

# HYPERDIMENSIONAL UNIVERSE: I HAVE THREE THOUSAND ULTIMATE TALENTS

## Chapter 501: 321 Perils of the Black Arrow\_1

Marked by this world, Jiang Ming paid no heed to it.

Nor would he hide any longer.

Last time, it was because he wanted to assimilate the accumulation of the past; now that he had finished digesting, all that should have been improved had been improved, and there was no point in closed-door cultivation anymore. It would be better to take this opportunity to gather some more resources to prepare for the search for the Secret Realm.

At this moment, however, Jiang Ming was somewhat puzzled; Li Changfeng was clearly a Twelfth Realm power, as for why he chose to hide in a city as a shopkeeper, he was unclear, but how could he not know of his existence?

In the last Genius War, the Great Qian Holy Dynasty was aware of the Descender.

Li Changfeng, as well as the powers of this world, simply regarded him as an Outer Realm Demon.

This did not make sense.

Perhaps it had something to do with the thousand-year deadline.

Jiang Ming had already begun to speculate.

“I should be aware of your origins?” Li Changfeng questioned, “Aren’t you the Outer Realm Demon? This is a warning from the Heavenly Dao; could it be wrong?”

“Have there been beings like me before?” Jiang Ming inquired.

“No!” Li Changfeng shook his head, “If it weren’t for the Heavenly Dao’s warning, who would know you are the Outer Realm Demon?”

Jiang Ming suddenly understood.

He thought of two possibilities, one being that this world was being used as a test ground for Descenders for the first time, the other that all traces of the past had been erased.

“It’s a well-known fact that one can become a God above the Demigod level,” Jiang Ming continued, “Since one can become a God, it indicates that there are other worlds. Why regard me as the Outer Realm Demon?”

“What does being able to become a God have to do with you being an Outer Realm Demon?” Li Changfeng said curiously, “Your identity has been pointed out by a Heavenly warning.”

Jiang Ming felt slightly embarrassed.

Indeed, there was no connection.

If he received a Heavenly warning and felt an inexplicable premonition, he would also naturally assume the same.

“Do you know what the Secret Realm truly is? I have heard that even Demigods may fall if they venture too deeply into it,” Jiang Ming asked further, “Nine out of ten times it is the Divine Tomb. Why would it exist in the mortal world?”

“I am not sure!” Li Changfeng, finding that the Outer Realm Demon in front of him was not evil and quite amiable, relaxed a bit, “There are rumors that in the ancient times, our world was inhabited by Divine Spirits and Demons and that a earth-shattering war occurred, which shattered Heaven and Earth. The Origin of the world was diminished, the fate of life degraded, to the point where even Divine Spirits could hardly exist and even becoming a God was

difficult. It is speculated that the Secret Realm is a remnant of that ancient war, but how exactly it is, remains difficult to verify.”

At that moment, he turned his head to look into the distance.

Li Changfeng felt that powerful beings were approaching their location, but what about those within the city?

They were subtly influenced by the Divine Skills he just displayed.

“What are your plans?” Li Changfeng asked, his expression complex as he looked at Jiang Ming.

“Since they regard me as the Outer Realm Demon, naturally I should act accordingly,” Jiang Ming said with a smile, “You should understand, if even the so-called Heavenly Dao warns against me, how powerful I must be! Hunt me? Haha!”

He stood up and said to Li Changfeng, “This meal is on you, don’t resist and you can live a good life. Oh, one more piece of advice, within nine years, things in the Secret Realm will not be peaceful, and secrets hidden within should be unearthed; if you have grand ambitions, you may try your luck; if you want a peaceful life, it’s best not to enter at this time. Alright, for the safety of Qiankun City, I will ascend Above the Nine Heavens to meet the battle.”

As his voice faded, his figure vanished without a trace.

Li Changfeng also stood up, his expression even more complicated.

He could see that Jiang Ming was human and a rather decent one at that.

He must be from the Outer Realm, but that didn’t necessarily mean he should be deemed an Outer Realm Demon, right?

There must be some hidden truths.

And the Secret Realm, mentioning that within nine years there would be changes, surely meant the other would venture inside.

So, was that time frame also the limit for his stay here?

What was the purpose of his descent?

Li Changfeng felt his heart in disarray and eventually shook his head, let it be, as long as I live well, that's enough.

Nevertheless, he too flew out.

This Great War, naturally, he also wanted to witness.

Above the Nine Heavens.

Jiang Ming stood quietly, flipped his hand, and took out a jar of wine, a spoil of war from the Battlefield of Geniuses, indeed a rare treasure.

Drinking while waiting.

He had already noticed that many of the powerful were rushing over, yet many of them were using Divine Skills to hide within the spatial folds.

Clearly, they wanted to reap the benefits without any effort.

"Fellow Daoist, what a refined interest!" An elder with white hair and beard walked straight towards him, his nose twitching and eyes burning with desire, clearly enticed, "May I share a cup with you?"

"Of course," Jiang Ming smiled.

His mood was very good at the moment, as was his state of mind.

As for enemies?

He didn't take them seriously at all, just treating it like a game.

He casually threw another jar of wine.

“Thank you!” The elder was delighted and introduced himself, “I am Supreme Elder Ouyang Gong of Qingyun Sect.”

Speaking, he opened the jar of wine, and immediately multicolored lights soared out, displaying dragons and phoenixes dancing, and even drawing forth all kinds of order forces to surround it.

“What fine wine!” Ouyang Gong was taken aback once again, took a sniff, and couldn’t help but be greatly moved, “This wine contains at least eighty-one kinds of spiritual treasures, and a few seem to have million-year effects.”

Tilting his head, he took a sip, and was shocked again, “Excellent wine, truly excellent, better than any I’ve ever drunk, this can even be called Divine Wine! With one sip, it cleanses the body, refines the Divine Soul, and even merges oneself with Heaven and Earth, communicating with the force of order, diluting much of my decaying Qi. This wine is comparable to an unparalleled Divine Pill.”

His remarks set all the hidden powerful listeners astir.

Because they all knew him, understood him.

“Fellow Daoist!” Ouyang Gong’s expression was complex, “Your presence here is a great opportunity for us, but now it seems, it’s not just chance, but also a towering catastrophe.”

Being able to produce such Divine Wine indicated an unimaginable depth of heritage.

“What of it!” A long howl came from afar, “Whether it is catastrophe or opportunity, for us there is no room for choice, only battle! Since you all wish to wait, then I shall not be polite, I’ll drink this hearty soup first.”

As his voice fell, Heaven and Earth trembled, and above the Nine Heavens, thick black clouds appeared, their pressure vast as if the starry sky was collapsing and Qiankun was falling.

The black clouds condensed into a large hand and slapped down from above.  
Principle interwoven, power limitless.

“Black Heart Demon!” Ouyang Gong announced the identity of the comer, nodded at Jiang Ming, and quickly retreated.

He, too, wanted to first see the true level of this Outer Realm Great Demon.

Jiang Ming’s brows furrowed slightly, showing a bit of solemnity, for this seemingly ordinary palm strike was actually imbued with the charm of a god’s law.

He opened his mouth wide and spat out a stormy surge towards the sky, filled with vast Sword Qi, shattering the great hand.

“Good technique!” Black Heart Demon praised, and he appeared ten thousand meters away, his finger drew upon his forehead, opening a slit from which a pitch-black arrowhead emerged.

“Arrow of Death, go!”

The black arrow disappeared in a flash.

At this moment, his qi suddenly dropped greatly, then immediately recovered to its peak.

But at this time, the surroundings became extremely agitated, the hidden powerful retreated cursing, because the arrow’s scent of death made their decaying Qi denser, and they felt an eerie sensation.

“This arrow...”

Jiang Ming frowned deeply.

He actually felt danger.

Although it wasn’t very intense..