

C20 Green Flame Jade Flood Dragon

In the early dawn, with the sky just beginning to lighten, Guu Tianyi sat cross-legged at a secluded corner on the edge of the Great Desolate Mountain, his body enveloped in a faint purple glow.

The voice of the Azure Nether Sword Immortal echoed from the depths of his consciousness, "To think that after a millennium, I would encounter such an exceptional descendant of the Guu family in the desolate reaches of the Extreme East Land. This brings me great satisfaction."

His words were halting, betraying his frailty.

Guu Tianyi's brow furrowed as he reached out with his mind, "Senior, what has befallen you?"

"I perished a thousand years ago. Only a wisp of my soul remains, clinging to life through the Divine Soul Jade Slip, all for the sake of passing on my Sword Dao. The battle I fought using your body last night took a great toll. I fear that I might..."

The Azure Nether Sword Immortal let out a weary sigh before continuing, "Young one, you now owe me a favor."

"Senior, please tell me what it is!" Guu Tianyi responded promptly.

He had not known of the Azure Nether Sword Immortal

before, but the formidable power displayed through his body the previous night left no doubt of the immortal's extraordinary might.

The Azure Nether Sword Immortal had willingly expended the last vestiges of his soul to aid Guu Tianyi and Guu Linger in their escape from peril. Aside from his father and Guu Linger, no one had ever shown him such kindness.

After a moment's silence, the Sword Immortal's voice did not return.

"Senior!" Guu Tianyi called out, a pang of sorrow striking his heart.

"What are you yelling for, lad? My soul hasn't vanished yet; spare me your mourning!" The voice that answered was robust, a stark contrast to the earlier frailty.

"You're okay? But what did you mean before?"

"Who said I'm okay? The soul power I've hoarded for a millennium was largely expended last night. Now, I am utterly exhausted and fear I must enter a prolonged slumber."

"Moreover, upon reflection, it's premature to discuss certain matters with you. Your cultivation is too weak. Once you've ascended to at least the Martial Ancestor level, you'll be worthy to learn of them."

"With that, I shall succumb to sleep."

Meanwhile, within the Purple Flame House, the Guu family's high-ranking members convened.

A short distance away, a shattered rockery lay among the chaos of the courtyard, the ground stained with dried blood. In Guu Linger's room, a decapitated corpse bore silent testimony to a violent death.

The Grand Elder's face was dark with anger as his gaze swept over the assembly, finally resting on the Third Elder.

"Third Brother, what exactly happened here? The Second Elder and I were in seclusion, entrusting the Guu Mansion to your care. Is this your idea of management?"

"This is the Purple Flame House, the heart of our family's estate. How could you be unaware of such a fierce battle taking place?"

"Where is Tianyi? Where is Linger? Yuntian entrusted their care to me before he left. With this catastrophe, how am I to face him?"

The Third Elder hung his head, his expression one of helplessness.

The Second Elder let out a sigh, "Big brother, there's no use in casting blame now. The third round of the Heavenly Fire Competition has already started. Let's take the younger members of the Guu Mansion to the City Lord's Mansion first. Then we can organize a search for them. Tianyi and Linger are blessed; their absence from the Purple Flame House means they are still out there,

alive!"

"Head to the City Lord's Mansion. I'll take some people and search for Tianyi!" The Grand Elder huffed, his sleeves flaring as he stormed off in a huff.

As the Grand Elder's figure receded, a malevolent glint flickered in the Third Elder's eyes.

"The Desperados I dispatched are formidable warriors, one of them even a Martial Master. It's likely that Guu Tianyi and that girl are already dead," the Third Elder mused to himself.

Outside the Great Desolate Mountain, Guu Tianyi reflected, "Last night, the Azure Nether Sword Immortal used my body to engage in battle, drawing in the Spiritual Energy from a hundred miles around and refining twenty Fire Fruits. The Spiritual Energy has been depleted, but the power of the Fire Fruits resonates deeply with my bloodline, leaving some remnants. Maybe I can leverage this residual power to break through to Martial Cultivator Level Eight!"

These past few days of relentless combat had significantly bolstered Guu Tianyi's fighting prowess.

The memories bestowed by the Azure Nether Sword Immortal were an invaluable treasure.

Roughly an hour later, his dark purple Genuine Qi underwent a transformation, surging upward like a dragon. Guu Tianyi shattered the constraints of Martial Cultivator Level Seven, ascending to Level Eight.

Commented [Ma1]:

Commented [Ma2R1]:

In that instant, his Dantian swelled with surging Genuine Qi, filling him with a profound sense of vitality.

"Martial Cultivator Level Eight is incredibly potent. Those Desperados are all at Level Nine, yet their combat abilities fall short of their cultivation levels," Guu Tianyi pondered.

Not far off, Guu Linger was nestled against an ancient tree, sleeping peacefully.

"Linger has endured so much these past days," Guu Tianyi thought guiltily.

He tenderly lifted Guu Linger and hastened towards Heavenly Fire City.

Today marked the third round of the Heavenly Fire Competition. He hoped to make it back in time.

Atop the high platform before the City Lord's Mansion, Hsing Wenruo's expression was dark with displeasure.

He had planned to take Guu Tianyi back to the Star Cloud Sect after today's fight, regardless of the outcome.

But this morning, Guu Tianyi was nowhere to be found among the Guu Mansion's ranks, and he hadn't even dared to show up.

Despite his inquiries, the Second and Third Elders of the Guu Mansion only offered evasive responses, unable to disclose Guu Tianyi's whereabouts.

Aside from Hsing Wenruo, another was eagerly awaiting Guu Tianyi's arrival.

On the dueling stage, Lo Chenfeng's enthusiasm had waned. With a nonchalant punch, he knocked a Level Seven Martial Cultivator from the platform, murmuring to himself, "Guu Tianyi promised a duel today. Could he be avoiding defeat by not showing up? That doesn't seem like him."

His voice was soft, yet it carried clearly to the challengers below, who were set to compete in the third round. They felt a pang of disappointment; Lo Chenfeng was indifferent to them, his sights set solely on a bout with Guu Tianyi.

"Lo Chenfeng, you won't have your match with Guu Tianyi today," Guu Linyuan announced as he stepped forward from the crowd, a changed air about him from days prior.

"Do you wish to challenge me as well? I'll fight you with just one hand," Lo Chenfeng sneered, tucking his right hand behind his back and gesturing at Guu Linyuan with his left.

From the high platform, the Third Elder spoke out in anger, "City Lord Lo, Chenfeng's arrogance is unacceptable. He's completely disregarding my grandson Linyuan!"

"Third Elder, please, calm yourself. My son has always been this way. If Linyuan proves to be a formidable

opponent, Chenfeng will undoubtedly engage him with full force. But if Linyuan is merely a showboating buffoon, then Chenfeng's arrogance isn't entirely misplaced," City Lord Lo responded.

Lo Feng spoke with a nonchalance that belied the fury on the Third Elder's face, a glint of malice flickering in his eyes.

Below, Guu Linyuan's gaze burned with anger. He leapt onto the dueling platform, his hand sweeping through the air. The blazing green Genuine Qi enveloped him like flames.

Lo Chenfeng's eyes narrowed perceptibly, sensing something off about this Guu Linyuan.

"Lo Chenfeng, remember this day," Guu Linyuan declared. "The man who bests you is none other than Guu Linyuan of the Guu Mansion!"

With those words, the green flames surged, revealing an immense creature within.

"Martial Soul, Green Flame Jade Flood Dragon!"

In that moment, it was clear that Guu Linyuan's Martial Soul had evolved from the Green Flame Jade Python of days past to a far mightier Green Flame Jade Flood Dragon.

Simultaneously, his cultivation level had ascended from a Level Six Martial Cultivator to a formidable Level Eight.

As the crowd reacted with astonishment, a slight smirk played on Lo Chenfeng's lips, suggesting that he had anticipated this turn of events all along.