

Read I Am Loaded with Passive Skills

- Chapter 1901 -1950

1901 Light! (1)

1901 Light! (1)

The Three Loathsome Eyes on Jiang Buyi's forehead instantly lost its luster.

The semi-saint person condensed above his head and the overflowing energy were about to explode.

Huang Quan was able to remove the control and attack with one hand.

This attack directly dug into Jiang Buyi's glabella and gouged out the Three Loathsome Eyes that had only been half a step away from his grasp!

"Ah!"

Jiang Buyi screamed in pain. He was controlled by the Five Decays of Heaven and Man's Mind-Changing Aperture and was also interrupted by an external force.

However, he didn't even dare to take the time to retract his semi-saint person. While he recovered, the clouds around him exploded and spread to a radius of ten thousand miles.

"City Descending Cloud!"

The dark clouds in the sky pulled the Ancestral Origin Emperor Tribulation and sank.

Boom!

The bodies of the people trembled and their knees buckled. They were forced down by the calamity clouds that filled the surroundings.

Mei Siren grabbed Xu Xiaoshou and moved away without a word.

At this moment, the Ancestral Origin Emperor Tribulation in the sky readied itself for another strike.

"Number Two!"

"If you don't take action now, no one can save you!"

Jiang Buyi let out a mournful roar. He was willing to be the spear. He was willing to give up everything for Number Two to save him.

However, if Number Two did not save him after he escaped, there would be no mercy for him and he would definitely die here.

Rumble!

Four purple-red thunderbolts descended from the Nine Heavens Ancestral Origin Emperor Tribulation. With one strike, the Falling Flower World was destroyed.

“Ah!”

Jiang Buyi screamed in pain.

The Falling Flower World was shattered, and Situ Yongren’s Body of Consciousness body naturally returned to his physical body. However, he was also affected by the aftershock of the Thunder Calamity. His eyes turned white instantly and he almost died.

I’m just at the Sovereign Stage. How can I withstand the Ancestral Origin Emperor Tribulation? Situ Yongren’s heart broke down and he cried. He struggled to grab his Bian Luo Great Compass during his last hours.

With a bang, the geomantic compass was crushed by the power of the Thunder Calamity. His body was enveloped by the Path Principles that flashed out of the sky. He was swept into the void and disappeared.

“I, awoke amid the chaos...”

“I, was born from the ruins...”

A murderous voice suddenly resounded and shocked everyone in the surroundings.

Xu Xiaoshou looked at this battle in shock. He could not help but feel anxious. He really wanted Jiang Buyi to die, but it was a bit too tragic for Jiang Buyi.

However, he did not want the Holy Divine Palace to benefit from it, but Number Two was about to escape and be resurrected!

At this time, an external force was needed for intervention here. It would be like the arrival of a heroic God of destruction. It would strike both parties and stun them both.

“Teacher...”

“Stop your delusions. Don’t try to get involved. You’ll be punished later.”

“But I don’t want to.”

“No, you’re scared!” You’re very scared! Just shut up!”

Mei Siren quelled Xu Xiaoshou’s wishful thinking with a few words.

He knew that Xu Xiaoshou would be the final winner if he were to reap the benefits at this time.

However, Yama’s anger and the anger of the Holy Divine Palace would all be directed onto Mei Siren’s head.

As for Mei Siren...

“Countdown to exile: Two days!”

Xu Xiaohou thought it was a pity. He glanced at Master Siren discreetly and finally realized that the Ancient Swordsman was different.

If Bazhun’an was present at this time and with his fear of chaos in the world, he would probably answer like this:

“Bazhun’an...”

“Hurry up,go!”

“Ah?”

“Three Loathsome Eyes, semi-saint person, Jiang Buyi’s head, don’t you want it? Aren’t you tempted?”

“I...”

“Are you stupid? If you don’t take it now, when would you? If anything should happen, I’ll cover for you! Go!”

Of course, Xu Xiaoshou knew that Teacher Ba was good at everything except for the fact that he loved to brag and was totally unreliable.

Up until now, he had not seen Bazhun’an’s ‘trump card’ yet, so he really did not know what his thoughts were.

If Bazhun’an were to send someone to appear at the scene, Xu Xiaoshou would dare to rush forward. In this chaotic situation of the Holy Bureau, he would be able to decide between life and death.

“Deva!”

On the other side, Huang Quan had successfully plucked away Jiang Buyi’s Three Tribulation Eyes.

However, because of the close proximity, he was struck by the Ancestral Origin Emperor Tribulation and could not move.

Jiang Buyi, who hung on to him, also trembled and twitched at the same time...

The scene was strange and a little absurd, but there were some emotions too.

The Five Decays of Heaven and Man entered the Deadly Path instantly and flashed in front of Jiang Buyi.

He didn’t care about the aftermath of the Ancestral Origin Emperor Tribulation. He reached out and grabbed the semi-saint person.

“Ah!” Jiang Buyi’s face twisted, as if he suffered from the pain of being bitten by thousands of ants.

Dry pull?

Xu Xiaoshou’s eyebrows twitched wildly. This method was too crazy, too rough, and too primitive!

“Number Two, save me!”

Jiang Buyi shouted. He couldn’t withstand the combined attacks of the Ancestral Origin Emperor Tribulation and the two Demi-saints.

“Ha...”

As the airflow danced, the liberated state of the Divine Oracle appeared!

From his Body of Consciousness to his holy armor; how he spread his twelve wings of light, the Holy Light on top of his head, and his Divine Blade of Judgment, it only took him a moment.

The Order of Heavens transformed into chains of order that were inserted into Number Two’s body. They provided him with energy and helped to heal his body.

Number Two’s sword flashed and he slashed at the three of them; the Five Decays of Heaven and Man, Huang Quan and Jiang Buyi.

Three heads with one sword!

With a swish, Xu Xiaoshou felt as if the world in front of him was about to be cut open.

How stunning was that?

The heads of the three Demi-Saints were cut off and flew out. It was totally outrageous!

I know you're fast, but in this liberated state, your speed was not human-like at all... Oh, you're actually not human at all.

Jiang Buyi was so angry that his blood rushed to his heart. He spurted out a mouthful of blood instantly and blood even gushed out from his neck.

I told you to save me, but this wasn't how it should be done!

I have signed a contract with Yu Lingdi, we are on the same side!

1902 Light! (2)

"Time Reversal."

The severed head of Huang Quan floated in the air with a calm expression, meanwhile, his detached body lightly tapped its fingertips

The power of time flowed through the void and the three heads returned to their respective body!

He was clearly still under the residual power of the Ancestral Origin Emperor Tribulation, yet his body suddenly split apart and pulled itself aside, revealing some of the energy sources of spacetime.

These energy sources slowly condensed and formed another Huang Quan... This form, however, was very faint, just like a phantom.

At this moment, time was divided into three separate portions.

One of the portions maintained its flow outside the arena where Xu Xiaoshou, Mei Siren, and the others remained completely unaffected.

One portion was moving backward in the field. The three heads returned to their necks, and Number Two returned to his consciousness form from the liberated state.

The last part, which landed on the phantom that was split from the Huang Quan, was accelerating! It accelerated crazily!

Xu Xiaoshou found this scene very familiar as if he had seen it somewhere before.
Giving birth to oneself...?

When another Huang Quan was formed, he was suddenly jolted awake. Wasn't this the second true body?...No, it was the incarnation of a demi-saint!

Halfway through the fight, Huang Quan realized that he did not have enough manpower. So, he condensed a demi-saint incarnation on the spot to join him in the battle?

Huang Quan's move struck Xu Xiaoshou like lightning.

This was too abnormal!

The power of time could be used like this?

"Bang!"

Vaguely, there seemed to be the sound of an ancient wooden clock breaking.

Obviously, Huang Quan could no longer maintain control of the three portions.

Among the three, there were two demi-saints who were trying their best to resist. He had consumed too much energy!

The distorted time was instantly restored as the sound of cracking appeared.

Ripples flashed in the world before his eyes, as if time had found the right direction to flow in.

Number Two bounced back from his consciousness form into the liberated state, the Divine Oracle. There was no process at all. It was like a compressed spring that was suddenly blown away.

His first thought was still to hold the Divine Blade of Judgment and slash it at a speed that the Third Saint present could not react to.

The target was the head of the Third Saint!

However, the demi-saint incarnation that was split from Huang Quan moved at the same time.

With the acceleration of time, the demi-saint incarnation grew from a newborn body to a mature body that could participate in battle at any time at an incredible speed.

He flashed to the front of Third Saint and picked up the Country of Time in his hand. When the Divine Blade of Judgment slashed over, he struck Number Two.

“What is it?”

In Number Two’s perception, there had not been a fourth existence in the previous breath, but in the next breath, there was an additional demi-saint incarnation.

Did it form out of thin air?

No! The time just now was accelerated. That was Huang Quan’s time technique!

The powerful knowledge base allowed Number Two to deduce everything in an instant and walk down the right path.

However, the Country of Time was too fast. It still dragged him and his attack into another spacetime.

“Ah!”

Jiang Buyi was furious.

He clearly felt his head fly up, but in the next second, his head was still there, and Number Two’s attack was ineffective...

Huang Quan!

That damned Huang Quan!

“Since that’s the case, none of you shall live. All of you shall perish!”

Jiang Buyi’s body exploded into clouds and mist. Even his semi-saint person was also blown into clouds and mist. The clouds and mist spread across the entire First Hall of Sins.

“Time Reversal.”

As the Ancestral Origin Emperor Tribulation was brewing, Huang Quan whispered softly and moved his finger again.

This time, it was Jiang Buyi’s main body that was split into two portions of time.

His body had exploded into clouds and mist, hence it was difficult to recover. However, his semi-saint person, which should have assimilated into clouds and mist, was reversed at this moment.

He wanted to follow the original trajectory and explode, but his speed was as slow as a turtle crawling.

“The timing is all wrong!”

From afar, Xu Xiaoshou could even see the power of the semi-saint person gathering and expanding bit by bit. The moment it touched the Order of the Great Path and was about to assimilate into the clouds.

Snap!

At the right time, the Five Decays of Heaven and Man held the semi-saint person with both hands and pulled it out before it turned into clouds.

Jiang Buyi's body, which was thousands of miles long, shook violently. It was as if every cell and every grain of dust in his body was bleeding.

The clouds were dyed red!

The semi-saint person was pulled out on the spot!

[illegible]

A painful roar like that of a ghost echoed in all directions. Jiang Buyi could not bear the pain of his semi-saint person being forcefully taken away.

“Come back!”

“Get back here!”

"You're mine, you're mine!"

Boom! Boom! Boom!

The hemp rope had chosen to break at its weakest point, and misfortune sought out those with unfortunate destinies.

Under the cold gazes of Huang Quan and the Five Decays of Heaven and Man, the four Ancestral Origin Emperor Tribulations descended mercilessly at the same time, aiming for Jiang Buyi, who was in the Blood Mist ten thousand miles away!

"It hurts, it hurts too much..."

Xu Xiaoshou's scalp is numb and his index finger is twitching. He only feels that this bleak scene is only lacking a sad accompaniment.

He could see that Jiang Buyi, who had lost his semi-saint person, would definitely not be able to withstand this calamity. He would definitely die.

And this was only the third tribulation of the Ancestral Origin Emperor Tribulation.

“Divine World.”

At the critical moment, the liberated state Divine Oracle raised his hand and shot out a mysterious world that was interwoven by the Divine Path Principles from his chest.

The four Ancestral Origin Emperor Tribulations crashed into the Divine World and spread out in all directions.

However, the powerful force also instantly destroyed this world.

Number Two’s speed was too fast!

With a few swishing sounds, Xu Xiaoshou recalled the fear of being dominated by the war machine.

Under the four separate Ancestral Origin Emperor Tribulation, four Number Two appeared almost at the same time.

1903 Light! (3)

The Divine Blade of Judgment wrapped around the Divine Path Principles and slashed four times in the air.

“Shattering Sword!”

Bang, bang, bang, bang!

The four thick bolts of lightning shattered on the spot, turning into endless energy and dazzling light that exploded in all directions, filling the darkness of the First Hall of Sins with stars.

The power of the Emperor Tribulation spread for thousands of miles.

“Is this the true speed and attack power of the liberated state of Divine Oracle?” Xu Xiaoshou was flabbergasted. He couldn’t help but glance at his teacher.

“Don’t try to provoke the four envoys. The consequences are very serious.” Mei Siren said calmly.

“But what you just managed to control is precisely this type of monster...” Xu Xiaoshou thought as he sighed endlessly. There was always another heaven beyond this one.

“We have to run.”

Mei Siren wasn't in the mood to watch the show. After escaping, he pulled Xu Xiaoshou and the little ferret, Elder Han, and prepared to leave.

However, suddenly, the three of them froze and stopped.

...

“Rumble! Rumble!”

On the other side, the Ancestral Origin Emperor Tribulation was mutating rapidly. A demi-saint was provoking it.

It's one thing to endure while transcending the tribulation on the side but to even meddle with the Ancestral Origin Emperor Tribulation... Such behavior was simply intolerable and beyond endurance.

Huang Quan was stunned.

For a moment, he could not figure out why Number Two would risk his life to block this tribulation for Jiang Buyi. If he did so, the Emperor Tribulation would mutate, and Number Two would also be pulled into the state of transcending the tribulation. It was a thankless effort!

Could it be...because of sympathy?

Ridiculous! This was simply impossible!

“Whoosh.”

Light suddenly flashed from the horizon.

It was as if a thunderbolt had flashed in Huang Quan's mind.

“Ten Thousand Path Retreat!”

He subconsciously used this spiritual technique again.

However, not only did the Ancestral Origin Emperor Tribulation mutate, but its power also spread beyond the battlefield.

If he wanted to reverse time now, it would no longer be the time of a person or over a small piece of land.

Instead, he wanted to reverse the time of almost half of the First Hall of Sins, including Number Two, Jiang Buyi, and even the Ancestral Origin Emperor Tribulation!

“Lord Huang Quan?” The Five Decays of Heaven and Man, who had been waiting for a chance to slip away, put away his semi-saint person and called out in surprise.

“I failed.” Huang Quan’s heart sank. How could he reverse the time of the Ancestral Origin Emperor Tribulation?

If he could reverse the situation, he wouldn’t be a demi-saint, but a Holy Emperor!

Number Two’s plan to kill the enemy just now was not to save Jiang Buyi, but to let Yan Wuse into the arena!

“Run...”

Before Huang Quan could finish his sentence, a dim light shot over.

Although Jiang Buyi wanted to preserve his life at all costs, but he was not like Huang Quan who had to worry about Yan Wuse. He was someone who had nothing else to lose.

As someone with no regrets, he was no longer afraid of those who had things to lose!

Jiang Buyi did not bother about the semi-saint person that belonged to him in the hands of Five Decays of Heaven and Man.

Instead, he used all his strength to transfer his energy to Huang Quan.

As the dim light entered his body, Huang Quan was controlled and froze for a moment.

“Yu Lingdi!”

“Give me Yu Lingdi!”

Jiang Buyi’s exasperated voice roared out from Huang Quan’s mouth.

He didn’t want to possess Huang Quan at all. He knew that he couldn’t.

However, with the help of the possession technique, this was the only way he could slightly control the will of Huang Quan after losing the Three Loathsome Eyes.

The Power of Space-Time in Huang Quan's body exploded and instantly blasted Jiang Buyi out of his body.

At the same time, he realized that he had taken out the bronze cauldron from his internal world after he had regained control of his mind.

As for Jiang Buyi, who was blasted out of his body, his blood smoke swept up the bronze cauldron and he fled for his life as if he was snatching a precious treasure.

"How dare a mere mortal enter my body!" Anger flashed in Huang Quan's eyes, and at the same time, there was a scarlet color.

"Lord Huang Quan, there's no time. We should run!"

Fortunately, there were two people in Hell King. This time, it was the Five Decays of Heaven and Man who was awake and stopped Huang Quan that was affected by the Blood World Pearl in time.

Only then did Huang Quan come back to his senses. Sensing that the golden drop of water was still inside his body, he turned to glare at the Deva, and the spatial power beneath his feet flashed.

"Eh?"

Both members of Yama suddenly froze on the spot.

...

"Yu Lingdi!"

"If I want you to live, you can't die!"

On the other side, the fourth wave of the Ancestral Origin Emperor Tribulation was brewing.

Jiang Buyi squeezed out a drop of demi-saint blood essence from his extremely weak body and dripped it on Yu Lingdi's headless body in the bronze cauldron.

His head slowly recovered...

This speed was simply maddening.

Jiang Buyi acted like he was possessed. He did not care about the consequences and simply condensed a portion of his remnant soul.

With both the demi-saint blood essence and the soul blood, Yu Lingdi recovered quickly.

The head of the Spirit Division Chief condensed back and didn't have a clear view of his surroundings.

Jiang Buyi barely managed to transform. He glanced at the Ancestral Origin Emperor Tribulation above his head in panic, then held Yu Lingdi's head and roared,

"Secondary plane door!"

"Summon the secondary plane door for me and stop the Ancestral Origin Emperor Tribulation!"

"Otherwise, I'll hug you and we shall die together!"

Yu Lingdi was dumbfounded as he looked up.

Above the nine heavens, the four Ancestral Origin Emperor Tribulations had been successfully brewed and were about to strike down.

"Ah, this..."

Yu Lingdi's legs went weak and he almost fainted. It was as if he could not connect everything that was happening to the scene before he lost consciousness.

"What happened? Are you under sanctification? What's wrong with you?"

"Shut up! Shut up! The 'secondary plane door', to intercept the Emperor Tribulation. If you complete this condition, I'll be willing to be your slave!"

"Uh, I have already given the secondary plane door to Huang Quan..."

"It must be a fake! You're so scheming, how could you really give it away? I want the secondary plane door!"

"But, it's true..." Yu Lingdi muttered weakly.

"..." Jiang Buyi's pupils trembled.

1904 Light! (4)

At this moment, time seemed to have stopped, and the world was extremely quiet.

Jiang Buyi silently raised his eyes and saw the stiff Mei Siren, Xu Xiaoshou, and Elder Han in the distance.

He caught a glimpse of Huang Quan and Five Decays of Heaven and Man, who were also stunned on the spot.

He caught a glimpse of Yu Lingdi, who was hiding in the bronze cauldron.

Why was the world turning its back on him?

“What use do I have for you?!”

Jiang Buyi roared and jumped up with a slap, blowing up Yu Lingdi’s head on the spot.

Flee!

Since he couldn’t obtain the secondary plane door, he had to endure the Ancestral Origin Emperor Tribulation and leave this place to seek a way out in other realms.

There would definitely be a way out!

Definitely!

Jiang Buyi threw down the bronze cauldron. He had no strength left to face the combined attack of Huang Quan and the Five Decays of Heaven and Man. He only wanted to turn into a blood mist and escape.

Crack!

As soon as he tried, the blood mist froze, and Jiang Buyi returned to his human form.

“I can’t escape...”

The entire First Hall of Sins was completely sealed by an unknown power. No one could use laws, space, or escape techniques to leave.

Jiang Buyi looked at Mei Siren and Huang Quan again.

He finally understood why these two groups of people didn’t run despite having the thought to do so.

It wasn’t that they didn’t want to run, but that they were powerless!

Light shone from afar and suddenly flashed closer.

It flashed into the First Hall of Sins, and at the highest point, under the lightning tribulation, the hall slowly lit up.

“Hu...”

The liberated state of the Divine Oracle let out a long sigh of relief despite being imprisoned in the Country of Time.

Even though he had the Ancestral Origin Emperor Tribulation hanging on him, he still held the hilt of the Divine Blade of Judgment with both hands and stabbed it into the space in front of him.

He nodded slightly to show his respect.

“Light!”

A word fell.

The void trembled violently as if it was being brushed by layers of heavy pressure, twisting crazily.

A blazing white sun, like the rising sun, formed out of thin air when the light in the distance froze in the sky!

Heaven and earth lost their color at this moment.

Even the purple-red color of the Ancestral Origin Emperor Tribulation was turned into nothing.

“Rumble!”

The Ancestral Origin Emperor Tribulation suddenly flashed and descended under the strong light.

Jiang Buyi lost his ability to think and waited for death in despair.

At this moment, a black figure suddenly flashed into the darkness.

He bent his arm and struck. The mutated Ancestral Origin Emperor Tribulation dissipated before being assimilated into light dust and then dissipated into energy.

Everyone raised their eyes and looked over. After they barely adapted to the blinding light, they saw the true appearance of the person.

He was an old man.

He had light golden curly hair and wore a luxurious robe inlaid with gold and jade.

By the time his image was outlined in everyone's eyes, the sun of justice had also been born in the darkness.

Light seeped into every corner.

The dark and misty First Hall of Sins lit up!

No one had ever seen the First Hall of Sins under such bright light. Everyone only scanned it with their spiritual senses. It was fine as long as they could see.

However, at this moment, after the hall lit up.

The battlefield was a mess with broken stones everywhere.

However, there were also maze walls in the distance. The maze walls were not really smooth as there were some lifelike carvings of humans and beasts.

The wall moved slightly.

Every time it moved, dust would splash up and float under the light.

Looking up, beyond the broken space, one could see that there were huge beams crisscrossing on the extremely high dome.

Apart from the holes in the middle that had been caused by the various lightning tribulations and the aftershocks of the various battles, the well-preserved hall in the distance could still be seen to have a very luxurious interior.

Was this place supposed to be so beautiful?

Xu Xiaoshou's scalp went numb. His thoughts suddenly pulled back and fixed on the old man.

He was...Yan Wuse?

Under the blazing sun, in the light, the golden-haired Yan Wuse patted his head hard.

His expression was irritable as if he had experienced something unbearable. His voice was extremely murderous and suppressed endless anger.

"A bunch of filthy and rude people who live in the dirty water of the stinking sewers, a bunch of cowards who hide in the corners of the city. What the hell are you all scheming and babbling about here?"

1905 Saint's Demise! (1)

The Third Emperor, Yan Wuse!

As soon as he stepped into the hall, a sudden silence fell upon everyone.

Everyone looked up at the Elder dressed in a golden robe, bathed in the blazing light, and felt a sense of awe as his presence seemed to tower like the boundless sky.

“Don’t move.”

“And control your heartbeat, stay calm.”

Mei Siren sent a solemn telepathic communication. Xu Xiaoshou had already sensed the abnormality of the surrounding environment and did not dare to move.

The sun was high in the sky, and there were a few rumbles above the nine heavens. Another four Ancestral Origin Emperor Tribulations descended.

However, this time, Jiang Buyi did not even lift a finger.

As the purple-red lightning from the Ancestral Origin Emperor Tribulation descended, it seemed to be cut by countless transparent rays of light. The lightning strike split into fine lines and shot in all directions.

These lines were then scattered and cut into a thunderstorm.

The thunderstorm was then sliced into a lightning mist.

The lightning mist was cut apart again, dissipating into specks of light before finally turning into nothingness.

The formidable strike of the Ancestral Origin Emperor Tribulation, despite its immense power, dissipated instantly under successive weakening layers, vanishing into nothingness on the spot.

“Frightened, Passive Points,+1.”

Through his perception, Xu Xiaoshou saw some details that he couldn’t notice before the Ancestral Origin Emperor Tribulation descended.

Due to the lightning tribulation, some fine light rays that filled this world were revealed in First Hall of Sins.

When the light penetrated every corner, it had clearly pierced through everything on the scene.

Including the people, the walls, the hall... It formed an invisible but beautiful light grid world.

Mei Siren, Huang Quan, Jiang Buyi, and even Xu Xiaoshou himself were all penetrated by the light without exception.

If they had moved, they would have ended up like the lightning struck by the Ancestral Origin Emperor's Tribulation, instantly being cut into pieces.

This was the reason why all of them suddenly stopped moving after the light appeared.

This scene felt familiar!

Xu Xiaoshou recalled the battle in the Eighth Palace.

At that time, under the command of Gou Wuyue, there was a white-clothed cultivator of the light attribute in the Cutting Path stage named Chang Yi.

He used the Pulsation of Light to control the entire arena.

If anyone dared to move, they would be cut into pieces by the fine light that filled the world.

Xu Xiaoshou still remembered that it was the moment when he received the most passive points in one go, reaching the limit of 9999.

In an instant, more than 10,000 damage was dealt!

Now, Yan Wuse's ability was exactly the same as Chang Yi's...No, it was superior.

Were these two related?

The white-robed Chang Yi was merely at the Cutting Path stage, while Yan Wuse was at the peak of the demi-saint stage, and he had the light of Spiritual Cultivation!

Before he even entered the hall, the entire First Hall of Sins was already under his control, as if it had been trapped in his bounded domain.

However, how could there be such a powerful bounded domain?

"This is the Light Energy Realm, which belongs to Yan Wuse. It can be said to be one of the strongest bounded domains in the Spiritual Cultivation World." Mei Siren explained through telepathic communication.

Was it really a bounded domain?

Xu Xiaoshou almost widened his eyes, but he managed to hold himself back in time.

Thus, it wasn't that spiritual cultivators weren't strong enough, nor was it that the bounded domain couldn't keep up with the combat strength of the higher voids.

Or rather...Was it because of the spiritual cultivators he had met in the past? Was it because very few of them had been able to cultivate their bounded domain to the same level as his?

Yes...

Under the same realm as demi-saints, most spiritual cultivators were suppressed by ancient swordsmen.

However, Yan Wuse was obviously not one of them. He was the light of spiritual cultivation, the leader of the Spiritual Cultivation World. His abilities were all superior to ancient swordsmen of the same level.

"How big is this realm of light energy?" Xu Xiaoshou did not move his mouth nor did he even dare to swallow, yet he could not help but ask through telepathic communication.

His "perception" covered ten thousand miles, but he found that the Light Energy Realm had reached the entire area and further!

One could imagine that the entire First Hall of Sins had been penetrated by the invisible light.

Without a doubt, Xu Xiaoshou's telepathic communication was intercepted by all the saints present.

At the same time, Huang Quan, Five Decays of Heaven and Man, Jiang Buyi, Elder Han...None of them had adapted to the realm of light energy yet. They could not control their subconscious movements. Their eyes darted in the direction of Xu Xiaoshou.

"Was this the time for you to be conflicted about this?" They all thought.

In the next second...

"Slash, slash, slash!"

Blood flew out of the eyes of the four demi-saints. Their pupils were cut into pieces by countless rays of light.

The splattered blood was cut into pieces in the air and turned into a bloody mist. When it fell, it was cut into even smaller pieces again before dissipating.

“Criticized, Passive Points +4.”

“Locked-on, Passive Points +4.”

“To put it simply, did the Four Saints turn blind for me?” Xu Xiaoshou thought.

His eyelids twitched.

In the next second, his right eye was also cut into pieces. It was temporarily smeared with blood. When the blood was also cut into pieces, the world in front of him regained its light.

“Attacked. Passive Points +9999.”

Yan Wuse looked over with a smile and replied casually,

“The world of light can spread as far as the land it covers. Are you satisfied with this answer?”

In other words, as long as this old man wanted to, Abyss Island could be under his control?

Xu Xiaoshou was shocked, but he did not dare to nod in response.

Mei Siren said through telepathic communication, “If there are any more abnormal movements in the Light Energy Realm, use the Swordless Sword Technique. The next wave of the Ancestral Origin Sovereign Tribulation will arrive.”

They could escape just like that?

Xu Xiaoshou quickly recalled how to use the Swordless Sword Technique.

Fortunately, Master Siren had demonstrated the first realm of each of the Eight Great Sword Techniques to him.

Otherwise, Xu Xiaoshou would only be left with Vanishing Technique.

However, if he wanted to completely disappear in front of so many demi-saints, he would be the most eye-catching one.

Perhaps the first one to die would be him who dared to do so.

1906 Saint's Demise! (2)

"Alright, I'll remember that." Xu Xiaoshou intentionally replied through telepathic communication.

Boom!

The Five Decays of Heaven and Man's eyeballs exploded.

He couldn't help but tilt his head, but he stopped it in time. In the end, his entire head was still chopped off.

"Cursed, Passive Points +1."

Xu Xiaoshou almost burst out laughing. Everyone had gotten used to it, but why was he, the Deva, still paying attention to him?

Wait a minute!

A curse from the Five Decays of Heaven and Man? Xu Xiaoshou's expression suddenly froze.

In the Country of Time, Number Two wasn't like Rao Yaoyao, who was trapped in the power of time and unable to extricate herself from her emotions.

To him, the chaotic time had only allowed him to reconstruct the past.

No matter how chaotic the information in the knowledge base was and no matter how many times it was tossed back and forth...

Number Two's powerful information-processing ability could still control everything in his mind.

As long as his body did not degenerate, the power of time would not be able to continuously control this Divine Oracle.

Huang Quan's Country of Time was powerful, but to Number Two, it only had a layer of Spatial Imprisonment, which could control him for a long time.

He raised his sword and slashed!

The Spacetime Path Principles around him shattered as Number Two walked out of the Country of Time.

The liberated Divine Oracle had a strong ability to deal with the environment, allowing Number Two to move calmly.

With every step he took, his body would automatically split apart in the slightest. Before the light cut him apart, he would complete the separation, and after crossing the light, he would gather again.

As he walked through the Light Energy Realm, Number Two was completely unaffected.

“Elder Yan.”

He nodded to Yan Wuse first and then told him all the information he had without any emotion.

“Ye Xiao died in battle and has been devoured by the Five Decays of Heaven and Man. The Deva has successfully gone through the sanctification with the Blood World Pearl and needs to change his semi-saint person urgently.”

“Rao Yaoyao’s Sword Will and the Power of Space-Time in Huang Quan went in the same direction. It should be the Blood World. Now that Huang Quan has returned, Rao Yaoyao is nowhere to be seen. I speculate that she was affected by the environment and the power of time in the Blood World...If she had killed Huang Quan’s True Body, Rao Yaoyao should be able to escape.”

“Jiang Buyi has the Three Tribulation Eyes. One of them is on Xu Xiaoshou. The rest and the last Three Loathsome Eyes are on Huang Quan and Deva. The semi-saint person has been taken away by the Five Decays of Heaven and Man, there is no salvation.”

“Mei Siren can’t attack. At most, he can only attack once more. I estimate that there are only one or two days left before the banishment.”

“The Frost Ferret’s combat strength isn’t high. This Elder Yan has fought it before, so he should know.”

“Xu Xiaoshou’s condition is strange. I didn’t see him use the death-exemption token. He should have died long ago. The reason why he’s still alive is temporarily unknown...He had entered a special state before and was unable to move. I guessed that it was related to the Abyss Island Spirit. There was a 40% chance.”

“The secondary plane door was passed from Yu Lingdi to Huang Quan. It is impossible to tell if it is real or fake. Yu Lingdi is here and has not died.”

After Number Two pointed, Yan Wuse turned his head to look.

Although he said that he was not dead, Yan Wuse could not tell that the broken headless body inside the cauldron was the Chief of the Spirit Division, Yu Lingdi.

He remembered that this young man was clearly a young man.

After listening to Number Two's analysis, Xu Xiaoshou felt a chill down his spine.

This Divine Oracle was too terrifying. It was as if he had installed an intelligent brain with supercomputing power on the battlefield.

In such a chaotic battle, he could still grasp all the information inside and outside the arena so clearly.

Fighting with such a person, when would he be considered dead? He might not even know that he was dead!

"There are a lot of troublesome matters. Can't you tell me one and let me deal with one?" Yan Wuse rubbed his temples as he felt a slight headache.

He tried to recall and realized that he had almost forgotten the previous ones, but he had the deepest impression of Yu Lingdi.

Therefore, his first action was to reach out and summon the bronze cauldron, dripping golden holy blood into the headless body.

The audience watched silently and did not move.

"They are all involved in this. If I had told you one thing at a time, you'll scold me afterward." Number Two shook his head.

Yan Wuse didn't really care about this. He glanced at the Sword Saint beside him and said sarcastically, "You can't beat Mei Siren?"

"An accident." Number Two was not ashamed. He said calmly, "If we were to fight again, the ending will be different."

Xu Xiaoshou thought to himself, "Have you finished recording Master Siren's sword moves?"

Seeing Yu Lingdi recovering bit by bit, Xu Xiaoshou was anxious. He wanted to communicate with Master Siren through telepathy, but he was afraid that it would be intercepted.

"Don't move."

Mei Siren reminded.

Xu Xiaoshou suppressed his anxiety and vaguely felt that there was a mystery behind it.

That's right, why wasn't anyone moving?

If Huang Quan endured the pain and used the spacetime attribute to shift, the Light Energy Realm should not be able to deal with him and the Five Decays of Heaven and Man, right?

Why was everyone giving Yan Wuse so much respect? How important of a figure was he!

Were they waiting for this old man to settle the score one step at a time?

The rest of the people could not wait any longer. Seeing that the two Saints had finished discussing, Jiang Buyi finally found a gap to interrupt and said with a trembling voice,

“Yan Wuse, save me!”

“I’m one of you now. I’ve signed a contract with Yu Lingdi!”

Yan Wuse turned his head to look at Number Two. Seeing that the other party had nodded, he looked up at the Ancestral Origin Emperor Tribulation.

Another wave of lightning tribulation was about to descend.

The Ancestral Origin Emperor Tribulation was getting stronger with each wave. The Light Energy Realm had unexpectedly blocked a tribulation for Jiang Buyi, which was already a great help.

Next, Yan Wuse did not dare to make a move, or else he would be targeted by the Emperor Tribulation!

Yan Wuse clicked his tongue and said, “Not to mention me, even that brat couldn’t save you. What were you thinking, trying to pass the Ancestral Origin Emperor Tribulation here?”

1907 Saint’s Demise! (3)

“This was all because we had to save Yu Lingdi and your Divine Oracle!” Jiang Buyi’s eyes were red with anger. Demonic devilish energy surrounded his body, but he did not dare to move. “I had no choice!”

Yan Wuse could not bear to see him in such a miserable state. After all, they had known each other for so many years. He looked at Number Two and asked, “Is there a way?”

“I told you, it’s hopeless.” Number Two said.

“Did you hear that? There’s no way out.” Yan Wuse repeated with a sympathetic expression. He had already done his best.

Jiang Buyi was furious. His body trembled, but he was sliced into bloody bits by the Light Energy Realm when it did that. He hurriedly stopped his movements.

He was lost in thought.

He couldn’t move.

There was no way to resist.

He could only wait for death.

Would there not be any ray of hope for his future destiny?

“Save me...” Jiang Buyi’s lips and teeth moved as he muttered silently. His lower jaw was shattered, and he was in a thoroughly miserable state now.

Rumble!

The Ancestral Origin Emperor Tribulation had arrived.

Yan Wuse’s eyes narrowed and he waved his sleeves.

The fine light rays in the air around Jiang Buyi that were connected to the Ancestral Origin Emperor Tribulation disappeared.

This was the respect accorded to the Ancestor Origin Emperor Tribulation and also the last bit of dignity left for Jiang Buyi.

“Hahahaha...”

Jiang Buyi was relieved of a heavy burden. He laughed hysterically and turned into a cloud of bloodied smoke. He chose to face the Ancestral Origin Emperor Tribulation.

He still had one last incomplete Demi-Saint incarnation in the Northern Region Pu Xuan in the Jiang Clan.

However, as far as the Ancestral Origin Emperor Tribulation was concerned, this was of no use at all.

If he feigned his death and returned to the Shengshen Continent and chose to be reborn in the Northern Region, it would be seen as a provocation to the Ancestral Origin Emperor Tribulation. This would attract another Emperor Tribulation.

Moreover, there was no certainty that this ‘feigned death’ method would work...

Jiang Buyi had given up all hope of survival!

At the final moment, he didn’t want the entire Northern Region Pu Xuan and the Jiang Clan to die with him.

He would do it by himself!

As he passed through the First Hall of Sins, he had a bird’s eye view of Abyss Island.

On the way, Jiang Buyi used up the last bit of energy he had to wash away the blood on his body; It released his main body into the most beautiful fairy colored cloud.

This bit of glory was just like the day when he completed his path. The colors scattered across the Northern Region and the Saint Language spread out everywhere.

When the Emperor Tribulation descended, Jiang Buyi was already unable to condense his form.

However, the colorful clouds gathered and highlighted the silhouette of a phantom Saint in the clouds.

He upturned the wine pot and looked at the arrival of the Emperor Tribulation with a smile.

“A Saint, should not be humiliated.”

The Saint Language spread throughout Abyss Island and shocked all the Spiritual Cultivators on the island.

Rumble!

The purple-red Emperor Tribulation descended. Multi-colored clouds flew everywhere and the Holy Power scattered all over Abyss Island.

“Wu...”

The Great Path whimpered, and all living things wailed.

The Spiritual Cultivators on Abyss Island couldn’t help but feel sad.

Even if ninety-nine percent of the people had never experienced such a thing, they could still see the truth from the Great Path at this moment.

Saint Fall!

Just now, under the Emperor Tribulation.

There was a true Demi-Saint who failed to transcend the tribulation and was about to die.

In an instant, almost all the information that they had learned before they entered the island flashed through their minds:

“Sky City had the foundational roots of the Saint Ascension.”

“However, when success had been achieved, it would lead to the deaths of thousands. This place can also be used to bury the Higher Void and the Demi- Saint in various ways.”

Xu Xiaoshou didn’t know how to describe the complicated feelings in his heart.

He had personally witnessed the Saint Fall, from the beginning when he fought with Jiang Buyi to this moment when he witnessed his death.

Should it be said that he had asked for this humiliation?

No!

Jiang Buyi was only a little anxious from the start to the end.

However, the schemes he displayed were not something that ordinary people could withstand.

His Saint Fall could only be attributed to those who played games with him for being more cunning and able to tolerate more than him.

Be it Dao Qiongcang who had always been in control of the Holy Divine Palace’s actions, but who had never shown his face.

From the moment Jiang Buyi provoked Water Ghost, he was bound to have caught the eye of Elder Ba.

And what mattered most was that Huang Quan and the Five Decays of Heaven and Man had targeted him.

It could only be said...

He was too clever and miscalculated; this cost him his life.

He sighed in his heart but it didn’t last long because he didn’t know what his own fate would be.

Before Jiang Buyi had his Saint Fall, when the last wave of the Ancestral Origin Emperor Tribulation fell; the critical moment that Master Siren mentioned, arrived.

Before Xu Xiaoshou could use the Swordless Sword Technique, he could clearly see that someone had made a move in the battlefield.

The first person who made a move was Huang Quan!

Read I Am Loaded with Passive Skills - Chapter 1908 - 1908 Yan Nu Was Originally Like a Bird in the Forest, Flying Alone in the Face of Disaster! (1)

1908 Yan Nu Was Originally Like a Bird in the Forest, Flying Alone in the Face of Disaster! (1)

“Deva!”

When the Power of Space-Time bloomed on his body, Huang Quan suddenly shouted.

The one who responded was the Five Decays of Heaven and Man who had been fully prepared. He had waited for a long time!

In the last wave of the Ancestral Origin Emperor Tribulation, even when Yan Wuse had cleared a path around Jiang Buyi and the space that connected Jiang Buyi and the Emperor Tribulation for the Thunder Calamity to strike...

The power of the Ancestral Origin Emperor Tribulation still managed to disrupt the light rays in the Light Energy Realm. It caused them to glow with a light that was visible to the naked eye.

“Buzz!”

The Blood World Pearl rose rapidly from the top of the Five Decays of Heaven and Man’s head.

If there was anything that could not be cut apart, then it would be the Light Energy Realm.

The Blood World Pearl, one of the top ten Great Psionic Weapons, was the only thing that the Five Decays of Heaven and Man was certain of. This was even when he didn’t know what material the Blood World Pearl was made of.

“Devour!”

Even if he did not want to use the Blood World Pearl's ability, the Heavenly Five Decays of Heaven and Man had to borrow the power now.

As expected, the Light Energy Realm failed to cut open the Blood World Pearl.

The moment he finished speaking, a mass of Crimson Light filled the entire arena.

The Blood World Pearl seemed to have opened its bloody mouth from the Internal World. It swallowed the transparent light rays that belonged to the Light Energy Realm around it and turned them into its own.

"Lord of Calamity!"

He arched his back, and the Lord of Calamity, who was made of pure decaying mist, rose into the air. He was tall and had a fierce expression.

Almost at the same time, the Five Decays of Heaven and Man formed a seal with one hand and detonated it.

"Fallen Realm!"

With a boom, the gray-brown decaying mist was stained with the Holy Power of the Crimson Light. It scattered in all directions like rain and snow.

In the world of Light Energy Realm, every ray of light touched by the decaying mist instantly lost its luster. It became like ice and snow that melted. In the end, it fell, dissipated and turned into nothingness.

In an instant, Yan Wuse's Light Energy Realm broke apart and a huge gap formed!

As for Huang Quan who just so happened to be in this gap, there were more movements from him.

In a flash, his movements seemed to be half a step slower than the Five Decays of Heaven and Man, but in fact, he was much faster than the Five Decays of Heaven and Man.

However, the speed that both sides used showed that the Five Decays of Heaven and Man was the first to break the realm, followed by Huang Quan.

Time had clearly been played here!

However, Huang Quan's speed increased once again. Under the exquisite control of time, the two of them cooperated without any interruption.

"Spacetime rift!"

Huang Quan raised his hand, and the Shang Xuan Sword on his back cut through the bandages and slashed toward the sky.

With a loud rumble, the huge First Hall of Sins and the world of Light Energy Realm that filled everything were slashed. This created a spacetime rift that stretched across the north and south ends of the void.

Viewed from the bottom, if the sky was the earth, the sky seemed to have been split in half by a sword.

The great rift valley was like a heavenly chasm that hung upside down. Laws could not stop the split and the light energy could not resist the sword attack.

The Five Decays of Heaven and Man's sudden attack tore a small crack in the Light Energy Realm.

Being one of the top ten Great Psionic Weapons, the Shang Xuan Sword could cause real damage to everything. Huang Quan's sword had expanded the crack to a point where even Yan Wuse could not repair it.

When the Spiritual Cultivators on Abyss Island saw the Saint Fall, they could sense that the danger in the giant kingdom had increased significantly.

Unexpectedly, it was still in the direction of the First Hall of Sins. After the Saint Fall, the sky split open again!

It wasn't a Saint Calamity or an Emperor Tribulation. It had simply been cut off by a sword!

At a single glance, the Saint Fall from before didn't seem like something that could happen under normal circumstances. Perhaps the Saint Fall phenomenon on the Abyss Island had just begun.

Next, there were two, three... And even more!

"Run!"

The sword cut through the Light Energy Realm, but Huang Quan was still afraid of the old Demi-Saint Yan Wuse's ability.

This person was not Jiang Buyi.

In terms of combat strength alone, ten Jiang Buyis combined might not be a match for this combat peak Demi-Saint.

The ten-member council of the Holy Divine Palace had an extremely strict selection criteria for the three emperors.

To put it in a nutshell, if you want to sit in this position, you had to display the talent of a Demi-Saint that was comparable to a Holy Emperor.

And to achieve this basic condition, one had to first pass the battle strength test.

Huang Quan didn't want to waste his energy on a troublesome character like Yan Wuse.

He had already accomplished 120% of his goal.

Jiang Buyi had undergone the Saint Fall; he had obtained the semi-saint person, the secondary plane door, the Three Tribulation Eyes and the Three Loathsome Eyes.

In this round, he had perfectly accomplished all his goals – to stall, kill and plunder.

If that was the case, why would he want to stay here?

To clean up the mess of the Saint Servant?

When it came to the Saint Servant, the subject of the last eye of the Three Tribulation Eyes that Huang Quan deliberately left behind had to be mentioned.

Of course, it wasn't that he didn't have the time to stop and ask Mei Siren and Xu Xiaoshou for the Lei Family's Eyes.

He couldn't.

Yama's men had fled. Someone had to bear the wrath of the Holy Divine Palace.

If this stalk of the Lei Family's Eyes was also with Yama, the Holy Divine Palace would not rest until one of them died.

However, if he left one with the Saint Servant, it would become their problem.

As for whether or not the Saint Servant could protect this Three Loathsome Eyes, Huang Quan did not care at all.

It was not easy to snatch food from the tiger's mouth.

How could he not even leave something for himself?

It was up to their abilities to protect themselves. If they wanted to, they could talk about it later.

If they could not protect it... This was the last bit of dignity that Huang Quan had left for the Holy Divine Palace, so it was normal that they couldn't protect it.

"Don't turn back!"

In the spacetime rift, Huang Quan even deliberately distorted the time and escaped with the Five Decays of Heaven and Man within half a breath before he attacked.

Read I Am Loaded with Passive Skills - Chapter 1909 - 1909 Yan Nu Was Originally Like a Bird in the Forest, Flying Alone in the Face of Disaster! (2)

1909 Yan Nu Was Originally Like a Bird in the Forest, Flying Alone in the Face of Disaster! (2)

After they were stuck, the two of them escaped just when the spacetime rift had been slashed. There was no gap left in the time.

After all, the light was too fast!

Yan Wuse's battle consciousness was also hard to ignore!

The only way to avoid the Abyss Island's rules was to dash out of the spacetime rift without any stops. Then they could kill their way to the Shengshen Continent from the spatial fragment.

Only then would they be free.

That's right, Huang Quan's idea was to force his way through, just like Ye Xiaotian's attempt!

This was the most powerful attribute that belonged to the time and space type Spiritual Cultivator.

However, if anything happened, there was no guarantee that Huang Quan and Deva would be able to escape from Abyss Island in one piece.

From the perspective of outsiders, the transformation in the battle was extremely fast.

When Huang Quan made a move, the Five Decays of Heaven and Man's time became blurred. No one knew what he did, but the two of them immediately disappeared from the spot and fled into the sky.

Immediately after, a huge spacetime rift appeared in the sky. Huang Quan and the Five Decays of Heaven and Man flashed into it.

“So fast!”

Xu Xiaoshou’s heart tightened.

His battle consciousness was good and he could see through the movements on Yama’s side.

In the end, the time attribute was too powerful. In the hands of Huang Quan, there were too many variables being played.

However, there were obviously other people who were faster in this field!

Yan Wuse could not reverse Jiang Buyi’s death, so he sent him on his way. However, this did not mean that he was indifferent to the Saint Servant and Yama’s people.

The moment the Light Energy Realm changed and the Five Decays of Heaven and Man attacked, Yan Wuse realized that this nest of vipers and rats would cause trouble again.

When he looked over with a smile, Yama’s two men had already entered the spacetime rift.

“Tsk...”

Yan Wuse’s lips curled up in a half-sneer and his body turned into a speck of light and disappeared.

When he reappeared, he had also entered the spacetime rift, as if he had made a prediction!

However, he was also under the guidance of the space-time rules as Huang Quan and the Five Decays of Heaven and Man, whose figures had become abnormally blurry. They must have walked side by side and escaped into the Holy Path at the same speed...

This was not a prediction at all!

It was his battle consciousness that caught up with them. The moment Huang Quan attacked, he already figured out all his escape routes!

“Yan...”

The Five Decays of Heaven and Man was originally controlled by Huang Quan. His body followed him into the Great Path of time and space. However, when he sensed

that something was wrong, he suddenly turned around and saw Yan Wuse's smiling face. It was not an exaggeration to say that he was truly horrified!

The lower body of this person, one of the three emperors, turned into light, but his upper body remained unchanged. It was as light as the wind and clouds.

He held his right elbow with his left hand and cupped his chin with his right hand. He laughed as he ran. "As slow as a turtle."

"Yan Wuse?!"

The Five Decays of Heaven and Man could also be terrified by others. His pupils shrank and he appeared visibly nervous.

In the next breath, the three gray flowers in his right eye flipped as the Five Decays of Heaven and Man tried to activate the Three Loathsome Eyes.

"Beautiful eyes."

Yan Wuse seemed to admire him. He was so relaxed that it was impossible to tell that he was about to fight. His tiger-like eyes opened wide and two blazing white lights shot out from his pupils in advance.

Sizzle! Sizzle!

Under the pull of the spacetime law, the only part of the Five Decays of Heaven and Man's face that was exposed outside the mask, his eyes, were instantly pierced by the white light.

The two beams of light were faster than the Three Loathsome Eyes. It not only pierced through the virtual and real state of the Five Decays of Heaven and Man, but also shot out from the back of his head.

It also stopped almost all of the Five Decays of Heaven and Man's movements. As the light energy spread, it messed up the energy reserve of the Holy Power.

In the end, he even dragged along the body of the Five Decays of Heaven and Man who had lost control and was about to fall behind. He then continued to walk shoulder to shoulder with Huang Quan.

"Phew!"

Yan Wuse even moved closer, pursed his lips and blew gently into Huang Quan's ear. Huang Quan couldn't feel it under the rules of time and space.

"Why are you in such a rush? Are you in a hurry to reincarnate?"

In the spacetime rift, three figures disappeared into the darkness after that shout. Even Xu Xiashou's Perception could not sense them.

In the next second, a white light bloomed, and an upside down white sun suddenly appeared in the sky of the rift valley !

The people on the Abyss Island looked up and saw a strange scene.

With a loud bang, the rift exploded on the spot. The spatial power did not even have time to disperse before it was assimilated into the color of light.

Dust rose and floated everywhere, and the huge black valley was instantly dyed white.

When Yan Wuse attacked, Heaven and Earth would never be dyed with any other colors.

"Ten Thousand Dao Retreat!"

Huang Quan was neither alarmed nor shocked. When the sun was high in the sky, an ancient clock appeared and its hand moved backward.

"Awesome. Just now, it was this move that made me go round in circles, right?"

"You can't use the same move to attack a second time after the person is already on his guard. Didn't Chief Quan understand this principle?"

Yan Wuse jeered and applauded as he used the light from his eyes to drag the Five Decays of Heaven and Man to the sky. At the same time, he activated the Holy Power in his body and spread it toward the sky.

"Ten Thousand Element!"

The white sun that rose from the spacetime rift also exploded.

However, the dissipated light rays converged into streaks that were visible to the naked eye. They then shot out in all directions from the Abyss Island.

In the blink of an eye, the light pierced into the Forest of Miracles, into the Blood World, and into the Fallen Abyss...

They plunged into the nine extreme grounds, into the edge of Abyss Island. It then pulled out a huge birdcage that seemed to be able to imprison all the creatures on the island.

Crack!

The hand of the Ten Thousand Dao moved backward, but it seemed to have been damaged. It encountered an irresistible force and failed to move backward. It was still in its original position.

Huang Quan's pupils finally trembled.

Read I Am Loaded with Passive Skills - Chapter 1910 - 1910 Yan Nu Was Originally Like a Bird in the Forest, Flying Alone in the Face of Disaster! (3)

1910 Yan Nu Was Originally Like a Bird in the Forest, Flying Alone in the Face of Disaster! (3)

"Hehe."

When Yan Wuse saw this, his old face twitched as he gave a sly smile.

The source of light from the Ten Thousand Element gathered on his body. The dazzling robe he wore could be compared to that of a Saint's robe.

He continued to drag the Five Decays of Heaven and Man as he escaped together with Huang Quan. He smiled as he said.

"The so-called time is limited."

"The so-called human strength would eventually run out."

"It's true that Chief Huang Quan can change the time rules of a small place by himself and then affect someone in another place."

"However, I am now bound to the Abyss Island, and my personal time is intertwined with the time of this giant kingdom."

"If you want to change my time or the time of a certain place on the Abyss Island, you can't get around the entire island and me."

"The power of time is powerful, but you Huang Quan are too inexperienced. You've just attained sanctification!"

"Do you have the ability to reverse myself and the Abyss Island in one breath?"

The answer was obviously no, obviously not!

If he could really retreat, everything that happened in the nine extreme grounds would have to go back to how it was before. All of Yan Wuse's, one of the three Emperors, moves would have to be retracted back into his body.

If Huang Quan could do this, he could easily kill Yan Wuse, so why would he be afraid?

"With regards to the study of time, I might not be inferior to you!" Yan Wuse smiled as he pinched the sun wheel on his fingertip and slashed toward Huang Quan's neck.

Swish!

Huang Quan's whole body exploded as if the traces that existed were all only an illusion. He had changed his time line and retreated before he entered the spacetime rift.

But this time...

The Five Decays of Heaven and Man could not return.

Huang Quan's heart sank. He had also changed the Five Decays of Heaven and Man, but he had failed?

When he looked up, he saw that not only had the Five Decays of Heaven and Man's eyes been pierced, but every joint on his body was also connected to Yan Wuse by the rays of light.

And the light on Yan Wuse's body was connected to the Abyss Island... Overall!

Huang Quan sighed deeply. There were only two choices left.

Either they fight it out and fight to the death.

He could either escape and give up the Five Decays of Heaven and Man. It was like how he gave up the Three Tribulation Eyes.

"Swordless Sword Technique, Swordless Sword Form!"

On the other side, Mei Siren was a wily old fox. He only activated the Swordless Sword Technique after Huang Quan made his move.

At this moment, Yan Wuse's attention must have been focused on Yama's two men.

As for the problem of the abandoned Three Tribulation Eyes, Huang Quan knew how to solve it.

However, Mei Siren's solution was even more extreme. He became the abandoned Yama.

Then, there was only the liberated state of the Divine Oracle left on the scene. He needed to be dealt with.

"Xu Xiaoshuo!"

As soon as he left the Light Energy Realm, Mei Siren saw from the corner of his eye that his student had a weak Way of the Sword Power of Upanishad Formation under his feet. Then, he also performed the Swordless Sword Form and his figure disappeared into the illusory state.

"Lord Shou, what about me?" Elder Han lost his footing and was clearly anxious. These two people knew sword techniques, but he didn't!

"We will split up, use your escape technique and try to survive." Xu Xiaoshou knew that Elder Han's Super Saint Escape Technique worked better when he was on his own. Master Siren had also made that very clear. He couldn't bring along a piece of trash who didn't even know the Swordless Sword Form.

With a swish, Elder Han disappeared on the spot. He didn't even say anything. Clearly, he knew that he was a burden and that he would die if he spoke too much.

Xu Xiaoshou was distracted for a moment, then he saw Number Two turn as he glanced over from a distance.

His body trembled visibly. It was an obvious prelude to his flash and he dodged.

Xu Xiaoshou understood what had taken place because there were plum blossoms that floated down from behind Number Two.

"Fantasy Sword Technique!"

Mei Siren grabbed Xu Xiaoshou's hand in silence.

He used the few remaining attacks he had and chose to use a special escape technique that did not cause any harm on the Abyss Island. It should not reduce the number of attacks he could use, but it was very powerful. It was a special escape technique that could not be locked by the Swordless Sword Technique.

"Space-Time Transition!"

Read I Am Loaded with Passive Skills - Chapter 1911 - 1911 Giving Birth to Xu Xiaoshou in War, Counterattacking Mei Siren! (1)

1911 Giving Birth to Xu Xiaoshou in War, Counterattacking Mei Siren! (1)

“Yoho!”

A strange sort of laughter and the sound of a sword rang out at the same time.

Mei Siren’s Fantasy Sword Technique was not very powerful. Number Two was only distracted for a moment before he followed them.

His reaction was fast enough.

Who would have thought that just as he moved, the light would pass by him followed by the sound of a sneer.

“Just hold the fort for me. It’s been a while since you took any action. This time, do your best.”

Number Two immediately put down the Divine Blade of Judgment.

Xu Xiaoshou was borne along by Master Siren as they flew away. The feeling of being in the first realm of the Swordless Sword Technique and the Swordless Sword Form was very strange.

This was a different type of void from the Vanishing Technique. It was similar to the Path Principles that the Spiritual Cultivators at the Cutting Path Level could master.

However, the Spiritual Cultivators had all kinds of attributes. Xu Xiaoshou had never seen anyone who had not mastered any attributes. Also those who had entered the Path Principles who had no attributes.

His current state was similar to this.

While he was in the state of the Swordless Sword Technique, he was able to experience the Space-Time Transition in the first realm of the Fantasy Sword Technique. This was a different experience for Xu Xiaoshou.

Nothingness, time, space...

Under the state of the Unity of Man and the Heavens, Xu Xiaoshou felt that he was about to break through the bottleneck of Master Siren’s sword.

In terms of time, he could go from zero to...!

It was just that he still lacked a little duration.

If he could calm down and sense it, he might very soon have the Time Dao Discs to add to his Great Dao Disc.

With the help of the integration of the Time Dao Discs and the Unity of Man and the Heavens, Xu Xiaoshou was confident that his combat strength could reach a new level.

And it was that kind of steepness that spanned a huge distance!

Who would have thought that this strange laughter would make people break out in cold sweat. It almost interrupted the state of the Unity of Man and the Heavens.

Xu Xiaoshou turned around.

An old and frivolous face was beside him, Yan Wuse!

The lower half of this old fellow's body had turned into light. The upper body walked alongside Xu Xiaoshou as they escaped under the space-time Path Principles.

He even reached out his hand and wanted to clasp Xu Xiaoshou's shoulder. Unfortunately, under the Swordless Sword Form, his plan fell through.

"I had some regrets."

After Yan Wuse shook his head, he frowned at the slightly nervous young man beside him. "What? You don't like me?"

Xu Xiaoshou's heart almost jumped out of his throat.

He could see from his Perception that Yan Wuse still pursued Huang Quan. How could he be here at the same time?

Demi-Saint Incarnation?

"It's not the Demi-Saint incarnation."

Yan Wuse seemed eager to chat. After he perceived the young man's shock and fear, he chuckled and said, "When the light is fast enough, it would not be a problem to fight against two or even three parties."

"Lord Shou!"

Elder Han's scream came from afar, as if to confirm what Yan Wuse said.

Through his Perception, Xu Xiaoshou could see that the light did not only flicker in the spacetime rift, but also chased after him.

At the same time, the light split into nine thin lines that was attached to the head of the huge Ghost Beast that had turned into a Frost Ferret.

Yan Wuse also pursued Elder Han at the same time!

Xu Xiaoshou finally realized something. This old man was so fast that he could chase after three people at the same time!

Even if the three parties fled in three different directions, it would not take much time for the light to move back and forth between the three points!

To be able to control light at such an extreme speed and with such ease, how could Yan Wuse be inferior in terms of consciousness?

He could even multitask and exert pressure on the other two parties while he blew up Huang Quan in the spacetime rift.

“This is called controlling the light.”

Yan Wuse smiled and pointed in Elder Han’s direction.

There was also a Yan Wuse who used the nine rays of light to control the Demi-Saint Ghost Beast, the Frost Ferret.

At the same time, Yan Wuse was able to multitask and he laughed as he said.

“Little Ice Ferret, long time no see. Did you miss me?”

“It was easy for me to search for your Super Saint Escape Technique back then. Had it evolved to the point that even the Inner Island can’t trap you now?”

“Not bad, you’ve improved!”

“Lord Shou!” The Frost Ferret’s wails sounded desperate. It did not dare to turn around and fled forward frantically.

After he was out of sight of the range of his Perception, Xu Xiaoshou clearly saw Yan Wuse on the other side. He flicked the reins as if he rode a horse.

“Giddyup!”

Xu Xiaoshou’s heart turned cold.

Yan Wuse had not lied!

He really didn't use the Demi-Saint Incarnation; it was the same person.

When Yan Wuse moved, the Yan Wuse in front of him felt unreal, and his body flickered faintly.

This was something that only the Holy Emperor Level.0's Perception could detect.

With the speed of light, he quickly jumped between the three points, exchanged blows with the three parties, chatted with them, and repeated the process over and over again.

Because he was fast enough, he was able to create three 'Clones' – the clones were like the actual person!

"How was it?"

As he stood next to Xu Xiaoshou, Yan Wuse's hateful old face, that moved so fast that it had crossed time and space at the same time, still smiled at him.

"Did this move of mine surprise you?"

"To be honest, I was quite interested in a young man like you. However, it was not because of your fighting strength, but because of another point..."

Yan Wuse paused for a moment and winked. "What's your relationship with Elder Yu's great-granddaughter?"

"+(Questioned, Passive Points), +1."

Xu Xiaoshou couldn't even be bothered to think.

At this moment, four words flashed in his mind: Spiritual Cultivation light!

"Do you want to tell me about it? If you speak, maybe this relationship might save your life later." Yan Wuse beamed at him.

The Space-Time Transition jumped repeatedly.

1912 Giving Birth to Xu Xiaoshou in War, Counterattacking Mei Siren! (2)

Mei Siren remained silent, but he still couldn't shake off Yan Wuse.

They quickly flashed out of the First Hall of Sins and arrived in the sky above Abyss Island.

All the Spiritual Cultivators on the island looked up at the figure. Some of them felt that something was amiss, and some of them were barely able to keep up with the speed.

At this moment, Elder Han was like a dog being walked to an unknown place.

Yan Wuse's Clone who fought against Huang Quan, relied on the Abyss Island and used the Ten Thousand Element to establish a foundation that made it impossible to retreat.

"I only have one chance!" There was a touch of madness in Xu Xiaoshou's eyes.

Number Two couldn't force him into a corner because at the last moment, Master Siren turned up.

But now, Master Siren couldn't make a move, and Yan Wuse hadn't even used his full strength yet. Just this move alone was enough to make Xu Xiaoshou feel pressured.

It was even more oppressive than the liberated state of the Divine Oracle!

If he fought Yan Wuse, he would have to be as strong and crush the other party head-on. Perhaps Mei Siren who was at his peak would have this chance...

Or, he could take advantage of this guy's lack of defense; he would use the most absolute output to kill him in one shot that would not leave him with any leeway!

"Passive Fist charge point: 56.33%."

At this moment, Xu Xiaoshou looked at his final trump card and was ready to make a move.

It had been too long since he had used the Passive Fist!

It had been kept hidden and Xu Xiaoshou almost forgot about it. The enemy would not be on guard against it.

The main reason was that the charge point of this special passive skill was too slow.

However, aside from everything else, in the battle with Number Two earlier, Xu Xiaoshou was defeated several times. The charge point of the Passive Fist had increased crazily.

A Demi-Saint's attack was much more powerful than that of an Innate Stage or Master Stage!

And if this was not enough, there was still the Disillusionment Finger...

"Disillusionment Finger, charge point: 81.64%."

Due to the disgusting physique of the Five Decays of Heaven and Man, the terrifying influence of the Blood World Pearl, and the recent deterioration in the enemy's combat strength, almost every battle would involve spiritual influences.

For the Disillusionment Finger, the increase in its charge point was even more exaggerated than the Passive Fist!

With 56.33% of the Passive Fist power and 81.64% of the Disillusionment Finger power, Xu Xiaoshou was confident that he could kill one of the three emperors in one hit in the presence of Master Siren!

At that time, Yan Wuse would have to change his name to headless Yan!

No matter how tenacious his Life Force was and how he could be resurrected, Xu Xiaoshou believed that it was enough to stall for time.

The time Yan Wuse took to resurrect was enough for Mei Siren to take him around the entire Abyss Island.

But...

"Can you hit him?"

Xu Xiaoshou was filled with a desire to hit out.

However, his rationality told him that Yan Wuse could even control the speed of light, and his reaction speed might even be above Number Two's!

As the light of Spiritual Cultivation, as one of the three emperors... Would it be possible to punch him in the head?

After he hesitated for a moment, his body reacted to the pressure that Yan Wuse exuded.

Xu Xiaoshou's eyes were red with anger as he dispelled the Swordless Sword Form.

He dealt one punch!

Time seemed to stop at this moment.

Mei Siren abruptly stopped the next Space-Time Transition and looked back in shock. He wouldn't let Xu Xiaoshou face Yan Wuse alone.

However, after he turned to look, what he saw shocked him.

Xu Xiaoshou's right arm had completely exploded, and his robe had been reduced to dust. From the residual airflow in the void, it could be seen that he had thrown a punch.

However, Yan Wuse smiled and looked sideways.

The airflow fluctuation from the punch just happened to brush past his ear and broke off three strands of golden hair...

"Tsk."

Yan Wuse, who still maintained his posture, praised him sincerely. His tone carried the admiration of an elder to a junior as he said, "Amazing, you still dared to counterattack. You have guts."

At the same time, before he even finished speaking, his eyes had already gathered light and two rays of light shot out.

"Xu Xiaoshou!" Mei Siren leaped forward with his sword.

"Vanishing Technique!" After his first attack failed, Xu Xiaoshou disappeared without a second thought.

He didn't dare to wait for Mei Siren to come and save him. This was no different than if he awaited for death.

Not only did he disappear, but he was also certain that Yan Wuse would not be able to find him in a short period of time.

Therefore, he took a dose of the Holy Medicine and Xu Xiaoshou erupted on the spot!

"Uhh!"

As his face distorted, his body split into half, and his ability was replicated.

But his Higher Void level was too weak!

His disappearance during a battle and his replication of a second Clone was a waste of energy and time.

He needed a little bit more!

Just a little bit more!

Time... Xu Xiaoshou stepped on the Unity of Man and the Heavens and quickly healed himself. At the same time, he carefully comprehended the space-time rules that he felt in the Swordless Sword Form

He didn't want the Space-Time Transition.

What he wanted were the Time Dao Discs!

Huang Quan's time attribute was too flashy. He could even split into a Demi-Saint incarnation after being beheaded; this gave him another chance to start over.

This gave Xu Xiaoshou a strong inspiration!

Only when he mastered time would he have a chance to hit him with the Passive Fist and counter Yan Wuse's terrifying reaction speed.

Yes, Xu Xiaoshou merely tested him.

He still didn't dare to use his Passive Fist. Reason being Xu Xiaoshou's true body.

If he dealt the Passive Fist card too early, Yan Wuse would not die at all.

Just now, Xu Xiaoshou had only used all his strength to destroy his Sleeveless, Red Scorched Hand. He had wanted to test Yan Wuse's reaction speed and even his battle consciousness..

Third realm!

The actual third realm!

He didn't know if it was faster than him when compared to the liberated state of the Divine Oracle. It was enough that it was faster than him.

This meant that under normal circumstances, the Passive Fist and the Disillusionment Finger could not kill him at all... He couldn't even hit Yan Wuse!

1913 Giving Birth to Xu Xiaoshou in War, Counterattacking Mei Siren! (3)

"Time!"

"I need more time!"

Xu Xiaoshou's face was ferocious as he tried to use the Time Dao Discs that had never appeared in the Unity of Man and the Heavens contract.

At this time, the second true body had already been born.

He stood up and glanced at his state. When he realized that it was the disappearing state, he smiled and said.

“Boss, how many of me are there? If I’m not wrong, the previous me was already killed by you?”

“Shut up.”

“How could that be possible? It’s not like I don’t know my personality. I can shut up about anything, but I can’t shut my mouth.”

“Then look about your surroundings before you speak.”

“Surroundings?”

The second true body didn’t expect the main body to use the second true body’s awakened skill during the battle; that was unlike his personality.

After he looked around, he was shocked.

Yan Wuse didn’t even care about Mei Siren after his attack missed its target.

As soon as his body exploded, thousands of rays of light shot out like a human-shaped killing machine.

Wherever the light beams slashed, the space would be sliced and the Path Principles would be shattered. Even Mei Siren had to retreat.

“I can’t even hit him?”

Yan Wuse was surprised that the Absolute Power failed to force Xu Xiaoshou out.

This confirmed that the ridiculous information from the Holy Divine Palace was actually reliable.

Xu Xiaoshou had mastered a method to disappear totally. It was beyond the Way of the Heavens and also the Holy Path.

Outsiders couldn’t verify it, but Yan Wuse had every confidence in his own strength.

If he couldn’t even hit Xu Xiaoshou when he was in his disappearing state, then Xu Xiaoshou had really erased all his traces in this world.

If there was another person in the world... No matter who it was, they couldn't force Xu Xiaoshou to come out by means of an attack!

"Banish."

In an instant, Yan Wuse relinquished his pride and chose the 'unique' method that was mentioned in the intelligence report to deal with Xu Xiaoshou.

Under the abandonment of the Path Principles, the surrounding 10,000 miles became a place of exile.

Yan Wuse pinched a golden light spot with his fingertip and threw it gently into the center of the land of exile.

"Sun wheel, collapse."

There was a loud bang.

The golden speck of light split into a blazing white sun that emitted a faint golden light.

The white sun in the sky illuminated the entire Abyss Island and attracted the attention of all living beings.

However, as soon as it appeared, all of its energy collapsed towards the center and gathered into a black hole.

The terrifying suction force sucked up the Order of the Great Path. It was exposed and shattered as it gathered at the point where the wheel had collapsed.

Mei Siren used the Space-Time Transition to escape, but his Path Principles collapsed. He was sucked into the center of the wheel.

The vast and distorted energy was just light energy, but Mei Siren felt as if his body was about to split apart. He felt a burning pain.

His body cracked.

His blood splattered everywhere.

Mei Siren's eyes flashed. He gripped the Taicheng Sword tightly and no longer hesitated.

"Heart Dao..."

"Old Sword Saint, don't make a mistake."

Yan Wuse glanced at him coldly and tried to interrupt him. “Apart from the massive damage your sword can cause to me, would the countdown timer on your body allow you to finish this sword move?”

Mei Siren was silent and muttered to himself, unmoved.

“False, true...”

“Him, me, remembrance...”

In the Nine Heavens, an ethereal Saint Language sounded.

Terrifying sword energy emerged from under his feet.

The Way of the Sword Power Upanishad Formation formed under his body.

As the Taicheng Sword vibrated, the Mei Siren in Yan Wuse’s eyes seemed to turn into an illusion.

It was as if this person did not exist in this world from a subjective point of view.

This feeling might not be obvious to others, but Yan Wuse’s heart almost stopped when he probed into it.

He had an enlightenment that this was the profound Upanishad of the Heart Sword Technique!

The person who was assumed to be nothing would never be Mei Siren. It would be him after his additional self had undergone a transformation.

Yan Wuse was right.

Mei Siren indeed wanted to kill him on the spot!

He used the power of Wisdom to wipe out the light of Spiritual Cultivation and the so-called ‘one of the three Emperors’!

1914 Teacher, Now, It’s My Turn to Protect You! (1)

“Power of Wisdom?”

When Xu Xiaoshou was in his disappearing state, he saw that Master Siren was willing to sacrifice his life for him. He felt very anxious.

Almost!

The veins on his forehead bulged as his right hand clenched and grasped something.

“This is?”

Xu Xiaoshou was stunned. His state of comprehension was interrupted. He turned his head to look.

The Time Ancestor Shadow Staff – the one that appeared at random; the one that outsiders could not see; the one that he had no control over – came out!

“Boom!”

He stared at this mysterious staff.

Xu Xiaoshou, who tried to recall who had given him this thing, suddenly felt as if his head had been struck by lightning, and his body shook.

Countless fragments of time flashed before his eyes.

Countless lights and shadows formed a river.

The infinite selves presented a variety of postures in a complex time period.

Some prayed to Buddha, some laid on the window railings, and some crawled on the ground. It was like a fancy lottery!

At this moment, a brand new Dao Disc appeared under Xu Xiaoshou’s feet. It was the Time Dao Discs that he had longed for!

“Time attribute, entry level?”

To be able to step on the Time Dao Discs meant that one was not an ordinary level Spiritual Cultivator!

Instead, it could be combined with the Unity of Man and the Heavens that could be used in a fight. The upper limit could soar to the entry level of the Upanishad!

When Xu Xiaoshou held the Time Ancestor Shadow Staff, it seemed that he finally held the actual body of the staff. It no longer felt as if he only held its shadow that was like quicksand at his fingertips.

He subconsciously pointed his staff, but he realized that he was still in the disappearing state and could not affect the real world. He immediately wanted to remove the Vanishing Technique.

Suddenly he stopped in his tracks and fell into deep thought.

“Set.”

Suddenly, a voice drifted down from the battlefield.

Mei Siren, who charged forward with his sword, felt that time had stopped.

Yan Wuse also stopped all his movements when the light speed turned around.

The two of them saw a young man who walked over from the void in the distance. He was handsome and wore a luxurious robe and a jade crown. There was an accessory on his neck that looked like an ordinary door-shaped wood carving.

He calmly took a step forward. With every step he took, time moved backwards.

When Mei Siren withdrew his sword and Yan Wuse's body returned to its original state, Xu Xiaoshou exited from his disappearing state in a panic.

The young man of unknown origin, who had an extraordinary appearance, spread his hands and laughed merrily.

“Friends...”

“Everyone seemed very anxious!”

Where did this person come from?

Also, was that the power of time?

Yan Wuse's eyebrows shot up, then he lowered his head and looked down at his hands.

Huang Quan could not use the Ten Thousand Element and used the Abyss Island to support his Time Reversal.

But this guy succeeded!

Yan Wuse was forced to take a step back!

Even Mei Siren's sword attack had been successfully reversed. What was even more shocking was that even Xu Xiaoshou, who was in the disappearing state, had been forced out!

Yan Wuse had just confirmed it. It was impossible for a Spiritual Cultivator's attribute to force Xu Xiaoshou out.

He had been prepared to use the collapsed sun wheel as an urn; He would use the banishment space and add the Demi-Saint's Mysterious Decree to force Xu Xiaoshou out.

With these three methods, they would kill the turtle in the urn and get rid of this cancerous Saint Servant forever. This would eliminate any future trouble.

Now, everyone's plans had been interrupted by this uninvited guest.

"Was it Huang Quan?"

"This person was his Demi-Saint Incarnation and had mastered a special ability?"

Yan Wuse even took the time to dodge over to Huang Quan's side.

The light in his eyes also receded and The Five Decays of Heaven and Man managed to escape from his hold. However, he did not dare to act rashly at this moment.

This was because at this moment, Chief Yama trembled slightly and his eyes were fixed on the person who had arrived. His entire body emitted a kind of... fear!

Yan Wuse's pupils froze.

It was not Huang Quan.

And this was an existence that could shock Huang Quan?

Yes, Huang Quan stared intently at the young man's right hand, but there was nothing there. Huang Quan... what was it that caught his gaze?

It did not matter!

The person who could evoke such fear in Huang Quan, combined with the power of time, his identity was obvious.

"Kong Yuhen!" Number Two uttered suddenly and verified Yan Wuse's thoughts.

"You know me?" Xu Xiaoshou smiled indifferently and tilted his head to look. He sized up the liberated state of the Divine Oracle who had beaten him up more than once, and gave him a strange look.

He then looked at the special creature with interest, from his Divine Blade of Judgment, his white armor, twelve wings of light, and the halo on his head.

Then, he did not ask any further questions, nodded slightly and said, "In that case, I think I don't have to introduce myself."

Heavens!

He didn't expect that with a face he was familiar with, yet he still felt a little strange after he came out, his identity would be uncovered immediately.

He did not even think that the first person to confirm his identity after he exited the disappearing state would be Number Two?!

Was his powerful knowledge and information database filled with dog sh*t?

He couldn't even recognize Kong Yuhen's face?

That's right, just now, Xu Xiaoshou had an idea and threw out his second true body as himself; then he disguised himself as Kong Yuhen.

But he regretted it after he came out.

This was because the image of Kong Yuhen in his mind was that of a young man. In the next second, he felt that this face was very unfamiliar.

Kong Yuhen should be older and have a beard...

He didn't expect Number Two to be so positive about his identity even after he had revealed so many flaws. What basis did he rely on?

Xu Xiaoshou suppressed the waves in his heart and made a vague guess.

Time Ancestor Shadow Staff!

Even Huang Quan could not reverse the time on Yan Wuse's body. He had just comprehended the Time Dao Discs and had not even used the special passive skill, the Unity of Man and the Heavens. He only held the Time Ancestor Shadow Staff...

1915 Teacher, Now, It's My Turn to Protect You! (2)

What Huang Quan couldn't do, he had done it himself.

Was it because he was a genius?

No!

This was definitely due to the Time Ancestor Shadow Staff that Kong Yuhen had given him. It was too powerful!

This was the first step for Number Two to confirm his identity.

As for the second...

Xu Xiaoshou thought that the fact that his confused memory of Kong Yuhen's face might have contributed to the success of his disguise.

Even the Holy Emperor's Lv.0 Perception did not have a clear memory of Kong Yuhen's face. It was very likely that Number Two was the same.

After all, he was only a Demi-Saint, not a Holy Emperor!

Dao Qiongcang who created him was only as famous as Kong Yuhen, not far better!

"Kong Yuhen's records were unknown. He once appeared briefly among the Ten High Nobles. There were no further records of his appearances after that."

"Kong Yuhen appeared in the All Time Forgotten Sorrow Pavilion. The All Time Forgotten Pavilion is not at a fixed location. Instead, it flowed along with the spacetime. It made random appearances in all directions of the continent."

"Kong Yuhen's appearance changed constantly and has no fixed form. He appeared in the War of the Ten High Nobles with the Time Ancestor Shadow Staff. This was the only confirmation of his identity."

"Kong Yuhen's lost records had appeared in many eras..."

Number Two sent message after message via telepathic communication to help Yan Wuse confirm and recall who this person was.

Of course, his telepathic communication was intercepted by everyone.

Mei Siren, Huang Quan, and the Five Decays of Heaven and Men – all of them eavesdropped on the information.

The only two people who looked confused were Elder Han, who cowered in a corner and didn't dare to eavesdrop; The other was Xu Xiaoshou's second true body, who was Xu Xiaoshou Xu's original body.

"Time Ancestor Shadow Staff, one of the ten Great Psionic Weapons. It's said that if you obtain it, you can control the power of time?"

Yan Wuse finally understood the look in Huang Quan's eyes.

He looked intently at Kong Yuhen's right hand, but he still could not see any traces of a staff there.

However, the rich force of time radiated out in all directions from this point.

Kong Yuhen looked just like a mortal, very unobtrusive. However, he seemed to have the Time Upanishad in his palm!

“Is that the Time Ancestor Shadow Staff that ordinary people can’t see? But even I can’t see it. Isn’t that a little ridiculous...”

Yan Wuse’s mood darkened.

A fellow who was as famous as Little Dao and had mastered the power of the time attribute that surpassed Huang Quan; how could he not be cautious?

Over here, the identity of the person was confirmed at the speed of light.

On the other side, Xu Xiaoshou, who held the Time Ancestor Shadow Staff, obtained a second special ability.

He could easily sense Number Two’s telepathic communication. With a thought, the power of the Time Ancestor Shadow Staff flowed out.

Xu Xiaoshou had overheard everything that Number Two said to Yan Wuse easily.

“This staff can help me raise my level?”

“I can even eavesdrop on a Demi-Saint’s conversation. I still have my own Holy Power... What was the difference between myself and an actual Demi-Saint?”

With a swish, Xu Xiaoshou once again refreshed his understanding of the Time Ancestor Shadow Staff.

Each of the ten Great Psionic Weapons was too special.

When he held this staff, it really gave people the impression that he was the Ancestor of Time!

Can’t be revealed, can’t be revealed...

Xu Xiaoshou could not help but warn himself in his heart that he could not reveal his Holy Power.

Even in his current state, he couldn’t step on the Time Dao Discs.

Compared to the real one, the light from the substandard Power Upanishad Formation was much easier to distinguish.

For an existence like Kong Yuhen, he could either create a Power Upanishad Formation with great success or do nothing and let the others guess.

If he were to step out with such a weak light, it was akin to an announcement to the many old foxes present:

I'm a fake, I'm a fake, come and beat me up, come and fight the fake!

With this thought in mind, without a thought whether it was Kong Yuhen's face, Xu Xiaoshou smiled and turned to Number Two.

"You are interesting."

It was difficult for him to recall what Kong Yuhen looked like.

However, Xu Xiaoshou felt that he should have remembered the knowledge he had about Kong Yuhen in the All Time Forgotten Pavilion correctly.

That person seemed to have lost his memory and was very interested in his past.

Xu Xiaoshou showed more interest and said to Number Two.

"Maybe we should find a place to sit down and talk about what you know about me."

As he spoke, he stretched out his finger and pressed it against his temple. A complicated look flashed across his eyes.

At this moment, this gesture of Kong Yuhen's in his memory was perfectly copied and pasted onto Xu Xiaoshou's face.

"You know, I forgot a lot of things."

Number Two's message transmission came to an abrupt end.

He had the illusion that he was being stared at by tigers and wolves. For the first time ever, he experienced a tingling in his scalp that only a real human would have felt.

However, before he could react, he saw that Kong Yuhen had lowered his hand and looked over at the other side.

"Unfortunately, not now."

"Because right now, I have something important to do."

Number Two heard the sound and looked up.

Yan Wuse followed Kong Yuhen's gaze and saw Xu Xiaoshou, who stood beside Mei Siren. He frowned. "Are you one of the Saint Servants?"

"I've been entrusted by others to complete their tasks." Xu Xiaoshou braced himself and gave an ambiguous reply in a fleeting tone. Inside his heart, he cursed vehemently.

Master Ba, oh Master Ba, when would you be more reliable?

I've had enough of being my own backer!

If you don't have a backup plan, then just say it. There's no need for me to be my own backup plan every time...

However, no matter how bitter his heart was, Xu Xiaoshou had to take someone away. Otherwise, there would be a big problem when Kong Yuhen appeared.

I came, I saw.

Oh, I'm sorry, were you guys in a fight?

Then you guys can carry on with the fight. I'll make a move first... This was very strange! How could there be such a big Boss who was so ridiculous?

"Senior."

The second true body made eye contact with the original body and said in a trembling voice.

He really didn't expect that he would have to bear such a heavy mission the moment he was born, to accompany him through such a big show.

If anything went wrong, he, or even his main body, would die here!

"Mei Siren, come with me." Xu Xiaoshou said calmly as his eyes drifted over to the other side.

The second true body trembled.

Mei Siren was also stunned. He pointed to himself, "Me?"

He believed that Kong Yuhen was one of Bazhun'an's man. He should have come to bring Xu Xiaoshou away from this troublesome place.

What was going on?

And where did Xu Xiaoshou go?

This kid didn't want it?

"Don't forget why you came to Abyss Island." Xu Xiaoshou stared at his teacher's face with an unfamiliar and bland expression.

Mei Siren was stunned for a moment.

Perhaps this was the right move in the eyes of outsiders.

Because he, Mei Siren, was basically bound to the Saint Servant in order to save Xu Xiaoshou. It was reasonable for Bazhun'an to send someone to save him.

But to Mei Siren, this was too strange!

It was very strange. It was indescribably strange!

Apart from the fact that this wasn't something Bazhun'an would do, why would he need someone to save him?

This was more like, more like...

Mei Siren glanced at Xu Xiaoshou, who had been teleported out of the Vanishing Technique, and saw the despair on his face.

There were no flaws!

But this was the strange part!

With a jerk of his spiritual senses, Mei Siren connected it to the Communication Talisman on his body.

The talisman from Bazhun'an that allowed him to locate Xu Xiaoshou on the Abyss Island responded twice.

However, the location that the talisman pointed at was not the person beside him, but at ... Kong Yuhen!

With a boom, Mei Siren felt as if he had been struck by lightning. His mind went blank for a moment.

He was Xu Xiaoshou?

Kong Yuhen was actually Xu Xiaoshou?

Then who was the joker beside him? He was Kong Yuhen? No... Ah, it was so messy!

What was it?

When did the switch happen?

What exactly happened between these two Xu Xiaoshous? When did it happen? Hmm? When Xu Xiaoshou disappeared?

Mei Siren finally realized this crucial point.

He had long heard of his own student's ability to hoodwink others. Even the Holy Divine Palace was baffled by it.

In this strange battle, Xu Xiaoshou could still play such a trick and make him confused... Mei Siren didn't know what to think.

Xu Xiaoshou looked at Mei Siren with Kong Yuhen's face and waited for an answer.

Teacher, you were the one who protected me before. Now, it's my turn to protect you.

1916 How Dare You Provoke the Power of Space-Time Creation? (1)

Mei Siren's expression was complicated.

He hadn't felt this way for many years. He was already so old, yet he still needed to be protected by his own student.

Just because the countdown to exile was about to end?

That was why Xu Xiaoshou had come up with such a plan. He was bold enough to play such a trick in front of Number Two and Yan Wuse?

But he couldn't go with him!

To leave behind the Xu Xiaoshou beside him, who he didn't know if he was the actual one or not, and to leave with the so-called 'Kong Yuhen'.

With Number Two's powerful reasoning ability, he could combine the previous ideas, no matter how bad it was and come up with a general deduction.

Almost at the same time, Xu Xiaoshou thought of this.

The second true body's mournful voice sounded at the right time. "Master Siren, take me with you!"

Mei Siren made up his mind in a flash.

If he took Xu Xiaoshou with him, the Holy Divine Palace would never let him go.

However, as long as he gave up this 'Kong Yuhén' and stayed behind to cooperate with this fake Xu Xiaoshou, Kong Yuhén might be able to leave.

Thus, Xu Xiaoshou could rely on his talent to escape from this deadly situation.

This might be a better choice!

But if Mei Siren could think of this, how could Xu Xiaoshou not expect this?

As the second true body pleaded, the so-called Kong Yuhén swept over and said.

"I have an urgent matter to attend to. Mei Siren must come with me first."

"As for you...The backer behind you will naturally make a move when it is time."

The second true body was stunned for a moment, and then his expression became complicated.

Everyone would naturally assume from this statement that the backer was Bazhun'an. Bazhun'an would naturally have a backup plan.

Only the second true body realized that...

My ass!

Do you think I don't know that I'm the abandoned child in your plan?

Bazhun'an did not have any backup plans!

So, did the second true body really have no human rights? Every time, it would be treated as the final substitute and thrown in front of the enemy to be slaughtered.

I don't know how my predecessor died, but it definitely didn't end well...The second true body was filled with grief.

At this moment, Yan Wuse smiled after he observed everything.

"I know you are all anxious, but you don't have to be anxious."

"Let me remind you, you seem to have forgotten that I am still here, and..."

Xu Xiaoshou grabbed the Time Ancestor Shadow Staff and swept it across coldly.

In an instant, the strong power of time spread across almost half of the Abyss Island.

"I know you want to speak, but please don't speak for now." Xu Xiaoshou interrupted politely. Yan Wuse's voice stopped abruptly.

Time Freeze!

With the help of the Time Ancestor Shadow Staff, Yan Wuse was temporarily frozen for a moment!

At this moment, Xu Xiaoshou could hardly maintain his disguise. He wanted to dodge and deliver the Passive Fist and render Yan Wuse headless.

But Number Two was still there... What a pity! How hateful!

With the disguised body of Kong Yuhen, Xu Xiaoshou made a bold move. In an imposing manner and tone, he looked at Mei Siren:

"Follow me."

The corners of Mei Siren's mouth twitched.

However, before he could resist, the spatial power turned and he was moved to Kong Yuhen's side.

He didn't have the Spatial Upanishad nor did he have the Space Dao Disc.

When everyone was frozen in place and without any Demi-Saint's Power in the space, Xu Xiaoshou easily moved Mei Siren.

The two major attributes that he had revealed in a short period of time filled Number Two and Yan Wuse's eyes with fear.

Space and time, strange abilities, unknown origin, and even the Time Ancestor Shadow Staff, that shared Dao Qiongcang's fame...

This Kong Yuhen was almost a stronger version of the Demi-Saint Huang Quan!

After all, in Number Two's database, even Huang Quan didn't have the Spatial Upanishad, but Kong Yuhen had it.

"Let's go."

Xu Xiaoshou was frightened, but he still maintained the aura of a big Boss.

He didn't even say anything else. After he moved Mei Siren over, he engulfed them with his spatial power and turned to leave.

He would swagger his way out and present his back to the enemy!

The Time Freeze only froze Yan Wuse and Number Two for a moment.

When the two of them came back to their senses, the fearless back and Mei Siren had already blurred and were about to disappear from their eyes.

To chase or not to chase was the question.

Huang Quan and the Five Declays of Heaven and Man were still there. Most of the Lei Family's eyes were still with them. The Saint Servant Xu Xiaoshou was also left on the battlefield.

It could be said that Kong Yuhen's arrival had only taken away Mei Siren who was of no importance to the Holy Divine Palace.

Before this battle began, Mei Siren was not even the enemy of the Holy Divine Palace!

The answer seemed to be obvious?

If Rao Yaoyao was the one in charge here, she might have given up on the chase by now.

After all, she hated Huang Quan and Xu Xiaoshou more than Kong Yuhen and Mei Siren!

It was a pity that the person in charge was not surnamed Rao. At this moment, Yan Wuse was in charge.

After they exchanged glances, Number Two and Yan Wuse confirmed each other's thoughts.

"Leave?"

With a sizzle, Yan Wuse sneered as he turned into light spots and disappeared. "You think you can leave? I'll take your surname if you do!"

With a swish, Yan Wuse's hated face appeared in front of Xu Xiaoshou's face.

If even one of them managed to escape today, it would be equivalent to the Holy Divine Palace being beaten.

Moreover, Kong Yuhen had swaggered as if he was a high sounding dignitary!

At the same time, Yan Wuse moved, and the light from the sun wheel on his fingertip enlarged in Xu Xiaoshou's pupils.

Xu Xiaoshou's face turned pale.

It was not that easy to escape. Yan Wuse was not that easily fooled!

1917 How Dare You Provoke the Power of Space-Time Creation? (2)

"Transformation" salvaged his last shred of dignity, tinting the purported Kong Yuhen's fair complexion with a rosy hue.

Xu Xiaoshou cast a graceful glance over his shoulder. Controlling the muscles on his face that were on the verge of twitching, he maintained a calm demeanor with a slight smirk at the corner of his lips. He spoke slowly and deliberately, enunciating each word as if they were precious pearls:

"The feeble light of ants, how dare you provoke the Power of Space-Time Creation?"

With a strike of his Time Ancestor Shadow Staff, a glint of amusement danced in Kong Yuhen's eyes as he shouted in a chilling tone, "Get lost!"

The void trembled with a loud explosion.

The power of the sun failed to radiate its glory and was reversed by Yan Wuse with a twirl of his fingertips.

Instead, the intense fluctuations of time within Xu Xiaoshou's palm erupted.

Vibrations pulsed through the Time Ancestor Shadow Staff, creating an audible buzz in its wake. The magnificent force materialized into a phantom of a three-story ancient and majestic pavilion, exuding an aura of antiquity.

Like a mirage, the All Time Forgotten Sorrow Pavilion magnified in the eyes of its beholders, including Yan Wuse and Number Two.

All living creatures on Abyss Island sensed it and raised their heads, with the image of the pavilion reflected in their eyes.

They witnessed the anomaly above the First Hall of Sins in the sky.

However, they did not exclaim or contemplate. Their memories were forcibly suppressed and discarded as if their worries had been forcefully erased.

The people on the island retreated to their previous actions, thoughts, and consciousness as if time had rewound.

Even the entire Abyss Island was reverted to the moment before the influence of the Time Ancestor Shadow Staff took hold.

Singlehandedly, he reversed the time of the Outer Island of Abyss Island.

“This, is it the Time Ancestor Shadow Staff?!” Huang Quan’s eyes sparked with covetous light as if he was about to pounce on the treasure.

He was enveloped in the power of time, the sole individual within and beyond the Arena capable of withstanding the effects of the Time Ancestor Shadow Staff.

If he were to charge at this moment... The fiery glint of greed flickered in his eyes but was swiftly extinguished by a timely pat on the shoulder.

“We should run, Lord Huang Quan.”

“Take care of the semi-saint person and quickly replace the Blood World Pearl. Seize the opportunity.” Huang Quan shot a cold look at Five Decays of Heaven and Man before teleporting with him in tow.

“You go after Yama.” On the other side, Yan Wuse was once again forced back by the power of time. He could not afford to be careless and gave instructions to Number Two.

The Light Energy Realm seemed insignificant under the influence of spatial power.

Nevertheless, the confinement of spatial and path principles would be perfectly countered by the power of time, forcing them to reverse.

One could say that the combination of Kong Yuhen’s two attributes and the Time Ancestor Shadow Staff made it challenging for Yan Wuse and Number Two to restrict—they believed so themselves.

Yan Wuse had an ominous feeling that something would go wrong if they clung to their arrogance and insisted on taking on the three of them...

“Leave it to me.” Number Two nodded and dashed towards Yama.

“Run! Keep going!” Elder Yan’s lips curled into a mocking smile. He rolled up his sleeves, and his hands transformed into wings of light, rapidly slashing toward Xu Xiaoshou’s face.

He was geared up for some serious play.

Time and space were indeed mysterious, but when it came to ultimate destructive power, they were lacking.

As long as Kong Yuhen was ensnared, he would have no chance of taking Mei Siren with him!

And if they delayed further, Kong Yuhen would make mistakes in the battle, requiring Mei Siren's intervention.

That was Yan Wuse's goal.

Mei Siren could not make a move at all. Not only would he be unable to kill Yan Wuse, but he would also be drawn into the Inner Island, completely losing control!

The rest would be a one-on-one battle.

Possessing the battle consciousness of the Third Realm meant that one had fought their way up from insignificance to the pinnacle and eventually became a demi-saint.

There was nothing for Yan Wuse to fear in fighting against Kong Yuhen.

That damn old guy... Despite Xu Xiaoshou's efforts, he was ultimately not the real Kong Yuhen, and could not shake off this light of spiritual cultivation.

He dodged twice, but Yan Wuse, like a maggot on bones, pursued him relentlessly.

Yan Wuse seemed to have realized something when Xu Xiaoshou was compelled to use Time Reversal to resist him.

"Kid, something seems off with you."

The intelligence recorded by the Holy Divine Palace about Kong Yuhen indeed included the fact that he had been in an unstable state for a while.

Yan Wuse, however, never expected Kong Yuhen to be so weak beneath the tough exterior.

He could only force Yan Wuse to retreat and could not deliver a lethal move upfront.

"Why are you still putting on such a brave show?" Yan Wuse sneered, raising his hands.

"Sun, Moon, Stars, the Three Radiant Forces!"

A dazzling light appeared behind him, instantly transforming into the power of extreme yang, yin, and stellar energy.

The convergence of sunlight, moonlight, and starlight formed three phantom images of celestial beings, with glistening wings on their backs and a halo above their heads, resembling the liberated state of the Divine Oracle.

Or rather, the “liberated state” ability bestowed upon Number Two by Dao Qiongcang essentially borrowed the external appearance of Yan Wuse’s technique.

Within a breath, the three radiant powers took shape.

The mighty Holy Power surged in the sky above Abyss Island, proclaiming to the world that each of these angelic beings possessed the terrifying combat strength of a demi-saint!

The Sun Angel leaped into the sky, reaching the heavens, and raised its hands with devotion and purity.

“Blazing Sun Plan.”

An intense heat emanated from it as its body swelled, turning into a blazing red sun.

This red sun almost covered the entire Abyss Island.

Under the scorching sun, light radiated from the First Hall of Sins and spread to the nine extreme grounds and other places, casting a blazing luminance.

Crackling sounds echoed throughout Abyss Island as plants withered, rocks crumbled, and everything lost its spiritual quality in an instant.

“Threatened, Passive Points, +(Threatened, Passive Points, +)+1.”

“Sorched, Passive Points, +1.”

“...”

The information bar jumped frantically, and Xu Xiaoshou could already sense anxiety and tension.

He could withstand the “Blazing Sun Plan” for a while because the infernal white flame was the ultimate fire. Once accustomed to its flames, it became natural.

Mei Siren, on the other hand, was struggling.

As a pure ancient swordsman, his combat power was at its peak, but his defense was almost nonexistent.

In other words, Mei Siren, who could wield a sword, could substitute offense for defense, but now he was greatly constrained.

He tried the Swordless Sword Technique.

However, the searing power emanating from the red sun created by the Sun Angel in the sky penetrated through the Swordless Sword Technique and burned him.

In the blink of an eye, Mei Siren, who was already dehydrated, became extremely unstable and had to tighten his grip on the Taicheng Sword.

“Give up on this old man, I’ll cover your retreat,” the embarrassed sword saint said, looking at Xu Xiaoshou, refusing to be protected by his student any longer.

He knew that Kong Yuhen was Xu Xiaoshou, and Xu Xiaoshou did not possess the power to sway the situation in his favor. He could only navigate within the battle—the clever ones were always fearful of the brute.

Yan Wuse was not only a strategist but also a reckless fighter!

His Sun Angel was powerful enough to scorch the entire Abyss Island in an instant, but there was more to his abilities than met the eye.

The Moon and Star Angels followed closely behind, leaping into the high sky.

Clearly, the abilities of these two angels had nothing to do with the “Blazing Sun Plan.”

“It’s over!”

“This time, it’s really over!”

Xu Xiaoshou’s gaze remained calm, seemingly composed, and he could easily lift his head to face the blazing red sun in the sky.

In reality, his heart was pounding with anxiety and unease.

His energy reserve and spiritual source had been completely drained by the Time Ancestor Shadow Staff’s manipulation of the island’s time.

If he had not collapsed on the spot, it was all thanks to Eternal Vitality, High Spirits, and Transformation, which sustained him.

And his willpower.

But now, Yan Wuse was going all out, and he could not defend against him at all!

Wait for death?

Wait for the Bazhun'an?

Xu Xiaoshou was gripped by despair, but instead of awaiting demise, he might as well go all out!

"Mei Siren, restrain him," Xu Xiaoshou said coldly without even turning his head.

Mei Siren nodded, and the Heart Sword Technique's fluctuations resonated on the Taicheng Sword.

"Your task is to restrain him, not sacrifice yourself," Xu Xiaoshou's heart was racing, but he maintained a cool demeanor.

Mei Siren turned his head and looked at his student.

He had no idea what this kid was thinking. If he did not make a final move, how could he withstand Yan Wuse's extensive and violent attacks?

What could they do after simply restraining him?

Escape again? Even Huang Quan could not escape the temporal rift in the Abyss Island.

The real Kong Yuhen might have had a chance, but this kid was just a fake. He should wake up from his delusions!

Under the blazing sun that engulfed the entire Abyss Island, how could they possibly escape like rats?

However, when Mei Siren turned around, all he saw were the calm and unwavering eyes of "Kong Yuhen."

Incredibly determined, incredibly confident.

This imposing aura ignited Mei Siren.

Without saying a word, he nodded and, wielding the Taicheng Sword, soared into the sky, catching up to the Moon and Star Angels.

"Buzz!"

The Power Upanishad Formation of the Way of the Sword bloomed in the sky.

"You!"

Xu Xiaoshou raised his gaze but quickly withdrew it, and breathed a quiet sigh.

This, right here, was the true teacher...

1918 Headless Yan, Take My Punch! (1)

“Yoohoo!”

Yan Wuse was excited.

Indeed, someone as proud as Mei Siren could not possibly leave everything to others.

Yan Wuse was also pleased to see that Mei Siren had to resort to restricting his two glorious Light Angels and burying himself on Inner Island.

Now, Yan Wuse only had to face the weakened Kong Yuhen.

Although he had the Time Ancestor Shadow Staff, the staff posed no significant threat.

Yan Wuse was well-informed about the Ten Great Psionic Weapons, including the staff. It could strengthen the power of time and be potent in certain situations, but its high intensity came with significant limitations. It could not be used by those without a time attribute, and manipulating the time of an entire Abyss Island always came at a great cost.

How many more strikes could Kong Yuhen unleash?

While Yan Wuse was lost in thought, Mei Siren had already soared into the sky with his sword. In a flash, Yan Wuse headed toward Kong Yuhen.

They passed each other like two rivers flowing side by side, never merging or affecting each other's course.

“Kong Yuhen—”

Yan Wuse roared in excitement, his face lit up with euphoria, losing its shape and form in the fleeting light and shadows.

However, at this moment, Kong Yuhen made an unexpectedly crude move that did not match his identity. He reached into the void ahead and pulled out a handful of Holy Medicine, quickly consuming it.

“What?”

In the split second when he almost passed through Kong Yuhen like an aurora, Yan Wuse sensed that something was amiss.

Above the Nine Heavens, the Moon Angel and Star Angel were unimpeded, reaching the sky with their arms raised.

However, Mei Siren, who was supposed to restrain the Moon and Star Angels, stopped midway, turned around, and the Power Upanishad Formation of the Way of the Sword under his feet disappeared.

“Heart Sword Technique, Present Gods and Buddhas.”

With a whisper, the Taicheng Sword vibrated, and a fierce sword image emerged behind Mei Siren.

This sword image was highly illusory and lacked substantial form, as this Heart Sword Technique no longer relied on Penetrating Divine Senses.

Yan Wuse was forced out of his light form upon the appearance of the sword image. In a fleeting moment, his face contorted, and the figure of a ferocious demon materialized in his mind.

The sword image intruded into his spiritual world.

This was not a strong attack.

If Yan Wuse could break the Swordless Sword Form, then breaking Present Gods and Buddhas, which also belonged to the first realm, would be no sweat for him.

However, because the essence of the sword image originated from Penetrating Divine Senses, it required some effort to deal with.

But that was it, as Mei Siren could not give it his all in the end.

In his state of consciousness, Yan Wuse was the ruler of all.

He even transformed into a Spiritual God of Light, peering down at the malicious sword image intruding into his spiritual world.

One had to acknowledge that it was a foolish move!

Other demi-saints might have been strong in spiritual techniques but were weak in consciousness and spiritual aspects.

But not the Three Emperors.

The Three Emperors had no weaknesses!

“Spiritual God...”

In Yan Wuse’s spiritual world, he transformed into a Spiritual God, raising his arms high.

But as his voice fell, his spiritual world trembled. Various phenomena, such as thunderstorms, volcanic eruptions, and floods, emerged above the Nine Heavens.

The full moon shined overhead, and the dark forces manifested.

A ninety-nine-story solitary tower rose defiantly from the ground. Atop the ancient structure stood a haughty dark figure.

In the real world, the second true body stepped on the Way of the Sword Disc in the distance, activating the Unity of Man and the Heavens, and instantly appeared in front of “Kong Yuheng.”

At this moment, Yan Wuse’s true body was forced out by Mei Siren’s sword image.

A brief moment.

But it was an opportunity!

“Heart Sword Technique, Demons Under Eyes.”

Continuing his teacher’s attack, the fearless second true body spoke. Yan Wuse’s spiritual world received a cold and chilling glance from the figure atop the desolate tower, and devilish energy gushed out from his eyes.

A moment.

Still, just a fleeting moment.

Even before half a breath’s time had passed, Yan Wuse had reoriented himself.

The Three Emperors could not possibly fall into cultivation deviation!

The Three Emperors also could not be controlled by others’ will or suppressed by their own mental demons!

In the eyes of those with strong Dao hearts, Present Gods and Buddhas was nothing but a joke.

As he opened his eyes, Mei Siren found himself in a desperate situation, and Xu Xiaoshou had exhausted all his tricks.

Yan Wuse's face twisted into a sardonic grin.

He laughed at how vastly Mei Siren had underestimated the chasm that separated the demi-saints, mocked Xu Xiaoshou for daring to strike even though he was inexperienced, and ridiculed Kong Yuhen for being weak and needing assistance from others before making his move.

From Yan Wuse's perspective, Kong Yuhen's appearance in the Arena was a mere clone of a demi-saint...

But something did not add up!

Could a demi-saint's clone be this weak?

How could Kong Yuhen end up like this even with Xu Xiaoshou's help?

Was he a fake?

A certain possibility crossed Yan Wuse's mind, a guess that could only be associated with someone present in the Arena – something that could only originate from the Holy Divine Palace.

"Meow~"

A cat's cry interrupted Yan Wuse's thoughts, and the cat scratched his face.

When he opened his eyes again, he no longer saw Kong Yuhen's youthful face but instead, a fuzzy... cat head carrying a medicinal fragrance.

Yan Wuse's gaze froze, and his eyes seemed to lose focus.

What did he see?

The Three Loathsome Eyes!

From a cat... the Lei Family's Eyes?!

A trio of gray flowers rapidly spiraled and flowed into his pupils. Yan Wuse briefly lost consciousness and, when he opened his lips, a sound came out:

"Meow~"

This meow was imbued with Holy Power and spread across half of Abyss Island.

Yan Wuse's old face turned red after the unexpected feline-like sound escaped him.

A brief moment!

Still just a brief moment!

Even though he was under the influence of the Three Loathsome Eyes and the Mind-changing Aperture, Yan Wuse's powerful soul broke free instantly.

On the other hand, the little white cat with the medicinal fragrance was hit by a backlash and spurted blood, nearly losing consciousness.

"Kong Yuheng, it's futile to resist..."

1919 Headless Yan, Take My Punch! (2)

Yan Wuse had not finished his words when his thoughts seemed to freeze, and he felt a sharp pain in his chest.

He saw the contorted face of a young man, and it was clearly not Kong Yuheng but... Xu Xiaoshou?

Sure enough, it was Xu Xiaoshou!

So, he and Number Two were subdued by this imposter?

When did this switch happen?

How could he possibly possess the power of a demi-saint?

Or was this a clone of the Storyteller? But a clone of such form clearly did not exist!

There was no time to think. Yan Wuse's consciousness stiffened.

Standing right before him, Kong Yuheng, now reverted to Xu Xiaoshou's true form, raised his arm, which had darkened like withered black wood, while his sleeve gently rustled like dried leaves in the wind.

He witnessed the immense energy condensed on the Sleeveless, Red Scorched Hand, compressed into a large mass, like the power of chaos at the beginning of creation, capable of opening up the forces of heaven and earth.

Powerful, supreme, and unstoppable!

Yan Wuse's scalp tingled, and a sense of macabre enveloped him.

This was a punch that could threaten the life of a demi-saint, a punch that could shatter even him, Yan Wuse!

Could this kind of punch truly come from Kong Yuheng, or rather, Xu Xiaoshou?

Impossible!

Forget Xu Xiaoshou.

Not even the real Kong Yuheng could have gathered such chaotic power under such brief control—pure, ultimate, and an absolute output of strength!

“Die!”

A distorted roar exploded in his ears.

Yan Wuse wanted to dodge. With his speed, he could evade any attack as long as his reflexes were fast enough, even after being repeatedly controlled.

But as he moved, the pain in his chest intensified, and time on Abyss Island came to a complete halt.

The images transmitted by the saint's will depicted Xu Xiaoshou holding something intangible in his left hand as if he had grasped something and plunged it into his heart.

The Time Ancestor Shadow Staff?

At this moment, the time on the entire Abyss Island had stopped because of the blow unleashed by Xu Xiaoshou's punch.

Finally, Yan Wuse was awestruck, and an incredulous expression spread across his face.

Flashes of light and shadows flickered in his mind, recalling the information that Gou Wuyue had reported:

There was an individual among the Saint Servants who possessed a special spiritual technique that could shatter his head with just one move.

It was somewhat like a spiritual technique but also not quite.

It had tremendous power, yet its source remained a mystery.

Yan Wuse stopped thinking.

At the last moment, the name of the person who had unleashed that punch echoed in his mind, and he heard the laughter that had filled the hall at that time.

And now, at this very moment, he heard the real roar from that person's name:

“Headless Yan, take this punch!!!”

...

The chaotic light tore through Abyss Island.

On the First Hall of Sins, the energy surged outward, distorting the space and reducing the color of light to nothingness.

The overwhelming power that emerged in the Nine Heavens at this moment was even more dazzling and radiant than that light.

Even the so-called brightest “white” in the world was overshadowed.

“What is this?”

A terrifying wave of energy spread simultaneously in the First Hall of Sins, Forest of Miracles, Blood World, and other extreme grounds.

The Spiritual Cultivators scattered throughout Abyss Island could not help but raise their heads and gaze in awe.

Even those at the Cutting Path Stage and the Higher Void level, who were at the pinnacle of their respective realms on the Shengshen Continent, felt insignificant at this moment.

At this stage of the battle, those with sharp eyes had already recognized the various parties fighting in the sky above Abyss Island.

The Seven Sword Deity, Mei Siren, the Divine Oracle, Number Two, Yama Huang Quan, Five Decays of Heaven and Man, and others.

Among them, the most eye-catching figure was undoubtedly Yan Wuse, armored with Ten Thousand Element, who seemed to possess the divine light of a god among Spiritual Cultivators.

Everyone's attention was fixed on Yan Wuse, eager to witness this shining Spiritual Cultivator clean up the “dark trash” on the island.

Or perhaps, the possibility of him stumbling into trouble was not even considered by many.

Even though Mei Siren was sanctified as the Sword Saint, his reputation in the current era paled in comparison to that of the Three Emperors.

Unexpectedly, in the midst of this battle, a somewhat unfamiliar young man abruptly and forcefully broke into everyone's sight.

Was the Sword Saint, Mei Siren, assisting him?

Did he, as the main attacker, land a punch on Yan Wuse, one of the Three Emperors?

Boom!

Following the blaze of dazzling light, the Spiritual Cultivators on Abyss Island experienced a brief blank in their minds, perfectly matching the moment and the vacuum created by that punch.

Yan Wuse's old face was violently distorted under the impact of the punch. His bones cracked and his body transformed into a stream of light that smashed through the space and fell straight from the sky, piercing through the First Hall of Sins...

Everyone snapped back to reality as if waking from a dream!

"The Three Emperors, Yan Wuse, was knocked away by a kid?"

"How is that possible?!"

Outside the First Hall of Sins, Leng Qi, the Master of the Great Xuantian Sect, and Xiu Mingyue, the Pavilion Master of Guiyin Pavilion, who had been supporting each other and were absent from the central battlefield for a long time, looked at each other in disbelief.

"He looks somewhat familiar?"

"No, absolutely not! It can't be, it's definitely impossible! Maybe, they just resemble each other a bit..."

"Look, Xu Xiaoshou, the Saint Servant, is also present in the Arena. So, the one who threw the punch should be someone else, right?"

"But have you seen his face? He's not pretending anymore..."

On the edge of the Saint Punishment Square, the two brothers from the Gu Clan stood side by side, one with his sword firmly gripped in his hand and the other with the sword slung on his back. They both gazed into the distance with the same astonishment.

"Eldest Senior Brother, Master Siren!"

“That’s not important; what matters is the person beside him.”

“Chen... uh, Brother Xu?”

“Yes, Xu Xiaoshou!”

“This doesn’t make sense. The last time we saw Xu Xiaoshou was when he fought our junior brother in the City Lord Mansion, right? Or was it in White Cave or Lijian Grassland? He was only in the Innate or Master Stage back then, wasn’t he?”

1920 Headless Yan, Take My Punch! (3)

“... I, can’t seem to recall either.”

In the Desolate Inferno Domain, the Infernal lineage master and disciple were unable to endure the searing magma any longer. They slumped on a large rock, observing the ongoing battle

The great battle on Abyss Island was thrilling, but it had nothing to do with the Holy Palace.

As the young man raised his fist toward Yan Wuse, his features transformed, revealing a strikingly familiar face.

That kid, Xu Xiaoshou?

Was the person standing before him not Yan Wuse, whom even his master could not bring down with a single punch? How could Xu Xiaoshou knock him into oblivion?

“Supreme Master!”

Bai Lian stood up in shock, her eyes filled with awe and fear.

This one punch represented too many implications, perhaps even more impactful than the explosion on Abyss Island.

With just this one punch, the Infernal lineage of the Holy Palace could no longer protect Xu Xiaoshou.

Xu Xiaoshou would be completely absorbed into the ranks of the dark factions, even though he was already a member of the Saint Servants.

Before this, he had not truly entered the sight of the big shots, and there was still some room for maneuver because there was a Sleeveless Saint Servant covering him.

But now, he had even smashed the very eyeballs of a big shot!

Room for maneuvering?

There was no room left!

“Let’s head over.”

“Master, we have come to the Yunlun Mountain Range just to observe the future disciples of the Holy Palace. Please don’t forget that.”

“Don’t worry, I remember.”

“Then wait for me, Master, you’re flying too fast!”

...

“Noticed, Passive Points +682.”

“In awe, Passive Points +793.”

“Surprised, Passive Points +1162.”

...

The information bar kept popping up, and with a Passive Fist, Xu Xiaoshou completely entered the circle of elites on the Shengshen Continent.

Even the Higher Void feared him, and the demi-saints were petrified.

At this moment, Mei Siren’s jaw dropped in astonishment, clutching his sword. He tried to resist the shockwave of the punch while staring blankly at Xu Xiaoshou, who now had only half of his arm left.

He even blinked his eyes vigorously but found that all of this was not an illusion.

Did his very own student manage to knock Yan Wuse off his feet?

Or perhaps...

“Are you really Kong Yuhen?”

“Suspected, Passive Points +1.”

On the other side, Huang Quan and Five Decays of Heaven and Man also stopped in their tracks.

Because Number Two had stopped pursuing and turned around in shock, his gaze shifted to another part of the battlefield.

“Kong Yuhen?”

“Xu Xiaoshou?”

“Elder Yan, knocked away?”

A wisp of smoke rose from the Saint’s ring above Number Two’s head.

No one was more incredulous than Number Two at what he was seeing right now because only a dozen breaths had passed since Yan Wuse asked him to chase Yama.

They had just split up, and now the whole situation had become a complete mess.

“Doubted, Passive Points +1.”

However, even though everyone on the island was shocked that he had defeated Yan Wuse with a single punch, Xu Xiaoshou himself was also left with only his right arm holding onto the Time Ancestor Shadow Staff after the explosion.

Perhaps this right arm was saved by the power of the Time Ancestor Shadow Staff.

Xu Xiaoshou did not realize. After he delivered that punch, his mind went blank for a moment.

But when he came to his senses, he was dissatisfied.

Very dissatisfied!

That was a Passive Fist with a charging point of 56.33%. How could it only knock someone away?

Let alone Yan Wuse, even a God who specialized in cultivating the physical body and claimed to have mastered the Upanishads would have his head exploded.

“Reconstruct the head and we’ll see how it goes.”

Under the Vanishing Technique, the second true body fell silent for a moment before he extended his hand and formed the Saint Seeds on All Five Fingers technique.

At the same time, Feast flashed behind Xu Xiaoshou’s main body, and with a “glug”, he swallowed the Seeds on All Five Fingers before the energy could explode.

“Transformation” whirled madly.

With only one arm left, he rapidly regenerated his flesh.

Only when his head returned did Xu Xiaoshou seem to figure out how to exert “Perception” properly.

He looked into the distance.

A towering trail of dust and smoke stretching to the heavens, swept across the First Hall of Sins, tearing from the great hall in the northeast corner to the far southwest.

Space and Path Principles were both torn apart!

This was the course Yan Wuse took after being knocked out!

The First Hall of Sins was vast, and it was only when Xu Xiaoshou had mostly recovered that Yan Wuse plowed through about seventy percent of the territory of the First Hall of Sins.

The speed was undeniably fast!

The labyrinth’s walls could not stop Yan Wuse, who was now nothing but a lump of mud. Even the barriers and enchantments within the First Hall of Sins could not halt his advance.

Yan Wuse, whose figure was distorted beyond recognition, even smashed through the chest of a dark void attendant, breaking the defenses.

From the boundaries of the First Hall of Sins, through the broken barriers, Yan Wuse’s headless form turned into a pile of rotten flesh. He crashed into the streets of the giant kingdom, flew over ancient buildings, and soared into the primordial forest on the outskirts before striking the Void Suppression Stele.

“Boom, boom, boom...”

The entire First Hall of Sins began to collapse and crumble.

Even from thousands of miles away, the people on Abyss Island could see a massive mushroom cloud rising above the great hall.

The destruction of the great hall began at the Zhen Huang Palace and continued through various saint calamities and emperor tribulations, even blasting through the dome.

Now, having been plowed through by Yan Wuse under the cataclysmic power of the Passive Fist, the great hall finally reached its breaking point...

It collapsed completely!

The majestic ancient great hall, one of the Nine Extreme Grounds, had now been reduced to ruins. Even the protecting array could not withstand Yan Wuse's unstoppable plowing force and was destroyed after being activated.

Completely shattered!

Xu Xiaoshou narrowed his eyes but was not disheartened.

As he flashed away, "Perception" caught sight of Yan Wuse, who was almost sent flying to another extreme ground from Zhen Huang Palace, but instead, he collided with the Void Suppression Stele at the end of the road. His entire body shattered, vanishing into dust, and even the color of light was erased.

Xu Xiaoshou was finally contented.

It was all thanks to his teacher, Mei Siren, who lured out the main body of Yan Wuse. Only then did he have hope of striking Yan Wuse with the Passive Fist.

Also, thanks to his master, Elder Sang, he learned how to fight Yan Wuse after that lesson in the Eighth Palace, where they fought Yu Lingdi.

Back then, Elder Sang had said:

"There are three ways for the Element Body to die."

"The last method is Absolute Power."

Xu Xiaoshou waved his right arm, feeling the tingling sensation brought by the newly regenerated flesh. After this punch, he finally recognized his combat strength.

He managed to hit him.

Even a demi-saint would have to kneel and call him grandpa.

Read I Am Loaded with Passive Skills - Chapter 1921 - 1921 Pointing a Sword at the Oracle? (1)

1921 Pointing a Sword at the Oracle? (1)

"Who is this guy?"

"I know him, should be Xu Xiaoshou?"

“The Lord Shou of Saint Servant? I heard about him in the Southern Region. Do you recognize his face? He turned out to be so young?”

“Yes.”

“How do you know him?”

“I took the Black Gold Bounty and came specifically to Abyss Island to kill him...”

“???”

Xu Xiaoshou threw a devastating punch, which not only vanquished Yan Wuse, but also all the Spiritual Cultivators witnessing the battle.

By now, the Sky City’s descent onto the Yunlun Mountain Range was no longer a secret.

Initially, a void token was required to enter the city, but later, something had gone awry.

The spatial barriers, which used to guard against both noble and petty individuals, had cracked open, only being able to stop the former.

Many Cutting Path and Higher Void cultivators chose to sneak into the city and major families and sects from all five regions gathered.

These latecomers had not experienced the deep sea but were able to set foot on Abyss Island... their fortunes and misfortunes were yet to be determined.

But each of them felt like they were sons of heaven.

However, today, their self-confidence was shattered because they witnessed a true son of the gods.

The Cutting Path and Higher Void cultivators of the present were not far from the previous era.

Even among them, about seventy to eighty percent had participated in, witnessed, or heard about the Seven Sword Deity and the War of the Ten High Nobles.

They realized that the punch they witnessed today from the youth was no less impressive than the elites of the previous era.

He, with an ordinary physique, crushed a Saint.

“Xu Xiaoshou, the Saint Servant... Lord Shou of Saint Servant...”

“He must be the number one figure!”

There were constant streams of Passive Points from all directions. It was a dream come true for Xu Xiaoshou.

Everyone started cheering his name when he set foot on Sky City.

This was much more than just showing off in a crowd, shouting “I am Innate” to earn Passive Points.

At this moment, in Xu Xiaoshou’s imagination, he should be elegant, and noble, standing with hands behind his back, exuding a calm demeanor. But now, there was no time for him to indulge in illusions, no time to be at ease.

“Huang Quan, Five Decays of Heaven and Man, don’t you have just a tiny bit of guts or abilities?”

“After finally drawing them into one-on-one combat, I punched and sent Yan Wuse flying. What are you all doing?”

“At a time like this, you’re still hesitating? Still thinking of running? Can you escape?”

“Yan Wuse may need time to recover, but it’s impossible for him to die easily! Now send Number Two over. Once I’m held back, you’ll have a tough time too. You’ll all be finished!”

Xu Xiaoshou’s arrogant voice, wrapped in Holy Power, not only passed through the battlefield above the ruins of the First Hall of Sins but also reached Yama’s side.

Numerous Cutting Path and Higher Void cultivators below all heard it.

“Draw them into one-on-one combat, send Yan Wuse flying...”

The Higher Void cultivators were all speechless.

After recognizing Xu Xiaoshou’s identity as the Saint Servant, they naturally recalled the information about this young man. It had not been even a year since he rose to prominence, last appearing in Dongtianwang City, shortly after breaking through to the Master Stage.

How was this possible? How could someone gain Holy Power and defeat Yan Wuse, the Three Emperors, in the blink of an eye?

Three breaths for the Innate Stage, three years to become a Sword Deity. Was this not the standard?

Did Xu Xiaoshou gobble up all the foundational roots of Saint Ascension in Sky City?
How did the rest miss such an opportunity?

From their current perspective, everything they saw was a disaster!

Over at Yama's side, Five Decays of Heaven and Man's face stiffened under the mask for a while but reluctantly accepted the fact that Kong Yuhen was Xu Xiaoshou, and Xu Xiaoshou had defeated Yan Wuse.

In that case, when he held the Time Ancestor Shadow Staff, he twisted the time on Abyss Island, freeing himself from Yan Wuse's light...

Was it intentional?

"Huang Quan, there is some truth in Xu Xiaoshou's words," Five Decays of Heaven and Man turned his head and looked at Huang Quan, "Strike while the iron is hot. Only Number two remains."

"The Liberated State · Divine Oracle is not as simple as you think," Huang Quan shook his head.

"But with Xu Xiaoshou, Mei Siren, and the ice-type ghost beast, we the five saints, can take down Number Two!"

"Do you know what a War Machine is?" Huang Quan rejected the suggestion.

Five Decays of Heaven and Man fell silent, then quickly raised his gaze and stared at Huang Quan, the three gray flowers in his right eye spinning.

"You want to go back."

"I... want..."

"Forget everything that just happened."

"Forget... everything..."

Whoosh! Whoosh!

Two figures rushed up, intercepting the Liberated State · Divine Oracle before he could reach Xu Xiaoshou.

"Rats and birds, how dare you block me?" Number Two's eyes flared with a red glow, seemingly angered.

He swept the Divine Blade of Judgment across the sky at lightning speed, taking advantage of Huang Quan and Five Decays of Heaven and Man's dodge, and threw the sword upward.

"Holy Land!" Number Two's arms stretched into the air as he raised his head and roared.

Tremors reverberated as the Holy Power burst forth, the divine force spread from all directions, enveloping the First Hall of Sins and the Forest of Miracles, extending into the distance.

The Spiritual Cultivators observing from afar did not expect the battle's impact to reach them, even from thousands of miles away.

But it was too late to escape now.

Moreover, escaping would be futile against the attacks of the Liberated State - Divine Oracle!

Everyone became devout.

Whether they were on the Cutting Path or in the higher void, the power of divinity influenced their minds, manipulating their spirits. They raised their hands and contributed their strength to construct the collective Holy Land.

Myriads of living beings graced the heavens, glowing with infinite light.

From every point, rivers emerged, converging in all directions.

In a split second, a Holy Land barrier materialized out of thin air, encompassing the entire Abyss Island.

1922 Pointing a Sword at the Oracle? (2)

Xu Xiaoshou was shocked when he felt the power of the mind control that almost humiliated his spirit and nearly turned him into a devout believer.

He had never underestimated the liberated state Divine Oracle.

However, he never expected that once Number Two was not controlled for the first time, the combat strength he released in his liberated state would radiate so widely.

When he thought of this...

Xu Xiaoshou turned to look at Mei Siren and he felt that his teacher was unfathomable!

How strong he must have been, to be able to take on the liberated state Divine Oracle at the beginning of the battle... No, he had already found a way to fight him even before it started.

He even succeeded!

"Don't look at me, I really can't help you now. Moreover, without Jiang Buyi as bait, the Falling Flower World would be useless against Number Two." Mei Siren sent a solemn telepathic communication to him.

"Is there any other way to kill him?" Xu Xiaoshou asked.

"Yes."

This definite answer made one excited.

"Teacher, how can it be done?" Xu Xiaoshou asked again.

Mei Siren glanced at him and said, "My power of Wisdom and that punch of yours."

Xu Xiaoshou fell silent.

Wasn't this just utter nonsense?

If you can't slash your sword, I can't use my fist either. So, Number Two is invincible?

"Huang Quan had the time and space attributes... Xu Xiaoshou struggled for a while.

"Yes, the space attributes are strange. However, just like how Yan Wuse dared to face Kong Yuhen who was your incarnation and wielded the Time Ancestor Shadow Staff, the space attributes also had a huge restriction. Moreover, it can't give the most powerful finishing move compared to the famed sword that can be used with sword techniques." Mei Siren replied.

Xu Xiaoshou finally understood why Yan Wuse had fallen into his trap.

Teacher's sudden counterattack was one point.

The fact that Huang Quan who pretended to be in a poor condition was actually not in a good state.

The Passive Fist was the most important point!

Was this equivalent to his Teacher's Power of Wisdom?

However, before Master Siren executed his Power of Wisdom, Yan Wuse must have been on his guard.

And Kong Yuhen's punch, that was filled with the power of his body, could shatter Yan Wuse, who was one of the three emperors...

If Kong Yuhen himself was there, he would not have believed it, let alone Yan Wuse?

That was why he was defeated by this punch.

"The reason why Yama still came to help was because they thought that you still had the power to punch." Mei Siren reminded him again through the telepathic communication.

He could tell from his student's expression that Xu Xiaoshou wouldn't be able to deliver another similar punch that could overturn the battle.

"I..." Xu Xiaoshou was speechless.

In the Holy Land, Number Two's body had been liberated after the battle. Surrounded by the Power of Divinity, he turned into a ten thousand foot tall giant.

However, even after this transformation into a giant, his speed and consciousness were still extremely fast!

After the Power of Divinity crushed the Path Principles so it would not undergo the Time Reversal, the Divine Blade of Holy Judgment expanded to its utmost limit.

Number Two flashed out and slashed at the Five Decays of Heaven and Man behind him.

"Sizzle!"

A sword beheaded him.

There was no hesitation.

The Five Decays of Heaven and Man bowed before he died and his head was slashed into pieces.

The Saint's sword energy that contained the Power of Purification sealed his wound and stopped the recovery of the Five Decays of Heaven and Man.

"Kowtow..."

Xu Xiaoshou didn't expect the situation to be so tragic and one-sided.

The Five Decays of Heaven and Man had bowed, but his head was gone. He couldn't even use his spiritual technique before it was interrupted and crippled.

The combat strength of a Demi-Saint was temporarily paralyzed!

Another sword strike and he might even die on the spot!

At this moment, Xu Xiaoshou realized how lucky he was to have crushed Yan Wuse with a single punch.

They were both Demi-Saints, but they had the battle consciousness of the third realm and had the ultimate means. They could instantly kill anyone below the third realm.

"This... Ten Thousand Dao Retreat!"

Huang Quan was stunned. He did not expect the Five Decays of Heaven and Man to fall so quickly.

His left hand threw a Country of Time at Number Two, while his right hand started to reverse the power of time.

At this moment, he could not understand why he had chosen to turn back just now.

The liberated state Divine Oracle was not someone Yama could fight against.

"Divine Godhood chains!"

Number Two grabbed the Divine Blade of Judgment with both hands and swung it in the air. The Order of the Great Path shot over from all directions and did not merge with his body.

After that, the rules of order shot out like the Ten Thousand Element and landed on various extreme grounds on the Abyss Island.

Crack!

The Ten Thousand Element could not retreat anymore.

In this Holy Land, under the Guidance of the Divine Oracle's chain of order, Number Two came to rely on Abyss Island.

This move seemed to have been borrowed from Yan Wuse's spiritual technique.

Number Two's learning ability was also so strong that it was impossible for people to resist.

“Filthy Rain!”

A cold voice suddenly sounded in the Holy Land.

The headless body of the Five Decays of Heaven and Man suddenly melted and merged into the Holy Path. His head was gone, but his Saint Language still remained.

In an instant, filthy acid rain fell from the sky.

The raindrops that contained death and decay corroded the barrier of the Holy Land the moment they touched it.

Very soon, the Holy Land was burned through. The acid rain fell on Number Two's body. It corroded the chains of order as it tainted and seared through his ten thousand foot tall body.

The power of this acid rain was much greater than he had imagined.

Swish!

Number Two's sword slashed into the sky, but the acid rain had no source. It was as if it was part of nature and had fallen since ancient times.

Ta, ta, ta!

Chi chi Sizzle!

The ground of Abyss Island rotted and left a massive hole.

Some of the Cutting Path and the Higher Void exhausted whatever remaining spiritual sources they had when they were splattered by the dense acid rain.

1923 Pointing a Sword at the Oracle? (3)

“Ahhh!”

In the Holy Land, chaotic screams rose and fell.

It was not Number Two's intention for the Saint War to affect so many mortals. However, he wanted to find the main body of the Five Decays of Heaven and Man to stop this wave of acid rain. When he turned around, the body of the Five Decays of Heaven and Man had already disappeared.

It was as if he had used a secret technique and sacrificed himself to summon this never-ending Filthy Rain.

Number Two was stunned by this suicidal byplay. There was no way to resolve the situation.

“This decaying Holy Power is too terrifying!”

The Spiritual Cultivators on the island who struggled under the torrent of Filthy Rain were all terrified.

When the Saint War was limited to the First Hall of Sins, they could only vaguely see the outlines of the Saint Calamity and the Emperor Tribulation.

At most, they would only be able to sense the aftershocks of the battlefield from a distance, but they would not dare to enter the hall.

But now, the First Hall of Sins had been destroyed by a certain someone with a single punch!

The Saint War had appeared before their eyes. The Holy Land, giants, rules, orders, acid rain...

All of these were beyond the scope of the normal Cutting Path and the Higher Void.

This affected all the living beings on the Abyss Island.

Everyone's powers had been inexplicably borrowed by Number Two and they all died under the Filthy Rain.

How could such a strange thing not shock the people?

However, in this Saint War, that even the Cutting Path and the Higher Void feared, everyone saw that fearless young man appear again with a sword.

Next to Mei Siren, Xu Xiaoshou was speechless. He looked at the Five Decays of Heaven and Man's martyred death and wanted to exterminate Number Two.

He had a determined look in his eyes!

The roar that sounded earlier was because he was afraid that Yama would run away and he would have a hard time on his own.

Now that he thought about it carefully, everything he said just now was right!

If he didn't kill all the people from the Holy Divine Palace here today, the ones who would die later would be his Saint Servants and all of Yama's men.

"I really don't have that punch anymore."

"But as long as I'm here, I can become that punch at any time!"

After he spoke earnestly to Master Siren, Xu Xiaoshou waved his hand. "Xiao Han."

"Ji!"

Elder Han, who had broken free from the shackles of light, shouted out in response.

A snow-white ice ferret that was several hundred feet in size appeared in the sky. Two black Ghost Beasts spread their wings and charged over.

Xu Xiaoshou jumped onto his mount, Elder Han, and said to Master Siren, "Teacher, please hold the fort for me."

Mei Siren laughed and took out his folding fan. "Go ahead."

Xu Xiaoshou turned around and gave Elder Han a kick. "Increase your size."

"Ji!" Elder Han's body expanded to about eight to nine hundred feet.

"Bigger, as big as Number Two!"

"Ji!"

Elder Han suddenly expanded to a size of about a thousand feet.

"Could it be bigger?"

"Expand to the biggest size you can manage!"

Elder Han was silent for a moment.

"I can become even bigger, but if the target is that big, I don't have Number Two's battle consciousness. Wouldn't I become a live target?"

"As long as you are able to run, don't think too much about it. Leave the rest to me." Xu Xiaoshou knew what was on Elder Han's mind.

"Ji!"

Elder Han went all out and unleashed the body of the true Ghost Beast to its limit. Its body expanded to tens of thousands of feet in size.

The black wings of the Ghost Beast rose up and covered the sky.

“How carefree!”

Xu Xiaoshou’s eyes were cold and he was filled with high spirits; even his thoughts seemed a little chaotic.

He knew that he might have been affected by the Blood World Pearl, but Bazhun’an was right.

If the young were not frivolous, if the young were not hot-blooded, what then was the difference between the old and the young?

“Berserk Giant!”

After he reached the limit of his Transformation fission, he used his awakened skill to turn his body.

In the sky, a thousand foot tall Golden Giant that stood on the Frost Ferret flashed out and appeared in the presence of the thousands of creatures on the Abyss Island.

“This?”

Everyone was shocked.

The Saint Servant Xu Xiaoshou must have swallowed a bear’s heart and leopard’s guts. He had killed one of the three emperors with a punch, and now he wanted to point his sword at the Divine Envoy?

“+(Attention, Passive Points, +) +1814.”

“+(In Awe, Passive Points+) +2320.”

“+(Expected, Passive Points,+) +2122.”

This was not the end.

The giant took out the Flame Python with his left hand and the Fourth Sword with his right hand. Under the infusion of the demonic aura, his entire body was dyed black and his body expanded once again.

Two winged black demon Berserk Giants had entered the arena!

“Huang Quan, did you not eat?”

“If you can’t do anything, go home now. Give me the Shang Xuan Sword and the Hun Che. I’ll help you kill the Saint!”

The black demon Giant stepped on the Frost Ferret and his angry voice rumbled like thunder across the entire Abyss Island.

Huang Quan’s eyes darkened completely. There was anger and displeasure in them.

He knew that this was how Xu Xiaoshou goaded him, but it didn’t matter whether he was incited or not.

At the moment of the battle, Xu Xiaoshou had gone crazy and Yan Wuse had been beheaded by him.

This was the best opportunity. If he didn’t act now, it would be a waste!

As he held the Shang Xuan Sword and the Hun Che, the bandages wrapped around the two supreme divine weapons loosened at the same time.

At this moment, Xu Xiaoshou had already stepped on the Frost Ferret, spun about in the air and flew out.

The Way of the Sword Disc was beneath his feet.

With the help of the giant’s body, the Power Upanishad Formation could extend from the ruins of the First Hall of Sins to the primeval forest outside the giant kingdom!

“Hiss...”

The Spiritual Cultivators on the island were completely dumbfounded.

It could be said that everything Xu Xiaoshou had done before was so unbelievable that even one of the three emperors had been crushed.

The strength he displayed now was too exaggerated!

Not only could his physical strength crush a Demi-Saint, but his swordsmanship had also comprehended the Upanishad realm?

As such, how could Yu Lingdi, the number one genius of the continent still have the title of the Spirit Division Chief!

No one dared to say this for hundreds of generations, but once Xu Xiaoshou’s name came out, there would not be anyone in today’s era who could surpass him.

One would have to go out and look for the best among the Ten High Nobles, like Kui Leihan and Bazhun'an to be able to do a comparison, right?

"Maybe this is fake?"

After all, the Ancient Swordsman were rare, and very few people could survive after they saw the second realm of the Power Upanishad Formation of the Ancient Sword Technique.

As a result, everyone felt skeptical about the Power Upanishad Formation under the feet of the black demon giant who was on the Frost Ferret.

Xu Xiaoshou should not be joking.

He had already passed the puberty stage and had grown to the point where he could be a backup.

The Flame Python and Fourth Sword in his hands swept through the air and pointed at the Holy Land instantly.

"Fantasy Sword Technique, Space-Time Transition!"

"Heart Sword Technique, Demons Under Eyes!"

"Mo Sword Technique, Green River Sword Boardline!"

The names of the three great sword techniques overlapped in the ears of the Spiritual Cultivators on the Abyss Island. It turned into a faint Saint Language that pierced their ears and caused blood to spurt out.

In the distance, Mei Siren stood in the air and nodded with a satisfied smile.

He waved the folding fan in his hand leisurely, and large characters jumped out: You are...

Mei Siren's eyelids twitched, and he quickly turned his fan over. This lad was worth teaching.

The three sounds in the void combined into sword cries.

"Three Streams of Red Plum Blossoms, Qingshi Sword!"

“Plum blossom...”

The red plum blossoms that filled the sky dazzled the withered Holy Land on the Abyss Island and made the people feel intoxicated.

Gu Qingyi, who was far away from the battlefield, released his grip on the famed sword in his arms and reached out. His fingertips gently twisted and pinched a red plum blossom.

Sizzle!

The red plum blossom split into sword energy that scattered in all directions. It slashed his skin, and he bled.

“Sword cognition...” Gu Qingyi failed to hide the shock in his eyes.

“The Three Streams of Red Plum Blossoms was clearly Master Siren’s sword skill!” Gu Qingyi also looked up in surprise. “This time, it was Xu Xiaoshou who used it. Moreover, the range of his sword was so wide?”

Gu Qingyi looked around.

The fluttering red plum blossoms almost filled half of the Abyss Island.

If it had been Master Siren’s sanctification, he probably wouldn’t be able to cover such an area with one sword.

But Xu Xiaoshou...

He transformed into a giant.

With the special Way of the Sword Upanishad as the foundation, it allowed the Sword Will to spread throughout such a vast land.

Before he even reached the level of a Sword Deity, he could already execute such a stunning sword move?

“Amazing talent!”

Gu Qingyi’s eyes trembled with emotion.

If he were an outsider, he would not have been so surprised. He would just open his mouth and marvel at Xu Xiaoshou’s feat like everyone else.

However, he was an expert and had traveled with Xu Xiaoshou for a while.

This fellow had clearly just come into contact with the concepts of the Sword Enlightenment and the Unsheathing Sword.

A few months ago, his swordsmanship realm was even at the Point of Path, where he needed his junior brother to teach him.

He didn't know anything about the Nine Major Sword Techniques, the Eighteen Sword Forms, and the 3000 Sword Styles.

However, such a person had managed to cultivate three first realms in just a few months and even learned the fusion of sword styles?

No matter how good a teacher Master Siren was, he couldn't have produced such a student. It was Xu Xiaoshou who was too abnormal!

He even showed a glimpse of his talent that surpassed the Three breaths for innate stage, three years for Sword Deity!

"Second Junior Brother, you should feel pressured." Gu Qingyi turned around with a smile and strode away. He was happy for the rising star of the Way of the Sword path.

"I..." Gu Qinger held the red plum blossom and left with a solemn expression.

Before this, he had just comprehended the Absolute Imperial Control on the Lone Cliff, and he was still complacent about it. Now he jumped off the cliff in shame and anger.

He felt that his talent was amazing.

Who would have thought that the once unskilled swordsman of the Way of the Sword would now be able to fight the Divine Oracle with his sword.

That fellow had even skipped the process in the middle and didn't compete with his peers. Instead, he had almost surpassed an entire era.

"An era..."

Gu Qinger murmured and could not help but think of his Supreme Master's teachings.

Supreme Master once said that true geniuses would never compare themselves to their peers. True geniuses could surpass the era, like Bazhun'an and Gu Qingyi.

A red sword plum blossom fell and shocked all the celestial beings.

All the Spiritual Cultivators in Sky City had varied expressions on their faces. Some of them waited for the sword, while others were not completely convinced...

After all, the Ancient Swordsman rarely made an appearance.

In other words, the Ancient Swordsman who were famous in the previous era rarely showed their talents in the Spiritual Cultivation world.

They either performed their duties and offered their swordsmanship to the dark faction or the Ghost Beast organization or stayed hidden totally and taught what they had learned, hiding in the secular world.

Under normal circumstances, it was very rare that an Ancient Swordsman would show the Eighteen Sword Forms to the world on the Shengshen Continent, let alone the fusion of sword flows.

Yes, there were quite a number of spiritual techniques that were known as the Ancient Sword Technique.

The Eastern Region Holy Sword Land revered the Eighth Sword Deity, but the Eighth Sword Deity had not wielded his sword for decades.

Legends circulated, but they were only legends.

This era needed to be slashed again; to cut off the past and the present and open up a new era.

“Would Xu Xiaoshou’s sword be like that?”

Most of the Spiritual Cultivators on the island were from the Eastern Region, and their hopes weren’t dashed.

The two swords in the hands of the black demon Giant, who stood on the Frost Ferret, transformed into a huge Qingshi Sword that seemed to be able to cut through the Nine Heavens.

The sword slashed horizontally and seemed to have torn the Galaxy apart.

“Boom!”

The huge Holy Land that was still being polluted by the Filthy Rain suddenly shattered when it was slashed by the sword.

It exploded into a mass of sparkling starlight that filled the sky and fell on the Abyss Island. It made such a contrast to the red plum blossoms and looked so dazzling and beautiful.

As of this moment, the Spiritual Cultivators became excited.

All those who could step onto the Abyss Island anticipated the wave of a new era, led by Xu Xiaoshou, to roll over.

Before when Bazhun'an appeared, he used a sword to cut off the past and create a new river.

Today, Xu Xiaoshou had defeated the Demi-Saint from the Holy Land with his sword and shocked everyone.

In a sense, his appearance was even more dazzling and exaggerated than that of Bazhun'an.

There was still a shred of mystery left.

How could such a strong weapon like the Qingju Sword break after a strike?

"Sizzle!"

When a drop of the filthy rain fell on his shoulder, Number Two's left arm almost melted off.

However, the Five Decays of Heaven and Man's strong spiritual technique did not shock him at all. What shocked Number Two was Xu Xiaoshou's growth!

Before this, this kid clearly didn't have this sort of combat strength.

After Mei Siren came, he gave a very vague lecture on some concepts. If it were anyone else, they would be confused and would not understand what it was about.

Xu Xiaoshou had learned and absorbed all of them?

This was the same sword that Mei Siren had used to slay Number Two before when Xu Xiaoshou could not do it!

"Was that the Power Upanishad Formation?"

Number Two's eyes were very sharp. He had observed the clues from the few times when Xu Xiaoshou stepped on this seemingly meaningless Power Upanishad Formation.

In this state, Xu Xiaoshou's path energy was natural and close to the state of epiphany.

Or to put it another way, he had achieved the Unity of Man and the Heavens!

Was that why he was able to comprehend the sword so quickly and so fast that he could replicate it with just a glance?

“Xu Xiaoshou, Five Decays of Heaven and Man, Huang Quan...”

Number Two instantly changed the order of killing in his mind and moved Xu Xiaoshou to the top of the list.

This lad’s talent was too shocking. If he was not eliminated now, there would be endless trouble in the future.

“Teleport.”

Number Two flashed away.

On the back of the Frost Ferret, there were two giants of darkness and light, one tall and one short.

“Ji!”

The sudden increase in weight made Elder Han complain incessantly, but he was not in the mood for any frivolous talk.

Because in the last wave, his foot was crushed by Number Two’s kick while he rode on his back.

“Escape!”

Elder Han knew that he was lucky he had used the Super Saint Escape Technique at the same time.

It was obvious that he had not been Number Two’s target. Otherwise, he would not even have the time to react.

However, under Lord Shou’s orders, the Frost Ferret only carried one person into the Super Saint Escape Technique and did not even resist Number Two.

Leave the battle to Lord Shou.

Xu Xiaoshou was blocked by the short giant in front of his chest. He subconsciously wanted to open his mouth and laugh at him, but he saw Number Two suddenly grow bigger and was now as tall as him.

Elder Han's Super Saint Escape Technique hadn't taken him away yet. When Number Two's Divine Blade of Judgment slashed over, he shouted.

"Heaven Secrets Separation."

With a buzz, the power of the Path Principles intersected.

Elder Han failed to take his owner away and escaped on his own. He left Xu Xiaoshou alone to face the liberated state Divine Oracle.

"Ah, no!"

At this moment, Elder Han's face turned cold as he hurriedly turned around.

He could not give up on his owner. This was the way of survival he had learned on the Inner Island.

Self-escape was equivalent to betrayal.

Whether it was subjective or forced.

On the Inner island, if you betrayed the Third Ancestor of the White Vein or the Demonic Emperor Black Dragon, death would be the best outcome.

"Lord Shou, wait for me!"

However, after Elder Han turned his head, he saw that the black demon Giant had disappeared under the holy giant's sword.

In a flash, it appeared behind the enemy and slashed out with Fourth Sword and the Flame Python.

Number Two's body turned into ancient characters that allowed the sword to pierce through his body. The wings of light on his back flapped.

"Twelve black beams!"

The twelve beams of Silent Black Restraint shot toward the black demon giant at lightning speed.

The Taotie Beast Head appeared behind the black demon giant. It opened its mouth and swallowed. The black beam turned into energy as its entire body swelled up and it roared into the sky.

"Break!"

The power of that one word could shatter the Heavens and Earth.

The air was filled with energy shells. It was as if a God had descended upon the world and pressed down on him. While Number Two was temporarily stunned, the energy blasted onto his head.

By the time Number Two regained his senses, the black demon giant had already stabbed him in the chest.

Time came to a standstill!

Fourth Sword stabbed into Number Two's skull.

The Flame Python stared at its heart and forced its way in.

"Get lost!"

The black demon giant raised his knee and knocked the Divine Oracle away.

He spun in the air as if he had teleported and speeded up to complete the action. He sent Number Two flying in the direction of Huang Quan with a hefty kick.

"Ah, this..."

Elder Han's eyes almost popped out.

What had he seen in that short moment?

He did not even realize how many rounds the two giants had exchanged in the air.

However, Number Two had already flown out with the two swords embedded into his body.

Did this mean that Lord Shou had defeated Number Two in this battle?

A Sovereign Stage defeated a Demi-Saint?

Heavens!

What was wrong with this world?

"That's right, Lord Shou's battle consciousness can already keep up with Number Two's speed. He even used the Time Ancestor Shadow Staff to his advantage."

"That crucial transparent thing was the Time Ancestor Shadow Staff!"

Mei Siren was as equally shocked as Elder Han; so too were the Spiritual Cultivators on the island, who had no idea what was going on. There was also Huang Quan.

Huang Quan never thought that Number Two would lose in the game.

Just because Xu Xiaoshou had the biggest variable, the Time Ancestor Shadow Staff?

Just this Great Psionic Weapon alone had increased Xu Xiaoshou's Sovereign Stage combat strength to the point where he could defeat the liberated state Divine Oracle once. How powerful was that?

"If only I could..." Huang Quan's eyes flashed scarlet.

"Huang Quan, have you been scared off by me? Why did you not make a move?" The black demon giant roared in the distance.

Huang Quan came back to his senses and finally realized how obsessed he had been with the Time Ancestor Shadow Staff. This caused the Blood World Pearl to almost succeed to lead him to his death several times.

In such a battle, how could he think about the treasures in the hands of his allies?

Number Two was the priority now!

Number Two, who was stabbed by the swords and kicked away, was like a hot potato thrown to Huang Quan by Xu Xiaoshou.

Xu Xiaoshou could only win once, but he couldn't kill Number Two. Naturally, he had to let the enemy off.

The Passive Fist was gone.

The Disillusionment Finger required a counterattack.

Even if it could be used, Number Two did not have a soul. It would not be very effective if he jabbed it with the finger.

This fellow was completely different from Yan Wuse. His body, soul, and will were all destroyed, but he could still use the Divine Path Principles to be resurrected-Dao Qiongcang was truly disgusting.

Even Master Siren said he couldn't fight this monster.

Xu Xiaoshou thought of an idea. "He would not kill it, but would seal and suppress after it was severely injured."

This was the only way to save himself!

After he recovered from his shock, Huang Quan had missed the best opportunity to severely injure Number Two.

He saw a sneer appear on the giant's mouth. He could move again.

"The roots returned to the leaves."

Huang Quan did not care at all. He uttered a strange syllable, and the river of time flowed out from his back.

1926 Get It, Get It... (3)

At this moment, he appeared to be two overlapping people in the eyes of the world.

One of them reacted a little slower.

However, there was still one who moved when the Divine Oracle Number Two was kicked across. He pulled out the Shang Xuan Sword.

"What happened?"

Xu Xiaoshou did not understand, so he immediately stepped on the Time Dao Discs and entered the Unity of Man and the Heavens state. He learned as he fought.

Huang Quan was too excellent!

He set his own time and space and allowed himself to exist in every spacetime.

He then executed the time reversal to his previous state, that was when he was stunned.

He also gave himself the guidance so he would not be stunned in the previous instance. This would cause him to make an 'error' in the next instant.

This kind of 'error' in timing was fatal to ordinary people.

However, for a time attribute Spiritual Cultivator, it was as common as a fire-type Spiritual Cultivator who spat out fireballs.

With just this small price, Huang Quan entered a superimposed unstable state.

He had successfully switched to the version of himself in the second spacetime.

Therefore, when Number Two sneered, the stunned Huang Quan suddenly became the Huang Quan that pulled out the Shang Xuan Sword and flew out.

From the prospective of inertial thoughts, there seemed to be two Huang Quans in this scene.

Xu Xiaoshou, on the other hand, could see through everything and there was only one.

Almost no one could understand the profundity of this time shift.

With a sizzle, Number Two was inexplicably sent flying by Xu Xiaoshou's kick and half of his body was cut off by Huang Quan's sword.

His huge right arm, along with half of his waist, was cut off. Some of his smashed ancient characters scattered about in thin air, like the blood of Heaven's secrets.

"Ah!"

Pain flashed in Number Two's eyes.

He actually felt great pain.

He had never suffered such frequent consecutive losses.

However, this time, Number Two suffered two defeats, and both of them came from the unknown.

"Time..."

Number Two instantly deduced the reason for his failure.

When viewed from a one-sided perspective, no matter how strong Xu Xiaoshou or Huang Quan was, they would not be able to hurt him, the liberated state Divine Oracle.

The only problem was that the time attribute was too strange. It could not play a decisive role in a battle, but it was often unexpected.

"This sword..."

"What a good sword!"

Different from Number Two's focus point, Xu Xiaoshou's focus point was the Shang Xuan Sword.

Before this, he could not see through the mystery of the Shang Xuan Sword, one of the nine supreme divine weapons. He only said that it ignored any sort of defense.

However, when one ignored defense, wasn't it the same as being seriously injured? The Mo Sword Technique could also fight?

Now, Xu Xiaoshou understood.

It turned out that the two were fundamentally different.

There were no upper limits to the Shang Xuan Sword's ability to ignore any sort of defense. It could even bypass the defense of the body of the liberated state Divine Oracle and then slash its true body.

In theory, the Mo Sword Technique could also be cultivated to this level, but even Gou Wuyue might not be able to do it!

And this Number Two, who was formed from countless ancient characters, could actually be injured by a real sword? He was in pain too?

This was the power of the nine supreme divine weapons?

"Get it, get it..."

Xu Xiaoshou's appetite was whetted and his eyes drooled. He stared at Huang Quan as if he represented the most delicious food in the world.

He suddenly went all out, flew up and issued a huge slap.

Bang!

Huang Quan's body exploded on the spot. The Shang Xuan Sword flew out in a chaotic mess into the sky.

1927 Give Me Face, The Battle Ends Here, How About It? (1)

"Are you crazy?!"

Fortunately, this slap did not carry any special power, such as the Penetrating Divine Senses.

After Huang Quan's fragile body was blown up, the Demi-Saint Incarnation that he had condensed during the previous battle flew out.

As he roared, he reversed through space and time to find his original body.

"+(Mutated, Passive Points+) +1."

“(Insulted, Passive Points+) +1.”

“(Suspected, Passive Points.+) +1213.”

“(Feared, Passive Points+) +666.”

The Information Bar popped up, and his Spirit Awakening was also triggered.

Xu Xiaoshou sobered up and was instantly stunned. Why would he do such a thing for no reason?

Even if he was affected by the Blood World Pearl, his Spirit Awakening would be triggered almost at the same time. It should not cause such a situation where he could not differentiate between friend and foe.

Or could it be...

Did that mean that his influence had increased?

He had lost control and attacked the moment he was affected by the Blood World Pearl. When the Spiritual Awakening was triggered, it had already shot out and he could not turn back?

“Something’s wrong!”

Xu Xiaoshou was keenly aware that his sudden attack on his allies was not necessarily due to the influence of the Blood World Pearl.

He found the words ‘mutated’ in the Information Bar.

Then, where did this ‘mutation’ come from?

The Blood World Pearl was clearly just an influence.

His Perception was activated, but Xu Xiaoshou couldn’t find the source.

He even suspected it was Number Two. After all, he was the only opponent left.

However, after that earlier kick, Number Two was clearly still under the control of the Time Freeze. The ability of the Time Ancestral Shadow Staff had not been in vain.

Therefore, the ‘mutation’ did not come from Number Two, but... the people below?

His Perception swept downward on Abyss Island. There were many Spiritual Cultivators who watched from afar, but none of them had made a move.

Obviously, no one would get involved in the battle between the Holy Divine Palace, the Saint Servant and Yama. Some of them wouldn't even be able to hide in time.

If one wanted to make a move against Xu Xiaoshou's Holy Emperor Lv.0 Agility and Perception, he could only be a peak Demi-Saint, right?.

There were no Demi-Saints among the Spiritual Cultivators and Higher Voids.

"If it's not Number Two and not the people below, then what else could it be?"

Xu Xiaoshou's heart was connected to the Holy Emperor Dragon Scale. He began to sense it in his mind as he prayed for instructions.

Soon, he looked up at the sky as if he had sensed something.

Above the Nine Heavens, a blazing sun hung high in the sky; it had not disappeared when Yan Wuse shattered.

This was an extremely strange thing!

This was because the Blazing Sun Plan came from the Sun Angel and the Sun Angel came from Yan Wuse. However, Yan Wuse had died suddenly and would not be able to regain his combat ability for a short period of time.

"The Sun Angel had its own spiritual intelligence. As long as Yan Wuse was not truly dead, would it still exist with light?"

"However, the Blazing Sun Plan would not bring with it any special effects. After all, it had been around for so long."

"However, the 'mutation' came out of nowhere..."

Xu Xiaoshou's eyes suddenly narrowed.

Outside the range of what his Perception couldn't see.

He relied on his superb eyesight that was not afraid of strong light after he consumed the Dragon Apricot Seed. After it passed through the absolute blazing white of the Nine Heavens scorching sun, Xu Xiaoshou discovered a faint silver trace that was slightly different from the white beside the scorching sun.

This was...

"Moon Angel?"

Xu Xiaoshou's expression froze. He suddenly remembered that Master Siren had not been able to stop the Moon Angel and the Star Angel when they rose into the sky because he had pulled back his sword at the last minute.

After the sky had turned white, everyone subconsciously thought that the Moon and Star Angels were gone.

Unexpectedly, the two Angels had entered a super high altitude that was filled with intense white light.

It was invisible, but in fact, it had always existed.

"The Second Crescent Moon!" Mei Siren reminded him through telepathic communication. "This was the ability of the Moon Angel, the Second Crescent Moon."

"What effect did it have?" Xu Xiaoshou asked.

"The Second Crescent Moon could use the transformation of the Blazing Sun Plan with strange attributes. Those who were illuminated by these light rays would undergo mutations, from their bodies, souls, emotions, and spirit."

Xu Xiaoshou felt his hair stand on end.

So Yan Wuse had been killed by him, but he hadn't completely exploded?

Was this the so-called light of spiritual cultivation of the so-called three emperors?

The Moon Angel, who was hidden in the Blazing Sun Plan, ignored Number Two's misfortune and only carried out the mission it had been summoned for.

After the battle below, it had completed the transformation of the light after this buffer period.

As the lights and shadows alternated, the brightness of the Blazing Sun Plan dimmed, and the silvery-white color beside it gradually rose.

In the end, the sun and moon shone together and hung in the sky.

The Moon Angel was bent into the shape of a crescent moon, as if she slept peacefully on her hands.

It was the same as the transformation of the Sun Angel. It had become the moon.

The moment it was completely asleep and completed its transformation, an extremely cold Saint Language sounded in the world.

“Second Crescent Moon, Light of Distortion.”

A faint silver glow, like the white light of the sun, sprinkled all over the entire Abyss Island.

Xu Xiaoshou felt his spirit stagnate, and strange sinful thoughts grew crazily like countless hairs.

Not only did he want to seize Huang Quan’s Shang Xuan Sword, he also wanted to get his Hun Che!

His curiosity about Chief Yama was also greatly magnified.

At this moment, he felt that the most important thing was not Number Two. He wanted to take off Huang Quan’s mask and question this guy about his relationship with Kong Yuhon.

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There was also the Five Decays of Heaven and Man. This guy would not get involved if there were no benefits. Why was his attitude towards him a little different? Could it be that his sexual orientation had always been abnormal?

There was also...

“Stop!”

Xu Xiaoshou clutched his forehead in pain. Suddenly, his eyes stared coldly as an illusory devilish energy exploded from his body.

At that moment, a lone building could be vaguely seen as it rose from the Abyss Island. Xu Xiaoshou’s body was dyed pure black, and his aura became extremely cold.

Heart Sword Technique, Demons Under Eyes!

“I’m the Ruler of the demons, how dare the demons mess with my mind?”

In his spiritual world, Xu Xiaoshou swept his gaze across the area. All kinds of evil spirits submitted to his sword.

He finally regained his composure.

At this moment, Mei Siren came over worriedly to his side. When he saw that his student had managed to save himself, he heaved a sigh of relief.

“Xu Xiaoshou, you’ve grown up.”

“Teacher...”

Xu Xiaoshou raised his eyes and wanted to ask what had happened, but he saw Huang Quang who stood not too far away, who had toasted him. He fell into a strange state.

“I was wrong... It wasn’t me... Who are you?”

“Get lost! Get lost!”

Huang Quan’s body suddenly exploded with spatial power. His entire body became blurry, like an illusion.

The Demi-Saint Incarnation beside him had just saved his original body when he suddenly lost control and his body swelled up in the air.

“Boom!”

The Demi-Saint Incarnation had self-detonated on the spot!

A terrifying power swept out, exploded and created a black hole near the First Hall of Sins. A chaotic aura swept across the giant kingdom.

The world seemed to have collapsed and left only despair in its midst.

The people who were closer to the storm didn’t even have the chance to scream before they were turned into dust by the storm.

The giant kingdom, like the First Hall of Sins, was reduced to ruins on the spot.

Xu Xiaoshou didn’t know what the second and third steps of the Heavenly Ancestor Legacy meant.

When he looked at the ruins of the First Hall of Sins and the ruins of the giant kingdom, he suddenly understood.

“The second step was to save the Void race.”

“The third step was to obtain the approval of the will of the former Abyss Island Spirit.”

Perhaps the ones who should be saved were not the Void race’s clansmen who had lost their luster, but their clansmen’s land.

It was the Outer Island of the Abyss Island that had become the battlefield of the Demi-Saints.

This was the only way to obtain the approval of the former Abyss Island Spirit; the true Heavenly Ancestor who had assimilated with the rules of the Abyss Island, right?

But...

"I can't even protect myself now. What power do I have to save Sky City?" Xu Xiaoshou felt distressed.

"Awk!" The cry of an owl came from afar.

When he turned around, he saw that Huang Quan's Demi-Saint incarnation had self destructed. Or it was the light of distortion from the Second Crescent Moon that had blown it up or the Filthy Rain that had mutated it.

In short, the Five Decays of Heaven and Man had resurrected. With the help of the acid rain, he had gathered and formed a physical body.

However, his condition was even more unstable than Huang Quan's.

As he clasped his head, one moment he would say, "Old man, wait." The next moment, he would say, "It came and went." The next moment, he would say, "Why bother?" His speech was incoherent and ambiguous.

"What was that about?" Xu Xiaoshou had never thought that Yan Wuse's spiritual technique would have such a deep impact on the two Demi-Saints.

This ability was too terrifying!

"It was not that Yan Wuse's spiritual technique was strong. The two of them were not in the right state to begin with and could not withstand the distorted power. Otherwise, why would Demi-Saints be like this?" Mei Siren said.

Distortion... Xu Xiaoshou was deep in thought. He thought that a sage-like old Sword Saint like Master Siren would not have a problem with his mentality.

As he turned his head, Mei Siren's third hand reached out from behind him and reached for his head. It started to tug at his hair. He then scratched his head non-stop.

That long and strange arm with four joints had three small mouths on it, that moved constantly.

"So itchy..." The first one said.

"It's so itchy." The second mouth said.

"Eh? Why did it itch so much? How strange!" The third mouth added.

As it spoke, the strange third arm plucked out a handful of Master Siren's hair and ate it.

"I'm so hungry!"

"Who spoke?" Mei Siren held the paper fan and frowned. His movements were calm, but there was a hint of doubt in his voice.

The voice that spoke out just now was very strange. It was actually very similar to his own voice.

Xu Xiaoshou's scalp went numb. His lips trembled as he pointed at his Teacher's head.

Mei Siren turned around and was shocked. Xu Xiaoshou had three pairs of eyes, and the extra ones were on his front teeth.

Xu Xiaoshou was terrified. There was a big toe on his Teacher's nostrils, and his fingernails were grayish-green in color.

"F*ck!"

"What happened?"

Almost at the same time, when the two of them saw the transformation in each other's bodies, they realized that although their Dao hearts were very firm, their bodies had already undergone strange transformations under the influence of the light of distortion.

"This is too strange!"

Xu Xiaoshou couldn't help but curse. He looked at Master Siren, who was almost bald, and felt that his outlook had shattered.

The light of spiritual cultivation... could it be this kind of light?

When Mei Siren realized that his appearance had undergone a drastic transformation, his eyes were filled with fear.

Xu Xiaoshou had never seen such a look on Master Siren's face before.

He had never been so terrified even when he fought with Number Two and faced Yan Wuse.

After he took a deep breath, the Teacher first used the Taicheng Sword to execute the Fantasy Sword Technique to change his appearance. Then, he spoke.

1929 Give Me Face, The Battle Ends Here, How About It? (3)

“Swordless Sword Technique.”

The teacher and student entered the Swordless Sword Form at the same time. Each of them started to deal with the extra organs and limbs on their bodies.

Howls rang out and filled the sky.

It wasn't just Xu Xiaoshou and Mei Siren who were affected by the light of distortion on Abyss Island. Everyone else was also affected.

Ninety-nine percent of the Spiritual Cultivators couldn't withstand the power of the Demi-Saint stage light of distortion. All of them underwent strange and weird transformations.

It wasn't just the Spiritual Cultivators. All the native creatures and dead creatures on the island had changed into extremely peculiar forms.

The trees sprouted new buds and vines. They suddenly opened their blood-filled mouths and swallowed the flesh before they gave birth to snake eggs.

The stones cracked, and water gurgled out from the spirit pond. The ground that was nourished by the spirit pond trembled, and with a howl, it grew into a stone statue again, and then self-destructed.

There was even a black Void Attendant that had grown a third leg. It came from afar with all five of its limbs together and held Number Two's broken arm in its mouth like a rabid dog.

The giant flashed through the air, but it thrashed about violently and bit the air. It was very abnormal.

“It's a total mess...”

“It's all a mess!”

After he got rid of the distortion on his body, Xu Xiaoshou was stunned when he saw how chaotic the Abyss Island was.

Not to mention that he was already powerless to save the Void clan.

In the current situation, only when one called on the Heavenly Ancestor could the problem be resolved, right?

On the entire Abyss Island, the only one who was exposed and remained unaffected by the light of distortion was the liberated state Divine Oracle.

Half of Number Two's body had been cut off by the Shang Xuan Sword and taken away by the Void Attendant.

He could not connect with his broken body and this fact was indisputable -that the power of the Shang Xuan Sword was too incomparably powerful.

For a short period of time, Number Two's body could not be restored.

The battle was forced to come to a halt. Xu Xiaoshou saw Number Two's absent-minded expression and immediately knew that he had not expected this light of distortion to take place on the Abyss Island.

It was obvious Yan Wuse's disappearance had severely affected the Moon Angel's mission.

Xu Xiaoshou guessed that perhaps the light of distortion should not have shone on the entire Abyss Island, but should have been directed at him and Yama only.

But it was too late.

Now that Yan Wuse was out of the picture, everything had gone out of control.

Just as the island was in complete chaos, an ethereal voice suddenly sounded in the distance. It was completely out of sync with the situation here.

"I came from the west and went down the river to the east."

"I viewed life during the day and capered with ghosts at night."

"The mayfly knew what my intentions were, the cool breeze had extinguished the candle wax."

"I am drunk with the water of the world, I had woken up with the immortals."

That voice... Xu Xiaoshou looked toward the west in surprise and joy.

Number Two and Mei Siren did the same.

A sword light flashed in the west and turned into a man in a swordsman's robe. He appeared at the top of the Nine Heavens.

He hovered in the air, his eyebrows like stars and his aura soared over the mortal world. His expression was one of compassion.

His eyes were extremely inconsistent with his temperament. They were dull and turbid; there were only eight fingers on his hands and he had a scar on his neck.

He stood in the distance and looked at Number Two quietly. He said softly.

“Was this what your Holy Divine Palace wanted?”

Number Two’s pupils constricted as if he faced a great enemy. Bazhun’an?

Xu Xiaoshou was overjoyed, yet he also wanted to punch Eighth Brother.

You’re still keeping up the pretense at a time like this?

What about your so-called back-up?

You only came out at this time and you pretended you’d been forced. I had to bear all the pain from before, right?

When he saw that Number Two was speechless, Bazhun’an snorted and said lightly.

“If you continue to fight, all the people and the land here would be demolished.”

“Why don’t you give me some face. Abyss Island is yours. I’ll take the person away and the battle would end here. How about it?”

Read I Am Loaded with Passive Skills - Chapter 1930 - 1930 I Don't Even Have to Personally Deal With You! (1)

1930 I Don't Even Have to Personally Deal With You! (1)

Eighth Sword Deity!

The Spiritual Cultivators on the battlefield looked up in surprise.

When they saw the legendary figure, their first reaction was one of shock.

The second thing they realized was that the influence of the light distortion had suddenly stopped.

With the Eighth Sword Deity in the center, the light within a radius of 5,000 kilometers disappeared.

When the power of the sun and moon that hung in the Nine Heavens fell on this Land Realm, it seemed to be swallowed up and emptied by some power. It could no longer cause any distortions to the human Body, Spirit and Will.

“What is this...”

The Spiritual Cultivators near the battlefield rejoiced as they dealt with the transformation in their bodies. At the same time, they surveyed the peculiarities in their surroundings.

Other than the special 'domain' that had formed here, the people outside still suffered from the pain brought by the light distortion.

It could be seen that they were the lucky ones chosen by the Heavens.

Sometimes, one couldn't stay too far away from the battle, and it would save one's life if they stayed closer.

Xu Xiaoshou, who was in the Swordless Sword Form, looked at Master Siren in confusion.

He could only protect himself and was unable to save others.

However, Bazhun'an was clearly in the state of sealed swords, yet he had extra energy to care about the rest of the people on the island?

"Boundless Void." Mei Siren's expression changed slightly as he explained,

"This was also the application of the Swordless Sword Form, but it's much more advanced than the realm you've grasped now. It involved the application of 'him' other than 'me'."

"In short, not only can this sword strike eliminate oneself, but it can also eliminate others."

"Bazhun'an used the surrounding laws of light to protect everyone here."

I, he...

The Swordless Sword Form could be used like this? So strong?

Xu Xiaoshou felt that his train of thought had been opened again.

He could not understand it for the time being, but it was not a big problem.

He immediately took out the Way of the Sword Disc and activated the Unity of Man and the Heavens.

As long as the sword technique did not involve the second Upanishad, he could rely on his rote memory to copy it.

Whatever appeared would be all mine!

However, even in the state of the Unity of Man and the Heavens, Xu Xiaoshou still found it difficult to break through the mystery of the boundless void.

He could only forcibly memorize it and understand it later.

“What level had this sword reached?” Xu Xiaoshou was deep in thought.

“This was Bazhun’an’s sword that was above the level of the first realm. If you go a little deeper, you will soon reach the level of the second realm.” Mei Siren paused. “Heaven had abandoned it.”

Xu Xiaoshou finally understood.

Eighth Brother’s sword technique was extremely exquisite.

Even the first realm was so obscure and difficult to understand. He secretly used some of the power of the second realm and it seemed so natural!

If one didn’t sense with care, it would be difficult to even see the Sword Will around him. It was just like the aura domain that was formed spontaneously when he appeared. It could swallow the distorted light.

So, this was the sword that could be used when the sword was sealed?

Xu Xiaoshou was a little confused and glanced at Master Siren.

However, he saw that his teacher’s brows were slightly furrowed as he stared at Bazhun’an and thought about something.

Mei Siren suddenly turned around and sent a telepathic communication filled with suspicion. “Didn’t you say that Bazhun’an was sealed in the sword?”

Xu Xiaoshou’s heart skipped a beat, and his expression froze.

“Who are you?”

Number Two seemed to have suffered from the Xu Xiaoshou syndrome.

When he saw Bazhun’an, his first reaction was shock, and his second reaction was that he might be Xu Xiaoshou in disguise.

After all, Xu Xiaoshou had disguised himself as Kong Yuhon to deliver Yan Wuse’s death punch.

“Heh!”

Bazhun'an seemed to know what Number Two's thoughts were. He shook his head and laughed. He turned to look at Xu Xiaoshou. "Look at what you've done."

He did not wait for the latter to speak and turned to look at Number Two again with a hint of contempt in his eyes.

"The so-called strongest Demi-Saint was scared by a young man to this extent?"

"Since you are afraid, you don't have to pretend to be calm. I've given you my question, but you haven't answered it."

He raised his head and looked at the sun and moon in the sky. His turbid eyes did not flicker at all. "Your top priority seemed to be to save Yan Wuse and the Abyss Island."

How could Number Two give up everything here?

The thought of 'retreat' did not even cross his mind.

The question Bazhun'an posed was not a problem in his eyes, so there was naturally no answer.

Even if Yan Wuse was still conscious, he would never agree to his ridiculous condition and let him go.

Number Two slowly raised the Divine Blade of Judgment and responded with silence and a killing intent.

However, when the tip of the sword pointed at Bazhun'an, there was a buzzing sound. The void suddenly trembled and intangible sword waves surged out.

"Whoosh! Whoosh! Whoosh!"

An intangible amount of invisible light flashed and flew through the Nine Heavens. It turned into streaks of silver light that cut through space.

Bazhun'an stared at the Divine Blade of Judgment and the tip of the sword. After a long period of indifference, he looked up and said.

"You should know what this action meant."

"This is the first and only warning: Put down your sword and I will forgive your disrespect."

Weng!

The sound of sword cries resonated on the Abyss Island.

The countless spirit swords on the bodies of the Spiritual Cultivators that were hidden in the ruins of the First Hall of Sins and those located far away from the other nine extreme grounds began to tremble.

It was as if they submitted to the king, as if they welcomed his return...

Even Number Two's Divine Blade of Judgment trembled slightly under Bazhun'an's gaze, as if it held him in awe.

Almost at the same time, a legend from the previous era flashed through the minds of the remaining Spiritual Cultivators on the island.

After he defeated all five domains of the continent, Eighth Sword Deity's name had become a tangible force. Wherever he went, thousands of swords would bow down to him.

Read I Am Loaded with Passive Skills - Chapter 1931 - 1931 I Don't Even Have to Personally Deal With You! (2)

1931 I Don't Even Have to Personally Deal With You! (2)

He was so strong that even his gaze was like the famed sword that could shatter everything.

This was even before the formation of the Witness Sword Technique and the appearance of the sword cognition.

And 99% of those who dared to point their swords at Bazhun'an would die-in that era when Bazhun'an was still arrogant and untamed.

This was the first time Number Two pointed his sword at Bazhun'an.

His database did indeed contain information about the consequences of similar actions.

However, he had never expected that the vague information would actually be true.

His Divine Blade of Judgment trembled.

Under Bazhun'an's gaze, a terrifying power surged out of the sword body.

Even Number Two felt threatened by this power.

Sword cognition!

It wasn't just the power of the sword cognition. When Bazhun'an gazed at him, it pierced into his body through the sword body and wantonly destroyed everything.

Even the Divine Blade of Judgement itself...

Number Two had heard of Bazhun'an's touch with swords. No matter what sword it was, it would become his personal sword at a glance from him.

He didn't expect that even the Divine Blade of Judgment, that was constructed from the liberated state, would be one of them.

Now, not only was the Divine Blade of Judgment afraid, but it also started to resist.

A faint trace of this resistance appeared, as it recognized the enemy as its master and stabbed towards the original owner.

"Bang!"

Number Two's hand that held the sword shook violently.

The sword body was filled with explosive sword cognition that tore his arm apart. Even the Divine Path Principles could not recover that quickly.

He was about to lose his grip on the sword!

And this was merely due to a gaze from Bazhun'an!

At this moment, Number Two felt a sense of reverence and fear. He wanted to put down the sword in his hand and follow Bazhun'an's suggestion to clean up the mess.

As long as there was no battle, they wouldn't die.

However, his calm rationality erased the crazy thoughts that shouldn't have appeared in his mind.

"Impossible!"

"It's impossible for Bazhun'an to turn up."

"If he competed with Hallmaster Dao, doesn't it mean that whoever entered the field first would be the loser?"

"How dare he take the risk to come here... Or could it be that the current situation was his final plan?"

“His purpose to summon the Abyss Island was not to undo the seal on the Inner Island, nor was it to kill the people of the Holy Divine Palace.”

“And it was all for the purpose to train Xu Xiaoshou?”

“This was too absurd!”

If there had been anyone else here, they might really be scared away.

However, Bazhun'an's intimidating stare did not quite erase all of Number Two's rationality.

He was not a normal person; he was not even a human.

He couldn't understand what Bazhun'an's intentions were at this moment, because this was contrary to all his previous speculations.

This was all part of Bazhun'an's plans, so there was no need for him to make a big fuss and use the Abyss Island as a trap.

Under such circumstances...

No matter how powerful the person in front of him was, he was not Bazhun'an. He was just a person who appeared to break the situation.

This person could be Xu Xiaoshou, a Saint Servant, or even Yama, or even someone else from the Xu Yue Gray Palace.

But in short, he was definitely not Bazhun'an!

His thoughts were settled in an instant. The corners of Number Two's lips curled up as he gripped the Divine Blade of Judgment that was about to go out of control.

“I heard that you would seal your sword. Then what can you use to stop me from being so uncouth?”

“With your sharp teeth and sharp tongue?”

Bazhun'an shook his head. It was almost impossible to see the figure of Number Two in his eyes; it was as if he was indifferent to him.

“I don't even need to attack you personally.”

Whoosh!

Number Two's speed was extremely fast. While Bazhun'an chatted and laughed, under the shocked gazes of the people on the island, his sword swept out.

The Holy Light flew past and instantly sliced through Bazhun'an's body and split it into two.

Blood splattered everywhere; everyone was stunned.

So... he can't even withstand a single blow?

Could this Bazhun'an be a fake?

It was indeed possible. After all, after a while, a series of fake Bazhun'ans would appear one after another in the Eastern Region and then be killed by others.

Why did he think that the person who appeared in the Sky City was indeed the real one?

"Boom!"

An explosion sounded in the air and pulled back everyone's thoughts.

Bazhun'an, who had been split into two had returned to his original state.

On the other hand, Number Two seemed to have been slashed by a sword. Countless sword cognition exploded in his body, and he was split into two.

"This?"

"Fantasy Sword Technique!"

"That was the Fantasy Sword Technique!"

In an instant, everyone recalled the Fantasy Sword Technique that Bazhun'an was famous for.

With such a reversal of death and injury that no one else understood, it undoubtedly had to be the Fantasy Sword Technique.

In other words, Number Two's sword failed to cut down Bazhun'an, but he himself was killed instead?

This person was indeed worthy of being the Eighth Sword Deity. He could even contend with the Divine Oracle!

"Space-Time transition..."

On the other side, Xu Xiaoshou appeared stunned.

He could already tell that Bazhun'an had indeed used the Fantasy Sword Technique.

The sword that had pierced through Old Eighth had actually reached Number Two's realm. He could even tell that he had used the first realm of the Fantasy Sword Technique, Space-Time Transition.

However, Xu Xiaoshou was not overjoyed.

Bazhun'an had already used two major realms under the state of sealed swords : the Swordless Sword Form and the Space-Time Transition.

This was totally unbelievable.

In the state of sealed swords, perhaps Bazhun'an could draw his sword, but there shouldn't be many.

And his sword... It must be understood that in the Eighth Palace, he had faced Gou Wuyue, who was also a Sword Deity and possessed the power of the first realm. He was also the guardian of the 700 hundred white-clothed people.

Bazhun'an's Present Gods and Buddhas had destroyed everything.

His first realm would definitely not be used in this way. He was definitely at a higher level than the other Ancient Swordsman.

Read I Am Loaded with Passive Skills - Chapter 1932 - 1932 I Don't Even Have to Personally Deal With You! (3)

1932 I Don't Even Have to Personally Deal With You! (3)

Nevertheless, this person standing before him...

Without a doubt, Xu Xiaoshou saw the word "fake" written all over him, inside and out.

Yes!

He was powerful!

He even mastered two great realms!

Even though these two were only demi-saints, unlike Gou Wuyue, having to utilize two great realms to combat Number Two and withstand the distorted light, would that not reduce him to a mere sword deity?

Should the Eighth Sword Deity be nothing more than an ordinary sword deity, he would not merit the title of Bazhun'an!

How could he lead the Saint Servant and charge up the Saint Mountain?

"Xiao Kongtong?"

Only one person came to Xu Xiaoshou's mind when he saw the individual before him.

But something felt off...

If the person in front of him was Bazhun'an, then he was too weak.

If the person in front of him was Xiao Kongtong, then this big mouth from Fringe Moon Immortal City was too powerful.

Crack!

The world shattered like a mirror in an instant.

Number Two's body, which had been cut by a sword, was also restored – he had broken the shackles of the Fantasy Sword Technique.

In reality, the sword cognition could not remain within the body of the Liberated State - Divine Oracle.

All the damage inflicted upon Number Two was created by the Fantasy Sword Technique, an illusion in his and everyone else's eyes on Abyss Island.

So powerful was the illusion that it caused Number Two to feel genuine pain!

Xu Xiaoshou suddenly understood why Master Siren always said his Fantasy Sword Technique lacked depth.

It turned out that those in the Bazhun'an lineage who were proficient in the Fantasy Sword Technique could trap Number Two for a long time using the technique alone.

What Xu Xiaoshou could think of, Number Two could easily think of too.

After he was certain that the person in front of him was not Bazhun'an himself, he felt ashamed and swung his sword for another attack. "You're asking for death!"

“Stop struggling.” Bazhun’an shook his head apathetically.

He remained motionless as Number Two’s sword slashed through his body, following which Number Two himself was blown away again.

Once the Fantasy Sword Technique was lifted, Number Two found himself ensnared within its confines once more, thus repeating the cycle.

This Bazhun’an was indeed not very strong, but he could repeatedly restrict Number Two’s movements.

What did he use?

Xu Xiaoshou could not believe an ancient swordsman below the level of a demi-saint could achieve this.

This Bazhun’an, who should be Xiao Kongtong, had to possess some special ability or treasure that Xu Xiaoshou could not comprehend.

Buzz!

Starlight began to rain down from the skies above.

Bazhun’an ceased his movements as he turned his eyes to the sky, observing the unusual phenomenon.

At the top of the Nine Heavens, the Star Angel completed its transformation, turning into a multitude of stars and unleashing its stellar power.

At the same time, the Saint Language resounded in all directions:

“Sanctity Revival.”

Almost at the same moment, those who were bathed in the starlight on Abyss Island had their spiritual consciousness restored.

Even the bodies of the distorted and broken were filled with the power of the Saint and began to heal.

“Ah~”

From all corners, the sound of relieved groans filled the air.

Everyone felt like they were bathing in the spring of Holy Power, and their injuries were rapidly healing, feeling extremely comfortable.

Even the distorted plants and lifeless objects on the island ceased their anomalies and returned to their previous state.

“This is...”

Xu Xiaoshou realized that Yan Wuse’s ability was acting up again.

This old man could not distort everything on Abyss Island in one go and then restore it all at once.

He must have had a specific goal...

While pondering this, the starlight in the distance converged rapidly under the center of the stars in the void.

They gathered into a blurry figure of a person.

The figure wore a luxurious yet fuzzy robe, exuding a wild but mighty aura, and most peculiar of all, it was missing a head!

This headless figure’s body was rapidly healing under the power of “Sanctity Revival,” but the head could not recover in such a short span.

He covered the space where his head should be, his body arched as if he wanted to roar.

But with no head, nothing came out.

He bent forward again, but there was still no sound, only absurdity.

“Woo—”

The Holy Light radiated brilliantly, and on the Abyss Island, there were ethereal and mournful sounds of the Saint Language, containing the power of sorrow, indignation, and hatred, affecting people’s minds.

It dawned on Xu Xiaoshou.

Yan Wuse!

This guy, with the help of the Star Angel, was coming back so quickly?

This was one of the Three Emperors, the Light of Spiritual Cultivation.

Except for the challenge of recovering from the Passive Fist’s direct hit to his head, Yan Wuse’s strength had already recovered by twenty or thirty percent!

“Boom!”

Under the influence of Sanctity Revival, Number Two's strength also seemed to have been amplified, breaking free from the constraints of the Fantasy Sword Technique once again.

This time, his action was not guided by illusion, slashing with a sword that had no real effect would only get him trapped in a loop.

Instead, his figure flickered, once again tapping into the Force of Rules from the Nine Heavens, transforming it into chains, and piercing through his body.

“Embellished with Path Principles!”

With a crisp sound, the power of the Fantasy Sword Technique shattered.

It could influence Number Two alone, but it was obviously unable to affect the entirety of Number Two and the Abyss Island temporarily merged into one through the Force of Rules!

At this moment, Xu Xiaoshou clearly saw the distant Bazhun'an and the slight twitch at the corner of his mouth.

He only sneered in response, maintaining his superior posture with his hands behind his back, chin slightly raised, putting on an arrogant demeanor.

“Interesting.”

“But I have said that I don't even need to personally deal with you.”

Under the cover of the boundless void, Huang Quan and Five Decays of Heaven and Man each regained their senses from the distorted state behind Bazhun'an, unlike Yan Wuse, who could not join the battlefield in the short term.

Huang Quan swiftly retracted the Shang Xuan Sword and Hun Che, glaring at Xu Xiaoshou, who had shrunk behind his teacher with an innocent look.

Five Decays of Heaven and Man had also nearly regained half of his original strength, and his first gaze was directed at Number Two.

Bazhun'an calmly turned his head, looking at Huang Quan.

The two exchanged a long gaze, and a faint smile tugged at the corner of Bazhun'an's lips as he calmly said:

“A cooperation, this time.”

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That was so pretentious!

At one moment, Xu Xiaoshou could not hold back any longer and almost punched the guy who deserved a beating.

His disguise was full of holes. How could he maintain it with a straight face?

However, having witnessed it through his own eyes, Xu Xiaoshou could finally relate to his little junior sister.

No wonder he got an extra 'Cursed' every time he pretended to be someone else in her presence.

It turned out to be so shameful in the eyes of an onlooker.

"He must be Xiao Kongtong!"

Xu Xiaoshou was ninety-percent certain of this Bazhun'an's identity.

After all, there were only two people qualified to impersonate the Eighth on Abyss Island.

And after calming down, he came to understand Big Mouth Xiao's shameless disguise of Bazhun'an.

First of all, he had been biased from the start.

He had only recently learned about the tenth seat hidden among the Saint Servants, let alone the Holy Divine Palace.

So, no matter what, Xiao Kongtong could not reveal his true identity to Number Two.

Even if he had already been exposed, he had to continue with the "shameless" act.

Because exposing his real identity would be a disaster for the Fringe Moon Immortal City.

Indeed...

Xu Xiaoshou had experienced the Sun Stratagem.

But Sun people? That was a first for him!

On the other hand, Huang Quan, facing the person who proposed “cooperation” from the beginning, quickly confirmed that he was not the real Bazhun’an.

Still, it was of no consequence.

Whether he was Bazhun’an or not, it was not important.

What mattered was that at this moment, he had some ability to counter Number Two.

Even though he only displayed two realms of swordsmanship, just being able to control Number Two for a short while was already a success.

Undoubtedly, this was a formidable ancient swordsman!

In the current situation, as a supporting player in the Arena, he did not need to be very strong. Being competent was enough.

“How shall we cooperate?” Huang Quan wasted no time with his words.

“I’ll leave Number Two to you guys, and I’ll take care of that.” Bazhun’an pointed to the reviving Yan Wuse.

Under the influence of the Path Principles, the Fantasy Sword Technique could no longer control the Divine Oracle under his liberated state.

Noticing Number Two’s attempt to move forward, Huang Quan promptly took action, indicating his willingness to cooperate.

His time manipulation, in combination with the Shang Xuan Sword, could restrain Number Two.

Moreover, once the battle reached a deadlock, the resurrected Five Decays of Heaven and Man could provide various unpredictable but useful effects from behind.

His relentless assault of debilitating moves had no bounds, continuously weakening the opponent as the battle wore on.

Number Two was repulsed.

From being restricted by Mei Siren’s Falling Flower World to the Fantasy Sword Technique of “Bazhun’an” and now the Time Reversal of Huang Quan...

He had great combat strength, but all the enemies he encountered in this battle were merely masters of control.

Some of them were so outrageous that, halfway through a fight, they realized they had used the wrong move and could reverse time to start over.

How disgusting!

Only now did Number Two realize that the most comfortable fight he had was back when he was competing in wits and courage with Xu Xiaoshou.

Although it was irritating too, once he had his fill of the game, he could disregard everything, unleash his combat strength, and defeat opponents in seconds.

But now...

Each one of them was as annoying as mosquitoes!

The deafening clash of battle slowly faded into the distance as Huang Quan and Five Decays of Heaven and Man teamed up to push Number Two to the other side of the Arena for a fight.

From afar, Yan Wuse, who was still at a loss after Sanctity Revival, seemed to have found a way to restore his head.

From the neck to the chin...

His head slowly started to reform bit by bit.

This scene triggered Xu Xiaoshou's anxiety.

"Both of you," Bazhun'an said abruptly but with a composed tone, "even if I were to take you and run away before Yan Wuse resurrects, you wouldn't escape the pursuit of light."

Nonsense!

As if you could really escape!

Upon hearing this, Xu Xiaoshou knew that this imposter Bazhun'an was hopeless.

Escaping the Abyss Island was an impossible feat for him.

Even if he managed to pull it off with others, Yan Wuse and Number Two would always be on his trail.

If it were the real Bazhun'an himself, how could he possibly escape early and still be caught by Yan Wuse?

Would that not simply diminish him to nothing more than trash?

Knowing full well, Xiao Xiaoshou was not foolish enough to expose someone's vulnerability.

At a glance, he could see that this guy still wanted to maintain the image of the so-called Eighth Sword Deity in the eyes of all the Spiritual Cultivators on Abyss Island.

Thus, Xu Xiaoshou nodded in agreement, "This is the perfect opportunity to completely crush them, right?"

The right eyelid of Bazhun'an twitched slightly, and he looked deeply at Xu Xiaoshou for a while before uttering, "You're right."

"Then how can we kill them?" Xu Xiaoshou thought if he could not kill Yan Wuse even with the Passive Fist, how could this Big Mouth Xiao do the job?

"It's very easy to kill them," this Bazhun'an was skilled in the art of nonsense, and after speaking, he avoided further conversation with Xu Xiaoshou and looked at Mei Siren, "Can you do it?"

"No," Mei Siren replied with a decisive shake of his head.

"You can." Bazhun'an's lips curled up with a suggestive look in his eyes.

A moment of hesitation passed over Mei Siren as he was about to speak.

Bazhun'an cast a sweeping glance at the Spiritual Cultivators on the island below, leaving no one unnoticed. Using a tone akin to an almighty creator, he chuckled, "I said you can, so you can."

Xu Xiaoshou's head started to ache.

Did this guy have some misunderstanding about Bazhun'an?

If the real Bazhun'an were here, he would probably be unable to resist the urge to teach him a lesson for his foolish words and actions.

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The confident Bazhun'an reached into his chest as if to retrieve something from within.

Soon, he stopped his action, pondered for a moment, and then pinched out a beam of light, pointing it at Mei Siren's forehead.

“This is...”

Stepping on the Way of the Sword Disc, Xu Xiaoshou easily discerned that the light was a disguise of the Fantasy Sword Technique.

In reality, Bazhun'an had pinched out a black command token, similar to the “Death Exemption Token,” but with the character “exile” crossed out on top.

An Exemption Order?

Met with Xu Xiaoshou's slightly puzzled gaze, Bazhun'an communicated telepathically with a solemn tone:

“For those below the demi-saint level, if the death countdown is triggered, they will need the ‘Death Exemption Token.’”

“For those above the demi-saint level, the countdown to exile to the Abyss Island is initiated, and at that time, they will need the ‘Exemption Order.’”

Xu Xiaoshou raised his eyebrows and watched as Master Siren accepted the “gift” without resistance.

He took a deep breath.

So...

Was it truly necessary to take such steps?

Did he actually have to keep up this facade?

He could have just used the ‘Exemption Order’ directly without all this mystique, concealing it with the Fantasy Sword Technique and light.

Would that make his portrayal of Bazhun'an more convincing?

“What about now?” Bazhun'an ignored Xu Xiaoshou's perplexed look and gazed at Mei Siren with a smile.

Mei Siren seemed to have had enough of Bazhun'an's tone, and his temples throbbed with suppressed anger.

But if Xu Xiaoshou could endure this guy, what could he not bear from this Xiaozun'an?

“It's enough,” Mei Siren nodded.

Bazhun'an immediately looked very satisfied and nodded approvingly, "I said it would work, and it did."

Xu Xiaoshou: "..."

Mei Siren: "..."

On the island, there were murmurs of admiration, with comments like "The Eighth Sword Deity is indeed impressive."

Xu Xiaoshou did not expect Bazhun'an to have fervent followers even among the Cutting Path and Higher Void levels.

What was so impressive about a beam of light?

Bazhun'an's smile grew even wider upon hearing these comments.

Finally, he turned his head to look at Xu Xiaoshou, reaching into his chest again and pinching out a second "gift."

To outsiders, possessing this light meant being able to act without restraint on Abyss Island. How powerful!

"No need!" Xu Xiaoshou immediately recognized that it was an outdated 'Death Exemption Token' for him.

"Why not?" Bazhun'an's prestige suffered a blow.

"I can act without restraint!"

"And why is that?"

Xu Xiaoshou could not stand this guy any longer. He took a deep breath, raised his chin, and said proudly, "My status is above yours!"

Bazhun'an was speechless.

Curiosity flickered in his eyes, but he held back from asking, as it seemed to undermine his worth. Finally, he swallowed his saliva as if trying to contain his curiosity.

"Presumptuous," he sneered and turned away.

"Bazhun'an, do you have any more Exemption Orders?" came the voice of Five Decays of Heaven and Man from the other side, as he quickly left the battle and flew over.

Apparently, the telepathic communication of Bazhun'an earlier had been intercepted by the demi-saints.

"I don't have any," Bazhun'an glanced coldly at Five Decays of Heaven and Man.

Xu Xiaoshou was the only one who grasped the meaning behind his indifference.

Clearly, he felt that Five Decays of Heaven and Man was not qualified enough to call him "Bazhun'an."

From this point of view, Big Mouth Xiao's devotion to his teacher had reached a fanatical level. He would even dare to offend the sanctified Five Decays of Heaven and Man for his teacher's reputation.

"Number Two has the Mystery Boxes; he can act without fear of Abyss Island's rules, but we can't hold on."

"If Lord Huang Quan and I strike again, we will be exiled to Abyss Island. I believe you don't want to see that."

"So, we need the Exemption Order."

Five Decays of Heaven and Man explained seriously while stifling his anger.

Bazhun'an narrowed his eyes.

Xu Xiaoshou saw that he was in a tough bind and quickly chimed in, "We are all friends."

Bazhun'an gave him a cold stare and then took out a ray of light from his chest.

Five Decays of Heaven and Man slapped the light away and grabbed the Exemption Order, asking, "Is there more?"

Bazhun'an's eyelids gave a nervous twitch.

He did not have time to add another ray of light under the eager eyes of Spiritual Cultivators on Abyss Island.

The bestowed light was the essence of a command token, and it had been exposed to the eyes of others!

"No, there isn't," he said as his face turned frosty.

"Then Lord Huang Quan will be exiled, and if only I remain, I won't be able to defeat Number Two," Five Decays of Heaven and Man said earnestly.

Xu Xiaoshou glanced at the two of them, hesitated for a moment, and said again, “We are all friends...”

Bazhun'an glared at him again and took out another ray of light from his chest.

This time, Mei Siren, Xu Xiaoshou, and Five Decays of Heaven and Man were all stunned.

No one expected that Bazhun'an would actually have three Exemption Orders on him.

“How do you have so many orders?” Five Decays of Heaven and Man held onto the life-saving Exemption Order, and his gaze involuntarily shifted to Bazhun'an's chest.

Was he keeping a treasure trove there?

Or did he steal all the treasures from Zhen Huang Palace?

But how could that be? This person never appeared during the battles at Zhen Huang Palace, so when did he steal them?

“I have resolved the countdown for you. If you can't hold on, don't come to see me. Let Number Two bury you,” Bazhun'an snorted coldly, not answering the question.

Five Decays of Heaven and Man shot him a probing stare and disappeared in a flash.

“I understand now what you meant by ‘you don't need to personally deal with these people’.” Xu Xiaoshou let out a heavy sigh.

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Bazhun'an cast his gaze over him, evidently still concerned about the opinions of the Spiritual Cultivators on the island, and left the conversation hanging.

He looked at Yan Wuse.

Under the magnificent power of Sanctity Revival, Yan Wuse's physical body was almost completely reformed.

His lower body was no longer an illusion, and even his head had materialized, the completion of which was marked by the return of his nose.

His mouth emerged, opening and closing, but no sound came out—only a series of low growls.

“Soul and consciousness have yet fully returned, but it shouldn’t be long...”

Xu Xiaoshou stared at Yan Wuse, who was clutching his head, hunching over, and emitting deep growls, almost as if he was doing standing sit-ups while maintaining a solemn expression.

The Passive Fist was indeed not easy to endure; even the Three Emperors were severely injured by it.

Nonetheless, he was at a loss for what to do next. He could only rely on the two people beside him.

“How should we fight?” Xu Xiaoshou asked.

“Let me handle it,” Mei Siren said as he took out the Taicheng Sword and stepped forward.

Bazhun’an might not have been entirely reliable, but he had brought the Exemption Order that granted Xu Xiaoshou another fighting chance. At least, he would not be exiled on the spot after using the sword once.

“Just wait a moment,” Bazhun’an said, reaching out to stop Mei Siren and then took out another Exemption Order, which he generously gave to Mei Siren, saying:

“Even Xu Xiaoshou’s punch couldn’t finish off Yan Wuse. Your sword might inflict severe injuries on him, but it won’t end him.”

“Unless he is instantly obliterated, with the Sanctity Revival, he will be able to resurrect very quickly.”

“Number Two is different. If he truly suffers a devastating blow, reaching a level that even Divine Force can’t repair, it may trigger a series of unknown changes, leading to complete paralysis. In this regard, an artificial being can never compare to a Spiritual Cultivator.”

“Therefore, save your sword for Number Two.”

At this point, Xu Xiaoshou finally saw the role of Bazhun’an. He was composed and analytical. Xu Xiaoshou asked, “What about Headless Yan?”

Bazhun’an chuckled, “I can suppress Yan Wuse in his current state, but I need your help.”

“Aren’t you supposed to seal your sword?” Xu Xiaoshou quipped.

Bazhun’an’s face fell as he turned and glared at Xu Xiaoshou.

“Cursed, Passive Points, +1.”

Mei Siren saw through Bazhun'an's plan. They would first subdue Yan Wuse to prevent him from joining the battle and then focus on Number Two. With an Exemption Order in his hand and the support of fellow Saints, it was possible to kill Number Two right there.

Even if Yan Wuse recovered, they could turn around and continue the fight.

If Bazhun'an had more Exemption Orders in his possession...

“I have one,” Bazhun'an seemed to know what Mei Siren was thinking. He nodded, ostentatiously patting his chest.

How did he get those... Xu Xiaoshou regretted exchanging ten thousand Void Crystals for Heavenly Ancestor's Blessing at that time.

He should have exchanged them for Exemption Orders and Death Exemption Tokens and given them all to his teacher. That would have unleashed the true power of a demi-saint!

These tokens were the real treasures!

But back then, who would have expected such a major sacred battle would occur, demanding the use of so many tokens...

Fortunately, this guy must have exchanged a lot of them before the Zhen Huang Palace became ruins.

“Can the imagery of Present Gods and Buddhas manifest externally now?” Bazhun'an abruptly asked.

“Externally?” Xu Xiaoshou wondered.

“It means not using it in the enemy's spiritual world but directly manifesting it in the real world, just like him.” Bazhun'an glanced at Mei Siren.

To come out in the form of a sword image?

But sword image had its origins in Penetrating Divine Senses. It was fundamentally different from the imagery of Demons Under Eyes.

After a momentary thought, Xu Xiaoshou had a faint grasp of Bazhun'an's intention, “I'm not sure if I can do that...”

“Think about Falling Flower World, where the world of consciousness and the real world are reversed. You've already learned that,” Mei Siren said.

“But I can’t use Penetrating Divine Senses. If my Demons Under Eyes form can’t manifest as a sword image, it won’t have any combat power, no matter how imposing it may seem. Sword image, however...” Xu Xiaoshou paused.

He currently had the ability to observe and learn the first realm of the Ancient Sword Technique.

As for Penetrating Divine Senses, even if “sword image” was connected to the sword, it was not primarily about the sword to a huge extent.

In the short term, he could not create a sword image to use in battle, so he naturally had no real combat power.

“You don’t need combat power, just your dominating presence will do,” Mei Siren said with a smile, then turned to Bazhun’an. “I understand what you mean now. Do you want to use your famous ‘Three Realms Sword’?”

“Yes!” Bazhun’an nodded with a smile.

1936 Three Realms Bind on The Emperor! (1)

“What is the Three Realms Sword?”

Deep down, Xu Xiaoshou felt that he was impoverished to the core, unworthy of being called an ancient swordsman, even though he was the one who truly possessed boundless talent.

Bazhun’an glanced at him but did not answer, his expression turned serious as he focused his gaze on Yan Wuse. “Don’t ask, just be ready to draw your sword when the time comes.”

“When is that time?”

“In a little while.”

Bazhun’an fell silent.

He gracefully waved his sleeves, and his clothes danced without a breeze.

There were no superfluous movements whatsoever, but the background of the Arena faded away.

Subconsciously, all the spiritual cultivators on Abyss Island stopped paying attention to Yama and Number Two’s situation and shifted their gazes to him.

Everyone sensed it collectively...

The Eighth Sword Deity was about to unleash his sword!

“A sword can represent all things.”

Bazhun'an pointed both hands from his chest to the sides, and a piercing sword intent erupted from him, stirring up clouds and scattering light, creating a powerful aura.

Intangible ripples spread through the void. The space cracked, and the ripples transformed into nine void stilettos.

Nine Swords hovered around Bazhun'an, rooted to his side. With a thought, they split into three groups, spinning rapidly with a buzzing sound.

“The Nine Swords Technique?”

Xu Xiaoshou pondered.

Although this fake old Eighth did not explain his move and only acted grandiosely, the attention-grabbing effect was all attributed to the Fantasy Sword Technique.

But the fluctuations of the Nine Swords Technique were genuine, and so was the sword intent. His strength was unquestionable.

Well, there was no need for an explanation!

Xu Xiaoshou had already moved past the stage of needing to be “told”; having someone “demonstrate” was enough.

He stepped onto the Way of the Sword Disc, activated the Unity of Man and the Heavens, and began to learn stealthily, relying on his own efforts.

“Force of the array... This is the ‘array technique’ in the Nine Swords Technique mentioned by Master Siren. So, the ‘Three Realms Sword’ is actually the ‘Three Realms Array’?”

“Three swords converging into one point, forming the basis of the sword array... The foundation is so solid that it relies on the ‘sword cognition’ derived from Penetrating Divine Senses...”

“This little chap’s sword cognition is much stronger than mine. No wonder he dares to pose as Bazhun'an. Moreover, this aura is identical to the sword cognition in my energy reserve. Big Mouth Xiao, you’ve finally exposed yourself!”

Xu Xiaoshou deduced the true identity of this Xiaozun'an from these observations.

While the sword cognition might have appeared the same to outsiders, those who had it in their energy reserve could compare them, and Xu Xiaoshou immediately saw through this old Eighth's facade.

In such a sacred battle, Xiao Kongtong was indeed audacious to willfully enter the Arena in his teacher's name!

But he picked the perfect timing, right when the battle had reached a stalemate, hence the risk was manageable.

Once his thoughts settled, Xu Xiaoshou returned to the important task at hand, not letting himself be the slightest bit distracted, and continued to learn stealthily:

"The sword array is divided into three parts, and each part is drawing power from the Great Path..."

"Hiss, this sword array seems to have a hint of Unity of Man and the Heavens... No, Big Mouth Xiao's talent is astonishing, and his physique is extraordinary. He can easily connect with the Great Path when he uses sword techniques. He really does have something to offer."

"The three sword bases are amassing their power, seemingly poised to bear the weight of something significant..."

Recalling the conversation between Xiao Kongtong and Master Siren earlier, Xu Xiaoshou tried to visualize the imagery of Present Gods and Buddhas...

He was stirred by the mere thought of it.

This sword technique was quite formidable!

"Go."

Riding on the sound of the wind, Bazhun'an's expression remained unchanged as he pointed toward the sky.

Swish!

Charged with immense power, the Nine Swords launched toward Yan Wuse in three successive moves, soaring above his head.

Boom!

The void exploded into smithereens under the Nine Swords.

Flickering sword glimmers coalesced into a silvery sword light, drawing a mysterious sword diagram below the tip of the sword, imprisoning Yan Wuse, who had already condensed half of his skull, right in the center.

Under the power of just this one suppression, Yan Wuse's solid body trembled violently, and a large portion of his inner strength was dispersed. It was then absorbed by the Three Realms Sword, turning into its own.

His body appeared illusory once again.

"Ugh..." Yan Wuse let out an agonized sound, clearly sensing the abnormality, and tried to resist.

However, his soul and will were unable to gather after the blow from the Passive Fist. At this moment, he could only be constrained by the Three Realms Sword, unable to fight back.

At this critical moment, the Nine Swords, now transformed into three clusters, rapidly rotated around Yan Wuse within the lines of the sword diagram.

As the sword energy surged, Xu Xiaoshou keenly sensed that three of the Three Realms Swords were connected to his will.

It was a powerful connection, and Xu Xiaoshou could choose to reject it at any time if he wanted to.

But...

How could he possibly refuse?

This was undoubtedly a signal!

Without any guidance or prompting, Xu Xiaoshou already knew what to do.

"Heart Sword Technique, Present Gods and Buddhas!"

Mei Siren snapped shut his folding fan, his eyes popped open.

The supreme sword image materialized from virtual to real, stepping on three of the Three Realms Swords as its foundation, rising like a giant peering down at Yan Wuse, who was trapped in the sword array.

A commotion broke out on Abyss Island.

There was a stark contrast between the ethereal presence of Master Siren and the malevolent imagery of the Heart Sword Technique

“Heart Sword Technique, Demons Under Eyes!”

At the same time, Xu Xiaoshou also unsheathed his sword alongside his teacher.

He found it more challenging to grasp the Hidden Bitter and Fourth Sword.

The former was the basis for entering the state since it had the deepest bond with him. The latter borrowed the demonic power of the vicious sword to invoke Demons Under Eyes.

In just one attempt, utilizing the previous cultivation in the “Falling Flower World,” along with the assistance of the Way of the Sword Disc and Unity of Man and the Heavens, Xu Xiaoshou succeeded on his first try, living up to expectations.

1937 Three Realms Bind on The Emperor! (2)

With the Three Realms Sword as the foundation, an illusory silver moon appeared in the sky. A ninety-nine-story ancient tower emerged from the ground.

Perched atop the solitary tower, a sinister black figure stood tall, oozing malevolence. His sidelong glances held an unsettling intensity.

His line of sight honed in on Yan Wuse ensnared within the sword array.

“This...”

A single glance sent hundreds of figures all over the island into madness.

Fortunately, this sword was not directed at the Spiritual Cultivators on Abyss Island, so everyone quickly regained their composure.

However, the shock in their hearts lingered for a long time.

Did the imposing and powerful imagery of “Gu Louying” beside the fierce sword image actually belong to Xu Xiaoshou?

When did this young man reach the level where he could stand alongside Mei Siren, the Seven Sword Deity, and unleash his sword?

“Present Gods and Buddhas.”

In an instant, the shock in everyone’s eyes was replaced by the imagery of the so-called Eighth Sword Deity.

In stark contrast to the fixed imagery displayed by the former two, the Heart Sword Technique of the Eighth Sword Deity was nothing short of perfect.

On top of the third sword foundation of the Three Realms Sword, the imagery that appeared this time had countless variations in the eyes of thousands of people!

It could be the person feared the most by the Spiritual Cultivators on the island, the most terrifying nightmare they had ever encountered, or even their most regrettable past...

It was not a fixed form; it could be a person, an object, an event, or a life experience.

But it was undeniable that this was the insurmountable barrier in each person's heart, the God and Buddha that could not be surpassed!

"An..." a myriad of fears manifested in the form of a Buddha.

The melodious Sanskrit chants resounded through the sky.

Above the third sword foundation, a golden Buddha, no less imposing than the sword image of the Gu Louying imagery, stood tall in the sky. The Buddha looked solemn and compassionate.

However, the immense power emanating from the Buddha's body caused the viewers' minds to swell, as if struck by a huge bell, making them dizzy.

The three images, combined into the Three Realms Sword Array, held Yan Wuse captive.

Snapping out of the Eternal Buddha's mesmerizing Sanskrit chants, Xu Xiaoshou was astonished by the imagery of the Heart Sword Technique unleashed by Fringe Moon Immortal City's Eldest Senior Brother. It was truly formidable.

It was almost a perfect replication of Bazhun'an's First Realm of the Heart Sword Technique, not just in appearance but also in aura, power, and more.

However, if he had to pick bones from an egg...

Xu Xiaoshou could only see fear and a series of horrifying past experiences that had been forcibly dredged up through Xiao Kongtong's Present Gods and Buddhas.

But during the battle at Eighth Palace, Bazhun'an's Present Gods and Buddhas could evoke people's Seven Emotions and Six Desires.

Not just fear but any emotion was possible.

As long as a person had desires, they could be influenced by Present Gods and Buddhas, magnified infinitely, and then exploited for weaknesses to be successfully attacked.

This was the biggest difference.

But that was Bazhun'an, whose sword technique had already surpassed perfection. How could an ordinary person compare to such a monster?

From an outsider's perspective, Xiao Kongtong's Present Gods and Buddhas was almost indistinguishable from that of Bazhun'an's.

The flaw did not hide the brilliance!

The Heart Sword Technique imagery of the Fringe Moon Immortal City's Eldest Senior Brother undoubtedly reached the level of the Seven Sword Deity!

"Xu Xiaoshou, you can do it..."

A mere glimpse of the Gu Louying imagery on the Three Realms Sword triggered a surge of demonic energy to seep out from the eyes of "Bazhun'an." He was perilously close to losing his standing.

However, the Three Realms Sword flawlessly embodied Xu Xiaoshou's imagery, and given that he was not deliberately targeted and was no novice to swordsmanship, he has now gained considerable control over the power of his Heart Sword Technique...

Consequently, "Bazhun'an" swiftly reverted to his normal state. He looked back in astonishment and said, "You didn't disappoint me."

"You almost disappointed me," Xu Xiaoshou instinctively laughed.

"Bazhun'an" smirked, regretting striking up a conversation with Xu Xiaoshou, and turned to the Three Realms Sword.

At this moment, he no longer needed to maintain the identity of the Eighth Sword Deity.

The scene of the "Three Realms Bind on The Emperor" in mid-air was visually shocking to all the Spiritual Cultivators on Abyss Island.

The legendary Eighth Sword Deity lived up to his reputation!

With one sword, he combined the three images, suppressing Yan Wuse in a state where he could not recover.

Above the Nine Heavens, the power from the Star Angel's "Sanctity Revival" continued.

But beneath the Three Realms Sword, the suppressive force held back Yan Wuse's recovery, creating a strange balance between the two.

At this moment, Yan Wuse would need even more time to recover to a state where he could fight again.

"Not enough." Xu Xiaoshou noticed that the suppression could not match the speed of Yan Wuse's recovery.

This Eighth Sword Deity, after all, was not the true Eighth Sword Deity. His abilities were inevitably limited.

But the "Eighth Sword Deity" next to him chuckled and glanced at Xu Xiaoshou. "Young man, this is just the beginning. The power of the Nine Swords Technique has not been fully unleashed."

Just the beginning?

Before Xu Xiaoshou could think further, he saw the guy claiming to be the Eighth Sword Deity, who possessed an aura no less inferior, and in some aspects even more ostentatious, lightly swinging his hand.

"Suppress."

With a single word, the Nine Swords spun in the Three Realms Sword Array, creating infinite illusions.

The void was obscured by the sword shadows, falling like raindrops upon Yan Wuse's body.

Each strike grew stronger than the last, seemingly endless in its increasing might.

Simultaneously, on the Three Realms Sword, the three images bowed in unison!

With a deafening roar, the Path Principles were immediately shattered by the ferocious sword energy.

Yan Wuse, standing atop the array eye, could no longer withstand the tremendous power of Infinite Number, the first realm of the Nine Swords Technique. With a crack, he disintegrated.

He transformed into an illusory light, drifting with no direction, yet imprisoned within the Three Realms Sword, unable to escape.

The Three Realms Bind on The Emperor...

This time, they finally subdued Yan Wuse, one of the Three Emperors.

“So powerful!”

“This is the true might of the Infinite Number in the first realm of the Nine Swords Technique, isn’t it?”

Xu Xiaoshou’s face was filled with awe and doubt as he could not help but turn to gaze at “Bazhun’an,” who stood firmly with his head held high.

At this moment, he once again recalled the war record of this seemingly unreliable big mouth of the Fringe Moon Immortal City.

After the “fall” of the Eighth Sword Deity, Xiao Kongtong single-handedly swept through the “Eastern Moon Realm”, renaming it the “Bazhun Realm” and establishing the Fringe Moon Immortal City. Boasting the expanse of a realm, it was a force to be reckoned with, rivaling the power of the Burial Sword Tomb, the ancient swordsman faction with an enduring legacy.

Although this guy had shown his “big-mouthed” nature in front of the “Water Ghost” under the deep sea, it was undeniable that his achievements were unprecedented and unparalleled.

In a way, even Bazhun’an himself had lost to him, as he had not achieved accomplishments like “cultivating a realm of ancient swordsmen” or “founding a sect.”

Though Big Mouth Xiao was undoubtedly amusing, it was due to his youthful mentality and vigor.

Yet, his true strength was beyond doubt, reaching the pinnacle of the Way of the Sword.

“My sword will sever the God and Buddha in your heart. Be prepared for it.”

Yan Wuse was crushed with a single statement. “Bazhun’an” raised his chin slightly, his face proud, uttering words that he seemed to have learned from somewhere.

Then, he looked toward Mei Siren.

“Your turn.”

Mei Siren withdrew his gaze from the Three Realms Sword and marveled at the supreme skills that Xiao Kongtong had inherited from Bazhun’an. He also noticed the astonishment in Xu Xiaoshou’s eyes.

This made Mei Siren a little nervous.

Was that enough to amaze him?

Was he not calm as a still lake when Mei Siren displayed the Three Streams of Red Plum Blossoms?

That was the combination of multiple first realm sword arts, much stronger than the so-called “Three Realms Sword,” which could only reach the first realm’s Infinite Number with the help of others’ imagery.

At that time, why did it not elicit even a hint of reaction from Xu Xiaoshou?

Mei Siren dismissed his praise, rolled his eyes at Big Mouth Xiao without leaving a trace, and turned his gaze to the distant battlefield.

In the far distance, Yama and Five Decays of Heaven and Man, who received the exemption orders, were locked in a battle with the Divine Oracle, almost blowing up half of the giant kingdom.

Yet, they were still in a stalemate.

This stalemate continued until the occurrence of the Three Realms Bind on The Emperor.

Due to the intense fluctuations of sword will here, it affected the battle over there, drawing the attention of Number Two, Huang Quan, and Five Decays of Heaven and Man.

The imagery of the three great symbols was a mind-blowing sight to behold.

The three distant warriors were visibly stunned.

This scene made Mei Siren feel even more... uneasy. Gripping the Taicheng Sword, he took a step forward.

“Make way.”

Buzz!

The Taicheng Sword resonated with a resounding sword cry.

As soon as the two words left his mouth, Mei Siren’s aura instantly soared to its peak, forcing Huang Quan and Five Decays of Heaven and Man to subconsciously step aside, making way for the Liberated State · Divine Oracle.

In their eyes, Mei Siren’s presence became piercingly sharp, like a sword unsheathed.

Beneath Mei Siren's feet, a brilliant Power Upanishad Formation of the Way of the Sword instantly appeared.

This vast and boundless array diagram covered nearly the entire giant kingdom!

1938 Wisdom Is Emptiness (1)

"Power Upanishad Formation!"

"Another Power of the Upanishad?"

On Abyss Island, the Spiritual Cultivators were almost moved to tears.

They had just recovered from the overwhelming scene of Three Realms Bind on The Emperor, and now the Seven Sword Deity, no, the Sword Saint Mei Siren was demonstrating the Power Upanishad Formation.

What was going on?

Though the Power of the Upanishad was rumored to be practiced only by Yu Lingdi, the Chief of the Spirit Division, everyone believed there must be a second person, a third person, and maybe even more, but they were just lurking in the shadows.

Did no one notice Xu Xiaoshou, the Saint Servant, displaying multiple powers of the Upanishad earlier? Even though they looked fake, they felt real.

If that counted as one, and now, with Mei Siren in the mix...

It was apparent that the third set of Power Upanishad Formation had emerged on Abyss Island!

"When did the Power of the Upanishad become so prevalent?"

Everyone understood that if the younger generation could cultivate the Power of the Upanishad, then the older generation of experts could do so too, maybe even more.

Mei Siren's mastery of the Power of the Upanishad was truly extraordinary. It came as no surprise.

Although it was evident to all, people still could not accept that those elusive things that once floated above the clouds had now materialized in this battle.

Perhaps it was because they had not experienced battles of such a high level...

Perhaps it was because the gathering on Abyss Island included the top experts from various continents...

But these reasons could not suppress the envy, jealousy, and sourness in the hearts of the Spiritual Cultivators on the island.

How could these geniuses succeed in what they had strived so hard for but failed to accomplish?

“Heart Sword Technique’s Power Upanishad Formation!”

Xu Xiaoshou on the other side was equally astonished, but his surprise quickly dissipated.

Compared to the subversive scene where Big Mouth Xiao displayed “Three Realms Bind on The Emperor,” Mei Siren, in his mind, was almost equivalent to Bazhun’an of the bygone age. His combat strength, needless to say, was legendary.

Rather than debating about combat capabilities, it would be more worthwhile to delve into the reasons behind Master Siren’s sudden assertiveness.

That was what truly surprised Xu Xiaoshou!

In the past, Mei Siren was like a sheathed sword, and his sharpness was only barely revealed when the ferocious sword image appeared.

But now...

Xu Xiaoshou looked at him.

Even without considering the brilliance of the Power Upanishad Formation, Mei Siren stood tall in the void, holding the Taicheng Sword, with his clothes fluttering, exuding a heroic spirit that looked handsome from every angle!

This was more natural and fitting of a “Sword Deity” or “Sword Saint” than the “elegance” that Big Mouth Xiao maintained through the special effects of the Fantasy Sword Technique.

“Why has he changed?”

Xu Xiaoshou could not help but frown. There was a strong contrast, as he knew this was unlike Mei Siren.

Even if he was going to make a move and unleash the second realm, it should have been silent and unobtrusive, the type that quietly caused the demise of others.

This bold assertiveness was completely out of character for Mei Siren!

Undoubtedly, letting loose of all his strength, Mei Siren not only repelled Yama's Huang Quan and Five Decays of Heaven and Man but also made Number Two extremely vigilant.

Even though they faced each other head-on, a sense of danger arose in Number Two's heart as if a hidden enemy was closing in on him from the back.

During the chaotic battle at Zhen Huang Palace, Mei Siren had only landed three strikes with his sword.

Even though those three strikes encompassed the mastery of all Eight Great Sword Techniques, it was merely the first realm.

In the eyes of Number Two, those attacks seemed less threatening than the sword that had yet to be unsheathed at this moment.

In this instant, it became clear to him that Mei Siren's approach was to go all out with firepower!

"Only one strike shall I release."

Stepping on the Power Upanishad Formation of the Way of the Sword, the Sword Will surged like a tide. The entire giant kingdom trembled for him. Mei Siren could not bring himself to use bombastic language as Big Mouth Xiao did.

The grandest words he ever said were all written on his paper fan, not articulated.

He slowly lifted the Taicheng Sword and lightly flicked his finger.

"Boom!"

Taicheng pressed down on the Nine Heavens.

The sun, moon, and stars that shone together lost their colors in an instant under the phantom of that ancient and majestic city.

Unity of Man and Sword!

Mei Siren seemed to embody the very essence of the Way of the Sword, merging with the forces of heaven and earth, inseparable from one another.

In that fleeting moment, in the eyes of everyone on the island, the spectacle of the Taicheng Sword became an illusion. The Power Upanishad Formation beneath Mei

Siren's feet also became illusory, and all the ancient structures, people, and everything on Abyss Island were enveloped in a mirage.

Between the heavens and the earth, released from the Three Realms Bind, only Mei Siren and Number Two stood in stark opposition.

The figures of Huang Quan and Five Decays of Heaven and Man, just a short distance away from Number Two's side, faded into the background, quietly retreating, unnoticed by anyone.

"Such strength, Teacher..."

Xu Xiaoshou's eyes gleamed with admiration, captivated by the overwhelming presence of Master Siren, leaving him awestruck.

He could not tear his gaze away, feeling as if he had fallen under an illusion. His spiritual will locked onto Master Siren, unable to focus on anything else.

Nevertheless, this state was not enough to trigger a spiritual awakening.

In other words, Mei Siren's mere words, a single gaze, made everyone feel as if they were locked in place by him.

There was no escape!

There was no retreat!

They dared not even think about anything else or shift their gaze for a moment, as his deadly aura could claim lives in an instant.

Number Two felt the same way.

Or perhaps, he was the one truly locked in this battle.

The feeling of a dagger at his back intensified when Mei Siren spoke, making him feel as if he were sitting on pins and needles.

Number Two could hardly maintain composure; he wanted to act, to break free from the suffocating aura that bore down on him.

1939 Wisdom Is Emptiness (2)

Yet to make a move, Mei Siren softly stated:

“I shall only make one move, so don’t dodge. I still need to teach.”

“Teach?” Number Two felt a sense of absurdity.

Only a madman would entertain the idea of using Number Two as a teaching subject.

He wanted to strike pre-emptively, obliterating everything that might happen after Mei Siren’s move.

But gazing into Mei Siren’s calm eyes, Number Two restrained this impulse and saw the bigger picture:

Mei Siren had not made his move earlier because the countdown to exile had restricted him. Now, having cleared the countdown, he had reached the peak of his combat strength.

Then, would this ancient swordsman, who had defied death, possess a battle consciousness inferior to that of Dao Qiongchang, the creator of Divine Oracle?

No, he would not!

Thus, Number Two could strike first, but it would inevitably trigger Mei Siren’s early reaction and attack.

“Teach...” Number Two felt somewhat perplexed without reason.

He interpreted another layer of meaning in Mei Siren’s words:

Because he was going to teach, he would use the Gentlemen’s Sword. If he could catch it, he caught it; if he could not, he would die trying.

With this strike, he could attack, and defend, but he could not be quick on the draw because the Taicheng Sword was undoubtedly faster than him.

The odds of getting away were next to none!

Because the entire Abyss Island was potentially within the attack range of that one strike!

“One strike?” Number Two asked.

“One strike,” Mei Siren nodded.

So, this was the ancient swordsman’s gentlemen’s agreement: He would always attack head-on, regardless of whether Number Two could block it or not; that was his problem.

“What happens after the one strike?” Number Two asked again.

Mei Siren looked at him, and for a long time, he remained silent. After a while, he gently shook his head, “There is no after.”

At another time, Number Two would know how to respond to this statement.

It would be nothing more than arrogant and conceited words, akin to those of Xu Xiaoshou, who thought highly of himself and belittled others.

But at this moment, Number Two’s lips stretched slightly to the sides, and he simply nodded.

He agreed!

To outsiders, this scene was almost unbelievable.

Xu Xiaoshou’s jaw almost dropped.

In his ears, Mei Siren’s words sounded like this...

“Stretch your neck over, and I’ll make a cut. Don’t dodge, because I still have to teach my disciple how to kill. So, don’t avoid it.”

Anyone with a little bit of common sense would never obediently expose their neck to be attacked, yet Number Two actually nodded!

If it were Xu Xiaoshou, he would use Vanishing Technique and disappear on the spot. He would be far away before the sword even came close...

Was Number Two brainless?

No!

The choice seemed obvious to others. Yet, he was the one under target. He had to bear more, and he had no confidence in escaping from Mei Siren’s sword.

Xu Xiaoshou’s throat tightened, and his lips became dry.

He glanced at Mei Siren, then looked at Xiaozun’an, who was wearing a serious expression and appeared eager to learn as he diligently explored the intricacies...

The difference was clear!

Why had he not noticed that this guy’s impersonation was so weak before? He only had the form, not the essence!

“Xu Xiaoshou, watch closely. I’ll demonstrate it only once,” Mei Siren twirled the Taicheng Sword in his hand.

Xu Xiaoshou was already standing on the Way of the Sword Disc, ready to learn.

He noticed that Big Mouth Xiao, standing beside him, was even more serious than he was, to the extent that he forgot who he was currently impersonating.

This was the proud and arrogant individual, who since his youth, had held Mei Siren’s sword in disdain.

Nonetheless, nobody was paying attention to this Eighth Sword Deity anymore.

Xiao Kongtong was learning, and even Huang Quan and Five Decays of Heaven and Man stared with bated breath.

Elder Han shivered, as if recalling the fear of being controlled by the “sword,” scared out of his wits.

On Abyss Island, whether it was the Holy Sword Land of the Eastern Region or Spiritual Cultivators from other domains, almost everyone widened their eyes in anticipation.

Some had not even cleared away the threat of the distorted light, but upon hearing these words, anyone with a clear mind could not help but look up, showing their regard.

The Ancient Sword Technique, the second realm!

This was something rarely seen since the “fall” of that person, whose control over the realm was as fluid as water, continuously putting him ahead of his peers.

Number Two’s eyes opened wide like full moons, intensely focused on what was about to be unveiled.

However, Mei Siren’s Taicheng Sword remained still in his hand, while a melodious and crystal-clear sound of the Saint Language echoed, entwining around the listeners’ ears like a resounding temple bell:

“The Nine Swords of Chaos, Supreme Heart Technique.”

“In the realm of imagination, every illusion bows as a humble servant.”

“Sinking in body and mind, burdened by scattered thoughts with no respite.”

“One thought divine, another thought devoid of wisdom.”

In an instant, everyone on Abyss Island was immersed in the world constructed by the Saint Language.

They saw nine rays of sword light leaping out from the infinite chaos, one of which slashed at the hearts and thoughts of humanity.

Countless gray plum blossoms fell from the sky, representing all the delusions each person had conceived throughout their lives, now becoming the constraints that bound them.

Humanity had become servants of their own thoughts, helplessly accepting these “limitations” as “rules,” endlessly constructing layers upon layers of spiritual prisons, destined never to be liberated.

Plunging into the depths of this bitter sea, the Seven Emotions and Six Desires were merely demons disguised in benevolent attire, and all thoughts were essentially gray.

How could ordinary people, those not transcendent beings, see through the shiny facade and discern the dirty essence inside?

But within the Realm of The Mind and Spirit, everything was laid bare, exposed to everyone’s gaze.

“Let it be destroyed!”

Everyone harbored hope, attempting to break these gray shackles and find liberation.

But how could they break free?

How could they be liberated?

“I know, I understand,” at this moment, the pain of “I don’t know, but I can enjoy it and die in blissful ignorance” was multiplied a thousandfold, ten thousandfold!

1940 Wisdom Is Emptiness (3)

Amidst this suffering, everyone once again witnessed the illuminating sword light that could open up chaos, and they finally gained some enlightenment...

Indeed!

The Holy Land was a shackle, and belief in Gods and Buddhas was a restraint. Only by cutting through them could one achieve liberation.

Just like cultivating the Sovereign Stage, one must cut through the Cutting Path to reach the Higher Void!

This was a method, a way to rely on one's own strength, to cultivate and transcend, to cut off the shackles and beliefs, and return to one's own path.

However, was there a simpler way?

Yes!

At this moment, they needed a transcendent figure to wield the sword and help sever this Realm of Captive Minds.

They needed someone to use the sword that could unleash the forces of chaos in a single strike!

One who could surpass cutting off beliefs and gods, directly obliterate the entire mental shackles, and erase all traces of its existence subjectively with just one strike!

"Wisdom..."

With this thought, everyone on Abyss Island was stunned, spewing blood from their mouths, forcibly pulled out of the illusory gray realm.

In an instant, hundreds of figures fell on the island.

Among the few who managed to hold onto their consciousness, they suddenly looked up and finally saw the figure that seemed to have stood in the void for an eternity...

Mei Siren!

Had he already liberated the innocent people from the Realm of Captive Minds unleashed by that one strike?

"Controlled, Passive Points, +1."

"Hallucinating, Passive Points, +1."

"Threatened, Passive Points, +1."

"..."

Just with one strike, Xu Xiaoshou's information bar flashed with more than a dozen notifications.

There were others, such as “Ambushed,” “Threatened,” “Taught,” “Startled,” “Influenced,” and so on.

Even after spiritual awakening was triggered, Xu Xiaoshou still felt that his spiritual will had not returned.

No!

He had cultivated to the point where all demons were visible. He could rely on himself to sever them!

As the imagery of the Heart Sword Technique from the Three Realms Bind on The Emperor abruptly shook, Xu Xiaoshou jolted back to full consciousness, reeling in fear.

At this moment, his face was pale, and he saw countless people lying on the island. He caught sight of Big Mouth Xiao, whose face was filled with horror, and the focus in his eyes gradually returned. He also saw Huang Quan, Five Decays of Heaven and Man, and Elder Han, who were all under control but had been liberated in advance.

Only one person did not receive a pardon!

Liberated State · Divine Oracle, Number Two!

“Ugh-”

Number Two’s body, shining with divine brilliance, contorted into a shrimpy form like Yan Wuse, as he clutched his head and released sounds of torment.

He ought to have prepared many methods in advance.

He was the Divine Oracle, an artificial creation. He was not designed to have thoughts, was he?

No, he had become a mature living being, possessing his own thoughts.

And with thoughts came the ability to think independently, to make judgments, and to have experiences throughout his life, which would be affected by this one strike!

Xu Xiaoshou’s gaze shifted from Number Two to Master Siren, who had maintained a serene posture that seemed to stretch to eternity.

Master Siren turned his gaze with a smile and nodded slightly.

He then turned his head to look at Number Two, who was utterly defenseless, unable to activate even half a move, half a stance, or his passive Divine Oracle ability. He was totally trapped within the Realm of Captive Minds.

The Taicheng Sword stirred into motion, emitting a dazzling illusory light.

“With the heart as the master, controlling my body and mind alone, harmonizing with heaven and earth, this is self-cultivation.”

“With the heart as the command, and all things can be named; in myriad forms, all things are illusory, for this is the path of cultivation.”

“Recognizing the self from others, discerning thoughts and intentions, reaching divine enlightenment, and dispelling delusions.”

Mei Siren chanted as if he was imparting teachings, afraid that Xu Xiaoshou would fail to comprehend. After finishing his words, he calmly raised the sword and lightly slashed forward.

“Be liberated!”

“Heart Sword Technique, Wisdom is Emptiness.”

“I, he...” Xu Xiaoshou was stunned.

With the prompt, he could finally recall the content of the Saint Language before that sword strike and what it was meant to enhance.

Previously, Master Siren had mentioned the “Swordless Sword Technique” of Xiao Kongtong, the “Infinite Emptiness,” which used the division of “self” and “others” and reached the second realm through intense cultivation.

Now, using the same division of “self” and “others,” was Master Siren going to deliver a truly unparalleled strike?

The city was full of withered red plum blossoms as the sword will waned.

With a thought, wisdom is emptiness, the divine revelations were handed down.

One strike!

The sword light was illusory, like a wisp of smoke.

After piercing through Number Two, it did not harm his external appearance in the slightest. It seemed to take away his soul and will, taking away the Divine Oracle and leaving behind the Divine Puppet...

A true puppet!

Read I Am Loaded with Passive Skills - Chapter 1941 - 1941 The Theory of Karma and Life and Death (1)

1941 The Theory of Karma and Life and Death (1)

Liberated State · Divine Oracle had fallen?

Under Mei Siren's sword, he could not even muster the slightest defense. His thoughts were all severed, and he became nothing but an empty shell.

At this moment, everyone on Abyss Island found it inconceivable.

The previous Saint Fall of Jiang Buyi only showed the outcome – the demi-saint dispersing into the clouds and vanishing. People were left unaware of what had happened before that.

Hence, they could only marvel at how Abyss Island truly seemed to be a burial ground for saints, and that was the extent of their understanding.

However, this time, the image of the Liberated State · Divine Oracle was so holy and incredibly formidable.

People's impression of this most powerful Divine Puppet was still stuck at the moment when he was battling with Yama.

Then, in a dramatic twist, Mei Siren's sword took him away.

How terrifying!

How horrifying!

Everyone waited, expecting Number Two to suddenly convulse and rapidly recover using the power of the Divine Path Principles or some other means.

The entire Abyss Island fell silent.

One breath passed, then three, then ten...

This time, the Divine Oracle seemed truly gone!

All that remained was the Divine Puppet dressed in pristine armor, with twelve radiant wings on its back, wielding the Divine Blade of Judgment, and a halo of divine light above its head.

It was now just a lifeless body, a fleshly vessel without a soul, no longer worthy of being addressed as “him.”

“How could the Divine Oracle, known as the ‘strongest demi-saint,’ be killed with a single strike?” someone exclaimed incredulously.

“The strongest demi-saint? Well, that’s only in this era. It depends on whom you compare him to! Nowadays, everyone has their own ‘titles.’ Have you forgotten who the one wielding the sword is?”

“Master Siren? Isn’t he a relic of the past?” another person chimed in.

“Relic? The old man merely seeks no contention with the world. Just because you started practicing, doesn’t mean others have to stop and wait for you!”

“But, only one strike? He was defeated with just one strike...”

“Are you not from the Eastern Region? Have you not heard the story of someone who once beheaded the Hallmaster of the Holy Divine Palace with seven sword strikes?”

“You Tu?”

“Yes, Master Siren and Elder You Tu were contemporaries and equals in their talents. He killed a Divine Puppet of the new era with one strike. What’s so surprising about it?”

“...”

This left everyone speechless.

Certainly, from an objective point of view, it seemed like nothing more than a straightforward explanation of the situation.

But even so, the impact of Mei Siren’s strike was too overwhelming!

After the destruction of the First Hall of Sins, Mei Siren had hardly taken any action and remained in the background, watching from afar while Xu Xiaoshou, Huang Quan, Five Decays of Heaven and Man, Yan Wuse, Number Two, and the Eighth Sword Deity showed off their prowess.

And then, abruptly, he drew his sword, and the world fell silent.

How could people not be driven mad by this?

“Saint Fall...”

Compared to Jiang Buyi’s fall, Number Two’s fall was too quiet, too inexplicable.

If it were not for his earlier display of exceptional combat strength, some might have even thought that Number Two was made of paper.

Thus, it was not that the Divine Oracle was weak; it was just that Mei Siren's strike was truly too deadly!

If Mei Siren had not extracted everyone out of the Realm of Captive Minds before striking, the residual shockwaves alone might have taken the lives of thousands of Spiritual Cultivators on Abyss Island.

Fear gripped everyone upon reflection.

...

Within the battlefield, Huang Quan, who had retreated to the back, observed Number Two closely, his gaze unwavering.

"There's still a trace of vitality..."

"But that's only the body. His mind and will have been completely wiped out, like a life scroll covered in ink erased to its blank state at birth."

"Even if he can be revived, he might be an entirely different person... well, a living entity. Whether he will still be considered human is another matter."

Huang Quan's observation was meticulous, far more than what others could perceive.

Yet, he reached the same conclusion – that Number Two had been obliterated with a single strike.

Huang Quan furrowed his brows at this conclusion, feeling extremely uneasy.

"The second one..."

One Saint Fall was acceptable.

But two Saint Falls in a single day?

This was definitely a sign that something was amiss!

In this world, such an exaggerated coincidence was impossible – the demi-saints falling on the same day!

Huang Quan subtly shifted his gaze toward Five Decays of Heaven and Man, who still showed traces of fear in his eyes.

He distanced himself slightly.

“Always involved in some karma...”

It was more sensible to trust that it was true rather than that it was false.

Although it seemed that all of this had nothing to do with the “Body of Decay” and the “Blood World Pearl.”

But on closer inspection... ah, there were clues to follow!

When he took in Five Decays of Heaven and Man in the Southern Region, Huang Quan was aware of the destruction of the Golden Technique Sect.

On the surface, there seemed to be no connection between the two events!

Yet, did the current situation on Abyss Island not bear some resemblance to that moment?

“One, two... maybe there will be a third?”

Huang Quan’s eyes scanned the surroundings, seeing numerous demi-saints in the Arena, each with a look of death on their face!

Without any apparent reason, any one of them could suddenly collapse and vanish, and it would not come as a surprise.

Because the presence of Five Decays of Heaven and Man in the Arena brought misfortune without distinction, affecting both allies and foes.

The Blood World Pearl, one of the Ten Great Psionic Weapons, had a special property known as “the root of calamity and the guide of death.”

And it seemed to have guided two people now!

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And they were all Demi-Saints!

“It wasn’t me...” The Five Decays of Heaven and Man clearly noticed Lord Huang Quan’s strange gaze and also realized something. He shook his head and said in a low voice. “I didn’t cast a spell.”

“What?” Huang Quan frowned under his mask and moved further away. “From now on, don’t talk to me.”

The Five Decays of Heaven and Man was rendered speechless.

After a pause, Huang Quan thought of something and asked in a low voice. “Didn’t you offer a sacrifice just now?”

“Yes.”

“You’re still alive?”

“Yes.”

“You...”

At this point, Huang Quan’s spiritual perception moved and triggered the danger limit switch that he had set for himself. He could not communicate more than three sentences with the Five Decays of Heaven and Man.

He was sensible enough not to ask any more questions. He was afraid that he would be contaminated. He instructed in a low voice, “Try to make your escape first.”

“What about you?” The Five Decays of Heaven and Man was stunned. Did he not plan to leave together?

“I’ll leave Abyss Island first and then pick you up. At least one of us would be able to leave this place and build a spacetime tunnel outside.”

“What about me?”

“I already said that you have to stay here first, find a place and keep yourself hidden. You don’t seem to be able to die... Hmm, there’s no need to answer this question.”

The Five Decays of Heaven and Man was speechless.

Huang Quan took the opportunity to hide in the second space-time. His figure faded away, and before he vanished, he left behind a mission:

“It would be better if a few more people died here. You can do it, but you don’t have to do it on purpose.”

The Five Decays of Heaven and Man was again struck dumb.

He paused and thought of something. He smiled in a sinister manner and said, "Lord Huang Quan, have you ever thought about the guidance that made you leave and where you are headed for?"

Huang Quan's figure instantly solidified, and his eyes were filled with terror under the mask.

This trip would lead to death?

Was this the guidance of the Blood World Pearl?

However, when he looked back at the situation on the Abyss Island, he realized that there was no other place that was more dangerous and where he would likely die if he had stayed here?

"Shut your stinky mouth."

"Then I wish you a smooth journey..."

"Shut up!"

"Oh."

"By the way, if possible, take the Time Ancestral Shadow... Eh?"

"You..." Huang Quan's voice paused. He thought that the Ancestral Shadow Staff would definitely implicate that person. His figure suddenly disappeared and he did not dare to stay any longer. "It's nothing. Let's just leave it at that. Don't contact me if there's nothing else... even if there's something, don't contact me."

At the same time, Mei Siren finally put away the Taicheng Sword.

His Wisdom is Emptiness had cut off the liberated state Divine Oracle, but it did not cause much of a stir in his calm state of mind.

To outsiders, this was an invincible hexagonal warrior, the strongest Demi-Saint.

In the eyes of Mei Siren, this was just a toy made by a young junior.

Very strong!

But it had its limits.

However, there were actually many places where it could be targeted. It was only on the Abyss Island that this toy became very difficult to deal with.

However, once the restriction was lifted, the Three Streams of Red Plum Blossoms could be defeated, but the Wisdom is Emptiness could not.

There were naturally other sword techniques that could be targeted in other aspects.

If he couldn't find a way to defeat the Divine Oracle and felt that the Divine Oracle was invincible, it could only prove that his cultivation of the Ancient Sword Technique wasn't perfect.

After all, the 3,000 Way of the Sword encompassed everything.

From this perspective, the Divine Secret was only one of the Great Path. That was all.

"I wonder if Xu Xiaoshou can comprehend all of this..."

From his peripheral vision, he quietly observed Bazhun'an's amazement. The corners of Mei Siren's mouth lifted slightly, but he quickly suppressed it.

He opened up the paper fan and shook it leisurely as he allowed the cool breeze to sweep away the satisfaction in his heart. Only then did he look at Xu Xiaoshou.

One breath, two breaths...

After he waited for a length of three breaths, it was enough.

Mei Siren was very experienced, so he smiled and said.

"How was it?"

Xu Xiaoshou's eyes stared straight ahead. He looked back and forth between Number Two, who had lost his 'soul' and Master Siren. After a few rounds, he finally managed to speak.

"It was quite, strong..."

Just this?

Mei Siren suppressed the urge to raise his eyebrows, but his face was still as bright as ever.

Soon, he realized that it wasn't because Xu Xiaoshou couldn't give a higher evaluation of this sword attack or his Teacher.

It was because he was too shocked that he could only use limited words to describe what he saw and felt.

This was very reasonable.

Mei Siren had encountered too many of these sort of similar situations.

To put it bluntly, didn't the sense of accomplishment of being a Teacher come from this?

"How much did you learn?" He asked again.

"A little..." Xu Xiaoshou recalled the sword strike just now. He felt that his memory had been wiped out by the Wisdom is Emptiness, and he could not remember more.

However, these things were firmly absorbed by the Way of the Sword Disc. It activated a large amount of information related to the Sword Technique Expertise.

To have forgotten it did not mean that he had lost it; it could also have settled down. At a certain time, with a lot of preparation, a similar sword would be able to appear naturally.

"A little?" Mei Siren was a little dissatisfied because he could tell that Xu Xiaoshou was not being modest this time. It was not because he upheld the excellent character of an ancient sword cultivator.

"A little." Xu Xiaoshou chuckled and repeated what he said.

Mei Siren was satisfied.

He still wanted to say something, but once again suppressed these impulses. He shook the paper fan and closed it, carried it behind his back and retreated to the back area.

Xu Xiaoshou suddenly felt that this was the real boss!

There was no such thing as a real big shot who would proclaim 'I came from the west' as if he was afraid that others would not know that he was indeed a big shot.

Look!

This was the true demeanor of a Sword Saint.

Kill a person in ten steps and do not stay behind for a thousand miles. Brush away the matter and hide your achievements and fame.

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He didn't even say anything more that would allow the future generations to judge him.

Xu Xiaoshou already heard all kinds of praises for Master Siren after the dead silence on the Abyss Island. They were rough, contemplative, emotional, and so on.

“F*ck! Good sword!”

“So this was the second realm, this was the Wisdom is Emptiness?”

“Who said that the Ancient Swordsman had declined? This just showed that it had not declined. How many people in the Spiritual Cultivation world can defeat an Ancient Swordsman?”

“It’s because it’s the Ancient Sword Technique that had declined, not the Ancient Swordsman...You only saw the glory of this moment, how would you know the bitterness he had gone through?”

“Indeed, but if it wasn’t for Master Siren’s mercy, would we be able to get out?”

“Yes, yes, that gray Realm of Captive Minds was simply suffocating!”

As the discussions grew louder and louder, Xu Xiaoshou understood a little more.

It turned out that one didn’t have to stand in the crowd and shout, “I’m actually a Demi-Saint”, to gain passive points. There was also a subtle way to do it like Master Siren... the brush method.

Xu Xiaoshou glanced discreetly at Master Siren and his evaluation of him rose.

Awesome!

Master Siren was truly worthy of the title ‘Sword Saint’. His expression remained inscrutable, as if he had nothing to do with the sword and all the talk about him.

At the same time, when he saw that everyone on the Abyss Island had sobered up, Big Mouth Xiao hid the surprise in his eyes.

He puffed out his chest, raised his head, and took a step forward. He glanced at Number Two, who was only a puppet. He then looked at the Three Realms Bind on the Emperor and sneered as he said.

“Like I said, I don’t even need to deal with you all personally.”

Xu Xiaoshou was stunned.

You can even rub it in? You’re too good!

Can't you learn from my Teacher? That's called 'being a gentleman'. You must have thought that you haven't exposed yourself early enough!

However, there were still Spiritual Cultivators on the island who revered Bazhun'an. It was impossible for anyone to make any connections based on a single sentence.

With the image of the Three Realms Bind on the Emperor in front of them, they heard the voice that should have been a murmur. For some reason, it could still reach everyone's ears. Everyone was also amazed.

There were naturally more discussions about the Eighth Sword Deity, and almost half of the discussions were about Master Siren.

Mei Siren narrowed his eyes and silently glanced at a certain figure.

This certain figure clearly sensed something and felt a chill run down his spine. However, the words that came out of his mouth were like water that had been poured out. He could only continue to maintain his composure and stand firm, as there was really nothing he could do.

After the wind and clouds meet, there would be rain.

The relief and relaxation mode that came after he slayed Number Two did not last long. There was still Yan Wuse who had not been completely dealt with.

The Three Realms Bind on the Emperor was only able to capture him, but it couldn't completely suppress and seal Yan Wuse.

If he wanted to be truly free, he had to bury one of the three emperors here. This would then open up a path of escape from the Abyss Island.

After he eliminated Number Two, Xu Xiaoshou hadn't even seen Bazhun'an's backup plan. He really didn't want to stay here and continue to be scammed.

He could easily think what Bazhun'an's plan would be:

Either he really didn't have any other backup plan, and Mei Siren was the biggest chess piece in his plan.

Either this was not the final moment that he had expected, so there was no need for him to appear.

But the second option was even more terrifying!

Two Saints had undergone the Saint Fall and the game was not over yet. How could they continue to stay in this lousy place?

By then, he would have earned enough fame and passive points. He would not have the life to spend them!

“Teacher, Old... Ptui, Lord Bazhun'an, what should we do next?” Xu Xiaoshou had already made up his mind, but he still asked.

At this moment, before Master Siren and the fake Bazhun'an could reply, a delicate voice filled with suppressed anger drifted from afar.

“Where is Huang Quan?”

1944 This Old Man Did Lie to You! (1)

Everyone looked up and saw a graceful figure that flew over from the south.

The woman held a long sword diagonally as she stepped on the air. She wore a long backless dress. Her fragrant shoulders were exposed, and her skin was as white as snow.

Her facial features were exquisite, and her eyebrows were like a painting; she looked like a fairy from Heaven. However, at this moment, her beautiful face seemed to be carved from ice.

Especially the pair of beautiful eyes that were filled with killing intent. There seemed to be shards of sword light that glittered in them and made it difficult for others to look at them.

When she finished speaking, her Holy Energy and Sword Will turned into intangible waves that fluctuated as she landed in their midst.

The ruins of the Zhen Huang Palace and the ruins of the giant kingdom were filled with dust and stones. It caused everyone to panic.

“Sword Saint?!”

“Why would there be another Sword Saint?”

“She's not Rao Yaoyao... Uh, Sword Deity Rao?”

“The Ruler of the red-clothed people, one of the Seven Sword Deity, ranked twenty-four on the beauty rankings, known as the number one swordswoman, Rao... A Sword Deity. Was she like Master Siren and also held the title of Sword Saint?”

“That's right, I heard the sanctification of sword cries earlier. So it was her?”

“The Sky City is indeed a place for sanctification!”

“So, so beautiful, this back...”

Rao Yaoyao’s sudden appearance caused a huge commotion among the Spiritual Cultivators on the island.

The Ancient Swordsman Mei Siren had displayed the power of a Sword Saint in the previous battle. He could kill Number Two with one sword.

Even though this number one swordswoman of the Shengshen Continent, who was also one of the Seven Sword Deity, was a little young, how much weaker could her combat strength be after she became a Sword Saint?

She belonged to the Holy Divine Palace, but the Saint Servant and Yama had the upper hand in the battle.

Without a doubt, from this situation, another great battle was about to break out!

The sensible ones had already started to move.

A battle between Sword Saints would be like a headlong collision. If they were too close, not only would they not be able to learn the Ancient Sword Technique, they might even lose their lives.

“They’re all here...”

At a glance, Rao Yaoyao saw many familiar faces.

The calm and indifferent Number Two, Yu Lingdi, who hid among the ruins of the Zhen Huang Palace and raised his head with a happy expression. There was the familiar light who stood in the midst of the three imagery... Elder Yan?

Mei Siren who had stopped waving his fan; the source of all evil, but the seemingly harmless Xu Xiaoshou; the Frost Ferret who had been unsealed from the Hall of Unforgivable Crimes by herself. It turned into a huge Ghost Beast and due to her sanctification, she was unable to catch it; the orange masked man who hid in the corner like an ant...

Also, this guy who looked sideways at her, Bazhun'an?

Rao Yaoyao’s pupils contracted. What kind of scene was this?

As far as the eye could see, there were Demi-Saints everywhere!

These influential figures on the continent stood in the ruins of the Abyss Island's battlefield. They were of different heights and sizes.

Beneath it was a translucent backdrop of the various Cutting Path and the Higher Void Spiritual Cultivators.

Everyone looked over when they heard her shout.

Such a scene was too shocking!

"I was only affected by the Blood World and imprisoned by the Country of Time for a while. What happened here?"

It had clearly only been a short while, but Rao Yaoyao felt that she had been away from the battlefield for a century.

Before she went there, the First Hall of Sins was fine, and only the Zhen Huang Palace was destroyed.

After she arrived, everything was in ruins. The other Demi-Saints who were supposed to be here had disappeared.

"They... had fallen?"

Jiang Buyi had disappeared.

Ye Xiao, who had undergone sanctification, was not present either.

After she caught a glimpse of the Three Realms Bind on the Emperor and saw Elder Yan's sorry state, Rao Yaoyao's aura stagnated when she thought about all this.

In fact, only Mei Siren alone was enough to make her lose her aura. After all, this was her first teacher in the Way of the Sword and then again, there were so many Demi-Saints there who stared at her.

The only disappointment was that the people who shouldn't be there were all present. However, that accursed Huang Quan was nowhere to be seen.

Rao Yaoyao's gaze swept over Yama's orange masked man discreetly. She secretly locked onto his aura and turned her gaze to the person in charge of this tableau.

Without a doubt, the one whose presence came as a great surprise at the scene was not Number Two, Yan Wuse, and the others who she knew would be present, but Bazhun'an!

"Bazhun'an, why are you here?"

Rao Yaoyao's thoughts shifted. She wasn't stupid. She didn't even need to think much to realize that it didn't make sense.

Rao Yaoyao had seen Number Two after she underwent sanctification, so she knew more.

If the Abyss Island was the big chess board for both Dao Qiongcang and Bazhun'an, then both sides would use their chess pieces first. Whoever went down first would lose.

This was not difficult to understand.

This was because those who were going down would automatically give up their identities as behind-the-scenes and come out in the open as chess pieces.

From the darkness to the light, would they not just wait for the evenly matched opponent who was still in the dark to begin; to concentrate on the schemes and battles to the death?

So...

"He must be Xu Xiaoshou!"

Rao Yaoyao immediately concluded that this Bazhun'an was definitely a fake.

However, after she concluded that Xu Xiaoshou had transformed into Bazhun'an, she saw that Xu Xiaoshou was also present, right next to Mei Siren.

Rao Yaoyao's thoughts were blocked for a moment, but then she understood.

"Xu Xiaoshou must have mastered the clone ability and inherited it from the Saint Servant Storyteller?"

This was the greatest probability she could think of in such a short period of time.

Compared to the absurd idea that Bazhun'an was aware that he had entered the game of chess, even if Xu Xiaoshou had not mastered the incarnation of a clone, but the incarnation of a Demi-Saint, this was more reliable than the former!

But why did she need to think?

Number Two was there. If there was anything she did not understand, she could just ask.

Rao Yaoyao immediately set aside the matter of the pursuit of Huang Quan and even that of the Frost Ferret whom she failed to capture before.

She shifted her focus to the more important situation at hand and looked at Number Two.

Chapter 1945 This Old Man Did Lie to You! (2)

“Liberated state...”

This was Rao Yaoyao’s first time to see the liberated state Divine Oracle.

It had to be said that the image outlined by the white armor, light wings, Saint sword, and halo was indeed sacred and noble. The power displayed was also very majestic.

But at the same time, it also made Number Two lose more of his humanity.

The eyes of the so-called Divine Oracle were lifeless to begin with. Now, it seemed that they were almost empty, no different from an ordinary Divine Puppet.

Rao Yaoyao didn’t bother and asked from afar, “What happened here? Tell me the truth.”

There was no reply.

The only sounds on the vast Abyss Island were the sounds of the cranes and the wind blowing.

Everyone looked at her, and no one dared to speak.

The Spiritual Cultivators on the island were all submissive, and in the end, none of them dared to make a sound. They didn’t dare to get involved in this situation.

Rao Yaoyao’s brows furrowed and she had a bad premonition.

However, even if Elder Yan was temporarily detained by Bazhun’an who was familiar with the Nine Sword Techniques and used the Three Realms Sword; even if Number Two had been retained for a short period of time and could not answer her question, even if there were so many people at the scene who looked at her with inexplicable gazes...

Rao Yaoyao, who was not in the Blood World and had lost her restraint, was fearless with the Cang Godhood Sword in her hand.

“Number Two?” She spoke again.

Number Two’s eyes were blank and he remained indifferent.

Rao Yaoyao's beautiful eyes narrowed slightly. She looked around and swept her gaze across everyone. She felt that the atmosphere was a little strange.

At a certain moment, her heart skipped a beat. She wondered if she had not completely broken through the Country of Time.

Still in the Blood World, still in the fantasy realm?

Reincarnation, ups and downs, but never walked out?

Otherwise, how could it be like being in the Second World? How could she be out of tune with the people on the scene, let alone take care of herself?

"Huff..."

A cold wind blew, and Rao Yaoyao regained her senses very quickly.

The encounter with the Country of Time was only because she had just undergone sanctification and her realm was unstable. She had been disturbed by the Blood World and coincidentally, the power of the Country of Time succeeded at that time. This caused her to fall into a cycle.

However, this strengthened her Dao heart and made it more complete.

If she had to go through it again, it was hard to say whether Huang Quan would be able to control her. Moreover, there was no space time and Blood World power here.

"Number Two!"

Rao Yaoyao roared at him. After this Divine Oracle was released, he was too arrogant. "Are you dead?"

This voice stunned everyone on the Abyss Island.

The others didn't dare to speak, but one person couldn't hold it in anymore.

"Puff!"

Xu Xiaoshou burst out in laughter. He wanted to cover his mouth, but his palm was covered in saliva.

Rao Yaoyao glared at him angrily. Xu Xiaoshou waved his hand repeatedly, as he indicated that she should not vent her anger on others.

"Number Two is indeed dead. Your words were a little disrespectful, even if Number Two was not a human."

All of a sudden, everyone on the island was shocked. They didn't know if it was Rao Yaoyao who was disrespectful or Xu Xiaoshou who was more disrespectful.

No!

This was not the main point at all. How could a junior like you interfere in a battle between the Sword Saints?

Xu Xiaoshou, you really have the guts!

“(Surprised, Passive Points,+) +1348.”

“(Lauded, Passive Points+)+332.”

Rao Yaoyao subconsciously wanted to stab someone with her sword, but at the same time, she sensed that Xu Xiaoshou had not lied.

There was indeed something wrong with Number Two's condition.

His life force was perfectly fine, and his celestial meridians were not damaged. However, his eyes were too empty, so empty that it was as if he had lost his soul, like a real puppet.

“Sword...”

Rao Yaoyao gripped the Cang Godhood Sword tightly and lowered her head.

There were indeed Sword Wills that intertwined here, like hundreds of flowers that bloomed and spanned tens of thousands of miles.

However, there was a mark that was above all the Sword Wills. It was almost beyond one's Perception and almost non-existent.

Perhaps Rao Yaoyao really couldn't sense the trace of this sword before she underwent sanctification. However, she was also a Demi-Saint now. How could she not have sensed its existence in this void?

“Heart Sword Technique, Wisdom is Emptiness?”

After a careful comprehension, Rao Yaoyao suddenly raised her eyes in shock.

She could almost track the trace of the sword back to the stunning scene at that time.

As the light in front of her flashed, her gaze finally settled on Mei Siren who stood in the distance!

Mei Siren had used the Wisdom is Emptiness to cut off all the thoughts and will of the liberated state Divine Oracle and turned him into an empty shell, an actual puppet?

With this conclusion, Rao Yaoyao felt as if a huge rock had fallen on her heart and caused a huge uproar.

On the other side, Mei Siren's eyes met hers. He didn't open his folding fan and only lightly tapped it before he clutched it tightly.

After a long while, he sighed, "Little lass..."

He paused for a moment, then Mei Siren looked at the crowd on Abyss Island who stared at him. He changed the way he addressed her and continued to sigh, "Rao Yaoyao, you shouldn't have come."

During the night battle in Dongtianwang City, Mei Siren had already anticipated this scene from the moment he decided to enter the battle.

However, he had never thought that this scene would happen so quickly. It was so fast that it was almost unacceptable.

In his eyes, Rao Yaoyao was just a little girl.

From the start of learning the sword, to the breaking of contact in the middle, to the two of them being the venerable Seven Sword Deity, to Rao Yaoyao who became the Ruler of the red-clothed people, her name shook the world.

When all kinds of battle achievements entered his ears, Mei Siren who roamed the mortal world only felt gratified.

He had never claimed to be Rao Yaoyao's master, but there was indeed a very short period of relationship between them.

Rao Yaoyao's sword was taught by Mei Siren.

This was almost like a break in his growth process, but it could also be considered as watching a student grow up, step by step.

Mei Siren had many similar students, but Rao Yaoyao was one of the special ones among them.

Chapter 1946 This Old Man Did Lie to You! (3)

Now, the teacher and student, who had no status but still respected each other, finally stood on the same level, but they were on opposite sides.

One was born to the sun and bathed in the light of justice all his life.

One flowed like water, but in the end, it merged into the darkness.

The dust on the ruins trembled.

Rao Yaoyao's red lips parted, and her beautiful eyes narrowed. She gripped the Cang Godhood Sword tightly, but she could not make a sound.

She had already guessed what was going on.

Inside the Zhen Huang Palace, Huang Quan and Mei Siren had both transcended the tribulation. Jiang Buyi had formed a contract with Yu Lingdi.

This was nothing more than a clear indication that Mei Siren had entered the arena and now stood on the opposite side!

It was just that Rao Yaoyao was unwilling to admit it.

At that time, she didn't even think about it. She raised her sword and chased after Huang Quan. She tried to use the battle to forget all the things that needed to be thought through.

Now that she thought about it, she just didn't dare to face it.

However, no matter how difficult it was to face it, she had no choice but to face it head-on.

Mei Siren was no longer the first teacher in her heart who could bring her joy.

"Si..."

After a pause, Rao Yaoyao seemed to remember something and tried to remain calm. "Mei Siren, don't you want to think about it?"

Xu Xiaoshou's ears twitched. He realized that Rao Yaoyao and Master Siren had a strange relationship.

Although they were all part of the Seven Sword Deity, there was indeed a difference in seniority and age.

Master Siren was also known to have students all over the world, so could his Teacher be so powerful that he even taught Rao Yaoyao?

Yes.

During the night chat with the Sword Deity in Dongtianwang City, Master Siren had said that when he first met Rao Yaoyao, she was still a little girl.

So...

S-Senior Sister?

Xu Xiaoshou's mind went blank, and his gaze suddenly became extremely complicated.

Mei Siren didn't notice the transformation in Xu Xiaoshou. He slowly shook his head and said with a smile.

"When I meet anyone, I would think about it carefully."

"I have thought about it many times. I really can't think of how you would be able to see me here if I had not thought this through."

"On the contrary, you..."

Mei Siren paused and the faint smile on his face disappeared. His expression turned serious. "Rao Yaoyao, have you thought it through?"

Rao Yaoyao pursed her red lips and lowered her head. Her eyes wandered to the left and right, and she had subconsciously lowered the Cang Godhood Sword in her hand.

To put it bluntly, he was just a beginner Teacher.

In one's life, how many Teachers did one have?

Not to mention this kind of fate where they met only for a few days, and they would treat each other as guests when they met later?

However, Rao Yaoyao was still an emotional person. What she cared about was far more than that.

She could tell that Master Siren's character was pure without any blemishes.

This was a highly respected senior worthy of all the respect of the world.

He shouldn't have had anything to do with the dark, evil, underground faction.

Master Siren had never even been contaminated by the Ghost Beasts.

In his life, he only served justice and nothing else.

Such a person, either due to passive or active choices, stood on the opposite side and melted into the darkness.

“Position... Ha!”

Rao Yaoyao laughed bitterly. She felt that the words ‘Master Siren and ‘Saint Servant’ were incompatible from the very beginning!

She still wanted to persuade him.

But Master Siren was right.

If he hadn’t thought it through, why would he make such an important decision?

But, but, why did it have to be this answer!

Rao Yaoyao couldn’t understand. She had a bitter look on her face and her eyes flickered. She shook her head several times and looked at Mei Siren.

“When?”

“You... When did you make your decision?”

Mei Siren calmly closed his eyes. He quickly opened them and smiled.

There was a hint of cunning in his smile that belonged to an old fox. It seemed that only then did he reveal his true colors. He snorted and said.

“Let me think about it.”

“Perhaps, the last time we met?”

“That time, at the First Pavilion in the Sky in Dongtianwang City, the night before?”

As he spoke, he spread his hands, opened the paper fan, and shook it gently.

“I forgot.”

“But that time, I lied to you. I was already part of the trap.”

Chapter 1947 Rao Yaoyao (1)

Because a few large characters appeared on Mei Siren’s folding fan:

“Are you stupid?”

At this moment, Rao Yaoyao felt extremely humiliated.

These characters were seen by Xu Xiaoshou, Bazhun'an, and every Spiritual Cultivator on Abyss Island.

Had Mei Siren already supported Xu Xiaoshou during the night chat in the First Pavilion in the Sky?

Then, he still dared to lecture her as her Teacher?

To think that she still accorded him respect and thought that he was a truly good Teacher. No matter what, she still had to adhere to this etiquette.

It turned out that at that time, Mei Siren was cunning enough to use this to force her to retreat?

So, at that time, her intuition was already right?

If she had been able to follow the clues back then and pull out more information, then everything that happened later...

That included everything that had happened in the Yunlun Mountain Range, Yi, Teng Shanhai, etc. Would it have ended in a different way then?

Rao Yaoyao's thoughts converged and revealed the bits and pieces that she had overlooked before.

Mei Siren was not a big player, but he only made one move, that led to a perfect ending in another direction.

This kind of person looked like a gentleman on the surface, but wasn't he even more of a villain on the inside?

“What a sanctimonious person!” Rao Yaoyao's pretty face flushed red and she spat in rage as she thought of this.

At this moment, she finally held no grudges.

If she couldn't kill Mei Siren and avenge all the people who had fallen into such a tragic situation, she felt that she was no longer worthy of being the Ruler of the red-clothed people.

Here!

And also before this!

Everything should be settled with one sword!

“Mei Siren.”

Rao Yaoyao suppressed the fire in her eyes as she pulled out her sword and pointed at the old fox in sheepskin. “Do you dare to fight me?”

Xu Xiaoshou looked at Rao Yaoyao, who seemed to have lost her mind after being provoked by a few words.

He looked down and saw that Master Siren’s right hand that gently waved the folding fan, was steady. His left hand that held the Taicheng Sword behind his back, trembled slightly.

He immediately sighed and understood why his Teacher was like this.

He had never seen Master Siren display such a ‘treacherous’ expression or even such hostility.

But why did it come to this?

All because of Rao Yaoyao, just so that Rao Yaoyao could pull out the sword to kill her master without any ill feelings.

You’re the only one who had to bear all the responsibility behind my back?

However, on second thought...

Wasn’t this the care a teacher should show to his students?

Since ancient times, there had been a saying, “A teacher for a day is a father for life”.

To Mei Siren, ‘a disciple for a day, a woman forever’ might be too much, but he definitely couldn’t release that feeling so easily.

Mei Siren was unable to draw his sword for a long time as he faced Rao Yaoyao’s Cang Godhood Sword.

He was well prepared but at this moment, it was hard for him to make a move.

At this moment, Xu Xiaoshou suddenly felt that he should take over this battle for his Teacher.

Even though he felt that if he were to unleash his full combat strength, there would still be a gap between him and Rao Yaoyao, who had undergone sanctification.

However, how uncomfortable would Teacher feel in this situation?

From the beginning to the end, Master Siren was not here to fight. This was not his mission.

He was only here to teach the sword, and he was dragged into the battle with Number Two because of himself.

Or rather, it had been arranged by the real Eighth Brother and he had no choice but to join the battle.

Mei Siren was not a true Saint Servant.

He had to fight and also could choose not to fight. He had his own perseverance and needed to carry on. He could not completely join the Saint Servant in all their filth.

“But it’s different for me!”

“In their eyes, I’m already a puddle of dirty water.”

Xu Xiaoshou’s gaze became determined. “This is timely. I can also verify what I’ve learned...”

Without too much thought, he took a step forward and pulled out the Fourth Sword and the Flame Python at the same time.

He also wanted to meet Sword Saint Rao Yaoyao.

Whether he could defeat her was another matter. Being able to withstand a few swords was also a test for his recent studies.

However, at this moment, there was someone who was one step faster than him.

“Rao Yaoyao, long time no see.”

Xiao Kongtong who had taken on the guise of Bazhun’an, was coincidentally in Xu Xiaoshou’s path of advancement. He blocked Rao Yaoyao’s gaze with his body.

Xu Xiaoshou was stunned for a moment before he understood something.

If he could think of those things about Master Siren, Xiao Kongtong would naturally have the same thoughts too.

From Xiao Kongtong's point of view, it was impossible for someone like him from the new generation to fight a Sword Saint.

Therefore, he was the best candidate here to stand up and take the sword for Master Siren.

Thus, he stood up without hesitation.

"Move aside!" Rao Yaoyao's gaze didn't even falter as she stared at Mei Siren.

"So distant?" Bazhun'an smiled. "Since the Ten High Nobles parted, this should be the first time we've met. Why don't we exchange a few words instead of this rush to kill your master?"

The last two words seemed to have touched Rao Yaoyao and she was awakened.

Rao Yaoyao looked at Mei Siren with a complicated expression before she finally shifted her gaze to Bazhun'an.

At the same time, the Cang Godhood Sword was pointed at Bazhun'an.

Bazhun'an's eyebrows were raised but he didn't say anything.

"This isn't the first time we've met, so there's no need for small talk." Rao Yaoyao said coldly as she analyzed who this person could be.

"Oh?" Bazhun'an asked suspiciously. "This was not the first time?"

Chapter 1948 Rao Yaoyao (2)

"Then perhaps, you've got the wrong person?" Bazhun'an reached out and said. "To use your Cang Godhood Sword to point at a person is impolite behavior."

Weng!

The Xuan Cang Godhood Sword trembled.

Rao Yaoyao only felt a surge of power that erupted from the sword.

That indestructible Sharpness almost cut through her palm and pierced into her energy reserve.

"Sword cognition?"

Rao Yaoyao's eyes narrowed as her Sword Will surged forth. It lifted her black hair and caused the hem of her dress to flutter.

Whoosh!

The sword cognition from the Cang Godhood Sword that had tried to pierce her body was instantly repelled by her. It shot up into the sky, cut into the spatial fragment and disappeared.

"Weng weng weng..."

However, the Cang Godhood Sword trembled violently and no longer listened to her commands. It was as if it was about to leave her hand and devour its owner.

This scene shocked everyone on the island.

It was said that the Eighth Sword Deity could subdue a spiritual sword at a single glance. Who would have thought that even Sword Saint Rao Yaoyao's Cang Godhood Sword would be the same?

"Wasn't that too powerful? Was that the 'Witness Sword Technique'?"

"That silver Sword Will just now was the Penetrating Divine Senses 2.0 sword cognition?"

"Kill your master? The Eighth Sword Deity had just talked about killing his master. What was going on? Sword Deity Rao and Master Siren had such a past? Was she also Master Siren's student?"

"I don't know... But you were obviously wrong. You should address them as Sword Saint Rao and Sword Saint Mei."

The shocked discussions below did not disturb Rao Yaoyao. She only used a little force to suppress the trembling of the Cang Godhood Sword again and successfully grasped it.

"The level of your sword cognition was too low."

Rao Yaoyao looked up with a sneer. "Tell me, who are you? Don't make me expose your disguise myself."

"Cough cough..."

Bazhun'an's expression did not change and he only coughed lightly.

It could be seen that he was no longer as powerful as he was before, and his condition was not as good as the immaculate appearance he had maintained earlier.

He didn't answer, but sighed with emotion.

"Not bad, you've finally grown."

This seemed almost like the words of comfort that an elder said to a junior and scared the people on the island.

Rao Yaoyao wasn't angered.

After she understood Mei Siren's deception, she was able to focus on the big picture.

Mei Siren wasn't important, and neither was Bazhun'an.

What mattered now was that Number Two was gone and Yan Wuse was being controlled. She was on her own now.

The most important thing now was not to fight, but to free Elder Yan from the Three Realms Sword.

"Did you set up this Three Realms Sword?" Rao Yaoyao focused her gaze on him.

"Who else but me?" Bazhun'an chuckled.

"Then you've regressed quite a bit. Even a trifling Three Realms Sword required the help of an outsider's Heart Sword Technique imagery to complete it."

"Maybe." Bazhun'an did not comment.

When she saw him being so insidious, Rao Yaoyao's eyes turned cold and she scoffed.

"The sword cognition was weaker than before, and the Three Realms Sword had regressed to the level of a beginner. You have maintained your appearance very well..."

"But I heard from Gou Wuyue that you had sealed your sword for Hua Changdeng!"

"I understand that you can use the Heart Sword Technique to seal the sword, but the Nine Swords Technique was your weakest point. Can you still use the Three Realms Sword?"

"Not possible, Then at this time and place... You, unsealed?"

Rao Yaoyao looked around, and her beautiful eyes were filled with amusement. "You sealed your sword for so many years. After you unsealed it, was that the extent of your improvement? You haven't even reached the position of a Sword Saint?"

Her words were so sharp that Xu Xiaoshou felt that Big Mouth Xiao's identity could no longer be hidden.

Even the Spiritual Cultivators on the island pondered over these. Rao Yaoyao's words contained too much information for them.

Even so, Bazhun'an remained as steady as Mount Tai and said arrogantly, "You know nothing about my strength."

"Is that so? You're so good at acting, Xiao Kongtong!" Rao Yaoyao's words shocked everyone.

"Xiao Kongtong???"

An ear-piercing cry rang out from the island, but no one knew who it came from.

However, no one paid any attention to it. Everyone was stunned by Rao Yaoyao's revelation.

"Who was the one that Sword Saint Rao referred to?" Eldest Senior Brother from Fringe Moon Immortal City?

"This, this d*mned thing, how can you keep up the pretense?"

"So, this Eighth Sword Deity was also a fake? I knew it. He had a weird smell. After all, I had watched the battle of the Ten High Nobles back then."

"Why did you say 'also'?"

"There were too many people in the Eastern Region that impersonated the Eighth Sword Deity! But this Xiao Kongtong was the one that resembled him best. He could even use the sword cognition?"

"Everyone knew about the sword cognition... But it couldn't be, right? It was said that the Fringe Moon Immortal City only respected the sword techniques of the Eighth Sword Deity, but they had drawn a clear line between them."

"Do you think that's possible? I was from the Southern Region and I know that Xiao Kongtong is an honorary disciple of Bazhun'an."

"Ah, then I'm confused!"

There was a hubbub of voices.

The discussions that came from all over the place and even Rao Yaoyao's own words did not cause Bazhun'an, who stood in the air, to be flustered.

Instead, he bent his index and middle fingers and pinched his chin with his second finger. He said thoughtfully.

"Interesting..."

"There were some slight possibility of truth in your deduction."

"Rao Yaoyao, I haven't seen you for many years. You've indeed grown a lot."

These words... Anyways, Xu Xiaoshou was really impressed by Big Mouth Xiao's magnanimity.

If it were not for the fact that he was able to determine this fellow's identity with his sword cognition, he would have suspected that the cute Rao's mind had turned foggy again.

He sneaked aside and hid behind Master Siren.

Chapter 1949 Rao Yaoyao (3)

It seemed that the fight between Teacher and Senior Sister Rao wouldn't start anytime soon.

With Number Two gone and Yan Wuse temporarily controlled, if the only enemy left was the Rao Cutie, it seemed like the situation could be controlled?

Xu Xiaoshou's figure moved slightly and quietly.

"Still keeping up the pretense?"

Rao Yaoyao sneered in response to his many disguises.

She was no longer the Rao Yaoyao of the past. Without further ado, she raised the Cang Godhood Sword and slashed down in the air.

“Wind Rising Force, Green Kiss Sword Energy!”

A strong wind suddenly howled and rolled across the Abyss Island.

It swept up layers of sand and startled the clouds in the Nine Heavens.

The violent power intertwined and gathered. With the support of the Cang Godhood Sword, it turned into nine green sword forces.

“Whoosh!”

The sound of the wind raged across and the sword energy pointed straight at Bazhun’an.

“It’s here! It’s here!”

The people on the island were excited that the battle Force arrived so swiftly. They quickly retreated and made way for the battlefield, away from the center of the storm.

The howling tornado soared into the sky and covered a radius of thousands of miles.

Before the sword energy reached him, the face and robe of Bazhun’an had already been cut open by the Holy Power and the sharpness of the Cang Godhood Sword.

However, when the Green Kiss Sword Energy came close to him, he calmly raised his two fingers and gently blocked it.

“Clang!”

The sound of sword cries rang out in all directions.

The nine green sword energies slashed at the sword fingers, but

they couldn't push Bazhun'an's form away.

"10 Sections of the Finger Sword!"

The swordsmen from the Eastern Region below were excited.

Although the two fingers and the sword cognition were ordinary, they were the signature moves of the Eighth Sword Diety.

"Dress up as God, play the devil!" Rao Yaoyao was amused.

In her eyes, Bazhun'an had retreated more than ten steps after being slashed by her sword.

However, in order to maintain his image, this fellow had actually activated the Fantasy Sword Technique!

How shameful was that!

If you were Bazhun'an, you wouldn't be able to talk to me so calmly when the Cang Godhood Sword was pointed at you.

If you were Bazhun'an, when I attacked you, you definitely wouldn't have used the Fantasy Sword Technique to create a false image in the eyes of others.

"Xiao Kongtong, other than you and Wen Ting, who else in this world knew how to use sword cognition?"

"If you dare to fight back today, I will raze Fringe Moon Immortal City to the ground in the future!"

Rao Yaoyao could almost determine this guy's identity. She attacked him mentally at the same time.

She lifted the Xuan Cang in her hand, and All Life Form in the red

dust rose from the battlefield ruins in all directions.

“Red Dust-break the Illusion!”

A sword stabbed downward.

With a loud boom, the world shattered like a mirror.

The Sword Will beneath Rao Yaoyao’s feet was like a lotus flower as it unfolded in pieces. It looked extremely beautiful.

However, the magnificent and violent storm instantly shattered Bazhun’an’s Fantasy Sword Technique.

Whoosh! Whoosh! Whoosh!

A hurricane swept through the void, and the Holy Power was like a tsunami.

As the storm raged, the Green Kiss Sword Energy slashed out from all directions, and even slashed at Bazhun’an.

“Clang, clang, clang...”

The crisp sound of sword cries rang out continuously.

This time, the Spiritual Cultivators on the island saw clearly that the so-called Eighth Sword Deity couldn’t withstand Sword Saint Rao Yaoyao’s attack at all.

He couldn’t block the sword energy with his 10 Sections of the Finger Sword and had to retreat.

“Sizzle!”

In the end, when the image of the All Life Form of the world of mortals appeared, the Eighth Sword Deity fell into the

reincarnation of the mortal world.

Although it was only for an instant, he lost control in that short period of time. The sword intent slashed through his body and sent a mass of blood-colored flowers flying.

The Eighth Sword Deity spat out a mouthful of blood. His expression was shocked, and he no longer had that imposing form. Until now, everyone was 120% certain.

If he was so weak, it was impossible for him to be the Eighth Sword Deity!

Rao Yaoyao's pretty face was as cold as ice. She raised the Cang Godhood Sword and was about to take advantage of and pursue the victory.

Before her sanctification, perhaps her opponent's Fantasy Sword Technique, 10 Sections of the Finger Sword and the sword cognition still posed a threat to her.

But now, with the absolute difference in strength, all of this was like a heavenly chasm.

They were both geniuses.

They could also fight those at a higher level.

Then, everyone would reach another starting line. At this time, the realm between a dwarf and a giant would be like clouds and mud.

Just as Rao Yaoyao was about to raise her sword, a sigh came from the horizon.

“Sword Saint Rao, if you want to fight, then fight. Why do you have to slander my Fringe Moon Immortal City? I had no intention to come out”

His words spread in all directions. It caused Rao Yaoyao to be startled and she turned around in shock.

A white figure appeared in the distant sky. He wore a swordsman’s robe and looked gentle and refined.

Rao Yaoyao’s thoughts suddenly exploded and she forgot to attack.

What was going on?

This, this guy was so strong.

Fringe Moon Immortal City, Xiao Kongtong?

How was that possible? If that’s the case, who did I beat up just now?

Chapter 1950 Furious Condemnation Shuts Down the Scene! (1)

Forget about Rao Yaoyao.

At this moment, when he looked toward the horizon, he saw Eldest Senior Brother of Fringe Moon Immortal City. Big Mouth Xiao who was disguised as the Eighth Sword Deity was also confused.

He even forgot to maintain the details of his disguise. His eyes lost their cloudiness and were filled with shock.

Even when Rao Yaoyao had exposed his true identity, he had not been this shocked!

From the clothes, from the temperament, from the appearance, from the mannerisms. This ‘Xiao Kongtong’ that suddenly appeared resembled him totally in his impression.

That sigh represented Fringe Moon Immortal City and the great helplessness he, Xiao Kongtong felt at this moment.

“He’s the Sword Cognition Incarnation?”

Xiao Kongtong observed this as he looked at the energy reserve and his thoughts raged.

He actually suspected that this person was his Sword Cognition Incarnation. He had been sent out earlier and needed to come in at the critical moment to save the situation.

It was just that he had completely forgotten about this assignment process.

However, that was not the case!

The silver sword cognition villain that hung on to his energy reserve was still there. The Xiao Kongtong opposite him was definitely not the Sword Cognition Incarnation!

Then, who could he be?

After he mulled through these thoughts, Xiao Kongtong glanced at someone behind him.

“Xu Xiaoshou?”

But Xu Xiaoshou was still with Master Siren.

He was greatly startled and his gaze swept over himself and the person who came several times.

What he showed was what was suspected before – that Bazhun’an was Xiao Kongtong, so he was confused by the sudden appearance of another Xiao Kongtong.

His performance was flawless!

“But it’s definitely this kid’s doing...”

Xiao Kongtong was relieved when he thought of the previous situation where the fake Kong Yuhen and the real Xu Xiaoshou were present at the same time.

After all, only Xiao Kongtong and Xu Xiaoshou could pretend to be Bazhun’an.

The only one who could pretend to be Xiao Kongtong was Xu Xiaoshou. Bazhun’an was full of disdain for this!

“You brat, don’t do anything rash.”

“My Fringe Moon Immortal City is not something you can rely on to do whatever you want. It was not at fault...”

After he realized everything, Xiao Kongtong felt worried.

He could only comfort himself that he was trustworthy based on Xu Xiaoshou's past performance.

At the very least, they wouldn't joke around with the lives of the countless Ancient Swordsman in Fringe Moon Immortal City.

Countless people on Abyss Island were also shocked.

When Rao Yaoyao yelled out 'Xiao Kongtong' to Bazhun'an earlier, it was already beyond everyone's expectations.

The sudden appearance of this 'Xiao Kongtong' had completely messed up their thoughts.

"Eighth Sword Deity was not the Eighth Sword Deity, but Eldest Senior Brother of Fringe Moon Immortal City... Eldest Senior Brother was clearly here and had fought with Sword Saint Rao. He also had sword cognition, and now he had appeared... He was him, he was him, then who was he?"

"It's over. I'm totally confused. I believe in Sword Saint Rao, but now why do I feel that Sword Saint Rao's brain... No! There must be something wrong with me!"

"I told you! Eighth Sword Deity was not one of them. I watched the War of the Ten High Nobles. The Eighth Sword Deity was like this, completely unrestrained and unruly!"

"Yes, he did 'die' once back then, so he's very weak now. Sword Saint Rao also said that he had sealed his sword, so it's understandable that he's temporarily unable to make a move."

"Is that what you all think? In that case, this second Eldest Senior Brother was real?"

"Ah, I can't agree with you."

On Abyss Island, the familiar and the unfamiliar gathered together and discussed.

There was no lack of fanatical admirers of the Eighth Sword Deity among them. They were already a little dejected after their faith had been shaken. Now, they realized that the situation had taken a turn for the better. It turned out that they had not mistaken him for someone else.

Under the exchanges between various people, all kinds of shocking comments immediately appeared.

This caused Rao Yaoyao, who was temporarily dazed in mid-air to try and find some clues from the discussions of the people below, to be even more confused.

“(Suspected, Passive Points +) +1210.”

“(Noticed, Passive Points +) +1922.”

“(Debated, Passive Points +) ,+847.”

As soon as he appeared, the Information Bar popped up crazily.

If it weren't for the fact that the barrier for entry to Abyss Island was so high that ninety-nine percent of the land mass's Spiritual Cultivators would be blocked.

Xu Xiaoshou knew that his identity would definitely give him more than 100,000 passive points.

It was a pity that his gains would only be minimal this time...

However, there was no time for him to continue with his regrets.

He used his second true body to replace himself, disguised himself as Xiao Kongtong, and used the Vanishing Technique and took the easy way out and made a stunning appearance.

He dared to pull off this trick and Xu Xiaoshou also dared to try it in front of Rao Yaoyao, and also had to be smart because Xiao Kongtong would see through everything in a short time, and cooperate with him.

If Number Two was present, or if Yan Wuse was still awake, Xu Xiaoshou would never have allowed his true body to reappear.

He was afraid of death.

However, in order to escape, he had to put on a show.

Forget it, just treat it as something to gain passive points. Even if this method was a little too exciting!

“You...”

In the battle, Rao Yaoyao looked at Xiao Kongtong and then at Bazhun'an. Her eyes were frantic and her grip on the Cang Godhood Divine Sword had lost its previous firmness.

“Before I could congratulate Sword Deity Rao... Oh no, it’s Sword Saint Rao now.” Xu Xiaoshou took the lead and lowered his head to signal with a smile on his elegant face. He said.

“Congratulations to Sword Saint Rao who had undergone sanctification. On behalf of all the Ancient Swordsman in Fringe Moon Immortal City, I would like to extend my sincerest regards.”