

Read I Am Loaded with Passive Skills - Chapter 1951 -2000

Chapter 1951 Furious Condemnation Shuts Down the Scene! (2)

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After he finished speaking, he did not pause. He looked at Bazhun'an who was already on Rao Yaoyao's list of suspects, sneered, and changed the topic.

"I never doubted Sword Saint Rao's foresight."

"However, if you want to splash your dirty water onto my Fringe Moon Immortal City, the Ancient Swordsman of the Fringe Moon Immortal City and myself – We would not agree to it nor can we afford to do that."

"Because based on my understanding of my Teacher, he wouldn't be able to teach such a secretive disciple, even if it was just an in-name disciple."

"And if I, Xiao Kongtong, need to pretend to be my Teacher and do some sneaky things, my teacher should appear first and be the first to clean up the sect."

"Naturally, there's no need for Sword Saint Rao to make a move."

Everyone on the Abyss Island nodded.

What he said made sense. With the Eighth Sword Deity's unruly personality, how could he accept a cowardly rat who needed to take on someone else's identity to be his disciple?

Therefore, from this point of view, even if the Eighth Sword Deity on the battlefield was fake, it was absolutely impossible for him to be the Eldest Senior Brother of the Fringe Moon Immortal City.

This newcomer Xiao Kongtong was full of righteousness. He had 30% of the arrogance of the previous Eighth Sword Deity. His words were worth listening to!

Rao Yaoyao was also moved by these words.

Her intuition told her that there was something wrong, but she couldn't find it in a short time. She decided not to look for it and chose to wait and see.

The only one who was angered by these words was Bazhun'an.

It was not only Bazhun'an who should be angry at this time because of his identity being questioned, but Xiao Kongtong himself was also angered by Xu Xiaoshou's scolding.

Did he do it on purpose?

Or was it because he had no choice but to do this for his identity?

But he clearly knew that I was Xiao Kongtong, yet he didn't give me any face and insulted me like this.

This way, if my identity was really exposed in the future, where would I put my face?

Bazhun'an rubbed his chin with his knuckles, and a trace of his anger showed.

However, at this moment, he had no choice but to follow Xu Xiaoshou's flow. He immediately shook his head and laughed.

"You are very interesting."

"When I passed the sword to you back then, I didn't do it so that you could stand up and criticize me now."

Xiao Kongtong was amused by his words and retorted.

"Interesting?"

"It's fine that you came out and used my Teacher's face to play tricks, but you couldn't even take a single sword strike from Sword Saint Rao and ruined my teacher's reputation and image. Is this what you call 'interesting'?"

"If that's the case, then you're truly too 'interesting'."

You brat Xu Xiaoshou!

Xiao Kongtong almost couldn't hold back his anger. He wanted to rush out and grab Xu Xiaoshou by the ear and beat him up.

He had always heard of his venomous tongue, but in the past, it was always the Holy Divine Palace that was the target. Xiao Kongtong was happy to see it.

Today, he had personally experienced it.

Both of them had clearly used their second identities, so how did this kid have such a tongue? His eloquent tongue was as sleek as a reed.

While he publicly insulted his identity as a fake Bazhun'an, he could also secretly stab Xiao Kongtong's heart and belittle his combat strength.

Little chap!

The insinuation was clearly about your mouth, Xu Xiaoshou!

Bazhun'an's eyes narrowed as if he was angered by this young man. He scolded him, "You sharp-tongued and mischievous brat, is this how you repay me?"

"Repay?"

"Hahahaha, you bastard who came out of nowhere, how dare you pretend to be my Teacher and talk about 'repayment'?"

"I've seen too many people like you, and I've killed too many of them!"

Xiao Kongtong laughed loudly towards the sky. Indeed, he was so amused by this fake Bazhun'an that tears appeared in his eyes.

Finally, he lowered his head and said seriously,

"Yes, my Teacher only taught me the sword for a day. He didn't even remember me as his disciple apprentice. After that, there was no news from him."

"But I, Xiao Kongtong, am where I am today all because of him!"

"In my heart, Teacher was the noblest and holiest person in the world. Even if Fringe Moon Immortal City and the Saint Servant's stance were different, I will remember Teacher's kindness and would never make a move against him."

Xiao Kongtong looked around and swept his gaze across Rao Yaoyao's face. Without a pause, he suddenly raised his head and puffed out his chest.

"As a teacher, I received it and my father would receive it!"

"But you imposter, how dare you swallow my filial piety?"

This deafening, heroic, and heartfelt voice exploded in everyone's ears.

Just the contents that pointed straight to the heart were already sharp enough. Under the influence of the Swallow the Mountains and Rivers, it made people's scalps go numb.

Not only was Xiao Kongtong's inner thoughts spoken, but his thoughts surged as if he had met a soulmate. For a moment, he was suppressed to the point that he forgot that they were still opponents and could not respond.

Even Rao Yaoyao, who stood at the side, looked ashamed.

"Master, I will receive it. My father would receiver it..."

Xiao Kongtong dared to say this because he really did that!

He had accepted Bazhun'an as his master. Even if it was just for a day, he would live for it for the rest of his life.

He conquered the four directions and changed the Eastern Moon Realm to the Bazhun Realm.

He promoted his master's name and spread his sword techniques and established Fringe Moon Immortal City. The entire Holy Sword Land respected Bazhun'an as the Sword God.

"And me?"

Rao Yaoyao asked herself.

Mei Siren had taught her swordsmanship for three days!

However, in the end, not only did she not respect her teacher, she even drew her sword at this moment and wanted to kill her teacher!

If it wasn't for the fact that Bazhun'an had mentioned it before, Rao Yaoyao wouldn't even have realized that Mei Siren had made a mockery of the details to make her let go of her grudges. Even after this move, I was not aware!

Chapter 1952 Furious Condemnation Shuts Down the Scene! (3)

"I am unworthy as a human..."

Rao Yaoyao's pretty face blushed, her head drooping as if burdened on her neck. She did not dare to even glance sideways at the mentor who enlightened her.

"Honor your teacher as you would your own parent..."

In the distance, Mei Siren was brimming with delight after murmuring those words. The urge to throw his head back and burst into three hearty laughs to convey his deep joy was hard to resist.

Unlike those outsiders who had to guess the identity of “Xiao Kongtong,” Mei Siren could invoke the “Communication Talisman” when he realized that something was amiss.

Without a doubt, the “Communication Talisman” pointed in the direction of the second Xiao Kongtong!

In other words, he was really Xu Xiaoshou in disguise!

Just like the situation with Kong Yuheng before, this time, Xu Xiaoshou remained by his side but adopted a different identity to stir things up.

Now that he was completely certain of Xu Xiaoshou’s identity, this passionate phrase, “Honor your teacher as you would your own parent”...

Whether interpreted as “the teacher I acknowledge” or as “the person who guided me,” it essentially conveyed the same meaning.

Xu Xiaoshou was indeed someone who repaid kindness with gratitude!

Perhaps, this was the very reason he had tirelessly cultivated and improved, bearing all the burdens to become a Sleeveless Saint Servant.

Mei Siren felt no jealousy, only a profound sense of satisfaction.

Xu Xiaoshou’s heartfelt declaration, even if it was made under the guise of Xiao Kongtong, made this journey to Abyss Island worthwhile.

Teaching the sword throughout his life, crossing heaven and sea, to meet such a disciple—what more could he ask for?

The Spiritual Cultivators on the entire island were also roused by this grand declaration, their minds restless long afterward.

With this passionate proclamation, almost ninety-nine percent of people’s doubts about the identity of the “second Xiao Kongtong” vanished, even those fanatical devotees of the Eighth Sword Deity now believed that the second Xiao Kongtong was genuine, and the Eighth Sword Deity was just another impersonator.

“You scoundrel...”

Regaining his composure, Xiao Kongtong himself let out a long breath, filled with admiration for Xu Xiaoshou.

What should have been a heated dispute over “fake identities” was quickly shattered by a few words from Xu Xiaoshou.

Now, even Xiao Kongtong felt that his disguise as his teacher was unconvincing, merely resembling the form but lacking the true essence.

If he were not the genuine Xiao Kongtong, he could have almost believed that the person Xu Xiaoshou was impersonating was truly him.

Furthermore, the phrase “Honor your teacher as you would your own parent” severely condemned Rao Yaoyao, who had gone through Secular Heart Refinement but almost attempted to kill her mentor.

And looking at Master Siren’s beaming smile, constantly fanning himself, Xiao Kongtong understood that Mei Siren had also received Xu Xiaoshou’s most heartfelt gratitude.

Master Siren said nothing. It was a silence that spoke more than any words could.

The fan that once bore the phrase “Are you stupid?” had transformed into a new message: “A young one can be taught.”

But most crucial of all, this Xu Xiaoshou had yelled those words while assuming his identity!

Xiao Kongtong was utterly baffled when it came to describing Xu Xiaoshou’s mastery of language and art.

If there was a hidden meaning behind the Ancient Sword Technique, it would undoubtedly be the lethal “Lip Spear, Tongue Sword”, capable of annihilating the heart.

At this moment, it was no longer impossible for Rao Yaoyao to take Master Siren’s life.

And if there were an award in the world specifically for the art of “Lip Spear, Tongue Sword,” Xiao Kongtong would willingly present it to the person facing him, someone who had honed the skills of “Veiled Insinuations” and “Multifarious Wordplay” to the utmost degree, without a shred of hesitation.

He stammered and hesitated, feeling ashamed even before speaking.

However, for the sake of the situation, Xiao Kongtong had no choice but to put on a brave face and continued to berate, “Wretched being, what do you intend to do?”

“Still pretending?” Xu Xiaoshou’s words and a mere glance left Xiao Kongtong feeling unbearably awkward that he wished the ground would open up and swallow him whole.

Then, with a cold smile, the righteous “Xiao Kongtong” turned and addressed Rao Yaoyao, clapping his fist in salute, and said, “Sword Saint Rao, there’s no need for you to deal with this deceitful rat. You need not smear the name of Fringe Moon Immortal City anymore – I’ll take care of this person on your behalf!”

Read I Am Loaded with Passive Skills - Chapter 1953 - Chapter 1953 I Really Can't Tell! (1)

Chapter 1953 I Really Can't Tell! (1)

“Let them fight?”

Rao Yaoyao struggled to make sense of the unfolding situation.

But one thing was certain, this proposal would free her from the chaos of the battle.

After all, if “Bazhun’an” was passed on to “Xiao Kongtong” to handle, whether one of them was real or both were fake, neither of them would have the time to deal with her.

Aside from Mei Siren, she could straightaway take on Five Decays of Heaven and Man of Yama, Frost Ferret, and of course, Xu Xiaoshou.

She believed that if she did not make a move against Mei Siren, he probably would not continue to meddle in the chaos.

The situation would be even better if she could also release Elder Yan.

“But how can things develop so favorably?” Rao Yaoyao wondered.

She did not bother to ponder the progression of events. The voice of reason in her mind suggested that this turn of events was too good to be true.

When things took an unusual turn, there was definitely something amiss. What did “Xiao Kongtong” intend to do? Was he planning something she had not considered?

Even so, Rao Yaoyao could not find a reason to reject the proposal.

She could just keep a close eye on the battle, observe the person who felt like the real “Xiao Kongtong,” and see if he would engage in a fierce fight with the fake “Bazhun’an” or choose to go easy on him.

Given the circumstances, an ambiguous response seemed like the best option.

As long as there was anything unusual, she could intervene.

Without a doubt, Rao Yaoyao's hesitation was taken as approval by everyone.

Disguised as Xiao Kongtong, Xu Xiaoshou's mission was to uphold the name of Fringe Moon Immortal City and cleanse its ranks. However, to achieve this, he had no choice but to confront the phony Bazhun'an.

This move had to be firm, for Rao Yaoyao's discerning eyes could easily tell the difference between a genuine and a feigned fight.

Of course, when it came to combat, Xu Xiaoshou was anything but courteous. Seeing Rao Yaoyao did not raise any objection, he pointed his sword forward, his finger and blade aligned as one, and his aura surged with power in an instant.

"Your deception ends today, you charlatan! I shall expose your disguise and see who you really are, once and for all!"

With countless eyes upon him on Abyss Island, the moment "Xiao Kongtong" lifted his Ten Sections of the Finger Sword, the chilling and gleaming silver light appeared on his fingertips.

Sword cognition!

The sword cognition again!

Earlier, the sight of the fake Bazhun'an showcasing the sword cognition left everyone astounded, while also casting doubts on his real identity, leading many to believe he might be none other than Xiao Kongtong.

Now, this second Xiao Kongtong followed up, and while he managed to convince everyone of his identity, the sword cognition attached to his movements made it seem even more magical and illusory.

In theory, everyone could accept the idea that "he is Xiao Kongtong, and naturally should possess sword cognition."

On second thought...

Regardless of whether Bazhun'an and Xiao Kongtong in the Arena were real or fake, in any case, the number of people who possessed sword cognition was simply too many.

Was it true that the Eighth Sword Deity only had one officially recognized disciple?

Could it be possible that he had some unknown illegitimate child scattered across the continent, proficient in sword cognition, and masquerading as him or Xiao Kongtong?

No matter the circumstances, no matter what others thought, Xiao Kongtong's conviction was resolute.

Even though everyone on Abyss Island doubted the legitimacy of his identity as the Eighth Sword Deity, he firmly believed in it – and could only believe in it!

“How dare you use the sword cognition in front of me! You're nothing but a laughingstock!”

His eyes narrowed, and the supposed “Bazhun'an” also brandished his sword finger, mirroring the same move as the opposing “Xiao Kongtong.”

From their aura, their actions, and their sword techniques, they exhibited identical arrogance and pride, as if they were of the same lineage!

This puzzled everyone on the island, even Rao Yaoyao herself:

Could it be possible that both Bazhun'an and Xiao Kongtong were genuine?

They were just too similar!

“Xiao Kongtong” revealed his sword finger and dashed forward, soaring through the air.

Boom!

The Point of Path, one of the Three Thousand Sword Styles, pierced through the space under his finger, aiming for “Bazhun'an's” forehead.

At that moment, blood splattered from “Bazhun'an's” forehead, startling everyone.

However, “Xiao Kongtong” flipped backward as if avoiding something, and at the same time, he sneered, “Fantasy Sword Technique? Not bad, you've learned it quite well!”

“Unfortunately, you're not my master. Your skills leave much to be desired!”

As he flipped, the void cracked, and golden swords from the Nine Heavens condensed, pressing down together.

Absolute Imperial Control!

With a loud bang, the world shattered, and “Bazhun'an's” Fantasy Sword Technique turned into nothingness, disintegrating under the might of Absolute Imperial Control.

Only then did everyone realize that the scene of “Bazhun’an’s” forehead being pierced was an illusion.

In reality, “Xiao Kongtong’s” finger did not hit “Bazhun’an” at all. Instead, he was nearly struck by “Bazhun’an’s” counterattack.

That backward flip was his way of avoiding the Point of Path directed back at him.

Rao Yaoyao held the Cang Godhood Sword, looking quite surprised.

“To be able to break through the fake Bazhun’an’s Fantasy Sword Technique and exhibit mastery of the first realm of the Ten Thousand Sword Technique’s Absolute Imperial Control...”

“Even if he’s not the real Xiao Kongtong, he must be a renowned ancient swordsman on the continent. Who could he be?”

“And considering the high possibility that he is the real Xiao Kongtong, the true identity of the fake Bazhun’an, who displayed the skills of a basic Sword Deity and demonstrated considerable strength, becomes even more mysterious.”

Clearly, like Rao Yaoyao, all the Spiritual Cultivators on the island were completely bewildered. What they were witnessing seemed like a duel of mimicry, with both sides mirroring each other’s moves!

“Xiao Kongtong’s” Absolute Imperial Control not only shattered the Fantasy Sword Technique but also exerted enough pressure on “Bazhun’an.”

The aura was grand and majestic, like the weight of thunder. Under the worship of the ten thousand swords, even “Bazhun’an” was suppressed and experienced a temporary setback.

Read I Am Loaded with Passive Skills - Chapter 1954 - Chapter 1954 I Really Can't Tell! (2)

Chapter 1954 I Really Can't Tell! (2)

“Bazhun’an” raised his head abruptly, lips curved in a sneer, and chuckled:

“Those who emulate me shall live, those who resemble me shall die...”

“Absolute Imperial Control!”

The same void rift, the same worship of myriad swords, the same overwhelming aura.

With a resounding thunder, the opposing “Xiao Kongtong” was inexplicably overpowered by the aura. He tumbled and fell, interrupting his attacking moves.

Seizing this opportunity, “Bazhun’an” did not hold back. Raising his hand in a graceful motion, Nine Swords swirled around him, forming the initiation of the Nine Swords Technique.

“Insolence!”

“How dare you impudent child utter such boastful words, imitating my teacher. Watch as I lay you to waste!”

“Xiao Kongtong” immediately retorted in response to the taunt.

Everyone watched as he leaped into the air and vanished. After the Fantasy Sword Technique was lifted, his true appearance was revealed where he stood before.

The Nine Swords that surrounded him danced in mid-air...

“Xiao Kongtong” now adopted the exact same starting posture as “Bazhun’an” on the opposite side.

“This...”

“This is way too similar!”

“Could it be that we were all mistaken, and they are actually master and disciple?”

Everyone was bewildered, raising their gazes to meet each other’s, feeling as if a mirror had been erected in the void.

On both sides of the mirror were the true and fake “Bazhun’an” and the true and fake “Xiao Kongtong,” all performing the “True Inheritance of the Ancient Sword Technique.”

Neither had an advantage over the other in terms of skills; they were on equal footing!

“Bazhun’an” flicked his finger, and a silver light shot through the void. Nine Swords launched from around him, directly targeting the opponent.

“I doubt you can handle this strike.”

“Nine moons embrace the sky; illusory dreams lock away a thousand autumns. Dancing butterflies in inebriation, reincarnation breeds the sorrow of life.”

With a buzzing sound, the spiritual swords on the island were simultaneously drawn by “Bazhun’an’s” sword will, fiercely struggling against their owner’s will, attempting to join the battle.

The Nine Swords sprang into the air, spinning and transforming into nine radiant moons, resembling discs of pure white jade, suspended high in the heavens.

Moonlight spilled down, and everyone felt as if they had entered a dream. They could smell the fragrance of flowers and see the shadows of butterflies.

After seemingly entering a realm achievable only when intoxicated, each person felt as though they had traveled through endless lifetimes in the mortal world.

They could not help but feel the weariness of life and the sorrow of losing their aspirations, gradually sinking into their dreams completely.

Those who managed to stay clear-headed under this strike were all individuals with strong wills. But before they knew it...

Those around them had been drawn into the fantasy realm of reincarnation.

“Is the power of this sword array derived from the combined force of the Nine Swords Technique and Fantasy Sword Technique?”

Such a magnificent scene was both mesmerizing and terrifying.

The impact of “Bazhun’an’s” strike sent tremors through Rao Yaoyao’s heart, nearly overwhelming her senses.

After a moment, she composed herself, but traces of shock still lingered on her face.

“With each poem, a sword; with each sword, a song; heart following the divine, effortlessly summoned.” This description captured the essence of Bazhun’an’s swordsmanship in his early days!

And now, this person perfectly restored the “Bazhun’an” of that time.

Not only did he replicate his fighting style, but he also perfectly recreated his moves, including those of the “Forbidden Technique”!

“Bazhun’an’s” sword techniques rarely repeated themselves. Depending on the stage of the battle, he would combine different sword techniques to counter his opponent’s moves.

His carefree and unrestrained personality gave rise to this versatile fighting style, making it impossible to teach these things in a conventional manner.

Since his sword techniques were mostly unnamed, but were always accompanied by the phrase “With each poem, a sword; with each sword, a song,” later generations named them after the first line.

During the War of the Ten High Nobles, Rao Yaoyao had witnessed the brilliance of the “Nine Moons Embrace the Sky” move, but only once.

Its core was a fusion of the Nine Swords Technique and the Fantasy Sword Technique, but some of the intricate details were known only to “Bazhun’an” himself.

Even though Wen Ting was also an ancient swordsman and proficient in the Fantasy Sword Technique and the Nine Swords Technique, he might have found it difficult to reproduce the casually created sword style of “Bazhun’an.”

But now, this fake “Bazhun’an” executed it!

“How?”

If she had to find an explanation, Rao Yaoyao could only come up with this answer for herself:

This “Bazhun’an” in front of her must have studied the real Bazhun’an his whole life, thoroughly mastering all his abilities.

Furthermore, he must possess genuine talent and knowledge to perfectly reproduce the fleeting sword style that had appeared before the Ten High Nobles.

Or...

At some point, Rao Yaoyao began to suspect that perhaps this “Bazhun’an” might be the real one, but he was simply too weak or unwilling to fight in his previous defeat at her hands.

After all, the conditions for the first answer to take shape were too demanding.

But if the second answer were true, then the “Xiao Kongtong” on the other side must be fake, right?

How could a real Xiao Kongtong be fighting a real Bazhun’an?

That would contradict the words Xiao Kongtong had just shouted, “Honor your teacher as you would your own parent.”

Rao Yaoyao felt like her head and soul were about to split apart as she looked at “Bazhun’an” and then at “Xiao Kongtong.”

Real or fake? She could not tell!

She really could not!

However, the confusion was only the beginning of the unfolding scene.

Rao Yaoyao's inability to determine their identities was not the main issue because the subsequent events left her even more astonished!

"Where did you pick up this sword style?"

Xu Xiaoshou, disguised as Xiao Kongtong, exclaimed in both awe of the sword's brilliance and frustration at Xiao Kongtong's failure to follow the script.

What if he could not understand all these flashy moves? What if he wasted his time trying to learn them?

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Chapter 1955 I Really Can't Tell! (3)

In his current guise as the Eldest Senior Brother of Fringe Moon Immortal City, he absolutely could not step on the Way of the Sword Disc and learn the technique, lest his cover would be blown.

But it would be truly laughable if Xiao Kongtong could not handle fake Bazhun'an's sword.

Xu Xiaoshou also understood the meaning behind Big Mouth Xiao's words.

Under Rao Yaoyao's watchful gaze, no matter which one of them put on a fake fight, their true identities would be exposed at a glance.

So, they had to treat the fake Bazhun'an as if he were the real Bazhun'an, and the fake Xiao Kongtong as if he were the real Xiao Kongtong.

It did not matter that Xu Xiaoshou could not utilize the Way of the Sword Disc.

Born after his breakthrough to the Sovereign Stage and inheriting a set of new passive skills, his second true body had been learning stealthily in obscurity.

Naturally, the Way of the Sword Disc and Unity of Man and the Heavens were also inherited.

While Xu Xiaoshou's true self could not learn it, his second true body was constantly observing the battle while standing on a small Way of the Sword Disc.

Through seamless mental connection, his true self could receive real-time visuals and insights from his second true body.

In other words, Xu Xiaoshou himself could not learn on the spot, but his second true body could!

Hence, when confronted with the astonishing "Nine Moons Embrace the Sky" and the triggering of Spirit Awakening, Xu Xiaoshou simply said, "How can a fake Bazhun'an inherit the true Bazhun'an's supreme skill?"

During this moment, the second true body had already fully integrated the two major sword techniques that did not involve the first realm.

As for the sword moves that Xiao Kongtong could perform, in Xu Xiaoshou's eyes, they were nothing more than an audacious declaration in front of Rao Yaoyao and the others on Abyss Island.

"You can learn all you want."

"All the moves I can use are indeed the ones that the Eldest Senior Brother of Fringe Moon Immortal City can use."

"To put on a convincing act, you don't need to do anything else but imitate me."

They fought both a real battle and a performance!

And when it came to imitation, if Xu Xiaoshou dared to claim the first spot, no one else in the world could compete for second place!

"Who are you really? How do you know my teacher's sword techniques?"

In the eyes of onlookers, after "Xiao Kongtong's" moment of astonishment, he bellowed in fury, and the Nine Swords ascended to the sky, reminiscent of a familiar spectacle from before.

"Nine moons embrace the sky; illusory dreams lock away a thousand autumns. Dancing butterflies in inebriation, reincarnation weaves the sorrow of life."

Again, with each poem, a sword; with each sword, a song.

"Xiao Kongtong" deftly performed the Ten Sections of the Finger Sword, and the Nine Swords transformed into ethereal moons of white jade, hovering in the air, radiating a resplendent glow.

“D*mn!”

On Abyss Island, a resounding wave of exclamation filled the air as eighteen bright moons adorned the sky.

This one strike had left even those who had just walked out from under “Bazhun’an’s” sword completely mesmerized.

They were not captivated by “Xiao Kongtong’s” “Nine Moons Embrace the Sky,” but rather by the shocking divine battle technique displayed.

It was identical!

It was as if it had been carved from the same mold!

If one were to consider this fake Bazhun’an as the real Bazhun’an, then this indistinguishable Xiao Kongtong was truly perfectly replicating his teacher’s sword style.

As for who in the world could reproduce the legendary “With Each Poem, A Sword; With Each Sword, A Song” of the Eighth Sword Deity, no one other than Xiao Kongtong, the fanatical devotee of the Eighth Sword Deity himself, could possibly achieve such perfection.

And so, the fatal problem emerged...

“He can perform the ‘Nine Moons Embrace the Sky.’ He must be real!”

“He can also perform the ‘Nine Moons Embrace the Sky.’ He must be real too!”

“If they are both real, does that mean what Sword Saint Rao said was a lie?”

“Oh my god, is there even a possibility that Sword Saint Rao is the fake one... D*mn it. What am I thinking?”

“This can’t be true! It absolutely can’t be!”

“The scene I’ve yearned for in my dreams—the Eighth Sword Deity and the Eldest Senior Brother of Fringe Moon Immortal City wielding their swords together, demonstrating the Ancient Sword Technique—has it become a reality?”

“Ah, I’m done for.”

Chapter 1956 Crazy Art (1)

“Suspected, Passive Points +2268.”

“Acknowledged, Passive Points +1314.”

“Suspected...”

“Acknowledged...”

The Information Bar was overwhelmed at this moment, and the frequency of popup notifications reached a new height.

The spectators’ minds were also overloaded. Whether they were insignificant characters, ghost beasts, Rao Yaoyao, or Mei Siren, all of them felt as if they were witnessing a surreal battle in mid-air.

After the “Nine Moons Embrace the Sky,” they exchanged another round of the “3000 Sword Styles.”

Soon, it became apparent that the “Same Sect” tactic would only lead to a stalemate. “Bazhun’an” once again employed the lost art of the “Phantom Swords Technique,” combining it with:

“Flowers in the mirror, moon in the water, ripples reflect all, hundred ghost night walk.”

Almost simultaneously, “Xiao Kongtong” replicated the exact move:

“Flowers in the mirror, moon in the water, ripples reflect all, hundred ghost night walk!”

The eerie wailing of ghosts traveled back and forth in the world where everyone was trapped in the illusion of the mirror and water, tearing each other apart.

A radius of tens of thousands of miles transformed into a realm teeming with demons and malevolent spirits.

Their swords clashed, unable to break through each other’s defense, leaving the spectators horrified.

When someone managed to break free, they realized that the previous “Nine Moons Embrace the Sky” had taken away a group of people, and now the “Flowers in the Mirror” had snatched another batch.

Those immersed in the Fantasy Sword Technique either slipped into a coma or met their demise, never to return to consciousness.

But the battle in the void continued!

“Across the sky, a sword divides yin and yang; a river spanning a thousand miles, erases centuries into emptiness....”

The Fantasy Sword Technique had no effect on the opponent. With a roar, “Bazhun’an” thrust his sword toward the heavens, instantly conjuring a suspended blade of cyan using the Mo Sword Technique.

The sword seemed to cut through space, nearly delivering a fatal blow to “Xiao Kongtong.”

However, before “Bazhun’an” was about to finalize his attack, the second true body had fully digested the move, enabling “Xiao Kongtong” to swiftly bridge the gap.

“...Cutting through the tangible yet nameless Dao; subverting illusion and reality, human and spirit!”

The same maneuver, the same sword technique.

The two suspended cyan swords, formed using the Mo Sword Technique, twisted the concepts of “reality” and “illusion” under the Swordless Sword Form.

In the thunderous clash, the Path Principles were severed and exposed, while everything else in reality seemed almost transparent.

At the same time, the spectators felt their bodies and souls turned upside down, and the notions of reality and illusion were redefined.

Though the two swords could not break each other, the sword cognition released in their collision killed countless weaker cultivators who got too close.

Their bodies twisted, and their spirits were severed!

The battle reached the pinnacle of the first realm of the Ancient Sword Technique!

Rao Yaoyao was astounded. Should they both turn out to be imposters, the cost of disguise was incredibly high.

Three of the Nine Major Sword Techniques and Eighteen Sword Forms had been revealed: Absolute Imperial Control, Spirits Controlling, and Swordless Sword Form.

Who in the entire world of ancient swordsmen could possess such mastery and combine them into a joint technique?

The swords they wielded left others bewildered and amazed.

Rao Yaoyao lived in the same era as Bazhun'an, so she could recognize that these swords were undoubtedly the same as the famous ones that Bazhun'an used to kill the sword gods of the Holy Sword Land in the Eastern Region.

"What's going on here..."

Besides the fact that both of them were the real deal, Rao Yaoyao could not come up with any reasonable explanation.

She could not help but press her hand against her forehead, trying to recall if she had possessed this level of combat power in the past.

Undoubtedly, both of them exhibited the prowess of Sword Deity, surpassing the fundamental level.

The previous suspicions seemed to be overturned.

Still, the shock was only the beginning!

"Well, kid, you've made great progress?" "Bazhun'an" was surprised to see that the opponent could replicate his moves one after another.

He was genuinely surprised!

Was Xu Xiaoshou's talent not extremely terrifying?

Previously, when Master Siren taught him the Heart Sword Technique, it was claimed that he could master it at the drop of a hat, but Xiao Kongtong had been somewhat skeptical.

But now, he was convinced, wholeheartedly convinced!

Across from him, "Xiao Kongtong" was giving no quarter.

"Who are you, and how can you mimic so many of my teacher's sword moves? How many 'good deeds' have you done using my teacher's identity?" He could even help redeem Old Eighth.

"Heh, take a guess?" Fake Old Eighth's retreat served as an advance; anyone intelligent could see it.

"I guess you've hit rock bottom, and I am the one inheriting my teacher's ultimate techniques!"

"Bazhun'an's" eyes narrowed as he heard those arrogant words. "A gnat's dream," he mocked with a cold smile.

After a moment of pause, his entire being crackled with the Way of the Sword. Illusions converged and the Mo Sword materialized, surging like a river.

“Endless gushing of the azure river, blue smoke eludes the purple shuttle...”

Rao Yaoyao’s eyelids twitched as he pointed his sword finger.

With the Infinite Number of Nine Swords Technique as its core, this single strike amplified the power of the Green River Sword Boardline from Mo Sword Technique to the extreme.

The two great first realms merged, instantly dyeing the sword’s green into a pale purple.

If the earlier maneuvers were mere warm-ups of the Ancient Sword Technique, there was no denying that they had now unleashed their full potential.

Released by a force that was multiplied beyond measure, the Green River Sword Boardline could take on even Rao Yaoyao’s sword.

So, was “Bazhun’an” truly hiding his true abilities when he failed to block her sword earlier?

On the other side, “Xiao Kongtong” cast a startled glance. “You can do this too?”

Finishing his words, he flawlessly duplicated this strike, even copying “With each poem, a sword; with each sword, a song”:

“Endless gushing of the azure river, blue smoke eludes the purple shuttle; illusions form a prison within, trapped in suffering with no escape!”

The purple infinite sword realm swept in from the other side, and at the same moment, the tormenting sword prison surged forth from within “Xiao Kongtong.”

Chapter 1957: Crazy Art (2)

Translator: Nyoibo Studio Editor: Nyoibo Studio

The two collided with a shocking boom.

After the MO Sword’s move to tear the other party apart failed, it directed all its energy now toward the other side; it tore their clothes apart and tried to stab them and created a bloody mess.

However, the Sword realm did not stop, it still fought to the death.

“Crazy!”

“I’m really going crazy!”

The Spiritual Cultivators on the island were completely dumbfounded.

There were already some Spiritual Swordsman from the Eastern Region who were thrilled and excited.

The most recent battle that featured the combat strength of this Ancient Sword Technique could be traced back to the previous generation of the Southern Region’s Seven Sword Deity.

Now, on Abyss Island, not only were the battle scenes that featured the Ancient Sword Technique that had been silent for decades been awakened, but there was also a different kind of battle between Master and disciple.

With this type of intensity, it would not be an exaggeration to say that it was the opening battle of the new era’s Seven Sword Deity’s competition!

The Ancient Swordsman were famous for their top-notch combat strength.

The battles between the Ancient Swordsman were also known for their magnificence.

Of the two, the former Eighth Sword Deity was the most powerful.

He was the representative of the perfect combination of ‘art’ and ‘madness’, so he was the most respected.

Once the battle started, not only would Bazhun’an go all out to fight, even the spectators would be fascinated.

The current battle was almost like the time when Bazhun’an killed his way through the Eastern Region’s Holy Sword Land.

Regardless of their status, these two people had at least displayed the ultimate Way of the Sword technique!

There were still people who were afraid of these fights and they had retreated far away.

At this time, all the Spiritual Cultivators on Abyss Island who could withstand the aftermath of the battle watched attentively.

There were very few pure youths who could enter the Cutting Path and Higher Void level. Most of them were people of a certain age.

However, in the previous era, most of them did not even have the qualifications to become famous. They did not have the strength or capital to do so, let alone come into contact with the Eighth Sword Deity.

They had watched the battle before, and that was the closest they had ever gotten to the word Eighth Sword Deity. Now, this title had become a topic of many an after dinner conversation.

Therefore, at this moment, they tried to pull themselves back to that era and put themselves in that role. They wanted to find out if they could withstand the other party's sword and break out of the situation.

When they found out that it was almost impossible to break this Ancient Sword Technique, they couldn't help but feel a sense of respect.

At this moment, the fear they experienced was the nightmare of all the geniuses of that era who were dominated by the words Eighth Sword Deity!

As long as an Ancient Swordsman took form, there was indeed no solution!

In the void, the two of them pretended to fight. He didn't know what Xu Xiaoshou was up to but Xiao Kongtong was really all fired up!

Good dog!

How did this kid manage to learn every sword move he made?

This kind of talent simply made people's eyes turn red with envy!

He was certain that Xu Xiaoshou had never learned these sword moves. His Teacher never had the time to teach him personally, and his Teacher had even forgotten all the sword moves he had used before.

Xiao Kongtong almost thought that Xu Xiaoshou had made a lot of preparations before he impersonated him.

It was precisely because he knew these things that he was even more shocked.

Outsiders only felt that the 'Xiao Kongtong' opposite them was already the real deal and could no longer be questioned.

Once again, he realized the degree of completion that Xu Xiaoshou could achieve when he pretended to be a human.

One hundred percent and it almost overflowed!

“Time actually leaped into the mirror in the clouds; it flew out of the world and disappeared without a trace...”

“... It was difficult for the mulberry trees and elm trees to retreat from the rosy clouds, and it was impossible to return to one’s youth!”

He used a Space-Time Transition to disrupt Xiao Kongtong’s timeline and warp its time; it would thus return to the time when it learned to speak.

The World Order did not allow this.

Once a person was truly able to testify to the Great Path, there was a high chance that the above board rejuvenation would be sentenced to death by the rules-at a price that no human could resist, such as exhaustion of his lifespan.

In this Fantasy Sword Technique, Bazhun’an used the power of time and it was almost deadly.

However, Xiao Kongtong returned the attack.

Not only did he use sword to sword, song to song, and the power of time to deal with it, but he also almost attacked Bazhun’an and caused him to be killed by the Path Principles

“My Three-Foot Sword will kill the God in your heart...”

“... How dare you banish an immortal and disrespect the White Jade City!”

The combination of the Heart Sword Technique and the Absolute Imperial Control had created a three-foot-long illusion of a Deity Sword. It was almost half the size of the Abyss Island in everyone’s eyes.

Many people were stunned or knocked unconscious, and had a mental breakdown due to this imposing sword aura.

However, Xiao Kongtong managed to withstand it, and with a counter-attack, the battle was almost blown apart by the blast of air.

This sword strike could clearly involve the Present Gods and Buddhas in his eyes... Xu Xiaoshou understood Xiao Kongtong’s intention to hold back.

If his Heart Sword Technique followed suit, his identity would be exposed.

Fortunately, Xiao Kongtong was a smart person. He knew that while he used all his skills, he could still hold back and he knew what he could and could not do.

You came and I left, one after the other.

It was full of twists and turns.

The battle had reached a stalemate. Each of the Nine Major Sword Techniques had already reached more than half of their first realms.

Rao Yaoyao couldn't understand at all.

The strength of these two people had far surpassed the most basic concept of any Sword Deity!

If it had been in the Battle of the Seven Sword Deity back then, perhaps with a little luck, he would have been able to get a spot.

But why was it that Bazhun'an fought with Xiao Kongtong?

One of these two people was definitely fake, or maybe both of them were fake. However, who could be the one who pretended to be them?

Now, Rao Yaoyao realized that there were no two people in the world who could replicate Bazhun'an's sword forms..

Chapter 1958: Crazy Art (3)

Translator: Nyoibo Studio Editor: Nyoibo Studio

Before the battle, she had suspected that one of them might be Xu Xiaoshou.

However, she knew how weak Xu Xiaoshou's Ancient Sword Technique was!

Even if these two people were Bazhun'an in disguise, it was impossible for one of them to be Xu Xiaoshou!

As the battle intensified, the two of them fought further and further away.

From the ruins of First Hall of Sins to the ruins of the giant kingdom, they went straight to the Forest of Miracles. They were extremely destructive, and there was a possibility that they could go even further.

However, the fluctuations of the battle did not stop and leveled up, layer by layer.

Both sides went all out as they tried to tear apart the other party's disguise and kill each other.

This wasn't fake. Anyone could see it.

If one of them failed to take the sword, they would die on the spot.

Thus, Rao Yaoyao felt a temporary relief. She cast these two aside and returned to her own business.

Since the 'Bazhun'an' who she didn't know was real or fake had been pulled away by 'Xiao Kongtong' in battle, she could take the opportunity to clean up the rest of the battle.

"Old Mei, you can leave now."

Rao Yaoyao said this with a determined look in her eyes. She even changed the way she addressed him.

She was moved by the the words 'Honor your teacher as you would your own parent' that Xiao Kongtong had said earlier and she would still remember this debt.

Today, she wouldn't attack Mei Siren, but in the future, Mei Siren would definitely pay the price for what he did today.

After she expelled Mei Siren, the Five Decays of Heaven and Man, the Frost Ferret and Xu Xiaoshou, who were left behind, would have to be dealt with by herself.

"Rao Yaoyao..."

Mei Siren looked melancholic and wanted to say something more, but Rao Yaoyao interrupted him.

"Old Mei, you don't have to say anything. You have to leave Abyss Island now. As for what would happen after that, you can either go to the Saint Mountain and explain yourself, or someone will come and look for you."

Mei Siren was silent.

If it were Xu Xiaoshou, he would have pulled out his sword long ago. If he mocked Rao Yaoyao again, it would have provoked her to draw her sword.

However Xu Xiaoshou had already left!

Xiao Kongtong and his strategy had worked very well. It was too successful, so successful that Mei Siren almost exclaimed in surprise.

With a dazzling display that caused a disruption to the battle situation, Rao Yaoyao lost her focus on the 'Three Realms Bind on the Emperor'. She then continued to focus on the true and false identities of the two that caused Yan Wuse to appear later.

He used the realms of the major sword techniques to divert Rao Yaoyao's attention. He used the illusion of 'having done his best' and 'fought to the death' to make her let down her guard and planted the seed that the two of them would not let the other off easily.

The more they fought, the more out of control they would get. They would expand the scope of the battle from this place to the entire Abyss Island and stay far away from Rao Yaoyao. When the time was right, the two of them would definitely reach a tacit understanding and escape from the Abyss Island by means of the 'Space-Time Transition'.

Mei Siren couldn't guarantee Xu Xiaoshou's Space-Time Transition, but Xiao Kongtong could definitely bring him along.

If Mei Siren was not sure before... Just now, from Xiao Kongtong's display, it was enough.

To be able to kill his way through a world and establish the Fringe Moon Immortal City that was as famous as the Burial Sword Tomb. Even if he were only a young man, he definitely did live up to his reputation.

In short:

Xu Xiaoshou appeared as Xiao Kongtong and staged a reincarnation of Bazhun'an. He fought from the east to the west and this was definitely the best move in this game on Abyss Island!

And the silent tacit understanding between Xu and Xiao made those who knew them well applaud mightily!

Mei Siren had already made a calculation.

After Xu and Xiao departed, he was the only one left at the scene.

However Xu Xiaoshou had used the phrase 'learn from me and take my place' at the very beginning to quell Rao Yaoyao's desire to draw her sword. Sure enough, now that Rao Yaoyao was about to release the tiger back into the nnnllntninq Rhp Qtil thn110ht thnt Rha the nprqnn hpfnrp

In that case, there was only the Frost Ferret left at the scene, and there was also a second Xu Xiaoshou. He did not know how he was created and had no idea how to take it away.

The Frost Ferret had the Super Saint Escape Technique, that was definitely part of Xu Xiaoshou's plan. As long as it was not burdened by outsiders and did not want to participate in the battle and Yan Wuse was still unconscious... He would definitely be able to escape!

This was because his opponent this time was an Ancient Swordsman.

Mei Siren was an Ancient Swordsman himself, so he knew that it would be difficult for him to restrain the Frost Ferret that wanted to escape.

In that case, the only one left was the second Xu Xiaoshou, who was supposed to be sacrificed.

"Master Siren..."

When he thought of this, Xu Xiaoshou, who was behind him, had already pleaded bitterly with him.

His expression was so sincere that no one could tell that it was all a pretense. It was as if he really wanted to live and really wanted someone to take him away.

If it wasn't for the fact that the real Xu Xiaoshou had left the battlefield, Mei Siren would have been moved.

However, he still had to put on a show, a show of his final soft-heartedness, to put a perfect end to Xu Xiaoshou's final-stage move.

As expected, Mei Siren had just turned his head and his eyes softened. Rao Yaoyao snorted coldly.

"You can leave, but Xu Xiaoshou must stay.. This is a matter of principle!"

Chapter 1959: Go Home and Rest! (1)

Translator: Nyoibo Studio Editor: Nyoibo Studio

Principles...

Mei Siren closed his eyes as he thought of something.

After a long while, he sighed but did not speak. Then he turned around and disappeared.

When the second true body saw this scene, it closed its eyes even more tightly. It wanted to say something to get him to stay, but it had received an absolute order from the original body.

Why...

Why was it that in this world, the ones who were injured were always the second true body and the various Clones?

Did a Clone not have any human rights? They... Ptui, they were humans too!

But with Mei Siren gone, Rao Yaoyao eyed him like a tiger that watched its prey. Even at the cost of his own safety, his second true body had to stall for time.

Otherwise, everything that everyone had staged just now would be meaningless.

“Disappear! ”

Under Rao Yaoyao’s watchful eyes, he disappeared from his original spot.

In the next second, the second true body sensed that the land within a radius of 10 ,000 miles had been exiled.

“You’re too cute. Give me a way out...”

They had all left!

When she saw that Mei Siren, Xu Xiaoshou, the real and fake Bazhun’an, and Xiao Kongtong had all left the battlefield, Rao Yaoyao was somewhat unaccustomed to it.

She felt that there was something strange at first, but she couldn’t place a finger on what the feeling was.

Because Ba who left with a smile was part of her plan.

As long as the two of them fought, she would be able to unleash her combat strength and not have to worry too much.

She had allowed Mei Siren to leave. She would bear the consequences, so there was nothing to say.

Xu Xiaoshou could not use the Vanishing Technique to escape from the banished space. This was the confirmed information that the Holy Divine

Palace had obtained.

So on the surface, these four people were out of her sight, but in fact, only one escaped, and she let them go. The others could be caught at any time.

Everything was still under control!

Rao Yaoyao didn't pay attention to Xu Xiaoshou for the time being.

Although this person was weak, his Life force was very tenacious.

The most important thing now was not to make use of any kind of method to suppress his living space and force his main body to appear.

Instead, she had to deal with the Five Decays of Heaven and Man and look for

Huang Quang. She took the Frost Ferret back and sealed it in the Inner Island.

Of course, even though she did all of this, there was something important that had been delayed.

"Elder Yan was actually sealed by the Three Realms Sword. Is that Bazhun'an for real?"

When her gaze returned to the scene of the Three Realms Bind on the Emperor, doubts surfaced in Rao Yaoyao's heart.

But no matter what, only when she freed people from the Three Realms Sword would she be able to obtain all the correct answers.

Rao Yaoyao raised the Cang Godhood Sword.

At this moment, the Five Decays of Heaven and Man moved.

He had hung around at the back of the battle and didn't dare to act rashly for fear that he would attract Rao Yaoyao's attention in advance.

Now I saw how Ba, Xiao and Mei managed to escape, each through their own nimble means.

The Five Decays of Heaven and Man knew that Rao Yaoyao was still kept in the dark. The ones who had escaped should have been Xu, Xiao, and Mei. Mei Siren would never abandon Xu Xiaoshou and leave him on his own. This was contrary to everything he had done before.

Moreover Xu Xiaoshou had previously shown that he had the ability to duplicate a Clone.

It was just that Rao Yaoyao, who had just arrived, didn't know what had happened before, so there had been a small gap in the information given to her.

It was very minor, but it was also fatal!

Since Xu Xiaoshou had run away already, there was no point for him, a cheap ally in his eyes, to stay.

Huang Quan's mission was only a mission, but the Five Decays of Heaven and Man's unassuming life was still a life.

At this moment, his life was more important than the mission.

Rao Yaoyao's intention when she raised her sword was meant for the Three Realms Bind on the Emperor.

If Yan Wuse was really released, no one would be able to escape.

Therefore, the Five Decays of Heaven and Man caused a huge commotion. He exploded into a ball of decaying fog on the spot and fled in a different direction from Mei, Xu, and Xiao.

This made everyone present alarmed.

When he saw that there wasn't much for him to do on the battlefield, Elder Han had already reduced his size and was ready to leave.

As soon as the Five Decays of Heaven and Man made a move, he immediately used the Super Saint Escape Technique and fled in the opposite direction.

The two of them were silent, but their tacit understanding was sufficient. They had already noticed the situation of the space being banished so the two of them made the same decision:

"When I reach the end of the banished space, if possible, I can break the Force of Exile and let Xu Xiaoshou's Clone play up a little longer in order to buy some time."

"Lord Shou was actually abandoned by Mei Siren! The look in his eyes before he left was to tell me to make my own escape? But I'm not such a person. No matter what, I have to help Lord Shou break through the banished space, right?"

The Five Decays of Heaven and Man, the Frost Ferret, or the Three Realms Bind on the Emperor was a problem.

Rao Yaoyao hated herself that she did not have the time to come up with a sacrificial refinement of a Demi-Saint incarnation when she encountered such a situation as she held her sword.

She wanted all three options!

At this moment, Yu Lingdi, who hid within the depths of the ruins, finally appeared.

Back at the First Hall of Sins, the first thing Yan Wuse did when he appeared was to save him.

Thus, Yu Lingdi managed to watch the entire Saint War.

However, at that level, to get involved was no different from giving himself up for free, so he only watched as a spectator.

Now that Rao Yaoyao was here, the situation had taken a turn for the better. Although Yu Lingdi had a lot to say, he was pressed for time. He swallowed all the contents and only uttered the most important sentence.

“Sword Saint Rao, before Huang Quan left, he took away half of the power of the secondary plane door!”

Rao Yaoyao instantly turned her gaze toward the Five Decades of Heaven and Man.

Although Yu Lingdi didn't have the time to explain the reason, she wasn't stupid. From this sentence, she could tell who was the most important..

Chapter 1960: Go Home and Rest! (2)

Translator: Nyoibo Studio | Editor: Nyoibo Studio

“Run?”

The Cang Godhood Sword hummed. Rao Yaoyao snorted coldly and transformed into a piercingly cold sword light. She chased after the waning mist with a whoosh. “I'll leave Elder Yan to you.”

“Don't worry.”

Even if the Water-type Upanishad couldn't defeat the combination of the fake Bazhun'an, the fake Xiao Kongtong, and Mei Siren, couldn't it break the defense of the Three Realms Sword, whose master wasn't even present?

Yu Lingdi crawled out from the ruins. He was covered in dust, but his eyes were very bright.

At this moment, he was the strongest on the battlefield.

Throughout the entire Abyss Island, there was no one below the Demi-Saint Realm who could fight or survive.

So what if he had been temporarily weaker?

Only those who could survive the Saint war and play their role once again were truly useful!

Yu Lingdi didn't even bother to check on the Three Realms Sword. Instead, he looked around and shouted.

"Where is Situ Yongren?"

He knew that Situ Yongren didn't die under the Ancestral Origin Emperor Tribulation. Instead, he used the power of the Bian Luo Great Compass to protect himself at the critical moment and escape the Saint war.

It had not been easy to pull that off.

He, Yu Lingdi, was able to survive the Saint war, so he naturally knew that Situ Yongren, who managed to survive here, had extraordinary abilities.

This person could still play a greater role, so he naturally had to find him.

It was impossible for Situ Yongren to leave the Abyss Island through the power of a spiritual weapon.

The Holy Divine Palace's stand would not likely have made Situ Yongren feel fear and leave this place.

Therefore, he must have hidden himself near the battlefield and used some special heavenly ability.

Or perhaps he was here, but no one saw it.

Thus, with a shout from Yu Lingdi, the heavenly ability quickly appeared in the distance. Situ Yongren appeared with a pale face, and he had permanent palpitations after he survived such a calamity.

“Can you still move?” The corners of Yu Lingdi’s lips curled up as he glanced at the man’s crotch. He almost wanted to taunt him with this remark, “I was so scared that I peed my pants.” However, he held back.

“Sure.” Situ Yongren nodded solemnly.

He had also been here for a long time and noticed that Yu Lingdi had hidden under the ruins of the battlefield. Then he felt more at ease and continued to stay hidden.

He thought, “This so-called Spiritual Division Chief, the number one youth on the continent, chose to stay hidden.”

“I’m just a mere Divine Sorcerer who can’t even become a Path Division Chief. Even if my Supreme Master was famous, why would I want to risk my life and die an early death?”

“Now that all the Demi-saints had left, it was time for the young man to play his role again.”

“However, this Yu Lingdi really lived up to his name as the Spirit Division Chief. He was really brave and still dared to show himself.”

Situ Yongren didn’t want to come out.

He himself felt that the ‘trials’ he had undergone on this trip were enough. In fact, they had even seriously exceeded the standard. It was at a level that even his Supreme Master would have approved of.

However, after his experience in the Saint war, he realized how insignificant he was.

At the critical moment, Yu Lingdi still dared to stand up and even point out the direction for Sword Saint Rao. This convinced Situ Yongren.

There were indeed some differences between the Chief and the acting Chief.

However, Situ Yongren also underestimated himself. He felt that once he took over the position of the Path Division Chief, he would also take responsibility.

The only difference between him and Yu Lingdi was that he was used to it and had gone out often to gain experience.

This was not a big deal.

Time would prove everything.

“What are your plans?” Yu Lingdi asked directly.

He didn't put on airs and didn't think that the top person in the Path Division had to listen to his arrangements as the Spirit Division Chief during the war.

This was not necessary.

There was no such thing as a superior and subordinate relationship between the Path and Spirit Divisions. They were only responsible for their own areas.

He also respected Situ Yongren's thoughts – if this guy wasn't so scared that he didn't even know what to do next. “I...” Situ Yongren was speechless.

Plan?

What other plans would he have?

After the battle, the Demi-saints would be left to fight, and the rest would go home.

After he returned to the Saint Mountain to recuperate, digest his recent experiences, and become stronger, he would come up with a plan.

What did Yu Lingdi mean by this question? Did he still want to continue to participate in the Saint war?

“Are you crazy?” Situ Yongren's eyes widened. He didn't say it directly, but he knew that Yu Lingdi guessed what he had referred to.

“I understand.” Yu Lingdi nodded calmly and bowed. “Go home and rest first. Do you need me to help you find a void token?”

Situ Yongren's face turned red with anger. He could have squeezed out blood with a single pinch.

He swept his gaze over the people on the Abyss Island who watched the battle. He felt that his reputation as the so-called 'number one of the Path Division' had been crushed by Yu Lingdi.

“Or perhaps, you had already prepared the void token in advance. Or Hallmaster Dao had personally prepared some diapers for you?” Yu Lingdi tilted his head and spoke again.

Situ Yongren's eyes were almost aflame with anger. But after he stuttered for a long time, he could not say a single word of retort.

Yes, he had the void token. As long as he could find one of the four symbols gates in the Sky City, he could leave the battlefield at any time.

Yes, this token had been prepared by Hallmaster Dao for him. However, he did not get it in advance. He only obtained it after the Bian Luo Great Compass exploded... Eh?

Situ Yongren's thoughts froze.

If this wasn't considered early, then what was?

After he calmed down a little, he felt ashamed that he had been provoked into a rage by a peer, and he found the reason.

"You don't have to goad me. It's just that you don't have a void token and that you want to pull me down..."

Thwack.

Without another word, Yu Lingdi took out a void token and slapped it on Situ Yongren's cheek before he stuffed it into his hand..

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Chapter 1961: Go Home and Rest! (3)

Translator: Nyoibo Studio Editor: Nyoibo Studio

He waved his hand with a look of disdain. He turned around and said.

"Go home, look for your father and drink your milk."

Situ Yongren's mind went blank as he roared, "Stop!"

Yu Lingdi's figure froze and he turned his head to sneer. "Why? I don't have the time to feed you milk."

"You..." Situ Yongren's anger almost went out of control, but he endured everything and threw the void token back. He asked, "What do you want... to

No opinion?

Yu Lingdi subconsciously wanted to mock him again, but after he glanced at the surrounding chaos, he took a deep breath and returned to the main topic.

“Go and activate Number Two. Use your ability and try to repair it...”

“I can’t repair it.” Situ Yongren shook his head.

Then what use are you?

At a certain moment, Yu Lingdi almost slapped this person’s head, but he restrained himself.

Indeed, Situ Yongren could not repair the Divine Oracle.

“Then control it and use it like an ordinary Divine Puppet. That should be something you can do. At the very least, you can increase your battle prowess and protect yourself.” Yu Lingdi said.

“I need time.”

“You now have a lot of time; you can even follow that dead thing until the end of time. When the aura of the Frost Ferret can’t lock on to it and everyone had left this place. Then you would be safe and sound and can retreat calmly.”

“You!” Situ Yongren gritted his teeth so hard that they almost shattered. He almost shouted, “Did you eat some f*cking explosives?”

On second thought...

That’s right, if he was the Spirit Division Chief, he would explode whenever someone came. He was in a bad temper now.

He could still order people around and even dared to stand up. This was already a very ‘outstanding’ performance.

Situ Yongren could only comfort himself that his personality was too good for these villains. Then, he said, “I need 15 minutes.”

Yu Lingdi turned and looked at him.

This gaze made one’s hair stand on end. Situ Yongren could not help but ask,

“Why are you looking at me?”

Yu Lingdi looked intently at him again, then looked at the sky and pointed upwards.

“Why don’t you go up?”

“15 minutes, by that time, the daylily would already be cold. What use do I have for you?”

Then, he threw out a drop of blood and said.

“This is the blood left behind by the Frost Ferret on the battlefield. Repair Number Two within Ten Aura. Number Two’s consciousness was only wiped away by the Wisdom is Emptiness. His body was not severely damaged.” “Then, control it and lock onto the Frost Ferret’s Aura.”

“Otherwise, when that Ghost Beast regained its senses, you won’t be able to locate anything.”

You want me to ride Senior Number Two to hunt down a Demi-Saint Ghost Beast? Are you crazy?

Even if it was just to lock onto the aura, it would still attract the attention of a Demi-saint!

Situ Yongren’s eyelids twitched violently. He suppressed his anger and asked, “What about you?”

Yu Lingdi’s face was calm as he turned to the Three Realms Bind on the

Emperor. “Why don’t I let you do it?”

Situ Yongren’s gaze followed his and the anger in his heart suddenly disappeared.

The sword image, the Great Buddha, and the shadow of the lonely building...

Not to mention the power of the first two, just the sword intent of the third Sword Will alone was enough to cause people to have a cultivation deviation..

In addition to their terrifying bodies, they were simply daunting!

How could such an imagery of the Divine Sorcerer who needed heavenly aid to exert his combat strength be broken so easily?

“Ten Aura, it is.”

Situ Yongren mumbled and looked away. He did not turn back and headed toward the direction of Senior Number Two.

He had to admit that there was still a small gap between himself and the Chief of the six divisions..

Chapter 1962: Humans Should Have Compassion! (1)

Translator: Nyoï-Bo Studio Editor: Nyoï-Bo Studio

“Come back.”

Yu Lingdi was not about to let this guy off so easily.

“What’s the matter now?”

Situ Yongren had already conceded somewhat.

But the other side was pushing his luck, and it was getting on his nerves.

Did he really think he could call him back just to humiliate him again? He was not the one who pummeled his head, was he? This person must be out of his mind!

“Here, take this.” Yu Lingdi did not say much and flicked out a drop of golden water.

“What is this?” Situ Yongren became cautious, using his spiritual source to envelop it from a distance, careful not to make direct contact.

“This is a small portion of the power that I can draw out of the secondary plane door phantom. You can carry it with you. If you’re afraid of losing it, you can swallow it beforehand, but don’t keep it in the spatial ring.”

“Why?”

“Because, at a critical moment, it won’t be able to save your life.”

As he finished his words, Yu Lingdi waved his hand and dove straight toward the direction of the Three Realms Bind on The Emperor, leaving Situ Yongren alone to gaze at the departing figure, his expression riddled with confusion.

“This guy...”

The secondary plane door required at least a demi-saint to activate.

Yu Lingdi, who had just achieved the Cutting Path Stage, was able to extract some power from it. But why would he allocate some of it to Situ Yongren?

Did he look down on him?

Why did he not save it for his own use?

It was unlikely he was loaded with that stuff. And he had to keep it at hand?

Not sensing any danger, Situ Yongren withdrew his spiritual source. But he vaguely understood why Yu Lingdi had emphasized swallowing the golden droplet if he was afraid of losing it.

“Heh, tough on the outside, tender...”

Situ Yongren shook his head and swallowed the drop of golden water, muttering under his breath.

Soon, his expression stiffened. His face took on an incredibly strange look and he immediately broke off his words. He composed his expression, a face he found to be quite dashing, and silently made his way toward Senior Number Two.

“The secondary plane door from Huang Quan only has half of its power?”

On the other side, Five Decays of Heaven and Man was desperately fleeing. Yu Lingdi’s earlier words still had him reeling in shock.

This probably meant that the secondary plane door in Huang Quan’s hands was fake!

It was already outrageous for Yu Lingdi, within his realm’s limits, to be capable of harnessing the power of the secondary plane door phantom. However, the fact that he managed to deceive Huang Quan with a counterfeit was even more astonishing.

But that was irrelevant now.

Never mind whether Huang Quan had likely escaped from Abyss Island at this point, even if he was still there, these matters were not ones he should be concerning himself with.

Because Rao Yaoyao, triggered by those words, was relentlessly pursuing him, her sword primed for attack!

Escaping was not Five Decays of Heaven and Man’s strong suit.

For his abilities to be maximally effective, he could only affect the Arena from the rear, directly or indirectly influencing those in the battle.

And what a remote mage feared the most was an ancient swordsman with the power to bring things to an end.

Even though Rao Yaoyao had not attained sanctification, Five Decays of

Heaven and Man dared not challenge the wielder of the Cang Godhood Sword. Moreover, he was apprehensive to face her head-on, especially when his combat strength was diminished.

Capitalizing on the head start he had secured by fleeing ahead, Five Decays of Heaven and Man pressed on to the farthest reaches of the exiled realm. He sensed the edge of this world of exile as he ventured deeper.

Once set free, Xu Xiaoshou's clone could lend a hand.

Without hesitation, Five Decays of Heaven and Man put his plan in motion, and an aura of decay surged from within him, coalescing in his palms.

"Hand of Decay!"

The thick gray mist twisted and contorted in his grasp, resembling interlocking jagged teeth, as Five Decays of Heaven and Man plunged his hands into the void.

Sizzle!

Effortlessly, he extracted the Order of the Heavens as if it had tangible form, and tore it apart with a swift motion.

With a resounding tear, the corrosive aura of decay spread in all directions, carving a colossal rift into the fabric of the exile world.

As the rift opened, Xu Xiaoshou's vanished clone faced two choices:

To aid or to flee.

In a brief pause, Five Decays of Heaven and Man realized there were no signs of reinforcements.

The idea that Xu Xiaoshou's clone could be well ahead, concealed from his view, made him curse as he charged through the rift.

"Where do you think you're going?"

But this momentary delay in action allowed Rao Yaoyao to catch up from behind.

She smirked and halted her pursuit when she saw the selfless masked man of

Yama.

Separated by a great distance, Five Decays of Heaven and Man fell within the range of her influence.

This distance was not extreme, yet it was a mark of respect for the demi-saint's capabilities. Within this range, Rao Yaoyao's combat strength could reach its zenith.

“Beneath the vast sky, none are exempt from the rule of kings.”

“On the shores of the land, none are free from the service of sovereigns!”

As the crowd on Abyss Island wondered why Sword Saint Rao had ceased her chase, the resonating echoes of the Saint Language filled their ears.

Before the echoes of the sacred words could fade, an illusion emerged, depicting All Life Forms of the Secular World. Spanning a thousand miles, it manifested a miniature realm of the mundane.

In this realm, there were commoners and nobles, merchants and scholars, officials and warriors—a complete tapestry of society.

Whether within or beyond the boundaries of this realm, all gazes converged, irresistibly drawn to the apex where Rao Yaoyao stood.

At that instant, flecks of worldly dust danced around Rao Yaoyao.

As the collective reverence from this realm solidified into a tangible force, translucent bonds of light, symbolic of connection, became entwined with her body.

A phantom crown graced Rao Yaoyao’s head, elevating her presence. Her demeanor grew aloof, imperious, and dominant, asserting supremacy over all.

“Royal Sword Emperor’s Execution!”

Chapter 1963: Humans Should Have Compassion! (2)

Translator: Nyoibo Studio Editor: Nyoibo Studio

As her scarlet lips parted, the Cang Godhood Sword sliced through the air with an ethereal arc.

Trapped within the realm of the Secular World, Five Decays of Heaven and Man was suppressed by the collective power of All Life Form, temporarily ensnared and unable to escape. A chill ran down his spine, a foreboding of impending doom.

With a start, he turned, and his gaze met a crimson sword light, a manifestation of the myriad thoughts and aspirations of all mortal beings. Merely beholding this sword evoked an inexhaustible sense of irreverence.

He felt infinitesimally small and lowly before an exalted emperor.

Regardless of the emperor's presence, the grandeur of the king's retinue and regal carriage was not intended for the eyes of ordinary mortals.

The notion of "he could be overthrown" had yet to take root, and strategies to counter such mental attacks remained elusive.

"Ugh

A piercing screech shattered the air.

Five Decays of Heaven and Man's body quivered, and a three-legged black owl materialized on his left shoulder. Behind the mask, his gaze dulled, and his will was on the brink of collapse.

If limited to external attacks, he could withstand them, as the ultimate consequence was simply death.

But under his current condition, his vulnerability lay in his susceptibility to higher-tier mental interference.

The lingering influence of Ye Xiao, a demi-saint by all means, impeded the process of "complete assimilation."

In pivotal moments, Great Psionic Weapons like the Blood World Pearl tended to forcibly disrupt one's mind.

Earlier, for instance, Five Decays of Heaven and Man's train of thought had faltered due to various reasons: the Secular Sword, the impact of All Life Form, his already compromised state, and the mental attack.

"Sizzle!"

Amidst the onslaught of diverse forces, Five Decays of Heaven and Man could not even activate the simplest form of defensive spiritual techniques.

While the "Royal Sword • Emperor's Execution" failed to pierce through his body, it did draw forth a spray of blood.

Empowered by the first realm of the Emotion Sword Technique, the Secular Sword held immense strength. Under the collective force of All Life Form of the Secular World, it compressed the vast expanse of the Secular World into the spiritual world of Five Decays of Heaven and Man.

"Ugh

A single figure gave voice to two cries of agony.

Five Decays of Heaven and Man's excruciating wails were unbearably shrill. His head felt ready to explode, inundated with chaotic signals of the Secular World.

Within this short amount of time, the power of the Secular Sword overwhelmed Five Decays of Heaven and Man, as if he had experienced countless lifetimes in the Secular World.

His sanity was already hanging by a thread, to begin with!

It was as though he had become a patched monstrosity, forcibly bound to myriad existences that were not his own, memories blurring together. A body plummeted from the heavens.

Five Decays of Heaven and Man fell helplessly into the wreckage below, stripped of all resistance.

Among the Nine Major Sword Techniques, the Emotion Sword Technique was his Achilles' heel. "This sound..."

Xiao?"

Certainly, the voice emanating from Five Decays of Heaven and Man not only alarmed the Spiritual Cultivators who were familiar with the Chief of the Holy Divine Palace's six divisions but also caught the attention of Rao Yaoyao.

"Ye Xiao's voice... is coming from Five Decays of Heaven and Man?"

Considering the course of events leading to this battle, Ye Xiao had yet to make an appearance, which was a glaring anomaly. Given that her sanctification had been proclaimed previously, logically, she should have made her appearance by now.

—If she failed, how did the sound of sanctification come about?

Anxiety gripped Rao Yaoyao's heart.

The last time she had encountered Ye Xiao was in the Hall of Unforgivable Crimes, and she had been well.

Now, as demi-saints, they were poised to join forces and shine together.

Yet, Ye Xiao's cryptic greeting left her perplexed.

"Indeed, the records stated that Five Decays of Heaven and Man was not a demi-saint. Did his sanctification occur on Abyss Island?"

"But I didn't hear the sound of his sanctification..."

“A possession

Rao Yaoyao’s pretty face froze in disbelief. She could barely accept this conjecture, yet this inference held a ninety-percent chance of being true.

But it was just unfathomable!

How could someone as cautious and meticulous as Ye Xiao allow a gap in her defenses, creating a moment of vulnerability that could be exploited to breach her sanctification?

“Your fate is sealed!”

Burning with anger, Rao Yaoyao clenched her teeth and tightened her grip on the Cang Godhood Sword. Swift as lightning, her sword was aimed at Five

Decays of Heaven and Man with a savage intent that could tear him to pieces.

“Stay.”

From the distant expanse of the sky, the figure of Xu Xiaoshou emerged with a helpless gesture. One pointed finger, and reality shifted.

As the sound faded, the fluctuations of time flowed from his fingertip, subduing Rao Yaoyao’s impending strike in an instant.

“I am so feeble!”

In an instant, the second true body felt his energy reserve completely drained, his lifespan shortened by a considerable degree.

At the corners of his temples, silver strands had unmistakably threaded in.

His realm and abilities fell short of harnessing the power of time to control a demi-saint.

To forcefully attempt this would exact a “life” toll, expending an irreparable source of strength.

However, he was just a second true body. It was inconsequential...

Even as he consoled himself, Xu Xiaoshou’s second true body could only muster tearless despair.

He had managed to escape, departing the banished world a step ahead of Five Decays of Heaven and Man, yet his true self could share awareness of the events here.

Upon witnessing this situation, an order was issued to him. A mandate of “repayment.”

This debt stemmed from the time when Five Decays of Heaven and Man saved him from Ye Xiao.

But the second true body was impoverished, nearly devoid of resources.

The Time Ancestor Shadow Staff was absent, and the power of time remained largely untapped.

Moreover, his arrival in this mortal realm had been hasty, thrust into battle almost immediately after birth, to the extent that even a modest tenth-grade spiritual sword could not be bestowed upon him..

Chapter 1964: Humans Should Have Compassion! (3)

Translator: Nyoibo Studio Editor: Nyoibo Studio

With a final flick of the finger, the second true body released a gentle exhale and drew in a breath using Feast. He summoned every ounce of his strength, condensed it, and formed a... Sword of the Void.

“Reduced to merely the ‘Void Solidifying Sword Technique,’ Xu Xiaoshou, oh Xu Xiaoshou, you are truly a demon...”

A wry smile graced his lips, and the second true body stepped onto the Way of the Sword Disc.

In his mind, shadows and light flickered, returning him to the Eighth Palace, back to the moment when he faced the Evil Sin Bow wielded by Ai Cangsheng.

With Rao Yaoyao momentarily entrapped, he seized the moment, his grip unflinching as he pulled the Sword of the Void without the slightest hint of hesitation.

“Time Sequence • Reverse!”

Leveraging on Sword Technique Expertise, he mended the temporal power’s deficiencies.

Though unable to replicate the immense power of Gou Wuyue’s sword that brought the dead back to life, the second true body still drew forth the sword.

His understanding of temporal aspects from the realm of the Fantasy Sword Technique had already integrated with him since the awakening of the Time Dao Discs.

In this instant, the sword caused the frail body of Five Decays of Heaven and Man to tremble violently.

Powers like the Secular Sword and All Life Form seemed as if they were being stripped from his body. Sword light almost pulsed from his wounds, as if unraveling the damage in reverse.

But it was only “as it,” and merely “almost.”

All these changes, after a slight tremor from the Five Decays of Heaven and Man, ceased without continuation.

The Spiritual Cultivators on the island were flabbergasted by the sight.

They had expected a miraculous shift in the tide, considering this was the Saint Servant Xu Xiaoshou, who had previously worked wonders.

Yet now, he appeared to them like someone who had dropped his pants and let out a fart.

And then?

Nothing!

The second true body squinted, concealing the embarrassment in his eyes.

He was ultimately not the true self, unable to rely on the accumulation of famous swords, sword cognition, the Time Ancestor Shadow Staff, or the Imitator to bridge the gap in realms.

“Apologies, Deva. I have given my all, but it seems I am at my limits.” The second true body turned and vanished. He took the easy way out without a second thought.

“Exile!”

As expected, Rao Yaoyao returned to her senses. She issued a command effortlessly, her sword at ease, and the vast expanse of space was exiled. But the second true body, with half of Xu Xiaoshou in his essence, had foreseen

Adorable Rao’s move and retreated ahead of time.

“Hiss...”

A muffled whimper of agony emanated from the side.

Fearing a trap, Rao Yaoyao chose not to pursue Xu Xiaoshou. She immediately focused on Five Decays of Heaven and Man. Five Decays of Heaven and Man had not awakened.

Was that... the Voice of the Soul?

He had possessed Ye Xiao and acquired some techniques for manipulating souls...

Seizing the gap when Xu Xiaoshou reversed time, while he could not return to the state before he was injured, did he manage to break loose from the clutches of pain and extracted his consciousness?

In the blink of an eye, the thoughts raced through her mind. Rao Yaoyao's eyes glinted with a dark gleam, watching intently as the evil soul body of Five Decays of Heaven and Man separated from his physical form.

“Die!”

In an instant, the sword descended once more.

However, this strike was no longer an ordinary cleave. It harnessed the power of the Phantom Swords Technique and the Spirits Controlling, attempting to annihilate the soul body of Five Decays of Heaven and Man.

As the esteemed Seven Sword Deity, Rao Yaoyao certainly possessed

knowledge of various sword techniques, though she had deliberately refrained from their use.

Yet, when engaged in a battle involving the intricacies of the soul, the Emotion Sword Technique was ultimately no match for the pure potency of the Phantom Swords Technique. Thus, she naturally combined both.

“Watch me...”

At that very moment, despite having lost his soul, the body of Five Decays of

Heaven and Man abruptly opened his eyes beneath the mask.

Three petals were revolving and flowing into his right eye.

Rao Yaoyao halted her blade just before his crown, instinctively avoiding looking directly at Five Decays of Heaven and Man.

But she was too close!

Dust and weeds had already stained her body, and an inconspicuous crimson light had begun to glimmer in her eyes.

Her movements became rigid.

She involuntarily turned her gaze toward Five Decays of Heaven and Man. In her eyes, three gray floral spots revolved in tandem.

The petals swirled, merging into her pupils, carrying a peculiar beauty.

Rao Yaoyao's eyes grew vacant.

“Look... at... you...”

“Yes, look at me. Gaze upon me with those aloof eyes of yours, and take another glance at me—someone as insignificant and minuscule as dust.”

“You...”

“Humans should have compassion..”

Chapter 1965 – 1965 With My Body and Will, I Beseech the Evil God! (1)

“Yes...”

“Humans... should have... compassion...”

Rao Yaoyao unconsciously repeated the words of Five Decays of Heaven and Man.

With this sentence, she was drawn into a certain scenario.

It was the desperate desire for survival displayed by countless lives she had ignored since becoming the ruler of the red-clothed people.

Who, if not a saint, could remain heartless?

The heart of empathy resided within all.

Rao Yaoyao subjectively forgot everything from the past, yet, a phrase from the Three Loathsome Eyes had the power to awaken dormant memories within her.

This was a result of her flawed mastery of the Emotionless Sword Technique.

Imperfect as it might be, in the face of such impassioned guidance, it triggered an innate resistance within Rao Yaoyao's mind.

This was a sentiment she had grasped through countless cycles in the Country of Time:

"The Emotionless Sword Technique severs emotions."

"All that has happened in the past is like fleeting clouds!"

Three petals flowed from her eyes and dispersed.

At the same time, All Life Form of the Secular World emerged from all directions.

However, the reach of the Emotion Sword Technique extended beyond just the All Life Form cultivated by the Secular Word this time.

At this moment, everything on Abyss Island—mountains, rocks, trees, and people—became the foundation of Rao Yaoyao's determination.

With the help of the Spirit of All Things, she shook off the shackles of the Three Loathsome Eyes.

Precisely at this juncture, reflected in her eyes was the image of the Five Decays of Heaven and Man, whose soul had returned to his body. Despite grappling with intense pain, he was compelled to strike her down, as if a deep-seated enmity existed between them.

"Lord of Calamity!"

With a resounding crash, a gray decaying giant rose from behind Five Decays of Heaven and Man.

The giant did not pause for a moment, and as Rao Yaoyao hesitated, it exploded into boundless mist, pouring wildly into her eyes, ears, nose, and mouth.

"Ugh!"

As her eyes fluttered open, Rao Yaoyao found her surroundings blurred, her head throbbing with intense pain.

The decaying mist infiltrated her body like a ferocious beast, wreaking havoc, corroding her body in mere seconds.

While the combat strength of an ancient swordsman was formidable, the body was a vulnerability.

Facing an attack without the means to retaliate, Rao Yaoyao and Five Decays of Heaven and Man were almost on par...

No!

There was a difference!

In terms of pure physical strength, Rao Yaoyao could not even compare to Five Decays of Heaven and Man!

Almost consumed by pain, Rao Yaoyao tightened her grip on the Cang Godhood Sword, feeling as if she had broken through a bottleneck.

In this instant, the Spirit of All Things of Abyss Island responded to her call, enabling her to regain self-awareness.

It was through this ability that Rao Yaoyao restored her clarity.

Now, she finally understood what this was.

“Emotionless Sword Technique, Mountains and Seas Converge!”

Plunging the Cang Godhood Sword into the air, a dazzling Power Upanishad Formation appeared beneath her feet.

The array diagram was not exceptionally bright, but its patterns were extremely intricate.

Its complexity could rival or even surpass the Power Upanishad Formation of Wisdom is Emptiness exhibited by Mei Siren.

It was almost on par with the Power Upanishad Formations displayed by Xu Xiaoshou, not in terms of capability, but in the degree of intricacy of the array diagram.

A wave of commotion swept through the people on Abyss Island.

The emergence of the Heart Sword Technique’s Wisdom is Emptiness was already astonishing, albeit justifiable given Mei Siren’s seasoned swordsmanship.

Now, Rao Yaoyao also revealed her Power Upanishad Formation.

Although the radiance was faint, within the Arena, the majority were Spiritual Cultivators hailing from the Eastern Region.

And in the Holy Sword Land of the Eastern Region, which Spiritual Cultivator was unaware of the true value of the Emotion Sword Technique among the Nine Major Sword Techniques?

“The Emotionless Sword Technique, Mountains and Seas Converge... Isn't this the mightiest sword of the second realm of the Emotion Sword Technique?”

“I've only heard that the Emotion Sword Technique is the most challenging to cultivate among the Nine Major Sword Techniques. The strongest in the first realm is 'All Life Form.' Sword Saint Rao has mastered it, surpassing even Master Siren's 'Unity of Mentor and Disciple.’”

“And in the second realm of the Emotion Sword Technique, there's still a gap, with 'Mountains and Seas Converge' of Sword God Gu Louying at the pinnacle.”

“Through the ages, how many have practiced the Emotion Sword Technique without reaching this level? And yet, Sword Saint Rao has now accomplished it?”

“It's said that this technique entails harnessing the essence of all things, channeling one's true heart into each sword stroke, attaining this realm, and forging a complete Dao heart, impervious to evil forces.”

“In terms of defense alone, when this sword is unleashed, mountains and seas are indestructible, and swordsmen remain undefeated... How on earth did Sword Saint Rao succeed? Truly, it's... worth celebrating!”

“Just a moment ago, she clearly lost control under the attack of Five Decays of Heaven and Man, but now, is this her counterattack from the extreme grounds, a sudden enlightened breakthrough?”

“What an astonishing talent!”

Undoubtedly, as the island's inhabitants observed from the sidelines

—a gathering of spectators without participants—it was often the outsiders who possessed the most discerning perspectives.

They saw the transformation happening within Rao Yaoyao at this moment more clearly than she saw it herself.

And only now did Rao Yaoyao finally confirm that her Emotionless Sword Technique had fully taken shape.

She had experienced countless cycles before in the Country of Time. Aside from mastering “Mountains and Seas Converge,” there was no other way out for her.

But just when she was one step away, the Country of Time shattered on its own. Rao Yaoyao felt that she had succeeded in cultivating the Emotionless Sword Technique, yet not completely.

Ultimately, the blame rested on, or more accurately, her dependence on the distorted light of Yan Wuse.

That light had driven Huang Quan to madness, causing a momentary loss of control. Naturally, it could not keep the Country of Time in the distant Blood World under control.

Thus, Rao Yaoyao stepped out ahead of time.

Yet, in a surprising turn, it was in this very place, under the control of the Three Loathsome Eyes of Five Decays of Heaven and Man, that she would ultimately refine the last step.

What Huang Quan had failed to exert as the last pressure, Five Decays of Heaven and Man provided.

With the emergence of "Mountains and Seas Converge," her mastery of the Way of the Sword was nearly complete. All that remained was to continuously refine this sword.

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Chapter 1966: With My Body and Will, I Beseech the Evil God! (2)

Translator: Nyoui-Bo Studio Editor: Nyoui-Bo Studio

Just a notch higher, and it would be the third realm of the Emotion Sword

Technique, the "Mystical Gate" of the Unworldly Sword.

What was mystical about it?

It was divinely mystical!

A realm that truly encompassed the Nine Major Sword Techniques through the Emotion Sword Technique, retracing the path of the Sword God.

Once the sword was perfected, the lowest level one could achieve was the Seventh Realm Holy Emperor, qualifying for the divine title of Godhood.

Rao Yaoyao dared not even consider this for now.

At the moment...

The Emotionless Sword Technique had broken its final step. The Three

Loathsome Eyes could no longer restrain Rao Yaoyao.

What else could this masked man from Yama stir up?

“Breakthrough?”

It was easy to imagine the despair such a sudden breakthrough brought to an opponent.

Across from her, Five Decays of Heaven and Man had never anticipated that Rao Yaoyao could endure the power of his Three Loathsome Eyes and rise from the ashes.

He even had it all planned out. The Three Loathsome Eyes would control Rao Yaoyao momentarily, while the Lord of Calamity would hold her in check.

During this opening, he would employ secret techniques to curse and kill Rao Yaoyao, sealing Rao Yaoyao’s fate without a glimmer of hope.

But his opponent did not play by the rules, and the realization finally dawned upon the Five Decays of Heaven and Man.

He was not afraid of Rao Yaoyao’s background. Even at the cost of sacrificing himself, he was willing to kill her at this moment.

Yet, Rao Yaoyao was not just her name; she was a prideful daughter of the Rao clan.

Her success was not solely due to her name. She was a Sword Deity, inherently gifted, and one of the finest in the world of swordsmanship.

Any method incapable of instantly killing such a genius would only serve as a stepping stone for their further advancement.

This suffocating feeling of powerlessness was the shadow cast by the word “genius” over the lives of ordinary people.

And now, Five Decays of Heaven and Man experienced it once more.

“Ha ha ha ha!”

The decaying mist of the Lord of Calamity dissolved effortlessly from the surroundings of Abyss Island at Rao Yaoyao’s command using the power of “Mountains and Seas Converge,” and she was no longer unaffected by misfortune.

As he beheld this sight, Five Decays of Heaven and Man broke into fits of maniacal laughter, a laughter that bewildered Rao Yaoyao and the others on Abyss Island.

They sensed a strong tinge of hatred in his laugh.

But these matters were inconsequential. Five Decays of Heaven and Man had realized that, for now, he was unable to slay Rao Yaoyao through his own strength.

He abandoned that thought and promptly pivoted his tactics.

“With my organs, I invite the evil god...” “With my limbs, I entreat the evil god...”

“With my body and will, I beseech the evil god...”

The incantation was completed in an instant, and a cold, eerie voice echoed throughout Abyss Island, sending shivers down everyone’s spine.

In the next moment, everyone saw the body of Five Decays of Heaven and Man shrivel in front of Rao Yaoyao.

His organs vanished, his limbs disappeared, and his body was enveloped in an evil hue, a corrupt energy spreading far and wide.

Even Rao Yaoyao felt that something was amiss. This was the power of a curse, a threat to her very being.

The joy of conquering “Mountains and Seas Convergence” urged her to attack with her sword, but at this moment, she made a resolute decision and backed away.

“Spurt! ”

As she retreated, Five Decays of Heaven and Man’s mask lifted slightly, and he spat out a mouthful of black blood, which splattered onto Rao Yaoyao.

“In the name of the evil god, I curse you, Rao Yaoyao, never to advance in cultivation, plagued by filth, entwined with misfortune, unable to find happiness, tormented for life...”

“Curse Upon the Gods!”

An eerie howl filled the air, seemingly dragging one into the depths of the Nine Serenities, sending shivers down the spine.

Rao Yaoyao was startled, attempting to transform the power of the curse with the “Mountains and Seas Converge.”

However, Five Decays of Heaven and Man’s “Curse Upon the Gods” had already taken effect when the black blood landed on her.

As the black blood vanished, a foul taint now marred Rao Yaoyao’s vital energy, exuding an aura of corruption.

“Damn it..”

Rao Yaoyao did not sense anything unusual.

But she knew her vital energy and future had been cursed by Five Decays of Heaven and Man.

This body of decay was a demi-saint who possessed the Blood World Pearl. He sacrificed his own body to invoke this technique against another demi-saint...

the power was beyond comprehension.

But why had it come to this?

The extent of this injury might have caused irreversible harm that she could never recover from in her entire life.

The actions of Five Decays of Heaven and Man were that of despair. Had he given up on life?

Rao Yaoyao could not fathom it, unable to accept that Five Decays of Heaven and Man had resorted to self-mutilation to curse her.

Just then, Five Decays of Heaven and Man moved once more, spiraling into a state of total madness.

“With my life, I offer a tribute to the Way of the Heavens, transcending the Six

Realms, manipulating the rules...”

“Sacrificial Spirit Forbidden Escape!” Another secret technique!

Rao Yaoyao’s eyes widened in utter shock.

Employing a secret technique at the brink of death was an act of self-destruction. This was undoubtedly an act of suicide by Five Decays of Heaven and Man. His fate was sealed.

This time, the decrepit, withered body across from her trembled violently, as if it were devoured and erased by the evil god, leaving behind a mere wisp of smoke that disappeared beyond the Path of Principles.

“Rao Yaoyao, until we meet again. I’ll see you in hell!”

The lingering echoes of suppressed agony drifted away, leaving no trace of Five

Decays of Heaven and Man.

Gone?

On Abyss Island, the onlookers felt as though they had witnessed a grand spectacle of magical phenomena.

Following Rao Yaoyao's breakthrough, Five Decays of Heaven and Man sacrificed himself without hesitation. Casting a curse upon Rao Yaoyao, he then faded away into nothingness through his own demise.

“Sacrificial Spirit Forbidden Escape...”

“This is the evil technique of the Golden Technique Sect. I've heard that when this escape technique is employed, it allows one to transcend the power of the Path Principles and teleport to the other side of the world.”

“Yet, this is a means to appease the evil god. Once the secret technique is executed, one's remaining days are numbered. There's no way around it.”

“Moreover, Five Decays of Heaven and Man used the ‘Curse Upon the Gods’ before performing the ‘Sacrificial Spirit Forbidden Escape..’ He will definitely die!”

Chapter 1967: With My Body and Will, I Beseech the Evil God! (3)

Translator: Nyoui-Bo Studio Editor: Nyoui-Bo Studio

“What's wrong with him? He should have put up a fight. What a bummer.”

On the island, discussions were in full swing. Rao Yaoyao gazed ahead at the empty expanse, lost in thought.

Unquestionably, she was aware of that dark technique, the Sacrificial Spirit Forbidden Escape, an escape technique through self-sacrifice.

Nevertheless, she could not accept that, after finally making a breakthrough, she would be cursed by Five Decays of Heaven and Man—a curse that demanded the sacrifice of his own life.

Did his life hold no value?

Judging from Yama's previous actions, Five Decays of Heaven and Man was a crucial member of Huang Quan, and it was unlikely that he would end his life in such a way.

So, this meant that he had a chance of survival with this spell?

What was it?

Rao Yaoyao could not figure it out, so she decided to stop thinking and instead recalled the last words left behind by Five Decays of Heaven and Man.

“Until we meet again, I’ll see you in hell... Meet again?”

“Heh, trying to drag me to hell? We shall see if you can survive this suicidal calamity!”

No more overthinking. Even if Five Decays of Heaven and Man had the ability to survive under multiple secret techniques, it would take decades for him to recover.

This person was utterly defeated. The only regret was that she could not extract information about Huang Quan from him.

Rao Yaoyao turned her gaze to the other side, where Xu Xiaoshou had last appeared.

There was still so much she needed to do.

As for the “Curse Upon the Gods”...

Perhaps an ordinary demi-saint would be concerned, considering it was a matter of life and death. But Rao Yaoyao did not care one bit.

For her last name was Rao.

“The famed sword emerges from the abyss, within the vast heavens and earth, wind and clouds gather as a dragon, soaring beyond the sky!”

“A stroke of green plum rain, its bitterness known only to oneself, in moments of solitude, a realm is found, never say people are not fools.”

“In the city full of hidden feelings, nobody inquires; under the misty rain, one is trapped by emotions...”

“A hundred birds salute the phoenix, and people bow to the sword. If not for me, who else would you respect?”

In the First Hall of Sins, the battle of life and death unfolded, with various secret techniques being employed.

On the other side, two swordsmen engaged in a back-and-forth of sword poetry, passing through the Forest of Miracles, the Ghost City of the Netherworld, and reaching the edge of the Fallen Abyss.

“Damn, I’m tired. I need to take a break. No more pretending.”

Xu Xiaoshou, playing the role of Xiao Kongtong, could not hold on any longer.

He had nearly exhausted all of his reserves, even though his energy reserve and spiritual source were still abundant, his vitality and vigor were depleted.

Not a drop remained!

Never before had Xu Xiaoshou felt so distinctly that using the sword techniques of ancient swordsmen consumed his vitality and vigor.

Especially this combination of various first realm techniques.

He had made it thus far, relying on a passive skill called “Transformation,” which converted life force and spiritual sources into his vitality and vigor.

But even so, he had reached the breaking point.

Having traversed almost half of the nine extreme grounds, several exemption orders of “Bazhun’an” had been used up.

If there was any room for doubt in Rao Yaoyao’s mind about this battle, if there was even a hint of suspicion left, Xu Xiaoshou would write his name upside down.

“Huff, huff, you’re running out of steam already? Can you keep up, kid?”

Xiao Kongtong, disguised as Bazhun’an, struggled for breath in midair, his face drained of color, hands on his knees, yet his taunts remained unabated.

“How did you manage to memorize all these cheesy sword techniques from your teacher? Did he teach you?”

Xu Xiaoshou no longer had the strength to mock his opponent. He was left only with astonishment.

If he had learned the fundamentals of the Nine Major Sword Techniques from Master Siren, then undoubtedly, in this battle, Xiao Kongtong had taught him every sword style he should know.

This seemingly life-and-death struggle was, in reality, a staged performance, a battle of education in essence. Xu Xiaoshou had learned so much, far too much.

He was amazed that Xiao Kongtong could remember all of this, and even more astonished by the sheer madness of Bazhun'an in his younger days.

For an ordinary ancient swordsman, mastering the Three Streams of Red Plum Blossoms was already enough over a lifetime.

To think that Bazhun'an had left behind so many intricate swordplay combinations, and even managed to pair them with the phrase "With each poem, a sword; with each sword, a song"?

Chapter 1968: The Road to Liberation Is also a Dead End?

(1)

Translator: Nyoibo Studio Editor: Nyoibo Studio

Xu Xiaoshou was familiar with the Eighth Sword Deity's technique, known as "With Each Poem, A Sword," but he had not experienced its true depth until now.

For in the real world, there were but few who could replicate such mastery.

He could still recall the days when the City Lord Mansion of Tiansang City was home to a young lord renowned for both his poetic verses and his swordplay.

This lord held great admiration for the Eighth Sword Deity and coveted the Ten Sections of the Finger Sword with a burning desire.

Yet, his skill was confined to the blade alone, devoid of poetry, thus lacking the very soul that belonged to his idol, the Eighth Sword Deity, with his famed

"With Each Poem, A Sword."

Indeed, the gap between the two was vast, spanning not only time but also mastery.

Even though this young lord had heard the legendary tales of the Eighth Sword Deity and sought to emulate them, he could not quite attain the essence.

Xiao Kongtong, on the other hand, was an entirely different story.

He was the foremost follower of Bazhun'an, perfectly replicating his strength while echoing the fervor of his youthful arrogance.

"1, 1... Hah!"

Xiao Kongtong propped himself up on his knees, a feeble gesture in response. Though clearly exhausted, he managed to maintain an air of composure. "He didn't teach me directly, but I've learned on my own."

"Learned on your own?" Xu Xiaoshou's constitution served him well, and he swiftly regained his breath. "Learned on your own, you say? You haven't seen it, nor have you heard of it... So, these sword techniques aren't taught by your teacher. You've created them yourself?"

This was truly impressive!

Rao Yaoyao was no ordinary person. She had witnessed Bazhun'an's sword and was attuned to its intricacies. Was Xiao Kongtong not afraid of being exposed?

"Who said I haven't seen it or heard of it?"

"These sword techniques are indeed from my teacher. I'm not that reckless!" Xiao Kongtong steadied his breath and rolled his eyes, continuing:

"I'm older than you, and I've seen my teacher in action, though from a distance. The sword techniques I displayed just now were mostly borrowed, but I've integrated them into my own style. After all, I'm not from my teacher's era."

"But Fringe Moon Immortal City is different... In other parts of the Eastern Region, you might only sense a fraction of my teacher's influence, like an iceberg's tip. Yet, in Fringe Moon Immortal City, countless senior cultivators can vividly recount my teacher's glory days."

"Senior cultivators?" Xu Xiaoshou frowned upon hearing this.

Were there even more formidable individuals in Fringe Moon Immortal City than Xiao Kongtong? More than a handful?

Xiao Kongtong easily caught on to Xu Xiaoshou's misunderstanding and chuckled softly:

"Their strength might be lacking, but their experience is extensive. Having lived for a long time, they've seen much, hence the term 'senior cultivators.'"

"Fringe Moon Immortal City, to me, is like a treasure trove I've established for myself."

Ah, these are the senior cultivators... Only then did Xu Xiaoshou manage to quell his surprise.

If there were numerous individuals in Fringe Moon Immortal City who could surpass Xiao Kongtong, they would have started an uprising and stormed Saint Mountain.

“But can you truly learn much from secondhand information and recollections?” Xu Xiaoshou remained puzzled.

He possessed the Way of the Sword Disc, but he was not confident that he could learn a sword technique merely by listening to someone describe it from afar.

Xiao Kongtong pridefully raised his head. “This is where your ignorance shows! ”

“Many of these seniors have seen and vividly described my teacher’s techniques. In fact, they’ve managed to capture about sixty to seventy percent of the essence.’

“With some refinement on my part, I can easily recreate them. It’s not as difficult as you might think.”

“Furthermore, my teacher’s sword techniques are highly diverse. Even if there are minor discrepancies, as long as the fundamental essence remains unchanged, those familiar with them might mistake them for entirely new techniques.”

Xu Xiaoshou was internally taken aback. Was it really not as difficult as he assumed?

Unbidden, a sense of curiosity about the power Xiao Kongtong wielded started to grow within him. He inquired, “Are there many in Fringe Moon Immortal City, like you, with such innate talent?”

“Plenty,” came the response.

How could that be? Xu Xiaoshou was astounded, and he followed up with another question, “And how many can replicate your teacher’s sword techniques as you do?”

“One.”

“Ah, there’s one more? Who is it?” “Um, I... I mean, me...”

This time, Xu Xiaoshou fell silent.

Indeed, there were geniuses, but truly exceptional genius was scarce after all.

Having Xiao Kongtong in Fringe Moon Immortal City was already remarkable.

How could there be another...

No, that thought was fundamentally wrong as well.

In reality, the world might have only produced one person who could establish Fringe Moon Immortal City, and that was Xiao Kongtong!

“You’re truly incredible. I believe you deserve the title of the Ninth Sword Deity.

If born in a different age, you could easily claim a position even among the Seven Sword Deities,” Xu Xiaoshou said, genuinely impressed by the display of skill from earlier.

“It’s not my strength, it’s my teacher’s,” Xiao Kongtong lightly touched his face.

“I’m merely an imitator.”

Even that was already quite formidable!

If he continued to be so “humble,” how were other ancient swordsmen supposed to carry on?

Xu Xiaoshou could not help but admit that after the battles they’ve faced together, he now saw Big Mouth Xiao in an entirely new light.

Given time, if they were to exist in the same realm, this guy would not be much inferior to Rao Yaoyao.

Seeing Xu Xiaoshou’s keen interest, Xiao Kongtong went with the flow and said, “If you have the chance, come visit Fringe Moon Immortal City. A swordsman’s life would be incomplete without a visit to the Immortal City.

You’ll love it there.”

Xu Xiaoshou nodded in silence.

The legend of the “Eighth Sword Deity” was just that — a legend.

Among all those who imitated him, what Xiao Kongtong had built was truly legendary.

Fringe Moon Immortal City had indeed risen as a contemporary marvel.

“Speaking of which, why did you establish ‘Fringe Moon Immortal City’? Did your... well, did your teacher have such a profound influence on you?”

Xu Xiaoshou could not help but wonder. Despite having taught him for so long, he could not fathom creating a faction to worship Elder Sang and Master Siren.

Moreover, it was a realm-changing endeavor, establishing an entirely new belief system.

What an incredibly wild idea.

A warmer hue graced Xiao Kongtong's face upon those words..

Chapter 1969: The Road to Liberation Is also a Dead End? (2)

Translator: Nyoibo Studio Editor: Nyoibo Studio

He gazed at the chaotic Fallen Abyss in the distance, his eyes held a hint of reminiscence as he sighed:

“There are always people with similar beginnings of fate who come together, only to be separated again due to various worldly reasons.”

“I don't like partings, so I created a space, a manifestation of my childhood dream.”

“Unfortunately, those who have left can never return.”

“Perhaps, this is what it feels like to have a ‘home.’ It's good now, at least I have people to protect.”

Home...

Xu Xiaoshou felt a tug at his heartstrings and suppressed his emotions. He raised an eyebrow and teased with a smile, “Rare to see you caring about anyone other than your teacher.”

“Heh, who in this world can be without attachments?” Xiao Kongtong spread his hands, “Maybe that's why my Emotionless Sword Technique couldn't be perfected, but I suspect the fault lies in the technique, not me.”

Xu Xiaoshou chuckled in response.

And he dared question its prestige?

“An intriguing thought.’

He offered neither affirmation nor denial, his gaze shifting toward Fallen Abyss.

Xu Xiaoshou was visiting Fallen Abyss, one of the Nine Extreme Grounds, for the first time.

Yet, he could discern its unique terrain, chaotic energy, and disordered Path Principles.

This place was more fearsome than the other extreme grounds.

And the path Xiao Kongtong had taken to get here was no random choice. After visiting various extreme grounds, he had intentionally stopped here.

“Enough idle talk. Shall we continue fighting, or...

“You still want to fight? I’ve got nothing more to teach you!”

Xiao Kongtong glared at him and gestured towards Fallen Abyss, saying, “There are two paths here—one leads to the Inner Island, and the other, while on the way to the Inner Island, could take you through the chaotic spacetime and perhaps out of Abyss Island.”

“Space-Time Transition?” Xu Xiaoshou mused.

“Yes, it’s a handy escape skill, at least that’s what I think,” Xiao Kongtong pointed ahead to the bottomless pit in the void, “Jump down, and you’ll be free.

Could he be more specific? Was it freedom from life or the predicament of Abyss Island?

He really did not want to misunderstand his words and end up jumping to his death!

“How do I jump?”

“Once you’ve made up your mind, just use your feet.”

What kind of answer was that?

Xu Xiaoshou held back his instinctive retort as he suddenly grasped what Xiao Kongtong meant.

Jumping down from here would mean leaving Abyss Island behind, and everything that followed would no longer concern him.

Whether it was Bazhun’an or Dao Qiongchang’s schemes.

Or the people, objects, and opportunities on this island. All would be irrelevant to him.

“Sky City” sounded mystical in legends because it rarely descended, an occurrence that happened only once in a century.

Having set foot on the island himself, Xu Xiaoshou had witnessed the true existence of the foundational roots of Saint Ascension.

At least, Ye Xiaotian had left with a semi-saint.

Compared to the other opportunities on the island, this was just a drop in the ocean.

What was truly awe-inspiring was that aside from such opportunities, survival on the island for ordinary people was thousands of times harder than achieving sanctification.

Xu Xiaoshou contemplated as he looked back.

The people he had encountered on this journey, or rather, demi-saints!

If he were to relive the journey to Abyss Island, he might not even make it to this point.

Perhaps one wrong move could lead to total defeat in a crucial moment, like his encounters with Jiang Buyi or Number Two.

The cost of defeat was undoubtedly death.

As evident in the cases of the demi-saint Jiang Buyi and the Divine Oracle Number Two, one lost his life and the other his consciousness.

This was the apparent consequence of defeat.

And for those who emerged victorious...

Xu Xiaoshou looked around, unable to discern any signs of life in Fallen Abyss. He did not even consider this a victory. In the end, he had not even figured out what Bazhun'an was up to.

If he were to flee now, would that make him a deserter?

"I'm quite tired, to be honest."

Xu Xiaoshou looked back at Fallen Abyss, feeling conflicted.

He enjoyed the adventure, having been "imprisoned" for far too long in the past.

But if this adventure came at too high a cost, he realized that he, too, valued his life.

Risking his life for the sake of adventure seemed rather foolish.

"Do you know what he's thinking?" Xu Xiaoshou abruptly asked.

He did not specify who "he" was, but he believed Xiao Kongtong knew exactly whom he was referring to.

In response, Xiao Kongtong shook his head with a somewhat puzzled look, "I don't know."

“Do you still want to stay here?” Xu Xiaoshou asked once again.

“Yes.”

“Why?”

Xiao Kongtong did not answer. He only smiled and rubbed his teacher’s face, then gave it a playful pinch.

His amusement seemed to come from engaging in some “disrespectful” activities in his teacher’s form.

Xu Xiaoshou understood.

He looked toward Fallen Abyss again.

Within Fallen Abyss, chaotic energy swirled like a boiling pot of stew, with various ingredients added to it.

From this chaos, the power of numerous saint calamities and emperor tribulations could be detected.

“I’ll see you off, then head back,” Xiao Kongtong took a step forward, gesturing for Xu Xiaoshou to jump.

“No need,” Xu Xiaoshou lowered his head, his brows relaxing as he declined.

“Why?” This time, it was Xiao Kongtong who appeared surprised.

He could tell that Xu Xiaoshou was truly exhausted by this point.

He should not have dragged him into this mess... Xiao Kongtong even felt that the pressure his teacher put on Xu Xiaoshou was too much.

The best course of action now was to send Xu Xiaoshou away, allowing him to return and face whatever came next alongside his teacher.

Xu Xiaoshou, by staying alive, could prove to be of even greater use in the future..

Chapter 1970: The Road to Liberation Is also a Dead End? (3)

Translator: Nyoui-Bo Studio Editor: Nyoui-Bo Studio

Evading was not a shameful act.

In the face of circumstances temporarily beyond one's control, avoidance was not truly avoidance. It was just a necessary act of seeking refuge.

Xu Xiaoshou scanned his surroundings with a sweeping gaze.

From the dilapidated and bombed-out mountainous terrain of Fallen Abyss, he beheld far more than met the eye.

"If Fallen Abyss is indeed the terminus of Abyss Island, I have reason to question why we arrived here so swiftly and yet remain unharmed."

"I suspect this place is not a mere matter of choice."

Xu Xiaoshou gestured downward and chuckled. "Perhaps leaping down from here would only lead to a path of death?"

This remark caused Xiao Kongtong's face to stiffen, raising his vigilance in an instant.

As his sword cognition spread out, he surveyed every direction yet found no signs of suspicion.

"You..."

Just then, Xu Xiaoshou let out a chuckle, calling out to Fallen Abyss, "Don't hide and come forth. Your stealth skills are as clumsy as an amateur... like a jester's antics!"

Come forth?

Was there someone here?

In his moment of uncertainty and skepticism, Xiao Kongtong felt as if Xu Xiaoshou had also derided him.

But he still could not fathom who from the Holy Divine Palace might have the capacity to obstruct Xu Xiaoshou's departure from Abyss Island.

At that moment, a glimmer of light danced in the depths of Fallen Abyss, and a playful voice echoed from beyond the spatial realm:

"Intriguing, how intriguing."

"I, the Emperor, have been waiting below for someone to come and meet their end. Never did I imagine you, kid, could detect my presence here. How did you find out?"

"You've seen through it? I refuse to believe it!"

That voice, that self-proclamation... Xiao Kongtong's heart skipped a beat. Yan Wuse?

He could not have followed them!

He was still bound by the Three Realms Sword!

Even if he had managed to free himself from the restraint, it would have been during the latter part of the intense battle between "Bazhun'an" and "Xiao

Kongtong."

That fight had been genuine, and even Yan Wuse would have recognized that.

Thus, for the time being, he should be dealing with others rather than the real or fake Bazhun'an.

Soon, Xiao Kongtong's thoughts settled and arrived at a possibility.

Perhaps while Yan Wuse was dealing with the two of them, he was also contending with others?

He defied "common sense."

This person could truly appear before all three sides with remarkable speed.

This fact had already been established in their earlier clash.

"Boom!"

The chaotic energy beneath Fallen Abyss exploded, tearing open a rift in the void.

The rift was not pitch black. Instead, a brilliant white light radiated from within. Swiftly, step by step, a figure emerged from within the light.

This was the Light Angel, formed from the convergence of radiant brilliance, lacking a distinct visage.

However, anyone could ascertain his identity with a single glance.

The Three Emperors, Yan Wuse!

"How could it be you?"

Xiao Kongtong did not inquire, but Xu Xiaoshou did.

He was merely speculating, certain that he could not have escaped Abyss Island so swiftly, nor could he have achieved detachment and left ahead of schedule.

But the arrival of Yan Wuse left him quite astonished.

The second true body appeared to have departed, yet in truth, it was grumblingly ensconced in the safest place—the safest spot of all was where danger was at its peak.

Thus, he could see that Yan Wuse was still confined in the First Hall of Sins!

The Light Angel emerged from the spatial crack in Fallen Abyss, raising both hands and speaking with a tinge of regret.

“What a shame, my little scheme didn’t work on either of you.”

“But though my appearance might be unexpected... how did you think that a mere punch, or the Three Realms Sword, could keep me under control for so long? Did you believe I was made of paper?”

“Don’t you find it fundamentally strange? Isn’t there some ‘influence’ at play here?”

The Light Angel stepped onto the mountainous terrain of Fallen Abyss, gazing down upon the bewildered pair, a divine presence showing disdain for mortals. “For instance, the Blood World Pearl that blurs the line between friend and foe?”

Read I Am Loaded with Passive Skills - Chapter 1971 - Chapter 1971: Here’s a Thought for You: Blissful Ignorance! (1)

Chapter 1971: Here’s a Thought for You: Blissful Ignorance! (1)

Translator: Nyoibo Studio Editor: Nyoibo Studio

The “Blood World Pearl”?

Xu Xiaoshou was taken aback by the revelation and began to realize some details had gone unnoticed.

How could Yan Wuse be beaten so quickly? His entrance into the Arena was so spectacular. Number Two had battled for so long before being defeated, yet Yan Wuse had bit the dust relatively fast.

And what about Xiao Kongtong's strength? He possessed the ability to fight beyond his level. But how could Yan Wuse, a genius, not also possess such a talent?

In such a scenario, how could the Three Realms Sword control him for so long? In a situation where both were geniuses, the difference in realms was absolute.

Except for sudden, unexpected divine interventions during battles, it was nearly impossible to bridge such a gap.

Even their journey toward the Fallen Abyss seemed to hold a layer of unique guidance.

"The root of calamity, the guidance of death..."

Xiao Kongtong murmured, consumed by echoes of dread.

If Xu Xiaoshou had truly followed his advice and entered the Fallen Abyss, he would have sent him to his death.

Indeed, there seemed to be no other path but death if he leaped into that place, just as Xu Xiaoshou had said. There was no room for deviation.

But before this, who could have imagined that beneath the Fallen Abyss lay someone like Yan Wuse?

"It's not just the guidance of the Blood World Pearl, is it?"

"Your state is also quite unique... you're not your true self."

Xu Xiaoshou, having been through the raging seas, quickly regained his composure.

As he contemplated his strategies, he resorted to the classic tactic of stalling for time when faced with the Light Angel before him.

It would be wise to wait out the storm until a solution presented itself.

By prolonging the conversation, the opposing party's vulnerabilities would eventually surface, and Xu Xiaoshou would find ways to counter them.

"You're quite astute."

The Light Angel paced deliberately, seemingly in no hurry to engage.

Xu Xiaoshou discerned that this old man had the typical personality of one who would show off before a battle, someone who would not feel satisfied until his point was made.

He exchanged a meaningful glance with Xiao Kongtong and continued to listen attentively.

“I have mentioned that my existence is indeed an anomaly.”

The Light Angel pointed to himself, his face radiant with light, masking his expression. Yet, his tone held a touch of ostentation.

“This goes back to when I dispatched a Light Angel on a mission...”

“Oh, right, the havoc caused by you little rascals, isn’t it?” he switched gears, “The anomalies of the Nine Cores and the Void Suppression Stele.”

The Void Suppression Stele?

Xu Xiaoshou immediately thought of the goose-shaped stele, recognizing its connection. He capitalized on this: “I know of the Void Suppression Stele, but what are the Nine Cores?”

“Drop the act!”

The Light Angel chuckled and waved his hand dismissively:

“The Blood World Pearl of the Blood World was dug up by you, the Dragon

Apricot of the Forest of Miracles was stolen by you, the semi-saint in the Sleeping Valley, the secondary plane door of the First Hall of Sins – you all sought to meddle with these.”

“Do you really think I’m so easily deceived? Do you believe you can cover up your misdeeds?”

Xu Xiaoshou was stunned.

Unknowingly, these matters did have subtle connections to him.

Rather than immediately refuting Yan Wuse’s claims, he knew that initial reactions were often the least effective solutions.

Haste made waste. Careful consideration was the best approach to adversity.

At this moment, Xu Xiaoshou recalled that he had yet deciphered the intentions of Bazhun’an.

Whenever he found himself entangled in a plot, he would inadvertently fulfill the wishes of Bazhun’an.

Hence, this time, did he want him to steal, plunder, and destroy the Nine Cores of the Abyss Island, transforming the Void Suppression Stele into something resembling that goose-shaped stele?

Was this the plan of Bazhun'an?

Would fulfilling this allow him to further his goal?

Was he not satisfied with the havoc he had unleashed, and it would be even better if he blew up the entire Abyss Island?

Considering this, amidst the chaos of the situation, Xu Xiaoshou felt a peculiar sense of calm.

Ultimately, accomplishing all of this would subject him to heightened peril, potentially surpassing the dangers associated with Yan Wuse.

Given that, Bazhun'an could hardly be inclined to let him proceed, unless he knocked his skull into the door of All Time Forgotten Sorrow Pavilion.

He must have been watching from the shadows, no doubt about it so...

He could be fearless with confidence!

With forced reassurance, this was the only way to console himself.

Recalling the grand scenes from before, Bazhun'an did not even show up in a single one. The possibility of being abandoned was greater to Xu Xiaoshou.

But now, he was compelled to think exclusively along these lines, relying on this concocted sense of assurance to maintain his power of speech.

Just as Xiao Kongtong was about to speak, Xu Xiaoshou took a step forward.

Gone was the earlier panic, replaced with an air of ease, as he spoke casually:

"So, why do you think I've been doing all this?"

Huh?

Did he just shoulder it all?

Without any attempt to refute or explain?

This newfound confidence from Xu Xiaoshou left even Xiao Kongtong bewildered.

Could it be that he had misunderstood the intention in Xu Xiaoshou's eyes earlier? It was not about finding an opportunity to escape separately, but he actually had the confidence to confront this clone of Yan Wuse.

Where did he find that confidence?

Was his teacher backing him up?

Where was the teacher?

Not only did Xiao Kongtong, an ally, begin to doubt, but Yan Wuse was also caught off guard by Xu Xiaoshou's response.

The Light Angel turned his head as if stretching his joints, discreetly scanning the surroundings.

However, he did not catch any trace of assistance to these two fools nearby.

Lurking here, he had watched the entire battle from start to finish, knowing that both of them had reached a dead end..

Chapter 1972: Here's a Thought for You: Blissful Ignorance! (2)

Translator: Nyoibo Studio Editor: Nyoibo Studio

"You're bluffing!"

The Light Angel laughed, and there was a hint of praise in his voice. "You sure are gutsy. You're about to die, yet you still dare to trick me?"

"Was that a scam? Was that really the case?"

Xu Xiaoshou was not timid at all. He tilted his head and smiled. "How can you be so certain that the Blood World Pearl is the Guidance to our deaths. It is not the Guidance for you to await your death here?"

The figure of the Light Angel suddenly blurred.

Xu Xiaoshou was like a startled bird and he almost used the Vanishing Technique.

However, his reaction was extremely fast. The Holy Emperor Dragon Scale did not give any warning in advance, and the Information Bar did not show that he was under a covert attack. After his hand trembled, he raised his hand and smoothed the messy hair on his forehead. His movements were very elegant.

Xiao Kongtong was even more composed than him!

This guy was indeed worthy of being a figure who could single-handedly kill his way out of the Bazhun Realm.

Through his 'Perception', he saw that he didn't move at all. He didn't even tremble.

Xu Xiaoshou looked at his eyes and clearly read his intention to fight to the death.

By not doing anything for the time being, he basically handed over to me the full authority to deal with this place... How could he place so much trust in me?

The Light Angel raised his hands, one in front of the other, and used his fingertips to stroke his head. It was as if he combed through hair that did not exist.

After about a breath and a half, he smiled and said, "I'm really curious, so tell me, why did you do this?"

"Yan Wuse, your death is imminent. Do you still want to stall for time?" Xu Xiaoshou snorted and laughed to himself.

"If I were you, I would return to the First Hall of Sins and release my main body."

"Because although the Clones here have consciousness, their combat strength can't keep up."

"Once it is destroyed, just as you said, your backhanded accidental existence will disappear totally."

"Everything would revert to its original state."

"But I'm me. My advice to you is better not to do it!"

Outside the ruins of the First Hall of Sins, an undetectable light stopped at the horizon. It flickered back and forth, but it was unable to advance any further.

"I don't understand what you just said." The Light Angel scoffed.

"Do you want to die with an answer?" Xu Xiaoshou saw the reaction of the person in front of him and knew that he had won.

Yan Wuse was indeed very fast.

However, his Perception and Agility were at the Holy Emperor Lv 0, so he could sense his Transformation.

Xu Xiaoshou had met Yan Wuse before, so he could tell that the old man had flashed to another place.

This was his ability to fight with three sides at the same time.

However, at this moment, this ability became the most fatal point.

Xu Xiaoshou could guess what Yan Wuse's intentions were from the words 'unexpected appearance' and 'Light Clone'.

With a little pressure, in order to protect himself, the light could only go in one direction- to release the main body.

Even if Yan Wuse wanted to do it, he had to be careful.

This was because he did not understand his intentions and why he knew so much.

Until now, all the information was obtained through the exchange of words.

However, these messages were all given to him by Yan Wuse before or now.

If he wanted to blame someone, he could only blame this guy for talking too much nonsense!

Xu Xiaoshou was a person who excelled at seized opportunities and was better at psychological warfare.

He could even shift the blame to Yan Wuse for his procrastination, increase his psychological burden and at the same time, guide the pace of his conversation to develop in the direction he wanted.

"Then I'll let you die with the knowledge of the truth."

Without giving Yan Wuse any time to react, Xu Xiaoshou rolled up his sleeves and counted his fingers before he continued.

"It's true that the light of spiritual cultivation is very powerful. Even I, a Saint Servant, have to admit that your combat strength is very high and it's something to be faced, even if one did not want to."

"So, have you ever thought about why the Three Realms Sword only captured you. It did not do anything to you even though it knew that you were more than that and could escape at any time?"

"Yan Wuse, if I'm not mistaken, you overheard our conversation just now, right?"

Xu Xiaoshou looked at Light Angel in front of him and gave an ambiguous answer. At the same time, he threw out a question that caused his thoughts to be led astray.

He seemed to have everything under control, and Xiao Kongtong was stunned.

The Three Realms Sword was only the Three Realms Sword. Wasn't it because there was only the Three Realms Sword?

This, there was more to this? “+(Suspected, Passive Points+) +1.”

The Light Angel remained silent.

He thought about it for a while, but he couldn't get an answer as to why the Three Realms Sword only had the Three Realms Sword, so he decided not to think about it.

He had naturally heard everything that the two of them had discussed, but he didn't know what Xu Xiaoshou wanted to say.

The fake Bazhun'an was Xiao Kongtong...

This meant that the Fringe Moon Immortal City had already entered the trap!

Yan Wuse had already grasped this point. He would be able to completely crush the Fringe Moon Immortal City later.

Previously, when Gou Wuyue had presented the information and had his suspicions about Xiao Kongtong, Yan Wuse's suggestion had been to launch a lightning strike.

However, since the kid wanted to play by the rules, he decided to leave this matter aside.

Now that the evidence was sufficient, the Fringe Moon Immortal City could no longer be overthrown, and Xiao Kongtong could no longer escape.

But what did Xu Xiaoshou mean when he brought this up?

“Think about it carefully, Yan Wuse. Even though I know you're here, I still dare to discuss all of this in front of you. What did this mean?”

“If I'm not mistaken, not only did you hear our conversation, but you can also control everything in secret and you are aware about the development of the First Hall of Sins, right?”

Chapter 1973: Here's a Thought for You: Blissful Ignorance! (3)

Translator: Nyoibo Studio Editor: Nyoibo Studio

Xu Xiaoshou repeated his old trick and spoke to him like a charlatan.

However, although he was in another place, he knew more about the Transformation of the situation on the other side than Yan Wuse. This attitude made people suspect that he did have a better insight.

When he saw how the opposite party was speechless, Xu Xiaoshou snorted and said.

“Sword Saint Rao was so foolish that she ruined a perfectly good situation.” “Huang Quan had escaped, and Mei Siren was openly released.”

All of this developed in the direction of your scheme that had gone out of control... This is irreversible!”

“You, Yan Wuse, are strong, but you can’t turn the tide because I still have the last card.”

“Card? Your trump card?” The Light Angel was amused. He sized up Xu Xiaoshou, who still spoke with the confidence of Xiao Kongtong. It was as if he treated it as a big joke.

“Yes, my trump card is the last card that surpassed the punch that sent you flying.” Xu Xiaoshou’s words caused the Light Angel to tremble slightly.

Xiao Kongtong was stunned.

He had never thought that Xu Xiaoshou could distort the facts in such a manner.

He dared to talk about the Fringe Moon Immortal City and himself not because he didn’t know that Yan Wuse was here. Both of them were sure that there was no one else here!

But now, in the blink of an eye, he could scare the other party into a daze...

So I was the only one who didn’t know before. I was the fool who was kept in the dark.

And Xu Xiaoshou knew about it, and he even deliberately talked about it with him?

If he dared to do that...

Did he really have the cards?

How big was his card? Could he kill a Demi-Saint in seconds?

“+(Suspected, Passive Points +) +1.”

Before he could think further, he saw Xu Xiaoshou wipe his face and revert to his original appearance.

He was so young, and there was still a hint of youthfulness on his face. He was fundamentally different from those old foxes.

However, he stood with his hands behind his back and his chest puffed out proudly. His aura was as massive as an intangible giant. Xu Xiaoshou shook his head lightly and sighed.

“Yan Wuse, treat me like a Demi-saint!”

“I killed Yi who underestimated me, and I played with Teng Shanhai.”

“Ye Xiao was killed by me with the help of Yama. Jiang Buyi was sent to the Saint Fall by me. Even Number Two lost his consciousness because he wanted to beat me.”

“I, on the other hand, am completely unharmed and safe. I still dare to talk nonsense in front of you here!”

“You, what reason do you have to underestimate me? Don’t be arrogant when you’re old, don’t bully the young! Do you understand this logic?”

This understatement stunned both Xiao Kongtong and the Light Angel.

After they thought about it carefully, they realized that there really was a shadow of Xu Xiaoshou in this place?

There were some suspicions and some guesses but now, Xu Xiaoshou had personally admitted everything...

Was he behind all of this?

The light that lingered outside the First Hall of Sins, hesitated again.

The Light Angel was clearly at a crossroad. On the other side, he had seen that after Yu Lingdi drove Situ Yongren away, he was headed for the Three Realms Bind on the Emperor and would launch an attack.

For some reason, he had a thought to stop the other side and listen to Xu Xiaoshou’s speech first.

“What are you trying to say?” The Light Angel’s voice was filled with urgency.

Xu Xiaoshou nodded and stared at the person opposite him.

“What I want to say is that once the Three Realms Sword is unlocked, you won’t be able to maintain your status as a spectator and would have to become a performer.”

“There’s nothing wrong with being in a position to plan for something. However, you must know if you go too far, that would be as bad as not doing enough, Yan Wuse.”

Xu Xiaoshou sighed and said.

“Your surname is Yan, not Yue, Bei, Hua, Rao or Dao. No matter how much you’ve done for the Holy Divine Palace, you’re not one of them. You’re just a pawn.”

“Hallmaster Dao can use you very comfortably and even order you around because he had a better backing.”

“You’re also a Demi-Saint and even the light of spiritual cultivation can only be used as a chess piece. That’s because you have no one to rely on.”

“Think about Gou Wuyue. You are actually on the same side. It’s just that your ages are different, and no one can change your positions, so you each received different treatments. But in essence, you are almost the same.”

The Light Angel laughed when he heard this and retorted, “You want to instigate me to defect? You are too naive.”

Xiao Kongtong was expressionless, but his heart was in a turmoil.

With the enemy in front of him, he would first abduct the enemy commander...

What was Xu Xiaoshou up to?

Not only did he dare to think about it, but he also dared to do it. This was too crazy!

“No, no, no, it’s definitely not a rebellion. It’s just a piece of advice.” Xu Xiaoshou waved his hand and laughed.

“What Bazhun’an wanted to deal with was not just the simple Holy Divine Palace, so why would he come up with such an elaborate plan?”

“His real enemy was the aristocratic family of the Five Holy Emperor!”

“Think about it. The Third Ancestor of the White Vein, the Demonic Emperor

Black Dragon, and the many Demi-Saints on the Inner Island of the Abyss

Island, as well as the other arrangements hidden on the Shengshen Continent...”

“Was this configuration done to deal with a Demi-Saint like you? Are you worthy?”

“No! You are not worthy either! When it came to the Holy Emperor, even if you were a light of spiritual cultivation, how long would the light energy last?”

As he paused for a moment, Xu Xiaoshou patted his chest and said solemnly.

“My cards were not laid out in preparation for you, so I don’t want to face you because you are also very strong.”

“If you stay in the Three Realms Sword and guard your land, nothing would happen. Even after you leave the Abyss Island, your life would still be comfortable.’

“If you come out from the Three Realms Sword, if you would really risk your life to give up everything you had for others, even your own life...Then I have nothing to say.”

Xu Xiaoshou shrugged and sneered.

“But remember, you are no one’s Divine Puppet. There is no Rao in your name.”

“You really need to stand out and get beaten back. If you don’t go back, you’ll fall into the bottomless abyss behind you and be consigned to eternal damnation.”

“In this world, there are some things.... I’ll say these four words to you : You’re rarely muddle-headed! “

Chapter 1974: If I’m Here, He Has Thirteen Breaths of Time! (1)

Translator: Nyoibo Studio Editor: Nyoibo Studio

“You’re rarely muddle-headed...”

The Light Angel lowered his head and muttered to himself as he savored the meaning of these four words.

At first, he didn’t understand what it meant, but after he thought it through carefully, it could be called a sort of a realm.

It was hard to believe that these few words that contained the realm of life could come out of the mouth of such a young fellow.

“Who taught you these things?” The Light Angel raised his head.

Whether his main body was restrained by the Three Realms Sword seemed to be insignificant at this moment.

He was very interested in this young man.

This was because he had the aura of a 'Three breaths for innate stage, three years for Sword Deity'.

This referred to his combat strength talent, as well as his life and future.

"Is that important?"

Xu Xiaoshou asked with a laugh, "To be honest, I've given you the choice. What you do after that is up to you. I also believe that you've thought about these things yourself."

Thought about it?

Of course I did!

How could Yan Wuse not have thought about these things?

He just didn't like to think about it, but that didn't mean it was not in his thoughts.

It was just that the answer to such a question would always be different in different positions and standpoints, and even in different stages of life.

At this moment, the person who stood in front of Xu Xiaoshou was not Yan

Wuse's original body, but a Light Angel with independent thinking abilities.

An incarnation of his will.

He originally only had one mission.

After he completed the mission, he noticed that something was wrong with his main body and was given a second mission:

"Observe, wait, and save the main body when the time is right."

That was all.

He could talk to Xu Xiaoshou and had his own thoughts, but that didn't mean that he could make all the important decisions for the main body.

Therefore, no matter how much Xu Xiaoshou said, he would first have to weigh the pros and cons.

However, when it came to Yan Wuse's taboo points, there was really no choice at all.

If he wanted to choose, he had to first release his main body and let it make a choice.

As for whether this choice still existed after the release, it was not something that a mere consciousness incarnation could consider at the moment.

"I'm sorry, Xu Xiaoshou. Your unique understanding of the overall situation is indeed impressive. I really want to continue with the discussion."

"If it had been under different circumstances, perhaps I would have talked to you more and let you go in the end."

"But now..."

He looked at Xiao Kongtong and then at Xu Xiaoshou. The light on his body flickered.

"Everything should come to an end."

"Three Realms Sword..."

In the ruins of the First Hall of Sins, in front of the three huge Heart Sword Technique imagery.

Yu Lingdi descended, looked up and had a complicated expression on his face.

He felt his heart tremble just by being in such close proximity to the sword. Yan Wuse, who was suppressed by the sword, must have endured a lot of torture.

On the other side, Situ Yongren had already set Ott. He rode the Divine Oracle in the direction where the Frost Ferret had escaped to.

He was the only person left in the First Hall of Sins to fight. He was the only one left who could solve this big problem.

"Buzz! "

Without any hesitation, the water-type Power Upanishad Formation lit up under his feet. This caused the spectators to break out in a clamor.

However, the Power Upanishad Formation had become a commonplace on the Abyss Island, so it no longer came as a shock to people.

Yu Lingdi raised his hand that held a drop of golden Holy Blood. He clenched his palm and was about to swallow the Holy Blood.

At this moment, a figure of light swept over from the sky. “What are you doing?”

Yu Lingdi looked over in shock. He found that his vision was filled with blazing light. It was too glaring for him to even look at it.

Everyone on Abyss Island also looked up and lowered their heads.

This was the Light Angel.

Yan Wuse?

As expected, one of the three emperors couldn't possibly lose his light of spiritual cultivation so easily!

After Yu Lingdi recognized who it was, joy finally flashed across his eyes. He hurriedly pinched the Holy Blood back into his palm as he did not want to waste it.

“You still have a backup plan? This is great!”

“Elder Yan, I want to break this Three Realms Sword and free you, so I don't need to do anything else.”

Yu Lingdi looked all around and pointed in a few directions impatiently. As if he had met his savior, he said.

“Sword Saint Rao had gone after the Five Decays of Heaven and Man.”

“I called Situ Yongren back to help. The Divine Oracle is under his command.

He has locked onto the Frost...”

“I saw everything.” The Light Angel interrupted him.

You saw it?

Yu Lingdi choked for a moment and looked up at the sky. The sky was so bright.

There would never be any night on Abyss Island, just like how Yan Wuse would always exist. The light of spiritual cultivation would never disappear.

He suddenly realized that Yan Wuse's Light Angel had secretly observed everything, just like himself.

Yu Lingdi didn't even waste any time and went straight to the core.

“Elder Yan, you know the situation.”

“Xiao Kongtong transformed into Bazhun’an. I guess that Xu Xiaoshou had transformed into Xiao Kongtong. They are headed in this direction.”

Yu Lingdi pointed into the distance. “I can’t explain more. Perhaps this was just my intuition, but the most important thing now is to stop the two of them or take one of them first.”

White light practically shot out from the Light Angel’s eyes as he stared at the young man and said, “Why did you not let Rao Yaoyao go?”

“This...”

Yu Lingdi was instantly stunned.

Soon, his eyes were filled with astonishment as he exclaimed, “You, you suspect me?”

His lips and teeth moved a few times; he wanted to say something but stopped. Yu Lingdi could not utter a word..

1975 If I’m Here, He Has Thirteen Breaths of Time! (2)

He thought about how much he had sacrificed for the secondary plane door and how many times his head had been blown up.

At this moment, his heart turned cold. He laughed bitterly and said.

“Perhaps in your heart, to award Sword Saint Rao battle merits mattered the most.”

“But my mission was to guard the secondary plane door! It was Sword Saint Rao who arranged to enter the Abyss Island ahead of time.”

“At that time, I could only let her pursue the Five Decays of Heaven and Man and look for Huang Quan! Was that wrong?”

The Light Angel was like an emotionless puppet. He ignored Yu Lingdi’s argument and said, “What about the secondary plane door?”

Yu Lingdi took a deep breath and suppressed his emotions. He rubbed his right hand against his heart.

As blood spurted out, he took out a door-shaped ornament that was about the size of a thumbnail.

This door was simple and unadorned. It didn't have any excess energy fluctuations. It was an extremely dull piece of treasure.

If it was thrown on the road, not many people would be interested in it, nor would they pick it up.

Yu Lingdi solemnly handed the thing over with both hands and said.

"This is the secondary plane door!"

"What Huang Quan took was only the phantom secondary plane door. It was a fake."

"But in order to gain his trust, I had no choice but to divert almost half of the power of the phantom secondary plane door."

"That's why I asked Sword Saint Rao to chase after the Five Decays of Heaven and Man first... If that portion of power of the secondary plane door was not brought back, it would not be able to mobilize its power in a short period of time, even if it was a Demi-Saint."

The Light Angel reached out and grabbed the secondary plane door. He examined it carefully and nodded. "You are not a Demi-Saint yet. How could you mobilize the power of the secondary plane door?"

This was your understanding!

Yu Lingdi's chest puffed out and the corners of his lips twitched. He subconsciously wanted to snort and vent all the depression he had experienced just now.

He held it in. This was Yan Wuse, Elder Yan!

He suppressed all his emotions and calmly stated, "If you had the Upanishad..."

He only uttered half of his sentence.

However, the Light Angel could clearly hear the young man's smugness and faint disdain.

It was as if he mocked everyone on the Abyss Island who couldn't comprehend the power of the Upanishad and thought they were trash!

"Hehe."

The Light Angel laughed and stuffed the secondary plane door back into Yu Lingdi's hand. He praised him.

“The younger generation is indeed formidable.”

“Your performance in this game was good. You can adapt well and you have the talent to surpass your father. Keep up the good work.”

“Leave the Three Realms Sword to me. You can just take a look”

When Yu Lingdi heard what he said, he was not flattered at all. He was not a child like Situ Yongren.

He only held the secondary plane door and felt surprised.

This 180-degree change in attitude was just a test. Had he thought too much?

The secondary plane door was returned?

“Elder Yan, I can’t use this thing. I’ll leave it with you...”

“To use the secondary plane door, you need to remove the bloodline binding and I need to re-bind it. Moreover, I’m only a consciousness incarnation so I might not be able to use this thing. After that, you can hand it over to my true body... Of course, after you leave the island, you can obtain treasures of the same level.”

Yu Lingdi then replied with an ‘Oh’ and hurriedly retreated. As he looked at the Light Angel who walked towards the Three Realms Sword, he belatedly said.

“Then I’ll remove the bloodline binding now!”

“I don’t need any treasures too!”

The Light Angel, whose figure was invisible to ordinary people, nodded and stopped talking. He landed in front of the Three Realms Sword.

At this time, he was far from the Fallen Abyss, and his conversation with Xu Xiaoshou had ceased. He only had one last choice.

“You’re rarely muddle-headed...”

After he muttered to himself, he paused for half a breath.

The Light Angel no longer hesitated and formed a seal with both hands.

The light spots in the sky gathered within a radius of ten thousand miles. The spiritual light shone and turned into three imprints on the hands of the Light Angel.

In an instant, these imprints were stamped onto the three big imagery. It was like a curse that was deeply branded into this big giant.

“Divine Illumination Mark Light Solution!”

The Saint Language fell, and everyone on the Abyss Island was shocked.

The imagery of the Three Hearts Sword Technique, that gave everyone intangible and terrifying mental pressure, melted like ice under the power of the three imprints.

Without its owner, there was no one to restrain it.

The imagery on the Three Realms Sword was still too strong for those who were below the Demi-Saint realm.

However, to a Demi-Saint, even if it was just a consciousness incarnation, it was still too weak!

The ferocious sword image transformed.

The Great Buddha melted.

The shadow of the lone building could not bear the pressure. It shattered on the spot and exploded into nothingness.

Yu Lingdi’s eyes widened. He looked at the Holy Blood in his hand and carefully put it away. He once again felt the gap between himself and a Demi-Saint.

“Boom!”

The Abyss Island shook slightly, as if it was the heartbeat of a giant.

At this moment, everyone could clearly feel a new life, a joy, and the return of a supreme power.

It was as if a God had descended.

“Light!”

The Light Angel roared towards the sky.

His voice caused the three battle angels in the Nine Heavens, that were about to fade away, to suddenly shine brightly.

The sound of that solo word resounded throughout the Abyss Island. It startled Rao Yaoyao, and alerted Xu Xiaoshou and Xiao Kongtong in the Fallen Abyss. It also woke

the Five Decays of Heaven and Man who was trapped in the Azure Marsh. His eyes were filled with confusion and he tried to prop up his heavy head.

“Old man, where am I...”

Outside the ruins of the First Hall of Sins, at the edge of the giant kingdom.

Mu Ling stretched out his hand and blocked his disciple Bai Lian. He stopped him when he tried to advance.

“Supreme Master?”

“We can’t go over.”

“Why?”

“If you take another step forward, you will definitely fall into a quagmire and you can’t extricate yourself... You should go back and take a bath!”

1976 If I’m Here, He Has Thirteen Breaths of Time! (3)

“Me?” Bai Lian was startled and turned around. “Supreme Master, what about you?”

“It’s different for me.” Mu Ling’s eyes narrowed and he didn’t say anything else.

This would be Xu Xiaoshou’s last card, the one that even he himself was not aware of.

This card might not be the most powerful, but it would be the most secretive, a silent guardian.

Just like that day in the Forest of Miracles.

If there were no Xiao Kongtong and no Mei Siren.

He, Mu Ling, would have stood up and became Xu Xiaoshou’s final Shield.

It was the same now!

Xu Xiaoshou had the ability to walk out of the Abyss Island alive in his own way. It was just like how he had escaped the dangerous situation in the Forest of Miracles that day.

He, Mu Ling, would not need to enter the arena, nor would he need to leave the Holy Palace.

If not, Abyss Island would see another sanctification and the Holy Palace would gain another traitor.

His Senior Brother's inheritance had to be left behind.

It was this action that would definitely make his Supreme Master suffer. He would no longer have a disciple to serve him.

But no matter what...

"Xu Xiaoshou, your backer would always have the Infernal lineage!"

"Light!"

Above the Fallen Abyss, the Light Angel had just stated the word 'end', when the Saint Language came from afar.

This 'Light' word was like a clap of thunder and made everyone's minds go blank.

Xu Xiaoshou was pulled back to the First Hall of Sins in an instant. He returned to the shocking scene where the person appeared and raised his hands as the white sun descended into the world. The entire dark First Hall of Sins was illuminated until there was no corner for the little scoundrel to hide in.

"Bang Bang! Bang Bang! Bang Bang!"

The Holy Emperor Dragon Scale beat wildly and was at its highest frequency.

This time, what it represented was that Xu Xiaoshou was no longer a peripheral figure.

Instead, it turned from darkness to light and became one of the enemy's main targets. It was an ending that would not rest until one of them died.

"+(Locked-on, Passive points+)+1."

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

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

The Information Bar jumped wildly. From what he could see with his Perception, the three angels, the sun, moon, and star, who had been silent above the Nine Heavens, started to move again.

Beneath the Light Angel, the entire Abyss Island was like an alchemy cauldron that was being baked by the scorching sun.

Under the Moon Angel, everything changed, life distorted, and everything developed in a strange direction.

Under the Star Angel, there was the Sanctity Revival. All the life energy gathered in the center.

The second true body hidden in the ruins of the First Hall of Sins had seen this 'center' with his own eyes. It was Yan Wuse's true body that was exposed after the Three Realms Sword was destroyed.

"Xu Xiaoshou, run!"

Xiao Kongtong tore off the arm above his head and erected the Nine Swords around him to isolate the influence of the distortion light. He roared.

"Jump into the Fallen Abyss and follow my directions. Find a way out!"

"There's no one there now. I'll stop everything that would happen here!"

Run?

Could he escape?

Stop?

Can you stop it?

Xu Xiaoshou almost collapsed.

Only now did he realize that he was not as calm as he had imagined.

If everything went according to plan and was still under control, he would also be hidden behind the scenes. He would not appear in the sight of his main enemy.

He did not panic.

He didn't panic at all.

He even dared to play with Rao Yaoyao, Jiang Buyi, and these Demi-Saints.

However, if he was really exposed, he would really be roasted in the fire.

His first reaction was no different from Situ Yongren and Yu Lingdi, whom he had once looked down upon.

He was at a loss!

No direction!

Through his second true body, he could see that Yan Wuse had made a rapid recovery.

From the chaotic lights to the outline of a human, to the appearance of his five senses and four limbs, the progress was rapid.

And all of this came from the Sanctity Revival that had a direction.

This was the true power of the three Emperors, the true light of spiritual cultivation and the true power of the most powerful person on Abyss Island!

And the person whose head was blown up by the 'passive punch' was held in contempt by the opponent, the control held by Master Siren, the intelligence gap, the Time Ancestor's Shadow Staff... It was all because of the timing, location, and the outsiders.

It was definitely not, an absolute no. It was simply because of Xu Xiaoshou!

But now?

And now, the light of spiritual cultivation that no longer looked down on him, and there was no interference from Mei Siren. The one that mastered the information on both enemy and foe, and was ready to guard against the Ancestor Shadow Staff, had returned!

How could he fight against a complete Yan Wuse?

"Run!"

Xiao Kongtong gave a direction.

There was no way to fight.

His instructions were the only hope of survival.

The Light Angel smiled and nodded. He said to Xu Xiaoshou.

"Go ahead and run. I won't stop you. It'll take about three breaths for my main body to recover its combat strength and arrive at the battlefield."

"Hurry up. Maybe you can succeed. I wish you success."

Thump.

Xu Xiaoshou's heart constricted suddenly like the Holy Emperor Dragon Scale. It was so fast that it almost stopped beating.

At this moment, the 'Bazhun'an' on the side was wiped away, and his original appearance was also wiped away and revealed that gentle and refined image.

His words were so calm that they had the power to make people feel at ease. They could temporarily eliminate all difficulties and make people regain their calm.

"You're wrong. If I'm here, he'll have thirteen breaths of time."

"And that would be enough!"

1977 One Man Defends the Pass, demi-saint Don't Open! (1)

"As expected of the disciple of Bazhun'an, crazy enough!"

The Light Angel laughed mockingly. Without further ado, he clasped his palms in front of his chest, and a strong light shot out from his body.

He said he wouldn't stop Xu Xiaoshou's departure, so he did not.

But the one who was left behind had to work hard to satisfy his craving.

"Spiritual quality contain."

With a shout, the Light Angel from the Fallen Abyss and the Sun Angel in the sky above the ruins of the First Hall of Sins formed a fine line of light that seemed to disregard the distance.

This ray of light connected the two and instantly pulled the Sun Angel over from the other side and it fused with the Light Angel.

The fusion of the battle angel and the Demi-Saint's consciousness incarnation had given the Light Angel a qualitative leap in strength.

This meant that he could use the will of his main body to give unlimited orders to the battle angels and carry out unlimited missions.

He was no longer stuck to an uncontrollable Blazing Sun Plan.

He would no longer be stuck in a situation where he would lose all his movements and enter a state of stillness after he completed a mission.

Instead, he became a Demi-saint incarnation with the right to act on his own. He could release all his combat strength!

“Sun Wheel.”

The Light Angel placed his left hand on his elbow and raised his right hand. His fingertips moved nimbly and the magnificent Holy Power condensed into a scorching white sun.

When the scorching heat of the sun could be controlled, he concentrated at a single point.

As soon as this thin sun wheel appeared, the land within the radius of tens of thousands of miles cracked and everything evaporated.

Xiao Kongtong, who bore the brunt of the attack, almost evaporated into a withered corpse in an instant. At the same time, he realized that Xu Xiaoshou had disappeared behind him.

He was relieved.

With Xu Xiaoshou out of the picture, he would have one less burden and could attack without any scruples!

“Swordless Sword Technique.”

His form disappeared into the void.

Xiao Kongtong wanted to move, but the Light Angel was too fast. He flicked his fingers.

“Go!”

The thin sun wheel instantly magnified in his pupils, as if it was right in front of him.

Sizzle!

With a flash of blood light, Xiao Kongtong, who had just entered the Great Path, was split into two on the spot.

Even the Path Principles were sliced apart by the sun wheel compressed by the extreme light.

At the same time, the void was cut into two halves like a mirror and shattered.

Like a flying bone, the sun wheel flew across the sky and returned to his hand. The Light Angel looked up at the sky.

Xiao Kongtong stood there as fear lingered in his heart. He had managed to survive.

“What a good Fantasy Sword Technique!”

“This is the first time and would also be the last time.”

The Light Angel chuckled. The sun wheel on his fingertips didn't move as he tapped the ground with his toes.

“Light Energy Realm.”

The intertwined light rays instantly outlined the surroundings. They turned the land within a radius of ten thousand miles into the holy realm.

And Xiao Kongtong was naturally sealed within.

“Pulsation of light.”

Swish! Swish! Swish!

Without any pause, the thousands of tiny light rays that filled the Light Energy Realm began to intertwine.

This time, he didn't even have time to escape. Xiao Kongtong's flesh and blood were cut into pieces on the spot, turned into ashes and finally disappeared.

However, there was no blood in the air. It was very strange!

“This is...”

Even the Light Angel was shocked by this scene.

Without waiting for his thoughts, a solemn voice drifted down from the nameless land. The rocks from the Fallen Abyss Mountain trembled and cracked the silver Sword Will.

“Non-phase sword body, dissolve!”

The Light Angel was shocked.

A short distance away, in the Light Energy Realm, an illusion of a figure with a human outline slowly appeared.

It was almost like a translucent figure, his facial features were blurry but dignified.

His body dissolved and fused perfectly with the Way of the Sword that evolved from Heaven and Earth and transformed into a sword.

The silver Sword Will molded the veins of the limbs; the flowing sword energy was the blood that surged, and the squirming sword cognition was the internal organs...

Xiao Kongtong had lost his human form and turned into the incarnation of the Way of the Sword!

In this liberated Non-phase sword body, the most eye-catching thing was its three-foot sword-shaped spine that connected everything.

No!

This was not a spine!

The Light Angel focused intently and saw that it was a real sword!

However, when Xiao Kongtong was still in his human form, his flesh and blood covered the sword.

However, now that he had released the sword body and lost its flesh and blood form, the sword hidden in his body was exposed to outsiders.

“Non-phase sword body...”

The Light Angel said softly. His face blazed with light, but there was no expression on it.

His fingers curled and he threw out the sun wheel.

“Then let’s try again and see if you can block my attack!”

With a whoosh, the sun wheel cut through the void and slashed at the formless Xiao Kongtong. Its speed was so fast that it was impossible to catch a glimpse of it.

However, this time, the sun wheel didn’t slash or penetrate like before.

Before it reached Xiao Kongtong, before it could even touch the Non-phase sword body, the sun wheel seemed to have encountered an absolute obstruction and stopped abruptly.

Then, it started to tremble slightly.

“How was that possible?”

The Light Angel cried out in shock.

He was the incarnation of a Demi-Saint’s will that combined the abilities of a Battle Angel. He was comparable to a Demi-Saint incarnation.

This Sun Wheel had 70-80% of the original attack power, but it couldn't even break the defense of a kid below the Demi-Saint realm?

Not only could it not be broken, the Light Angel looked at the Non-phase sword body again. He found that the level of power contained in this sword was actually higher than his own Holy Power!

“Penetrating Divine Senses?”

“A Non-phase sword body that was purely formed by sword cognition? How long did it take to cultivate this?”

1978 One Man Defends the Pass, Demi-Saint Don't Open! (2)

When he realized this point, the Non-phase sword body that was not far away vaguely reverted to Xiao Kongtong's flesh and blood body.

At the same time, a sound echoed.

“I used my body to nurture my sword.”

“I used my sword to observe the Penetrating Divine Senses.”

The formless Xiao Kongtong's flesh and blood body had completely recovered and his eyes suddenly opened.

Boom!

At that moment, a crazed sword force erupted from Xiao Kongtong's eyes.

The terrifying power of the sword cognition was like the sword light of dawn that sliced directly through the chaos. It instantly tore the entire Light Energy Realm into pieces.

The sword cognition that shot out could even split the space, crush the Path Principles and blast out a black hole that was ten thousand miles long.

The Light Angel trembled.

His sun wheel had shattered by a mere glance from Xiao Kongtong... It shattered!

“Mount Kongtong Non-phase Sword, come out.”

Xiao Kongtong did not wait for the other party to react and opened his mouth and spat. As blood and saliva mixed together, he slowly spat out half a sword hilt.

Through the Non-Phase sword body, the Light Angel could clearly tell that this was definitely the sword that represented Xiao Kongtong's spine that he had spat out from his body.

Only half of the sword hilt was exposed, but the sword cognition aura on this Mount Kongtong Non-phase Sword was too dense!

It was as if the sword had been nurtured for countless years. The sword light that flickered on it was almost solid.

As soon as it appeared, the Sword Will swept across the land.

The void exploded, and the sound of sword cries reverberated for thousands of miles.

“Long time no see, old friend...”

Xiao Kongtong's mouth opened wide and he smiled.

He reached out and grabbed the sword hilt in his mouth. When he felt the long-lost breath, he slowly pulled it out.

With every inch of the Mount Kongtong Non-phase sword body that came out, the chaotic black hole wrapped around him expanded and broke through more than a thousand miles of space!

How many years had it been?

Xiao Kongtong couldn't remember how many years it had been since he last used this sword.

Ever since the Bazhun Realm was conquered and the Fringe Moon Immortal City was established, when he had lost to his opponent in the Shengshen Continent where the Demi-Saint hid himself.

Therefore, he had kept the sword hidden.

Now that he had encountered Yan Wuse, he had no choice but to use this sword again, even if it was just a combination of a consciousness incarnation and a battle angel.

It was somewhat beyond his expectations.

But there was no other way.

If he didn't use it, he wouldn't be able to defeat him. So, if he surpassed himself, so be it!

The Light Angel had already realized that something was wrong.

This Mount Kongtong Non-phase Sword was not a famed sword, but in Xiao Kongtong's hands, it was even more terrifying than a famed sword!

The sword cognition that filled the sword body had such sharpness that he felt as if his body was about to split apart and he felt the threat of death.

When he realized that something was wrong, the Light Angel stretched out his hand.

“Dual Spirit Containment.”

In the ruins of the First Hall of Sins, the Spiritual Cultivators watched as the Nine Heavens lost the Sun Angel and then the Moon Angel.

Ringling sounds reverberated from far away.

Those who carried sabers could feel their sabers tremble slightly from the influence of the extreme grounds.

One could imagine that a terrifying battle must have taken place in the distance.

Furthermore, the one who participated in the battle was an ancient swordsman!

Who was it?

No one knew. No one answered.

However, there were already people who used escape techniques and ran in the direction of the Fallen Abyss.

“Why are you running? Come over and take a look.”

At this moment, a burly man stood up and patted his chest. “I have the Thousand Mile Mirror Technique and can observe the scene from a thousand miles away. Let me take a look.”

“Thousand Mile?”

“The battle over there is probably more than hundreds of thousands of miles away. Can you still do that?”

The burly man did not speak. His hands formed a seal and he pulled out a huge spirit mirror.

This attracted the attention of many people.

Even the second true body that had disappeared and the idle Yu Lingdi couldn't help but look over.

The images in the mirror moved back and forth and looked strange and grotesque.

Not long after, a person appeared on the screen.

“Stop, it should be here!”

“F*ck, this is the Fallen Abyss? I came from there, that's... the Light Angel, Elder Yan?”

“Who's the opponent? He looks so familiar... Xiao Kongtong? He is the Eldest Senior Brother from Fringe Moon Immortal City!”

“Where is Bazhun'an? Where did Bazhun'an go? I want to see the Eighth Sword Deity!”

“How can Xiao Kongtong defeat Elder Yan? Where is the Eighth Sword Deity? Come out quickly!”

Above the Fallen Abyss, Xiao Kongtong sensed that he was being watched from afar.

But there was no other way.

There were too many capable people on the Abyss Island. Even if someone detected his existence, he could not do anything.

He had thought that Xu Xiaoshou who passed himself off as Xiao Kongtong, would eventually be branded as an imposter and this news would spread throughout.

He had never thought that because of the appearance of the Light Angel, the Fringe Moon Immortal City would be involved and he would stand on the opposite side of the Holy Divine Palace

At this moment, everything else was unimportant. The Light Angel was his only enemy.

The Light Angel accommodated the Sun and Moon Battle Angels. Half of it was blazing white and extremely bright, while the other half was pale silver and extremely cold.

“The sun and moon shone together.”

The Light Angel clasped his palms and stabilized the incompatible state of fire and water.

“Xiao Kongtong, can you really overturn the Heavens? You still dare to add the Ten Aura?”

“Let’s see how you resist this move!”

The Light Angel sneered and formed a cross with both hands in front of his chest.

“Light Devouring Technique!”

With a strange sound, the Thousand Mile Mirror Technique that was the focus of everyone’s attention in the ruins of First Hall of Sins, suddenly dimmed.

Everyone looked up in shock, only to see that the entire Abyss Island had also darkened.

The light of the entire Sky City had been taken away by the Light Angel and had lost its brightness.

Everyone was plunged into absolute darkness.

However, before they had time to be nervous, the Thousand Mile Mirror Technique lit up, and the Abyss Island also lit up.

1979 One Man Defends the Pass, Demi-Saint Don’t Open! (3)

What appeared was a scene that showed the Light Angel with his hands crossed in front of his chest.

In his palm was the light energy of the entire Abyss Island that had just been swallowed!

That energy, from thousands of miles away, was enough to shake the Thousand Mile Mirror Technique and it almost festered.

Above the Fallen Abyss, Xiao Kongtong, who was targeted by this move, felt his hair stand on end and his heart turn cold.

“God Brilliant Flash!”

He did not want to give him time to react, so the Light Angel pressed his hands together and gave a mighty shove.

The energy that shot out from his palm took away all the colors above the Fallen Abyss and directed itself at Xiao Kongtong.

The world in front of him had almost turned gray and there was only this swathe of light left. Yet Xiao Kongtong remained unmoved.

He continued his actions until the Mount Kongtong Non-phase sword was completely pulled out from his throat.

The Non-phase sword body was released once again. His body lost its form, but it was more like the sheath that received the Mount Kongtong Non-phase Sword.

The sword that had been sealed inside for decades was also revealed at this moment.

“Unsheathing Sword, Watch One Slash!”

The image of the Thousand Mile Mirror Technique was shown to Xiao Kongtong, who had disappeared completely in the brilliant flash.

However, this sonorous sound was extremely clear.

As the sound fell, the Abyss Island buzzed with loud sword cries. A terrifying sword cognition condensed and slashed out, like a dragon that emerged from the sea as it soared through the Nine Heavens.

A bright sword light tore apart the God Brilliant Flash and slashed at the Light Angel.

The personality of the Penetrating Divine Senses completely crushed the Holy Power at this moment. The Light Angel was shocked and slashed out at his body instantly.

“Crack!”

The Thousand Mile Mirror Technique was split in half by the sharpness of the attack.

At the ruins of the First Hall of Sins, everyone’s scalps went numb, and blood flowed from their eyes.

However, when they looked up, they saw that there was no longer any God Brilliant Flash in the direction of the Fallen Abyss. Instead, there was still that Unsheathing Sword that slashed towards the sky.

“Elder Yan was killed?”

Everyone was shocked.

However, the sword cognition that had been nurtured for decades was definitely not just that.

The first realm of the Hidden Sword Technique, that was also the only realm, was the ‘observation slash’. The sword light that was unleashed had completely cut through the spacetime.

He then used the first realm of the Fantasy Sword Technique's Space-Time Transition, to arrive at the ruins of the First Hall of Sins!

Everyone's eyes followed him.

After the sword light cut off the Light Angel, its momentum didn't decrease. It pierced through the Nine Heavens and split the Star Angel, who was there to help Yan Wuse's body to recuperate, into two.

"This?"

Everyone on the island covered their heads.

The burly man created another form seals, and the Thousand Mile Mirror Technique condensed once again.

The sword light in the sky slashed back into the Fallen Abyss and was swallowed by Xiao Kongtong and then re-formed again.

The Light Angel opposite him had split into two halves with the blazing white and pale silver as the boundary.

The Light Angel faded away.

On that face that was clearly Yan Wuse's with only the facial features left, there was shock and confusion.

He opened his mouth as if he wanted to say something.

However, the light disappeared, and the sun and moon turned into spots and disappeared.

Xiao Kongtong held the Mount Kongtong Non-phase sword, lowered his head and murmured.

"I said Ten Aura, and I really meant the Ten Aura."

"Not to mention your two spirits that were contained; even if you had three spirits, a mere Demi-Saint incarnation wouldn't be able to stop me."

Xiao Kongtong raised his head, his eyes filled with pride.

He didn't continue to pursue him. Instead, he used the Space-Time Transition to get to the First Hall of Sins and his target was Yan Wuse's main body.

He knew that even if the Star Angel was killed, Yan Wuse's body would recover.

If he left, there would be no one to protect Fallen Abyss.

With Yan Wuse's speed, he could easily interfere with Xu Xiaoshou's departure from the island while he fought with him in the First Hall of Sins.

Therefore, Xiao Kongtong just stood there with his sword tilted. He quietly guarded the chaotic Fallen Abyss behind him and allowed the storm to ruffle his robe.

Above the Fallen Abyss, with one person on guard, even a Demi-Saint couldn't pass through!

1980 Kid, What About Ten Aura? (1)

"Xiao Kongtong from Fringe Moon Immortal City colluded with the Saint Servant and caused chaos in Sky City. From today onwards, he will be listed on the killing list of the white-clothed people in the Holy Divine Palace."

"The faction power of Fringe Moon Immortal City belonged to the Eastern Region Holy Sword Land Bazhun Realm. From today onwards, it will be under the control of the Holy Divine Palace."

"During the white-clothed people's operation, if you encounter any resistance, suppress them first. Those who resist would be killed without mercy."

"I hereby announce this to the world."

While the people on the Abyss Island were still amazed that Xiao Kongtong had destroyed the Third Emperor Yan Wuse's Demi-Saint incarnation with one sword, a loud and clear voice in the Saint Language sounded across the sky.

Above the ruins of the First Hall of Sins, a black-red scroll unfurled and was enlarged in front of everyone's eyes. It almost filled the entire sky.

What was written on it was only a declaration written in ancient characters and did not contain any power.

However, for such a thing to be announced through a Demi-Saint's Mysterious Decree. One could imagine the importance of this matter and its far-reaching influence.

"Since the Demi-Saint's Mysterious Decree appeared, then the Xiao Kongtong in the mirror can't be a fake!"

"The Holy Divine Palace may not have gained widespread recognition in the Spiritual Cultivation world in certain matters. However, they would not jump to such a conclusion

without evidence on such an important occasion and issue such a significant announcement.”

“What? Didn’t that mean that my Eldest Senior Brother didn’t run away? My foolish Eldest Senior Brother, how could you get involved!”

“It’s too early for you to cry. Let’s see where this Demi-Saint’s Mysterious Decree came from. Perhaps your Eldest Brother would soon cease to exist.”

“What do you mean?”

“Fallen!”

Amid the clamor on the Abyss Island, Yan Wuse clenched his fist above the ruins of the First Hall of Sins. The Demi-Saint’s Mysterious Decree in his palm turned into light spots and merged with the Way of the Heavens.

This brand was imprinted into the minds of all the Spiritual Cultivators on Abyss Island.

When they left the Abyss Island, they would naturally spread the news.

Yan Wuse was not afraid. He just had a trick up his sleeve.

If he failed to kill Xiao Kongtong here and met with some accident later on.

An old tree droops, but an old man is clever.

Even if he had absolute confidence, Yan Wuse wouldn’t be as blind as Rao Yaoyao. His roots were always spread in all directions.

“Sanctity Revival.”

He flicked his fingers.

The Holy Power gathered in his head and completely restored the upper half of Yan Wuse’s face, that had not been fully formed.

Up till now, there had not been any external interference or obstruction.

The third emperor Yan Wuse had been restored to his peak condition.

“Crack!”

He twisted his head and popped his knuckles. The bones in his body cracked, as if his body had been revived for the first time after a long sleep.

After that, it was time to get down to serious business.

“Interesting, interesting.”

“One is Xiao Kongtong, who pretended to be Bazhun’an; one is Xu Xiaoshou, who pretended to be Xiao Kongtong. One was Mei Siren, who killed Number Two, and the other was the Immortal Body, the Five Decays of Heaven and Man... So many!”

“So many clowns!”

Yan Wuse counted on his fingers and realized that he could not count the ‘abnormalities’ that he had observed since he was suppressed.

These self-thoughts alone caused a huge commotion on the Abyss Island.

“The Eighth Sword Deity doesn’t exist?”

“The Immortal Body of the Five Decays of Heaven and Man?”

“Was Yama the Body of Decay? He, he had two physiques? All were the Five Extreme Physiques?”

“Elder Yan, could you be wrong?”

“That’s impossible. Elder Yan could not be wrong!”

“So all of us had been fooled by them?”

Yu Lingdi was also surprised.

However, he moved very quickly. When he saw that Yan Wuse had completely recovered and that he wanted to leave this place, he immediately flashed over.

“Elder Yan, do I need to follow you...”

He had already removed the binding of the secondary plane door, but before he could finish speaking, Yan Wuse had disappeared.

The afterimage in front of him disappeared, but Yan Wuse’s figure flashed out of the Thousand Mile Mirror Technique.

“This speed...”

Everyone gasped.

From the First Hall of Sins to the Fallen Abyss, even a higher void who was most proficient in escape techniques would take half a day.

In the blink of an eye, Yan Wuse completed the task as if he had teleported.

The Fallen Abyss.

Yan Wuse spat and rubbed his hands. He straightened his blonde hair from front to back and raised his head with a faint smile.

“Ten Aura?”

His forehead furrowed as he raised his right eyebrow. “You defeated my consciousness incarnation. You seem to be very arrogant?”

Xiao Kongtong’s eyes narrowed and his expression was solemn. He didn’t answer.

The wild wind from the Fallen Abyss made his clothes flutter. The island was full of people, and for some reason, this scene gave him a sense of loneliness.

Xiao Kongtong seemed like an emotionless swordsman; one who held on to his sword and waited for his opponent to arrive.

And now, the other party had arrived as promised.

“Then should I start the countdown?”

Yan Wuse whistled and raised his first finger. “Sun Wheel.”

Or this move?

Everyone who was in front of the Thousand Mile Mirror Technique was stunned.

However, before they could question him, they saw the light spots that gathered behind Yan Wuse. These included thin sun wheels too.

In an instant, tens of thousands of blazing white suns appeared and almost blinded the eyes of all the spectators.

The intense light even caused Yan Wuse’s body to lose all its other colors. There was only darkness left.

Xiao Kongtong’s heartbeat suddenly stopped.

He still wanted to retort.

Who would have thought that Yan Wuse's main body could summon tens of thousands of sun wheels!

If he could cut down one sun wheel, then what about the other ten thousand sun wheels?

"Go ahead."

Yan Wuse didn't even make any unnecessary movements and issued his order in a casual manner.

Read I Am Loaded with Passive Skills - Chapter 1981 - 1981 Kid, What About Ten Aura? (2)

1981 Kid, What About Ten Aura? (2)

All the tens of thousands of sun wheels that he had summoned effortlessly rushed towards Xiao Kongtong.

Xiao Kongtong released his Non-phase sword body almost at the same time.

His flesh and blood body instantly dispersed, and the Mount Kongtong Non-phase Sword in his hand danced from front to back. It showed the power of such a small force.

The sword borrowed the 3000 Sword Styles and pushed the tens of thousands of sun wheels that contained terrifying energy behind him and back to the front.

"Hidden Sword Technique – block the path."

Xiao Kongtong didn't force back the ten thousand sun wheels to the other side.

Instead, he opened his mouth and swallowed the Mount Kongtong Non-phase Sword into his body, along with the power of the sun wheels.

"Oh?"

The expression on Yan Wuse's face changed.

However, after the Mount Kongtong Non-phase sword body swallowed such a majestic mass of energy, it suddenly lost its human form. It was only left with the outline of a Sword Will and the sword energy, and the sword cognition suddenly expanded.

The power of tens of thousands of sun wheels was contained by the Mount Kongtong Non-phase Sword. It stood on its spine, as if it tried to hide in the sheath.

After that...

“Infinite Number – Observe one slash!”

Xiao Kongtong opened his mouth and spat something out. He stretched out his hand and pulled out the Mount Kongtong Non-phase Sword from the sheath of the Non-phase sword body.

The power of the ten thousand sun wheels was instantly digested and turned into ten thousand bright sword lights. They in turn slashed toward Yan Wuse.

“Ah?”

Yan Wuse’s eyebrows shot up.

He had learned about Ancient Sword Techniques, but there were very few people who used the Hidden Sword Technique. It was even rarer than an Ancient Swordsman.

It was truly unexpected that Xiao Kongtong would use it in such a situation.

But...

“Just this?”

Yan Wuse’s body shattered into pieces and exploded into spots as he faced the light of the ten thousand sword cognition that superimposed the power of the Infinite Number of the first realm of the Nine Swords Technique.

“Whoosh! Whooosh! Whoosh!”

Endless sword light slashed at the Thousand Mile Mirror Technique. The impact was extreme and it felt as if it could fly out at any time.

This gave everyone an infinite visual impact. It scared everyone so much that they had blood and tears in their eyes. They cursed and retreated in unison.

However, under the guidance of Xiao Kongtong, the 10,000 slashes were not aimed at those outside the Thousand Mile Mirror Technique, nor was it directed at Yan Wuse. Instead, they were aimed at the Path Principles of this place.

With a sizzle, the Great Path of Heavens and Earth Order were destroyed like a bubble illusion.

Among them was the Great Path light.

The reason why he cut off the Great Path light was to force Yan Wuse's figure to appear.

"You seem to have an idea."

As expected, once the Great Path was destroyed, Yan Wuse appeared with one hand on his chin. He had nowhere to hide.

However, the 10,000 slashes circled in the air and returned to Xiao Kongtong.

Xiao Kongtong did not absorb them into his body.

Instead, he used the Mo Sword Technique to control the torrent of sword energy to guide them.

"Green River Sword Boardline."

With this command, the tens of thousands of slashes that should have returned to his body gathered into a torrent of green sword energy.

This sword strike combined the Nine Swords Technique, the Hidden Sword Technique, and the first realm of the Mo Sword Technique. It slashed towards Yan Wuse's Element Body in a way that caused real damage!

"Ahh!"

Yan Wuse uttered a strange cry.

It could be said that such a simple slash would not pose a threat to his main body.

This slash that had undergone tens of thousands of times of power amplification, damage amplification, and true damage, was enough to make his heart beat slightly faster.

"Butterfly Moon!"

He retreated ten miles back in an instant and created a safe distance for the sake of his life.

Yan Wuse stopped laughing. His fingertips turned into flowers and condensed into a thin silver moon.

Butterfly Moon, Innate Stage Spiritual Technique.

It could devour most of the energy attacks and all light element abilities and turned them into the Butterfly Moon's defense.

In Yan Wuse's eyes, there were no levels to spiritual techniques, only the usage.

At present, the Butterfly Moon was the best spiritual technique that could absorb the power of the sun and increase its quality.

Moreover, while he blocked the attack with the support of his Holy Power, he could also use the increase in his defense to weaken the power of the slash attack.

"Sizzle!"

There was a cracking sound.

The first slash easily tore through the Butterfly Moon's defense.

However, Yan Wuse took half a step back.

His fingertips did a precise calculation and condensed 9,999 discs of the Butterfly Moon. It obstructed the moon path in front of him.

The slashes sliced through everything in an instant.

When he tore off the last layer of the Butterfly Moon, Yan Wuse could stop the remaining energy with a finger.

Yan Wuse used the same method to deal with the rest of the slash attacks.

This seemingly life-threatening attack ended when Yan Wuse retreated back ten miles. He stroked his beard, and elegantly blocked the slashes with his fingertips.

The people who watched through the Thousand Mile Mirror Technique were stunned.

"This sort of power control. D*mn, it's simply wonderful!"

"The rank of the spiritual technique of the Butterfly Moon was not high, right? Why did it feel like I had witnessed a Saint Martial Arts in Elder Yan's hands?"

"This was the light of spiritual cultivation? Was this the third realm of the battle consciousness?"

"No matter how you look at it, Eldest Senior Brother did not have a chance of victory at all. How could Xu Xiaoshou cripple Elder Yan previously? This is too, too..."

Above the Fallen Abyss, Xiao Kongtong was instantly stunned. He felt that this was all an illusion.

He wasn't surprised that Yan Wuse could block his attack as his calculation was so precise that he didn't even need to use any extra force. In the end, he used his fingertips to stop his slashes.

This was something he had never thought of!

"Congratulations, you have successfully fought with a Demi-Saint and survived the first round."

Like an outsider, Yan Wuse disappeared ten miles away. He applauded as he stood beside Xiao Kongtong. "But I've figured out your combat strength."

Xiao Kongtong suddenly tilted his head.

Yan Wuse had returned to his original position and he swung his hands downward from his waist.

1982 Kid, What About Ten Aura? (3)

"Buzz—"

In an instant, the violet lightning of calamity gathered in Yan Wuse's colorless palm, extending into the form of an electrifying spear.

The violet spear of lightning plunged into the earth, its tail emerging above, electric serpents writhing, covering his entire body. Yan Wuse, draped in a pale golden robe, was now adorned with the colors of untamed dominance.

"Thunderstrike Spear!"

Xiao Kongtong's heart sank.

This was no ordinary spiritual weapon, but a spiritual technique.

If the previous encounter with Butterfly Moon was child's play, this Thunderstrike Spear was the pinnacle of Saint Martial Arts, Yan Wuse's first renowned technique that earned him fame as the bearer of the "Light of Spiritual Cultivation."

This form of Saint Martial Arts was extremely violent, carrying a calamity in each strike.

The most incredible legend spoke of Yan Wuse, in his youth, using this very spear to slay the Cutting Path Stage with the Nine Death Thunder Calamity, a force that most could only cower beneath.

Under the onslaught of the Nine Death Thunder Calamity, his opponents were brutally pierced through without mercy!

Confronted with the Thunderstrike Spear, Xiao Kongtong immediately reflected on his current realm.

“Have you engaged your demi-saint status?”

“Who knows, there might be some surprises in store!”

Yan Wuse seemed to murmur to himself, chuckling lightly. With a shake of the Thunderstrike Spear, he conjured a blossom of lightning and surged forward.

“Nine Swords Technique · Nine Buddhas Guard the Coffin!”

Wielded by Xiao Kongtong, the Kongtong Formless Sword plunged downward, splitting into three, then further into nine, forming a triad of nine.

Simultaneously, the eyes of Present Gods and Buddhas snapped open. Nine towering Buddhas manifested and enveloped him.

The Nine Swords that surrounded him transformed into a sealed sword coffin, concealing him within.

This formation of the Nine Swords Technique, fused with the power of Present Gods and Buddhas, turned the intangible into the tangible, minimizing harm from unavoidable attacks.

“A measly force, a laughable attempt.”

Even with all of Xiao Kongtong’s prowess on display, the nine great Buddhas left Yan Wuse chuckling.

He did not even need to employ another spiritual technique. In a whirl of motion, the Thunderstrike Spear spun within his grasp, and he unleashed a mighty strike with intensity.

“Boom!”

The expanse of space was shattered by the impact of the Thunderstrike Spear.

The entire Fallen Abyss, or rather, the entire mountain range, was obliterated by the electrifying blaze brought upon by the spear.

The boundless rules of the Great Path revealed themselves but were smashed in the air like the Thousand Mile Mirror Technique.

“Damn it!”

Everyone in the First Hall of Sins nearly popped their eyes out.

They recoiled in unison, feeling as if they had been struck by the spear as well.

Once they regained their senses, they exchanged glances, speechless and flustered. But soon, someone broke the silence.

“Open it!”

“Open it again!”

“For heaven’s sake, hurry and open it! I have medicine for you!”

A burly figure hastily swallowed an elixir, trembling as he operated the Thousand Mile Mirror Technique, his eyes filled with regret.

Curiosity, however, held a significant share of his emotions.

The spirit mirror reopened.

On the Fallen Abyss, the phantom of the divine Buddhas had vanished.

It was clear that the fusion of the Nine Sword Technique and the Heart Sword Technique had been destroyed by the Thunderstrike Spear.

The burly figure swiftly located a cracked sword coffin thousands of miles away...

It continued its unrelenting charge, its momentum undiminished!

It tore through mountains and jungles, clearly being thrust out of the Fallen Abyss, propelled beyond its domain.

“Swish.”

Yan Wuse raised the Thunderstrike Spear in front of him, lifting it high.

Inside the sword coffin, Xiao Kongtong’s once blood-red and formless body had returned to its original form. His face was filled with nothing but panic and confusion.

“It’s over.”

Yan Wuse swung his spear once more.

“Boom!”

The sword coffin exploded, the Nine Swords splintered, and their unity was reduced to naught.

Even as Xiao Kongtong temporarily unleashed his formless sword body again in an attempt to evade harm, the absolute power of the Thunderstrike Spear blasted it once more.

Kongtong Formless Sword was flung away, severed from its owner's grip.

The confluence of sword energy, sword will, and sword cognition exploded across the heavens, etching a crimson streak in the void.

Seizing the opportune moment, Xiao Kongtong reined in the remnants of his strength, struggling to reintegrate his human form, holding onto a thread of breath.

"I still have a chance, a fighting chance!"

"He must surely perceive this as the Fantasy Sword Technique, thinking I've conjured a temporary fantasy realm to deceive him. After all, the Fantasy Sword Technique is my forte."

"Yet, in reality, all of this is true. I couldn't react in time to the Thunderstrike Spear's assault... but he remains oblivious, believing me to be formidable..."

Sizzle!

Yan Wuse appeared behind him; his back turned. With a spin, a flip, and a thrust, the Thunderstrike Spear impaled Xiao Kongtong into the void.

"Zap, zap..."

Electric currents surged, and thoughts were interrupted.

Xiao Kongtong's face stiffened, and his hair stood on end.

Though he lacked the strength to lower his head, he saw a violet bolt of electricity coursing through his heart.

This electricity, in the form of a spear, was ever-changing. Its tip was stained with blood, both alluring and beautiful.

Finally, Xiao Kongtong's pupils lost their light.

"Ugh, ugh, ugh..."

His body convulsed, his consciousness blurred, teeth chattering uncontrollably.

“Kid, what happened to the ten counts of breath?”

Leaning on the Thunderstrike Spear, Yan Wuse slid over, his back against it. Tilting his head back, his golden hair cascading down, he looked askance at Xiao Kongtong’s convulsing profile and grinned:

“Did you expect your audacious ten counts of breath to be granted by the enemy’s mercy?”

“If that was the case, I’d be quite disappointed.”

1983 The Second World! A Second Home! (1)

Unbeatable!

Absolutely unbeatable!

Even Xiao Kongtong, renowned for his strength, had been swiftly eradicated by Yan Wuse, who was just getting started...

“Is this the true power of the light of spiritual cultivation?”

Vanished from the Fallen Abyss, Xu Xiaoshou stood as the sole witness at the scene, experiencing a greater impact than those who were watching through the Thousand Mile Mirror Technique.

He had never left.

Even when Xiao Kongtong had urged him to flee and find a way out within the Fallen Abyss.

He had not abandoned his Eldest Senior Brother and fled for his own survival.

He had merely thrown a portrait clone and discovered that there was no spatial passageway beneath the Fallen Abyss.

Instead, countless Eyes of Light awaited in silence, lifting their gazes in unison.

At that moment, Xu Xiaoshou’s resolve to fight alongside his Eldest Senior Brother solidified.

— That damned Yan Wuse was not as he had claimed, not pursuing those who sought to escape.

Yan Wuse had long hidden Light Angels within the depths of the Fallen Abyss, the strength of which was uncertain, but their numbers were terrifying!

If he leaped and were detected by some special means...

He would be doomed. How could he possibly find a spatial passageway to escape Abyss Island?

“Glimmer of hope!”

“Where is the glimmer of hope?”

Xu Xiaoshou’s thoughts raced to his limits as he witnessed the Thunderstrike Spear pierce through Xiao Kongtong. The horrific image flashed in his mind as he desperately sought a ray of hope.

He transformed himself into a precise instrument, discarding all extraneous and disorderly elements in an instant.

Only those choices that represented a “glimmer of hope” remained:

“Eldest Senior Brother must still have a trump card. Even Feng Xiaose managed to barely unleash the second realm of the Ten Thousand Sword Technique, the Wrath of the Great Crimson God. His strength should exceed that...”

“Master Siren is an option. If he were to come, he could stand against Yan Wuse... But he’s disappeared. He could locate me through the ‘Communication Talisman,’ but I can’t locate him...”

“Sanctification! Yes, once I reach the final level of Sword Technique Expertise, perhaps I can grasp the essence of Wisdom is Emptiness. Coupled with ‘Disillusionment Finger,’ I might be able to slay Yan Wuse...”

“But I lack the status of a demi-saint!”

“Once I invoke a saint calamity, a person without the status of a demi-saint person will die. Even Five Decays of Heaven and Man would need a Blood World Pearl in his stead. How can I transcend?”

Xu Xiaoshou’s head nearly exploded on the spot.

There had been a time when he could have possessed a demi-saint status, a title Master Dean wanted to bestow upon him. He had refused it then, and now he regretted it deeply.

If he could turn back time. If life gave him another chance.

Xu Xiaoshou vowed that he would never let that demi-saint status fall into the hands of Master Dean.

— Who could have foreseen that his progress would accelerate so remarkably after his breakthrough, that he would need a demi-saint status so soon?

“There’s still one demi-saint status left on Abyss Island...”

This line of thought led Xu Xiaoshou to consider Five Decays of Heaven and Man.

After Jiang Buyi’s fall, Huang Quan left his demi-saint status untouched, entrusting it to Five Decays of Heaven and Man.

An opportunity presented itself!

He had to find Five Decays of Heaven and Man, obtain his demi-saint status, or at least his Blood World Pearl if nothing else.

With that, he would have the confidence to reach the final level of “Sword Technique Expertise,” a turning point in their predicament.

But now the question arose.

“After offering himself as a sacrifice, where did Five Decays of Heaven and Man go?”

He had no idea, and thus, this avenue was sealed as well.

Xu Xiaoshou clutched his head, his eyes bloodshot.

“Bazhun’an!”

That was the only solution he could think of.

If only Xiao Kongtong could unleash another wave, bursting forth to obliterate Yan Wuse in a single strike.

Hidden within the ruins of the First Hall of Sins, the second true body had long detected it. As the battle erupted here, Rao Yaoyao began rushing in this direction.

Beneath the status of a demi-saint, without the title of Seven Sword Deity, what could Xiao Kongtong achieve, even if he had reached the second realm?

Could he possibly defeat Rao Yaoyao, now a Sword Saint and one of the Seven Sword Deities?

“Only Bazhun’an can save his named disciple!”

Xu Xiaoshou shouted these words through the Vanishing Technique, but there was no response.

Xu Xiaoshou took the easy way out in a flash and removed himself from the battlefield. He dispelled the Vanishing Technique on one finger and raised a communication bead toward the real world from amidst the foliage.

He remembered that when he left the First Hall of Sins, the communication bead had connected him to Bazhun'an.

Perhaps now, a miracle could happen.

“Oh, ho!”

“Well, well, what have we here, a little mouse?”

Yan Wuse appeared at the perfect time. He squatted down, propped his chin up, and stared at the half-buried finger with a chilling smile.

“Damn you!”

Xu Xiaoshou's eyes almost burst out of their sockets. He teleported instantly, vanishing on the spot.

But when he raised his hand again, only the remnants of the communication bead remained on his fingertip, charred and red from the intense light.

“...”

Xu Xiaoshou's thoughts came to a halt.

“Startled, Passive Points, +1.”

He flashed back to the Arena and saw Yan Wuse still leaning against Xiao Kongtong's back, appearing to be speaking.

He then flashed to the other side and found Yan Wuse still there, now on his foot, pacing back and forth in frustration at having lost the chance to send people to exile.

Clearly, there was only one Yan Wuse, but surveying his surroundings, Xu Xiaoshou felt as though he was surrounded by thousands upon thousands of enemies, utterly alone.

“Teacher...”

He desperately wished that, at that very moment, a person would descend from the sky. This person, known as Master Siren, would be holding a paper fan with the words ‘Are

you an idiot?' written on it. And he would unsheathe the Taicheng Sword, unleashing carnage on all sides.

But there was nothing.

On this Abyss Island, the light named "hope" had already been lost.

"Buzz!"

A pattern of light illuminated beneath his feet.

Seeing the light, Xu Xiaoshou leaped as if he were a cat with scorched paws.

Soon, he realized the light was not coming from Yan Wuse, but from the essence of swordsmanship, the radiance of Path Principles, and the brilliance of the Power Upanishad Formation.

1984 The Second World! A Second Home! (2)

"This is..."

Xu Xiaoshou widened his eyes in astonishment as he teleported back to the edge of the battlefield. There, he witnessed Xiao Kongtong impaled by the Thunderstrike Spear, while the Power Upanishad Formation illuminated beneath his own feet.

No, wait!

Although his position was quite close, he was not at the center of the Power Upanishad Formation.

Was this Power Upanishad Formation from the second realm connected to a cluster of sword cognition that had splashed out from a distance?

"Oh? There you are."

"I finally caught up with you!"

Yan Wuse turned his gaze in the same direction and saw the cluster of sword cognition split open. A figure emerged from within, entirely composed of sword cognition, gradually growing larger until it became an exact replica of Xiao Kongtong.

Sword Cognition Incarnation!

But it was not solely the Sword Cognition Incarnation.

Within this incarnation was the manifestation of the “Second World,” a technique that was being executed but had been forcefully interrupted.

Now, free from the constraints of its original form, the “Second World” sword technique continued to unfold.

This was the trump card Xiao Kongtong had left for himself, capable of withstanding any opponent for an absolute ten breaths.

The chilling sword will condensed into a barrage of arrows, creating explosive thunders as it burst forth from the core of the Sword Cognition Incarnation.

“Swoosh, swoosh, swoosh!”

Even though it only brushed past him, Yan Wuse felt the piercing sword will grazed his cheek.

He wiped his face and saw the blood, realizing that every stream of sword energy here was an absolute attack, capable of harming his elemental body.

Yan Wuse had no choice but to dodge and back away, even abandoning the supposedly impaled Xiao Kongtong on the Thunderstrike Spear.

Because the sword energy of the same intensity began to radiate from Xiao Kongtong’s body, transforming into a hedgehog of indiscriminate attack, unable to distinguish between friend and foe.

After the lesson from Xu Xiaoshou’s punch in the First Hall of Sins, Yan Wuse would never again underestimate anyone.

He had been waiting, waiting for Xiao Kongtong to reveal a trump card like Xu Xiaoshou’s, a power inherited from divinity or physical strength.

He had always been on guard, suspecting that such a trump card would emerge, even if its presentation was different.

Now, faced with this sword, he knew that Xiao Kongtong had unveiled his trump card.

“I’ve improved. At least I was not directly hit this time.”

Yan Wuse shrugged nonchalantly, looking at the bloodied wounds all over his body, praising himself with a smile.

But his gaze lowered, and he noticed the Power Upanishad Formation beneath his feet. He retreated another ten steps.

Yet, the Power Upanishad Formation was enormous!

It covered the entire mountain range of the Fallen Abyss and extended beyond its boundaries.

Yan Wuse wondered how such a slow-moving sword could ever hit its target. From this perspective, it was nowhere near as powerful as Xu Xiaoshou's punch.

However, considering it was the second realm of the Ancient Sword Technique, it was a formidable challenge for a young man like Xiao Kongtong.

The slow speed was understandable.

However, Yan Wuse soon realized he might have been mistaken.

Perhaps the range this technique covered was truly boundless, for the Power Upanishad Formation was still chasing after him.

With a swift motion, Yan Wuse left the Fallen Abyss.

Yet, the Power Upanishad Formation persisted like a relentless parasite, following him wherever he retreated.

"How can an attack beneath the level of a demi-saint cover the entire Abyss Island?" Yan Wuse sneered.

Perhaps ordinary people could not evade it, and it could eventually catch up to them.

But who was he?

He was the light of spiritual cultivation!

If he wanted to leave, how could he possibly be caught?

From the Fallen Abyss to the Azure Marsh, then to the Forest of Miracles, the First Hall of Sins, and finally to the Blood World...

In a series of movements spanning thousands of miles, Yan Wuse managed it all in the blink of an eye.

This time, the Power Upanishad Formation failed to keep up.

"Heh."

"A puny swordsman, quite laughable indeed."

The emotions of the original Xiao Kongtong in the Fallen Abyss were swept away by a single strike from the Sword Cognition Incarnation.

He hung his head, retrieved his sword, and with a disheveled appearance and confusion, he walked toward the Sword Cognition Incarnation and entered it.

The two entities merged completely.

Buzz!

At the same instant, thousands of spiritual swords from the First Hall of Sins soared into the sky.

The spiritual cultivators who had been observing the battle through the spiritual mirrors, as part of the Thousand Mile Mirror Technique, lowered their heads only to find the Power Upanishad Formation beneath their feet.

Their scalps tingled, their minds raced, and in their frenzy, they scattered in every direction.

How could a strike like this travel so far?

This was madness!

The intended consequences of collateral damage were not supposed to be like this!

However, as they fled, a perplexed murmur echoed in their ears, a voice seeking answers:

“Youthful ignorance of sorrow, joy, and worry; a white-clothed hero wanders a thousand miles.”

“In old age, only solitude remains for me; where can I find a home?”

Crack!

Upon hearing this sound, everyone stopped in their tracks, and confusion filled their eyes.

The previously ruined surroundings of the First Hall of Sins, now submerged in the Power Upanishad Formation, transformed into an illusion.

“Where is this...”

Someone found themselves in a small courtyard, facing gray walls in a state of decay, a chipped wooden table, and handcrafted chairs.

Despite the poverty of the courtyard, it was filled with the sounds of children's laughter and playfulness.

A young boy huddled in the dark corner by the wall, engrossed in a book.

At this moment, their divinity, will, and even their souls were all distorted.

As their vision shifted, they saw the words on the book's pages, and the prominent words "Eighth Sword Deity."

Lifting their heads, every person became that young boy, and they all simultaneously received the answer:

"Indeed, my lack of fitting in here is because of the fundamental difference between them and me. How can sparrows and swans share the same aspirations?"

1985 The Second World! A Second Home! (3)

The scene shifted, and along the long street, various sword styles were handed down. The Nine Major Sword Techniques, the Eighteen Sword Forms, and the Three Thousand Sword Styles...

The scene shifted, and a young man, dressed in fresh attire and riding a spirited horse, held a three-foot sword. He stood against the strong and aided the weak, traversing the martial arts world...

The scene shifted, and he entered a dimensional space, searching for hidden treasures, slaying mutated beasts, vanquishing formidable foes, and cultivating his path...

The scene shifted, and atop the mountain peak, an isolated immortal stood, left with nothing but a sense of emptiness, unsure of where to go...

Even though he boasted dominance over the world, without friends or family, without attachment or support, he was like rootless waterweed, achieving something yet also achieving nothing.

"Home..."

"Where is home?"

Amidst endless confusion, he leaped forward.

The scene shifted, returning to a dilapidated gray courtyard from decades past.

Cobwebs hung high, a lantern's remnants painted half the light, and within the courtyard lay an open coffin, void of a body.

"Is this... my home?"

A palpable sense of despair gripped every eye, prompting heads to bow in a collective gesture of powerlessness. "I'm sorry, I've lost all of you..."

At this point in the Second World, perpetual loneliness enveloped those spiritual cultivators who could not withstand the depths of such a mental state.

And those who barely managed to awaken, despite knowing the need to resist, were left with only confusion in their eyes, unsure of how to react.

"Home..."

Yu Lingdi closed his eyes, his eyelashes quivering as two lines of tears trickled down.

"Home..."

In the Azure Marsh, Five Decays of Heaven and Man struggled to rise, clutching his mask. He gazed upon the shimmering reflections in the water, drained of all his strength.

"Home..."

Atop the Fallen Abyss, Xu Xiaoshou raised his head and looked up at the sky.

"Spirit Awakening" triggered time and time again. He fell into oblivion each time but finally managed to glimpse the world before him.

It was not a hospital room.

It was not the Tiansang Spirit Palace.

It was a realm of pure blue sky, adorned with strands of white clouds, adrift and untethered.

"In my old age, loneliness is my sole companion. Where can one find a home..."

In the Blood World, Yan Wuse's head lowered, and his Thunderstrike Spear vanished from his grasp.

He snapped back to awareness almost instantly, his pupils contracted as he prepared to resist.

Yet, just as a crimson light flashed in his eyes, Yan Wuse lost all color in his face. It finally dawned on him that something was off about his environment.

He clearly had the power to break free from the mind control of this sword, as Xiao Kongtong's ability was evidently inadequate.

But why...

"Have I gone mad?"

"How foolish I've been, lingering in the Blood World."

In a mere second, Yan Wuse was once again influenced, and pulled into the Second World.

The scene shifted, then shifted again, and again...

From endless confusion, to slaughter, to warfare, to fighting for belief, he pierced through realms, establishing a city within a realm.

At long last, the nine majestic city walls emerged from the earth like nine swords thrusting upward, their silhouettes illuminated beneath the silver moon. The figure that was projected on Yan Wuse had finally found his second purpose in life.

"What is home?"

"This is home!"

At the same moment, the Way of the Sword's Power Upanishad Formation nearly engulfed the entirety of Abyss Island. Across the vast expanse of Abyss Island, a city materialized out of thin air, overlapping and intertwining.

The city walls were forged by swords, its streets were walked by ancient swordsmen.

A united multitude fragmented into countless smaller families, each with its own bond. When someone needed help, support came from all directions.

"I have a sword that requires everyone's aid..."

In the Eastern Region's Holy Sword Land, the Bazhun Realm.

At the Fringe Moon Immortal City, far beyond the dimensional space, everyone raised their heads as if catching a whisper in the wind. Then, they all raised their swords.

"Eldest Senior Brother, take this!"

“Eldest Senior Brother, I’m here to help!”

“Eldest Senior Brother, unsheathe your sword. We’ll forever be your backing!”

On the Abyss Island.

Yan Wuse’s spirit was instantly shattered, cast aside from this world, leaving him with immense solitude.

And on the other side, Xiao Kongtong raised his sword through the void!

Behind him, the Fringe Moon Immortal City materialized from illusion, fully embodying the essence of the Fantasy Sword Technique, turning fiction into reality!

A myriad of spirit swords ascended into the skies above Abyss Island, accompanied by numerous ancient swordsmen taking flight.

The endless sword energy amassed by the Fringe Moon Immortal City over decades converged upon Xiao Kongtong’s Kongtong Formless Sword.

“A demi-saint bows atop the Immortal City!”

Xiao Kongtong’s expression turned solemn as he swung the Kongtong Formless Sword.

From north to south, the Abyss Island spanned millions of miles, erupting in a deafening boom. A sword light tore through the air, leaving behind a rift that separated the island like a heavenly chasm.

That sword light pierced through time and space, cleaving Yan Wuse, who was just recovering from his shock, into two halves, sending forth a shower of blood blossoms.

The Abyss Island returned to silence, and before closing his eyes and collapsing, Xiao Kongtong murmured with a smile:

“The Second World...”

“A second home!”

1986 A Dream! (1)

Central Region, Holy Divine Land, Capital City.

Over the bustling city, a rift tore open in the sky, and from it, a colossal ghost beast with an indistinct shape burst forth.

Standing before the rift in the extradimensional space, the crowd of red-clothed people was instantly thrown into chaos.

“Holy Power!”

“This is Holy Power!”

“The Palace Master Bai Zhou of Xu Yue Grey Palace has reached the realm of a Saint!”

“This is far beyond our ability to handle. We must call upon the Hallmaster to intervene.”

“Yes, please, the Hallmaster!”

Simultaneously, the red-clothed people stood in reverence.

Within the capital city, all the Spiritual Cultivators also raised their gazes to the sky, their faces solemn.

Each person placed their right fist over their left chest, and in unison, they cried out:

“With devout aspirations, we beseech God Yan!”

“To vanquish evil, to purify the unrighteous!”

Boom!

A Holy Light descended from the heavens.

The colossal ghost beast could not even evade and was instantaneously annihilated.

Witnessing this spectacle, all the Spiritual Cultivators finally heaved a sigh of relief, feeling as if a great burden had been lifted.

“Excellent, with Bai Zhou’s demise, there shall be no more ghost beasts in the world.”

“At last, this world can be restored to peace.”

...

Sacred Mountain Gui Zhe.

A streak of sword light slashed across the sky, and two figures landed.

A panicked cry erupted, laden with infinite fear:

“You Tu!”

“You Tu, leader of the Seven Sword Deities!”

“Bazhun’an?”

“My heavens, Bazhun’an has also reached the realm of Sword Saint?”

“These two are approaching Saint Mountain?”

“Run, hurry, run!”

The two solitary figures brought inexhaustible terror to Saint Mountain.

The people of Saint Mountain seemed to relive the fear of the day they were dominated by You Tu.

Yet now, it was not only You Tu but also Bazhun’an, who had unleashed all his combat strength, coming to their doorstep.

“Report!”

“Gou Wuyue defeated, Sword Saint Rao defeated. The ancient swordsmen of the Saint Mountain couldn’t withstand You Tu and Bazhun’an!”

“Report!”

“Ai Cangsheng defeated, Dao Qiongcang defeated, Elder Yu also defeated. Six members of the council took action, but they couldn’t stand against the two ancient swordsmen!”

“Report...”

“There’s no way, no way at all.”

“These are enemies far beyond our capacity to contend with. We must call upon the Hallmaster to intervene.”

“Yes, we have the Hallmaster. We still possess our final line of defense!”

Only now did everyone seem to remember something, and they stood in reverence, pounding their chests with their hands.

“With devout aspirations, we beseech God Yan!”

“To vanquish evil, to purify the unrighteous!”

Boom! Boom!

Two streaks of light descended from the Nine Heavens.

The light was so swift that even the ancient swordsmen from the realm of Sword Saint could not react in time. In an instant, the two were pierced through and annihilated.

“Is... is it over?”

Everyone stared in shock.

Shortly thereafter, Saint Mountain erupted in thunderous cheers.

“Fantastic, the dark forces led by You Tu have been eradicated.”

“At last, this world shall embrace genuine peace!”

...

One after another, figures landed on Sacred Mountain Gui Zhe.

After the great battle, a period of time passed, and the Council of Ten convened once again.

This time, everyone arrived as scheduled, without the slightest delay or slackening.

Once the nine figures had taken their seats around the round table, a light descended from the sky.

The light was so radiant and dazzling, echoing with laughter. Then, Yan Wuse stepped forth with wide strides.

“Elder Yan!”

“Hallmaster Yan!”

“Greetings, Elder Yan!”

...

Everyone rose and respectfully greeted him, full of deference.

Yan Wuse nodded lightly, quickly bypassed Dao Qiongcang seated at the end of the table, not even sparing him a glance, and came to a stop beside Yu Kunpeng.

“Elder Yan, is there something you need?”

Yu Kunpeng trembled and dared not even pick up the fishing rod beneath his feet, reflecting on whether he had recently done something to incur divine wrath and disrupt the peace.

“It’s fine. How do you address me?”

“Elder Yan...”

“Very well, let’s begin the meeting.”

Yan Wuse let out a hearty laugh, taking the main seat. With a wave of his hand, he said, “Little Dao, provide an analysis of the current situation on the continent under the purview of God Yan.”

Dao Qiongcang rose promptly, bowing, and began to speak:

“Since Elder Yan was sanctified, the rifts in the extradimensional space have ceased opening spontaneously.”

“Now, the forces led by Bai Zhou of Xu Yue Grey Palace, including the ghost beasts, have been judged by the light of God Yan.”

“After this, there will be no emergence of new factions of ghost beasts on the continent.”

“The mission of the red-clothed people is accomplished!”

“Excellent.” Yan Wuse nodded, “Then let Bei Huai cease all actions, as they hold no meaning.”

“Yes.”

“Continue.”

“Yes, Elder Yan.” Dao Qiongcang continued his report:

“The dark forces led by You Tu and Bazhun’an have been completely eliminated.”

“Under duress, these two attempted to storm the Saint Mountain, seeking to incite unrest. Yet, they too were judged by the light of God Yan and have been suppressed.”

“Yama’s rebellion has been quelled.”

“The death apostles, abominators, and dispirited corpses of Three Incenses within the Dead · City of Floating Towers, have ceased their disturbance.”

“The Land of Sin in the Southern Region has also returned to order after the light of God Yan descended, becoming a place of harmony.”

“ ... ”

“From now on, the continent will be at peace.”

“The places illuminated by the light of God Yan contain no corners of darkness, no unfairness, injustice, or secrecy.”

By the round table, everyone rose in unison, bowing and saying:

“Congratulations, Elder Yan, heartfelt congratulations!”

“May the continent of God Yan be eternally peaceful. The accomplishments of Elder Yan are truly monumental!”

Hearing this report, Yan Wuse finally could not contain his inner joy any longer and burst into hearty laughter.

“Hahaha!”

“I once said that when the light shines, all injustices in the world will be vanquished.”

1987 A Dream! (2)

“Up till the present day, this emperor had not broken his promise. The credit lies with all of you. It’s not just due to this emperor’s efforts!”

All their faces were filled with joy as they laughed heartily.

The laughter in the Council Hall spread out toward the Sacred Mountain Gui Zhe, the capital, and the five domains of the continent.

Everyone who heard this felt at ease and happy. They felt as if they had bathed in the spring breeze and enjoyed the peace.

The meetings were held repeatedly as the four seas enjoyed the peace.

Yan Wuse used the light of God Yan to descend to the earth. He helped relieve the numerous worries of the people of the five regions.

Big and small, each had its own.

Finally, one day, during another meeting, Dao Qiongcang stood up and asked.

“Elder Yan, I have something to ask of you.”

“Speak!”

“Elder Yan’s disciple, Chang Yi, is now fully fledged and had also reached the Saint Realm. I will request for another member to be added to the Council of Ten and offer Chang Yi a seat. What do you think?”

“This is a good thing!”

Yan Wuse was overjoyed. He already had this intention in mind long ago.

Chang Yi was his disciple, one of the few Spiritual Cultivator who had made considerable achievements.

After he joined the white-clothed people in the early years, he had gained so much experience by now.

It just so happened that he had recruited and trained him. Later, he would be the next Hallmaster of the Holy Divine Palace. Then he could enjoy his old age in contentment.

Just as he was about to beckon to someone, Yan Wuse suddenly frowned. His brain felt like it was being pricked by a needle and it hurt.

“Elder Yan?”

“Hallmaster Yan?”

Darkness engulfed everything. When he woke up again, he was surrounded by a circle of people who looked extremely worried.

Their expressions seemed to be separated from their bodies, and looked rather out of place.

The surrounding environment seemed like an illusion and had an ethereal look. It was as if it floated in the clouds and was surreal.

But soon, this trance like state disappeared.

Yan Wuse held his forehead and realized that everything was just an illusion.

“I’m fine. Let’s continue our discussion and summon Xiao Yi.”

He remembered the details of the meeting earlier. It had been interrupted due to the 'episode' he had with his body. He chose to continue.

This business was more important.

A ray of light descended from the horizon.

When Yan Wuse saw the light, it was as if he saw his younger self. He couldn't help but smile and stood up to hold his beloved disciple's hand.

"Xiao Yi..."

However, the light stopped there and the person inside refused to walk out even after a long while.

"Xiao Yi?" Yan Wuse was stunned.

He walked to the front of the light, but there was no one inside!

"Xiao Yi?"

"Where's Chang Yi?"

Yan Wuse turned his head abruptly and his eyes almost popped out of their sockets.

He looked at Dao Qiongcang and shouted, "Little Dao, where is my beloved disciple?"

Dao Qiongcang was also stunned. He had clearly brought Chang Yi, so why was there no one in the light?

"Gou Wuyue!"

Yan Wuse turned his head and glared at Gou Wuyue. "I sent Xiao Yi to the white-clothed people for training. Where is he?"

Gou Wuyue was also stunned.

Suddenly, his expression turned desolate.

The entire Council Hall suddenly fell silent.

The scene changed.

Bang!

Gou Wuyue leaned on his sword and half-knelt at the entrance of the hall.

Yan Wuse realized that he no longer sat at the head of the table. Instead, he was seated at the side.

That Little Dao actually held on to his Sinan and stood on the main seat with an uncertain expression on his face.

Yan Wuse's heart was in a mess.

He didn't correct the problem with the seating positions at this moment. Instead, he chose to go straight to the key point and he shouted at the person at the door. "Gou Wuyue, tell me, what happened to my disciple?"

Gou Wuyue lowered his head.

"I'm sorry, I couldn't protect him..."

There was a loud bang as if a thunderbolt had struck his mind.

Yan Wuse suddenly recalled that he had seen this scene somewhere before.

That can't be right!

It was completely wrong!

Which space-time memory was this? Why would it fly here?

"Xiao... Xiao Yi, what happened?" Yan Wuse involuntarily asked as he recalled the scene in his memory.

Gou Wuyue could not raise his head and had to support his body with his sword. He said sadly.

"In the Eighth Palace, Chang Yi died in battle at the hands of Bazhun'an!"

"Ah!"

"Ahhh..."

Above the Blood World, Yan Wuse split into two. The sound of the tearing seemed to shatter the place completely.

The well hidden scars were ripped open...

All the beautiful visions were gone...

The long cherished wish that attributed to the separation of life and death brought about by the bubble illusion almost crushed his spirit!

He had gone through what was an absolutely perfect life!

In the end, someone suddenly ran out and whispered to him.

“You are wrong.”

“Your life was just a dream.”

“A short dream that lasted for less than ten auras of time. Once you wake up, you would never be able to return.”

The dream ended with the death of his disciple and the nightmare that tore him apart.

How could this not make people despair?

In the Blood World, violent light exploded in all directions. It flowed everywhere amid the Blood Sea of corpses, full of twists and turns as it vented its fury.

Yan Wuse finally managed with great difficulty to restrain his uncontrollable emotions.

He finally remembered that this most beautiful world did not exist, it was just his wishful thinking.

If not for the fact that Xiao Kongtong’s cultivation level had yet to reach the Saint Realm, this sword might have even crossed time and space and taken him away.

There would be no Demi-Saint incarnation to bear it, and no one else would come out to save him...

His spirit was immersed in the Second World, even if all his vital signs were still there.

The person was also dead, and there was no possibility of recovery!

“Xiao Kongtong...”

Yan Wuse’s left hand pulled the left side of his body, and his right hand pulled the right side of his body. He tried to close the gap between the two sides.

In the end, the two halves of his body fused together. It left behind a line of blood from the top to the bottom that was difficult to repair.

He tried to erase this blood line.

However, this thing was like all the memories he had experienced in the Second World. It was like a spiritual brand that was deeply imprinted into his memories and deeply embedded into his body.

It was a humiliation!

It could not be erased!

“Xiao Kongtong...”

“I will definitely kill you!”

“Ahhh...”

Whoosh!

In the Fallen Abyss, Xiao Kongtong seemed to have been drained of all his vitality and vigor as he fell down directly.

Xu Xiaoshou’s figure suddenly appeared and caught him and stopped his fall into the chaotic energy below the Fallen Abyss.

If that happened, with the fragile constitution of the Ancient Swordsman, he might have died in an instant.

“Dead?”

The person in his arms had a peaceful and contented expression.

His breathing was even, but his consciousness and soul seemed to have entered a second world and were no longer in his body.

“He’s not dead, but he had clearly overdone it...”

“How am I supposed to save him? There’s no problem with his vital signs. It looked like he would wake up at any time...”

Xu Xiaoshou slapped him, but Xiao Kongtong did not retaliate in anger.

He slept on peacefully, as if he was unwilling to come back. Perhaps this was the side effect of the Second World?

However, after Mei Siren severed the Wisdom is Emptiness, was the effect the same?

Oh, that’s true. They couldn’t be compared at all.

When he thought of how Feng Xiaose's Wrath of the Great Crimson God could barely be formed, Xiao Kongtong's perfect slash had already surpassed his opponent by many levels.

This sword was too outstanding!

It shouldn't be compared to Master Siren. Among his peers, Xiao Kongtong was second to none with this sword.

He looked back.

From the Fallen Abyss to the south, a sword mark that could not be blocked by anything had been plowed open by the sword light.

This sword mark was too exaggerated and eye-catching.

It separated mountains, rivers, jungles, swamps...

It passed through everything and left a deep mark on the Abyss Island. It even seemed as if it would split the Sky City into two.

"This was the Second World?"

"It had simply changed the structure of the Abyss Island!"

Xu Xiaoshou was shocked. After he took a deep breath, he realized that the portrait clone that brought Xiao Kongtong back did not attract Yan Wuse's attack.

He knew that maybe somewhere, Yan Wuse might have been unable to take care of himself after he received this sword move.

At the very least, he could not take care of himself for a short period of time.

Xu Xiaoshou's true body hurriedly appeared and threw Xiao Kongtong into the Yuan Mansion before he disappeared again.

He didn't know how to save Xiao Kongtong.

But at least he could keep him and hand him over to Bazhun'an. Perhaps he had an idea.

When he thought of Bazhun'an, Xu Xiaoshou was furious.

What was this guy waiting for? Why did he have to wait until everyone was dead and at the end of their tether before he showed himself?

If your legs can't do it, just ask the Storyteller to carry you on his back!

However, before the portrait clone could be dismissed, a soft sound filled with doubt sounded in the sky.

"Is this your sword?"

1988 Can the Life of Bazhun'an Be Exchanged for My Life? (1)

"Rao Yaoyao?"

In the disappearing state, Xu Xiaoshou's heart contracted and he immediately fled.

However, his attempt to take the easy way out seemed to have hit a barrier and he bounced back.

Rao Yaoyao glanced in his direction and her red lips parted.

Before she could move, the Cang Godhood Sword let out a series of sword cries. After the majestic Sword Will spread out, the portrait clone was blown up and reduced to powder.

"It seemed that the sword move was not made by you. I think so too. After all, that was an artistic conception that could only be created by Xiao Kongtong."

Rao Yaoyao paused for a moment before she spoke to the void in front of her again. "It's rare for you to be able to come out so quickly. No wonder my Secular Heart Refinement was ineffective on you before."

Xiao Kongtong's sword move was not directed at her. If it was just the aftershock, it would have no effect on her, who mainly cultivated the emotion sword technique.

However, Rao Yaoyao was surprised that Xu Xiaoshou was able to escape almost as quickly as herself.

But that was all.

"Although this sword is powerful, Xiao Kongtong is not a sword saint. He can't kill Elder Yan."

Rao Yaoyao's pretty face was calm. "So Xu Xiaoshou, stop your struggles. Your fate had long been decided. If you take the initiative to come out, I can reduce your sentence."

When Xu Xiaoshou heard what she said, he removed the Vanishing Technique and revealed himself.

“A man without faith does not know what to do.”

“Can I take your words seriously?”

He came out?

Rao Yaoyao was stunned by this change.

She had only said it casually. She did not expect that Xu Xiaoshou would really dare to appear.

She was not the only one. Before the Thousand Mile Mirror Technique, there were also people who had managed to step out of the influence of the Second World.

After all, the sword move was only aimed at Yan Wuse. They were far away, so the impact was much weaker.

Even so, there were still many people who fell into a deep sleep among the ruins of the First Hall of Sins.

However, all those who were still conscious paid attention to the images in the Thousand Mile Mirror Technique again.

Even the second true body was surprised by the appearance of the main body.

Even Yu Lingdi looked at the person in the image and fell into deep thought.

This was completely different from his impression of Xu Xiaoshou.

Xu Xiaoshou was clearly a person who would resist to the extreme...

“Yu Lingdi, don’t you need to go over?” Someone asked.

Yu Lingdi subconsciously sized up that person’s round head. Soon, he took a deep breath and disappeared from the spot.

“I’m tired.”

On the Fallen Abyss, Xu Xiaoshou did not explain much. “I know you are capable. I know you can find me. I don’t want to waste too much time, so I came out.”

It was true that he could continue to hide, but Rao Yaoyao held his life in her hands.

It was only a matter of time before he was found after being exiled.

Xu Xiaoshou was really tired. He didn't want to stay hidden anymore. He wanted to force Bazhun'an to reveal himself. He wanted to burn his bridges.

God bless, Bazhun'an had to be here...

"A wise decision." At this moment, Rao Yaoyao's face was filled with joy. She was like the final victor. She smiled and said.

"I won't kill you, but I will issue a weapon prohibition order on you. You will follow me back to the Sacred Mountain Gui Zhe to await judgement."

"Maybe after the trial, you will be executed on the spot, but you will see your master for the last time. This is my guarantee."

Then I really have to thank you for your kindness!

Just as Xu Xiaoshou was about to speak, there was a Swish sound in the sky. Countless ancient characters gathered to form a small giant that was three feet tall and dressed in a long hemp robe.

"Number Two?"

Xu Xiaoshou was shocked. Number Two was clearly dead.

Then, he quickly recalled that this was the Divine Oracle controlled by Situ Yongren, not Number Two.

"Greetings, Sword Saint Rao."

Situ Yongren greeted Rao Yaoyao first. He then turned to Xu Xiaoshou, and some ancient characters flashed in his eyes.

"It's him."

He confirmed it and then explained,

"I chased after the Frost Ferret, but it was too late. I was still unfamiliar with the control of Senior Number Two's predecessor, so I couldn't catch up."

"When I sensed that sword attack just now, I immediately turned around to see if I could help."

Rao Yaoyao glanced at him but didn't say anything.

Situ Yongren was able to come out so quickly only due to some of Number Two's abilities.

At this moment, a light flashed in the distance and an angry voice sounded.

"Xiao Kongtong!"

Yan Wuse had also arrived!

As expected, this fellow had not died, but he had definitely been delayed for more than Ten Aura of time.

When he rushed over again, Xu Xiaoshou turned around and saw a straight blood line that ran from Yan Wuse's forehead to his chest.

It was as if he had been forcibly fused together after being split apart. There were still traces that could not be erased by external forces, and the aura on his entire body was also very unstable.

Sometimes, he seemed to be at a loss, sometimes angry, sometimes desperate, sometimes irritable...

"Puff!"

When Xu Xiaoshou saw the bloody line across the bridge of his nose, he couldn't help but laugh. "Your body cracked?"

Yan Wuse's eyebrows shot up and he released a beam of light.

Xu Xiaoshou reacted quickly. He wanted to dodge, but he quickly stabilized his body.

Yan Wuse's light shot past his side. This old fellow's aim was off and he could not hit anyone!

"+(Glared At, Passive Points,+) +1."

"Where is Xiao Kongtong?" Yan Wuse shouted angrily.

In his eyes, Xu Xiaoshou was someone he could easily defeat.

From the beginning to the end, Xiao Kongtong, who was more important than Xu Xiaoshou, was the focus of his attention.

"After the first slash, he was hollowed out and died."

Xu Xiaoshou looked in the direction of the Fallen Abyss and his eyes were filled with regret and self-blame. He blamed himself for not being able to save the other party in time.

Yan Wuse snorted and waved his hand.

The scene above the Fallen Abyss flashed, and it replayed the scene of how Xu Xiaoshou saved the people earlier.

1989 Can the Life of Bazhun'an Be Exchanged for My Life? (2)

In front of the Thousand Mile Mirror Technique, someone laughed out loud.

"Ah, this..." Xu Xiaoshou's face stiffened.

"Hand him over." Yan Wuse's right hand swung out heavily, but he seemed to have used too much strength. The right side of his body jerked abruptly and he quickly pulled back.

"Pfft." Xu Xiaoshou laughed again. "Did you really split in half?"

Rao Yaoyao looked at Elder Yan and one could see the worry in her eyes.

This kind of sword move in the Second World was not easy to deal with.

Even though Xiao Kongtong had yet to become a sword saint, the power of the sword move was secondary. The main thing was the spiritual impact.

It was difficult for those who had been immersed in the Second World to completely disassociate themselves from their experiences during that period of time. All those imaginary memories were thought to be real.

A person's mind might also change in the Second World.

Rao Yaoyao didn't know what Yan Wuse had experienced in his Second World, but he must have been 'satisfied'.

Moreover, he would work hard for what he wanted most in the future, even if it meant a change in his current position.

This could be summed up as the development of every person who had experienced the Second World since the appearance of the Ancient Sword Technique.

From the looks of it, Yan Wuse had recovered well and maintained his previous stance and rationality.

But when he returned to the Holy Divine Palace, he still had to take another test.

Of course, Rao Yaoyao wasn't stupid enough to say these words at this time.

She merely glanced at Elder Yan before she looked away and said lightly, "Since Xiao Kongtong is with Xu Xiaoshou, the result would be the same if we take him down."

"Everyone, everyone..."

Xu Xiaoshou waved his hand repeatedly. "I just appeared to show my sincerity. It does not mean I would just surrender like this. I am here to make a deal with you."

Deal?

It wasn't just Rao Yaoyao and the others who were present. Even the Spiritual Cultivators who had woken up before the Thousand Mile Mirror Technique were confused.

He was already at the end of his tether, what else could Xu Xiaoshou use to make a deal?

Was there anything more important than his life?

At this moment, the second true body received the order 'come over' and it ran unwillingly in the direction of the Fallen Abyss.

He wanted to refuse.

However, the choice that the main body gave him was : "Either you hurry over or kill yourself. I will just create another one."

Could he refuse?

The original body was so inhumane!

"What deal?"

Yan Wuse almost couldn't restrain himself and wanted to attack.

However, he had overheard the conversation Xu Xiaoshou had with the Light Angel after he woke up.

It was an undeniable fact that this was a very intelligent young man, who had a lot of ideas.

He must have known that it was meaningless to waste his breath. Since that was the case, he still proposed a deal at this time. Naturally, he must have his own intentions.

“Yan...”

Rao Yaoyao hesitated.

If she had her way, she would just take him now in order to avoid any further problems.

However, when she looked at Elder Yan, it was as if she was looking at her past self. In addition, her status was indeed not as high as Elder Yan. In the end, she chose to remain silent.

When he saw that they were still willing to give him a chance, Xu Xiaoshou nodded. He was flattered and said.

“I can’t deny that your combat strength is very powerful. I don’t have any ability to resist anymore.”

“But, if, I said, if...”

He looked at Yan Wuse and said seriously.

“If what I told you before was true, I still have a card. This card is strong enough to summon Bazhun’an.”

“Can I trade Bazhun’an’s life for my life?”

What?

“+(Suspected, Passive Points+)+3.”

If it wasn’t for the fact that the Thousand Mile Mirror Technique was too far away, the Passive Points would definitely have increased by several thousand more.

Everyone in the ruins of the First Hall of Sins was shocked by his words.

Use Bazhun’an to trade for Xu Xiaoshou?

“What do you mean?”

Yan Wuse said as he turned around and glanced at Rao Yaoyao. He could see the same confusion in her expression.

But there was also determination, and most of it was actually determination!

Yan Wuse read what Rao Yaoyao meant. She rejected him, but he felt that this might be an opportunity.

With Xu Xiaoshou as the bait to lure Bazhun'an out, why not?

Rao Yaoyao suddenly felt uneasy.

Once upon a time, on the Lone Cliff, she also wanted to use Xu Xiaoshou as bait to catch a bigger fish.

After that, this guy's identity had changed multiple times. Even now, she still couldn't confirm whether it was Xu Xiaoshou who had turned into Huang Quan or was it Huang Quan who had turned into Xu Xiaoshou. It was a total nightmare.

"I just said if..."

At this moment, Xu Xiaoshou looked so shifty and his tone was so underhanded that he looked like a traitor.

He really had no plan.

However, in his desperation, he had no choice but to take advantage of Xiao Kongtong's procrastination and flip through all his memories.

In the end, he drew out all the cards that really existed in his body and there was only the Disillusionment Finger card.

It was indeed impossible for Bazhun'an to allow him to die. After all, he had already said that he would reveal everything. He should be a person who kept his word... right?

However, even Xiao Kongtong was gone, and he had yet to come out!

Xu Xiaoshou had reason to suspect that there was a possibility that he needed to summon him in order for him to come out?

Indeed...

With that sickly demeanor, the last time they met, he didn't even see the Storyteller in the First Hall of Sins.

If he really had to rush to the Fallen Abyss by himself, it might take him three to five years and he still would not have reached it.

In that case, when necessary, there must be a kind of 'telepathy' to get him out, right?

It was just like how the mysterious Master Siren appeared out of nowhere and saved him from danger.

1990 Can the Life of Bazhun'an Be Exchanged for My Life? (3)

He did indeed have a card on him. He didn't know what it was for, but it felt even better than if he were to summon Master Siren.

Death Talisman!

Just like the Communication Talisman, this was a gift from Lei Shuangxing and Luo Leilei of the Yunlun Mountain Range. However, there was no instruction manual on how to use it.

However, they said that it was enough that it could save his life at a critical juncture.

Xu Xiaoshou believed that the Communication Talisman could communicate with an expert to save lives. The Death Talisman was above that. Whoever was stuck with it would die.

Of course, he had now embroidered the story well and 'sincerely' related the biggest guess in his heart.

Everything he said was the truth, so naturally, it was all true.

As he thought of this, Xu Xiaoshou shifted his gaze to Rao Yaoyao. But her surname was Rao...

After some thought, he shifted his gaze to Yan Wuse.

I'm sorry, I've already told you what I need to say. I've also told you about my life experience of 'rare to be muddle-headed'.

If only one person could die at the scene.

Then Rao Yaoyao definitely won't die. Situ Yongren was too weak to even be considered, so you, Yan Wuse, are the only choice.

If you want to blame someone, blame it on your surname Yan. You have no backer!

Xu Xiaoshou took out the talisman from his pocket.

At this moment, Rao Yaoyao, Yan Wuse, and Situ Yongren felt their hearts tighten.

Before the Thousand Mile Mirror Technique, everyone's eyes began to glow. This talisman could summon the Eighth Sword Deity?

However, that talisman was clearly ancient and unremarkable. There was no energy fluctuation. It was Xu Xiaoshou's last card...

"Bazhun'an gave me two talismans. One of them summoned Mei Siren. This one, perhaps I can use it to summon Bazhun'an." Xu Xiaoshou said sincerely.

When he heard the words Bazhun'an, pain flashed across Yan Wuse's eyes as he recalled the face of his disciple.

However, he quickly suppressed his emotions and his head that was about to split open. He stared at the talisman and said, "Why is there the word 'death' on it?"

"Death?" Xu Xiaoshou glanced at the talisman in his hand. "Maybe Bazhun'an was extremely arrogant. He must have thought that once he appeared, all of you will die!"

Rao Yaoyao was silent.

Her rationale told her that if all of Xu Xiaoshou's actions were stopped, this would be the best way to solve the problem.

However, it also told her that other than Bazhun'an, Xu Xiaoshou really couldn't make any waves.

Bazhun'an was indeed more important than Xu Xiaoshou.

If he entered the Abyss Island, Dao Qiongcang would have many ways to punish him.

Therefore, Xu Xiaoshou would tear the talisman no matter what, and Bazhun'an would appear no matter what.

The moment he appeared, she would cooperate with Yan Wuse. There was also the other half of Number Two and he knew the Divine Secret.

No matter what, this would be able to stall Bazhun'an.

Since that was the case, to stop Xu Xiaoshou would be meaningless.

"Tear." Yan Wuse saw through the usage of the talisman.

Xu Xiaoshou shook his head slightly. "I told you, this would be a deal. You haven't agreed to my request yet. If you don't agree, I'll just await my death."

Even Situ Yongren, who hid within the Divine Oracle, raised his eyebrows.

What a good one!

He looked at Elder Yan. Rao Yaoyao also looked at Elder Yan.

The only one who had the authority to speak was here; they did not have the right to speak.

“I can’t agree to your request.”

Yan Wuse shook his head in refusal. Xu Xiaoshou looked disappointed and craned his neck instantly.

However, Yan Wuse changed the topic. “But I promise you that if you can really summon Bazhun’an, I will give you Ten Aura to make your escape...”

Swish!

Before he could finish his sentence, Xu Xiaoshou leaped up to the sky. With a ferocious expression, he threw the Death Talisman on Yan Wuse’s old face that was like a zombie and stuffed it into the bloody gap on his face.

At this moment, all the power in his body surged forth.

Spiritual source, Holy Power, Infernal Fire Seed, Three Days Frozen Calamity, Little Blue Flower of the Tranquil Lake, sword cognition, and all other powers surged out.

He didn’t know how to solve the problem, but one of the powers should be able to solve the problem.

As for Yan Wuse...

Go to hell!

Go and see Bazhun’an in your dreams and have a good chat!

“Sizzle...”

Under everyone’s gazes, the Death Talisman on Yan Wuse’s head turned into spiritual energy and shattered.

Read I Am Loaded with Passive Skills - Chapter 1991 - 1991 Kidding (1)

1991 Kidding (1)

Therefore, this was not a talisman that could summon forth Bazhun'an.

The word 'death' on it was not like what Xu Xiaoshou had said – as soon as Bazhun'an came out, everyone would die.

It was just that this was a talisman that had condensed some kind of fatal energy. Whoever it was pasted on would die?

When Xu Xiaoshou made his move, the Death Talisman was embedded into Yan Wuse's skull. Everyone seemed to awaken from a dream.

"A diversion?"

Many Spiritual Cultivators had waited eagerly before the Thousand Mile Mirror Technique.

However, after they saw this scene, they realized that all of this was just an act.

Xu Xiaoshou didn't have the ability to summon the Eighth Sword Deity, the strongest person in their hearts.

Everything he did was to get rid of the weak Yan Wuse first.

With only Sword Saint Rao left, perhaps he would have a chance to turn things around?

"Xu, Xiao, Shou!"

Above the Fallen Abyss, Rao Yaoyao gritted her teeth and shouted. She felt as if she had been absurdly played with to the sound of applause.

I must be crazy to even hear him out...

I must be crazy to wait for Elder Yan to control the arena. How long had he been in contact with Xu Xiaoshou? How would he be familiar with Xu Xiaoshou's trickery?

Even so, the word 'death' and the shattered spiritual talisman brought too much pressure.

Xu Xiaoshou had too many tricks up his sleeve!

In addition, the word 'Bazhun'an' had hung about his lips just now.

This inevitably made people suspect that even if the Death Talisman could not summon Bazhun'an, it must contain Bazhun'an's strongest attack.

When Xu Xiaoshou decided to burn all his bridges and rushed forward and slapped the talisman onto Yan Wuse, a terrifying power erupted from his body.

Swish! Swish!

Instinctively, Rao Yaoyao and Situ Yongren made the same choice-to retreat immediately!

As the saying went – it was every man for himself!

The talisman was stuck onto Yan Wuse, and its power had already been activated. They were not players who could defend against a fatal blow meant for others.

If they didn't retreat now, would they be buried with him?

“Die!”

On the other side, Xu Xiaoshou's expression was ferocious and crazy.

While his fingertips smashed the Death Talisman, the power that erupted from his body, with the Exploding Posture as the foundation, sent Yan Wuse flying.

However, the most important thing was to recoil and avoid the power of the Death Talisman.

He didn't know what kind of power it had, but he just had to avoid it, or else he would really die.

“Xu Xiaoshou!

Yan Wuse's entire body spilt into two halves.

His body had been forcibly fused to begin with. Under the Second World's sword, he had yet to recover from his injuries.

After he received this talisman, Yan Wuse became desperate.

Even if he used all his strength to defend and restrain his body, he had to be on guard against the subsequent sword force of the Death Talisman.

He also felt that his time was near.

After all...

Would Bazhun'an's attack be any weaker than Xiao Kongtong's sword?

And, he wasn't in his peak condition now.

Everyone's hearts were in their throats as they stared at Yan Wuse, who had split into two.

It was not just the Spiritual Cultivators who stood before the Thousand Mile Mirror Technique. Even Rao Yaoyao could feel that the Cang Godhood Sword in her hand had vibrated gently.

It was as if a sword light was about to appear and tear the sky apart and turn Yan Wuse into dust.

However, the sword light came a little late.

Perhaps it was due to the nature of the spiritual talisman that it was not man-made, but it actually gave Yan Wuse a little time to catch his breath.

Yan Wuse finally merged his two halves together with a bang. Then, he started to form hand seals in a frenzy.

"Divine Reflection Shield!"

"Shadow Evasion of Light!"

"Sanctity Revival!"

"Demi-Saint's Mysterious Decree!"

In an instant, more than ten types of spiritual techniques were formed.

Yan Wuse even took out a copy of the Demi-Saint's Mysterious Decree. He ripped it apart on the spot and turned it into a defensive light that covered his entire body.

The sword light was still delayed and had yet to arrive.

"Whoa."

After the sound of the wind passed, the Death Talisman shattered.

In fact, it had already shattered a long time ago. At this time, all the major fluctuations formed by Xu Xiaoshou's various powers exploded.

However, the sword light that could split the Abyss Island had yet to appear.

"This..."

Rao Yaoyao's eyelids twitched as she lowered her head to look at the Cang Godhood Sword in her hand.

Just now, the sword seemed to have vibrated, but also seemed to not have vibrated.

"Battle mode..."

Situ Yongren had just activated his defense mode and was about to activate his battle mode when he suddenly stopped.

Everyone who stood before the Thousand-mile Mirror Technique retreated and covered their eyes.

The experience of being blinded by a sword cognition from afar was still fresh in the people's minds.

Now, it was the Eighth Sword Deity's sword. If they got too close, they might even be split apart.

However, three auras, five auras had passed since the Death Talisman shattered... Ten Aura of time!

Above the Fallen Abyss, it was extremely quiet. Everyone was petrified.

Before the Thousand Mile Mirror Technique, everyone's faces twitched. Then, they put down their hands and started to complain crazily.

"I'm really f*cked up!"

"You dog Xu Xiaoshou, you can even pretend like this?"

"Nothing, there's nothing?"

"I already said it, I knew it! That spiritual talisman doesn't have any f*cking spiritual energy. It's clearly impossible that it could condense any attack. Don't you believe me?"

"Shut your stinky mouth, it's too late! You came out at this time. Look, who's talking now?"

"Hahaha, I'm dying of laughter."

"Look, Yan Wu... Ptui, Elder Yan, Elder Yan was even forced to take out a Demi-Saint's Mysterious Decree!"

"As Xu Xiaoshou, he only used a spiritual talisman that might not even be of the tenth grade."

“As for that ‘Death’ character that was on it, it’s very likely that he wrote it himself.”

“Amazing! A broken talisman managed to scare off three Demi-Saints and even shattered one of them. Xu Xiaoshou would surely gain fame from this battle!”

1992 Kidding (2)

On the Fallen Abyss, the Xiao Se wind caused Xu Xiaoshou’s hair to be disheveled.

If possible, he had no intention to deceive the two Demi-Saints.

He also wished that a sword light could fly out of the Death Talisman and kill Yan Wuse.

The only thing left was Adorable Rao’s words. She believed that intelligence could make up for the difference in one’s cultivation level.

But now, Xu Xiaoshou was in a complete mess. His mental condition had collapsed.

Bazhun’an, what was the function of this broken talisman? Do you have any use for it at all?

The bodies of the three people on the opposite side trembled, and they seemed to have finally woken up.

At this moment, Rao Yaoyao and Situ Yongren didn’t even dare to look back at Yan Wuse.

It was as if Elder Yan would explode with shame even if they only glanced at him.

After all, they had been scared off.

However, Elder Yan suffered the most. His body had split open from the attack, and he was forced to use more than ten spiritual techniques and even the Demi-Saint’s Mysterious Decree.

On the other hand, the other party merely farted...

“Xu Xiaoshou!

As expected, Yan Wuse’s eyes were about to pop out and he gritted his teeth until they bled. He shouted, “I will kill you before I can be happy!”

A boom could be heard as the raging light of spiritual cultivation lit up the entire Abyss Island.

Everyone only felt that their vision had turned black. In the next second, light descended again.

Above the Fallen Abyss, there was a dense white sun that covered the sky and seemed to evaporate all the energy in the world.

“Endless Sun Wheel!”

Yan Wuse slapped the air and leaped toward the sky.

His body suddenly emitted a bright light, as if he had transformed into a god, and countless rays of light shot out from behind him.

The rays of light pierced into the army of sun wheels as if they were about to be controlled. In the next second, they rained down in torrents.

Good...

Xu Xiaoshou’s eyelids twitched violently. He felt that at this moment, he saw what it meant to ‘fly into a rage out of humiliation’ vividly.

But this wasn’t my intention. I didn’t want to anger you. Sob!

“Elder Yan, Elder Yan, let’s talk things out. It’s not what you think...” Xu Xiaoshou said in a panic.

“Shut up!”

“Shut your stinky mouth!”

“I want you to die without a burial place!”

Yan Wuse seemed to have gone crazy. He refused to listen to Xu Xiaoshou’s blabber and waved his hand.

In the sky, countless suns whizzed down.

“D*mn it...”

Xu Xiaoshou was also furious. He puffed out his chest and leaped into the air. He roared angrily, “Do you really think I’m a pushover? Do you think you’re qualified to seize me?”

With a loud rumble, the Berserk Giant appeared in the arena.

The scene that was transmitted by the Thousand Mile Mirror Technique was so exaggerated that only one of the golden giant's toes could be seen.

"Pull!"

"Stretch the angle!"

Everyone was excited.

The Third Emperor Yan Wuse, and the giant Xu Xiaoshou, had a head-on battle. This was too exciting.

When the scene was stretched, everyone saw that the giant above the Fallen Abyss was not afraid at all.

When he faced the endless sun discs, his movements were very rapid. A magnificent Power Upanishad Formation appeared under his feet.

In the next second, the giant's hands pierced through the void and retracted violently.

"Disintegrate!"

The space was like a tablecloth. After it was ripped apart, there was a crackling sound that shattered the non-existent glass bottles on it. However, the sparkling fragments still scattered all over the Nine Heavens.

A large portion of the endless sun discs was swallowed by the black hole that suddenly appeared.

The rest that continued to bombard the Golden Giant was shot down by the super red Taotie Beast Head that suddenly appeared behind the giant...

"Ah!"

He gobbled the Feast in one gulp!

"Ye Xiaotian's move..."

Rao Yaoyao looked at the Golden Giant in shock.

She knew Xu Xiaoshou had matured, but she never thought that he had grown so quickly.

He could even take a blow from Elder Yan.

Moreover, this Power Upanishad Formation, combined with the Way of the Sword abilities he had displayed when he disguised himself as Xiao Kongtong...

How was this possible?

Why did Xu Xiaoshou transform every time they met?

His innate talent was simply too terrifying. It was not inferior to Bazhun'an!

"Xu, Xiao, Shou!"

Yan Wuse had gone completely berserk.

His beloved disciple had been killed; the confusion between reality and falsehood; the failure of his first attack and his hatred towards Bazhun'an. His humiliation and resentment and all sorts of emotions were combined.

Even Yan Wuse was aware that his current state was not right and that he should stop and take a breather.

However, Xu Xiaoshou's talisman had shattered his dignity as one of the three emperors and the light of spiritual cultivation.

He couldn't bear it anymore, he didn't need to!

"Thunderstrike Spear."

He raised his hands in the air, and two long purple electric spears appeared in his palms.

To defeat Xiao Kongtong, Yan Wuse didn't even use such strength. He was truly furious!

While Xu Xiaoshou swallowed the sun wheels, he still had to deal with how his energy skyrocketed. He could not protect himself from the external forces.

Yan Wuse stepped upward and shot forward.

"Die!"

The two spears spun in the air, and purple lightning exploded.

Yan Wuse twitched violently in front of the Golden Giant.

The two Thunderstrike Spears struck the giant's abdomen from below. It was as if they wanted to send him to his death.

“Bang!”

The Fallen Abyss exploded violently and created a black hole on the spot.

The terrifying explosive energy even sent the Divine Oracle controlled by Situ Yongren flying.

“How was that possible?”

“I’ve turned on my defense mode...”

Although he was not injured as he stayed hidden within the Divine Oracle.

However, just the aftershock alone sent the Divine Oracle flying. Situ Yongren was shocked.

If he really had to withstand this attack, he would probably have his shit blown out!

On the other hand, Rao Yaoyao...

All she did was hide her body with the All Life Form of the Secular World. With the power of the Mountains and Seas Converge, she easily blocked the aftershock of the battle.

1993 Kidding (3)

“This is the difference between mortals and Saints!”

Situ Yongren’s heart was filled with endless desire. He also wanted to reach this first realm and handle difficult problems with ease.

“Puff!”

On the other side, Xu Xiaoshou did not feel good. As the giant spat out blood, the energy of the sun was spat out too.

The two Thunderstrike Spears had completely destroyed his abdomen.

The Berserk Giant was shattered on the spot, and the chaotic energy that it had feasted on earlier had not even been completely discharged.

It was different from the energy that was used to swallow Number Two, the Silent Black Restraint.

The endless sun wheels devoured all the light elements on the Abyss Island in an instant. Their energy was almost ten thousand times that of the former!

Xu Xiaoshou had already exhausted his Breathing Technique to disperse them. He still felt that his body was about to explode.

As for his defense against the Thunderstrike Spear?

He couldn't even take care of himself, so how could he still withstand external attacks?

"Die..."

"I want to die..."

"D*mn it, this light element is too terrifying. I can't even defeat Yan Wuse."

"So the most powerful skill wasn't the Passive Fist, but Master Siren's first attack. That was the Hand of God!"

He lost control of his body and was sent flying.

Without the Non-phase sword body, Xu Xiaoshou's various passive skills supported him. He was not killed on the spot.

Just like Xiao Kongtong, he smashed through the mountains and the void...and carried on through the distance.

And at this moment, through his Perception, he saw Yan Wuse behind him.

Whoosh! Whoosh!

He spun the two Thunderstrike Spears in his hands and thrust them backward. He wanted to replicate the scene where he pierced through Xiao Kongtong. He wanted to thrust the Thunderstrike Spears into Xu Xiaoshou.

"I can't stay hidden anymore!"

To use the Vanishing Technique was equivalent to waiting for death in the presence of such a powerful enemy. Xu Xiaoshou did not want to use it anymore.

His chest shook and he did not care about anything else. Under Rao Yaoyao's gaze, the Imitator flew out of the spatial ring.

The drop of blood from Yan Wuse that he had obtained when he pasted the talisman on him was stuck in the air.

“Light!”

After Xu Xiaoshou drank it, his body underwent a transformation before it dissipated.

While Yan Wuse was in a stunned state, Xu Xiaoshou turned into light.

The energy of the light system that he could not digest earlier, became like a favorite toy that could be easily dissipated.

There were too many things in his mind. Xu Xiaoshou could only take the essence and discard the dregs.

Soon, he faced the shocked Yan Wuse and Xu Xiaoshou turned into Yan Wuse.

He raised his head and released his hand.

“Thunderstrike Spear!”

Buzz!

Before the Thousand Mile Mirror Technique, countless jaws dropped in shock.

The two identical people that stood in the air, the four identical spears...

“I’m going crazy!”

“Xu Xiaoshou, what other hidden trump cards do you have?”

At the same time, Rao Yaoyao’s pupils almost constricted to the size of a needle. She had watched the battle from afar and thought it would be good to let Elder Yan vent his anger first,

“This is...”

Her right hand gripped the Cang Godhood Sword tightly.

Her delicate body trembled slightly, and then the intensity increased.

“It’s you...”

“So it’s you!”

“So all of this was really due to you, Xiaoshou!”

Once the Imitator appeared, that Yi was killed by Xu Xiaoshou.

On the Lone Cliff, it was not Huang Quan who transformed into Xu Xiaoshou, but Xu Xiaoshou who had transformed into Huang Quan... How could he dare to do this in front of hundreds of red-clothed people and the Sword Deity?

Under the deep sea, on the Abyss Island, there was a reason for all the strange and inexplicable things that happened. These included Huang Quan, Bazhun'an, Xiao Kongtong, and so on.

After all, with the Imitator in his hands, Xu Xiaoshou could become anyone in the world!

He was the second ever-changing Yi!

Rao Yaoyao suddenly felt a little dizzy.

She held her head, and there was only one voice that echoed in her head.

It was Xu Xiaoshou's voice, as well as the voices of everyone he had transformed into.

He laughed, he mocked and he held his stomach as he laughed.

"The clown!"

"Hahahaha, the clown!"

With a swoosh, Rao Yaoyao's eyes turned red. She lifted the Cang Godhood Sword and rushed out. Her shame was filled with an anger that was even crazier than Yan Wuse's.

No one could snatch Xu Xiaoshou's head away today, not even Yan Wuse!

I, Rao Yaoyao, have said it!

At this moment, the Cang Godhood Sword shook violently and broke free from Rao Yaoyao's grip in her fury.

Faint hums of sword cries came from the east.

"Yes..."

1994 Using the Sword as the Boundary, Anyone Who Oversteps the Boundary Will Die!
(1)

"What's that sound?"

On the ruins of the First Hall of Sins, everyone pricked up their ears and looked around. They had clearly heard that sound.

It was very slight, but it was like a needle that pierced through one's skin.

It didn't hurt, but it made one's hair stand on end!

"Yes..."

The sound became rapidly louder and it was from the east!

The rubble, floating dust, scattered grass, and broken blades on the ruins of the First Hall of Sins... All these dead things started to tremble.

"It's not an illusion..."

"My sword just moved!"

Even the sword in his hand was affected and began to tremble, and it started to increase in magnitude.

It was only then that the Spiritual Cultivator realized that the sensations they had felt when Xu Xiaoshou had taken out the Death Talisman in the Fallen Abyss were not fake.

The sword had really moved!

"All Things are Swords!"

"This is the All Things are Swords!"

"Only the Ancient Swordsman can do this by relying on their Sword Will. Moreover, this range is very large. No, it's too large! It's like..."

Some people became fanatical; they were so excited that they couldn't speak.

Because in just an instant, the thousands of dead objects on the ruins of the First Hall of Sins started to float in the air.

Every grain of sand and every weed released a biting cold Sword Will. A glance brought forth a piercing pain and one felt a sense of dread at the sound.

It was not only at the First Hall of Sins, but where the Thousand Mile Mirror Technique shone on at the Abyss Island too.

The strange phenomenon that took place everywhere was exactly the same as what had happened above the ruins of the First Hall of Sins.

“What happened?” Someone asked.

The man who held the sword in his hand was so excited that he trembled. He simply loosened the restraint and let the sword in his hand fly up into the sky with the thousands of sand and stones around him. His expression became dazed as he muttered softly,

“A sword from the east, a Sword Deity!”

“This was as if, this was as if... The former Eighth Sword Deity had returned!”

“Yes!”

To the east of Fallen Abyss, the sound of the sword cries that whistled through the air was extremely ear-piercing.

The Cang Godhood Sword was about to fly out of her hand. Rao Yaoyao had to expend a lot of effort to hold on tightly to this sword that hadn't completely acknowledged its master.

She recalled something and looked to the east.

At the same time, Yan Wuse and Situ Yongren stopped what they were doing and also looked to the east.

A cold light arrived first, and then a sword flew into the air!

It was an extremely ordinary black iron sword that wasn't mixed with the slightest bit of spirit energy. It couldn't even be considered a grade ten spiritual sword.

The flying sword glowed red as it tore through the air at high speed.

Logically speaking, this sword should have melted into molten iron halfway through and disappeared.

However, there was a sliver of silver sword cognition attached to it. It was very faint and shallow.

It was the existence of this sword cognition that protected the black iron sword. When it came from the east, it affected everything on the Abyss Island. It was as if they welcomed the return of the emperor.

“Bazhun'an...”

Xu Xiaoshou, who had turned into Yan Wuse, suddenly had a glow in his eyes. He did not know how to describe his feelings at this moment.

He watched as the cold light pierced through the air and finally with a clang, the black iron sword was embedded between himself and Yan Wuse.

“Boom!”

The space of the Fallen Abyss was shattered, and a huge hole appeared, as if it was a boundary drawn between life and death.

The silver sword cognition tore apart the celestial river and sent Xu Xiaoshou flying.

On the other hand, Yan Wuse managed to avoid the attack by a hair's breadth.

The red-hot black iron sword still shook violently as it made chirping birdlike sounds. Soon, a cold voice came from the sword.

“Use the sword as the boundary, those who cross the boundary will die!”

The sound waves spread and echoed.

At this moment, all the Spiritual Cultivators on the island looked up. No matter where they were, they could hear the voice clearly.

The moment this voice sounded, it caused some people to become even more excited.

“Eighth Sword Deity!”

“That was the voice of the Eighth Sword Deity. I've heard it before, and I'm certain of it!”

“He really came. Xu Xiaoshou really summoned the Eighth Sword Deity.”

“Forget it. Bazhun'an had made his appearance before and I have also heard this voice many times.” Someone calmly poured cold water on his claims.

“It's different. This is different...”

On the ruins of the First Hall of Sins, dozens of people glared at the same time. Someone shouted.

“There may be many Eighth Sword Deity, but there can only be one!”

“In the War of the Ten High Nobles, every time he made a move, it was accompanied by such a strange phenomenon.”

“Now that decades have passed, there are people who can imitate the Eighth Sword Deity, but who can imitate his aura?”

“Who can really shock the entire city with a black iron sword?”

There was no doubt about this.

From what he said, it was clear that this person had been deeply influenced by the Eighth Sword Deity’s ‘poem and sword’.

At this moment, the entire Abyss Island was filled with sword dust that made it seem like a mortal paradise. This was all because of a single sword that came from the east.

“Good timing!”

Xu Xiaoshou didn’t even pretend to be Yan Wuse anymore. He directly transformed back to his original form and did not show any fear.

He stood on the other side of the boundary of life and death that was separated by the black iron sword. As he looked at the three people opposite him, he felt as if someone had pushed him from behind, and his chest puffed up.

“Use the sword as the boundary, those who cross the boundary will die! Listen to what my Bazhun’an said!”

“Who dares to come and try?”

“Anyone! Speak up!”

Rao Yaoyao gripped the Cang Godhood Sword tightly and stared at Xu Xiaoshou and did not utter a single word.

She could hardly control herself!

The Cang Godhood Sword was excited not because it was about to release its grip and acknowledge someone else as its master.

Instead, it treated the red-hot black iron sword as its most important opponent and wanted to challenge it to a fight.

That was just a red-hot black iron sword!

However, that was the sword thrown out by Bazhun’an!

Rao Yaoyao’s heart was filled with mixed feelings and she was speechless.

She had not seen Bazhun’an for many years, she had already reached the Saint Realm and thought that she could suppress him.

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(2)

She had never thought that the opponent would only use a black iron sword, and the divine sword in her hand, Xuan Cang, would lose its ability to fight.

Until now, he had yet to make an appearance...

Yan Wuse looked at the young man with the flushed face opposite him. After a long silence, his drooping eyelids twitched a few times.

“Appearance.”

He looked around and found that there was no Bazhun’an in sight.

Therefore, the Death Talisman could indeed summon Bazhun’an just as what Xu Xiaoshou had said.

But something was off. In fact, he could only summon one sword move of Bazhun’an?

“Do you know that you are now like a dog that barked through the fence or a fox that took advantage of a tiger’s might. Shameless!” Yan Wuse turned around and sneered.

Ah, do I look like one?

Xu Xiaoshou couldn’t help but touch his face. It was a little hot.

“+(Humiliated, Passive Points +)+1.”

His face became even hotter.

However, Xu Xiaoshou was not bothered. He shouted a few more times.

“Shameless? You want to talk about shame with me?”

“The combined ages of you old farts is equivalent to a few hundreds of me, but you’ve ganged up to bully a young man who’s not even twenty years old. Do you think that was polite?”

He had just celebrated his birthday and was already nineteen.

Situ Yongren, who stayed hidden within the Divine Oracle was still very young and immature. He touched his smooth face and realized that he was only considered as average.

This was not the main point.

The point was that Xu Xiaoshou's words had indeed enlightened the world.

That's right. A person must be that outstanding to be targeted by several Demi-Saints at the age of 18 or 19.

In the end, after they killed for such a long time, they still couldn't kill him?

Before the Thousand-Mile Mirror Technique, the group of Spiritual Cultivators fell silent. Some of them had already started to dig a hole as they prepared to bury themselves.

Could they still continue to live?

Xu Xiaoshou was not even twenty yet?

Yan Wuse was also rendered speechless by these words.

It was undeniable that to treat Xu Xiaoshou as an opponent of the same level was a bit overboard.

Because of that punch from before...

However, the truth was that the two of them were separated by several eras.

"Xu Xiaoshou, where is your Bazhun'an?" Yan Wuse avoided the awkward topic. He wanted to kill someone.

One Xu Xiaoshou was obviously not enough.

If Bazhun'an really dared to come out, then today would be perfect for the final-stage showdown. He could take revenge for his beloved disciple.

"What do you think?" Xu Xiaoshou sneered. "He's already thrown out his sword. If you think he's not here, then try and cross the boundary!"

"Alright." Yan Wuse didn't even bother with any idle chatter. He stepped forward and crossed the line between life and death.

The entire world suddenly fell silent.

Before the Thousand Mile Mirror Technique, everyone's hearts were in their throats, filled with anticipation.

Inside the Divine Oracle, Situ Yongren, the person who controlled senior Number Two, had already given the order, "If there is danger, retreat first."

Rao Yaoyao held onto the trembling Cang Godhood Sword and looked up at the heavenly chasm in the void, as well as Elder Yan who had crossed it. There was a flash of uneasiness in her eyes.

Yan Wuse stopped after he crossed the boundary.

He paused for a few breaths, then he looked around and smiled. "Xu Xiaoshou, I'm here."

One of Xu Xiaoshou's eye was big while the other was small. His entire body was extremely stiff, as if he had been petrified.

And then?

And then what? Bazhun'an?

You just threw an ordinary sword over and spouted some nonsense. Now that someone had crossed the boundary, you're not going to say a word?

"Hehe, Elder Yan, what I meant..."

"The dog barks the loudest when it is chained, but when the chain is broken, the dog will tremble." Yan Wuse interrupted coldly as he held the Thunderstrike Spear. He was about to throw it in the air.

"F*ck you!"

Xu Xiaoshou's curse was not directed at Yan Wuse. Instead, he cursed Bazhun'an.

This guy was too unreliable.

It was one thing for the Death Talisman to be delayed for so long.

This so-called 'one sword from the East', he had thought that it would have some substantial effect.

And the result?

Eighth Brother, oh Eighth Brother, your sword is just like you. Although you have a reputation, it's rotten to the bone.

"Woof!"

Xu Xiaoshou turned into Yan Wuse on the spot. He roared at Yan Wuse in anger and then fled for his life.

“You’re dead!”

Yan Wuse’s anger was instantly aroused, and he threw out his Thunderstrike Spear.

At this moment, black air gushed out from the heavenly chasm that the red-hot black iron sword had shattered.

“Woo!”

At the same time, dark clouds gathered above the Nine Heavens.

As soon as the strange sound appeared, the entire Abyss Island changed from day to dusk, as if it would soon turn into night.

A heavy pressure descended!

“Bang!”

On Abyss Island, all the dust and rocks that floated in the air fell to the ground and were smashed into powder.

Bang bang bang!

Thousands of swords fell from the ruins of the First Hall of Sins, and ninety-nine percent of the Spirit Cultivators were forced to their knees.

“What’s the situation?”

Everyone was shocked, but even the simple action of raising their heads became extremely difficult at this moment.

The transmission of the Thousand Mile Mirror Technique became extremely blurry.

There were waves of energy that swept from it and it contorted the peoples’ shapes. The manifestation of an aura?

“Pa!”

Above the Fallen Abyss, the Thunderstrike Spear that had flown through the air after it left his hand, exploded into light spots instantly.

Yan Wuse’s pupils constricted as he realized something was wrong. He looked up abruptly.

Black clouds pressed down on the city and thunder rumbled, as if a Demon God had awakened and now looked at the world.

“Oh!”

Xu Xiaoshou, who had fled for his life suddenly grunted. He felt a heavy weight on his shoulders and he fell to the ground.

What the hell?

When he looked up, the sky had turned black.

The space shattered as if doomsday had arrived.

“This aura...”

Xu Xiaoshou finally realized that the pressure on his shoulders came from the aura of an unknown person.

1996 Using the Sword as the Boundary, Anyone Who Oversteps the Boundary Will Die!
(3)

He felt as if he had returned to the time when he had just drawn out the Swallow the Mountains and Rivers and had encountered the giant in the fantasy realm.

It was too terrifying!

“Ah!”

Very soon, the pressure intensified and there seemed to be no limit to it.

Xu Xiaoshou’s face was hideous and scrunched up in unbearable pain. The flesh on his face tore and his eyes seemed about to pop out.

However, he still held on, unwilling to be forced to kneel by this inexplicable pressure.

“Heart Sword Technique, Demons Under Eyes!”

Xu Xiaoshou shouted in his heart. The imagery of the Swallow the Mountains and Rivers and Heart Sword Technique appeared at the same time. It gave him the strength to resist as he said, “It’s up to me to decide my fate, not the Heavens.”

Pa!

He was like an ant, trampled by the Intangible giant in the sky and continued to fall.

“F*ck!”

“I’m not playing anymore. Vanishing Technique!”

Xu Xiaoshou disappeared and 70-80% of the pressure was isolated.

However, the other people on the Abyss Island did not have the Vanishing Technique. They felt that not only did they have spirits on their shoulders, but they also felt that there were ghosts in their heads.

“Kaka!”

The Divine Oracle’s head drooped heavily, and his entire body emitted a sound as though it was overwhelmed by the weight. His hands hung down, almost torn apart by the heavy pressure.

Rao Yaoyao couldn’t hold on any longer and released her grip in time as she covered the sling on her shoulder.

“Pa ji.”

Yan Wuse raised his head and glanced at the sky.

With just a glance, he was split into two in the next second and fell into the Fallen Abyss.

“Use the sword as the boundary, those who cross the boundary will die!”

The red-hot black iron sword was the only thing on the entire Abyss Island that remained unmoved.

When the voice of Bazhun’an rang out once again and fell on the sword body, the chaotic energy accumulated in the Fallen Abyss transformed into ten thousand swords that shot into the sky.

Chi Chi Sizzle!

All Swords to the Master!

And this ‘sect’ was the heavenly chasm in the void that the red-hot black iron sword had shaken open; the monstrous crack that was connected to the unknown world.

“Elder Yan...”

After Rao Yaoyao secured the sling, she took the lead to grab back the Cang Godhood Sword and then went to save Elder Yan.

Yan Wuse, who had been split in half, took a short while to recover!

One could imagine how much pressure he had suffered from that glance just now.

Perhaps, everyone on Abyss Island experienced only the aftermath of the aura, and Yan Wuse was the only target of the overwhelming pressure.

Death awaited those who crossed the boundary!

Even though she was aware of all this, Rao Yaoyao did not care too much about it.

However, just as she was about to cross the boundary to save him, a monstrous black energy shot up from the heavenly chasm.

There were still remnants of the saint calamity and the aura of the emperor in the energy.

However, at this moment, they had all turned into a torrent of devilish energy.

It used the boundary between life and death as its foundation to separate Rao Yaoyao and Yan Wuse; it was like the separation of Yin and Yang.

“I decide on life and death, I decide on reincarnation.”

“All living beings of the mortal world will be liberated if they unite!”

Rao Yaoyao’s eyes were cold as the sword light erupted around her body.

The All Life Form of the Secular World appeared in the sky. In the world of black devilish energy, they found the lost power of humans.

The Xuan Cang rose and slashed forward!

“Human Sword, Life Slash!”

The sword that gathered all the power of All Life Form of the Secular World turned into a red sword light. It then slashed directly at the boundary wall of the devilish energy that separated the Yin and Yang.

Boom!

The black airflow rolled to both sides and then it caved in.

However, he was able to block the attack of this sword!

“How was that possible?”

“This has already surpassed the defense of a Demi-Saint Stage. How far had Bazhun’an’s strength grown?”

Rao Yaoyao’s pupils trembled. The Xuan Cang spun and dissolved into Nine Swords and the Imperial Decree came out.

“Nine Sword Techniques, Infinite Number!”

The nine ‘Human Sword’ and Life Slash’ overlapped and with a rumble, they finally slashed through the torrent of devilish energy.

Rao Yaoyao didn’t dare to delay and broke into the black world. She wanted to get Elder Yan back.

“Roar!”

At this moment, a loud dragon’s roar resounded in the sky.

All the pressure disappeared at the same time. Rao Yaoyao’s delicate body trembled, and her beautiful eyes widened. She stopped in her tracks and looked up in a daze.

“This, this is?!”

In the ruins of the First Hall of Sins, apart from the trash that had been crushed into pieces by the pressure, the remaining Spiritual Cultivators who had managed to survive were able to look up at the sky.

The city was filled with black clouds, and the dragon sat among the clouds.

Its head could not be seen, but its scales were as big as the sky!

“Pa, pa, pa...”

In a short moment, thousands of eyeballs exploded in the Abyss Island.

After the dragon’s roar, a deep voice filled with suppressed anger resounded and swept across the entire Abyss Island.

“Who is holding the Flame Python? Who is Xu Xiaoshou?”

1997 Black Dragon Tours the Island (1)

“Dragon!!”

On the Abyss Island, a chorus of horrified gasps echoed through the air.

There are Seven Breaks in the Shengshen Continent, and among these Seven Breaks lay the Dragon Cave, rumored to be the birthplace of all the dragons in the world.

Dragons were synonymous with power.

They bore no prefixes or suffixes, nothing like the spiritual techniques and constitutions of Shadow of the Azure Dragon, Body of the White Dragon, or Crimson Flame Dragon Fist.

Dragons truly existed as vivid and tangible creatures!

Spiritual techniques or mystical elixirs pertaining to dragons had been studied and consumed.

Yet, few had actually witnessed a real dragon, let alone in such proximity.

Even though a single glance could blast their eyes, the spectators found it unbelievable.

The dragon was incredibly huge and lifelike!

Amidst the thunderous clouds that had enveloped the entire Abyss Island, one could barely make out a patch of black scales on its form.

Only in passing, as the dragon circled the island in flight, could one glimpse its claw amid the shroud of devilish energy and clouds.

But the dragon's head remained obscure. None of the Cutting Path Stage or Higher Void experts could withstand its aura, their minds nearly splitting apart.

This event brought to light the truth:

Saint!

To face this majestic creature, one had to be no less than a demi-saint.

Recollections of the scene from the Thousand Mile Mirror Technique resurfaced. Even figures like Rao Yaoyao and Yan Wuse were unable to withstand the imposing aura exuded by the arrival of this black dragon.

“Holy... Holy Emperor?”

After a prolonged period of silence, the term finally occurred to someone.

At that moment, it dawned on everyone that just like the demi-saint realm, the Holy Emperor was also a realm.

Though the latter seemed almost lost in the depths of memory.

But now, with the emergence of the black dragon, the memory stirred, bringing back the term of this first realm, "Holy Emperor."

"This dragon... it looks just like that black dragon phantom from the Eastern Region..."

There was a time when a dragon had appeared on the Yunlun Mountain Range, visible across realms, spanning almost half of the Eastern Region's Holy Sword Land.

Seeing such a formidable creature twice in a short span was unlikely. That left only one possibility.

"The Inner Island of the Abyss Island, the Island of Exile, Demonic Emperor Black..."

A few who knew of this nearly forgotten answer hesitated to voice it completely.

Just a single gaze would be explosive to one's eyes. What potential dangers could arise from disclosing the name in full?

After healing their eyes, many pressured the expert to activate the Thousand Mile Mirror Technique once more.

Some would risk their lives in the pursuit of knowledge.

At this point, they would die with regrets if they did not witness everything.

Soon, the Thousand Mile Mirror Technique was reactivated. Though everyone knew a dragon loomed overhead, they dared not raise their eyes, relying on this medium to catch a glimpse.

The imposing aura of the Black Dragon's entrance was gone, and its temper seemed to have softened.

People instinctively shielded their eyes at the sight of the dragon scales.

"Huh?"

No explosions!

That meant they could look!

Indeed, this dragon was seeking Xu Xiaoshou. It had permitted the gazes of mortals because of that purpose...

Wait!

Why would the Demonic Emperor Black Dragon seek Xu Xiaoshou?

Confusion rippled through everyone. While the dragon was summoned by Xu Xiaoshou, the latter was merely the key.

Given the status of the Demonic Emperor Black Dragon, would it not make more sense for it to directly converse with the Eighth Sword Deity?

Above the Fallen Abyss, Xu Xiaoshou felt an icy chill in his disappearing state, as if his scalp had been lifted.

He had regained his eyes. Mustering his courage, he peeked again.

Very well.

All was well.

This dragon was indeed the Demonic Emperor Black Dragon who had clashed with Dao Qiongcang.

Therefore...

The Death Talisman of Bazhun'an summoned a sword. It devoured the energy within the Fallen Abyss, opened a rift in the Inner Island of the Abyss Island, and released a great ally: the Demonic Emperor Black Dragon.

Why did he give the Death Talisman to him on the Yunlun Mountain Range?

What if he had used it in advance?

Xu Xiaoshou pondered, perhaps the effectiveness of the Death Talisman varied with time.

After all, it could summon a sword, and Bazhun'an could use it for whatever he pleased.

Alternatively, perhaps Old Eighth guessed that he would not be confronting a demi-saint, and thus would not be compelled to use the Death Talisman.

If it was the latter...

The depth of Bazhun'an's foresight was too frightening!

Did he foresee his fate on the Abyss Island while on the Yunlun Mountain Range?

Xu Xiaoshou preferred to believe the former.

“Who wields the Flame Python, who goes by the name Xu Xiaoshou?”

The Demonic Emperor Black Dragon, coiled in the high skies above Abyss Island, spoke in a deep voice. It seemed that its appearance was solely directed at this target, devoid of any other reason.

Below the Fallen Abyss, Rao Yaoyao helped Elder Yan up.

Though Yan Wuse’s fractured form had fused, he felt a strong sense of displeasure.

He, a demi-saint, the brilliant light of spiritual cultivation, was being ignored. Just because he was injured, the appearance of that wretched dragon had managed to suppress him.

Others might be afraid, but he was not.

It was evident that this was not the true form of the Demonic Emperor Black Dragon. Just like before, it was merely a lingering remnant.

At most, it was a Holy Emperor’s Clone of Will.

Without the Mystery Boxes, would the Demonic Emperor Black Dragon dare to act so recklessly on the Outer Island?

If this was tolerable, then what was not?

“I...”

“Elder Yan, wait a moment.”

Rao Yaoyao intervened, stopping Yan Wuse in time.

With her sharp mind, she easily sensed the underlying rage of the Demonic Emperor Black Dragon.

Perhaps the title of Bazhun’an, the Master of the black and white veins, was just in name.

Indeed, he had summoned the creature, but he might not be able to control the Demonic Emperor Black Dragon.

Similar to the time at Yunlun Mountain Range, the black dragon would eventually turn against him.

Now, Xu Xiaoshou had called for help, yet whether this assistance was for him or against him remained uncertain.

1998 Black Dragon Tours the Island (2)

“Why did it come looking for me as soon as it emerged? It should be clueless...”

If those thoughts crossed Rao Yaoyao’s mind, it was only natural that they would have occurred to Xu Xiaoshou too.

As the summoner, he had not been ecstatic to the point of losing his sanity that he would rush out to have this celestial dragon fulfill his seven wishes.

Instead, he began pondering the intentions of the Demonic Emperor Black Dragon:

“Bazhun’an could not easily connect to the presence of the Inner Island. Even if he wants to or was able to, it would come at a great cost.”

“For example, this time, the Fallen Abyss absorbed so much energy for this purpose...”

“Moreover, if the Demonic Emperor Black Dragon was ordered by the Bazhun’an to find and assist me, why would he need to confirm my identity with the Flame Python rather than the Fourth Sword?”

“Flame Python...”

Xu Xiaoshou’s thoughts raced like lightning, splitting into countless branches after a single strike.

In an instant, everything vanished, yet answers were revealed:

“The Flame Python was obtained in the White Cave, coming from the wretched saint. Basically, it can be inferred that the saint was the Great Infernal Ancestor.”

“Bazhun’an has been to the White Cave, delving into extradimensional space fissures, likely planning the arrival of the Abyss Island.”

“But just as the Demonic Emperor Black Dragon appeared in the Yunlun Mountain Range and possessed self-awareness, even harboring thoughts of betrayal, the Great Infernal Ancestor couldn’t be completely controlled by Bazhun’an.”

“His contingency plan lies with the traitor of the Infernal lineage... uh, Elder Sang, who should have entered the White Cave to find the Flame Python, but it ended up being me.”

“So, my identity belongs to the Infernal lineage of the Inner Island – not the lineage of the Holy Palace, but the Infernal lineage of the White Vein Third Ancestor.”

“The discord between the black and white lineages of the Inner Island has long been heard of. The Demonic Emperor Black Dragon speaks with anger and yet has to rely on the Flame Python to find me.”

“From this, it was obvious that he’s come to find me under the orders of the Great Infernal Ancestor... Hiss! How could it possibly obey orders? It even rebelled against Bazhun’an!”

“So, it wants to kill me!”

Analyzing up to this point, Xu Xiaoshou’s mind was overwhelmed with frustration, wishing he could yank away the head of Bazhun’an and slap it hard a few times before putting it back.

Was he out of his mind?

Xu Xiaoshou had used the talisman to call for assistance.

Why did he summon this rebellious dragon to cause chaos? Did he believe he had outlived his time?

“Who holds the Flame Python? Who is Xu Xiaoshou?”

The Demonic Emperor Black Dragon spoke for the third time, his voice now full of impatience.

This voice delivered an explosive blow to the Abyss Island, like a powerful strike of a fist.

The thunderous sound shattered stones in the First Hall of Sins, sent people and horses tumbling, wreaked havoc in the Forest of Miracles, and stirred up a tumultuous wave in the Blood Sea...

Xu Xiaoshou was even more certain that he could not reveal himself; his life was definitely in danger.

“Come over!”

“Run faster!”

“With your speed, you could not even catch up to fresh poop. How could you possibly impersonate Bazhun’an and rescue me from this predicament?”

Amidst the reproach, the second true body in the state of disappearance finally arrived on the battlefield.

According to the original plan, if Bazhun’an turned out to be useless, all sizzle and no steak...

Certainly, a new Bazhun’an would appear to save Xu Xiaoshou from the crisis, the adorable ‘Tenacious General’ – the second true body!

But the situation had changed, and Xu Xiaoshou adapted on the fly.

In his disappearing state, he conducted a shady treasure exchange with the utterly dispirited second true body, then kicked him away.

“Keep going, stay alive. I will value you!”

The second true body could only consume this illusory hope, wearing an ecstatic face, as he appeared in the sights of Rao Yaoyao, Yan Wuse, and the others.

“Me!”

“I hold the Flame Python, and my name is Xu Xiaoshou!”

He lifted the famed sword, Flame Python, and took off with exhilaration, exclaiming:

“Demonic Emperor Black Dragon, my lord, you are summoned... please! Please come out!”

“I’m in trouble now, you must help me, won’t you!”

With these words, the second true body was overcome with tears, like a floodgate bursting open, unable to contain his emotions:

“God have mercy.”

“Sword Saint Rao Yaoyao, Demi-Saint Yan Wuse, and even a Demi-Saint stage Divine Puppet, three of them teamed up to bully a young one like me.”

“How old am I? I’ve shouldered burdens beyond my years. Demonic Emperor Black Dragon...”

“Shut up.” The Demonic Emperor Black Dragon grew thoroughly annoyed, flipping in the dark clouds, causing the Nine Heavens to rumble with a sound more fearsome than a saint calamity.

“Oh, you were saying.” The second true body promptly closed the floodgate, controlling his emotions with ease and wearing a placating smile.

There was no greater dread than death – when people in the world truly grasp this, what was there to fear?

Rao Yaoyao and Yan Wuse’s expressions were complex.

Xu Xiaoshou was truly one of a kind!

With his eloquence, even if the Demonic Emperor Black Dragon arrived with anger, it was hard not to worry if this dragon might change its mind by the end.

Before the Thousand Mile Mirror Technique, the onlookers had already been conquered by Xu Xiaoshou’s courage, stunned beyond words.

Yet, the Divine Oracle not far from the Fallen Abyss trembled slightly.

Inside the Divine Oracle, Situ Yongren seemed to have words at the tip of his tongue, staring intently at the emotionally charged Xu Xiaoshou but ultimately took no action.

“You, are you Xu Xiaoshou?”

The clouds churned, devilish energy swirled, and the Black Dragon revealed its dragon head, exposing two eyes as radiant as the brilliant sun.

Its dragon whiskers swayed like willows, resembling the fishing line dropped by a giant god into the mortal world.

Its dragon horns ruggedly extended upwards, seemingly able to support the realms above and below.

As it spoke, its voice resounded like rumbling thunder, shaking one’s heart and soul.

Occasionally, traces of its demonic aura leaked out, capable of melting Path Principles and shattering space.

Anyone who witnessed the dragon quivered, felt their own insignificance, lamenting the unfairness of fate and the extremities of creation.

“Yes.”

The second true body struggled to contain his astonishment, gazing up with unwavering attention.

1999 Black Dragon Tours the Island (3)

At this moment, a rush of doubt flooded his heart, just as it did for everyone else in the Arena:

Why would such a majestic, fierce, and powerful Black Dragon, have a bulging lump on its head between its two horns?

It was as if it had not fully matured, and a third horn was about to burst out.

The phantom of the Demonic Emperor Black Dragon that had appeared in the Yunlun Mountain Range before did not have this bulge...

“Very well, Xu Xiaoshou,” said the Demonic Emperor Black Dragon, “I have come for you, to present you with a treasure.”

Thud!

Upon hearing these words, Rao Yaoyao, Yan Wuse, and Situ Yongren felt their hearts skip a beat.

The second true body, on the other hand, seemed to have found a glimmer of light in the darkest hour and suddenly glowed with vitality.

He was about to express his gratitude when the Demonic Emperor Black Dragon’s tone took a sharp turn:

“But your ember aura is truly repulsive!”

“So, here’s the deal: if you succeed in countering one strike from me, I’ll gift you the treasure, along with fulfilling one wish for you.”

“But should you fail, you shall die.”

Huh?

Aside from the second true body and Xu Xiaoshou.

Even Rao, Yan, Situ, and all the others before the Thousand Mile Mirror Technique were left bewildered by this dramatic turn of events.

Some were delighted, others distressed.

“But... why?” the second true body’s eyes welled with tears as he struggled to speak.

Why did it turn out like this once again?

Why were the injured ones always the clones, the second true bodies, and the like...
They were also human, deserving of their rights!

“Ke-haw-haw-haw, blame it on the Great Infernal Ancestor!”

The Demonic Emperor Black Dragon let out a sinister chuckle, raising its head.

This motion seemed to tug at the lump on its head, causing it to wrinkle. Immediately, the Demonic Emperor Black Dragon’s features contorted into a menacing and fierce look.

“Ah, ah, ah!”

“Great Infernal Ancestor, I will definitely kill you! Definitely!”

Xu Xiaoshou got the picture.

Could it be... that lump... was caused by the blows from the Great Infernal Ancestor?

He was lost in thought when the second true body took over:

Its grievance with the Great Infernal Ancestor should not be directed towards a mere second true body!

If it had to involve others, it should be someone’s true body!

Someone: “Shut up.”

Second true body: “...”

Not only was his train of thought forcibly halted, but he was also commanded to speak:
“If I survive, can any of my wishes really come true?”

“Anything in the world is possible!” the Demonic Emperor Black Dragon proclaimed proudly, treading the Path Principles, its words echoing through the void.

“What if my wish is something like, ‘I wish for two wishes’?”

“...”

As the words left his lips, silence engulfed the island.

From its snout, the Demonic Emperor Black Dragon exhaled two long streams of aura. Its gaze seemed capable of shattering Xu Xiaoshou into fragments.

At this moment, Situ Yongren wrestled with his inner thoughts:

“Speak!”

“I must speak!”

“Sword Saint Rao, Elder Yan might not see it, but I’ve deduced it through the analysis of Senior Number Two.”

“This, is not Xu Xiaoshou’s true body! The ripples, essence, and aura emanating from him are evidence that he’s a mere clone, not an actual person!”

Yet, as he raised his head and parted his lips...

High above the Nine Heavens, the malevolent Holy Emperor’s dragon head cast an increasingly colossal presence in his eyes, infinitely expanding within his spiritual world.

“How can anyone possibly utter a word?” Situ Yongren nearly collapsed.

“At this moment, with the Demonic Emperor Black Dragon in a fit of rage, Xu Xiaoshou’s clone can confront death without fear.”

“If I speak, all attention in the Arena will turn to me. With one swipe of the Demonic Emperor Black Dragon’s claw, it can crush me into smithereens.”

“Even if it’s telepathic communication... how can a Holy Emperor fail to intercept telepathic communication between demi-saints?”

“If I fail, Supreme Master... Supreme Master, will probably not intervene to protect me a second time!”

Situ Yongren lowered his head, his gaze sweeping past Sword Saint Rao, Elder Yan, and into the distance.

He sought out Yu Lingdi...

He found him!

This guy was hidden at the end again!

Hence, there was absolutely no reason for him to come forward. He was not even part of this game... Situ Yongren found his initial rationale and chose to remain silent.

“Are you ready, Xu Xiaoshou?” The Demonic Emperor Black Dragon’s five claws pierced the dark clouds, revealing its magnificence.

The second true body took a deep breath, leaped into the sky, and yelled with a confident voice echoing in all directions:

“Can a man live between heaven and earth, beneath the shadow of a dragon for long?”

“Come!”

The black dragon extended its claw.

The second true body perished.

2000 I Don’t Know What to Do (1)

How reckless was that?!

Amidst the gaze of the crowd, the unruly king who stirred up storms, the indomitable Xu Xiaoshou, was gone.

With just a touch, not even a proper strike, and he died?

Not to mention the bewildered look in the eyes of the Spiritual Cultivators stationed in the First Hall of Sins, even Rao Yaoyao and Yan Wuse found this utterly absurd.

There was no denying that Xu Xiaoshou was exceedingly weak, but it was equally undeniable that Xu Xiaoshou was incredibly powerful!

His weakness pertained to his cultivation level.

However, his tenacious life force, along with sporadic displays of a certain kind of spiritual technique that could even topple a demi-saint, were recognized by Yan Wuse from the bottom of his heart.

Otherwise, why would the brilliant light of spiritual cultivation treat a mere junior with such seriousness?

“Impossible!”

At the same time, everyone’s minds raced with such thoughts.

After all, the lessons from previous experiences had been deeply etched into their memories.

Thus, when Xu Xiaoshou was instantly obliterated, their initial reaction was: that could not possibly be Xu Xiaoshou!

Except for a certain dragon...

“Ke-haw-haw-haw!”

With a single strike of its claw, Demonic Emperor Black Dragon eradicated Xu Xiaoshou. It burst into mad laughter, lost to the world around.

Too weak!

Setting aside Bazhun’an, humans, one and all, were fragile to the bone. A graze could wound, a touch could kill!

It had not even exerted much force with its strike.

This human was just as it had anticipated, utterly defenseless, despite having a physical resilience far greater than that of his fellow mortals.

Yet who loomed before him?

The master of the Black Vein, Demonic Emperor Black Dragon!

With the status of a Holy Emperor, it was no wonder that a mere human below the level of a demi-saint would perish at its claw. It stood to reason!

“Xu Xiaoshou? Hah, nothing impressive!”

“However, this is fortuitous. My mission is accomplished, and I even saved a drop of Dragon Heart Blood.”

“As for the chaos here...”

The Demonic Emperor Black Dragon retracted its blazing pair of eyes into the dark clouds, lazily flipped its body, and drifted in the void, as if poised for departure.

It had no interest in the ruckus here!

It was merely a projection of its will.

Holy Emperors were too powerful and hard to move from their nests with ease. It was clearly impossible to summon the main body of a Holy Emperor with solely an Emperor's Tribulation.

Had any of them not prevailed over the Emperor's Tribulation by this point?

The bit of energy stolen from the Fallen Abyss was only from the earlier stages of the Emperor's Tribulation, not even a fraction of its power.

To be able to accommodate a Holy Emperor's Clone of Will, Bazhun'an had already accomplished an astonishing feat!

Inner Island was the domain of the Demonic Emperor Black Dragon, where it could act as it pleased.

There were too many restrictions on Outer Island. Less trouble was better than more.

Demonic Emperor Black Dragon had no intention of cleaning up after Bazhun'an.

So, in line with this intention, even though it had identified a few people of interest on the scene, it refrained from any further action.

"Heading home."

In its previous attempt, it had found a tiny loophole in the plan and attempted to escape.

It failed!

After suffering a humiliating death at the hands of Bazhun'an through manipulation of the Holy Divine Palace, Demonic Emperor Black Dragon felt a twinge of fear.

This Clone of Will was not intending to flee.

Because even if it did manage to escape, Bazhun'an would definitely hunt it down and settle the score.

So, after indulging in this brief escapade, it had decided to return to its lair for warmth, waiting out the storm.

Once Bazhun'an had forgotten about this incident, it would come out and wreak havoc again.

Human lifespans were far too short, making them generally forgetful. So, outlasting them was the key.

Dragons, once they become demi-saint, unless they died in battle, had lifespans approaching infinity – something humans could never compare to.

Moreover, it was a Holy Emperor!

“Hold on!”

Just as Demonic Emperor Black Dragon was leisurely preparing to leave the scene, a feeble voice cried out:

“A dragon without honor, can it be trusted?”

“Demonic Emperor Black Dragon, willing to bet, unyielding in defeat?”

Like a synchronized response to the voice, all heads turned as one.

Likewise, the Demonic Emperor Black Dragon perked up at that familiar voice and turned its draconic head in surprise.

There, at the very spot where Xu Xiaoshou had met his end, another Xu Xiaoshou emerged.

His face was incredibly pale, and his aura extremely unstable. He could barely stand, visibly worn out.

But his eyes sparkled, filled with excitement as if he were the ultimate victor of a desperate gamble.

“Xu Xiaoshou?”

Demonic Emperor Black Dragon hesitated for a moment.

It instinctively glanced at the person’s cultivation level.

Yes, it was vague, well concealed.

But it was a Holy Emperor, so it could still discern that this person corresponded to a human Spiritual Cultivator at the third realm of the Sovereign Stage, not a demi-saint!

Naturally, he could not possibly possess the form of a demi-saint.

However, the Xu Xiaoshou it had just crushed to death was indeed a genuine human!

Demonic Emperor Black Dragon had employed a plethora of methods to confirm this before it had acted.

If not for this, why would it even gamble?

And if the Xu Xiaoshou it had just annihilated was merely an illusory clone of spiritual energy, how could it not see through it?

“You’re... not dead?”

“You’re... a real person?”

Demonic Emperor Black Dragon’s eyes widened, filled with disbelief. “Are you actually a demi-saint? That’s impossible! The neutral Holy Power on you, it comes from the Holy Miracle Fruit!”

Its voice was so confident, born from the confidence of a Holy Emperor.

Demonic Emperor Black Dragon would never doubt its own perception.

It was also certain that there was indeed a connection between the famed sword, Flame Python, and Xu Xiaoshou who had just died.

It was a relationship akin to that of “sword-bearer and sword” relating to Bazhun’an.

Though not an ancient swordsman, who had not felt the sting of a blade?

Demonic Emperor Black Dragon was all too familiar with ancient swordsmen!

Beneath the Fallen Abyss, Rao Yaoyao and Yan Wuse exchanged glances, finally confirming why Xu Xiaoshou possessed Holy Power.