

## Great Ruler 701

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#### Chapter 701: Two Options

When the ominous aura from Nine Nether Palace shot up to the sky, the sects in Daluotian were shocked. They looked toward the direction that Nine Nether Troop had gone to with a knowing look.

Daluotian had heard of the messages sent to the cities by Nine Nether Palace and only a handful had submitted to them. Everyone, including Blood Hawk Palace, had treated it as a joke.

Although the people were mocking them, they knew that Nine Nether Palace would not take it lying down. If not, Nine Nether would not be able to gain a foothold in the Daluo Territory in the future. Even if Nine Nether had the support of the Condor King, Nine Nether Palace would not be able to continue to exist if they lost their reputation. Hence, it seemed that Nine Nether Palace was about to take action.

For the past few years, the development in Nine Nether Palace had been slow. Their foundation had been the weakest among the Nine Lords. Although Nine Nether had successfully gone through the tribulations, a force could not possibly depend on one person alone in order to expand.

The other Lords had many masters under them. However, under Nine Nether, other than Mu Chen, who had just joined her, the rest were only average.

The struggles within the Daluo Territory depended upon the people that they had present among them at any time. The Lords were not allowed to get involved in the fights. Thus, many people were doubtful whether or not Nine Nether Palace would succeed in their mission.

Mu Chen's performance in the Daluo Golden Pool was perfect. However, he was only one person. The dukes of the cities were no ordinary people. Some were top powers, who were very reputable within the Daluo Territory. Whether Nine Nether Palace could successfully restore their reputation remained a question.

Back in the Blood Hawk Palace, Lord Blood Hawk was sitting on his throne in the main hall, stroking the hand rest. He looked out of the main hall with his red eyes and smiled mockingly.

"Nine Nether Palace has finally taken action." Lord Blood Hawk smiled flatly. He looked at Wu Tian and said, "Have you got everything in place?"

"All the dukes have gathered in Demonic Python City. If he dares to be there, he will be humiliated," Wu Tian said with an evil smile. To be the dukes of the cities, they would have possessed extraordinary power, and some of the top powers possessed the abilities of the four great commanders. However, they were older, and therefore, did not have the latent abilities of the four young great commanders.

Now that they had gathered together, they were extremely powerful. As for Nine Nether Palace, other than Mu Chen, the rest were not up to par. Hence, it would be silly to fight the dukes based on his strength alone.

"Women are after all, women. They are incompetent," Lord Blood Hawk said with a smile.

Although Nine Nether had returned strong, she had been too hasty in carrying things out. This inaction had caused her to have a weak foundation. The moment she returned, she had wanted to restore the territories that she had lost.

However, she soon found that it would not be so easy. For the past few years, Lord Blood Hawk had been terrorizing the people with his military force. Did she think that his efforts were in vain?

Although Mu Chen had potential, all the dukes were cunning, and they also had his backing. Mu Chen would lose the glory that he had painstakingly earned at the Daluo Golden Pool. Nine Nether would also be taught to know the difference between Nine Nether Palace and Blood Hawk Palace.

...

In Demonic Python City.

This was a big city, situated in the northwest region of the Daluo Territory. It was also an important city, as it was flourishing and ranked among the best.

When Nine Nether Palace had this city under their reign, many people had been envious. When Nine Nether went missing, Lord Blood Hawk was the first to strike and take over the city.

Demonic Python City was particularly lively on this day. Shadows covered the sky of the city and landed on it. The Transfer Spiritual Array in the city glittered continually.

It had been rumored one day before that Luo Mang, Duke of Demonic Python City, had gathered 50 dukes in Demonic Python City. Those who were well informed knew that it was to fight Nine Nether Palace.

Strictly speaking, everyone was under the rule of the Daluo Territory. However, Nine Nether Palace had weakened in its power, and Luo Mang was ambitious. He would not want to offend Blood Hawk Palace.

Nine Nether Palace had lost its power, and it could not be compared to Blood Hawk Palace, which was extremely influential. Using that influence, Luo Mang had openly gathered the people to fight Nine Nether Palace, as he had the backing of Blood Hawk Palace.

At the center of Demonic Python City, a Demonic Python statue stood in the Square. It was about 1,000 feet tall, and it overlooked the entire city.

The Square was filled with people, and shadows continually flooded into the city. Ultimately, even the rooftops of the buildings and the sky were filled with people.

All eyes were fixed on the people who were sitting under the Demonic Python statue. They sat according to their ranks, as majestic spiritual energy indistinctly exuded from their bodies.

These people were calm, and lights were surging in their eyes. They were obviously no ordinary people.

Among these people, three of them, who were sitting in the center, had extremely strong spiritual energies. One of them was in black and looked burly. He had short hair and a rough face. Although he was smiling, his deep eyes were like a serpent's, causing one to shiver.

There was a tattoo of a black python on his neck. The ferocious python was baring its fangs, and it looked weird. This same man laid on a stone chair, stroking the hand rest. He did not seem the least bothered with what Nine Nether Palace was about to do.

He was Luo Mang, Duke of Demonic Python City. He had been controlling Demonic Python for many years. He was cunning and merciless. His strength had advanced to Grade Two Sovereign, and had now reached its peak. Among the dukes in the Daluo Territory, he was quite famous.

On his sides were two middle-aged men, who were quite thin. They were the dukes of Blood Vulture City and Black Rock City. Their strength was at Grade Two Sovereign as well. However, they were not as calm as Luo Mang.

In any case, it was not a good thing to offend Nine Nether Palace. Moreover, Nine Nether had successfully gone through the tribulations, and her strength was comparable to Grade Five Sovereign. Hence, she was as powerful as Lord Blood Hawk.

"The two of you need not worry. Although Nine Nether is no longer the same, Nine Nether Palace has a weak foundation. The new commander might be capable, but he is young. He will not be able to achieve much," Luo Mang smiled and said, as he could sense their anxieties.

Having heard that, the two dukes calmed down a little.

"We just need to display our battle array. When the youth is here, that should be enough to put him down. We will then have a good talk with him to scare him off," Luo Mang said with a smile. "Don't forget, Lord Blood Hawk has promised us that if we are able to fend Nine Nether Palace off, we will be able to truly join Blood Hawk Palace. By then, we need not be afraid of Nine Nether."

The two dukes nodded in agreement. If they could truly enter Daluotian, it would be better than slogging hard in their current roles as dukes. Although the income was good, they had to hand over a big portion of their funds when all was said and done.

"Although we have a lot of people with us, most of them dare not offend Nine Nether Palace openly..." Duke of Blood Vulture City said softly.

Luo Mang curled up his lips and said, "That is why they have to be utterly disappointed with Nine Nether Palace. As long as we can fend off the people of Nine Nether Palace, they will naturally know which choice they should make."

The two dukes nodded their heads again. As they were about to speak, their faces suddenly changed. A large beam suddenly shot up to the sky in the northwest direction of the city. It was the ray given out by the Transfer Spiritual Array.

"They are here. The newborn calf is not afraid of tigers!" When Luo Mang saw it, he turned grave and said this phrase mockingly.

The people in Demonic Python City looked at the direction of the beam. They then saw a dark cloud whizzing out. A dreadful atmosphere covered the entire place.

Many of them in the city turned pale. They were shocked and awed by the austerity of the troop. Daluo Territory was indeed amazing. Even Nine Nether Palace, which was the weakest in the Daluo Territory, had such a great and vigorous troop.

As the dark cloud swirled out, it dashed straight to the Square and hung in the air. Although there were a lot of people present, there was only dead silence. The people looked coldly and grimly at the dark cloud.

The expressions of the 50 dukes also changed. Luo Mang squinted his eyes and sneered. He stood up, cupping his fist, and said with a smile, "The Lord of Nine Nether Palace is here. I feel so honored. May I know, who is the new commander of Nine Nether Troop?"

As Luo Mang spoke, the people looked at Nine Nether Troop, seeing a slit in the dark cloud. Then, a slender figure slowly stepped forth from it.

He stood at the frontline of Nine Nether Troop, looking at the dukes at the Square. He smiled and said lightly, "Your battle array is pretty impressive."

Suddenly, his dark eyes turned cold, and his voice was sharp and harsh.

"You have two options. Submit to Nine Nether Palace, or...give up your positions as dukes!"

As his cold voice sounded out, the atmosphere in the city froze. Many people gasped. The new commander in Nine Nether Palace was extremely overbearing!

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### **Chapter 702: The Golden Body**

"Give up your positions as dukes..."

When Mu Chen's cold voice rang out in the city, it created an uproar. The people looked at him, stunned.

The atmosphere seemed to have frozen.

No one had expected the new commander from Nine Nether Palace to be so firm. He had just appeared and had not settled down, but he had made such a comment. Was he not afraid of the repercussions and of creating an uproar?

Fifty dukes were present!

Many people looked at one another and were shocked by the actions of the new commander of Nine Nether Palace.

Even the dukes, including Luo Mang, were shocked.

They had displayed the battle array to suppress the people from Nine Nether Palace, and Luo Mang had thought that it was enough to cause Mu Chen, a Grade One Sovereign, to feel pressure. If they could scare Mu Chen out of his wits, they would have the upper hand in the negotiation.

Luo Mang had run through all the possibilities and was well prepared. However, he was now at a loss. He realized that Mu Chen had looked at the battle array with disdain.

After a while, he was furious. He turned grave and stared at Mu Chen. He sneered and said, "This new commander is impressive. Just a word from you, and we have to give up our positions as dukes. Who do you think you are?"

Some of the dukes were enraged as well. However, most of them found it interesting as Mu Chen had displayed great vigor. He did not seem to be trying to draw them to his side. He left no room for negotiation.

Mu Chen looked calm in the air. His eyes were cold, and he knew Luo Mang's intentions. He was well aware of Luo Mang's character. Once he was given an inch, he would want a mile.

He was insatiable.

The only choice was to do away with unfruitful talk and step on his face. Leave him no room even for concession!

"He is speaking on behalf of Nine Nether Palace." Tang Bing, who was standing behind Mu Chen, looked coldly at the dukes and said, "If you cannot accept it, bring it up to the three kings!"

Luo Mang's expression changed and looked grim.

Mu Chen looked coldly at every duke and said flatly, "If any duke pledges loyalty to Nine Nether Palace, we will let him stay. If anyone is thinking of using this opportunity to threaten us, I will make sure he knows that Nine Nether Palace has ownership of these cities. If he is not happy, Nine Nether Palace will strip him of the position. I suppose many people will be interested in that position."

The eyes of many dukes twitched. The new commander of Nine Nether Palace must be crazy. Is Nine Nether Palace not afraid that there will be unrest in the cities if they remove so many dukes from their offices?

If Nine Nether Palace removed them from their offices... they would suffer great losses. As for what Mu Chen had said, many people were eyeing the positions. It would be easy to find replacements among the top powers in Daluo Territory.

Some of the dukes were inwardly lamenting. They were wondering if they had gone overboard. Had they forced Nine Nether Palace into a corner whereby both sides would suffer losses...?

Nine Nether had strong backing. Even if they suffered great losses, they could still continue on. However, once the dukes lost their positions, they would lose their backing and resources. Once they lost the resources of Daluo Territory, their path of cultivation would be extremely tough.

The expressions of many dukes changed. They had been flustered by Mu Chen's nonchalant attitude. Instead of being furious, they became hesitant.

When Luo Mang saw it, he turned cold. He had underestimated Mu Chen. Although he was young, he was extremely decisive. He had immediately suppressed many dukes with his ruthless means.

"Ha, nonsense. These cities are now under the reign of Blood Hawk Palace. They should be the ones to decide who will be the dukes. Who are you to poke your nose into this?" Luo Mang shouted. If he remained silent, the dukes would back out.

"Don't be frightened by him. Lord Blood Hawk will back us up!"

When the dukes heard this name, they were frightened. Compared to Nine Nether, Lord Blood Hawk was more of a terror.

The dukes who had been swayed looked at one another. They smiled wryly inwardly. It did not matter to them whom they served. However, they would inevitably offend one of them. They would not be able to contend with Nine Nether Palace or Blood Hawk Palace.

When Tang Bing saw the dukes who had been swayed by Mu Chen being overawed by Luo Mang, she was extremely angry.

Luo Mang heaved a sigh of relief when he saw it. He then looked at Mu Chen and said, "New commander of Nine Nether Palace, we do not wish to create a scene. If you want us to submit to Nine Nether Palace, I think that at the very least, you should go and ask Lord Blood Hawk. If he agrees to it, we will do it!"

Everyone fixed their eyes on Mu Chen. The situation was such that if the new commander of Nine Nether Palace just walked away, Nine Nether Palace would become the laughing stock of Daluo Territory.

Mu Chen looked at Luo Mang and said with a smile, "It seems like Duke Luo Mang does not like our proposal."

Luo Mang sneered and said, "It is not that I do not agree. I just would like you to ask Lord Blood Hawk."

"In that case, there is nothing more to say." Mu Chen smiled. The coldness in his dark eyes quickly intensified.

"It seems so." Luo Mang stood up and folded his arms on his chest. His burly build made him look oppressive, and he stared coldly at Mu Chen. This young chap thought that he could easily frighten him with just a few words? Luo Mang did not reach his position by merely talking.

This chap is only at Grade One Sovereign, and he dares to be so presumptuous. Does he think that because he has defeated Cao Feng, he can be so reckless?

Mu Chen smiled, but his smile was filled with killing intent. In the next instant, he stepped forth, and his spiritual energy surged. The cry of a dragon resounded.

Swoosh!

As the dragon's cry resounded, he disappeared from the spot.

Luo Mang was suddenly afraid. He quickly retreated. However, the space behind him tore apart, and a dragon shadow shot out. A palm bursting with purple flame hit Luo Mang hard on his back.

Pom!

Luo Mang's face turned cold. He did not dodge. Instead, he threw out a blow with a backhand. Majestic spiritual energy swirled out.

Dong!

As the blows hit each other, spiritual energy raged frantically.

The place where they stood collapsed, and there were cracks everywhere. The other dukes hurriedly retreated as they were afraid to be implicated.

Swish! Swish!

Both of them were tough. Lightning shone out from Mu Chen's body, and he activated the Thunder God Physique to its peak. His eyes were cold, and he threw out another ruthless blow.

"Do you think that you are the only one who has cultivated your physique?" Luo Mang snorted with laughter. He stomped his feet, and the black snake runes on his body started to writhe. His body instantly turned dark and became sturdy like metal.

Dark rays glittered as he clenched his fist. He punched straight into Mu Chen's fist that was shimmering with lightning.

Dong!

Except for the spot where they stood, the ground around them collapsed. They were so powerful that many became nervous and anxious.

Those who knew Luo Mang's strength were shocked. Luo Mang had fought his way up to become Duke of Demonic Python City. His Demonic Python Physique was extremely powerful and sturdy like metal. His body was tough, and it was considered top notch among the Grade Two Sovereigns. However, he had been blocked off by a Grade One Sovereign who had a tough body as well.

"You do have some ability! However, you are not good enough to take me on!"

The two fists punched against each other, and the space surged. Luo Mang gave a vicious smile, but he was a bit stunned. He could feel that as his blow met Mu Chen's, he was not gaining the upper hand.

Mu Chen slowly lifted his head and smiled coldly. "Is that so? Do you want to try the power of the Golden Body?"

Golden lights surged in his eyes. The silver color that had appeared on his skin speedily turned golden. From afar, he looked as though he were made of gold.

"Back off!"

Mu Chen threw out a punch. It hit Luo Mang's fist, and a terrifying power like a volcano erupted.

Pom!

There was an explosion, and everyone saw Luo Mang's body fly backward. A deep crack appeared on the ground.

Smoke rose up, and the ground was in ruins. Many people gasped.

This youth had sent Luo Mang flying with one blow!

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**Chapter 703: Removed from Office**

Cracks spread out from the dark Square, like a huge python. Many people who were watching, were stunned.

Those top powers who knew Luo Mang looked grave. This was the first time that Luo Mang had been suppressed, while pitting his physique against a youth who was only at Grade One Sovereign. The new commander from Nine Nether Palace was no weakling.

At the end of the crack, a youth in black held his position after throwing out a punch. His body was glittering with golden light, and an indescribable valiance exuded from his body.

The expressions of many dukes changed. They were amazed that Mu Chen could send Luo Mang flying with a punch, using the power of his physique.

Mu Chen slowly withdrew his fist, looking calm. He then lowered his head to look at his fist with a frown.

Given his ability, Luo Mang deserved to be duke of Demonic Python City and leader of the dukes. Mu Chen had realized that, although he had activated the Thunder God Physique to its peak, he was still unable to suppress Luo Mang.

Ever since Mu Chen had cultivated the Thunder God Physique, he had the upper-hand, whenever he was pitted against those who were at the same level as him, at least when using his physique. Thus, even when he met stronger opponents, he was able to prevail.

However, the outcome that he had seen earlier was not what he had expected. The Divine Technique used by Luo Mang was as powerful as the Thunder God Physique.

"It seems like I need to cultivate a more powerful Divine Technique."

This thought came to his mind. The Thunder God Physique, which used to be invincible, seemed unable to keep up with his progressing strength. What Mu Chen had gained most out of the Thunder God Physique was not the tough physique, but the deep strength from the lightning force during the cultivation process.

This had helped him build a strong foundation in his physique. Regardless of the Divine Technique that he would practice in the future, he would spend less effort in achieving the results. No other Divine Technique would be able to do that. In any case, Northern Sea Dragon had been lauded for the Thunder God Physique.

Pom!

As Mu Chen was having this thought, broken pieces of rocks shot up at the other end of the crack. Spiritual energy swirled out violently, and Luo Mang reappeared.

The clothes on his upper body had been shattered and his body looked sturdy, like a rock. There was a huge dark python tattoo on his body. The python twirled around his body, exuding an eerie feeling.

Luo Mang looked grim, as he stared at Mu Chen and said, "You live up to your name as the commander of Nine Nether Palace. You only have the strength of Grade One, but you have a powerful physique."

Mu Chen smiled flatly.



"However..." Luo Mang paused for a while, as he looked coldly at Mu Chen and said, "If you want us to submit to Nine Nether Palace, I will be the first to disagree!"

After he had said that, there was an uproar. Luo Mang had been enraged by Mu Chen. He was no longer willing to put it off, but rejected Mu Chen upfront.

When Mu Chen heard what Luo Mang said, he looked calm and unsurprised. He looked at Luo Mang and said, "Let me tell you this, you have been removed from your office. You no longer represent Demonic Python City."

"Shameless boasting!"

Luo Mang was angry and laughed. An immense killing intent surged in his eyes. He had never expected Mu Chen to be so ruthless as to take back Demonic Python City and remove him from his office.

Luo Mang stomped his feet, cracking the ground. Violent spiritual energy swirled out like a windstorm. A huge dark figure slowly formed outside of his body.

Dark lights circled around the huge figure, as though a huge Demonic Python was twirling around it. A sharp neighing sound caused the spiritual energy in the heaven and earth to surge.

The huge figure stood upright, then looked at Mu Chen with its eerie eyes. It cried out, "I shall like to know how you are going to remove me from my office?!"

Mu Chen's thoughts swirled, upon seeing this sight: "Is this the Demonic Python Celestial Body? Luo Mang had killed an Omen Python previously, then consumed its Blood Essence. He had then cultivated the Demonic Python Celestial Body. Although it was not recorded in the 99 Sovereign Celestial Body, the Demonic Python Celestial body was powerful and could hold a place in the ranking."

There was an uproar, as the crowd saw the figure's Celestial Body.

Some of the people shouted out in shock. It was risky to use such a cultivation method. When two different types of blood merged together, the body would experience rejection. If not handled carefully, the body would then explode. Luo Mang was fortunate to be able to bear it, and had thus been able to cultivate the Demonic Python Celestial Body.

"You do have some skills." Mu Chen looked at the huge figure and was shocked. Luo Mang was indeed capable, as he had cultivated such a strange Sovereign Celestial Body!

"Are you thinking of using your Sovereign Celestial Body to gain back your dignity?" Mu Chen asked with a smile. However, there was no warmth in this smile. He put his palms together to form a strange seal.

"I will let you know that you are no match for me in terms of physique. In terms of the Sovereign Celestial Body..."

"All the more, as you are no match for me!"

After he had said this, golden lights covered the sky and burst out. A huge golden figure appeared, exuding a terrifying oppressive force.

A large sun hung behind the golden figure, while dazzling golden lights spread out in all directions. It was like a majestic golden Buddha.

Boom! Boom!

As the Sovereign Celestial Body appeared, the spiritual energy in the heaven and earth spread out like a current. As the people saw the golden Sovereign Celestial Body, they were all shocked.

"Gaslighting!" Luo Mang shouted. He could not believe that Mu Chen's Sovereign Celestial Body had exuded such a great oppression. He could not back out now. If he did that, it would be difficult for him to turn the tables back around.

"Demonic Python Seal!"

Luo Mang dared not give Mu Chen time to display his power. He shouted out, causing dark lights to shoot up to the sky. The huge Demonic Python in his body shot forth to suppress the golden Sovereign Celestial Body, like a seal.

Mu Chen looked indifferently at the Demonic Python Seal, not even attempting to dodge it. Instead, he extended his golden palm. The golden light in his palm burst out like a scorching golden sun.

Bang!

The golden palm pierced through the violent spiritual energy and grabbed the huge body of the Demonic Python. A bright golden light swirled out and suppressed the dark light.

"How dare a rotten snake talk about suppression!"

Mu Chen's powerful voice resounded in the heavens and the earth. He struck the Demonic Python and it fell to the ground. The huge golden palm pressed hard on the body, like a mountain.

Boom!

The ground cracked, and the Demonic Python cried out. It had been crushed by the palm.

Hiss.

The people gasped. No one had expected Mu Chen to crush Luo Mang, who was so aggressive and confident, with just one blow.

How can Mu Chen's Sovereign Celestial Body be so powerful?

The Demonic Python had been crushed, and the Sovereign Celestial Body that was formed by Luo Mang shook. Luo Mang found it hard to believe.

When they had pitted their physiques against each other, he was still able to withstand. But now that he had summoned the Sovereign Celestial Body, he had lost completely!

Mu Chen looked at Luo Mang with his golden eyes. His huge body shot up to the sky, as bright golden lights exuded from it. Everyone within a hundred mile could clearly see it.

Violent spiritual energy surged crazily in the sky, before it fell to the ground like a golden meteorite. As Luo Mang looked at the golden light in the horizon, he turned pale.

He looked at the duke of Blood Vulture City and Black Rock City and shouted, "Both of you come and join forces with me!"

The dukes of Blood Vulture City and Black Rock City looked at each other and gritted their teeth. Then, they stamped their feet and shot up to the sky.

Buzz!

As the two of them shot up to the sky, a strange spiritual energy fluctuation surged out. The people saw six black lotuses fly down from the sky, then turn into two huge black beams. They landed hard on the two dukes like meteorites.

A horrifying spiritual energy raged out. The two dukes had been pushed back to the ground.

Boom!

The golden meteorite fell to the ground, and the Sovereign Celestial Body came down from the sky. A huge golden hand that looked like a huge golden sun pressed Luo Mang down.

A terrifying pressure covered Luo Mang, and the ground cracked. Luo Mang's face turned pale. This attack from Mu Chen was powerful.

"I am not easily defeated!" Luo Mang looked savage, as he shouted. He raised up his palms, and all the spiritual energy in his body burst out. This dark spiritual energy caused the sky to darken, and a strong wind raged in the heavens and earth.

Luo Mang's Sovereign Celestial Body was not as powerful as Mu Chen's. However, given that his strength was at the peak of Grade Two Sovereign, his spiritual energy was more forceful than Mu Chen's, and he was not afraid of Mu Chen's toughness.

At the most, both parties would get hurt! As long as he could defeat Mu Chen, it would put an end to the issue of submission!

Boom!

As the huge golden sun fell to the ground, it hit hard on the dark spiritual energy of the Demonic Python. Everyone's eyes widened, as this blow would determine the winner!

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#### **Chapter 704: Nine Nether's Fighting Spirit**

The Golden Great Sun crashed down with a dazzling radiance under countless gazes. It crashed fiercely and mercilessly into the monstrous spirit energy that seemed like a demonic python.

Dong!

At the very moment of collision, blasts visible to the naked eye spread like a flood. The sturdy square crumbled in layers like sea waves.

The hideous cracks spread without end.

The many figures on the square instantly spread out for fear of being hit by the terrible impact.

"The Strength of Demonic Python Devours the Heavens!"

Luo Mang's face was ferocious in the Demonic Python's celestial body. Vast amounts of spiritual energy madly gushed out of his body and channeled into the celestial body. The dark and overwhelming spiritual energy hissed. As the mass of spiritual energy wriggled around, a pair of bloody red glowing orbs floated within like giant eyes.

A fierce and hostile wave of air suddenly erupted.

Luo Mang absorbed the blood essence of the Demonic Python. This caused his spiritual energies to contain a certain Qi of violence and hostility, making him more aggressive than usual.

When faced with an opponent, Luo Mang usually took advantage of his strength and defeated many foes. However, he did not achieve the same effect this time.

Mu Chen's spiritual energy was not only fused with the Unperishable Flame, but now with the addition of the Flame of the Great Sun, it was on a scale so grand that Luo Mang's energy, one that only absorbed the blood essence of a Demonic Python, could not compare.

As such, when the Demonic Python hissed and howled, the overbearing Golden Great Sun shone even brighter with waves of flames crashing over it. In a mere moment, thick, white mist burst out from the fierce energies of the Demonic Python, and it immediately disappeared.

Hiss!

A mournful hiss rang within the spiritual energies of the Demonic Python. Luo Mang's visage was immediately filled with disbelief. He could not believe that the spiritual energy he was so proud of collapsed so easily.

Boom!

But before Luo Mang could react, Mu Chen immediately sent the Great Sun crashing mercilessly into the python's huge celestial body.

Dong!

The earth collapsed, and the python's celestial body was sent flying swiftly into the earth. The whole square was caving in, and the statue of the Demonic Python disintegrated, leaving only powder behind.

In the sky, the golden light slowly dissipated, and a gigantic golden shadow stepped into the skies, looking down as if looking upon ants below. It was indifferent, yet majestic.

The smoke below gradually dissipated, and when all eyes were on it, all who were present inhaled sharply. The python was broken beyond imagination within the deep abyss from the collapse. Its chaotic spiritual energies spread out like a ripple, becoming transparent and eventually disappearing completely.

When the celestial body dissipated, an awkward silhouette fell out of it. Luo Mang staggered and dropped onto the floor of the ruins. His face was pale, and his lips were red with blood.

It was apparent that when Chen Mu destroyed the celestial body, Luo Mang was gravely injured.

A cry arose from within the crowd. "Luo Mang's Demonic Python celestial body is destroyed!" Obviously, they were shaken by the sight of this event.

Luo Mang was considered the epitome of a Grade Two Sovereign, and with the special ability of the Demonic Python celestial body, he should have been almost undefeatable in the ranks of Grade Two Sovereigns. However, his Demonic Python celestial body was deftly broken by a youth who was a mere First Grade Sovereign.

Not a soul would've thought this could happen.

In the surrounding skies, the city lords were anxious having witnessed the incident. The new commander of the Nine Nether Palace was unexpectedly formidable. Could the rise of the Nine Nether Palace be nigh?

The city lords of Blood Condor and Dark Rock were looking rather glum. They were unprepared and so, were defeated by Mu Chen. Therefore, Mu Chen was able to gather his strength to defeat Luo Mang.

In the sky, the Great Solar Undying Body stood straight, and his pair of shining golden eyes stared at Luo Mang with indifference. Then in a nonchalant tone he said, "It seems like I am worthy to dismiss you."

Luo Mang's face turned green, then his lips curved into a wicked smile. Looking at Lords Blood Condor and Black Rock he exclaimed, "Lord Blood Hawk has given his orders; if you think you still will have good days ahead of you after letting this kid go, keep enjoying the show!"

The two city lords' faces soured. After a short while, they both gritted their teeth and took a step forward.

The expressions of some of the city lords who stood behind them changed. Finally, four shadows emerged. The four city lords were intimate with Lord Blood Hawk and could be considered his claws. They understood that if the Nine Nether Palace successfully subdued these city lords, they would not have a happy ending.

That is why they could not allow Mu Chen to go any further.

Although they witnessed Mu Chen's strength and dared not despise him, they were greater in number. With all of them teaming up, Mu Chen could never beat them.

While teaming up would ruin their reputations, now was not the time to worry about that.

Blood Condor City Lord and the other five city lords suspended themselves in the air, surrounding Mu Chen's Great Solar Undying Body. Intense spiritual energies permeated around them, causing the skies and earth to roar and howl.

Seeing this, the crowd broke out in speculation. "Are these city lords teaming up against Mu Chen alone?"

"Haha, no matter how powerful you are, Mu Chen, can you beat us one on seven today?" Luo Mang laughed and leaped into the air. His cold and delighted gaze focused on Mu Chen.

"Despicable!" Tang Bing scowled in anger.

In the air, the Great Solar Undying Body radiated a golden glow while Mu Chen's shadow emerged at the top of the celestial body's head. He looked at the seven surrounding him and frowned slightly.

With his capabilities now, fending off Luo Mang alone had required much of his tactics. He was, after all, still a First Grade Sovereign. To fight against six others as powerful as Luo Mang would be difficult even for him.

"Mu Chen, I don't want to force you. If you leave now, I will assure your safe departure," Luo Mang spoke in a low voice.

Mu Chen smiled, and then he said to the city lords who had yet to emerge, "Is there anyone else?"

The city lords stared at each other, impressed by Mu Chen's calm composure in this situation. They did not reply, but no one else stepped forward.

Unlike Luo Mang's party, the other city lords joined the Blood Hawk Palace because they had no other choice. They also had their fair share of exploitation by that palace through the years. As such, they did not have much loyalty to the palace. The reason they did not jump ship was only that Nine Nether Palace seemed too weak previously. But now it seemed that Nine Nether Palace was waxing in strength.

"So, just the seven of you, I guess." Mu Chen was satisfied with this. It meant that those who were completely loyal to Lord Blood Hawk were few. And the few of them would be thorny ones. By getting rid of them, the task at hand would be easily solved.

Luo Mang jeered. He crossed his arms while staring at Mu Chen coolly and said, "Since you do not wish to leave, don't blame me for what's next."

"So you plan to overwhelm me with numbers..."

Mu Chen smiled while looking at Luo Mang. "You thought only you could do that?"

Luo Mang's countenance fell as he saw the Nine Nether Troops looking as dark as storm clouds. The stern formation of the troops caused him to squint a little.

"Heh, a mere rabble of misfits," Luo Mang snickered at last. The Nine Nether Troop was the least popular army within the Daluo Territory, and they had always stayed within their Palace, never responding to any provocation. As such, they were looked down upon by many who thought of them as a weak combat force.

"Is that so?"

Mu Chen smiled faintly. With a thought in his heart, the Great Solar Undying Body emerged with a roar, finally standing upon the air above the Nine Nether Troop.

"Nine Nether Troop!" Mu Chen's piercingly cold shout rang throughout the heavens.

"Sir, yes, sir!" the troops' thunderous voices rumbled as one. Their eyes were fierce and piercing, and a wave of indescribable spiritual energy rippled across the skies and tore the heavens.

Innumerable hearts shook as they saw that the Nine Nether Troops, who never displayed their strength within the Daluo Territory, were like ferocious lions who were newly awakened.

"Nine Nether's Fighting Spirit!"

When Mu Chen's deep voice resonated, suddenly, heavy black halberds materialized in the hands of the Nine Nether Troops. In one accord, they stomped the halberds.

Bang!

The sky looked as if it were filled with thunderbolts as streams and gushes of fighting spirit went up into the sky. The fighting spirit materialized, condensed, convoluted, and finally, it was as though the troop had turned into a dark ocean of pure fighting spirit.

Thunder rumbled from within in waves of angry roars.

"Condensing fighting spirit?" Luo Mang and his party's faces fell when they saw this. They did not expect the Nine Nether Troop to be capable of materializing fighting spirit, a feat only the best trained troops could perform!

Luo Mang's eyes shone, and with a harsh voice he shouted, "Worry not. While they may be able to materialize their fighting spirit, no one will be able to control it! Mu Chen has just taken over Nine Nether. It's impossible that he could merge with the fighting spirit!"

The other six city lords nodded in agreement. To control a fighting spirit like this, one must at least be able to fuse with the spirit. Mu Chen was new to the Daluo Territory, and had just taken over Nine Nether for a short while. It was impossible for him to control the fighting spirit of the Nine Nether Troop!

Just as they finished talking, Mu Chen, who was sitting cross-legged upon the head of the Great Solar Undying Body, gave them a smile. He then immediately raised his long and slender palm.

Boom!

As Mu Chen raised his palm, the look on Luo Mang and the gang's faces froze bit by bit. They could not believe their eyes and were drowned in fear...

...Because they witnessed the fighting spirit, which was as vast as the ocean, roll into a storm as Mu Chen raised his palm.

He really could control the Nine Nether Fighting Spirit!

Mu Chen now almost seemed like he was a troop of 1,000 men himself!

Luo Mang and the other six would face a terrifying offense of 1,000 foes!

At this thought, even Luo Mang's face turned ashen.

## [The Great Ruler](#)

### **Chapter 705: Sweeping and Uprooting the Obstacles**

The fighting spirit of the Nine Nether Troop gathered above the skies like a vast ocean, murky and dark. As it tumbled, a sound like the countless growls of those who enjoy fighting and raging roars was heard, shaking the heavens and the earth.

The countless gazes within the Demonic Python City were focused upon this view. Their eyes couldn't help but reveal their marvelling and shaking hearts. They understood that, in order to be able to materialize their fighting spirit, the training within the army must have been strict.

The troops must have gone through years of harmonization, converging their individual spiritual energies countless times, before finally reaching the perfect point of equilibrium. Furthermore, each and every soldier must know how to maintain a single attitude, be always fearless, and never look back.

Only when this will was instilled within their spiritual energies, would the individual fighting spirit converge as one, being without obstacles, and creating a truly terrifying force. Only an army with such a focused fighting spirit could possess such a dreadful and awesome strength.

Not only that, but merely manifesting the convergence of fighting spirit was not enough. There needed to be a capable controller. A fighting spirit of this kind was like having a miracle of destructive force. But, to use this miraculous force as an attack weapon of sorts, required a controller.

Manipulating the fighting spirit of an army required that the commander of the army echo it with the fighting spirit, only then may the power within be released. However, to echo with the fighting spirit of a troop, the commander had to train with this troop for a prolonged period of time, until they could understand each other tacitly and seamlessly.

Most importantly, once the controller activated the fighting spirit, it would enter into the body of the controller. If one lacked a firm conviction and steady mind, it is feared that his will would be drowned in the boundless mass of fighting spirit. Worse yet, he would be devoured by the fighting spirit, resulting in extremely dangerous consequences.

It was precisely due to these multitude of obstacles in controlling a troop's fighting spirit, that the crowd was in awe and shock upon witnessing the black sea of fighting spirit rise and swirl as soon as Mu Chen had raised his palm. After all, it had been less than three months since Mu Chen had first arrived at Daluo Territory, and he had been the commander of Nine Nether for even a shorter time. Thus, no one expected that he could converge and harmonize with the Nine Nether Troop's Fighting Spirit within such a short time.

The color on the face of Luo Mang and the other six turned pale when they saw this, because they knew that, if Mu Chen really could control the fighting spirit of the Nine Nether Troop, they would have no chance of victory. Within their hopeless eyes, Mu Chen remained seated, cross-legged, upon the head of the Great Solar Undying Body, in silence. His eyes were watching over them coldly, and deep within his gaze, a faint surge of flame was alight.

When Mu Chen controlled this majestic and vast fighting spirit, it entered his body. Years of harsh training had bestowed upon Mu Chen a will and mind as sturdy as a rock. So, even when this overwhelming fighting spirit of a thousand soldier tried to devour his will, it was evidently impossible.

The surging fighting spirit flooded within Mu Chen's body, causing Mu Chen's eyes to be set ablaze. He looked at Luo Mang and his party, then slowly raised his palm, then immediately dropped it.

His fingers were descending slowly, as if they were carrying mountains. But at the moment his palm fell, the space before him shattered, like glass, and streaks of cracks, which were visible to the naked eye, projected outwards quickly.



Haaa!

Suddenly, the ocean of fighting spirit below gave out a roar of a battle call. The dark fighting spirit soared to the sky, then immediately transformed into a gigantic black beam, bursting out from the dark cloud.

The beam was a condensation of the fighting spirit and spiritual energies of the Nine Nether Troop. When coupled with Mu Chen's catalytic activation, its power was so devastating, even Grade Three Sovereigns must evade it in order to avoid serious injuries!

BOOM!

The face of Luo Mang and the other six were convoluted, as they saw the beam bursting out toward them. The seven of them immediately cried out loudly, and as the spiritual energies within them burst out without reservations, their overwhelming spiritual energies turned into seven massive spiritual energy screens. When the shielding screens descended, they were like Hell's Gate, a barrier between life and death.

Thunk!

And yet, the beam of fighting spirit never stalled for even a moment. It flew toward them violently. As the countless eyes looked on, it bombarded fiercely on the spiritual energy screens that extended from the earth to the heavens.

Bang! Bang! Bang!

The beams rushed toward the screens, releasing a mortifying amount of energy, and tearing the seven screens apart one by one. Its posture, like one who was capable of overcoming all obstacles, left the crowd stunned in awe. A wall of defense, set up jointly by seven city lords, was as fragile as a piece of paper when faced with such a scene.

Blrghhhh!

As the seven energy screens were torn apart, the face of the seven reddened, and they immediately vomited blood. Their bodies flew away in a bizarre manner, and their spiritual energies were fluctuating in a messy blunder mashup.

Boom!

All seven of them staggered backward in a sorry state, with the fear in their eyes ever more intense as they witnessed that the beam of fighting spirit was not slightly faltered whatsoever, even by their energy screens, and was instead, still crashing toward them directly. An attack of this caliber would disable, if not kill, all seven of them, if they were to bear the full force of the beam. Mu Chen evidently had no intention of holding back at all!

The seven of them had chills on their spines. This new commander of the Nine Nether Palace was indeed ruthless. It was clear that he was planning to make an example out of them, not even offering them the chance to surrender!

Phsssh!

The beam of fighting spirit surged toward them angrily, and in a blink of an eye, it was right before them. The cracks between space had caused the seven of them to shake in fear. Under the overwhelming fear and pressure, they could not even utter a word of surrender.

Now, the crowd was in a heated uproar. Many city lords, who were spectating from behind, could not help but shake in fear. The new commander of Nine Nether Palace was about to demonstrate his power through murder!

"You're dead!"

In the seven pairs of despaired eyes, the beam of light overwhelmed them all. But, just when they thought they would surely die, a sharp sound, like the cry of an eagle, pierced through the skies suddenly.

Shriek!

At the very moment that the eagle shriek was heard, a red light burst out, as if it had pierced through space itself. Then, in an alarming speed, it crashed into the dark beam of fighting spirit violently.

Thunk!

The two terrifying energies collided with each other, stirring up a storm of spiritual energies. The party of seven were swept away by the impact wave, then were ejected like cannonballs. On the wide streets in the cities, deep cracks, each of a few thousand feet, opened up.

Mu Chen looked at the merciless spiritual energy windstorm, his eyes squinted slightly, before he immediately turned his head and looked far off in the distance, as in the sky, he saw a sudden burst of bloody red.

The red light zipped toward him, and in a flash, it was in the air above the city. When the blood ray dispersed, an army that was wearing armor that was dyed in blood red emerged from a blood cloud. Every soldier was holding a spear of blood. From their bodies, emitted an ominous aura, which soared upon the skies.

Above this blood red army, was a sudden amalgamation of blood red fighting spirit, which turned into a blood cloud. Within the cloud, a silhouette was standing with hands behind the back.

"That's... the Blood Hawk Troop of Blood Hawk Palace!"

"And that's one of the four great commanders, Wu Tian! Finally, someone from the Blood Hawk Temple is here!"

"Well, well, now even the Blood Hawk Troop has been deployed!"

"..."

When the crowd in the city saw the blood red army, they suddenly roared into a commotion. At once, the faces of many fell. It seemed that the Nine Nether Palace and the Blood Hawk Palace were officially at war now, seeing that each of their troops had been deployed.

Tang Bing also saw the appearance of the Blood Hawk Troop. With her pretty face slightly pale, she moved faintly to appear beside Mu Chen. "It's Wu Tian," she said.

Mu Chen nodded, looking on the shadows of the blood red army from afar. He then laughed and said, "It seems like you finally ran out of patience."

Wu Tian's ice cold eyes stared at Mu Chen. They were prepared to humiliate Mu Chen with their preparations in the Demonic Python City. To their dismay, Mu Chen was not the one who was embarrassed, but the Blood Hawk Palace instead! If they had appeared any later, it is feared that the the honor of the Blood Hawk Palace would have been lost.

"Mu Chen, take your men and leave at once! The Demonic Python City is a territory of Blood Hawk Palace, we do not welcome your presence!" Wu Tian declared in a grave tone.

Hearing this, Mu Chen only gave a faint smile, and said, "The status of Luo Mang and the other six city lords have been revoked. From now on, these cities belong to us, Nine Nether Palace. If Blood Hawk Palace dares interfere again, do not blame us for the consequences."

Wu Tian's face suddenly changed, and with a maniac laugh, he replied, "Those were some big words! But, if you want to take away these cities, I am only afraid that you are too weak to do so!"

"Blood Hawk Troop!"

As the stern shout of Wu Tian settled, the army like a cloud of blood howled in unison. In that instance, a surge of an ominous aura swirled toward the sky, an overwhelming gust of fighting spirit filled the heavens and the earth, and the smell of blood spread along with it.

The Blood Hawk Troops was an important force within Blood Hawk Palace. There were 5,000 soldiers, making them number a few times more than the Nine Nether Troop. However, it seemed like not all of them had followed Wu Tian here. Even then, their numbers were easily double that of the Nine Nether Troop.

Within this city, countless eyes gazed upon the Blood Hawk Troop. Their faces could not help but show their worry. It was said that, when the Blood Hawk Troop were still on their conquest, they did massacre cities. This was why, in Daluo Territory, the Blood Hawk Troop was an infamous army. Their reputation far exceeded that of the Nine Nether Troop.

Wu Tian stepped on the swirling clouds of blood. His cold eyes fixated on Mu Chen like a serpent on its prey, and his stern voice echoed throughout the city.

"I shall allow you the time of ten breaths to leave this city. Or else, I am afraid the whole of Nine Nether Palace will be crushed today."

Mu Chen looked at Wu Tian, then gave a dismissive smile. His black pupils swirled around coldly, and his clear voice echoed slowly in this blood red sky.

"My apologies, but I refuse."

[The Great Ruler](#)

**Chapter 706: Gambled Battle**

"I refuse..."

While Mu Chen's laughter echoed clearly in the air above Demonic Python City, the atmosphere between the heavens and the earth slowly tensed. Many stared at each other, and they could faintly sense the sparks flying in the air.

"Heh, such bloodthirstiness."

Wu Tian was not surprised by Mu Chen's reply. His smile turned more sinister, and as he clenched his fist, the overwhelming surge of fighting spirit suddenly exuded a monstrous bloody aura like a sea of blood.

Wu Tian smirked at Mu Chen and said, "Seeing that Nine Nether Palace has decided to invade us, you will have to pay for the consequences. As for now, don't even expect Lord Nine Nether to rescue you."

Though he was all smiles, his extremely intense killing intent was evident.

"That should be my line to you, commander Wu Tian! When Lord Blood Hawk arrives, the only thing he will see is the heavy loss incurred by the Blood Hawk Troop!" Mu Chen exclaimed with a laugh.

"Haha! You have guts!"

Wu Tian leaned back and gave a loud roar of laughter. The next moment, his laughter immediately turned menacing as he waved his hands. Then he spoke with a jeer, "We shall see who will be destroyed today!"

**BOOM!**

As Wu Tian's palm descended, the Blood Hawk Troop clad in red armor yelled abruptly. Their voices were like thunder, and their blood-red fighting spirit swirled up toward the skies. At that moment, the skies were dyed in the tint of blood red.

The bloody sea beneath Wu Tian's feet grew to be even more enormous. An immense pressure spread through the heavens and the earth, rousing a devastating storm.

When she saw this, Tang Bing's face changed slightly. Wu Tian had commanded the Blood Hawk Troop for many years. He was deeply familiar with their materialized fighting spirit. When he was wielding the fighting spirit, its power was unbelievably fearsome and valiant.

"Mu Chen..." Tang Bing gazed at Mu Chen, her eyes full of worry.

Mu Chen gave her a gentle smile. He said softly, "Don't worry, Miss Tang Bing. The Nine Nether Troop is the fruit of your labor all these years. They are not weaker than any other army. As Miss Tang Bing has entrusted them to me, I will not allow anyone to defeat them."

Although Nine Nether's disappearance had weakened the position of the Nine Nether Palace, Tang Bing had never stopped training the Nine Nether Troop. She even sacrificed her share of Sovereign Spiritual Liquid to the training of the troop for the sake of their final drop of power. It was not exaggerating to say that she had put her heart and soul into the army.

It was precisely due to Tang Bing's effort that the Nine Nether Troop was able to stand strong without leaving Nine Nether Palace at its lowest point.

While in numbers they were no match for the Blood Hawk Troop, in terms of quality, they were every bit as competent.

Tang Bing looked at Mu Chen's gentle smile. Her heart couldn't help but soar, and the skin around her eyes reddened slightly. Her perseverance all these years was looked down upon as stupidity by others, but still she fought on. Now that her hard work and determination were finally acknowledged, she was evidently touched.

Tang Bing opened her red lips slightly, and her pleasing voice sounded even more gentle than usual. "Be careful, then."

Mu Chen nodded. He looked down at the Nine Nether Troop clad in black armor. There was no longer any fear in their eyes but a will to battle long suppressed. Perhaps they, too, had been waiting for this moment all this time.

As long as you harbor no fear, I can lead you to face any foe, Mu Chen stated in his heart. His black pupils focused at once, and he signaled with his arm.

"Nine Nether's Fighting Spirit!"

BOOM!

All of the Nine Nether Troop's halberds stomped at once, and a low-pitched bellow echoed in unison through the skies like thunder. A dark fighting spirit rose majestically, shrouding the skies like black clouds.

The two fighting spirits filled the heavens and the earth, seemingly splitting the sky into two.

The crowd slowly evacuated the area occupied by the fighting spirits of the two troops. They clearly understood that the scale of devastation when the battle started this time would be incomparable to the one before. Furthermore, the city might even be destroyed in the process, as the two armies seemed like they were holding nothing back.

The entire city was silent. In the sky, the two fighting spirits howled like a flood, ravaging the heavens and the earth like two gargantuan beasts preparing to savagely face off.

In that tense atmosphere, both Mu Chen and Wu Tian focused their gazes.

FHOOM!

The two overwhelming fighting spirits rushed out at the same time, gushing like a million waves, sweeping towards each other in a rampage.

All eyes were on the sky. The crowd braced themselves to witness a battle between two great troops in Daluo Territory. The space where the two fighting spirits clashed twisted all of a sudden. A silhouette of light burst out of nowhere. The silhouette turned his palm downwards and slammed on the two colliding fighting spirits, casually extinguishing the immense mass of energy.

Wow!

The sudden plot twist caused an uproar in the city. All eyes were on the individual who had appeared, and then the whole city was boiling with surprise and awe.

"Isn't that... one of the Three Kings of Daluo Territory — the Sleeping King?"

"Who would've thought... even the big shots are alarmed now."

"..."

In the sky, Mu Chen and Wu Tian were both stunned by the sight of the silhouette. They both clasped their hands in a fist and said, "Master!"

The bright silhouette waved his hands. It seemed like the actual body of the Sleeping King himself was not present, but only a manifestation of his spiritual energy. However, he suppressed the fighting spirits of both Blood Hawk Troop and Nine Nether Troop by his spiritual body alone. The scale of his strength was immeasurable.

"While your battle is lawful, Demonic Python City is an important city. If it were to be destroyed, it would cause a huge loss," the Sleeping King explained plainly.

"This was not the intention of Blood Hawk Palace. However, this Mu Chen is overbearing, not knowing his limits. I beg you, Master, revoke his right as a commander!" Wu Tian accused in a deep voice.

"Nine Nether Palace only seeks to regain our lost city, but the Blood Hawk Palace obstructed us time and again. It is only fair to pay the price." Mu Chen defended in an equally aggressive tone.

The Sleeping King gestured again to stop their argument. "This is not a battleground for you to start a war, and you should moderate yourselves. Furthermore, Daluo Territory is embarking on a conquest soon. You are free to conquer the vast territory beyond, so why bother with a city?"

Wu Tian frowned. The Sleeping King was one of the most prominent persons in Daluo Territory, and Wu Tian did not dare to go against his words. Nevertheless, it was of no benefit to the Blood Hawk Palace to leave matters as they currently were.

"Haha, Master Meng, your words are indeed reasonable. However, the Blood Hawk Palace has operated in these cities for year. Don't you think it's too easy for the Nine Nether Palace to just take back the cities like this?" Just when Wu Tian fell silent, laughter rang in the skies, and an indistinct figure appeared in the air above the Blood Hawk Troop. It was the leader of the Blood Hawk Palace, Lord Blood Hawk.

Wu Tian exhaled in relief as he saw Lord Blood Hawk.

"Oh? So what does the Blood Hawk Palace demand?"

Unexpectedly, when Lord Blood Hawk showed himself, a cold and sarcastic laugh resonated in the air. The blurred figure of Nine Nether had emerged as well.

It was obvious that both of them valued the moment greatly, since they only appeared once the Sleeping King graced them with his presence.

Seeing this, the city became noisy with discussions from the crowd. No one would have imagined that both Lord Nine Nether and Lord Blood Hawk would appear simultaneously. These two forces were as incompatible as fire and water.

"What do you want?"

Lord Blood Hawk's eyes shone for a moment, then he said, "You can retake the cities, but with the condition of defeating my Blood Hawk Troop. Since Master Meng has declared this region unfit for battle, why don't we do it on the battlefield? If you win, I will not only return the 50 cities we have conquered, but I will also give up another 50 of my cities and five Heavenly Pills."

"Wow..."

The words of Lord Blood Hawk created a commotion among the crowd. They were in shock and awe upon hearing his drastic offer. Suddenly, the ownership of 100 cities was being bet upon. Not to mention, the five Heavenly Pills had an immeasurable value. It was rumored that any Sovereign Masters below Grade Four could raise a single grade by consuming one of those pills during training. Countless Sovereign Masters strove to get their hands on a single Heavenly Pill.

Lord Nine Nether was shocked for a moment, as she did not expect the charisma of Lord Blood Hawk to be this intense. It seemed like he had pulled out all the stops to deal with Nine Nether Palace.

"But... if Nine Nether Palace loses, I will want nothing in return, other than your submission to the Blood Hawk Palace. We will certainly not interfere with your internal affairs," Lord Blood Hawk spoke again with a cold smile.

"You!" Tang Bing's brows tightened, her face white with anger. The voracity of Lord Blood Hawk's ambition was evident. He would do anything to humiliate Nine Nether Palace. As soon as the Nine Nether Palace bowed to Blood Hawk Palace, even merely in formality, Nine Nether Palace would completely lose its morale, destined to never rise again.

Standing beside her, Mu Chen also squinted, his eyes shining with determination.

The Sleeping King scowled, but he did not utter a word. Daluo Territory was a competitive region, after all. It was thanks to competition that the vitality of the vast power was preserved.

"What shall it be, then? If you plan to chicken out, we will not laugh at you. But do not ever think about retaking these cities." Lord Blood Hawk sneered at Nine Nether.

Nine Nether's face turned cold. Of course she understood the cruel ideas in Lord Blood Hawk's mind. She turned her face toward a lone figure below. Lord Blood Hawk obviously lusted for a battle between the two troops, but now, the commander of Nine Nether Troop was Mu Chen.

Mu Chen had the final say on this challenge.

All eyes were focused upon Mu Chen. Wu Tian crossed his arms, looking at Mu Chen with a eerie smile. Lord Blood Hawk wanted to force Nine Nether Palace into a corner.

Under the gazes of countless onlookers, Mu Chen's lips twisted into a smile as sharp as a knife. He then looked up and nodded to Nine Nether.

Nine Nether was startled by his nod. Without delay, she clenched her silver teeth, and then her icy voice resonated throughout the heavens and the earth.

"Very well, my Nine Nether Palace accepts your challenge!"

"Three days hence on the battlefield, be prepared to hand over everything, Blood Hawk Palace!"

### [The Great Ruler](#)

#### **Chapter 707: War Troop Dispatcher**

"Haha! No wonder you are Lord Nine Nether, how admirable!"

Hearing Lord Nine Nether accepting the bet, Lord Blood Hawk could not resist laughing out loud. But within his blood red irises, a surge of cunning and viciousness was boiling.

"If so, I shall overlook the commotion you have aroused today. Three days from now, on the battlefield, we, Blood Hawk Palace, will await the good news."

With his goal accomplished, Lord Blood Hawk did not waste any more time on empty dialogue. With a gesture of his hand, a tremendous beam of bright light appeared, swallowing the innumerable soldiers of the Blood Hawk Troop.

Then, it transformed into a beam of blood ray and entered the transfer spiritual array in the city. When the ray of light sprang away, all who were enveloped in it disappeared.

In the sky, the Sleeping King saw this scene and showed a helpless smile. Even as one of the Three Kings, he could not stop a mutually consented bet between two parties. He took a look at Nine Nether and Mu Chen as his avatar slowly dissipated away.

Nine Nether descended by the side of Mu Chen and said, "Good work. Let's return to Nine Nether Palace to discuss."

Mu Chen nodded slightly. Without further ado, he led the Nine Nether Troops to the transfer spiritual array, where they disappeared in it one by one. As the two parties departed, the quiet city was once again filled with a heated commotion.

"Now this is gonna be good. The Blood Hawk Troop and the Nine Nether Troop are going head to head with full force!"

"It's obvious that Lord Blood Hawk is taunting Nine Nether Palace. Nine Nether Troop does not stand a chance against the might and numbers of the Blood Hawk Troop. As soon as large scale warfare is initiated, the Nine Nether Troop will have a hard time."

"That is not necessarily true. While Blood Hawk Troop may be more numerous, they are split under the authority of several commanders. Wu Tian could only command half of the entire army. If he tried to command the entire troop forcefully, he might be overwhelmed instead."

"But even half of the Blood Hawk Troop should be enough to roll over Nine Nether Troop, which only has a thousand men!"

"Since Nine Nether Palace had the guts to accept the challenge, maybe they have a hidden trump card?"



"Who knows..."

...

Within the Grand Hall of Nine Nether Palace, Nine Nether was sitting at the highest throne, her brows were knit together, the atmosphere within the Hall dense.

"It seems like Lord Blood Hawk is determined to end things with us once and for all." Nine Nether spoke unhurriedly. Lord Blood Hawk was cunning in his vision. He knew that Nine Nether Palace was still weak and desperate to control these cities to obtain sufficient Sovereign Spiritual Liquid. This was why he offered an irresistible bait as a bet for this gambled battle.

To the Nine Nether Palace, this was an opportunity. But it was also a trap filled with the deadliest of dangers.

"Blood Hawk Troop far outnumbered our troop. There won't be any benefit for the Nine Nether Troop to face them head on," Tang Bing said in a worried tone.

In the Hall, Qiu Shan and the rest were silent. They focused their gazes at Mu Chen, who had yet to utter a single word. And yet, Mu Chen's performance on this day had won over their trust.

"How many people do they have?" Under their watch, Mu Chen finally opened his mouth.

"Over five thousand. But with Wu Tian's capabilities, he could only control half of that at most. If he tries to command any more, he would be engulfed by their fighting spirit. Nevertheless, half of their troop still far outnumbered our troop," Qiu Shan answered immediately.

Mu Chen nodded gently. Blood Hawk Troop was not a bunch of misfits, and still they had the upper hand in numbers. In addition, Wu Tian was no weakling. This battle would not be an easy one.

"Mu Chen, how much do you think our odds of winning this bet are?" Tang Bing could not resist asking.

This event was too important for Nine Nether Palace. If they won, they would have more than enough to make a comeback. The prize of a hundred cities would instantly enrich the resources of the Nine Nether Palace. However, if they lost, it would spell the end for them.

The standing of Nine Nether Palace and Blood Hawk Palace was equal in the Daluo Territory. If Nine Nether Palace submits and bowed toward Blood Hawk Palace, they would basically lose this status of being equals, causing a crushing and devastating blow to the morale of Nine Nether Palace.

Mu Chen slowly said, "If Wu Tian only commands half of Blood Hawk Troop, we still have the odds of winning. Besides, it won't be an easy feat for them to beat me."

His tone was deep, and his voice carried a potent bloodiness, sending chills in the spine of all who were in the hall. It was evident that this battle would no doubt be a bloodbath. After all, the very survival of Nine Nether Palace was in question.

Within the hall, the crowd fell silent.

Ka-Chik.

A crisp noise broke through the silence of the hall abruptly. Everyone looked up to see a little girl in a black skirt sitting beside Mu Chen. In her tiny hands was a fruit, which she was chewing at loudly. Of course, she was the illusive Mandela.

"Who is she?!" Tang Bing's eyes widened in shock. This was a strategic location of Nine Nether Palace, heavily guarded by Nine Nether Troop at its perimeter. How could this girl have snuck in?

"Ahem... worry not, she's just... my sister." Mu Chen sighed helplessly.

Upon hearing his words, Mandela's slender eyebrows raised. She took another bite of the fruit, not retorting, but merely spoke lazily, "I can give you an idea, but there's a condition."

Mu Chen was startled for a moment. "What condition?" he managed to ask.

The porcelain doll face of Mandela's turned into a smile. She looked like the purest and cutest girl. Even Tang Bing, who was wary of Mandela, lowered her guard.

Mu Chen, however, raised his guard when he saw Mandela's expression change.

"Don't worry, it's easy! Just lend me the Immortal Pages for ten days," Mandela explained with a sweet smile.

"Never!" Mu Chen turned her down almost instantaneously. The Immortal Pages were too important for him. He would never remove them from his body, especially to entrust it to anyone else.

After all, the Immortal Pages were related to The Primordial Immortal Body. Mu Chen would not doubt the allure of this relic, as even Earthly Sovereigns would certainly be tempted by it.

"You!" Mandela stared at Mu Chen fiercely with her big eyes, but Mu Chen was determined, his expression remaining stoic. After a few moments of staring, Mandela could only turn her face away in anger.

"Why would you suddenly want to borrow the Immortal Pages?" Mu Chen asked doubtfully. According to Mandela, as long as she remained nearby Mu Chen, she could absorb sufficient power from the Datura Flower Sigil to suppress the curse within her body.

Mandela hesitated for a moment, then said, "There seems to be signs of an outbreak of my curse. Which is why I need the Immortal Pages to restrain it."

Mu Chen frowned. After a short moment of silence, he replied, "When that happens, call me. I'll lend it to you then, but I will stay beside you the whole time. That shouldn't be a problem, right?"

Mandela was stupefied for awhile, then she looked at Mu Chen with surprise. She evidently did not expect that Mu Chen would agree to her condition. She gently nodded and said, "Thanks... thanks in advance, then."

"So, can you tell me your strategy now?" Mu Chen smiled.

Mandela raised her head, her pair of googly golden eyes surveying every person in the hall. Whenever her gaze met somebody, they would shudder as if they felt an enormous pressure, then turn their face away.

"As a spiritual array master, have you heard of war troop dispatcher?" Mandela's rather childish voice resonated throughout the hall.

"War troop dispatcher?" Hearing these words, everyone present, including Mu Chen, was in a daze. But Nine Nether was deep in her thoughts.

"In ancient times, war troop dispatchers were a division of the spiritual array masters. During the calamity of the Great Thousand World, war troop dispatchers were in the spotlight. They led armies of myriad clans, fighting the foreign fiends at the frontlines. But that is precisely why the loss among their ranks was severe. Some of them were even denied the opportunity to pass down their lineages. When the calamity was over, very few of them had survived. As such, not many know of their existence." Mandela narrated in an unhurried manner.

"A war troop dispatcher could converge the strength of an army and release their ultimate power. While commanding an army of considerable size, the best of them could even fight on par with a Heavenly Sovereign. "

There was once again silence in the hall. The breathing of the crowd was somewhat heavier. To go against a Heavenly Sovereign? An existence abysmal and unfathomable like that could actually be resisted with numbers? How was that possible?

Mu Chen licked his lips unconsciously. His throat was dry, but his eyes were hot with a burning desire. He stared at Mandela intently, then asked, "Do you know how to become a war troop dispatcher?"

"Nope!" Mandela replied sheepishly.

Looking at her sweet smile, Mu Chen's expression froze. He immediately gnashed his teeth and yelled, "Are you screwing around with me?!"

If Mu Chen did not know that the sweet little girl before him was frighteningly powerful, he would have thrown her out of the palace.

"Although I do not know how to become one, this thing should be able to help you." Seeing that Mu Chen was smoking with anger, she slowly extended her pretty tiny hand. A twinkling of light flashed on her palm, and a somewhat damaged bamboo scroll appeared there. Even before being unrolled, it was exuding a metallic and bloody aura.

Mu Chen carefully received the bamboo scroll. On the scroll, some indistinct red little characters could be seen.

"The Heart of Warfare"

"War troop dispatchers are a specialization of spiritual array masters, after all. As you have the foundations of a spiritual array master, it should be easier for you to master this compared to normal people. While this cannot turn you into a war troop dispatcher immediately, it shouldn't be an issue to overcome their numbers and defeat Blood Hawk Troop," Mandela explained.

Mu Chen grasped the worn out bamboo scroll tightly and nodded heavily. There are indeed many mysteries within the Great Thousand World. He had never even heard about war troop dispatchers before this.

It seemed like he had to give it his all to meditate on the The Heart of Warfare. This bet is far too important for the Nine Nether Palace. He could not afford to lose this fight!

This time, he must win!

### [The Great Ruler](#)

#### **Chapter 708: The Dilapidated Bamboo Scroll**

Blood Hawk Palace.

Lord Blood Hawk was seated at the top of the audience hall as his blood-red pupils slowly swept over the hall. None of Blood Hawk Palace's high-level officials dared to make eye contact with his indifferent gaze.

Lord Blood Hawk looked over at Wu Tian and asked in a light tone, "Wu Tian, how many Blood Hawk Troops can you control?"

Wu Tian hesitated for a moment before saying, "It should be up to about 2,500."

Lord Blood Hawk slightly narrowed his eyes. He pondered for a moment before saying, "Although there is a limited number of Nine Nether Troops, that chap named Mu Chen has some know-how. We have no choice but to put our guard up. As for this fight, you must win!

"Thus... I want you to take control of all the Blood Hawk Troops!"

Wu Tian was surprised. He hesitated for a moment before saying, "My Lord, with my current capability, if I were to take full control of the Blood Hawk Troop, I'm afraid I would be devoured by the fighting spirit."

Lord Blood Hawk clenched his fist, and a dull red pill appeared in a flash. It was continuously releasing miraculous columns of bright light, and a sort of bizarre wave was rippling out from it.

"This is an Ethereal Pill. When the time comes, swallow it, and it will cause you to enter a temporary ethereal state. Then you will be able to bear all of Blood Hawk Troop's accumulated fighting spirit."

Wu Tian was extremely delighted upon hearing this. Who would've thought that Lord Blood Hawk would have such a marvelous pill in his hands? Additionally, with this pill he would be able to take full control of the Blood Hawk Troop. Thus, it would definitely be enough to crush Mu Chen and the Nine Nether Troop.

When the time came, it wouldn't matter how many tricks Mu Chen still had hiding up his sleeve. They would all undoubtedly be doomed to fail!

"Rest assured, my Lord. I will make Nine Nether Palace regret their actions of offending us, the Blood Hawk Palace!" A ferocious smile emerged on Wu Tian's face.

"If there is a chance, then make the Nine Nether Troop disappear. The Nine Nether Palace without its Nine Nether Troop will be reduced to a joke," Lord Blood Hawk said with a satisfied smile.

"As my Lord commands!" Wu Tian said with an awe-inspiring smile. He was already anxious to see the look of despair on Mu Chen's face when he appeared leading 5,000 Blood Hawk Troops.

This time, he would ensure that the Nine Nether Palace was utterly disgraced!

...

News about the eventual crossing of swords between the Nine Nether Troop and the Blood Hawk Troop spread across Daluo Territory like the wind. However, it was not surprising that it caused uproars within Daluo Territory.

For the past few years, the reputation of the Blood Hawk Troop in Daluo Territory had increasingly strengthened. Their overall strength could practically place them within the top three in the rankings of Daluo Territory's many legions. On the other hand, the Nine Nether Troop belonged at the bottom of the rankings.

Thus, many people could see that they were not even on the same level, and so they wondered why Nine Nether Palace would accept this fight, even though the stakes given by Lord Blood Hawk were extremely enticing.

But no matter how enticing the stakes were, they would still need good fortune to enjoy them.

In many people's eyes, Nine Nether Palace must have been tempted by the stakes this time and thus, decided to give it a shot. But didn't they think of what would happen if they lost? There was a high possibility that the Nine Nether Palace would truly be ruined. Furthermore, when that time came, even if they had the support of the Condor King, it would still be extremely difficult for the Nine Nether Palace to have a foothold in Daluo Territory again.

After all, there were quite a number of similarly strong vassal forces within Daluo Territory. These forces were constantly coveting the positions of the princes of Daluo Territory. This was because the moment they acquired that position, they would be able to truly become Daluo Territory's direct line of power. At that time, the protection and resources afforded by such a position would definitely exceed that of a normal vassal force.

Thus, Nine Nether Palace could not afford to lose this fight.

...

However, while the whole of Daluo Territory was abuzz with discussions about the fight, Nine Nether Palace chose the unusual move of remaining silent, and none of their news was being spread. Additionally, they were even more heavily guarded to the point that outsiders had absolutely no means of finding out about the activity within.

In a mountain deep within the Nine Nether Palace.

There was a vast flat land within the verdant mountain, and currently on that surface were streams of black-armored shadows sitting cross-legged silently. Like a huge rock, their figures were unmoving.

Right above the streams of silhouettes was a slender shadow sitting cross-legged while floating in mid-air. His slightly closed eyes slowly opened. There were rays of light flickering from his palm before a blood-tainted bamboo scroll appeared with a flash.

The bamboo scroll was presented in a tattered fashion and gave off a feeling of dilapidation. But the air of iron and blood that assaulted the senses warned people not to underestimate it, even in the slightest.

Mu Chen's expression was also particularly serious. He held the bamboo scroll in his hand and soon after, stuck it lightly on his forehead. Suddenly, there was a surge of brilliant rays on the bamboo scroll. Finally, everything was poured into Mu Chen's mind.

An air of iron and blood was directly instilled in Mu Chen's mind like a flood. Countless sounds of fighting at close quarters soared up into the sky. At that moment, it was as if he had a dream of returning to the ancient battlefield.

The ancient and blood-tainted scenes flit through his mind. In those scenes, he could only see dark masses of troops permeating the space between the sky and land. They were walking in an orderly formation, and with every step, even the sky and land would tremble beneath their feet.

That kind of vehemence was simply unstoppable.

Mu Chen shifted his slightly stunned attention towards the middle of the troop. It seemed that there was a blurry shadow silently sitting cross-legged there. That shadow was not upright and tall, but it was enough to let a person know by just a glance that he was the ruler of this terrifying legion.

When Mu Chen looked over, that silhouette's palm was also lifting slightly.

"Fight!"

That troop was so strong, it instilled fear in people. It erupted in a thunderous roar, and soon after, he could only see countless majestic fighting spirits soaring up to the sky. The space was almost going to collapse.

Roar!

The majestic and expansive fighting spirit was practically condensed into a substance. Finally, with a surge of howls, it actually turned into a giant nine-headed dragon. The moment it cried into the air, everything within the perimeter of 100,000 miles immediately disintegrated. After that, the giant nine-headed dragon opened its mouth, and nine lofty and enormous beams intertwined as they burst out.

The target of that terrifying attack was the large fissure in the distance. That seemed to be the world of the Lower Planes. But within it, a strange, towering atmosphere was stirring.

That seemed to be a world of Lower Planes occupied by an extraterritorial clan!

Boom!

The terrifying light beam flooded their eyes, and it was also indescribably fast. With a flash, it pierced through the space of a million miles and shot directly into that world of Lower Planes.

When the terrifying attack burst into that world, there was no earth-shattering explosion like one would expect. Instead, that world of Lower Planes was immediately erased in that space distortion.

At the same time, the extraterritorial clan in those Lower Planes was also wiped out...

With just one move, it managed to obliterate a world of Lower Planes!

Hiss!

When Mu Chen saw this, he suddenly couldn't help but take a deep breath of cold air. What a terrifying troop, and what a petrifying war troop dispatcher... It looked like what Mandela said was right. In those ancient times, a top notch war troop dispatcher did have a shocking strength which was comparable to that of the Heavenly Sovereign.

Nevertheless, they needed to rely on the power of the legion.

The ancient scene was also gradually collapsing. Finally, it completely fragmented and disappeared. Along with the disappearance of these fragments, a seemingly ancient message welled up from Mu Chen's heart.

This message was slightly dilapidated. Clearly it had been damaged, but the few isolated phrases which would occasionally appear revealed a sense of mystery which a person couldn't help but to plunge into.

"The rule of war is that it is most disadvantageous for one to control with strength."

"In contrast, it is the most advantageous for one to control with heart."

"..."

Mu Chen was immersed in those abstruse words. A long time went by before he slowly opened his eyes. His eyes looked as if he were still lost in thought. There was no method of practice for warfare in this dilapidated bamboo scroll, but he was able to realize something due to the things within it.

For example, the mastery of the fighting spirit.

Before this, whenever he controlled the condensed fighting spirit of the Nine Nether Troop, it was always forcefully urged by a feat of his own strength and willpower. But this sort of behavior seemed to be precisely the "most disadvantageous way" the bamboo scroll had mentioned.

"It is most disadvantageous for one to control with strength."

"It is most advantageous for one to control with heart."

But how does one use their heart to control such a majestic fighting spirit?

Mu Chen was lost in thought. Even after a long time went by, he still had no clue. Thus, he lowered his head and looked downwards at the Nine Nether Troop. The moment he waved his palm, the entire Nine Nether Troop made a low sound before the majestic fighting spirit soared up into the sky.

On the other hand, Mu Chen, who was sitting cross-legged in the middle of the majestic fighting spirit, closed his eyes and sensed them.

At the peak of a mountain not so far away, Nine Nether, Tang Bing, and Tang Rou were looking over in the direction of the deep mountain. There was a hint of worry in their pretty eyes.

"Elder sister Nine Nether, will Mu Chen really succeed?" Tang Rou asked in a low voice.

Nine Nether lightly bit her red lips, for even she herself was not certain of this. After all, war troop dispatchers were rare, and there was no one who could professionally guide Mu Chen. It was obvious that it would be difficult for him to cross the threshold.

"Judging by Lord Blood Hawk's personality, he will definitely use unscrupulous divisive tactics in this fight. If Mu Chen does not succeed, then I'm afraid the chances of us winning will not be too high," Tang Bing said worriedly.

Nine Nether slightly nodded her beautiful head. Then, her pretty eyes looked over at Mandela, who was swinging her pale calves as she sat at the side of the cliff. But before Nine Nether could say anything, the little girl said with a lazy tone, "Don't look for me. I was never supposed to take part in this matter. If it weren't because I have a request this time, I would never have helped you all.

"So whether or not he will come to a realization, that will be up to his own ability. This is all I can do. Otherwise, it would be incompatible with my identity."

"What identity?" Nine Nether asked doubtfully.

But Mandela did not answer. Those big golden eyes only looked blankly over at the slender shadow far away. She, too, was slightly curious as to whether this person would be able to obtain a realization from that dilapidated "Heart of Warfare."

### [The Great Ruler](#)

#### **Chapter 709: The Realization of Fighting Spirit**

The surge of fighting spirit permeated the space between the sky and land. Mu Chen had his eyes tightly shut as he immersed himself in that sea of fighting spirit, floating and sinking along with it. Yet, every time he attempted to assimilate into that surge of fighting spirit, it would become quite difficult.

He could manipulate these fighting spirits, but it was extremely difficult to assimilate and truly fuse together with them. If he was unable to do so, then the so-called 'to control with heart' would merely be empty talk.

Nevertheless, Mu Chen did not feel dejected due to the continuous failures, as he understood the faintly discernible existence of the fighting spirit. Its birth depended on a person's willpower, while its strength depended on the merging of willpower and spiritual power. It was precisely the fact that every fighting spirit had a different willpower, which made it difficult to perfectly assimilate into them.

Mu Chen settled down, as a few of the dilapidated bamboo scroll's abstruse words continuously flashed through his mind. Then, he heightened his perception in an attempt to obtain clues from it.

Fighting spirit originated from the fusion of willpower and spiritual power. If a person wanted to control that fighting spirit, then he must ensure the obedience of the willpower within the fighting spirit. This was also the most basic requirement for a war troop dispatcher.

But, in a legion, there were thousands upon thousands of strong men with tough willpower, as they had all gone through the honing of blood and fire. If a person wanted to completely embolden the power of that kind of fighting spirit, then both parties must be able to achieve a form of trust and fusion, without reservation.

However, if one used strength to forcefully manipulate it, then it would be most disadvantageous to them. When Mu Chen opened his slightly closed eyes, there was a hint of indecisiveness in his gaze. After a long while, he suddenly stretched out his arms slowly to regain the spiritual power which was enveloping him back into his body.



At the same time, his willpower was also beginning to relax. He even gave up on his instinct to resist, allowing that surge of vast fighting spirit to violently surge toward him in a craze.

Normally, when a person was controlling the fighting spirit, no matter the number, they would always put their guard up. After all, fighting spirits were violent and overwhelming. The moment they exceeded their limitations of control, then there was a possibility that they would devour that person's consciousness. Thus, Mu Chen's behavior was undoubtedly what people would regard as being extremely reckless.

Boom!

The surge of fighting spirit rushed into Mu Chen's body like a flood. He did not show any sign of resistance, but instead allowed the fighting spirit to rage freely. Along with the lapse of time, as expected, Mu Chen's consciousness was beginning to erode, due to that surge of fighting spirit. But luckily, he was able to strongly defend his sense of clarity, which allowed his consciousness to maintain the line between obscurity and clarity...

He did not know how long had it been since he had sustained this position. Mu Chen's willpower seemed as if it was beginning to slack a little. However, this was not the kind of slack which resembled a crushing defeat, but instead, it was an organized dispersion that was quietly coming into contact, little by little, with the willpower that was hidden within that surge of fighting spirit.

Roar! Roar!

What was similar to the growls of countless men, who were hungry for war, resounded through Mu Chen's heart. His willpower was also beginning its attempt to make contact with the willpower hidden within the many fighting spirit, little by little.

Although the current Mu Chen was someone, who could already receive the approval of the Nine Nether Troop, this type of approval was only enough to allow him to control the fighting spirit on its surface. So now, he must assimilate deeply into the fighting spirit in order to trigger its true power. Only through this way, would he then be able to become a true war troop dispatcher!

Hence, time started to elapse, and the short period of three days went by quietly. In these three days, news of the fight between Nine Nether Troop and Blood Hawk Troop had completely fermented within Daluo territory, due to the promotion of people with ulterior motives. Hence, everyone knew about this fight.

Of course, they also knew that once the Nine Nether Troop lost, Nine Nether Palace would have to surrender to Blood Hawk Palace. This kind of outcome would be undoubtedly shocking, because for so many years in the Daluo Territory, there had never been an occurrence, whereby a King class force surrendered to another King class force.

Thus, this action was practically pushing Nine Nether Palace to the edge of a cliff. Once they lost, their reputation would suffer a devastating decline. At that time, no matter how much support the Condor King provided, they would not be able to maintain their position as one of the nine lords.

A few people were secretly shaking their heads at this awareness. Lord Nine Nether was still too young, especially when compared to the bunch of sly old men, such as Lord Blood Hawk, she was still lacking maturity.

Nevertheless, no matter how much Daluo Territory had been boiling over, due to this battle, Nine Nether Palace still remained silent, with no news of their panic being spread. This surprised quite a number of people. Could it be that Nine Nether Palace was really not flustered at all by this incoming fight? Did they have that much faith in the Nine Nether Troop?

In the midst of all these suspicions, the period of three days passed. On the third day, the moment the bright morning light tore through the clouds to shine on the earth, the attention of almost everyone in Daluo Territory was fixated on Nine Nether Palace, which was still silent.

At the center of Daluo Territory, in front of a dark hall, Lord Asura was looking toward the direction of the Nine Nether Palace with a blank expression. Behind him, the leader of the four great commanders, Xu Qing, was also standing with his hands by his side.

"My Lord, is there still no activity among Nine Nether Palace?" After waiting for a while, Xu Qing couldn't help but ask.

Lord Asura said with a light tone, "Although Lord Nine Nether is still young, she is not a reckless person. Since she accepted this fight with Blood Hawk Palace, then it must be because she has a trump card. The fact that Nine Nether Palace chose to remain behind closed doors, must mean that they are in the midst of preparing something."

"It was said that the fight this time was accepted by their new commander, Mu Chen..." Xu Qing scowled and said, "Actually, he has a rather exaggerated opinion of his own abilities. How could Nine Nether allow him to fool around like this?"

There was an unusual fluctuation in his tone, because he noticed that the relationship between Nine Nether and Mu Chen was not merely a simple one between a master and subordinate. Otherwise, how could Nine Nether tolerate such actions from him?

King Asura looked at him, a smile appearing on his usually blank face. He said, "Why? Are you jealous?"

Xu Qing's handsome face flushed red as he let out an embarrassed smile.

"Don't look down on that young man." King Asura shook his head. He looked toward the direction of Nine Nether Palace with slightly narrowed eyes and said, "I have a feeling that Blood Hawk Palace will regret having provoked him."

Xu Qing was surprised before going quiet shortly thereafter. This was actually the first time, after so many years, that he had heard King Asura give such an evaluation to a young man, who looked to be younger than him.

Blood Hawk Palace.

Lord Blood Hawk was seated on the throne. At this moment, there was a joyous smile on his usually gloomy face. He had two metal balls in his hands, which were being slowly spun around. His gaze was filled with satire, as he looked toward the direction of Nine Nether Palace.

It didn't matter if there would eventually be any activity among Nine Nether Palace, because the outcome would still be the same. When the moment comes, where he finally managed to suppress Nine Nether Palace, no one in Daluo Territory would dare offend them, the Blood Hawk Palace, ever again.

Moreover, when Nine Nether Palace finally lost their power and influence, he really wanted to see that prideful woman, Nine Nether. He wondered what sort of touching expression would be on that beautiful face, which was now only filled with uncouthness. When he thought of this, there was a blaze bubbling in Lord Blood Hawk's eyes.

While King Asura and Lord Blood Hawk were keeping their eyes on Nine Nether Palace, at different parts of Daluo Territory, the other prince forces were also focusing their attention on Nine Nether Palace. If Nine Nether Palace remained behind closed doors for the fight today, then they would surely make a fool out of themselves. That might also be what Lord Blood Hawk wanted to see.

In the deep mountains of Nine Nether Palace, Nine Nether stood silently at the summit. Today, she wore a dark green unlined garment and slim-fit pants, which wrapped around her slender and sexy legs until they were perfectly straight, mellow and full. Her fine black hair was swishing, and there was only tranquility on that cool, elegant, and pretty face of hers.

However, for the two sisters Tang Bing and Tang Rou, who were right behind her, their faces were filled with worry. This was because, in mid-air above that faraway place, there had been no activity from Mu Chen for the past three days.

But, now the fight was about to begin!

If there was still no activity from Nine Nether Palace, then they would truly have no face to have a foothold in Daluo Territory ever again. There were already people saying that Nine Nether Palace was afraid of war. This would be a fatal blow to their reputation.

"Elder sister Nine Nether," Tang Bing couldn't help but utter, "Why don't we forcefully wake Mu Chen up? Even if we fail in the end, it would still be better than being said to be a people who fear war."

When Nine Nether heard this, she only shook her head lightly before, opening her red lips slightly to say, "Wait."

Tang Bing forced a smile and could only nod at this. At the cliff of the other side, Mandela still looked heedless. After a long while, she finally stretched herself out lazily. That pair of big golden eyes was fixated on that area, which was wreathed with fighting spirit. A hint of imperceptible disappointment swept across her eyes.

In the end, was it still no good?

Mandela sat up and patted her hands together. Just when she was about to leave, she suddenly paused, and slowly turned her head to look over at that deep mountain forest. Over there, the members of Nine Nether Troop that were originally sitting cross-legged silently, abruptly opened their eyes fiercely.

Boom!

Along with the moment they opened their eyes, the surge of fighting spirit, which was wreathed above them, actually roared like a flood, and the fighting spirit hissed into a tornado. That scene was extremely spectacular.

Nine Nether and the rest also looked over in astonishment. Then, they saw that slender shadow finally standing up slowly, after having been seated quietly in that surge of fighting spirit for the past three days. It was still the same shadow, but for some reason at this moment, there was an awe-inspiring fighting spirit permeating from his body.

"Looks like he succeeded." a hint of surprise swept through Mandela's huge golden eyes as she spoke with a smile.

When Tang Bing and Tang Rou heard this, they couldn't help but show how pleasantly surprised they were through their expressions. It was also at this moment that Nine Nether's pale hands, which were tightly clenched all along, began to slowly relax, as if she had been relieved from a huge burden.

From afar, Mu Chen's stature moved slightly, before appearing directly in front of Nine Nether and the rest. Soon after, a smile appeared on his handsome face. That smile was filled with a high-spirited fighting spirit, which was not there before.

"I am sorry to have kept you waiting. Now, we have to go and take back the plunder which belongs to us!"

When Nine Nether and the rest looked at that confident smile on the handsome face before them, their taut hearts were finally at ease. This young man had always been creating miracles that were unattainable by normal people. And this time, it would certainly be the same.

## **The Great Ruler**

### **Chapter 710: The Battle Between Two Troops**

Daluotian.

The normally noisy Daluotian was unusually quiet. But everyone knew that there were countless eyes looking collectively toward the direction of Nine Nether Palace.

Everyone was waiting for Nine Nether Palace's reaction.

Time was passing little by little, and a number of people furrowed their brows. Was Nine Nether Palace really going to resort to their most disadvantageous plan, which was to avoid the battle?

But what was the point in avoiding it now? Lord Blood Hawk was precisely aiming to discredit Nine Nether Palace. If Nine Nether Palace faced this sort of situation by avoiding the battle, it would be practically worse than losing to Blood Hawk Palace.

Could it be that Nine Nether Palace was really going to resort to such a foolish idea?

Boom!

Just when countless powerful people in Daluo Territory were having their suspicions, suddenly, a monstrous fighting spirit soared up into the sky from the direction of Nine Nether Palace. Everyone instantly shifted their attention to it.

They could only see dark clouds rising from the sky above Nine Nether Palace, and suspended in the sky was the Nine Nether Troop. There was a slender shadow standing straight at the forefront of the troop that was emitting a feeling of sharpness similar to that of a pike capable of piercing the sky.

"Blood Hawk Troop, we, the Nine Nether Troop, quietly await your presence at the battleground!"  
Beneath the presence of that vigorous and firm spiritual power, the young man's cool and bright laugh resounded throughout every corner of Daluotian.

Swish!

The moment Mu Chen finished speaking, the Nine Nether Troop immediately turned into a dark cloud, swept across the horizon, and flew toward the direction of Daluotian's battleground.

Wow!

The whole of Daluotian was in an uproar, for Nine Nether Palace had finally made a move. Furthermore, judging by their direct acceptance of Blood Hawk Palace's offensive, it looked like things were about to get lively!

Swish! Swish!

Thus, when the sound of streams of wind suddenly resounded throughout the horizon, they could only see countless shadows soaring up into the sky from every direction. They covered the sky and earth as they streaked toward the direction of the battleground.

Snap!

In Blood Hawk Palace, Lord Blood Hawk originally had a joyous smile on his face, but when he heard Mu Chen's laughter, the metal balls in his hand were immediately turned into dust. An ominous glint swept over his blood-red eyes as his lips curved into a cruel smile.

"Wu Tian!"

Wu Tian was in the audience hall and immediately answered, "Yes, my Lord!"

"Lead the Blood Hawk Troop there. From today onwards, I do not wish to see that brat's face in Daluotian ever again," Lord Blood Hawk said indifferently with his eyes slightly drooped.

"Understood!" There was also a ray of ferocity emerging from Wu Tian's eyes. He grinned and with a shift in his stature, he immediately swept out of the audience hall. Soon after, he waved his palm, and a blood ray capable of covering the sky and earth soared up to the sky from Blood Hawk Palace.

Suddenly, the aura of death permeated the air.

...

The battleground was situated at Daluotian's northwest area, and it was different from other training grounds. This battleground was the most extensive piece of land in Daluotian due to the fact that those who would usually carry out their fights and swap pointers here would not do it alone but rather with a whole troop.

The many legions in Daluotian had also carried out quite a number of competitions and swapped pointers there. Thus, the area was actually arranged to look like a battlefield and was filled with a killing aura.

No doubt the battleground was certainly bustling with noise, and the reason for this liveliness was naturally due to the eventual crossing of swords between Nine Nether Troop and Blood Hawk Troop.

Whoosh!

The sound of objects piercing the air overwhelmingly resounded through the sky before a dark cloud immediately made its descent. Finally, it fell like iron lances in a perfectly straight manner and stuck itself firmly in the ground. The earth was shaking, but they remained unmoving.

Mu Chen had also landed lightly in front of the Nine Nether Troop. When he saw that Nine Nether Troop's gazes were filled with fighting spirit, he nodded in mild satisfaction.

Although there was a flaw in the Nine Nether Troop's numbers, their vigor was not weak at all. This legion definitely had potential. If they were all able to promote themselves to the Sovereign-level, then it would even be possible for them to directly kill a Grade Five Sovereign.

Whoosh! Whoosh!

When Nine Nether Troop landed on the battlefield, there were also continuous streams of light and shadow streaming towards the same spot from afar. It looked like the fight this time had already captured the attention of everyone in Daluo Territory.

Moreover, everyone could see that the crowd actually included the physical presence of Daluo Territory's other princes. This showed how much interest the fight had created.

Nine Nether, Tang Bing, and Tang Rou had also rushed over promptly. They stood high up in the sky. Behind them, there were also quite a number of Nine Nether Palace's forces. This time, it was clear that Nine Nether Palace had turned out in full strength.

Boundless attention converged on them. There was a shift in their expressions as they turned their heads to look over in the other direction and could only see that blood-red sky.

Swish!

That sort of blood-red was spreading toward them at a terrifying speed. Eventually, like a blood-red rainstorm, it covered the earth and sky as it descended on the battlefield. Finally, only a thudding sound could be heard before the earth began to shake and patches of blood-red color began to permeate the air.

Everyone's eyelids twitched. The Blood Hawk Troop had finally appeared.

In the sky, Lord Blood Hawk also appeared in a flash. He stood high up in the sky and glanced at the Nine Nether Troop with a shady expression. An awe-inspiring smile swept across his face. Soon after, he smiled at Nine Nether and said, "Nine Nether, if you lose this fight, then it looks like the Blood Hawk Palace will gain another King class affiliated force."

Nine Nether glanced at him coldly before she lightly said, "You would still have to have the good fortune to enjoy it. So you ought to prepare those hundred cities and Heavenly Pills first."

Lord Blood Hawk chuckled. "As long as you all have the ability, Blood Hawk Palace would be more than willing to offer them," Lord Blood Hawk said with a smile. He waved his big hand and said, "Cut the crap and let's just start."

The moment he finished speaking, a heavy gale began to blow in the area where the fog of blood was permeating, and the blood ray was slowly dissipating. The streams of silhouettes wearing blood armor accompanied by the thick smell of blood lingering on their bodies were appearing one after another into everyone's line of sight between the sky and land.

The Blood Hawk Troop was all wearing identical blood armor. On the blood armor there was a Blood Shadow rune for tearing their prey, and an inauspicious air was seeping out from their bodies.

At the forefront of that Blood Hawk Troop, Wu Tian was also wearing blood armor while holding a bloody spear. He had an intensely cold smile on his face. His eyes were fixated on Mu Chen and the Nine Nether Troop, and had the look of a predator about to capture a mouse.

"Mu Chen, seeing how everyone here is from Daluo Territory, if you admit your defeat now, I can still show some mercy to avoid the outcome whereby Nine Nether Palace's heavy loss would prove to be an obstruction in Daluo Territory's incoming battles of conquest. What do you think?" Wu Tian said as he looked at Mu Chen with a smile.

Hearing this, Mu Chen smiled before saying, "Actually, you said the words I initially wanted to say to you."

"You're so stubborn," Wu Tian said with a faint smile. "Looks like you refuse to be convinced until you are faced with the grim reality. In that case, don't blame Blood Hawk Palace for not having any consideration for your feelings."

Mu Chen glanced at the size of the Blood Hawk Troop. He wanted to say something, but suddenly he paused when he saw a strange smile appear on Wu Tian's lips.

"Something is not right!" It seemed that Nine Nether had also become aware of something at that moment, as her pretty face looked toward the battlefield with a slight change in her expression. She discovered that the blood cloud behind Blood Hawk Troop had yet to actually dissipate.

Boom!

The earth was shaking, and the sound of orderly footsteps could be heard. There was a slight change in the expressions of the people who were looking over at that rich blood cloud. The appearance of streams of silhouettes could be seen once again.

These silhouettes slowly stepped out of the blood cloud and appeared at the rear of the Blood Hawk Troop. Impressively, it was once again bulk upon bulk of Blood Hawk Troops!

Their numbers had doubled!

Wow!

Suddenly, the sound of surprise resounded through the sky and land. This time, even Xu Qing and Zhou Yue's expressions changed slightly. Blood Hawk Palace actually dispatched all their Blood Hawk Troops!

But was Wu Tian truly able to control that amount of Blood Hawk Troops with his current capabilities? Was this fellow not afraid of being devoured by the fighting spirit?

Numerous whispers resounded through the sky and land. Clearly no one expected this move from Blood Hawk Palace.

"Looks like Blood Hawk Palace really did take out all of their capital," Mu Chen said while looking at the scene with slightly furrowed brows.

Wu Tian chuckled. "It's too late to regret now." Wu Tian looked at Mu Chen with a smile as well as a ridiculing gaze.

"With your capabilities, are you not afraid of being devoured by the fighting spirit?" Mu Chen said.

Wu Tian smiled. Soon after, there was a flash of light between his two fingers, and a medicine pill flickering with Spiritual Light appeared. Then, he lightly stuffed it into his mouth. His smile became increasingly sinister.

"I can do it now."

"That is... the Ethereal Pill?! How despicable!" When Tang Bing and the rest saw this, the expressions on their faces changed immediately as they exclaimed while gritting their teeth. It looked like she knew the effects of the Ethereal Pill.

The expression on Nine Nether's beautiful face was becoming increasingly cold. It was clear that Blood Hawk Palace really wanted to win, by hook or by crook.

Lord Blood Hawk chuckled. "Nine Nether, we did not place a restriction on this in our provisions," Lord Blood Hawk said when he saw Nine Nether's cold expression.

Nine Nether glanced at Lord Blood Hawk before clenching her pale hands.

When everyone else between the sky and land saw this scene, they, too, furrowed their brows. Clearly they were not fans of Blood Hawk Palace's usage of such tricks. After all, Blood Hawk Palace was already far stronger than Nine Nether Palace. Yet now they still wanted to use such tricks in order to win...

But it did not matter if they were fans of it or not, for they could not say anything about it. After all, it was true that there was no restriction on it in the fight this time. Now Nine Nether Palace's plight was getting further away from a good outcome.

Nine Nether did not pay attention to those pitiful looks but instead her pretty eyes were only focused on Mu Chen. As if he felt her gaze, Mu Chen also turned his head before smiling while nodding at her.

When she saw Mu Chen's response, Nine Nether also nodded. Her taut heart was slightly at ease.

Luckily, they did not come completely unprepared.

Mu Chen reached out his palm towards Wu Tian and said with a gentle smile, "Make your move. I hope such tricks will be of use to you."



"We are already at this point and yet you are still reluctant to admit your defeat..." Wu Tian sighed before saying with a sinister smile, "But believe me when I say, you will have no choice but to admit it very soon!"

The moment he finished speaking, he firmly stamped the the bloody spear in his hand.

Boom!

Behind him, all the Blood Hawk Troops had also stamped the bloody spears in their hands. Immediately, the earth was shaking, and the blood-red fighting spirit engulfed the sky and land like the permeation of a bloody sea.

There was a solemn expression on the faces of countless people.