

## Great Ruler 711

### [The Great Ruler](#)

#### Chapter 711: The Battle of the Fighting Spirit

The envelopment of the bloody fighting spirit began sweeping out, while the bright sky gradually turned dark and gloomy. A thick, pungent smell of blood seemed to be diffusing into the air.

Stern gazes were cast upon the Blood Hawk Troop, who was eluding fearsome fighting spirit. They looked like blood-sucking ferocious beasts who had just climbed out of a mountain filled with corpses and blood. Any enemies who appeared before them would surely be torn apart.

The Blood Hawk Troop was not the strongest among the armies in the Daluo Territory. But the killing desire they possessed was considered to be at the top of the list, and such killing desire was accumulated by the fresh blood they stockpiled.

In most previous wars, countless factions and sects had lost their lives under the blood spears of the Blood Hawk Troop. But now, the blood spears of the Blood Hawk Troop that were smeared with fresh blood were brought out once again. But this time, the tips of the spears were pointing toward the Nine Nether Troop, and no one knew if the Nine Nether Troop could protect themselves from such a strong opponent.

Numerous gazes were cast toward the direction of Nine Nether Troop. They were in rows of black, with their armors on their upright bodies. There was no fear, and no emotion except the will to fight, present in their eyes.

As the attention was all on them, both Mu Chen and Wu Tian stared at each other, with cold radiance swirling in their eyes. The vast spiritual energy was seeping out from their bodies, lifting them up in mid-air, before they then sat facing each other.

"Blood Hawk Fighting Spirit!" Wu Tian did not give Mu Chen any leeway. He gave a sneer and waved his hand, while his angry voice rang through the air.

Boom!

The enveloping scarlet fighting spirit expanded its reach, spreading out like an ocean that was filled with blood. They suspended in mid-air, above the Blood Hawk Troop, releasing a blood-sucking aura.

"Let me see how you can command the fighting spirit, since you have just taken over the troop for only two to three months!" Wu Tian gave him a mocking smile, while pointing his finger in the air.

"Blood Shadow Fighting Spirit! Blood Spears Magic Formation!"

Weng Weng!

With a low scream from Wu Tian, countless red-glowing beams raised themselves into mid-air from the bloody pool of the fighting spirit, turning themselves into a flight of massive bloody spears above Wu Tian. These gigantic spears were formed by the fighting spirit, and they were razor-sharp. Even a Grade Three Sovereign top power would not dare underestimate such a level of attack, because such an attack was not activated by Wu Tian alone, but was supported by a troop of 5,000 warriors in the Blood Hawk Troop.

However, although the Blood Spears Magic Formation was well-known for their formation, it was actually just a hoax. If Wu Tian could really convert the fighting spirit into a war formation, Mu Chen should have just conceded defeat.

Shoo! Shoo!

Countless blood spears were formed in the air. As Wu Tian shook his robe sleeves, a screeching wind-breaking sound could be heard. The blood spears were raining down on the Nine Nether Troops, like a rainstorm of blood, and they had nowhere to escape.

"Nine Nether Fighting Spirit!"

Mu Chen gazed at the bolting rainstorm with his sharp eyes. With the swing of his sleeves, the halberds in the hands of the Nine Nether Troop stomped the ground, excreting an ooze of ink-like fighting spirit into the sky, as if nightfall had just descended.

Mu Chen formed seals with both of his hands at lightning speed, before giving a slap forcefully.

Boom!

The magnificent pitch-black fighting spirit swept across the space, like waves rushing in, transforming itself into a light screen of a thousand feet, then forming a gigantic sturdy black shield.

Sst sst..

The blood spears, which were now shooting from everywhere, landed on the light shield that was formed by the fighting spirit. Smoke was seen as they hit the shield. It was as though they were lava rocks landing in the sea, giving off sizzling sounds before turning into cold stones and falling off.

"Hmph, with only a mere thousand warriors in your Nine Nether Troop, you want to compete with my Blood Hawk Troop? Think on this, who has a more solid fighting spirit?" Wu Tian smirked at the side of his lips, as he pointed his finger into the air once again.

Weng! Weng!

More bloody long spears were formed behind him, shooting out non-stop, as it seemed like Wu Tian wanted to drain off the fighting spirit of Mu Chen and the Nine Nether Troop with his mighty fighting spirit. The spectators frowned, when they saw such a scene.

The Blood Hawk Troop had condensed and formed a fighting spirit stronger than the Nine Nether Troop, due to the numbers they had. Even though Wu Tian had not put up his full force for now, as time passed, the consumption would still be too much for Mu Chen and the Nine Nether Troop to defend against.

"The difference in the number of warriors between Nine Nether Troop and the Blood Hawk Troop is really too huge." Some of the spectators shook their heads, as they could tell that the Nine Nether Troop might not be able to hold out for too much longer. In their minds, the battle outcome was quite evident, right from the beginning.

Mu Chen did not have the time to be bothered by those gazes filled with sympathy. He watched the incoming waves of the rainstorm attack with calmness on his young face. While his sleeves swung, more fighting spirit was emitted, adding on to their defense.

Both the attack and the defense went into a stalemate, but as time passed, the sympathy gazes for the Nine Nether Troop had been substituted by ones of astonishment. They discovered that, even under such an aggressive attack, the defense of the Nine Nether Troop had shown no signs of crumpling or weakening.

"How could this have happened?" Some of the top powers from the Daluo Territory exclaimed.

Lord Asura's, Lord Mountain Cracker's, and the others' eyes flickered. They looked at that juvenile figure sitting on top of the Nine Nether Troop with deep thoughts in their mind, and they mumbled, "This is getting interesting."

Mu Chen lifted his head slowly under the astonishing gazes, as he smiled at Wu Tian, who was looking cold on his face now. "No more child's playing."

Wu Tian's lips twitched when he heard this. He smiled coldly. "It is no wonder you would take up this battle bet, as it seems like you have some reliance on your troop. My bad."

"Show us your true strength. If you are only up to this level, your Blood Hawk Troop will be quite wasted," Mu Chen said.

"You've got me fed up with your words. Those attacks previously were only just a test," Wu Tian said calmly, but killing desire and anger were swirling in his eyes.

"But, since you want to take a good look at the power of my Blood Hawk Troop, I don't mind showing it to you!"

Just as his voice ended, both of his eyes were turning scarlet. While he raised both his hands slowly, the Blood Hawk Troop gave a loud roar below.

Roar!

Wu Tian formed a formation slowly, with both of his hands. As his formation changed, the enveloping bloody fighting spirit gave a deafening roar, and the waves of fighting spirit became even more tyrannical. Apparently, Wu Tian finally understood that Nine Nether Troop was not a troop which could be dealt with easily. Hence, he needed to power up his attack!

"Blood Hawk War Seal, All Suppression!"

Wu Tian paused a little with his formation. With blood rushing into his eyes, he raised his hand, and the bloody fighting spirit transformed into a bloody glowing palm, which was as huge as a mountain. Hideous-looking blood hawks seemed to be gliding on that glowing palm, looking down on the earth with sharp hawk eyes.

With the appearance of the bloody glowing palm, the spiritual energy from the heaven and earth started to rumble, and an indescribable pressure enveloped. Under this pressure, even Grade Three Sovereign top powers would not be able to keep their calmness.

Some of the top powers, who knew something about the Blood Hawk Troop, had stern expressions on their faces. In the past combat exchanges, numerous top powers had been squashed under this Blood Hawk Fighting Spirit.

Wu Tian had finally shown his true strength.

Mu Chen lifted his head, and the huge bloody glowing palm shadow was reflected in his serious eyes. Wu Tian was annoying, but he had to say that this fellow was not an ordinary character. The Blood Hawk Troop, under his lead, had displayed extraordinary strength.

If Mu Chen had not been here, such a compressing attack would cause a substantial setback to the Nine Nether Troop. However, in this world, there was no such thing as "if".

"I shall see what you have to say now!" Wu Tian looked down on Mu Chen and gave a hideous smile. As he slapped his palm down, the mountain-like bloody glowing palm went through the space, then appeared on the sky above Nine Nether Troop. As soon as it appeared, the palm suppressed the troop with great pressure.

Boom!

The battlefield collapsed immediately, with a big crack in the middle, then spread itself rapidly.

Boom! Boom!

As the land kept collapsing, the robe on Mu Chen was sticking close to his body. He looked down on the Nine Nether Troop, who had been persevering, and smiled.

"Nine Nether Troop! We have been waiting for this day to come for many years. Today will be the day that we soar together. In the name of the Nine Nether Troop, we will make ourselves known in the Daluo Territory!"

The murmuring voice of Mu Chen rang in the heart of every Nine Nether warrior. Their eyes were sharpened, and a fire was burning within them all. After the wait of so many years, finally, the time had come to show their true strength.

Boom!

Countless people witnessed in astonishment, as a huge black light pillar shot from the Nine Nether Troop. Within that pillar contained a shocking amount of fighting spirit.

Most of the top powers had their facial expressions changed slightly, as their eyes filled with surprise. How can the fighting spirit released from Nine Nether Troop be so domineering?

Mu Chen lifted his head, and as both of his hands opened up, he divided his attentions between the raging fighting spirit and the forming of a formation.

Weng!

At the point where countless beams of fighting spirit intersected, the space was torn apart suddenly. A size of a thousand-foot pitch black glowing wings slowly formed, and the gale between the heaven and earth was blowing at maximum speed.

"Nine Nether Wing, Sky Slayer!"

At this moment, a sharp radiance was forming in Mu Chen's eyes, as he twisted both fingers and pointed out to the space in front of him, before striking forcefully.

Eeek!

A sound from a crying bird seemed to be heard at that instant, while a pitch black glowing wing turned into a sky sword, striking out with full force. The arc of the black-lighted sword collided with the suppressing bloody glowing palm gently.

The moment they collided, all breaths halted quietly.

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#### **Chapter 712: Blood Sacrificing Fighting Spirit**

Shua!

The pitch-black glowing wing flashed across the sky and collided head on with the suppressing Blood Hawk War Seal.

But as the collision occurred, there was no expected cry. Instead, as the two powerful fighting spirits came into contact, only vibrations could be felt. Both powers were trying to engulf one another, hoping to counter and suppress each other.

Everyone's attention was focused on the sky.

While the two parties refused to budge, Wu Tian's face turned grey. This was not the situation he wanted to be in. His Blood Hawk Troop was almost five times larger in number than Nine Nether Troop. His troop should be overpowering theirs.

"We shall see how long you can last!" Wu Tian said it with a cold face. He changed his formation again, only to see more bloody fighting spirits blasted out, charging towards the Blood Hawk War Seal.

The sudden surge in the Blood Hawk War Seal's strength caused Mu Chen to gaze with a serious expression. He took a deep breath and swung his arm like an axe.

A beam of light swept across the sky. As the black glowing wing swept across, the crack on the Blood Hawk War Seal widened to its maximum, splitting itself into two at the end.

Boom.

The Blood Hawk War Seal was blown up in the sky. Fragments scattered like stardust and eventually dispersed.

Wu Tian and the Blood Hawk Troop stood where the fragments dispersed with dazed expressions on their faces.

Wow!

In the sky outside the battlefield, an uproar burst out in astonishment. The top powers looked at each other and did not know how Mu Chen managed to achieve this.

No matter what, the fighting spirit of the Blood Hawk Troop should be much stronger.

Xu Qing watched in surprise, and could not help but ask Lord Asura, "What's going on?" Under normal circumstances, Nine Nether Troop should have been the defeated ones!

Lord Asura also knit his eyebrow slightly. He squinted and said softly, "Mu Chen is really not that simple. Can't you tell now?"

Xu Qing hesitated for a moment before he said, "The fighting spirit of Nine Nether Troop seems to be more formidable in his hands."

"If you were the commander of the troop, could you do that, too?" Lord Asura asked.

Xu Qing paused for a while and shook his head. If he were to command the Nine Nether Troop, he would not be able to beat the Blood Hawk Troop commanded by Wu Tian.

"That's right. This means that Mu Chen surpassed all of you when it comes to understanding and controlling the fighting spirit," Lord Asura said.

"How could it be possible?" Xu Qing exclaimed in astonishment. "Mu Chen has not been here in the Daluo Territory for long, and he has not come across any fighting spirit in the past, while they have already been studying it for a few years."

"That is why I said he is not simple," Lord Asura said calmly.

Xu Qing was speechless. "So did he win the battle bet this time?"

"Not that easily. Although Mu Chen has a better understanding and control of the fighting spirit than you all, the Blood Hawk Troop is also not an easy opponent. On top of that, Wu Tian is not an ordinary character, either. If he wants to fight all out, Mu Chen will have trouble since Nine Nether Troop has its own flaw by nature," Lord Asura continued.

Xu Qing nodded and lifted his head again to stare at the slim figure.

On the other side, Lord Blood Hawk was sulking while the two troops were engaged in a stagnant battle. His expression turned livid when the Blood Hawk War Seal was broken.

"Hmph!"

The loud hmph from the Lord Blood Hawk rang like a clap of thunder in Wu Tian's ear, waking him up from his dazed state. His face was instantly pale.

Mu Chen looked at Wu Tian as his face turned pale. He smiled at him and said, "Seems like numbers will not necessarily win the battle." Mu Chen could not let go of any chance to mock him.

Wu Tian's expression was a little twisted. He stared at Mu Chen with hatred and said coldly, "Mu Chen, it's still too early to be happy!"

"You really think that my Blood Hawk Troop is made out of mud, that easily defeated?" Wu Tian exclaimed with anger. He stomped the blood spear in his hand with a ferocious look. The engulfing bloody fighting spirit gushed towards Mu Chen all at once like a raging flood.

After losing one round, Wu Tian had lost the calmness he had had at the beginning.

Mu Chen watched the massive incoming attack, but he did not fumble. As his sleeves swung, Nine Nether Troop's fighting spirit gushed out and collided head-on with the incoming waves of Blood Hawk fighting spirit.

Dong! Dong!

Two groups of fighting spirits collided with each other in wave after wave, causing a thunderous roar in the sky. The wind grew violent, whirling up the sand and the stones in the air, creating an appalling atmosphere.

This was the type of attack commanded by Wu Tian, but looking at it closely, his bombastic attacks could neither tear down Nine Nether Troop's defenses, nor hurt Mu Chen or any warriors in the troop.

His skill in controlling the fighting spirit was less proficient than Mu Chen's!

As Wu Tian increased his attacks, he started to notice this as well. Even though he did not wish to admit it, the cold hard fact made him realize that aimless attacks would only drag out the battle. As time went on, the situation would be disadvantageous to them when they should have been winning effortlessly.

"This a\*\*hole!"

Wu Tian's eyes were sore, red, and raging with fire. He gritted his teeth. No matter what price they needed to pay, they must win the battle or else Lord Blood Hawk would be furious.

"You forced me into it!" Wu Tian mumbled coldly as he swung his sleeves again. The enveloping attacks suddenly halted for a moment. He cast a revengeful gaze on Mu Chen before he lowered his head, looked at his Blood Hawk Troop, and said coldly, "Blood Sacrificing Fighting Spirit!"

Upon his yell, the troop paused for a moment with hesitation in their eyes. Finally, they all bit the tips of their tongues and countless blood arrows shot out from their mouths.

Shoo! Shoo!

These blood arrows rushed to join the massive fighting spirit, adding more color to the bloody fighting spirits. From afar, it seemed like a stream of blood was flowing while the faces of the Blood Hawk Troops paled in comparison.

Boom!

The sticky, bloody fighting spirit tumbled behind Wu Tian, and the pungent smell of the blood soared into the sky, causing the heaven and earth to turn gloomy as if were the end of the world.

"Bloody Devil Broken Deity Spears!"

Wu Tian's face turned malevolent. He made a formation with both of his hands and then pulled both his palms upwards. An ocean of blood soared into the sky, gathered above the clouds, and eventually, fell like rain.

An approximately 1,000-foot-long Bloody Devil Deity Spear emerged gradually from that rainfall of blood. As the spear appeared, the land seemed to be blowing and shuddering with cold wind.

The facial expressions of the top powers outside of the battlefield changed. Wu Tian must have been really crazy to have used the most formidable trump card in Blood Hawk Troop. That attack could even kill a Grade Three Sovereign in seconds!

Tang Bing and the rest all turned pale. They had never thought that Wu Tian would go to these lengths.

Nine Nether looked coldly at Lord Blood Hawk and said, "People from Blood Hawk Palace are really ruthless."

"We, Blood Hawk Palace, never show mercy when we fight." Lord Blood Hawk sneered.

A coldness flickered in Nine Nether's beautiful eyes. But she did not say anything more, except to focus her attention on the slim figure standing in mid-air above the Nine Nether Troop.

She had already made up her mind. If the situation turned the other way, even if it was against the rules, she would resort to making her moves.

"Mu Chen, let me see how you can evade this!" Wu Tian laughed hideously. As the blood rained down, his face looked even more twisted and horrifying in it.

Mu Chen squinted while looking at the cold Bloody Devil Deity Spear floating in mid-air. He did not answer Wu Tian, who was very excited. Instead, he slowly closed his eyes.

A low voice rang in the heart of every Nine Nether warrior like a murmur, "As long as you are fearless, I will lead you to defeat any enemies."

"Fearless!"

"Dauntless!"

The voice rang in every Nine Nether warriors' heart as they stuck their halberds into the ground, held them with both hands, and knelt down on one knee.

Their heads slowly bowed towards the slender figure in mid-air.

Boom! Boom!

In that instant, a series of magnificent fighting spirits sprouted out like jets of ink. They eventually turned into a whirling windstorm surrounding Mu Chen. The howling cries of the windstorm included the roars of those who desired to fight.

Mu Chen slowly released his palms as he allowed the fighting spirit to roar as loud as it wanted. His will harmonized with the raging fighting spirit...

The fighting spirit windstorm increased at an astonishing speed.

Everyone's facial expressions changed. Even the hideous look on Wu Tian's face was changing.

They could feel that the fighting spirit surrounding Mu Chen had multiplied many times. Within a few seconds, the fighting spirit had already surpassed the fighting spirit formed by the Blood Hawk Troop!

"How could this be possible...?"



Among the soundless exclamations, they watched the figure extend both of his arms within the windstorm. For a while, they were speechless. This young man had already reached such a level in controlling the fighting spirit?

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### **Chapter 713: Victory**

As the vast fighting spirit windstorm swirled around Mu Chen fiercely, the surge of the boundless fighting spirit had caused many stern looks to show up on their faces. They could feel that the fighting spirit that had been exploded by Mu Chen had already surpassed the Blood Hawk Troop!

"How could it be?!" Someone could not help but exclaim.

The Nine Nether Troop was only made up of a mere thousand people, while the Blood Hawk Troop was made up of a total of five thousand. The Nine Nether Troop was completely outnumbered. Moreover, the Blood Hawk Troop was more tyrannical than the Nine Nether Troop.

They did not understand how the Nine Nether Troop could have such a fearsome fighting spirit. Only Lord Asura, Lord Mountain Cracker, and the Lords who had excellent eye powers frowned slightly, as they stared at that figure within that windstorm with sterns looks.

"Looks like I have underestimated him," Lord Asura said to Xu Qing slowly. "Given his understanding and control of the fighting spirit, I am afraid that he has the talent to be a War Troop Dispatcher."

"A War Troop Dispatcher?" Xu Qing felt his eyes twitch. He was also a commander himself, and he had led an army before. He knew that a War Troop Dispatcher could be rare and powerful. That was his dream, but unfortunately, he did not have talent in spiritual arrays, let alone the hopes of becoming a War Troop Dispatcher.

"But nowadays, a good War Troop Dispatcher is even harder to come by than a Spiritual Array Master. If there is no proper guidance, it is hard for him to achieve much on war formations," Lord Asura said with some pity. If the Daluo Territory could have a War Troop Dispatcher, it would help in increasing their strength exponentially.

"An ordinary commander can only lead a troop and activate about one or two out of ten in strength in the fighting spirit. But, given Mu Chen's understanding of the fighting spirit, he can unleash the true power of the fighting spirit."

Lord Asura sighed with feeling and said, "Looks like the outcome of this battle bet is obvious. No wonder Nine Nether dared to take up this battle bet of Blood Hawk Palace, as she had something to count on. Looks like Blood Hawk Palace has trapped themselves."

Xu Qing lifted his head without saying any words. The fighting spirit had grown tremendously in mid-air. The battlefield was torn by it, as if it was being ravaged.

"Playing tricks!"

Wu Tian pulled his face long, but deep down in his eyes, a fear flickered, as the strength that Mu Chen was now displaying was good enough for him to be fearful. No matter what methods he resorted to, he could not surpass or suppress this fellow at all.

On that juvenile face of Mu Chen, there seemed to be only unreadable expressions. However, whatever emotions Wu Tian had, he knew that there was no backing out now. He might be able to find a way out, if he fights with whatever he could. But, once he decided to give up or back out, it would only mean death for him.

"I don't believe you can defy the laws of nature with the strength of Grade One Sovereign!" Wu Tian gritted his teeth, and the cruelty within his blood-shot eyes was flickering. He did not have any hesitation, as he swung his palm forcefully. The blood-stained Bloody Devil Deity Spear that was floating in the sky suddenly stabbed down with force.

Shua!

The speed of the Bloody Devil Deity Spear was amazingly fast. As the wind howled, the space was torn apart, and the spear appeared above the fighting spirit windstorm in a blink of the eye. The terrifying force of the wind shook and cracked the space.

The last attack that gathered all the forces from the Blood Hawk Troop was indeed mighty. At this rate, even a Grade Three Sovereign top power could not handle it.

But Mu Chen was still looking calm, as he opened his pitch-black eyes that were deep, mysterious, and as dark as a night sky. No one could have guessed his thoughts. He formed the formation with both of his palms, as they joined gently together.

Weng Weng!

The fighting spirit windstorm around him started to twist and turn altogether. The glow of it became darker, and it looked like a huge black dragon was going to soar into the sky from afar.

"Nine Nether Feather!"

Mu Chen lifted up his palm, and a huge black feather was seen, rising slowly at the tip of the windstorm. The feather took the shape of a sword, looking like a sword with feathers on it. At the blade of the sword, the edges were filled with tiny saw teeth. The black glow from the sword seemed to be able to penetrate into any spaces.

Mu Chen, looking calm, pointed out both his fingers in the air.

Weng Weng!

That black feather sword vibrated at full speed, and as it stopped vibrating, it vanished into thin air. When it reappeared, it was above the Bloody Devil Deity Spear, pointing down with its tip. The tip of the sword and the tip of the spear looked like needle-like beams, then collided together.

Dang!

The crisp, clear sound of colliding metal came from the sky, and two different fighting spirits were roaring outrageously. Both the black and the red, each occupied half of the sky..

"Break it!"

Wu Tian roared to the sky with a hideous face. Wave after wave of the bloody fighting spirit were sweeping in fiercely, as it looked like he had decided to put up his last fight with all his might.

Mu Chen looked at him calmly with his pitch-black eyes. Both of his fingers stroked the sword gently, "Then, just break it!"

At the tip of the black feather sword, a beam of light was glowing.

Shua!

As the light glowed and disappeared, the feather sword reappeared from behind the Blood Demon Deity Spear, and a tiny crack was expanding itself on the spear body.

Kacha.

As the crack expanded to its maximum, the spear broke into two, then fell helplessly from the sky before it exploded into blazing stardust. As the spear was broken, Wu Tian's face paled all of the sudden, and the warriors from the Blood Hawk Troop had a huge impact, as blood traces could be seen streaming from the corners of their lips.

The sky, which was filled with the fearsome Blood Hawk fighting spirit, was retreating at an astonishing speed. The half-taken sky by the Blood Hawk fighting spirit was cleared out thoroughly within seconds.

The battle between the Nine Nether Troop and the Blood Hawk Troop had officially ended, with the stronger troop, who had the most significant advantage, suffering a complete loss!

Wow!

The sky outside the battlefield burst into an uproar, when they saw this scene. Numerous top powers had serious looks on their faces. Although they did not say anything, an impact was left in their hearts.

The outcome was too overwhelming that no one could feel calm about it. Not only did the Blood Hawk Troop have an advantage in the number of warriors, the commander, Wu Tian, had a strength of Grade Two Sovereign. From both aspects, the Nine Nether Troop should have been on the losing end, but the outcome....Took them by surprise.

The gazes were all now focusing on Mu Chen, as everyone could tell that he was the reason for the win in this battle. This new commander from Nine Nether Palace was indeed formidable.

At this instant, most of the top powers within the Daluo Territory kept their condescending attitudes, as they looked at Mu Chen. Although on the surface, he had only the strength of Grade One Sovereign, the means that he had displayed were something that could not be matched by many within the Daluo Territory, except Nine Nether and those top powers who had more superior qualifications. The new commander, who was brought by Nine Nether, was much more formidable than was the previous Cao Feng.

As the crowd burst into an uproar, some of these gazes swept secretly onto Lord Blood Hawk. His expression was so cold!

The fighting spirit surrounding Mu Chen faded off gradually in the battlefield, while the Nine Nether Troop looked at him with passion and admiration. Their hearts were filled with excitement, as they had

not had a well-known reputation among the Daluo Territory these past few years. In fact, people were disdainful when they mentioned Nine Nether Troop.

But today, under the command of Mu Chen, they finally made a name for themselves for once. From now on, nobody in the Daluo Territory dared mock the Nine Nether Troop again!

"Hehe, thank you for the gift from Blood Hawk Palace." Mu Chen held his fist up, while looking and smiling to Wu Tian, whose face had already paled.

Wu Tian, whose blood was boiling within his body, could not endure his anger and grievances. He spat out a mouthful of blood, staring at Mu Chen with revengeful eyes, wishing he could hack him into pieces.

But Mu Chen did not bother about him. He turned his head and looked at Lord Blood Hawk, who was outside of the battlefield and wearing a stern look. "Lord Blood Hawk, I wonder, when can we officially take over the hundreds of cities, as you promised?"

The face of Lord Blood Hawk twitched slightly. He stared coldly at Mu Chen and said, "How dare a small commander speak to me like this?"

"Huh?!"

As his chilly voice ended, a mighty spiritual energy shrouded toward Mu Chen with force.

Boom!

But when the spiritual energy was just released, over ten light beams with purple flaming glows were targeting and attacking his vital spots, without showing any mercy, with the speed of lightning. Lord Blood Hawk stomped his feet, and a blood-red spiritual energy formed a shield around him.

Bang Bang!

The beams of light hit on his shield, and the spiritual energy vibrated vigorously. The spark from the purple flame stuck onto the shield eroding it rapidly. The expression of Lord Blood Hawk slightly changed, and when he saw it, he immediately stepped a few steps back.

The Spiritual energy broke out from his body, before he could stop the purple flame with its fluctuation. He stared at Nine Nether, who was not far away, with his icy cold glare.

"Lord Blood Hawk, you are getting shameless." A mocking smile appeared on Nine Nether's cold, beautiful face. "If you are not convinced, shall we have a try?"

"Do you think I'm afraid?" Lord Blood Hawk said coldly.

"Enough is enough!"

Just when they were about to argue again, a loud voice rang out from the sky above. The Condor King gradually came into sight. On seeing him, everyone bowed to him in respect.

"Since you have lost the battle bet, you should honor your words. Or else, what are the rules for?" The Condor King looked at Lord Blood Hawk and said.

Lord Blood Hawk gritted his teeth and nodded his head. "Alright, since the bet is over, follow me. Our Daluo Territory's conquest is going to begin." The Condor King waved and said.

The top powers on the spot were stern when they heard this. Finally, the Daluo Territory was going to begin their conquest...

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### **Chapter 714: The Battle of Conquest**

The battle between the Nine Nether Troop and the Blood Hawk Troop had undoubtedly caused quite a commotion in Daluo Territory. Perhaps right from the very beginning, no one had ever expected that the Nine Nether Troop, who had no quantitative advantage, would be able to win the battle against the infamous Blood Hawk Troop.

However, before the commotion in Daluo Territory could give rise to even bigger troubles, an even more sensational event had erupted to distract the people of Daluo Territory from the ruckus, and the clamour was erased without a trace from the people's minds.

This was the Battle of the Conquest of Daluo Territory.

Daluo Territory was one of the very few influential figures in the world, but that did not mean that other forces did not dare to provoke them. In fact, the "Hundred Battle Territory," entrenched on the northwest region of Daluo Territory like a vicious tiger, was one of them.

The Hundred Battle Territory was not a name given to reflect its influential powers, but rather it was simply the name of a region. The region was well-known for its constant havoc as the good and the bad mingled as one, and multiple forces of all shapes and sizes converged within.

Three of the most tyrannical forces could be found within the walls of the Hundred Battle Territory: the Valley of Ten Thousand Swords, the Demonic Corpse Sect, and the Giant Sky of Sorrows.

The Valley of Ten Thousand Swords and the Demonic Corpse Sect were the oldest and most experienced forces in that world. Rumor had it that the founder of the Giant Sky of Sorrows originated from the Lower Planes, and that he was once a well-known formidable figure.

Those three forces were the big shots in the Hundred Battle Territory. Although their overall capabilities could not be compared to the ultimate powers of Daluo Territory, they could still be considered first-rank forces. This was especially evident when they joined forces. Even Daluo Territory would be slightly cautious of them.

In the Hundred Battle Territory, numerous forces looked up to these three forces as leaders since their territories were all connected to each other. Over the years, the Hundred Battle Territory had been continuously usurping the territories of Daluo Territory. Although Daluo Territory would occasionally counter attack, they had shown some form of restraint as their mysterious Dominator lived an ascetic life. Thus, over the years, the Hundred Battle Territory became increasingly arrogant, and they refused to put Daluo Territory before them.

Regarding this, numerous powerhouses in Daluo Territory were actually left in discontentment, but there was nothing that could be done. To start a war, the order could only be given by the Dominator. Even the Three Kings would not have the guts to issue such orders.

The reason for this was that it represented the outbreak of a great war.

Presently, with the upcoming Battle of Conquest, the powerhouses in Daluo Territory were ravished with joy. They knew that only one person in Daluo Territory had the authority to issue the orders for the Battle of Conquest.

That person was none other than the Dominator!

This also meant that the ascetic Dominator had finally returned to the worldly realms again!

Although the many affairs of Daluo Territory were handled by the Three Kings, everyone understood that the spiritual pillar of Daluo Territory was the Dominator himself. Daluo Territory would only truly live up to its name as the most powerful force in the world as long as he still existed within the walls of the territory.

...

Daluotian. Daluo Hall.

The hall was situated at the highest region of Daluotian. Almost all of the higher ups of Daluo Territory congregated in the hall. The hall was so silent, a pin drop could have been heard. An overwhelming suspense was felt by numerous people in Daluo Territory as they looked up in search of their leader's presence. None of them even dared to take a breath.

Mu Chen followed Nine Nether and stood toward the front of the hall. At the very front of the place, the Three Kings stood with their hands clasped in front of them. They did not look like their usual dignified selves.

The glimmering golden throne was situated at the highest point in the hall. Although it merely radiated faintly, no one dared to look straight at it.

Mu Chen glanced at the golden throne. His curiosity was piqued. He really wanted to know what the mysterious Dominator of Daluo Territory looked like.

While Mu Chen was still stuck in curiosity, bright rays suddenly radiated from the throne. The space around it began to distort.

An indescribable sense of repression ravaged the hall like a tempest. Everyone could not help but to bend their bodies.

The Three Kings' stentorian greetings resonated in the hall. "Greetings, Dominator."

"Greetings, Dominator!"

The hall was filled with thunderous greetings. The haughty Lord Blood Hawk also bowed humbly. There was no sign of his usual arrogance and impudence.

Mu Chen lowered his head as well. From the corners of his eyes, he saw the sudden appearance of a golden shadow on the golden throne. The shadow looked as if it were clad in a golden cap. Blinding golden rays radiated in the air. No one could truly see the actual appearance of the shadow with clarity. Mu Chen could not help but feel a little disappointed.

The shadow sat quietly on the throne. His presence was overbearing to the point that it had distorted the space around it.

"Hmm." He nodded slightly. A somewhat hoarse voice gradually began to speak. "I believe that all of you are aware of the issue at hand. In the coming days, Daluo Territory will launch the Battle of Conquest, and our target will be the Hundred Battle Territory."

As he uttered those words, the gazes of the higher ups and powerhouses of Daluo Territory lit up in joy. Were they finally going to launch an attack on the Hundred Battle Territory?

"However, I will not attack too readily in this conquest. I believe that the Hundred Battle Territory secretly has the support of Tian Xuan Hall. Otherwise, even if the useless fellows of the Hundred Battle Territory had lionhearts, they would never have the guts to provoke Daluo Territory." The latter statement made by the Dominator of Daluo Territory left everyone in shock.

"This explains the increasing arrogance of the Hundred Battle Territory over the past few years. They actually have the support of Tian Xuan Hall," murmured the Condor King as he furrowed his eyebrows.

"Tian Xuan Hall?" Mu Chen raised his eyebrows slightly. Was the fellow whom he had snatched the Void Great Solar Fruit and Nine Dragon Nine Elephant Art from at the Continent of Trade the young lord of Tian Xuan Hall?

"Hence, if I were to make a move in this conquest, it would inevitably attract Liu Tiandao's attention. If that were to happen, I'm afraid that I might have to confront Tian Xuan Hall face to face," the Dominator of Daluo Territory said weakly.

The Condor King and the other kings nodded. Liu Tian Dao was also a well-known powerhouse. If they were to provoke him to make a move, it would create too much commotion.

"Please don't worry, Dominator. You don't have to dirty your hands to deal with the Hundred Battle Territory," said the Spiritual Pupil King with a smile on his face.

"I hope so." The Dominator of Daluo Territory nodded. The blinding rays were like a sharp gaze, seeing through everyone's facades as it scanned through the hall. Anyone who was caught by the gaze would be humbled and bow down to the shadow on the throne.

Mu Chen, who stood behind Nine Nether, felt the enigmatic gaze lingering on him. The piercing feeling sent chills into his bones. He quickly lowered his head.

"After this Battle of Conquest, every territory that has been opened up will be owned by its groundbreakers. I will also reward you substantially."

His words caused an uproar in the hall. The gazes of the powerhouses were ignited with passion. Before, they would directly hand over the loot from their expeditions to open up territories to Daluo Territory. However, this time, every region of Daluo Territory would actually be distributed to all. Wouldn't it be a rather humongous cake?

"Besides, whoever is able to gain meritorious achievements in the battle among the younger generation will be allowed to represent Daluo Territory at the Dragon-Phoenix Rift."

Before the older powerhouses could cry tears of joy, the eyes of the youths in the hall widened in excitement as they heard the Dominator's latter statement. They even started to breathe heavily.

Everyone's eyes lit up, especially Xu Qing, Zhou Qiu, and Wu Tian's.

With a puzzled expression, Mu Chen asked Nine Nether, "What is a Dragon-Phoenix Rift?"

"It is one of the wonders of the world. Apparently, during ancient times, a horrifying bloody battle broke out between the Dragon Clan and the Phoenix Clan. In the end, both of them burned out and collapsed onto the ground. Their blood poured into the space. Coupled with the use of time as a catalyst, a magical force eventually emerged. Anyone who entered into the rift would be able to obtain the Dragon God's Abhiseka or the Phoenix God's Abhiseka, and thus achieve immortality," whispered Nine Nether.

"Immortality?" Mu Chen was dumbstruck. Was the Dragon-Phoenix Abhiseka truly capable of such a miracle?

"Obviously, this is just mere exaggeration. It is impossible for the Dragon Clan and the Phoenix Clan to do such a thing. Realistically speaking, if one obtains the Dragon-Phoenix Abhiseka, he or she will be able to obtain the incredible vitality of the Dragon and Phoenix Clans. This is absolutely beneficial for your training," Nine Nether laughed.

Mu Chen was left speechless. The Dragon and Phoenix Clans had the most terrifying vitality in the world. It was way stronger than the vitality of the human race. If a human could obtain such vitality, he would be an invincible humanoid beast...

"However, the conditions to activate the Dragon-Phoenix Rift are really strict. It requires several Sovereign-level powerhouses to simultaneously make a move. Thus, the Northern Territory has an unwritten rule; only the youths who are powerful enough can qualify to enter into the rift. When the moment comes, they must go through a heartless battle against one another."

Mu Chen nodded as he was finally enlightened about the situation. That explained the expressions of Xu Qing and the rest. The Dragon-Phoenix Rift seemed so mystical. Plus, if any one of them was able to enter into the Dragon-Phoenix Rift, his name would be in the hall of fame as the strongest youth in the whole Northern Territory. Undoubtedly, anyone would kill to possess such glory.

As Mu Chen and Nine Nether were chatting, the Dominator of Daluo Territory, who was seated on the throne, suddenly uttered, "Wasn't there a military battle between the Blood Hawk Troop and the Nine Nether Troop? Who won?"

The hall suddenly turned silent. Everyone's gaze shifted toward Mu Chen, who looked stunned, and Wu Tian, whose face turned pale upon hearing the question. Neither of them expected the Dominator of Daluo Territory to show interest in such a minor issue.

Lord Blood Hawk looked a little embarrassed. The topic was evidently like a wound in his heart. However, now that these old wounds were reopened by the Dominator of Daluo Territory himself, he did not dare to feel even a hint of anger.

"Hehe, Dominator, it was the Nine Nether Troop who won the battle," said the Condor King as he smiled faintly.



"Oh?"

The shadow cloaked in blinding rays smiled. "The return of the Nine Nether King has brought forth a new talent with rather great potential to Daluo Territory.

"I heard that it was a battle. Lord Blood Hawk, do concede defeat if you have lost this battle."

Upon hearing the Dominator's words, Lord Blood Hawk quickly responded in agreement. However, the corner of his mouth twitched a little. Since the Dominator had brought this up, he did not dare to make a scene about the defeat.

The Dominator of Daluo territory nodded and did not say anything more. With just a wave of his hand, his figure vanished in the midst of the radiating lights. The terrifying sense of tension that shrouded the hall also disappeared without a trace.

Everyone in the hall let out a sigh of relief. The majestic presence of an Earthly Sovereign was truly frightening.

While everyone finally let their guard down, they looked peculiarly at the young man who stood behind Nine Nether. The fact that the young man was able to receive great compliments from the territory owner meant that not many people in Daluo Territory would dare to provoke him in the upcoming days.

At the very front of the hall, the Sleeping King glanced at Mu Chen. He looked rather surprised. He had worked under the Dominator of Daluo Territory for the longest time, but this was the first time he had actually paid special regard to a lowly commander...

"This young man is rather interesting..."

## [The Great Ruler](#)

### **Chapter 715: Heavenly Pills**

As the meeting between the kings ended, the whole Daluo Territory entered into a commotion. They knew that the dormant Daluo Territory would finally expose their ferocious fangs once again.

The forces that had been provoking Daluo Territory nonstop over these years would finally understand that once this sleeping tiger wakes up from hibernation, they would be confronted with the most terrifying revenge. A string of commands was issued from Daluotian in perfect order. Numerous forces in the Daluo Territory started moving their troops around, secretly plotting strategies to win this battle.

This would indeed be an actual battle!

Nine Nether Palace.

On this very day, the Nine Nether Palace had been completely filled with cheers of joy. Excitement was plastered all over everyone's faces. Years of pent-up anger and frustration was finally released.

From today onward, no one in the Daluo Territory would look at the Nine Nether Palace with mocking gazes ever again. The Nine Nether Hall was a scene of jubilation. Everyone toasted each other and were oddly high-spirited. The Nine Nether Palace was filled with laughter.

Mu Chen lay down on the roof of the hall. The moon hung in the night sky and bright moonlight lit up the dark.

He could hear their laughter. The corner of his mouth curled up into a smile, but he immediately lifted his head and stared at the moon. It was as if he saw a beautiful smiling figure looming in his gaze.

"Luo Li..."

Mu Chen uttered to himself. Looking back, they had already been separated for half a year. He wondered how she was coping in the Luo God Clan. It would not be too easy, right? The heavy burden of the Luo God Clan fell on her delicate shoulders. Mu Chen's heart ached at the mere thought of it.

However, he knew that his present capabilities were not sufficient to provide her with any help. He could not even appear at the place where she was at, as it would definitely only bring her more woes and troubles. Although she would probably not mind, the ego and arrogance of a man prevented Mu Chen from allowing such matters from happening.

"Luo Li, I am also working hard to make myself stronger. However... believe me, one day, I will become an unrivalled powerhouse. When the time comes, I will not allow you to suffer from any more injustice."

Mu Chen clenched his fists slowly. An unrivalled powerhouse. These simple words held such tremendous weight. Perhaps everyone else would chuckle at his outrageous dreams, but the girl had never doubted him. She always had faith in him.

"Are you thinking about your little lover again?" A delicate voice suddenly appeared from behind. He turned around, not realizing that Nine Nether had been sitting on the steeple of the roof all along. Her black hair cascaded down her face like a waterfall as it blew in the wind.

Mu Chen smiled sheepishly. Nine Nether cupped her cheeks with her lily-white hands. Her solemn expression gradually softened into a rare gentle smile.

"Thank you once again," she said.

Mu Chen shook his head and chuckled. "Do you think I'll still have the guts to not do my best, when you are willing to put Nine Nether palace at stake for the sake of this battle?"

Nine Nether stood up. Her scent wafted near as she breezed toward Mu Chen. She tapped his shoulders lightly with her delicate hands. "Take a chill pill. Since I was the one who brought you out of the Northern Heaven Spiritual Academy, I will not disappoint you. I have faith in you. One day, when everyone in the Tianluo Continent knows your name, you can finally step foot in the Luo God Clan with pride. Meanwhile, I will try my best to help you achieve your target. This is my promise to you," said Nine Nether, a cheerful smile on her face.

Mu Chen stared at the beautiful face. He was sincerely moved by her words. As he reminisced about the past, he realized that Nine Nether had been helping him all along.

She was always there to help him at his most difficult moments. Although Nine Nether had initially possessed his body with an undesirable purpose, they tried to communicate with each other after accidentally connecting their bloodlines together. Now, they were inseparable.

"Thank you," whispered Mu Chen sincerely.

Nine Nether smiled sweetly as she waved her lily-white hands. "Alright, stop feeling touched over nothing. Our bloodlines are connected. If you died inexplicably, I would have to die along with you, and I'm not willing to do so!"

Mu Chen could not help but roll his eyes at her. She had completely killed the cordial mood.

"In this battle of conquest, The Nine Nether Palace will probably start their journey very soon. The potpourri of people, the good and the bad of the Hundred Battle Territory will definitely be a tough nut to crack. However, no matter what happens, you must stand out in this battle," uttered Nine Nether, a grave expression on her beautiful face.

His eyes lit up. "Is it because of the so-called Dragon-Phoenix Rift?"

Nine Nether nodded her head gracefully as she spoke. "You should not undermine the importance of the Dragon-Phoenix Rift. I have heard good things about it while I was still in the clan. It doesn't matter whether you have obtained the Dragon God's Abhiseka or the Phoenix God's Abhiseka, either one of them will still greatly benefit your training in the future. The benefits that you'll obtain from the Abhiseka are incomparable with the meek powers of the Daluo Golden Pool."

She continued her speech. "Only the cream of the crop among the youths can qualify to enter the Rift. You are still inexperienced. Thus, if you do not seize the opportunity to shine in the battle of conquest, I'm afraid that it'll be extremely difficult for you to grab that one and only slot."

Mu Chen nodded his head and turned his gaze toward Nine Nether. "You're probably eligible for this as well, right?"

Nine Nether actually had the body of a Nine Netherworld Bird. If her age was calculated based on the years of the Nine Netherbird Clan, she had just come of age recently. Thus, she would still be considered as one of the youths.

"I have the body of the Divine Beast. Thus, the Dragon-Phoenix Rift will only bring little benefit to me." Nine Nether smiled.

Mu Chen fixed his eyes on her. In the end, he never said anything more, just simply nodded his head. Some things were better left unsaid. The sacrifice that Nine Nether had made for his sake was much more than this.

"I will do my best," said Mu Chen, nodding his head.

She extended her hand and a jade bottle appeared in the blink of an eye. A round and plump-looking emerald green pill floated quietly in the translucent jade bottle. The relaxing fragrance of the pill permeated the bottle and lingered in the air.

"This is the Heavenly Pill. It will probably help you. Obviously, this is also your loot," said Nine Nether with a smile. "I will portion out the leftover four pills myself, since it will not benefit you if you overdose on it."

Mu Chen took the jade bottle from her hand curiously. His eyes were fixated on the Heavenly Pill. Then, a wild grin broke upon his face. "Lord Blood Hawk has actually taken it out!"

"Well, initially, there were some setbacks. Judging from Lord Blood Hawk's usual attitude, he will probably procrastinate, even if he does intend to give it to us. However, fortunately, the dominator voiced up today. I doubt he would have the guts to make a scene."

Nine Nether smiled, but she immediately asked in a puzzled manner, "The dominator has never cared about the battles among the peasants. It is rather surprising for him to pay solicitude to this battle. I guess we have quite the luck."

With his status as the dominator of Daluo Territory, battles like the one between the Nine Nether Troop and the Blood Hawk Troop would probably seem like child's play in his eyes. He had no reason to pay any attention to it.

Mu Chen scratched his head. He was not familiar with the dominator of Daluo Territory. Thus, all he could do was to laugh shamelessly. "Perhaps the dominator thinks I have great potential."

Nine Nether rolled her eyes at Mu Chen, who was feeling a little too good about himself, but she was too lazy to rebut his statements. She waved her delicate hands and floated down to the hall.

Mu Chen smiled as he stared at Nine Nether's disappearing silhouette. He held the jade bottle in his hands, his heart filled with joy. He would finally be able to achieve the status of a Grade Two Sovereign with the aid of the Heavenly Pill's powers.

"I can't believe that a single Heavenly Pill could make you grin like an idiot. You are so lame!" A childish yet sluggish voice suddenly appeared. Mu Chen quickly turned around, and his gaze was immediately greeted by the barefooted Mandela, who was donned in a black dress and had knee-long hair. Her little snow white feet tapped on the sharp eaves of the roof. She stared at him in disdain.

"He whose belly is full believes not him who is starving." Mu Chen pouted, but then immediately reminded her, "The dominator of Daluo Territory has returned to the worldly realms. You better be careful. Don't let anyone discover you."

The dominator of Daluo Territory was the ultimate powerhouse, having achieved the status of Earthly Sovereign. He had a terrifyingly sharp sixth sense. Although Mandela was an extremely mysterious being, there was no guarantee that she would not be discovered one day.

After Mandela heard his statements, she gave Mu Chen a side-eye and said faintly, "If I don't want anyone to find me, no one will."

"Fine, you're the best." Mu Chen was pissed off at her cockiness, but all he could do was roll his eyes and leave.

"Hold on," said Mandela.

"Hmm?" Mu Chen looked at the little girl in confusion. Her skirt fluttered in the night wind.

Mandela bit her lips lightly and hesitated for short while. She then said, "After three days, the curse will erupt in my body. At that time, I will need to rely on the power of the Immortal Pages in your body."

"Why is it happening so quick?" said Mu Chen, astonished.

"For the following period of time, I must make sure that my body is at its peak. Thus, I must first remove this dark thorn," said Mandela, a grave expression on her small face.

Mu Chen contemplated for a while, then nodded his head. Although he was curious of the reason behind Mandela's terrifying abilities, he could not help but question: Why did she need to tune her body to its finest condition? Was she going to face an extreme danger soon?

"After I've suppressed the curse, I'll teach you how to train your Great Solar Undying Body. With your current capabilities, you are still unable to unleash its true powers," said Mandela weakly.

Mu Chen was stupefied. He immediately looked at Mandela with a joyful gaze. This temptation was fatal to him. Although the Great Solar Undying Body was formidable, it was still a profound mystery. He only knew the ways to successfully train it, but he never knew how to unleash the message behind its powers.

"How do you know how to train the Great Solar Undying Body?" Although Mu Chen was ravished in joy, he still could not help but ask the question.

However, Mandela had completely given him a cold shoulder. As her little feet tapped on the roof, her body descended down the hall and disappeared into the dark night. All that was left was a faint voice.

"I will look for you after three days."

(To be continued. If you enjoy reading this novel, you are welcomed to vote for us in the recommended chart! Your support is our motivation!)

## [The Great Ruler](#)

### **Chapter 716: Grade Two Sovereign**

Over the next few days, the atmosphere in Daluo Territory became increasingly tense. The princes were busy recruiting troops, and information about the Hundred Battle Territory was flowing continuously into Daluotian. In the vast Daluo Territory, a power struggle had finally begun.

Nine Nether Palace had been rather busy. Those 100 cities belonging to Blood Eagle Temple were quickly conquered. Although this was not enough to give Nine Nether Palace the kind of wealth that speaks louder than words, compared to its previously pathetic state, it was without a doubt many times better. Furthermore, in the Battle of Conquest, this method was the best way to obtain resources. Now that it was seizing the opportunity, Nine Nether Palace would certainly become a powerhouse.

Just when Nine Nether Palace's activities were at their peak, Mu Chen chose to seclude himself in order to reach the Grade Two Sovereign-level. This was possible since many things were handled by Tang Bing, the chief governor. With Tang Bing's systematic delegation and command, even Nine Nether could not do as well as she did.

Hence, Nine Nether Place's operations totally did not worry him or Nine Nether.

Nine Nether Palace, cultivation chamber.

Mu Chen was sitting down cross-legged, adjusting his state of mind. After a long while, he made a fist, and a crystal-clear alabaster jar abruptly appeared in his palm. Inside the alabaster jar there was a

round, dark green pill floating within. It emitted a thick fragrance that permeated the cultivation chamber.

Mu Chen stared at this Heavenly Pill. After pondering for a short while, he swung his sleeve, and a resplendent torrent suddenly flowed out, zig-zagging around him.

Within the torrent were droplets of saturated Sovereign Spiritual Liquid. Expansive spiritual energy fluctuations rippled out, making the air in the cultivation chamber viscous.

There were Nine Grades of Sovereign, and breaking through each of them was not an easy task. The vast majority of people could not break through with years of hard training, thus it could be seen that there was a huge gap between grades.

Therefore, even though Mu Chen had the Heavenly Pill, he would still take in large amounts of Sovereign Spiritual Liquid with the pill to maximize the medicine's efficacy in order to achieve a breakthrough.

This is nearly 2,000 droplets of Sovereign Spiritual Liquid...

Mu Chen watched the torrent, feeling a little distressed. Previously, he had given most of the Sovereign Spiritual Liquid to Tang Bing to support the training of the Nine Nether Troop. Therefore, the Sovereign Spiritual Liquid he had currently did not even amount to 5,000 drops. He obtained it from completely extracting the Sovereign Spiritual Liquid sealed within the Sovereign Spiritual Liquid Collection Bowl.

After advancing in Sovereign-Level, Mu Chen could definitely feel the importance of Sovereign Spiritual Liquid in cultivations. It was almost like eating rice, something that was essential. No wonder so many Sovereign Masters were willing to obey the orders of some forces in order to obtain Sovereign Spiritual Liquid.

While Sovereign Spiritual Liquid did not make the world go 'round, it did allow Sovereign Masters to grind their skill...

That was just to break through First Grade Sovereign. I could not imagine how tremendous the amount of Sovereign Spiritual Liquid needed in future will be, thought Mu Chen helplessly. It seemed that he had to think of a way to store large amounts of Sovereign Spiritual Liquid. Otherwise, when he wanted to make the next breakthrough but did not have enough Sovereign Spiritual Liquid to sustain him, it would really give him immense grief.

He shook his head, trying to suppress those thoughts, and took a deep breath. With a flick of his finger, the crystal-clear alabaster jar in his palm abruptly melted away, and the Heavenly Pill was exposed. Instantly, the whole cultivation chamber was filled with the pill's fragrance.

Mu Chen breathed in through his mouth, and the Heavenly Pill converted into a stream of light, directly entering his mouth.

Mu Chen quickly formed a seal with both hands. The space warp rippled behind him as the majestic Sovereign Sea loomed behind him. He could feel that there was a huge amount of spiritual energy emanating from his body.

Mu Chen calmed his mind and with a somber facial expression, he gradually closed his eyes and promptly entered the cultivation state. This time, he had to break through the level of First Grade Sovereign with courage!

Three days quickly passed.

During the three days, the cultivation chamber was completely covered with an extremely viscous spiritual cloud. Mu Chen's silhouette could not be seen within.

However, in that opaque spiritual cloud, it could be felt that there was a wave of spiritual energy fluctuation rapidly growing stronger.

The spiritual cloud cover only started to weaken on the third day. The moment the spiritual cloud completely disappeared was exactly the moment Mu Chen was seen opening his mouth, sucking in the last bit of Sovereign Spiritual Liquid.

His surroundings were rippling with spiritual energy, but now it was rapidly fading away. Mu Chen's tightly shut eyes opened slightly.

Boom!

When his black eyes opened, a radiant flash like a thunderbolt emerged all of a sudden, lifting Mu Chen's robe vigorously while making loud noises. A surge of frightful spiritual energy rippled and broke out.

Bang! Bang!

The air in the cultivation chamber instantly exploded. When the shockwave from the explosion swept fiercely into the cultivation chamber's wall, the concentrated radiance on the wall suddenly flashed and forcibly resisted the shockwave.

The radiance in Mu Chen's eyes lasted for a few minutes before it slowly dimmed. That terrifying spiritual energy fluctuation returned to his body.

The weak radiance under his skin, however, did not dissipate. Mu Chen knew that was because the spiritual energy in his body was too majestic, and he could not hold it in completely at the moment.

Mu Chen stood up, feeling the increasingly majestic spiritual energy in Sovereign Sea. The corners of his mouth curled into a satisfied smile. The gap between Sovereign-levels was indeed very large. Currently, the spiritual energy in his Sovereign Sea was many times stronger than before the breakthrough.

Right now, even if he upset a person with the caliber of the four great commanders like Xu Qing and Zhou Yue, he would not be afraid at all. With this power, he had more confidence in the upcoming Battle of Conquest.

Mu Chen waited for the surging spiritual energy in his body to gradually calm down before he exited the cultivation chamber. Outside the cultivation chamber, there were a few Nine Nether Troops standing guard. The moment they saw Mu Chen walking out, they quickly bowed.

Mu Chen waved his hands and said, "How has the preparation in the palace been going these past few days?"

"All ready. We can depart anytime," the Nine Nether Troop soldier replied respectfully.

Mu Chen nodded. With the presence of Tang Bing as a great governor, everything in Nine Nether Palace was clearly in order. He waved away the Nine Nether Troop soldier, and suddenly his expression changed. He lifted his head and saw in the sky not too far away, a petite silhouette appear out of nowhere like a ghost. That pair of large golden eyes unnervingly intimidated people in the night.

When Mandela's little leg touched the void, her body appeared abruptly in front of Mu Chen. She scanned him with her big golden eyes and said, "Looks like the breakthrough succeeded. It was effective after all."

"With the Heavenly Pill and so much Sovereign Spiritual Liquid, it would be inexcusable if it failed," laughed Mu Chen.

"Then come with me." Mandela nodded. Not saying anything more, she waved her small hand and turned her back to walk into the void. Seeing this, Mu Chen hesitated for a moment, and then quickly followed her.

The two of them were swept out of Nine Nether Palace, and following Mandela's lead, Mu Chen went straight into Daluotian's deep area. She did not cover up at all in the journey. She just flitted with high speed. This made Mu Chen tremble slightly with fear, because the deep area of Daluotian was guarded particularly strictly. And the one standing guard was not just any army, but the Daluo Celestial Army directly under the command of Daluo Territory. It was an elite army that only obeyed the orders of Daluo Territory's master.

However, what Mu Chen worried about did not happen in the end. Although there were powerful patrols passing in the sky all the time, under Mandela's influence, it was as if Mu Chen had entered an uninhabited place, and no one noticed him.

Mu Chen witnessed this great trick of Mandela's again. With this strength, even in the Tianluo Continent, she would never be a nobody.

The two sneaked into Daluotian's deep area without a problem, and they stopped in front of a huge, black mountain peak. Mandela moved her tiny hand, and a big, black light array appeared on top of the peak.

Rumble.

The large peak shook shockingly, and a large crevice slowly cracked open. Mandela led the way into it, and Mu Chen followed.

Entering the mountain through the crevice, the sight Mu Chen beheld gave his eyes a scare. He saw that the entire mountain was emptied, and the internal walls of the mountain were completely carved with lines of black and ancient light patterns, vaguely giving a mysterious feeling.

Mu Chen stared at those ancient light patterns, and his eyes shook for a moment. This was because he realized that those light patterns seemed to form a very strong spiritual array.

The complexity of that spiritual array was beyond his imagination. Clearly, the level of this spiritual array was not low.



"Did you make all of these?" said Mu Chen, baffled. What he could not even figure out was how Mandela sneaked such a big move right under the noses of the top powers in Daluo Territory. Was the master of Daluo Territory completely dumb? Or did he reach some kind of agreement with Mandela?

As always, Mandela did not answer him. Her snow-white tiny feet touched the ground, and she abruptly appeared in the middle of mountain. There was a black pool of water there, and although the pool was like boiling water, Mu Chen felt a chill in his bones from it. The contrasting feelings made him suffer very much.

Mu Chen moved to the side of the pool and asked hesitantly, "What do you need me to do?"

"Wait for my order and just summon the Immortal Pages when I say so," Mandela replied with a tender voice. Although her voice was young, there was an unquestionable dignity in her tone.

Mu Chen nodded while curling his lip. Before he could say anything, his eyes suddenly widened. The little girl totally ignored him and removed her black dress before his eyes, showing a petite, white, and delicate body just like a little lamb.

"If you don't want your eyes anymore, then keep on looking." There was a shiver of coldness coming from the young voice, making him shudder.

Still, he said unwillingly, "It is your fault for not even giving a hint of a warning. Besides, I am not interested in that body of yours."

Bam!

The moment Mu Chen's voice faded away, a large force surged and sent him flying. When he embarrassingly regained his balance, wanting to complain angrily, he saw that petite body dive into the dark pool of water as if she were a little fish. That scene, however, became an extremely touching one inside that cold mountain.

## [The Great Ruler](#)

### **Chapter 717: Suppressing the Curse**

Splash!

The crisp sound of something falling into the water reverberated within the vast mountains. It was Mandela, who had leapt into the dark pool of water. Upon her entering the pool, the bubbling water became more turbulent, with gurgling sounds ringing throughout the space.

Mu Chen glanced over with a solemn gaze, as black thorns began to sprout from Mandela's fair and petite body. He could see that the black thorns were embedded within her flesh deeply. The thorns squirmed around, resembling venomous snakes, absorbing her energy ravenously.

Mandela sat cross-legged in the pool, her eyebrows knit together in agonizing pain. The sight before Mu Chen shocked him greatly. It was clear that the young girl had an extraordinary pain tolerance.

The pain he felt just watching her now was excruciating, so he had to wonder exactly how great was the extent of the pain she was actually going through at the moment?!

As he watched in horror, the black thorns emerged out of her flesh continuously, one by one. Within a few moments, they had surrounded most of her body.

"Is this a curse?" Mu Chen kept staring in horror. Mandela's capabilities were already terrifying, so he could not imagine how scarily powerful a person would have to be in order to cast a curse on her!

As the black thorns continued to grow, Mandela's fair skin started to turn black gradually, until only her golden doe eyes retained their original color. However, Mu Chen could feel her body trembling violently, so he knew that she must be suppressing something with all of her might...

Whoosh!

The black pool of water continued to bubble. Suddenly, Mandela's long hair billowed out, as black beams of light burst forth behind her thin back. Then, a massive black thorn tore out of her body like a venomous python!

Hiss!

The grotesque black thorn writhed around in a frenzy. As it struggled, Mandela would hum in pain, crimson blood dripping down as she gritted her teeth. It was a horrifying sight to behold.

Buzz!

However, just as the black thorn sprouted, ancient light symbols that were carved on the walls of the cave shone brightly, accompanied by beams of spiritual energy light. These sources of supernatural light then surged, converging together to shine on the hideous thorn on Mandela's back.

Whoosh whoosh.

As the beams of light shone, white mist surged out of the thorn and a piercing scream rang out, as if the black thorn had a life of its own. However, the beams of light failed to suppress the black thorn entirely, as the black mutants could still be seen struggling wildly, continuing to emerge from Mandela's body sluggishly. With every newly sprouted thorn, the blood at the corner of Mandela's mouth dripped out a bit more, as if this black thorns were sapping her life away.

Bubble.

The black pool bubbled and boiled wildly, as beams of black light surged out, tussling with the black thorns. In the end, however, they could only alleviate the situation slightly.

As the black thorns continued to grow out of Mandela's body, they tore at her flesh. The gory scene caused even Mu Chen to look on in complete terror. Despite withstanding such excruciating pain, Mandela did not scream out, but gritted her teeth and bore it bravely.

"Mu Chen!"

However, there was a limit to Mandela's tolerance, as she finally lifted her head, cold sweat dripping down her face, and cried out to Mu Chen. She gnashed her teeth, and her normally sweet voice became hoarse, causing anyone to sympathize with her.

Mu Chen nodded to her immediately, his hands conjuring seals. The spiritual energy in his Sovereign Sea surged. Then, a page of mysterious black light burst out, hovering before him.

The Immortal Page hovered in mid-air silently, ancient and mysterious symbols covering its entirety. A faint purple light emanated from it, causing people to feel an inexplicable air of serenity.

Mu Chen gazed at the Immortal Page, then at Mandela, before gritting his teeth. With a flick of his fingers, the Immortal Page rushed towards the girl. Since he had chosen to trust her, there was no time to hesitate.

The Immortal Page hovered above the pool of water. Then, with a weak wave of Mandela's hand, a beam of light shot out and enveloped the Immortal Page, causing it to glow with a dark purple light.

Light burst out, as a massive mandala flower appeared in mid-air, its petals blooming slowly. Then, even more dark purple light descended, enshrouding the flower within it.

Whoosh whoosh!

Under the influence of the dark purple light, the black thorns squirmed in a state of unrest. Wherever they came into contact with the purple light, the black thorns seemed to show signs of melting, as black liquid dripped down from them.

Hiss!

A shrill cry emanated from the black thorns, as the speed in which they were growing finally halted. Then, with the light from the flower, the black demons were slowly suppressed back into Mandela's body.

Boom!

The black thorns were clearly reluctant to being suppressed, so with an explosive burst of black light, the thorns tore through space, sweeping toward the mandala flower as swift as lightning. Facing the attack, the mandala flower continued to emit purple light, which acted as a defensive barrier.

No matter how fiercely the black thorns' attacks were, they could not penetrate through the flower's defenses. Furthermore, the purple light continued to melt with every attack.

Upon seeing this scene, Mu Chen heaved a sigh of relief. Luckily, this method of rescue had been effective.

With the assistance of the mandala flower, the pressure that Mandela was facing was reduced. Only then was she able to slowly relax, her eyebrows no longer knit in a frown.

She reached out her hand to wipe the blood off of the corner of her mouth. Although it was only a small gesture, it was a struggle for her to do so, due to her weakened state.

Meanwhile, still in mid-air, the flower was clearly gaining an edge over the black thorns, as the latter's hideous aura was weakening, causing it to slowly succumb to being returned into Mandela's body.

Mandela could sense the sluggish state of the black thorns, so she now could fully relaxed and let her guard down.

She could no longer withstand the agonizing pain in her body. She fell to her knees in the pool, heaving deep breaths, cold sweat dripping down her delicate features.

However, just as she relaxed, one of the black thorns, which had been suppressed to only half a foot, suddenly burst out. At the same time, a thorn that was embedded with spikes charged violently towards her throat!

The reflection of the black spikes expanded in Mandela's golden eyes. She knew that her strength had not yet had time to recover, rendering her defenceless to avoid them. Instantly, her face paled in fear.

Whoosh!

Just as Mandela gritted her teeth in preparation to bear the sudden blow, a sharp gust of wind stopped the spikes mere inches before her throat. Although a small wound was still inflicted, she was remarkably unscathed.

Mandela lifted her head in shock. As her eyes focused, she saw a palm on the spikes. As her gaze followed the palm, she found Mu Chen standing in front of her. He had grabbed the spikes just in the nick of time.

However, just as he had grabbed the spikes, the incredibly sharp spikes pierced through his palm, causing blood to trickle down profusely, as an excruciating pain bloomed in his palm.

He could only bear the immense pain for a few moments, before he crumpled down. As he knelt on the ground, his eyes turned bloodshot. Gnashing his teeth, Mu Chen refused to loosen his grip, still attempting to pull the black spikes back.

Mandela gritted her teeth, and with a wave of her hand, a dazzling purple light emanated from the flower in the sky. Then, with a whoosh, the black thorns could no longer withstand the fight. They struggled out of Mu Chen's palm, only to be suppressed into her body once again.

Splash.

Mu Chen could no longer bear the pain, as his body fell into the pool. In a state of embarrassment, he trembled before pulling himself out and to his feet, intense fear still apparent on his face.

"Do you want to die?" Seeing that he was alright, Mandela heaved a sigh of relief, before questioning him coldly.

"I'm helping you." Exasperation was written all over Mu Chen's face. He had helped her so much, yet she still reprimanded him...

"You acted without knowing anything! If you didn't possess the Immortal Page, you would now also be infected by the curse!" Mandela reprimanded him coldly.

Mu Chen's expression twisted, as he hurriedly looked down at his palm. Sure enough, a hideous black mark remained there. Fortunately, purple light emitted from his body right at that very moment, erasing the black mark away entirely. Clearly, this was a healing power that could only be from the Immortal Page.

Mu Chen broke out in a cold sweat, realizing what a close call it had been. He had witnessed how horrifying the curse was. With his limited ability, he knew that, if he had been infected with the curse without possessing the Immortal Page, he would have suffered a fate worse than death!

"Are you feeling alright now?" Mu Chen glanced at Mandela.

"For now." Mandela tried to move, but upon realizing that her strength was completely depleted, she knit her eyebrows in a frown.

Mu Chen stretched out his hand to retrieve the Immortal Page. He then glanced at Mandela and pursed his lips. He then took out a loose black robe to cover her petite body, before carrying her out of the freezing pool.

While all of this was happening, Mandela only glanced calmly at Mu Chen with her golden doe eye. She did not resist, but only leaned into his embrace silently, resting in order to regain her strength.

Still carrying her, Mu Chen leapt out of the pool and placed her on a huge boulder. The young girl sat quietly atop the boulder, her wet long black hair sticking to her body, revealing her every curve despite the loose black robe.

Silently recuperating, she glanced at Mu Chen, who appeared to be quite bored, just sitting off to the side. She then stated nonchalantly, "Thank you for your help. As a token of my appreciation, I will tell you what I know about the mysterious art of the Great Solar Undying Body."

Upon hearing this, Mu Chen perked up in excitement.

### [The Great Ruler](#)

#### **Chapter 718: The Power of Nine Suns**

In the vast, empty cave, Mandela's petite body was wrapped under the loose black robe. Her big golden eyes glanced calmly at Mu Chen, whose eyes flashed with excitement because of her words. "The Great Solar Undying Body is the foundation to cultivating the Primordial Immortal Body, and although it is not included within the ranks of the 99 Sovereign Celestial Bodies, if it were included, it could at least be ranked within the top 30 positions."

"Top 30? That powerful?"

Mu Chen was surprised. He had never belittled the Great Solar Undying Body, but he had never thought it would be ranked among the top 30, as he was clear that the Sovereign Celestial Bodies who were ranked within the top 30 could be considered as a sect's key treasure among the primordial clans and superpowers. At least, such powerful ranks of Sovereign Celestial Bodies would not appear in Daluo Territory.

"You should know about the origins of the Primordial Immortal Body. As one of the rare Primitive Celestial Bodies, even if the Great Solar Undying Body is just its foundation, normal Sovereign Celestial Bodies could not match up to it," said Mandela.

Mu Chen nodded. After the primordial calamity, only five Primitive Celestial Bodies remained, and the Primordial Immortal Body was one of them.

The power that these five Primitive Celestial Bodies possessed was infinitely stronger than other Sovereign Celestial Bodies.

"Although you have successfully cultivated the Great Solar Undying Body, you have never truly understood its true power." Mandela pursed her lips, as if ridiculing Mu Chen's waste of something so wondrous.

Embarrassment was written on Mu Chen's face. After all, he had just cultivated the Great Solar Undying Body not long ago, and it was natural that he had not yet explored its true mystery. Furthermore, he had obtained the art of cultivation from the Immortal Pages, and it had only revealed the methods of cultivating it. As for what it was capable of, there were many aspects left for him to explore on his own.

"I will have to ask Lord Mandela to guide me then." Since he needed someone to give him directions, Mu Chen could only humbly seek help.

"Do you know what Sovereign Super Power is?" Mandela asked calmly.

Mu Chen nodded slightly. The Sovereign Super Power was a unique method that only people who possessed a powerful Sovereign Celestial Body could utilize, but among those Sovereign Celestial Bodies he had seen before, he had never seen anyone who possessed the Sovereign Super Power.

"You mean, the Great Solar Undying Body also possesses a Sovereign Super Power?"

Mandela pursed her lips as she commented, "If even a Sovereign Celestial Body like the Great Solar Undying Body didn't possess a Sovereign Super Power, how many other Sovereign Celestial Bodies would be worthy of possessing it?"

"The Sovereign Super Power, which the Great Solar Undying Body possesses, is also known as the Power of Nine Suns."

"The Power of Nine Suns?" Mu Chen was slightly stunned before he pondered this and asked, "Has it got to do with the Nine Suns Zoysia that was used to cultivate it?"

Mandela looked at Mu Chen in surprise before commenting, "Looks like you are not that stupid after all."

Mu Chen's mouth twitched.

"After the Nine Suns Zoysia has been cultivated, it transforms into nine Great Solar Crystals within the Great Solar Undying Body. If you can nurture and activate it, the Power of Nine Suns can easily help you defeat countless opponents," Mandela stated slowly.

"Great Solar Crystals?"

Mu Chen's brows knitted together as he closed his eyes, and a powerful spiritual energy burst out. As gold light surged, the Great Solar Undying Body appeared in a flash while he focused on sensing it. A moment later, he followed the flow of spiritual energy and realized that there were indeed nine spots which had fluctuations that were out of the ordinary.

The fluctuations were so minute that they were hidden under the spiritual energy, and if Mu Chen had not tried to find them intentionally, it would have been difficult to detect them.

Mu Chen focused his attentions more as he inspected these spots, and he discovered that there were indeed nine golden crystals that were spherical in shape in the depths where spiritual energy surged. A powerful fluctuation emanated subtly, yet surely.

"Are those the Great Solar Crystals?"

Understanding dawned on Mu Chen as he dissipated his Great Solar Undying Body. He opened his eyes and asked urgently, "How do I activate these Great Solar Crystals?"

He could feel the immense power embedded within the Great Solar Crystals, and if he could cultivate it, it would cause his abilities to grow stronger.

"That's simple. Just use your spiritual energy to activate them. If you have insufficient spiritual energy, then use Sovereign Spiritual Liquid to activate them. I think if you want to nurture and activate the first Great Solar Crystal, it would require 50,000 to 60,000 drops of Sovereign Spiritual Liquid," Mandela remarked casually.

"Fifty to 60,000 drops of Sovereign Spiritual Liquid?"

Her casual statement almost caused Mu Chen to vomit blood. It had taken him only slightly more than 10,000 drops of Sovereign Spiritual Liquid to purchase one Void Great Solar Fruit. Now, just to activate one Great Solar Crystal, that would exceed more than 50,000 drops. Even if he sold himself he wouldn't be able to pay that much!

"Is that a lot? That's only for activating one Great Solar Crystal. You would need more Sovereign Spiritual Liquid as you progress."

Mu Chen blanched, and then his face turned green. So this supposed Power of Nine Suns was completely dependent on using Sovereign Spiritual Liquid to cultivate it!

"Looking at your sorry state..." Mandela supported her cheek with one hand as she stared teasingly at Mu Chen's expression. She waved her hand lazily and said, "Seeing how you were nosy and helped me just now, I will help you to activate the first Great Solar Crystal then."

Upon hearing the first part of her statement, Mu Chen was exasperated but after hearing the next part, he immediately wiped off his exasperated expression and put two thumbs up saying, "You're a heroine indeed, to know how to repay your gratitude."

Mandela gave him the side-eye and commented, "No backbone at all."

"This is not the time to have a backbone." Mu Chen smiled.

"Summon the Great Solar Undying Body again," Mandela said with a wave of her hand.

Mu Chen immediately complied, and as he concentrated, the Great Solar Undying Body shimmering with gold light materialized within the huge mountain. Under the glow of golden light, it seemed to be made of gold.

Mandela stretched out her small hand as black light coalesced on her fingertips, transforming into a beam of light. The light surged out, entering the Great Solar Undying Body as fast as lightning before appearing in the center of its forehead.

A Great Solar Crystal rested there.

The beam of dim light enveloped the Great Solar Crystal, and Mu Chen could feel a powerful spiritual energy continuously surge into the Great Solar Crystal.

As the powerful spiritual energy surged, the Great Solar Crystal grew brighter, and a terrifying power fluctuated.

The dim light enshrouded it, but the Great Solar Crystal did not hatch and activate as Mu Chen had imagined.

"What happened?" Mu Chen opened his eyes and glanced at Mandela in bewilderment.

The young girl rubbed her forehead gently, as if fatigued. She rolled her eyes and retorted, "Do you think this is as simple as a hen hatching eggs? I left a beam of spiritual energy to slowly nurture it. It needs some time to completely mature."

Understanding then dawned on Mu Chen as he smiled. "Then why don't you activate a few more?"

It was a casual move, but it was akin to the effectiveness of a few thousand drops of Sovereign Spiritual Liquid. Such power was unimaginable.

"I could, but with your power now, I just need to activate three Great Solar Crystals, and your Great Solar Undying Body would fail to withstand that degree of terrifying power and explode with a boom..." An unsettling smirk appeared on Mandela's face as she reached out with her small hand, light dancing on her fingertips as she smiled. "Here, let me help you."

Mu Chen smiled sheepishly as he retreated two steps. "I'll do it myself, then."

Mandela casually retracted her hand as Mu Chen sat beside her, asking in rumination, "Why are you so familiar with the Great Solar Undying Body?"

He had had this query in his heart for a long time, as he realized that Mandela's understanding of the Great Solar Undying Body had far surpassed his expectations. Generally speaking, people who knew about the Great Solar Undying Body were few and far between.

Mandela froze, and she remained silent. After a moment, she replied, "You're not the only one who has cultivated the Great Solar Undying Body before in this world."

"You have cultivated it before?" Mu Chen asked in shock.

"No." Mandela shook her head before stating calmly, "But I have met people before... So don't think that you are the only one. I also must remind you, if you meet someone who also cultivates the Great Solar Undying Body one day, you better be careful."

"Why?" Mu Chen asked solemnly.

"What's your goal of cultivating the Great Solar Undying Body?" Mandela asked.

"The Primordial Immortal Body," Mu Chen said softly, before his expression changed. He might not be the only one cultivating the Great Solar Undying Body, but there could only be one person who would



successfully cultivate the Primordial Immortal Body. Thus, if there was someone else who also cultivated the Great Solar Undying Body, that person would be his competitor to a certain extent.

"The Primordial Immortal Body is one of the remaining Primitive Celestial Bodies left in this world, and if one wanted to truly attain it, naturally they would have to go through a cruel process of selection. Since you have succeeded in cultivating the Great Solar Undying Body, you have passed the first step. However, to see which point you can advance to, that will have to depend on your ability."

Mu Chen's expression was somber as thoughts flowed rampantly through his mind. Mandela's words had given him a wake-up call, and it looked like the Primordial Immortal Body had many hidden secrets he was not privy to.

"Are the other Primitive Celestial Bodies like this, too?" Mu Chen asked, glancing at Mandela.

"Perhaps." Mandela did not give a definite answer.

Mu Chen smiled as he nodded slightly. "Thank you, I will be careful. Now that you have told me, my interest in the Primordial Immortal Body has grown stronger."

Mandela stared at Mu Chen in surprise. His eyes had a spark of fire in them. This fellow has a courageous spirit indeed.

"It's just something to repay you."

Mandela stood up as she turned to walk out the cave. "Let's go. Daluo Territory's Battle of Conquest will begin soon. You better do as you deem fit and don't get killed. Otherwise, the Great Solar Undying Body will go to waste."

Mu Chen smiled as he clenched his fist, his gaze flashing with determination. No matter how dangerous it was to cultivate the Great Solar Undying Body, he would not give up, and one day, he would attain the Primordial Immortal Body!

That was a path he must take to continue his journey towards becoming a matchless Sovereign master!

## [The Great Ruler](#)

### **Chapter 719: The Beginning of a War**

The atmosphere of the Daluo Territory as it was preparing for war had been brewing to a critical point. Countless figures, lights, and shadows could be seen in the sky every day, and an overwhelming battle aura soared amid the sky.

In the Tianluo Continent, which was a land of strife, war was extremely common. From most perspectives in that land, there was no such thing as true justice or evil, which created an "eat or be eaten" mentality. Thus, that realm was known to operate largely according to the law of the jungle.

During the dormant period of the Daluo Territory, the Battle Territory had also waged war multiple times, even having dealt sneak attacks on the cities of the Daluo Territory, robbing and plundering wantonly. Now, the Daluo Territory was merely retaliating, an eye for an eye.

Nine Nether Palace.

In the great hall, the high-ranking members of Nine Nether Palace were gathered. As spiritual light coalesced atop the stone platform, it transformed into a massive and complicated spiritual energy map.

"Now that the Lords of the Daluo Territory have taken action, the other vassal forces have also been gathering their men," Nine Nether said, staring at the complex map.

"There has been such a huge upheaval in the Daluo Territory. I believe the Battle Territory must have sensed something?" Mu Chen glanced at the map and commented.

Nine Nether nodded gently, commenting, "It's nothing. Even if they sense something, in a battle of such a scale, they cannot change anything by just realizing that something is wrong."

Mu Chen nodded. With the great power of the Daluo Territory, no matter what defense the other party had, the Daluo Territory could easily steamroll over them. In essence, any of their weakling strategies were mere furnishing objects in the face of the Daluo Territory's troops' absolute abilities.

"What about Nine Nether Palace's attack route?" Tang Bing asked.

Nine Nether narrowed her eyes and pointed to the southwest direction on the map with a slender finger, before stopping on a crimson red spot of light. Three striking blood red words were annotated beside the red spot: Thunder Magic Sect!

"Thunder Magic Sect?" Tang Bing and Tang Rou cried out in horror.

Then, Qiu Shan said carefully, "My Lord, the Thunder Magic Sect is rather reputable among the Battle Territory. Also, its clan leader, Qin Tiangang, has an ability of a Fifth Grade Sovereign. I don't think it would be prudent to target them."

Generally speaking, battles and conquests focus on conquering and plundering, so it is simple common sense that one should start with the easiest target. Clearly, the Thunder Magic Sect was far from being an easy target.

"You have to take risks to gain rewards." Nine Nether smiled and continued, "The Thunder Magic Sect has been so overbearing for many years, encroaching upon the Daluo Territory's dominion and seizing countless amounts of Sovereign Spiritual Liquid. This time, we need to take what is rightfully ours. As for Qin Tiangang, I will deal with him personally."

Qiu Shan and the others looked at each other. They were at a loss for what to do, but seeing that Nine Nether had already made up her mind, they accepted her decision with respect.

Since Nine Nether was so confident, they decided that they had nothing to fear. What's more, the entire Daluo Territory would be taking action, so even the Thunder Magic Sect would not dare clash with them head-on.

"All of you go prepare! Tomorrow, we will set off officially!"

"Yes!" Qiu Shan and the others answered in chorus, before taking their leave.

Mu Chen waited for everyone to leave, before glancing at Nine Nether and asking in bewilderment, "Why did you choose the Thunder Magic Sect?"

Although Nine Nether had given her rationale previously, he knew her better, so this reason was clearly not very legitimate to him. Nine Nether glanced at Mu Chen, then explained.

"That's only part of the reason. Within the Thunder Magic Sect, there is a Thunder Magic Abyss. Within the depths of that abyss, it is said that there is a lightning dipper that originated from the earth, called the Earthly Demonic Lightning. Where it converges, there is a possibility that a stronger lightning would manifest itself. And....we call that... the Netherworld Thunder Heart."

"Netherworld Thunder Heart?" Mu Chen was stunned.

"This is an extremely rare power of lightning and thunder. Its power is more terrifying than that of the divine black lightning. However, it requires very harsh and strict conditions in order to manifest. Thus, I am unable to guarantee if it really exists within the Thunder Magic Abyss," admitted Nine Nether.

"You intend to?" Mu Chen glanced at Nine Nether, seeming to be considering something.

"That's right, as you would require it for the Nine Dragon Nine Elephant Art that you are cultivating. The power of lightning you possess because of the Thunder God Physique is insufficient to sustain your complete cultivation of the Nine Dragon Nine Elephant Art. Thus, you still must integrate a unique power of lightning. The Netherworld Thunder Heart is the best choice, as it can resist the Unperishable Flame," Nine Nether said seriously.

Mu Chen glanced at Nine Nether, dumbfounded. His eyes were full of touched emotion, as he did not think that Nine Nether would choose such a difficult opponent as the Thunder Magic Sect, just to help him.

"Oh please, don't give me that look. I meant what I said just now. One has to undergo risks to get rewards. If we can deal with the Thunder Magic Sect, our rewards will be far greater than what you can imagine. That is what Nine Nether Palace needs desperately now. If we want to strengthen the Nine Nether Troop, we will require large quantities of Sovereign Spiritual Liquid."

Nine Nether patted Mu Chen's shoulder and smiled, "If we don't take action first, I'm afraid it will never be our turn, as others would vie for it too."

Mu Chen nodded slightly, as this was not the time to refute. Also, he figure that, since it was good for Nine Nether Palace too, then he would be sure to do his best.

"In that case, let's use this Thunder Magic Sect to replenish Nine Nether Palace's expenses then!" He agreed with a smile.

When the next day came, the battle aura that filled the sky of Daluotian, which had been growing for days, had finally reached the critical point. It was now ready to explode.

Silhouettes and figures could be seen flitting across the entire sky, as if they were a mass of dark clouds, continuously heading towards the Transfer Spiritual Arrays located in various places of Daluotian. The battle had clearly begun at this moment.

The various Lords had also taken action, as these battles of conquests were the best opportunities for them to plunder resources to strengthen themselves. Furthermore, the Dominator had said that any

item plundered need not be offered as tribute, which only served to increase the competition between the Lords.

Just as countless figures flit across the sky in front of the great hall of Nine Nether Palace, Nine Nether was seen. She was wearing black armor and her long hair was tied up casually. Her whole being emanated a valiant charm and a thrilling sense of beauty.

Her eyes swept across the Nine Nether Troop, each of whom were clad in black, resembling thunderclouds. She gazed at them authoritatively, not saying anything for several moments. She then lifted a hand and with a single wave, commanded, "Nine Nether Troop, set out!"

"Yes!"

A thunderous chorus rumbled in response, as Nine Nether, Mu Chen, and Tang Bing surged forward, transforming into streaks of light and soaring across the sky. Behind them, an imposing mass of dark clouds followed closely, burning with a pervasive battle aura.

Daluo Territory, Southwest Lands, Xiluo City.

Xiluo City was located outside the borders of the Daluo Territory. When Mu Chen led the Nine Nether Troop through the Transfer Spiritual Array and appeared before the city, chaos and riots immediately came into sight.

The city was full of smoke, as figures in the sky flit across the sky from time to time. The chaos caused the city to look more desolate than any of the bustling cities in the interior area. Some of the city guards spotted the arrival of the Nine Nether Troop, as a shadow soared over from within the city, materializing into a silhouette.

"Subordinate Ji Fan, Duke of Xiluo City, here to pay my respects to Lord Nine Nether!" The figure was a middle-aged man, announcing himself as he clasped his fists together in deference to Nine Nether. He had clearly seen many Daluo Territory troops rushing here, so was not fazed at all by the appearance of the Nine Nether Troop.

Nine Nether nodded at him, then asked, "What is the battle situation here?"

"The Battle Territory had been continuously sending their troops to attack, but after the Dominator ordered the start of the Battle of Conquests, they have since retreated. Now, we are counter-attacking, with both parties currently locked in battle within a radius of tens of thousand miles," Ji Fan answered respectfully. "However, a few thousand miles out of the Southwestern Lands lies the territory of the Thunder Magic Sect. Thus, our troops don't dare to intrude there."

With the capability of the Thunder Magic Sect, they had sufficient power to resist the various Lords of the Daluo Territory. Thus, without the help of the various Lords, the vassal forces of the Daluo Territory would not dare offend the Thunder Magic Sect.

"Pass down my orders. Gather all the manpower in this arena and converge towards the Thunder Magic Sect," Nine Nether commanded nonchalantly.

Ji Fan was shocked, before asking cautiously, "My lord, are you intending to attack the Thunder Magic Sect? Qin Tiangang is not one to be trifled with."

"Go, I will deal with Qin Tiangang personally." Nine Nether waved with a flourish of her hand, her firm tone allowing for no argument.

"Yes!"

Ji Fan did not dare say anything more, as he clasped his hands in agreement, before descending from the sky and entering the Duke's Estate. Once there, he spread the order using a unique communication channel.

"Go!"

Nine Nether moved swiftly, turning to charge towards the Southwestern direction without hesitation. The Nine Nether Troop followed her closely, filled with burning combat desire.

Within the city, countless gazes looked at the retreating figures of the Nine Nether Troop in astonishment. It certainly looked like Nine Nether Palace was indeed targeting the Thunder Magic Sect. This was sure to be a head-on clash that would truly be a match between two strong powers, almost as if it were a clash between divine thunder and earth fire!

However, it was still unknown if Nine Nether Palace, who had recently been gaining a rising reputation within the Daluo Territory, would be able to put up a proper fight against the Thunder Magic Sect, which had a famed reputation that shook even the Battle Territory. This battle would truly be one for the books!

## [The Great Ruler](#)

### **Chapter 720: Sweep Across**

Thunder Fire Plains.

This was a converging point between Daluo Territory and the southwest arena of the Hundred Battle Territory. With the two behemoth forces starting the war, the flames of war pervaded this vast plain.

Troops from both sides fought and clashed, sneak-attacked, and annihilated, and the fierce battle resulted in violent spiritual energy fluctuations that enveloped the world.

The earth seemed to quiver as the war raged on.

Those who did not belong to either side avoided these war-torn arenas to prevent themselves from being caught in a brutal war that was akin to a meat grinder, as that would clearly bring about devastating consequences.

Within the Thunder Fire Plains, a dilapidated city stood as violent waves of spiritual energy fluctuations swept through it. It was apparent that two forces were vying for possession of the city.

One troop was apparently from Daluo Territory, and the other, from the Hundred Battle Territory. Such battles of conquest were common in the Thunder Fire Plains at this time.

At present, the competition for this city intensified. This city was called the Earth Fire City, which was an important city in the Hundred Battle Territory, thus it had heavy defenses. Previously, there had been several forces from the Daluo Territory who tried to capture the city, but they suffered utter defeat.

However, the forces that set their eyes upon the Earth Fire City were from Daluo Territory's Lion Tiger Mountains. They enjoyed a certain reputation, thus the battle was at a stalemate between both parties.

At this time, there were hundreds of figures standing in the air atop the city gate. Their expressions were solemn as they looked at the interior areas of the city where spiritual energy fluctuations constantly spread.

At the forefront of these men was a burly, middle-aged man. He knitted his eyebrows and frowned at the city where the defense was unexpectedly strong.

Whoosh!

As he gazed at the city center, a dozen or so shadows swooped in and finally landed in front of them. The leader was a burly man of equal stature. He was no stranger. It was Fang Lei, whom they had met some time earlier in the Battle over the Daluo Golden Pool.

Fang Lei glanced at the middle-aged man and stated gravely, "Uncle Liu, there are two Third Grade Sovereigns hidden within this Earth Fire City!"

"No wonder it was so difficult to conquer it!" The middle-aged man had a somber expression. He was the leader of Lion Tiger Mountain and had the ability of a Third Grade Sovereign. If the other party had only one Third Grade Sovereign, they would still have the upper hand in terms of quantity, but if there were two, they would pay a hefty price.

"Uncle Liu, what do we do?" Fang Lei asked, as he was clear that the other party was more powerful, and if it weren't for the attacks from other troops before, they would have appeared to clash head-on with them.

The middle-aged man's gaze flickered before he gnashed his teeth and made a prompt decision.

"Retreat! We'll find another target!"

Fang Lei and the other strong men of Lion Tiger Mountain were surprised, but could only nod unwillingly because they understood that if they were to attack forcibly, they would pay a heavy price.

"Go!"

With a wave of his hand, the middle-aged man retreated as the other strong men of Lion Tiger Mountain followed suit.

Whoosh! Whoosh!

However, just as they were about to retreat, silhouettes surged out from within the city, and the two leading figures emanated incredibly powerful spiritual energy fluctuations.

"Haha, since you are already here, don't leave!"

The two figures cackled maniacally before two streams of raging spiritual energy swept out and charged towards the retreating members of Lion Tiger Mountain.

Upon seeing this, the leader of Lion Tiger Mountain flinched as he hurriedly clashed with the two streams of spiritual energy.

Boom!

The spiritual energy fluctuations burst out, and the leader of Lion Tiger Mountain emitted a low hum as he was pushed a few hundred yards back. He was, after all, only a Third Grade Sovereign, and with the other party fighting him two versus one, he was naturally no match for them.

After being shaken by the attacks, the leader of Lion Tiger Mountain did not dare to remain and shouted hurriedly, "Leave now!" These guys had been feigning weakness all along and had recovered long ago.

"It's too late to leave now!"

Facing the hasty retreat of Lion Tiger Mountain's men, the strong men of the Earth Fire City put up a fierce pursuit under the leadership of the two Third Grade Sovereigns.

"D\*mn it!" Upon seeing the persistent pursuit, Fang Lei cursed in fury.

"Let's see where you can escape!"

A silhouette swiftly surged forward as a Third Grade Sovereign appeared before Fang Lei and the rest. With a blow of his palm, a Spiritual Energy Giant Palm enveloped them, casting a looming shadow.

Fang Lei and the rest who were enveloped by the Spiritual Energy Giant Palm paled in terror, as they had no way of escaping.

Boom!

However, just as the Spiritual Energy Giant Palm was about to land, a black beam of battle light surged out from the horizon, colliding with the Spiritual Energy Giant Palm as swiftly as lightning.

Crash!

The Spiritual Energy Giant Palm disintegrated with the impact, but the beam of battle light did not slow its momentum as it landed a brutal hit on the Third Grade Sovereign who was caught off guard.

Spurt.

As if being struck by thunder and lightning, the latter fell back with blood spurting out from his mouth. He stared at the horizon aghast, seeing a mass of dark clouds sweeping towards them and then hovering in the sky.

"It's the Nine Nether Troop!"

Upon seeing this, the strong men of Lion Tiger Mountain gasped in surprise and glee.

Leading the Nine Nether Troop, a figure glanced at Fang Lei, and a crisp laugh rang in the air. "Heh heh, Brother Fang, I hope you have been well since we have last seen each other."

"You... You are Mu Chen?!" Fang Lei glanced the familiar figure, as his eyes widened.

Mu Chen smiled and nodded. Along the way, he had led the Nine Nether Troop and defeated many Hundred Battle Territory troops, but he had sensed the violent spiritual energy fluctuations, causing him to rush here.

"Ah, so it's Commander Mu Chen. I'm the leader of Lion Tiger Mountain, Liu Shi." The leader of Lion Tiger Mountain clasped his fists together in respect as he gazed at Mu Chen with a strange look, most likely having heard of the reputation of Nine Nether Troop's new Commander.

"Ah, it's Mountain Master Liu." Mu Chen clasped his fists and smiled, but he did not waste time on pleasantries and continued, "I will deal with one Third Grade Sovereign. As for the others, you have to deal with them yourselves."

"Thank you Commander Mu Chen!" Upon hearing this, Liu Shi could not help but be pleased because this meant that Mu Chen did not seem to want to vie with him for the city, so Lion Tiger Mountain could gain something this time.

Mu Chen smiled and nodded, but his eyes suddenly turned cold, and with a wave of his palm, a burst of battle instinct swept out, charging directly against the Third Grade Sovereign whom he had wounded.

However, he had overestimated the other party's combat desire, and with the terrifying aura of the Nine Nether Troop and overwhelming battle aura, even a Third Grade Sovereign would be fearful.

Furthermore, if the Nine Nether Troop was here, could the Master of Nine Nether Palace be far behind?

At the thought of this, the Third Grade Sovereign's gaze flickered, and he fled directly. His escape caused the strong men of the Earth Fire City to falter, and one after another fled.

The men of Lion Tiger Mountain regained their morale as they started their relentless pursuit, their previous despondence wiped clean.

Mu Chen smiled faintly as he glanced at Liu Shi and Fang Lei. "Gentlemen, Nine Nether Palace's target is the Thunder Magic Sect. If Lion Tiger Mountain has completed your conquest, you could consider going towards the Thunder Magic Sect."

"The war is pressing, and we shall not stay much longer. We will take our leave!"

Mu Chen clasped his fists and with no hesitation, he waved his hand and led the Nine Nether Troops as they transformed into dark clouds and charged ahead, leaving the people in awe and astonishment.

"What a capable young man. He has only been in Daluo Territory for a short time, yet he has such a good command over the Nine Nether Troop." Liu Shi looked at the mass of dark clouds and sensed the pervasive raging battle instinct, so he couldn't help but commend Mu Chen.

"He is indeed terrifying. He is now even stronger than when I met him previously." Fang Lei sighed. The last time he saw Mu Chen, he was confident that he could match him in a battle, but now he understood that he was no longer Mu Chen's opponent. The speed at which Mu Chen was improving shocked him.

"At this rate, I'm afraid it will only be a matter of time before a new Lord emerges in Daluo Territory..."

Liu Shi shook his head enviously before waving his hand in a flourish. "Let's go. We'll conquer Earth Fire City before heading to the Thunder Magic Sect. Haha, we absolutely cannot miss such a magnificent scene!"

As his voice rang out, he charged swiftly while the other men of Lion Tiger Mountain immediately followed.



...

Although Nine Nether's target had always been the Thunder Magic Sect, she wisely did not attack them recklessly and slowed her speed as she infiltrated the Thunder Fire Plains. At the same time, she sent Mu Chen to command the Nine Nether Troop alone. With his capability and the assistance of the Nine Nether Troop, they could easily dominate the arena.

Hence, wherever the Nine Nether Troop passed, some of the people in the Hundred Battle Territory, who were still stubbornly fighting, had been utterly defeated. Mu Chen, however, did not conquer the cities that they had passed but instead, handed them over to those who had fought hard before.

Although these actions caused them to suffer some losses, in a short time, it had created an excellent reputation for the Nine Nether Palace, so when the Nine Nether Palace asked the other forces to unite to suppress the Thunder Magic Sect, almost everyone agreed.

Thus, when the Nine Nether Troop charged towards the Thunder Magic Sect the next day, there were already more than a dozen forces coming from other directions, surrounding and trapping the Thunder Magic Sect.

The scene was majestic and magnificent as figures soared across both sky and ground with battle instinct permeating the horizons. Even the sky seemed to dim.

It was in this terrifying encirclement and suppression that Mu Chen led the Nine Nether Troop to finally step into the territory of the Thunder Magic Sect.