many ghost souls in the netherworld because it is a special world. Corpses float down the Corpse River and enter the netherworld. Then the earth soul separates from the body, becoming a ghost soul. In Kunlun's Field, there are very few places like the netherworld. Thus, after a man dies, very few become ghost souls."

"Indeed." Then the monk added, "If one can decipher the secret of the netherworld, perhaps they can achieve longevity."

"Then what is the Celestial Soul?" Zhang Ruochen asked.

"Neither the Celestial Soul nor the earth soul are within one's body. The earth soul is the shadow underfoot. The Celestial Soul is part of the Celestial Way. It's more insubstantial than the earth soul. Most people can't even feel the existence of their Celestial Soul.

“In the ancient times, only the Qi Practitioners could communicate with the Celestial Soul and cultivate it. They referred to the Celestial Soul as the Primordial Spirit. They could achieve longevity by cultivating the Celestial Soul.

“However, the way of cultivation from the ancient times has long been lost. Now, no one can communicate with the Celestial Soul. The Monks of Kunlun’s Field can cultivate their martial soul and Saint Soul, but those are actually all the human soul.”

Zhang Ruochen’s heart jumped. “The Pill of Resurrection can help the dead communicate with the Celestial Soul and come back to life.”

The monk nodded. “Yes, in theory.”

Zhang Ruochen thought of Sword Saint Xuanji. Though his human soul had already been shattered, his earth and Celestial Soul hadn’t. The others might not know how to communicate with the Celestial Soul, but the Divine Sky-connecting Tree definitely could.

It had been born at the creation of Kunlun’s Field and grew until the middle ages. It had experienced every era and might know the methods of the ancient Qi Practitioners. Every ring on its trunk was a historical account that recorded the richest knowledge.

Since the Divine Sky-connecting Tree was now adding streams of Life Qi into Sword Saint Xuanji, it could definitely help him communicate with his Celestial Soul and come back to life.

Right now, they just needed an opportunity—a primer.

Just then, the sleeping Mu Lingxi whined softly and slowly woke up. Zhang Ruochen looked over at her. Her eyes also fell on him. They smiled faintly.

They’d always been next to each other, but it felt as if they’d reunited after a long time.

The monk also smiled knowingly. “You two are heroes richly endowed by nature. It’s rare for one to be born per millennium,

but you two have found each other. You're a pair created by fate."

A rare blush colored Mu Lingxi's face. Slightly shy, she said, "Elder, we're only fellow apprentices."

"Whether you're fellow apprentices or two lovers, it is still a feat to have come together. You must treasure the relationship." The monk looked over at Zhang Ruochen and asked, "Sir, you should be cultivating the Five Elements Chaotic Body, correct? And you are at the Four Spirit Treasured Body?"

"Correct," Zhang Ruochen said.

After a moment of silence, the monk said, "Since you've met me and I owe you so much, I will help you. Of course, whether or not you succeed depends on yourself. If you can cultivate the Five Elements Chaotic Body, it will be a great fate."

Zhang Ruochen had already cultivated the Water, Wood, Earth, and Fire Spirit Treasure Bodies. He only had to refine the Golden Angelica Root into the Gold Spirit Treasured Body. Then his Five Elements Chaotic Body would be complete.

However, the old monk had amazing abilities. If he could help, Zhang Ruochen could definitely try.

"To complete the Five Elements Chaotic Body, you must bear pain that the average man cannot bear. The test of your will even surpasses the test of your physical body."

The old monk raised his arms. Hundreds of golden flames flew out of his palms. They wrapped around Zhang Ruochen's body, making him float up.

Boom!

The old monk continued moving and palm prints landed on Zhang Ruochen, hitting every part of his body. Each palm had a golden flame that melded into Zhang Ruochen's body. Each flame was a burning ball of the Golden Angelica Root's powder.

After hundreds of palm prints, Zhang Ruochen felt that his entire body was numb, but it hurt so badly he wished to die. His physical body was broken with dense cracks. It was as if he would shatter at the slightest touch.

The monk didn't plan on letting him go. Thus, he pushed Zhang Ruochen into the sea of lava so his body was submerged in the boiling lava.

Golden lava even surged into the cracks of his body. His flesh sizzled from the heat. Even with Zhang Ruochen's willpower, he still growled. Death would be less painful than this.

Mu Lingxi stood on the side, biting her lip. She couldn't bear it. Looking at the monk, she asked, "Elder—"

But the monk shook his head. "Those who can take pain will rise to the top. Further, the lava contains remnants of divine power. It has endless benefits for his body. If his willpower is strong enough, he will make it through."

Five days later, Zhang Ruochen's body started recovering. Even if he was in the lava, it didn't hurt that much anymore.

But then the monk pulled him out and forced the powder of the Golden Angelica Root out of him.

After hundreds of palms, Zhang Ruochen's body was broken again. He returned to the sea of lava to treat his body and endure the great pain.

Mu Lingxi stayed by his side the entire time. The monk was busy with other things.

He circled the volcano, carving a golden Buddhist rune on the mountain with each step. Mu Lingxi didn't know what he was doing, so she didn't ask. To her, nothing was more important than Zhang Ruochen's safety.

This time, Zhang Ruochen didn't recover until 10 days later.

Boom, boom.

There was another beating. The old monk forced all the powder of the Golden Angelica Root into Zhang Ruochen's body. Zhang Ruochen passed out straightaway and fell into the

shallow end of the lava sea. Only his upper body was exposed. His entire body bled endlessly.

“If he can survive this, the Five Elements Chaotic Body will be complete,” the monk said.

Mu Lingxi looked at Zhang Ruochen’s injured body and saw blood flowing out of his head and between his bones. Crying without stop, she asked, “What if...he can’t survive?”

“Then he’ll die. If you wish to become a top figure, you must take more risks than the others. Without taking these risks, he can’t cultivate the Five Elements Chaotic Body.”

After that, the monk left.

Mu Lingxi looked at the back of the monk. For the first time, she realized that these so-called saintly monks could be so heartless.

At least, in her heart, she wished that Zhang Ruochen could live happily instead of risking his life to cultivate the Five Elements Chaotic Body.

Chapter 835 - Five Elements Chaotic Body

Translator:

Larbre Studio

Editor:

Larbre Studio

Author's note: the following two chapters will have a lot of information. They're a summary of the foreshadowing from the previous chapters. You should read slowly.

...

Ten more days passed and Zhang Ruochen still hadn't woken up. Instead, his face had paled considerably due to the great loss of blood. His skin looked deathly and ashy.

The vitality within Zhang Ruochen was bleeding out. He could die at any time.

The old monk didn't appear in these ten days. Only Mu Lingxi remained by his side the entire time. She grasped his hands and poured her Holy Qi into him endlessly.

Right now, Mu Lingxi was also sprawled on the ground due to the loss of Holy Qi. Her pretty face was paler than Zhang Ruochen's. She seemed extremely weak.

However, she didn't let go. She was afraid that if she did, Zhang Ruochen would really die and never wake up again.

...

On the other side of the volcano

The old monk sat cross-legged on the ground. He now had the dazzling Thousand Treasure Cassock over his plain robe. Golden Buddhist Qi flowed through his body as he lifted his hands over his head, palms up.

Blood insects burst open in the air. They turned into puffs of blood mist and solidified into two beams of blood. They pierced through the clouds, connecting with the monk's hands.

As he absorbed the Blood Qi, his withered body swelled and finally recovered to a healthy state.

Boom, boom.

Various blood insects fell from the sky, building a pile of withered corpses.

Buddha Xinshu, clad in a pure white robe, stood before the old monk. He put his hands together and bowed. "Master, have you recovered your cultivation?"

The old monk looked at his broad hands and nodded. Standing up, he chuckled and said, "These blood insects must have sucked the blood of at least 100 Half-Saints. Now, their blood is all inside my body. I've already recovered to my peak state."

"Now, I can start controlling the god's corpse with all my might. If I can turn the god's corpse into a battle corpse, I won't fear anyone—not even Empress Chi Yao."

Buddha Xinshu glanced into the distance at Zhang Ruochen. "Zhang Ruochen has killed countless Half-Saints of our sect," he said. "Why did you still help him cultivate the Five Elements Chaotic Body?"

The monk turned and looked at Zhang Ruochen who was lying in the lava. He smiled. "If he hadn't appeared and helped me defeat Ghost King Shenchu, I would have died before you arrived."

Buddha Xinshu hurriedly knelt down. Horrified, he said, "I immediately brought all the top figures of the sect and rushed to the netherworld as soon as I received your message. However, I ran into a Ghost King along the way and was hurt badly while fighting her. This was why I was late. Please forgive me."

"Please get up. I am not blaming you." The old monk smiled benevolently and helped Buddha Xinshu up. "No matter what, I owe Zhang Ruochen greatly now. If I don't repay him, my

Heart of the Saintly Way will become imperfect. I will never be able to reach that last step.”

He continued, “Of course, I won’t have to repay him if he can’t get through this step and dies.”

Buddha Xinshu finally understood why his master had done all this. If Zhang Ruochen succeeded in cultivating the Five Elements Chaotic Body, then the old monk would have repaid what he’d owed. He would also complete his Heart of the Saintly Way.

If Zhang Ruochen couldn’t survive and died in this sea of lava, then his master wouldn’t have any regrets either and wouldn’t have to repay this kindness.

“If he doesn’t die, he will definitely become a huge enemy of our sect,” Buddha Xinshu said.

“It’s not definite,” the old monk said meaningfully. “If he matures, we won’t be the most troubled.”

“Are you speaking of the empress of the Central Empire imperial city?” Buddha Xinshu asked as it dawned on him.

“Do you know how arrogant that empress is?” the old monk asked. “She wouldn’t release the notice to arrest him unless his existence threatened her position or even her life. In this case, I must help him.”

Buddha Xinshu stared at Zhang Ruochen. “However, I feel like he might not be able to survive this...hmm...”

Before Buddha Xinshu could finish, faint multicolored lights shone from the sea of lava. The light kept growing stronger as well, enveloping the entire volcano.

Zhang Ruochen’s vitality had been extremely weak, but now, it strengthened more and more. His body seemed to become a divine five-colored stone, radiating with black, white, gold, blue, and red light.

The entire sky became chaotic as if returning to the time before the world was created.

The old monk stared at Zhang Ruochen incredulously as well. “This youth’s willpower is indeed shocking. He actually

survived and succeeded in cultivating the Five Elements Chaotic Body. His talent must be the best of Kunlun's Field since the middle ages."

Boom!

Zhang Ruochen flew out of the lava. He transformed into a beam of multicolored light and shot into the sky in an arc. After rushing down, he landed on the ground, standing not too far from the old monk and Buddha Xinshu.

He had been unconscious, but his Spiritual Power was still extremely active. Thus, he'd heard the old monk's conversation with Buddha Xinshu.

Zhang Ruochen's eyes, shining with five-colored light, stared at the old monk. He scoffed. "So you are the Hierarch of the Death Zen Sect. You are the famous Death Zen Elder."

The old monk smiled. "That is I." Then he continued, "Congratulations for succeeding in cultivating the Five Elements Chaotic Body. From now on, no one in the same realm as you can be your match."

Zhang Ruochen stared at the blood insect corpses on the ground. He thought about the Half-Saints that had been eaten alive by these blood insects and his pupils constricted. "You were the one who raised these insects," he muttered.

The old monk quickly shook his head. "No," he said. "These are insects born from the god's corpse. They're creatures of Ghost God Valley. I've only used the Death Zen Buddhist Way to make them perform some tasks."

"You made them drink the blood of countless people?" he asked. "So you can use the blood to recover?"

The old monk remained calm. "Humans are greedy. If they didn't gamble their all for that so-called Pill of Resurrection, why would they come to Ghost God Valley?"

Zhang Ruochen huffed coldly. "So the Death Zen Sect was the one that spread the rumor about the Pill of Resurrection. You just wanted to lure people to die in Ghost God Valley."

The old monk shook his head again. “Your thoughts are too narrow. Why can’t you look at things in a positive light? Change your perspective. I did this to save myself. If I didn’t lead them to Ghost God Valley and drink their blood, I’d be the one who died, correct?”

Zhang Ruochen closed his eyes and exhaled deeply, cooling the anger within him. “I would like to know everything that happened.”

The old monk seemed patient too. “One year ago,” he began, “I was searching for a force that could fight against Empress Chi Yao. I came to the netherworld alone to find the corpse of the god that the Thousand-bone Empress had killed.”

“I came all the way to Ghost God Valley and chanced upon Ghost King Shenchu who was preparing for his seventh ghost trial. If he succeeded, he might have melded with the god’s corpse and become an undefeatable Ghost Emperor. Thus, this battle was imminent.”

“However, the netherworld isn’t the Kunlun’s Field. There’s no Spiritual Qi I can use and no way to replenish the Holy Qi that I use up. As the fight continued, I became weaker and weaker.”

“Furthermore, Ghost God Valley was Ghost King Shenchu’s territory. He could use the divine power of the god’s corpse and wield even stronger power. With these circumstances, I was naturally at a disadvantage. I still restricted him in the end, but I was also caught here and unable to leave.”

“If the stalemate continued, I would have been the one who died. Obviously, I didn’t want to sit and wait for death. I had to try my hardest to save myself.”

“The first step was to open the passageway between the living and netherworld. If it was opened, large amounts of dead souls would enter Kunlun’s Field. Only then would the living souls dare to come to the netherworld and Ghost God Valley.”

“Thus, I pulled out the Void Sword that the Thousand-bone Empress had used to restrain the god’s corpse. I used the Death Zen Buddhist Way to control a Wuchang and make it

take the Void Sword out of the netherworld. Once the Void Sword left the netherworld, the seal between the two worlds started loosening and finally disappeared.”

“The second step was obviously to make the members of the Death Zen Sect start spreading the rumor about the Pill of Resurrection. This would lead people here. This was the critical step. If I didn’t have their blood, I wouldn’t be able to take control of the god’s corpse even if I defeated Ghost King Shenchu.”

Zhang Ruochen was trying so hard to control himself, but he still couldn’t repress his anger. “So you personally opened the passage between the two worlds and allowed millions of shadow soldiers and ghost generals into Kunlun’s Field. Did you know how horrible of a catastrophe it would cause?”

The old monk was still smiling. “Why are you angry again? If I didn’t pull out the Void Sword, Ghost King Shenchu would have done it after succeeding with his seventh ghost trial and opened the passage. No matter the circumstance, the result has been decided by fate.”

“One hundred thousand years have passed. The seal left by the Thousand-bone Empress has already become fragile. Zhang Ruochen, this is the way of things. You can’t stop it. Neither can I.”

“However, with my abilities, I can make things happen faster and make it change to benefit myself. On the other hand, you are too weak. Before the tide of life, you are just a drop of water. You can only be forced to follow the flow. You can’t change anything.”

“Power. No matter where or when, you can only do meaningful things if you have absolute power. Otherwise, you can say all you want, but no one will listen to you.”

Hearing this, Zhang Ruochen finally understood all the reasons, causes, and results.

The Death Zen Sect Elder was indeed selfish. He sacrificed thousands upon thousands of lives to save himself. But there was nothing wrong with that in his perspective.

He couldn't just wait for death to come, right?

Chapter 836 - The Force is Unstoppable

Translator:

Larbre Studio

Editor:

Larbre Studio

If Zhang Ruochen was in the Death Zen Sect elder's position and stood before him, he had two choices.

He could either wait for death in the netherworld or open the passage between the two worlds to save himself. Which one should he choose?

Zhang Ruochen shook his head and sighed. "For the first time in my life, I did something that I regret."

"You regret saving me?" The old monk chuckled and said, "Actually, you don't have to regret it. Think about it. If you knew beforehand that I'm the Hierarch of the Death Zen Sect and didn't help me, then after I died, you'd be the one to die next.

"Furthermore, if you didn't save me, then you would've never completed the Five Elements Chaotic Body. That is why people say that you can always reap what you sow. If I were you, I would think that this was worth it. I wouldn't regret it at all."

"Zhang Ruochen, do you know why I left the Brahma Way and created the Death Zen Sect?"

Zhang Ruochen looked over at him and said, "The rumors say that you'd cultivated the Dragon and Elephant Prajna Palm and couldn't control your energy. You lost yourself and fell into the evil way."

"Nonsense. You can listen to rumors, but you cannot believe them." Chuckling, the monk said, "Actually, I'd seen through

the fakeness of those so-called noble monks and didn't wish to be associated with them. Thus, I chose to leave and found my own sect."

Zhang Ruochen sneered. "At least they won't do anything for themselves like you. The Buddha once said that if he doesn't go to Hell, then who will? Can you do that?"

"But the Buddha didn't go to Hell," the old monk said. "Only humans go to Hell."

Zhang Ruochen furrowed his brow. He didn't want to argue anymore. With his experiences, he couldn't win against an old creature that had lived for centuries."

"I don't even bother with those renowned Saints who come and voluntarily bow down before me," the monk said, smiling. "Zhang Ruochen, do you know why I'm telling you so much?"

"Why?" Zhang Ruochen asked.

"To be honest, you are highly talented and have a strong willpower," the old monk said. "You will definitely be extraordinary in the future. If you become my disciple, your status in the Death Zen Sect will be above all except me. In the future, the position of Hierarch will definitely be yours. What do you think?"

Zhang Ruochen also smiled. "In the past, you thought that the Brahma Way was too fake, so you betrayed it. But in my eyes, you are too selfish and narrow-minded. I will not take you as my master. There's a saying...those with different ways cannot come together. You should understand this better than I do."

Instead of being angered, the monk felt more favorably about Zhang Ruochen. Smiling, he said, "Zhang Ruochen, you're the only one since the middle ages to have a chance to cultivate the Tenth Change of the Fish-Dragon Realm and Divine Life Chart. If I help you, you have a high chance of succeeding. But the requirement is that you must kneel three times and kowtow nine times, becoming my disciple."

Zhang Ruochen laughed. "You just want to finish the second thing you promised and make your mind freer. Why must you make the excuse of making me a disciple?"

The monk laughed soundlessly.

Zhang Ruochen turned and walked towards Mu Lingxi. Without looking back, he said, “Death Zen Sect Elder, it’s not so easy to pay back the second thing you owe me. I will use my own power to reach the Tenth Change. I don’t need your help.”

He didn’t fear souring the relationship with the elder. However, a truly evil man would definitely have high intelligence and courage. He wouldn’t ruin his promise and mind for a Monk in the Fish-Dragon Realm.

It had no benefits for his cultivation.

Golden flames surged from Buddha Xinshu’s eyes. He walked over to Zhang Ruochen. “Master, if you cannot act, let me do it. I will rid our sect of this problem.”

“Xinshu.” The old monk stopped him and smiled. “Why are you so extreme? If he’s unwilling to become my disciple now, it doesn’t mean that he won’t in the future. When he returns to Kunlun’s Field, he’ll understand how cruel reality is. The imperial court won’t let him go, the Black Market won’t let him go, and the Vampires won’t let him go. Neither the just or evil side has a place for him. When he has no place to turn to, he will come find me. Did you bring the divine blood?”

Buddha Xinshu immediately took out dozens of drops of divine blood, handing it to the Death Zen Sect elder.

The old monk swept his sleeves and powerful Buddhist Qi surged out. The seals on the dozen drops all broke open. The strong aura flooded out. The drops hovered in the air like dozens of blood-red stars.

Next, the old monk used the Death Zen Buddhist Way to hit the drops into the surface of the black volcano. They overlapped with the Buddhist runes he’d carved earlier.

In the distance, Zhang Ruochen had reached Mu Lingxi. He picked up her listless body. Because she’d used too much of her Holy Qi, Mu Lingxi had become weak. She leaned into Zhang Ruochen’s body, but her bright eyes stared at the Death Zen Sect elder and Buddha Xinshu.

“Zhang Ruochen...is that old monk...really the Death Zen Sect elder?” she asked.

“Yes.”

“What is he doing?”

Zhang Ruochen was also staring at the Death Zen Sect elder. At that moment, he finally understood why those Half-Saints all carried a drop of divine blood. They’d probably all planned on taking them to Ghost God Valley to give it to the Death Zen Sect elder.

But what was he doing with the blood?

“Let’s leave first.”

Zhang Ruochen unfurled his dragon wings. Carrying Mu Lingxi, he used a physical technique and charged out of the black volcano. Using his previous experience, he quickly crossed the sea of lava and reached the land.

The moment his feet landed, black flames behind him started wavering violently. The mountain kept rising too.

Kaboom.

At the same time, the sea of lava started tossing powerfully. Golden waves more than ten meters high rose up. A shocking divine might spread out from the center of the sea, radiating in all directions. With Ghost God Valley as the heart, all tombs within 10,000 miles started shaking and emerging from the ground.

Dead souls all around the netherworld cried out piercingly.

Zhang Ruochen stood on the bank. Five-colored light shone from his body as he gaped at the black volcano in the distance.

As the mountain rose, the volcano finally revealed its true appearance. It was... a human-shaped corpse. The corpse wore black armor and stood above the sea like a giant that pushed up the sky.

Compared to the corpse, Zhang Ruochen was like an insignificant speck of dust standing on the land. The portion above the sea before had only been its head.

Gold lava continued flooding out of the volcano on the corpse's head, flowing down endlessly. One could imagine that the Thousand-bone Empress had stabbed the sword through his head, killing him here.

“Can that be...the rumored...god's corpse...” Mu Lingxi inhaled sharply.

“It should be.” Zhang Ruochen nodded. “The Death Zen Sect elder came just to find the god's corpse and refine it.”

The Death Zen Sect elder stood near the corpse's nose and looked down. “Zhang Ruochen,” he announced, “If you're regretting it now and wish to become my disciple, I can take you away from here and return to Kunlun's Field.”

Buddha Xinshu stood on the corpse's left shoulder. Hands together in prayer, white Buddhist light radiated from him. He looked extremely divine.

Standing on the ground, Zhang Ruochen just smiled. He didn't reply.

The Death Zen Sect elder shook his head, a bit disappointed. Without saying anything else, he activated the Death Zen Buddhist Way to control the god's corpse. It spread its huge feet. With a single step, it crossed a huge distance and walked out of Ghost God Valley.

The powerful divine might in the world gradually dissipated. The pressure on Zhang Ruochen and Mu Lingxi disappeared instantly.

“Why is the Death Zen Sect elder sure that he can return to Kunlun's Field?” Mu Lingxi asked. “Can he break through the Spatial Extreme Wall above Corpse River with his cultivation level?”

“I can't say if you can do that in his level,” Zhang Ruochen said. “But the god's corpse definitely can.”

Mu Lingxi pursed her lips lightly. “That makes sense. The Death Zen Sect elder's controlling the god's corpse. It's like controlling a super-divine power. Who can fight him now?”

“Don’t underestimate the various middle age and ancient clans in Kunlun’s Field,” Zhang Ruochen said. “If they can survive until now without failing, they must have some extraordinary methods to protect themselves in the face of extreme danger.”

“Plus, the Death Zen Sect elder has only started to control the god’s corpse. If he wants to refine it into a battle corpse, he’ll need a great amount of resources and time. At least, he won’t succeed within a few years.”

“Then how do we leave Ghost God Valley?” Mu Lingxi asked.

“Since the god’s corpse is no longer here, this place will gradually stabilize. Plus, the divine might pressing down on us will disappear soon too. By then, we can easily reach the top of the abyss with our cultivation. We can leave Ghost God Valley.”

Next, Mu Lingxi grasped a divine stone and absorbed the Holy Qi within to recover her cultivation.

The god’s corpse had been here for 100,000 years. It must have turned many of the things around it into god-like objects. Merely the sea of lava contained immense divine power. Once it cooled into rock, they could break off any piece and sell it for a good price in Kunlun’s Field.

If this kind of rock was used as a foundation for a battle formation, it could boost the formation’s power greatly. It could also be used for a ritual altar so that it could be more divine.

The Death Zen Sect elder didn’t care for these things, but Zhang Ruochen did. Rocks with so much divine power could definitely be useful in the future.

Of course, if he could fish out some broken pieces of the god’s armor or bones from the sea of lava, that would truly be priceless.

Chapter 837 - Digging Out Treasures

Translator:

Larbre Studio

Editor:

Larbre Studio

“Freeze.”

Mu Lingxi stood above the magma sea. A pair of giant Ice Phoenix Wings grew from her back, and the strong Ice Qi ran out from her body and dispersed.

The burning magma froze into a dark golden color rapidly, giving out a chichi noise.

There were extraordinary lines of golden veins inside the black rock.

The rock was almost as hard as some low class True Treasures.

The closer to its central area, the stronger the god power contained in the rock became, and the more golden veins with high quality could be seen.

That's why Zhang Ruochen decided to start to collect the rocks from the center.

Zhang Ruochen opened the Scroll World, and let Elephant-swallowing Rabbit and monster ape out.

The Abyss Ancient Sword and Taotian Sword controlled by Zhang Ruochen cut the rock into about 33-meter-long stones, which were later carried into Scroll World by Elephant-swallowing Rabbit and monster ape.

Elephant-swallowing Rabbit and monster ape were both Half-Saints with great power, so they carried with an extraordinary speed.

Only for half a day, the two humans and two monsters dug out a giant pit about five kilometers in diameter in the center of the sea.

And Zhang Ruochen didn't stop there. He had dug almost a thousand meters deep, but hadn't seen its bottom as yet.

The deeper he went down, the stronger the god power contained in the rock became.

“Zhang Ruochen, look over here!” said Mu Lingxi.

Zhang Ruochen walked to her, and saw an unclear half-meter-long black piece in the dark golden rock wall.

There were lines of beautiful mysterious veins on it, shining with strong power waves.

“Could it be a piece of the armor from the god corpse?” Zhang Ruochen gave a delightful look.

“It must be. Falling in magma, being burnt during all uncountable years from ancient time until now, and this piece hasn't been melted. It must have a very special texture. If we could refine it again, it would definitely turn into a powerful divine weapon.”

Mu Lingxi was about to smash the rock and take the armor piece.

Zhang Ruochen stopped her immediately. “Don't touch it now. Let's dig it out together with the rock, and put it into the Scroll World first.”

“Why?” Mu Lingxi asked, puzzled.

Zhang Ruochen said, “Death Zen Elder once said, the blood insects in Ghost God Valley are the corpse insects inside of the god corpse. As blood insects carrying Evil Death Qi, the armor of the god corpse must carry some Evil Death Qi, too. Divine Sky-Connecting Tree could purify Evil Death Qi. So, we should be careful now.”

Mu Lingxi and Zhang Ruochen cut the rock surrounding the piece of armor, brought it to the foot of Divine Sky-Connecting Tree in Scroll World, and then smashed the rock.

When the armor piece was exposed in the air, strong Evil Death Qi was given out and condensed into black clouds of dead Qi as expected.

Zhang Ruochen and Mu Lingxi were well prepared for this. They retreated and weren't touched by Evil Death Qi.

Sha sha!

A rustling could be heard as the branches of Divine Sky-Connecting Tree waved slightly. As every leaf kept breathing in and out, the Evil Death Qi on the armor was soon purified.

Mu Lingxi nodded with both hands folded in front of her chest. "If we could find more armor pieces, and with some other materials, we may make some armor with extraordinary defensive power."

"Eh!"

Zhang Ruochen's eyes shined with unusual delight, and he walked closer to the armor piece.

There was a dark red soft membrane in the dented place of the armor piece. Inside the membrane, a few drops of liquid were seen flowing.

Zhang Ruochen released his spiritual power carefully, through the membrane and into its inside.

With a sudden boom, a strong strand of Qi surged out from the inside of the membrane, and dispersed the spiritual power of Zhang Ruochen with a heavy strike.

Zhang Ruochen stepped back with surprise. He stared at Mu Lingxi, and said, "Divine blood."

"What?" Mu Lingxi asked in astonishment.

Zhang Ruochen said, "There was a blood membrane on the armor, inside which is liquid, which is divine blood."

Mu Lingxi's eyes were brightened as well. She couldn't hide her delight, and said, "There are at least 40 or 50 drops of divine blood in the membrane. We've hit the jackpot! You have to know that, even in our Mu Family, a famous ancient family, only one or two drops of divine blood can be used to

cultivate the best talents in every decade. Those old men are so cheap.”

Zhang Ruochen gave her a smile. “No deity has ever been born in Kunlun’s Field since the ancient times. Even for famous ancient families, they have to live off their past gains. The more divine blood they use, the less they own. And divine blood has so many usages: refining Saint Pills, condensing Saint Sources, comprehending the Way of the Saint King ... none could be done without it. It’s already extreme for your Mu Family to use one or two drops to cultivate young talents every ten years.”

“Humph!”

Mu Lingxi pouted her lips, still feeling quite unhappy about those old men from Mu Family.

Zhang Ruochen stared at the piece of armor and said. “The power contained in divine blood was extremely powerful. Don’t break the membrane before we find the right container for it.”

Only one drop of divine blood would penetrate a Hundred-pattern Saint Weapon. So containers at the same level with Hundred-pattern Saint Weapons couldn’t be used for containing divine blood.

Only those who were at the level of saint could use the Inscription of Concealing to conceal the power of divine blood.

Now, they had to wait for Blackie. After all Blackie was the weapon spirit of the Universe Spiritual Map and had extraordinary power inside the Scroll World.

It shouldn’t be difficult for it to conceal the power of divine blood.

“Now that we were able to find one armor piece, we can definitely find other armor pieces.”

Zhang Ruochen and Mu Lingxi left the Scroll World, went into the pit at the center of magma sea and continued to dig.

Elephant-swallowing Rabbit and monster ape heard that there was divine blood in the rock, were greatly encouraged, and worked really hard to carry giant rocks as heavy as mountains into the Scroll World without a break.

They continued to dig for half a day.

Zhang Ruochen had dug deeper, and found three armor pieces, each with divine blood.

On the largest armor piece, there was a blob of divine blood as big as a fist. At least 200 drops could be seen in it, roughly estimated.

Finding this armor piece was like winning an extraordinary treasury, the wealth of which was incomparable to other Half-Saints.

Zhang Ruochen had found a piece of saint bone along with armor pieces. Although it was just as big as a human head, extraordinary power was contained in it, which made it priceless.

Invincible Might dispersed rapidly after the Death Zen Elder had taken the god corpse away. Even the fragile space recovered rapidly.

Therefore, other people had climbed over the cliff to the magma sea.

Ghost King Bloodmoon was the first to arrive.

She flew from afar like a strand of black smoke, landing at the edge of the pit in the center of magma sea, and condensing into a slender beautiful figure.

“Who’s this intruder? Don’t you know that my lord occupies this place?”

Elephant-swallowing Rabbit shouted before he could see clearly that it was Ghost King Bloodmoon.

With divine blood and divine bones buried underneath, it would struggle with anyone who wanted to steal from it. It was no joke.

Ghost King Bloodmoon turned and glanced at Elephant-swallowing Rabbit. With a wave of her arm, a strand of icy cold ghost Qi gushed out, carrying Elephant-swallowing Rabbit away and dropping it afar.

“Hua!”

Ghost King Bloodmoon changed into a beautiful blurring shadow, and flew to the bottom of the pit. Soon she saw Zhang Ruochen cutting rocks.

Zhang Ruochen felt the icy cold ghost Qi, then spoke without raising his head, “Ghost King Bloodmoon, you are here right on time. Come to help. With you, a ghost king, helping us, we should be able to dig out more treasures.”

Chapter 838 - The Rune Curse of the Empress

Translator:

Larbre Studio

Editor:

Larbre Studio

The bottom of the pit was very dark. It felt eerie and cold.

Ghost King Bloodmoon stood, hovering in the air. Her long black hair hung down. Dozens of beams of ghost fog snaked in and out around her. Eyes dark, she said, “Zhang Ruochen, you’re really open-minded. You’ve already angered Ghost King Shenchu. If he wants you dead, you’ll be dead even if you escape to Kunlun’s Field.”

Zhang Ruochen stopped cutting the stone and looked over at Ghost King Bloodmoon. “Really?” he asked. “Then he should first think about how to escape from the Death Zen Sect elder before his cultivation recovers. He almost died by the Death Zen Sect elder’s hands. I don’t think Ghost King Shenchu will let him go.”

Zhang Ruochen was here digging for the god’s relics because he guessed that Ghost King Shenchu and the Death Zen Sect elder would be caught up with each other.

If nothing else, they would fight for the god’s corpse and in the end, only one could remain living.

Of course, the Death Zen Sect elder had the absolute advantage now. Ghost King Shenchu couldn’t come to Ghost God Valley before he recovered from his injuries.

Ghost King Bloodmoon didn’t know who the Death Zen Sect elder was, but she could guess. Earlier, the god’s corpse had created a dramatic uproar when it walked out of Ghost God

Valley. Even many Ghost Kings in the netherworld were alerted.

She was obviously curious why someone as powerful as the Death Zen Sect elder would let Zhang Ruochen live.

“What exactly is the relationship between you and that Death Zen Sect elder?” Ghost King Bloodmoon asked.

“You don’t need to know that much,” Zhang Ruochen said.

“You only need to know that if the Death Zen Sect elder wanted to kill you, Ghost King Shenchu can’t save you, but I can.”

Zhang Ruochen had gradually processed everything. The Death Zen Sect elder might have really wanted to repay him by helping him cultivate the Five Elements Chaotic Body, but there might be another layer.

After all, he and the Death Zen Sect elder had a mutual nemesis: Empress Chi Yao.

In the past century, the only person that Empress Chi Yao personally ordered to be caught was the Descendant of Time and Space, Zhang Ruochen. The Death Zen Sect elder would obviously suspect Empress Chi Yao’s purpose.

Did she really fear what would happen if the Descendant of Time and Space matured?

So he was helping Zhang Ruochen and also helping himself. The Death Zen Sect elder wasn’t able to fight against Empress Chi Yao now, so he needed another way to stop her.

If he hadn’t been forced to the extreme by Empress Chi Yao, why would the Death Zen Sect elder come to the netherworld alone to find the god’s corpse? So up to now, the Death Zen Sect elder wished to see Zhang Ruochen mature. The stronger he was, the more he could restrict Empress Chi Yao and, therefore, benefit himself.

A while later, Blackie, Han Xue, and the demon rat hurried over. They appeared at the heart of the lava sea. At the same time, they brought important news to Zhang Ruochen: the Monks of the Death Zen Sect hadn’t left. They were

converting many powerful cultivators outside Ghost God Valley.

The Death Zen Sect elder's actions were also within Zhang Ruochen's expectations.

Half-Saint elders from all the top forces had come to Ghost God Valley to search for the Pill of Resurrection. Now, their fantasies were destroyed. If they wished to return to Kunlun's Field, they had to follow the Death Zen Sect.

No one wanted to wait for death in the netherworld.

"That Death Zen Sect elder is really someone," Blackie said. "He actually got control of the god's corpse. When he returns to Kunlun's Field, he'll probably stir up a huge storm."

Thinking for a moment, Zhang Ruochen shook his head. "The Death Zen Sect elder isn't an average man. He cultivated 500 years to reach this level. He is absolutely talented."

Blackie nodded. "Even in the middle ages, the Death Zen Sect elder was the cream of the crop and had the potential of being a god."

"Master...look...the Void Sword..."

Han Xue held the Void Sword with both hands. Then rings of white light emerged from the sword. Like ripples on the water surface, they surged to the bottom of the rock.

Whoosh, whoosh.

The Void Sword quivered and suddenly, breaking out from Han Xue's control, it flew into the pit at the heart of the lava sea and rushed to the bottom.

"Did it sense something?"

Zhang Ruochen immediately used a physical technique and rushed to the bottom of the pit. Next, Blackie, Han Xue, and Mu Lingxi also turned into streaks of light and pursued it.

With the tip pointed down, the Void Sword spun quickly. It crumbled the stone, leaving a hole and then disappeared into the depths.

“Follow the Void Sword’s marks and dig down,” Zhang Ruochen said.

Blackie was really excited. Its claws kept trembling. “The Empress must have left something underground. Otherwise, the Void Sword’s senses wouldn’t be so strong.”

A gust of icy Qi abruptly appeared before Zhang Ruochen. He turned around and was met with Ghost King Bloodmoon’s cold features.

Whoosh!

Without saying a word, Ghost King Bloodmoon’s body dissolved into a plume of Ghost Qi. Following the hole, she flew down to the bottom. Zhang Ruochen also picked up his pace at digging. He continuously split up the stone. After around two hours, he finally passed through the stone layer and reached the bottom of the lava sea.

A strong gust of Evil Death Qi immediately rushed up at him. Zhang Ruochen quickly opened up the Universe Spiritual Map. He activated his Holy Qi and poured it into the scroll.

Various runes emerged on the scroll’s surface. They transformed into a golden tree, hundreds of feet tall, and purified all the Evil Death Qi.

Using the golden light shining from the tree, they could see that the bottom of the stone layer was blood-red dirt. Death Qi poured out of the dirt endlessly but was purified by the tree.

Blackie grabbed some blood-red dirt. Greed shone in its eyes. Smiling, he said, “This dirt has been soaked in divine blood. It’s already evolved into the legendary Divine Blood-red Earth.”

“Zhang Ruochen,” he said, “we have to dig up all the Divine Blood-red Earth and bring it into the scroll world. It can be turned into a divine medicine garden. Only that garden can cultivate top divine medicine. There can’t be more than ten divine medicine gardens in the entire Kunlun’s Field.”

Hearing Blackie’s words, the Elephant-swallowing Rabbit immediately pounced and opened its mouth. It swallowed

more than ten mouthfuls of the Divine Blood-red Earth. Since it was dirt soaked in divine blood, it must be something good.

As soon as it swallowed the Divine Blood-red Earth, extreme pain came from its stomach. It felt like it had just eaten 100,000 pounds of steel. Falling onto its butt, its eyes widened and its furry face inflated as if it had gone dumb.

Zhang Ruochen checked it and found that the Elephant-swallowing Rabbit was actually using a technique to refine the Divine Blood-red Earth inside it. And the dirt was actually melting slowly.

One must admit that the Elephant-swallowing Rabbit was strange. It seemed to be able to digest everything.

Following the Qi left behind by the Void Sword, Zhang Ruochen's group quickly found Ghost King Bloodmoon who'd gotten to the bottom first.

"Did you find anything?" Zhang Ruochen asked.

Ghost King Bloodmoon glanced coldly at him. Then her eyes moved to another direction. Zhang Ruochen followed her gaze and his eyes hardened. Under the Divine Blood-red Earth, there was actually a green stone tablet. It was 300 feet tall and seemed very rough. It didn't look much different from regular boulders.

If he hadn't seen it with his own eyes, he wouldn't be able to discover it with his Spiritual Power from the top of the lava sea. However, it hadn't melted after interacting with the lava for so long. How could it be a regular stone?

At the moment, the Void Sword was jutting from under the green stone tablet. The sword continued radiating with white light. Under it, the tablet turned into a jade-like color.

Zhang Ruochen walked over cautiously. When his foot stepped on the ground, he actually created rings of tiny energy ripples. He walked to the bottom of the tablet, reached out, and pressed the tablet lightly with one hand.

Crack.

A crack instantly appeared on the tablet's surface. Then a second, a third...

The stone surface on the tablet shattered and fell down, revealing the tablet's true appearance.

Various profound sword designs were actually on the green tablet. The lines wove together, covering the surface with ancient runes.

Eyes widening, Blackie rushed over. "The empress' handwriting! This is a rune curse she left behind... Oh god! The empress really came here before."

"You can't read the empress' words, but I can," Blackie said. "It says clearly that this is a Talisman of Heaven and Earth. The empress used the power of her entire life to carve this rune. If you bring this to the Corpse River, you can seal the netherworld for countless more years."

Chapter 839 - Green Stone, Blood Pond

Translator:

Larbre Studio

Editor:

Larbre Studio

“Really? We don’t know the characters on it. You mustn’t lie to us,” said demon rat.

Mu Lingyi doubted it as well. “This is no joke, Blackie. Don’t play with us. Do you really know the words written on it?”

Blackie was angry that they all doubted it, and said, “You should trust me. How could I be wrong? Move away, let me show you how I take the Rune Curse back.”

Blackie appeared to be very confident. It strode to Green Stone, studied it carefully, and pressed its bottom with its claws.

Suddenly, all the characters on the stone turned into sword Qis which hit toward Blackie, and throwing it more than thirty meters backwards.

Even if Blackie had fallen on the ground, sword Qis still would have hit it.

Bang Bang.

Blackie rolled on the ground and groaned with pain. “How could it be wrong...it doesn’t make any sense...”

“Let me try.”

Zhang Ruochen appeared to be rather careful. He raised his arms, transferred the power of space to the surface of the stone. The characters on the stone showed rays of blinding light at once, and would turn into sword Qi in just one second.

“Rise.”

Before it could happen, Zhang Ruochen immediately used Spatial Move to move the Green Stone to the Scroll World.

Inside the Scroll World, dozens of sword Qis flew out from the stone, but dispersed in a short while and couldn't hurt Zhang Ruochen.

A giant pit appeared on the ground after the stone was moved away.

Zhang Ruochen was about to enter the Scroll World and study the Green Stone, when a ball of dim green light rose from the bottom of the pit.

“Eh!”

Zhang Ruochen stopped and walked to the edge of the pit. He looked down to the bottom.

And surprisingly, he found that there was divine blood all over the bottom of the pit.

All the divine blood converged into a small blood pond underneath the Green Stone. If the stone hadn't been removed, nobody could have detected it.

More surprisingly, there was green grass growing on the surface of the Blood Pond.

The grass was like a vine, floating on the water's surface, and it had seven leaves in total.

The first leaf was shaped like a dragon. At the core of the leaf, there was a crimson fruit, which looked like a dragon's eye.

The second leaf was shaped like a tiger with tiger stripes interweaving on it.

The third leaf was shaped like a phoenix, giving off flames and burning the leaf like a lantern.

The fourth leaf was shaped as Xuanwu; the fifth was shaped as Kirin; the sixth was as a scorching sun; the seventh was as the moon in the night sky.

Seven leaves floating on the water's surface formed into the Seven Stars Rule, giving off a dark green light.

And... the light grew stronger.

Blackie rushed to it too and saw the Seven Leaves Grass in the Blood Pond. It couldn't stop drooling, and roared, "The divine herb...Seven Star Sacred Tuber..."

With its voice being heard, dazzling light was emitted by Seven Star Sacred Tuber in the Blood Pond, and made it hard for them to open their eyes. At the same time, the cries of dragons and tigers, and the roars of Rosefinch, Xuanwu and Kirin were heard.

When the sounds were heard, they shocked everyone like divine thunder. Even though the cultivation of each one present had reached Half-Saint level, their ears felt hurt, heads dazzled, and Qi and blood tumbled.

If they were Fish-Dragon Realm monks, they could have died there.

Silently, the ground began to shake slightly, and the vine of the Seven Star Sacred Tuber burst out from the bottom of the pit and extended upward rapidly.

"The Talisman of Heaven and Earth has weighed above the Seven Star Sacred Tuber and forced it to sleep since the ancient times. Now that the Talisman of Heaven and Earth has been removed, the Seven Star Sacred Tuber began to wake up gradually. We should take it before it becomes fully awake. Once it becomes totally awake, even a saint couldn't take it," said Blackie.

"Save your words. Let's do it immediately."

Zhang Ruochen transferred Spatial Rules into the Space Domain, which wrapped up the Seven Star Sacred Tuber and the Blood Pond.

Now, the Seven Star Sacred Tuber had grown into dozens of meters long, with its vine as thick as an arm. Densely arranged scales could be seen clearly on its vine, and traces of flames rose from it.

Blackie also worked hard with its claws, busily and rapidly producing inscriptions.

Lines of strange patterns were like a giant web wrapping up the Seven Star Sacred Tuber as it floated in midair.

“Pick.”

Blackie pressed downwards through the inscriptions with its claw, and reached to the root of the Seven Star Sacred Tuber.

But unexpectedly, the first leaf of the Seven Star Sacred Tuber shaped as a dragon gave out a giant Dragon Soul, which was dozens of meters long, together with a deafening dragon groan.

The powerful soundwave struck Blackie and sent him flying away.

Meanwhile, the Seven Star Sacred Tuber grew even faster. And the Qi given out by it became so scary that it could almost break the Space Domain created by Zhang Ruochen.

Blackie knew the secret to picking up the divine herb, but its low cultivation couldn't help it do anything to the Seven Star Sacred Tuber.

Zhang Ruochen stared at Ghost King Bloodmoon with his teeth clenched, and shouted, “Hurry up and help it! Once the power of the Seven Star Sacred Tuber breaks through the Space Domain, the Qi of the divine herb will be given out. If the Death Zen Elder comes here, not to mention the divine herb, it would be a question of if we could survive him.”

A divine herb was enough for Death Zen Elder to kill for...

Ghost King Bloodmoon was the one who had the highest cultivation among them. Only with her help, there might be a chance that they could take the divine herb.

Blackie said, “If you could suppress the power of the Seven Star Sacred Tuber for the time of a breath, then I could move it to the Scroll World. As long as it was moved to the Scroll World, I could deal with it slowly.”

Naturally, Ghost King Bloodmoon was clear about the value of a divine herb. Although she appeared to be unhappy, she

began to transfer all her power.

“Hua!”

Her ghost form turned into a black ghost fog, flew out and wined on the vine of the Seven Star Sacred Tuber, suppressing its power for the moment.

Blackie rushed to it again. With its claws pressing into the root of the Seven Star Sacred Tuber, it pulled the Seven Star Sacred Tuber out of the Blood Pond, and threw it to the Gate of Space.

The Space Domain broke into pieces with a boom.

Zhang Ruochen’s clothes were totally wet from sweat. He breathed hard, and almost kneeled on the ground.

Ghost King Bloodmoon condensed into ghost form again, but the cost to her was huge too, no better than that to Zhang Ruochen.

Mu Lingxi stared at where the Gate of Space had disappeared, and said, “I just saw something tangling on the root of the Seven Star Sacred Tuber. From the light given out by it, it must be a gem.” Zhang Ruochen nodded, as he perceived this, too.

But since the Seven Star Sacred Tuber was taken into the Scroll World, there was no rush to deal with it.

Zhang Ruochen looked at monster ape, and said, “Monster ape, go up above the magma sea, and detect things happening in Ghost God Valley. If you find other monks coming this way, report to me immediately.”

After monster ape left, Zhang Ruochen drank Xuanwu Saint Blood, and recovered his spent Holy Qi with the power of the Saint Blood. After that, he stood up and looked at the Blood Pond, which was at the bottom of the giant pit.

Blackie grinned. “A full pond of divine blood...we’ve hit the jackpot.”

“Blackie, should you know how to seal divine blood?” asked Zhang Ruochen.

Blackie nodded, “The power of divine blood was too strong to be contained by ordinary vessels. Only with the pith of Saint Jade and a top level Seal Inscription could it be reserved. But this would be way too complex. I have a simpler way.”

“What is it?” asked Zhang Ruochen.

Blackie said, “Divine Sky-Connecting Tree is a deity. Each lump of its wood was like a divine bone. Although it is only left with one root and its remaining power has transferred to the new branch, Divine Sky-Connecting Tree is still divine wood. A vessel made by it would be powerful enough for containing divine blood.”

Mu Lingxi clapped on her forehead, and said with shock, “Right! Why didn’t this occur to us earlier?”

Zhang Ruochen entered the Scroll World immediately, chopped off a big lump of divine wood from the root of the Divine Sky-Connecting Tree, and made it into a dozen vessels of different sizes.

Only after that did he pour all the divine blood from the Blood Pond into the vessels, putting them in a place where they could be well kept.

Demon rat gave a greedy look at the divine blood in Zhang Ruochen’s hands. It licked its lips and was tempted to rob it.

Blackie tapped on demon rat’s shoulder with a claw and laughed. “What is it? You want divine blood?” Demon rat trembled with fear, and put away its greed. It bowed to Blackie and smiled in curry favor. “How could I dare to consider that in front of you, my lord. It’s just that...if my lord could talk to Zhang Ruochen about it, and let him award me some divine blood, I would be willing to die for you.”

“Is that so?”

Blackie pinched the bottom of demon rat, and gave it a cold stare. “If you serve us sincerely, there will surely be benefits for you. But if you want to play tricks, I could make you suffer more than death.”

With four legs shaking, demon rat said constantly, “No, no, I won’t...”

“Well then, go to work with the Saintess of your Sect and Han Xue. Dig out all the Divine Blood-red Earth and move it all to the Scroll World. Be fast. If you work well, we can award you a drop of divine blood.”

Chapter 840 - Sacred Medicine

Translator:

Larbre Studio

Editor:

Larbre Studio

Mu Lingxi and Han Xue had already started transporting the Divine Blood-red Earth. With the demon rat's help, they were moving very quickly.

There were also some strong cultivators in the Ghost God Valley from other forces. No one knew when they would run over to fight for the resource. Thus, they had to be fast and transport most of the resource into the scroll world before the others arrived.

The Seven Star Sacred Tuber completely woke up after entering the scroll world. It transformed into a sacred vine that rose up to the sky. It was thicker than a millstone and shot into the clouds.

At the top of the sacred tuber, the sixth leaf that seemed like a blazing sun and the seventh leaf, like a bright moon, basically hung in the sky like the sun and moon. The world seemed strange under their illumination.

Thankfully, this was inside the scroll world. If it was outside, Zhang Ruochen and Blackie would probably have gotten crushed by its power before they could even get close.

“It really is the legendary Seven Star Sacred Tuber,” Blackie said. “The empress must have planted it below the god's corpse. It absorbed the divine blood and after thousands of years of nurturing, the sacred medicine is mature. Even in the middle ages, something like this would cause a storm. All the Saints would fight to the death for the medicine.”

“The leaves of the Seven Star Sacred Tuber are the Blue Dragon, White Tiger, Phoenix, Xuanwu, Kirin, Sun, and Moon. They correspond to different medicinal powers. There’s the idiom that dragons are spirited and tigers are strong. The first leaf, the Blue Dragon, can nourish one’s spirit. The second White Tiger Leaf can strengthen your body.”

“Nourishing one’s spirit refers to aiding with the cultivation of Spiritual Power. If you can ingest the Blue Dragon Leaf, you can cultivate your Spiritual Power to the Supreme Sage’s level. It shouldn’t be hard for you. Strengthening one’s body isn’t just a regular refinement of the body. Instead, it turns your physical body into a Saint or Supreme Saint. In the past, an elder of the Peacock Clan had cultivated his body to the Supreme Saint Realm. No weapons or elements could enter his body. He’d surpassed the five elements and took three attacks from a god without dying.”

“Of course, you can’t absorb the sacred medicine with your current cultivation. If you forcefully try it, it’ll be the same as suicide. The third and fourth leaves are even better. The Phoenix Leaf represents nirvana, which is also resurrection. The Xuanwu Leaf represents longevity.”

Zhang Ruochen stared at the third Phoenix Leaf. His eyes were excited and he clenched his fists, knuckles popping. Was this really the legendary Pill of Resurrection?

Blackie continued speaking. “The fifth Kirin Leaf represents Qi Fate. If a Monk keeps the leaf on them, they can receive incomparable Qi Fate. Of course, I doubt this part. Even for sacred medicine, it’s not very possible to change someone’s Qi Fate.”

“Then what kind of magical power do the two leaves on the top contain?” Zhang Ruochen asked.

“What I said before is all from ancient records,” Blackie said. “I can’t be sure that it’s all true. Plus, the records only have vague descriptions about the sixth and seventh leaves of the Seven Star Sacred Tuber. The only thing that’s definite is that the dew on the sixth and seventh leaves is known as the Sun Essence and Moon Essence. They’re very valuable treasures.

If you drip a drop of Sun and Moon Essence on sacred medicine, its power will be boosted.”

The effects of the fifth, sixth, and seventh leaves were too magical. They had surpassed a common man’s knowledge.

Instead, the surprising effects and values of the first four leaves really excited people.

Zhang Ruochen glanced at the root of the Seven Star Sacred Tuber. He saw a piece of jade the size of one’s head hanging on it.

The roots of the Seven Star Sacred Tuber wrapped around the jade tightly, enveloping it so that only a bit of the jade peeked out.

“What’s that?” Blackie also saw the jade.

Thus, it grabbed at the jade with its claws. The Seven Star Sacred Tuber instantly started shaking violently. The roots burst with extreme power and slapped at Blackie like whips.

Blackie forced the roots back and yanked the jade out. It played with the jade in its paws for a while but couldn’t figure it out. Finally, it just commented, “It should be a pretty good thing.”

Zhang Ruochen took the jade. He immediately felt powerful wood-elemental Spiritual Qi stream from it. Then he activated his Spiritual Power to investigate the inner structure of the jade.

But he discovered that the jade was very dense. Even his Spiritual Power couldn’t squeeze into it.

“Its aura is similar to the Divine Sky-connecting Tree.”

Instead of continuing to study it, he put the jade away and looked to the third leaf on the Seven Star Sacred Tuber.

The third leaf looked like a phoenix flying in the air. It was covered in flames, forming a bright red cloud of fire.

Expression serious, Zhang Ruochen said, “Blackie, go get the third leaf. I want to see if eating it will really bring someone back to life.”

Sword Saint Xuanji had already died anyway. There was nothing to lose by feeding him the Phoenix Leaf. What if a miracle happened?

Blackie obviously understood Zhang Ruochen's intentions. It immediately gathered its power and plucked a phoenix-like leaf. Then a black flame rose up from between its claws. It refined the Phoenix Leaf simply, turning it into a red cherry-sized pill.

"Here." Blackie handed the pill to Zhang Ruochen, but hesitated. Finally, he said, "This pill is very valuable, but it might not be able to resurrect a Saint with a scattered soul—"

Before Blackie could finish, Zhang Ruochen had already taken the pill and hurried over to Sword Saint Xuanji's body.

Zhang Ruochen knew what Blackie meant. This Pill of Resurrection might not be able to save a Saint with a scattered soul, but it could definitely save a Monk who'd just died. Instead of wasting it on Sword Saint Xuanji, he should save it for himself.

However, he didn't think of all that. Sword Saint Xuanji had saved him and he had to try, even if there was only a shred of hope.

Zhang Ruochen placed the red pill into Sword Saint Xuanji's mouth. Then he began waiting.

After a candle's time, the body finally started changing.

Slivers of red fire spewed from the pores all over Sword Saint Xuanji's body. They transformed into a huge cloud of fire, shrouding the body.

A boiling heat wave rolled over, forcing Zhang Ruochen to retreat. The fire blazed, sometimes contracting, sometimes swelling. The corpse seemed to be breathing.

"Seems like there's a chance." Blackie stared with its eyes wide open. It seemed nervous.

Right then, the Divine Sky-connecting Tree's branches shook violently. Strands of Life Qi surged out of its leaves, flowing towards Sword Saint Xuanji.

Whoosh!

The jade in Zhang Ruochen's arms was attracted by some invisible pull. Uncontrolled by Zhang Ruochen, it transformed into a beam of light and flew out.

The next moment, the jade appeared above Sword Saint Xuanji's body.

Baked by the fire, dense patterns emerged on the jade's surface. They looked very similar to the rings on the Divine Sky-connecting Tree's trunk.

Boom!

Immense Life Qi poured from the jade. It was actually stronger than the Life Qi of the Divine Sky-connecting Tree.

Zhang Ruochen was surprised. He took out a withered sacred medicine leaf from his spatial ring. The leaf absorbed the Life Qi and its vitality was immediately replenished. Root hair and new leaves grew at a speed visible to the naked eye. Finally, a white medicine flower bloomed from within the leaf.

“The withered tree has returned to spring.”

Zhang Ruochen couldn't control the excitement within him. His hands started trembling.

If a withered tree could come back to life, then could humans do that too?

“How is this possible? How can something have stronger Life Qi than the Divine Sky-connecting Tree...no...I got it. I understand...”

Blackie was even more excited than Zhang Ruochen. Staring at the jade above Sword Saint Xuanji, it continued, “That... that's the crystal of the Divine Sky-connecting Tree. It contains the essence of the tree and represents the source of its divinity.”

“What are you saying?” Zhang Ruochen really couldn't understand Blackie. How come it was this excited?

“In the middle ages, the god cut down the Divine Sky-connecting Tree and refined it into the jade that's before our

eyes right now,” Blackie said. “In other words, the saintly source is the crystal of a Saint’s lifetime power. This jade is the crystal of the Divine Sky-connecting Tree’s lifetime power. No wonder the Seven Star Sacred Tuber’s roots would latch onto the jade. It’s absorbing the jade’s power.”

Zhang Ruochen understood now and it stole his breath. He looked back at Sword Saint Xuanji and the jade. His anticipation grew stronger.

Master, you must wake up!

Suddenly, the jade dipped down and entered Sword Saint Xuanji’s chest, melding with his body.

Blackie’s claws pawed at the ground subconsciously. “The Divine Sky-connecting Tree’s crystal actually became one with Sword Saint Xuanji’s body. This way, he really might come back to life. Plus, he received the Divine Sky-connecting tree’s inheritance. I really don’t know what heights he can reach once he’s resurrected. Haha! This is the treasure left behind by the empress. She must have left it for me. That Sword Saint Xuanji guy got it easy.”

Just then, Mu Lingxi used a physical technique to rush over. She was in a hurry. “The monster ape sent a message that Monks of the Ancient Necromancer Race and Ghost Cultivation Race have reached the sea of lava. They must know that there are many treasures at the bottom. They might come to fight for it.”

“They have good timing.” Zhang Ruochen exhaled deeply and pursed his lips. “Senior Sister Duanmu, stay here and guard Master’s body. Have the demon rat and Han Xue continue transporting the Divine Blood-red Earth. I’ll go delay them.”

Chapter 841 - Met Yin Xuanji Again

Translator:

Larbre Studio

Editor:

Larbre Studio

It had a huge influence on all people in Ghost God Valley that Death Zen Elder had taken the god corpse away.

A verbal instruction from Death Zen Elder was passed out by Half-Saints of the Death Zen Sect right away.

Any human monk who had entered the netherworld and agreed to join the Death Zen Sect would be awarded five drops of divine blood, and transported back to Kunlun's Field by the Death Zen Elder.

But if he didn't want to work for the Death Zen Sect, he would be left in the netherworld and have to wait for death.

After the verbal instruction was heard, monks came and surrendered to the Death Zen Elder constantly. Some of them were there for the divine blood, and some really wanted to survive and return to Kunlun's Field.

Only a few of them held on to their standards and refused to join the Death Zen Sect.

There was a valley outside the Ghost God Valley.

An affluent-looking monk walked in the valley. He put his hands together and bowed.

“Elder, some powerful figures of the Ancient Necromancer Race and the Ancient Ghost Cultivation Race have raced to the magma sea. Zhang Ruochen could hardly survive them. Should we help him at this moment, and rope him into the Death Zen Sect?”

The Death Zen Elder sat on the top of the head of the god corpse with his legs crossed. Rays of golden light came from his whole body, falling on the ground like saintly Buddha Rain.

A pair of his Buddha Eyes opened slowly, and he smiled. “No need to worry. Let them fight. There are treasures remaining at the bottom of the magma sea, so they should fight fiercely.”

And the monk said, “Some elders of the Ancient Necromancer Race and Ancient Ghost Cultivation Race are in the netherworld too. Zhang Ruochen couldn’t defend himself from them with his current cultivation. If the Elder won’t help him, how could he survive?”

“It’s not impossible. I’ve calculated the destiny of Zhang Ruochen, which is strong enough to become a destiny of a god. He can’t die here.”

The Death Zen Elder added right after it, “Ghost King Shenchu has rushed to Kunlun’s Field. We should stop staying in the netherworld and return as well.”

The Death Zen Elder was clear that the grudge had been made between him and Ghost King Shenchu. With his robbing of the god corpse, Ghost King Shenchu would never forgive him.

If he didn’t return to Kunlun’s Field immediately, Ghost King Shenchu would probably attack the headquarters of the Death Zen Sect.

After a half-hour of assembling, all the monks who had surrendered to the Death Zen Sect gathered at the foot of the god corpse and knelt on the ground devoutly to worship the Death Zen Elder.

The Death Zen Elder threw the Thousand Treasure Cassock to them, and wrapped them all up. Then, he controlled the god corpse to leave Ghost God Valley and move to the Corpse River.

...

Some leaden black Corpse Qi flew to the east side of the magma sea.

A giant dragon corpse standing in the middle of the Corpse Qi gave out a scary silhouette. It roared several times, and each time let out a whistling cold wind.

A mummy covered by white cloth stood on the back of the dragon corpse. He looked extremely gloomy as only a pair of black eyes could be seen through the cloth.

The mummy was the heir of the Ancient Necromancer Race, Yin Xuanji.

Yin Xuanji could perceive clearly that this magma sea was extraordinary, containing god power. And inside it, he knew there must be treasures remaining from the god.

But the center of the magma sea had been dug out and moved completely.

Seeing this made Yin Xuanji quite furious.

“Stop there. Our lord has taken this place. If you want rocks, you have to go to the edge of the magma sea,” said Elephant-swallowing Rabbit.

After resolving Divine Blood-red Earth, the cultivation of Elephant-swallowing Rabbit had reached the state of a Second Level Half-Saint. Apparently it was confident in itself and showed no fear of Yin Xuanji.

“Ow!”

At the same time, monster ape aside Elephant-swallowing Rabbit pounded its chest with a roar.

“Two stupid things, get out of my face!”

Yin Xuanji gave out extremely cold Qi. He rode the dragon corpse and strode forward. His right palm hit in front of him, and a giant palm print, which was about ten meters long, flew toward them.

Elephant-swallowing Rabbit used its power and moved leftward instantly.

Monster ape stood there with its eyes glaring, demonic Qi rolling, and every black hair standing up, and then rushed to the palm print.

Boom!

The power of Yin Xuanji's palm was so great that monster ape was thrown away and crashed a giant rock into pieces.

“Too weak.”

Yin Xuanji stretched his hand and pulled a horn out of the dragon's head.

The dragon horn was about 566 meters long and very sharp. Dim light was given off from inside.

He used the dragon horn to rip the belly of monster ape.

Pizz.

Blood burst from the belly of monster ape. Then Yin Xuanji twisted his arm to churn the body of monster ape with the dragon horn.

Lying on the ground, monster ape let out an extremely tragic groan.

Yin Xuanji grinned and put away the bloody dragon horn. With black fire coming out of his eyes, he located the position of Elephant-swallowing Rabbit in just a minute. “You are really fast. But your cultivation is rather low.”

The hands of Yin Xuanji weaved a Print Rule, and a strand of freezing cold Holy Qi came out of his palm to adhere to the dragon horn.

The dragon horn turned into a flying light with a blink. It flew through a thousand meters of void toward Elephant-swallowing Rabbit.

At the minute that the dragon horn was about to hit Elephant-swallowing Rabbit, Zhang Ruochen rushed out from the bottom of the pit. His speed was even faster than that of the dragon horn.

He turned into a blurring shadow and appeared in front of Elephant-swallowing Rabbit. He held the dragon horn tightly with a palm.

There were dimly colorful lights spreading from his body. With just one step back, he had resolved the power of the

dragon horn.

Yin Xuanji perceived that he had lost control of the dragon horn, and the black fire in his eyes turned stronger. Flames covered his body completely.

“Zhang Ruochen, it’s you again. Don’t you run away from me this time!” Yin Xuanji laughed with a husky voice.

The fingers of Zhang Ruochen revolved and pinched the dragon horn into his palm. He looked over to the dying monster ape, and frowned. “Guoguo, you take monster ape with you and leave now.”

Elephant-swallowing Rabbit changed into a red light and appeared in the front of monster ape. It dragged its giant body and jumped out of the giant pit which was in the center of the magma sea.

Zhang Ruochen stared at Yin Xuanji, who was not too far from him, and said, “I came here first. According to the rules of the Refining World, the whole magma sea should belong to me. But, I like to share it with others. If you want to collect the rocks, retreat 100 meters and feel free to collect.”

“However,” he continued, “Since you’ve hurt my monster beast, we should settle this first.”

Yin Xuanji showed no care for the monster beast, and laughed with mockery. “You want to please me with just a few rocks? Zhang Ruochen, you can’t ask me to follow your rules just because you are the Time and Space Descendant. I only follow the rules of true power.”

Chapter 842 - Princess of the Ancient Ghost Cultivation Race

Translator:

Larbre Studio

Editor:

Larbre Studio

“I’m stronger than you, so my words are the law.” Yin Xuanji said. “First, you must give me the Shenwan Fruit. Second, hand over the treasures you dug out of the sea of lava. When you finish these, I’ll tell you the third rule.”

Zhang Ruochen toyed with the dragon horn in his hands. “There’s a third one?”

This time, a woman’s voice replied to Zhang Ruochen. “You are the Descendant of Time and Space. You must be able to cross the spatial extreme barrier of the Corpse River. If you bring us back to Kunlun’s Field, we’ll let you go.”

Zhang Ruochen could hear her voice but couldn’t see her. He could only feel a gust of eerie wind blow over the sea of lava.

Eyes darting to the side, he shook his arm powerfully. The dragon horn immediately burst forth like an arrow, almost at the speed of sound.

A boom sounded around 400 feet away from Zhang Ruochen. A chariot built from white bone appeared out of thin air. The sharp dragon horn had passed through the chariot, breaking it apart so that various shattered bones dropped to the ground.

A woman with a black veil flew out of the white bone chariot. She looked miserable. Her long robe was torn, revealing a huge hole.

This was the princess of the Ghost Cultivation Tribe, Feng Yinchuan. She was also Yin Xuanji's fiancée.

Feng Yinchuan held an ash-gray ghost flag. It fluttered to the ground as she glared at Zhang Ruochen angrily. "Zhang Ruochen, how dare you attack me?"

Whoosh!

The dragon horn circled in the air and flew back, landing in Zhang Ruochen's hand.

Holding the horn, Zhang Ruochen said calmly, "I don't like talking to someone who hides themselves. As for your rules, I agree with them. However, since the strong determine the rules, then shouldn't we fight before deciding who's stronger?"

"What, you won't admit it?" Powerful saintly might burst from Yin Xuanji. "Don't get cocky just because we were tied in the last fight. To be honest, the strongest force of the Ancient Necromancer Race is the battle corpses. We aren't personally so powerful. But in a true fight, you're still far from my level."

Zhang Ruochen glanced at the three battle corpses beside Yin Xuanji and said calmly, "How will we know the end if we don't try?"

Yin Xuanji was covered in white cloth, but one could still see his lips curl up into a derisive sneer.

"Since you refuse to give in, I will make you submit with my absolute power."

Yin Xuanji seemed extraordinarily powerful. He took a bell from his waist and shook it lightly.

A battle corpse with three heads and six arms roared instantly. It spat out a gust of Corpse Qi. Its legs bent and jumped down from the dragon corpse, landing before Zhang Ruochen with a thud.

This was a super-battle corpse built from three Half-Saint battle corpses. Each of the six arms held a Hundred-pattern

Saint Weapon: a sword, ax, bead, print, Buddhist pagoda, and tripod.

Each saint weapon had an ancient aura. Their insides were carved with many inscriptions. The saintly power that radiated from them cracked the hard rock on the ground. The cracks snaked into the distance.

This heir of the Ancient Necromancer Race might have really broken into a Supreme Saint's grave, Zhang Ruochen thought. Otherwise, he couldn't have gotten so many saint weapons for a battle corpse.

The bell rang again.

The three-headed six-armed battle corpse hit forward with one arm. Drawing a trail of Sword Qi that was like a huge wall, it split the ground in half. Sword Qi continued rushing forward toward Zhang Ruochen.

The power from this mere strike was stronger than a typical third level Half-Saint.

However, this powerful Sword Qi began dissipating as soon as it got to Zhang Ruochen. Finally, it disappeared completely. It didn't even get through Zhang Ruochen's Body-Protecting Holy Kang.

"How can this be?" Yin Xuanji was shocked. Even he couldn't dissolve a third level Half-Saint's full-power strike so easily.

Feng Yinchuan, princess of the Ghost Cultivation Race, stood in the distance, so she could see more clearly. "That Sword Qi was dissolved by the space domain," she supplied. "You can only defeat him by breaking past the space domain."

Yin Xuanji huffed coldly. He shook his bell even more strongly.

The three-headed six-armed battle corpse popped and cracked. Its body expanded more than five times, becoming as large as a small mountain. Its six arms reached out at once as if wanting to rip the sky apart.

As all the Corpse Qi in it surged, the six saint weapons shone blindingly. They were like six suns with blazing Qi as they

flew toward Zhang Ruochen at once.

Zhang Ruochen reached out both arms, manipulating the spatial cracks above the sea of lava. Seven or eight cracks hit the battle corpse at once.

Scratch!

The battle corpse was instantly split into dozens of parts. Then it was sucked into a spatial crack and turned into a cloud of bloody mist.

The six saint weapons lost control, allowing Zhang Ruochen to take them easily. After the Abyss Ancient Sword absorbed the six weapons, 100 more inscriptions appeared within it. It was another step closer to becoming a Thousand-pattern Saint Weapon.

The god's corpse had been taken away by the Death Zen Sect elder, but this space hadn't recovered completely. There were still many spatial cracks and vortices that hovered in the air.

This was a very dangerous place for other Monks. But to Zhang Ruochen, he had a great advantage while fighting people here. Even those much stronger than him would be defeated.

After losing a powerful battle corpse and six saint weapons, even Yin Xuanji was furious. The value he'd lost was equal to the entire treasury of a rich Half-Saint clan.

“Zhang Ruochen, you've angered me.”

Gritting his teeth, Yin Xuanji's muscles tensed. The Corpse Qi on him thickened, forming a cloud above his head. But because his Qi was too powerful, it pushed the limits of the space around him, cracking it.

Zhang Ruochen glanced at Feng Yinchuan. “Want to fight together?”

“Zhang Ruochen, you are the most arrogant man I've ever seen. You really think that you're invincible because you can manipulate the power of space?”

Evidently, Feng Yinchuan was also furious. She waved the ghost flag in her hands.

Whoosh!

A gust of Ghost Qi flew out of the flag. Every strand of Ghost Qi that landed solidified into an armored ghost soldier. Eight thousand ghost soldiers in total gathered and lined up before her. They had a powerful presence.

Amongst them, eight ghost soldiers solidified their bodies and were extremely powerful. They were eight Wuchang generals.

The strongest aspect of the Ancient Necromancer Race and Ghost Cultivation Race was that they could control large numbers of battle corpses and ghost soldiers.

A single Necromancer or Ghost Cultivation Half-Saint could make up for dozens of Half-Saints.

Author's note: thank you, everyone, for the support and understanding.

Chapter 843 - Thousand Ghosts Absorbing Formation

Translator:

Larbre Studio

Editor:

Larbre Studio

At the same time, Yin Xuanji rose above and paused over the dragon corpse.

His strong Holy Qi rushed to the bells at his waist. All three bells attached to his waist ran into each other, and made violent noises of collision.

The dragon corpse and the golden corpse beneath him gave out deafening sounds. Their cold Corpse Qi burst out, and condensed into dozens of shades of dragon shadow and a large area of golden palaces.

The golden corpse used to be an old Royal, who had refined himself an immortal body. Even if he had been dead for tens of thousands of years, his corpse was still unchanged.

The blurring shadow of the golden palaces was condensed by its royal Qi. It was like the laksana of its Saint Body, containing powerful Saint Might and Royal Might.

“Fight!” Yin Xuanji shouted.

Both the dragon corpse and the golden corpse rushed out to attack.

Zhang Ruochen took great caution, and created spatial cracks constantly. But they weren't hit by any of the cracks. At last, Zhang Ruochen had to jump 30 meters into the air to run away from being attacked by both of the corpses.

“Attack.”

At this moment, Feng Yinchuan commanded 8,000 ghost soldiers rallied in a battle formation, which had amassed all their power together. They chopped toward Zhang Ruochen as he skipped in midair, coming at him in a 3,000-meter-long blood blade moving in another direction.

The blade had cracked the space and left it in uncountable pieces.

The strength of this blade was probably too much to be taken by a Fourth Level Half-Saint.

Even though Zhang Ruochen had complete confidence in himself, he used Spatial Move to jump to the right, and avoided fighting face to face with her.

“The means of the Ancient Ghost Cultivation Race was truly terrible, as the legends say. Her strength is perhaps stronger than that of Yin Xuanji.”

The minute Zhang Ruochen had moved away, the golden corpse controlled by Yin Xuanji rushed with unbelievable speed through the Spatial Domain to arrive in front of Zhang Ruochen in just a second.

The wind created by its fist took the blurring shadow of golden palaces behind it, and rushed to the front.

“Disaster for divine dragon.”

Zhang Ruochen played Dragon and Elephant Prajna Palm, and shadows of dragons and elephants flew out of his palm to collide hard with the golden corpse.

Boom!

A strand of overwhelming power surged from the golden fist and shook Zhang Ruochen to retreat 18 steps consistently. Each step smashed the rocks on the ground into pieces.

The power of the golden corpse was way stronger than that of the battle corpse with three heads and six arms.

“Zhang Ruochen, you still have a chance to surrender to me now. As long as you kneel down and kowtow to me, I will let you go.” Yin Xuanji shook his bells, and gave a gloomy laugh.

His collaboration with Feng Yinchan had always worked well. Even some elders of the Half-Saints would have to run away from them.

How could he be unable defeat a Fish-Dragon Realm monk?

Zhang Ruochen felt his right arm extremely hurting, the right half of his body became numb and it was hard to gather strength.

The fighting power of the golden corpse was perhaps the same as a Fourth Level Half-Saint.

And the cultivation of Yin Xuanji was about at the state of a Second Level Half-Saint, otherwise he couldn't control such a powerful battle corpse.

Even among the Half-Saints, a Fourth Level Half-Saint was among the best. After all, for all Half-Saints in Kunlun's Field, more than half were under Fourth Level Half-Saint, and only 30% to 40% of Half-Saints could reach the Fourth Level.

Zhang Ruochen's look was unchanged. There was no fear in his eyes, but more severity. He operated the Saint Dragon's Qi in dragon marble quickly to his right arm. The feeling of hurt and numbness soon disappeared.

Yin Xuanji saw that Zhang Ruochen was still stubborn, so he hummed and shook his three bells again to control the golden corpse, and let out two fist prints again.

The blurring shadow of golden palaces flew to Zhang Ruochen like a world pressing on him.

“Space Crack!”

Zhang Ruochen lowered his eyes, pointed his right index finger to the front, and smash the space in front of him into a broken Space Zone.

Using Space Crack in Ghost God Valley gave out a more powerful strength. Hundreds of meters of space all imploded and broke completely into pieces.

Yin Xuanji was quite shocked as well. He didn't expect Zhang Ruochen to use such a terrible means, which even Fifth Level

Half-Saints and Sixth Level Half-Saints would have to run away from.

The speed of the golden corpse was extraordinary. It retreated immediately and surprisingly escaped from the broken space.

In another direction, the 8,000 ghost soldiers commanded by Feng Yinchuan formed into round shaped battle circles, and surrounded Zhang Ruochen.

8,000 lines of Ghostly Qi rushed out of the bodies of the ghost soldiers, and then changed into iron chains, which were as thick as barrels, and interweaved to form a Ghostly Qi Prison.

Feng Yinchuan took ghost streamer in her hand. With half of her pretty face covered by her ink black veil, she said mysteriously, "Zhang Ruochen, this time you couldn't escape even if a pair of wings were added to you."

Zhang Ruochen stood at the center of the Ghostly Qi Prison, looking extremely peaceful. "You think a Thousand Ghosts Absorbing Formation could trap me here?"

"Since you know about Thousand Ghosts Absorbing Formation, you should be aware that once I activate the Formation, your martial soul will be taken from you. Without your martial soul, can you still keep space under control?"

Apparently, Feng Yinchuan had great confidence in the Thousand Ghosts Absorbing Formation. As it was known, this Formation was among the best of the Sixth Level Battle Formations.

Even those Half-Saints who had practiced for over 200 years and refined their saint souls to very stable states could hardly defend against the Thousand Ghosts Absorbing Formation. Certainly Zhang Ruochen couldn't, either.

But Zhang Ruochen only gave a smile without speaking, and operated the power of space and pulled all eleven spatial cracks to him at the same time.

If being attacked by those spatial cracks, the ghost soldiers refined by Feng Yinchuan with great difficulties would be wiped out.

“You think I wouldn’t really dare to kill you.”

There were cold lights coming from the eyes of Feng Yinchan. She threw ghost streamer to the air, and made it float above the 8,000 ghost soldiers.

As the ghost streamer moved slowly, the 8,000 ghost soldiers rushed forward together. Their ghost forms changed into ghostly Qi, and then condensed into 8,000 Ghost Rune Scrolls to fly to Zhang Ruochen.

Looking from afar, Zhang Ruochen was surrounded by Ghost Rune Scrolls completely.

8,000 Ghost Rune Scrolls rolled rapidly, making a giant Ghostly Qi Whirlpool with a whizzing noise.

Yin Xuanji frowned a little. Although he wanted Feng Yinchan to kill Zhang Ruochen very much, he didn’t want Zhang Ruochen to die now. If he died, who would take them out of the netherworld?

It was a little reckless for Feng Yinchan to use the Thousand Ghosts Absorbing Formation to deal with Zhang Ruochen now.

After Elephant-Swallowing Rabbit sent monster ape to Scroll World, it returned to the ground immediately.

Not only had it returned, but Ghost King Bloodmoon stood not far away as well. Except Ghost King Bloodmoon looked very indifferent. She put on a poker face as if she was just a bystander.

Elephant-Swallowing Rabbit raised its head, looked at her, and said, “Ghost, if you keep standing there and don’t help, Lord Chen could die by the hands of the heirs of the Ancient Ghost Cultivation Race and the Ancient Necromancer Race.”

Ghost King Bloodmoon looked toward it. “He’s not that easy to kill. Besides, there are several strands of powerful Qi in the dark.”

Since a Ghost King called them powerful, those figures could never be ordinary.

Ghost King Bloodmoon turned on a look of alertness, as she could perceive that a strand of strange Qi in the dark was growing stronger and could suppress her Ghostly Qi.

That power made her really uncomfortable.

Boom!

Colorful lights were given out from Zhang Ruochen's body at the center of Thousand Ghosts Absorbing Formation, which ripped five cracks of the fragile space there.

The 8,000 Ghost Rune Rolls flew backwards together.

“Is that... Five Elements Chaotic Power? Could Zhang Ruochen have mastered the so-called Five Elements Chaotic Body?”

Feng Yinchan's face turned pale. She manipulated ghost streamer at once, attempting to pull the 8,000 ghost soldiers formed in the Rune Scrolls back. After all, she had spent countless time and fortune to refine them. If they fell into spatial cracks, it would cost her dearly.

But she was still a little late for it.

Zhang Ruochen threw out all the spatial cracks, which devoured all 8,000 ghost soldiers. Only six ghost soldiers at the level of Wuchang kept their ghost forms and flew back to the ghost streamer.

The other two ghost soldiers at the level of Wuchang were attacked by spatial cracks and dispersed.

As ghost soldiers were being eliminated, Feng Yinchan was hurt by it. She spat a mouthful of blood out and retreated immediately.

“Zhang Ruochen, you are asking for death.”

Yin Xuanji manipulated the two battle corpses and was ready to attack him again with full strength.

Meanwhile, an old voice was heard from the ghost fog afar. “Ji er, the space in this area is very fragile. This is a great advantage for Zhang Ruochen. You should step back now, let me deal with him.”

A rusty brass coffin could be seen unclearly floating in the center of the dark ghost fog.

The voice came from inside it.

Yin Xuanji disliked the order, but he didn't refuse to listen to the words of the old man inside the coffin.

That old man was an Elder of the Ancient Necromancer Race. He had practiced for hundreds of years, and risked coming to the netherworld for the Resurrection Potion, as he was coming to the end of his life.

Although Yin Xuanji was the heir of the Ancient Necromancer Race and enjoyed a superior right comparable to a Saint in his race, he didn't dare to offend the Elder in the coffin.

Yin Xuanji bowed to the brass coffin with hands folded, and said, "Elder, there was a Shenwan Fruit on Zhang Ruochen. If you take it, your life will be extended for one hundred years."

The brass coffin shook a little when he heard the words "Shenwan Fruit," and the breath inside it sounded hurried.

Shenwan Fruit had to be cultivated by divine Qi and divine blood for long years.

Although its medical power couldn't compare with the Resurrection Potion, it was still a divine treasure used to extend life. Even Saints would crave for one.

At the minute that the brass coffin appeared, Zhang Ruochen felt a heavy pressure on him. His feet fell into the ground. And in a minute, his ankles had sunk underneath it.

Now he could hardly move his fingers, and it was impossible to fight.

Chapter 844 - Battle of the Saints

Translator:

Larbre Studio

Editor:

Larbre Studio

Thousands upon thousands of skull prints appeared on the surface of the brass coffin. They spread in all directions, forming an eerie hellish sight.

Because their cultivations were too far from each other, Zhang Ruochen's Holy Qi couldn't move at all under the other's saintly might. Naturally, he couldn't use Spatial Move to escape either. He could only use his strong body to fend off the might of the Ancient Necromancer Race's Saint.

Yin Xuanji stood beside the brass coffin and sneered. "Zhang Ruochen, kneel before Saint Kongtong of the Ancient Necromancer Race?"

Clenching his jaw, Zhang Ruochen glared at him coldly.

Yin Xuanji had wanted to take care of Zhang Ruochen long ago. Thus, he wouldn't give up on this chance. Taking a step forward, he was about to walk over, but he saw an extremely beautiful woman appear before Zhang Ruochen.

Powerful saintly might also burst from her, forcing Yin Xuanji back. He couldn't take another step.

This beauty was naturally Ghost King Bloodmoon.

She walked over to Zhang Ruochen's side. Extending a slender hand, she tapped Zhang Ruochen's shoulder.

Whoosh!

Immense Ghost Qi surged from her palm. The Ghost Qi wrapped around Zhang Ruochen and the weight pressing

down on him disappeared instantly.

Zhang Ruochen took two steps back. He stared at the brass coffin, eyes turning serious. The Ancient Necromancer Race had actually sent an elder of the Saint Realm here. The situation was now against them.

Even more importantly, Zhang Ruochen suspected that there were more Saints hidden nearby.

“How come a Ghost King appeared?”

No one expected there would be a Ghost King protecting Zhang Ruochen. Even Yin Xuanji and Feng Yinchan were shocked.

“Zhang Ruochen.” A raspy voice sounded from inside the coffin. “A mere Ghost King cannot save you. If you continue fighting, only death awaits.”

The voice was very low, but it traveled across the sea of lava, shaking the air.

“Don’t be so sure.”

Zhang Ruochen still looked unintimidated. He reached out and touched his spatial ring. Immediately, sword light flew out of his ring. It transformed into a saw-like sword hovering before him and Ghost King Bloodmoon.

Domineering power radiated from it, transforming into various beams of Sword Qi that flew through the sky.

“Taotian Sword!” a furious roar came from the coffin. The thousands of skull prints on the surface shook. “Sword Saint Xuanji actually gave you the Taotian Sword. So despicable.”

The Taotian Sword was 27th on the Thousand-pattern Saint Weapon List. One could imagine how powerful it was.

When Sword Saint Xuanji had wielded it, he could kill a Saint with one strike.

The Ghost Qi within Ghost King Bloodmoon flowed out of her and into the Taotian Sword.

Kaboom!

The sword shook violently. Multiple times more Sword Qi rushed out, forming a sea of Sword Qi. It swept over Yin Xuanji and Feng Yinchuan.

Black Sword Qi flew out of the brass coffin. It curled around the two and flew out. When they landed, they were at the entrance of Ghost God Valley.

Ghost King Bloodmoon also waved her sleeve and tossed Zhang Ruochen dozens of miles away. Then she clenched her right hand, grabbing the Taotian Sword. The inscriptions on the surface quickly emerged.

The thousands of inscriptions emanated destructive saintly might like a river of thousands of Holy Qi beams. Zhang Ruochen was dozens of miles away, but he could still feel the pressure.

Whoosh!

A beam of Sword Qi that went from the ground to the heavens flew out of Ghost King Bloodmoon's hand. It shattered the space into pieces.

At the same time, thousands upon thousands of skulls flew out of the brass coffin. But they were all crushed when they touched the Sword Qi. The brass coffin was a powerful saint weapon, but it couldn't be compared to the Taotian Sword.

Crack!

The coffin caved in. Next, various fissures appeared. Like a fragile vase, it was about to break.

“Die!”

Ghost King Bloodmoon's hair fluttered and her arms were sharp. Holding the Taotian Sword, she seemed to have become a female Sword Saint that was looking down on the world.

A fiery purple cloud flew up from the ground and charged towards Ghost King Bloodmoon.

There was a man wearing purple-gold armor inside the fiery cloud. His skin was sheet white and electricity crackled in his eyes. A golden ring flew out of his hands, attacking Ghost King Bloodmoon's head.

She struck backwards with her sword.

With a cling, the Taotian Sword sent the golden ring flying backward. The ring of Saintly Power that radiated from the clash of the two saint weapons shattered the Ghost Qi within Ghost God Valley.

Zhang Ruochen was dozens of miles away, but he was still hit hard. He raised his Sword Qi Domain and Space Domain and slid back hundreds of meters.

Is that man clad in purple-gold Saint Kongtong's battle corpse or one from another Saint of the Ancient Necromancer Race?"

Zhang Ruochen gazed at the fiery purple cloud in the sky. No matter what, it was bad.

Ghost King Bloodmoon could fend off one Saint with the Taotian Sword but definitely not two.

What should I do now? Zhang Ruochen's mind whirred as he thought hard.

The broken brass coffin flew backwards. A hunched old man walked out. White hair spilled down, covering half of his wrinkly face.

This was Saint Kongtong. He was an ancient thing that was close to 500 years old. He was one of the oldest figures, even in the Ancient Necromancer Race.

His eye sockets were two black holes. It was as if he had no eyes at all. "The Taotian Sword is indeed powerful. If that old Xuanji was still alive, I might not be able to take his hit. However, if a Ghost King wields it, its power will unfortunately be reduced greatly."

The purple-gold armored man in the sky said, "If we take the Taotian Sword, our race will have another saint weapon."

Then the man put his hands together and sent out another golden ring. This ring spun quickly and enlarged. Finally, the ring was countless miles wide and hovered above Ghost King Bloodmoon.

Simultaneously, Saint Kongtong pressed on the ground and a huge force ripped the ground apart. The crack extended in both

directions, snaking towards Ghost King Bloodmoon's feet.

A crescent moon print emerged between Ghost King Bloodmoon's brows. Her flawless snowy-white skin shone like moonlight. Her power also increased.

Kaboom!

She could actually counter two Saints' spells by herself.

On the other hand, Saint Kongtong was too old and his Blood Qi had started failing. He couldn't fight for long. The power that burst from him was weakening quickly. If the fight continued, Ghost King Bloodmoon might really be able to defeat the two Saints.

Crack.

Saint Kongtong flew back. A long gash opened up on his chest. Drops of saint blood flowed out, splashing onto the ground.

Saint blood contained monstrous power. Each drop that dripped on the ground resulted in a crater.

A moment later, the purple-gold armored man was also forced back. His golden ring cracked after suffering multiple hits from the Taotian Sword. If they continued clashing, this saint weapon might be destroyed completely.

Saint Kongtong's eyes shone coldly. "Shiva!" he bellowed. "Are you still not going to act? Your Ghost Cultivation methods can control dead souls. It shouldn't be hard for you two to take care of a Ghost King, right?"

An old woman appeared at the east of the Ghost God Valley. She leaned on a cane of withered wood and stood on the side of the lava sea. Smiling, she said, "It's easy to take care of a Ghost King, but if I do so, how do we share the spoils?"

A third Saint had appeared.

This was Saint Shiva of the Ghost Cultivation Race. She was also an ancient creature who'd lived hundreds of years. She'd come to search for the Pill of Resurrection because she'd used up her longevity.

Saint Kongtong's face darkened. "What do you mean?"

Saint Shiva smiled. A few wrinkles disappeared from her face. "The Shenwan Fruit, Taotian Sword, and Zhang Ruochen all belong to the Ghost Cultivation Race. The treasures in the sea of lava will be split between us. What do you think?"

To her, "Zhang Ruochen" was also a treasure. His value even surpassed the Shenwan Fruit and Taotian Sword.

Every part of him was valuable.

The Necromancer and Ghost Cultivation Race had intermarried for generations, but they would still get into bloody fights over benefits and interests.

Saint Kongtong huffed. "Shiva, you're too greedy! Can you take it all?"

"You don't agree?" Saint Shiva asked, chuckling.

Saint Kongtong obviously was unwilling. The Shenwan Fruit, especially, could add 100 years of longevity. This pertained to his life. How could he give it away? However, he also needed Saint Shiva's power now to take care of that Ghost King. Thus, he had to swallow his pride.

"Fine! I agree," Saint Kongtong said. "Take care of that Ghost King first so there aren't any variables."

Saint Shiva knew that many other forces were hiding nearby, eyeing this place covetously. However, they didn't dare act rashly because the two ancient races were too powerful.

Right now, the best solution was indeed to get rid of Ghost King Bloodmoon and take control of Zhang Ruochen and the treasures in the lava sea.

A black jar flew out of her forehead. It shot into the air, rising above her head. The moment it appeared, Ghost King Bloodmoon felt extremely unsettled. She waved the Taotian Sword, striking towards the black jar.

Then the jar opened, releasing a patch of black clouds. Thousands of ghosts wailed inside the jar. It seemed to contain all of Hell.

Hearing the cries, Ghost King Bloodmoon's felt ill at ease. Her entire body was wracked with pain and she cried out. Her body quickly disintegrated into strands of Ghost Qi, flying into the jar.

Thud. The Taotian Sword dropped down to the ground.

Chapter 845 - The New Birth

Translator:

Larbre Studio

Editor:

Larbre Studio

The black earthen jug was extremely rough. Lines of dried patterns could be seen on its surface.

But such an ordinary jug had taken Ghost King in it.

Not only was Zhang Ruochen shocked, but also other monks hidden in the dark were astonished by it.

“Could it be... the so-called Soul-Absorbing Saint Jug?”

“It could be. The Soul-Absorbing Saint Jug is said to have been refined by a Supreme Saint Elder, and passed on from ancient times until now.”

“Supreme Saint Shixin?”

“Right. Only figures like Supreme Saint Shixin had the ability to refine the Soul-Absorbing Saint Jug.”

The Soul-Absorbing Saint Jug ranked Number 18 in the Thousand-pattern Saint Weapon List, even higher than the Taotian Sword. It was a scary murder weapon that could not only take dead souls, but extract souls from living humans.

The Soul-Absorbing Saint Jug shook violently just after it had taken Ghost King Bloodmoon in. A loud banging noise of collision was given out from inside it.

“A ghost king who has died twice should want to escape the Soul-Absorbing Saint Jug?”

Saint Shiva snorted. She pinched a drop of saint blood out of her finger. The blood flew and hit the surface of the Soul-Absorbing Saint Jug. Instantly, lines of bloody red patterns

appeared on the surface of the jug, and suppressed Ghost King Bloodmoon in it.

While Saint Shiva was busy suppressing Ghost King Bloodmoon, Zhang Ruochen used sword language to recall the Taotian Sword back to the Spatial Ring.

Monks from the Ancient Ghost Cultivation Race and the Ancient Necromancer Race didn't stop him.

After all, Zhang Ruochen was completely trapped there in their eyes.

Apart from the three saints, other Half-Saints from Ancient Necromancer Race and Ancient Ghost Cultivation Race showed up as well. There were about a dozen of them standing at the edge of sea of lava, each of them giving out powerful Qi.

Except for Yin Xuanji and Feng Yinchan, the rest were old lords who had lived at least 200 years, and were about to come to an end of their lives.

Feng Yinchan narrowed her eyes, and laughed. "Zhang Ruochen, you should give up and surrender now. It would be meaningless for you to go on fighting against us."

Zhang Ruochen as the Time and Space Descendent had refined Five Elements Chaotic Body. His body was already a fortune for the Ancient Ghost Cultivation Race.

The Ancient Ghost Cultivation Race had studied souls very thoroughly, and could use secret methods to rob Zhang Ruochen's body.

If a Time and Space Descendent with a Five Elements Chaotic Body was born in the Ancient Ghost Cultivation Race, he could definitely lead the Ancient Ghost Cultivation Race to prosperity.

Zhang Ruochen looked around and saw himself surrounded by elders of the Ancient Ghost Cultivation Race and the Ancient Necromancer Race. None of them were less powerful than Zhang Ruochen.

They all looked at Zhang Ruochen with either sneers or looks of pity, as if Zhang Ruochen had become their prey and was waiting to be slaughtered.

“What if I don’t surrender?”

Although in a very passive situation, Zhang Ruochen appeared to be rather calm and didn’t want to give in.

“Then you’ll be forced to take it.”

Saint Kongtong wasn’t in the mood to discuss this with Zhang Ruochen. He stretched out a bony arm to catch Zhang Ruochen across dozens of meters of space.

The martial art he used was called “Ge Kong Qu Wu,” and he had practiced it to its ultimate usage. With just a stretch of his hand, he could pick up the thing he wanted, even across thousands of meters of space.

Chi chi.

Rules of Saintly Way crossed back and forth rapidly above the Zhang Ruochen’s head, condensed into a black palm about twenty meters long and grabbed its underside.

The minute Zhang Ruochen was about to be caught by Saint Kongtong, a ray of green light surged out of the bottom of the pit in the center of the magma sea.

Strong Qi of Life was contained in the light.

In the next minute, green grasses were growing rapidly on the side of the magma lake and in the cracks of rocks, then turned into vines, flowers and bushes.

The deadly Ghost God Valley became vigorous in just a minute.

At the same time, a blade of sword Qi came out of nowhere and hit the condensed big hand of Saint Kongtong, crashing into it.

Without dispersing, the sword Qi kept going forward.

“There should be another master!”

The face of Saint Kongtong changed a bit, and he threw out three defending Rune Curses, which condensed into three layers of light shields in front of him.

Each light shield was about one meter thick.

He only had to use one defending Rune Curse to resolve the crisis in other times.

But now he had thrown three in a row, because the power given by the sword Qi was too strong for him to resist.

Bang!

Bang!

Bang!

With three exploding noises, the light shields condensed by the three Rune Curses were penetrated by sword Qi in a second.

Sword Qi chopped off Saint Kongtong's right arm.

A huge amount of saint blood flowed out of Saint Kongtong's body. With a low groan, Saint Kongtong flew back and fell into the magma sea.

It was so extraordinary that all men present were astonished.

“What a blade! Perhaps only the Sword Saint could give out such strong power.”

“Saint Kongtong has become a saint over hundreds of years with quite strong cultivation. Were it not the rebirth of the Sword Saint, who else could chop off his arm?”

“I thought that Zhang Ruochen had other last resorts. It turns out that he has a very powerful helper.”

...

When they were all busy guessing, ecstasy showed on Zhang Ruochen's face. And he looked to the center of the magma sea.

An outstanding figure was walking out of the green fog slowly.

Seeing that figure made Zhang Ruochen's eyes wet. His body couldn't help trembling, and kneeled down on one knee.

“Master...”

Before he could kneel down, Sword Saint Xuanji raised a hand. He appeared in front of him the next minute, and helped him up. The deep eyes of Sword Saint Xuanji observed Zhang Ruochen carefully, and showed complex feelings.

The dead person had come back to life again. Even with his state of mind, Sword Saint Xuanji felt all kinds of feelings: lost, moved, shocked and at last, he calmed down.

It was his second time living in this world, so naturally he could keep his inner peace.

Sword Saint Xuanji patted Zhang Ruochen on the shoulder, and said, "Good boy. You retreat now; let master handle it from here."

Zhang Ruochen suppressed his desire to speak thousands of words to him and retreated behind Sword Saint Xuanji.

It's already a miracle that his master was resurrected.

Monks in the Ancient Ghost Cultivation Race and Ancient Necromancer Race were all astonished by the fact that a dead person had come back to life.

They dealt with ghosts and corpses all year round, and naturally they could tell whether Sword Saint Xuanji was a living person or not.

There was no Qi of death on him. On the contrary, his Qi of life was thousands of times that of a normal person.

His original white hair had turned black.

All wrinkles on his face had disappeared, making him look like a middle aged man in his forties.

"Hua!"

Saint Kongtong rushed out from the magma sea and landed on the ground. Even though he was lacking an arm, his Holy Qi was still strong.

But when he saw Sword Saint Xuanji, he was totally shocked. "How could this happen?"

With rings of lights of life shining outside of his body, Sword Saint Xuanji said, "Kongtong, how dare you to pick a fight

with my student? Did you really think I was dead?”

Saint Kongtong took a deep breath and then snorted. “It must be that Zhang Ruochen has found the Resurrection Potion for you. No wonder he insisted on fighting us here. It was to buy you some time.”

“Why? Do you regret it now?” asked Sword Saint Xuanji.

Saint Shiva said, “Kongtong, don’t waste time talking to him. He’s just come back and hasn’t finished absorbing the medical power of the Resurrection Potion yet. We should take this chance to work together and kill him. Maybe we could even refine the Resurrection Potion from his dead body.”

Saint Shiva threw her Soul-Absorbing Saint Jug to him immediately.

Ghost souls flew out of her earthen jug. Among them, four ghost souls were as powerful as Ghost Kings. It was already extreme for Saint Shiva to control four ghost kings.

Ghost King Bloodmoon hadn’t been refined by the Soul-Absorbing Saint Jug yet. She took the chance to run out and landed on the ground with the shape of ghost smoke, and appeared to be very weak.

Saint Shiva focused all her strength to deal with Sword Saint Xuanji now, and had no time to suppress her.

Meanwhile, Saint Kongtong and the man in purple and gold armor gave full play to their last resorts, and attacked Sword Saint Xuanji from the sides with Saint Spells.

The destruction of three Saints together was extraordinarily terrible. All cliffs and hills in Ghost God Valley crashed to pieces, giving off deafening noises.

Zhang Ruochen felt quite worried. After all, Sword Saint Xuanji had just awoken and was far from his prime time. He thought he might not be able to defend himself from the mere attack of three saints, not to mention their Soul-Absorbing Saint Jug.

So he took Taotian Sword out and wanted to hand it over to Sword Saint Xuanji.

But Sword Saint Xuanji shook his head slightly and stepped forward to the void with confidence. He used his hand as a sword and chopped in front of him.

The sword Qi was like a ten-thousand-meter-long waterfall, falling from the sky onto the bodies of the two saints of the Ancient Necromancer Race.

Puzz.

After only a minute, the body of Saint Kongtong collapsed and turned into a cloud of blood mist. And the broken saint bones in the blood mist fell to the ground.

The saint in purple and gold armor screamed tragically and fell from the sky. His armor was broken, and blood was all over his body.

A giant pit and a broken corpse appeared on the ground.

With only one blade, two saints had been vanquished.

Chapter 846 - The Catastrophe

Translator:

Larbre Studio

Editor:

Larbre Studio

The tragic deaths of the two saints of the Ancient Necromancer Race had frightened everyone to death.

Saint Shiva's face turned pale. She didn't expect that Sword Saint Xuanji could become so powerful, or even better than when he was in his prime, after he came back to life.

Saint Shiva looked toward where Feng Yinchuan and Yin Xuanji stood, and shouted coldly, "Run!"

All the Half-Saints of the Ancient Ghost Cultivation Race and the Ancient Necromancer Race used their powers to escape from them. They rushed out of Ghost God Valley, then split and flew in all directions.

Saint Shiva didn't run away.

At the minute that Sword Saint Xuanji slaughtered Saint Kongtong and Saint Zixu, it became clear to her that Sword Saint Xuanji was determined to kill them all and he could never let her go.

The more she wanted to escape, the faster she would be killed.

In that case, she would rather go all out to fight with him in order to earn herself the slightest chance to survive.

With Soul-Absorbing Saint Jug in her control, Saint Shiva was one of the most respectable figures of the Ancient Ghost Cultivation Race, and even among the most powerful ones in all of Kunlun's Field.

"Ghost King Formation."

A giant black whirlpool appeared above Saint Shiva's head.

Soul-Absorbing Saint Jug revolved slowly in the center of the whirlpool, which raised a strong hurricane. Thousands of ghost shadows were flying quickly inside the whirlpool, which gave out harsh screams.

Among them, the four Ghost King shadows were the biggest ones, which were more than 33 meters tall. They stood at the four directions of the whirlpool like four giants.

Ghost King Formation had amassed the power of four Ghost Kings and thousands of ghost souls. As it revolved rapidly, the power generated by it became more and more terrible.

Sword Saint Xuanji stood in midair and appeared to be very calm. He glanced at Saint Shiva, and said, "Feng Shiva of the Ancient Ghost Cultivation Race, you were a charming beauty and attracted many young talented males 500 years ago. But now that 500 years have passed by, you've become so old in my eyes now."

Saint Shiva touched her rough cheeks, and smiled, "I remember that you kept crossing swords with Jiuyou. Sometimes you won, sometimes you lost. I thought you two only saw the swords, and never expected that you would remember me."

Sword Saint Xuanji and Saint Shiva were about the same age and were both early talents. When they were young, he was talented and she was beautiful, and they had met each other several times at events.

Now he had just come back to life and she was about to die.

They were going to kill each other, but they could still talk about their old stories of early years, which could probably only happen to saints.

They stopped saying more words as both of their Saint Might had accumulated to the peak.

The bony arms of Saint Shiva gave a push to her front slowly. Soul-Absorbing Saint Jug shook a little, then Ghost King Formation was about to crush over Saint Sword Xuanji.

Sword Saint Xuanji stayed still, looking extremely calm.

When the Ghost King Formation arrived at his face, his body changed to a light sword and gave out irresistible power. He took off and penetrated Ghost King Formation with a phew sound.

Even the four Ghost Kings had been penetrated by the sword Qi instantly, and became four clouds of ghostly Qi.

Pzz.

The white light sword punctured the saint body of Saint Shiva.

Saint Shiva trembled. Her eyes were out of light. And she muttered to herself, “you should...have reached...the state...”

Then blood came out of Saint Shiva’s lips.

She stood at the side of the magma sea, unmoving. The Qi of life vanished from her body.

A gust of wind changed her body into dust, then blew it away. At last, only a white skeleton fell onto the ground with a thud.

Sword Saint Xuanji landed on the ground lightly and appeared to be quite calm and at ease. He reached out a hand and caught Soul-Absorbing Saint Jug in his palm.

He stared at the white bones and sighed. “The beauty has become old and died; all her charms turned to dust in the end. How many lives are ending, how many wonderful things will completely disappear over 500 years? What’s the true meaning of life and death?”

After being brought back to life, the mind state of Sword Saint Xuanji was elevated.

Before he had only cared for his role as sword master, and the goal of his life was to reach the peak of sword master. But now, he wanted to search for the true meaning of life instead.

He looked at those escaping Half-Saints, and only shook his head lightly instead of going on to fight against them.

The strong power of Sword Saint Xuanji had given a complete shock to the monks hidden in the dark. No one dared to rob the

treasures from the magma sea any longer, and they retreated one by one.

In the following days, Zhang Ruochen led the rest of his company to collect rocks and to dig in the magma sea, and found other armor pieces and some divine bones.

On the sixth day, all the rocks and treasures in the central area of the magma sea had been moved away. And Divine Blood-red Earth had been completely transported in Scroll World as well.

“There are 12 armor pieces, 4 divine bones and a huge amount of divine blood. With these treasures, you can establish a big household.” Blackie looked at Zhang Ruochen and chuckled.

Elephant-Swallowing Rabbit, monster ape and demon rat all stared at the divine blood with greedy eyes.

Even Mu Lingxi licked her lips teasingly. She touched her jaw lightly with two pretty fingers, and said, “How could he establish a household if he’s still single?”

Zhang Ruochen appeared to be very calm. He took out a small jug of divine blood and gave it to Mu Lingxi, and said, “We’ve all become exhausted after these days. Senior sister apprentice Duanmu, please distribute the divine blood to them.”

Mu Lingxi received the jug made by Divine Sky-Connecting Tree, and felt her heart beating madly.

There were at least 100 drops of divine blood in the jug. Even a saint couldn’t stay calm while carrying it.

The three beasts had already prepared vessels. They lay with their faces down in front of Mu Lingxi, and stared at her like three Pekinese.

Han Xue was curious, and stared at Zhang Ruochen as he left. She asked, “Why didn’t teacher distribute divine blood by himself, but rather hand it to Mu jiejie?”

Blackie chuckled, and said ambiguously, “You will have to change ‘Mu jiejie’ to teacher’s wife before long.”

Han Xue tilted her head and considered this seriously. She couldn’t figure out why she should call Mu jiejie “teacher’s

wife.” Wasn’t Yanchen her teacher’s wife?

Sword Saint Xuanji stayed in Scroll World and studied the green stone for several days.

Zhang Ruochen stopped near the green stone. He looked at Sword Saint Xuanji and said nothing.

Sword Saint Xuanji looked at the green stone and spoke to him without turning. “This stone was the stone rune left by the Thousand-bone Empress. The black cat knew something about this.”

Zhang Ruochen stood straight, and showed delight. “That is to say, it can block the passageway connecting the netherworld and the upper world?”

Sword Saint Xuanji nodded. “There was great power contained in the stone, which could suppress certain rules between heaven and the earth. But, as the black cat said, its power could only block the passageway for at most several years. After that, the passageway would be opened again.”

Zhang Ruochen said, “Only dead souls from the Netherworld Periphery have come to Kunlun’s Field for now. People in Kunlun’s Field could still defeat them by their current powers so far. But after a few years, maybe some powerful figures from the Netherworld Depths will hear about the news and travel into Kunlun’s Field as well. It would turn into a more severe situation by then.”

Sword Saint turned back and looked at Zhang Ruochen. “Therefore, I’ll go to the Netherworld Depths. I want to find out what it looks like.”

“Too risky! It is said that there is a second Corpse River in Netherworld Depths, which is ten times more dangerous than the Netherworld Periphery,” said Zhang Ruochen.

“That’s exactly why I have to go. In a few years, the stone will stop working, Kunlun’s Field will be completely exposed. And the dead souls from the netherworld could intrude at any time.”

Sword Saint Xuanji looked determined and persistent, and added, “If it’s okay, I would like to take Han Xue with me.”

Zhang Ruochen understood him immediately. “You want to find the Thousand-bone Empress, master?”

Sword Saint Xuanji nodded then shook his head. “Hundreds of thousands of years have gone by; even Thousand-bone Empress could have passed away in some corner of the Netherworld Depths. But she must have left an inheritance. If Han Xue could get her inheritance, she should develop really fast.”

“The minute I was brought back to life, I saw a picture, in which all of Kunlun’s Field was destroyed. The sky became blood-red, the earth was ripped into pieces, and all living creatures died. It occurred to me that maybe that was the Divine Sky-Connecting Tree trying to tell me something, or maybe that was the future of Kunlun’s Field. Therefore, all of us should try our best to stop it from happening.”

His words had given Zhang Ruochen the creeps. He took a deep breath, and asked, “Is the Catastrophe going to happen again?”

Many Catastrophes had happened in the history of Kunlun’s Field. Each time it had put an end to an age.

The Catastrophe that happened in ancient time was the most terrible one, during which even all the deities had passed away. Rules of Heaven and Earth fell into disorder, and no man could develop into a deity ever since then.

Sword Saint Xuanji said, “Maybe it is, maybe not. But we have to be prepared for the worst, otherwise, we’ll surely be caught unawares.”

Zhang Ruochen remained silent for a long time. Then he said, “In that case, I’ll tell Han Xue. If she agrees, I’ll let her to go to the Netherworld Depths with you, master.”

...

Two hours later, Zhang Ruochen, Han Xue and Sword Saint Xuanji appeared at the gate of Ghost God Valley.

Han Xue stood beside Sword Saint Xuanji with the Void Sword on her back. She looked at Zhang Ruochen with a pair of clear eyes, as if she was going to cry. “Teacher, I’ll work

hard to practice with the sword under grand master's instruction. Although it's dangerous in the Netherworld Depths, I will not be afraid."

Chapter 847 - Back to Corpse River

Translator:

Larbre Studio

Editor:

Larbre Studio

Zhang Ruochen couldn't bear to send Han Xue on the extremely dangerous road. After all, she was just a kid.

Nobody knew whether the road would lead her to survival or death.

He walked to Han Xue and hugged her tightly. After a while, he moved his arms and took out a leaf shaped into a "kylin." He pierced the leaf with a string, and put the leaf around Han Xue's neck.

This leaf was from Seven Star Sacred Tuber, whose value almost equaled that of the phoenix leaf which could bring a human back to life.

It was said that wearing the kylin leaf could change one's misfortune to good fortune. Zhang Ruochen chose to believe it, no matter if it was true or not.

Zhang Ruochen tapped on Han Xue's little head, and said, "I hope that when we meet again, your cultivation will have surpassed mine." He paused and added, "You must come back alive."

Han Xue touched the kylin leaf gently with her fingers. She blinked and nodded with seriousness.

"Zhang Ruochen, I don't know if I can survive this time, so you will still be the master of the Taotian Sword. You should go to the Pluto Sword Tomb," Sword Saint Xuanji instructed.

It seemed that he had meant something else in his words.

Even if Sword Saint Xuanji didn't tell him to, Zhang Ruochen would go to the Pluto Sword Tomb anyway.

Immortal Vampires schemed incessantly to release Pluto. How could Zhang Ruochen let them?

Sword Saint Xuanji walked to the Netherworld Depths with Han Xue, and disappeared in ghost fog.

Zhang Ruochen, Mu Lingxi, Blackie and the demon rat walked in the totally opposite way to Kunlun's Field.

They had spent half a month to travel to the edge of Corpse River.

The water in Corpse River was turbid, giving out icy cold Qi of death. Corpses floated on the water's surface. And dead souls were rushing to the other side of the river over the river's surface.

There were many shadow soldiers and ghost generals entering into Kunlun's Field every second.

"What will the Yin and Yang Sect and the East Region look like now?"

Zhang Ruochen frowned and sighed heavily.

Mu Lingxi knew that Zhang Ruochen had special feelings for the Yin and Yang Sect, so she said, "Yin and Yang Sect has been passed on for a long time. Even the Catastrophe in ancient times didn't vanquish it. The Ghost Kings from the Netherworld Periphery couldn't destroy the Yin and Yang Sect."

"I hope not."

Zhang Ruochen was alerted at this moment and gave a sharp look. He turned around rapidly, bent his ten fingers, and threw ten sword blades out together.

Hua!

Ten sword blades condensed into ten circles of energy ripple, which was 333 meters in diameter.

The giant palm print behind him was cracked by the attack of the ten sword blades, then turned into Holy Qi and dispersed.

“Get out!”

Zhang Ruochen withdrew his hands and shouted coldly.

“Who’s there?”

“How bold of you to make a surprise attack on your lord rat!”

Mu Lingxi, Blackie and the demon rat all put on their defensive looks. Mu Lingxi and Blackie even called their 36 battle corpses out, which lined up behind them in an orderly fashion to form two battle corpse legions.

A broken tomb gate beside Corpse River was slowly opened.

Yin Xuanji rode on the dragon corpse and walked out of the tomb gate. He gave a cold look, stared at Zhang Ruochen with haughtiness, and said, “Zhang Ruochen, I’ve waited for you for a long time.”

The Ghostly Qi in the air twisted a little.

A black shadow appeared from the air. She wore black clothes with patterns of water and a black veil, looking weird and mysterious at the same time.

It was the princess of the Ancient Ghost Cultivation Race, Feng Yinchuan.

Six or seven other Half-Saints of the Ancient Ghost Cultivation Race and Ancient Necromancer Race walked out immediately after them, and circled Zhang Ruochen and his company at the center.

They couldn’t cross Corpse River, so they hid in the dark. Seeing that Sword Saint Xuanji didn’t travel along with Zhang Ruochen, they prepared to attack Zhang Ruochen together and beat him.

Only by controlling Zhang Ruochen could they get out of the netherworld.

Mu Lingxi sneered, “Yin Xuanji, Feng Yinchuan, how dare you fight against Zhang Ruochen after your elders have died? If I were you, I would kneel down and surrender earnestly. Maybe Zhang Ruochen would agree to take you back to Kunlun’s Field.”

Feng Yinchuan stood in a cloud of ghostly Qi opposite Mu Lingxi. Her form appeared indistinctly, and she said lightly, “If we make you surrender, won’t we be able to leave the netherworld as well?”

Yin Xuanji said sternly, “You can’t get out of here on account of the strength of the Ancient Necromancer Race and the Ancient Ghost Cultivation Race.”

The older Half-Saints of the Ancient Ghost Cultivation Race and the Ancient Necromancer Race were truly powerful and had high cultivation. Any of them could win a name in the world. Compared to them, Zhang Ruochen and Mu Lingxi were too young and their cultivations weren’t high enough.

But Zhang Ruochen was still calm, and didn’t mean to fight.

He shook his head lightly and smiled, “You are the ones who can’t get out of here.”

“Really?” Yin Xuanji sneered.

He had confirmed several times that Sword Saint Xuanji was not with Zhang Ruochen on their way back to Kunlun’s Field. So how could Zhang Ruochen fight against them?

An extremely seductive voice was heard from ghost fog. “You guys of the Ancient Ghost Cultivation Race and Ancient Necromancer Race are really bold. Don’t you know that to fight against Zhang Ruochen is to fight against me?”

Red Wish Emissary flew in the air in sexy red cloths. She landed at the top of a tombstone nearby. A pair of white legs were exposed out of her long dress, looking extremely attractive.

All monks of the Black Market Excellence Hall walked out and appeared at the foot of the tombstone.

The noise of savage beasts running was heard on the ground. And the land trembled with a rumbling noise.

In a short while, several Half-Saints led by Bu Qianfan appeared at the side of Corpse River. They wore armor and rode on savage beasts, circling Yin Xuanji and Feng Yinchuan at the center with hostility.

Other forces walked out from the dark immediately after them. Some were from families of saints, and some were from old households. There were also forces that Zhang Ruochen had never heard of nor dealt with.

All the monks stood on Zhang Ruochen's side. With just his word, they would rush to attack the monks from the Ancient Ghost Cultivation Race and Ancient Necromancer Race and bombard them into dust.

As they were all trapped in the netherworld, only Zhang Ruochen could save their lives and take them back to Kunlun's Field.

So if there was a chance for them to show kindness and loyalty to Zhang Ruochen, they would definitely take it.

Whoever was an enemy of Zhang Ruochen would become their enemy.

Although the looks on Feng Yinchuan and Yin Xuanji couldn't be seen, it could easily be guessed that they looked terrible.

Yin Xuanji gritted his teeth and said to Red Wish Star Emissary, "Zhang Ruochen was the sworn enemy of the Black Market. Even if you helped them, he wouldn't help you out of the netherworld. How about we work together to beat him, and force him to take us out of the netherworld?"

Red Wish Star Emissary grinned and showed her white teeth. She wasn't moved by his words.

For she knew Zhang Ruochen well enough that he preferred kindness over suppression. Anyone who had ever attempted to threaten him had ended badly.

Feng Yinchuan looked to the people of the Ministry of War, and said, "Zhang Ruochen was a felony criminal wanted by the imperial government. Don't you worry that the government would punish you if you helped him? Why don't you work with us and arrest Zhang Ruochen? After we return to Kunlun's Field, Zhang Ruochen will be all yours. I believe if you could escort Zhang Ruochen back to the Central Emperor City, you would be greatly rewarded."

It had to be said that Yin Xuanji and Feng Yinchuan were very clever. They understood clearly that the power of the Black Market and the Ministry of War were the strongest among all forces.

As long as they could ally with one of them, they would take the upper hand. And other forces would have to follow and turn to them, and attack Zhang Ruochen with full strength.

Zhang Ruochen was the criminal wanted by the Empress. Anyone who could arrest him would surely be rewarded.

Chapter 848 - Back to Kunlun's Field

Translator:

Larbre Studio

Editor:

Larbre Studio

Half-Saints of the Ministry of War were a little moved by her words, and looked at Bu Qianfan, wondering what he would do.

Bu Qianfan had known Zhang Ruochen very well. Therefore, he wouldn't fight against Zhang Ruochen.

“Does the Ministry of War have to listen to you, evil demons and heretics?”

After saying this, Bu Qianfan transferred his Holy Qi to raise his halberd and jump up. Then he gave a hit with the halberd to Yin Xuanji, who was on the back of the dragon corpse.

Bu Qianfan had reached the level of Half-Saint. Together with his Immortal Saint Body, his power had become irresistible.

Other Half-Saints from the Ministry of War had to follow him, and attacked the Half-Saints of the Ancient Necromancer Race and the Ancient Ghost Cultivation Race.

Bu Qianfan had clarified it for them before that with their strength they could never defeat Zhang Ruochen. On the contrary, if they helped Zhang Ruochen, it might be plausible for them to leave the netherworld.

No one would like to be left in the netherworld to die. They had to try their best to survive

After they returned to Kunlun's Field, they would then think about how to report this to their leaders.

Not only monks from Ministry of War, but also others from Black Market and other forces took out their saint weapons and displayed martial arts to attack the Half-Saints of the Ancient Necromancer Race and the Ancient Ghost Cultivation Race, intending to kill them all.

Zhang Ruochen stood beside Corpse River, and was kind of amused by this scene.

He was about to ask Ghost King Bloodmoon to fight Yin Xuanji and Feng Yinchuan.

But unexpectedly, so many unfamiliar monks volunteered to stand by his side all of a sudden, and beat the Half-Saints of the Ancient Necromancer Race and Ancient Ghost Cultivation Race so hard that they couldn't fight back.

Boom!

An elder Half-Saint of the Ancient Necromancer Race was hit by six saint weapons in a row. He couldn't resist any longer and died at the side of Corpse River with his body badly damaged.

“Run, princess!”

Another Half-Saint of the Ancient Ghost Cultivation Race took the palms of three Half-Saints, in order to help Feng Yinchuan to run away. He fell to the ground with his skeleton smashed into dust.

...

“Sometimes, even enemies can become friends in order to survive.”

Zhang Ruochen shook his head lightly, and came to know something suddenly.

If the Catastrophe were to happen for real, would all forces in Kunlun's Field, no matter whether they were from the Black Market or Demonic Sect, be united to fight together for survival?

He shook his head right after.

Although humans could work together to face death, they were selfish by nature. The only truth was to rely on one's own power.

Zhang Ruochen stopped watching the battle to study the Spatial Polar Wall above Corpse River.

Two Deity Prints were shown in his eyeballs as he operated his Holy Qi.

All spatial structures above Corpse River were shown in front of his eyes. The complex patterns interwove with each other like thick threads.

Before, seeing the unique spatial structure here couldn't have enabled Zhang Ruochen to do anything about it.

Since he understood the spatial rules, Zhang Ruochen's command of space had improved greatly. Hence, he stood at the demon rat's head and began to cross the river very carefully.

It went well at first, but after he reached the middle of Corpse River, the spatial structure grew too complicated for him to deal with.

Zhang Ruochen failed the first attempt to cross the river, and had to return.

The battle had ended then. All elder Half-Saints of the Ancient Necromancer Race and the Ancient Ghost Cultivation Race had been killed, only Yin Xuanji and Feng Yinchuan had ran away.

They didn't hunt them down.

As long as they couldn't return to Kunlun's Field, they would have to die in the netherworld sooner or later.

Zhang Ruochen tried seven times in three days, and finally worked out how to cross Corpse River.

"We made it! We are back in Kunlun's Field!" the demon rat screamed with extreme excitement.

Zhang Ruochen felt relaxed and wiped the sweat from his forehead. Then he rode the demon rat to go back to the

netherworld across Corpse River to pick up Mu Lingxi and Blackie.

He had merely been attempting to cross Corpse River before. As it was of high risk, he didn't take Mu Lingxi and Blackie with him.

Now that he had succeeded once, he became confident.

The demon rat grew into an almost 23 meters long giant rat. Zhang Ruochen stood on its head, while Mu Lingxi and Blackie stood on its back.

Other monks rode on corpses and followed Zhang Ruochen closely.

Zhang Ruochen had no special feelings for them. After all, all they ever wanted was to survive.

So Zhang Ruochen agreed silently that they should follow him to go back to Kunlun's Field, and regarded it as a good experience.

...

Yin Xuanji and Feng Yinchan stood at a higher place, both seriously wounded.

Yin Xuanji was much more wounded than Feng Yinchan. More than half of his body had been crushed into pieces, and it was a miracle for him to barely survive.

They looked at people crossing Corpse River with anger and hatred.

"If I could go back to Kunlun's Field, I would surely have Zhang Ruochen suffer in Hell everyday as a Corpse Slave," said Yin Xuanji.

He had transferred all his hatred to Zhang Ruochen.

Only exhaustion and desperation could be seen in Feng Yinchan's eyes, and she said, "Only we can never return. We'll soon be dead in the netherworld."

"We don't have to be."

Yin Xuanji pinched his hands into claws, and stabbed into his eyes.

He moaned with his body trembling and blood coming out of his eyes. After a while, he took his two green eyeballs out and held them in his palms.

The two eyeballs were like two green marbles covered by green flames, giving out two strong strands of ghostly Qi.

“These are Green Eye Blue Blood Marbles, the ghost weapons gained by my ancestors. I put them in my eyeballs to practice Blue Blood Scripture, but now I am afraid we have to spend them to return to Kunlun’s Field,” said Yin Xuanji.

Feng Yinchuan gave a cheerful look, “We can return to Kunlun’s Field using them?”

“Yes.”

And Yin Xuanji added, “But it will cost us dearly. It’s our last chance, I would never choose it if we had other choices.”

“What would it cost?”

“We have to abandon our bodies and hide our saint souls inside the Green Eye Blue Blood Marbles to cross Corpse River and return to Kunlun’s Field. Then we have to borrow two bodies to resurrect. We would take great risks, and even the tiniest mistake would make our souls disperse.”

Feng Yinchuan picked up one Green Eye Blue Blood Marble, and gave a determined look. “We have to struggle for even the tiniest hope. After we return to Kunlun’s Field, we’ll take revenge.”

Hua!

The saint souls of Yin Xuanji and Feng Yinchuan left their bodies and flew into the two Green Eye Blue Blood Marbles.

Then, a ghost servant of Feng Yinchuan took the two Green Eye Blue Blood Marbles to fly to Corpse River, and soon arrived on the other side.

Green Eye Blue Blood Marble was a ghost weapon in nature, and was distinctly different from saint weapons. Therefore, it

wasn't hindered by the Spatial Polar Wall.

Chapter 849 - The Army of the Ministry of War

Translator:

Larbre Studio

Editor:

Larbre Studio

Led by Zhang Ruochen, they all crossed Corpse River and reached the bank of Tomb Forest.

All monks felt that they'd survived after the disaster. Had it not been for Zhang Ruochen's crack of the Spatial Polar Wall, none of them could have survived the netherworld.

Some of them naturally felt grateful to Zhang Ruochen, and remembered his help secretly, like Shi Ren, Bu Qianfan and others.

But more people regarded Zhang Ruochen as a threat, on the contrary.

The power of the Time and Space Descendant was truly irresistible. He had just reached the Fish-Dragon Realm, and yet he could travel between the worlds of Yin and Yang. If he could reach the state of Half-Saint, he would surely be more powerful.

Zhang Ruochen didn't care about their thoughts, and stared at the wide Corpse River instead. Thousands of dead souls could be seen crossing Corpse River continuously.

As several Half-Saint human monks gathered at this part of the river and gave out strong Qi, those dead souls tried not to be faced with them, and arrived at other parts of the river far away from them.

"Everyday there are millions of dead souls entering the East Region after they cross Corpse River. Can the army of the East Region resist them all?"

Bu Qianfan looked sorrowful.

Zhang Ruochen was about to tell Bu Qianfan that he had found the stone rune of the Thousand-bone Empress, which could block the passageway between the worlds of Yin and Yang, then a rumbling noise was heard in Tomb Forest.

Boom!

The noise became louder.

The earth shook fiercely. All monks onsite were badly frightened by it, and they fetched their saint weapons and were ready to face the enemy.

After a while, a black cloud of smoke appeared at the further end of their horizon.

It was an army riding Fire Red Leopards in the smoke. About 30,000 people in the army waved battle flags and trampled the tombs in Tomb Forest into the ground.

A Fire Red Leopard was a fourth-level savage beast with a height of about seven meters. Once it started to run, its whole body would be covered with flames and it could run about 40,000 kilometers a day.

It was not hard to imagine that the Qi given out by a whole army riding Fire Red Leopards would be scarily powerful.

“It’s one of the strongest armies of the Ministry of War, the Leopard Army. Since the Leopard Army is here, the Ministry of War must have stationed troops on the periphery of Tomb Forest.” Delight showed on Bu Qianfan’s face.

Since the Ministry of War had stationed troops in Tomb Forest, those dead souls that had crossed Corpse River could hardly enter Kunlun’s Field. In this way, the damage to the East Region would be largely reduced.

A giant battle carriage rushed out from the center of the 30,000 Leopard Army.

The savage beast that pulled the battle carriage was a Four-head Earth Fire Dragon-Leopard, which was ten times bigger than a Fire Red Leopard, with the head of a dragon and the body of a leopard.

A rustling noise could be heard.

The iron chains on the Earth Fire Dragon-Leopard were as thick as a plate, and they crashed into each other and made disturbing noises.

The battle carriage stopped about 700 meters away from Corpse River with a rumbling noise.

A cold voice was heard coming from it. “Bu Qianfan, Zhang Ruochen is a wanted criminal of the court, and the Empress personally issued a warrant of him. You should act now and arrest him.”

It had never occurred to anybody that the aim of the Ministry of War was to arrest Zhang Ruochen.

“They are really fast,” Zhang Ruochen said to himself with a low voice.

Bu Qianfan could tell the identity of the general in the battle carriage from its battle flag, as he had worked with leaders of the Ministry of War.

He passed the message to Zhang Ruochen secretly. “This is Wan Ji, an uncle of Wan Zhaoyi, a powerful figure in the Ministry of War. He was in charge of 600,000 soldiers of the Leopard Army, and was truly influential.”

Even Bu Qianfan showed a little fear of the battle carriage of Wan Ji.

He was surely an extraordinary figure as a commander of 600,000 soldiers of the Leopard Army. His cultivation must have reached one of the highest among the Half-Saints, if he wasn't a saint already.

The message that the Time and Space Descendant was still alive had circulated around the netherworld. And as the Death Zen Elder had taken a group of monks back to Kunlun's Field, the message must have circulated there as well.

How could the court let him go?

Who wouldn't want to arrest him and win the award of Empress?

Wan Zhaoyi was the one who wanted to arrest Zhang Ruochen the most. After all, he was the one who had reported to the Empress that Zhang Ruochen had been killed by Sword Saint Jiuyou.

The reappearance of Zhang Ruochen was like a mirror of his fault.

If the message that Zhang Ruochen was still alive was proved, Wan Zhaoyi would have committed treason, which would surely be a great disaster for him and the Wan Family.

Wan Zhaoyi only had two ways to make up for his mistake.

The first, he had to kill Zhang Ruochen before he reappeared in public.

The second, he had to arrest him before everyone else and hand him over to the Empress in the Central Emperor City, trying to amend his fault.

Therefore, Zhang Ruochen wasn't surprised to see the Wan Family coming to arrest him at all.

It had to happen sooner or later.

Back in Kunlun's Field, none of the monks would dare to fight against the Ministry of War. Even those who felt grateful to Zhang Ruochen stepped back and didn't want to get involved.

Shi Ren and Bu Qianfan both looked at Zhang Ruochen apologetically, then they retreated and dared not to join the fights.

Zhang Ruochen didn't blame them. After all, they had their families to care about.

If they were in the netherworld, they could help Zhang Ruochen to fight.

But now, since they'd been back in Kunlun's Field, they would surely irritate the Ministry of War if they openly helped Zhang Ruochen, a criminal wanted by the court. And disasters would happen to their families as well.

A large amount of monks, who had just returned from the netherworld, retreated and left Tomb Forest at once. Only a

few stayed and wanted to know the result.

The voice of Wan Ji sounded again in the battle carriage. “Cao Feng, Cao Gu, you two go and tie Zhang Ruochen up. If he dares to resist, you should chop his head off at once.”

Two tall, muscular and heavily armored figures from the Leopard Army approached Zhang Ruochen, riding on their Earth Fire Dragon-Leopards.

They were two commanders of the Leopard Army, each commanding 100,000 soldiers. Their cultivations had reached the level of Half-Saint, and they had been made kings of the lower region.

As for Wan Ji in the battle carriage, his rank was much higher and was made king of the middle region.

Cao Feng took a black chain from the back of Earth Fire Dragon-Leopard, and threw it to the front. With a rustling noise, it fell at the foot of Zhang Ruochen.

He said arrogantly, “Zhang Ruochen, if you are clever, you should put them on by yourself. Don’t make me force them on you.”

A sneer was shown in the eyes of Mu Lingxi; she operated her Holy Qi quickly and was ready to attack.

She was not being reckless, but had other plans.

As long as she could defeat Cao Feng and Cao Gu quickly, she would be able to negotiate with Wan Ji and help Zhang Ruochen to run away.

But she was stopped by Zhang Ruochen before she could take the move.

Both Cao Feng and Cao Gu were Half-Saints who had fought hundreds of battles, Mu Lingxi couldn’t beat either of them in such a short time with her cultivation.

Zhang Ruochen didn’t seem to be very nervous about the Ministry of War. On the contrary, he smiled. “Why didn’t you monks of the Ministry of War stop those dead souls coming across Corpse River, but send troops after me? I’m rather disappointed.”

Cao Feng sneered, “After we arrest you, we will surely go on to guard Tomb Forest and kill all the dead souls entering Kunlun’s Field.”

“What if you are unable to kill some of the powerful dead souls?” asked Zhang Ruochen.

Cao Gu, standing on the right of Cao Feng, put on a serious face. “Zhang Ruochen, there’s no need to waste words with you. What’s the meaning for you to delay now?”

“Am I delaying...?”

Zhang Ruochen shook his head, “I just want to remind you that all the dead souls you’ve come across so far are mere weak soldiers. When the ghost kings from the Netherworld Depths come, I’m afraid the Ministry of War couldn’t stop any of them.”

“If we couldn’t, could you?”

Cao Feng shook his head and smirked.

As a Half-Saint of the Ministry of War and a king, Cao Feng knew about the netherworld and he was clear that the Netherworld Depths was a terrible place.

For that reason, half of the troops of the East Region were transferred to Tomb Forest to build a fortress and a Defensive Formation to prepare for the long fight with dead souls from the netherworld.

So the words of Zhang Ruochen made him, and all those in Leopard Army, laugh.

If there were enemies that truly couldn’t be defeated by the Ministry of War, it would be the end of Kunlun’s Field as well.

But the next words spoken by Zhang Ruochen shocked them all.

“I surely can.”

Zhang Ruochen added, “it’s your duty to arrest me. I don’t blame you. But, before you do, shouldn’t you give me two hours to block the passageway between the netherworld and

Kunlun's Field first, to avoid more dead souls entering
Kunlun's Field at an irreversible cost?"

Chapter 850 - Stone Tablet Suppressing the Corpse River

Translator:

Larbre Studio

Editor:

Larbre Studio

Seal the passage between the netherworld and Kunlun's Field?
All the Monks present froze, thinking that they'd heard
incorrectly.

Cao Feng and Cao Gu, and even the soldiers of the Leopard
Army, were all shocked. Some of them even scoffed, thinking
that Zhang Ruochen was speaking nonsense.

The Saints of the Ministry of War, Earth God Temple, Way of
Confucius, Ministry of Divinity and even the heads of the
Ministry of War and Earth God Temple had come personally
to the Tomb Forest. They'd investigated the Corpse River. But
even with their advanced cultivations, they were still
powerless. Zhang Ruochen was only in the Fish-Dragon
Realm. How did he dare to claim that he could seal Corpse
River?

“Haha! Zhang Ruochen, do you think that you're the
Thousand-bone Empress? With your cultivation, any old
Ghost King could kill you.”

“That's hilarious. Even the Minister couldn't do that. How can
a youngster like you claim that you can do it?”

...

No one believed Zhang Ruochen. Annoyed, Wan Ji urged,
“Cao Feng, Cao Gu, no need to keep talking. Capture him.”

Cao Feng and Cao Gu wiped their smiles away. Their armor rustled and palm-sized metal sheets covered their bodies completely. Not a sliver of skin showed.

The two flew down from their fire leopards. Striking with a beam of Holy Qi, the saintly chain on the ground curled up towards Zhang Ruochen.

At that moment, two figures shot out. They were Bu Qianfan and Shi Ren.

Bu Qianfan bent his legs. He swung his halberd horizontally, hitting Cao Feng's chest. With a boom, Cao Feng was injured gravely. He flew back and landed amongst the Leopard Army.

Shi Ren cast three lightning runes in a row. They landed on Cao Gu's armor. Then he pointed forward and whispered, "Break."

The three runes exploded at once. With three roars of thunder, dozens of purple lightning bolts shot out, sending Cao Gu into the ground.

However, Cao Feng and Cao Gu were top fighters. They weren't actually that badly injured and they quickly recovered.

"Bu Qianfan, what are you doing?" Wan Ji's voice, clearly furious, came from a war chariot. "Are you betraying the Ministry of War?"

Bu Qianfan shook his arm and stuck the halberd into the ground before him. "Sir Wan Ji," he said, standing his ground. "Why are you so angry? I grew up in the army and will never betray the Ministry of War. However, since Zhang Ruochen said he could seal the passage between the netherworld and Kunlun's Field, we should give him a chance."

Cao Feng's anger erupted. His eyes were practically spitting flames. "How can someone who doesn't even have a saint soul do that? Bu Qianfan, I think you just want to help Zhang Ruochen escape."

Eyes sharp, Bu Qianfan met Cao Feng's stare. "What if he succeeded?"

“Psh!” Cao Feng scoffed. “If he really can do it, I’ll prostrate myself on the ground and kowtow to him three times.”

Bu Qianfan didn’t know about the stone rune that the Thousand-bone Empress had left behind, but he was familiar with Zhang Ruochen. Since Zhang Ruochen said he could do it, then he definitely could.

“Alright! You better not take back your word,” Bu Qianfan said.

How could Zhang Ruochen do something that even the minister of the Ministry of War had failed to do?

Cao Feng obviously didn’t trust Zhang Ruochen. He walked towards Wan Ji’s war chariot. Bowing, he murmured, “Sir, shall we give Zhang Ruochen a chance? If he doesn’t succeed, we can also take Bu Qianfan down. Then you’ll have one less competitor in the Ministry of War.”

A moment later, Wan Ji made his decision. “In that case, I’ll give you two hours,” he ordered. “If you can’t seal the passage in that time, I’ll repress both you and Bu Qianfan.

The 30,000 soldiers of the Leopard Army quickly went into place, forming a Star and Moon Formation at the bank of Corpse River. They surrounded Zhang Ruochen, Bu Qianfan, Shi Ren, and Mu Lingxi so they couldn’t escape.

The soldiers of the Leopard Army were all elites. Plus, there were some strong cultivators in the Fish-Dragon Realm. The army was incredibly powerful and could repress countless Saints.

“Thank you.” Zhang Ruochen glanced at Bu Qianfan and Shi Ren in gratitude.

It was uncommon for them to trust Zhang Ruochen so much, even in the current situation. In this case, Zhang Ruochen couldn’t let them down.

Zhang Ruochen walked calmly to the side of Corpse River. The Holy Qi within him started turning quickly.

The next moment, light shone from between his eyebrows. The Universe Spiritual Map flew out. It hovered above Corpse

River and opened slowly.

Next, powerful Holy Qi surged from the scroll, transforming into a blue cloud. A blue stone tablet rose out of the cloud, falling into the river.

Kaboom.

Just then, there was a booming sound. The entire Corpse River seemed to start boiling. The water rolled, forming huge waves that were meters tall.

The stone tablet was at the heart of the waves. Ancient runes appeared on the surface. The tablet expanded quickly as well. It soon became hundreds of meters tall and stood in the center of the river like a cliff.

Boom, boom.

The dead souls in the river all cried out in pain. Their souls scattered in an instant, transforming into strands of Ghost Qi.

Everyone on the riverbank was floored, including Bu Qianfan and Shi Ren.

Cao Feng's expression was one of incredible discomfort. He would have never guessed that Zhang Ruochen could do this. Could the stone tablet really suppress the Corpse River and cut off the connection between the two worlds?

If Zhang Ruochen could do this, he would have accomplished something great. If the imperial court still wanted to arrest him, the people would protest.

Gradually, the place calmed down.

Standing on the bank, everyone could see that the dead souls of the netherworld had all retreated. They couldn't step into the Corpse River anymore.

"Oh my! Zhang Ruochen really did repress the Corpse River! How did he do that?"

"Great! As long as the dead souls of the netherworld can no longer enter Kunlun's Field, the Ministry of War can quickly suppress the dead souls in the Eastern Region."

“The stone tablet is a very powerful stone rune. It might have been created by some great human emperor specifically to repress the dead souls in the netherworld.

...

While everyone was discussing animatedly, Mu Lingxi glanced over at Cao Feng. Chuckling, she said, “I think I remember that someone looks up to Zhang Ruochen a lot and wants to kowtow to him three times?”

Cao Feng gritted his teeth. Veins bulged all over his body. He was humiliated and just wished he could disappear.

“Sir Cao Feng is a king of the lower region and leads the Leopard Army,” Bu Qianfan said coldly. “Naturally, he will keep his word.”

In the distance, Wan Ji walked out of his war chariot. Hands behind his back, his eyes seemed extremely deep. His entire being radiated with battle and murderous intent. “Cao Feng, Cao Gu, what are you waiting for? Arrest Zhang Ruochen, the wanted criminal of the imperial court.”

Cao Feng knew that Wan Ji was helping him. He was immediately relieved. Eyes turning cold, he released all his power and attacked Zhang Ruochen.

“Furious Wind Strike.”

He waved his arm and all the Holy Qi within him flew out of his hand, transforming into thousands of wind blades.

But before Wan Ji had uttered the command, Zhang Ruochen brought Mu Lingxi, Blackie, and the demon rat toward Corpse River. They disappeared amongst the ghostly Qi.

“Killing Command.”

Wan Ji put his hands together. Thick Holy Qi filled a radius of hundreds of meters, forcing Bu Qianfan and Shi Ren back. A golden saint decree flew out from Wan Ji’s hands. It streaked toward the Corpse River.

Boom!

With the Killing Command, the Corpse River's water caved in. The black ghostly fog above it dissipated. However, Zhang Ruochen had long since disappeared. The Killing Command was powerful, but it still couldn't hurt him.

“Damn.”

Wan Ji bent his fingers, calling back the saint decree with an angry shake of his arm. Zhang Ruochen had escaped from right before his eyes. This made him furious.

“Wan Ji's cultivation is so powerful and horrifying.” Bu Qianfan half-knelt on the ground. He clutched his chest in pain and spat out some blood.

Shi Ren had also been attacked by Wan Ji's Holy Qi and was more heavily injured. However, he'd still put two runes on his legs and used the wind to escape at the first moment.

Wan Ji ignored Bu Qianfan and Shi Ren. “Everyone, listen,” he ordered again. “Search for traces of Zhang Ruochen along the bank. Once you find him, notify me immediately. Anyone who can provide useful information will be rewarded 100,000 spirit crystals.”

The 30,000 Leopard Army soldiers split into two groups. They rushed upstream and downstream to search for Zhang Ruochen.

The Corpse River was very long. No one knew how many miles it extended for.

Around 12,000 miles upstream, Zhang Ruochen and Mu Lingxi climbed onto the bank again. Without stopping, they left the Tomb Forest and hurried towards the Yin and Yang Sect.

Chapter 851 - Intent of the Wan Family

Translator:

Larbre Studio

Editor:

Larbre Studio

The Ministry of War's main army was building a fortress at the edge of the Tomb Forest. It hadn't been too long, but they'd already constructed a towering wall. From afar, it looked like a black mountain standing on the ground.

Towers rose up from the ground as well. They were connected in a large formation. This region was guarded seamlessly.

There was a palace hovering in the air in the west. One could see armored soldiers standing on either side of the palace in organized lines.

At the moment, one of Wan Qingtong's saintly clones was sitting in the center of the palace.

Wan Qingtong was one of the main generals in charge of the Tomb Forest. He was also the third top figure of the Central Region's Wan Family. His status was only lower than the patriarch and the thousand-year-old ancestor.

Wan Ji, clad in armor, strode into the palace. He lowered himself onto one knee and said, "Reporting to the Seventh Great-Grandfather, Zhang Ruochen has already escaped. He may have left the Tomb Forest already. In fact..."

He hesitated, but he still revealed what Zhang Ruochen had done with the stone tablet to Wan Qingtong.

Wan Ji continued, "If it spreads that Zhang Ruochen has accomplished more than the entire Ministry of War, the imperial court will be criticized if we continue trying to arrest him. If the Empress learns of this, she won't be happy either."

Wan Qingtong was still calm. “Are you suggesting we seal the news?”

“Yes,” Wan Ji said.

Wan Qingtong chuckled. “There were dozens of Half-Saints present. None of them are simple figures. I won’t be able to silence them even if I personally send the order. So instead of sealing the information, why don’t you think of a way to capture Zhang Ruochen?”

“Zhang Ruochen is the Time and Space Descendant,” Wan Ji said solemnly. “He can manipulate space. My cultivation isn’t enough to stop him. It would be even more difficult for others to do so. Now, he has escaped back to the Eastern Region, which is his territory. It won’t be easy to find him, let alone capture him.”

Wan Qingtong’s eyes were cold and sharp. “Zhang Ruochen’s existence affects the fate of the Wan Family. If another family of the imperial court finds him first, they’ll use him against us. Merely the sin of lying to the empress will destroy our entire family.

“The Wan Family has been favored by the Empress for the past 500 years. That is why we are so powerful in Kunlun’s Field. There are countless people who are jealous of us and want to defeat us. This is why we can’t let Zhang Ruochen destroy the entire family singlehandedly.”

Wan Ji also sensed the significance of things. “I will do my best to find Zhang Ruochen.”

“I have checked his information,” Wan Qingtong said. “It actually won’t be hard to find him. He has a fiancée called Huang Yanchen. She is one of the nine Heirs and is the Empress’s disciple.

“In addition, Zhang Ruochen also has a mother. Huang Yanchen is quite loyal to Zhang Ruochen. She keeps his mother by her side to take care of her. After becoming an Heir, she brought Zhang Ruochen’s mother to the Central Region.”

Wan Ji instantly understood. “Are you saying that I should first control Zhang Ruochen’s fiancée and mother, then release

the information to lure him out?”

Wan Qingtong shook his head. “It’s best not to touch Huang Yanchen unless it’s absolutely necessary. After all, she’s an Heir. Her identity is sensitive. However, since his fiancée and mother are both in the Central Region, he will definitely go there. So if you wish to capture him, seal the three wormholes connecting to the Central Region first.

“Other than that, I’ve also sent the message to the Central Region. Wan Zhaoyi should probably have traps all over. As soon as Zhang Ruochen enters the Central Region, he’ll be captured. This time, you two are on either side of him. No matter what, you must catch him. Do not let him escape again.”

“Understood,” Wan Ji said. “I will pursue him right now and capture him with the fastest speed possible.”

Wan Ji left immediately. He led an elite battalion away from the Tomb Forest and toward the Yin and Yang Sect.

The Yin and Yang Sect had a wormhole going to the Central Region. It was highly possible that Zhang Ruochen had gone there.

...

Zhang Ruochen used the Traceless 36 Changes to transform into a common soldier. He left the Tomb Forest easily.

He didn’t go back to his original appearance until he entered the vast mountains. Standing on a mountaintop surrounded by cliffs, he looked in the direction of the Tomb Forest.

The Ministry of War reacts fast, Zhang Ruochen realized. In such a short time, they’ve already constructed three defensive barriers outside the Tomb Forest. Unless they’re at Ghost King Shenchu’s level, other dead souls won’t be able to enter the Eastern Region.

He had to admit that the current First Central Empire was much stronger than the previous Sacred Central Empire. It was a massive beast.

Eight hundred years ago, the Sacred Central Empire only controlled three of the nine states of the Central Region. Now, the First Central Empire controlled all of Kunlun's Field. They couldn't even be compared.

Mu Lingxi supported her chin with her hands, upset. "We've risked our lives to find the stone rune from the Thousand-bone Empress in the netherworld and control the Corpse River. But the Ministry of War doesn't even thank you. Instead, they want to arrest you. I'm so angry!"

Zhang Ruochen chuckled. "We didn't do this to be thanked by anyone. I'm happy if one less innocent person dies."

Next, Zhang Ruochen and Mu Lingxi visited the Yin and Yang Sect. All the villages, towns, and cities that they passed by all seemed like ghost towns. It was rare to find a living soul.

They found corpses in some of the cities. However, they'd all become mummies with their blood sucked dry. It was obvious that the Immortal Vampires were responsible.

The sects within the Fallen-gods Mountain Range had been affected the most seriously during this disaster. They'd practically been wiped out.

Zhang Ruochen didn't see any outer disciples until they reached the entrance of the Yin and Yang Sect. They were transporting carts upon carts of corpses into ditches to bury simply with dirt.

The Yin and Yang Sect was now surrounded by barren land. The mountains had collapsed, the rivers had been cut off, and the medicine gardens had been scorched. It had been months, but ghostly fire was still burning the earth.

Thankfully, the Yin and Yang Sect had fended off the attacks of the various Ghost Kings. The consequences were costly, but their base wasn't damaged.

Zhang Ruochen didn't return as Lin Yue since news had already spread that Zhang Ruochen hadn't died. Many people were probably suspecting Lin Yue's true identity now.

He wouldn't be able to use that alias anymore.

Right then, Zhang Ruochen saw a beautiful figure amongst the Yin and Yang Sect disciples.

In the distance, Han Qiu, clad in a clean robe, was directing the outer disciples to purify the ghostly fire and recover the medicine gardens. Her cultivation had improved greatly. She was now in the Sixth Change of the Fish-Dragon Realm. She was one of the top Monks of the divine sects.

She was quite sensitive and quickly felt a pair of eyes on her. She was very curious. Who dared to get inappropriate ideas about her?

But when she turned around and saw Zhang Ruochen in the distance, she was surprised. Then Han Qiu looked around. She didn't relax until she was sure that the other disciples didn't recognize Zhang Ruochen.

After all, not many people had seen his true appearance.

Zhang Ruochen smiled at Han Qiu. "Senior Sister Han Qiu," he said in the tone of an outer disciple. "There are some things I'd like to talk to you about."

After all, he'd left for a few months and such drastic changes had occurred in the Eastern Region. He wanted to receive some information from someone. This would help him plan.

Han Qiu's lips curled and she smiled. She left the Yin and Yang City with Zhang Ruochen and arrived at Shentai City.

The city had become a pile of rubble now. Corpses were scattered all over the streets. There wasn't a single living soul.

Here, Han Qiu gave up on the pretense. Laughing, she said, "I'd thought that there was a foolish outer disciple who dared to have thoughts behind me. I didn't expect that it would be Senior Brother Lin Yue, who'd disappeared for so long."

It was clear that Han Qiu was testing Zhang Ruochen. She wanted to know if he really was Lin Yue.

Zhang Ruochen didn't keep it from her. Smiling, he said, "You're not the least bit shocked to see me still alive?"

Chapter 852 - The Current Situation

Translator:

Larbre Studio

Editor:

Larbre Studio

Hearing this, Han Qiu immediately understood that Lin Yue, pride of the Yin and Yang Sect, was actually Zhang Ruochen.

Both Lin Yue's swordsmanship and Zhang Ruochen's power of time and space were known throughout the world. The younger Talents and Conquerors could only dream of reaching his level.

But if these two were the same man, just how shocking could his talent be?

Han Qiu's starry eyes grew even brighter. "I guessed that Lin Yue might be you, but I thought that it was too crazy, so I didn't dare to ask you. If I'd known, I would've agreed when you pursued me."

Zhang Ruochen smiled and shook his head. He wanted to tell her that the Lin Yue that had pursued her had already died.

Just then, Mu Lingxi walked out of an abandoned building. There was a playful smile on her delicate face. "Oh? Zhang Ruochen had pursued you before?"

Han Qiu was surprised to see Mu Lingxi.

The Saintess of the Demonic Sect appeared with Zhang Ruochen at the Yin and Yang Sect. Why had they come?

However, Han Qiu was quite strong mentally. She immediately recovered and held onto Zhang Ruochen's wrist with a slender porcelain arm. "Yes!" she said, slightly proud.

“When Zhang Ruochen pursued me, he competed with others and had battles too. Saintess, are you jealous?”

Mu Lingxi rolled her eyes. She knew how Zhang Ruochen was. He’d never voluntarily pursued anyone before.

Even she and Huang Yanchen couldn’t get this special treatment, let alone Han Qiu.

Zhang Ruochen cleared his throat and started with the important matter. “Miss Han, I came to find you this time because I have some questions. I also hope you can help me with something.”

With that, Zhang Ruochen took out a three-inch long coral from his spatial ring and gave it to Han Qiu. Strands of red blood swam in the coral. They were like tiny dragons.

Zhang Ruochen didn’t like owing people. Since he needed Han Qiu’s help, he would obviously pay her something.

Han Qiu released her Spiritual Power to check the strands of blood inside the coral.

“Blood of a dragon king... No, is it the legendary blood of the dragon emperor?”

Han Qiu’s finger trembled. She looked up at Zhang Ruochen in shock. Powerful dragon and blood Qi came out of the coral. It seemed to swallow her up.

“Yes,” Zhang Ruochen said. “It’s a drop of the dragon emperor’s blood.”

When Zhang Ruochen had received the divine dragon bone, he’d made a deal with the Divine Dragon and Half-Human clan. He’d exchanged it for 3 drops of dragon king’s blood and 20 drops of dragon emperor blood.

He’d used the 3 drops of the dragon king’s blood already. Of the 20 drops of dragon emperor blood, there were 15 drops left.

Unlike the divine dragon blood, the blood of the dragon emperor was easier to absorb for Monks of the Fish-Dragon Realm. It could greatly help a Monk with their cultivation.

If Han Qiu could refine a single drop, she could quickly enter the Eighth or even Ninth Change of the Fish-Dragon Realm.

He's giving away such a precious treasure so easily. Just how rich is he in cultivation resources?

Han Qiu was very smart, of course. Her expression grew serious as she said, "Zhang Ruochen, I already owe you. If you really need my help, you just have to ask. There's no need to give such a lofty gift. Should I accept the dragon emperor's blood or not?"

Zhang Ruochen stared at her. A moment later, he said, "Alright! Let's be straightforward. I went to the netherworld during the months when I went missing. I learned many secrets that the outside world doesn't know."

"I can tell you confidently that within the decade, there may be another huge calamity. The entire Eastern Region, even the entire Kunlun's Field, may cease to exist."

Han Qiu's expression turned serious. She knew that Zhang Ruochen wasn't the type to joke around. He must have a reason for saying this.

Thus, she asked, "It has something to do with the netherworld?"

"Indeed." Zhang Ruochen nodded. "Your physique is the Form of Darkness. A completed Form of Darkness can consolidate endless darkness and evil Qi. You can travel freely through the netherworld and Kunlun's Field. You can summon ghostly spirits and dead spirits and turn saintly corpses into soldiers. That's why I hope you can quickly complete your Form of Darkness."

The Form of Darkness would continue gathering the power of darkness and become stronger and stronger.

Of course, a Monk with the Form of Darkness could die easily. Many of them would get killed by the power's backlash before they could mature. However, Zhang Ruochen had high hopes for Han Qiu. After all, she'd already reached the Fish-Dragon Realm. She'd already passed through the most dangerous time and had completed the first stages of the Form of Darkness.

Han Qiu wasn't as optimistic as Zhang Ruochen. She sighed softly. "It's not easy to complete the Form of Darkness. If not for the Taichi Natal Way of the Yin and Yang Sect to balance the powers within me, I would've been devoured by the dark power by now."

"If you come with me, I can help you," Zhang Ruochen said. "I can help you quickly complete the Form of Darkness."

Han Qiu was slightly shocked. Her clear eyes peered at Zhang Ruochen. Her red lips curled into a smile. "Today, I learned that you're an ambitious man too. Speak! Are you trying to win me over or are you trying to lure an innocent girl?"

Mu Lingxi, standing on the side, rolled her eyes again.

There was no mirth on Zhang Ruochen's face. "I just think that one person's power is limited. I should unite more people to try and do something meaningful."

Zhang Ruochen had been thinking about this in the netherworld. Chi Yao could invest so many resources in training the nine Heirs. Since he also had a lot of resources, why couldn't he find some top geniuses to develop strong cultivators comparable to the Heirs?

He had the sapling of the Divine Sky-connecting Tree, the Universe Spiritual Map that provided more time, and large amounts of divine blood. He shouldn't just use them for himself. He should also create a force that belonged to him.

In the future, when the calamity really arrived, he wouldn't be forced to fight alone either.

Bu Qianfan, the Orange Star Emissary, Ao Xinyan, Han Qiu, and Le all had unusual physiques. They would accomplish great things as well, so Zhang Ruochen considered them all.

However, Bu Qianfan and Ao Xinyan both had large families behind them. Uniting with them wouldn't be easy.

On the other hand, Han Qiu and Le should be easier. In addition, they'd interacted before. If Zhang Ruochen could provide them with enough cultivation resources, he believed he could win them over.

Seeing that Han Qiu was hesitant, Zhang Ruochen chuckled. “You don’t have to answer me now. Think about it clearly before giving me an answer.”

After all, Zhang Ruochen was still a wanted criminal. He had many enemies and couldn’t compare with the well-established Yin and Yang Sect. Why would Han Qiu leave somewhere as prestigious as the Yin and Yang Sect to cultivate with a criminal on the run? Who knew if Zhang Ruochen would get captured and executed someday?

Han Qiu nodded. “It’s fortunate that you’re not forcing me to reply immediately. Otherwise, I really wouldn’t know how to answer. Tell me! Why did you come this time?”

“I want to know what exactly had happened in the months I was gone,” Zhang Ruochen said.

In the following hours, Han Qiu told Zhang Ruochen many things.

Firstly, the Yin and Yang Sect had defeated the various Ghost Kings, but dozens had still escaped. They brought the remaining shadow soldiers into the vast East Divine Region and East Satanic Region.

The entire Eastern Region was now in chaos. It had created a huge disaster and the unrest wouldn’t be settled so quickly.

Secondly, the Death Zen Sect had established bases in the Southern Region, the Vampires in the Northern Region. They’d returned to fight directly against the imperial court and had caused huge troubles.

Nowadays, only the Central Region and Western Region were relatively peaceful. However, darkness surged in the background. Some evil forces and ambitious families had contacted the Death Zen Sect and Vampires secretly. They wanted to overthrow the First Central Empire.

That was why the Central and Western Regions weren’t very peaceful either.

If the Kunlun’s Field was in a golden era one year ago, it was now in the dark ages.

Technically, Zhang Ruochen should be excited about this day. After all, this was the only way he could take revenge on Chi Yao and reestablish the Sacred Central Empire.

However, he couldn't get excited when he thought of the threat in the netherworld. He wished that the Kunlun's Field could unite and face the huge calamity in the future instead of fighting amongst themselves.

"The Empress has the highest cultivation in the world," he said. "Where do these people get the courage to fight directly against her?"

Han Qiu's expression turned strange. "I heard a rumor," she whispered. "I don't know if it's true or not."

"What rumor?" Zhang Ruochen asked.

"I heard that the Empress can no longer attack anyone," Han Qiu said cautiously. "If she does, she'll be killed by the rules of the Celestial Way."

"Since the middle ages, no one could become a god. Anyone who became close all died. Right now, the Empress is like that. However, she used a secret spell to hide her cultivation from the eyes of the Celestial Way. But if she attacks, the Celestial Way will discover her and kill her."

Chapter 853 - Surround the City

Translator:

Larbre Studio

Editor:

Larbre Studio

Zhang Ruochen held his chin. “According to what you said, the Empress will die if someone forces her to attack?”

Han Qiu smiled. “Technically, yes, but what I said was a rumor. Who knows if it’s true or not? Maybe the imperial court spread it to lure the arrogantly brave people onto a suicide mission.”

“Plus, there are only a few in the entire Kunlun’s Field that can force the Empress to attack personally. They’re all ancient creatures who’ve cultivated for hundreds or even thousands of years. They all treasure their lives and won’t risk it. If they lose, they’ll die and the loss is too great.”

“Everyone fears her,” Zhang Ruochen said. “She has accumulated might for so many years. Even if she sits there without moving, people will still kneel in fear.”

Han Qiu nodded. “Actually, this rumor is quite believable.”

“Oh?”

“Think about it. The passage to the netherworld opening this time caused such great losses to the Eastern Region, but the Empress didn’t even appear. Isn’t that strange?”

“With her iron rule before, she would definitely be furious and kill all the Ghost Kings and Saints of the Death Zen Sect and Immortal Vampire Race. She wouldn’t let them ruin Kunlun’s Field.”

“The Empress has worked tirelessly for centuries to create this prosperous empire. If she isn’t restricted by something, how could she let someone destroy it?”

Zhang Ruochen’s eyes narrowed. He nodded and sank into deep thought. Han Qiu’s words made sense.

Next, Han Qiu told Zhang Ruochen some other things. For example, after Shao Lin’s death, Huang Yanchen, being the first King, took his place as one of the nine Heirs. Zhang Ruochen was happy for Huang Yanchen after hearing this news. If she became an Heir, she would definitely be trained well. This was a rare chance and would have endless benefits for her.

That was not all. Han Qiu also told him that Huang Yanchen had brought Zhang Ruochen’s mother to the Central Region. Zhang Ruochen had planned on visiting the Sacred City of the Eastern Region to help his mother settle down. Since Huang Yanchen had brought her to the Central Region, this took away one worry.

Zhang Ruochen was most worried that his enemies would try to hurt his mother after learning that he was still alive. Being with Huang Yanchen was definitely safer for her than being with Zhang Ruochen.

...

Around 300 miles from Shentai City, soldiers riding fiery red leopards appeared at the top of a mountain in a straight line. Immediately afterward, four Fire Dragon-Leopards appeared at the horizon, pulling a chariot. The ground within 100 meters started burning.

Wan Ji sat in the chariot. He carried the Octagon Mirror in his hands. The Octagon Mirror was the size of one’s face. It had eight sides, each side as smooth as a mercury mirror.

However, it wasn’t just an eight-sided mirror. Instead, it was a treasure created by the Ministry of Divinity to spy on the enemy. If one put a beam of the enemy’s Saintly Qi into the Octagon Mirror, then the mirror would be able to find the enemy if he was within 1,000 miles.

Right now, Zhang Ruochen's image appeared in one side of the Octagon Mirror.

Wan Ji gazed at the Octagon Mirror and a smile appeared across his chiseled features. "As expected, Zhang Ruochen really did come to the Yin and Yang Sect."

"Sir, you are so wise." Cao Feng bowed, seemingly impressed.

On the other side, Cao Gu asked, perplexed, "I am very curious as to how you guessed that Zhang Ruochen would go to the Yin and Yang Sect."

Wan Ji huffed coldly. "The Ministry of War's intelligence network has already analyzed all types of information and deduced that Zhang Ruochen might be Lin Yue, pride of the Yin and Yang Sect. Now, Zhang Ruochen has appeared outside the Yin and Yang Sect. He's proved it."

"What? Zhang Ruochen is Lin Yue?" Cao Gu asked. "Lin Yue made a show at the Heir Banquet and helped Huang Yanchen to secure a spot as an Heir. Many people say that his talent isn't any lower than Xue Wuye, descendant of the Sword Emperor."

"Isn't Huang Yanchen the fiancée of Zhang Ruochen?" Wan Ji asked. "And why didn't Lin Yue dare to become an Heir? Isn't it because he doesn't dare to meet the Empress? His disguise can fool others, but he can't fool the Empress."

Whoosh.

The Holy Qi inside Cao Feng started operating crazily. A saint soul rushed out of him, unfolding behind him. "Since Zhang Ruochen is inside that city of rubble, let's go capture him now so he doesn't escape again."

"Wait." Expression serious, Wan Ji seemed cautious. "The Yin and Yang Sect is still the head of all sects in the Eastern Region. There are countless strong cultivators there. How could no one see through Lin Yue's disguise?"

"Are you worried that the Yin and Yang Sect is purposefully protecting Zhang Ruochen?" Cao Feng asked. "Where do they get the guts to protect the criminal the Empress wants?"

“Better safe than sorry. We shouldn’t alert the Yin and Yang Sect. No matter what, we can’t let Zhang Ruochen escape again.” Wan Ji’s eyes were as cold as ice. He immediately ordered, “Leopard Qian, Leopard Kun, Leopard Dragon, Leopard Tiger, you four each take a battalion. Set up a White Mist Invisible Formation on all four sides of the city. Cao Feng, Cao Gu, you two take the Earth Martial Saint Light Cannon and set it up in the east and west. I will personally enter the city to arrest Zhang Ruochen, the criminal wanted by the imperial court.”

All the soldiers that Wan Ji had brought this time were the elites of the Leopard Army. They were all at least in the Fish-Dragon Realm.

The soldiers of the Leopard Army quickly separated into four groups and scattered.

Shentai City

Zhang Ruochen’s Spiritual Power was now at the 46th level. His sensitivity had naturally surpassed Mu Lingxi and Han Qiu. He quickly sensed that something was wrong.

Seeing the change in his expression, Mu Lingxi asked, “What’s wrong?”

Zhang Ruochen furrowed his brow. He quickly walked out of the tower. Standing in the center of the street, he looked up.

Smoky white fog surged in from all directions, covering the sun. Soon, all of Shentai City was shrouded in fog.

“Where did the fog come from?” Han Qiu widened her eyes in shock.

Shentai City had high elevation and it was rare to have this fog even in the morning, let alone at noon. This strange fog really made one feel unsettled.

“There must be a problem,” Zhang Ruochen said. “We must leave immediately.”

Just then, powerful Holy Qi waves appeared amongst the white fog. One could vaguely see a towering figure standing there.

“Zhang Ruochen, there is no place for you in the world. Where do you think you can go?”

Tap, tap. Crisp footsteps sounded. It was the sound of metal boots hitting the ground.

The towering figure walked out of the fog. He wore heavy armor and radiated with freezing, domineering Holy Qi.

Wan Ji’s cold face appeared. He had long and narrow eyes, a hooked nose, and a thick beard. Bloody murderous Qi surrounded him.

Standing before someone like him, even Han Qiu felt pressure. It was like a huge mountain towering before her. It became difficult to breathe.

Oh no! she cried inwardly. She realized immediately that he was someone important from the Ministry of War. If someone so powerful had come to capture Zhang Ruochen, how could he escape with his Fish-Dragon Realm cultivation?

She looked over but found that Zhang Ruochen didn’t show any fear. He looked very composed.

“Sir Wan Ji, your nose is a bit too sensitive. You chased over here so quickly. Can you tell me how you found me?”

As Zhang Ruochen spoke, he cast his Spiritual Power out. He quickly found that, other than Wan Ji, there were two other Half-Saints in Shentai City. They were Cao Feng and Cao Gu.

Cao Feng and Cao Gu were both second level Half-Saints. Technically, they shouldn’t pose a threat to Zhang Ruochen. However, he still sensed something dangerous from their bodies. Could they be carrying some powerful weapon?

Wan Ji sneered. “Does a prisoner qualify to ask me questions? Zhang Ruochen, you can’t escape no matter what now. If you don’t wish to die, surrender now. Otherwise, if we start fighting, I might accidentally...kill you.”

“Such confidence,” Mu Lingxi said with attitude. “Wan Ji, don’t you know that Zhang Ruochen’s master, Sword Saint Xuanji, came back to life? Aren’t you afraid of angering him?”

Wan Ji gave Mu Lingxi a look of disdain. “Witch, you think you can threaten me? Cao Feng, kill her so she’s out of the way.”

“Yes, sir.”

Cao Feng was standing at the top of the west city wall. He raised his hand and used his saint soul to control the Spiritual Qi within a 100 mile radius. He formed a white river of Holy Qi and poured it into the Earth Martial Saint Light Cannon.

The Earth Martial Saint Light Cannon quickly accumulated enough energy. A ten-foot-wide beam of light shot out of the cannon, streaking toward Zhang Ruochen, Mu Lingxi, and Han Qiu.

The Earth Martial Saint Light Cannon was an extremely powerful banned weapon. It was created by the imperial court and only the Ministry of War could use it. It was used specifically against Half-Saints.

The stronger the Holy Qi gathered inside the Earth Martial Saint Light Cannon, the stronger its explosion.

Chapter 854 - Fight

Translator:

Larbre Studio

Editor:

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“Up.”

Zhang Ruochen bent his arm and released his Space Domain, enveloping Mu Lingxi and Han Qiu. He performed the Spatial Move and disappeared from the street.

With a boom, a thick pillar of white light hit the ground. The powerful shockwaves spread in all directions like white ripples. The stone on the ground shattered, turning to dust.

Following that, the buildings on either side started collapsing. A moment later, one-fifth of the entire Shentai City sank into the ground. It lifted up a mass of ash-gray dirt.

Small rings of ripples appeared in the air.

Zhang Ruochen, Mu Lingxi, and Han Qiu emerged from the center of the ripples. They landed on the top of a damaged building.

The three looked down. There was now a huge crater in the center of the city.

Fortunately, the Earth Martial Saint Light Cannon had hit the ground. One could imagine what would have happened if that strike had hit them.

Is this the destructive ability of the Earth Martial Saint Light Cannon?

Zhang Ruochen's eyes narrowed, fear growing in his heart. After all, the Shentai City was used by the outer disciples of the Yin and Yang Sect to trade. There were many defensive formations inside the city and underground.

Most of the formations within the city had been destroyed, but the foundation was still extremely sturdy. It was obviously difficult to create such destruction.

Whoosh!

Zhang Ruochen waved his sleeves. The Abyss Ancient Sword flew out in a dark streak. It forced through the Spiritual Qi and rushed into the white mist.

“Good.”

Cao Feng added Holy Qi into the Earth Martial Saint Light Cannon once again. A beam of light surged out of the cannon, flying toward the Abyss Ancient Sword. He wanted to use the Earth Martial Saint Light Cannon to decimate Zhang Ruochen’s artillery.

Zhang Ruochen’s heart twitched. The Abyss Ancient Sword suddenly rushed up, appearing above Cao Feng. Then it struck down. Sword Qi poured down like a sheet of water.

Cao Feng knew that Zhang Ruochen wasn’t easy to deal with, so he didn’t underestimate the man. However, Zhang Ruochen’s attack was still beyond his expectations. He was forced to abandon the Earth Martial Saint Light Cannon. He rushed forward, escaping from the top of the city wall like a laser beam.

Rip!

The powerful Sword Qi split the Earth Martial Saint Light Cannon into two halves. A 30-foot-wide crack opened up in the center of the wall, extending to the ground. Even the ground had a long gash.

Han Qiu was dumbfounded. The fight before her eyes was completely in the Half-Saint Realm. Any mishap would pulverize the entire city.

The law of Kunlun’s Field clearly stated that Half-Saints were forbidden to fight inside a city. This was because a Half-Saint’s horrifying power could hurt many innocent people.

Even so, there were still Half-Saints who didn’t care about people’s lives. They would ignore the imperial court’s law and

reduce cities to rubble.

Thus, the imperial court would set up defensive formations in every city. Some important cities even had defenses below every street. If the attacks reached a certain level, the defenses would be activated automatically. This way, losses could be reduced to a minimum.

This was why the large forces would first send their younger disciples to take care of fights. A force would only start a Half-Saint fight if they had no other choice.

When Cao Feng landed on the ground and saw that the Earth Martial Saint Light Cannon had been destroyed by the Abyss Ancient Sword, his expression turned ugly.

After all, the resources spent to create an Earth Martial Saint Light Cannon were enough to cultivate two Half-Saints. He'd lost an Earth Martial Saint Light Cannon to save himself. Even if he survived this, he would be punished by the Ministry of War.

He might be able to make up for it if he captured Zhang Ruochen.

“Seven-dimension Ice Palm.”

Cao Feng released his saint soul again. He manipulated the Spiritual Qi into two palms. The air in the entire Shentai City instantly froze over. Snowflakes floated down from the sky.

The powerful palm slapped down at Zhang Ruochen, sweeping over.

Zhang Ruochen also struck with a palm. The palm contained images of a fire dragon and elephant. It chased away the icy Qi, making Cao Feng spit out blood as he fell into the crater at the center of the city.

Cao Feng flew out of the crater. His hair was a mess and he was covered in dirt. He wanted to attack Zhang Ruochen again.

“Stop!” Wan Ji roared. “Back down. You aren't his match.”

Cao Feng was indeed badly hurt. His legs gave out and he half-knelt onto the ground. Then he took out a pill and began

healing himself.

Wan Ji stared at Zhang Ruochen. “You can defeat Cao Feng while in the Fish-Dragon Realm and didn’t even use your full power. Zhang Ruochen, you should be able to fight a third level Half-Saint now, right?”

“You can’t even see through my abilities with your cultivation?” Zhang Ruochen asked in return.

Wan Ji’s expression didn’t change, but his heart was greatly affected. The abilities that Zhang Ruochen had displayed were too shocking. Even Wan Zhaoyi hadn’t been this strong when he was at the peak of the Ninth Change. Wan Zhaoyi was known as the top genius of Kunlun’s Field in the past century.

However, the Wan Family and Zhang Ruochen were at opposing fronts now. Thus, they couldn’t let Zhang Ruochen mature. Now was the best time to remove Zhang Ruochen.

Murderous intent shone in Wan Ji’s eyes. Next, he released his Saint Soul Territory. It spread out from under his feet.

Oh no.

Zhang Ruochen’s expression hardened. He opened his arms, pulling his Space Domain back. Finally, it shrunk to only 30 feet wide.

Wan Ji’s Saint Soul Territory crashed against Zhang Ruochen’s Space Domain. Zhang Ruochen’s trio flew out from the impact. However, the Space Domain didn’t shatter. It protected them closely.

What was most terrifying about a Half-Saint? It was the Saint Soul Territory. If a first level Half-Saint’s Saint Soul Territory fell upon a Monk in the Ninth Change of the Fish-Dragon Realm, it could create 100 times more gravity.

A second level Saint Soul Territory could impose 1,000 times more weight on the Monk.

Of course, Zhang Ruochen, Mu Lingxi, and Han Qiu all had special physiques. They could release their *laksana*. A second level Half-Saint’s Saint Soul Territory couldn’t affect them.

However, Wan Ji wasn't just a first or second level Half-Saint. Zhang Ruochen guessed that he was at least a seventh level Half-Saint or even stronger.

Wan Ji didn't even have to attack. He could kill a Fish-Dragon Monk with just his Saint Soul Territory.

He stared at Zhang Ruochen, a bit shocked. "The power of space is indeed mysterious. It can actually fend off my Saint Soul Territory. Interesting."

Zhang Ruochen was using all his might to hold up the Space Domain under the extreme pressure. If Wan Ji was a bit stronger, the Space Domain might not have been able to bear the pressure either.

Wan Ji saw the sweat rolling down Zhang Ruochen's forehead and smiled. "Unfortunately, you're too weak. Even if you can control the power of space, you still can't make a difference."

He didn't want to keep wasting time talking. Wan Ji stepped forward and appeared at the edge of the Space Domain, leaving behind a trail of afterimages.

Crackle!

Wan Ji's hands were completely covered in Holy Qi. They gradually reached into the Space Domain, striking toward Zhang Ruochen's head.

Just then, Wan Ji saw a strange smile appear on Zhang Ruochen's face. How could he smile when he was so close to death?

Suddenly, a black pill appeared between Zhang Ruochen's fingers. He threw it at Wan Ji.

Boom!

The black pill exploded. It transformed into a puff of Evil Death Qi, enveloping Wan Ji's palm. The Evil Death Qi was strongly corrosive. It quickly ate through Wan Ji's Holy Qi and invaded his meridians.

Wan Ji's expression changed. He quickly retreated and sealed the meridian of his right arm as quickly as possible. This

stopped the Evil Death Qi from spreading through his entire body.

One must admit that Wan Ji was well-experienced. It was quite impossible to plot against him.

Of course, it was still a feat to make him suffer a bit. Zhang Ruochen naturally had to take advantage of this.

“Sword Three.”

Wielding the Abyss Ancient Sword, he rushed forward and stabbed with all his might. Thousands of beams of Sword Qi burst forth. Then they grouped together, becoming one with the Abyss Ancient Sword.

Wan Ji stopped immediately. Instead of fighting back, he stood in place and grouped all his Holy Qi before his chest.

When the Abyss Ancient Sword was three feet from Wan Ji’s chest, it was stopped by an invisible force. It couldn’t continue on.

Power with earth-shaking momentum surged out of Wan Ji, sending Zhang Ruochen flying.

Zhang Ruochen landed, half-kneeling on the ground. He supported himself with his sword. Blood flowed out of his palms, streaming down the body of his sword and dripping onto the ground.

Chapter 855 - Demonic Sect Arrives

Translator:

Larbre Studio

Editor:

Larbre Studio

A moment later, Wan Ji forced the Evil Death Qi down. He sealed it in his right arm so it couldn't enter his organs and Sea of Qi.

His right arm became extremely stiff and unable to move. However, the Holy Qi that radiated from him was still very strong. He walked towards Zhang Ruochen, smiling in anger. "Well, you're powerful, huh. I didn't even meet dangers like this in the Void World Battleground, but I almost died by your hand."

Zhang Ruochen picked up his sword and stood up slowly. Chuckling, he said, "So what? I'm still defeated, aren't I?"

Wan Ji was obviously unhappy at seeing the smile on Zhang Ruochen's face. His cultivation far surpassed Zhang Ruochen, but he still couldn't dominate him.

Did Zhang Ruochen think that he was disabled because he couldn't use his right arm now? If this was true, he wondered if Zhang Ruochen was too overconfident.

With his cultivation, he could easily take care of Zhang Ruochen with one hand if he was careful and didn't make matters worse.

Han Qiu gripped his hands together tightly, feeling sorry for Zhang Ruochen. This had been the best chance. He'd only been a step away from killing that strong cultivator of the Ministry of War.

Unfortunately, he had reacted too quickly and actually survived. This way, Zhang Ruochen was at a disadvantage again. He was even...unable to fight back, because the other would definitely not make the same mistake again.

...

Outside Shentai City, an old woman with white hair stood at the top of a maple tree with a middle-aged man in a red robe. They looked toward Shentai City.

That middle-aged man seemed to be around 40 years old. His eyes were gentle, but he radiated with an authoritative aura. "He hasn't entered the Half-Saint Realm yet, but he can already fight Wan Ji like this. It's very rare. However, he's already used all his might. If we don't help, he might die in Wan Ji's hands."

The old woman's gaze seemed extremely deep. "No hurry," she rasped out. "That kid seems composed. He should have more trump cards."

"More trump cards?" The man furrowed his brow. "Wan Ji is one of the generals of the Leopard Army. He's a feared figure even in the Ministry of War. Even if that kid has trump cards, can he turn the tides?"

"Keep watching, keep watching," the old woman said, smiling.

There was an unconscious man lying at the feet of the old woman and middle-aged man. It was Cao Gu, one of Wan Ji's two powerful generals. There was also an Earth Martial Saint Light Cannon on the ground.

These two people were extremely powerful. They could defeat a Half-Saint so soundlessly. Even someone as strong as Wan Ji was clueless.

This really made people curious as to who they were.

Shentai City

Zhang Ruochen shook his head gently and sighed. "Our cultivations are too far apart. I must surrender."

“If you’d realized this earlier and surrendered, I wouldn’t be determined to kill you. But sadly, it’s too late to start regretting now.”

Wan Ji no longer disguised his murderous intent. His voice was icy when he spoke.

Zhang Ruochen shook his head. “I’m not regretting. I just have to use someone else’s hand to take care of you, so that’s a bit regretful. It would be great if I was already a Half-Saint.”

Hearing this, Wan Ji flinched. Just then, he saw a scroll fly out from between Zhang Ruochen’s brows and hover in the air.

A black ghostly cloud surged from the scroll, emanating with an eerie Qi. A beautiful woman stood in the center of the ghostly cloud. Her long dress showed off an enticing figure.

However, her eyes were extremely frigid. Even Wan Ji trembled when he saw them.

“Ghost King.” Wan Ji widened his eyes. His face paled and even his legs started shaking.

Zhang Ruochen sighed. “I really wouldn’t have invited her out unless I had no other choice.”

He was speaking the truth. Ghost King Bloodmoon was loyal to him, but he still didn’t like having her solve all his problems. This way, he would lose the ability to react to danger.

However, his words grated in Wan Ji’s ears.

Wan Ji thought that Zhang Ruochen was toying with him. Zhang Ruochen had a Ghost King by his side and was completely undefeatable, but he still pretended to try hard in fighting Wan Ji. This was obviously toying with him.

Ghost King Bloodmoon’s expression was indifferent. “Zhang Ruochen, you want me to fight him? He’s too weak.”

Wan Ji glanced at Ghost King Bloodmoon and his face reddened. “Zhang Ruochen, you’re lucky. I’ll let you go today. However, don’t think that you’ll be able to do whatever you wish just because you have a Ghost King protecting you.”

Wan Ji took out a saint decree and poured his Holy Qi into it. Whoosh! The saint decree's power enveloped Wan Ji. He transformed into a white beam of light and instantly shot out of Shentai City.

Zhang Ruochen furrowed his brow and stared at Ghost King Bloodmoon. "Why didn't you stop him?"

"I already showed up and scared him off," Ghost King Bloodmoon said nonchalantly. "What else do you want me to do?"

Her expression said: fight me if you can. Zhang Ruochen was speechless.

It was clear that Zhang Ruochen had pissed her off by using threats and lies to make her submit to him. Thankfully, they were useful to each other now, so they could maintain this strange relationship.

Unless Zhang Ruochen could surpass her cultivation, he would never be able to make her submit completely.

Ghost King Bloodmoon didn't dare to piss Zhang Ruochen off too much though, so she added, "Plus, that man has a saint decree and possesses very powerful divine power. The speed that he had in that moment was faster than I am. Even if I did act, there would only be a 50% that I could stop him."

People of different realms would naturally have different powers in their saint decrees.

Wan Ji's saint decree was written by a Saint more powerful than Ghost King Bloodmoon. If he wanted to escape, he could do so easily, even if Ghost King Bloodmoon tried to stop him.

But at that moment, Wan Ji's pained cry sounded outside Shentai City.

"What happened?"

Zhang Ruochen was quite shocked. Didn't Wan Ji escape? How come he was still nearby?

Ghost King Bloodmoon stared outside Shentai City's walls. Her expression darkened. "Someone stopped him."

Whoosh, whoosh.

Ghost King Bloodmoon and Zhang Ruochen rushed out, one after the other. They quickly burst out of the city and came to a forest filled with fallen leaves.

At the moment, Wan Ji was actually kneeling on the ground. His entire body trembled and he stared at the white-haired woman standing in front of him with terrified eyes.

A broken saint decree was beside him.

Wan Ji kowtowed without stop. "I'm sorry," he murmured. "I'm sorry. I shouldn't have offended. Please show mercy and forgive me this time... In the future..."

The old woman didn't even look at him. She just extended a finger and pointed, hitting the spot between Wan Ji's brows.

Pow!

There was an explosion. Wan Ji's body seemed to crack like porcelain and scattered on the ground as translucent shards.

Seeing this, Zhang Ruochen felt like he was suffocating.

What kind of person was this old woman? How did she scare Wan Ji so much that he knelt on the ground and kowtowed? Wan Ji hadn't been this scared when he'd seen Ghost King Bloodmoon.

The old woman's way of killing was strange and eerie too. The moment she killed Wan Ji, she'd also refined his corpse into crystal. The shards on the ground possessed Holy Qi and were similar to saint stones.

"The Vast Universe Gong. Are you from the Demonic Sect?" Zhang Ruochen's eyes were dark and serious.

The Vast Universe Gong was one of the Demonic Sect's top techniques. If one cultivated it to the highest state, one could turn everything in the world into crystal. Once a living organism was crystallized, it would die.

Ghost King Bloodmoon stood beside Zhang Ruochen. She stared at the old woman and middle-aged man with cold and

sharp eyes. The old woman was especially impossible to see through and analyze. She was definitely a dangerous figure.

The old woman picked up the crystal pieces and studied Zhang Ruochen. Nodding, she rasped out, "You know about the Vast Universe Gong. It must be Xingling who told you."

The old woman seemed ancient. Every strand of her hair seemed to be a white crystal while her eyes were like two black holes. They sucked in all the light and heat around her.

Mu Lingxi and Han Qiu had rushed out of the city and hurried over.

When Mu Lingxi saw the old woman and middle-aged man, her delicate frame trembled. She quickly lowered her head and walked over cautiously.

She bowed to the two, saying, "Greetings, Master. Greetings... Father."

The middle-aged man was Yun Zheng, Mu Lingxi's father. When Yun Zheng's eyes fell upon Mu Lingxi, his expression became extremely strict. "Kneel."

Mu Lingxi bit her lip and stubbornness colored her eyes. She didn't even raise her head to look at the middle-aged man. "I didn't do anything wrong. Why should I kneel?"

Right now, Mu Lingxi was completely different from her usual cheery disposition. Zhang Ruochen guessed that Mu Lingxi's relationship with her father wasn't that great.

Yun Zheng huffed coldly. "You think you didn't do anything wrong? What did you do at the Heir Banquet? The Deity personally wrote to me to teach you how to behave."

Mu Lingxi's eyes were sharp. "If he's so powerful, then he should report directly to the Demonic Night Palace and let the Demonic Night Palace Emissary judge me."

"The Deity didn't report you to preserve the Mu Family's dignity. Don't you know what's good for yourself?"

Yun Zheng glared with wide eyes, his entire body shaking with anger. He raised a hand to slap Mu Lingxi.

...

Author's note: Mu Lingxi doesn't have the same surname as her father. This isn't a mistake. I'll explain later.

Chapter 856 - What Can You Give Her?

Translator:

Larbre Studio

Editor:

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“Yun Zheng.” The old woman coughed and called out to stop the middle-aged man.

Yun Zheng respected the old woman, so he immediately pulled his hand back. He still glared at Mu Lingxi coldly and huffed.

The old woman looked at Mu Lingxi with a gentle gaze.

“Lingxi, you’ve been having fun outside for so long. It’s time to return to chief temple.”

“Master, I...”

Mu Lingxi bit her lip. Her moving starry eyes secretly darted toward Zhang Ruochen. She didn’t want to return to the Demonic Sect at all. Once she returned, she might never be able to do what she wanted. It would be difficult to see Zhang Ruochen again as well.

The old woman glanced at Zhang Ruochen and discovered something. “Are you the Time and Space Descendant, Zhang Ruochen?”

“It is I,” Zhang Ruochen said.

Since the old woman was Mu Lingxi’s teacher, Zhang Ruochen had to respect her. His expression was humble and yet not submissive.

The old woman nodded. She then looked at Mu Lingxi.

“Lingxi,” she said. “There are some things that I would like to talk to you about privately. Come here!”

“Yes,” Mu Lingxi said softly.

The old woman and Mu Lingxi walked over the fallen leaves into the forest and quickly disappeared amongst the thick trees.

Zhang Ruochen didn't follow them. Instead, he stayed in place and waited quietly.

Yun Zheng stared at Zhang Ruochen coldly. "Zhang Ruochen," he said. "Lin Yue, pride of the Yin and Yang Sect, should be you as well, right?"

"Senior, you can say whatever you'd like," Zhang Ruochen said.

Yun Zheng put his arms behind him. Powerful Holy Qi rippled off of him. The leaves on the ground spun with crackling sounds.

"You and Lingxi aren't the same type of people," he said. "I hope that you can stay away from her."

"Why?" Zhang Ruochen asked.

Yun Zheng was honestly too domineering. He gave off an authoritative feeling, as if everyone had to follow his orders. Even though Zhang Ruochen had just met him, he felt resentful already.

No wonder Mu Lingxi would have a bad relationship with him. It wasn't unfounded.

Yun Feng's eyes were sharp and cold. "Did you ask me why? Then can I ask you what you can give her?"

Hearing this, Zhang Ruochen realized he couldn't reply.

"I won't beat around the bush," Yun Zheng said. "You are indeed talented and you are a young pride. You are at Lingxi's level. However, you have a fiancée. I do not wish for my daughter to marry someone like you. That is one reason."

"The second is that if you truly love Lingxi, you should know that she is one of the Divine Sect's Saintesses, but she doesn't actually have much authority. She is discriminated against in the family too. Can you help her?"

“Thirdly, your identity is too problematic. There are countless people who want to kill you. Do you think I’d let my daughter flee across the world and live every day in fear?”

“With Lingxi’s great attributes, she can easily marry the heir of a middle-age clan. There are at least three in the Divine Sect. If she has the support of a middle-age clan, she can stabilize her status in the sect. From then on, no one in the Mu Family would dare to discriminate against her.”

“Thus, you can’t give her what she needs. You can only bring danger and pain to her.”

Admittedly, Yun Zheng was a realistic man. However, his every word hit Zhang Ruochen’s sore spot. He couldn’t refute them at all.

To Yun Zheng, Zhang Ruochen was talented, but he was only a young junior. He didn’t have any support and couldn’t compare with the clans from the middle ages.

He and Mu Lingxi needed a powerful force for support, instead of investing great resources to develop a genius. Indeed, Zhang Ruochen could be valuable to develop, but he was also very risky.

Zhang Ruochen chuckled bitterly. “I would like to know if this is what you want or what Mu Lingxi wants.”

“As her father, I would try my hardest to fight for what she wants. The competition within the Divine Sect is extremely cruel. If she doesn’t work hard to fight for her own interest, she’ll die in the cruel battles. You will never understand this.”

“A genius like you,” Yun Zheng continued, “should be fought over by the various large forces. But do you know why I don’t want to tempt you into joining the Divine Sect?”

“Why?” Zhang Ruochen asked.

“Because even if you do join, you won’t survive more than a few days,” Yun Zheng said emotionlessly.

Seeing the doubt in Zhang Ruochen’s eyes, Yun Zheng paused and said, “The Divine Sect already has a Deity. We don’t need another genius who’s just as talented as him. He would only

threaten the Deity. The people behind the Deity definitely wouldn't let him mature. If I take you back to the Divine Sect, I would be going against the Deity and the people behind him.”

In the end, the old woman and Yun Zheng took Mu Lingxi away.

Mu Lingxi bowed her head as she walked away. Her eyes were swollen and red. She'd clearly cried, but Zhang Ruochen didn't know what the old woman had said to her. Mu Lingxi hadn't said a word to Zhang Ruochen this entire time. She was abnormally quiet and her eyes were dull. She was either pondering something or she'd lost her soul, and walked away like a puppet.

Zhang Ruochen seemed to have turned to stone as well. He stood there without moving.

In the distance, Han Qiu gripped her chin and stared at Zhang Ruochen. “I thought the Monks of the Demonic Sect were all the cruelest demons and that they'd attack without saying anything. I didn't expect that they'd use words instead of actions.”

“They're worried that Senior Sister Duanmu would refuse to return to the Demonic Sect and rebel,” Zhang Ruochen said. “Fighting would only make things worse.” He closed his eyes, actually feeling pain in his heart.

Both the Demonic Sect and the Mu Family were like pits of fire to Mu Lingxi. Zhang Ruochen could only watch her walk into the fire, unable to pull her back. This feeling was horrible.

“If you said something, I think she would've tried to stay no matter what,” Han Qiu said.

Zhang Ruochen gave her a look and then went straight back to Shentai City without saying anything.

Han Qiu was left alone. Finding it strange, she muttered to herself, “Am I wrong?”

Han Qiu wasn't wrong. The problem was with Zhang Ruochen. Even now, he still wasn't sure what he felt toward Mu Lingxi. Yun Zheng's words had affected him greatly as

well. In a way, his current condition truly wasn't able to give Mu Lingxi what she needed.

"It'll be better to be back in the Demonic Sect with her father and teacher than being chased after with me. It'll be safer."

Zhang Ruochen tried convincing himself. Finally, he sighed deeply.

Wan Ji had been killed by the old woman. Cao Gu had been taken away. Only the injured Cao Feng remained.

Zhang Ruochen didn't kill him. Instead, he placed Cao Feng inside the Universe Spiritual Map and handed him to Blackie. Now, there was finally a Half-Saint physical laborer inside the scroll world. He would definitely be good at building cities and residences.

Han Qiu was no longer impressed with the various techniques that Zhang Ruochen used. She couldn't help but say, "Zhang Ruochen, the power and resources you have now are comparable to those Saint families. I don't know why Mu Lingxi's dad looks down on you. Anyone else would be ecstatic to have a son-in-law like you."

Naturally, she said this after seeing Ghost King Bloodmoon. After all, most of the Saint families only had one Saint as the main force. But not only did Zhang Ruochen have a Ghost King, he was also powerful himself. He could indeed counter some of those influential saint families.

Zhang Ruochen didn't want to discuss this anymore. "I remember the Yin and Yang Sect has a wormhole to the Central Region, right?" he asked.

"You're going to the Central Region?" Han Qiu asked.

"Yes."

Zhang Ruochen's eyes were determined. Whether it was for the Pluto Sword Tomb or to investigate the truth from 800 years ago, he had to go to the Central Region.

Some things had to be faced.

It was time to go back!

“The Yin and Yang Sect does have a wormhole,” Han Qiu said. “It has existed since the ancient times. The disciples that go to train in the Central Region all go through this wormhole. Since you want to go, I’ll ask around for when it opens next.”

“Thanks,” Zhang Ruochen said.

Han Qiu smiled, revealing her pearly whites. “I have to help you if I take something from you. Plus, this is easy for me.”

Next, Zhang Ruochen followed Han Qiu into the Yin and Yang Sect under the disguise of an outsider disciple.

Nowadays, Han Qiu was the top disciple of the Goddess Academy. She had a very high status in the sect, second only to those Half-Saints and elders. It was easy for her to bring someone into the sect.

However, all the Monks in the Goddess Academy were women. Han Qiu was also one of the four beauties of the Yin and Yang Sect. She had mesmerizing beauty and was famous amongst the sect. Zhang Ruochen naturally attracted a lot of curious and jealous gazes as he walked with her.

Thankfully, Han Qiu’s cultivation was high enough that no one dared to offend her. The journey was smooth. In the time after that, Zhang Ruochen stayed temporarily in Han Qiu’s cultivation residence.

Chapter 857 - Eighth Drop of Divine Blood

Translator:

Larbre Studio

Editor:

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A glass palace hovered in the sky outside the Tomb Forest.

Wan Qingtong was cultivating inside. Suddenly, his heart jumped and his eyes flew open. Two sharp beams of saintly light shot out of his black eyes. They transformed into two white pillars of light that pierced through the sky.

The soldiers cultivating inside the fortress were all shocked. They looked toward the palace curiously. What had happened?

“Wan Ji’s saint decree was destroyed,” Wan Qingtong muttered to himself. The next moment, one of his clones flew out of the palace in a streak of light. It melded with the Spiritual Qi and disappeared in the horizon at an impossible speed.

A while later, his saintly clone descended from the sky and appeared outside Shentai City. With a wave of his sleeve, he picked up the broken saint decree. Clutching it, he used a beam of spiritual energy to investigate it, but he couldn’t find any clues.

Wan Ji must have activated the saint decree to escape but was stopped by someone. The other even destroyed the saint decree. I’m afraid Wan Ji has met an unfortunate end.

What kind of person would help Zhang Ruochen and go against the Wan Family?

Wan Qingtong’s eyes were extremely sharp. He looked in the direction of the Yin and Yang Sect. If someone could destroy

his saint decree, this meant that the person was at the same level as him—or even stronger.

There were only a few people in the entire Eastern Region at that level. Each one was a powerful and authoritative figure.

Shentai City was extremely close to the Yin and Yang Sect. Only powerful figures from that sect could make it in time to help Zhang Ruochen. Thus, Wan Qingtong naturally started suspecting them.

“Ning Xuandao? The Moon-burier Sword Saint?”

Wan Qingtong was furious. He clenched his fists and his eyes shone with electric purple light. He stomped on the ground and cracks opened up. Booms followed and the entire Shentai City sank into the ground.

He didn't go directly to the Yin and Yang Sect to find Zhang Ruochen. After all, the sect was very powerful. They were a considerable force within the Ministry of War as well. Even Wan Qingtong couldn't burst into the Yin and Yang Sect so easily.

It would be okay if he could find Zhang Ruochen; if he couldn't, he would have completely antagonized the Yin and Yang Sect.

It seems like I'll have to rely on the Central Region to catch Zhang Ruochen. If he isn't killed, the consequences will be unimaginable.

Wan Qingtong took out a communication rune and carved some words on it with his finger. Waving his hand, the rune flew toward the Central Region in a streak of light.

By the time disciples of the Yin and Yang Sect rushed to the Shentai City to investigate, Wan Qingtong had already left.

...

Han Qiu returned to the cultivation residence. She crossed her snowy-white arms over her perky chest and smiled at Zhang Ruochen. “I've asked around. Half-Saint Yuanlong will take a group of disciples to the Central Region in five days. The wormhole will open at that time.”

“Half-Saint Yuanlong.” Hearing this name, Zhang Ruochen’s expression turned strange.

He was a lord of the Shangqing Palace and he’d personally given the Void Sword to Zhang Ruochen back then. When he learned the truth, he’d become depressed and easily agitated. He couldn’t cultivate peacefully anymore.

Thus, he volunteered to take the disciples to train in the Central Region. This could help him relax a bit.

It was understandable. Something like the Void Sword was more precious than the treasure of the Yin and Yang Sect, but he’d given it away. Anyone else would have gone crazy.

“Since I have five days, I should cultivate well and improve a bit more.”

Zhang Ruochen took out the Universe Spiritual Map and hung it on the wall. He suddenly halted and looked at Han Qiu.

“Want to go look inside?”

Han Qiu was extremely curious about Zhang Ruochen’s scroll and had wanted to look inside. Since Zhang Ruochen offered, she was obviously tempted.

She smiled, eyes crinkling. “Sure! This scroll is like the time and space treasure of the Sword Pavilion, right?”

“You’ll see when you’re inside.”

Whoosh!

The spatial door opened. Zhang Ruochen and Han Qiu entered one after the other.

As expected, Han Qiu was pleasantly surprised after entering the scroll world. It was like entering a peaceful hidden paradise. It was also filled with Spiritual Qi; it was practically heaven for cultivators.

Zhang Ruochen brought Han Qiu to a city. This city was built beside the Divine Sky-connecting Tree. You could see the huge leaves in the sky if you looked up.

There was a red patch of medicinal plants on the west side of the city. The dirt was the Divine Blood-red Earth from the

bottom of the lava sea. The plants growing in the garden were ordinary, but the fragrance was as strong as a thousand-year medicinal plant.

Around 300 miles away from the garden was a towering mountain. It was shrouded in Ghostly Qi so that for miles around, the land had become a ghost territory with no day or night. That was the territory of Ghost King Bloodmoon. It was called Ghost Mountain.

Ghost King Bloodmoon had started absorbing the Death Qi of the Divine Sky-connecting Tree. Every once in a while, one would clearly feel the evil Qi coming from Ghost Mountain get stronger. This meant that Ghost King Bloodmoon's cultivation was quickly improving.

Zhang Ruochen had purposefully brought Han Qiu here to show her his true strength. He wasn't someone with no background. If one really wanted to compare, his current abilities and resources were comparable to an average saint family.

Han Qiu stood below the Divine Sky-connecting Tree. She closed her eyes and greedily started absorbing the wood-elemental Spiritual Qi. "Zhang Ruochen," she murmured. "You actually control a world. This is incredible."

"If you spend some more time in the scroll world, you'll discover more incredible things," Zhang Ruochen said.

Han Qiu obviously understood. Batting her lashes, she smiled gracefully. "In that case, I'll cultivate here for a while."

Han Qiu remained by the tree to cultivate. Since she'd received a drop of the dragon emperor's blood, she obviously wanted to refine it quickly and improve her cultivation.

Zhang Ruochen went to a ravine close to the Divine Sky-connecting Tree. He started meditating and adjusting his state in preparation to refine the eighth drop of divine blood.

Before, seven drops would be his limit. Now, he'd already succeeded in cultivating the Five Elements Chaotic Body and his body was multiple times stronger. He had far surpassed the

Four Elements Spiritual Body. Refining an eighth drop of divine blood wasn't hard.

Zhang Ruochen calmed down more and more until he entered a free and natural state. All the messy thoughts in his mind vanished.

Without realizing, a mass of five-colored Qi surged out of Zhang Ruochen's pores. They formed a lotus with him in the center.

Finally, Zhang Ruochen took out a drop of divine blood. He clutched it in his hand and activated a technique to start refining it.

While doing so, Zhang Ruochen was also trying to comprehend the ways.

By the time he completed the refinement, one Major Way and seven Minor Ways also formed in his saint soul. All the rules wrapped around the rules of space.

The rules of space were like a pillar supporting the sky. The other rules wrapped around it like vines, branching off as well.

After the eighth drop of divine blood was refined, two more deity prints peeled off of the Sea of Qi's wall. They consolidated by Zhang Ruochen's ears, allowing his hearing to be more sensitive.

Now, it could be said that Zhang Ruochen could see and hear further than thousands of miles. His senses were probably more powerful than some Saints.

Continue refining the ninth drop of divine blood.

Zhang Ruochen had a strong feeling that he wasn't far from the legendary Tenth Change of the Fish-Dragon Realm. It was possible that something considerable would change if he refined one or two more drops.

Chapter 858 - Luan Phoenix

Deity Print Speed Technique

Translator:

Larbre Studio

Editor:

Larbre Studio

Refining a ninth drop of divine blood was far more difficult than the eighth drop. Even with Zhang Ruochen's Five Elements Chaotic Body, he still found it taxing. His face alternated between red and pale.

Qi of the Five Elements Chaotic Body surged out of him. It spread out, covering the entire ravine. One could see the five-colored light burst from the ravine even from hundreds of miles away.

Following that, Zhang Ruochen continuously absorbed the divine blood's power into him. His saint soul and physical body both started changing slightly. He was subtly evolving.

His saint soul was more consolidated. It hovered in the sky, radiating like the sun. There were even bits of starry light rotating around the saint soul. It seemed to have become one with the sky.

Hundred-meter-long tentacles of Holy Qi sprouted from Zhang Ruochen's body. Like tree roots, they dug into the dirt and connected with the ground. His saint soul had become the sky while his body had become the earth.

This strange feeling grew stronger. The deity prints in his Sea of Qi grew more active.

Whoosh!

The deity prints had absorbed enough spiritual power. They peeled off of the sea's wall and flowed out along the meridian like fireballs. Finally, the two deity prints reached the bottom

of Zhang Ruochen's feet and stopped. They were above the two meridians on the soles of his feet.

Just as Zhang Ruochen wanted to do it in one fell swoop and reach a higher cultivation plane, he discovered that he'd completely refined the ninth drop of divine blood.

Thus, he immediately took out a tenth drop. He wanted to take advantage of the momentum. However, this time it failed.

Zhang Ruochen's body was already filled. When he started absorbing the tenth drop, he couldn't withstand the strong spiritual power anymore. His skin and muscles ripped and tore.

His body was about to explode.

Thankfully, Zhang Ruochen quickly cut off the connection with the divine blood and stopped, saving himself.

So risky.

Zhang Ruochen let out a long breath. He immediately swallowed a healing pill. He used Holy Qi to refine the pill and heal his internal injuries.

After completing the Five Elements Chaotic Body, Zhang Ruochen's physical body became extremely strong. He also had strong healing powers. A while later, the injuries caused by the spiritual power were all healed.

I'm very close to the Tenth Change of the Fish-Dragon Realm. If I refine the tenth drop, I might enter it.

Zhang Ruochen was disappointed. He was only one step away, but he still couldn't cross over it.

It could be said that he was the closest Monk to the Tenth Change since the middle ages. However, even the Five Elements Chaotic Body couldn't refine the tenth drop of divine blood. How could he raise his physique to take that last step?

Zhang Ruochen sank into deep thought. There were two ways that could help him refine the tenth drop.

The first was to cultivate the ninth palm of the Dragon and Elephant Prajna Palm. This was the top martial technique for Buddhist Monks. Cultivating it to the highest level could definitely boost his body's strength.

Using pills and medicine could only fortify his strength. It was "nurturing" one's body. But cultivating palm techniques was "training" one's body.

Zhang Ruochen had taken many pills, allowing him to cultivate the Five Elements Chaotic Body. However, he was still a bit weak on the aspect of "training" his body.

If he could make up for this deficit, his body would be even more perfect. However, the difficulty of the Dragon and Elephant Prajna Palm increased exponentially after the seventh palm. He had to use multiple times more Yang Qi.

Cultivating the ninth palm of the Dragon and Elephant Prajna Palm was comparable to cultivating a divine spell. It required immense energy and time.

The second was to use a god's power through a ritual.

Zhang Ruochen had always been using his own power to refine the divine blood. He rarely used outside help. However, the other Monks of the Fish-Dragon Realm all had to use a god's power in a ritual to succeed.

Thus, Zhang Ruochen wanted to try it too. Perhaps the god's power could give him the boost he needed to enter the Tenth Change of the Fish-Dragon Realm.

He decided to undergo both methods at once.

First, he obviously had to cultivate the ninth palm of the Dragon and Elephant Prajna Palm and transform into a dragon.

However, he also needed many outside forces to help him succeed. He needed to drink a lot of dragon and elephant blood. Zhang Ruochen could use the dragon emperor's blood, but elephant blood wasn't as easy to find.

The blood of regular elephants obviously wouldn't meet his requirements. It should at least be from the Silver Moon Dragon-Elephant or the Celestial Divine Elephant.

The saint stores by those old clans should sell elephant blood. I can go look after I reach the Central Region.

The Silver Moon Dragon-Elephant and Celestial Divine Elephant were all sixth level beasts—equal to a Half-Saint.

Zhang Ruochen would have to spend a lot of time if he had to search for them by himself. Sixth level beasts were also foxy and could escape much faster than a human Monk. Even if he found one, he might not be able to capture it.

Thus, Zhang Ruochen didn't hurry to go look for elephant blood. Instead, he worked on fortifying his newly improved cultivation.

The Central Region had more resources than the Eastern Region. It would be much easier to find high-level elephant blood there.

Zhang Ruochen didn't reach the Tenth Change of the Fish-Dragon Realm, but refining two drops of divine blood was still extremely rewarding.

Firstly, there were 18 new Ways in his saint soul—the rules of three Major Ways and 15 Minor Ways. Furthermore, four deity prints on the wall of his Sea of Qi had peeled off and gathered at his two ears and feet.

Zhang Ruochen hadn't checked the functions of these four deity prints, but they must be powerful.

There was something else. The divine blood's strength had pushed his spiritual power to the 46th level. One must know that upgrading one level of spiritual power was harder than reaching the next martial level. It was a bigger difference in ability as well.

Now, Zhang Ruochen could counter a third level Half-Saint by using only his spiritual power. He didn't even cultivate it purposefully. Spiritual power was only an auxiliary tool for him.

Next, Zhang Ruochen started testing the power of the four deity prints at his ears and feet.

The two by his ears weren't very significant. They'd only improved his hearing a bit. Even the vision formed by his spiritual power was more sensitive than his hearing.

However, the two by his feet had surprises for him.

Zhang Ruochen moved his Holy Qi to his feet. The two deity prints hovered in the air and started spinning quickly.

They formed a blue luan bird and a phoenix. They were ancient divine beasts that were known for their speed.

With a flare, hot flames surged out from Zhang Ruochen's feet, transforming into two fireballs. He flew into the air as if he had two divine birds under his feet.

Whoosh

Next, Zhang Ruochen disappeared in the ravine with impossible speed.

By the time he stabilized himself, he was already at the Flame Mountain where Blackie was working on the battle corpse. The flames on his legs gradually died down.

With these deity prints and the boost from the Shooting Star Invisibility Cloak, my speed can probably be equal to that of a ninth level Half-Saint.

Zhang Ruochen was quite excited.

With these two deity prints by his feet, it meant that he could escape from powerful figures like Wan Ji even without winning or using a saint decree. Speed was capital for staying alive.

"Luan Phoenix Deity Print Speed," Zhang Ruochen named this physical technique.

Now, he'd only started grasping this extreme speed. He had to continue trying it and practicing to perform the technique to its full potential.

In the following month, Zhang Ruochen continued to practice the Luan Phoenix Deity Print Speed. At the same time, he also deepened his cultivation of the Saintly Ways, palm techniques,

and swordsmanship. He could reach the Half-Saint Realm with a single thought.

However, he repressed his realm. He wanted to accumulate more and reach the Tenth Change of the Fish-Dragon Realm.

Chapter 859 - Mission

Translator:

Larbre Studio

Editor:

Larbre Studio

In Ghost God Valley, The Elephant-swallowing Rabbit and Monster Ape had both received 12 drops of divine blood as a reward. Thus, they cultivated in isolation in the scroll world. After the recent refinement, both had improved a lot in cultivation.

The Elephant-swallowing Rabbit had become a third level Half-Saint. The Monster Ape had become a second level Half-Saint.

Of course, there was someone else who'd benefited—the demon rat.

The demon rat was already a member of the powerful ancient race. After refining three of the ten drops of divine blood it had received, it became a second level Half-Saint. With its abilities, it was easy for it to fight people two levels above it. Thus, it could hold its ground against a fourth level Half-Saint now.

“Cat Lord, why did you call me here?” The demon rat was feeling proud after entering a new level. It didn't shrink back after seeing Blackie. Instead, it straightened its back.

Seeing how the demon rat was, Blackie was annoyed. It huffed. “So I can't summon you here for no reason?”

Blackie's tone seemed off. The demon rat's heart jumped immediately. Coldness surged from its feet to its head. According to past experience, the demon rat got a bad feeling. It quickly bowed submissively and stammered, “Cat Lord, tell me what I need to do. No matter what it is, even if it's

climbing a mountain of blades or swimming in a sea of fire, I'll do it!"

Seeing that the demon rat was still obedient, Blackie didn't go beat it up. It walked over and placed a claw on the demon rat's shoulder. The move scared the demon rat. It shrunk and moved back.

"Why are you so scared? I'm not going to eat you." Then Blackie continued, "I have a mission for you. Do you have objections?"

"You really want me to climb a mountain of blades?"

The demon rat's blood went cold. Sweat beaded on its forehead and rolled down. In its opinion, Blackie's missions all made it miserable. The demon rat actually did have objections, but it didn't know how to object.

Blackie's round and furry face hardened, becoming cold. "How can I bear to have you do something so dangerous? Zhang Ruochen, you tell him!"

Blackie let go of the demon rat. Sighing, it retreated.

Zhang Ruochen's eyes were serious. "Captain Rat, you should have a high status in the Demonic Sect, right?"

Hearing this, the demon rat regained its confidence. Patting its chest, it said, "Of course. I'm the divine...sect...uh... I'm the boss of the Thousand Beast Pavilion, one of the Demonic Sect's nine pavilions. Even those Half-Saint demons have to be respectful to me."

"Of course, I'm also a Half-Saint now, so I'm even less fearful of them. Only the Saints of the Demonic Sect can be above me."

Zhang Ruochen nodded. "In that case, I'll be straightforward. I want you to return to the Demonic Sect and secretly help Mu Lingxi."

"Cat Lord, that's my mission? It's that easy?" The demon rat couldn't believe it. This mission was impossibly easy.

Blackie revealed its fangs and said coldly, "When you go back to the Demonic Sect, you better listen to that girl. If you dare

to have any other ideas, I have 100 ways to kill you.”

Hearing this threat, the demon rat shivered. It felt weak and limp as if a bolt of lightning had coursed through its body.

“I wouldn’t dare to try anything even if I borrowed someone else’s courage!” the demon rat said solemnly. “Don’t worry. I don’t dare to betray the sect, but it’s definitely okay for me to help the Saintess. Anyone in the sect who dares to go against the Saintess will get a lesson from me.”

“I’ll reward you if you work for me,” Zhang Ruochen said. “If you do well, I can even give you divine blood.”

Hearing “divine blood,” the demon rat’s eyes shone brightly. It was clear that Zhang Ruochen had received a pool of divine blood and was also generous. Working for Zhang Ruochen would benefit it a lot.

That day, Zhang Ruochen sent the demon rat away. With its help, Mu Lingxi should be able to get a footing in the Demonic Sect. After all, the demon rat’s abilities and status in the sect were above average.

“I’ve planted a Daluo Death Print in it,” Blackie said, eyes sharp. “I can disable its cultivation at any time.”

Zhang Ruochen chuckled. “The demon rat is actually quite intelligent. More accurately, it’s calculative. Unfortunately, it’s still only a rat and can’t escape from a cat’s clutches.”

In this world, everything had its natural enemy.

Blackie was already very powerful and was an expert in practically everything. However, it was still sealed inside the Universe Spiritual Map by Saint Monk Xumi. It had been turned into a weapon spirit, forced to obey Zhang Ruochen’s orders.

Zhang Ruochen looked around. “After I reach the Central Region, I should have the Elephant-swallowing Rabbit and Monster Ape grab some beasts into the scroll world to train. This world should become livelier.”

Blackie nodded in agreement.

The next day, Han Qiu came to the Flame Mountain to look for Zhang Ruochen. “Zhang Ruochen, I’ve decided to cultivate in isolation here for a while. You won’t object, right?”

She was wearing a blue robe. Her figure was lovely, her smile was elegant, and her snow-white neck was slender. She seemed a bit sexy.

Zhang Ruochen glanced at her and discovered that her cultivation had reached the Sixth Change of the Fish-Dragon Realm.

Even with the help of the dragon emperor’s blood, it was still difficult to enter a different level in such a short time. After all, only five days had passed in the outside world. It was clear that Han Qiu understood the value of the Universe Spiritual Map. Cultivating here could help her gain more in a day than imaginable.

Zhang Ruochen chuckled. “But I’m leaving the Yin and Yang Sect soon. I’m going to the Central Region.”

“I’m going with you.”

Han Qiu didn’t say it aloud, but Zhang Ruochen understood that she’d decided to follow him from then on.

“Okay,” Zhang Ruochen said, smiling.

Han Qiu remained in the scroll world. She continued to refine the dragon emperor’s blood and raise her cultivation.

Zhang Ruochen walked out alone. He put the Universe Spiritual Map in his Sea of Qi. Then, carrying the badge from Han Qiu, he walked to the top of a mountain in the Yin and Yang Sect.

This mountain was more than 3,000 meters tall and was covered in ancient green trees. There were winding stone steps between the trees that reached to the peak.

There was an open white stone platform at the peak. It was surrounded by plumes of clouds. A semi-transparent door hovered around 300 feet above the platform. It sparkled like a sheet of water.

This was the wormhole that connected the Yin and Yang Sect to the Central Region.

When Zhang Ruochen reached the peak, there were already around 200 disciples gathered below the wormhole. They all wore Monk robes. There were disciples from outer sects, inner sects, and three that had reached the Fish-Dragon Realm.

More disciples were still hurrying from all over.

When noon arrived, there were more than 400 disciples gathered at the peak. Zhang Ruochen wore the robe of the outer sect. He sat cross-legged on the ground with his eyes closed. He seemed very ordinary and no one noticed him.

Just then, he suddenly opened his eyes and looked into the distance.

A beam of white light shot out of the sea of clouds. There was a deafening dragon's roar as it rushed to the mountaintop. The next moment, the white light consolidated into an old man. He landed in the center of the white stone platform. It was Half-Saint Yuanlong.

Half-Saint Yuanlong is quite powerful, Zhang Ruochen thought. He's actually reached the fifth level of the Half-Saint Realm.

With Zhang Ruochen's cultivation, he would definitely lose against Half-Saint Yuanlong. Of course, Half-Saint Yuanlong couldn't stop him if he wanted to escape either.

In fact, it would be difficult for Half-Saint Yuanlong to hurt Zhang Ruochen.

Chapter 860 - Extreme Yin Ancient City

Translator:

Larbre Studio

Editor:

Larbre Studio

The fellow apprentices bowed to Half-Saint Yuanlong the moment he entered and greeted in unison, “Half-Saint Yuanlong.”

Half-Saint Yuanlong glanced at his apprentices below, then said in a solemn tone, “Being away from the Sect means away from shelter and protection. You will have to face the world on your own. I will be with you during the journey, but I won’t be able to protect each and every one of you. There is only so much I can do. We are now in the time of chaos...be extra careful when you are in the Central region.”

Half-Saint Yuanlong said no more. He set his right foot forward into the light door, entering into a wormhole and leaving.

Then his apprentices followed after.

This was not the first time Zhang Ruochen performed Space Jump through a wormhole. He looked calm while the other apprentices were whispering amongst themselves in excitement.

Zhang Ruochen thought to himself, If I could have a thorough understanding of spatial rules, I could probably form Space Transfer Formation on my own.

Space Transfer Formation was essentially a large spatial movement. While unable to travel across space zones, parallel movement within areas of few thousand miles was possible.

Of course, there was still a higher attainment; his current cultivation level was not enough to perform Space Transfer Formation.

The wormhole passage led to Tiantai, one of the nine states in Central Region.

On the other side, a glowing portal appeared in midair at one ancient city situated in the northeast of Tiantai.

A man in a Taoist robe came out of the portal.

Half-Saint Yuanlong hovered in midair at the center of Green Marble Square, looking down at hundreds of apprentices of the Yin and Yang Sect, then said, “This city is called Extreme Yin Ancient City. Built in the ancient times, this city has always been the council meeting place for monks from the Yin and Yang Sect and Central region.”

“Yin and Yang Sect has long history with Extreme Yin Ancient City. Many of your seniors are based here, hence there are market places around trading armed soldiers, beasts, medicinal pills, martial arts guides, and others. As long as you remain in this compound, you are considered in the safe zone.”

“Extreme Yin Ancient City is situated in Qingli County. To the east across the city wall is Thirty-Thousand Miles Grassland of Werewolves, the tribal land of Demonic Werewolves. Do not go to the grassland if there is no need to, as the werewolves have never liked visitors.”

After the briefing, just as Half-Saint Yuanlong was about to lead the fellow apprentices to settle down in the city, they heard the sound of a herd of beasts galloping in a hurry.

The sound came directly towards them, and with increasing rapidity, along with the sound of metal bars crunching.

Soon, a troop of 3,000 armed soldiers riding on demonic wolves surrounded them.

They were exposed to intensely hostile pressure from the troops, and tension continued to rise and soon overwhelmed the city.

Monks of Extreme Yin Ancient City were surprised and curious about the siege. Those with higher cultivations released spiritual power and watched in private, whereas the weaker ones were crowding around.

“The wolf troops have always been guarding the north of the grassland. Why would they be here, in the city?”

“The Ultimate Four, guardians of the Werewolf King of the North, Zhao Shengyu, are all here. It’s unbelievable!”

“All four of them leading the troops?” At the forefront of the troops were Zhao Gongming, Xu Qing, Wolf Seven and Wolf Fifteen, known as the Ultimate Four. They were frequently spotted in town replenishing their supplies, yet this was the first time they were seen with troops and armed. Moreover, there were all four of them. Something big must have happened.

...

The Werewolf King of the North Zhao Shengyu commanded troops of 800,000 and was stationed in the Grassland. Not only was he guarding against threats, but also deterring the opportunists in Qingli County from taking action that would challenge his tribe.

Qingli County measured 74,000 miles from east to west and 120,000 miles from north to south, with a population of 1.7 billion. It was inhabited by more than 100 tribes that practiced swordsmanship scattered across the county.

Werewolf King of the North, Zhao Shengyu, was the official armed force of the Grassland appointed by the imperial court. He was majorly influential in the county; even the county magistrate had to bow to him.

Needless to say, the Ultimate Four were well- respected in the county and would be treated with high regard.

After all, the influential power of the imperial court was the strongest in Central region. No one, not even influential families of saints, dared to go against the authority.

The leader of the Ultimate Four, Zhao Gongming, was on the back of a flaming beast. Holding up the imperial token with

his right hand, he declared, “By order of the Werewolf King of the North, the Court is to arrest the convicted felon Zhang Ruochen. All apprentices of the Yin and Yang Sect that arrived through wormhole are detained for purposes of investigation. Detainees who challenge the court order and leave without authority shall be executed immediately.”

Zhao Gongming was a level one half-saint. His announcement was loud and clear and echoed through the whole city.

Monks of the city finally understood what was about to happen. The armed forces were here to arrest Zhang Ruochen.

Zhang Ruochen?

The time and space descendant?

There was a commotion amongst the gathered crowd.

The fame of Zhang Ruochen was comparable to a reputable saint, as he was the Empress’s most wanted criminal.

“As far as I know, Zhang Ruochen is already dead, killed by Nine Serenity Sword Saint. Why would the authority arrest a dead man?”

“You are far too outdated. Haven’t you heard that Zhang Ruochen was seen in the netherworld and brought his master, Sword Saint Xuanji, back to life?”

“If he’s alive, why would he disguise himself as the apprentice of the Yin and Yang Sect? Even if he did, how would the court know that he’s here in the Central region?”

...

The name “Zhang Ruochen” caused the commotion to grow worse as the gathering crowd grew larger. Everyone wished to see Zhang Ruochen’s true self.

Indeed there are many capable men in the ministry. They expected my arrival and were well prepared. Seems like a huge fight is unavoidable today, Zhang Ruochen thought to himself.

As he was gathering his Holy Qi secretly in preparation to strike an attack, Half-Saint Xuanlong snorted at the armed

forces.

“Extreme Yin Ancient City is a territory of the Yin and Yang Sect. How could you werewolves barge in here like this?”

Lately, Half-Saint Xuanlong had been feeling overwhelmed. Anger billowed in his stomach just waiting to combust outwards. It was not easy for him to lead the fellow apprentices to Central region, but as soon as they came out from the wormhole their journey was halted, igniting that fiery monster within him.

How’s it possible for Zhang Ruochen to disguise as one of the apprentices?

Half-Saint Yuanlong was extremely confident in his judgement. If the time and space descendant was here, he would have known. How could he not know?

Zhao Gongming could tell Half-Saint Yuanlong was a veteran. Not only was he a half-saint, but his cultivation level was comparable to the Werewolf King of the North.

It’s best not to offend a veteran.

Zhao Gongming frowned, then said with his fists clenched, “The ministry has a reliable source of information indicating Zhang Ruochen’s infiltration, and that he will be coming over to Central region. I’m only carrying out my orders, and I wish to receive your cooperation.”

“Nonsense! Do you really think Zhang Ruochen is capable of 36 transformations? And that I, a half-saint, would fail to notice his disguise if he did?” Half-Saint Yuanlong snorted again.

Ever since he’d given away the Void Sword to Zhang Ruochen by mistake, he had been a standing joke among the half-saints. Since then, anyone who doubted his capability would annoy him.

His unreasonableness had in fact turned the tide for Zhang Ruochen’s undesirable position. Zhang Ruochen kept quiet and stayed put.

Zhao Gongming was also a half-saint. He was irritated to be reprimanded by another half-saint of equivalent level. He responded, "I think that's your excuse to cover him up. Listen up, soldiers. Arrest all apprentices of the Yin and Yang Sect and detain them in the military camp."

"Who dares to move?" Half-Saint Yuanlong roared.

The roar sent a fearsome wave of vibrations to the surroundings.

The wave tore through the troops, the beasts reared up and flipped the armed soldiers over, messing up the formation they had formed to surround the detainees.

Zhao Gongming was hit the hardest from the uproar. He was forced to retreat a few miles before he could balance himself again, with some blood glistening on the corner of his mouth.

He stared at Half-Saint Yuanlong in disbelief and thought, This old man's attacking power is indeed terrifying. It seems to be confirmed that the Yin and Yang Sect is covering Zhang Ruo Chen up. In this case, only the King is able to stop his old man.

Half-Saint Yuanlong bounced back to the ground. Four of his fingers thrust forward, blasting 4 scorched pillars to the surrounding troops.

The blast ripped through bodies of the Ultimate Four in all directions, throwing them to the ground.

Half-Saint Yuanlong brushed some invisible dirt from his sleeve, then said in a cold tone, "I don't care who the ministry wants. This is the warning for being disrespectful towards the Yin and Yang Sect. If there is next time, I shall do the same, including to the Werewolf King of the North."

In the other direction, howls rose from somewhere beyond the city wall.

Before the howling went off, a golden ray swooped past the city border and the next second, Werewolf King of the North, Zhao Shengyu, arrived, riding on the back of an enormous golden wolf.

“Why is Half-Saint Yuanlong so angry? My troops are simply carrying out their duties as ordered. We did not mean to offend the Yin and Yang Sect.”

Zhao Shengyu was holding the Octagon Mirror, and his voice sounded cold and righteous, which sent out an aura of menace to the city.

A faint reflection of Zhang Ruochen was seen in the Octagon Mirror.

Meanwhile, Zhao Shengyu was locating Zhang Ruochen with guidance from the Octagon Mirror among the 200 apprentices. Soon enough, his gaze fell on Zhang Ruochen.

...

Author's Note: Journey to the Central region will unmask new scenes and plot play. I have spent much energy on today's chapter, I shall continue with 3 more chapters tomorrow.

Chapter 861 - Trivalry

Translator:

Larbre Studio

Editor:

Larbre Studio

As the Werewolf King of the North, Zhang Shengyu's cultivation was amongst the top five in Qingli County.

He could paralyze Zhang Ruochen with a single glance, keeping him stationary.

Then, everything else disappeared.

It was replaced by four concrete walls, surrounding Zhang Ruochen in the middle. At the same time, Zhao Shengyu grew in size and stood over the four walls as if he was the God of War looking down at the mortal kept in his very own prison.

"I have found you. Where else can you run?"

He bellowed, his deep voice like groaning thunder which shook the ground.

Zhang Ruochen stared at the Octagon Mirror held in Zhao Shengyu's hand, looking puzzled.

He wondered what powerful device the ministry had invented. Not only had Wan Ji managed to find him, but Zhao Shengyu could recognize and locate him from the crowd.

He should be more careful next time.

At this very moment, there was no sign of fear on his face, even though his identity had been exposed.

Half-Saint Yuanlong turned to the direction where Zhang Ruochen stood. As soon as he noticed this young apprentice standing still and remaining unshaken despite facing a half-saint, his heart sank.

Had Zhang Ruochen been concealing his identity by blending in with the apprentices? The rest of them had their knees pinned to the ground forcefully, and even the more senior ones fought hard against Zhao Shengyu's compulsion.

This made him stand out among them.

All eyes centered on Zhang Ruochen, the only one remained standing, other than Half-Saint Yuanlong and Zhao Shengyu.

Nevertheless, Zhang Ruochen seemed unperturbed and smiled.

Suddenly, the sound of a sword vibrating and resonating was heard.

The Abyss Ancient Sword drifted to his palm, and he swung it down to break the concrete walls.

The walls crumbled.

Zhao Shengyu's compulsion broke and the crumbling walls faded into thin air.

The next moment, Zhang Ruochen sprang to the sky, his shoulder on par with Half-Saint Yuanlong. He hovered over the crowd, and his eyes flashed as he returned Zhao Shengyu's gaze. "Werewolf King of the North, are you related to the Wan Family?"

Zhao Shengyu seemed to be more relaxed. He replied with a laugh, "Zhang Ruochen, why didn't you continue your hiding? As long as you continued to pose as the apprentice, Half-Saint Yuanlong would have covered you up."

Zhao Shengyu was closely linked to Wan Family.

In fact, Zhao Shengyu had once been a general under Wan Zhaoyi's command, and was in the main line of descent of the Wans. If Wan Zhaoyi had told him to arrest Zhang Ruochen, he would not have denied his order.

Furthermore, this was the chance for him to perform, to gain Wan Zhaoyi's recognition and ask for merits in front of the Empress.

If Wan Zhaoyi could reward him with a divine medicinal pill, his cultivation would increase drastically, paving an even

brighter pathway in his political career.

It was confirmed that the young man standing in front of them was Zhang Ruochen.

The apprentices of the Yin and Yang Sect were the most surprised. It never occurred to them that the legendary Zhang Ruochen had been with them all along.

Half-Saint Yuanlong was furious. Zhang Ruochen's confession angered him.

He would be laughed at again if the other half-saints knew about what happened today. Still, he was clueless of how Zhang Ruochen managed to sneak his way past everyone's view.

Zhang Ruochen smiled in reply. "I did not pretend to be the apprentice of the Yin and Yang Sect. All I needed was a free ride here."

Zhao Shengyu's mouth curved in answer. "Does that mean the Yin and Yang Sect and you have been colluding?"

"Nonsense! Why would the Yin and Yang Sect collude with a wanted criminal?" Half-Saint Yuanlong bellowed. He was so mad that he literally kept stomping his feet.

If Zhang Ruochen insisted they were colluding, the imperial court might not be able to blame the Yin and Yang Sect entirely, but Half-Saint Yuanlong would be the scapegoat. That explained why was he exasperated to such frenzy.

At this time, Half-Saint Yuanlong heard a voice talking to him in his ears: "Help me escape this. If I am taken by the ministry, I will spill you out."

"How dare you threaten me?"

Half-Saint Yuanlong widened his eyes, his fists tightened, and he fought against the urge to throw a punch at Zhang Ruochen.

He managed to.

He knew very well that if Zhang Ruochen were to frame him, he would never get away with the accusation.

Moreover, his impetuous action of hurting the Ultimate Four aggravated the situation. He would be perceived as confronting the ministry. If Zhang Ruochen did not get caught, there would be insufficient evidence to convict Half-Saint Yuanlong.

On the flip side, he'd be charged if Zhang Ruochen was arrested.

Half-saint Yuanlong was hot-tempered but he was not a fool. He knew what to do to turn the tide around.

He held himself down, knowing he had to compromise.

Soon, he cooled himself off, and said, "Extreme Yin Ancient City is a territory of the Yin and Yang Sect. Duels between half-saints are strictly not allowed within this compound. I will not forgive the ones who break the rule." His tone held firm.

"What do you mean?" Zhao Shengyu asked.

Half-Saint Yuanlong flashed him a furious glance. Then said, "You may arrest anyone you like outside the city. But within the city, innocent civilians will be affected by the impact of your attacking power. Particularly, the duel between you and Zhang Ruochen would have cost the lives of thousands. The Yin and Yang Sect will never allow such obliteration to happen."

Zhao Shengyu gave a condescending sneer, "A duel? I can finish him off in a single attack." He then started channeling his holy Qi, conjuring a stronghold Half-Saint Territory, which soon surrounded Zhang Ruochen. In his eyes, Zhang Ruochen had yet to cultivate a saint soul. Without it, how powerful could he be?

"The God of War."

Zhao Shengyu extended both his arms, and an enormous image of the God of War was conjured behind him, overlooking his adversary.

This was one of the moves from 72 Ultimate Moves – Ministry of War. Its attacking power was extremely strong, just a level below any saint spells.

The virtual God of War moved in synchronization with Zhao Shengyu, gathering their fists. It then brought them down to smash the much smaller Zhang Ruochen.

Zhao Shengyu was a level 5 half-saint, the power that came with his strike was not something Zhang Ruochen could take.

Immediately, Zhang Ruochen channeled Holy Qi to his feet.

The deity prints on both his soles glowed and then flames starting shooting out from his feet, bringing him backwards at an extreme speed to ward off the attack. It was the move of Luan Phoenix Deity Print Speed.

The fist landed on the ground instead, crushing the diagram situated in the center of the square. The ground underneath it caved in with large cracks.

The surrounding buildings could not withstand the blow and collapsed.

Half-Saint Yuanlong cast a shield using his Holy Qi to defend the fellow apprentices against the blow, yet many in the crowd were severely hurt. There were 10 or more young warriors who did not manage to escape, and they died.

“That’s insanely fast.” Zhao Shengyu was amazed by Zhang Ruochen’s reaction time.

That attack could have caused severe damage to a level 3 half-saint. But Zhang Ruochen moved away from it at an insane speed.

As Zhao Shengyu was about to strike in another attempt, Half-Saint Yuanlong stopped him by releasing his Saint Soul Territory.

“Werewolf King of the North, are you sure you want to destroy Extreme Yin Ancient City?” Half-Saint Yuanlong asked in a deep solemn tone.

If this were any other city, Zhao Shengyu would not have cared, as long as he could capture Zhang Ruochen.

But Extreme Yin Ancient City was different. This was the connecting city for Central region and the Yin and Yang Sect. Its significance was no less than the capital of Qingli County.

Even though Zhao Shengyu was the lord, he wouldn't dare to offend the Yin and Yang Sect.

“Where's Zhang Ruochen?”

Zhao Shengyu had let his attention slip off from Zhang Ruochen for a short moment during the interruption. When he turned back to where Zhang Ruochen had been, he had fled away.

Zhao Shengyu took out the Octagon Mirror again to locate Zhang Ruochen, but he had already left Extreme Yin Ancient City and was heading towards the Grassland of Werewolves.

“That was fast too, fleeing for his own life.”

Zhao Shengyu gave Half-Saint Yuanlong a cold stare. If it wasn't for him, Zhang Ruochen would not have been able to escape. “Half-Saint Yuanlong, the ministry will not forget that you tried to help a criminal to escape today.”

As soon he finished his sentence, he rode his golden wolf at full speed in the direction of the Grassland, going after Zhang Ruochen.

Author's Note: Thank you for your support! Vote for me please!

Chapter 862 - Qingli County

Translator:

Larbre Studio

Editor:

Larbre

Half-Saint Yuanlong looked far away in the direction of the Grasslands from the corner of his eye. Zhao Shengyu's threat did not bother him at all.

Without sufficient evidence, the ministry could not do anything with him.

But he needed to find out Zhang Ruochen had snuck in.

Boom!

Outside the city, there was a massive explosion, and the ground shuddered beneath it.

Right before the explosion, Zhao Shengyu aimed a crescent shaped saint weapon thrust towards Zhang Ruochen, but it was parried by the Abyss Ancient Sword. Zhang Ruochen performed Sword Two and casted a shield to defend himself against the incoming object coming from afar.

The clouds above moved away to show a clear blue sky.

“That was incredible.”

Zhang Ruochen was thrown a few miles further. He felt an incredible pain, as if all of his organs were detached from his body.

Fortunately, the attack had been launched from a hundred miles away, Zhang Ruochen could still take the hit. If it was any closer, that one strike would have taken him down.

Zhang Ruochen held back the Abyss Ancient Sword. Rather than fighting Zhao Shengyu, he chose to escape.

With the help of Luan Phoenix Deity Print, he was far ahead of Zhao Shengyu. Rather than ditching him completely, he started circling the Grasslands.

After many attempts, Zhang Ruochen concluded:

One, Zhao Shengyu had a tracking device that could locate him from afar.

Two, that device could locate him up to a distance of a thousand miles.

That said, as long as he could keep a distance of at least a thousand miles away from Zhang Shengyu, he would never be found.

Thereafter, Zhang Ruochen set a new route and left the Grasslands.

After losing Zhang Ruochen, Zhao Shengyu searched high and low for two consecutive days. At last, he figured that Zhang Ruochen had already left the Grasslands.

“Damn you, Zhang Ruochen! How dare you trick me! If you ever fall in my hands again, I will make sure you suffer!” Zhao Shengyu said through gritted teeth.

The lead of the Ultimate Four, Zhao Gongming, found Zhao Shengyu in the Grasslands. He reported, “My Lord, Young Master Wan has arrived at the base.”

“Young Master Wan is here already?” Zhao Shengyu’s face darkened.

Young Master Wan was essentially Wan Zhao Yi.

Although Wan Zhaoyi was close to a hundred years old, he was extraordinarily talented and was blessed with age-defying looks. Therefore, everyone in the Wan family addressed him as ‘Young Master Wan.’

The military camp base of the werewolf forces was built among a ridge of hills, situated at the border of the Grasslands. Row upon row of military tents could be seen, stretching up to 300 miles wide.

In the center of the camp base, there was a luxurious mansion meant for the Werewolf King of the North.

Wan Zhaoyi was casually sitting on a golden throne, wearing Blue Dragon Armor. His appearance was similar to a gentleman in his 20s, but he had such a majestic aura around him.

He was at the top of the Five Heroes List. Even Zhao Shengyu had to keep his head bowed and dared not look straight at him.

After listening to Zhao Shengyu's explanation, Wan Zhaoyi did not reprimand him. Instead, he smiled and said, "I have met Zhang Ruochen. He was one of the few top talents of Kunlun's field of this century. Previously, Wan Ji failed to capture him, even with 30,000 elite soldiers of the Leopard clan. It was expected that you would not succeed either."

Zhao Shengyu heaved a sigh of relief, feeling less nervous now.

Wan Zhaoyi was known to be a tough and dominating military leader, but was never ruthless towards his militants. His charismatic dominance attributed to the numerous voluntary militants he had under his command.

The next moment, he looked stern. Then said, "But since he showed himself at Qingli County, he should not be far away from here. You must take him down, at all costs."

"I have given an order to turn on all Octagon Mirrors placed across all 36 counties under Yuan Mansion. Once you locate Zhang Ruochen, arrest him at once."

Zhao Shengyu expressed his concern. "Young Master, the speed of Zhang Ruochen was faster than a level 7 half-saint. I'm afraid he'll get away again, even with the combined power of the 36 commander-in-chief. Besides, he holds the saint decree of Sword Saint Xuanji. If he activates it, no one will be able to stop him."

Wan Zhaoyi reassured him, "About this matter, you don't have to be too worry. This time, I have chosen 10 elites meant to take him down. The moment his location is known, the 10

elites will make their move. No matter how fast he is, he will be in dire straits.”

Zhao Shengyu was relieved to hear that.

The chosen ones must be the cream of the crop. While one or two half-saints might not be able to hold him, three attacking him simultaneously would probably work, despite him having the saint decree.

Zhao Shengyu could tell that Young Master Wan valued Zhang Ruochen very much.

Without further ado, he ordered men to have a portrait of Zhang Ruochen drawn and replicated, sending it to all cities in Qingli County. He even offered a hefty amount of reward money to anyone who could tip him off about Zhang Ruochen's location.

Meanwhile, the wanted man had been heading west ever since he departed the Grasslands. The fact that he was on the run did not change his original plan, nor was he speeding up or slowing down his pace.

The plan was to visit Pluto Sword Tomb, followed by the Royal Capital. He would also like to stop by the Crypt of Sacred Central if necessary. He wondered how many were still living in the old capital.

As it had been said by Sword Saint Xuanji, Pluto Sword Tomb was located in the Yuan mansion of the Tiantai state. Its specific location was, however, not disclosed by Sword Saint Xuanji, leaving him only the contact details.

Although there were only 9 states in the Central region, each state had a large area. The state of Tiantai was further divided into 36 mansions, which had 36 counties each.

Qingli county might seem borderless, with an immense territory, yet it was only one of the 1,296 counties in the state of Tiantai.

Fortunately, Qingli County was one of the 36 counties under the mansion of Yuan. This saved Zhang Ruochen from the unnecessary travelling. He planned to first visit the capital city

of Qingli County, hoping to get in contact with someone from Pluto Sword Tomb.

He spent two nights travelling across 10,000 miles and finally he had arrived at the capital city.

The capital city of Qingli County was well regarded for its educational reputation where all the top scholars gathered. Its size was notably three times larger than Extreme Yin Ancient City.

The Central and Eastern Region were far apart. Needless to say there would be distinct cultural difference.

Along the streets of Qingli County, one could see many young men in scholarly robes. They were the scholars of the capital – well-versed in poetry and literature as well as arts and culture. They would discuss all political matters with the ambition of building a greater future for the empire.

Some of them practiced spiritual power, and cultivated successfully to the level of monk through reading, poetry, paintings and others. Of course, there were also scholars who practiced The Great Spirit – Confucius Guide to Divinity.

Due to the support given by the imperial court, the practice of Taoism was more inclined towards Confucius's way in the Central region, and the number of practitioners was expected to surpass the practitioners of Taichi's.

Just then, a few of the scholars were seen gathering under a twinning tree. There seemed to be a heated discussion among them, with fingers pointing and eyes staring at a painting hanging on the tree.

Zhang Ruochen was curious about their discussion and walked over.

He was shocked to see the portrait they had been discussing.

It was a portrait of a man so surreal that it looked like a replica image of Zhang Ruochen, himself. There were ripples of spiritual power floating above the portrait like a veil covering it.

One would have known this portrait must be a masterpiece of a highly skilled spiritual power artist.

Zhang Ruochen had acquired strong spiritual power and had been emitting it as a protective shield to avoid the public recognizing him. Unless he bumped into a spiritual power half-saint.

One of the young scholars said, “Have you guys heard? Wan Zhaoyi came all the way to Qingli County to capture Zhang Ruochen. For this matter, he even visited the werewolves clan military case camp two days ago.”

“At his level, there’s no need for him to deal with this young adversary himself. From what I’ve heard, he’s here for other reasons. Something related to Pluto Sword Tomb and the immortal vampires.

“But he did send ten elites to capture Zhang Ruochen. Five of them are in the capital already. Rumor has it that the Li’s are hosting them. I wonder if this is true.”

“Li Min, you are the spiritual power genius of the Li’s. There must be many insider stories that you have heard. Did the ministry send ten elites to arrest Zhang Ruochen?”

All the scholars turned their heads toward a young lady. Their eyes flashed with curiosity.

Zhang Ruochen did the same.

The lady, whose name was Li Min, looked like a young teenage girl of 16 or 17 years old. She looked studious and frail due to her petite frame wrapped up in a scholarly robe, and she held a book in her arms.

Chapter 863 - The Visit of a Sword Saint

Translator:

Larbre Studio

Editor:

Larbre Studio

Li Min nodded lightly with her lips pursed. “To be honest, I’m not completely sure. The three forefathers of the Li family have excused themselves from cultivation practices concurrently to host some VIPs from the ministry. This has caused quite a bit of bustle in the family.”

“I only got to know about the news that the ten elites are coming to Qingli County last night, after my visit to one of the forefathers.”

A skinny-looking scholar then asked, “Who are the ten elites? Should be some legendary figures?”

Li Min shook her head, “I’d never be able to be in contact with people as such. How would I know about those legendary figures?”

The scholars looked disappointed, although they had expected the reply.

After all, the elites handpicked by Wan Zhaoyi must be at least a half saint level or above.

The forefathers of their families were also half saints, yet it required much effort for them to meet their respective forefathers, let alone the ten elites of the military forces.

Li Min rolled her watery eyes back and thought for a while. Then she said, “One of my uncles was talking about their background, but I’m not sure how true this is.”

“Spit it out!”

“Yes tell us! It’s better than knowing nothing at all.”

...

She pursed her lips once more and said, “From what I’ve heard, the ten elites are selected from the military force of the Yuan Mansion. Jian Kongzi and Feng Qin are amongst them.”

All the scholars inhaled sharply just in hearing both of the names.

“Jian Kongzi is my idol. It’s said that he has already achieved mastery level for Sword Three. Three years ago, he defeated the Lord of Blood Dragon Palace. The whole of Yuan mansion consists of 36 counties, and the number of monks below saint level who could defeat the lord are no more than ten,” a scholar with a jade sword hanging on his waist exclaimed.

Li Min kept quiet and gave a faint smile. In her head, an image of a strongman physique paired with a handsome looking face appeared. Just the thought of him made her smile with the look of admiration on her face.

While Jian Kongzi was remarkable, he was less attractive in comparison to the man in her mind.

“Zhang Ruochen is another living legend. People like Jian Kongzi and Feng Qin have to join forces to defeat him.”

“To have earned the title ‘Time and Space Descendent’ itself is already enough to make a legend. Rumour has it that he is only in his 20s, about the same age as us. I wonder how he practiced. How can he be on par with a half saint already? ”

...

Zhang Ruochen did gather some useful news by eavesdropping on the discussion.

Wan Zhaoyi had come to Qingli county. He had to be more careful.

Wan Zhaoyi did leave a deep impression on him – this man was remarkable. It would be difficult to get rid of him once targeted, even if Zhang Ruochen had the saint decree.

The moment Zhang Ruochen decided to expose his cover, he had seen this coming; every step would be like walking on thin ice, and any mistakes would lead to disaster.

Moments later, the scholars left accordingly.

Zhang Ruochen's gaze lay on the girl named Li Min and he followed her.

From the talk, Zhang Ruochen gathered that the Li Family was a Half Saint ranked family in Qingli County, and also one of the few powerful ones.

This was the reason why five of the ten elites were hosted by them. It showed how influential they were in this event.

Li Min was the talent of spiritual power in the Li Family. Although she was only 16 years old, she had already achieved level thirty.

Not long after, Li Min discovered that she'd been followed.

Of course, this was because Zhang Ruochen did not hide his aura intentionally.

Li Min did not seem to panic, and only quickened her pace.

Zhang Ruochen stared at the hourglass figure that was in front of him and thought: "She's quite alert, not too bad."

He decided not to follow her anymore, and the next second he appeared right in front of her, stopping her from stepping forward.

Li Min was quick-witted. She knew she would not be able to defend herself against the stalker. Immediately, she screamed for help, as if Zhang Ruochen had molested her.

That was blunt but effective.

They were in the capital city. A scream of a beautiful young lady would attract public attention, and when someone recognized her as the daughter of the Li Family, they would lend a hand.

Weirdly enough, her scream was not heard by the surrounding people. It was as if she was in a different space zone, and no one could see her.

No.

Someone could.

“Don’t be afraid, I only have a question,” said Zhang Ruochen.

Li Min tightened her grip on her book, her fingers turning pale. She asked in quivering voice, “What... what do you... what do you want?”

Though she was quick-witted, this weird phenomena scared her. She had no escape from this when she couldn’t even call for help — how could she remain calm? She was only a teenage girl.

In the back of her mind, men who followed young ladies were either perverts or bad guys with no good intention.

Obviously Zhang Ruochen had been labelled as the pervert.

But he was patient. He said, “I’ve said, I just want to ask you a question.”

“What did you say?” Li Min’s mind went blank, she couldn’t remember anything. All she wanted was to escape from this pervert.

Zhang Ruochen frowned, and started wondering what he did. He barely touched her but she, a spiritual power talent, was already petrified.

He asked without beating around the bush, “I heard you mention Wan Zhaoyi’s visit to Yuan Mansion, and that it was related to Pluto Sword Tomb and immortal vampires. Could you please tell me what is going on?”

“I never said that.”

Li Min shook her head, denying.

Zhang Ruochen deepened his frown, “You were discussing this with the scholars earlier, I heard this clearly.”

Not only had he followed her, but also eavesdropped on her conversation.

She was more certain that this man standing in front of her was a pervert.

Li Min pleaded, "Uncle, I swear I didn't say anything about this, you have to believe me, this has nothing to do with me, you must be mistaken!"

"Uncle?" Zhang Ruochen sounded surprise.

Initially, he wanted to ask about Pluto Sword Tomb. Instead, he was mistaken as a perverted uncle.

From the look of it, it would be a no-go to ask something informative from her, nor could he threaten her.

Because if he did, he would be no different than a pervert.

Zhang Ruochen dismissed the Space Domain and told her, "You may leave now!"

As soon as Li Min regained her freedom, she grabbed her skirt and ran immediately, like a rabbit that was running away after its tail got stepped on.

The Li Family must have secrets related to Pluto Sword Tomb or the immortal vampires, Zhang Ruochen thought while staring at Li Min's shadow, squinting.

At night, the capital was very crowded still.

There was a river in the city, and along the sides there were grand pavilions. Instrumental melodies accompanied by laughter were heard coming from the pavilions, blown along by the wind and echoing around the river.

That was the gathering spot for the talents. They discussed poetry or doubts they had encountered during practice.

There were lanterns floating on the surface of the water, their lights flickering like the stars twinkling in the dreamy sky.

Zhang Ruochen stood by the river underneath a tree, holding a purple lantern in his hand.

"I wish to meet the recipient of Pluto Saint Tomb."

Zhang Ruochen conjured Sword Intent with his fingers to light up the lantern.

The purple lantern flew up almost immediately.

Out of all the lanterns, only his was purple in colour.

The purple lantern soared higher and higher, surpassing other lights and disappearing into the clouds.

...

In a five-story pavilion situated by the west of the river, a skinny forefather was sitting on the floor with a clean robe.

Li Min kneeled in front of him and talked about her creepy encounter. “Forefather, you have absolutely no idea how perverted he looked. He’s been following me in the dark, even eavesdropping on my conversation with other scholars. He’s no different from the pervert described in the books I read.”

The forefather smiled and said, “From what you’ve described, that pervert must be a skilled swordsman to have cultivated his own territory. The fact that you managed to escape with no harm is considered lucky already.”

Just then, his smile faded. He sensed something, stood up, and stared into the dark sky. A purple beam of light was ascending in the clouds.

“There is a sword saint in town. Li Min, pick up the veteran and be respectful. All the six sword saints have always been our VIPs, do not displeas them,” the forefather ordered.

Due to the forefather’s title and position, it was inconvenient for him to welcome the sword saint himself. That was why he sent Li Min to welcome the sword saint.

Li Min was excited, and her heart could not stop rapidly beating. In her eyes, every sword saint was a living legend. She wondered who, of all the sword saints, had arrived in Qingli County?

Chapter 864 - The Receiver

Translator:

Larbre Studio

Editor:

Larbre Studio

Zhang Ruochen stood by the river, releasing his strong spiritual power to half of the county.

Other than a few special areas that had cloaking spells on them, everything within the spell boundary was visualized in his mind.

There was a green boat pushing through the calm water, heading towards him.

On the deck of the boat, a petite teenage girl in scholarly robes stood, her bright eyes searching around, looking for someone perhaps?

The teenage girl was Li Min.

Zhang Ruochen's eyes first fell on her. He smiled. "What a coincidence."

When Li Min's eyes met Zhang Ruochen's, she was stunned, and her eyes widened.

Immediately she turned the boat around and started rowing faster back to where she came from, the five-story pavilion at the west side of the river.

She docked the boat by the bay and fled into the pavilion, panicking. "Forefather, I didn't see any sword saint. Instead, I met the pervert. What if he follows me back?"

The Forefather looked at the panicked girl and remained calm. His grey eyebrows lifted slightly and said, "He has arrived!"

"Has arrived?"

Li Min was surprised, and she released her spiritual power but could not find the pervert.

Zhang Ruochen was on the rooftop of the five-story pavilion, stepping on the golden yellow tiles. There were thousands of lanterns above him.

He was carrying the Taotian Sword, radiating an unusual aura.

Zhang Ruochen hopped down from the roof and showed himself to the Forefather and Li Min.

“Pervert!”

Li Min could not help but to exclaim.

Forefather glared at Li Min. “Min, do not be rude.”

Li Min immediately sealed her lips tight and lowered her head, but her eyes never left Zhang Ruochen.

The forefather stood up, looking up and down at Zhang Ruochen, then said, “I guessed it was you as soon as the purple light appeared.”

Li Ku was a spiritual power half saint. He could recognize Zhang Ruochen the moment he saw him.

“Looks like you are the Receiver of Pluto Sword Tomb.”

Zhang Ruochen drew the Taotian Sword and placed it in front of the forefather.

The forefather examined the Taotian Sword, then returned it to Zhang Ruochen. He cupped his hands into a fist, and bowed to Zhang Ruochen. He said, “Greetings to the Keeper of the Sword.”

After witnessing what had just happened, Li Min’s jaw dropped.

The forefather addressed him as the Keeper of the Sword?

In the tribe of the Guardians of the Prison, there were only six sword keepers, and each held a distinctively powerful divine sword. It was said that all the six keepers were sword saints, and they were the most powerful people in Kunlun’s Field.

Though she had always thought Zhang Ruochen was a pervert, she was aware that he was only a few years older than her.

Could be the successor of a sword saint, Li Min thought to herself.

It was only a few days ago that she had welcomed a successor of a sword saint. It was not surprising to meet yet another one.

The thought of the other successor made Li Min blush.

Both were successors...why was the other successor a charming and charismatic young gentleman, while this guy standing in front of her the complete opposite – a pervert?

Meanwhile, Zhang Ruochen and Half-Saint Li Ku were having a discussion.

Half-Saint Li Ku said, “When I was younger, I met Sword Saint Xuanji once, and I admire him much. If you don’t mind, may I ask, has Sword Saint been resurrected from death?”

This was not a secret to begin with and Zhang Ruochen did not plan to hide anything. He answered, “My mentor has taken the Resurrection Potion, and yes, he has come back to life.”

Half-Saint Li Ku’s eyes simmered with joy, and he asked further, “If Sword Saint is still alive, why would he pass Taotian Sword on to you?”

After the question, he found it inappropriate to have asked bluntly and hence added on, “According to the tribal law of the Guardians of the Prison, the sword can only be passed on to the successor after death of the predecessor.”

Zhang Ruochen could definitely hear the unwelcoming tone of the receiver.

But it was understandable, and expected. His face was all over the wanted notices across the whole of Qingli County, and the ministry had sent many skilled militants to arrest him.

Accepting Zhang Ruochen as the Keeper would mean going against the ministry, and could impose a penalty from the imperial court.

However, the line Taotian Sword had had 16 keepers. All of them had been protecting the Guardians of the Prison in secret, and overcome many crises the tribe had faced. Some of the Keepers even lost their lives protecting the tribe.

That being said, the tribe was hugely indebted to the fellow great grandmasters of Zhang Ruochen. Should they refuse to help Zhang Ruochen to avoid troubles, it would be too ungrateful of them.

That was also the reason why Half-Saint Li Ku had been beating around the bush.

Zhang Ruochen was not aggravated and replied calmly, “My master is away to resolve an urgent issue. That is why he asked me to pay a visit to Pluto Sword Tomb and handed Taotian Sword to me. Nevertheless, there’s no need to worry. I shall not stay long. I will leave at once after passing an important message to the tribal Chief.”

Half-Saint Li Ku heaved a sigh of relief after listening to what Zhang Ruochen said. “The Li Family of Qingli County is only a distant relative of the Guardians. Besides, Pluto Sword Tomb is not in Qingli County but other areas and so I have to notify them in advance. Before they send someone over to pick you up, I hope you don’t mind staying here for now.”

“On another matter, Wan Zhaoyi of Yuan Mansion has handpicked ten elites to track you down. Unfortunately, five of them are in Qingli County and have arranged to be staying with the Li Family at the moment. For this reason, I wouldn’t dare to host you and I hope you can understand.”

Zhang Ruochen smiled and nodded.

Yet he let out a sigh in his heart.

After all, the receiver was rejective of his current identity.

If it were Sword Saint Xuanji who had come today, Half-Saint Li Ku would have treated him with much respect and brought him to Pluto Sword Tomb immediately. He would not even ask Sword Saint Xuanji to wait in the capital of Qingli County.

Obviously, Half-Saint Li Ku wanted to seek advice from the Chief and elders of the Guardians. He would never bring

Zhang Ruochen back without permission.

Zhang Ruochen did not blame Half-Saint Li Ku for this. After all, the half-saint was not a core member of the tribe and had no decision-making rights. He had to be careful.

He was not prepared for Zhang Ruochen's sudden arrival either.

After he had Li Min accommodate Zhang Ruochen, he left hurriedly to send the message of the sword keeper's arrival to Pluto Sword Tomb.

Zhang Ruochen turned to Li Min and smiled helplessly.

He was the Keeper of Sword. He might not deserve a grand welcome from the entire family, but not to the extent of having only a teenage girl to entertain him.

On the contrary, it was wise to keep a low profile under the current situation. Having a junior from the Li Family to keep him company would not draw too much attention.

Li Min had been listening to Zhang Ruochen and Half-Saint Li Ku's conversation. Though Half-Saint Li Ku never mentioned Zhang Ruochen's name throughout the conversation, she had guessed it.

She asked carefully, "So, you are the legendary Time and Space Descendent, Zhang Ruochen? They say you have reached the Peak of the Heavenly Realm?"

Zhang Ruochen was known for his achievement of reaching the Peak of the Heavenly Realm. That was his greatest achievement for which he was first known to the world.

Later on, everyone thought he was killed by Nine Serenity of Sword Saint. His fame and achievements were all short-lived.

As for his achievement in sword mastery, and his impressive combat records in Kunlun Heir's banquet and the Sword Technique Conference, they were all Lin Yue's, not Zhang Ruochen's.

Li Min's impression of Zhang Ruochen's achievement was no different. In her eyes, Zhang Ruochen's achievement in the

Heavenly Realm technique was equivalent to the First Change or Second Change of Fish-Dragon.

That was why she was not afraid of Zhang Ruochen. She had been treating him as her peer who had made impressive achievements.

Zhang Ruochen did not answer Li Min's question. Instead, he asked, "Does Qingli County have a martial market? Take me there, I want to buy something."

Qingli County was considered a central city that was linked to all the states. Though it was only a county, it had wide variety of supplies needed for cultivation practices. Perhaps Zhang Ruochen could get what he needed.

"What do you want to buy?" Li Min asked.

Zhang Ruochen nodded and answered, "Since you know the county well, do you know where can I buy the Silver Moon Dragon-Elephant's or Celestial Divine Elephant's blood?"

Zhang Ruochen was eager to complete his Ninth Palm practice of Dragon and Elephant Prajna Palm. Only then would he be fit to cultivate and achieve the Tenth Change of the Fish-Dragon Realm. He had to buy the elephant's blood as soon as possible, regardless of anything.

The more critical the situation was getting, the more eager he was to break through so that he could obtain more power.

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Author's Note: The following two chapters will take more time. Best to save them for tomorrow morning. Thank you for your support and understanding!

Chapter 865 - Ancient Forest of the Elephant King

Translator:

Larbre Studio

Editor:

Larbre Studio

“The Silver Moon Dragon-Elephant is a level-six lower grade beast, while Celestial Divine Elephant is of the same level, but an upper grade beast. Are you sure you want to buy their blood?”

Li Min’s big round eyes stared at Zhang Ruochen curiously. She couldn’t understand why he needed the blood of such superior beasts.

Zhang Ruochen answered, “You have too many questions. Why don’t you tell me directly where to buy these two types of blood in Qingli County?”

Li Min pouted her tiny lips and thought for a moment, then shook her head and said, “I don’t think you can get it here. The moment the martial market had blood of level six beasts, they would be sold out immediately, to the top three ranked half-saint families. Moreover, the blood of the Silver Moon Dragon-Elephant and Celestial Divine Elephant is super rare. It is quite impossible to find them in the market in the first place. You should try finding them in the capital of the Yuan Mansion instead. There, you can buy anything you want, provided you have enough Spiritual Crystals.”

If Qingli County did not have the elephant blood Zhang Ruochen was looking for, he’d of course go to the capital city in the Yuan Mansion. But that would mean more time.

At least until after his visit to Pluto Sword Tomb. He could not wait any longer.

Li Min looked upwards for a moment, then shuddered at her own thought, swallowing back the words she was about to say.

Zhang Ruochen noticed her change in facial expression and asked, “What’s wrong?”

Li Min hesitated for a second, and said in the end, “If you are strong enough, there is another way.”

“What way?” Zhang Ruochen asked.

Li Min replied, “The neighbouring county to Qingli is Thousand-Elephant County. Half of its territory is undeveloped forest, and it’s called the Ancient Forest of the Elephant King. It is said that there are more than 10 million herds of wild elephants inhabiting the ancient forest. Some say they have seen the footprints of a Silver Moon Dragon-Elephant.”

“Ten million?” Zhang Ruochen was shocked.

A typical adult elephant had a strength that was the same as a beginner mortal warrior of the Heavenly Realm. The more superior the species, the more powerful it would be.

There were so many residing in one county, if they lost control, the few neighbouring counties would not be able to take the impact the herding attacks would cause.

Li Min widened her eyes and said, “That was written in the book, why would I lie to you?”

“You have never been there?” Zhang Ruochen asked.

Li Min shifted her gaze from him and mumbled, “I have never left Qingli County before, not to mention a place that is so far away.”

Zhang Ruochen could tell that this teenage girl standing in front of him obtained all her knowledge through books, and barely had any actual real life experience. Such a brilliant girl, yet innocent.

Zhang Ruochen asked, “How far is the Ancient Forest of the Elephant King from Qingli County?”

“53,700 miles.”

Her words were spat out as if she had been to the place herself.

Zhang Ruochen nodded lightly. He did the math. With his skills and the Shooting Star Invisible Cloak, he would be able to reach the Ancient Forest within a day, traveling at full speed.

Thus, he decided to hunt the Silver Moon Dragon-Elephant himself to get its blood.

Li Min saw the deep-in-thought look on Zhang Ruochen's face. "Don't tell me you are going to hunt a Silver Moon Dragon-Elephant?"

"Why not?" Zhang Ruochen looked back at her.

You are not capable of it, Li Min thought. She wanted to tell him but that would have hurt his ego. So she kept the thought to herself.

Once he experiences how powerful the Silver Moon Dragon-Elephant is, he will back down.

On the other hand, Li Min had always been curious about the outside world, especially the Ancient Forest that contained all species of elephant beasts, as well as other flora and fauna that could only be found there. She had heard of many adventures that took place in the forest – a place she had always wanted to experience.

But she was a Spiritual Power Monk, and unless she achieved level forty, she could not even defeat a mere mortal of strong physique, let alone go on an adventure by herself.

The forefathers in her family were very protective of her, and they would never allow her to go to the forest that contained so much danger.

Li Min bit her lip, then whispered, "Can I tag along?"

"No," Zhang Ruochen answered with a definite tone.

The Silver Moon Dragon-Elephant was a strong, powerful beast, and the Ancient Forest was one dangerous place. Even with Zhang Ruochen's skill, he had to be extra careful, so bringing her was a no-go.

Li Min came up with a sneaky thought. She asked, “If you bring me along, I will tell you the reason Wan Zhaoyi came to Yuan Mansion.” Zhang Ruochen raised an eyebrow and stared at her.

Looking at his expression, Li Min knew it had worked. She added further, “The Ancient Forest of the Elephant King is huge, and to locate the Silver Moon Dragon-Elephant is like finding a needle in haystack. I know how to identify its footprint and where to find it. You will need my help on this.”

Zhang Ruochen gave it a thought, then said, “Alright, just once, you can tag along.”

Li Min was on cloud nine, knowing that she had managed to convince Zhang Ruochen.

She was not afraid of the danger. In her eyes, Zhang Ruochen would back down the moment he stepped in the outer ring of the forest. There, it wouldn't be as dangerous as in the deep woods.

Everything would still be exciting for her though, as it was only a trip to the outer ring of the Ancient Forest. When she got back, she could probably exaggerate the adventure a little, and write about it all in her journal.

“You may tell me now,” Zhang Ruochen said.

Li Min lifted her head to meet his questioning gaze, then shook her head frantically. “No way. I will only tell you after you have brought me to the Forest. What if you bail on the deal?”

“Is my credibility that bad?” Zhang Ruochen found her reply amusing. Thereafter, he channelled his Holy Qi and directed it to wrap around Li Min. He didn't even bother to argue back.

The bundle of Holy Qi carried Li Min flying towards Zhang Ruochen, where he caught her around her waist.

The next second, she felt her head spinning intensely. When she opened her eyes, she found herself above the ground, flying in the air.

The lighting below on the ground was fading, and it got dimmer and dimmer, and finally it wasn't visible anymore.

“Am I... flying?”

Li min had ridden on a griffin before back in the city, but only for a short while at a very low altitude. It was very exciting for her and she had been wanting to experience flying again.

The flight she was on now was totally different from the one on a griffin. Zhang Ruochen's speed was multiple times faster, making it even more exciting.

It wasn't until this moment that Li Min realized she had underestimated Zhang Ruochen. A typical Fish-Dragon monk would never be able to fly at this speed.

Is he really going to hunt a Silver Moon Dragon-Elephant?

The thought of it was scary, but she was thrilled and excited by it.

Zhang Ruochen, on the other hand, was observing Li Min and her change of expression. She was well-mannered and reserved from the outside, but on the inside she was passionate and curious about the outside world.

Only sixteen, yet her Spiritual Power is already at level 30. Her talent with Spiritual Power is admirable. If she had been born in an affluent family and been given the exposure she'd receive, she would probably have achieved level 35 already.

Somehow, between Li Min and the Saint Lady, Zhang Ruochen saw some resemblance.

Her tribe does not appreciate her talent well enough. If they did, Li Min would have become the next Saint Lady, Zhang Ruochen sighed

Li Min had clearly forgotten that the man that was flying with her was the 'pervert.'

She could not stop staring at the mountains and rivers underneath her, fascinated by the beauty of nature.

They flew for one whole night, and finally arrived just before sunrise.

When they landed, Li Min stumbled for a bit before regaining her balance to stand on ground. She said, while staring in admiration at Zhang Ruochen, “The book says, flying depletes Holy Qi rapidly. Even a half-saint will not be able to fly for more than ten thousand miles without resting. Zhang Ruochen, what level are you at now? How have you managed to cultivate this much Holy Qi?”

She was a very inquisitive teen. Whenever she had any question, she would blurt it out right away.

“Why does it matter anyways? So, tell me, where have the footprint of Silver Moon Dragon-Elephant appeared?” Zhang Ruochen replied.

His attitude annoyed her.

But, considering the fact that he had brought her here, she did not argue and told him the whereabouts of the footprints.

The journey to hunt for a level-six beast was something more exciting.

They flew for another four hours into the heart of the forest. At last, they arrived at the area Li Min mentioned.

It was a valley surrounded by hills of steep slopes and bottomless cliffs full of poisonous plants. Compared to the outer ring, this place was clearly desolate with no sign of living beast.

This could only mean one thing: this area was guarded by a superior beast.

Its powerful aura made the other beasts stay away from its territory.

Chapter 866 - Warbeast Training Site

Translator:

Larbre Studio

Editor:

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Zhang Ruochen walked to the edge of a cliff and closed his eyes to release spiritual power to his surroundings.

“This pervert’s spiritual power is exceptionally strong,” Li Min muttered to herself.

She was standing not far away from him, and felt his energetic mental vibration which caught her by surprise.

She stared at him in disbelief. His spiritual power was the same level as Li Min’s forefather.

Perhaps he’s a half-saint of spiritual power?

A few minutes later, Zhang Ruochen withdrew his power after summoning Elephant-swallowing Rabbit, Monster ape, and Blackie.

His face was grave, “To the northwest of here is the den of a Silver Moon Dragon-Elephant. It’s a cave hidden behind a mountain, about 400 miles away.”

“It’s only a sixth level lower grade beast. I’ll have it for lunch!” Elephant-swallowing Rabbit snorted.

Elephant-swallowing Rabbit’s cultivation was equivalent to a level three half-saint, a strength that could defeat any sixth level or lower-grade beasts. Therefore, hunting down the Silver Moon Dragon-Elephant was like a piece of cake to the rabbit.

“Did I ask you to eat it?” Zhang Ruochen asked sarcastically.

“Not eating it?” Elephant-swallowing Rabbit was confused by his reply.

“I need it alive. Kill it only if it tries to escape. What I need most is its blood.”

“I see.” Elephant-swallowing Rabbit nodded its gigantic head.

Zhang Ruochen continued, “A lone Silver Moon Dragon-Elephant is not difficult to catch. The key is to complete the task in the shortest time possible, before alerting other beasts in the forest. If we awaken any that are more powerful than the Silver Moon Dragon-Elephant, we’ll be in trouble.”

“Is there any creature that is more powerful than the elephant?” Blackie asked.

“We wouldn’t know. It’s always better to be more careful. Now, do not wake our target up until night time, when it comes out to absorb energy from the moon.” Zhang Ruochen answered.

“Master Zhang, why do you summon us out at this hour if we are only making the move tonight?” Elephant-swallowing Rabbit asked.

Zhang Ruochen answered with a smiling face, “Many brute elephants can be found in this Ancient Forest. Since we are here already, why don’t we make use of it – catch some and store them in the Scroll World?”

Brute elephants had significant tactical value in war.

Having a brute elephant in war was equivalent to controlling a warrior from the Heavenly Realm. Having ten or even a hundred thousand brute elephants would mean building a mighty army of his own.

Elephant-swallowing Rabbit, Monster Ape and Blackie were powerful beasts, it would be an easy task for them to catch the brute elephants.

Blackie was the fastest. It defeated the alpha and captured nearly ten thousand of them into the Scroll World.

Elephant-swallowing Rabbit and Monster Ape managed to hunt down a few hundred each time, with their own

techniques.

By the end of the day, all the brute elephants within a thousand miles were taken to the Scroll World, becoming the first beast pack ever to live in the Scroll World.

Night had finally fallen.

A crescent moon was seen hanging in the sky, getting brighter as the sky turned darker.

Blackie, Elephant-swallowing Rabbit and Monster Ape stopped hunting and went over to look for Zhang Ruochen, preparing for the big catch of the night.

During the day, Silver Moon Dragon-Elephant would be asleep. It would only be active at night to absorb the moon light energy, which was beneficial for its cultivation.

Not long after the wait, a deep groan was heard from the ground below.

The lumbering beast walked out of its cave. Its massive body was about 50 meters long, covered in palm-sized silver scales. On top of its wolf-like body was a dragon's neck and head, along with jade white antlers.

It gave out a powerful blast of breath that violently rumbled through the surrounding hills and the ground beneath.

By this time, Li Min was stunned, gape-mouthed. The beast used to be a myth that she would only read about in books. Not anymore.

The blasting wind of the beast's powerful lungs had her trembling the whole time, which made her doubt Zhang Ruochen even more. Would he be able to tame the beast?

Zhang Ruochen stared at his prey, frowning. Something was not right.

The beast standing in front of them was at least double the size of his expectation. Even the vibrating echo of its breath was so heavy, deep and powerful, it was much stronger than what was written in the books.

A typical Silver Moon Dragon-Elephant had the battle skill equivalent to a level three half-saint. This one, however, was far more than that.

From the look of it, it would be impossible to catch it alive. They could only do their best to kill it.

Using Spatial Move technique, Zhang Ruochen spontaneously appeared before its eyes without warning.

“Go to hell.”

Inscriptions came floating out of the Abyss Ancient Sword and unleashed its power as a saint weapon while he brandished the sword towards the beast’s neck.

He was so fast, one could tell he wanted to finish the beast off in in a single strike.

Silver Moon Dragon-Elephant sensed the incoming danger and shrunk into the size of a cattle in a form of self-defensive mechanism.

The blade of the Abyss Ancient Sword brushed against the nape of its neck and hit on the ground hard with a piercing crashing noise. The vigorous sword Qi condensed into a long beam that split the hill behind the beast in half.

While the beast reacted quickly enough to avoid the fatal attack, the sword beam cut a deep wound across its neck.

The beast was, of course, infuriated by the ambush.

“ARH-WOOOOOOOOOO!”

It let out a long howl, somewhat similar to a wolf’s.

The cattle-sized body then expanded back to its original size, its belly glowing in silver light as it inhaled deeply. A silver light beam then projected out from its mouth, aiming at Zhang Ruochen.

“This should be a mutated Silver Moon Dragon-Elephant. Its strength is almost comparable to a sixth level middle grade beast.”

Zhang Ruochen had no intention of finding out the beast’s actual strength. He outpaced the incoming silver beam,

bending over it neatly and slipping under its head.

“Sword One.”

The Abyss Ancient Sword flew out from Zhang Ruochen’s grip and shoved into its skull. Blood burst forth, leaving a wound roughly the size of a plate.

The beast moaned in pain and tried to run away from the attacker.

That head strike made it realize how powerful the attacker was. The beast knew it would be a dead end if it didn’t escape.

Monster Ape let out a thunderous roar, and its body started radiating dark energy as it sprang out of the bush, prowling for its prey.

The Silver Moon Dragon-Elephant turned toward another direction immediately as soon as it realized the path was obstructed by Monster Ape.

Little did it know that Blackie was already waiting for it at the other end.

And finally when Zhang Ruochen got there, he lifted his hands up and chopped its head off.

After witnessing how fearless Zhang Ruochen was during the hunt, Li Min finally realized how powerful he was. No wonder the ministry sent the ten elites to hunt him down. He’s too powerful, so sickeningly powerful....

Her attitude towards Zhang Ruochen had changed, without her realizing it happened.

He had been only a pervert who stalked young ladies, but now he was a powerful murderous monster.

Zhang Ruochen was only a few years older than her, but his strength was far beyond hers. What else could he be if not a monster?

“Who dares intrude into Warbeast Training Site of Ministry of War to hunt for Silver Moon Dragon-Elephant?” A deep voice echoed through the mountain solitudes from the east.

Then, the sky was covered under a cloak of menacingly dark clouds that swarmed over.

There was a man in armor standing amidst the dark clouds.

“Warbeast Training Site?”

Zhang Ruochen thought for a moment then realized what the man in armor meant.

The Ancient Forest of the Elephant King took up half an area of Thousand-elephant County, and was densely populated with brute elephants. Such territories would never be ungoverned.

It was the Warbeast Training Site of the ministry. All the brute elephants were either trained as warbeasts or mounts.

Blaming Li Min was not necessary. After all, the source of her information was the books. She had no idea about the truth of the ancient forest.

Zhang Ruochen tilted his head to look in the direction where the man in armor stood.

Two deity prints appeared in his eyes and transformed both his eyes into the Eye of Deity Print, so that he could see past the cloaking clouds and find out who the half-saint from the ministry was.

Meanwhile, the half-saint managed to see Zhang Ruochen clearly. Words blurted out his mouth in shock, “Zhang Ruochen?”

He took out the Octagon Mirror and stared into the mirror to see the changes in the reflection.

As expected, the reflection showed the young man standing on the ground, indicating he was Zhang Ruochen.

“You have ignored the path leading towards heaven and chose to break into the hell that has no door. Zhang Ruochen, this is your choice. Since you have chosen hell, you shall not leave!” The half-saint laughed obnoxiously. Clearly he was excited about Zhang Ruochen’s intrusion.

To arrest the most wanted fugitive would be highly appreciated by the Empress.

The half-saint in armor was called “King Thousand-elephant.” He was the magistrate of Thousand-elephant County, and also the commander-in-chief of the Warbeast Training Site. There was not doubt that he was very powerful.

Chapter 867 - The Beast Trainer

Translator:

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Editor:

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Li Min was stunned by the sudden change of events.

The warbeast training site of the ministry?

Li Min had read countless books since she was little – astronomy, geography, history and also law. She saw how big the mistake she made was and the consequence of it. If she were to be caught by the half-saint from Ministry of War, the entire Li Family would be in trouble.

She started panicking. At this moment, she felt deeply related to the saying ‘Knowledge comes from books and also experience gained from the real world.’ While she got to know many things through reading, not all of the information was accurate. She had to travel more to see the world for herself to be free from ignorance.

Li Min turned to Zhang Ruochen, only to find him composed.

How could he remain calm while facing King Thousand-elephant?

King Thousand-elephant was the Warden of Thousand-elephant County. He was a well-known figure in Yuan Mansion. Although Li Min had never seen him in person, she heard many things about him.

“Zhang... Zhang Ruochen...”

Her voice was shaky, exacerbated by her nervousness.

Zhang Ruochen stored the dead Silver Moon Dragon-Elephant in his Spatial Ring, and turned to Li Min. He hesitated for a

moment, then ordered Elephant-swallowing Rabbit, “Guoguo, take her with you.”

Since Zhang Ruochen had agreed to bring Li Min along, he had to ensure her safety and bring her back alive.

The Elephant-swallowing Rabbit sprawled on the ground, and its fluffy body started expanding like a balloon to the size of an elephant.

With Li Min on its back, the two faded into a red streak flashing towards the exit.

“Nobody is allowed to leave.”

King Thousand-elephant took out a green flag, channeled his Holy Qi into its pole, and thrust it forward.

The pole elongated and widened, then stuck on one of the hilltops, looking like the pillar of the sky.

The inscription engraved on the battle flag started combining with the battle formation on the ground, and activated a spell that caused light poles to thrust from the ground, encircling the area.

Elephant-swallowing Rabbit bumped its head onto an invisible wall, causing it to have a virtual bend. Fortunately, his strength was strong enough to withstand the aftershock and he regained stability within seconds.

“There are battle formations instilled in these mountains? Looks like it’s impossible to escape.” Elephant-swallowing Rabbit had a bad feeling, then turned to Zhang Ruochen, looking concerned.

Since the ministry had converted the Ancient Forest into a warbeast training site, they must have studied the landscape well to impose battle formations that were in favor of its hilly features.

These formations would utilize the terrain advantage to strengthen the power by absorbing the surrounding energy.

Once, there was a pack of half-saints that turned evil who broke into the Ancient Forest of the Elephant King to cast some deadly poisonous spells. These spells were meant to

poison the warbeasts to death in order to weaken the forces of the ministry. Unfortunately, none of them survived these battle formations.

Lightning bolts flickered in the dark sky full of black clouds, and loud, crashing thunder followed after.

“You are all trapped, where else can you run?”

King Thousand-elephant extended his hand from the black cloud he was standing on. Together, the energy channeled from the black cloud and the lightning augmented his palm to grab Elephant-swallowing Rabbit.

Li Min, who was on the back of Elephant-swallowing Rabbit, felt an immense weight suffocating her, as if all of her organs were being trampled on.

The Elephant-swallowing Rabbit reacted swiftly. It leapt to the side to avoid King Thousand-elephant’s grip.

The palm missed and hit the ground instead, spitting out debris of crushed stones and shrubs, and tearing one of the hills in half.

Zhang Ruochen seized the opportunity immediately and unleashed the power of space to one of the directions. He groaned, “Break.”

The strike hit the virtual wall and a thirty meter long crack could be seen clearly. The spiritual Qi within the wall started flowing out through the crack.

With the loss of spiritual Qi, the effect of the battle formation reduced.

At this instant, Zhang Ruochen struck a palm into the air and conjured a huge fiery dragon. It gave out a deafening howl, then crashed into the pole.

“Bam!”

The pole was halved and fell onto the ground.

Without the formation, Elephant-swallowing Rabbit let loose and zoomed his way out. His speed shocked King Thousand-

elephant. Even with his strength, he would not have been able to overtake the rabbit.

Yet, the Ancient Forest of the Elephant King belonged to the Ministry of War and was heavily guarded. It was easier to sneak in than to escape.

Just then, the sound of a melodious flute was heard. The tune transformed into rippling waves that resonated along with the surroundings, and transmitted for miles and miles...

All the beastly elephants were agitated the moment the sound wave hit them, and started flocking towards the source, forming into a herding attack.

Birds were fleeing from the shaking ground, but in a specific direction. Zhang Ruochen stood in the middle of the woods, his long black hair blowing in the wind. When he looked up, the sky was covered with thousands of moving dark spots.

The flute artist was an old man in a linen robe, standing by the cliff, who was only about 1.3 meters tall. While he was extremely skinny and could have been a dwarf, his gaze was intense and fierce.

This man was Hai Min, the chief beast trainer under King Thousand-elephant. His Spiritual Power was already at Level 46.

The King was more focused on managing all matters of Thousand-elephant County and training the army. The one who was in true control of the Ancient Forest of the Elephant King would be Hai Min.

“Let’s fight our way out!”

Zhang Ruochen leapt above Monster Ape, and threw his Abyss Ancient Sword in midair. Thousands of swords started pouring down at the herding beasts like a heavy sword rain.

With the attack of the sword shower, a majority of the beastly elephants were taken down.

The Elephant-swallowing Rabbit was ahead of everyone else, unleashing its demonic Qi that left trails of ice behind.

Those beastly elephants that were run over by Elephant-swallowing Rabbit could not withstand the impact and were thrown away.

Moreover, they were frozen and glued to the ground.

Li Min sat on the back of Elephant-swallowing Rabbit, her hands holding its blood red fur. There was a sudden rush of blood to the head and she wished she had greater Spiritual Power so that she could kill the enemies in front of her with just a snap of her fingers.

Meanwhile, Zhang Ruochen, who was standing on the top of Monster Ape, released his Spiritual Power into a Thunder Pearl. The pearl gathered all his power and conjured thousands of lightning bolts in the sky.

He then pointed at Hai Min's whereabouts.

Couples of lightning were cast out from the pearl and combined into a thicker bolt, flying across the skyline.

Hai Min saw the incoming bolt, and stopped playing the flute. He exclaimed, "He is also a spiritual power half-saint, and his strength is manipulating lightning and thunder into a destructive strike!"

Hai Min motioned with his left hand and muttered, "Clouds Sweeper."

Not only was Hai Min a beast trainer, but also a spiritual power half-saint. His power was controlling the wind.

Clouds Sweeper was a level six spell that only a spiritual power half-saint could wield.

An extreme cold air started blowing through, and the speed was so fast that it formed into a tornado.

The tornado was formed by razor wind. It started from Hai Min's fingertip and extended into an enormous whirlpool, stumbling at the incoming lightning bolt.

Bang!

The two forces collided in midair, and the surroundings shook from the energy output. At the same time, countless lightning

bolts and wind razors came falling out of the collision, leaving potholes on the ground.

“That is the power of a spiritual power half-saint.”

Li Min raised her head to stare at the blinding lightning and whirling air dragon in the sky. She gritted her teeth, feeling envious of their powers.

Zhang Ruochen is sick! How did he train his Spiritual Power to such an advanced level. How I wish I were as good as him! Li Min thought to herself.

Although both of Hai Min’s and Zhang Ruochen’s spiritual powers were at level 46, the latter had only achieved level 46, which made him weaker than Hai Min.

Furthermore, Hai Min majored in Spiritual Power. The spells he performed would be far more advanced and powerful. It took him only awhile to suppress the lightning strike attack from Zhang Ruochen.

“Sword One.”

Zhang Ruochen performed spiritual power and sword techniques at the same time. He provoked massive Sword Intent to control the Abyss Ancient Sword, which then conjured thousands of blades to fuse with the Thunder Pearl. The blades that penetrated through the pearl gushed down at Hai Min, like shooting stars in a meteor shower.

Hai Min sensed a strong sword Qi approaching him, and immediately, he retracted the wind dragon, channeling his Spiritual Power to pull another stunt.

Soon, a huge wind shield appeared in front of him.

Unfortunately, Hai Min underestimated Zhang Ruochen’s achievements in sword techniques and the power of the Abyss Ancient Sword.

The wind shield could only withstand the sword for an instant and soon enough, Abyss Ancient Sword shattered the shield into pieces.

The sword hit Hai Min’s chest. Even with the defense of his amulet, Hai Min was thrown out and hit his back.

The body of a spiritual power half-saint was indeed weak. A crash like this could have killed him. He slumped on the ground, bleeding severely.

...

Author's Note: Two chapters for today! There will be another chapter later at night. Read it tomorrow!

Chapter 868 - Former Border Town

Translator:

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Editor:

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On the other side, Blackie and the King Thousand-elephant were in a heated fight.

Blackie's strength was on par with Zhang Ruochen's, but was still less than King Thousand-elephant's.

Yet as Blackie unleashed 36 half-saint battle corpses in a row, all the powers from the battle corpses were absorbed by him.

That was the reason why Blackie managed to stall King Thousand-elephant from saving Hai Min.

King Thousand-elephant growled loudly, brandishing a superior-class Ghost Level fist. He broke 7 Half Saint Battle Corpses into bones with a single punch.

Zhang Ruochen shifted his gaze toward Blackie. "The cultivation power of the Military Half Saint is too powerful. Even if we battle him together, the chances of us winning are still very low."

Li Min replied, "He might be the leader of Thousand-elephant County, Gu Yishen. He was given the title King Thousand-elephant by the imperial court. Rumour has it that his cultivation was one of the top among the 36 counties in Yuan Mansion."

Zhang Ruochen thought for a moment, then said, "Since Blackie is keeping him busy, we should leave now."

"What about Blackie?" Elephant-swallowing Rabbit asked.

“Don’t worry, he can easily escape from the King Thousand-elephant.”

Zhang Ruochen, Li Min, Monster Ape and Elephant-swallowing Rabbit quickened their pace, leaving the Ancient Forest of the Elephant King.

After that, Zhang Ruochen put Monster Ape and Elephant-swallowing Rabbit back into the Scroll World. He then carried Li Min and leapt on to the clouds at the speed of Luan Phoenix Deity Print.

Once they escaped, and had travelled for almost ten thousand miles, Zhang Ruochen stopped.

Not long after, Blackie caught up with them.

Zhang Ruochen released his Spiritual Power to check for King Thousand-elephant’s trail.

“Don’t worry, I ditched him, he can’t find us at the moment.”

Blackie shook his head, “Zhang Ruochen, now that you own the elephant blood, you have to cultivate the Ninth Palm of Dragon and Elephant Prajna Palm as soon as possible, in order to make a breakthrough, achieving the Tenth Change of Fish-Dragon Realm.”

“Your increased cultivation will be better for my revenge against the Military Half Saint. He destroyed my hard work! 20 battle corpses at the very least. I have never suffered such a great loss.”

Zhang Ruochen replied, “King Thousand-elephant knows the direction we escaped in. He must have delivered the message to the ten elites in Qingli County. If we headed back to Qingli County now, we’d be arrested.”

“What you’re saying is...?” Blackie asked.

“Let’s find a spot to establish a hideout, and I can train for the Ninth Palm.” Zhang Ruochen suggested.

Li Min overheard their conversation, and she was shocked.

“Dragon and Elephant Prajna Palm is the most powerful palm in the Way of Buddha. Only a few have managed to cultivate the Seventh Palm, and you are already on the Ninth?”

She continued asking, “The Ninth Palm is known as Draconic Transformation, once you have mastered the move you can transform yourself into a dragon and command the sea. Is this true?”

Li Min was always a source of headache for Zhang Ruochen. He realized it was a bad decision to have brought her along.

Zhang Ruochen ignored her question and ordered Blackie, “Help me seek for an unused altar, and catch some beast oblations. I might need them when I cultivate for the Tenth Change.”

“You are planning to cultivate the legendary Tenth Change of the Fish-Dragon Realm – God’s Destiny?”

“How is this possible?”

“Ever since the middle ages, no one could cultivate the skill successfully...even the Empress failed. Zhang Ruochen, don’t tell me you are bluffing?” Li Min stared at Zhang Ruochen from the side, in disbelief of his ability.

Zhang Ruochen’s face darkened. “Do you believe that I can shut your mouth literally?”

Li Min was only a teenage girl after all, and she backed off a few steps after seeing Zhang Ruochen’s glare.

She had seen his destructive moves against his rival, which made her terrified of him.

“Why are you being so fierce?” Li Min tapped her foot while pouting, “Actually, I do know there is an unused altar nearby, but with your attitude, I might need to reconsider telling you the location.”

She was really scared of Zhang Ruochen, which was why, when she spoke, her voice got softer and softer. Zhang Ruochen stared at her, and grabbed a fist sized red bead from the Spatial Ring. “Do you know what is this?”

Li Min stared at the red bead sitting on Zhang Ruochen’s palm, and her eyes glowed. “The crown that grows on the head of Fiery Cloud Cobra, also known as Red Crown Mushroom. It is used as the elevation remedy of spiritual power.”

Red Crown Mushroom was something Zhang Ruochen gained from the Thousand Void World battleground. To him, it did not serve much purpose.

However, to Li Min, Red Crown Mushroom was very valuable, especially since she was a first timer. It could probably elevate her spiritual power a level up, perhaps even two levels up.

“Tell me, where the unused altar is and this Red Crown Mushroom shall be yours.”

Zhang Ruochen swirled the mushroom in front of her, as if a perverted man luring a teenage girl into taking the poisonous apple.

Li Min pursed her lips, and although she tried to contain her excitement, she could not resist the temptation of Red Crown Mushroom. She grabbed the red bead with her small hand and held it tightly, afraid that Zhang Ruochen might snatch it back.

“I will bring you to the altar now. According to the books, we are nearby.”

Li Min walked up to Zhang Ruochen, wrapping her arm around his. She knew Zhang Ruochen was going to use the Holy Qi to wrap around her again to fly.

Zhang Ruochen looked at her for a second, and released the Holy Qi to unsheathe the Abyss Ancient Sword. He then performed Sword Defending Technique and off they flew.

Flying using a sword was far more stable than flying with Luan Phoenix Deity Print Speed.

Li Min pointed at an abandoned ancient city.

It used to be a prosperous and flourishing city, yet the war that had happened 800 years before transformed the whole city into a dumpster, killing every citizen. There was only an altar left in the middle of the city.

“800 years ago, this was the border town of the Sacred Central Empire, with a size bigger than Qingli County.”

“During the war between Sacred Central Empire and Qingchi Central Empire, a saint from Qingchi Central Empire used evil

sorcery and killed all the citizens and militants in one attempt.”

“The power of the sorcery has not faded until today, which is why this ancient city is left abandoned,” Li Min explained.

In the city, there was a strong evil Qi that turned the surrounding area into a desert without any living things.

As Zhang Ruochen was standing underneath the entrance of the city, he felt sorry for the past. He took a deep breath to calm himself.

It was easy to imagine how disastrous the war was, which led to the deaths of many innocent citizens of the Sacred Central Empire.

“Let’s go!”

Zhang Ruochen sighed and suppressed his emotions. He took the lead and entered the city.

The toxicity of the evil Qi had been diluted through natural weathering over the years, so it did not affect Zhang Ruochen.

Once he entered the city, he entered the Scroll World and extracted the blood of the Silver Moon Dragon-Elephant into a Ruyi Treasure Bottle.

He also took out three drops of the Dragon Emperor’s blood, and laid it in front of himself.

He then picked up the Ruyi Treasure Bottle and started drinking the elephant blood, along with one drop of the dragon blood.

The blood was like lava spreading fire inside Zhang Ruochen’s body. It fueled his organs from inside to the outside of his body, to his muscles, bone, and skin.

Zhang Ruochen’s body was like a burning tripod vessel.

The dragon and elephant blood were the fire it contained.

As the flame got bigger, the energy in him increased exponentially, so much so that he could feel his body expanding.

“Rawrrrr!”

Zhang Ruochen let out a deep long growl as dragon scales started forming on his skin. He transformed into a fire dragon and rose up into the sky.

While flying, the dragon claws swiped through the air, blasting out a series of claw marks followed by explosions.

The Ninth Palm of the Dragon and Elephant Prajna Palm was called Draconic Transformation. If he succeeded, his palm strike would advance to superior-class Ghost Level.

The strike could also be close to a saint spell when one had mastered it completely. The strength of it was indeed powerful.

Other than a saint spell, any other martial arts could easily be defeated with a single palm.

It was because Zhang Ruochen owned a dragon marble that he could transform into a dragon even before he succeeded with his cultivation of the Ninth Palm.

Transforming into a dragon prior to completion would ease the cultivation process.

Meanwhile, King Thousand-elephant delivered the message of Zhang Ruochen’s appearance in the Ancient Forest of Elephant King to Qingli County.

The five elites departed as soon as they heard the news. They went separate ways towards Thousand-elephant County, spreading across the county into a web, waiting for Zhang Ruochen to be trapped inside.

Besides, the commander-in-chief of the four surrounding counties had led an army of trained soldiers into Qingli County to search for Zhang Ruochen.

All the troubles for one person: Zhang Ruochen.

The news of his appearance in Qingli county quickly spread into the Central region, garnering attention from all parties.

Taichi Sect, the Crypt of Sacred Central, the four sects from the Way of Confucius, the Ancient Ghost Cultivation race, the

Ancient Necromancer race, etc. All the parties sent their best men to Yuan Mansion.

Each of them had different purposes; some wanted Zhang Ruochen's treasures, some wanted to use Zhang Ruochen to go against the Wan Family, and some were Zhang Ruochen's enemies, who were here to kill him.

Chapter 869 - Worshipping Ceremony at the Abandoned City

Translator:

Larbre Studio

Editor:

Larbre Studio

After four months spent refining three droplets of Dragon Emperor blood and consuming large amounts of the Silver Moon Dragon Elephant's blood, Zhang Ruochen finally succeeded in the cultivation of the Ninth Palm of Dragon and Elephant Prajna Palm.

His body became tougher and more enhanced.

Comparatively, the cubs of the Divine Dragon of ancient times might not have been as strong as Zhang Ruochen's.

Arh-Whoooo!

Zhang Ruochen stood on the ground and channelled his Holy Qi, which had transformed into the shape of a golden dragon. Each of his breaths released one and soon his body was surrounded by many.

He pushed his palm against the ground, and thousands of the golden dragons swarmed downwards, leaving a huge palm print caving into the ground.

He then withdrew the Holy Qi, and all the dragons vanished in that split second.

“I think I have reached the limit of Fish-Dragon Realm with my current body form. It will be difficult to have the next breakthrough, so it's time to start refining the tenth drop of Divine Blood.”

Other monks could only succeed with the transformation from fish to dragon after completing their cultivation to becoming a Half-Saint. Yet Zhang Ruochen had completed the transformation though he was still at the stage of the Fish-Dragon Realm, making him the only Dragon among the mortals, where his body was radiating an energy that distinguished him from the others.

Zhang Ruochen walked out from the Scroll World and entered the abandoned ancient city once more.

Four months in the Scroll World was only a fortnight in reality.

Blackie was already done repairing the abandoned altar in the city center and recarved the inscriptions in preparation for the worshipping ceremony.

Elephant-swallowing Rabbit and Monster Ape managed to catch thousands of beasts from the border of the ancient city. All of them were chained and left at the top of the altar.

“Zhang Ruochen, have you succeeded with your cultivation of the Ninth Palm?” Li Min came up to him the moment he stepped out from the Scroll World.

Li Min had no idea where Zhang Ruochen cultivated, but since he was the Time and Space Descendant, he must have a trick up his sleeve.

Zhang Ruochen stared at Li Min with his arms crossed. He could feel that her Spiritual Power had achieved Level Thirty One.

The Red Crown Mushroom was indeed effective. It only took a few days to rank her Spiritual Powers up. Her Spiritual Power would continue to grow strong in her, perhaps to Level Thirty Two, after her body had fully absorbed the herbal effects.

“Yes,” Zhang Ruochen nodded.

Li Min was one head shorter than Zhang Ruochen, and she stared at him with her eyes glowing. “You must have gained the ability to transform into a dragon. I read it from a book that there was once a Buddhist monk who succeeded with the Ninth Palm of Dragon and Elephant Prajna Palm. He

transformed himself into a dragon a hundred miles long, and when he swiped his claws in the air, the energy released was enough to tumble the landscape for hundreds of miles in all directions. Is this true?”

“The strength of the palm strike is determined by the technique and also the cultivation of the practitioner. If a Half-Saint and a Saint both performed the Ninth Palm, the destructive force between the two would definitely be very different.” Zhang Ruochen answered.

Li Min tilted her head to the side and thought about what he said, then mumbled to herself, “The book did not mention anything about the cultivation of the monk. Zhang Ruochen, why don’t you demonstrate to me the technique, I want to see if a man can transform to a dragon?”

“No way.”

Zhang Ruochen did not want to be bothered by her and headed towards the altar.

Li Min followed him, and said, “Tomorrow night is the full moon, why don’t you perform the ceremony by then? It will ease the opening of the Divine Door with the help from the Divine Power.”

Zhang Ruochen stopped. “It’s full moon tomorrow?”

“Yes, so why hurry? You don’t have to rush for the refinement of Divine Blood, right?” Li Min told him.

Zhang Ruochen lifted his head up to stare at the sky. He started to estimate the time of full moon using his Spiritual Power.

Any monk who had read the books would know that the worshipping ceremony should always be done on a Winter Solstice evening or during a full moon in order to achieve the best outcome.

Just like what Li Min said, tomorrow night would be a full moon.

“Alright, let’s wait.” Zhang Ruochen agreed.

Li Min's pretty face was beaming with joy. "Zhang Ruochen, since you have gifted me the Red Crown Mushroom, I'll give you this in return."

She took out a bamboo scroll from her sleeve and handed it over to Zhang Ruochen.

"What is this?" Zhang Ruochen asked her without accepting the scroll.

"The incantation for your worshipping ceremony, carved by yours truly. I spent much effort working on this. Plus, this is my first written incantation."

Li Min was beaming with excitement. She lifted her gaze at Zhang Ruochen, hoping he would accept the incantation.

"Is it? I don't need it."

Zhang Ruochen walked down the altar and sat on the ground with his legs folded. He then closed his eyes and started meditating.

Any disciples from the Way of Confucius would want their incantation to be featured in a worshipping ceremony as a means of communication with the Divine Powers. This would also increase their fortune and luck.

However, the incantations used in prayers were often written by venerable sages. Young and inexperienced disciples like Li Min would never have a chance to be involved.

This was a lifelong opportunity for Li Min, so of course she would not want to miss it. The thought of reciting her incantation during the ritual excited her for days.

Who would have thought that Zhang Ruochen would ignore her work?

Li Min went on bickering, "How can the ritual be done without an incantation? Without an incantation, the divine power will not understand your prayer. Zhang Ruochen, if you are not sincere about this, your prayer to refine the Divine Blood will not be heard."

Li Min went on nagging at Zhang Ruochen five times throughout the day, which drove Zhang Ruochen mad.

At last, he gave in to her incessant nagging and agreed to use her incantation.

As the sun set, the full moon was getting more visible as it got darker.

The city was getting colder by the minute with the presence of the cold wind. The howling wind in this ancient city was ghostly.

Zhang Ruochen sat on the top of altar, his legs crossed and his palms on his knees. He was ready to refine the tenth drop of Divine Blood and cultivate for the legendary Tenth Change of Fish-Dragon Realm.

This was the long-awaited moment, he had to take this seriously.

Li Min stood beneath the altar, holding the bamboo scroll and started reciting the incantation, "There are thousands of methods throughout the ancient and modern times, and the reasons could be different. Yet all bow to the Holy God."

...

She finished the recitation two hours later. There was a definite note of satisfaction in her voice. She pinched her dry throat and then announced, "The ceremony has begun."

Pom Pom.

On the altar, all the beasts were blasted into pieces. Streams of blood flowed into the caved compartment on the altar.

There was a loud grumble and the next second, the spiritual energy surrounding the ancient city was blasted in all directions.

A blood red light pole grew from the center of the altar, penetrating through the skyline and extending up to the universe.

The sky turned blood red. The moon remained glowing and shone through the red clouds, illuminating the city.

Thereafter, there was a mysterious energy descending from the pole and lying upon Zhang Ruochen. The energy fused with

the Mark of the Gods that was residing in his lower abdomen.

Swoosh!

The mark flew out from his body as multiple prints of Gods, hovering above the altar, glowing.

This was the moment. Zhang Ruochen extracted a drop of Divine Blood in his palm and started refining with the Divine Power released.

“Zhang Ruochen is only at the level of Fish-Dragon Realm, but he is capable of defeating the Half-Saints already. He is trying to cultivate the Tenth Change of Fish-Dragon Realm, isn't he?”

Li Min tightened her tiny hands and held her breathe. She could not take her eyes off the altar.

If Zhang Ruochen succeeded, the aftershock would be more forceful than the Peak of the Heavenly Realm.

Six hundred miles away from the altar, a troop of militants on brute elephants noticed the blood-red cloud patches on the other side of the sky. They could also feel the mild energy vibration.

They were the troop sent by King Thousand-Elephant to search for Zhang Ruochen, which happened to pass by this area.

“The direction of the clouds leads to the abandoned ancient city of Yan Gui. That place has been in ruins for ages, why is there a phenomena happening?”

“Seems like someone is performing a ritual, which makes no sense at all. Why would anyone perform a ritual there?”

“Something abnormal must be happening there. Let's inform the King.”

...

After their reporting, King Thousand-Elephant sensed something was wrong and came to the spot himself.

The King stood in the wilderness with the Octagon Mirror held in his hand. He saw Zhang Ruochen in one of the mirrors

sitting at the center of the altar, refining the Divine Blood.

“Hahaha! The whole of Qingli County is searching for him, and he dares to perform the worshipping ceremony to refine the Divine Blood! He is asking for it!” King Thousand-Elephant was aware of Zhang Ruochen’s ability. Even with a few war beasts, he knew he could not defeat Zhang Ruochen by himself.

Thus, he sent a Signal Flare to inform the news of the sighting of Zhang Ruochen.

He remained where he was to observe Zhang Ruochen. He did not want to act rashly and alert Zhang Ruochen.

After spending some time observing, he noticed something unusual.

The energy Zhang Ruochen emitted was growing tremendously. Some of the prints of the Gods that were hovering above merged with Zhang Ruochen’s body, rather than staying afloat in mid-air.

The blood red clouds expanded rapidly, like a sea of blood.

“My King, why do I hear subtle whispers of divine sounds coming from the sky?”

Suddenly, the troops were affected by a mysterious forceful power. They were forced to kneel in the direction of the ancient city.

“What’s happening? Even if Zhang Ruochen is trying to have a breakthrough to be a Half-Saint, this wouldn’t have happened. Unless...”

King Thousand-Elephants was stunned when he thought of a possibility.

His eyes flared. He decided not to continue waiting for the arrival of the other elites, and hurried to the ancient city with a Silver Moon Dragon Elephant.

Chapter 870 - Divine Fire

Jingmie

Translator:

Larbre Studio

Editor:

Larbre Studio

If Zhang Ruochen was really trying for the legendary Tenth Change of the Fish-Dragon Realm, then King Thousand-elephant had to stop him no matter what.

Kaboom.

The Silver Moon Dragon-Elephant's four hooves moved, sprinting and shaking the ground.

Blackie stood at the top of the broken city wall. It gazed at King Thousand-elephant, who was atop the Silver Moon Dragon-Elephant, and smirked. "The strong cultivator of the Ministry of War has rushed over, as expected. It'll be a bloody fight tonight."

The ritual ceremony would definitely cause a commotion. Zhang Ruochen had expected that he would be discovered by the Ministry of War. Thus, he'd told Blackie beforehand to protect the Defender Formation of the ancient city just in case.

"Activate the Defender Formation," Blackie roared.

The Elephant-swallowing Rabbit and Monster Ape stood inside two ancient towers. Hearing Blackie's voice, they filled the towers with their Holy Qi.

Sizzle.

Various runes emerged from underground and surged towards the city walls on all sides. They gathered under the city walls.

At the same time, the Silver Moon Dragon-Elephant reached the outside of the city.

King Thousand-elephant roared. He grasped a thick bronze spear with one hand. Standing on the Silver Moon Dragon-Elephant, he pushed off and shot hundreds of feet into the air. Purple lightning flooded out of the bronze spear, striking towards Zhang Ruochen, who was at the top of the altar.

Hundreds of formation lights rose up from the ruined city. They connected, forming a dome of light that protected the entire city. The bronze spear struck the surface of the shield. There was a thunderous boom and the shield caved in.

Bolts of lightning shot out of King Thousand-elephant. They ran down the spear and attacked the light shield continuously.

After a stalemate of three breaths, the light shield's rebound sent King Thousand-elephant flying back.

The Defender Formation was already broken and time had been limited so Blackie had only repaired it slightly. The Defender Formation could only exert 10% of its original power. Thus, Blackie wasn't confident that it could stop King Thousand-elephant.

Seeing that it had worked, Blackie let out a long breath, thinking, So close.

King Thousand-elephant didn't stop. He attacked once again, striking continuously to destroy the Defender Formation. The Silver Moon Dragon-Elephant roared, charging against the city gates.

Kaboom, boom.

The damaged infrastructure within the city kept collapsing, being reduced to rubble.

“Have the strong cultivators of the Ministry of War arrived?”

Below the altar, Li Min couldn't even keep steady and she fell onto the ground. She raised her head, looking at the lightning that kept falling. Beastly roars sounded in her ears.

At that moment, it felt like the world was really ending. The Defender Formation was at the brink of collapse. It could be destroyed at any time.

A wolf howled at the dark horizon.

The Werewolf King galloped over on a huge golden wolf. He radiated with a terrifying aura, lifting up huge waves of sand from the desert outside the city.

King Thousand-elephant glanced at the golden cloud of light. When he saw the huge wolf and the man riding it clearly, he laughed. “I didn’t expect that you’d be the first to hurry over.”

Werewolf King of the North, Zhao Shengyu, was covered in golden armor. He radiated with a murderous intent. “Zhang Ruochen is refining blood at the altar inside the city. The strange phenomena in the sky are increasing. It looks like he’s trying for the Tenth Change of the Fish-Dragon Realm instead of the Half-Saint Realm.”

“I think so as well,” King Thousand-elephant said. “You’re here just in time. We can work together to destroy the Defender Formation of the city.”

“Okay.”

The two kings took out their own saint weapons and shot into the air. As Holy Qi flowed in, the two saint weapons pulsed with powerful energy waves.

King Thousand-elephant’s saint weapon was the bronze spear from before. It had more than 500 runes. When they were all activated, they formed hundreds of thick lightning bolts.

The Werewolf King’s weapon was a crescent-shaped sword. It hovered in the sky, gathering power.

The two saint weapons hadn’t struck yet, but the Defender Formation was already shaking violently.

“King Thousand-elephant and the Werewolf King both arrived at the same time...”

Li Min stared at the saint weapons in the sky and easily recognized them. These were the weapons of the two nobles—the Thunder God Spear and Half-moon Saint Sword.

Probably every Monk from Qingli County knew about King Thousand-elephant and the Werewolf King. Li Min had never thought that she would someday witness both kings fighting together.

However, this didn't seem to be good news for her. Once the two kings took care of Zhang Ruochen, they would probably go for her too.

The two saint weapons attacked at once. The Defender Formation's light shield shattered like an eggshell.

Kaboom.

The two saint weapons landed on the ground, creating two huge craters in the city. The roads and buildings around them all flew back, curling in.

There were two whooshes. King Thousand-elephant and the Werewolf King charged at the altar from two different directions.

The Elephant-swallowing Rabbit and Monster Ape flew up at once to stop them. They wanted to give Zhang Ruochen more time to try for the Tenth Change. If he was disturbed at this time, all previous efforts would be in vain.

“Move!”

King Thousand-elephant stepped on the Monster Ape's head. With a pow, the Monster Ape's skull cracked open. However, the Monster Ape hugged King Thousand-elephant's leg tightly, dragging him down to the ground.

Whoosh!

Blackie turned into a blur as wings unfurled on its back. It pounced, clawing at King Thousand-elephant's throat. The king extended an armored arm, blocking Blackie's claw. He waved his arm and sent Blackie flying.

“Interesting. I'd like to fight you to the end of the world.” Blackie had an undying body. It quickly climbed out of the ruins and attacked again.

In the other direction, the Werewolf King sent the Elephant-swallowing Rabbit into the ground with one palm. Then he glanced at Zhang Ruochen at the top of the altar. His eyes shone coldly.

“You want to try for the Tenth Change? So delusional. Tonight will be when the Time and Space Descendant dies. I, Zhao

Shengyu, will leave my name to go down in history.”

The Werewolf King rode his golden wolf, charging up the altar. He raised the Half-moon Saint Sword and swung down at Zhang Ruochen’s head. Brilliant light cut across the sky, forming a crescent moon.

Zhang Ruochen had been sitting cross-legged on the ground. At that moment, golden light surged out of him. It formed energy waves that flooded in all directions.

The Werewolf King felt like he was a small boat in the sea. The crashing waves sent him flying back, falling down from the altar.

The next moment, shadows of various deities started spinning around Zhang Ruochen. They formed a vortex, crazily sucking all the Spiritual Qi into him.

Zhang Ruochen stood up slowly and looked down at the Werewolf King.

The Werewolf King’s heart trembled. Right now, Zhang Ruochen was practically a Saint—no, a god. He stood before the Werewolf King, giving him huge pressure.

“The Tenth Change of the Fish-Dragon Realm, God’s Destiny.”

The Werewolf King tried to control his fear, telling himself that even if Zhang Ruochen was now in the Tenth Change, he was still in the Fish-Dragon Realm. He was a fifth level Half-Saint. He could definitely defeat a Fish-Dragon Monk!

Zhang Ruochen, who had been standing above the altar, suddenly disappeared.

“So fast! Where did he go?”

The Werewolf King abruptly felt miniscule spatial ripples from above him. Thus, he activated his Holy Qi and struck upward.

Boom!

Zhang Ruochen rushed out of the spatial ripples and cast Disaster for Divine Dragon, the seventh palm of the Dragon

and Elephant Prajna Palm. The powerful palm fell straight down on the Werewolf King, sending him into the ground.

Dust rolled and dense cracks opened up on the ground.

The Dragon and Elephant Prajna Palm was now in the superior class Ghost Level. The power of each palm was comparable to a Consummate Skill, far surpassing a martial technique in the superior class Ghost Level.

“Zhang Ruochen, you think you’re almighty just because you’re in the Tenth Change?” The Werewolf King didn’t relax until he discovered that he wasn’t hurt. He regained his confidence. Rushing out from the ground, he raised the Half-moon Saint Sword and cut down at Zhang Ruochen’s neck.

“Fatal Technique.”

It seemed like one strike, but it actually formed 36 sword shadows. It contained 36 layers of power, one atop the other. When the 36 layers overlapped completely, the power radiating from the saint sword would reach the max.

The Fatal Technique was a fatal style from the Ministry of War. It could kill thousands of soldiers at once.

Zhang Ruochen retreated quickly, dodging the Werewolf King’s Sword Qi. Then he dusted his robe and said, “Who said I’ve already reached the Tenth Change? I’m just starting.”

Zhang Ruochen raised his arms.

In the sky, bloody clouds started spinning. Blue fist-sized sparks flew down, landing on Zhang Ruochen and entering his body. He was soon covered in blue fire.

The shocking heat radiating from the fire melted the dirt under Zhang Ruochen’s feet into red-hot lava.

The Werewolf King immediately retreated to about 1,000 feet away. He stared at Zhang Ruochen in shock. “That’s...the Divine Fire Jingmie...”

In the distance, King Thousand-elephant roared, “The Divine Fire Jingmie is tempering Zhang Ruochen’s body. Once it’s complete, he’ll truly reach the Tenth Change and possess God’s Destiny. He must be killed before that!”

He was held up by Blackie and couldn't hurry over.

Blackie laughed. "Too late! Since Zhang Ruochen has already guided the Divine Fire Jingmie over and has the divine fire's boost, he can use power multiple times stronger than his own cultivation. Do you think you can stop him?"

"So what if he has the Divine Fire Jingmie's power? I can still kill him."

Gritting his teeth, the Werewolf King cast the Fatal Technique again. The sword swept across, aimed at Zhang Ruochen's waist. He wanted to slice the man in half.

Zhang Ruochen didn't dodge. Instead, he charged with the Luan Phoenix Deity Print Speed. Before the sword could fall on him, his palm was already imprinted on the Werewolf King's chest.

Crack.

The armor on the Werewolf King's chest cracked and caved in.

Chapter 871 - God's Destiny

Translator:

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Editor:

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Bearing the power of the palm, the Werewolf King's body arched back and shot out like a rocket. He slammed against the hard altar.

Boom.

The chaos 800 years ago hadn't been able to damage the altar, but the Werewolf King crashing into it actually caused it to cave in. Pieces of stone fell down, burying the Werewolf King.

Zhang Ruochen stood on the ground. His black hair fluttered in the wind, but his eyes were still calm. He raised his arm and looked at the Divine Fire Jingmie in his palm. "The divine fire has really multiplied my abilities," he muttered to himself.

The Divine Fire Jingmie was fire that only a deity could control. It didn't belong to the mortal world. Instead, it came from the insubstantial world of the gods. Of course, the power of the Divine Fire Jingmie changed often and was vast. It didn't only represent destruction. It also had other elements.

At this moment, the Divine Fire Jingmie was tempering Zhang Ruochen's body. It entered his internal organs, bones, and meridians while releasing immense power. This was the power that allowed Zhang Ruochen to fight with abilities multiple times stronger than his cultivation. He'd defeated the Werewolf King, a fifth level Half-Saint, as a Monk in the Ninth Change of the Fish-Dragon Realm.

I am the closest to the Rules of Saintly Way during this process, Zhang Ruochen thought. This is a good chance to comprehend the time rules.

Zhang Ruochen had figured out close to 100 Rules of Saintly Way and had accumulated much. If he could figure out the rule of time tonight, he had a chance to instantly enter the Half-Saint Realm.

Closing his eyes, Zhang Ruochen started sensing the Saintly Way closely, searching for the truth of time.

Boom!

The Werewolf King burst out of the altar. His face was covered in dirt and there was blood at the corner of his mouth. He looked down at his chest. Ten of the 12 layers of armor had melted. There was a palm-shaped hole.

“It really is the Divine Fire Jingmie.”

The Divine Fire Jingmie was powerful, but Zhang Ruochen couldn't actually control it. Thus, the flame was faint. Its power was limited as well.

Because of this, the Werewolf King didn't actually fear the Divine Fire Jingmie. What he really feared was Zhang Ruochen's horrifying speed. How could a Monk in the Fish-Dragon Realm be faster than him? This went against nature.

“Saint Soul Territory.” The Werewolf King released his Saint Soul Territory. It expanded, forming a golden ball with a diameter of hundreds of feet. It swallowed Zhang Ruochen.

Once a Half-Saint reached the fifth level, their saint souls could manipulate the Spiritual Qi within a 900 mile radius. Spiritual Qi flowed over endlessly. It rushed into the golden ball, strengthening its gravity.

Half of Zhang Ruochen's mind was focused on the time rules. The other half could still operate and think.

The Werewolf King's Saint Soul Territory indeed created great pressure for Zhang Ruochen. His speed still slowed down a lot even when he cast his Space Domain.

“No wonder you're the Time and Space Descendant,” the Werewolf King said. “You can remain composed even when standing in a fifth level Half-Saint's Saint Soul Territory.”

“Werewolf King, you can’t kill me with your cultivation,” Zhang Ruochen said. “My cultivation is about to make a breakthrough. If I were you, I’d leave right now.”

“I’ve experienced so much to have my current cultivation and noble status. I won’t be scared away by your words. Even if you reach the Tenth Change of the Fish-Dragon Realm, you’ll probably still be a bit away from the fifth level of the Half-Saint Realm. Plus, you haven’t made your breakthrough yet.”

“I have the Divine Fire Jingmie’s boost. If I reach the Tenth Change, I can easily kill you.”

The Werewolf King didn’t show any fear. He sneered. “If you really reach the Tenth Change, the Divine Fire Jingmie will fade away too. Without the divine fire’s boost, it won’t be hard for me to take care of you.”

To him, killing the Time and Space Descendent who was trying for the Tenth Change would be a valuable accomplishment. His name would also go down in history. Thus, he had to kill Zhang Ruochen, even if it meant risking his own life.

The Werewolf King stood in the center of the golden sphere. He opened his arms, swallowing Holy Qi. The golden ball spun rapidly. The stones and broken walls on the ground flew up under the magnetic pull. They spun around the ball.

The Elephant-swallowing Rabbit took Li Min away and hid in the distance. Otherwise, a single beam of Holy Qi from the Werewolf King could kill her.

Li Min gazed at the golden ball in the center of the city. “Zhang Ruochen hasn’t reached the Half-Saint Realm yet, but he dares to fight with the Werewolf King. I’m afraid he’ll die.”

“Nonsense. Lord Chen has a lot of tricks. Even if he can’t defeat the Werewolf King, he can still escape.”

The Elephant-swallowing Rabbit was nervous too. Its red eyes were trained on the distant battlefield. It was confident in Zhang Ruochen, but the Werewolf King was too powerful. His aura was terrifyingly strong.

At the center of the golden ball, the Werewolf King raised his Half-moon Saint Sword again. He filled it with Holy Qi, turning it into a crescent moon. He brought it down quickly.

Standing on the ground, a black sword appeared in Zhang Ruochen's hands. He drew a huge circle, forming a black and white taichi print.

“Sword Two.”

The sword struck upward.

Kaboom.

The swords clashed against each other, creating a horrible shockwave. The boulders hovering in the air were all pulverized.

“Nine Stars Around the Moon.”

Next, Zhang Ruochen struck again. He used the Nine-star Moon Sword, a superior-class Ghost Level technique, taking the initiative to attack the Werewolf King.

“Consummate Skill.” The Werewolf King struck as well and clashed against Zhang Ruochen again.

This time, Zhang Ruochen thought, Sword Qi split.

The Abyss Ancient Sword instantly split into two halves. One of the sword shadows hit the Half-moon Saint Sword. The other hit the Werewolf King's chest, piercing the last two layers of armor.

Poof!

Blood spewed out of the broken armor. The Werewolf King retreated rapidly, pressing a hand to his chest. He stared at Zhang Ruochen, no longer daring to underestimate the man.

Zhang Ruochen was truly a genius. Not only did he have the Time and Space Martial Deity Print, but he'd also cultivated swordsmanship to this amazing level.

The Divine Fire Jingmie started dancing wildly. It made Zhang Ruochen's body turn translucent, like a fiery-red gemstone.

He was...about to enter the Tenth Change of the Fish-Dragon Realm.

“You’ll never reach that legendary state. Die!”

The Werewolf King pushed off from the ground. With lightning speed, he activated all the runes on the Half-moon Saint Sword and struck.

On the other hand, King Thousand-elephant sent Blackie flying with a punch. Then he picked up his spear and worked together with the Werewolf King, attacking Zhang Ruochen’s back.

Just then, an explosion sounded within Zhang Ruochen. He seemed to have reached some turning point.

Then all the Spiritual Qi in the surroundings started burning. A spark of divine fire hovered in Zhang Ruochen’s Sea of Qi. It was like a person sitting, meditating in a sea of clouds.

Zhang Ruochen had finally reached the Tenth Change, forming the God’s Destiny.

Whoosh. He opened his eyes. Terrifying light shone from them.

Sword light flashed. The Abyss Ancient Sword had stabbed forward, clashing with the blade of the Half-moon Saint Sword. Next, Zhang Ruochen turned his wrist. Shreds of Divine Fire Jingmie surged out of his palm, converging at the sword tip.

Pow!

Cracks appeared on the Half-moon Saint Sword. Then it exploded into shards of broken pieces. These pieces were all absorbed by the Ancient Abyss Sword, becoming part of the sword.

The sword light continued rushing forward, seemingly unstoppable. It pierced the Werewolf King’s body with a poof.

The Werewolf King’s eyes widened. His vitality was slipping away. “How...is this possible...” he uttered.

Zhang Ruochen quickly withdrew his sword. He felt dangerous aura come from behind him. He immediately went to the right.

At the same time, King Thousand-elephant's spear stabbed into Zhang Ruochen's afterimage. It hit the Werewolf King's forehead, destroying his skull.

King Thousand-elephant stopped. Looking at the Werewolf King's corpse, he was taken aback. Then he huffed. "Tricky guy."

The moment he was taken aback, Zhang Ruochen used his impossible speed to appear above King Thousand-elephant. He brought the Abyss Ancient Sword down.

"Thousand-elephant Infinition."

King Thousand-elephant sensed it. He twisted his wrist, holding up the spear to block above his head. Black Holy Qi rolled out of his burly body, forming various elephant shadows. They circled the spear like planets revolving around the sun.

Boom!

The Abyss Ancient Sword clashed against the bronze spear. Next, the huge elephant shadows rushed up together. They formed an unbeatable surge of power, forcing Zhang Ruochen to fly back. Zhang Ruochen held his sword and floated to the top of the damaged altar like a leaf. He wasn't hurt at all.

King Thousand-elephant picked up his spear and pointed it at Zhang Ruochen. Huffing coldly, he said, "Zhang Ruochen, I'm not the Werewolf King. You're not at my level."

"Really?"

Zhang Ruochen stared at the bronze spear. King Thousand-elephant also stared at it. Surprisingly, a faint crack appeared in the center. It wouldn't disable the entire spear, but it still destroyed various runes inside it.

One must know that the runes of a saint weapon were all interconnected in a complex relationship. If a single one was broken, the saint weapon's power would be reduced greatly.

Such a powerful sword. Could it be Sword Saint Xuanji's Taotian Sword? King guessed, inhaling sharply.

After all, his Thunder God Axe and Spear was a very powerful saint weapon. Nothing could damage it except a Thousand-pattern Saint Weapon.

Thus, his first thought was the Taotian Sword. The Abyss Ancient Sword was powerful and had a unique nature, but it wasn't as well-known as the Taotian Sword.

Chapter 872 - Ten Powerful Figures

Translator:

Larbre Studio

Editor:

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What was more disturbing to King Thousand-elephant was that Zhang Ruochen had already reached the Tenth Change of the Fish-Dragon Realm, and yet Divine Fire Jingmie didn't disperse, but shined on the skin of Zhang Ruochen, and burnt the surrounding space, making it misshaped.

It meant that with the help of divine fire, Zhang Ruochen could give out a battle power several times stronger than his original cultivation.

Zhang Ruochen of the Tenth Change of the Fish-Dragon Realm must have improved greatly from that of Ninth Change of the Fish-Dragon Realm. Even for a highly cultivated figure like King Thousand-elephant, he couldn't guarantee that he would surely beat him.

“How's that possible?” King Thousand-elephant felt puzzled.

He didn't know that during the battle before, Zhang Ruochen had comprehended seven Rules of the Saintly Way in Fire, which was why the Divine Fire Jingmie kept on burning.

Now that Zhang Ruochen had comprehended more than one hundred Rules of Saintly Way, he continued to study the secret of time rules.

“King Thousand-elephant, you could never stop me on your own. Do you think, we still need to fight?”

Zhang Ruochen didn't want to fight against King Thousand-elephant. All he wanted was to find a quiet place to study time rules.

After all, the Divine Fire Jingmie didn't come to him everyday. Once he missed tonight's chance, it would be too difficult for him to study time rules in the future.

“Shua!”

Blackie skipped out of the ruins with a shape of a black shadow, and landed at the back of King Thousand-elephant, giving out cold Qi.

As Zhang Ruochen had reached Tenth Change of the Fish-Dragon Realm, its strength had greatly improved as well. It wanted to fight King Thousand-elephant again very much, intending to teach him a bad lesson.

King Thousand-elephant kept his breath and looked solemn. He thought about running away now.

Suddenly, the ears of King Thousand-elephant moved, and he heard a light sound passing from the horizon. Then delight other than solemnity showed in his eyes, and he laughed without scruples. “Zhang Ruochen, I can't stop you by myself indeed. But how about ten powerful figures from the Ministry of War attacking you together?”

A white vertical eye appeared at the center of Zhang Ruochen's brows. He used it to look to the horizon, and saw several clouds of Holy Qi flying toward him rapidly.

“We have enough time to compete in the future.” Zhang Ruochen gave a glance at King Thousand-elephant, then landed on the back of Blackie. He threw Elephant-swallowing Rabbit and monster ape into the Scroll World, and grasped the wrist of Li Min to lay her on the back of Blackie as well.

Li Min wasn't one of them, and Scroll World was the biggest secret of Zhang Ruochen. Naturally he couldn't let her in the Scroll World in order to protect his secret.

The body of Blackie turned into about 33 meters long. It became a giant black beast, and spread its wings to more than 33 meters wide.

With a flap of its wings, two hurricanes were raised and rushed to the top of sky.

At that moment, a black and white chessboard flew from the east, showing with a square shape, and covering the void more than 5 km long in diameter to stop Zhang Ruochen from running away.

Hundreds of black and white chess pieces continuously flew from chessboard to hit Zhang Ruochen, who was on the back of Blackie. They were like powerful stars.

Crack.

Zhang Ruochen threw the Abyss Ancient Sword in front of him with his fingers pinched into a sword sign.

The Abyss Ancient Sword hovered in midair with its hundreds of sword Qi blades flying to crash with the black and white chess pieces, like a meteor shower.

Boom boom.

The chess pieces and sword Qi crashed into each other and cracked with bursting noise, then quickly vanished.

But Zhang Ruochen had to retreat to the ground with the obstruction of the chessboard. If they kept flying in midair, they would become live targets for the powerful figures of the Ministry of War.

Li Min recognized the black and white chessboard, and said, "Yin and Yang Chessboard...it's the saint weapon of Zhuang Xuankong. It is said that he has just reached Sixth Level Half-Saint, and become a well-known giant of the Ministry of War in Yuan Mansion."

A soft voice sounded in the dark, and its sound waves passed on to them like water waves. "Little girl, it's clever of you to recognize my saint weapon."

A man in scholar robes walked from afar with his feet stepping on a fog bridge. He was about the age of 30, and looked extremely fair. His eyes rose up a little, and his lips were thin. Although he was a man, he gave out a Feminine Qi.

He was Zhuang Xuankong, one of the ten powerful figures picked out by Wan Zhaoyi from the camp of the Ministry of War in Yuan Mansion.

He reached out his palm and took the black and white chessboard back.

Li Min was a little scared of Zhuang Xuankong, so she hid behind Zhang Ruochen, and said, “This guy used to be a court eunuch of Lingxiao Heavenly King Mansion. Then he devoted himself to the army with his supreme talent. He won countless battles and reached the level of Half-Saint with one swoop.”

Zhuang Xuankong could hear clearly what she was talking about, even though she said with a really low voice.

He hated people saying “eunuch” behind his back, and now he put on a gloomy look and wanted to skin the girl alive.

Li Min naturally didn't know that she had irritated Zhuang Xuankong, and added, “Although his cultivation is really powerful, he has weak points. It is said that his way is too feminine. Once it encounters flame and Masculine Qi, it can't give out its full strength.”

Zhuang Xuankong's fingers pinched into a claw, and his handsome face twisted. “Horrid girl, after I capture Zhang Ruochen, I will make you suffer and have you beg me to kill you.”

Li Min was shocked by his words, so she shut up and dared not to say anymore.

King Thousand-elephant riding on Silver Moon Dragon-Elephant and holding Thunder God Axe and Spear in his hand, rushed out from the ruined ancient city, and shouted, “Zhang Ruochen has reached the Tenth Change of Fish-Dragon Realm, and killed the Werewolf King of the North. Let's beat him together. We should never let him run away.”

Zhang Ruochen had truly stabbed through the heart of the Werewolf King of the North before, but he only wounded him. The real killer of Werewolf King of North was King Thousand-elephant.

King Thousand-elephant blamed him instead to avoid responsibility.

Zhang Ruochen smirked and stared at King Thousand-elephant coldly.

King Thousand-elephant stared back at Zhang Ruochen and smirked as well. He appeared to be really calm. Although he had mistakenly killed the Werewolf King of the North, he couldn't run away from the punishment of the Ministry of War once the message was out.

So, why shouldn't he blame Zhang Ruochen instead?

Besides the powerful figures of the Ministry of War, other monks from different forces arrived here as well.

But the power of the Ministry of War was too strong to be defeated by them, so monks from other forces hid themselves and didn't come close.

The words of King Thousand-elephant was like a bomb to cause waves of disturbance among monks. They all felt completely shocked.

“The so-called Tenth Change of Fish-Dragon Realm...how's that possible?”

“Did Zhang Ruochen condense Divine Life Chart? No way. Nobody could accomplish it, even those as talented as nine Kunlun's heirs.”

“It would be a good thing if Zhang Ruochen condensed Divine Life Chart. If I could capture him, and take his Life Chart, I could become at least a saint if it weren't enough for a deity.”

King Thousand-elephant was a well-known figure of the Ministry of War, so his words about Zhang Ruochen reaching the Tenth Change Fish-Dragon Realm must have some proof.

Therefore, people onsite more or less bought his words.

But the thought that someone had completed the cultivation of the Divine Life Chart was extremely exciting for them all.

Zhang Ruochen let out his spiritual power and detected at least five Half-Saints in the dark. And they were not Half-Saints of low level, but as strong as the ten powerful figures.

Being surrounded by them, he could hardly escape, even with a saint decree.

“Now that I have to struggle with them. Maybe by forcing myself to fight, I could display more potential and comprehend more about time rules.”

Zhang Ruochen didn't have many choices now. He could ask Ghost King Bloodmoon to vanquish all the powerful figures.

But in that way, he would lose a precious chance to practice.

More importantly, once the Ministry of War found out about the existence of Ghost King Bloodmoon, they would send troops at the level of saints to capture him next time.

By then Zhang Ruochen wouldn't even have a chance to escape.

So if he could conceal his last resort, he would rather not expose it.

“Tenth Change of Fish-Dragon Realm... Haha, interesting. I'll play with you.”

Zhuang Xuankong gave a gloomy laugh, and slashed the chessboard to the ground with his palm.

Black and white lights rushed out quickly from the chessboard, giving a whistling noise like flying swords and blades, to attack Zhang Ruochen.

Zhang Ruochen was reminded of Li Min's previous words, so he wanted to test if Zhuang Xuankong had weak spots for real.

Zhang Ruochen stepped on the ground and pressed a cloud of Divine Fire Jingmie to its bottom. The terrible heat given by divine fire melted the earth around within 33 meters into a small magma lake.

Then Zhang Ruochen waved his sleeve to gush his strong Masculine Qi out of his palm. It carried the red magma with it, and rushed toward Zhuang Xuankong.

Chapter 873 - Surrounded by Enemies

Translator:

Larbre Studio

Editor:

Larbre Studio

The little Divine Fire Jingmie contained in the magma penetrated the protection of the Holy Qi condensed by Zhuang Xuankong, and flooded onto him.

Seeing the hot wave coming toward him, the operation of Zhuang Xuankong's Holy Qi slowed down instantly. He felt shocked and covered his body with the Yin and Yang Chessboard, then rapidly retreated in a ghostly way.

“Zhuang Xuankong did feel restrained by fire and Masculine Qi.”

Zhang Ruochen nodded, and went on transferring the Masculine Qi in his Xuan Embryo to suppress Zhuang Xuankong's Feminine Qi.

His fingers pinched into sword sign, and displayed the Mountain-River Sword Technique.

“Penetrate mountain and split the earth.” Abyss Ancient Sword rushed from Zhang Ruochen's hand, and hit heavily like a mountain on the chest of Zhuang Xuankong.

It was a superior-class Ghost Level Sword Technique, and with Zhang Ruochen's cultivation, it had given out irresistible power.

The battle sword flew out and made a low noise. Shadows with mountain- and river-like patterns were condensed surrounding it, pressing down hard.

Zhuang Xuankong was no ordinary person. He stepped onto the ground and held the chessboard with one hand. Holy Qi was seen gushing from his palm and entering the chessboard constantly.

Boom!

Abyss Ancient Sword hit the center of the Yin and Yang Chessboard, and forced Zhuang Xuankong to retreat several steps, leaving a row of footprints almost 15 cm deep.

Zhuang Xuankong shook his painful arms, and his eyes looked even gloomier.

It was a huge shame of him that he, a Sixth Level Half-Saint, should be beaten by a Fish-Dragon Realm monk. Once word got out, his reputation would be greatly affected.

“Go.”

Zhang Ruochen didn't want to fight any longer. He landed on the back of Blackie, rushed to the dark night, and prepared to leave.

“Where do you think you can go?”

King Thousand-elephant and Zhuang Xuankong raced from his right and left side, and threw the Thunder God Axe and Spear and the Yin and Yang Chessboard to Zhang Ruochen respectively.

Thunder God Axe and Spear hovered in midair, giving out densely formed purple lightning, and then fell fast to hit Zhang Ruochen's head with a sharp wind-splitting noise.

The Yin and Yang Chessboard gave out cold Qi, condensed a black light at the center of the chessboard, attempting to chop Zhang Ruochen below.

Naturally Zhang Ruochen felt tremendous pressure, as if dozens of mountains were pressing toward his head. Once they fell on him, he would be crushed into pieces.

Although protected by Blackie's Holy Qi, Li Min was seriously injured by the power of saint weapons. Blood kept bleeding out from her lips, and her face turned pale.

“Sword Three.”

Zhang Ruochen released all Sword Intent of his body, and put it into the Abyss Ancient Sword to strike toward the flying Thunder God Axe and Spear.

Sword Three stood for three strands of power from heaven, earth and humans. As long as it was practiced to the utmost, the combination of the three strands of power would give out terrible power surpassing any ordinary Saint Spell.

Even if Zhang Ruochen hadn't practiced it to the utmost, his display of Sword Three would be extraordinary as well, as he had reached the state of Human Sword as a sword master. The penetration of Sword Three was great enough to crack the surface with a mere touch, even that of a saint weapon.

“Boom.”

The blade hit Thunder God Axe and Spear. The power of each was about the same. Therefore, it took a moment for them to fly backwards respectively.

Zhang Ruochen's state of sword master and battle soldiers all took the upper side. However, his cultivation was too far from that of King Thousand-elephant. It was already an astonishment that he could struggle with King Thousand-elephant.

Above, in the sky, the black lighting from the Yin and Yang Chessboard was like a cold Heavenly Sword spreading from heaven to the earth. One chop, and it would leave a black gully more than ten meters deep.

Thick cold ice would grow around the gully and freeze the earth.

Luckily, Blackie was quick enough to run away from the continuous attacks of black lighting. Otherwise, Zhang Ruochen would have been defeated within ten moves if he wanted to fight both King Thousand-elephant and Zhuang Xuankong with his current cultivation.

The round and bright moon hung in the center of the sky, giving a sharp contrast to the terrible fight between the three powerful figures on the ground.

A scholarly middle-aged man stood at the top of a mountain about 50 km away.

He carried a simple and ancient black sword on his back. He looked slender. He gave a deep look at the battlefield far way, and said, “Zhang Ruochen used Sword Three to fight with King Thousand-elephant. Judging from its power, he has almost practiced to its utmost.”

The man was called Jian Kongzi, the top of ten powerful figures picked up by Wan Zhaoyi from the camp of the Ministry of War in Yuan Mansion, much more powerful than King Thousand-elephant or the Werewolf King of the North.

He was a terribly strong sword warrior, whose cultivation had reached about Seventh Level of Half-Saint. He had lived for almost 200 years, but looked like a 40 year-old instead.

The age of 200 years old was like a gap for a Half-Saint.

Before entering into 200 years old, a Half-Saint could use his strong Holy Qi to sustain the livelihood of his body and to slow down the decaying of his appearance and organs.

But, after passing 200 years old, a Half-Saint would become old all of a sudden, with his appearance becoming as old as his real age. His hair would all be white, with blood Qi running low and physical strength decreasing.

If no magic happened to him, he could only improve his battle strategies or comprehension of the saintly way, but not his cultivation on his own.

In other words, once a Half-Saint reached 200 years old, his life would be settled.

Jian Kongzi had been a rare talent when he was young, and even could compete with a Saint Body. His defeat of the Lord of Blood Dragon Hall three years ago had pushed his own reputation to the utmost, making him one of the most influential figures of Yuan Mansion.

But he knew clearly that without a miracle happening to him, he could never reach the state of a saint.

What's the meaning of his cultivation then if he couldn't become a saint?

Countless talents in Kunlun's Field felt obsessed with becoming a saint before they reached 200 years old. Therefore, some of them would feel as if they were being played by destiny and end up on an evil way. What's worse, some even fell to hell at the end.

And now, a chance was placed in front of Jian Kongzi. Wan Zhaoyi had promised him that if he could capture Zhang Ruochen, he would give him a Divine Medicine Pill Xuelan.

Taking in a Divine Medicine Pill Xuelan, Jian Kongzi would be completely confident that he could reach the state of a Ninth Level Half-Saint before he turned 200 years old. By then, he would be only a step away from becoming a saint.

Jian Kongzi used to think that it would be easy to kill a Fish-Dragon Realm monk with his cultivation, just like an elephant killing an ant.

But after he saw Zhang Ruochen's moves, he felt uneasy.

"The man was terribly powerful. He's only a Fish-Dragon Realm monk, but he could compete with King Thousand-elephant and Zhuang Xuankong. It's hard to imagine what he would be like once he reaches the state of a Half-Saint," said Feng Qin.

Feng Qin was a three meters tall giant. His arm was as thick as the waist of a common man. Eight pieces of armor were seen on his body, covering his arms, legs, abdomen and chest.

Thick muscles were covered by the armor, making him like Hercules. "If he was just an ordinary man, the Empress wouldn't give the direct warrant for him."

Jian Kongzi gave Feng Qin a glance, and added, "He has practiced Sword Three to the utmost of a Fish-Dragon Realm monk, which would have won over the Sword Emperor in the past."

Jian Kongzi sighed to himself. He used to be called a genius just like him. But he had never practiced even Sword One to the utmost as a Fish-Dragon Realm monk.

Compared with Zhang Ruochen, his talent was nothing.

“But since he hasn’t reached the state of a Half-Saint, I could crush him no matter what,” said Jian Kongzi confidently.

All sword masters had confidence in themselves.

Sword Three displayed by Zhang Ruochen had shocked other monks as well. The sound of breathing hard was heard under the night sky.

They discussed secretly, and agreed. “It is of importance that the Empress wanted Zhang Ruochen captured. If he grew up fully, he would be a real threat to the Empress’s reign.”

Blackie was at about the same speed as Zhang Ruochen, who had used Luan Phoenix Deity Print Speed technique. So it naturally ran far ahead of King Thousand-elephant and Zhuang Xuankong.

Zhang Ruochen didn’t relax. Suddenly, he raised his head and found a tower-like giant person standing on the head of a giant black scorpion, getting in his way.

He was several times stronger than ordinary people. And the giant black scorpion underneath him was even more huge. Its pliers were about 6 to 7 meters long, looking sharp.

Hundreds of blood red patterns were seen on the surface of giant scorpion’s body. It lay on the ground, almost pressing the ground down.

“King Giant Scorpion and Feng Qin.”

Li Min felt desperate at the sight of the giants in front of her.

Just King Thousand-elephant and Zhuang Xuankong had forced them to run away. How could they survive the attacks plus Feng Qin?

Puff.

Feng Qin stood on the head of the Giant Scorpion and took a deep breath. The air in the surrounding space about 50 kms in diameter was all taken by him.

His belly stood out to become a giant round ball.

Even with manly eyes, the white brilliance could be seen coming from inside its belly, as if a strand of terrible power was about to burst out.

Immediately after, Feng Qin opened its mouth and thousands of blades rushed out from its belly, making a scary noise.

Some of the wind blades even condensed into the shape of human or beast.

Any human- or beast-shaped wind blade could kill a Half-Saint.

And so, by extension, the power of a hurricane containing human- or beast-shaped wind blades would be unconquerable.

Chapter 874 - Thousand Lines of Destruction

Translator:

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Editor:

Larbre Studio

Feng Qin must have had a thorough understanding of the Rules of Wind to have given full play to the power of wind.

Zhang Ruochen put on a serious face, called the Abyss Ancient Sword back and held it tightly in his hand. He dashed forward, landed on the ground and suddenly put the sword into it.

Chi!

Countless sword Qi rushed out from the sword, interweaving in the void and forming a Sword Qi Domain.

Zhang Ruochen let Space Domain out as well, and overlapped it with Sword Qi Domain.

Wind blades kept hitting Sword Qi Domain, cracking sword Qi into black smoke.

Suddenly, twelve translucent human shadows rushed out from the wind blades, each heavily armored, and about 33 meters tall. They attacked Zhang Ruochen at the same time.

With a boom, Sword Qi Domain was finally crushed.

Zhang Ruochen, at the center of the Domain, felt like he'd been hit by twelve fist prints, and had to retreat quickly. Luckily, he still had Space Domain to protect him, so he stabilized his pace quickly.

“Space twist.”

Zhang Ruochen controlled space with great difficulty, and reversed the space surrounding him to make all wind blades fly backwards.

Feng Qin saw the wind blades fly back, and shrank his eyes and clapped in front of himself.

With his body as the center, the wind between the heaven and the earth formed a giant bell of up to 66 meters, wrapping him and the black giant scorpion inside the bell body.

Just as Zhang Ruochen went all out to fight Feng Qin, King Thousand-elephant caught up from behind, and threw the Thunder God Axe and Spear to stab at Zhang Ruochen's vest.

King Thousand-elephant was a Sixth Level Half-Saint, whose strike with full strength naturally burst out unparalleled speed and power. Zhang Ruochen could never dodge aside.

And Zhang Ruochen couldn't dodge now. He didn't have time to transfer the power of space. He could only turn around his body and display Dragon and Elephant Prajna Palm to hit in his front.

"Thousand Palms of Dragon and Elephant." Thousands of palm prints showed up with only one palm.

Just a palm pat performed by Zhang Ruochen in a hurry couldn't defend the battle warriors and saint weapon with the full strike of King Thousand-elephant. With dozens of lightning strikes, the Thunder God Axe and Spear crashed all palm prints and hit the real palm of Zhang Ruochen.

King Thousand-elephant revealed a sneer. "It's the end. It will be I, Qi Sheng, who kills the Time and Space Descendant."

Powerful as it was, a human body couldn't defend itself from a saint weapon.

What's more, the one who threw the saint weapon had reached Sixth Level Half-Saint. Nobody could stop it barehanded, except for saints.

All monks hidden in the dark held their breath and looked at Zhang Ruochen attentively. The picture of the Thunder God

Axe and Spear penetrating Zhang Ruochen's body showed up in their minds.

If King Thousand-elephant could kill Zhang Ruochen this time, he would definitely make a name for himself. Wealth and honor would come to him for sure.

Many people felt jealous and envied him. Only a few people felt pity for Zhang Ruochen. After all, a talent like Zhang Ruochen was rarely seen in thousands of years. It would be a shame that he should end up like this.

“But it's still a brilliant death for Zhang Ruochen. A Fish-Dragon Realm monk was ambushed by three Sixth Level Half-Saints. He was the only person who could defend himself for such a long time.”

“It's really a pity. His identity as a Time and Space Descendant has made his an enemy to the world. Nobody would allow him to develop.”

“It's no pity at all. He's a criminal wanted by the Empress. He didn't have any other choice than being killed.”

...

While everyone assumed Zhang Ruochen's death, colorful Chaotic Qi burst out from his body and became a giant lotus to wrap him in its center.

The colorful brilliance went down to the ground and up through the sky to divide the space into five parts, filling each with black, white, red, green and yellow color.

Boom.

The Thunder God Axe and Spear threw by King Thousand-elephant hit the colorful palm of Zhang Ruochen, and a noise of metal crashing sounded.

Zhang Ruochen kept sliding back until he was dozens of meters away. He hit against a more than ten meter tall rock, and crushed the rock into pieces.

Blood dripped from his right palm and seeped through the soil.

But Zhang Ruochen still stood on the ground. He didn't fall down.

King Thousand-elephant felt quite shocked seeing the colorful brilliance coming out of Zhang Ruochen's body. He squeezed the words through his teeth, "Five...Elements...Chaotic...Body..."

Not only King Thousand-elephant, but other monks also found it hard to believe it.

"How could he truly work out Five Elements Chaotic Body!"

"Oh my god, Five Elements Chaotic Body plus Tenth Change of the Fish-Dragon Realm, and he could transfer the power of space and time. Once Zhang Ruochen becomes a saint, all saints in Kunlun's Field would become alerted."

"Is that really Five Elements Chaotic Body?"

"It surely is. Otherwise, he could never have been able take that strike from King Thousand-elephant."

...

By bursting out Five Elements Chaotic Power, Zhang Ruochen did successfully defend himself from the strike of King Thousand-elephant. But he was also heavily wounded, and his arms trembled a little.

Li Min looked at Zhang Ruochen's shadow in the dust, and was totally attracted by him. He was no longer a boorish middle-aged man, but an incomparable genius.

He could fight with three powerful figures at such a young age. Even the unparalleled Wan Zhaoyi could not defeat him.

Blackie worried about Zhang Ruochen very much, and passed the message, "They are all killers. Zhang Ruochen, you should ask Ghost King Bloodmoon to come out, otherwise we could never escape."

But Zhang Ruochen didn't feel like asking Ghost King Bloodmoon out. If he asked Ghost King Bloodmoon to solve all his problems for him, what was the meaning of him improving his cultivation?

But Zhang Ruochen gave a cold look, and said, “If you force me, I will have to slaughter you all.”

Shua!

Zhang Ruochen flew back to behind Blackie. He pointed with his finger, and a white sword light flew to him and floated beside him.

It was the Taotian Sword.

Zhang Ruochen glanced around from King Thousand-elephant, Zhuang Xuankong, Feng Qin and others hidden in the dark. And he said in a low voice, “I just want to leave here tonight. If you want to stop me, I will kill you.”

“Hehe. You think you will be undefeatable with the Five Elements Chaotic Body? You can save it and boast like that after you become a saint.”

King Thousand-elephant smirked and grasped his Thunder God Axe and Spear to attack Zhang Ruochen again.

Zzzing.

Taotian Sword made a whistle and rose above slowly.

Qi of its sword form became more and more powerful every 3 meters as it rose up. And when it reached 33 meters high midair, its power terrified King Thousand-elephant.

“Is that...?” King Thousand-elephant felt bad and stopped to flee backwards quickly.

Shoop.

The Taotian Sword lit the night sky like a bright sun.

After one chop, King Thousand-elephant screamed and fell toward hell with a pounding sound.

A dozens-of-kilometers-long and about ten-meter-wide sword road appeared on the ground when Zhang Ruochen took the Taotian Sword back, as if it had cut the world into two pieces.

A half broken Thunder God Axe and Spear and a large spot of blood were seen at the other side of the sword road.

But King Thousand-elephant lay at the bottom of the sword road with his body cut into two parts. He kept trembling and finally became silent.

Silence.

It was all silent between heaven and earth.

Breaths were heard after a long time. Zhuang Xuankong was terrified and couldn't help but retreat. He said to himself, "What a terrible sword."

"Only a Thousand-pattern Saint Weapon could hurt like that."

"It was the No. 27 item of Thousand-pattern Saint Weapon List, the Taotian Sword. Don't you recognize it? But with Zhang Ruochen's cultivation, how could he activate the sword spirit of Taotian Sword and display the Thousand Lines of Destruction?"

Although Hundred-pattern Saint Weapon was rarely seen, a Half-Saint could still spend enough Spiritual Crystal to purchase one.

But a Thousand-pattern Saint Weapon couldn't be purchased no matter how much Spiritual Crystal you had. Even a saint would struggle to get one.

Every Thousand-pattern Saint Weapon had its own name in Kunlun's Field.

A Thousand-pattern Saint Weapon could burst out Thousand Lines of Destruction, which was the reason why the court edited the Thousand-pattern Saint Weapon List to collect and supervise all of the Thousand-pattern Saint Weapons.

Once the Thousand Lines of Destruction burst out, it could easily destroy The Defender Formation and kill the inhabitants of a city.

Of course other ordinary monks would at most be able to have some powerful battle warriors, and couldn't display the Thousand Lines of Destruction.

At least two terms had to be fulfilled to display Thousand Lines of Destruction.

First, the user would have to be recognized by the weapon spirit to activate it.

Second, the cultivation of the user must be above the Seventh Level Half-Saint to display the smallest power of the Thousand Lines of Destruction.

Once a Seventh Level Half-Saint activated Thousand Lines of Destruction from a Thousand-pattern Saint Weapon, it would be possible for him to kill a Eighth Level Half-Saint, even a Ninth Level one.

Surely even a Seventh Level Half-Saint would have to consume all his Holy Qi to give one strike.

That's why Zhang Ruochen's ability to activate the sword spirit of the Taotian Sword and display the Thousand Lines of Destruction astonished them all.

Jian Kongzi was the only one onsite who remained calm.

He took the shape of a light shadow and flew to the opposite of Zhang Ruochen across the darkness. Then he condensed into human shape again, and said, "Zhang Ruochen, with your state, I was quite shocked by your activation of the Taotian Sword and display of the Thousand Lines of Destruction. But, do you still have the strength to hit the second strike?"

Jian Kongzi had lived for almost 200 years and was very insightful. Naturally he had seen that the last strike had cost all Holy Qi from Zhang Ruochen's body. He could barely stand, not to mention hit a second strike.

Chapter 875 - Killing Token

Translator:

Larbre Studio

Editor:

Larbre Studio

Even a Seventh Level Half-Saint would exert himself to burst out the Thousand Lines of Destruction for one time.

Therefore, Zhang Ruochen had spent 80 percent of his Holy Qi to display the last strike, even though the Holy Qi reserved in his lower abdomen and Xuan Embryo was enormous.

Jian Kongzi was correct that Zhang Ruochen would find it hard to maintain his battle power at the minute, not to mention to display a second strike of the Thousand Lines of Destruction.

But Zhang Ruochen didn't change much except that his face turned a little pale. He said calmly, "I've said this before; whoever dares to stop me will be killed by me." He slowly raised his hands and put them at his chest.

Bump!

A breaking noise sounded inside his heart.

The dragon marble, which floated in his heart, cracked dozens of lines and broke into pieces. Rays of blinding golden brilliance gushed out from Zhang Ruochen's body and penetrated the night.

Zhang Ruochen smashed the dragon marble with his own strength, and let Qi of Saint Dragon out of the dragon marble fiercely. All of a sudden, Qi of Saint Dragon filled all of his lower abdomen, Xuan Embryo and veins.

Most Qi of Saint Dragon had been taken by the gold dragon and was put into the sarira. And after Zhang Ruochen's

constant absorption, only a little Qi of Saint Dragon had been left inside.

Even if Zhang Ruochen didn't crack it, it would soon explode by itself as a result of the exhaustion of the dragon Qi.

But surely, the smallest amount of Qi of Saint Dragon still contained tremendous power, which should be enough for Zhang Ruochen to display the Thousand Lines of Destruction three times.

Besides Qi of Saint Dragon, dragon marble also contained much knowledge and understanding of the gold dragon.

That was the reason why, after pieces of dragon marble had entered Zhang Ruochen's veins, they were soon refined by Divine Fire Jingmie and transferred into a strand of mysterious power that entered his Saint Soul by the Soul Meridian.

Every Rule of Saintly Way grew and multiplied madly, including Sky Flying Rule, Flying Light Rule, Death Rule, and Sun and Moon Rule.

After each breath, a new rule of Saintly Way would be generated, including some Supreme Saintly Ways.

“Ahhhh!”

Golden dragon Qi gushed out from Zhang Ruochen's body and took the form of thousands of dragon shadows to wrap up the space between heaven and the earth. And they kept roaring loudly.

Zhang Ruochen looked nothing like a man running out of Holy Qi by then. He was like a vigorous divine dragon and astonished all the Half-Saints onsite.

At the same time, they all retreated far away.

It's no joke. If Zhang Ruochen activated the Taotian Sword and displayed the Thousand Lines of Destruction again, nobody could run away.

“I've heard that Zhang Ruochen has found the tomb of the golden dragon and inherited the treasure of Emperor Buddha. So the words might be true?” A sound was heard through the night sky. “Look, the martial soul of Zhang Ruochen...”

They all looked at Zhang Ruochen's martial soul, and saw it hanging there and expanding with golden lights.

More than 150 Rules of Saintly Way had been condensed inside his saint soul, and the number still went up with unimaginable speed.

12 Rules of Saintly Way could help a Fish-Dragon Realm monk to reach the state of a Half-Saint.

And 30 Rules of Saintly Way would certainly make a figure extraordinary in the Fish-Dragon Realm.

So, naturally, the appearance of 150 Rules of Saintly Way in Zhang Ruochen's saint soul had shocked everyone.

An old man in a black robe said, "maybe Zhang Ruochen wants to reach the state of Half-Saint?"

"No wonder Divine Fire Jingmie didn't die out. Zhang Ruochen was trying to reach the state of Half-Saint. Once he made it, we couldn't imagine how powerful he would become."

All powerful figures from the Ministry of War showed up.

Other than Jian Kongzi, Zhuang Xuankong and Feng Qin, a man with a gold knife on his back and a woman at the age of around 40 showed up as well.

The two were covered by twelve layers of golden armor.

The man with a gold knife on his back was called Zuo Linghuan, King Gold Knife.

The woman at the age of around 40 was called Qiu Shuang, Queen Yin Eagle.

Five out of the top ten powerful figures had shown up.

The power of Destruction of the Thousand-patterns was truly terrible, but they were no ordinary people either as they had gone through great upheavals and changes. They had seen the extremes, so they weren't frightened by them.

Feng Qin said solemnly, "Although the power of the Taotian Sword was truly irresistible, Zhang Ruochen hasn't reached

the state of Half-Saint yet. If we attack carefully, we might be able to defeat him.”

Queen Yin Eagle gave a cold look, and said, “The reason King Thousand-elephant died was that he didn’t foresee that Zhang Ruochen could display Destruction of the Thousand-patterns. Now that we know he could, we don’t have to be afraid of him.”

“Let’s fight. We have to capture Zhang Ruochen, even if we have to spend our lives.”

King Gold Knife took out his knife with one hand.

With a crash, gold light of the knife came out to be a river of Knife Qi hanging in midair, and then chopped toward Zhang Ruochen.

Meanwhile, others all played their saint weapons or Consummate Skills to attack Zhang Ruochen.

Only Zhang Ruochen could enjoy such a special treatment that five powerful figures from the Ministry of War were to attack him jointly, although he was just a Fish-Dragon Realm monk.

Zhang Ruochen operated Sword Intent to command the Taotian Sword to rise again and hover in mid air.

Boom!

With Holy Qi coming into the sword continuously from both his palms, sword spirit was awoken again. A thick strand of Qi spread to all sides.

The power of a Thousand-pattern Saint Weapon was truly incomparable. Only a strand of its Qi had pressed hard on the powerful figures from the Ministry of War.

Zhang Ruochen’s eyes were bloodshot, and he shouted, “Kill them all!”

Destruction of the Thousand-patterns burst out and the Taotian Sword went down. A deafening bump was heard in midair as the Taotian Sword chopped the Yin and Yang Chessboard played by Zhuang Xuankong in two.

The sword light fell down with ruthless power and chopped King Gold Knife in two from his head.

A long sword road was left on the ground once more.

Another powerful figure had been killed. No one seemed to be able to resist the Destruction of the Thousand-patterns given out by the Taotian Sword.

Surely Zhang Ruochen paid dearly as well. When the Taotian Sword chopped King Gold Knife, he was hit by a flying sword thrown by Jian Kongzi at his chest.

The flying sword didn't penetrate Zhang Ruochen's body, as he had put Shooting Star Invisible Cloak on. Therefore, Zhang Ruochen was pushed to fly backwards and spit out a mouthful of blood.

Two of his ribs were broken and all his organs hurt like hell. Apparently he suffered greatly.

Luckily Zhang Ruochen had cultivated Five Elements Chaotic Body and had extraordinary defensive power. If you put another monk in his shoes, his body would be crushed by the hit of Jian Kongzi, even with the Shooting Star Invisible Cloak on.

Jian Kongzi put on a ghastly face when he saw the corpse of King Gold Knife.

The imperial government had lost three powerful figures in a row to try to capture Zhang Ruochen. Such a huge loss would surely startle the great figures of the Ministry of War.

If he couldn't beat Zhang Ruochen, Jian Kongzi would never be accepted by the Ministry of War. And even Wan Zhaoyi wouldn't help him.

“My chessboard.”

Zhuang Xuankong held his broken chessboard with both hands. He couldn't help shaking his hands and feeling sad. For Zhang Ruochen, he held nothing but huge hatred.

Yin and Yang Chessboard was a powerful saint weapon, which had cost Zhuang Xuankong dearly to obtain it.

No one could have expected that it could be destroyed by a young Fish-Dragon Realm monk.

Zhang Ruochen stood up again, and wiped the blood off his lips. His eyes still looked sharp. The Spiritual Qi surrounding him gave out blades of sword Qi, making a rustling sound.

At this minute, he was like a Sword Saint who had indestructible strength.

Jian Kongzi took a deep breath and said, "Killing Token."

Jian Kongzi, Zhuang Xuankong, Feng Qin and Queen Yin Eagle all took out a black token, then put their Holy Qi into it.

The tokens revolved rapidly over their heads and became as giant as the half sky.

Only kings from the Ministry of War could be granted a Killing Token.

Killing Token was granted to them by the Empress, herself.

Each token contained a tiny bit of the breath of the Empress. Wielding three or more tokens at the same time could activate a strike of the Empress's power and vanquish the enemy whom they couldn't beat.

The more tokens used, the more power would burst out.

As four Killing Tokens rose above the ground, clouds of white Qi gushed out from the tokens and surged between them like a river. At the center, a 1000-meter-tall shadow of the Empress appeared.

Chapter 876 - Half-Saint

Translator:

Larbre Studio

Editor:

Larbre Studio

No one could see clearly the look of the Empress, as the shadow was rather blurred.

But with her standing there, a strand of terrible power burst out and swept across the land for thousands of miles with Imperial Might.

Some lower rank Half-Saints hiding in the dark couldn't resist the powerful Imperial Might and knelt on the ground.

Zhang Ruochen was standing opposite the shadow of the Empress, and naturally he was pressed even harder. His hair and cloths kept flinging around and his legs trembled, but Zhang Ruochen didn't kneel down. And he shouted, "Attack."

Mark of Gods appeared inside Zhang Ruochen's body and hovered around to resist the Imperial Might given out by the Empress's shadow.

His eyes were even more bloodshot. He took the Taotian Sword and leaped into midair. Then he wielded the sword to chop the 1000-meter-tall shadow of the Empress.

Numerous people in the dark were frightened to death by his action.

It was severe disrespect to mention the Empress's name in Kunlun's Field.

But who should have expected that such a Fish-Dragon Realm monk dared to wield a sword to chop the Empress's shadow.

Didn't he know that the cultivation of the Empress had gone beyond heaven and hell? This mere shadow of hers also contained Imperial Might and her spiritual power.

Perhaps at the minute, the true self of the Empress had caught the sight of Zhang Ruochen the Rebel through her shadow.

“You are asking for death to behave like that in front of Empress.”

Jian Kongzi gave a sneer. He raised one hand slowly and gave a quick hit to the surface of the Killing Token in front of him.

At the same time, the shadow of the Empress raised her hand and pressed in her front to pat at the head of Zhang Ruochen.

“Sword Three.” Zhang Ruochen input Holy Qi continuously into the Taotian Sword. Thousands of inscriptions began to show on its surface.

Destruction of the Thousand-patterns burst out as the sword moved.

The Taotian Sword hit the palm of the Empress and made a deafening noise.

Puff!

Zhang Ruochen spit a mouthful of blood and fell from midair. With a loud noise, he crashed into the ground.

A giant pit of a handprint appeared on the ground, which was almost 100 meters in diameter, and a rumbling noise was heard. Mud was pushed out of the handprint pit on all sides.

Zhang Ruochen almost kneeled at the bottom of the pit, leaning on the sword. His body was covered with blood and skin was almost broken into pieces. His blood had turned the soil under his feet into bloody mud.

Everyone else showed smirks rather than pity at the sight of him.

They all thought that Zhang Ruochen was totally reckless to challenge the Empress. He was almost as bold and ridiculous as an ant trying to challenge a god.

“Being hit by one palm of the Empress, Zhang Ruochen would be at least disabled if he could survive by luck. He could never fight back,” Zhuang Xuankong laughed.

So he walked to the handprint pit before everyone else.

But after five steps, he sensed a strong strand of Qi billow gushing out from the bottom of the pit.

“What’s that?”

Zhuang Xuankong changed his face and transferred Holy Qi to his arms. With a push of both his hands to the front, a thick wall of Holy Qi was created.

Strong Qi billow kept hitting on the wall of Holy Qi and threw Zhuang Xuankong away.

Immediately after this, Zhang Ruochen was seen walking out of the pit pace by pace, carrying the bloody sword with him.

The martial soul floating over Zhang Ruochen’s head gave out bright divine lights. At its center, an extremely thick Rule was slowly formed.

There used to be an extremely thick Rule in his martial soul, which connected the head and the feet like a tall column. It was an Ancient Way called Spatial Rule.

The new formed rule was as thick as Spatial Rule. Apparently it was another Ancient Way, Time Rule.

With the help of Divine Fire Jingmie and dragon marble, together with the stimulation from the shadow of the Empress, Zhang Ruochen understood the truth of time and cultivated Time Rule in one swoop.

Now the number of Rules of Saintly Way in the martial soul of Zhang Ruochen had reached 300.

Zhang Ruochen raised his head and glared at the shadow of the Empress. He gave a sharp look full of hatred and anger. “Now that I’ve comprehended Time Rule, it’s time for me to become a Half-Saint.”

A drop of Dragon King’s Blood appeared on his palm, and was quickly taken by him.

Boom!

Dragon King’s Blood exploded inside his belly like a bomb and released enormous Holy Qi, which rushed to his five saintly meridians and 36 veins.

The Qi of Zhang Ruochen accumulated quickly. Every minute it increased largely.

“The power of Zhang Ruochen is building up. He should soon break through the state, ” Feng Qin said gravely.

“Since he wants to reach the state of Half-Saint, we should suppress him the minute before he makes it.”

Jian Kongzi put on a cold face and put his Holy Qi continuously into the Killing Token.

The shadow of the Empress gave another hit. A handprint pressed hard on Zhang Ruochen.

The giant palm was like a white cloud wrapping up the space between heaven and earth, leaving no space for Zhang Ruochen to run away.

At the moment, Mark of Gods flew out from the lower abdomen of Zhang Ruochen again.

But this time, Mark of Gods rushed to his martial soul instead and grew together with it. With each mark blending in, the martial soul of Zhang Ruochen became much more powerful.

After his martial soul finished blending with Mark of Gods, it made an utter change and turned into a saint soul.

The process of a martial soul becoming a saint soul was the process of a Fish-Dragon becoming a Half-Saint.

It might be extremely hard for others to reach the state of Half-Saint, but since Zhang Ruochen had prepared well for it, naturally he made it.

Now Zhang Ruochen had reached the First Level of Half-Saint.

His breakthrough of state had gathered all Spiritual Qi to him, which later entered the Sacred Mark between his eyebrows. A giant whirlpool of Spiritual Qi was formed, with his body at its center.

The minute Spiritual Qi entered his body, it transferred into Holy Qi instantly.

It was still Holy Qi that flew in the veins of a Half-Saint, but it became more condensed and cleansed.

A Fish-Dragon Realm monk could condense ten lines of Holy Qi after he had absorbed Spiritual Power in the area of more than 300 meters in diameter, while a Half-Saint could only condense one.

Although it was harder for a Half-Saint to absorb Holy Qi, it would burst out more power when it was transferred.

The same martial arts played by a Half-Saint would generate power ten times more than that of a Fish-Dragon Realm monk.

Consequently, Spiritual Qi could hardly satisfy the need of a Half-Saint. So they would try everything to find more saint rocks to take Holy Qi, and recover themselves.

The handprint of the Empress had landed from the sky and appeared on top of Zhang Ruochen's head.

Bright lights gushed out from both his eyes. Zhang Ruochen transferred all Spiritual Qi from the area of more than hundreds of kilometers in diameter and put it all into the Taotian Sword constantly.

“Chi Yao, I know you can hear my voice. Listen to this: one day, I will come to the Imperial Palace and slay you.”

Zhang Ruochen shouted as he rose above the ground.

The brilliance of the Taotian Sword blended with his body and they became a Human Sword. The powerful step of Zhang Ruochen had forced the ground to cave in.

Many thought that Zhang Ruochen would run away. No one should expect that not only did he stay to fight the shadow of the Empress, but also called the Empress's name and claimed he would slay her.

Even the Death Zen Elder or the Demonic Sect Founder wouldn't dare to say something bold like that.

“Since he has reached the state of Half-Saint, he should run away, find a place and recover himself. After fully recovered, he would become powerful enough to get everything he wants. Why should he struggle with the Empress?”

“With his words today, Zhang Ruochen has offended the Empress completely. Even if the Empress wouldn’t do it by herself, those people in the imperial government would hunt him down or try to kill him at any cost to please the Empress.”

“What a reckless person! Reckless!”

...

More inscriptions appeared inside the Taotian Sword.

Terrible Destruction of the Thousand-patterns burst out and crashed with the handprint of the Empress’s shadow. Then it ripped the shadow and penetrated it.

Zhang Ruochen had gone through the handprint, and kept rising higher and higher until he arrived at the top of Empress’s head. Then he wielded his sword.

Zoom!

The bright sword light gave out a more than one kilometer long arc, and chopped off the head of the shadow of the Empress from her neck.

Immediately after, the shadow of the Empress collapsed with a deafening noise.

Meanwhile, except Jian Kongzi, the other three powerful figures beneath the shadow, Feng Qin, Queen Yin Eagle and Zhuang Xuankong, all spit mouthfuls of blood and half kneeled on the ground.

Chapter 877 - The Unrivaled Empress

Translator:

Larbre Studio

Editor:

Larbre Studio

Zhang Ruochen fell down quickly and crashed fiercely into the ground like an aerolite, pushing soil and dust away.

Zhang Ruochen was already severely wounded from the previous fights. And the handprint played by the shadow of the Empress almost smashed his lower abdomen into pieces.

Zoom!

Before people could recover from the shock, Zhang Ruochen displayed Spatial Move to rush to the side of Queen Yin Eagle, bearing the intense pain and suppressing his injuries. Then he wielded his sword to chop her.

Now that he had reached Half-Saint, he could command space more freely. In such a short time, he could condense enough spatial power to display Spatial Move.

At least half of the time was saved.

Therefore, when Zhang Ruochen appeared at the side of Queen Yin Eagle, she only perceived a change of spatial power. And before she could act, coldness passed to her from her neck.

Hiss.

With a flash of sword light, the head of Queen Yin Eagle flew away. Blood gushed out from her neck, reaching more than three meters high.

The enormous blood Qi of the Half-Saint condensed into a blood cloud and floated in the surrounding space.

“Horrid Zhang Ruochen, he should dare to attack again!”

The death of Queen Yin Eagle awakened Feng Qin, Zhuang Xuankong and Jian Kongzi from the shock. They were so afraid of his next moves that they put on defensive gesture at once.

Zoom!

Feng Qin commanded Rules of Wind and leaped immediately backwards to land on the back of the giant black scorpion. He released the whole of his Saint Soul Territory to wrap up his body.

His title, King Giant Scorpion, had everything to do with the giant black scorpion taken by him.

The giant black scorpion was a sixth-level mid-class savage beast. Its attack could compare with Feng Qin in his prime.

Feng Qin together with giant black scorpion could even fight a dozen rounds with a Seventh Level Half-Saint.

Zhuang Xuankong slid aside instantly and landed to the left of Jian Kongzi. He stayed 10 meters away from Jian Kongzi, making the best defensive position for them both.

If Zhang Ruochen wanted to secretly attack him, he would surely be slaughtered by the sword of Jian Kongzi.

Reaching to the state of Half-Saint, Divine Fire Jingmie on Zhang Ruochen's body died out quickly. His original power dispersed, ebbing, as well, making it a little hard to suppress his pain.

“That's all for today. I hope we won't meet again.”

Zhang Ruochen displayed Spatial Move and landed on the back of Blackie. Then he took the saint decree out and put Holy Qi into it.

Buzz.

Saint power surged out of the saint decree and became a giant light ball to wrap him and Blackie up. Then it rushed beyond the sky with the speed of a saint.

In fact, it was already a huge risk for Zhang Ruochen to have suppressed his wounds and killed Queen Yin Eagle. But the killing frightened Jian Kongzi, Feng Qin and Zhuang Xuankong, and forced them to retreat and defend themselves.

As a result, they failed to stop Zhang Ruochen from taking out the saint decree to escape, and had to watch him running away.

Phew!

Jian Kongzi threw a light-like flying sword in the direction where Zhang Ruochen was running to.

But the speed of the saint decree was way too fast to be hit by the flying sword of Jian Kongzi.

“Oh no. Once Zhang Ruochen recovers, even ten powerful figures working together wouldn’t beat him,” Jian Kongzi said with anxiety.

After tonight’s fight, Jian Kongzi shuddered as well, even though he was of high cultivation and status.

Feng Qin looked at the corpses of Queen Yin Eagle and King Gold Knife, and shook his head. “Now there are only six out of ten powerful figures alive.”

Jian Kongzi bit his lips with great shame.

Zhang Ruochen had killed four kings of the Ministry of War in a row. And each of them was a well-known figure who had great influence over the realm.

“Feng Qin, Zhuang Xuankong, you two go and report this to Lord Wan immediately. I’ll go after Zhang Ruochen and kill him at any cost before he can fully recover.”

After saying it, Jian Kongzi took out a saint decree and activated the saint power inside to rush to the night sky.

Now, those monks who were hiding in the dark recovered from the shock and took long breaths.

“Zhang Ruochen has reached the state of Half-Saint. If he could escape from the deadly chase of Jian Kongzi and fully recover, he would surely become an eyesore for the imperial government.”

“That’s true. He is so fast and can command both the power of time and space. He is more troublesome than those in Half-Saint Rank.”

Of course there were some who didn’t take him seriously, and they said, “Zhang Ruochen is way too arrogant. Not only did he destroy the shadow of the Empress, but claimed he would rush into the Imperial Palace and kill the Empress in person. Let’s see, if he could survive the first month, I, Wang Ru, will reverse my family name.”

Tonight’s fight had significant influence. Rays of Signal Flares flew in all directions and passed the word to all powerful forces in Central Region.

And since the word was still on the way, it would be an even bigger influence made by Zhang Ruochen the next morning.

Five Elements Chaotic Body, Tenth Change of the Fish-Dragon Realm, and the chopping of the shadow of the Empress...those would surely introduce the Time and Space Descendant to the monks of Central Region once again.

...

Central Emperor City was sure to be the most prosperous city of Kunlun’s Field. It used to be the capital city of Qingchi Central Empire 800 years ago as well.

After Qingchi Central Empire ended the reign of Sacred Central Empire, it had conquered all forces around, such as the Demonic Sect, Black Market, Buddha Way, Taichi Sect and so on, and united the world.

500 hundred years ago, Emperor Qing stepped down and the Empress came to the throne. The capital city of Qingchi Central Empire became the capital of the whole Kunlun’s Field, and was called “Central Emperor City.”

In the past 500 years, the scale of Central Emperor City had expanded several times, and its city wall had been constructed layer by layer.

Only Ziwei Palace at the center of Emperor City still stood high above the clouds, layer by layer. The highest layer floating in the clouds was beautifully decorated with gold

columns and dragon pillars, and was tightly packed. It spread hundreds of kilometers away like fairy palaces from heaven. Common monks would only stand on the ground to look up at it and weren't allowed to approach.

The so-called "Ziwei" stood for the Master of Battle and Fate, Saintly Way and Political Star.

On top of the clouds, there was a deep blue heaven lake, which was 15 kilometers in width and almost 70 meters in depth. All fish in the lake were saint beasts of the Aquatic Race. All plants by the lakeside were rare ancient saint herbs.

The water in heaven lake was Original Cold Spring taken by the Empress from the bottom of the Void Sea.

It was said that all water in Kunlun's Field had originated in the bottom of the Void Sea, and flowed to seas, inland rivers and lakes. Therefore, the water from the spring at the bottom of the Void Sea was called Original Cold Spring.

One drop of Original Cold Spring could turn into thousands of drops of natural water. And only saint beasts could live in Original Cold Spring.

At the center of heaven lake, there was an oasis. At the center of the oasis, there was the splendid Saint Palace Yuanchu, where the Empress lived.

It was a night with a full moon. The moon shined brightly as if it was put over Saint Palace Yuanchu to light the water's surface of heaven lake with a glow. Some Taigu Remains came out of the water, and flew in the clouds to swallow the moonlight and practice ancient mysterious exercises.

Empress Chi Yao sat under an ancient tree beside the lake. Blood red leaves were under her feet, making a sharp contrast with the white Saint Jade Slabstone.

Under the moonlight, she was in beautiful gold dressings and was covered by divine light, looking like a Fairy Lingbo from heaven or an unrivalled Empress facing her realm.

Time had left no trace on her face during the past 800 years, as if the power of time couldn't do anything to her. She had

snow-white skin, a pair of bright eyes and red lips. And her fingers were pure and pretty like artistic treasures.

Four Maidens standing behind her were all like crescents and of great beauty and grace. But their looks were rather inferior to that of the Empress.

At the time, Empress seemed to sense something special and stopped being quiet. Her extremely beautiful eyes looked to somewhere billions of meters away.

Even the slightest look of hers could have great influence. All Half-Saints in Central Emperor City within hundreds of kilometers in diameter felt a strand of terrible Empress Might crushing over their heads.

Countless people were terrified by it and they had no idea what was going on.

After a while, the Empress looked away.

The voice of the Empress was like a divine voice from heaven. She said lightly, “Danqing, how long should we wait for the Nine Kunlun’s Heirs to finish practicing?”

Danqing apparently stood for Saint Lady Nalan Danqing, one of the Four Maidens standing behind the Empress.

Saint Lady was in bluish white scholarly robes, and her hair was combed like a young lord’s. She was very graceful. Her beautiful eyes and teeth were like the marbles under moonlight and green lotus in the pond.

She came to the Empress, bowed and said lightly, “The Nine Kunlun’s Heirs have entered Tianlun Mark and practiced for five months. They’ll need one more month to finish. By their cultivation, they could all reach Ninth Level Half-Saint by then, except for Huang Yanchen.”

The time in Tianlun Mark was thirty times as long as the outside.

Half a year’s practice of the Nine Kunlun’s Heirs in Tianlun Mark equaled 15 years’ practice in the outside. Together with large amounts of treasury resources supplied by the imperial

government, it was not hard for them to reach Ninth Level Half-Saint.

Of course it had cost the imperial government dearly to have sent Nine Kunlun's Heirs to practice such a long time in Tianlun Mark.

The Empress nodded and said, "The cultivation of Huang Yanchen was truly lower than the rest. But since she could become one of Nine Kunlun's Heirs, she should have a better fate than the rest. Maybe she could accomplish more than them in the future."

Just after the Empress finished her words, a melodious whizz was heard beyond the horizon. The sound had come through the clouds and surrounded Ziwei Palace.

All of the clouds rolled with the rhythm of the whizz. All saint beasts in heaven lake trembled with fear as they perceived an extremely dangerous Qi.

The eyes of the Empress looked at the horizon. Her soft lips moved and said softly, "Song of Lanyou. She came, at last!"

A woman with white hair was seen above the clouds. She blew xiao, a bamboo flute, while walking to her. Her eyes were deep and dark. Her white hair danced in the wind.

The sound of xiao was more beautiful than sounds of nature. And a sense of solumnity also could be perceived from it, as if a powerful army was riding with her.

Chapter 878 - What if He Survived?

Translator:

Larbre Studio

Editor:

Larbre Studio

“Whoever dares to enter Ziwei Palace without permission will be killed at once.”

Martial Saint Canglan, one of the Nine Heavenly Maidens, rose up from the lakeside.

Her battle power ranked No.1 among the Nine Heavenly Maidens, and she was a bodyguard of the Empress. She had put on Pheonix-fire Saint Armor and held the Fentian Sword in her hand. She had a supple and graceful figure, her brows and eyes like those from paintings. She was extremely beautiful. Her scarlett hair was like fire. Looking from afar, she was like a Martial God of unrivalled beauty.

Other saints in Ziwei Palace all stood out and took the forms of human shadows. Some of them shined like gold, some burned like flames and some gave out gorgeous rays of light.

Palms, saint weapons and rays of thunder and lightning were all thrown to attack the white hair woman from afar.

It was their responsibility to not let an intruder enter Ziwei Palace without permission. Now they had to try everything they could to make up for it and kill the enemy before she could enter Saint Palace Yuanchu.

The white haired woman stood above the clouds. Her skin was fair, her eyes were ethereal, her neck was slender, which gave an extraordinary temperament like a Fairy Lingbo from heaven.

She looked at the attacks from the saints of Ziwei Palace silently, and stopped blowing her xiao.

She pinched xiao gently with one soft hand and pointed to the front.

With a boom, heaven and earth all took a fierce quake as if they were going to flip over. All attacks were crashed by a strand of invisible power and flew to all sides.

Instantly, countless well-known saints in Ziwei Palace spit blood and passed out.

Martial Saint Canglan fell from midair and was covered with blood. She was about to fall in the heaven lake.

“Hua—”

Saint Lady raised one fine hand, and threw Saint Book Ruzu to catch the body of Martial Saint Canglan and take her back.

The white haired woman stopped attacking and walking. Her eyes were as deep as two universes and she stared at the Empress, who was sitting beside the heaven lake.

The Empress seemed to be very calm and her look didn't change a bit. She just said lightly, “Lanyou, I haven't seen you in 100 years.”

“It's 130 years and 44 days,” the white haired woman replied.

The Empress remained silent for a while and said, “You've challenged me every 100 years, and every time you have failed.”

“So what? As long as I'm still alive, I am going to kill you.”

Coldness came out from the Empress's body. Fluffy snow fell from the sky in a full moon night.

Snowflakes poured down like a waterfall.

And it showed how furious the Empress was.

“The reason you are still alive is that I didn't want to kill you then. Last time I told you this: If you come here again, I will not spare your life.”

“Are you still able to fight now?”

The hair of the white haired woman danced like willow catkins even though there was no wind at all.

She was the only one who dared to face the Empress without fear or panic, nor surrender.

The Empress pressed her red lips and made a breathtakingly beautiful but cold smile. She said, “You would believe that I can no longer fight?”

After a while the Empress added, “I thought you would have become smarter after 800 years. But you are still so stupid.”

“Is that so?” said the white haired woman.

“No one dared to burst in Ziwei Palace but you. Isn’t that called stupidity?”

The power of the Empress’s Qi was so strong that divine light and Qi of sun glow filled the space, as if the whole Central Region was lit by her divine light.

She didn’t look like the person who was trying to avoid the Way of Heaven.

The white haired woman said lightly, “Other people are afraid of death, that’s why they won’t come. But I dared to come, for my heart already died 800 years ago and I fear death no more. I’m still alive because you are still alive. It doesn’t matter whether you can fight or not, whether you are avoiding the Way of Heaven or not, I was going to come here today. Chi Yao, let me ask you a question: do you still remember Zhang Ruochen from 800 years ago?”

The name “Zhang Ruochen” gave a shudder to Saint Lady standing behind the Empress. She couldn’t help but to look at the Empress and say to herself, “Could it be that the Empress did have extraordinary connections with the Crown Prince of the Sacred Central Empire 800 years ago?”

After Chi Yao came to the throne, she had issued a secret decree to destroy all books about Zhang Ruochen. Fewer and fewer books about the Crown Prince of the Sacred Central Empire were left today.

The Empress appeared to be very calm, and she laughed. “Zhang Ruochen...a name from so long ago. If you hadn't mentioned it, I would have almost forgotten who he was.”

“You refuse to face it on purpose, don't you? If you really don't remember who he was, why should you personally issue a decree to capture a person who happens to have the same name as him? You still feel uneasy after 800 years, don't you? That's why you are so afraid that you don't want even a person with the same name to survive. Am I right?”

The white haired woman stepped forward and soon arrived at the side of heaven lake. She stood across the lake to face the Empress.

Both of them were unrivalled beauties. One of them was the Empress of Kunlun's Field, the other was Saint Elder of Sacred Central Crypt. Sadly they were enemies at the moment and were about to fight at any moment.

The Empress kept silent for a while and said, “Lanyou, I don't want to kill you. After all, only a few of our generation have survived. Go back today, don't push me.”

“I am here to avenge him. If I die here, it's a worth death. But if I am lucky enough to kill you, it's what you deserve.”

Determination could be seen from the eyes of the white haired woman, as if she never thought she could survive and leave Ziwei Palace alive. She kept walking toward the Empress at the lakeside. She stepped into the lake and walked on the water's surface, making fine and close ripples.

The Empress closed her eyes. Her beautiful eyeliner and long and curved eyelashes could be seen. After a while, she said, “What if he survived?”

Hearing this word, the powerful Qi condensed by the white haired woman immediately broke down. And the determined look in her eyes disappeared as well.

She stopped and stared at the Empress, not far away.

But the Empress had closed her eyes and couldn't see her facial expression.

“What do you mean?” asked the white haired woman.

“Nothing. I just asked you a question. You can answer me, or not.” The Empress opened her eyes again to look at the white haired woman, and appeared to be extremely peaceful.

“I don’t buy it. You must mean something else.”

The white haired woman gathered another strand of powerful Qi. Colorful sunglows gushed out from her back and turned into a shadow of a peacock which was more than hundreds of kilometers long.

All monks in Central Emperor City saw the peacock shadow over their heads at the moment. They worried that some ancient divine beasts had come.

Only those who had lived more than hundreds of years had recognized the identity of the peacock shadow and raced to Ziwei Palace.

The Empress said, “If you think so, I can say nothing to change your mind. I just wanna know, do you still dare to fight now?”

Sometimes, people had to be obsessed with something to be fearless of death.

Once the obsession wavered, the determination would no longer exist.

Saint Lady bit her lips lightly while staring at the white haired woman standing at the center of heaven lake. She could perceive that the murderous Qi of the white haired woman was still powerful, but the determination to die no longer existed in her eyes.

Only by then did Saint Lady become sure that the white haired lady was going to retreat.

The white haired lady fell into contemplation. Suddenly something occurred to her, and she gave a scary look.

Shortly, she raised her head again and stared at the Empress.

“Chi Yao, after I see him, I will come back again.”

She left them while her voice was still circling over heaven lake. No one could see her trace.

“After practicing for 800 years, she still cares a lot about death. What’s the difference between her mindset and that of a common person?”

Empress said this to herself and looked at the water in the lake. She put on a sneer, but no one knew who she was sneering at.

Saint Lady said softly, “I’ve learned that Wan Zhaoyi has personally gone to Yuan Mansion, and commanded several powerful figures to capture Zhang Ruochen on a large scale.”

“Wan Zhaoyi didn’t do it well, he has to make up for it,” said the Empress. “You should go to Yuan Mansion too, and bring this verbal order to him. If he couldn’t capture Zhang Ruochen within three months, I will convict him for treason. He can choose his way to die.”

“Yes, Empress.”

Saint Lady made a salute with hands folded and retreated.

...

In Qingli County, Yuan Mansion.

Zhang Ruochen had used the saint decree to run hundreds of thousands of kilometers away, during which he had changed his direction three times in a row. Even he couldn’t tell where he was now and couldn’t go on any longer, so he stopped there.

Zhang Ruochen was severely wounded. His robes were soaked with blood and he almost passed out.

Blackie carried Zhang Ruochen on its back and entered a green mountain. It found a cave halfway up the mountain and went inside to conceal their trace.

After they entered the cave, Zhang Ruochen propped himself up into a sitting position with strong spiritual power. He ate a Recovering Pill and operated exercises to refine the pill and cure his wounds.

Although Li Min was seriously injured as well, she was just an ordinary monk and with only one pill she had recovered completely.

The stronger one's body was, the less likely he would get hurt. And once he was hurt from the outside, he would soon cure himself.

But once powerful monks were hurt from the inside, it would be much harder for them to recover than it was for ordinary monks.

Zhang Ruochen spent two hours to refine a Seventh-class Recovering Pill to barely suppress his wounds.

Chapter 879 - Visitor from Sacred Central Crypt

Translator:

Larbre Studio

Editor:

Larbre Studio

Li Min squatted on the ground and looked at Zhang Ruochen with her eyes blinking. She asked, “How do you feel now? Have you recovered?”

Zhang Ruochen shook his head and said, “It would take at least three days for me to recover completely.”

Actually Zhang Ruochen had to spend at least one month to fully recover. He told Li Min three days since he wanted to enter the Scroll World to nurture his wounds.

Li Min laughed. “You were so arrogant that you dared to chop the Empress’s shadow. Now have you learned your lesson?”

Cough-cough.

Zhang Ruochen felt intense pain in his organs. He coughed and blood came out of his mouth.

Li Min walked to him immediately and patted him on his back. “There, there, I will not leave you alone, as you’ve been wounded so severely. Let’s wipe the blood off you. Alas, a Half-Saint should be so vulnerable. How pitiful!”

Then she took out a green embroidered handkerchief and gave it to Zhang Ruochen.

Zhang Ruochen smiled and took it. He could smell the faint fragrance of orchid on it, and looked at the orchid delicately embroidered on it. He could see that the little girl was clever with her hands.

He wiped blood off his lips, then returned the handkerchief to Li Min. "Thanks a lot."

"They say the blood of a Half-Saint could sell at a high price."

With a pair of small white hands holding the handkerchief, the clear eyes of Li Min gave out greedy lights when she saw the blood stain on it.

Zhang Ruochen was shocked and couldn't help but feeling that the reason why Li Min had lent him her handkerchief was to obtain blood of a Half-Saint.

"Eh!"

A very strong power wave appeared in the range of Zhang Ruochen's spiritual power.

"Someone is coming!"

Zhang Ruochen put on a gloomy face and looked at the entrance of the cave.

Even if he was severely wounded, Zhang Ruochen still operated his spiritual power to perceive changes in the surroundings, in case anyone should follow them here.

Li Min was startled by it, and hid behind Zhang Ruochen's back at once like a frightened rabbit.

Blackie, which was lying on the ground, now flipped its body and stood up. Its black eyes gave out black brilliance, and it said in human language, "He must be something to have followed us here. Let me deal with him."

"No rush," Zhang Ruochen stopped Blackie.

He was quite curious about the identity of the visitor. How could he catch up with them so soon?

Apparently the person became aware that Zhang Ruochen had sensed his Qi, so he stopped outside the cave.

"Huo Yin from Crypt of Sacred Central calls on Lord Zhang."

His voice penetrated the formation outside the cave and was heard inside.

Li Min was a little shocked, and said to Zhang Ruochen with a low voice, "Huo Yin is one of the 108 Saint Generals of Sacred Central Crypt. It is said that he has a Six-Ear Monkey, which could capture any blow and the slightest breath even thousands of kilometers away. Huo Yin must have used the help of Six-Ear Monkey to find us."

Zhang Ruochen raised his head and gave a glance at Li Min.

The little girl knew well about the powerful figures in Kunlun's Field...surely she could compete with Saint Lady.

But Zhang Ruochen wondered why people from Sacred Central Crypt should come to him.

Zhang Ruochen said, "You've followed us here, what do you want?"

"Our young master wants to meet you in person," said Huo Yin.

"Young master of Sacred Central Crypt?"

"That's right."

Zhang Ruochen naturally had no bad feelings towards people from Sacred Central Crypt.

It's just that he was severely wounded now and it would be better not to make contact with them.

After all, his having kindness to them didn't necessarily mean that they liked him too.

Zhang Ruochen covered his injured chest with his hand, and said with weak breath, "I don't want to meet anyone now. I just want to nurse my wounds. Please return!"

Li Min bit her lips lightly and wanted to remind Zhang Ruochen that he could never afford to offend the young master of Sacred Central Crypt. But as Zhang Ruochen had said no, she said no more words.

The voice of Huo Yin changed from kindness to coldness. He said gloomily, "To be honest, you are now a felon wanted by the imperial government, and you've been severely wounded. Without protection, you don't have many days to live."

Zhang Ruochen frowned and coughed. “Young master of Sacred Central Crypt, will protect me?”

Huo Yin said, “Our young master admires your courage and talent very much. After all, not many people in this world are unafraid of the Empress. If you offer to give the sarira of Emperor Buddha to us, our young master will be willing to take you in and protect you. Once you join Sacred Central Crypt, those from the Ministry of War couldn’t lay a finger on you.”

The reason for the young master of Sacred Central Crypt to come to Yuan Mansion was to rob the sarira of Emperor Buddha from Zhang Ruochen, after he heard that Zhang Ruochen appeared there.

Now that Zhang Ruochen was severely wounded, it was the best timing to take the sarira of Emperor Buddha. And if he could also take Zhang Ruochen in and make him work for him, it would be even more perfect.

“So you are here for the sarira.”

Zhang Ruochen remained silent for a while and said, “Doesn’t he worry that once I join Sacred Central Crypt, I will steal the spotlight from him, and even his position as the young master?”

Huo Yin stood outside the cave and rubbed the head of Six-Ear Monkey gently. He sneered and said, “The master of Sacred Central Crypt must come from the family of Kong. However great your talent is, you can not steal the spotlight from young master. Don’t worry, our young master is a generous person who doesn’t envy talents. As long as you really have talents, young master will surely give you enough resources to cultivate yourself.”

Li Min blinked her eyes and said with a low voice near Zhang Ruochen’s ear, “It sounds good, Zhang Ruochen, you should agree to it. Sacred Central Crypt is really influential in Central Region. After you join the camp of the young master of Sacred Central Crypt, you won’t have to hide, worry or wander anymore...”

Zhang Ruochen glared at her.

“Why...why do you look so fierce?” Li Min shrank her neck and murmured, “I know you don’t want to give the sarira of Emperor Buddha away. But life is more priceless compared with it.”

Zhang Ruochen said nothing to Li Min and stood up slowly. He walked outside of the cave with steady steps.

Hua!

A light curtain flashed at the entrance of the cave. Lines of inscriptions moved outside and disappeared shortly after.

Zhang Ruochen walked out of the cave. His face had lost color, but he still stood straight and looked at Huo Yin. “You should go back to tell your young master that I will bear his kindness in mind. But I like loafing around and don’t want to join any force to restrain myself.”

Huo Yin wore black iron robes, and stood in midair with feet stepping on the white clouds. He was quite skinny and dark, and his beard was cut orderly. A red Six-Ear Monkey was on his shoulder.

Hearing Zhang Ruochen’s words, Huo Yin sneered to himself, and said, “It’s not wise for you to say that. Are you sure of it?”

“I’m sure.”

Zhang Ruochen could feel the coldness given out by Huo Yin clearly. And he felt even colder in his heart.

Orange Star Emissary once told him that after Emperor Ming disappeared, Master of Kong Family allied with forces of the imperial government and controlled the government.

He had faith in Kong Lanyou before, so he had considered everything optimistically.

But now, Zhang Ruochen had to think twice. What role did Peacock House or Kong Family play in the coup 800 years ago?

After Emperor Ming went missing and the Crown Prince tragically died, there were still some direct-line descendents of

the Royal Zhang Family who had the talent to become the new Emperor of Sacred Central Empire. And yet, why should the Master of the Kong Family take over the government?

Why should the master of Sacred Central Crypt come from Kong Family instead of Zhang Family?

Zhang Ruochen felt confused and pained, as he had more doubts about the controversial case that had happened 800 years ago.

“Zhang Ruochen, you have to submit either voluntarily or by being forced to. Do you think if you don’t go and meet young master, he would let you go away? To tell you the truth, young master is determined to get the sarira of Emperor Buddha.”

Two clouds of flame gushed out from Cui Yin’s palms and twisted the space by burning. He said coldly, “You could survive if you give us the sarira and submit to young master. Otherwise you will die here and the sarira would fall into the hands of young master as well. You are a clever person, you know what to do.”

“What’s the difference between you and robbers?” Zhang Ruochen didn’t even try to conceal his contempt.

“What a stupid person! As long as we can get the sarira, what’s the harm of becoming robbers?”

“Once you’ve robbed, you will become robbers forever.”

Fierce fury gushed out from Huo Yin’s eyes. He stopped arguing with Zhang Ruochen and closed his hands to overlap two clouds of flame.

Later, a column of fire, which was one meter thick, gushed out from Huo Yin’s palms and rushed to Zhang Ruochen who was standing outside the cave.

The cultivation of Huo Yin had reached Fifth Level Half-Saint, so naturally he was one of the foremost powerful figures.

Zhang Ruochen stood still and didn’t move, with his hands folded behind his back. He only shook his head slightly, and felt more disappointed.

“You think I’m just a pet?”

Blackie gave a weird laugh, and stretched out one claw to carve lines of inscriptions in midair, which formed a round plate of Battle Formation more than 30 meters in diameter.

Boom!

The column of fire hit on the round plate of Battle Formation, and was crushed into little flames that flew to all sides.

A savage beast raised by Zhang Ruochen could be so powerful.

Huo Yin was a little startled. He felt bad and rode on the cloud to retreat for a certain distance.

But Blackie patted to its front with a claw, and pushed the round plate of Battle Formation forward to flip and press on Huo Yin.

The round plate of Battle Formation revolved quickly while dense and thick lightning gushed out to become thick lightning knives which struck at Huo Yin.

Huo Yin opened his Saint Soul Territory at once, and threw a Flame Marble over his head to resist the attack of the lightning.

“Heihei! How could you defend yourself from my Seven-class Divine Thunder Formation?”

A pair of black wings grew out of its back. Blackie flew to the upper side of Battle Formation, and exhaled a mouthful of Holy Qi and put it in the round plate of Battle Formation.

The light given off by the round plate of Battle Formation was ten times brighter than before with its diameter expanded to about 40 meters long, giving out strong lightning power.

Huo Yin felt very bad. As a saint general, he’d been beaten by a cat. Could there be anything more shameful than this?

The Six-Ear Monkey raised by him was already a rare species, which was envied by many Half-Saints.

But this cat of Zhang Ruochen’s was so powerful that it could arrange a Battle Formation which was even more powerful

than the Great Battle Formation.

Chapter 880 - The Young Master

Translator:

Larbre Studio

Editor:

Larbre Studio

Boom!

Dozens of lightning bolts fell together and formed a blinding light shuttle to hit the Saint Soul Territory of Huo Yin, which pushed the Saint Soul Territory to shrink inward quickly.

Blackie's strength today was as powerful as Huo Yin's. With Seven-class Divine Thunder Formation, its attack was almost irresistible.

Huo Yin was powerful enough to have resisted for half an hour before his Saint Soul Territory broke into pieces.

Wham!

The Fire Marble floating over his head died out and was cracked with lines of pattern, and eventually became a broken crystal.

Seven rays of lightning fell on his body together, and crashed his head, back, abdomen and legs. He moaned painfully with a low voice.

Then Huo Yin fell from midair with his whole body in the black smoke.

The Six-Ear Monkey was also hit by a lightning bolt. Its hair turned as grey as coke. And it fell together with Huo Yin to the ground and passed out.

The body of a Half-Saint was powerful enough that even falling from thousand meters high in the sky, it was still complete. Huo Yin was still alive.

But his body had smashed a giant and deep pit in the ground. Densely arranged electric patterns in the pit made a hiss and turned the earth a burnt black.

Zhang Ruochen operated his spiritual power to transfer the thunder and lightning to wrap up his body, and landed on the ground. He walked to the side of the pit and gave a look at Huo Yin.

Seeing Zhang Ruochen, Huo Yin gave a frightened look and shuddered slightly with fear.

Even a Half-Saint would be afraid to face death.

Blackie chuckled, stretched out two claws and walked to Huo Yin, “You should dare to rob us by yourself. Aren’t you a little too proud of yourself?”

“Blackie.”

Zhang Ruochen called Blackie to stop, and shook his head, “He was just following orders. He doesn’t have to die. We’ll let him go.”

Blackie was a little surprised, and wondered since when Zhang Ruochen had begun to let go of the person who wanted to kill him.

Whether from Kong Family or Zhang Family, many in the Sacred Central Crypt used to be former subordinates of Sacred Central Empire.

Zhang Ruochen didn’t want to kill them if he had other options.

Huo Yin was a little surprised as well. It never occurred to him that Zhang Ruochen should let him go so easily. After all, he had killed the kings of the Ministry of War ruthlessly.

Huo Yin had planned to operate secret arts to explode his lower abdomen and kill Zhang Ruochen and him together. But now he changed his mind.

If he could live, why should he seek death?

Zhang Ruochen glanced at Li Min and Blackie, and said, “Since Huo Yin could trace us here, others from Sacred

Central Crypt will also arrive here soon. We must leave now.”

Not long after Zhang Ruochen, Blackie and Li Min had left, two peacocks flew here from the clouds.

Their bodies were so giant that they each took up the space of dozens of square kilometers. Their feather gave out Six-Color Light and Five-Color Light like splendid saint clouds. They left two giant shadows on the mountains.

Incomparable Qi came out from the two peacocks and scared the savage beasts on the ground to prostrate.

Then the two peacocks landed quickly. They became smaller and smaller, and finally took the shape of two humans and stood at the side of Huo Yin.

One of them was a young man in beautifully embroidered blue robes, the other was a bony old man.

The young man was the young master of Sacred Central Crypt, Kong Hongbi.

Kong Hongbi looked very young and handsome with skin as fair as that of a woman and a pair of Six-color Wings on his back. He casually stood there, but gave off a breath-taking power of Qi.

Huo Yin bore his wound and climbed out of the pit with great difficulty. He cupped his hands and made obeisance. “Young master.”

Kong Hongbi touched the thumb ring on his finger softly, and said coldly, “Where is Zhang Ruochen?”

The face of Huo Yin turned pale. He keeled immediately, put his hands on the ground and lowered his head completely. “I was defeated by him, please punish me for my incompetence.”

The young master of Sacred Central Crypt had frightened a Half-Saint to kneel on one knee. Apparently he was a person of power and dignity.

Kong Hongbi furrowed his brow, and gave a cold look. “Zhang Ruochen has been severely wounded, and you were defeated by him?”

Huo Yin was so afraid that he immediately told everything that had happened to Kong Hongbi.

Kong Hongbi gave a sneer, for he thought it funny. “Do you mean, you, a saint general of Sacred Central Crypt, were hit like this by a savage beast of Zhang Ruochen?”

Huo Yin felt the fury of Kong Hongbi and couldn't help trembling. Drops of sweat fell from his forehead.

The old man pleaded on Huo Yin's behalf, and said, “I've seen the cat of Zhang Ruochen when he fought with kings of the Ministry of War. It surely didn't look like an ordinary cat, for its speed was even faster than Jian Kongzi. It makes sense that Huo Yin should be defeated by it.”

Kong Hongbi kept changing his look and eventually calmed down. “Alright. Crypt of Sacred Central is now in need of talents, I will not punish you.”

Huo Yin was relieved, and cast a grateful look to the old man beside Kong Hongbi.

The old man just nodded to him, and said no more words.

Kong Hongbi put his hands behind his back and looked at the sky. “Once we let Zhang Ruochen run away, it would be extremely hard to find him again.”

The bony old man said, “I just heard that many powerful figures of the Immortal Vampires have appeared in Yuan Mansion. What could happen there?”

“Immortal Vampires? They've always stayed in the Northern Region, how dare they come to the Central Region? Could it be...”

Kong Hongbi squeezed his eyes. “Could it be that they had plans in Pluto Sword Tomb? It is said one of the elders of the Immortal Vampires was locked up in Pluto Sword Tomb.”

As the young master of Sacred Central Crypt, Kong Hongbi naturally knew a lot of the secrets, including the legend of “Pluto.”

After a moment of contemplation, Kong Hongbi put on a smile, and said, “Since Immortal Vampires were seen in Yuan

Mansion, there would surely be a bloody gathering. We will go and join them to see what the Immortal Vampires could bring about.”

...

Zhang Ruochen sat on the back of Blackie with his legs crossed. He concentrated on nurturing his wounds while racing on the road.

Li Min kept frowning and was frightened constantly. She looked behind her from time to time, and worried deeply that strong enemies would trace them.

Elephant-swallowing Rabbit turned to the size of a palm. It sat on the shoulder of Li Min with its round belly, and held a silver ginseng which was as thick as a bowl to bite. A row of teeth prints was left on the ginseng.

It looked at Li Min leisurely. “What are you so afraid of?”

Li Min hummed. “You are all too reckless. Don’t you know that powerful figures from the Ministry of War and Sacred Central Crypt could be following behind us? Once they caught us, we would be sure to die.”

Elephant-swallowing Rabbit didn’t take her words seriously, and spit a rind of ginseng. “You have to trust Lord Chen. Seven powerful figures of the Ministry of War couldn’t stop him the night before last. And now he has reached the state of Half-Saint. Even if the powerful figures from the Ministry of War and Sacred Central Crypt could catch us, how could they deal with him?”

Li Min stared at Elephant-swallowing Rabbit, and said, “Zhang Ruochen was helped by the Divine Fire Jingmie to fight against the seven powerful figures of the imperial court that night. Without the Divine Fire Jingmie, Zhang Ruochen could never compete with seven powerful figures despite the fact that he has reached the state of Half-Saint now.”

Li Min had read many books, especially anecdotes and ancient books, therefore she knew something about the Divine Fire Jingmie.

She added, “And Jian Kongzi is no ordinary monk. Zhang Ruochen couldn’t hurt him even with Destruction of the Thousand-patterns. If he gave a full strike, I’m afraid Zhang Ruochen could only resist three blades at the best.”

“Besides Jian Kongzi, the young master of Sacred Central Crypt is a real scary threat.”

Elephant-swallowing Rabbit was still busy eating silver ginseng, and asked unclearly, “How scary is he?”

Li Min hated to speak to a rabbit, but since Zhang Ruochen was silent like a rock, she had to go on discussing things with Elephant-swallowing Rabbit.

“Have you heard about Half-Saint Rank?” she said with excitement.

Students in Confucianism Academy used to be super excited when they talked about Half-Saint Rank. And they could keep talking for a whole day without a break.

Figures in Half-Saint Rank were truly great figures. Each of them was highly likely to become a saint, and each had numerous legendary stories, which ordinary people could only look up to.

Elephant-swallowing Rabbit didn’t change its head, and said, “Never heard about it.”

Li Min was discouraged instantly and exhaled a long breath. “I knew it, you, rabbit, know nothing other than food.”

“Half-Saint Rank was collected and edited by Saint Lady, one of the Maidens of Empress with great effort.”

Li Min’s eyes were filled with reverence and respect when she mentioned the name of Saint Lady. She had regarded Saint Lady as an idol and role model of hers for a long time, so naturally she felt excited to talk about her.

Chapter 881 - Central Yuan County

Translator:

Larbre Studio

Editor:

Larbre Studio

Li Min added, “There are only 100 names in the book, who are the top 100 powerful Half-Saints under saint. In other words, no ordinary person could be chosen by Half-Saint Rank. He has to obtain either a special body structure or a unrivaled talent to fight.”

“Young master of Sacred Central Crypt, Kong Hongbi, ranked No.7 in Half-Saint Rank. Now have you learned what a powerful figure you have offended?”

Elephant-swallowing Rabbit raised its head, and its mouth was filled with ginseng. “He’s not No.1. Why should we be afraid of him?”

Li Min rolled her eyes at it, and said, “The six figures ranked before him all have lived for more than 100 years, which Kong Hongbi could never compete with. Have you heard about ‘no saint is under 100 years old?’”

“No.”

Li Min was almost driven crazy by the rabbit. How could it know nothing? It was totally ignorant and ill-informed.

“‘No saint is under 100 years old’ means that no monk could ever become a saint before he turns 100 years old. Those who have broken the rule are heavenly geniuses like those in Five Heroes List. Do you know how old Kong Hongbi is now?”

“No.” Elephant-swallowing Rabbit shook its head.

Li Min despised Elephant-swallowing Rabbit, and said, “78. Kong Hongbi would surely break through the state of saint before he turns 100 years old, if everything went well.”

“The cultivation of Kong Hongbi is about the same as that of the Nine Kunlun Heirs. If he were 20 years younger, he would surely become one of the Nine Kunlun Heirs.”

The body of Blackie had expanded to more than 30 meters long, and it had become a chubby and fluffy giant beast. A Shooting Star Invisible Cloak floated above its body to conceal their trace and Qi.

Puff.

Zhang Ruochen exhaled a breath, and slowly opened his eyes and looked to the front.

His wound had only recovered about 10-20% in the past two days. If he wanted to get back to his prime, he would have to wait for a long time.

“If only I had a Withered Pill.”

Zhang Ruochen became fully aware of the importance of obtaining a top class Recovering Pill by now. It would be like granting a second life to him.

If he had a Withered Pill, he would have already fully recovered.

Withered Pill was a Nine-class Recovering Pill that had special functions. As long as a monk could still breathe, a Withered Pill would soon cure him.

Of course the price of a Withered Pill was extraordinarily high as well, which was unaffordable for common people.

Zhang Ruochen made up his mind to keep some Withered Pills with him in the future, just in case.

Li Min saw that Zhang Ruochen stopped curing himself, so she came close to him immediately. “Zhang Ruochen, where are we going?”

Zhang Ruochen was lost in thought for a while, and asked her instead, “Where is Pluto Sword Tomb?”

Li Min was shocked by his question and shook her head fiercely like a rattle-drum. “I can’t take you there without the permission of the Ancient Race of Prison Guardians.”

“I am one of the Six Major Swordsmen. Do I need others’ permission to go to the Pluto Sword Tomb? You are a member of the distant family of the Ancient Race of Prison Guardians, don’t you know the status of a Swordsman?” Zhang Ruochen said solemnly.

Li Min hesitated a little, but said at last, “Actually I’ve been to Pluto Sword Tomb only once when I was taken by the Grand Elder to the 500 years birthday celebration of the clan leader. And Grand Elder flew so fast that I can’t remember where Pluto Sword Tomb is exactly.”

“But you know roughly where it is?” Zhang Ruochen asked.

“Of course, it’s in Central Yuan County.”

Then Li Min lowered her head again and played with her fingers. She murmured, “But Central Yuan County is the biggest country of Yuan Mansion, which is ten times bigger than Qingli County. It would...would be extremely hard to find the address of Pluto Sword Tomb.”

The expansion of Qingli County was already vast and enormous. From its north to its south, it was more than tens of thousands of kilometers.

And Central Yuan County was ten times bigger than Qingli County. Finding a secluded ancient race in such a vast area was as difficult as touching the sky.

Zhang Ruochen nodded. “Since Pluto Sword Tomb is in Central Yuan County, then we should go to Central Yuan County.”

The Ancient Race of Prison Guardians was an ancient race which had been inherited for a long time. Since they had nestled in Yuan Mansion, their forces must have come to every corner of it.

Zhang Ruochen believed that after he entered Central Yuan County, he could spread word to make the Ancient Race of Prison Guardians come to him at once.

Zhang Ruochen even thought that, when he had fought against the seven kings of the Ministry of War the night before last night, some of the monks hidden in the dark were from the Ancient Race of Prison Guardians.

Since the Ancient Race of Prison Guardians were afraid of the imperial government and dared not to contact him, he had to behave more actively.

If the Ancient Race of Prison Guardians still refused to meet him, then there would be no need for him to go to the Pluto Sword Tomb.

Li Min shook her head immediately and said nervously, “No, you can’t go to Central Yuan County. It must be super dangerous there.”

“Why?” asked Zhang Ruochen.

Li Min said, “Do you remember that I said Wan Zhaoyi had come to Yuan Mansion for another purpose?”

“What is it?”

“Recently, some powerful figures of the Immortal Vampires have been seen in Central Yuan County one after another, possibly attempting to make some moves. Meanwhile, some powerful figures of the imperial government have arrived in Central Yuan County as well, preparing to suppress the Immortal Vampires. Wan Zhaoyi is among them.”

Li Min added, “Now that so many powerful figures are gathering in Central Yuan County, if you go there recklessly, won’t you walk right in the trap?”

It was no coincidence that powerful figures of the Immortal Vampires had come to Central Yuan County.

The legend of “Pluto” came to Zhang Ruochen’s mind at once.

Could it be that the Immortal Vampires attempted to release Pluto?

“Blackie, let’s go to Central Yuan County,” Zhang Ruochen said solemnly.

Li Min was confused. Why should Zhang Ruochen be so stubborn like a donkey? Knowing it was of great danger, and that the Ancient Race of Prison Guardians wouldn't welcome him, why should he insist on going there?

Li Min was about to ask her questions when she saw a scroll fly out from between Zhang Ruochen's eyebrows. Then Zhang Ruochen jumped into the scroll and disappeared.

Zhang Ruochen entered the Universe Spiritual Map in order to recover from his wounds quickly and get back to his prime. Only in this way could he be prepared for the brutal challenges ahead.

He had a feeling that carnage of war was going to happen in Yuan Mansion again. Innumerable innocent lives would be spent.

Central Yuan County at the center of the storm would surely become the most intensive battle field.

After a month in the scroll, Zhang Ruochen finally recovered. His cultivation was stabilized at First Level of Half-Saint.

"It is said that via saint soul, a First Level Half-Saint could transfer the Spiritual Qi in the space of 250 km in diameter to add to his own strength."

Zhang Ruochen let his saint soul out and tried his best to transfer Spiritual Qi, and found that the Spiritual Qi in the space of 400 km in diameter resonated and all gushed to and condensed in his palms.

Only a Fourth Level Half-Saint could transfer Spiritual Qi in the space of 400 km in diameter, which suggested that Zhang Ruochen had greatly surpassed the power of a First Level Half-Saint.

And the more Spiritual Qi transferred by a Half-Saint, the more powerful the Saint Soul Territory created by him would become.

"Dragon and Elephant Divine Furnace."

Zhang Ruochen pushed his hand forward and hit a palm print. Instantly, a strand of extremely destructive power burst out

like the eruption of a volcano, and rushed forward.

A giant scarlett handprint was condensed in the void before him, which was more than dozens of meters long. It made a rumbling noise while lighting the sky with the color of the flame.

Then Zhang Ruochen took back his palm and assessed his strength roughly. “The strike is about the strength of a full strike of a primary Sixth Level Half-Saint.”

Zhang Ruochen’s success of fighting against kings from the Ministry of War before was owed largely to the assistance of the Divine Fire Jingmie, which had multiplied his battle power several times.

Together with his cracking the dragon marble to obtain the power of a saint dragon, and forcing the Taotian Sword to display the Destruction of the Thousand-patterns, he was then enabled to kill King Gold Knife and Queen Yin Eagle.

And now Zhang Ruochen at First Level of Half-Saint could compete with a primary Sixth Level Half-Saint without borrowing power of time and space. He felt very content.

“Now that I’ve reached the state of Half-Saint, I should begin to practice the sixth level of Emperor Ming Nine-sky Scripture, Yuan Ming Wen Ju Tian [a Chinese code].” After a monk reached a different level, the way his Holy Qi operated in his veins would be changed completely.

Without the corresponding Half-Saint exercise, a monk would never break through Second Level Half-Saint and would remain forever at the First Level.

Of course, something different could happen.

If the exercise practiced by a monk was of low class and could only enable the monk to reach the state of Half-Saint, then he had to choose another Half-Saint exercise after he became a Half-Saint.

But practicing a different exercise would cause conflicts to the Holy Qi inside his body, which would slow down the speed of practicing and make it impossible to have a perfect operation of Holy Qi.

The better the exercise was, the faster the operation speed of Holy Qi would become. Consequently, it would decrease the time spent for practicing and even create some mysterious variations.

If Zhang Ruochen chose the exercise of Yunwu Commandery instead of Emperor Ming Nine-sky Scripture, he could never reach his current state his whole life. And even if in the same state, his battle power couldn't be as strong as it was now.

Therefore, a good exercise meant a lot.

Emperor Ming Nine-sky Scripture was the national secret scripture of the Sacred Central Empire. Only Emperors were allowed to exercise it. It wasn't too inferior to the Six Extraordinary Books, even if it wasn't one of them.

Zhang Ruochen sat on the ground with his legs crossed. He closed his eyes, recalled the description of the six levels of Emperor Ming Nine-sky Scripture and began to operate his Holy Qi.

After Holy Qi had finished circulating from different ways in his veins for nine days, Zhang Ruochen stopped carefully.

He could perceive clearly that the operation speed in his veins was doubled, and his absorption of Spiritual Qi became much faster.

Now that he had finished the primary practice of sixth level exercise, Zhang Ruochen would end his stay in the scroll world.

When he came out, Blackie had taken Elephant-swallowing Rabbit and Li Min to Central Yuan County.

Li Min saw Zhang Ruochen walk out of scroll world, and asked immediately, "Zhang Ruochen, what should we do next?"

Zhang Ruochen asked, "Is the camp of the Ministry of War of Yuan Mansion in Central Yuan County?"

Li Min nodded, "Central Yuan County is the center of Yuan Mansion, and the richest place. Naturally, the camp of the Ministry of War is located here."

“Good. Now you should take me to the camp,” said Zhang Ruochen.

Li Min was astonished by his words, and said, “Do... do you mean you will go to the camp of the Ministry of War? Do you know that numerous powerful figures and over three million permanent crack troops are there...Are you going to turn yourself in?”

“Of course not,” Zhang Ruochen said lightly. “Now that I’ve come to Central Yuan County, I have to do something. Otherwise, how could the Ancient Race of Prison Guardians know that I’m here?”

Chapter 882 - Splitting Ziyong Pass with One Sword

Translator:

Larbre Studio

Editor:

Larbre Studio

The Military Base of the Yuan Mansion was in the northwest of Central Yuan County. They camped around the Ziyong Pass and Great Torch City. There were more than three million soldiers there year-round. Thus, the camp was also very large and easy to find.

The Military Base of the Yuan Mansion ruled over the 36 counties. Not only did they have to fight against the Demonic Sect and the Crypt of Sacred Central, they also had to kill savage beasts, demons, evil spirits, evil sects and more.

This was why the Military Base was also filled with strong cultivators.

Zhang Ruochen stood outside the Ziyong Pass. He activated the Heavenly Eyes between his eyebrows and looked toward the pass. He saw rays of powerful Holy Qi shoot into the sky, connecting with the clouds.

This was the “Heavenly Eye Seeing Qi.” It was a method that only Spiritual Power Half-Saints could use.

Everything had a spirit; everything had Qi. Without a doubt, the stronger a Monk’s cultivation was, the thicker his Qi. If one became a Saint of Spiritual Power, one could even see the Qi radiating from a sect and use it to predict the sect’s fortune.

Every ray of Qi light that came from the Ziyong Pass represented a Half-Saint’s power. They were communicating with the world and comprehending the Saintly Way’s mysteries as they tried to reach a higher level.

Some of the rays looked extremely sacred. They were completely purple and shaped like dragons or tigers. They were like thousands of dragons shooting into the sky, thousands of tigers pouncing at the sun.

Looking from afar, Zhang Ruochen was already shocked.

“As expected, there are so many strong cultivators with hidden powers,” Zhang Ruochen mumbled to himself. “I can’t break in forcefully.”

Li Min extended two fingers and tugged Zhang Ruochen’s sleeve. “In that case, let’s leave,” she whispered. “Let’s not anger them.”

Even the powerful Demonic Sect and Crypt of Sacred Central didn’t dare to attack the Military Base. If Zhang Ruochen actually thought about provoking the Military Base, then Li Min thought that he must be crazy.

“Let’s go!”

Arms crossed behind his back, Zhang Ruochen took Li Min away. They walked through the fallen leaves into the wild forest. The two left the Ziyong Pass and went into the distance.

Li Min was finally relieved. Thankfully, she’d stopped Zhang Ruochen. Otherwise, the consequences would have been unimaginable.

They didn’t stop until they were around 800 miles from Ziyong Pass. There was a 300-meter-high yellow stone mountain. It was shaped like a huge sprawling tortoise.

Blackie was circling the hill and carving runes with its claws. It laid down a formation and buried various crystals into the mountain.

“How is it?” Zhang Ruochen asked. “Did you finish carving the formation?”

“My work is always reliable!”

Blackie stood on the mountain and chuckled. Then it sent Holy Qi into the mountain, activating the formation.

Whoosh!

Strands of white mist fell from the sky, shrouding the mountain. A moment later, the entire mountain disappeared before Zhang Ruochen and Li Min.

Li Min widened her eyes and pursed her lips. “Invisibility Formation?”

Blackie walked out of the formation and glared at her. “Little girl, what do you know? I established my formation according to the uniqueness of the geography. It’s the Xuanwu Sky-concealing Formation. As long as it’s activated, even a Saint won’t be able to find us.”

Zhang Ruochen nodded. “Not bad. If we hide into this formation, even the War Saints of the Military Base won’t be able to find us.”

Just then, he’d used his Heavenly Eye and Spiritual Power, but he still couldn’t find any way to break into the formation. It was obvious that Blackie’s Xuanwu Sky-concealing Formation was quite advanced.

“In that case, let’s begin.”

Zhang Ruochen walked up the mountain and entered the formation.

Li Min was confused. “Begin what?” she asked.

Zhang Ruochen didn’t answer her. Instead, he pulled out the Taotian Sword and activated his Holy Qi, pouring it into the sword. The various runes emerged, making the sword radiate with a white glow. It gradually rose into the air.

The power that radiated from the Taotian Sword grew stronger and stronger. It was like a blazing sun hanging in the air with the Destruction of the Thousand-patterns. The savage beasts in the forest all trembled in fear.

“Go!”

Zhang Ruochen activated Sword Intent at the level of a Sword Saint. It transformed into a tangible pillar of light and rushed out, becoming one with the Taotian Sword.

With a whoosh, the Taotian Sword became a blur of white. It flew toward the Ziyong Pass, ten times faster than the speed of

sound.

Outside the Ziyong Pass.

Jian Kongzi landed before the city gate. He seemed travel-worn. "I have returned," he thundered. "Open the formation immediately!"

He hadn't found Zhang Ruochen even after searching for days. He was clearly frustrated.

Seeing Jian Kongzi outside the pass, the formation masters inside quickly opened the Defender Formation. At the same time, the two heavy gates formed by steel opened slowly.

Zhuang Xuankong walked out of the city to welcome Jian Kongzi. "How is it?" he asked. "Did you track down Zhang Ruochen?"

Jian Kongzi's expression darkened as he shook his head. "His saint decree must be from Sword Saint Xuanji. His speed is comparable to Sword Saint Xuanji. I can't catch up at all."

Zhuang Xuankong's expression darkened as well. A bit worried, he said, "The Ministry of War has lost four lower-region kings in a row. Lord Wan is very angry. Be careful when you go see him later."

Jian Kongzi nodded. He clenched his fists tightly as hatred grew in his heart. He vowed that he would find Zhang Ruochen and skin him alive.

Just then, Jian Kongzi and Zhuang Xuankong sensed something. They both looked outside the pass. All they saw was blinding sword light blazing over. It was like a sun rising for the first time or a star cutting across the sky.

Jian Kongzi's expression changed drastically. "Immediately activate the Defender Formation!" he roared. "Someone's attacking Ziyong Pass."

The sword on Jian Kongzi's back trembled rapidly. Then with a sharp clang, it flew out of its sheath. The sword light from the distance was coming quickly. The Defender Formation had only turned on halfway when the powerful Sword Qi had already arrived.

Kaboom!

With a world-shaking boom, thousands upon thousands of Sword Qi rained down. Ziyong Pass' city gates and walls were ripped apart at once. A path dozens of miles long and many feet wide appeared on the ground. It cut the First Fortress of the Yuan Mansion and Ziyong Pass in half.

Jian Kongzi had already taken out his sword for defense, but the Taotian Sword had the Destruction of the Thousand-patterns. He couldn't fight against it.

Jian Kongzi's robe became tattered and covered in blood. He sat dozens of feet under the ground, gasping for breath. That one strike had thrown him dozens of miles away into the bottom of the trench.

Thankfully, he had high cultivation and was a swordsman, so he wasn't killed.

Zhuang Xuankong wasn't so lucky. His entire body was embedded into the ground, covered in bloody holes. Only a faint aura showed that he hadn't died.

Wan Zhaoyi was inside the camp, meeting with the Saint Lady.

Saint Lady had just passed him the Empress' verbal message, giving Wan Zhaoyi great pressure. After all, the Empress wanted him to capture Zhang Ruochen within three months. This wasn't easy.

If Zhang Ruochen hid or left the Central Region, it would be harder than finding a pin in the haystack.

At that moment, an extremely powerful burst of Sword Qi surged in from afar. It divided his tent in half. Thankfully, Wan Zhaoyi and the Saint Lady were both top-tier figures. They were alert and retreated at once.

Thus, the Sword Qi didn't actually hurt them.

Did someone really dare to break into the Military Base? Who was so brave?

Wan Zhaoyi was obviously furious. He ran out of his tent and flew into the air. When he saw the hovering Taotian Sword, his anger burned even more intensely.

“Zhang Ruochen, I didn’t go find you, so you came voluntarily?” Wan Zhaoyi reached out. The rules of the world quickly materialized into a huge golden palm that grabbed at the Taotian Sword.

Whoosh.

The Taotian Sword transformed into a beam of light. It rushed out before the golden palm could materialize and flew away from Ziyong Pass.

Wan Zhaoyi wiped away his anger and seemed happy instead. Sneering, he chased after the Taotian Sword, quickly disappearing in the horizon.

The Saint Lady was dressed in an ivory robe. She was quiet and graceful. Her pure and intelligent eyes stared at the flying Taotian Sword. “Zhang Ruochen,” she uttered.

Since Demonic Sect and the Ministry of War had guessed that Zhang Ruochen was Lin Yue from the Yin and Yang Sect, someone as intelligent as the Saint Lady obviously did so as well.

Thus, when she saw the Taotian Sword, her heart trembled. A very familiar figure appeared in her mind.

That figure had been branded in her saint heart like a demon. She couldn’t erase it or destroy it. Even now, she wondered if it had really become a demon in her heart.

“Is he really Lin Yue?”

Saint Lady’s eyes kept changing. Finally, she waved her fan. A huge mass of saintly words flew out of the fan, transforming into a bridge that connected to the sky. She used it to pursue the men.

Zhang Ruochen stood on the mountaintop and retrieved the Taotian Sword. Then he swallowed a mouthful of Xuanwu Saint Blood to recover his Holy Qi. Even in the Half-Saint Realm, using the Destruction of the Thousand-patterns still used up 70% of his Holy Qi.

Weakness overtook him.

Sizzle. Suddenly, golden light rained down from the sky. The ground turned golden.

One could vaguely see a handsome man dressed in blue dragon's armor. He stood in the air. Every strand of his hair shone with gold. He was like a god of war.

"Such terrifying aura," Li Min whispered. "Who is he?"

Zhang Ruochen looked at him. "Don't you know the heroes of the world? How come you don't even recognize Wan Zhaoyi?"

"What? That's Wan Zhaoyi of the Central Region, the man who rides the white saint dragon, wears the armor of the blue dragon, wields the Chaotic Universe Sword and killed ten Saints?"

Li Min was both extremely excited and terrified.

She was excited because Wan Zhaoyi was the top legendary talent of the entire Kunlun's Field in the past 100 years. He was known as the "Little Saint God" and was undefeatable. Any girl would be excited if such a legendary figure was right before her, let alone Li Min.

She was also terrified because if Wan Zhaoyi discovered them, they would be utterly and completely dead.

Zhang Ruochen dared to provoke Wan Zhaoyi. His crazy arrogance once again shocked Li Min.

Chapter 883 - Tianming

Summoning Rune

Translator:

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Editor:

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Wan Zhaoyi's eyes seemed to have been made of gold. He scanned the surroundings, looking for traces of Zhang Ruochen.

If anyone was close enough to study him, they would find that his pupils were two golden divine lions. This was the "Hidden Lion Golden Eye." According to legends, only Supreme Saints of the Lion Clan could have these eyes. They would be able to see through all disguises.

Seeing Wan Zhaoyi use these eyes, even Zhang Ruochen became serious. He was a bit worried if Blackie's Xuanwu Sky-concealing Formation could hide from Wan Zhaoyi's investigation.

However, Blackie was very confident. "It's the rarely-seen Hidden Lion Golden Eye. This Wan Zhaoyi is quite interesting. He has the resources of a Supreme Saint. The Xuanwu Sky-concealing Formation by itself might really be exposed to him."

"However, the geography here is unique. My formation has already become one with the land. Even the Hidden Lion Golden Eye won't be able to see through it."

A mass of blue words flew over from the sky. They formed a long bridge that crossed thousands of miles, hanging in the air. A beautiful girl with white skin and red lips was on the bridge. She stood proudly like a goddess. Her beauty was worth that of cities. Even more shocking was that her elegance was comparable to the talented ladies of noble clans.

“The words have constructed a bridge and the Qi connects to the clouds. Has some Saint of Spiritual Power from the Confucius Way arrived?”

Li Min widened her eyes, staring at the white-clothed woman in shock. It had always been her dream to enter the four sects of the Confucius Way to cultivate. If she could become a Half-Saint of Spiritual Power, it would be even better.

Zhang Ruochen glanced up and said nonchalantly, “That’s the Saint Lady, Nalan Danqing.”

He hadn’t expected to see the Saint Lady so soon either.

“She...she’s the Saint Lady...oh my god...” Li Min was so excited that her legs trembled. She went limp as if she’d pass out and collapsed onto Zhang Ruochen.

“What’s wrong?” Zhang Ruochen reached over and helped her up.

“The Saint Lady is indeed as beautiful as a goddess...ah... Zhang Ruochen, if I die...I really saw the Saint Lady...”

Li Min was practically going nuts. She grabbed Zhang Ruochen’s arm and actually bit down. If Zhang Ruochen wasn’t holding her, she probably would have dropped to the ground in reverence.

It was understandable. Any student of the Confucius Way would probably want to kowtow to a beautiful Saint of the Confucius Way.

But was the Saint Lady really that mesmerizing? Zhang Ruochen couldn’t understand Li Min’s feelings. He just shook his head and continued focusing on the two flying in the air.

Saint Lady stared at Wan Zhaoyi. “Where’s the Taotian Sword?” she asked.

Wan Zhaoyi put away his Hidden Lion Golden Eyes and composed himself. “When I got here, the Taotian Sword disappeared. Zhang Ruochen must be hiding nearby. It seems that we can only force him out with the Tianming Summoning Rune.”

“Wait. It’s best not to use the Tianming Summoning Rune so carelessly. You may disrupt the Rules of Saintly Way nearby. It is only a few hundred miles from the Ziyong Pass. If you use the rune, the Military Base would have to move. It’s too much.”

With that, the Saint Lady activated her Heavenly Eyes and looked around.

She turned it off a while later. “Neither your Hidden Lion Golden Eyes nor my Heavenly Eyes can find Zhang Ruochen. He must have escaped. Zhang Ruochen can probably use a wormhole or another spatial technique to put the Taotian Sword away. The power of space is unpredictable.”

Wan Zhaoyi also suspected that Zhang Ruochen had escaped. After all, the Hidden Lion Golden Eyes could even see through the Invisibility Formation. How could a mere Half-Saint hide from his eyes?

“It’s fine,” Wan Zhaoyi said. “Since Zhang Ruochen dared to come to the Central County, there’ll be more chances to deal with him in the future. Let us return to Ziyong Pass in case anything else happens.”

Whoosh!

Golden light streaked past. Wan Zhaoyi left first. Only the Saint Lady remained in the sky. She looked down with her starry eyes and then waved her fan. She swept backwards with the bridge of words.

After the two left, Zhang Ruochen finally asked, “What’s the Tianming Summoning Rune?”

Li Min patted her chest and exhaled deeply. “Thankfully the Saint Lady stopped Wan Zhaoyi from using the rune. Otherwise, we would die here.”

“The Tianming Summoning Rune is the inheritance summoning left behind by Emperor Tianming. It contains all the Emperor Qi from his life. Anyone who receives the rune can command the world and all the Emperor Qi, change the Rules of Saintly Way, and become the new emperor of the Tianming Central Empire.”

“Of course, after Emperor Tianming died, the Tianming Central Empire fell more than 70,000 years ago, becoming ancient history. Now, the Empress rules the world and is undefeatable. Even if Wan Zhaoyi really has the summoning rune, it’s only a powerful weapon. It can’t create an empire by itself.”

Zhang Ruochen had naturally heard of Emperor Tianming’s legend. Apparently, after the middle ages, all of Kunlun’s Field was in chaos. It was Emperor Tianming who’d established the first Central Empire in the Southern Region.

The Tianming Central Empire had flourished for a time. Unfortunately, after Emperor Tianming died, he had no strong heirs and the empire disintegrated. The Southern Region once again fell into chaos.

It wasn’t until 30 years ago that Emperor Tianming’s tomb had flown out of the deep underground. After battles with various parties, Wan Zhaoyi came out on top and took the inheritance of Emperor Tianming.

The Tianming Summoning Rune was the most precious treasure from the tomb.

“Wan Zhaoyi must be very lucky and fated to become the top figure of Kunlun’s Field in the past century,” Zhang Ruochen said.

He also warned himself inwardly to be more careful. Even those ancient figures would probably choose to avoid someone like Wan Zhaoyi.

Wan Zhaoyi and the Saint Lady had left, but Zhang Ruochen knew that their cultivations were very strong. Their senses and Spiritual Power must still be over this area. Thus, he waited until midnight of the next day. Then he put on the Shooting Star Invisibility Cloak over him and Li Min and left the area.

On the morning of the third day, Zhang Ruochen and Li Min appeared in a village 3,000 miles away from Ziyong Pass. They sat in a small stand and ate a light meal. Zhang Ruochen obviously didn’t have to eat anymore because of his

cultivation, but it was different for Li Min. She was a genius in Spiritual Power, but she was still a mortal.

The town was small, but it had everything necessary. Its roads stretched in all directions. Merchant caravans and martial artists came to and fro.

News of Zhang Ruochen splitting Ziyong Pass with his sword had spread throughout the entire Central County quickly. Even the lowliest commoners discussed this news.

“Zhang Ruochen hasn’t stopped since he’s come to Yuan Mansion. First, he killed four Half-Saints of the Ministry of War. Now, he even broke into the Military Base and split Ziyong Pass into two halves.”

The Ministry of War is completely humiliated. Apparently, Wan Zhaoyi has announced that he’ll capture Zhang Ruochen within three months.”

“Ever since Wan Zhaoyi has become famous, none of his opponents could live past three months. This time won’t be an exception either.”

...

One could hear all sorts of news by sitting on the roadside. Of course, some rumors were too exaggerated. Some people even said that Zhang Ruochen and Wan Zhaoyi had fought for one day and night, sending the entire Ziyong Pass into the ground.

When Zhang Ruochen heard this, he just smiled. It was evident how unreliable the so-called legends were.

“You’ve made it hard for me to find you two.”

An ancient figure came out of nowhere. He walked into the stand and unabashedly sat across from Zhang Ruochen.

Seeing the old man, Li Min paled with fear. She immediately stood up and bowed, trembling. “Greetings, Grand Elder.”

This was Half-Saint Li Ku, the grand elder of the Li Family.

“You really know how to make trouble. I’ll deal with you later.” Half-Saint Li Ku stared at Li Min and huffed. Then he

looked to Zhang Ruochen and put his hands together in greeting. “Lord Zhang, the clan leader wishes to see you.”

Zhang Ruochen seemed to have expected this, so he wasn't shocked at all. He just nodded lightly. “Sir, please lead the way.”

The Guardians of the Prison were indeed in every corner of the Yuan Mansion. Zhang Ruochen and Li Min had just arrived last night, but Half-Saint Li Ku already found them in the morning.

It was obvious that people had their eyes on them when they entered the town.

Soon after Zhang Ruochen, Half-Saint Li Ku, and Li Min left, the strong cultivators of the Ministry of War also rushed over. Of course, they were too late.

Chapter 884 - Blood Slaves

Translator:

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Editor:

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Under the guidance of Half-Saint Li Ku, the three passed through the wilderness and entered deep into the mountains.

Peaks loomed in all directions. The rivers were clear and occasionally, huge beasts would fly over.

Along the way, Zhang Ruochen observed carefully and could clearly feel the subtle formation ripples in the mountains. Each mountain was like a formation tower.

Half-Saint Li Ku walked at the front. “The Guardians of the Prison are a hidden ancient race. We’ve never participated in the fights between the various large forces. However, we are also closely connected with the large forces.”

Zhang Ruochen retracted his Spiritual Power and asked naturally, “What do you mean?”

Half-Saint Li Ku pulled at his whiskers. “You have probably seen that the ground is covered in formation runes,” he said, chuckling. “Any outsider who tries to break in will die.”

“The formation runes are indeed dense, complicated, and interconnected,” Zhang Ruochen said. “It’s not an average formation.”

“These ancient formations were all left behind from the middle ages,” Half-Saint Li Ku said. “It has boundless power. Even a Supreme Saint will have to pay for it, let alone a Saint.”

“Basically, the Sword Tomb was a huge prison that the humans constructed during the middle ages. It was used just to imprison the evil human strong cultivators and beasts. There are three main families within the Guardians of the Prison

clan. They were the three families that watched over this prison back then.”

“The Sword Tomb was abandoned later because of the chaos. Then 10,000 years ago, Pluto of the Immortal Vampires was born. He created upheaval and the human race almost went extinct.”

“At the most difficult moment, the human Saints worked together to defeat the Immortal Vampires and restrict Pluto. His cultivation was infinitely close to that of a deity. He was the most powerful existence in the entire Kunlun’s Field after the middle ages.”

“Even though the various Saints had restricted him, they couldn’t kill him at all. They could only seal him temporarily. Thus, people suggested reopening the Sword Tomb just to imprison Pluto. That was when the Sword Tomb gradually became known as the Pluto Sword Tomb.”

“In the past 10,000 years, whether it was the Sacred Central Empire, the Qingchi Central Empire, or the current First Central Empire, they’ve all sent the worst evils to the Pluto Sword Tomb for the Guardians of the Prison to look after.

“This is why the Guardians of the Prison have no conflicts with anyone but also don’t wish to be involved in any of the fights. Your conflicts with the imperial court truly make it very difficult for us.”

Zhang Ruochen was curious. “Then what do the Six Major Swordsmen have to do with the Guardians of the Prison?”

Half-Saint Li Ku’s expression was serious. He shook his head. “This relationship is very important. Only the Six Major Swordsmen and the patriarchs of the three major families should know this secret.”

The Guardians of the Prison clan consisted of the three major families. Of course, they’d also developed some outside forces. They were spread throughout the Yuan Mansion and were deeply rooted in this land.

For example, the Li Family of Qingli County was actually one of the outside forces. They weren’t one of the three major

families.

While speaking, they appeared before a 3,000-foot-high stone mountain. The mountain was shaped like two swords planted in the ground. The peaks were extremely steep and had green spiritual medicines and ancient trees growing on the sides.

Standing at the bottom and looking up, one could only see countless swords stuck in the mountain. They were dense and countless. Rusted chains wrapped around the mountain like tendrils, snakes, and dragons.

Here, the Taotian Sword started shaking and whistling from Zhang Ruochen's back.

The tens of thousands of ancient swords on the two mountains seemed to sense something too. They all started shaking as if they would fly out of the mountain.

“How can there be so many swords?” Li Min's tiny mouth opened. She gaped at the two mountains in shock.

“Right now, you're only seeing the tip of the iceberg,” Half-Saint Li Ku said. “If you go to the Sword Tomb, you'll see that the swords there are thousands of times more than the ones here.”

Just then, Zhang Ruochen made a small sound. He looked back.

Half-Saint Li Ku also felt something. His expression changed slightly and the Heavenly Eyes in the middle of his eyebrows opened. He followed Zhang Ruochen's gaze.

Thick Blood Qi rolled over from deep within the forest. All the trees were dyed blood-red.

Roar!

The ground shook violently and a group of Monks in tattered clothing rushed out of the forest. There were so many of them. There seemed to be thousands of them in the sea of people.

Their eyes were red and their bodies were covered in fresh blood. Their bones jutted out and they had sharp teeth. They howled like beasts and tried to charge towards the two mountains.

Half-Saint Li Ku's expression changed. "Those are the Blood Slaves created by the Saints of the Immortal Vampires."

Whoosh!

Half-Saint Li Ku reached out and manipulated his Spiritual Power with all his might. All the Spiritual Qi converged toward him quickly, gathering above his hands as two balls of white light.

He reached out and the white essence scattered in all directions. It formed a curtain of light, blocking all the Blood Slaves outside.

Thud. Thud.

Their attacks fell upon the curtain of light, setting off deafening sounds. Even Half-Saint Li Ku couldn't really hold back the thousands of Blood Slaves. He had to keep retreating to dissolve the pressure on him.

Zhang Ruochen didn't help. He stood to the side, observing the Blood Slaves. "They're only in the Heavenly Realm, but they have the power of the Fish-Dragon Realm. The Blood Slaves created by the Vampire Half-Saints are so terrifying."

"The Vampire Half-Saints can implant a shred of Saintly Qi and Saintly Intent onto a Blood Slave so that it works for him. However, these Blood Slaves are indeed strange."

Li Min grabbed her hair. She seemed to be in deep thought. Evidently, the books had no records of this situation.

"They should be Suicide Blood Slaves," Zhang Ruochen said.

"What's that?" Li Min asked.

"Suicide Blood Slaves," Zhang Ruochen said, "are when a Vampire Half-Saint makes an order, forcing the Blood Slave to burn his Blood Qi and vitality. This allows them to display power ten times stronger than usual. Of course, they also have very short lifespans—only one day."

"I see." Li Min nodded. She made note of this and seemed to have learned something great.

“The Immortal Vampires are trying to attack the Pluto Sword Tomb. How many times has it been now?”

Zhang Ruochen showed no sign of helping. He looked at Half-Saint Li Ku. “The Vampires have already attacked. Why haven’t the Monks of the Guardians of the Prison activated a formation to kill the Blood Slaves?”

Half-Saint Li Ku was sweating and his lips trembled from the deprivation of Spiritual Power. “The Vampires have already attacked three times before. They don’t actually want to attack the Pluto Sword Tomb. They only want to test the strength of the formation outside it.”

“They also want to use this chance to use up the Spiritual Qi in the earthly meridian below the formation. Once too much Spiritual Qi is used up, the formation’s power will weaken. Earlier, the clan leader ordered to not activate the formation if the Blood Slaves attack.”

Zhang Ruochen nodded. “I see.” Since they wouldn’t activate the formation, Zhang Ruochen prepared to help the Guardians of the Prison defeat this wave of Blood Slaves. It would count as a gift for their first meeting.

But before he could act, powerful Sword Qi suddenly fell from the sky. It shrouded the entire space here.

Whoosh.

The ancient swords stuck on the sides of the mountains flew up. They flew to the top of the mountain on the left, forming a huge vortex and flying quickly.

“Such strong Sword Intent.” Zhang Ruochen was slightly shocked, so he didn’t attack for now. He looked up to the top of the mountain.

He saw an extremely young man with a straight form standing at the mountaintop. Powerful Sword Intent burst from him. It was that Sword Intent that caused the ancient swords on the mountains to fly towards him.

“Go,” he uttered.

The thousands of swords flew out and rained down amongst the Blood Slaves.

Poof!

Poof...

...

A moment later, all the Blood Slaves fell to the ground, lifeless. The man at the top of the mountain put his Sword Intent away. Then all the ancient swords flew back and stabbed into the mountain again.

The man's body shook and he disappeared from the mountaintop.

The next moment, he was above the thousands of Blood Slave corpses. He stood around 30 feet in the air and huffed coldly. "The Vampires dare to provoke the Sword Tomb? They overestimate themselves."

When Half-Saint Li Ku saw the man in the air, he let out a long sigh and put his Spiritual Power away. Then he put his hands together and bowed. "Greetings, Swordsman."

The man turned. Looking at Half-Saint Li Ku, he nodded.

Swordsman? Zhang Ruochen was slightly shocked. Was this man really one of the Swordsmen?

After all, Sword Saint Xuanji had said that the Six Major Swordsmen were all Sword Saints that were known throughout the world. Could this man be a Sword Saint? Zhang Ruochen immediately shook his head. This man's Sword Intent was very strong, but he was still a bit away from the state of "Human Sword."

Plus, this man's cultivation was still in the Half-Saint Realm. He wasn't a Saint yet.

Zhang Ruochen wanted to ask Li Min. After all, she should know this man's identity. But when he looked at her, he discovered that the composed girl was actually staring at the young man with a fawning expression. Her snowy cheeks were actually blushing.

She hadn't looked like this even when she'd seen Wan Zhaoyi and the Saint Lady. Zhang Ruochen seemed to get his answer. He smiled and didn't ask her anymore.

Chapter 885 - Two

Swordsmen

Translator:

Larbre Studio

Editor:

Larbre Studio

Gradually, various powerful Monks walked out from the two mountains. Even the weakest ones were in the Fish-Dragon Realm.

There were many elders amongst them. Of course, there were also some younger disciples. Each one was a Conqueror.

Half-Saint Li Ku walked to the Blood Slave corpses and checked them. His expression turned heavy. "They are all from the Yu Family of Thousand-elephant County. It seems that the Immortal Vampires have destroyed the Yu Family already."

The Yu Family was one of the outer families of the Guardians of the Prison. They were also the top family of Thousand-elephant County.

First, it was the Guo Family of Fengnan County. Then it was the Wu Family of Beiyue County and Piao Family of Si County. Now, it was the Yu Family of Thousand-elephant County.

Altogether, four outer families had been wiped out.

When the Guo Family had been wiped out, the current leader of the Guardians of the Prison had ordered all major families to scatter and bring the elite disciples to the Pluto Sword Tomb. However, some families that were further away couldn't react so quickly, thus meeting their demise.

When the people of the Guardians of the Prison saw this, they were all furious.

“The Immortal Vampires are too horrible. I can’t stand it anymore. I must attack first and chase them out of the Yuan Mansion.”

The speaker was a woman in her thirties. She wore palace clothing and had thick, black eyebrows. Her chin was broad and she carried a dark saint sword. She radiated with a sharp Qi.

An elder with silvery-white hair shook his head. “Everyone, you must stay calm. The Vampires just want to anger us. They want to force us to fight and use up our energy. We can’t go out of control, especially at this time.”

The woman huffed coldly. “So we have to be afraid of them? Not even the imperial court is stronger than the Yuan Mansion, let alone the Vampires. Once we go to war, the Vampires will definitely be defeated.”

“Yes, four outer families and thousands of our clansmen have died. We can’t take it anymore.”

“We must fight and make the Vampires pay with blood.”

“The Yuan Mansion is our territory, the territory of the Guardians of the Prison. We can’t let the Vampires run amok here. If we keep wasting time, who knows how many of our clansmen will have their blood sucked dry and become Blood Slaves?”

...

The younger Monks mostly supported fighting. Their fury made them all hot-blooded. However, some people didn’t support going up against the Vampires. They had more concerns.

Zhang Ruochen could tell that the Guardians of the Prison Clan was now divided between the war hawks and conservatives. He was new, so he couldn’t say anything. He just stood to the side and stayed quiet.

While the two parties were arguing intensely, the young Swordsman had his eyes on Zhang Ruochen’s Taotian Sword. Then his gaze moved up to Zhang Ruochen. “You are Sword Saint Xuanji’s disciple, Zhang Ruochen?” he asked.

Zhang Ruochen raised his head. He glanced at the Swordsman and furrowed his brow slightly. They were all swordsmen, but the other was 30 feet in the air, looking down at him. Wasn't this a bit impolite?

Plus, there were many elders and seniors present. They were all on the ground; only this man levitated in the air.

Out of politeness, Zhang Ruochen didn't make a big deal. He just nodded lightly. "Yes. And you are?"

Before the Swordsman could reply, Li Min, standing beside Zhang Ruochen, beat him to it and said, "He's Xiang Zhengfeng, the sole disciple of Sword Saint Qingyu. Last year, he passed away at the Spiritual Bird Mound and passed the Zhutian Sword to him. He's now the newest Swordsman."

Li Min stole a glance at Xiang Zhengfeng. Their eyes met and she immediately lowered her head shyly.

Xiang Zhengfeng didn't show any emotion. He was straightforward and composed, just like his name. In a demanding tone, he said, "Since you are the disciple of Sword Saint Xuanji and have brought the Taotian Sword to the Pluto Sword Tomb, it means that you will join the new generation of Swordsmen. You will shoulder the responsible of protecting the Sword Tomb. Then, let me ask you. Why didn't you fight when the Blood Slaves attacked the Sword Tomb in such large numbers?"

Xiang Zhengfeng's voice was very resonant. All the people of the Guardians of the Prison quieted down and focused on these two young Swordsmen. His voice alerted these clansmen. They all stared at Zhang Ruochen in doubt.

Some even started whispering.

"Zhang Ruochen is a wanted criminal. Didn't the leader say that he's forbidden to enter the Pluto Sword Tomb?"

"Hmph! He probably wants to hide in the Sword Tomb and hope we can protect him."

"I heard that Zhang Ruochen caused trouble in the Central Region. Not only did he kill four Kings of the Ministry of War, he also destroyed Ziyong Pass. He has a mutual enemy and

interests with the Vampires though. It's definitely possible for them to work together.”

“That's interesting. Zhang Ruochen had just arrived and the Blood Slaves came. I'll be the first one to say there's a problem.”

“The Blood Slaves attacked, but Zhang Ruochen didn't take out his sword. Instead, he asked about our clan's formation. I'm afraid he has an ulterior motive for coming to the Pluto Sword Tomb.”

...

Zhang Ruochen's ears had two deity prints. The Half-Saints' telepathic messages couldn't escape from his ears. He naturally heard everything they were saying clearly.

If his master hadn't told him about the worry coming from Pluto, Zhang Ruochen would have left immediately.

His mindset had improved greatly after reaching the Half-Saint Realm. He was still composed. “It was just a group of Blood Slaves, not the actual Immortal Vampires. Do they need a Swordsman to act?”

Actually, he would have helped Half-Saint Li Ku kill those Blood Slaves if Xiang Zhengfeng hadn't done so first. But faced with Xiang Zhengfeng's demand, Zhang Ruochen didn't feel like explaining.

“The Blood Slaves won't threaten the Sword Tomb?” Xiang Zhengfeng asked. “Do you know how many of the Guardians of the Prison will be threatened once they break into the Stone Mountain Sword Gate?”

Hearing Xiang Zhengfeng's words, the Guardians of the Prison all agreed with him. They were all a bit provoked and started feeling repulsed by Zhang Ruochen. At the same time, Xiang Zhengfeng had placed their safety first and received their support.

As for Zhang Ruochen, they started disliking him more and more.

“If the Guardians of the Prison can’t even defeat a group of Blood Slaves, how can you fight against the Vampires?” Zhang Ruochen asked.

He was speaking the truth, but the Guardians of the Prison were all infuriated. The war hawk Monks were especially angry. Beams of Holy Qi surged from them all.

“Zhang Ruochen, how dare you insult the Guardians of the Prison?”

Wang Ju widened his eyes. He pulled out a heavy sword and stuck it into the ground with an explosive sound. A gust of powerful Holy Qi surged from his palms. It entered the sword, making it shine with black light.

The surroundings below the two mountains instantly darkened.

Wang Ju was a Half-Saint from the Wang Family, one of the three main families. He had high status and supported war.

The three families were the Wang Family that specialized in the Tao of the Sword, the Shen Family that specialized in formations, and the Shi Family for the runes. They each had a family leader.

In addition, they would choose a clan leader to rule the entire Guardians of the Prison Clan.

Zhang Ruochen glanced in Xiang Zhengfeng’s direction. “I am not the one that insulted the Guardians of the Prison.”

“Enough nonsense,” Wang Ju said authoritatively. “Try fighting with me. If you win, I can forgive you. If you lose, then it means you don’t qualify to become a Swordsman. You must hand over the Taotian Sword and get the hell out of the Pluto Sword Tomb.”

Wang Ju had said what everyone present was thinking. They all supported him.

“That’s right. If you don’t have the abilities, then get out. The Guardians of the Prison won’t protect a wanted criminal.”

“You can leave, but the Taotian Sword must stay.”

...

Zhang Ruochen was clear that if he fought with Wang Ju, he wouldn't be able to stay in the Pluto Sword Tomb. No matter the result, he would be forced out.

After all, it was his first time coming to the Pluto Sword Tomb. If he defeated Wang Ju, he would truly be humiliating the Guardians of the Prison, even if he hadn't meant to do so before.

How would the Guardians of the Prison let him stay after that?

Just then, a man in a yellow robe walked out from between the two stone mountains. "Actually, I feel that Zhang Ruochen is right. If you can't even take care of a group of Blood Slaves, going against the powerful Vampires will be suicide."

The man had his hands behind his back. He walked out slowly with a calm expression. A group of elders were behind him, also wearing clean yellow robes. Seeing him, the Guardians of the Prison all quieted down. They retreated, opening up a path for him.

Even the domineering Wang Ju lowered his head and bowed. "Greetings, Young Clan Leader."

Seeing the yellow-robed man, Zhang Ruochen was slightly shocked. It's him, he thought.

The man was Shi Ren and he had had a relationship with Zhang Ruochen. They'd had life-or-death experiences in the netherworld.

At that time, Shi Ren had only told Zhang Ruochen that he went to the netherworld to search for the Pill of Resurrection and save his wife. He hadn't said anything else or mentioned his status.

Who would've thought that Zhang Ruochen would meet him in the Pluto Sword Tomb?

Shi Ren walked to Zhang Ruochen and greeted him with a smile. "Brother Zhang, after separating in the Eastern Region, I didn't think we would meet so soon. How are you? I've said before that we would meet again. Do you believe me, now?"

Chapter 886 - Clan Leader

Translator:

Larbre Studio

Editor:

Larbre Studio

“It’s really unexpected to see you here,” Zhang Ruochen said.

Shi Ren’s appearance pushed down the protesting voices from the Guardians of the Prison. They could see that the Young Clan Leader had an unusual relationship with Zhang Ruochen. They didn’t like Zhang Ruochen, but they still had to respect the Young Clan Leader.

“Young Clan Leader, we must be careful about Zhang Ruochen. Otherwise, we may suffer endless consequences.”

Xiang Zhengfeng had no positive feelings towards Zhang Ruochen. When he spoke, Sword Intent surged in him. It transformed into a streak of white light and flew into the Sword Tomb.

Shi Ren chuckled. “Brother Zhang, ignore his words. Since you’re the heir of Sword Saint Xuanji, then you’re the most esteemed guest of the Guardians of the Prison. The Clan Leader is waiting for you in the Sword Mausoleum. Shall we go together?”

“Please.” Zhang Ruochen extended a hand and motioned forward.

Zhang Ruochen and Shi Ren walked through the gates between the two mountains together. As for the other Half-Saints, they followed closely behind and hurried toward the Sword Mausoleum.

The Sword Mausoleum was built with huge boulders. It was a tomb shaped like a pyramid. It was 800 meters tall and dozens of miles wide. When the group walked into the square outside the mausoleum, they seemed tinier than ants.

It was rumored that the Sword Mausoleum was a powerful saint weapon. Once activated, it could produce saintly might strong enough to destroy the world.

The Sword Mausoleum contained an ancient Spiritual Collecting Formation. When they entered the doors, they could instantly feel the heavy Spiritual Qi in the air. It was entering a paradise.

The Guardians of the Prison's Clan Leader stood up top. Sixty-four rays of Holy Qi surrounded him. He was like a towering and unmovable mountain and gave off a sacred feeling. They could only look up at him.

“Greetings, Clan Leader.”

Both Zhang Ruochen and Shi Ren put their hands together and bowed. The other Half-Saints all bowed as well, showing their respect to the Clan Leader.

“Everyone, take a seat!”

The Clan Leader's voice was resonant and emanated an authoritative feeling. All the Monks present felt pressure. Zhang Ruochen wasn't an exception. He felt that the man's cultivation was the open sea while he was a leaf floating on the waves. The man's single thought could crush him.

Zhang Ruochen and Shi Ren retreated to the right. They sat in the first and second chair respectively.

Now, Zhang Ruochen started to secretly investigate the Clan Leader. Unfortunately, his cultivation was honestly too high and also had the 64 beams of Holy Qi around him. Thus, Zhang Ruochen could only see a vague figure. He guessed that the Clan Leader wasn't too old. He was probably around 40 or 50 years old.

Other than the Clan Leader, there were some other Saints in the Sword Mausoleum. They sat in a white cloud of Holy Qi and seemed very mysterious. The people had to revere them.

Xiang Zhengfeng, owner of the Zhutian Sword, sat in the first seat on the left. His back was straight and he had a very upright aura.

The Clan Leader directed his gaze at Zhang Ruochen. “Zhang Ruochen, how is your master, Sword Saint Xuanji?” he asked.

Zhang Ruochen stood up. “Clan Leader, after experiencing this fatal incident, his cultivation has improved. However, he has a very important matter, so he sent me to the Pluto Sword Tomb.”

Zhang Ruochen’s words naturally caused a stir. Everyone knew that Sword Saint Xuanji’s cultivation had already reached the top level of the Saint Realm. If he improved again, wouldn’t he become a King of the Saintly Way?

A King among the Saints.

On the left, Xiang Zhengfeng’s eyes flashed.

The Clan Leader was quiet for a bit. Instead of asking what Sword Saint Xuanji was doing, he asked, “Do you know why Sword Saint Xuanji told you to bring the Taotian Sword to the Pluto Sword Tomb?”

“I do not.” Zhang Ruochen shook his head.

“Actually, he has already passed the Taotian Sword to him,” the Clan Leader said. “The moment you stepped foot inside the Pluto Sword Tomb, it also meant that you will join the 17th generation of Swordsmen of the Pluto Sword Tomb. Once you become a Swordsman, it means that you will shoulder a heavy responsibility. Of course, the responsibility isn’t to protect the Guardians of the Prison. It is to protect the Pluto Sword Tomb.”

The Guardians of the Prison was not the same as the Pluto Sword Tomb. Actually, the Guardians of the Prison had the same responsibility as the Six Swordsmen—to protect the Pluto Sword Tomb.

The Clan Leader continued, “At the same time that you take this responsibility, you’ll also be treated like none other. From now on, as long as you are in the Pluto Sword Tomb, anyone who becomes your enemy will also be the enemy of the Guardians of the Prison.”

“What about the imperial court?” Zhang Ruochen asked.

“Even the imperial court has no say in the internal matters of the Pluto Sword Tomb. Of course, if you leave and the imperial court arrests you, the Guardians of the Prison won’t be able to help you.”

Zhang Ruochen nodded. Now he understood. His master must have known the rules of the Pluto Sword Tomb, so he’d told Zhang Ruochen to come here. The imperial court wouldn’t be able to affect him here. He could mature more and win some time.

The Clan Leader continued, “Since you’ve come here, you should visit the tombs of the various owners of the Taotian Sword. You may find unimaginable results. Shi Ren, you will arrange everything for Zhang Ruochen in the Pluto Sword Tomb.”

Shi Ren sat in place and nodded. He accepted it. Zhang Ruochen was observant and he knew Shi Ren wasn’t such an impolite person. So why was he so cold toward the Clan Leader?

Everything about the Guardians of the Prison was strange. Zhang Ruochen had wanted to reveal his secret, but he kept it down now. He decided to observe a bit more. He should wait to get a clearer image of the Guardians of the Prison first.

Next, they started talking about the Immortal Vampires. The war hawks requested the Clan Leader to declare war and chase the Vampires out of the Yuan Mansion. The conservative Monks persuaded tirelessly, noting all sorts of hidden troubles and worries. The two sides argued without stop. If the Clan Leader wasn’t sitting up there, they would have probably started fighting.

Zhang Ruochen didn’t participate. He continued to keep silent.

His eyes focused on Shi Ren but found that the Young Clan Leader was resting with his eyes closed. He didn’t plan on joining the debate at all.

This argument still came to no consensus. When they walked out of the Sword Mausoleum, Shi Ren brought Zhang Ruochen to where the clansmen gathered.

The Sword Tomb was like a hidden paradise. It had green trees and clear water with beautiful scenery and pavilions.

After countless millenniums of development, the members of the three major families had grown to this large number. Each family had over ten million people.

However, this area was enveloped by a formation from the middle ages. Outsiders couldn't come in. Thus, very few people knew that there was another world hidden deep in the mountains.

Shi Ren looked into the distance. A group of children was studying formations by a tree. "Brother Zhang," he said meaningfully. "Do you think the Guardians of the Prison should attack or continue pulling back our forces to protect the Sword Tomb?"

Zhang Ruochen chuckled. "I'm new here and don't know many things. It's not my place to express my opinion."

"Someone as wise as you has no need to be humble." Shi Ren sighed. "To be honest, I don't support declaring war."

"Why?" Zhang Ruochen asked.

"First, the Vampires must have prepared well before gathering in the Yuan Mansion. No one knows how many people have come or what their exact plan is. If the Guardians of the Prison attack under these circumstances, we'll have bloody losses even if we win. I don't know how many people will die because of this."

"In addition, I'm sure you can see that the Guardians of the Prison aren't completely united internally. There are signs of breaking off into factions. Once war begins, there are too many variables. We might really collapse from within. The consequences would be unimaginable."

After a pause, Shi Ren's eyes darkened. "It's not that big of a deal even if the Guardians of the Prison becomes extinct. But if the evil men and beasts, or even Pluto, imprisoned in the Sword Tomb escape, no one can imagine what kind of catastrophe will occur."

Everything imprisoned in the Sword Tomb was a considerably powerful existence. Any one that escaped would cause a world-shaking disaster.

“Do you really want to hear my opinion?” Zhang Ruochen asked.

“Of course,” Shi Ren said.

“Actually, I propose attacking the Vampires first,” Zhang Ruochen said. “Force them back first to avoid future troubles.”

“Why?” Shi Ren furrowed his brow, a bit surprised. He hadn’t expected Zhang Ruochen to be an extremist.

“Because continuing like this will only bring more disadvantages to the Guardians of the Prison,” Zhang Ruochen said. “Firstly, Vampires are good at disguises. They can easily become someone else. Since they’re prepared, I’m sure that there are already Vampires hiding within the clansmen—and not only one.”

“Secondly, the Guardians of the Prison are calling the elites from outer families back to the Sword Tomb. How would the Vampires let go of this optimal chance? More and more Vampires will infiltrate the Sword Tomb. This way, the internal conflicts will intensify and war will erupt sooner or later.”

“Instead of just waiting, why don’t you start war immediately? You can even use this to find the moles.”

Shi Ren’s expression turned serious. He had to admit that Zhang Ruochen had mentioned things that he hadn’t thought about earlier.

Chapter 887 - Assassination

Translator:

Larbre Studio

Editor:

Larbre Studio

Zhang Ruochen continued speaking. “If we really want to attack the Vampires first, we still can’t do so impulsively. We must plan carefully and it’s best if we unite with the imperial court to lower our losses as much as possible.”

Shi Ren nodded. “Looking at it this way, the Guardians of the Prison will go through a challenge whether we fight or not.”

Zhang Ruochen lived in the Bei Wang Mountain. There was a spiritual meridian under it. Thus, there was sufficient Spiritual Qi. It had 167 residences, but only the esteemed guests of the Guardians of the Prison could cultivate in Bei Wang Mountain.

The residence that he lived in was close to the mountaintop. It was the one with the most Spiritual Qi. It was guarded by two stone beasts and had four maids.

A spiritual spring flowed through the cave residence. There was also a defense formation, a Spiritual Collecting Formation, spiritual medicine, and pills. All in all, this was the treatment fit for a Swordsman.

“Back then, Sword Saint Xuanji also lived here when he visited the Pluto Sword Tomb,” Shi Ren said. “This is your first time here. Please rest tonight. Tomorrow, I will bring you to see the masters of the Taotian Sword’s line.”

With that, Shi Ren decided to leave.

“There’s something I want to say but I’m unsure,” Zhang Ruochen finally said after considering it many times.

Shi Ren stopped and turned. He glanced at Zhang Ruochen and said, “We have had life-or-death experiences. Speak your

mind.”

Whoosh— Just then, Shi Ren snapped his fingers. A shred of Holy Qi flew out, activating the defense formation in the residence. This way, no one could hear them talk.

“In the netherworld, you should’ve realized that the Sixth Prince of the Immortal Vampires is my Fourth Senior Brother,” Zhang Ruochen said. “We had the same master. I’d once heard him say that the Vampires already have one of the six Saint Swords, but I don’t know which one they have.”

Shi Ren’s expression changed. “Really?”

The six saint swords were all possessed by the Six Swordsmen and they were all Sword Saints. It was practically impossible for the Vampires to take one. However, if a Vampire really did take control of a saint sword and infiltrated the Pluto Sword Tomb, the damages would be unimaginable.

This was why Shi Ren had lost his composure.

Zhang Ruochen nodded. “I know that this is very important too, so I didn’t say it aloud. Of course, this hasn’t been proven yet. As of now, only you and I know this. It’s best not to alert them and make everyone panic.”

After all, they couldn’t prove whether the Vampires really had a saint sword now. They also didn’t know which sword it was.

If news spread, the Six Swordsmen would probably all be suspected by the Guardians of the Prison and even forced out. If the Swordsmen and the Guardians of the Prison had conflicts, the Vampires would benefit the most.

“It indeed isn’t suitable to spread this news. We must investigate in secret.”

Shi Ren’s eyes were dark. He naturally sensed the importance of this. He immediately left Zhang Ruochen’s residence and busied himself with tasks.

There are internal and external problems. The Pluto Sword Tomb is facing an abnormally big challenge. That Pluto who may be dead or alive is a great threat too.

Zhang Ruochen sighed. He released Blackie and the Elephant-swallowing Rabbit from the scroll world. He told them to leave the residence and enter the Pluto Sword Tomb to investigate.

Zhang Ruochen sat cross-legged in the residence. He activated the sixth level of the Emperor Ming Nine-sky Scripture. He absorbed the dense Spiritual Qi and continued fortifying his new realm.

No matter what, one's own abilities were the most important resources. After reaching the Half-Saint Realm, one could absorb Spiritual Qi faster, but the cultivation speed would slow down.

It was rare for even a Saint Body to make a small improvement in ten years. Of course, reaching the Half-Saint Realm was a great accomplishment in itself. It was like reaching the pinnacle of one's life.

Those who continued trying for the Saint Realm were either crazy cultivators with impossible talent or heirs of clans with rich resources.

In other words, even if you were talented, the Half-Saint Realm was your peak. If you wanted to enter the Saint Realm, it depended on your resources instead of pure talent.

For example:

Zhang Ruochen's talent was pretty much crazy. He may not be the most talented in the world, but he was at least in the top three. However, if he lacked resources and cultivated naturally, he might only reach the ninth level of the Half-Saint Realm by the time he was 200 years old. And then he might be able to try entering the Saint Realm.

Other Monks' talents were nowhere near Zhang Ruochen's, so they had even less chances to try for the Saint Realm.

Developing a Saint honestly required too many resources. Even the treasuries of many saint families could only cultivate two or three Saints. Even then, it was still unknown if they could become a Saint.

Of course, Zhang Ruochen had many opportunities and didn't lack cultivation resources. He could go on the fast track and quickly raise his cultivation.

To go from the beginning to the pinnacle of the Half-Saint Realm's first level, I can refine divine blood to raise my cultivation.

When I reach the pinnacle of the first level, I can buy a saint pill and use it to break into the next level.

From the beginning of the first level to the second level, it will take at least half a year. If I use the Spiritual Universe Map, I should be able to enter the second level within two months.

Zhang Ruochen had a general plan for his following cultivation.

He took out a drop of divine blood. Holding it in his hands, he slowly activated his techniques and started absorbing it.

Divine blood wasn't only helpful to Monks in the Fish-Dragon Realm. It also had endless benefits for Half-Saints. However, the middle-age families didn't have enough divine blood, so they didn't want to give it to Half-Saints.

Zhang Ruochen didn't care though. He had a pool of it. As long as he could boost his cultivation, so what if he used up all the divine blood?

At midnight, he'd already absorbed the entire drop of divine blood. He could feel that his physical strength had improved greatly. A portion of the rules within the divine blood entered his saint soul, thickening the Rules of Saintly Way within it.

He'd only absorbed a drop of divine blood, but Zhang Ruochen felt that his cultivation had improved greatly. More importantly, he'd only absorbed two-thirds of the drop's power. Most of it was saved up inside him.

Cultivating the Dragon and Elephant Prajna Palm should help my body absorb it faster.

Zhang Ruochen stood up. He activated his Qi to start practicing the palm technique.

Suddenly, a blood-red spear pierced the defense formation at the residence's entrance. With explosive murderous aura, it stabbed toward Zhang Ruochen.

Boom!

Rolling Blood Qi surged with the long spear. One could vaguely see the owner of the sword was a ten-foot-tall Vampire. He had flesh wings on his back, wore armor, and had fearsome features with a dark face and sharp fangs.

Zhang Ruochen's expression darkened. "Draconic Transformation," he thundered.

It was the Ninth Palm of the Dragon and Elephant Prajna Palm. Golden dragon scales appeared on Zhang Ruochen's hand, transforming it into sharp dragon talon. He struck forward.

At the same time, Five Elements Chaotic Qi spread out from the center and covered the entire talon.

Kaboom.

The golden talon clashed against the spear. A powerful burst of energy rushed out in all directions. The defense formation runes in the residence all lit up. They shone blindingly, blocking the energy current.

Zhang Ruochen retreated dozens of feet before he could stabilize himself. Even with the Five Elements Chaotic Qi's protection, his hand shook with pain.

So powerful. He must be at the pinnacle of the Half-Saint Realm's sixth level.

Zhang Ruochen stared at the bloody cloud in the near distance. "The Vampires have charged into here? I've really underestimated your forces amongst the Guardians of the Prison. Speak! How many spies do you have here?"

The Vampire with the spear seemed extremely cold. "Zhang Ruochen, you are trapped in this cave. You can't escape. Hand over the Taotian Sword and I can keep your corpse whole."

"You're here to take my Taotian Sword instead of getting the Zhutian Sword from Xiang Zhengfeng. Do you think I'm

weak and easy to bully?”

Zhang Ruochen released his Spiritual Energy to investigate outside the cave residence. He soon discovered that there were two very powerful Vampires outside. They had formation discs and were operating a formation to completely isolate the residence Zhang Ruochen was in.

This was why the outside world didn't know that the Vampires were currently assassinating Zhang Ruochen to get the Taotian Sword.

“You're facing death and you still dare to talk back.”

The Vampire attacked again. He transformed into a streak of blood and shot toward Zhang Ruochen like lightning.

“Coming of the Blood God.”

As the spear stabbed forward, shadows of six pairs of wings formed behind the Vampire. The blood-red spear radiated with icy Blood Qi. It felt as if the entire residence was sealed with ice.

Zhang Ruochen naturally felt great pressure. He pushed forward, activating the power of space. “Spatial Collapse,” he uttered.

Crack!

The space before Zhang Ruochen cracked like breaking glass. It collapsed inward, forming a 30-foot-wide hole. The collapsed space formed a huge swallowing force, devouring everything around it.

“Spatial power?” the Vampire exclaimed in shock.

However, he was prepared. Thus, the moment the space collapsed, he immediately retreated.

If this was before Zhang Ruochen had comprehended the spatial rules and reached the Half-Saint Realm, the Vampire might really have escaped. But now, Zhang Ruochen didn't want to give him the chance.

“You want to escape? It's not that easy.”

Zhang Ruochen pushed forward. In the distance, three more long fissures opened up in the collapsed space. They extended all the way to the Immortal Vampire.

Chapter 888 - Tail of the Fox

Translator:

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The spatial crack hit the Vampire in the chest. It pierced his Body-Protecting Holy Kang instantly.

Dense rune patterns appeared on the armor, forming a 70-foot-tall beastly shadow. It tried to stop the spatial crack's attack.

The Vampire's armor was a very valuable saint armor, named "Bifang Blood King Armor." It could dissolve 70% of physical attacks and 50% of spiritual attacks. Its value was worth entire cities.

Poof.

However, even the saint armor only resisted for a bit. The next moment, it still broke apart with a bowl-sized hole. Large amounts of saintly blood poured out of the Vampire. His bones, muscles, and lungs had all been pierced.

"Spatial attacks are so...terrifying..."

He stared at Zhang Ruochen in shock. Repressing his injuries, his legs bent and he shot backward with extremely fast speed like a bow and arrow.

Vampires had very formidable vitalities. Even when their bodies were split in half, they could come back to life if they drank enough blood. Thus, he could still escape with such a grave injury.

Plus, he'd already estimated Zhang Ruochen's spatial abilities and prepared before attacking. Thus, he wasn't in too much of a panic. However, the destructiveness of the spatial power was still beyond his imagination.

When you face spatial attacks, you can't defend yourself. You can only retreat, the Vampire Half-Saint thought. He'd learned his lesson.

“Spatial Move.”

Zhang Ruochen chased after him. He leapt and disappeared as soon as he jumped up. The surrounding space trembled.

A moment later, Zhang Ruochen opened his arms. He appeared above the Vampire like a black eagle. Powerful Sword Intent surged from within Zhang Ruochen. It converged at his finger. As he pointed forward, he thought, Sword Three.

Whoosh. The Taotian Sword flew out of its sheath and struck down like a white streak.

“How can a first level Half-Saint be so fast? No, that's the power of space. Zhang Ruochen used a Spatial Move.”

The Immortal Vampire's eyes widened. He immediately activated all his Holy Qi and stabbed with his spear. It crashed against the Taotian Sword.

Boom!

Zhang Ruochen didn't activate the Destruction of the Thousand Patterns. The Taotian Sword's own power shattered the blood-red spear. The dozens of useless pieces flew out.

“Ah...Zhang Ruo...chen...”

The powerful Sword Qi turned the Half-Saint's arms into mush. One could even see the thick bones under the flesh.

Kaboom.

The Vampire Half-Saint fell down and crashed onto the ground. He had nine holes in his body. It was like he'd been turned into a dice. Now, he finally realized how terrifying the combat ability of the Time and Space Descendant was.

Zhang Ruochen's abilities were much weaker than his. If he was stuck inside the cave residence, he would've died without a doubt. But when Zhang Ruochen used the power of space and paired it with the advanced Tao of Sword, his abilities were unstoppable.

He could probably fight against a seventh level Half-Saint without being defeated.

The other two Vampire Half-Saints manning the formation saw that Half-Saint Wu Jun had been tossed out and were shocked.

“How can this be?”

They didn't expect that someone with Half-Saint Wu Jun's abilities could lose to Zhang Ruochen.

“Zhang Ruochen had just entered the first level. How can he be so powerful?”

“Even Half-Saint Wu Jun couldn't defeat him. We can't be his match either. Let's hurry and leave.”

The two Vampire Half-Saints retracted the formation without hesitation. They unfurled their wings and rushed out of the mountain like two bloody bats. They flew into the night, wanting to escape.

Zhang Ruochen put the Taotian Sword away to chase after them. Just then, powerful Sword Intent rushed out of another cave residence on Bei Wang Mountain. A man on a flying sword shot after the two Vampire Half-Saints like a shooting star.

It was Xiang Zhengfeng, master of the Zhutian Sword. He hovered in the air at the same height as the Bei Wang Mountain and steadied himself. “The Pluto Sword Tomb isn't a place that you Vampires can break into!” he roared.

“Keep one alive!” Zhang Ruochen said.

Unfortunately, Zhang Ruochen was too late. Xiang Zhengfeng took out the Zhutian Sword and activated the Destruction of the Thousand Patterns. He brandished his sword and created a river of Sword Qi.

Boom! Boom!

Two explosions sounded in the sky. The two Half-Saint Vampires turned into clouds of blood. Even their saint souls were shattered. Only some broken bones remained and fell to the ground.

The Destruction of the Thousand Patterns was extremely strong. Even when Xiang Zhengfeng sheathed his sword, chaotic Sword Qi still existed in a hundred-mile radius of Bei Wang Mountain.

Zhang Ruochen was furious. He took a deep breath and stared at the levitating Xiang Zhengfeng with confusion.

The two Vampire Half-Saints had already been exposed. Even if they tried escaping, they couldn't leave the Pluto Sword Tomb. If they were arrested, they could reveal more infiltrators through interrogation. Once they were all found, the Vampires wouldn't be able to attack the Pluto Sword Tomb anymore.

Unexpectedly, Xiang Zhengfeng had killed both Half-Saints with one strike. Did he really hate them that much, or did he purposely kill them?

Xiang Zhengfeng was a Swordsman, after all. He had a different identity and status. Despite Zhang Ruochen's suspicions, he still couldn't accuse him directly.

Zhang Ruochen retreated and went to the outside of his cave. He wanted to check Half-Saint Wu Jun's injuries. That Half-Saint was the only living proof now. He was critical to finding Vampire infiltrators in the Pluto Sword Tomb.

"No."

When Zhang Ruochen got close, he immediately sensed that Half-Saint Wu Jun's body contained a very strong and chaotic force. Rays of bloody saintly light also rushed out of his forehead.

It was a sign that he was voluntarily destroying his Sea of Qi. Clearly, Half-Saint Wu Jun was also clear that he couldn't escape anymore. He wanted to kill himself and Zhang Ruochen.

The power from a first level Half-Saint detonating his Sea of Qi could very possibly kill a sixth level Half-Saint. The destructive power of a sixth level Half-Saint doing the same thing was naturally more terrifying. A ninth level Half-Saint could have his soul scattered if he was close enough.

Right now, Zhang Ruochen was too close. He couldn't stop Half-Saint Wu Jun or escape.

He immediately activated his Space Domain and Soul Territory, placing the Taotian Sword horizontally before him.

Kaboom!

The formidable Sea of Qi and Saintly Qi burst completely out of Half-Saint Wu Jun's skull. It formed a wave shocking destructive Qi.

All the defense formations on Bei Wang Mountain were activated. They formed various beams of light. Many circular formation rune patterns emerged. Even so, it still couldn't fend off a sixth level Half-Saint's suicidal power.

The defense formations shattered and the cave residences collapsed. Half of the huge mountain shattered and fell inside. There were continuous explosions and the ground shook. Black smoke and dust rose up.

Whoosh, whoosh.

Strong cultivators from the Guardians of the Prison gradually hurried over. The Half-Saint elders were all flying in the air and looking down. They could only see that the once-towering Bei Wang Mountain was now flattened into black dirt.

Monks of slightly lower realms used physical techniques, creating whooshes of wind. They arrived at the outer edges of what had once been Bei Wang Mountain. They all gasped at the scene.

Everyone looked over at Xiang Zhengfeng. They wanted to know what had happened.

After all, there were dozens of important guests living in the Bei Wang Mountain. Their fates were unknown now.

Shi Ren hurried over. He was surprised at the sight, but he was quite composed. He quickly recovered and asked, "Lord Xiang, what happened?"

Xiang Zhengfeng scoffed. "Good question, Young Clan Leader. It's all because of Zhang Ruochen."

“Zhang Ruochen?” Shi Ren furrowed his brow. He looked around, but he couldn’t find any trace of Zhang Ruochen.

Xiang Zhengfeng seemed just and upright. “Vampire Half-Saints infiltrated the Guardians of the Prison,” he replied seriously. “More than one, in fact. Just then, Zhang Ruochen snuck into my residence with three Vampire Half-Saints. They wanted to kill me and steal the Zhutian Sword.”

Xiang Zhengfeng’s words were like a drop of cold water that fell into a bubbling pot of oil. All the Guardians of the Prison exploded.

“Just as I expected. I thought there was something wrong with Zhang Ruochen when he entered the Pluto Sword Tomb.”

“Crazy. He dares to kill a Swordsman of the Pluto Sword Tomb. Where did Zhang Ruochen get the guts to do so?”

“Three Vampire Half-Saints appeared tonight. How many are hiding in the Pluto Sword Tomb in total?”

...

A man in his late twenties walked out of the crowd of Wang Family monks. He carried a black saint sword. Looking in the direction of the Bei Wang Mountain, he huffed coldly. “There are 14 important guests living in Bei Wang Mountain. Now, they’ve all died. If I’d known earlier, I wouldn’t have let Zhang Ruochen enter the Pluto Sword Tomb. He’s trouble.”

With that, everyone looked over at Shi Ren. The crowd’s anger actually spread towards him. They seemed to blame him.

If he hadn’t brought Zhang Ruochen into the Pluto Sword Tomb, this wouldn’t have happened.

Chapter 889 - The Third Keeper of the Sword?

Translator:

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The person who spoke earlier was Wang Jie, the sixth son to the Chief of the tribe Guardian of the Prison, also the most talented one among his siblings. He was only less than a century year old, yet his cultivation level had reached a half-saint's fifth level.

Logically speaking, the most outstanding son should be the next in line to inherit of his father's title.

Yet, the heir to the Chief was Shi Ren.

This was the reason why Wang Jie had an opinion about everything towards Shi Ren. He was trying to take over the position as an heir from Shi Ren by discrediting his reputation.

Obviously, this was a good opportunity for Wang Jie. While this would not be effective immediately, adding fuel to the anger of the tribe would ease his plot against Shi Ren in the future.

Shi Ren glared at Wang Jie, then turned to Xiang Zhengfeng. His frown deepened.

In contrast to Xiang Zhengfeng's testimony, Shi Ren would rather believe his own judgement on Zhang Ruochen's character. He had been through life and death encounters with Zhang Ruochen more than once.

Moreover, he saw Zhang Ruochen kill the Sixth Royal Prince and numerous Half Saints of the Immortal Vampires with his own eyes in the netherworld.

That clearly showed Zhang Ruochen and the Immortal Vampires could never get along. With that in mind, how could they possibly be working together?

Shi Ren lay his eyes on Xiang Zhengfeng. “What you have said was one sided, I find it hard to believe.”

“Are you doubting me?”

Xiang Zhengfeng was furious, his dissatisfaction towards Shi Ren was written all over his face.

Shi Ren remained composed with no change to his initial expression, “If I may ask, assuming Zhang Ruochen did lead three half-saints of the Immortal Vampires to ambush you, like you said, where do you think he is now?”

Before Xiang Zhengfeng could even reply, Wang Jie cut him off with a laugh. He snorted, “Is that even a question? Zhang Ruochen is only a level one half-saint, he will never be able to defeat Brother Xiang? I doubt his alliance with the three half-saints could even take a strike from Brother Xiang.”

Wang Jie needed the support from all six Keepers of Swords in order to be the heir of the tribe.

He was trying to build his rapport with Xiang Zhengfeng, preparing for the upcoming revolt.

Xiang Zhengfeng looked at Wang Jie and nodded lightly, then added, “Zhang Ruochen and the three half-saints came well prepared and deployed. However, they’ve underestimated the ability of a sword keeper.”

“After defeating them, I wanted to keep them alive to interrogate them further on the identities of other intruders.”

“Unfortunately, knowing that they wouldn’t be able to escape, they blew their lower abdomen meridian points off. Thankfully I discovered their action early and escaped from it. Otherwise... I might have died in Bei Wang Mountain.”

Xiang Zhengfeng’s story fueled the already furious tribe with much anger.

Standing among the crowd, Li Min bit her lips, mustering her courage to speak up. “That is absurdity. Zhang Ruochen would

never collude with the Immortal Vampires. He was with me the entire time. It was impossible for him to have been in touch with the Immortal Vampires.”

Li Min’s first impression of Zhang Ruochen and Xiang Zhengfeng was a monstrous pervert and a handsome righteous Sword Saint respectively.

Somehow, between the two, Li Min was more willing to believe the former. Contradicting her impression, her gut feeling was denying what Xiang Zhengfeng had said earlier.

Zhang Ruochen was forthcoming; he did not beat around the bush and was willing to face the consequences. He even attacked the military base on his own. Why would someone as such collude with the Immortal Vampires?

There was no possible way he would ever do that.

Xiang Zhengfeng looked at Li Min with the corner of his eyes, then replied inconsiderately, “Whatever Zhang Ruochen is going to do, he has no obligation to inform you. You are nothing in his eyes.”

Just when Li Min was going to refute him, Li Gu Half-Saint stopped her.

Li Gu Half-Saint gave her a stern glare. How dare she refute the sword keeper publicly? She was getting more reckless and rowdier.

Among the ruins in Bei Wang Mountain, a black figure was seen walking in the dark, with the constant sound of footsteps.

Everyone’s heart literally stopped beating for a moment as the footsteps advanced towards them.

There was a survivor?

As the figure came closer, he waved the dust and debris off, revealing his handsome-looking face.

It was Zhang Ruochen.

Zhang Ruochen lifted his head up and stared at Xiang Zhengfeng. What he said next confused many.”I wasn’t sure if it was you. Not anymore.”

How's that possible?

Xiang Zhengfeng had inspected the ruins using his spiritual power; there was no sign of life at all.

He was so confident of it and put all the blame on Zhang Ruochen.

Who would have thought Zhang Ruochen was alive still?

The blast of Wu Jun Half-Saint's self-destruct power was indeed powerful, even Zhang Ruochen was vulnerable to it.

But Zhang Ruochen had the Universe Spiritual Map. He escaped the catastrophic blast by hiding in the Scroll World.

Zhang Ruochen could have come out from the Scroll World in the beginning, yet he chose to stand in the dark to probe Xiang Zhengfeng's intentions.

While Xiang Zhengfeng's mind was in complete chaos, his face did not show any sign of discomfort. He gave out a cold laugh, "Zhang Ruochen, the fact that you didn't blow yourself up shows that you are a coward. I must torment you to find out who your confederates are."

Xiang Zhengfeng extended his fingers to a sword-sign and activated Zhutian Sword, which went flying towards Zhang Ruochen.

Shi Ren rushed over to stop the Zhutian Sword from thrusting forward, then said, "Why are you so eager to attack? Are you trying to kill him for his silence?"

Knowing that he could never kill Shi Ren, Xiang Zhengfeng had to keep his sword back. "Are you questioning me?"

Shi Ren shook his head in reply, "I just want to hear from Zhang Ruochen his side of the story."

Zhang Ruochen did what he was told, detailing everything that had happened. He did not exaggerate, nor did he leave out anything on purpose.

Many of the clan members had prejudice against Zhang Ruochen. After the accusations Xiang Zhengfeng made earlier,

Shi Ren's followers were the only ones left that believed Zhang Ruochen.

Wang Jie laughed. "Two Keeper of Swords, with two side of the story, who shall we believe?"

A senior Half-Saint answered, "One thing is certain, between the two Keeper of Swords, one of them is the spy for the Immortal Vampires."

Wang Jie said, "Brother Xiang has helped our tribe to defeat the attacks from the blood slaves twice. Plus, throughout his visit at Pluto Sword Tomb, nothing bad ever happened."

"Yet, the first day of Zhang Ruochen's visit has had the whole Bei Wang Mountain razed to the ground. Fellow clan members of bright minds, I trust that you know who to believe."

Wang Jie's comment had conveyed the tribe's inner voice accurately.

"Mr. Xiang is the friend to our tribe, the one who defended Pluto Sword Tomb. Get out of Pluto Sword Tomb, Zhang Ruochen," someone in the crowd cried.

Soon, voices against Zhang Ruochen grew louder and louder.

"Zhang Ruochen must have conspired with the Immortal Vampires to fight against our tribe. Such wicked intent shall not be forgiven easily."

"Yes! Zhang Ruochen should be sentenced to death, to repay our clan members who died by the hand of the Immortal Vampires."

Zhang Ruochen looked at Wang Jie, and could not help but to wonder about Wang Jie's stupidity. Or rather, whether he was also one of the undercover?

Since he had found out the identity of Xiang Zhengfeng, Zhang Ruochen could not bear leaving Shi Ren to fight against the traitor alone.

Be it for friendship or for a just cause to stop the Immortal Vampires' conspiracy, Zhang Ruochen had to stay.

Amplifying his voice using Holy Qi, Zhang Ruochen said, “The line of the Taotian Sword Keeper has been defending the Guardian of the Prison for ages, some keepers even sacrificed themselves for the tribe.”

“And now, you ask to exile the Keeper of the Taotian Sword with no evidence found, but solely based on the testimony from one witness? Worse still, you ask to sentence the keeper to death, how ungrateful!”

The line of the Taotian Sword Keepers had indeed contributed much to the tribe. One could never deny their contributions as they were all recorded in books.

Zhang Ruochen’s defending speech made some of the members feel ashamed and they tried to cool their heads off.

Shi Ren added, “There is no conclusion on who’s right or who’s wrong yet. If Zhang Ruochen did collude with the Immortal Vampires, we will never allow him to leave Pluto Sword Tomb. We’ll be laying trouble for ourselves if we do. Therefore, I suggest to keep him here for trial until we have a conclusion.”

Wang Jie laughed, “What if something happens again, who will be responsible?”

“I will watch Zhang Ruochen myself. Should there be any incident similar to tonight’s situation happening again, I will be responsible for it and bear all the consequences.” Shi Ren gaze Wang Jie a sharp gaze.

Wang Jie shook his head and said, “With your strength, you won’t be able to watch Zhang Ruochen. What if he threatens you and causes more harm to the Guardians of the Prison?”

“You rascal...”

Shi Ren held his fists tightly, suppressing his anger.

As the situation was getting heated up, a distant female voice was heard. “I can watch over him.”

Wang Jie was annoyed. Within the tribe, no one dared to interrupt the conversation of him and Shi Ren.

He turned around and berated, “Who dares to...”

His sentence was left hanging. His expression changed and he shut his mouth immediately after, trembling.

Two men flew over and landed gracefully.

One of them was the Chief, Wang Jie's father.

The other one was a young lady. Wang Jie was a Level Five Half-Saint, even then he could barely see her face, only her silhouette.

She stood there casually, but her presence left Wang Jie incapacitated. His legs were shaking and he nearly fell to his knees.

Zhang Ruochen shifted his gaze to the young lady as well.

She was tall, and her legs seemed exceptionally long, making up a perfect ratio that complimented her figure. Also, her breasts and waist were lined in the most perfect curve ever. Her beauty was breathtaking, though one could see only her silhouette.

Zhang Ruochen also noticed a white jade sword hanging in front of her chest.

The Taotian Sword in his hand was shaking lightly, as if it sensed the presence of something.

The lady must be a noble, for the Chief to have come along with her.

Could she be another Keeper of Sword?

Author's Note: The third keeper was definitely a Sword Saint. As for her name, it was mentioned a few times in previous chapters. Take a guess. The hint will be, from the Demonic Sect.

Chapter 890 - Sword Saint Feiyu

Translator:

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Editor:

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All the members of the Ancient Race of Prison Guardians in the surrounding area knelt down and worshipped the two prominent figures that entered. They kowtowed sincerely with their hands on the ground.

Even the half-saints bowed down and greeted the two figures.

All the people welcomed them in a respectful manner.

It was not just because they were saints and could defeat anyone, but it was also because of the wisdom and power they possessed, something that should be worshipped by everyone.

Sixty-four Holy Qi rings surrounded the Clan Lord, making him look like an actual God standing in front of the people.

His fierce eyes fixed on Shi Ren and Wang Jie.

Then, he groaned, "It is not a small matter that the Immortal Vampires have infiltrated the Pluto Sword Tomb. This could destroy the entire Pluto Sword Tomb. Rather than working together to find out the culprits, you fought amongst yourselves. The two of you are only making fun of yourselves in front of the immortal vampires."

"I was wrong. Please punish me, dad."

"It is my fault. I deserve to be punished, Clan Lord."

Wang Jie and Shi Ren both knelt down at the same time. They took their mistakes seriously.

The Clan Lord turned to Wang Jie and became more serious. He scolded, “Wang Jie, do you know who you have offended just now?”

Wang Jie was the favorite child of the Clan Lord, because he was the most talented one among his siblings and had the highest potential to achieve the Saint level.

Usually, the Clan Lord would call him by his nickname.

Yet he was called by his full name just now. This meant that the Clan Lord was really angry.

Cold sweat broke out all over his back. “I...don’t know...,” said Wang Jie.

The Clan Lord shook his head at his son’s expression and said, “She is the Keeper of Heaven-Burier Sword, Sword Saint Feiyu. Quickly, apologize to her and ask for her forgiveness.”

Wang Jie understood his father’s intention immediately. He turned over to Sword Saint Feiyu and said, “It was my fault. I didn’t mean it. Please forgive me, Sword Saint Feiyu.”

Zhang Ruochen watched from the side. He thought, This young man must be the Clan Lord’s biological son.

Those observing could tell that the Clan Lord, who was fierce and strict, was protecting his son.

In this world, anyone who offended a saint risked getting killed, even if he was a half-saint.

However, the Clan Lord first talked about the internal strife between Shi Ren and Wang Jie that would only benefit the immortal vampires.

He then reminded Wang Jie that Sword Saint Feiyu was his senior and it was entirely his fault to have offended her.

Therefore, when Wang Jie apologized to Sword Saint Feiyu, she would not be able to blame him anymore. How could she?

It would make her look spiteful and touchy over petty matters. Before Sword Saint Feiyu could say anything, Zhang Ruochen knew this matter had been resolved already.

That was what he thought. He had underestimated her.

Sword Saint Feiyu did not bother to look at Wang Jie who was kneeling on the ground, nor did she say anything about forgiving him. She was staring at Zhang Ruochen and Xiang Zhengfeng instead.

Her eyes were like two bright stars shining in the sky.

Zhang Ruochen suddenly felt a heaviness come over him, as if he was stuck in the mud and incapacitated. He couldn't breathe, as if his nervous system had shut down. Even his Holy Qi was frozen.

It is just a stare, how could it be so strong?

Zhang Ruochen clenched his jaw and activated his Five Elements Chaotic Body in an attempt to overcome the pressure Sword Saint Feiyu exerted.

Being unable to control his body's movements despite having achieved the Half-Saint state already made him feel uneasy.

He had to break free of her compulsion and take back the control of his own body.

Xiang Zhengfeng was also pressured by Sword Saint Feiyu and fell to the ground. He, too, lost control his holy Qi.

Sword Saint Feiyu swayed a little.

Two thin shadows extended from her body. They looked exactly like her, as if she was replicated twice.

Whoosh.

The two shadows made the surrounding atmosphere grow cold like ghost spirits. They then swirled to Zhang Ruochen and Xiang Zhengfeng respectively in two whirlwinds.

They were actually Sword Saint Feiyu's Holy Qi which were shaped after her.

“Break through!”

Zhang Ruochen's arms outstretched towards the sky. Streams of coloured light pulsating from his body, vibrating through the air and overthrowing Sword Saint Feiyu's compulsion.

Before he could step backwards, a dark shadow glided towards him at a rapid pace.

In response, he channelled the Holy Qi onto his palms to strike the Dragon and Elephant Prajna Palm.

Zhang Ruochen had performed this technique multiple times and had become quite used to the movement. He was very fast in unleashing the attack.

However, as his palms were ready to issue the power, two shadowy hands clasped around his wrists like iron cuffs.

The hands then twisted his arms around until a crackling sound was heard. Zhang Ruochen's arms were broken.

“That was... fast...”

Zhang Ruochen withstood the pain, and tried to control the Taotian Sword with Sword Intent to launch another attack.

Once again, when he was just about to do so...

The shadow had already thrust a palm strike against Zhang Ruochen's chest, throwing him up to the sky.

The direct blow caused his ribs and sternum to crack, so close to breaking off.

His organs were severely damaged and he was coughing up blood. If it wasn't for his strong Spiritual Power, he would have lost consciousness.

The shadow did not intend to stop even though he was severely wounded. It continued to attack and each strike was faster than the previous hit. In total, thirty-six palms were hit at thirty-six different positions, each landing on different parts of Zhang Ruochen's body.

In the middle of the air, other than Zhang Ruochen who was being attacked, there were multiple images of the fast-moving shadow, as if there were thirty-six men attacking Zhang Ruochen simultaneously.

In the next second, the images faded back into Sword Saint Feiyu's body at once.

Zhang Ruochen fell to the ground with broken bones and kept vomiting blood. He was bone-crushingly tired and devoid of energy.

Xiang Zhengfeng wasn't any better either. He had fainted on the ground with blood all over his body.

Everything had happened in a blink of an eye.

Other than the half-saints who managed to catch a glimpse of moving shadows, the rest had no clue of what had just happened.

Li Min was one of them. She wondered why Zhang Ruochen and Xiang Zhengfeng were lying on the ground and had been severely wounded all of a sudden?

All the half-saints gasped in astonishment. Sword Saint Feiyu's strength sent chills down their spines.

The strength of a Sword Saint was indeed scary. It merely took two of her shadows formed by the Holy Qi to defeat the two sword keepers.

Each of her moves was random and hard for the opponent to gauge her next move.

"I have broken all of their bones and ran a thorough check. Neither of them are immortal vampires," Sword Saint Feiyu claimed.

"That means one of them is colluding with the Immortal Vampires," said the Clan Lord while his gaze fixed on Zhang Ruochen.

There was no doubt that Zhang Ruochen was the most suspicious.

The Empress had given the order to arrest him. In order to stay alive, he must seek protection while he's on the run.

In Kunlun's Field, there was barely anyone who dared to oppose the imperial court. The Immortal Vampires were the only exception.

It would make sense for Zhang Ruochen to collude with the Immortal Vampires to set Lord Pluto free.

“We shall not conclude that Xiang Zhengfeng is innocent for now. Both are equally suspicious. Before I find out the truth, I shall look after Zhang Ruochen,” Sword Saint Feiyu said in a flat tone. Even then, it sounded pleasant in her silvery voice.

Meanwhile, Zhang Ruochen, who was severely injured, was helping himself up slowly, without any support given.

After the hit, Xiang Zhengfeng, who was a few levels above Zhang Ruochen, had already fainted.

“You can still stand up. Five Elements Chaotic Body is really impressive.”

Sword Saint Feiyu then disappeared into a gust of wind, her fragrance lingering in the air. When she reappeared in front of Zhang Ruochen, she snatched the Taotian Sword from him.

As she rolled up her sleeve, a swirl of the Holy Qi was formed. The swirl swept Zhang Ruochen up and left.

She did not look at Wang Jie at all, not even once before her departure.

Wang Jie continued to kneel on the ground. He did not know whether he should stand up or not.

The combat power Sword Saint Feiyu demonstrated was terrifying. Furthermore, she had no mercy on the two Sword Keepers at all. Both lied motionlessly on the ground after taking her hit.

Wang Jie regretted offending her.

The Clan Lord frowned while looking at Wang Jie. He had no intention of asking his son to get up. He brought Xiang Zhengfeng with him as he left.

Chapter 891 - The Test

Translator:

Larbre Studio

Editor:

Larbre Studio

Due to the serious injuries, Zhang Ruochen's eyelids got heavier and heavier and finally losing his consciousness.

It was already the evening of the second day when he regained his consciousness.

Phoof.

Pushing his palms against the stone bed, Zhang Ruochen bolted upright from lying prone with the strength gained from the rebound motion.

He examined his recovered arms and stretched around, and soon realized all of his injuries had healed completely.

However, his face hardened as soon as he realized his Spatial Ring and Spatial Bracelet were missing.

Many of his treasures were kept inside the ring and the bracelet.

“What happened?”

Zhang Ruochen massaged his sore temples, trying to recall what had happened before he passed out. He remembered seeing a silhouette of Sword Saint Feiyu.

His eyes widened, “Could it be she who took my belongings?”

Hastily he walked towards the cave abode and found her figure in there.

Sword Saint Feiyu was sitting by a holy spring in a lilac color blouse. Her black silky hair was twirled into a bun and secured with three golden hair sticks, the classic Chinese knot.

This time she had her Holy Qi revoked, so Zhang Ruochen could take a better look at her appearance.

Even her back was an aesthetically pleasing view; fair neck line, slim waist line, a view that would provoke any man's lust and desire.

Zhang Ruochen took a few steps closer, but he was still ten miles away from her.

Her lilac blouse started firing purple lightning bolts, which transformed into a few hundred tiny sword-like lightning bolts, attacking Zhang Ruochen from above and the ground.

Bam!

Zhang Ruochen defended the attack with both his arms, and was thrown backwards.

It took him seven steps to regain his stability.

It was not Sword Saint Feiyu who attacked Zhang Ruochen, it was the defense mechanism of her lilac blouse.

From the look of it, no ordinary saints could get any closer to Sword Saint Feiyu though she was only sitting and did nothing else, all because of the protection given by the lilac blouse, Zhang Ruochen guessed.

Zhang Ruochen stared at the lilac blouse and asked, "Is that the Lightning Goddess Lilac Blouse?"

"You've heard about the Lightning Goddess Lilac Blouse, so you should know to stay further away from me, to avoid hurting yourself."

Sword Saint Feiyu spoke casually, and did not turn around or stand up.

Indeed, it was the Lightning Goddess Lilac Blouse.

According to the legend, there was a goddess in the medieval times who was capable of controlling the power of lightning and thunder. She was called the "Goddess of Lightning."

As the name suggested, the Lightning Goddess Lilac Blouse was the blouse worn by the goddess.

The blouse carried the power of thunder and lightning along with the godly conscience. Hence it was called the “Goddess’ Blouse.”

Zhang Ruochen had only read the record of the legendary blouse before. Never did he think that someone would be so lucky to have stumbled upon a goddess’ relic.

Then, Sword Saint Feiyu stood up, holding the hilt of the Abyss Ancient Sword with one hand, putting her other hand on the blade. She said while staring at the sword in admiration, “In Kunlun’s Field, there is another sword forged with Godly Steel that no one knows of. It’s no wonder the Empress gave the order to arrest you. Seems like the two of you are somehow fated.” Sword Saint Feiyu did not ask about the origin of the Abyss Ancient Sword, nor the reasons behind the Empress’ order.

She knew Zhang Ruochen would never answer, even if she asked.

“What a good sword. Once cultivated, it could probably withstand the Empress’s Divine Blood Sword. Unfortunately, it has recognized its master. There you have it.”

Sword Saint Feiyu’s pinched her long fingers together to form a sword sign. Clouds of sword Qi oozed out from her fingertips.

The Abyss Ancient Sword vanished into a greyish ray of light as she motioned her fingers. The light ray spun towards Zhang Ruochen and reappeared again as a sword the moment it impaled the ground.

Zhang Ruochen did not retrieve it, but staring continuously at Sword Saint Feiyu. He asked, “What about Taotian Sword?”

“Until you have proven your innocence, I shall keep Taotian Sword on your behalf. Had it been Sword Saint Xuanji who stood here today, and made the same mistake as you did, I would have said the same thing,” said Sword Saint Feiyu.

If it was others who told Zhang Ruochen the same thing with such arrogance, he would have felt disgusted, and might have even snatched the Taotian Sword back with violence.

Yet Sword Saint Feiyu did not sound dominant at all with her mellow voice. This roused his curiosity and he wondered what kind of person she was.

Sword Saint Feiyu then picked up a box from the stone counter, one that contained Emperor Buddha's sarira.

Her finger sliced through the seal to unopen the box. As the lid began to open, a blinding golden light was emitted from the box, lighting the whole cave.

"The sarira of Emperor Buddha was indeed with you all along."

Sword Saint Feiyu smiled slightly, picking up the sarira carefully with two of her fingers, and observing it closely.

In fact, she was observing Zhang Ruochen's expression through her Spiritual Power.

Zhang Ruochen's expression remained unchanged throughout her noticing, other than the part where he tightened his grip. He said, "You have broken the spell residing in the Spatial Ring – Inscription of Recognition?"

The Emperor Buddha's sarira was kept in the internal space of Spatial Ring, and protected with an inscribed seal, the Inscription of Recognition. Anyone who tried to open the box by force would have damaged the Ring altogether.

That was why Zhang Ruochen was surprised to see Sword Saint Feiyu holding the Emperor Buddha's sarira in one piece.

"How difficult can this be? To break the Inscription of Recognition. Especially to a sword saint?" Sword Saint Feiyu answered lightly.

Emperor Buddha's sarira was such a valuable and precious treasure. The fight for the treasure would cause a bloodbath, even among the saints. Now that the sarira had fallen onto Sword Saint Feiyu's hand, there was no way she would ever return it back to Zhang Ruochen.

However, to challenge Sword Saint Feiyu with his cultivation at the moment would be a wasted effort.

At last, Zhang Ruochen cooled himself down and withdrew his holy Qi. He said mockingly, “As a Sword Saint and the Chief of the Moon Worship Demonic Sect, do you have to take things from a junior?”

The real name of Sword Saint Feiyu was Ling Feiyu. She was once Saintess of the Demonic Sect, then rose to becoming the Imperial Empress of Saintess Palace, one of the nine palaces in the Demonic Sect. Since then, she was given the title First Saintess.

Zhang Ruochen once heard her name from Mu Lingxi. Moreover, there was very few saintesses in the whole of Kunlun’s Field. It was not difficult to guess her identity at all.

“To others, Emperor Buddha’s sarira is a precious treasure. To me, it’s not tempting at all.”

Ling Feiyu placed the Emperor Buddha’s sarira back into the box, then placed the box back into the Spatial Ring.

“Spatial vessels used to store items are rare to find. I can return the Spatial Ring to you, along with the valuables stored inside, but I will want to keep the Spatial Bracelet. This will be our first deal.”

Ling Feiyu flicked her fingers gently, and the Spatial Ring flew to Zhang Ruochen.

Zhang Ruochen caught the ring and asked, “First deal? What do you mean?”

“If I hadn’t fed you the Withered Pill, would your injuries have healed this rapidly? A Spatial Bracelet in exchange for a Withered Pill, isn’t this a fair deal?” Ling Feiyu nodded lightly, as if muttering to herself.

Zhang Ruochen filled the Spatial Ring with Spiritual Power to inspect the items inside.

Emperor Buddha’s sarira, the Time and Space Secret Guide, Shenwan Fruit, Ruyi Treasure Bottle, and a bottle of divine blood, all of which were kept in the Spatial Ring. Sword Saint Feiyu did not take anything more from him.

Any of the items above would have caused chaos and bloodbath once shown to the outside world. How could she not have any interest?

She was either someone with integrity or she thought she had Zhang Ruochen wrapped around her little finger already?

“Like what you just said, we will have a second deal?” Zhang Ruochen asked.

“Yes.”

Ling Feiyu nodded, and replied, “I want the bottle of divine blood you have in your Spatial Ring. Name your price.”

Actually, most of the divine blood was kept in the Scroll World. Zhang Ruochen kept only one of the bottle in the Spatial Ring for convenience purposes.”

Though it was only one of the many bottles, a bottle of divine blood contained almost a thousand drops of it.

“Why are you interested in a bottle of divine blood when you are not tempted by the Emperor Buddha’s sarira?” asked Zhang Ruochen.

Ling Feiyu answered in no hurry. “The Emperor Buddha’s sarira is indeed valuable. But there still are relics left to be found from those few talented ones who achieved the Supreme Saint level after the medieval period. Besides, there were many divine spirits born during the medieval and the ancient times before that. All of them had relics left in Kunlun’s Field as well.”

Zhang Ruochen was shocked. “You have inherited the relic of a Supreme Saint? Or even a divine spirit’s relic?”

“You don’t need to know more on this matter. Just tell me how much it is to trade for a bottle of divine blood?”

Ling Feiyu stood up gracefully and turned to Zhang Ruochen. Her watery eyes fixed on him, giving out a calming stare as if she had looked past all the desirables in this world.

Her beautiful eyes, paired with soft gazes that talked, could lure any man’s soul.

The only flaw she had was the veil that had been covering her face.

Zhang Ruochen nearly took the bait, but soon cleared his head. “I am willing to trade the divine blood, but you will have to wait for me to come up with the terms. For now, I haven’t made up my mind yet.”

After finishing his words, he picked up the Abyss Ancient Sword and walked out of the cave abode.

Zhang Ruochen was actually testing Sword Saint Feiyu. He would like to know if she truly had the integrity or if she had other intentions.

“Calm and composed, humble and confident, and immune to lust. Such personality plus his talent...this man has a great future ahead of him.”

Ling Feiyu caressed the Spatial Bracelet on her wrist gently and thought to herself: Looks like I’ll have to take him to the crypt of Taotian Sword’s line of keepers to find out his true intention, and to find out if he is the spy for the Immortal Vampires.

Chapter 892 - Mysterious Sword Tomb

Translator:

Larbre Studio

Editor:

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In the middle of the Pluto Sword Tomb, there was a pyramid mausoleum that absorbed all the energy from its surroundings. It being in the center symbolizes its importance as the center of Heaven and Earth.

Meanwhile in the palace.

Veins were building on Wang Jie's face. He was agitated. "Father, Ling Feiyu is too arrogant! I'm the eldest son of the Clan Leader, and I've apologized to her, but she does not accept it. I can endure the humiliation, but she's being disrespectful to you, tarnishing your reputation and honor. I can't tolerate this, Father."

Wang Jie did not get Ling Feiyu's forgiveness even though he had knelt before her for the entire night.

He was a Half-Saint and the son of the Clan Leader. Ling Feiyu might be a Sword Saint, but this was a huge humiliation to him.

The whole tribe of Guardians of the Prison were laughing at him. Particularly, Shi Ren must have made fun of him behind his back.

He could not take the humiliation, therefore he stood up and rushed to the Sword Mausoleum and ranted to his father.

The Clan Leader of The Guardian of the Prisons, Wang Beilie, stared at Wang Jie with cold eyes. "Endurance is the key. You're a Half-Saint now, how could you act impulsively? When will you learn to be thoughtful?"

“Ling Feiyu is one of the Nine Leaders of the Demonic Sect. Three hundred years ago, she already achieved the Peak of the Heavenly Realm when she was only nineteen years old. Then, she was crowned as the most talented one among her peers, known as the Saintess. Nobody could out-win her.”

“And now, her cultivation has advanced, along with her strength and her exquisite sword techniques. Even I as the clan leader have to pay respect to her.”

“Besides, Ling Feiyu is here at the Pluto Sword Tomb to fulfill her oath pledged to Heaven-Burier Sword, to fight the Immortal Vampires. She will leave when the Immortal Vampires are defeated.”

“Having said that, your enemy isn’t Ling Feiyu, but Shi Ren. To be the Young Clan Leader, you have to be better than Shi Ren. Besides, make some alliances along the way to pave your way to be the next Clan Leader.”

Wang Jie would never move past his hatred towards Ling Feiyu, but he did not dare to show it to his father.

The name “Shi Ren” made Wang Jie snort. “I’m already a Level Five Half-Saint cultivation, but Shi Ren is only at Level Two. I don’t see what the old folks see in him. It makes no sense for them to support him instead of me.”

Then suddenly he lifted his head to look at his father as if remembering something. “Shi Ren and Zhang Ruochen are close, plus, Zhang Ruochen is accused of colluding with the Immortal Vampires. If we can prove this, we can defeat Shi Ren.”

Wang Beilie nodded in agreement, but his eyes seemed concerned, “Zhang Ruochen is a trouble indeed. A wanted felon, and a suspect spy of the Immortal Vampires. If Sword Saint Xuanji was dead, I would have kicked him out of the Pluto Sword Tomb.”

Sword Saint Xuanji was backing Zhang Ruochen. No one dared to challenge him without giving a second thought. Wang Beilie, too, was aware of this.

Wang Jie on other hand, did not consider that much. To him, siding with Shi Ren meant he's a potential threat that'd obstruct him from being the Clan Leader. A threat he had to get rid of.

Wang Jie snorted again. "All the evidence is showing that Zhang Ruochen is the spy of the Immortal Vampires. Had Ling Feiyu not spoken for him, he would have been beheaded the other night."

Wang Jie could tell Ling Feiyu was biased toward Zhang Ruochen. So could Wang Beilie.

"Nevertheless, Zhang Ruochen is the Keeper of the Taotian Sword. If we want him dead, it should not be us doing the job. Others might say we are ungrateful," said Wang Beilie.

Wang Jie flashed his eyes and asked, "Father, are you saying we have plans to take him down, through the hands of others?"

Wang Beilie's expression remained unchanged. He answered, "In two days' time, Little Saint God Wan Zhaoyi and the Saint Lady will pay us a visit at the Pluto Sword Tomb. They are here to discuss the strategies of defeating the Immortal Vampires. You should welcome them when they are here." Wang Beilie did not say much, but Wang Jie knew what his father meant.

Taking Zhang Ruochen down by leveraging the influence of the imperial court was indeed a wise plan.

Get others to do the fighting for you.

Even Ling Feiyu could not go against the imperial court. By that time, Zhang Ruochen would be eliminated from the game. It would be better if Shi Ren could be dragged into it.

...

Ling Feiyu's cave abode was a sacred mountain located at the other side of the Pluto Sword Tomb, called by the name Bamboo Mountain. The place was filled with Spiritual Qi.

Zhang Ruochen was here too, since he could not leave.

Although Ling Feiyu knew most of Zhang Ruochen's secrets, she had no idea about the Universe Spiritual Map.

Of course, Zhang Ruochen would not present the map to her.

He could not enter the map and had to stay at the Bamboo Mountain to practice his Dragon and Elephant Prajna Palm. During the training, he had to absorb the power of Divine Blood that was hidden inside his blood and muscles.

Within half a day, Zhang Ruochen struck a thousand and three hundred palms consecutively. The strike of the palms was deafening, and could be heard even at the distance of a hundred miles away.

The Dragon and Elephant Prajna Palm was a divine masculine energy that was fierce and powerful. Zhang Ruochen had succeeded the cultivation of the Ninth Palm. The energy warmed his body with the heat of a flaming sun.

Followed by each palm strike, the heat was transferred to the surroundings and melted the ground.

Zhang Ruochen took a deep long breath and retracted his arms slowly. The heat was ebbed away like the tides.

“I have absorbed half of the strength of the Divine Blood. Two more days and I shall be done absorbing it.”

Zhang Ruochen could feel his power had strengthened a little more.

“To have succeeded in cultivating the Ninth Palm at your current age, you are far ahead of your peers.”

Ling Feiyu appeared in front of Zhang Ruochen unexpectedly, about ten meters away.

She was wearing the same lilac blouse and covered her face with a veil. Her whole body was emanating a saintly light, which complemented her mysterious and alluring beauty.

Zhang Ruochen showed no fear in the face of a Sword Saint. He was composed and calm as usual. “I’m surprised to be complimented by Sword Saint Feiyu.”

“Nothing to be surprised about. If it wasn’t for your talent, I wouldn’t have saved you the other night.” Ling Feiyu replied lightly.

Zhang Ruochen smiled in reply.

It was true. If Ling Feiyu had not saved him from the Pluto Sword Tomb, he would have been dead by now.

Ling Feiyu said, "Come with me, I will show you a place."

"Where?" asked Zhang Ruochen.

"You will find out when you are there."

Her reply ended with a slashing sound. Ling Feiyu had diminished into a purple light ray and flew to the top of the bamboo forest.

Zhang Ruochen caught up with Ling Feiyu using his Luan Phoenix Deity Print Speed. There were flames beneath his feet as if he was stepping on a Phoenix.

Ling Feiyu was testing Zhang Ruochen so she did not go on at full speed.

The chase went on for another two thousand miles and finally, Ling Feiyu landed in a black wilderness.

Zhang Ruochen landed shortly after her.

The black wilderness was freezing cold. Any water that came in contact with the ground would be frozen to ice cubes immediately.

However, there was a volcano somewhere further away from the wilderness.

The two powers of ice and fire were in alignment with each other.

Zhang Ruochen lifted his head to stare at the sky. Black stormy clouds were pressing against the ground, and lightning strikes could be seen in between the cloud line and the ground. It was the image of when the world was born.

"Where is this?"

Zhang Ruochen looked serious.

"This is the Sword Tomb."

Ling Feiyu stepped into the black wilderness and said, "Since the ancient times, this has always been the tomb for all swords."

The ground beneath us has buried countless swords and the sword warriors.”

“No one knew about how this place was formed, only the power this place contained.”

“What power?” asked Zhang Ruochen.

Ling Feiyu stared at Zhang Ruochen. “In here, your strength as a sword warrior will multiply. But for other monks, they will be held in prison.”

Zhang Ruochen was surprised by the power the place had.

He stopped and scanned through the surroundings with the Eye of the Deity Print. He was shocked that the rules of sword mastery were stricter, at least ten times more than the outside world.

It was also the only rule that was applicable. There weren't any other rules of other saintly ways.

One could imagine his sword mastery level would excel in days if one could train in the Sword Tomb.

Zhang Ruochen exclaimed, “I understand now! Ever since the medieval age, the special power was the reason mankind had the prison built in the Sword Tomb.”

If Lord Pluto could not escape, how could the others?

Ling Feiyu answered, “On top of that, the Sword Tomb has another form of power, the power to regenerate.”

“What do you mean?” Zhang Ruochen was confused.

“If you bury a broken sword in the Sword Tomb for centuries, ten centuries, or even a hundred centuries, the broken sword buried would regenerate to its former form, or even excel its initial condition. Of course, swords of higher grade would take more time. The higher the grade of the sword, the longer the time needed.” Ling Feiyu answered.

This was unbelievable in the eyes of others.

But this was from Ling Feiyu. What she said must have been the truth.

Chapter 893 - Possessed by Sword Saint

Translator:

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Editor:

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Along the pathway, grotesque pieces of broken swords were seen plunging out of the ground. Some were buried deep under, while some barbed fragments were left scattered on the ground.

The number of swords they stumbled onto was ever increasing, piling closely across the black wilderness. The amount was uncountable even with the spiritual power of a Half-Saint. An ocean of swords was the term to describe the view.

Some of the swords were as tiny as a needle but had exquisite craftsmanship which made them stand out among the others.

Some were ten meters long, broader than a door frame, like a sword belonging to a giant.

...

These were only the ones visible on the ground. No one knew how many more were buried underneath.

The moment Zhang Ruochen and Ling Feiyu stepped into the area, all the swords on the ground sensed the arrival of a Sword Saint. In response to that, they were vibrating, giving out a wobbling sound.

The swords had their tips pointing at Ling Feiyu, wobbling, as if they were paying her respect.

The arrival of a Sword Saint must be celebrated with the worship of all swords.

Above their heads, among the fluffy clouds, an old man's voice was heard. "Why is the Keeper of Heaven-Burier Sword here in the crypt of the Taotian Sword's line of keepers?"

Ling Feiyu took out the Taotian Sword and held it in her hand. She replied, "I'm not here to disturb the forefathers. In fact, there is a scum in the line of the Taotian Sword Keepers, who has been colluding with the Immortal Vampires to save Lord Pluto." The term 'scum' made Zhang Ruochen feel uneasy.

Bam!

From afar, an energy strike blasted out of the sky and transformed into sixteen man-like ghostly figures.

In that split-second, Zhang Ruochen felt sixteen sources of energy pulling down on his body, plunging him into the ground.

Zhang Ruochen used all of his energy, channeling his Holy Qi to resist the sixteen downward pulling forces, while staring at the sixteen figures standing afar. He wondered, What's going on? The grand and great-grandmasters from the line of the Taotian Sword are still alive?

One of the figures with a bigger body frame said in a deep groaning voice, "How could Xuanji choose a scum who'd collude with the Immortal Vampires?"

"I have faith in Xuanji's choice of successor. Our successor will always choose the rights over the wrongs."

Another figure that was shorter and skinnier shifted his gaze to Ling Feiyu and asked, "Girl, you claimed that our current Keeper of the Sword colluded with the Immortal Vampires. Do you have any evidence?"

Had the rest of the world found out someone addressed Ling Feiyu as "girl," they would probably drop their jaws.

Ling Feiyu answered, "No evidence."

The sixteen figures boiled over her reply.

"How could you accuse the Taotian Sword Keeper, our successor, of colluding with the Immortal Vampires without any evidence?"

“Little girl, if I were still alive, you could have been charged for false accusation with death penalty.”

“I’ve told you to trust Xuanji!”...

Zhang Ruochen was staring at the figures from afar, listening to the many voices of reprimand. Prickles crawled up over his scalp, he could not believe he was witnessing a bunch of souls reprimanding Ling Feiyu.

Ling Feiyu frowned slightly, but without any sign of anger, “It is because I don’t have any evidence, I brought him here in the hope that fellow forefathers would help communicating to the sword spirit of the Taotian Sword, to confirm if the allegation is true.”

The sword spirit of the Taotian Sword was extremely brilliant. As long as Zhang Ruochen carried the Taotian Sword with him, the sword spirit would know everything that he ever did.

A lot of information could be acquired through the sword spirit.

The short and skinny figure grabbed the Taotian Sword with a swift movement.

An hour later, he burst into a laughter so loud that it was heard throughout. “Girl, you are embarrassing yourself by questioning the integrity of the Taotian Sword Keeper.”

“I have spoken to the sword spirit. Not only did he not collude with the Immortal Vampires, but he killed many of their Half-Saints. One of them was from their royal bloodline.”

“How can you accuse someone with such honourable character? I can’t take this.”

The other figures murmured in anger and frustration.

One hunched figure said, “One must not tolerate such humiliation. Apologize! This matter cannot be taken lightly.”

“Fight! We must fight for the honour.”

“Insulting the Keeper of Taotian Sword is not tolerable.”

...

Of course, Ling Feiyu believed their words. The six Keepers of Swords of different bloodlines had been guarding the Pluto Sword Tomb for generations. The continuation came from one single belief – never let Lord Pluto escape.

Having this in mind, Zhang Ruochen had proven his innocence.

That would make the other sword keeper, Xiang Zhenfeng, the suspect.

While they were discussing, Zhang Ruochen finally figured out what was going on.

The sixteen forefathers were dead indeed.

A saint's saint soul had a unique substance which allowed it to be preserved for a long time, some for a hundred years, some for a thousand.

But the saint's 'consciousness' was the hardest to preserve.

When a saint died, his consciousness could only be preserved for a short while. Once the consciousness was gone, the saint soul would become a dead soul.

Even the Golden Dragon, with the cultivation of Supreme Saint, had a consciousness that only lasted for 800 years.

The consciousness of sixteen generations of Taotian Sword Keepers was well-preserved even to now. This had to do with the special power residing in the Sword Tomb.

"I can't believe after so many years since their death, they still keep their mission as a sword keeper in mind. Their honor must have meant a lot to them when they were still alive."

Zhang Ruochen coughed and looked upwards to the sixteen figures floating among the clouds. He bowed to them respectfully and said, "Disciple Zhang Ruochen is here to pay respect to all forefathers."

The figure with hunchback replied impatiently, "You can bow to us during your free time. Right now, you have a greater responsibility."

"What responsibility?" Zhang Ruochen asked curiously.

“Are you kidding me? You have been falsely accused and beaten, aren't you angry at all? Don't you want to defend your dignity?”

The forefather must have found out from the sword spirit how Ling Feiyu had broken Zhang Ruochen's bones, which explained his anger.

Zhang Ruochen glanced at Ling Feiyu for a moment, then answered in an awkward tone, “With my cultivation at the moment, defending my dignity is one thing, but...”

“No more ‘but,’ I can help you to crush her.”

As the voice diminished, the hunched figure flew towards Zhang Ruochen.

“Saint Soul Possession.”

The next moment, Zhang Ruochen rose to mid-air. Slowly, he felt an intense wave of Holy Qi wrapping him up, infusing him with energy so strong, as if he could split the world in half with one strike.

From afar, the scene would look like a giant holy shadow standing in the middle of the pile of oceanic swords, emanating a majestic aura of power.

Zhang Ruochen was afloat at the forehead of the holy shadow, his body and the saint soul were indivisible, with the Taotian Sword being the binding medium.

The old man's voice was once again heard in his ears. “That's great! You have acquired the cultivation of Five Elements Chaotic Body, and are protected by the Mark of Gods. You can have as much energy as you want from me.”

“How does this happen?”

Zhang Ruochen was in complete shock, as he had never imagined his forefather's saint soul could attach to his body.

“In the Sword Tomb, the six Keepers of Swords are allowed to borrow energy from the forefathers' saint souls, so long the sword is with him,” the voice explained.

“The greater your cultivation is, the more saint souls you can borrow.”

“I can borrow all sixteen forefathers’ saint souls at once?” Zhang Ruochen asked curiously.

“Of course, but with your current cultivation, to be able to withstand the energy of a saint soul is considered marvellous already.”

Zhang Ruochen was amazed by this, and he thought to himself, Possessing only the power of three saint souls would have allowed me to be indestructible, what’s more would be possessing sixteen of them.

The forefather knew what Zhang Ruochen had in mind, so he reminded him, “Don’t be too surprised, if it weren’t for this special power the Sword Tomb is blessed with, Lord Pluto would have escaped from here a long time ago.”

“Eight hundred years ago, the Blood Empress tried to save Lord Pluto, but was defeated by the six Keepers of Swords with the united efforts of all saint souls.”

“Undeniably, the saint souls of all forefathers can only be kept in the Sword Tomb. The moment the soul leaves, its consciousness will be gone forever.”

After listening to what the forefather told him, Zhang Ruochen thought: The mission of the six Keepers of Sword is to repress Lord Pluto?

He did a quick calculation in his mind. The year Lord Pluto was held in prison was the year of the birth of the first Keeper of Taotian Sword.

“Let’s fight! You have to teach the little girl a lesson to defend our dignity,” the forefather groaned in his deep voice.

Zhang Ruochen stared at Ling Feiyu, his eyes now possessed by an urge to battle. “Alright, let’s fight.” Zhang Ruochen did not hate Ling Feiyu by any means, except for her being too bossy sometimes.

Even then, Zhang Ruochen never wanted to challenge her, not to mention teaching her a lesson.

His urge to fight was solely his desire to comprehend sword techniques at a higher level.

The best timing to do so was when the saint soul was possessing his body. This would benefit him the greatest.

Other sword warriors would never get this opportunity.

The thought of fighting a Sword Saint left him all excited; he could feel his blood boiling in his body.

Ling Feiyu rolled her eyes. “Aren’t you, the keepers of the Taotian Sword excessively ambitious? He’s only a Level One Half-Saint, even with the additional strength of a Sword Saint, how much can he take advantage of? Do you think you can defeat me?”

Indeed, Saint Soul Possession allowed one to obtain the strength of a Sword Saint, whether or not he could bring it to play would be fully dependent on Zhang Ruochen’s sword techniques application.

In terms of understanding sword mastery, battling experience, and other factors....with none of these he was ever comparable to a Sword Saint.

He was only a Level One Half-Saint after all. If he could perform ten percent of the Sword Saint’s strength, he should be applauded already.

Under such circumstances, Ling Feiyu showed no fear at all. She just thought that the Taotian Sword’s keepers were ridiculous.

Chapter 894 - Battle with the Sword Saint

Translator:

Larbre Studio

Editor:

Larbre Studio

Before the battle began, Zhang Ruochen was aware of the difference between his skills and Ling Feiyu's.

One was a peerless Sword Saint who had trained for at least 300 years while the other was a Half Saint who had barely hit the 30 year mark. The difference was humongous, the former would be a metaphor for a Sword Master Guru, the latter would be a simple naïve child.

But Zhang Ruochen was curious. How big is the gap?

This fight would be necessary to find out.

The Saint Soul started funnelling Holy Qi from the surroundings to Zhang Ruochen, The massive flow of energy formed into a rainbow coloured mist.

Whoosh!

The Sword Spirit had been awoken.

The Taotian Sword glimmered with a striking ray of light. The Destruction of the Thousand-patterns thrust from the sword towards Ling Feiyu.

The more inscriptions that were activated, the more powerful the Destruction of the Thousand-patterns would be.

In the past, Zhang Ruochen could only activate a thousand inscriptions even if he used all his Holy Qi. But right now, with the presence of a saint sword's holy Qi, the sword had thousands of inscriptions emerge from it.

The same pattern, but the impact was significantly different.

Ling Feiyu stood on her feet, allowing the Destruction of the Thousand-patterns to fall on her body. She said, “Zhang Ruochen, if you can withstand my three hits, then I will apologize to the line of the Taotian Sword. But here’s the thing: you can’t stand three hits.”

“Tsk tsk.”

The Lightning Goddess Lilac Blouse created hundreds and thousands of lightning strikes, expanding into a radius of ten miles across the region like snakes.

“We can only tell after the fight.”

Zhang Ruochen pulled out his sword. The sword Qi erupted from the tip of his sword.

The sword tip was casting a spherical luminescence, as bright as the full moon, illuminating the dark sword tomb until it glowed like it was daytime.

“Nine-star Moon.”

The moon and galaxy descended from the sky at the same time. With a harsh sound, the lightning bolts were slashed in half, breaking apart above Ling Feiyu’s head.

Ling Feiyu remained calm and composed. She stood in the center of the lightning. Her jade-like fair skin was glowing in the Lightning Goddess Lilac Blouse she wore.

“Come on, a superior-class Ghost level’s sword technique? Zhang Ruochen, your skills are like a kid toying with a wooden sword, too clumsy with lack of any finesse!”

Ling Feiyu’s voice came from behind Zhang Ruochen, echoing in his mind, as if she was standing beside him.

Ling Feiyu was extremely fast, faster than the speed of sound.

If her real voice was actually heard by Zhang Ruochen, it meant that Zhang Ruochen would already be dead at the tip of her sword.

Hence, it was obvious that she was communicating with him using her spiritual powers, instead of regular sound waves.

Nevertheless, Zhang Ruochen's face dropped as he felt her presence at his back. She was rushing towards him at fleeting light speed.

If he turned around now, he would immediately lose.

Even with the ancestor's strength, he still couldn't withstand a blow from a Sword Saint?

Zhang Ruochen felt unsatisfied. He swung his arm around to point the Taotian Sword behind his back.

Bam!

Ling Feiyu pointed her finger at the sword and caused a huge noise with a strong wind, exploding from the ground.

Zhang Ruochen spat a mouthful of blood, his body flying forward like a projectile shot at high speed. His body slumped to the ground and caused a huge dent.

The line of the Taotian Sword sighed at the sight of Zhang Ruochen falling down. Some were reprimanding his poor choice of defense. Some were telling him how to deal with the hit.

"How dumb? He must not focus merely on the sword techniques when he is fighting a Sword Saint!"

"His focus should be on his opponent, and using the sword intent to control the sword techniques. If not, his opponent will move before he strikes."

"If I was him, I would use the ultimate perish sword technique to defeat her."

"How easy for you guys to comment about him. Don't forget he is only a Half Saint on Level One. How can he adapt that swiftly? He is doing his best already."

...

Ling Feiyu was standing in the center of the lightning region, staring at the ground.

Zhang Ruochen crawled up from the ground, holding the sword with one hand while the other wiped the blood from the

corner of his lips. He smiled. “The legendary Sword Saint indeed.”

“To withstand my first blow shows your skills, how about the second?”

Ling Feiyu pinched her index and middle finger together. A huge flow of Sword Intent oozed out in front of her, forming into a white light sword.

The technique looked random, but it withheld deep knowledge. It was the “Sword One” from Wordless Sword Manual.

How powerful was the Sword One from Ling Feiyu?

Zhang Ruochen soon understood what the forefathers’ intention were.

They didn’t really want to teach Ling Feiyu a lesson. Instead, they wanted to take this opportunity to test his talents and skills as a Sword Master.

On top of that, Zhang Ruochen could adapt to the fight with a Sword Saint, and get a hang of how to receive and give hits.

Once the Immortal Vampires invaded the sword tomb, Zhang Ruochen, as the sword keeper, must use the borrowed powers from the ancestors to guard the sword tomb from the elites of the Immortal Vampires.

If he got used to the strength of a Sword Saint, then Zhang Ruochen could fully utilize his skills when fighting the Immortal Vampire.

Ling Feiyu had probably known this from the start, he was the only one that was unaware.

As soon as he understood the reasons behind the fight, he shut his eyes and gradually lifted the Taotian Sword.

Meanwhile, a huge Sword Intent was emanating from his body into the sword.

“Hush hush.”

In the black wilderness, the abandoned swords started to vibrate. They thrust from the ground towards Zhang

Ruochen, circling around him.

“Is that... Human Sword? Brilliant move! He achieved the Human Sword with only Level One in Half Saint, totally outdoing me when I was alive!”

“Xuanji does have a godly talented successor. This young man here has so much talent, and is definitely no less than Xue Hongchen. He might even surpass him and make it to the Emperor level of Sword Master.”

...

The forefathers of the Taotian Sword line were all excited and proud, since Zhang Ruochen was their successor.

Ling Feiyu was slightly surprised as well.

She only achieved the Human Sword when she was at Level Nine in Half Saint. For that she received numerous praises and some even compared her with the Empress Chi Yao.

This clearly showed how difficult it was to achieve the Human Sword.

Zhang Ruochen's achievement with Level One in Half Saint was astonishing indeed.

Ling Feiyu lightly murmured, “Sword One.”

The white light sword hit Zhang Ruochen's eyebrow.

At the same time, Zhang Ruochen casted the Sword One forward.

The ancient swords surrounding him were led by the Sword Intent, thrusting forward like a torrent, clashing with the white light sword.

Bam bam!

The sounds of explosions were everywhere. All the ancient swords were broken into uncountable pieces of metal.

The white light sword was cancelled out immediately.

However, Ling Feiyu had casted the third sword technique without a break. There were nine light swords attacking Zhang

Ruochen from different directions, refining into different sword techniques.

A forefather exclaimed, “Nine-dead Sword Technique. Little girl, you are a sword saint. This is considered bullying with this level of sword technique!”

Ling Feiyu answered calmly, “He has the strength of a Sword Saint. It isn’t considered bullying. Plus, this is my third move, I must beat him in battle.” Zhang Ruochen had only heard of the name of the Nine-dead Sword Technique. It is a sword technique of King level. Only the ones who had strength of Saint Spell could cast such a powerful technique.

Facing the attacks from the Nine-dead Sword Technique could be seen as a metaphor to dealing with nine Sword Saints at the same time, with nine deadly skills.

Even if Zhang Ruochen had three heads and six arms, he would not have been able to withstand the attacks.

Then, when the nine light strobos struck, Zhang Ruochen disappeared on the spot. All nine deadly attacks were hitting the ground, not at the target.

“Spatial Move.”

Chapter 895 - Comprehending Sword Technique

Translator:

Larbre Studio

Editor:

Larbre Studio

There was a Time Mark in his move.

In that instantaneous moment, the silver sword tip brushed against Ling Feiyu.

Slash!

The veil that she had on was split into two and fell off, revealing her angelic face hidden beneath. She looked young and overwhelmingly beautiful, even a quick glimpse of her face was unforgettable.

Somehow, she did not look like a cold unapproachable beauty. Rather, her impeccably beautiful face was similar to the alluring fox fairy, which contradicted her usual temperament.

Zhang Ruochen was stunned by her looks, and when he was back to reality, he had been hit by the sword wave and his body was thrown a few miles away.

It was a solid hit. Even with the protection layer, the Shooting Star Invisible Cloak and his Five Elements Chaotic Body, Zhang Ruochen could not withstand the blast.

His bones and muscles were on the brink of shattering and tearing, leaving him paralysed and losing him the ability to fight back.

Ling Feiyu, on the other hand, had not recovered from the shock and touched her face. It took quite a while to regain

colour in her face.

She did not have time to dodge that attack.

If the sword Qi of that strike were stronger, she would have been hit and possibly died.

Indeed, she underestimated Zhang Ruochen's ability. He had attained both the power of Time and Space, which might lead him to achieving greater success than her in the future.

Ling Feiyu landed on the ground gracefully, then turned to the spirits of fellow forefathers of the Taotian Sword Keepers. She said, "The line of Taotian Sword Keepers is loaded with talented swordsman with great character and integrity. I now believe that Zhang Ruochen is not the spy from the Immortal Vampires."

"Zhang Ruochen managed to take three of your attacks, shouldn't you apologize?" a tall figure roared.

To ask a Sword Saint to apologize would be impractical. Moreover, Ling Feiyu was arrogant; there was no way she would bow to anyone.

Ling Feiyu held her hands behind her back and said, "First of all, I did nothing wrong. There is no need for me to apologize. Secondly, I will investigate the truth about the undercover of Immortal Vampires. If Zhang Ruochen is innocent, I will give him justice."

Another figure flew out and said, "Little girl, you are being defiant. Why don't we have another battle some other time? Next time, Zhang Ruochen will be able to take ten of your strikes, at the minimum."

Ling Feiyu snorted, "I don't want to argue with you, but it doesn't mean that I'm silly. Stay put, souls of the dead. Stop trying to lure me to train Zhang Ruochen for free. If not, do not blame me if I ever destroy your graveyard."

As she finished speaking, she thrust her palm towards the sky. A palm shaped lightning bolt then descended from the sky, covering the area of a hundred miles, and shoving the spirits into the ground.

Bam!

The ground underneath the Sword Tomb was filled with raging voices from the forefathers.

“Such a disrespectful act to the elders! Little girl, when the Keeper of the Taotian Sword grows up, he may dig out your ancestors, the Heaven-Burier Sword keepers, from their graveyards!”

“There comes the rebellion! This is too much! When our successor becomes a Saint, you will be the first he conquers!”

“Yes, take her down. Teach her a lesson on how to respect the elders.”

Ling Feiyu couldn't care less about their grudges. They were spirits who would only shout in anger.

She was a woman after all. She did not have the patience to stomach what they said.

If they had agitated her, she could possibly have dug out two of their graveyards.

She walked towards Zhang Ruochen and took out a Withered Pill from the Spatial Bracelet to feed him.

Then, bringing Zhang Ruochen along, she left the Sword Tomb.

While Zhang Ruochen was injured badly with limited movement, he was conscious the whole time. After swallowing the Withered Pill, he channelled the Holy Qi to fully absorb the healing essence of the pill.

By the next morning, Zhang Ruochen had fully recovered.

Moreover, the strength of the divine blood that was residing in his body had been fully absorbed after the battle, resulting in an increase in his cultivation.

“Where will Ling Feiyu be if she is not in the cave abode?”

Zhang Ruochen did not search for her. Instead, he went to the bamboo forest nearby to meditate, and to recall the moves from yesterday's fight.

It was a short one that ended quickly with only a few moves. However, it was a valuable experience to fight with a Sword Saint.

Once he becomes a Half-Saint, a monk has to spend more time on understanding the Saintly Way. The more he understands, the more advanced his cultivation is.

The monk should reflect on the moves after each battle in order to better improve his techniques.

Every move that Ling Feiyu performed was visualized in Zhang Ruochen's mind.

The frown on his forehead deepened and relaxed at times, as he was figuring the counterattack for each sword technique.

At the same time, he gestured the sword sign in different movements and directions, attempting to defend against Ling Feiyu's moves.

Each of her techniques seemed simple and ordinary. Yet there were many unexpected twists in each move, and that was the hardest part to defend against.

This was the process of comprehending sword techniques, a self-learning process for Zhang Ruochen himself.

By noon, Zhang Ruochen had figured out how to react to all the moves of Ling Feiyu. He had also gained some new insights on the way of wielding a sword.

“Had I not exerted the power of Time and Space, I would not have been able to menace her. It's time for me to achieve the second level of Sword Technique of Time.”

The first level was ‘Instance Traceless.’ It had 900 fundamental techniques which Zhang Ruochen had already mastered.

However, he paused the cultivation practice because he could not comprehend the time rules.

The second level was “Eight Changes of Scales,” and it had a lot in common with the 900 fundamentals that occurred in the first level.

When he succeeded with the cultivation, it would be the last card of his attack. If he ever fought with Ling Feiyu again, the ending would be less sorry for him.

Whenever he practiced in the Bamboo Mountain, he'd be watched by Ling Feiyu. There was no chance of him slipping into the Universe Spiritual Map, causing his slow progression in his cultivation training.

“I must find a way to be out of Ling Feiyu's sight.”

His eyes flashed as he thought of the Sword Tomb.

Wasn't that the perfect spot for cultivation training?

There, not only could he enter and exit the Universe Spiritual Map freely, but he could also get the guidance from the fellow forefathers of the Taotian Sword Keepers. His sword techniques and sword mastery would definitely improve by leaps and bounds.

Swoosh.

Two shadows gushed out from the bamboo forest when Zhang Ruochen was immersed in his thoughts.

They were Blackie and Elephant-swallowing Rabbit. He had sent them to pry out news a few days ago.

When Zhang Ruochen saw them, he asked, “How is it? Did you manage to get any useful information?”

“They weren't helping you to pry out the information. Instead, they were stealing herbs from the herbal farm that belonged to the Guardian of the Prisons. Luckily I found them before the guard did. Otherwise, they would have been locked up in Underground Spirit Prison.”

Li Min's petite figure was seen behind the back of Elephant-swallowing Rabbit. She was staring at Zhang Ruochen, her chest puffing out.

Blackie glanced at Li Min and giggled. “I was very cautious. If the rabbit hadn't been too greedy, you wouldn't have found out. Furthermore, I did obtain some useful information.”

“I doubt that,” Li Min murmured.

Zhang Ruochen was not interested in the herbs they stole from the farm. He was more concerned about the condition of Pluto Sword Tomb. “What have you got?” he asked.

“The Guardian of the Prison is now an ally of the imperial court to fight against the Immortal Vampires. They have initiated strikes, and aim to kill all infiltrated spies in Yuan Mansion,” Blackie answered.

Zhang Ruochen nodded in agreement, “Since there already are Immortal Vampires infiltrating the tribe, the leaders are threatened. Initiating attacks was within my prediction.”

Blackie added on, “In the coming days, two top officials from the imperial court will arrive at Pluto Sword Tomb to discuss the strategies against the Immortal Vampires. They may have arrived by now.”

Zhang Ruochen frowned slightly. The alliance would put him in an awkward position.

He would have to fight against the Immortal Vampires alongside the tribes, and beware the secret plotting from the imperial court.

Zhang Ruochen asked, “Anything else?”

The Elephant-swallowing Rabbit thought for a moment and said in a mysterious tone, creating suspense, “Master Chen, I have heard some rumours that the Guardian of the Prison have internal conflicts. Above all, the biggest conflict is the fight to be the Clan Leader.”

Zhang Ruochen was quite curious about the conflict.

Shi Ren was a good friend, and if he ever needed help, Zhang Ruochen would do his best to help him.

However, Zhang Ruochen needed to know the inside story of their current hierarchy.

Wang Jie was the eldest, and he was one of the few talents, so what was the reason he did not become the Clan Leader?

And how did Shi Ren become the Clan Leader?

Zhang Ruochen's gaze shifted to Li Min. She was a distant relative to the clan; she must have known the underlying reasons.

Chapter 896 - The Past of the Sword Tomb

Translator:

Larbre Studio

Editor:

Larbre Studio

A slight breeze blew through the bamboo forest, causing the green bamboo leaves to flutter down.

Li Min snuck a glance at Zhang Ruochen. She pursed her lips, feeling a bit nervous, and said, “Debating the Young Clan Leader is taboo. If the others hear, you’ll be punished.”

Zhang Ruochen activated his Space Domain. It covered dozens of miles in radius and covered Li Min. Then he said, “Now, no one can hear us speak. Tell me what exactly is happening.”

Li Min didn’t know what tactic Zhang Ruochen had used, but he was a Half-Saint. If he said no one could hear them talk, then he must be right.

“It’s not really a secret. Actually, 200 years ago, the clan leader of the Guardians of the Prison wasn’t the current one. Instead, it was Shi Ren’s grandfather, Shi Mingyuan. We call him the Old Clan Leader.”

Zhang Ruochen made note of the name “Shi Mingyuan.” He must be an extraordinary man if he could become the Guardians of the Prison’s clan leader.

“At that time, Clan Leader Shi entered the 15th level of the Underground Spirit Prison,” Li Min said animatedly. “He completely isolated himself to try and enter the Saint King Realm. If everything went successfully, he could enter the realm in only three years.”

“However, Clan Leader Shi stayed there in isolation for 30 years and never walked out. Thus, many people guessed that he’d failed the attempt and died in the 15th level. Of course, the Guardians of the Prison can’t be without a clan leader. Wang Beilie, the patriarch of the Wang Family at that time, used his powerful cultivation and tactics to quickly become the new clan leader.”

“The day he entered the position, he swore that he would step down if Clan Leader Shi ever came out. At the same time, he also personally appointed Clan Leader Shi’s eldest son as the Young Clan Leader. As long as the Young Clan Leader reached the Saint Realm, he would also step down.”

Zhang Ruochen nodded. “So, the Young Clan Leader at that time was Shi Ren’s father?”

“Yes,” Li Min said.

“So did Shi Ren’s father reach the Saint Realm?” Zhang Ruochen asked.

Li Min glanced around. It was clear that she was still worried people would overhear. After confirming that no one could hear, she said, “Shi Ren’s father was a step away from the Saint Realm. Unfortunately, he lost his mind at the most critical moment and turned into a murderous creature covered in blood-red fur.”

“On a night with a full moon, he charged into where the clansmen were gathered and killed many innocent people. After that, the current Clan Leader defeated him and imprisoned him in the Underground Spirit Prison.”

“This is a taboo topic amongst the clan. I only learned about this when eavesdropping on two elders talking.”

Zhang Ruochen found it strange. “Did Shi Ren’s father really lose his mind?”

“Actually, I think there’s something wrong too. After all, the Shi Family focuses on Spiritual Power and the Way of the Runes. Even those who become Saints in the Martial Way have strong wills, let alone a Spiritual Power Saint like Shi Ren’s father. It’s impossible for him to lose his mind.”

Li Min blinked with her pretty eyes and asked softly, “Zhang Ruochen, do you think Wang Beilie used some dark trick to cause this? After all, he’s the biggest benefactor.”

“You, little girl, are quite brave to say the clan leader’s full name,” Zhang Ruochen teased.

Li Min glared with her big eyes. Clearly, she didn’t like being called “little girl.” Puffing up her chest and raising her snowy-white chin, she said, “I’m already 16 years old! How am I little? You’re not much older than me. How come you can call me ‘little girl’?”

Zhang Ruochen sized her up and then shook his head, chuckling. “Do you know how powerful a Saint’s senses are? Thankfully, we’re in the Space Domain. If we were outside, even if we were thousands of miles away, a Saint could still hear if someone utters his name.”

“Hmph!” Li Min crossed her arms before her chest and pursed her lips. “You told me to tell you the clan’s secret, but now you’re criticizing me. If I knew you’d do this, I wouldn’t tell you so much.”

Back then, this little girl had pretended to be composed, like a weak but learned scholar. Ever since she went to Thousand-elephant County with Zhang Ruochen, she stopped pretending and revealed her whiny side.

Zhang Ruochen didn’t actually mean anything other than reminding her. If she accidentally said something wrong and angered the clan leader, he could kill her with just a thought.

According to what Li Min had said, Zhang Ruochen felt that Wang Beilie, current clan leader of the Guardians of the Prison, was no kind soul. More accurately, how many people with high statuses didn’t have hands covered in blood?

Even the venerable Empress had killed her fiancée and massacred countless lives to sit comfortably in her position, did she not?

Zhang Ruochen stroked his chin, eyes turning sharp. “Did Shi Ren become the new Young Clan Leader after his father was imprisoned in the Underground Spirit Prison?”

“Yes.” Li Min hesitated to speak. “But...he almost died as well when he broke into the Half-Saint Realm.”

“What exactly happened?” Zhang Ruochen asked.

“I’m not sure what happened exactly,” Li Min said.

“Apparently, he hadn’t been in the Half-Saint Realm for long before the Vampires tried to kill him. It was his wife who blocked the fatal strike for him, allowing him to survive.”

Shi Ren had entered the netherworld, knowing that he might die, to find the Pill of Resurrection for his wife. It was evident how deep their love was.

If Wang Beilie really had orchestrated this all, then the Shi Family and Wang Family were truly deep rivals. Shi Ren was also treading on thin ice now. Danger lurked everywhere. He could die from a tiny mishap.

Blackie lay on the ground, clutching a white thousand-year raven in its claws. While chomping on it, it said, “The waters of the Guardians of the Prison are unusually deep. Zhang Ruochen, I think it’s best to leave as soon as possible. Otherwise, how can you fight with these old guys with your current cultivation?”

Zhang Ruochen shook his head. “I don’t think we could leave even if we wanted to now!”

Just then, Zhang Ruochen sensed something. He raised his head and looked down the mountain. A ball of white fog had suddenly risen up, covering more than half the mountain.

“How come there’s suddenly fog?” Li Min walked to the cliff and looked down, feeling shocked.

“A Saint used his Saint Soul to control the Spiritual Qi and gather it toward Bamboo Mountain,” Zhang Ruochen said.

Even with Zhang Ruochen’s current state, he had to activate the Heavenly Eye to see the dozens of figures in the fog clearly. Those people were rushing towards the mountaintop.

At the same time, they also sensed Zhang Ruochen’s eyes. They locked down on him with their Spiritual Power.

Next, a thunderous roar arose in the white fog, “Zhang Ruochen, I didn’t expect you to hide in the Pluto Sword Tomb! I’d like to see where you run to now!”

A red figure burst from the clouds. He passed through the various defense formations and quickly climbed to the mountaintop, appearing before Zhang Ruochen.

This man was very muscular. He was ten feet tall and wore ancient armor. His abdomen, arms, and legs were bare. A thick chain wrapped around his waist. He wore silver-scale boots on his feet.

This was none other than King Giant Scorpion, Feng Qin, of the Ministry of War.

When Zhang Ruochen had tried for the Tenth Change of the Fish-Dragon Realm near Qingli County, he’d been surrounded by seven strong cultivators from the Ministry of War. Feng Qin was one of them.

Without more words, Feng Qin sped over like wind. He was before Zhang Ruochen in an instant. Clenching his fist, he punched Zhang Ruochen’s chest.

They were too close. Feng Qin’s speed was also shocking. Thus, Zhang Ruochen couldn’t dodge him at all. He could only take it head-on.

“Disaster for Divine Dragon.” Golden dragon scales appeared on Zhang Ruochen’s palm. Red flames surged out, crashing against Feng Qin’s fist.

Feng Qin’s fist contained rules of the fist way and wind way. Not only was it extremely powerful, it could also shatter Rules of Saintly Way. The powers it contained were layered upon each other.

Zhang Ruochen’s palm was a Consummate Skill that contained rules of the palm way and fire way.

The palm and fist clashed, immediately setting off powerful shockwaves. All the bamboo within dozens of feet shattered, turning into dust. Thankfully, there were many defense formations around Bamboo Mountain. Thus, the shockwaves

from the two Half-Saints fighting could be controlled within this area instead of spreading out.

Zhang Ruochen skidded back dozens of feet before he dissolved Feng Qin's power and steadied himself.

Feng Qin stood in his spot without moving. He glanced at Zhang Ruochen in shock. "You're only in the first level, but you can block my Hundred-battle Ox Demon Fist. Without the help of the Divine Fire Jingmie, you're still very strong. No wonder you dared to attack Ziyong Pass. But how many fists can you block?"

Zhang Ruochen wriggled his fingers. Then he activated Holy Qi, sending it through the meridians of his arm to dissolve the pain.

Just as Feng Qin prepared to attack again, Li Min cried from the side, "Stop... This...this is the Pluto Sword Tomb. Even the Ministry of War...can't break the rules. Whoever breaks the rules is the enemy of the Guardians of the Prison."

Li Min was scared of Feng Qin's status and cultivation, but as she spoke, she somehow felt less scared. She straightened her slender frame.

Chapter 897 - All Have Bitter Rivalries

Translator:

Larbre Studio

Editor:

Larbre Studio

“Is it your place to speak up?” Feng Qin glanced at Li Min. Cold light flew out of his eyes.

Zhang Ruochen used the Spatial Move and slid horizontally to appear before Li Min. He pressed forward, shattering the cold light that flew over.

Next, Zhang Ruochen put his hands down and looked disgusted. “Come at me if you need. Why are you treating a defenseless girl so cruelly?”

If Zhang Ruochen hadn't acted, the light from Feng Qin's eyes would have gone through Li Min and killed her.

“Fine. In that case, let me take care of you first.”

Feng Qin clenched his fists. He stepped forward, making a deep indent in the bamboo forest. At the same time, blades of wind appeared around him, whooshing.

“Stop,” a deep voice said.

Shi Ren and a group of Guardians of the Prison elders hurried down the mountain. They appeared between Feng Qin and Zhang Ruochen, stopping them.

Faced with the elders of the Guardians of the Prison, Feng Qin furrowed his brow. He huffed coldly and was forced to pull his power back. However, the animosity about him didn't weaken.

Feng Qin had seen Shi Ren before and naturally knew his identity. “Young Clan Leader, I am arresting a wanted criminal

of the imperial court. Will the Guardians of the Prison get involved in this too?"

Shi Ren glanced at Feng Qin. "The imperial court has their rules. The Guardians of the Prison have our rules. Zhang Ruochen is our esteemed guest and he's still inside the Pluto Sword Tomb now. We cannot allow the imperial court to take him."

Feng Qin was familiar with the internal situation of the Guardians of the Prison. He didn't really care about Shi Ren's words. Huffing coldly, he said, "Zhang Ruochen is wanted personally by the Empress. Young Clan Leader, do you know what this means? Don't bring trouble to the Guardians of the Prison. Otherwise, you might lose your position."

"Really? I don't think so." Shi Ren didn't show any fear. He seemed very resolute.

Just then, dozens of figures walked out of the fog and appeared at the mountaintop. The three in the front were Wan Zhaoyi, the Saint Lady, and Wang Jie.

Behind them were Half-Saint cultivators from the Ministry of War and Guardians of the Prison. They were all figures who'd made a name for themselves. They had powerful auras, heavy Blood Qi and vigor. They formed an impressive force.

As the various Saints arrived, the atmosphere of the entire Bamboo Mountain turned murderous. An average Monk in the Fish-Dragon Realm would probably be prostrated on the ground by now.

Wang Jie obviously knew that Zhang Ruochen was living in Bamboo Mountain. That was why he'd arranged for the strong figures of the Ministry of War to also stay in Bamboo Mountain.

As expected, they'd run into Zhang Ruochen.

Wang Jie's lips curled into a proud smile. He quickly walked over and said, "Young Clan Leader, it's best if we don't get involved. After all, Zhang Ruochen is a wanted criminal of the imperial court and has connections with the Immortal

Vampires. He's trouble if we let him remain in the Guardians of the Prison."

Shi Ren stared at Wan Zhaoyi and the Saint Lady. Then he moved to Wang Jie and said coldly, "Who said that Zhang Ruochen has connections with the Vampires? Do you have proof?"

Wang Jie sighed and put on an innocent expression. "Young Clan Leader, it's obvious already. Why are you still on his side? Who will be responsible if irreversible damages happen to the Guardians of the Prison because of Zhang Ruochen? The Empress must have her reasons for wanting to arrest Zhang Ruochen. Are you going to go against her too?"

Shi Ren wasn't an illogical man. Otherwise, he wouldn't have survived until now.

"If the imperial court wants to arrest Zhang Ruochen outside the Pluto Sword Tomb, I won't object," he said. "But Zhang Ruochen is my friend and he's a guest of the Guardians of the Prison. If the imperial court wants to take him, they'll do it over my dead body."

Shi Ren was clear that, with his status, the imperial court wouldn't dare to go too overboard no matter how badly they wanted Zhang Ruochen. If he didn't stand his ground enough, Zhang Ruochen would definitely be taken away. The consequences would be unimaginable.

If that really happened, all Swordsmen would be disappointed. If the Guardians of the Prison ever ran into trouble in the future, would the Swordsmen still come and help?

This was why Shi Ren couldn't back off. He had both private and personal reasons.

The dozen elders behind Shi Ren also came out and stood behind him. They were loyal to the Shi Family. Some had even followed the Old Clan Leader, so they would naturally listen to Shi Ren.

However, Wang Jie was happy. Since Shi Ren voluntarily stepped out to support Zhang Ruochen, he could use this chance to take care of them both.

He turned around and bowed slightly to Wan Zhaoyi. “Lord, you see this too. The Young Clan Leader doesn’t listen to logic at all. He’s faced with a great enemy, but he still hangs onto the private relationship he has with Zhang Ruochen. He may ruin the big picture.”

Clad in the Blue Dragon Armor, Wan Zhaoyi’s eyes were hot. Smiling faintly, he glanced at Zhang Ruochen and Shi Ren. “Actually, I find that the Young Clan Leader is quite reasonable.”

Wang Jie flinched. He was confused. What exactly was Wan Zhaoyi doing? Didn’t he want to capture Zhang Ruochen?

Wan Zhaoyi continued, “When Emperor Qing was in power, he’d indeed given the Guardians of the Prison the emperor decree. Thus, even the imperial court needs to follow their rules when they enter the Pluto Sword Tomb.”

Shi Ren stood with his hands behind his back and stared at Wan Zhaoyi. “No wonder the Little Saint God is number one of the recent century. You do things more justly than the others.”

Then Wan Zhaoyi’s tone changed. “The imperial court can let Zhang Ruochen go for now, but I don’t think you can meddle with personal matters, right?”

Shi Ren’s eyes narrowed. “What personal matters?”

“In Qingli County, four of Feng Qin’s comrades died under Zhang Ruochen’s sword,” Wan Zhaoyi announced confidently. “We can’t get past this rivalry and hatred.”

Feng Qin stomped on the ground, shattering the earth. “Zhang Ruochen!” he thundered. “If you’re still a man, then step out and fight me. One of us must die today.”

One must admit that Wan Zhaoyi’s methods were much more advanced than Wang Jie’s.

This way, even Shi Ren couldn’t stop him. After all, Zhang Ruochen really had killed four Kings of the Ministry of War. One of them might really be Feng Qin’s close friend. Who could prove otherwise?

“Zhang Ruochen, you killed my brothers when you split Ziyong Pass,” another Half-Saint of the Ministry of War also claimed. “Today, I will take revenge for them, no matter what.”

“King Thousand-elephant is my blood brother, but you killed him. I will kill you today, even if the entire Guardians of the Prison Clan wants to protect you.”

“I will kill Zhang Ruochen to take revenge.”

...

More than half of the Half-Saints present from the Ministry of War claimed to have private rivalries with Zhang Ruochen. Of course, most of them just wanted this excuse to duel with Zhang Ruochen.

After all, anyone who killed Zhang Ruochen would shoot to fame. They might be able to be given great titles and be rewarded by the Empress. Everyone obviously fought for this rare chance.

To them, Zhang Ruochen was a piece of pie that everyone wanted to eat up.

The Saint Lady was quiet in comparison. Her clear eyes focused on Blackie and she smiled knowingly.

Since this arrogant cat was beside Zhang Ruochen, then she was sure that Zhang Ruochen was Lin Yue, the genius swordsman from the Yin and Yang Sect. All her previous confusion made sense now.

No wonder he wasn't willing to be an Heir...

She sighed inwardly. Her thoughts became a bit messy and contradicting. The man she'd once looked up to was now her enemy. What was she supposed to do?

If another official wanted to capture Zhang Ruochen, she could use some tactics to help him. However, it was the Empress who wanted him. Even the Saint Lady was powerless.

Blackie glanced at Saint Lady and found something was wrong. He sent a telepathic message to Zhang Ruochen. Zhang

Ruochen, your identity is exposed!

Zhang Ruochen still seemed calm. Instead of panicking, he subtly glanced at the Saint Lady. Their eyes met each other. However, there was a faint smile in the Saint Lady's eyes. She didn't seem to want to attack him.

The Saint Lady was loyal to the Empress. This was undeniable. Zhang Ruochen wasn't feeling optimistic, even though he'd saved her twice. He didn't lower his guard.

Seeing Zhang Ruochen walk forward, Shi Ren immediately went to stop him. "Brother Zhang, let me take care of this..."

"No," Zhang Ruochen interrupted him, shaking his head. "I must take care of this personally."

Then Zhang Ruochen finally looked over at the various Half-Saints. "Since everyone has conflicts with me, then I agree to your life-or-death duel. Today, either you all will die, or I'll die."

Zhang Ruochen agreed to fight. He was forced to. Otherwise, he would give Shi Ren trouble.

When Wang Jie heard this, he was happy but also disappointed. He wished Zhang Ruochen would keep silent so Shi Ren would face off the various Half-Saints from the Ministry of War. This way, Wang Jie would be able to bring Shi Ren down and become the new Young Clan Leader.

However, he'd still completed this first step. It was good enough. Getting rid of Zhang Ruochen was like breaking one of Shi Ren's wings. There would be more chances to take care of Shi Ren in the future.

...

A battle platform hundreds of feet wide hovered above the altar in the center of the Guardians of the Prison. Right now, there was a mass of people below it. Countless clansmen had gathered here.

"Zhang Ruochen must be a spy from the Immortal Vampires. The Guardians of the Prison might be unable to kill him, but he can't escape from the Ministry of War."

“As long as Zhang Ruochen dies, the Pluto Sword Tomb will return to peace.”

“If I was Zhang Ruochen, I would just surrender obediently. The Empress is benevolent. She might not kill him.”

Everyone heard that Zhang Ruochen was going to duel to the death with the various Half-Saints. They all hurried over to see his blood spill.

Chapter 898 - Marten

Demon King

Translator:

Larbre Studio

Editor:

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The battle platform hovering in the air was made of black metal and was three feet thick. It could take a Saint's full-power attack. It had been passed down from the middle-ages and still hadn't been destroyed.

The rings on the edges were tied with 72 black chains. They connected to the center altar.

Whoosh.

Zhang Ruochen seemed very composed. He signed the life-or-death contract. Then he jumped, arriving at the battle platform first.

He stood in the center of the platform. His Shooting Star Invisibility Cloak shone with white light. His sharp gaze swept past the Half-Saints of the Ministry of War. "I've signed the contract. My life or death is not up to me anymore. I will not show mercy on this platform. Please think carefully before coming up."

Zhang Ruochen was speaking the truth. He really wouldn't show mercy here. If he attacked, it would be fatal.

He couldn't help it. There were too many Half-Saints from the Ministry of War. If he didn't attack to kill, he would have to go through rounds of battles. Then he would use up his Holy Qi and undoubtedly die in the end.

In this battle, either he died or they died.

"I'll take care of you!"

Feng Qin had wanted to attack, but another Half-Saint rushed out first beside him. He stepped on the chains and flew to the platform with a whoosh.

Feng Qin glared at the short and thin man on the platform, feeling furious. “Wang Piao is too impatient in trying to accomplish something.”

A life-or-death naturally had to be one-on-one. Since someone else had stepped out, Feng Qin could only retreat.

Wang Piao was also a king of a lower region. His title was the Marten Demon King. He was shorter than five feet, but he had four legs and four arms. His limbs were all covered in dark blue scales.

It was obvious that he was from the Bi-Marten-Human Clan. He had two faces, one male and one female, with four arms and legs.

“Zhang Ruochen, I, Wang Piao, will take your life for the Ministry of War!” Wang Piao thundered.

Zhang Ruochen had quite an impression on this man. Earlier, he’d claimed to be a blood brother of King Thousand-elephant. He wanted to avenge King Thousand-elephant by dueling with Zhang Ruochen.

Now, he said he was going to take Zhang Ruochen’s life for the Ministry of War. It was quite laughable.

Wang Piao’s four hands all held a crescent-moon blade. As he added Holy Qi into it, the four blood blades instantly radiated with icy Qi. They were like four blood moons.

The sky darkened instantly and icy wind started blowing. The four blood moons hung above the platform, shining with bloody-red light. Everyone below the platform felt the cold dig into their bones.

“Wang Piao must have cultivated the Earth Demon Scripture to the 12th level and reached the sixth level of the Half-Saint Realm. No wonder he dared to duel with Zhang Ruochen.” Feng Qin’s eyes narrowed and his fists tightened.

“Before, Zhang Ruochen used the Taotian Sword to release the Destruction of the Thousand-patterns and kill four Kings.”

“Do you think Zhang Ruochen still dares to use the Destruction of the Thousand-patterns now?”

“Even if he can kill one challenger per strike, he’ll use up his Holy Qi. When the second challenger walks up the platform, he’ll only need to use a finger to squash him.”

“If Zhang Ruochen can’t use the Destruction of the Thousand-patterns, he’s only a powerful first level Half-Saint. With Wang Piao’s cultivation, he can kill Zhang Ruochen in three strikes.”

The Half-Saints of the Ministry of War were all chatting. Only Wan Zhaoyi and the Saint Lady kept quiet while sitting above the altar.

To Wan Zhaoyi, the Empress had only ordered to capture Zhang Ruochen in three months. She hadn’t said whether she wanted him alive or dead. Clearly, it was more beneficial to him if Zhang Ruochen was dead.

Right now, he only needed to chop Zhang Ruochen’s head off and send it to the Royal Capital. He wouldn’t have to worry anymore.

However, the Saint Lady’s eyes were worried. After all, Zhang Ruochen had only just entered the Half-Saint Realm. If they were in the wilderness, he might be able to save himself from a sixth level Half-Saint with the saint decree she’d given him.

They were fighting on a battle platform now though. They didn’t have that much space. There was also a formation around it. He couldn’t escape even if he wanted to.

Faced with this situation, a first level Half-Saint could never be the match of a sixth level Half-Saint.

After all, the Saint Lady had taken the nine Heirs to the Royal Capital for a test once. The results were that even the nine Heirs with many trump cards and tactics could at most fight with a fourth level Half-Saint while in the first level. Even so, many Heirs had still lost.

Zhang Ruochen's talent was only a bit higher than the nine Heirs. Even if the rumors were true that Zhang Ruochen had reached the Tenth Change of the Fish-Dragon Realm, he probably could only fight with someone in the fifth level.

He was now faced with Wang Piao, who'd reached the sixth level of the Half-Saint Realm. Could Zhang Ruochen survive?

For some reason, the Saint Lady's peaceful saint heart was now in a mess. She didn't want to see Zhang Ruochen die on the platform.

She wasn't the only one. Li Min and Shi Ren were very worried about Zhang Ruochen too. They furrowed their brows and held their breath. They felt repressed.

On the other hand, Zhang Ruochen seemed composed. He stood in the center of the platform with his hands behind his back. He stared at the four blood moons in the sky.

No matter how strong the cold wind was, not a single strand of his hair moved nor did his clothes flutter.

“Burning Void Sword.”

Pure black demonic Qi poured out of Wang Piao like ink. His five-foot-tall stature expanded ten times. He was now a demon god, 50 feet tall.

The four crescent-like blood blades lit up in flames and came down on Zhang Ruochen from four different directions. However, the flames were icy cold. They sealed the entire platform in ice. Various sharp icicles shot out.

“Draconic Transformation.”

Zhang Ruochen's body started popping. Blinding gold light and powerful dragon Qi surged from him.

Roar!

There was an ear-splitting sound. The next moment, Zhang Ruochen transformed into a golden dragon that was dozens of feet long. Two huge dragon claws slapped forward, crashing against two blood blades. He averted Wang Piao's attack.

Shock colored Wang Piao's eyes. He hurriedly whisked out the two other blades, cutting toward the golden dragon's neck and talons.

However, the dragon's power was beyond his imagination. A huge talon with blazing fiery Qi passed through the two blood blades and struck Wang Piao's head.

"How can he be so strong?"

Wang Piao was scared out of his wits. He squeezed his fingers and crushed the jade badge around his wrist.

Boom.

The broken jade formed a light shield around him, protecting his body. This was a protective talisman made by a Spiritual Power Saint. It was a flawed copy, but it still had shocking defensive abilities. It could block a ninth level Half-Saint's full attack.

Of course, it could only be used once.

Wang Piao had used one hundred million Spiritual Crystals to buy it, practically going bankrupt for it. He didn't think that he'd have to use his lifesaving trump card against a first level Half-Saint.

With a thud, the golden talon struck the light shield. It fell down on both Wang Piao and the shield, hitting the platform. The light shield quickly dissipated after blocking that one hit.

"Damn kid." Wang Piao looked at the broken jade at his wrist furiously. Gritting his teeth, he roared, "Earth Demon Change!"

Wang Piao continued expanding and enlarging. Finally, he'd become a huge demonic marten. He had sharp claws, sharp fangs, and blood-red eyes.

A moment ago, there were two human Monks fighting on the platform. The next moment, it was a dragon and a marten. The surroundings were filled with the auras of savage beasts. It was very strange.

Zhang Ruochen's aggressive attack had shocked many people. The gleeful Monks wiped their smiles away.

A first level Half-Saint was powerful enough to force a sixth level Half-Saint to activate his lifesaving talisman.

“Ninth Palm of the Dragon and Elephant Prajna Palm.”

Li Min’s eyes brightened. She was excited and a faint blush covered her pale cheeks. She finally saw Zhang Ruochen transform into a dragon. He truly was powerful.

Zhang Ruochen had used Draconic Transformation because he wanted to end things quickly. The longer the battle was, the more disadvantageous it was to him.

The golden dragon roared and circled in the air. He rushed down and attacked with full power, fighting with the demonic marten that was Wang Piao.

Judging solely in terms of power, Zhang Ruochen’s current cultivation was similar to Wang Piao. He didn’t actually have many advantages. Wang Piao had only been surprised because he’d underestimated his enemy.

Boom, boom.

The dragon and marten created gouge after gouge, ring of shockwave after ring. They ripped apart the clouds in the sky.

The demonic marten crouched in the center opened its mouth. Icy Qi wrapped around the four blood blades and attacked the draconified Zhang Ruochen together.

“Rip it!” An ear-splitting roar came from the dragon.

The golden talons clawed downward, ripping apart the void. It created a spatial crack that was dozens of feet long.

The demonic marten had guessed that Zhang Ruochen was skilled in spatial attacks. So the moment the spatial crack appeared, it rushed to the left.

However, Zhang Ruochen’s reaction was faster than his. The demonic marten had just started moving when the flying dragon already transformed into a blazing human figure. He quickly landed and sent out a palm. He hit the demonic marten’s stomach with a thud.

Chapter 899 - An Arduous Battle

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Editor:

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“No...” the demonic marten cried out and flew back, crashing right into the spatial crack. Soundlessly, the huge body was ripped in half.

Gradually, the two bloody parts of the body shrunk into a broken human-shaped corpse.

A regional king of the Ministry of War had died on the battle platform with only a skull and a pair of boots left. Everyone gasped and stared at Zhang Ruochen in shock. Was he really a first level Half-Saint?

“He’s this powerful?” Wang Jie’s expression darkened.

“He didn’t even use the Destruction of the Thousand-patterns. How can he be this strong?”

Wan Zhaoyi furrowed his brow, also in shock. Even with his talent and opportunities, he had been weaker than Zhang Ruochen when he was in the first level. If Zhang Ruochen became a Saint one day, he would definitely reign over everyone else.

But would that day ever come?

Whoosh—

Wang Piao’s saint soul flew out from between his eyebrows and rushed out of the battle platform. However, Zhang Ruochen was faster. He caught the saint soul with the Ruyi Treasure Bottle.

Below the platform, Feng Qin yelled, “Zhang Ruochen, you’re too cruel! Not only did you kill the Marten Demon King, you won’t let his saint soul go either?”

Holding the Ruyi Treasure Bottle, Zhang Ruochen said nonchalantly, “I already said that anyone who comes up here will die. Please think carefully before coming.”

“If you die in my hands, I will definitely send your saint soul to the Nirvana Prison to suffer through 108 types of torture, never to be reincarnated.” Feng Qin’s eyes turned bloodshot. He wanted to go up right then and duel with Zhang Ruochen.

But then Wan Zhaoyi reminded him, “Zhang Ruochen’s abilities are equal to that of a sixth level Half-Saint, but he can use spatial power and change his direction, tear the space... and more. It’ll catch you by surprise. Be careful when you fight with him. Keep note of the spatial ripples. Don’t get caught and die like Wang Piao.”

“Understood,” Feng Qin replied. Then he signed the life-or-death contract. Stepping off the ground, he shot to the platform.

This time, no one tried to compete with Feng Qin. After all, everyone had seen the previous fight clearly. Zhang Ruochen was a cruel figure. Not everyone could handle him.

Feng Qin’s body radiated red saintly light. It was like a patch of fiery clouds flew past Zhang Ruochen’s head. Next, a fiery-red fist print slammed down on Zhang Ruochen’s head.

Feng Qin’s fist technique was called the Hundred-battle Ox Demon Fist. It had 100 moves in total and each one was a powerful Consummate Skill. It was only a bit weaker than a saintly technique.

“War God Yu Jing.”

His punch made an ear-splitting boom. Thankfully, there were soundproof formations around the battle platform. Otherwise, just this boom could burst the eardrums of many Monks.

Wang Piao had just reached the sixth level of the Half-Saint Realm and was already a hard match. Zhang Ruochen had been forced to use a spatial crack to kill him.

Feng Qin was more powerful. He had reached the pinnacle of the sixth level. They were both in the sixth level, but Feng Qin could defeat Wang Piao in less than ten moves.

Zhang Ruochen didn't dare to underestimate him. He called out the Abyss Ancient Sword. Activating his Holy Qi and Sword Intent, the Abyss Ancient Sword shone brilliantly with black light. He struck down.

He couldn't use the Destruction of the Thousand-patterns. Under these circumstances, only the Abyss Ancient Sword could unleash his strongest power.

Whoosh!

A beam of sword light flew out. It seemed like a simple strike, but it contained some of Sword Three's mysteries. It used a specific angle to dissolve the force of Feng Qin's fist.

Feng Qin was a war-hardened King. Each of his moves flowed like water. He immediately regathered his power and punched a second time.

“Stallion and Chaos.”

Dozens of black demonic oxen shadows appeared around his fiery-red fist as it punched toward Zhang Ruochen again. The strong force shrouded the entire platform. Zhang Ruochen had nowhere to hide.

It was clear that Feng Qin was repressing Zhang Ruochen with speed and power. This way, he couldn't use spatial power.

Zhang Ruochen crossed his sword to block the force. Dense Sword Qi flew out of the blade. The thousands of beams formed a semi-circular sword formation.

With a boom, the fist print shattered the sword formation. Zhang Ruochen was thrown back.

Zhang Ruochen had already activated his Space Domain, so he quickly dissolved the punch's force. But before he could land, Feng Qin's third punch was already before him. It came down like a burning meteorite.

That moment, Zhang Ruochen's turned red from the reflection.

“Five Elements Laksana.” Lights of five colors shone from Zhang Ruochen’s body, shattering all the surrounding oxen apparitions.

At the same time, sword light flashed.

The tip of the Abyss Ancient Sword crashed against Feng Qin’s fist. There was a huge boom as if two steel mountains had clashed.

Feng Qin wore saint level gloves on his hands. He wasn’t hurt when he crashed against the Abyss Ancient Sword. However, the gloves cracked and became useless.

“Even a Thousand-pattern Saint Weapon can’t be that sharp.” Feng Qin stared at Zhang Ruochen’s Abyss Ancient Sword. Fear was in his eyes. He didn’t dare to go against that sword anymore.

If a saint weapon couldn’t block that sword, a Half-Saint’s body had no chance.

Zhang Ruochen wasn’t much better off from the clash. He flew out and hit the formation wall at the edge of the platform with a boom. He indented the wall.

When he landed on the ground again, blood flowed out of his right arm. It went down his finger and into the sword. Zhang Ruochen had borne the brunt with his strong physique, so he was only slightly hurt. Any other first level Half-Saint would have turned into dust from Feng Qin’s punch.

Whoosh.

The Abyss Ancient Sword absorbed Zhang Ruochen’s fresh blood and pulsed with rings of red light.

“This...”

Zhang Ruochen sensed the sword’s changes. He was overjoyed. It was a sign that the Abyss Ancient Sword was about to upgrade into the Thousand-pattern Saint Weapon.

Once it upgraded, the sword spirit would awaken too.

Not only would the sword sharpen, the sword spirit would also help Zhang Ruochen. His sword moves would become more

perfect and powerful. Plus, in his previous life, the Abyss Ancient Sword's sword spirit had been his good friend.

How could Zhang Ruochen not be happy that it was about to awaken? He swept up Wang Piao's four Hundred-pattern Saint Weapon blood blades and sent them flying to the Abyss Ancient Sword.

The sword was smart. It immediately started refining the four blades. It also wanted to reach the Thousand-pattern Saint Weapon level as soon as possible and help Zhang Ruochen with the coming fights.

"It can refine other saint weapons." Feng Qin stared at the Abyss Ancient Sword in even more shock.

The black saint sword in Zhang Ruochen's hands could disable a Hundred-pattern Saint Weapon. That alone was strange. It was like the kryptonite of all saint weapons.

Wouldn't it become sharper if it refined the four blood blades?

"Killing Token." Feng Qin took out a metal badge and added Holy Qi to it.

The badge turned into a black stone tablet, dozens of feet tall. It radiated with domineering royal Qi and pummeled down at Zhang Ruochen, who was at the edge of the platform.

"Collect!" Zhang Ruochen opened the Ruyi Treasure Bottle and collected the Killing Token.

However, the Killing Token was very aggressive. The Empress' mark emerged and sent the Ruyi Treasure Bottle flying away.

The Ruyi Treasure Bottle couldn't collect the Killing Token, but Zhang Ruochen used the chance to activate the Luan Phoenix Deity Print Speed. He flew out, avoiding the Killing Token's attack.

Kaboom.

The Killing Token hit the edge of the platform. The hovering platform shook violently from the force. It was about to fall to the ground.

Zhang Ruochen was faster than a seventh level Half-Saint. However, Feng Qin grasped rules of the wind way. He was very fast as well and was comparable to Zhang Ruochen.

Just as Zhang Ruochen rushed out, Feng Qin already predicted how Zhang Ruochen would dodge the attack. He sent out a second attack, taking the initiative.

The Kings of the Ministry of War have all experienced hundreds of battles, Zhang Ruochen thought. They've experienced many life-or-death challenges. As expected, they're difficult to deal with.

The Killing Token's power shrouded the entire platform. Zhang Ruochen couldn't escape. The platform was too small. This was a disadvantage for him.

With no other choices, Zhang Ruochen steadied himself and shone with five-colored lights. He pressed forward, clashing squarely with the Killing Token.

Thud!

Zhang Ruochen flew back again, hitting the defense light shield at the edge of the platform. This crash was even stronger. His spine seemed to break and his entire body was numb. He couldn't feel it anymore.

Poof.

Zhang Ruochen stood up again. As soon as he straightened, he spat out a mouthful of blood. Gradually, intense pain surged from all over his body. His vision went black and he swayed, almost falling to the ground.

Seeing this, cheers arose below the platform.

"I thought Zhang Ruochen would last a while, but he only blocked a few of Feng Qin's attacks."

"This Immortal Vampires' dog will finally be killed. I'm so happy, haha."

"Kill Zhang Ruochen. Hack him into thousands of pieces."

"If you want to infiltrate the Guardians of the Prison and work for the Vampires, this will be your ending." Wang Jie grinned

and looked toward Shi Ren.

Shi Ren clenched his fists tightly. He wanted to rush onto the platform, but the elders of the Shi Family stopped him.

Li Min bit her lip. Her clear eyes shone with unshed tears. She couldn't bear to see Zhang Ruochen die on the platform.

She believed fiercely that Zhang Ruochen wasn't a bad person. He definitely wouldn't work with the Vampires. He should rise up powerfully and become a Saint that everyone looked up too. He shouldn't have this kind of ending.

Chapter 900 - God-connecting Technique

Translator:

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Editor:

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Holding the Killing Token, Feng Qin stood in the center of the windstorm. Rings of black currents spun around him, radiating an icy and evil Qi.

He was now almost 20 feet tall and could look down on Zhang Ruochen. “Zhang Ruochen, it’s undeniably a pain for you to continue living on in this world,” he said. “Let me send you on the way to end your tragic life.”

Feng Qin raised the Killing Token once again. The token, dozens of feet long, was covered in dense runes. One could vaguely make out a man-shaped apparition become one with the Killing Token.

Zhang Ruochen stared at the figure with frigid eyes. “I’m afraid you’re not enough to kill me,” he uttered.

Clang!

The Abyss Ancient Sword produced a shrill sound. It flew toward Zhang Ruochen and hovered before him. It had already refined the four blood blades and had absorbed enough power to recover its status as a Thousand-pattern Saint Weapon.

Zhang Ruochen’s Holy Qi and Sword Intent streamed into the sword. A distant voice said, “Hundreds of years have passed. Zhang...Zhang Ruochen, how can you...only awaken me now?”

This was the sword spirit communicating with its master. Outsiders couldn’t hear it.

Hearing the familiar voice, Zhang Ruochen tried to control his excitement. “Abyss, fight this battle with me first and get past this obstacle. I have many things to ask you.”

“Fine. I’ve slept for too long and my thoughts have slowed down. I do need a good battle to return to my peak state.”

The next moment, the Abyss Ancient Sword shone with black light that flooded in all directions. At first, the black light only shrouded Zhang Ruochen. Gradually, the entire battle platform fell into darkness.

Looking up from the bottom, one could only see a huge black sphere like a black hole hovering in the sky. Even with the Half-Saint Eye, one could only vaguely see that the black sphere consisted of thousands upon thousands of Sword Qi.

“Zhang Ruochen is gravely injured and at the brink of death. How can he still fight?”

“Why does it feel like...Zhang Ruochen has gotten stronger?”

Jian Kongzi stood behind Wan Zhaoyi. The Sword Saint on his back shook violently.

Shock filled his eyes. “It’s not that Zhang Ruochen has gotten stronger. It’s that black sword. It has reached the Thousand-pattern Saint Weapon level and become one with Zhang Ruochen. He’s reached the Human Sword state.”

Of all the people present, only Jian Kongzi was a true swordsman. He’d already completed Sword Three and was naturally the most qualified to speak.

A Half-Saint from the Ministry of War asked, “How does one reach the Human Sword state?”

“In swordsmanship, that’s the most advanced method,” Jian Kongzi said. “Not only does the swordsman’s cultivation need to reach the Human Sword state, he also needs a saint sword that has both the highest level of material and sword spirit. The sword spirit and master must have a certain type of chemistry to become one with each other.”

Jian Kongzi stared at the Abyss Ancient Sword with envy. A swordsman’s lifetime goal was to find and develop a sword

like that.

A sword was a swordsman's best friend.

On the battle platform, Zhang Ruochen and the Abyss Ancient Sword became one. It was as if only the sword remained, but also as if only Zhang Ruochen remained.

The man was the sword. The sword was the man.

Whoosh.

The black sword flew out with a streak of dark light. Feng Qin had fought against swordsmen before, but he'd never faced a situation like this.

Controlling the Killing Token, he blocked before him.

Boom.

A strong shockwave surged from the sword. At the same time, Sword Qi gathered from all over. It crashed against the Killing Token, producing a mass of fiery-red sparks.

Feng Qin's arms popped. He took three steps back before he dissolved the powerful force.

It was fortunate that he'd used special material to create the Killing Token. If it had been a Hundred-pattern Saint Weapon, this strike would have disabled it.

The Abyss Ancient Sword spun in the air and then struck again, attacking Feng Qin's neck. He was forced to block the attack with the Killing Token again.

The tides had finally turned. Zhang Ruochen was suppressing Feng Qin.

Feng Qin was still a powerful figure. No matter how aggressive or mysterious Zhang Ruochen's moves were, they couldn't get past his defense. His cultivation and combat abilities were clearly at the peak of the sixth level Half-Saint Realm. No one in the same level could defeat him, even if they had the Saint Body.

However, Feng Qin was still feeling difficulty.

The Abyss Ancient Sword was too sharp. Every strike would leave a gash on the Killing Token. It wouldn't be long before the Killing Token was destroyed too. How could he block Zhang Ruochen without it?

Pow!

Zhang Ruochen struck dozens of times at once. The Killing Token finally couldn't take it anymore and a crack appeared.

Feng Qin couldn't accept this. His cultivation was clearly higher than Zhang Ruochen. How could he lose?

Furthermore, losing meant death.

No matter what, he had to try again before the Killing Token was completely broken.

“Zhang Ruochen, you are indeed shockingly skilled. You're actually forcing me to take out my last trump card. However, this will still come to an end,” he said. “Burning Wood God-connecting Technique.”

Feng Qin's body was like a piece of burning wood. It crackled and popped. The muscular 20-foot-tall body quickly shrunk. A moment later, he was like a human-shaped pole.

The Burning Wood God-connecting Technique was a “God-connecting Technique” from the Ancient Wizard Way.

The Wizard Way was more ancient than the three current ways. It was the way that humans cultivated in the historic times. After the three Major Ways became established, the Wizard Way faded out of the spotlight.

Even if there were heirs or secret spells later on of the Wizard Way, there wasn't any truly successful figure.

The God-connecting Technique burned a Monk's Blood Qi, Spiritual Qi, and Holy Qi so he could produce ten times more power in a short time. Most of the secret spells that stimulated one's fighting abilities came from the God-connecting Technique.

The Burning Wood God-connecting Technique was one of them.

Casting a spell like this had huge side effects. Not only did it harm one's vitality, there was also the risk of falling into a lower cultivation realm. Thus, no one used it unless there was no other choice.

The power waves on Feng Qin kept rising. The force radiating from him swept across the entire platform.

Kaboom!

The Killing Token fell down. This was it.

At this moment, the Abyss Ancient Sword also radiated with destructive power. The thousands of runes emerged, forming the Destruction of the Thousand-patterns.

Zhang Ruochen couldn't do anything else. Only the Destruction of the Thousand-patterns could resist this attack.

Feng Qin was gambling his life. So was Zhang Ruochen.

Swish! As the Abyss Ancient Sword came down, it sliced through the Killing Token and Feng Qin as if they were made out of tofu. Bright red blood flooded out of Feng Qin's waist.

Even at his death, Feng Qin was still shocked. He reached out and pointed at Zhang Ruochen with difficulty. "You...you... dare to use the...Destruction of...Thousand...patterns..."

With a thud, the lower half of Feng Qin's body dropped onto the ground.

Zhang Ruochen leaned heavily on the bloody Abyss Ancient Sword. He stared at the corpse and breathed heavily. "Why did you think that I wouldn't use it?"

He'd been forced to choose between life and death. He couldn't care about all that.

When Feng Qin fell, everyone present felt suffocated. Some people were shocked, some didn't understand, and others were dazed.

Then the crowd started bubbling with discussions.

"Feng Qin could've defeated Zhang Ruochen, but he risked everything before dying to make Feng Qin die with him."

“Two regional kings of the Ministry of War died in a row. They’re both sixth level Half-Saints too. This loss is too much. Who will fight next?”

“No matter who it is, they can defeat Zhang Ruochen easily. He’s used up all his Holy Qi with the Destruction of the Thousand-patterns. He doesn’t have the strength to keep fighting.”

Everyone knew that once Zhang Ruochen used the Destruction of the Thousand-patterns, it meant he would die on the platform. But even if he died, he would still have glory.

After all, he’d been in the Central Region for less a month, but he’d already killed countless Kings of the Ministry of War. Even the high-level Half-Saints of the Demonic Sect, Black Market, and Death Zen Sect didn’t have such outstanding track records.

The various Half-Saints could also see that Zhang Ruochen was like a fish on the butcher’s board now. Anyone could cut him up.

“I’ll go take Zhang Ruochen’s life now.”

“Zhao Luo, your cultivation is too low. Let me go.”

“You’re only a third level Half-Saint. How can you say my cultivation is low?”

...

After a round of fights, Tong Dong, King of Jinyue, rushed out first and got onto the platform.

Right now, Zhang Ruochen was very weak. He’d used up about 80% of his Holy Qi. The only reason why he hadn’t fallen was because the Abyss Ancient Sword was supporting him.

However, Zhang Ruochen wasn’t completely powerless.

Tong Dong’s cultivation wasn’t very high. He was only a third level Half-Saint. He was naturally overjoyed that he could rush out of the various Half-Saints and nab the chance to kill Zhang Ruochen.

This was why he'd underestimated his enemy.

Before he could even settle on the battle platform, Zhang Ruo Chen had already activated his Spiritual Power. He struck Tong Dong with a ten-foot-long lightning blade.

Crack!

Tong Dong grunted and flew back. Tiny bolts of lightning covered his entire body. A long bloody gash opened up on his abdomen.